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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME VI.

DECEMBER, 1861, TO JUNE, 1862.

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ONCE A WEEK.



THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTERS.

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO, IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY A. STEWART HARRISON.



CHAPTER I.

"WHOM do you think I've seen to-day, Ellen?"
"Who? How can I tell? Dozens of people, I suppose."
"But it was some one you know and like."
"Mrs. Lake?"

"Yes. Susan and I met her on the Hoe and who do you think was with her?"
"Captain Boyd?"
"No. Oh, you'll never guess! It was papa. They looked so confused; but she soon recovered, and asked papa whether he was not proud of two

such fine girls. Papa said that he thought there was one still more handsome at home. Mrs. Lake laughed, and said she knew his opinions on that point."

"You do surprise me—Mrs. Lake with papa! I can hardly believe it. Where are they now—coming here?"

"No. Papa told us to come home, and he would come to dinner after seeing Mrs. Lake home."

"I'm afraid my widow friend is going to bring us some trouble, Mary," said Ellen, ignoring the fact of Susan's presence, as did everybody else in that house.

"Trouble!—what trouble? She'll be only one more to dinner on Wednesday."

"No, no, Mary; I'm afraid she's likely to be the one more at dinner every day soon."

"Why? Do you think papa will ask her often?"

"Stupid child! She's a widow, and will only need asking once when the question is put by an admiral."

"What question, Ellen? Do speak clearly."

"Why, the question that you hope will some day be put to you by that handsome Lieutenant Blackwood."

"Ellen, that's not kind. I never said that I wanted any one to put such a question to me—least of all, that solemn, sedate Mr. Blackwood. But, surely, you don't mean that my papa is likely to ask Mrs. Lake to be his wife?"

"I do, indeed. I've wondered what took him out so much of an evening for the last three weeks—indeed, ever since she came here—while you girls were out. Your meeting them together explains all; you'll have a stepmother, girls, as sure as my name's Ellen Newton."

"What do you say to that, Susan?" said Mary.

"I'm sure I don't know. She's a very pretty woman, and was very kind in her manner to us to-day. I dare say papa will be happier if he marries her."

"Ah!" said both the other girls, looking at each other, and reading each in the other's face a profound pity for poor Susan, for whom the idea of a stepmother had no terrors. "You'd like it, too, Susan?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. If she's kind and pleasant, perhaps I should. I don't think we girls can be quite the same to papa as a wife. I wonder what Henry will say when he hears of it?"

"That's Susan all over," said Ellen. "I wonder what Henry will say!"

The three girls left the room to dress for dinner, and Susan having been told to make haste down so as to be there when their father came in, the two girls, the eldest and youngest of the admiral's family, were left alone.

"I wish you wouldn't say anything about Lieutenant Blackwood, Ellen; he's not been here half a dozen times, and you're always teasing me about him. I don't care—"

"How old are you, Mary—twenty, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And I am twenty-six. You see that makes

all the difference. I see—you don't. A woman learns a great deal from twenty to twenty-six."

"Whatever you've learnt, you mustn't do this. I don't like it."

"And why? Didn't I joke about Captain Boyd and Colonel Griffin, and I don't know how many more? You never winced then—you did not feel; you joked yourself about those admirers; but now you do feel when I joke you about Mr. Blackwood: therefore, being six years older than my little sister, I say she has thought how pleasant it would be if— There, Mary, I need not picture the future for you; I'll end here. About papa, though, I don't know what to do; he's fifty-six in April, and to marry at his time of life it's very absurd, and such a girl as Mrs. Lake! Why she was at school with me before she married Captain Lake—she's not thirty yet. I little thought what I was about when I asked her to come and stay with me the week you girls were in London. Good use of her time she has made, too, to get your papa to walk with her on the Hoe already."

"But we must do something to prevent it," said Mary, suggestively.

"I don't know what we can *do*; we can *say* something, but it will be no use—none. Mrs. Lake's a very pleasant companion, but I can't think of her being here in authority without some fear. You girls will marry and go away, but an old thing like me there's no hope for."

"Don't talk so, Ellen, I don't like it. Papa said, to-day, you were the handsomest of us all."

"My tongue's too sharp a great deal, Polly, and a step-mamma will give it a keener edge; so I say Good-bye to hope for myself, but I mean to take better care of you helpless little chicks."

"If you please, Miss, master says will you come down—Mrs. Lake is in the drawing-room."

"Say I'll come directly, Fanny. There, Mary, I told you so. They're going to confess to me; you and Susan are of no account in these matters—children—poor children!"

And here Ellen clasped her sister in her arms, and kissed her passionately.

"Let us go together, Nelly."

"Oh, certainly! and be told to go away like a child."

"Papa won't do that."

"Very well—let's try, then."

"I know I shall say something spiteful, Mary; you'd better go away, and let me go in alone."

"No, Ellen, we'll go together. Wipe your eyes, dear, don't let her see you've been crying."

And, just outside the drawing-room door, Mary wipes her sister's eyes and smoothes her hair, and they enter together.

"Mary, I sent for Ellen; you can retire."

And exit Mary, painfully red and indignant; for the admiral, good man as he was, rather gave in to a way of speaking that commanded obedience. It is a way that saves its possessor a great deal of trouble, albeit it is marvellously unpleasant to those who are its victims. Mary felt that *her* power against the new-comer was gone altogether already—if fight there was to be, her father's favourite, Ellen, and Mrs. Lake would be the only combatants.

Let us leave Mary with her hand on the outside handle of the door, doubtful whether to go, or to do something dreadful, she knew not what, to relieve herself of the anger that burnt within her.

"Ellen, my dear," says the white-haired old gentleman, standing with his back to the fire, "your sisters met Mrs. Lake and myself on the Hoe this morning; it's necessary that I should explain to you that I have asked Mrs. Lake to become a mother to your children, and she has most kindly consented. I trust your own good sense will enable you to see that this lady's kindness should meet its reward in the respect and affection of her adopted daughters—ahem—"

This pretty little speech had been drilled into the admiral during the walk to his own home. He had said his lesson well, and, that finished, felt at a loss what more to say.

"My dearest Ellen," said the lady, "your dear father is quite right, he has persuaded me to come and live with you dear girls and take care of his motherless children—not that I mean to say that is my only reason for yielding to his wishes."

And the little black eyes shot a glance of tenderness at the admiral.

"If it were your only reason, Mrs. Lake, it would be a poor one. I've brought those children up; since their mother died I've been their mother; and I've yet to learn that they wish another's care, even though it came accompanied by Mrs. Lake's large experience."

"I can't boast much experience, Ellen, my love, but I think you as well as your sisters have now reached an age when my experience, little as it is, might be of service to your father in looking after your interests. No one knows the dangers to which you are exposed from your father's public position. Several friends have remarked to your father that he ought to have some person of experience at the head of his establishment; and I feel that, to please my dear Richard, I will do my very best."

And again the black eyes shed their melting beams.

"I don't see that my father's friends have anything to do with it. I have kept my father's house since I was fifteen, and I do not see that I should be called upon to give up that pleasure to anyone."

"My dearest Ellen, how much you mistake me and my meaning. I hope that when I am one of the family, things will go on just as they have hitherto; you will be able still to devote yourself to the little arrangements which the care of your younger sisters requires. We shall be very happy, dear Ellen, I'm sure—quite a united household—shall we not, my dear Richard?"

Ellen was stupid with surprise at hearing anyone call her father "dear Richard;" it was profanation—it was—What would not that woman be capable of, if she called her father—Admiral Newton!—"dear Richard?" Could anything be sacred to that creature after this? She knew she was stupid, felt that her mind was stunned. What could she do? Beaten and distracted, she rushed from the room to find solace in tears. Poor Ellen! all your motherly loving offices taken

from you by one of your own schoolfellows not four years your senior.

"My dear Admiral, you might have come to the rescue, I think, might you not, when that fine frigate of yours bore down on me in that threatening way. Well, never mind, I'll beat them all off yet, won't I, dear?"

"I think, Mrs. Lake, you should have been a little more kind to the poor child; she, naturally enough, does not like to see a successor to the post she has held so long. I hope you'll do your best, Catherine, to be friendly with them."

"Never fear, Admiral, I'm sure they'll learn to love me when they know me—don't you think so, dear?"

"I hope so—I'm sure I hope so."

"Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I think so, if you are careful with them. Ellen is very jealous of any interference with her sisters; but I think they'll learn to love you, in time," said the admiral, reflecting; "in time, yes—"

"As you do, dear?"

"O yes, my dear Catherine, as I do."

"Ah, my dearest Richard, nothing but the consciousness of your great love for me would induce me to accept the responsibilities of my position. A few weeks ago I was free and gay, and now I am almost sad with my new cares; but I have that consolation, that my dearest Richard loves me with all his heart—does he not, dearest?" And the affectionate widow kissed the man, old enough to be her father, with great and girlish enthusiasm.

"Let us go to dinner, my dear Catherine," said the gentleman; and they went to dinner.

Why did Admiral Newton call this affectionate lady "my dear Catherine?"

* * * * *

Miss Bates was the daughter of a lieutenant who lived on his half-pay, at Portsmouth. Miss Bates left a fashionable boarding-school, to which a relative of the family had sent her, very much dissatisfied with the name of Bates—it was common, and she would change it as soon as she could. Her mother had an equal desire as to the change of name, but not for similar reasons: Miss Bates was a very expensive addition to her household. What with the lodgers and her son, Mr. Bates, junior, then at the interesting age of twelve, she found it difficult to make both ends meet, and, like a wise woman, she set herself to work to accomplish the modern mother's mission, and get her daughter well married. This done, she might then give Mr. Bates, junior, an education befitting his great abilities.

Her first thought was her lodgers. Was there anyone eligible for the honour of her daughter's hand? None at present, but there might be: it must be a consideration in taking the next tenant into the first floor suite. If she could get an eligible into her first floor, it was hard, indeed, if she could not get that eligible to make her daughter an offer.

In a few days an advertisement in the local paper announced that an elegant suite of apartments would be vacant after the next quarter-day. "Applications might be addressed to Mrs. Bates,

No. 2, Prospect Row. Unexceptionable references will be given and required."

There was still a fortnight to quarter-day. Concerts, exhibitions, parades, sermons, fancy fairs, and sailing parties were all brought into requisition. Wherever there were assemblies of people, there was Mrs. Bates, and there was Miss Bates, the loftiest of the lofty, the highest of the high—ostensibly, if not in fact.

Who was that exquisite little fairy, with the black eyes and the haughty look? Who, indeed?

Before the fortnight was over, Mrs. Bates had forty-three written, and nine personal applications, for her apartments. The nine personal were immediately snubbed. The advertisement said, applications "might be addressed." Mrs. Bates regretted to have to call applicant's attention to that fact. The forty-three letters were sorted and most carefully analysed: twenty were unworthy of consideration, mates and merchant captains, men of no family, or youths; eleven ensigns and second lieutenants might be reserved for consideration in the future; nine should have immediate attention; two military captains and one major received polite intimations that Mrs. Bates was sorry to have to refuse their offers, but she had always been in the habit of receiving gentlemen of the other service, and felt unequal to the task of, &c., &c.

"Naval men are much more impressionable, my dear," said Mrs. Bates, in explanation. "Soldiers are such practised and successful flirts that I fear them; sailors, on the contrary, are much more susceptible and generous: that blue silk of mine and the black shawl were presents from Captain Fitzroy before he had stayed with us a fortnight."

Nine gentlemen were desirous of the shelter of the first floor; which should it be? In other days the highest price was the only consideration; now she must be guided by other circumstances. Pretty thing indeed to get a married man in, who might pay his three guineas a-week for years. No: the lodger must be single—a sailor, of good family or expectations, and for Catherine's ideas, of good name. Which of the nine?

Mr. Brownson must be asked to tea; he knew every body, and every thing, in and about Portsmouth; he was something at the dockyard, nobody seemed to know what; he had a little office, where he read the "Times" and the magazines diligently from ten till four, and then left—an employment for which it is said many gentlemen in government offices get well paid.

Mr. Brownson should come; Mrs. Bates had said it. Catherine walked down to the office with the invitation, and Mr. Brownson came. He looked at the letters, made a note of the names, and came next evening, full of information.

No. 1. Captain Jenkins, risen from the ranks; nothing but his pay; rather dissipated.

No. 2. First-lieutenant Broadmead, scapegrace, of good family; awfully in debt; has a latchkey, and is seen in the streets very early in the mornings.

Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7. Varieties of the same species.

No. 8. Captain Allerton, good family; three

steps from a peerage; ship fitting out, to be ready in six months, more or less, as soon as men can be got for her.

No. 9. Captain Lake, good family; allowance of £500 a-year from an uncle; heir to the uncle; quiet, reserved, young, just passed, and just come home from a long voyage.

"I think it must be Captain Lake, Mr. Brownson," said Mrs. Bates. Mr. Brownson agreed. He always agreed with everybody. He had no opinions of his own, he was simply a storehouse of facts.

"Allerton' is a very pretty name, mamma."

"I think 'Lake' is as pretty, Kate; so suggestive of peacefulness and calm. I remember the lakes in the North, my dear, when your father and I—ah well! I must not think of that now."

Captain Lake was the happy man. For him the suite on the first floor was put into thorough order; for him new white curtains were put up to the mahogany four-post bedstead; for him were purchased a new bottle and glass for the toilet stand; in short, for him was done everything that should be done for a new lodger who had £500 a-year allowed him by his uncle.

Why delay? Mrs. Bates is energetic—Miss Bates is dissatisfied with the name of Bates; Captain Lake is on the first floor; he must come down stairs to go out; Miss Bates must go up stairs to get to the upper part of the house; Mr. Lake sees Miss Bates once, twice, thrice, many times.

Two months pass; the servant is ill—Mr. Lake must have his breakfast, somebody must take it; the knifeboy is dirty; Catherine is ready; Catherine must run up with it. The servant gets well; she does nothing that is right; a complaint brings Miss Bates to investigate: the toast is burnt—Betty can't help it, the fire is so bad in the kitchen—good fire here—Miss Bates will make the toast; Betty will fetch the loaf.

Charming picture, Catherine making toast, kneeling—impressionable Captain in easy chair, reading. She likes making toast? Yes—anything for those she loves is pleasure. Can she?—the toast is in the ashes—Can she love? She can—she does—oh, happiness!

"My dear Catherine, what has made you so—Mr. Lake, leave my house. Oh! that I should come to this,—leave my house this moment, sir."

"Madam, allow me to explain."

"No explanations, sir, can possibly affect me. Oh, miserable woman that I am—"

"Madam, indeed you are wrong. Pray allow me to explain."

"Yes, mother, do hear him, I implore you."

Mr. Lake explained; Mrs. Bates was pacified; and Miss Bates changed her name and residence before the next quarter-day.

They were very happy—that is Mrs. Lake and her mamma were—till Captain Lake went to the West Indies and there died.

"He was a good man, a dear good man," said Mrs. Bates, "but if anything, a little too soft."

Mrs. Lake was not necessarily the heir to the loving uncle because her husband had been: Mrs. Lake, the wife, had £500 a-year to spend; Mrs. Lake, the widow, had but £100 for the same

purpose, and she felt the difference; but if elderly gentlemen, who are admirals, will meet charming captains' widows at dinner-parties, they must run the risk of such meetings.

Admiral Newton met Mrs. Lake first at his own house, then at his friend's.

At home he was safe. Why did he go to Colonel Griffin's? Why did he take so much champagne that evening? Why did he get himself appointed the charming widow's escort home, that unhappy night? Why did he pledge himself her most devoted admirer? Why did he plight his troth, and listen with rapt attention to her declaration that of all men in the world she admired him most, and loved him from the first moment his dearest Ellen introduced him to her? Why did he do this?

Why, but because he was fifty-six and fond of champagne, and she was thirty and wanted more than £100 a-year to satisfy her desires.

Why, too, on the next evening did Mrs. Lake's servant rush into the room, without warning of any kind, and find the admiral's arm round her mistress's waist, and then make a blundering apology by saying she did not know any one was there? Ah why, indeed, were these things so; but because £100 a-year is not easy to live upon, and champagne is strong, while man is weak.

Why did Admiral Newton say "My dear Catherine," and propose going down to dinner?

Why, indeed, but because the effect of champagne is transient.

CHAPTER II.

DINNER is over—bed time, that time of confidence amongst sisters, has come.

"What do you think of her now, Mary?"

"I don't know; she's like a rat, although she is so pretty, with her black hair and red cheeks; there's a sly look about her I *can't* like, and when she calls papa 'Dearest Richard,' I feel ready to fly at her."

"I'm sure she's very affectionate and kind," put in Susan. "She talked to me a long time, asked me all sorts of questions, and seemed quite interested about the house and the servants, and even asked me how much we spent in housekeeping. I think I shall like her."

"There now, Ellen, you see she's pumped poor Susan of all that she knows, as father would say. I'm sure she's sly, and I don't believe she loves papa a bit as we do."

"You heard her ask papa if she should come and help us on Tuesday for the dinner on Wednesday; such impertinence, as if I couldn't see to the monthly dinner as well now as ever."

"Did you say anything, Ellen?"

"I told her, point blank, I did not need help."

"And she?"

"She said, 'O, Ellen, dearest, I am so glad I shall be able to leave all these things to your care.' I know I shall hate her—I know I shall. Why did I invite her here at all?"

"Well, we must make the best of it, Nelly, and try what kindness will do: some people are more influenced by it than by anything else. I hope—"

"You hope in vain, Mary; she's not one—I know

it. As an acquaintance, I did not think enough of her to notice little things; but now, old school days and things come back to me, and I'm sure we shall all suffer dreadfully through her—even father will. She'll never be satisfied till we all kiss her feet; and I won't, if I die for it."

"There, Ellen, don't think anything more about it. Let us go to bed. There, open the door, there's Winks scratching."

Winks was a fine white Persian cat, an especial favourite of Ellen, and slept like a great hairy baby in her bed—another proof she was cut out for an old maid, as she used to remark with a grim smile occasionally.

Wednesday was the admiral's monthly dinner to the various officers, naval and military, in the neighbourhood; and duly on Wednesday they arrived, some twenty or twenty-five, with a sprinkling of wives and daughters.

The widow sat next to the admiral, on his right. A grim old warrior cut up a turkey, in a sort of broad-sword-exercise style, for Ellen. Lieutenant Blackwood was at Mary's left. The dinner, like other dinners, was eaten almost in silence; with the dessert came the chatter. The widow lighted up and told funny stories; Ellen sat grim as a heraldic tigress; while Mary seemed wholly absorbed in some very interesting details of something not generally audible, which was in process of narration by the lieutenant; Susan was, as usual, silent, and crushed by two vigorous sea worthies, who talked and disputed across her with a total obliviousness of her presence. Somehow, in spite of the widow's gaiety, the thing did not "go off." The host was constrained and dull, not to say fidgety, and his friends felt it. He was better when the ladies left; better when the health of his daughters was drunk with enthusiasm; better still when pressed for the story of "The little gentleman in the brown coat," which he told at once.

"You see, gentlemen, my story begins in 1779. I was at that time about five-and-twenty, and only second lieutenant of the Bosphorus. We were lying in the Roads with the anchors tript, and the sails loose, waiting the signal for sailing, when a shore boat came off with a little gentleman in a brown coat in the stern. He came on board, went into the cabin and saw the captain. In about ten minutes the order came to furl sails and pay out the cable, for we were not going to sail that day. Half an hour after he came out of the cabin, and the gig was lowered to take him ashore. Hopkins was sent in charge: he was midshipman then. The old gentleman was rather slow in getting down the ship's side, and had just got his foot on the boat's gunwale when Hopkins gave the word—'Shove off there—give way lads,' and the jerk threw the old fellow into the water. I saw it as I looked over the side, and tumbled over to pick him up, for he was going down like a shot. They took us on board, and he went to bed while his clothes were sent for. They came in about three hours, and, as he was going over the side, he said to Hopkins:

"Pray what's your name, sir?"

"Hopkins told him, and he wrote it down on the back of a letter, and then asked me mine.

“Richard Newton, sir, at your service,” said I.

“Richard Newton,” said he, as he wrote, ‘Mr. Richard Newton, I’m much obliged to you, sir; I shall not forget you. Good day, sir!’

“I took an opportunity to ask the captain who he was. He didn’t know—

“Some messenger from the Admiralty—some fuss about stores brought him from London.”

“The men joked me after we sailed about my ‘bath’ as they called it, and offered to buy my chance of the old man’s favour. And now comes the singular part of my story, gentlemen; from that day to this I never saw the little gentleman in the brown coat again, and I don’t know his name; and yet every commission I have had, every step of promotion I have gained, must have come through him, for I had no friend or patron who had the slightest influence with the Lords, and yet there never was a more rapid rise than mine. He did it all, and that, too, without giving me the slightest chance of thanking him, for, as I said, I have no idea, to this very day, who or what he was.”

“And Hopkins?” inquired one of the guests.

“Died six years ago, a second lieutenant, for spite of all his friends he could get no higher. So, gentlemen, we’ll drink one more health, ‘The little gentleman in the brown coat.’”

The story did the admiral good, and he was quite himself again, till that unfortunate Major Simpkins rose to propose the health of a lady, one whom he had known for a long time, one who, by her beauty and her wit, was worthy of that higher station in society that rumour said she would shortly be called upon to fill—he begged to propose the health of Mrs. Lake, and he might, he thought, venture to call on their worthy host to return thanks. Then was the admiral dull; then did he, at one fell draught, drink down the conviction of his folly, and return thanks in a speech of almost boyish enthusiasm, concluding with the public announcement of his approaching happiness. Then did the two-bottle and three-bottle men gather round him, and while the half-bottle men joined the ladies, did they sit long and drink deeply.

Why did he stay? Why call for more? Mrs. Lake’s surmise must have been right—he was drinking her health over again.

In the drawing-room are the half-bottle men and the ladies, holding a revel with tea, coffee, biscuits, and duets, as the consumables. Mary still finds that Lieutenant Blackwood’s conversation is intensely interesting; he is a grave, reserved, young-looking man of five-and-twenty, with eyes of a singularly changeful expression, and a dreamy, yet not vacant look; a species of staring into himself was his failing, when not poetically talking to any one; “the look is almost poetic in its soft melancholy” (so at least Mary writes to her dearest friend); he is tall and broad shouldered, with a slight student-like stoop; he will read so much—he should not, if it will injure his health. He will introduce his sisters, they will be so glad to know Miss Newton and her sisters. Her sister is rather eccentric, he says.

O yes, she is rather, but the warmest hearted creature that ever breathed; she has been a mother to them all—even Henry minds her, cares for her. Henry is a medical student; are they as wild as she hears they are? does he know? He does not; he would like to know Henry; he will call on him in London; and so on, and so on, till it’s time to leave. Alas, time to make the eyes look more melancholy than ever! As he takes his leave, “Is Miss Newton going to the launch to-morrow week?” “Yes.” Singular, his sisters and his mother are going too; they will meet, most likely, and so farewell.

Mary thinks the evening one of the pleasantest she has spent for a long time, and exhibits a tendency, while doing her hair, to linger and stare vacantly at the opposite wall, where she appears to see something that requires attentive examination, which perhaps it does, though it may not be on the wall after all.

The widow sleeps at the admiral’s, and bids the girls “good night” with such kind patronage that they are ready to scream, except Susan, who goes with her to her room, there to be squeezed, like a sponge, of all the family affairs of which she has any knowledge.

Winks must have wondered what was the matter with his mistress, for without so much as a single stroke of his soft fur she buries her head on her sister’s bosom and cries herself to sleep. Poor Winks! How much cats and women suffer in this world!

The launch came off after a week, during which Mr. Blackwood had been almost a constant visitor; Mary was introduced to Mrs. Blackwood and her daughters.

Why were the sisters such dear nice girls? Why was the mamma such a sweet woman? Eh, Mary? confess. No need, Mary, we know, perhaps, as well, if not better, than you can tell us. But why does Mrs. Blackwood seem as if she were determined at any risk to prevent her son speaking to Mary; why does she talk incessantly—eagerly; why command her son’s escort home? That, we, as well as Mary, leave to time. And yet spite of all this, let it be said that when Mary reached home that night she had been asked if she could love him, and had confessed that she could and did. Mary had not much sleep that night, neither had her “Ellis,” as she called him to herself again and again.

When the lieutenant reached home he found his mother sitting up for him, a rare thing. They were on the best of terms,—he called her, somewhat disrespectfully, “the old lady,” but the tone quite libelled the words, there was an intensity of affection between the two that could be seen at the slightest glance.

“What, you up, old lady! What’s the matter? I must take a pill after to-day’s excitement—is that it?”

“I am not in the mood for joking, Ellis; I want to talk very seriously to you.”

“Say on, mother, I’m all attention.”

“Now, Ellis, how far have you gone with Miss Newton?”

“How far?” said Ellis, almost blushing, certainly stammering and hesitating.

"Yes, Ellis, how far?"

"Why, mother—I asked her to be mine."

"My God, Ellis! you don't mean that. I am too cruelly punished."

"What do you mean, mother? I do mean that I am engaged to Miss Newton, and that this night she has promised to be my wife. Do you know anything against her, mother?"

"Nothing, Ellis, nothing. She is as good as an angel can be."

His mother was rocking herself to and fro in her chair, with her hands before her face, as she almost groaned:

"Oh! If you had but spoken to me, I could, perhaps, have saved you this—and her—poor thing—"

"Mother, you make me feel mad with anger and suspense—I entreat you tell me what you mean?"

He was kneeling, now, and trying to take his mother's hands from before her face; she yielded, and looked into his with dry tearless eyes and a haggard smile that chilled him to the heart.

"I cannot tell you more than this, Ellis, that Miss Newton must never be your wife."

"Mother, either you or I are going mad; you say you know nothing against her, and yet you say she cannot be my wife. Why not, I ask? Why not, I ask?" and he almost screamed his questions.

"For God's sake be calm, Ellis!"

"Yes, yes, mother; but why not?" and he pressed his hands to his temples, and strode about the room in agony.

"I cannot tell you, Ellis; indeed I cannot—dare not."

"Now, mother, be reasonable, and answer me," and he took her hands in his, and held them as in a vice. "Why cannot Miss Newton be my wife? She is good; well born; has some little portion. What more do you want? I am satisfied; surely you—"

"Oh, Ellis! you hold me too tightly, I am in pain. Forgive me, my dear boy; but I cannot tell you."

"What then shall I do, mother? Come, guide me, for I feel that I am stupified, and incapable of thought for myself. If you cannot tell me, who can?"

"That I will tell you, Ellis, if you will make me a promise to do what I ask—a faithful promise."

"My dear mother, I will promise anything, but to give her up."

"I will not ask you to do that, but I will ask you not to see her again for a week, nor even to write."

"I promise for a whole week, neither to see her, write to her, nor send her any message. Are you satisfied?"

"Not yet; you want to know why you cannot marry her?"

"I do, and therefore make these promises."

"Then go to bed now, and come to me to-morrow morning at seven for a letter to my agent in London; take that to him, and he will tell you what I cannot tell you. Now, good night, Ellis,

and forgive me if, having been once young myself, I say remember your promise."

How could any man sleep after such an interview as this?

(To be continued.)

THE COMING YEAR.

IN one sense we are, in regard to the future, as if we stood with a thick curtain before us, without a hole or a loop to give us a glimpse of anything behind. Those who keep a diary are perhaps more impressed with this feature of our human life than anybody else. In bringing up the diary, any morning, to breakfast time, there may be an inclination to go on: but what a blank stop it is! Touching the curtain with forehead and toes, one must stop. There is nothing else to be done. In another sense, we do and must look into the future, and discern more or less of what has not happened. It does not require for this that years and meditation should combine,

Till old experience do attain

To something of prophetic strain,

though the old and thoughtful have the best chance of a right conclusion. The grand requisite is that we should look first at the moral bearings of existing events. The moral feelings of men, and the influence of circumstances on those feelings are the most constant incidents that we know of; and by studying these we may not only be prepared for action in almost any event, but may perceive, in a kind of dim outline, the main features of the next scene of life that we shall enter upon.

Every Christmas time we talk of the year that is coming with that uncertainty of speech and that speculative mood which seem so strange when the year is past, and its events lie beneath us as distinct as the landscape at sunset, through which we have been travelling all day. At this particular Christmas time, we talk of the year that is coming with somewhat more of certainty than usual, and yet with a more eager anxiety about what is unknown.

The certainty needs no explanation. Nothing can avert a heavy sadness from overhanging the spirits of the nation, happen what may. The nation must mourn while its Sovereign—the Sovereign being what she is—is in grief which may be submissively endured, but cannot be escaped, nor much softened. The nation must mourn over its own loss in a Prince who, for many years, has aided all its best objects. The nation must mourn while its young princes and princesses are orphaned, just when the elder ones had become capable of appreciating their father's friendship, and the younger had most need of a father's care. The nation must mourn over the breaking up of the family which gratified all old English associations of the purity, love, order, and industry of the home which is the basis of society in our happy country. On all accounts, the nation must mourn an event which will make its heart ache for many a long day; and thence we have a certainty about our experience in months to come. The toll of the great bell which so chilled our hearts on that late Saturday night

will echo far into the new year : and if we hear other echoes also from above the open grave, the requiem of the burial hour may soften and chasten, but it will deepen the impression of our sadness. The year must begin in gloom.

The eager anxiety I spoke of is because we perceive that certain great issues must be determined, without knowing how : and that our own national experience will be of a certain kind, though the particular event is absolutely hidden from us. We know, in short, that we are, as a nation, to be tried in the moral department of our nature. Whether prosperity or adversity is before us, peace or war, plenty or poverty, we shall be called upon to be magnanimous, patient, generous, mutually helpful, courageous, and disinterested. It is not only that every year of our life calls upon us for virtue, and for more virtue,—come what may. This is true enough ; but at this moment, something more is evident. The world is in a remarkable state, political and social : every incident is a portent : the coming year must bring forth great events ; and every great event will interest the heart and soul of our country and people.

The first thought in all our minds is of America. However our quarrel with the government, or with Commander Wilkes, may end, there will be a distinct call upon us for a just and magnanimous spirit, forbearing and disinterested. If the result is to be war, there is little to be said ; for nothing can be better than the temper with which the whole nation has encountered the liability. The Government has only to preserve the spirit of justice towards the Federal and Confederate parties which it has manifested thus far, unvexed by misconstruction, and unmoved by captious suspicion. Our soldiers will fight as they always do fight. Our sailors will love and defend the flag which the fine fellows of our Naval Reserve have offered their services and their lives to vindicate. Our citizens, as brave in their own way, will continue to feel and act as if there were no cotton manufacture at stake, and will show, what the American nation seems unable to believe, that men may not live by bread alone, but by a better staff of life which makes them a free nation, instead of a company of merchants. We shall all give, without reserve, whatever the occasion may demand,—whether money, or the presence and even the life of our nearest and dearest. The call for sacrifice will be so clear, where there is nothing to be gained by the war but security for remaining as we are, that there will be no shrinking, no halting ; and we shall feel as the noblest Americans have felt in their civil war, that there is a lofty joy in the exercise of the highest moral faculties which is the unsought and unsuspected recompense of pure patriotism. One of the most intellectual of living Americans, Hawthorne, has written to an English friend, of the astonishment with which the citizens find themselves happier than they ever were before,—full of peace and courage amidst losses and perils, and pathetic bereavements,—because their long fear, and suspense, and disguise are over, and they find themselves renewing the struggle of the forefathers of the Republic for honest liberty.

This brings us to the other alternative. In case of the American government yielding the point in dispute, we shall have to be magnanimous under a far stronger temptation. There are things to be remembered which Englishmen generally are not yet sufficiently aware of. Not only must we remember that the Confederates are fighting for slavery, but that Mr. Mason, to whom we are compelled to act as protectors, if not champions, is the author of the Fugitive Slave Law. From end to end of the kingdom, this ought to be told and remembered, that we may be able to allow for the Federalists if they refuse to liberate him, and to sympathise with their feelings if they submit to the necessity. Under the Fugitive Slave Law many a prosperous farmer has been ruined for his compassion in aiding the deliverance of the captive : many a citizen has laid down his life to defend the Personal Liberty Law of his own State : many a Quaker, who could not fight, has borne the loss of his property, and undergone imprisonment, sooner than return to bondage the fugitive who cast himself upon his compassion. Under that Law, the proud city of Boston has seen chains locked round its court-house, and cannon posted in its streets, while a negro, long free and supposed safe under the protection of the city, was carried down to the harbour, amidst thousands of mourning citizens, and black flags, and balconies filled with women in black, heartwring that the South had thus got the liberties of the republic under her heel. The author of that law is now in prison in that harbour, within sight of that court-house and the wharf whence Burns was shipped : and we must remember how keen must be the pang of restoring that man to liberty, on the requisition of anti-slavery England. Anti-slavery England must beware of making a hero of the man she is obliged to protect ; and of condemning too severely the premature rejoicings of the people of the Free States who have been betrayed into a false position by the ignorant audacity of a naval officer in whose years and professional reputation they have naturally placed their confidence.

Further, we have to beware of any rash conclusion that republican institutions have failed because there is a civil war in America. It ought to be better known here than it is, that those institutions have never had a trial in the country at all. From the first discussions of the original compromises up to the last Presidential election, the liberties of the Free States have been bought by the South, for the support of slavery ; and when the process of barter was once begun, it became more uncontrollable, till the last point of endurance was reached. Meantime, the Republic has been ruled by slaveholders and their tools, till the corruption of such a system demoralised the one section politically as much as the other. The ascendancy was obtained by a gross violation of republican principle, in the form of a property suffrage, peculiar to the slave-holding section. Three slaves in five have conferred a vote ; and thus the smaller population has outvoted the larger, and has been enabled to pass the Fugitive Slave Law, and many another ordinance fatal to republican principle. On the one hand, it is true

that such encroachments should never have been permitted : and on the other, the subservience of the North has brought after it its own retribution in the weakness, the divisions, and the fluctuations of purpose which now amaze the world. It is for us to remember who have been the aggressors and who the victims in the long struggle. It is for us to remember that the sin of the Northern States lies behind us, while the virtue of the struggle to recover its liberties and to destroy the cause of the evil is the spectacle of to-day. Whether we have to fight the Federalists or not, we must beware of any sympathy with the Confederates, and of casting any contempt on political institutions which are to have now, for the first time, the chance of a sincere trial. It is slavery which has made the South an oligarchy the most tyrannous in fact that the world can now show. It is slavery which has trammelled and corrupted the free spirit of the North. It is slavery which has made the citizens boastful, arrogant, and vexatious, under the consciousness of their actual subservience to the Slave power. It is slavery which has engendered the strifes and schisms of the Federalists themselves, in this critical hour of their history, when it seems almost equally necessary to support the constitution and to abolish slavery, while the two needs are absolutely incompatible. At such a time, the duty of other nations is to hold aloof from all sympathy with a people who propose to found a polity on the basis of slavery, and to hope the best for a people who, though late and fitfully, are striving to retrace lost steps, and to become true at last to the principles of their republic, and to the memory of its founders. Can we preserve this just discrimination, this spirit of equity, through all temptations of war or peace? This is one of the questions which must be solved by the coming year.

A natural association of ideas carries us to India. The year which is now expiring will be conspicuous in the annals of our Indian empire. It was a great day when Lord Canning began to restore the old organisation of Indian society by reinstating the native nobles in their estates and their influence, and renewing their feudal relations with the commonalty ; but it may turn out to be a greater when he opened the land to European purchase. Englishmen may now colonise India as freely as Australia or the Cape ; and the consequences to 150,000,000 of our fellow-subjects there must be vital or deadly. The coming year will produce the first phenomena of the change. The good or evil issue depends on the temper and character of the new settlers. We know too well the ordinary course of things when Europeans sit down in the territory of dark-skinned races : and there is but too much testimony to the bad habit of speech and manners of the English in India towards the natives. It is truly a vital question whether the saleable lands there will be settled by men who will employ the natives on principles of justice, and treat them with a temper of kindness. If this is done, both countries have a prospect of incalculable wealth through industry at both ends of the line, raising our own manufacturing population almost as much as the labouring classes of India, while the

same process will civilise and educate whole tribes and peoples in Asia. If the opportunity is abused for the gratification of cupidity, pride of race, or irritability of temper, preparation will be made for future mischief more fearful than the mutiny which at present seems to us an epitome of all horrors. The statesman who encountered that mutiny, without experience or warning, with calm courage, and has since conferred a series of benefits on the country, is about to surrender his rule ; but Lord Elgin, his successor, has given every assurance that a long career of success in difficult enterprises can give that he is qualified to take up the work. Already the peasantry of India are awake and eager about the production of cotton : there is already more intercourse between them and agents from Europe than has ever taken place before, with a view to the production and purchase of cotton : and the next year may carry us on a long way towards independence of slave-grown cotton, besides supplying us with others of the wide range of Indian productions. One of the pleasiest prospects of the coming year lies in that direction. We see great clearings going on in the jungles, and lofty trees falling on the slopes of the Ghauts, destined for our timber yards. We see floods brought back into their channels, and droughty wastes fertilised by the opening of ancient waterworks, and the construction of new. We see the cotton-plant blossoming over tens of thousands of acres of lapsed lands ; and mulberry plantations in the north-west, reminding travellers of Lombardy ; and tea grounds creeping up the mountain slopes ; and grain springing up in immeasurable quantities. We see long trains of laden boats descending the great rivers, and cargoes of merchandise carried up among the springheads of those mighty streams, among villages where it is a distinction for any old man to have seen one of the white race, the very existence of which has hitherto been a sort of myth—a theme for the narrators of legends. We see the rail cutting through the forests, and mounting the passes of the Ghauts, and dividing the plain, and the third-class carriages crowded with native traders or excursionists, while the priests are discussing in private conference the great question of how the merit of pilgrimage is affected by this new facility of travelling. We see the sensible order of colonists sitting down on their new lands, and making up their minds as to the best method of interesting the old-fashioned Hindoo labourers in obtaining good crops : and we see the quickening of the markets within the range of such colonists—markets to which the peasantry bring all the cotton they grow, and where they purchase cloths cheaper than they can now make them at home. Where the household loom was in its pit under the palm or the tamarind tree, we see the ground filled in because the family are more profitably employed. We see the children thronging to school, to fit themselves for doing business in European style. There may be yet better spectacles, and there may be worse ; but it is certain that the coming year will present much that is new and significant in this direction.

Here, again, our wandering fancy is led far

abroad,—to the various lands where the cotton-plant flourishes. It will be a great year if it severs us from our reliance on any one country for a product which maintains four millions of our people. Those four millions no more need depend on America for cotton, than four millions of American negroes need be kept in slavery to provide it for us. It is growing in half our colonies, and in many countries besides. A little while ago, information had been received from fifty-three places where it had actually been produced for sale. The fact is, there is more danger to us from its growing in so many places, than there would be from its being produced in only one or two. We are likely to disperse our efforts too much, when a concentration of capital and enterprise on one area, under our own command, would be more sure to succeed. No duty is plainer in the foreground of the prospect of the year, than doing our part, each of us who can, to secure this great manufacture of ours. It may be necessary to charge ourselves with seeing the half-employed, or unemployed, Lancashire operatives through the winter, and till further supplies of cotton come in: but it is of infinitely greater consequence that we should take care that those supplies shall come in, and that they shall never fail again. Any one of us who can help to sustain any prudent scheme for obtaining cotton from India, or producing it in Queensland, or in the West Indies, will be helping to sustain permanently four millions of the people of England. The Confederate States of America are finding themselves mistaken in their assumption that England and France could not exist without their staple commodity; and thus their main calculation has broken down. They now begin to perceive that there can be no reliance on any crop at all next year, nor in any future year. If the war goes on, they must grow food instead of cotton: and, whether the war goes on or stops, slavery will be at an end, and it must be doubtful what form the re-organisation of labour will take. It is thus a conspicuous feature of the coming time that the growth of cotton will be transferred from its almost exclusive field to several others: and it is no less plain that the duty of English citizens is to take care that England commands as much of the new area as her people need.

From this time forward there ought to be a great change in the conditions of our national supply of food. While every season now develops our power of increasing the fertility of the soil, the next year ought to carry us on a long way towards producing all that we want. We have become so accustomed to pay twenty millions a year for foreign grain, that we take it as a matter of course, till a bad season which makes us pay thirty or forty millions brings us to reflection. The tremendous expenditure for food consequent on the wet year 1860 has, no doubt, stimulated our study of steam cultivation, and of all methods of growing more grain on a given surface; and there are now no limits assignable to the possible increase of production. Then, again, the New Drainage Act is just coming into operation. By its means, we may rescue millions of acres from injury or ruin, the estimate being

that only one-sixteenth part of the cultivable land in the kingdom is drained at all, while so much of that small portion is treated in an unmethodical and desultory way, that we may be thankful that so much remains to be done. Twenty-one millions of acres may have their fertility doubled, or more, by such treatment as we are beginning to understand, and as the law now permits; and the coming year will doubtless set free for other and more profitable uses some part of the twenty millions, which we have annually spent hitherto in buying bread.

It is a significant circumstance that we are about to enter upon a new and enlarged scene for our great Food Bazaar. The Baker Street exhibition of cattle, roots, and implements is closed for ever, and we are to have the Islington one instead. The agricultural interest has outgrown its exhibition stage, and is creating a larger. The crowds of animals and their owners on the one hand, and of spectators on the other, have proved that we are awakening to the truth that our food-supply is in our own hands: and the large scale on which the Islington establishment is planned, testifies to the growing faith in future plenty. We have long been past the danger of dearth; and we now have before us, and at our command, cheap plenty for all time to come.

Does any one doubt this on account of the state of Ireland? If so, the conclusion is an inaccurate one. In the coming year Ireland will require much help, to carry through the sufferers from the excessive rains of the late autumn. But there is nothing in the incidents of the case which does not confirm the expectation of future plenty from wise management of the soil. The Irish have again been depending too much on the potato for food, and on peat for fuel. Former generations of their countrymen cut down the woods without planting more, and thus at once created peat bogs, and compelled the people to rely on them for fuel. Planting and draining are the remedies, besides improved tillage where tillage is advisable. This is the open road to cheap plenty for Ireland, which will always have a trade for as much cattle and dairy produce as she can create. Meantime there is nothing like famine in the country. Every part is now penetrable. There is relief within reach everywhere; there is food enough in the country for all its inhabitants, and an effective machinery for its distribution. There is a prospect of check to the rising fortunes of many of the people, and of a temporary descent into pauperism for some: but there seems to be no reason to apprehend any deep or durable adversity in Ireland, to mark the coming year. Such checks must occasionally recur till the people learn the wisdom of providing themselves with a variety of food crops, and of taking care that the land is never too wet to grow any.

We have not to mourn over the prospects of commerce, as we should once have supposed it to be inevitable, in such a position of foreign affairs as we find ourselves in. Our new traffic with the French people seems likely very soon to make up for what we lose by American wars. The delight of our nearest neighbours at their new liberty of buying our commodities, cheap and good, is a brightening gleam across the prospect of all coming

years. They are already seeing through the tricks of home traders, and learning to obtain true British goods; and already the comforts of tens of thousands of French homes are increased. We, who have permitted to ourselves the half of the benefits of free trade with France which was in our own power, are now to enjoy some of the other half; and the immediate prospect is of something like a compensation for what we lose by American tariffs, and the prospect of war.

The Great Exhibition, for which we are hourly preparing, amidst our pain at the loss of its chief promoter, will stimulate our trade with every civilised country which does not punish itself by a policy of monopoly. We shall gain something better still by the activity of mind which the congress of practical wits will arouse; and, yet again, by the friendliness of feeling which grows stronger and warmer with every such occasion of meeting. Every year now extends the intellectual interests and privileges of the great body of the nation. We hear and appreciate more and better music: we see more pictures, and understand them better: and the application of science and art to the common details of life is extending every day. The year of the Great Exhibition will not fall behind any preceding period in this distinctive evidence of progress.

We have to take up our stand-point, through our representatives, on the great question of popular Education. In a few weeks we shall have decided whether to make our only practicable system effective, or to sacrifice that object to the clamour of a new—calling itself a vested—interest. The decision to make the school-children of England learn properly to read, write and cipher, will set a bright mark on the year; and the gain will be worth the risk of the present agitation if the body of teachers should learn that they may trust their fortunes to the honourableness of their vocation more securely than to any patronage of government.

For some months past we have all been taking for granted that there would be a dissolution of Parliament in the spring, and, most probably, a change of ministry: but the quarrel with America alters the prospect. The unanimity of the nation about foreign affairs is the strongest possible vote of confidence in those who conduct them: and it seems improbable that any essential change will be made in any critical period like the present. We are likely to be on good and improving terms with France, and to escape any quarrel with Germany, however far we may be from sympathising with much that is said and done in every state which it comprehends. We cannot but witness great events,—perhaps decisive catastrophes,—in Russia, Austria and Turkey,—in Hungary and Poland. Italy will be a principal interest, whether or not the Papacy is entering upon its last year of princely power.

The coming year is as yet blank to us in regard to some experiences which touch us very nearly. We shrink from the thought of such storms at sea, and such disasters from flood and fire on land as have marked the last few years: and yet more from a further course of such crimes and follies as now overshadow our retrospect of the passing year.

We trust we shall not have so many murders; or so many preventable accidents at sea and on railways, and through the perverseness of female taste in dress. We trust there are not so many as last year keeping their Christmas under doom of being drowned, crushed, or burnt, through wanton folly, before another season has come round.

On the whole, we may agree that our prospect is a fair one; mournful and grave from the sorrow and seriousness of recent and impending events; but not the less fair for its being evidently crowded with duties for us all. If we betake ourselves heartily to those duties, it is certain to be, to every essential purpose, a good and blessed year.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

VISIT TO THE IRISH CONVICT PRISONS, SMITHFIELD.

NO. II.

OUR next visit was to the Intermediate Prison for those convicts who had learned trades, the last stage before discharged, either on ticket-of-lave or on completion of sentence. Though the principles and object of this establishment are exactly the same as those on which Lusk is founded, yet the development of these is necessarily modified to meet the change of circumstances. Lusk is at a distance from Dublin, and the grand difficulties to be contended with there are the natural tendency to abscond, and the danger of association with each other under comparatively little surveillance; here there is an additional peril from the prisoners being at comparative freedom in the very midst of the city which had probably been the scene of their crimes, and which is filled with every allurement to vice. These added difficulties have been successfully surmounted.

Smithfield is an old prison of the ordinary kind, which, being at liberty, has been adapted to its present purpose, while still retaining the cellular arrangement for sleeping. With this exception there is scarcely anything to remind one of a prison. The workshops, the large simple dining-room, used also for evening lectures and other instruction; the cheerful open yard for exercise, enlivened by small garden plots—all would give one rather the idea of a model lodging-house with associated workshops than anything of a penal character. The men were at dinner when we arrived, and we requested permission to see them at their meals. As we approached the dining-room we heard the sound of cheerful orderly conversation; and, on entering, found to our surprise, that there was no superintendent present, but that the prisoners were conducting themselves with as much propriety as ordinary workmen. They have not even separate rations weighed out to them, but the whole fixed quantity of food being placed on the table they help themselves with due regard to each other's rights. Those who know what care is usually necessary in prisons, workhouses, and even schools, to give to each inmate the exact portion of food appointed, in order to prevent dissatisfaction, will appreciate the admirable tone of feeling which the possibility of such latitude indicates. The men appeared somewhat embarrassed by our presence, and perplexed at what could be the motive of such a visit:

we therefore requested to see their library, and one of their number, the librarian, showed us with much pleasure a good collection of useful and interesting books to which they have free access, purchased partly by the contributions of the prisoners themselves.

It was Sunday; and after a little friendly intercourse among themselves in the court, the Catholics and Protestants separated into different rooms, where their respective chaplains gave them an afternoon's religious lecture. We meanwhile gained much information from the superintendent respecting the system adopted: he objects to being designated Governor, desiring that the prison tone should be as much lost sight of as possible. Captain Crofton was not with me on this occasion, which was on the whole better, as we saw everything in its ordinary condition, without the controlling influence of his presence. Yet his absence only made us more completely perceive how much his spirit pervades the whole. The superintendent seemed thoroughly imbued with the captain's principles of management, and spoke in warm terms of their effect on the men. Though all regulations are very strictly carried out, yet, as the prisoners feel that everything is ordered with a regard to their real welfare, and administered with perfect justice, they work with their superiors, instead of against them, as is so commonly the case in prisons; their wills are enlisted, and there is very seldom any cause of complaint. On several occasions some of the men have been employed at work at the prisons in the city at some distance: no difficulty has ever been experienced in marching them to and fro through the crowded city, with a single officer. Some of the men who are the nearest to their final discharge are even permitted to go alone into the city, to carry messages, or to execute commissions. The prisoners are allowed, if they choose, to spend sixpence a week of their earnings in any innocent indulgence; they entrust with the purchase these privileged messengers, who have never been known to be unfaithful to their trust. A man who had been thus sent out on the preceding day was summoned, and gave us an account of three several expeditions of the kind. The time is of course exactly noted when they go out and return, and the messenger knows that any neglect of duty would be certainly discovered, and would entail on him serious consequences. Still the moral control appeared to us astonishing, which should be more powerful than bolts and bars on one so low and degraded as a convict! They had been convicts,—they were treated as *men*; they had been made to feel that they were men not for ever degraded, but who might resume their place in society, or even take one, if they had never yet been regarded as other than outcasts. They comprehended the position in which they were here placed, as men who might be trusted; and they proved themselves worthy of it.

The lecture ended, we were invited to be present at a "competitive examination," which usually takes place on Saturday evening, but which had been deferred for our benefit. Mr. Organ, the lecturer to the prison, gives the men evening lectures on subjects calculated to communicate

such knowledge as may be advantageous to them in their future life, besides storing their minds with useful information, and drawing them off from improper subjects of thought. He is much more than a lecturer; he is a friend in the highest and best sense to those who, perhaps, never before had a friend worthy of the name; he sympathises with their difficulties and trials; and when they are about again to enter into the world, he arranges for their emigration if they wish to leave the country; does not fear to advance them for the purpose, from his private purse, the money which will be afterwards paid to them from their earnings, and in every way in his power promotes their true interests, and literally gives himself, his time, his strength, his heart, to the objects of his anxious care. In doing so he has had the warm sympathy, not only of Captain Crofton and the other prison directors, but of the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Carlisle, who has even honoured with his presence some of these evening lectures, and has bestowed on him in his difficult and trying work that friendly encouragement which is more precious and supporting than any other human help. The subjects of the lectures during the preceding week were as follows:—

SMITHFIELD INTERMEDIATE PRISON.

Lectures for Week commencing Monday, 12th August, 1861.

Monday.—The Sun. What it Is, and What it Does.

Tuesday.—Labour. Its Dignity and Rewards.

Wednesday.—Emigration. Its Advantages and Disadvantages.

Thursday.—Crime. Its Profit and Loss.

Friday.—Irish Intermediate Prisons. Their Rise, Progress, and Results.

Saturday.—Competitive Examination.

Mr. Organ gave the men on the present occasion one of his forcible familiar addresses, and their countenances clearly indicated how completely he touched their experiences. We had now a good opportunity of studying the characters before us. Some were grey-headed men, evidently ignorant and stupid, if not hardened in crime; some quite young, perhaps only eighteen; the countenances of some were not unpleasant, and had evidently been greatly softened and refined by the discipline they had undergone, while the bulk of them were certainly unprepossessing, though not bad, and were responsive to good sentiments or advice. One would not have imagined oneself in such an assemblage—all convicts of a deep dye. Those of us were particularly struck with this, who had elsewhere seen so very different an aspect in a number of convicts in other prisons, where the hard, dogged, lowering look gives unmistakable proof of a bad nature checked and repressed, not changed. After the address, the men arranged themselves in two parties, and a man on one side was selected to propose a question to the other. This being satisfactorily answered, the challenge was returned, and each side seemed stimulated by a friendly rivalry to surpass the other, to elicit as much information and call out as much real thought and opinion as possible. Sometimes a discussion arose, in which Mr. Organ was called on to take a part, which he did, not dictatorially, but with only the supe-

riority arising from his own greater knowledge and better spirit and judgment. The following are the questions which we heard actually discussed on that occasion, and satisfactorily answered :—

1. Name the remarkable Mountains mentioned in Scripture.
- 2.—Repeat Wolfe's Lines on the Burial of Sir John Moore.
- 3.—Point out the Disadvantages of Strikes.
- 4.—What Battle confirmed Canada to the British?
- 5.—With what People did the English sign the First Treaty of Commerce?
- 6.—A Captain is obliged to limit the Supply of Provisions to his Crew owing to a protracted Sea Voyage; can you show the Wisdom of the Step, and How and When can Merchants act upon the same Principle?
- 7.—In the Reign of what English Monarch was Ireland annexed to the English Crown?
- 8.—Repeat the Lines on the Spread of the Gospel.
- 9.—The Qualifications essential to a successful Emigrant?
- 10.—To what portion of her Mineral Wealth does Great Britain owe her Greatness?
- 11.—Who gave Australia to Great Britain, and repeat the words he expressed on the occasion?
- 12.—Where and on what occasion did Our Lord work the First Miracle?
- 13.—Name the great Naval Battles at which Lord Nelson commanded.
- 14.—Box the Mariner's Compass.
- 15.—Do the Employers of Discharged Prisoners expect more Fidelity from them, than they do from ordinary Workmen?
- 16.—St. Augustine on Bad Company?
- 17.—Who established the Law of Industry, and what were the words used by him when doing so?
- 18.—How is a Shilling made?
- 19.—What are Taxes, and how is every Pound sterling collected in Taxes applied?
- 20.—The Lay of the Labourer, by Hood?
- 21.—The Maritime Counties of England and Ireland?
- 22.—The Great Source of all Crime?
- 23.—The Last Words of Nelson?
- 24.—How much Money did it cost Great Britain to abolish Slavery in her Dominions, and name the Men who distinguished themselves in advocating the Emancipation of Slaves?
- 25.—On what occasion did Christ teach a Lesson of Frugality?
- 26.—Moore's Lines on Wellington?
- 27.—The Epitaph on General Wolfe's Monument?
- 28.—When and by whom was Property first Divided?

These questions are, of course, founded on the instructions that have been given, and the reading which the men have selected for themselves; the variety of them, and the fitness of the answers in the men's own words, often corrected by each other, sufficiently proved how completely they had made the various topics their own. The subject of strikes especially elicited a long discussion, some taking part for, some against. One young man, who advocated them, seemed quite excited when describing all the circumstances that might lead to a strike; and as he vividly portrayed the feelings and views of the workmen, the means they adopted to obtain their end, and the progress of the affair, we felt thankful that a youth of so much power for good or ill had been brought under such wise and good influences.

The manner in which several fine pieces of poetry were repeated by heart sufficiently proved what fine powers would have been wasted and perverted if they had not here been well directed. We had noticed on the walls at Lusk and elsewhere a passage from St. Augustine on bad company, as follows :

“Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first and second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the pincers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood.”—ST. AUGUSTINE.

A gentleman of our party at Lusk had expressed his doubt whether it was not above the comprehension of the prisoners. We therefore requested Mr. Organ to ask for an explanation of it; he had never made it, he said, the subject of conversation, but the passage was at once explained by the youth who had advocated strikes in a way which showed how completely it had been the subject of thought and self-application. Leaving the prisoners with a few words of encouragement and exhortation, we were taken to an outside waiting-room, where were a number of men who, having been set at conditional liberty, came to report themselves as steadily at work, and others who had been for many years free, but who kept up this occasional connection with those who had laboured for their good. These results of the labour and care bestowed were most satisfactory; and still more so were the visits made by some of the association to employers who had many of the late convicts at work under them, and who spoke highly of their reformed condition.

We paid another visit to Smithfield with Captain Crofton, and saw the men at work at their several trades. A certain proportion of the profits is allowed them, so that a good workman may earn 2s. 6d. a-week, which is laid by for his discharge, except the few pence which he is allowed weekly to spend. Captain C. explained to us the very strict regulations which are adopted, and the system of marks, by which each prisoner can be certain that on his conduct, whatever it is, will depend his future as well as his present position. So exactly are all marks and accounts kept, that a complete check is preserved both over officers and men, and the Captain can prove or disprove the truth of any charge of unjust treatment. So important an element of the system is this regarded by the directors that on one occasion the Captain occupied full two hours in investigating the complaint of a convict, and proving the real state of the case; nor would he rest with the man's admission that “the Captain was doubtless right,” and that he supposed he had made a mistake. He did not let the matter drop until he had obtained from him the full admission that he was himself perfectly satisfied. He told us the histories of many whom we saw now perfectly amenable to order and obedient to duty. It had been no easy task to bring many turbulent and bad spirits to this condition, but the combined powers of personal influence and strict discipline had at length prevailed.

Another visit was paid to Smithfield before we

left the city, and of a most unexpected nature. The Queen and Royal Family spent one Sunday in Dublin, and her late august Consort and eldest son spent a portion of the Sabbath in visiting the prisons! It must have been a sight calculated to awaken the deepest emotions, and worthy of the reign of our beloved Sovereign, who has shown a heart to feel for the lowest of her subjects, to witness the scene that afternoon in the Smithfield convict prison; to see the Lord-Lieutenant of the island visit the lecture-room, with Prince Albert

and the Heir Apparent of the Crown, and sit down among those men who, from being a danger and cost to the country, were preparing to become useful and honest citizens of it. We will not intrude on the scene, but will rejoice that our future sovereign has already learnt to consider the welfare of the lowest as much an object of interest as the highest, and that he desires to learn himself, by personal investigation, the real condition even of Convict Prisons. MARY CARPENTER.

Bristol, December 13, 1861.

DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE.



"Once indeed I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter Market. Pride was the source of this refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time, bareheaded, in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and hope the penance was expiatory."—(Dr. Johnson's conversation with "Mr. Henry White, a young clergyman" in Lichfield, in 1784.—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, vol. viii., edition 1835, page 378.)

A country road on market-day
(Is what I see arise),
Crowded with farmers, ruddy men,
Muffled up to the eyes;
For cold and bitter rain beats fast
From the grey cheerless skies.

Past carts, with white tilts flapping wet,
Past knots of wrangling hinds,
A burly man with deep-lined face,
Chafed by the churlish winds,
Strides on like dreary packman who
His galling burden binds.

He wears no ruffles round his wrists,
His wig is scorch'd and worn;
His slouching coat flaps loose and long—
Its buttons but of horn;
The little lace upon its cuffs
Is frayed and soil'd, and torn.

It is a day of sullen cloud,
Of shrinking leaf and flower,—
A day the sun to shine or warm
Has neither wish nor power;
So fitful falls the wavering veil
Of the cold bitter shower.

The blackbirds from the hedges break
In chattering dismay,
Like wicked thoughts in sinners' minds
When they kneel down to pray ;
He sees them not, for darkness deep
Bars out for him the day.

Before him black and open graves
Seem yawning in the way ;
The sun, a mere vast globe of jet,
Bodes God's great wrath alway ;
He hears strange voices on his track
That fill him with dismay.

The black rooks o'er the fallows whirl
Like demons in the sky,
Watching to do some hurt to man,
But for the sleepless eye
Of God that, whether day or night,
Still baffles them from high.

The miller's waggon, dripping flour,
Toils on, close covered in ;
The pedlar spite of cloak and pack
Is drenched unto the skin ;
The road to Wroxeter is throng'd
With cattle crowding in.

With butting heads against the wind
The farmers canter on,
(Sure, corn that morning has gone down,
They look so woe-begone) ;
Till now shone out the steeple vane
The sun has flash'd upon.

'Tween strings of horses dripping wet
The burly man strides fast ;
On market-stalls and crowded pens
No eager look he cast ;
He thought not of the wrangling fair,
But of a day long past.

He comes to where the market cross
Stands towering o'er the stalls,
Where on the awnings brown and soak'd
The rain unceasing falls ;
Where loud the vagrant auctioneer
With noisy clamour bawls.

He heeds not yonder rocking-swings
That laughing rustics fill,
But gazes on one stall where sits
A stripling, quiet and still,
Selling his books, although the rain
Falls ceaselessly and chill.

There, in the well-remember'd place,
He stands, head low and bare,
Heedless of all the scowling crowd
Who jostle round and stare,
Crying, "Why, lads, here's preacher man
Come to this April Fair."

"Here's th' April Fool !" a farmer cries,
Holding his swollen side ;
Another clacks his whip, a third
Begins to rail and chide,
While salesmen cried their prices out,
And with each other vied.

Yet when he silent stood, nor moved
For one long hour at least,
The market women leering said,
"This is some crazy priest
Doing his penance,—pelt him, boys—
Pump on the Popish thief !"

Some counting money turn'd to sneer ;
One with raised hammer there
Kept it still poised, to see the man ;
The buyers paused to stare ;
The farmer had to hold his dog,
Longing to bite and tear.

As the old clock beats out the time,
The stranger strides away,
Fast deafening groups of flocks and carts
And many a drunken fray ;
The sin of fifty years' agony
That penance purged away.

Call it not superstition, friends,
Or foolish weak regret ;
He was a great good man, whose eyes
With tears that day were wet ;
'Twas a brave act to crush his pride—
Worthy of memory yet.

WALTER THORNBURY.

MRS. FULLER'S CHRISTMAS-DAY.

My friend Josiah Wilson wrote to me, last autumn, inviting me to spend my Christmas week with him at his curacy in a remote village in Cumberland.

With his characteristic frankness he at once stated that his object in this was not to show me the beauties of the neighbourhood, &c., &c., but simply to secure one civilised companion for his fireside during that week ; intimating as clearly as possible that it was for his benefit, not mine, I was to come.

I am naturally disposed to aid my fellows when in distress ; and this fact, combined with another, namely, that I had nowhere else to go, took me down on Christmas-eve amongst the wilds of Cumberland.

Of course, as I had come a journey of about three hundred miles, he was out, and not likely to be in till midnight : his housekeeper, a very nice, chatty, old lady, and a son, spending the interval between his voyages with her, were the sole occupants of the house.

However, what with dinner and sleep, I managed to pass the time away with tolerable comfort until his return.

The next morning I went with my host to the church, a small, ancient building in the rough stone style, if there be such a style recognised among ecclesiologists, with a little square tower, a little tinkling bell, and a little doorway and porch—in fact, a little church altogether.

Inside there were evidences of more care, in a few rudely-carved figures of beasts of most hideous countenance and impossible tail, which decorated the capitals of the pillars ; and an altar screen of oak, now black with age.

The congregation was but small, and I was not sorry when it was time to leave, for the place on that cold day was dreary in the extreme.

I was struck, however, during the service, by the sight of two perfectly similar tablets, one on each side of the church, bearing, beside the names, a common motto, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

There was evidently some connection between the two, though on the one was the name of

"Guthrie," and on the other that of "Crampton." I have to confess that I did not, whilst looking at these monuments, bestow much attention on my friend's sermon.

When we had reached home, and had despatched our dinner, I thought to ask him their history: he told me he knew the main points, but if I liked to have up his housekeeper, she could tell me the whole story. I was glad enough to wile away the long dull evening, and my friend at once requested the old lady to come up, with her son, and give the story in full.

I wrote it down afterwards as nearly as possible in her own words.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S STORY.

"I'm sure I hardly know how to begin; I'm not used to it; I never was much of a talker; still, as you wish it, I'll try and tell you what I know of them.

"Almost the first time I heard of Mr. Crampton was when my father and mother were talking to the doctor, after my baby brother died. The doctor was trying to persuade my mother to go and be nurse to Mrs. Crampton's baby. Now mother had been Mrs. Crampton's maid before she was married to father, and she was at last persuaded to go there, and nurse the child.

"I must tell you now what mother told me when I was older, or I can't make you understand my story.

"Mrs. Crampton was a Miss Edith Newton, and was engaged to a Mr. Guthrie, a Scotch gentleman. One vacation, Mr. Guthrie introduced his college friend Mr. Crampton to the Newtons as a near neighbour, and in a little while Miss Edith was quite taken with this handsome English man, and no wonder; for though Mr. Guthrie was as handsome as the other, he was sly-looking, while Mr. Crampton's face was quite open and sunshiny.

"Mr. Guthrie soon found out this, and mother says that, one day, he left the house in a great passion with Miss Edith, and struck Mr. Crampton.

"At last Mr. Crampton and Miss Edith were married at this very church. I remember, now, I was one of the little girls who were all dressed in white, and strewed flowers on the pathway all the way down to the stile, and very proud I was of my basket and blue sash; the basket's at home now, with my worsted in. As they came out at the church door Mr. Guthrie stood there. I saw him push up to Mr. Crampton, and call him something—mother said it was 'coward!' and 'rascal!'—and then I saw him strike Mr. Crampton with his fist. He made Mrs. Crampton let go his arm, and then struck Mr. Guthrie right in the face, and he fell down bleeding.

"I recollect as well as possible that there was a mark on the sleeve of Mrs. Crampton's white dress where she touched his hand directly after. Mr. Guthrie got up, and mother says he swore a dreadful oath that he would be revenged, and would some day rob Mr. Crampton of his happiness, and disgrace him before everybody, as Mr. Crampton had done to him then; and then he went away. This wasn't a very happy day to

anybody, you may think, after all this. I really think we little girls enjoyed it more than anybody, for we soon got over our fright, and went to Mr. Newton's in a carriage, and had some cake and wine, and dancing afterwards.

"I think I told you that mother said she would go and nurse Mrs. Crampton's baby. She went, and stayed there; and father used to go up to see her there, and one day took me with him.

"I saw Mr. Crampton, and he asked me how old I was.

"Ten years old last birthday," I said.

"Then he asked me if I should like to stay with mother there. I said 'Yes,' and stayed, and used to hold the baby sometimes, and carry it up and down the garden. One day, mother went out for a walk with it, and took me with her. We met Mr. Guthrie.

"Well, Mrs. Wills, what have you got there? Let's see it."

"She lifted off the handkerchief, and showed him baby. He touched it with his glove under the chin, patted it, and then lifted its cloak and looked at its little hands.

"Hideous little wretch!"

"Not half as ugly as some people I know," said mother, for she was a high-spirited woman, and quite loved the baby, poor thing.

"All this time a great dog—a great beast it was—was sniffing at me and mother: it was a foreign dog—I think it was called Wolfgang—with great white teeth and a pointed snout, something like a great rough deer-hound, only bigger, and I was very glad when it went away with him. I little thought, then, what dreadful misery it was to cause me.

"The next day, it was in the summer, I was sitting outside in the meadow close by the garden-gate, when Mr. Guthrie and his great dog passed. I drew the baby close to me, for mother had set me to watch it as it lay on a rug on the grass, and the dog's eyes looked so fierce through the railings that I felt frightened. They went by, and I laid the baby down and played with it, precious little thing, for some time. Mother came out, and saw that it was all right and amused, and went in again. In about half an hour I heard a sort of scamper on the road, and in a moment this great beast of a dog jumped over the railings, smelt about for a little while, then took the baby in his mouth, and ran away. I couldn't speak, or scream, or do anything. I sat quite still for nearly five minutes, and then I began to scream. Mother came out.

"What's the matter? Where's my baby?"

"I could only scream:

"Oh, the dog! The dog!"

"What dog?" they all asked.

"The big dog! the big dog!"

"Mr. Crampton came out.

"What's the matter, Martha?"

"Oh, sir! Mr. Guthrie's big dog has run away with the baby."

"He got his horse, and just then one of the people of the village came up.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Guthrie's dog?" said Mr. Crampton.

"Yes, sir; I saw him not ten minutes ago,

across Farmer Shipton's field, with something white in his mouth, running home like mad.'

"That was my child! Follow me, we may save it yet.'

"Mr. Crampton rode away with the groom, and the man followed. They went down to Mr. Guthrie's.

"They knocked at the door—so I heard the groom tell mother—and Mr. Guthrie came out with a book in his hand and his slippers on.

"Your dog has taken my child! Where's his kennel, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Nonsense, sir! I saw the child in your own meadow not an hour ago.'

"Where's the kennel, sir? The girl saw the dog take it.'

"A man came running up—it was old Williams, that lives near the mill; but, of course, he was a young man then—and said he'd found something upon one of the gates, and sure enough it was part of the child's white frock.

"The kennel, sir! the kennel, for God's sake!" said Mr. Crampton.

"They all went into the yard through the house, and there was the great beast in his kennel, licking his jaws and looking at them, the groom said, as if he was going to spring at them.

"Take care, Mr. Crampton! I won't answer for your life if you go too near him. Leave him to me. Mind, I say! Take care! I've seen him pull down a man of twice your strength, and nearly kill him.'

"Get the beast out quickly," said Mr. Crampton. 'I wish I'd brought my pistols with me.'

"Mr. Guthrie called the big brute, but he wouldn't come out for some time. At last he came out and was locked up in the stable. Directly the dog was out, they pulled out the straw and all the things in the kennel, and there, sure enough, were the baby's clothes, blood-stained, and torn all to pieces.

"My God! what a fate for my poor child! Did you know, sir, that this dog was likely to do such things?"

"He never did it before," said Mr. Guthrie. 'I sincerely regret—'

"You will shoot that dog instantly, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Shoot Wolfgang! Not I! What, for killing your brat? Not I, indeed!"

"Are you aware you are liable to prosecution for manslaughter, sir, as owner of that beast?"

"Perhaps I am; still, I don't shoot Wolfgang for that. My man must have forgotten to feed him this morning. You should take more care of your brats.'

"If ever I see that dog again I'll shoot him, if I carry arms for twelve months.'

"He'd best not come across the muzzle of my gun; I'll put a charge in him the first chance I get—I will," says old Williams. He was game-keeper to Sir Walter Thomson, and had married my mother's sister.

"They left Mr. Guthrie's house, and when they came back and told Mrs. Crampton, she was taken very ill, and not expected to live. I was sent out of the house, and went home. Mr. Crampton saw the dog out with Mr. Guthrie's servant some time

afterwards, and went up and shot it directly, and a little while afterwards Mr. Guthrie was reprimanded and fined for having kept such an animal. You may fancy they were not better friends after such things as these had happened—and they were not. They never spoke, and hated each other dreadfully. Mr. Guthrie went abroad for six months or so after this.

"I soon, child-like, got over my share in the trouble; but to this day I don't like dogs of any kind. I like cats, but I almost tremble now when I see a dog.

"Mrs. Crampton had two children after this: the first a boy—Master William—about a year after her first, and the next a girl—Miss Alice; there were nearly three years between brother and sister.

"I was at home after the baby's death, helping mother, till I was about twenty-five, and then I was married to Mr. Fuller. He was a sailor, like 'little Charles' here, as we sometimes call him, and used to go away on long voyages even then, poor fellow. We were very happy while he was at home, and when he went away I didn't know what to do for a week or two, it seemed so strange not to have him by me; but I got used to it, and was happy, in a way, in longing for him to come back again.

"One day, about a year after Charles had gone to sea, I saw Mr. Guthrie coming down to our house, for I lived with mother then. He came in, and sat down.

"When's your husband coming back, Martha?"

"In about a year, sir. I expect him next July.'

"I've a young lady coming to stay with me: I want some decent person to take care of her: will you come? Sort of housekeeper—30*l.* a-year, with your food and washing—will it suit you?"

"I didn't know what to say, so I told him I'd let him know to-morrow.

"Mother and father both said I ought to go. So I went, with the understanding that Charles was to come there when he came home from his voyages.

"He let me in.

"Now, look here, Mrs. Fuller. These rooms are going to be fitted up for the young lady: see that they're done properly, and that the house is in order when I come back—I'm going to London.

"He went away, and I was very busy getting the place all to rights, and he came back in about three weeks, and brought with him a young lady.

"Show Miss Bazard her room, Mrs. Fuller. We dine, Miss Bazard, at six. The bell will ring.'

"I took her upstairs, and she looked about her.

"I like you, Mrs. Fuller. Kiss me. What's your Christian name?"

"Martha."

"Now, Martha, tell me something about my uncle. Who is he? What is he? Where are his relations?"

"I really can't answer you, miss; I'm only the housekeeper here.'

"That's the way with you good English people: you are stiff and cold as ice at first; but I'll melt

you yet, Martha, I do so dislike anything like formality. My name is Madeleine; you must call me "Madeleine," and not "Miss." I have no mother. I want one. I like your face—it's honest. You shall be my mother.'

"I was surprised to hear her talk like this, you may think; so I helped her to dress for dinner. The bell rang, and we went down. I saw the table laid out for three people, and wondered who was the third as I went to my room. Presently my bell rang, and I went up.

"Mrs. Fuller, when there is no one here but ourselves, that is your plate and place,' and he pointed to the end of the table.

"I sat down and tried to eat something, but I could only play with it. I never sat down in the company of gentlefolks before.

"I noticed her, as she sat there, at the side of the table. Her face was very pretty: large dark eyes, and long lashes; and a beautiful complexion, but bronzed—brown—like an Italian woman's. She didn't talk much; seemed rather afraid of her uncle, and he seemed to dislike her—didn't look at her at all kindly."

"Have some more wine, Madeleine? It will do you good.'

"I've had two glasses now, uncle; I don't want any more.'

"I didn't ask you whether you wanted any more; I told you to have some,' and he poured her out some port wine.

"She drank it, and I saw it made her almost giddy.

"You can go now, Mrs. Fuller.'

"And I, too, uncle?"

"Yes. Send me some tea at half-past eight.'

"I must go to bed, Martha; I am quite stupid.'

"You should not have drunk the wine, Miss Madeleine.'

"Do say "Madeleine,""

"Well, Madeleine, then; go to bed, there's a dear.'

"And you'll watch me? Can't you sleep here?—I do so dislike being alone. Do.'

"I can't, without orders, Miss Madeleine.'

"Beg of him to let you sleep here; I should like it so much.'

"I got his tea, watched her, and slept in the room with her. The wine had taken effect on her, and she slept very soundly. When she woke in the morning she had a bad headache.

"There, that's drinking too much wine.'

"I didn't want it. Why did uncle make me take it, I wonder?"

"I wondered too, but couldn't at all see why, it was such a strange thing for him to do. Next day he had some liqueurs, and seemed to try all he could to get her to drink things. I told him, at last, it wasn't right to press her so about it. She didn't like it; and I was glad of it.

"Martha,' he said, 'are you tired of staying here?"

"No, sir.'

"Then mind your own business.'

"After that, I said nothing.

"One night she was lying awake, and said to me:

"Martha, you tell me I'm childish sometimes: tell me how old you think I am.'

"Well, miss, about twenty-four, I should think.'

"Twenty-four!' she almost screamed. 'Well, that is good; I'm only just twenty! There now!'

"I could hardly believe it, she was such a great girl—quite a grown woman indeed; and I told her so.

"O yes, all the girls out there are like that, and then they get quite old women at thirty-five—quite wrinkled.' She was speaking of one of the West India islands.

"I could now understand her childish ways and talk to me; though before any one else she was as grave as if she was the age she looked.

"Mr. Guthrie quite altered his ways after she came. We had parties and dances, and he introduced her to all the young men of the place. She rode out to all sorts of places, and saw a great deal of the people round about. He let her come and go alone anywhere, and at any time. One day I went to him in his study.

"What is it now, Martha?"

"If you please, sir,' I said, 'I really don't think it's right for you to allow Miss Madeleine to do as she does. Last night she came home from Morelands with young Mr. Temple, and it was past one o'clock before they got in. The night but one before that it was two o'clock. Not, sir, that I think she'll come to any harm; for a better girl never lived; but she, as a foreigner, can't know our ways, and might lose her character. It's wrong, sir, to allow it; it's not just to a mere child like her.'

"Martha, what did I tell you about the wine?"

"To mind my own business, sir.'

"Then I need not repeat it. Don't let me find you interfering again, and don't let me catch you watching her. Give her liberty—full liberty, to do just as she likes.'

"I thought I heard him say 'Damn her!' as I shut the door—it's just as likely as not. I tried all I could to make her see how wrong it was, but she couldn't see it, brought up as she was. She said I was 'stiff,' and she seemed so innocent—and was so, too—that I couldn't speak out all I thought. Mr. Guthrie seemed to try all he could to get her into mischief; was always filling her glass, if it was empty, and left her to run about wild.

"She talked about the young men to me, and laughed at them all, but one; that was young Mr. William Crampton. She said he was very handsome.

"You should see his father, Madeleine: he is handsome indeed.'

"An old man?"

"No, not forty yet: thirty-nine, I think.'

"Do you know anything about them, Martha?"

"I told her all I knew about them, and about the poor little baby. She cried very much about it.

"You seem to say my uncle was glad: or, at least, not sorry; what a strange man he is! And Mrs. Crampton—is she living?"

"I told her that she died soon after Miss Alice was born.

"Poor thing! How dreadful to have such a thing happen. It would have killed me!"

"We used to go to church together, she and I; and one Sunday Mr. Crampton called me to him, and told me he wanted to see me next day, if I would come. So I went in the afternoon. I'd never been in the house since the accident.

"Who is that young lady, Martha?" said he.

"She's a relation of Mr. Guthrie's brother's wife, and has been brought up in one of the West India islands, Jamaica, I think, by his brother."

"You're sure she's a relation of his?"

"Quite sure," she says so herself, and calls him "uncle."

"Now, Martha, I know you won't break any confidence I may repose in you; and I therefore tell you what I don't care to hear again. You know my son?"

"Master William, sir?"

"Yes. Well, I find that he is very warmly attached to this young lady, and I fear, poor boy, he is making himself ill with the thought of her. Now, I want to ask you if she's the sort of young lady that you think would make him happy, if he married her." I don't say those were Mr. Crampton's words, but that was the sense of what he said.

"I told him that she was a good girl in every sense of the word, as good a girl as I ever knew.

"She's so much older than he is. Quite a grown woman, and he's only just seventeen. A long engagement is very bad."

"Old, sir? She's only twenty now."

"Nonsense, Martha—I beg your pardon, I forgot that she's not native here. Does she care for any one, to your knowledge?"

"None, sir; she seems to think more of him than any one else."

"Do you think, Martha, then, that she would be allowed to visit here?"

"I think she would; he don't seem to care where she goes."

"Well, I'll think over it," he said, and I left him.

"In a day or two he came down to Mr. Guthrie's, and I was in the parlour, at work with Miss Madeleine, when he was shown in. Mr. Guthrie came directly.

"I called, Mr. Guthrie, to ask your niece to come up to our house to dinner."

"Will you like to go?"

"Yes, uncle; I think that I should like Miss Alice," said Madeleine.

"You may go, then. I put no restrictions on my niece, sir; she has full liberty to go where she pleases, do what she pleases, and return when she pleases," and he went out of the room.

"She and I went up to the Cramptons' house, and she told me at night that she had never spent so pleasant an evening.

"He is the handsomest man I have ever seen. Really, is he as much as thirty-nine? How young he must have been married!"

"He was—he was only just of age."

"He was so kind to me," she continued; "young Mr. Crampton was quite stupid to-night;

only sat and looked at me, and blushed when I spoke to him—I do so dislike anybody who seems frightened of you. Now, Mr. Crampton was as kind and polite as possible, and talked to me such a deal about his son William; I wish he had talked about himself more."

"She went there often, and young Mr. Crampton came down to our house. She never talked much when Mr. Crampton was near, but I could see she cared a great deal more for the father than for the son. He recommended her books, and she read them eagerly—history, travels, and so on—while the books of poetry that Master William used to send her she never looked at.

"A few months after she had first gone to the house she began to get thin and pale, for her—though she never looked white like we do—and left off eating, and often used to cry herself to sleep in my arms.

"One night she came from their house with young Master William, and he did not come in as usual, and she went to bed at once.

"Oh! Martha, dear, I wish I had a mother—I do so much!"

"What is it, dear? Tell me," I said; "you used to call me your mother when you first came."

"Oh, Martha, William Crampton said to-night such dreadful things," and she cried till I cried too; I couldn't help it, she sobbed so.

"What did he say, dearest?"

"He said he loved me more than his life, and wanted me to promise to be his wife; and when I told him it could never be, I never could love him but as a friend, he seemed so sad, and asked me why not. I couldn't tell him, for I was frightened at his way of asking; and then he asked if I loved any one else, and I said I didn't know, I couldn't tell; and he stopped me in the road, and stood and said, "Madeleine, look at me; I am calm, and I swear to you that I will either kill myself or my rival if you will not consent to become mine." I told him he ought to be ashamed to threaten me, and then he begged my pardon, and went on so dreadfully that I cried, and was so glad when we got home."

"I told her that he didn't mean it, and that they all said a great deal more than they meant or did, when they wanted any one to be their wife; and then she went on to say she didn't care for anybody, and wished she was dead, and a good many things like that.

"A few days after—it was the Tuesday in the same week that Mr. Fuller came home on the Friday—Mr. Crampton came down to our house and asked to see Miss Bazard. I showed him into the parlour and left them, and at night she told me that he had been down to persuade her to allow William to see her again. She told me that he, too, had asked her, in a gentle way, if there was any one else she cared for, and she told him "No." I had my suspicions, and I asked her if it was true.

"I don't know, Martha, I'm sure I don't."

"So I asked her if she must live always with somebody who she would like to live with. She didn't know—didn't care.

“ ‘Madeleine, I can see you’re not telling me all the truth, dear.’

“ ‘I do so want to, Martha, but I don’t know, —I think,’ and she clung to me; ‘if I must live with any one, it would be with Mr. Crampton,’ and she almost whispered it to me, poor child.

“ ‘Mr. Crampton, too. I thought what a sad thing it was for her, for when girls do fall in love with middle-aged men they love them with the best part of their natures, and it’s almost an idolatry.

“ ‘Do you think he loves you?’

“ ‘Yes, I’m sure he does, but not in the way that William does.’

“ ‘And what did you tell him about William’s coming here?’

“ ‘I said he might come. I’d try and like him!’

“ ‘Why did you say that when you know he’ll never be able to make you like him?’

“ ‘I don’t know, Martha; but I felt that if William did not come here then I should never see Mr. Crampton, as he and uncle hate each other so!’

“ ‘That’s why you did it! I don’t think you’ve done right.’

“ ‘What could I do, Martha, dear? I do so want somebody to love. I’ve no father and no mother—nobody but you, Martha, dear. Oh, what could I do when he asked me and begged of me, and seemed so unhappy about poor William. Indeed, Martha, I could not help it.’

“ ‘What could I say to her? I knew she wanted some one to love, and love and respect at the same time. I knew she loved me, but that wasn’t the kind of love that her heart was full of then.

“ ‘So things went on. William made no progress in her favour, and at last managed to open his eyes enough to see why.

“ ‘He began to hate his father, and his father talked to her and Miss Alice about it.

“ ‘She, poor thing, came home at night and was in a dreadful way about it: she was really getting ill. Her uncle took little or no notice of her. He was a great man in mathematics. I used to find scores of little bits of paper all over his study with x’s and crosses and lines of all kinds, and he spent the day there, and only came in to dinner or to see any one who came.

“ ‘I determined at last to go to Mr. Crampton and tell him that he must not ask her up there any more; the poor child was killing herself through it. I went up and told him she was very ill, and that it wasn’t any doctor that could cure her, and that she must not come there any more.

“ ‘What can I do, Martha? I put it to you as a sensible woman. On the one hand, my boy is so attached to Miss Bazard that he threatens to do violence to himself if he does not gain her consent, to which, of course, opportunity is essential: on the other, you come here and tell me she must not come any more, while she herself seems almost glad to be here with Alice. Is there any cause, do you know, why she refuses my son’s addresses?’

“ ‘Whether I do or not, sir, has nothing to do with it. I can tell you, she’s worse every time she comes from here, and these foreign people are not so cool in their ways as we are. She’s killing herself through this family, that she is.’

“ ‘Now, Martha, be reasonable,’ said Mr. Crampton, ‘I know you have some secret—how obtained I don’t know—still you have one, and I put it to you, if I could tell my boy that her affections are fixed—that she loves some one else—then he would desist from the pursuit of her, and leave her. Now, by your knowledge can I say this to him? I ask no particulars, I only ask that I should be able to tell him that, and he will believe me and leave her!’

“ ‘Then, sir, you may tell him that he has no chance; her affections are fixed, and it does her no good to come here.’

“ ‘Thank you, Martha, I can ask no more. She is the very person I could have desired for my daughter-in-law; but as it cannot be, I must be content.’

“ ‘He little thought that the reason why she would not have his son was because she loved him; but William seemed to know it, for I heard afterwards from Miss Alice that when his father advised him to go abroad, and told him she could never be his wife, because he had a rival, he called his father names, and said he wished to serve him as he had served Mr. Guthrie. This led to a dreadful quarrel. Mr. Crampton denied knowing anything about it, said he was unjust, and they parted very angrily indeed. Master William went abroad, and then Madeleine got better. That was just after Christmas. She went up to the Cramptons’ as usual, and I was not surprised to hear her tell me one night in the August following that Mr. Crampton had asked her to be his wife. She seemed as if a great load had been taken off her mind, and wanted to know what I thought of it. I said, I wished she was older, and she laughed, and said he was so young-looking, and she so old-looking, that there wasn’t a great difference, and people would go by looks more than facts, which was very true. Then she asked me what her uncle would say. I told her I didn’t think he seemed to care much about her.

“ ‘I do hope he won’t let his hatred of Mr. Crampton stand in the way, Martha.’

“ ‘I hope not, dear,’ I said, for I saw she would have married Mr. Crampton without his consent, if he hadn’t given it, if Mr. Crampton wished it. Next day Mr. Crampton came down and asked to see Mr. Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie was in the study, and the servant went in to tell him. Mr. Crampton came into the parlour where I was sitting, and presently Mr. Guthrie came in.

“ ‘Now, sir, why are you here?’

“ ‘I called, Mr. Guthrie, in hope that the long time which has passed had helped us to forget our mutual injuries, if not to forgive.’

“ ‘Is that all?’

“ ‘No, Mr. Guthrie; I wished to see you on another matter.’

“ ‘And that?’

“ ‘I wished to see you privately.’

“ ‘And I do not wish to see you privately. What you have to say, say now; that is my housekeeper—she will be witness.’

“ ‘I really think if Mr. Crampton had thought only of himself, he would have left, there and then. However, he saw that it must be so, and so stayed.

“ ‘I beg to acquaint you that your niece has consented to become my wife.’

"I saw Mr. Guthrie start, and look pleased for a minute, and Mr. Crampton came forward with his hand held out.

"I thought I was right; you have forgotten—"

"Nothing, sir—nothing—not one word or act—you are mistaken. You want my niece, or the young lady who goes by that name, to be your wife. She is not my real niece, she is a protégée of my brother's wife, a relative, I believe; he brought her up to call him "uncle," and she calls me by that name now he has gone. She has no fortune now—you can take her or leave her as you please; she has full liberty to do as she likes. If I had advised, I should have advised her to choose a younger man; as it is, it is her affair, not mine."

"And he walked out of the room, and shut his study-door after him.

"Well, I must shorten my story, I see, for you're getting impatient. Let me see, that was in August, and they agreed to be married in December; and when December came, as there was no minister regularly here then, it was to be Christmas-day, when one was coming over. I remember it as well as if it were yesterday, for Charley, here, was to be christened before the marriage-service, and they were to be married quite quietly afterwards; of course before the regular service for the day began. They were going to Paris after the ceremony, I think; but I'm not quite sure about that.

"When Christmas morning came, I got up quite early and dressed myself, and then dressed Miss Madeleine; quite plainly she was dressed, in a silver grey silk, with lace shawl and white chip bonnet, with orange-blossoms in the cap. And she did look nice—her pale brown face against the blond looked beautiful. She looked quite twenty-seven, so tall and well made.

"She, and I, and baby went in the carriage to the church; and Mr. Fuller, for he was at home then, walked up. I remember well the service. Charley, here, was as good as gold till the minister sprinkled his face with the cold water, and then he cried a little. After that we went and sat in one of the pews of the middle aisle, Mr. Fuller, and I, and the baby. I've reason to remember that Christmas-day, it was the last one I spent with my poor Charles; not that I think it will be the last, for he may come back, and I think he will. He sat close to me, and as the baby lay in my lap, with my hand over it, he put his hand on mine, and held it there all the rest of the service—for there were three more children to be christened—the pews, as you have seen, are high, so no one could see us."

The old lady dropped a few tears.

"Now, I'm always foolish when I think of that day, so you musn't mind.

"Where was I? O, I know. Well, when the christenings were over, they came from the vestry. My husband had left me in the pew with baby, and went to Miss Madeleine, and took her to the altar, for Mr. Guthrie would not give her away; so she asked Mr. Fuller to do it. She and Miss Alice stood on one side, and Mr. Crampton and his son (for William had come home, and he and his father were friends again) on the other, just as Charles and I stood three years before. They

looked so handsome, both of them. I cried; I dare say it was stupid, but I couldn't help thinking of the last time I saw him standing there with Miss Newton.

"After the service began I saw some of the people look round, and when I looked I saw Mr. Guthrie coming in at the door. I never saw such a look on a man's face before! He looked like—I must say it, sir, though it's in your presence—he looked just like what I've always thought the devil looks like.

"He came up the aisle, and stood there with his hat off, and nobody took any notice but me, for they did not know him as well as I did.

"The service went on, and the minister began to read that part like the banns, about any man knowing any just cause or impediment, let him now speak. He paused a little, and Mr. Guthrie came up close to the altar, and said:

"May I ask, sir, is it lawful for a man to marry his own daughter?"

"We all started. I felt quite sick and ill with fright.

"Such questions should be asked at another time."

"I ask again, sir—Is it lawful for a man to marry his own daughter?"

"You must be aware, sir, that it is not, and also that the Church does not take into consideration the relative ages of those she unites, for such I apprehend to be your meaning."

"You're mistaken, sir—I here assert that this woman is the child of that man! If you want proof, the girl's shoulder is marked with four scars, two in front and two behind; those are the marks of my dog Wolfgang's teeth. If you want further proofs, they are here."

"And he came forward to the minister, and laid upon his open book a number of letters and papers, and then looked at Mr. Crampton, and said:

"Crampton, I told you, nineteen years ago, that I would rob you of your happiness, and degrade you as you had degraded me—I have done it—I have my full revenge. I meant to make this child, under your own eyes, a disgraced and degraded woman, and then proclaim her yours. You have by your own folly helped to fill my cup. You feel now what I felt when you married Edith Newton. I have drained the cup after nineteen years' thirst, and it is very sweet."

"And then he left the church. I wonder that the roof didn't fall down and crush such a wretch; but God has his ways, and we ours. Mr. Crampton stood holding the altar rails like a man stunned; they didn't look at the proofs, they felt it must be true.

"Madeleine—she screamed, and then swooned, and Miss Alice was the only one who seemed calm. My husband went for old Doctor Fletcher, I believe, and he said she must be put to bed directly and bled.

"There was no place for her to go to but this very house. It was all ready, for there was a housekeeper in it till the new clergyman came; so they brought her in here and put her in what is the spare room now. Mr. Crampton and his son went home, and I had my things taken to their

house—they told me I might—for I would not go back and live with such a wretch any longer.

“Madeleine didn’t come to for a long while, and when she did she was quite light-headed, and wanted to get up and go to church to be married.

“She called Mr. Crampton her darling William, and said she should be so late. We could not make her understand that he was her father. The clergyman looked over the proofs and found that it was true.

“It seems that this dog had been told by Mr. Guthrie to get the child—that’s why he rubbed his glove against it; and then, you see, the dog knew what to get when he smelt the glove on the child’s cloak. The dog brought the child to him, and he gave it the clothes and some meat, and set it to worry them while he quieted the child with laudanum, and then took it abroad, and gave it to his brother to take care of, making her believe she was older than she really was.

“There could be no doubt about it; and when we knew it, we could trace the likeness; and I think that’s often the case in families—when you’re told they are relatives, you can see they’re alike, but not till then.

“Mr. Crampton was confined to his bed, and as ill as could be for nearly three weeks. People wanted him to have Mr. Guthrie punished; but of course he didn’t want to have it in all the papers, so he let him alone.

“I was so ill that I had to bring up my little Charley by hand. I stayed here with Madeleine all the time she was ill; but it was dreadful to hear her speak of her father as other girls would have spoken of their lovers. Mr. Fletcher told us that the crisis of her illness would soon be over, and that if she lived she would be mad, and that if she recovered her reason she would not last long.

“I was watching by her bedside on the night of what the doctor said would be this crisis. She fell asleep, and towards morning woke and said:

“Martha, is that you?”

“Her nice colour was quite gone; she was only pale yellow, and her eyes dreadfully sunken and thin! Oh, it was dreadful to see her—I could span her arm with my thumb and finger close to the shoulder!

I showed her who it was.

“Oh, Martha, what a dreadful day that was! Where is my father? Has he been to see me? It is all real! He is my father!”

“I did so wish I could say he was not; but I could not, so I said:

“He is, Madeleine, your own father, and I’m your nurse. You remember I told you all about my having charge of the little baby; and then I told her all about it again.”

“You were always kind to me, nurse; but I did not know how much you had suffered for me. What a dreadful revenge! What had I done to Mr. Guthrie that he should do this?”

“When Mr. Fletcher came she asked him if she should ever get better. He said something; I forget what; but she asked him to tell her the truth.

“I’m not afraid, sir, only tell me the truth, because I want to do something before I die; and

I know by your way and by what I feel that I can’t live long!”

“He would not say anything more to her; but I followed him out of the room, and he told me that if she lived till the next morning, he should be surprised: but he would come again to see her. I went back, and she made me tell her.

“Don’t think I’m frightened, Martha, I’m not; but I want to know, that I may try and get my father and Mr. Guthrie to forgive each other before I go!”

“When Miss Alice came, she asked her to bring Mr. Crampton, and he came. I did not see the father and daughter together; but Miss Alice told me that they seemed to have quite forgotten what they were to have been to each other, and that he sat by her a long time with her hand in his.

“I went in towards evening, and she told me to tell her father she wished to see him ‘And will you go, Martha,’ she said, ‘to Mr. Guthrie, and ask him to come and see me. Tell him I shall never ask any more favours of him.’

“I went down there, though I knew it was no use; and he would not come, all I could do.

“I came and told her.

“Martha, do you love me enough to go again? Tell him I’m dying—that I do so want to see him just a little while. Will you go?”

“I went, though it’s full three miles from here, and got back again about ten o’clock. After a good deal of persuading, he said he’d come; and he did come. He came into the room and said, roughly:

“Now, what do you want?”

“I want you, uncle—I used to call you ‘uncle’—let me call you so now. I want you to be reconciled to my father. You have had your revenge—you have both much to forgive. Forgive each other. Do think how small a thing it is to live such a life as you have lived. What will be the difference in a little while. I feel now that there is something more than this life. Do forgive each other before I go. Father, you will forgive him the harm he meant to do—has done—and he will forgive you!

“She took her father’s hand in one of hers, and his in the other, and held them fast.

“You need not say you forgive—I’ll not ask that even now. Just put your hands together, and let me die happy, in the hope that I am forgiven myself by God, and have helped you to forgive each other. Come, do join your hands. Father, you do forgive him?”

“I do, my child, from my heart!”

“I do not forgive you. You blasted my life, and I will not forgive! I can neither forget nor forgive at the puling of a girl!”

“Uncle, you will! What have I done to you that you should kill me? Oh, do let me die holding your hands together! Are you not satisfied I am dying through it. What do you want more? You are revenged—forgive!”

“I will not forgive—not till death. I never forgive an injury such as that I suffered at your father’s hands!”

“If not now, by-and-bye, and at least!—and here she looked almost joyful—‘promise me one

thing—you, father, I know, will—go to that church on that day always till you die. God may be merciful to you, and melt your heart: you will promise me that?’

“‘I will: it will remind me how sweet is revenge.’

“‘I will, Edith’ (that was what she was christened), ‘that I may remember how one wrong step embitters a lifetime.’

“‘Tell him, father, you forgive him—I cannot die in peace if I think you’re enemies.’

“‘Mr. Guthrie, believe me, I regret the wrong I did you, and I forgive you the wrong you have done me through this dying child. There is my hand!’

“She seized it, and took hold of Mr. Guthrie’s with her other, raised herself up, and tried to join them. They were nearly together in spite of Mr. Guthrie’s resistance, when she fell back with a groan, and I saw all was over! Poor child! She died with scarcely a pang.

“Mr. Guthrie looked at her a moment, and then left the room with almost a smile. I never hated any one in my life as I did him then.

“Mr. Crampton sat there all that night, after I had laid her out and made the poor thing decent.

“She’s buried in the churchyard in the family vault, just to the left of the doorway.

“I went to live with Mr. Crampton afterwards, for Mr. William and Miss Alice went to India, and he’s there now. She died, poor thing, out there.

“Mr. Crampton and Mr. Guthrie kept their words, and both came every Christmas-day to church, and sat in their own pews. I used to go half to see them and half for another reason.

“I think it must have been about eighteen or nineteen years after her death that Mr. Guthrie lost all his money—everything was sold, and he went away no one knew where. The Christmas-day after that Mr. Crampton came and sat down in his pew, and before service began Mr. Guthrie came in and sat down—not in his own pew, for that belonged to the house, as it were, and the Grahams were sitting there; but in the free seats. He was so changed—so old—so worn—so shabbily dressed!

“I saw Mr. Crampton get up and go up the aisle till he came to Mr. Guthrie, and heard him say:

“‘Guthrie, we used to be friends at Magdalen, come into my pew—come!’

“And I saw his hand held out. Mr. Guthrie looked at him a little, and then put his hand in Mr. Crampton’s, and I heard him say:

“‘God forgive me!’

“They went into Mr. Crampton’s pew, and sat there the whole of the service.

“After this, they lived together like two brothers. They used to talk of their college days, and laugh and joke; but I never heard either of them say a word about what had happened—not a word. I always sat at table with them, except when there was company, but I never heard a word; only every night they used to shake hands and stand a little hand in hand before they went to their rooms. They seemed quite happy

together, and one would hardly have thought, to have seen them in that church five years ago this day, that they’d been such bitter enemies, and done such strange things there.

“Mr. Guthrie, he died first with his hand in his friend’s, talking of the days when they used to be in college together. Before Mr. Guthrie died, they had agreed to have those tablets put up that you saw—both alike.

“Mr. Crampton died soon after. He never seemed the same man afterwards, and he was found in his room one morning quite dead. He, too, lies in the church, like Mr. Guthrie. I often sit and look at the stones, and wonder whether people will believe the story when I am gone. It seems such a dull little place here, but I suppose that many a dull little place has its stories as well.”

“But what was your other reason for going there on Christmas-day?” I asked the old lady.

“I told you that that day they were to have been married, and when Charley was christened was the last Christmas-day I spent with my husband. I go there to meet him. I had a dream two years after he’d gone, and I’d heard nothing of him, and I saw him and felt him sitting by me at church just as he did that day, with his hand on mine. I had it three times—not running—but three times, and I go to church on Christmas-day to meet my husband. It’s now twenty-eight years ago since he left me, and I have never heard of him since; but I feel that he’s sure to come back and sit beside me; so I go there and pray God to send him back to me, and when I shut my eyes I can feel the baby on my knee, and his hand holding mine, as it did then.”

THE HOTEL GARDEN.

I.

Oh, the golden prime of that summer weather!
Oh, the cup of life’s best-flavour’d wine
That you and I once drank together
In the hotel-garden beside the Rhine!

II.

Let me shut out, for a little space,
This living life with its cold and rain;
And let me look again on your face,
And let me touch your lips again.

III.

The past was false, and the present is true;
But the present is dark, and the past was bright
And, false or true, every thought of you
Falls like dew on my soul to-night.

IV.

For life at best is a heavy load
When youth, and the strength of youth, are fled:
And at times we would fain shrink from the goad,
And rest our feet on the dusty road,
And think of the spring and the flowers long dead

V.

I have grown older and—after a fashion—
I have grown wiser in all these years.
I have learnt the worth of a boy’s first passion;
I have learnt the worth of a woman’s tears:

VI.

And yet now (with the dank fog like a shroud
Lying along this London street)
I can see again the soft white cloud
Of your dress, as you stole away from the crowd :
I can hear the fall of your little feet.

VII.

“Late—but you could not be sooner. Sir John
Would make you give him that last quadrille.
But at every note you wish'd to be gone,
For you saw, where the lamp by the fountain shone,
That I was waiting and watching still.”

VIII.

And then through the dark lime avenue,
Away from the Kursaal glitter and sound,
Where only the light of the stars broke through,
In tremulous streaks on the flower-strew'd
ground,

IX.

You walk'd with me, and I walk'd in heaven :
And I heard, in the calmness of the night,
How all your heart unto me was given,
And all your old life had grown stale and
trite.



X.

And what did you care for poverty ? You,
Who had learnt of true love the exceeding worth—
My little Bohemian garret, you knew,
Would be world enough for us both henceforth.

XI.

You would learn to work ; you would learn to spin ;
Ah, no !—spinning was over—well, to sew ;
And I could write, and we both would win
Our bread together : did I doubt it ? No ;

XII.

I doubted of nothing. I only knew
That your hand lay trembling on my arm ;
And that you swore your love was true,
And that the lips that swore were warm.

XIII.

Well, one must win, and one must lose,
And the odds were in favour of Sir John :
And perhaps, knowing all, if I might choose
I would not change fortunes with him who won.

XIV.

For when, for my sake, you gave up a waltz
To play at love by the moonlit river,
I believe that your heart was not more false
Than when you took oaths that should last for ever.

XV.

Nor do I envy him now his place :
The lady I saw to-day in the park
Had not the soft face whose modest grace
Haunts me here alone in the dark.

XVI.

My love belongs to the buried years—

To the youth and the spring-time long laid low ;
And the page once blotted with boyish tears
I can never re-open by daylight now.

XVII.

Hide it away out of sight again !

The cup is broken that held the wine :
The flowers lie soil'd in the winter's rain ;
And only the worn-out dregs remain
Of the draught that we drank beside the Rhine.

THE AUTHOR OF "MORALS OF MAY FAIR."

CHRISTMAS, AND HOW IT WAS KEPT.

"CHRISTMAS comes but Once a Year," sings Wither, to the relief of needy housekeepers and improvident gentlemen in arrear with their tradespeople ; and to the regret of happy homes, with their genial family gatherings and joyous children home for the holidays. Easter and Whitsuntide cannot compete with Christmas in merriment, the old games and feasts on those days are gone out of fashion, and we always give a thought of pity to our friends in Australia and New Zealand who assemble on December 25th round a board spread under a hot summer sun, and provided with unnatural-looking green peas. But in the old country and in the colony the staple dish is that famous plum-pudding which Dawson Turner compared to the form of the world, and which no foreign "artiste" can copy, as we know by experience and history. The French king, wishing to regale the English ambassador with similar fare, enjoined his *maitre de cuisine* to be particular in its preparation. The ingredients were properly weighed, the copper was of due size, the water was exact in quantity, the boiling was timed to a minute, and the pudding appeared as a triumph of French art. One addition only had been forgotten—the cloth ; and so, to the amazement of the Englishmen, the unfortunate pudding was served confidently out in huge tureens with the utmost gravity by the good-natured monarch. A Frenchman, however, might plead that so late as 1801, "At the chaplains' table at St. James's, the first dish served and eaten was a tureen full of luscious plum-porridge."

Taking our plum-pudding, with its various condiments, for our model, we shall in the following pages do our best to show Christmas under all its forms, and with all its concomitants, past and present, legends, customs, folk-lore, merriment, and memories.

In Denmark the folks practised an ugly glamour on Christmas-eve, while sitting at table, when they wished to know who among them would die before the next Christmas. Some one would go out quickly and peep in at the window, and whoever was seen at table without a head would die in the coming year. At Anspach the superstition was held that when the Christmas-tree was lighted, any one had but to look at the shadows of those present to learn who would die during the next year, for their shadows would be headless.

Shakspeare, in "Hamlet," introduces *Marcellus*

relating a popular superstition of the period in a beautiful strain of poetry :

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.

And then they say no spirit stirs abroad—
The nights are wholesome—then no planet strikes,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

In Suabia the arch-fiend is supposed to be affable and generous at this time, and if met at a cross-road at midnight will make presents to those who ask him. On Christmas-day, at sermon-time, witches may be discovered through a hole bored in a spoon made of lath ; but the witch-seer must keep a milk-pail on his head, and turn his back on the preacher. But if he escape the indignation of the priest and the marguilliers, he must reach home before the bells have done ringing, or he will be dismembered by the witches.

The Christmas log was supposed to ward off pestilence, during the coming years, from all persons who had sat round it.

At Commercy, in Lorraine, at six o'clock on Christmas-eve, a huge log, called *souche de Noël*, was kindled ; at Bonneval the largest piece of timber which could be found was set on the fire, as it was intended to last out three days, whence its name of *tréfoué* (*trois jours*). Children were not allowed at Commercy to sit in the chimney-corner, because they intercepted the draught.

In France the block was taken off the fire when half burned and kept till the following year to light the new yule log, and the charred wood was preserved as an amulet against fire in England. Barnaby Goodge tells us of a curious superstition that water became wine at the moment of the Saviour's Nativity, and then turned into water again.

The Breton peasants believe that oxen and asses have "the gift of speech every Christmas-eve, in recompense for their ancestors having been present at the nativity," as one of their popular writers quaintly puts it. In the western parts of Devonshire there is an old tradition that the ox and the ass kneel down in the fields at midnight, on Christmas-eve ; and in Lancashire there is a similar superstition, with a supplementary one, that the bees may be heard humming the Old Hundredth Psalm, in adoration of our Saviour's birth. There is a story told by a North American traveller, that he observed among the woods an Indian stealthily creeping towards a spring, in order, as he said, to see the chief stag of a herd of deer kneel down to welcome the dawn of Christmas-day. In Herefordshire, to this day, however, on Christmas morning, all the cattle are fed with hay instead of straw, and all the household servants are given white in lieu of brown bread.

In Suabia the girls, at Christmas, divine the trades of their future husbands by the shapes which molten lead dropped into water takes, and predict the one who shall first be a bride, by standing in a ring round a blindfolded goose ; the fortunate one whom the bird approaches will first put on the marriage-ring.

There is a pretty custom preserved at the

Foundling Hospital at Lyons: the first child abandoned at its gates on Christmas-eve is received with peculiar honours—laid in a handsome cradle and covered with the softest clothes.

In France there is another custom of children, that of the *bonhomme Noël*: fathers who are pleased with their good little boys and girls, fill with toys a shoe which is placed over night in the chimney-corner; the next morning these treasures form a premium on early rising. In France these gifts are pedantically called *étrennes*, a corruption of *strenæ*, and in Spanish *aguilando*, implying the donor's wish that the recipient may live as long as an eagle—a thousand years!

In the north of Germany parents on Christmas-day lay out presents for their children in the great parlour, and the mother apart with the daughters, and the father with the sons, reminds them of what has been commendable, and what has been faulty in their conduct during the past year. In the little villages these presents are distributed by a deputy known as Knecht Rupert (servant Rupert), who appears dressed in a white robe, a mask, high buskins, and a flowing flaxen wig. He is received with great solemnity, inquires into the characters of the children, and then proceeds to deliver toys to the deserving and a rod for the naughty, in the character of a supernatural messenger. The Swebian Pelzmärte wears a dress of twisted pea-straw and a fur cap; his face is black with soot, and a basket fills one hand and a stick the other; he is known also as Schante Klas (St. Nicholas), and rewards the good and punishes bad children as he takes his goblin-walk on Christmas-eve. In Pennsylvania, on Christmas-eve, the children hang up a stocking at the foot of their beds, in order to receive presents from a fabulous night visitant called Krish Kinkle (*i. e.* Kindlein Infant-Christ), who deposits in it sugar-plums if its owner is good; but if the child is naughty, then Pelsnichol (St. Nicholas with the fur-cap) leaves behind a significant birch-rod.

In Devonshire, on Christmas-eve, the farmers wassail the apple-trees in the orchard with the toast and heel-taps of a bowl of cider, wishing the trees all health in the coming year—a custom as old as the time of Herrick. In Tübingen an alarm-bell is rung, to drive the demons away while the farmers feed the cattle and bind the fruit-trees with straw to secure their fertility. In Thuringia the trees are awoken with the song,

Little tree, wake up!
Frau Holle is at hand.

In Norway, offerings of little cakes are made, through holes picked in the ice, to the Spirit of the Waters. In some places, Fosbroke informs us, ships sailed without their foremast, in honour of the season, which in those days, however, we must remember, was so gentle, that halcyons brooded on the sea! Bread baked on Christmas-eve was supposed never to become mouldy.

We are afraid that the last relics of Christmas jollities, so charmingly portrayed by Sir Walter Scott, are rapidly disappearing: the morris-dancers fantastically decked out with ribbons and antiquated dresses, redoubtable George and the Dragon, the hobby-horse, the wooden swords, and

the stupid "old man" of the party, the savage conflict, the death-struggles of the vanquished, and the final restoration to happiness of the combatants by old Father Christmas. Where are Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Fool, Scarlet, Stokesley, Tom the Piper, and brave Little John? Where are the merry men of Lincoln, who delighted "the Rt. Hon. Sir J. Banks, Pres. R.S." at Revesby; the fool and his five sons, Pickle-Herring, Blue Breeches, Pepper Breeches, Ginger Breeches, and John Allspice, and the one fair woman, "Cicely," with a "fiddler, or master music man." In Hampshire the mummers (*i. e.* disguisers or maskers) are almost extinct. At Sunderland the pitmen went about, as the sword dancers, in white shirts and trousers embroidered with ribbons; the captain, or "cauf's tail," wore a faded uniform and a formidable cocked hat and feathers; the fiddler, a huge clown, walked in woman's attire; while the more modest plough-driver, or fool, carried a blown bladder at the end of a stick, wore a hairy cap with a fox's brush, and rejoicing in the name of Bessy, executed the important function of treasurer. In Northumberland, the fool or stot plough was used by the performers to draw long furrows before silly churls who neglected to pay them for their gambols. These customs, we believe, are not yet obsolete. On Christmas-eve, at Ramsgate and in the Isle of Thanet, the young men, grotesquely habited, come "a hodening," *i. e.*, carrying a dead horse's head upon a pole four feet long, and snapping the jaws of the hoden or horse together by pulling a string, while their mates ring handbells and sing carols. The "goosey (*i. e.* disguised) dancers" still gambol, and sing, and beg for presents in Cornwall, and the old women go "a-gooding" by asking for a measure of meal to make their pudding. On Christmas-eve the toast of the "mock," or log on the fire, is drunk with all the honours, and the lads of the village perform the story of St. George, one of the old miracle plays, in the largest room in the inn, and sing hymns on Christmas morning. It is at least a more seemly proceeding than the mediæval procession of the asses in Rouen cathedral. It is curious to observe that in the beginning of the present century St. George gave place to George III. in a cocked hat, and waving a broad sword, while the dragon was supplanted by Napoleon, into whose eyes the fool blew flour, and rapped the mock emperor's shoulder with the bladder attached to his stick.

In 1348, visors, buckram, and whimsical dresses were provided for the court masquerades at Christmas. In the reign of Henry IV. twelve aldermen and their sons rode a mumming to Eltham Palace, and "had great thanks;" but Henry VIII. threatened all masquers with three months' imprisonment as common vagabonds. Masques were held at court in the reign of James I., from which the noble actors reeled home to bed; and "Calisto," represented in 1674, before Charles II., at a lavish cost, lasted from December 8th to January 22nd. In the reign of George III., as Pope reminds us, the groom-porter had the privilege of setting out tables for play in Christmas week at Kensington Palace. But before this time grave colleges had their lords of misrule. Trinity

College, Oxford, provided for its Christmas prince, and Merton and St. John's elected their several "kings of beans." In the buttery of St. John's there is still preserved an ancient candle-socket of stone, formerly used to burn the Christmas candle in, during supper, at the high table, on the twelve nights of the festival. Grim law itself relaxed into a smile. In 1635 the revel-master appointed by the inns of court borrowed the king's poleaxes, was preached to by chaplains, had all the mock-parade and privileges and jurisdiction conceivable, and on resigning his office found that he had spent 2000*l.* of his own proper means on the folly; but the king knighted him at Whitehall. In 1734 the Benchers of the Temple danced and sang after dinner about the fire, in the middle of the hall, singing the song, "Round about our Coal Fire." Before the Reformation solemn Scotland had her "abbot of misrule;" and Durandus tells us that in France "the bishops and clerks disported in the episcopal palaces, and descended to songs" on Christmas-day.

We listen with pleasure still to the kindly gossip of the good knight Sir Roger prattling of his Christmas doings to the Spectator in Gray's Inn Gardens; but we shall never see again the squire, as in the days of Queen Anne, playing at cards only at Christmas with the family pack produced from the mantelpiece, or round a bowl of steaming punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg, assemble his tenants before the fire, glowing with huge logs, and then regale them with flagons of ale and stories not so apposite to his cards as that related by Southey to Williams Wynn; but legends of ghosts and witches, so frightful that his credulous audience durst not stir from their two-armed chairs but in a body, when midnight chimed. There is still, however, an old custom preserved at Queen's College, Oxford, which Southey alludes to in his "Joan of Arc," and Dugdale speaks of in his "Origines Juridice,"—the ceremony of the "boar's head." In 1170, King Henry II. served the same lordly dish to his son, with trumpets sounding before it. In the fine old college-hall, on Christmas-day, in this present year of grace, the mancepl will be seen bearing up the boar's head bedecked with bays and rosemary, and the Taberdar heard chanting the song as ancient as the time of Wynkyn de Worde, until his voice is drowned in the lusty chorus of

Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

Aubrey tells us that the boar's head with the lemon in his mouth was the customary Christmas dish at every gentleman's table up to the period of the Civil Wars, but the gossips of Queen's aver that they celebrate the triumph of an ancient Taberdar who choked a huge boar, upon Hedington Hill, with a whole mouthful of Aristotle, as he was studying the "Rhetoric" of that philosopher. At Stockholm, the sound of sleigh-bells, the grating of the boards on which people are shot down the icehills, and the long snow-shoes and ice-pattens of shaggy-coated skaters make pleasant music to the ears of our Scandinavian cousins.

The Christmas "waits" still occasionally, like

certain Volunteer bands, making night hideous by their noise, are relics of the "Lord Mayor's music" of mediæval times. In the last century the poor Tatler was awakened by the watchman thumping at his door and crying out "Good morrow, Mr. Bickerstaff; good morrow, my masters all;" and by "the bellman's doleful salutation." "Sweet Vinny Bourne" wrote an address for David Cook, "the vigilant and circumspect watchman" of Westminster; and Joseph Warton indited verses for a brother bellman of Oxford.

At Exeter, in 1737, the whiffers, in blue cloaks, and the waits, with hautboys and trumpets, perambulated the streets, and in the morning sang carols to the scraping of fiddles; while the beadles, acting as bellmen, knocked at doors with the brass knobs on the heads of their staves. At Hartlepool the children still sing carols, as they did in Brand's time at Newcastle. The rough boatmen of Brighton call themselves "wassailers" at Christmas, and sing old songs in the halls of private houses and hotels. At Falmouth youths go about singing an old ballad, which will not bear printing, but ends with these lines:

Two of them is blessed babes, and clothèd all in green,
And One is one, and all alone, and evermore shall
be so.

Within the last fifty years the boys of Christ's Hospital sang a carol on Christmas morning, beginning "Hail, happy morn!"

In Chester and the adjacent villages similar bands of singers go through the streets, and their numbers and admirers are increased, owing to the fact that in this county agricultural labourers hire themselves out for a stipulated time from New Year's-eve to Christmas-day.

The oldest carol we have is written in Norman French: the most popular, owing to its rolling chorus, is "As Joseph was a-walking."

Walter Scott and Edgar Taylor have made us familiar with the carols of Germany; but few of our great poets have written carols, except Herrick, in his "Star Song," or Milton in the glorious "Hymn to the Nativity." The well-known carol now in use, "Hark! the herald angels sing," was composed by Charles Wesley. At the palace of Greenwich, when King Henry VII. kept Christmas in the palace-hall, the choir of the Chapel Royal sang a carol at the feast; and Bishop Andrews speaks in his sermons of the "carols sung at home" on this day.

In the country villages round Tübingen and Stuttgard the children, on the three Thursdays preceding Christmas-day, go round the villages shooting peas and barleycorns through a reed against the windows. The origin of the custom has been traced to the time of the plague in Suabia, when friends would come into the afflicted town and throw up a handful of peas against the latticed window: if the inmate was alive, he showed himself, and gave a kindly salute.

In the market-place of Calw children go round about with cowbells in their hands, in honour of the manger of Bethlehem. In other places three boys, dressed in white, with leathern girdles and crowns of coloured paper, and having their faces blacked, personate the

three kings who, the sacristan of Cologne says, lie in the sumptuous shrine within its superb minster.

In Ireland, the old custom of singing carols is preserved; and in Wales the Christmas carol is still sung to the harp on Christmas-eve.

In the west country, during the last century, at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven; cider or beer exhilarated the merry-makers in every house; and carol-singing was prolonged late into the night.

Davies Gilbert says that on Christmas-day "carols took the place of psalms and hymns in all the churches at afternoon service, all the congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare in a loud voice his wishes for a "merry Christmas and a happy new year."

In Aubrey's time, in the churches of the North Riding, the congregation at Christmas danced after the prayers, crying out "Yole! yole! yole!"

In the Isle of Man, the servants having hunted and killed a wren at midnight, brought it into the church, and with mock solemnity sang its "knell" in the Manx language. In the Scilly Isles carols were sung in church as they were in dear Dr. Primrose's primitive parish of Wakefield.

During Christmas-eve, at Exeter, the parish choirs go round the streets singing anthems, with instrumental accompaniments; and on Christmas morning, at a quarter past seven o'clock, the choir assembles in the beautiful minstrel-gallery in the nave-triforium of the cathedral, and chants the fine Old Hundredth Psalm to the full organ. The feeble light, the shadowy aisles, the flickering candles, and crowd of hearers, compose a strange and picturesque scene.

Times have changed since men sang

"'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all,"

never more to return, unless the old days revive with the movement so much abominated by the Bishop of Rochester. The dainty peacock-pies, so gaily decked with waving feathers, the lamb's-wool, —a roasted crab floating in a tankard of spiced ale, —the hacken or sausage, the "lusty brawn," the grim boar's head, the huge bowl of punch, and the black-jacks full of frothing strong ale, have disappeared with the old games celebrated by Wither in his rollicking verses, and quaintly named "gambols of knights and ladies," "post and pair," "trim trenchard," "hodman blind," "shoe the wild mare," "high jinks with dice," "steal the white loaf," "questions and commands," the favourite game in the times of the Stuarts, "the priest hath lost his cloak," "bob apple," and "hot cockles," though a song describing the latter is still vociferously demanded by the gods in the gallery on boxing-night from the clown in the pantomime. "Snapdragon," "blindman's buff," with "kissing through the poker," and "forfeits," are relegated to children, who do not despise such amusements, or the superior charms of charades. Kings no longer keep Christmas in Westminster Hall, in the castle of the favoured provincial town, or some un-

fortunate abbey where the monks grudged their enforced hospitality. The elder wine, spiced ale, and egg-hot are gradually going out of fashion; and the fiddler, with his ancient country tunes, playing a country dance, "join hands and down the middle," or blithe "Sir Roger de Coverley," is a rare sight even in the primitive north. The goose-club, the Prize Cattle Show, and the pantomime have supplanted such delights in the metropolis.

In the Highlands of Scotland, after the sour scones in the bicker have been discussed, the swing, the ball-clubs, and the gun, at "wad-shooting," wile away the day, and the haggis and whiskey toddy the night.

There are only some few old-fashioned folks left who bid each other "a happy Christmas," or conclude their letters with the ancient formula "all the compliments of the season." It is only in the kitchen or servants' hall that the old custom is preserved, of which a Venerable Archdeacon tells us, the bush of mistletoe, with its gleaming white berries, hung up, "with the charm attached to it, that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year."

Dr. Stukeley mentions a strange custom, which he says was "lately preserved at York. On the eve of Christmas-day they carry mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal pardon, liberty, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people, at the gates of the city, towards the four quarters of heaven."

Our churches are still decked with evergreens, laurel, bay, ivy, and holly with its glossy leaves and bright scarlet beads; and the preacher "enveloped in greens" gave occasion to a "fast young lady" to write a naughty letter to the "Spectator." In Gay's time rosemary was added, and even forbidden mistletoe when the sexton was thoughtless. In the fourteenth century holly adorned the hall, and ivy was wound round the posts of the door. Very possibly the 13th verse in the 60th chapter of Isaiah suggested the decoration of the churches with the verdant garb of leaves and boughs, as it is appointed as the First Lesson for Christmas-eve.

There is a new feature in children's feasts—new, certainly, within the last twenty years—and equally novel in Denmark, the Christmas-tree, first suggested, perhaps, by Coleridge in a letter from Ratzburgh. And though we have lost some good old customs of the days of the fine old English gentleman, some pleasant scenes survive; there is a cheerful dance in many a household; there are pleasant dinners in the ragged-school, the hospital, the workhouse, the almshouse and the charity school; and the Lord High Almoner, or his deputy, distributes the Royal maundy at Windsor and Whitehall. The railways bring up huge country hampers, joyous gatherings assemble round the board in the old home, and still Christmas may, as in the ancient pageants, be personified as "an old man hung round with savoury dainties," although he no longer "dances round the maypole or rides the hobby-horse." MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT.

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTERS.

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO, IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY A. STEWART HARRISON.



CHAPTER III.

At seven o'clock Lieutenant Blackwood rose, and having obtained the letter started at once for London.

Arrived there, his mother's agent and solicitor was soon found. The letter seemed to disturb him greatly.

"I fear I can't manage this matter for you to-day," he said, after some hesitation.

"It's necessary that some documents not in my possession now should be seen by you, in respect to the statement your mother wishes me to make. I must see the party who has them, but if you like to wait here I'll send my clerk to arrange an interview with him. This, you see, is an enclosure to him from Mrs. Blackwood."

He waited while the old gentleman wrote a letter and sent his clerk. In about half an hour the clerk came back with a gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Stephen! it was your father I wanted to see."

"I know it, but he could not come; he is much too unwell to attend to business."

"Step into my room, will you? Excuse us, Mr. Blackwood, a few minutes."

The two gentlemen conferred, and Mr. Harrild sent to ask him to come in.

"This is Mr. Stephen—or, as he is sometimes called, Dr. Stephen—Mr. Blackwood. Now his father is the person of whom I spoke as possessing the papers, and it will be necessary to go to his house, some few miles from here, and he can't be seen till to-morrow."

"You know the nature of the matter in question, Mr. Harrild?"

"Not quite; but still I make a guess from the tone of your mother's letter that it admits no delay—that is, no unnecessary delay—still Dr.

Stephen, Senior, cannot see you till to-morrow ; his son here, as his father's medical adviser, forbids it."

"Not even in this case?"

"No, Mr. Blackwood, not even in this case," said the doctor ; "but you shall see him the first thing to-morrow morning ; meantime, if you have nothing better to do, you can go with me. I have my carriage here ; I have but two visits to make, and then I am going to Bethlehem Hospital—I've a patient to see there—and then home, where you can dine with us and sleep in the house so as to be ready to see my father early. Will it suit you?"

"I shall not be intruding?"

"No, not at all—you may like to see the place."

"Well, then, I'll go."

The lieutenant found his companion at once cheerful and intelligent, and from the descriptions given by him as they went to the hospital his curiosity was quite excited. They rode down to the city, and, turning down one of the streets in Finsbury, came upon a large heavy-looking brick building with barred windows and decorated with two hideous figures—the work of Colley Cibber's father—hideous because of their truthfulness—of raving and melancholy madness.

"If you must be either of those," said his companion, "which would you choose?"

"He of the chains, I think. There's power there—some sense of pain, but still a fierce enjoyment of the rattle. Oh, yes ! the chained fellow is my liking ; the other is in hell though he lies so quietly there : the one has a chance, in some wild freak, of meeting death ; the other must wait till nature, worn out, bids death come. Give me the chains, doctor."

"Ah ! but it's a sad fate in either form."

"Well, they're not all alike, these 'afflicted of God,' as some one has called them. Some you'll find so utterly miserable that, like bruised worms, it would seem an act of charity to kill them ; others, again, quite calm, in a kind of happy dream to-day, happy beyond the sane man's dream of heaven, and to-morrow miserable beyond our wildest dreams of hell."

"Well, well, if it must be, give me the chains ; I should, at least, have music when I willed."

Dr. Stephen eyed the young man carefully, and said :

"You push a joke to its limits."

"No ; I was only thinking what I said—I mean it."

"Will you go round with one of the keepers, and I'll see my patient ? If he's well, you shall see him, for he's a most interesting subject."

Mr. Blackwood went over the building with his conductor, and saw the various phases* of the disease till his heart was sickened, and he could bear no more.

"I'll sit here in your waiting-room till Dr. Stephen comes," said he to the keeper.

"Not long to wait, sir—he's here."

"Will you come?" said the doctor.

"No, thank you, I've seen enough."

"Where have you been?"

"Pauper wards, sir ; I thought the gentleman would go all over."

"You've seen the worst part ; come with me, you'll feel the contrast a relief."

They went through one of the wards to a sort of private room, where was seated, writing at a table, a tall gentlemanly-looking man with neatly powdered hair and the cleanest of shirt frills. He rose as they entered.

"So you've come to see me, eh, Doctor ? Take a seat," and he tried to move a chair for his friend. "Jenkins, how is this ? I spoke yesterday about these chairs being fixed to the floor."

"I thought you liked them better fixed, sir, for fear of upsetting them and disturbing your studies."

"Ah, I remember, Jenkins. Still I should like them to be made to move when I wanted them ; can't you let the carpenter manage that?"

"Not this week, sir ; he's very busy."

"Busy ! He's always busy. I'll not have it ; I'll complain to the Governor, it's too bad. Send for the Governor instantly. Do you hear ? Instantly !"

"Certainly, sir, I'll go at once ; but these gentlemen must leave,—it's against the rules to leave any one alone with a prisoner for political offences."

"Well, let them come back with you. Excuse me, Doctor, but it's getting too bad. I really must see the Governor at once."

The door was locked on the prisoner and Jenkins, the second keeper, turned round to the Doctor.

"Excuse me, sir, but do you particularly want to see him to-day ? He's in one of his tantrums to-day, and a bad one—I can see it in his eyes—beside, he's sent for the Governor, George. No. Seventeen's sent for the Governor, and these gentlemen want to see him to-day?"

"You'd best not, gentlemen ; if he's sent for the Governor it's not safe ; that's the worst sign he makes when he's getting bad ; the least thing upsets him, then. I know him so well, he's been here this twenty-three years."

"I must see him at any risk, to-day, George, so tell me what sign to watch for."

"You must watch him close, he stretches out his fingers like bird's claws once or twice each hand, and when he stretches both out together, you must put this whistle to your lips and blow it, or you're a dead man—he has the strength of a lion in those arms of his. I and Jenkins will hang about close by, and when you whistle we'll come ; but I warn you it's not safe, Dr. Stephen, to-day ; I never knew him send for the Governor without some row after it."

"Will you go to the Governor, then?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"Lor, no, sir ; there's no Governor here ; it's only his fancy that this is the Tower, and that he's confined as a political prisoner ; it's all fancy, sir, and nothing but it."

"Now, sir, if you're determined to go, we'll go in. You've got that whistle handy, sir. Don't say I didn't warn you if anything happens."

"No, I'll take care. I'll use this when he stretches both his hands out like a bird's talons, thus."

"That's just it, but watch him close or you'll

be too late. Better give this other gentleman yours, Jenkins; he can't keep them both from whistling, though it's likely he may one."

"Will you go, Mr. Blackwood?"

"O, certainly; the spice of danger is always a seasoning I like."

"Come, then."

They entered the prisoner's room preceded by Jenkins.

"Well, Jenkins, have you seen the Governor?"

"Yes, sir, he is particularly engaged and cannot come for at least an hour."

"He sent no apology?"

"Yes, sir, he said he was exceedingly sorry, but Lord Wellington was with him, and he couldn't leave."

"No, no, certainly not. That will do, Jenkins, you may retire. Now, gentlemen, what is your news of the world outside?"

Jenkins left the room and left the door open, with an expressive look at the Doctor.

"I have not much news, Mr. Copeland; you must permit me to introduce a friend, Lieutenant Blackwood, of her Majesty's ship, the Terrible.

"Blackwood! Blackwood! I seem to recollect the name; strange—I cannot recal it—it seems to please me, I have some pleasant sensations at the sound of the name; I seem to know your face, young man, too; let me look at you."

He rose from his seat, and, putting his hand on Blackwood's shoulder, led him to the window and looked into his face earnestly.

"No, no, I am getting old, I cannot recal your face or name. Ah, sir, when you are as old in years and sufferings as I am, you will find your memory getting feeble."

He went back to his seat and sat rocking himself backwards and forwards, evidently trying to recollect something in connection with the name and face of his visitor, but as evidently failing.

"I must give it up. No, I cannot tell. I have been robbed, in this vile place, of all that makes a man—the persecutions I have undergone have affected my mind, I sometimes think; and for what a small offence I am shut up here like a wild beast!"

"What was the nature of the offence, if I might ask such a question?" said the Lieutenant.

"Do you really want to know, Mr. Blackwood? Does he, Doctor?"

"I think so, he is interested. I brought him with me because I thought you'd like to see a new face."

"Let me see, let me see," and he began to stride about the room. "Let me see. Ah! I have it. What am I here for? Is that your question? I will tell you, but first let me close this door. I don't care to have my secrets talked of amongst the herd outside, bond or free."

He tried to shut the door and fasten it, but the keeper had put in action a secret catch that held the lock so that the door though shut, remained unfastened.

"Why am I here? Why have I spent three-and-twenty years in this place? Why have I lost all—everything—hope—love—peace? Ah, why? Do I know? Yes, I do know. I call to mind the day as if it were yesterday, that saw my down-

fall. I am a prisoner here because I know too much. I was a slave of the lamp, I bowed down and worshipped knowledge, and she smiled on me. I knew too much, and too little—too much for those who have confined me—too little for myself. Look at this—this is the secret of my confinement here," and he drew from his breast a piece of paper, which served as the envelope to another, on which was a carefully drawn sketch of some machine. "But for this piece of paper I should be free, I could gain my liberty by its destruction, and yet it is the work of my own hand—every line, every figure is the work of hours and hours passed in toil and labour. Shall I destroy it? No, no,—ten times no!" and he raised his voice as if disputing. "I cannot,—will not; look sir, well—well at it;" and he leant over the lieutenant, who had spread out the paper on the table before him, "You do not understand it. Eh?"

"No, not at all. It's quite a puzzle to me. It's neither ship, nor carriage: I can't tell what it is."

"Ah, man, man, thou hast no faith in thyself, none in thine own power! Where else can we travel than on the earth and on the sea? Is there no type of motion in nature but the fish and the beast?"

"Birds," suggested the lieutenant.

"Birds! True—birds. This, sir, is a bird, created by the human brain!"

"An aerial machine, in fact, Mr. Copeland," said the lieutenant, with a scarcely concealed pity in his smile.

"Yes, spite of your pity, it is; spite of your pity, I said, sir."

He stretched out his right hand like a bird's claw, and continued:

"Look at me. I am not now like a mad man, an enthusiast, an egotist; and yet I tell you that what you smile at in pity to-day will be the ordinary fact of years to come! How simple, how beautiful, are the laws of Nature! How grossly neglectful of her teachings are men. It excites me—me, a philosopher—to think how grossly even the wisest neglect this great book. Ah, young man, I was young once, full of hope and ambition, and now I am here; and all because men have neglected Nature. Man's most ardent aspiration is for power, he envies the swift-footed deer, the agile fish, and tries by imitations of their actions to gain their powers. Does he succeed? No; most assuredly no. And why? But because he will not, in his blindness, learn to distinguish between the essential and the accidental. He takes the bird on the water, and he forms, by imitation, his oars, with all the defects of its intermittent stroke: he forgets that the bird is something more than a swimming machine, it is a living, walking, eating, and egg-hatching machine—the foot serves its purpose towards all these ends, and all well—but man wants, for his purpose, a machine that needs but to serve one end, that of swimming only; the wheel, then, and not the oar, should be his instrument of progression. Whenever man desires progress, the wheel must grant him his desire. They used to represent Fortune as a blind goddess with a wheel, and to

speak of the ups and downs of life as the results of the turning of this wheel: it is a true figure, but half its meaning is lost without the knowledge that the wheel is the true type of human progress. Fortune comes with her wheel as a gift to benefit all mankind. If I want to express power, material power, that which gives the civilised man the advantage of the barbarian, I must take the wheel as its embodiment."

He was prowling up and down the apartment with rapid strides as he gave utterance to his thoughts, his hands alternately stretched out, while at intervals he passed them over his brow and eyes, as though some thin veil clouded his inward sight.

"The heavens are full of vast invisible immaterial wheels—suns and planets are but parts of a grand system of wheels—the whole heaven is one vast dial of which men see nothing but the motion of some few bright points, indicators of time—the wheels within wheels of the prophet whose outer circles were so high that they were dreadful—what are they with their eyes, their ceaseless revolutions, but expressions of a divine power? Who reads and knows what Newton has found and thought, and does not feel that these wheels are so high, they are dreadful?"

"Yes, sir, yes, I know that human power over nature, over time, and distance—must be the result of continuous circular motion; by it he shall travel the stormy sea faster than the whale; by it course the land with swifter, surer foot than any of its inhabitants, and by it he shall yet cleave the air with swifter wing than that of any of the fowls of heaven? I know it, sir, I know it. Continuous, circular motion is the key to that secret which Icarus perished in the effort to solve—the key to that problem which has baffled man since the first thought of power dawned upon his mind—I know it, and I am here—here—I, who so loved liberty that I spent a life in seeking wings, am now a poor prisoned captive, more unhappy than any of my feathered prisoners who taught me the secret of their power. I feel sometimes that I shall go mad! Mad! With my misery."

The Lieutenant glanced at his companion, and their eyes met.

"Quite," said the doctor, in answer to his look of inquiry.

The prisoner seated himself at the table, and gazed at his sketch.

"Can you explain it to me?" said the Lieutenant. "I really should like to understand it."

"No, I cannot and will not. I have determined that my secret shall die with me. I could fly, like a bird, if I had but time and liberty. I have made to the government of this country an offer to construct an engine of war so terrible that its possession should insure victory. I am here in consequence. What the eagle is amongst the beasts, that should the nation possessing this become amongst men. I am here! They feared me—unable, unwilling, to aid me in my plans—fearful of my betraying my secrets to enemies, they have placed me here! What were the tyrannies of the Bastille to this? I choke with rage when I think of it! I have sought Death. He

will not come. I must live on and on this weary life. I sometimes think of what I could have done with liberty. I see the crowd around me, gazing with brutish wonder at me and my creation. I see the select few casting to me looks of sympathy and hope. I mount the platform—I set in action the secret springs of life within it. It rises—I rise with it—the crowd gets smaller—the earth sinks beneath me—now, for the critical time—I will go north or south, against the wind; once more I touch my hidden springs, and steadily, yet swiftly, I move as I will, my triumph is complete! I descend amid the cheers of a convinced multitude, and accept the homage of a grateful nation!"

The old man had risen, and was now standing in an attitude full of dignity, bowing to the multitude his fancy had called up: he turned and saw on the faces of his auditors a smile almost of contempt, certainly of pity.

"Ah! ah! My God! Alas my dreams! I am a captive here! You laugh at me—you laugh!" and he stretched his hands out rapidly, one after the other. "You laugh—and at me! You forget that the eagle has claws and beak as well as wings! You forget, and laugh at me! Thus do I punish the insult."

With a wild scream he threw himself forward on the doctor's throat, his hand stretched out like the claw of a bird. The doctor had no time to use his whistle, the clutch was so utterly unexpected; his companion, however, whistled shrilly, and the keepers rushing in took him off with some difficulty.

"Now, sir, this won't do. Why can't you let the gentleman alone, eh?" The man spoke as if speaking to a disobedient child.

"He—they both laughed at me—both—," and the prisoner's eyes glared fiercely on his visitors.

Meantime the doctor had recovered a little composure.

"You'd better go, gentlemen, we shall have all we can do to hold him while you're here."

They left the room and went to another to wait the arrival of one or the other of the keepers.

"You've upset him for a week, doctor, you have. He seems to have made you a little pale."

"Yes, he got his hands on my throat."

"If it hadn't been for my whistle, sir, your friend here would have fared badly."

"Yes, the attack was so sudden that I feared for his life."

"Not more than I did," said the doctor; "however, we're well out of it. What have you done with him?"

"O! he's all right, now, he's got a strait waistcoat on, and strapped to his bed."

"Was it not rather unwise of you, doctor, to urge seeing him when you heard how he was? Beside, I don't see what you have gained."

"No, I dare say not. He's a patient of my father's, and he desired me to see him; on my report of his state he will be able to administer to him any medicine he may see necessary. What do you think now of the chains?"

"Still the same; I should like the active fierceness of yonder man we have just left better than the dreadful misery that I saw some suffering."

They reached the doctor's home, and early next morning the Lieutenant was informed that he could see the old gentleman.

"Are you going out, Mr. Stephen?"

"No, I shall be here an hour or two yet; I may be wanted."

The Lieutenant stood outside the door for awhile, wondering what could be the nature of the communication the old doctor would make to him. He entered the room.

About an hour afterwards the bell was rung violently, and the younger medical man rushed into his father's room.

"Take him away," said the old man, "and bleed him; he has had a slight fit."

CHAPTER IV.

"So Blackwood has exchanged into the Bulldog, and gone off to the West Indies this morning," said the Admiral to his daughters, as they sat at breakfast.

"It's a mistake, papa, surely," said Ellen.

"No, I was told it by one of the dockyard people, who saw him go off in the shore boat, with his chests—What's the matter, Mary? What's the matter with you?"

Mary had nearly fallen from her chair, in a swoon.

"Gone, did you say, papa?" said Ellen.

"Gone, yes, gone, but what's the matter with your sister?"

"There's nothing the matter, papa, nothing—I am quite well, thank you," and in proof of the assertion, she went off into a fit of violent hysterical weeping.

"I'll take care of her, papa; she's ill, I can see."

"Have the doctor then at once."

"No, not yet; let her go into my room."

Her sister took her away, and the old gentleman sat down to his paper, wondering much as to the constitution of woman's mind.

"God bless me, it is not possible she cares for that fellow Blackwood. Now I come to think of it, I did notice that he was here oftener than some of them—I must ask Ellen."

Mary soon recovered, and upon some pretext, Susan was dismissed.

"My dear Mary, what makes you so ill? Tell me, is there more than I know in this? Tell me—your mother—dearest." And Mary, so solicited, told her sister-mother all, how on the evening of the launch he had told her he loved her, and how she had confessed she loved him; and that was only four days ago; and he had neither sent nor written, she had heard nothing of him, and then to hear this, not that he was going, but actually gone, to that dreadful climate, without a word. It was cruel—terribly cruel. Would Ellen see his mother, his sisters—she should die if she did not hear something of him.

Ellen asked her if she had told anyone—yes, she had written to Esther.

What had she said?

Why, she had told her all about it, and about him.

"Why not to me, Mary, eh?"

"I don't know, Ellen, but since you laughed at

me about him, I was afraid you didn't like him and might say something."

"I shall bite my tongue out some day, and then I shall be able to have my sister's confidence," said Ellen, grimly.

"No, dearest, I don't mean that, but I could not bear just then to tell anybody that could say anything about it; it's so different, too, is writing about it."

"There, then, I'll forgive you, child. Now, what do you want me to do?"

"To learn something, dearest. Is it not dreadful for him to have left me like this? If he had only said a word, or written a line, I could have borne it, but now—"

Weep, Mary, weep—tears are the rain that keep cool the heart scorched by the hot sun of agony, and save its seeds of good from utter destruction.

Ellen placed Susan in charge of Mary, with a command not to talk at all, and went to Mrs. Blackwood's at once.

"Mamma is in her room, Miss Newton," said one of the pale young ladies she had seen the day of the launch. "Ellis has only left to-day, and she does not see anyone."

"She will see me I think, if you tell her I wish to see her particularly."

"I don't think so, she has said so positively she is not to be disturbed."

"My dear Miss Blackwood, I must see your mother to-day; before I leave this house, too, if I stay till midnight, *I must see her.*"

Ellen said this in a tone and with an air that left no doubt as to her intention to stay, and began to take off her cloak and bonnet.

"Well, I will do what you ask, and see mamma, but I must say I think it cruel of you to force an interview now, in such grief as hers."

"I mean no offence to your mother, I do not want to pain her, but see her I must and will."

Miss Blackwood left the room, and after a quarter of an hour's absence came back.

"Mamma says it is impossible she should see you, she is so ill and quite unable to bear an interview with any one now."

"I am sorry, too, but I shall and must see her—and alone—my griefs are as great as hers, though they take a different form. See her I will—I will wait her time—stay here all day—but I must see her."

Patience and perseverance carried the day. Ellen, after two hours' waiting, was shown into Mrs. Blackwood's room. She was lying down on the sofa, terribly altered since Ellen had seen her last; her voice was weak and hollow, her eyes sunken and red with weeping.

"I have to apologise for forcing myself upon you now, Mrs. Blackwood, but the matter admits of no delay—you are aware, perhaps, that your son, on Thursday last, proposed to my sister, and was accepted by her?"

"I am."

"Now I ask you, as his mother, do you consider his conduct justifiable in leaving her thus, without a word of any kind, without the slightest explanation? Don't you think it places my sister in a very dreadful position?"

"I do—I pity her from my heart."

"I want something more for her than pity; I want help, and I ask you whether or not you can explain this extraordinary and apparently brutal conduct."

"I cannot—now."

"Now?—If you know anything you are bound to do him justice, and show pity to her by an explanation."

"I cannot."

"Why not?"

"Miss Newton, I am weak and exhausted by grief. I cannot and will not attempt to offer an explanation of my son's conduct; he is responsible, and not I. It is for him to justify himself, not for me."

"You will not then aid me to comfort my sister in any way?"

"I would indeed if I could, but what can I say or do?—he has gone—"

"Did he leave no message, no letter with any one; a note might be lost, do you know—"

"I don't know of any note or letter having been sent."

"Nor left?" And Ellen eyed the lady keenly, as with blushing face and stammering lips she answered the question.

"Nor of any left."

"Your son, then, left with neither you nor his sisters any token, letter, or message of any kind?"

"My son left nothing with either of his sisters."

"Nor with you? You?" said Ellen, eagerly.

"My son left nothing with me that concerns Miss Newton."

"Nothing for her—my sister—Miss Mary Newton?"

"Nothing."

"Then, Madam," said the sister-mother, roused into indignant anger. "I must believe one of two things: either that your son is an unmitigated scoundrel, or that you are giving utterance to a deliberate falsehood. I know him; I do not believe that he could do what you say he has done."

She left the room and went home, and it would have been hard for any spectator could he have seen the two faces side by side that night upon the pillow, to say which was the more unhappy. There was one other face that lay pale and ghastly on its sleepless pillow, and thought and argued the night long.

"What else could I do? Poor girl! poor girl! Yet what could I do? May God forgive me the lie I have told this day, and spare others the misery I now suffer."

CHAPTER V.

"My dearest Ellen, what is the matter with your sister? Richard tells me that she was taken unwell yesterday after hearing the news that Lieutenant Blackwood had sailed. I hope there's nothing serious between them; I hope she's not going to be ill; it would be so inconvenient to put off the marriage now, dearest, would it not. I have all my things ready, and have given my landlady a month's notice."

"It would be very inconvenient to you to have the marriage put off, I believe, Mrs. Lake."

"It would, indeed, my dear; but about Lieutenant Blackwood and your sister, is there—or rather, was there, I ought to say—anything serious between them?"

"So," thought Ellen, "this tattler must come in and learn all, and tear Mary's heart to pieces for her amusement. Not if I know it or can help it," said her heart.

"Whatever there was, Mrs. Lake, is a family matter, and a matter for her family only. You are not yet a member."

"No, but I so soon shall be, dearest, that—"

"Mrs. Lake, when you are a member of our family, you'll have a right to know anything relating to it; till then, I am my own mistress in all matters."

"Oh very well, dearest Ellen," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "I can ask your father."

"Do as you please, Mrs. Lake."

"I mean to now, and, by-and-bye, a little more."

Ellen hated a quarrel, and now she had said her mind retired from contest.

Of course Mrs. Lake heard all that the Admiral knew of his daughter's position, and it was little enough. Ellen would not tell him more, and Mary was silence itself; every reference to the subject drove her to her room in tears, and so it was not often mentioned after the first few days.

The preparations for the wedding filled up their time, and, in due course, Mrs. Lake became the wife of the Admiral; the happy couple went to London while Henry stayed at home with his sisters. He came only the day before the wedding, and it was two days after before he could get a quiet chat with Ellen alone; the younger sisters and the servants had gone to bed, and Ellen and her brother were sitting up, he indulging his student-like habits of smoking and drinking half-and-half; she sitting, looking thoughtfully, at the fire, and stroking the smooth white fur of the purring Winks.

"I say, old lady, what's up with Polly? She's as dull as a mute—quite the Ophelia touch, if she let her hair down."

"She's not well."

"No, I suppose not, or she'd not look like that; has she got a heart complaint, the scarlet fever, or the blue devils,—which? There's a host of blue and red coats about here."

Poor Ellen badly wanted a confidant, and Henry, with all his rough ways and slang expressions, was an old familiar of hers, so she told him all about her sister's disappointment and the treatment she had experienced at the hands of Mr. Blackwood, and ended her narration by breaking down and crying heartily in her brother's arms.

"Oh, I have been half mad, Henry, with that wretched woman coming here, and poor Mary—I've not known what to do with myself, and now that you've come, and I've told you, it is such a relief to my mind, you can't tell."

Henry had lifted Ellen on to his knee, and she sat there twisting his hair about in a reflective, objectless kind of way.

"Poor old girl," said he, kissing her, "poor old girl; and you've been worrying yourself to death, have you, eh? What do you say this fellow's name is?"

"Blackwood."

He took out his little note-book and entered—"Blackwood, first lieutenant."

"What ship?"

"Bull-Dog."

"Jamaica?"

"Yes."

"Lieutenant Blackwood, first lieutenant of the Bull-Dog, at Jamaica. Is that it?"

"Yes; but what are you writing it down for?"

"Only to remember it, that's all. Now find me the list of vessels out of father's study; it's on the table."

"What for? What can you want with it at this time of night?"

"You go and find it, and I'll tell you—that's it, let me see it. Look here, Ellen, the Janus goes to-morrow—"

"Goes to-morrow, Henry; well, what then? I am sleepy and stupid, or else you are."

"Not at all, sister, not at all. The case lies in a nut-shell; this Blackwood grossly insults my sister by his silence; I feel it my duty to open his mouth. He's in Jamaica—I'm here; he can't come home, so I must go to him."

"Open his mouth?"

"Yes, dear, I have read that in cases of lock-jaw of this kind, a quarter of an ounce of lead exhibited from the muzzle of a pistol, at twelve paces distance, is a good remedy. I have also heard that the rapid motion of two feet six of polished steel before the person of the patient has been found efficacious, but that is almost entirely a foreign practice. My patient will have his choice of the treatment."

"You don't mean to fight him, Henry?" said Ellen, her face deadly pale.

"Exactly, my dear sister. Does this scoundrel suppose that, because my father's an old man, he's to play tricks with my sisters? He'll hold a very different opinion before long, if I know anything of hair-triggers or small sword."

"You must not—indeed you must not—go, Henry. If he should kill you, what should we do?"

"My dear, he'll not kill me; perhaps I shall kill him. There, now, don't say another word; get my things ready at once. I'm off the first thing in the morning. I can get a passage over on board the Janus. Now, don't go yet, Ellen; promise me not to tell the girls till I'm gone, and then don't say what I've gone for. I have gone to see him, you understand!"

"I understand well enough, Henry, but you must not go. You will kill me if you do." She came up to him, laid her hand on his arm and repeated, "You will kill me if you go."

"Kill you, Ellen! What do you mean, now? Is your sister's honour nothing to you—her sufferings nothing? I shall kill myself if I stop. I'll hunt this fellow down as I would a wild beast, and he is nothing better to treat a girl in this way."

"Henry, he's no wild beast. He has done what is right; I know he is incapable of a base action. His mother has some message for Mary, I feel convinced. He is not to blame."

"Why, Ellen, you surprise me, to have you defend a man thus, who has put this slight upon your family!"

"I do assure you that I know Mr. Blackwood is incapable of any action unbecoming a gentleman. His mother is in fault; you shall see her, and make her confess it."

"We can't *make* women do anything, Ellen. I will, if you like, see her, and ask her again if she has any letter or message from him to Mary: if she has, and will give it up, and the explanation it offers is satisfactory, I will not go. If she will not give it up, or if the explanation is unsatisfactory, I shall go. The Janus leaves in the morning, I may overtake her in one of the sloops, if I start before night. But tell me one thing, Ellen, what makes you so pale?—what makes you wish me not to go? Why do you defend a person such as this, who has wronged your pet, Mary? Why, eh? Come, tell me, Ellen." He was holding both her hands, and reading her face as he asked these questions half-playfully, half-seriously, "Ellen, Ellen, I say, what ails you?" She had sunk upon his breast, and was weeping hysterically.

"Ellen do you—is it possible that you care for—that *you* loved this man! My God! what a scoundrel he is—two of my sis—"

She started up from him as if stung.

"No, Henry, no; you wrong him—you wrong me. He's no scoundrel—he is the truest gentleman I ever saw. I never heard a word from his lips that might pain any one, his actions are gentleness itself; and I am assured he has some good motive in thus leaving. Indeed you wrong him."

"If I wrong him, what shall I think of you, sister Ellen?" said her brother, sternly.

"I do not care what you think. He has never breathed to me a word that any woman might not have heard from her friend, he has never talked of love to me; but he alone, of the men I have seen in my father's house, treated me as a reasonable being,—as one possessed of soul and sympathies. I know I have not personal beauty like Mary, and I always felt it when with other men; but, with him, I never felt the want of it,—never longed for it."

"You love this man?"

"I do—I am not ashamed—he realises all the dreams of my girlhood, and I am not ashamed to love so noble a man. Henry, I have loved you—been a mother to you as a boy—a sister, a friend. I know you love me, you know how much I love you, and yet I tell you that much as I love you, I fear his fall as much as yours if you should meet."

"And this man was engaged to my sister! Pity me, my God!—pity me!"

"Pity me, Henry—pity me! You will not tell my secret—you will not shame me? My God! what shall I do? Oh, Henry! pity me—say you will not betray me, for God's sake!"

"My poor dear sister, you should know me better. I could not betray you, I pity you from

my soul. Come, dearest, let me take you to your room."

He led her, exhausted and unresisting, away, and, stopping at her door, kissed her tenderly.

"Your secret is safe with me, Ellen."

"You will not go without seeing me? Promise it—you will see his mother, and let me know what she says. You will, Henry?"

"I will, Nelly—so good night, sister."

When Henry returned from Mrs. Blackwood's, he found the sisters had changed places. Mary was nurse, and Ellen was the patient; the violent emotions of the preceding evening and the previous exhaustion had made her seriously ill, so ill that she could not leave her room, and thither Henry went to relate the result of his interview with Mrs. Blackwood.

"I want to talk to Henry a little, Mary."

"Not much, dear; the doctor said it was bad for you. I shan't let you have more than ten minutes."

"What did she say?" asked Ellen, eagerly.

"Lie down, then, like a good girl, and I'll tell you."

"There now—what?"

"She has no message, packet, or letter of any kind."

"And you believe her?"

"No; but what can I do? She would not see me at first, but I insisted, and she said as decidedly as she could that she had nothing. I said that I should proceed to Jamaica and demand an explanation—she knew what I meant, for she turned ghastly pale, and muttered 'God help me!' and then she turned to me and said, as if driven to desperation, 'You must do as you please, sir; my son left nothing with me for Miss Newton.' I did not believe her, still I could but go, and as I went I heard her mutter, 'God be merciful to my poor Ellis!' I'm puzzled to know what it all means."

"You don't believe, then, that he went without leaving some explanation, Henry? You don't believe what his mother said?"

"I do not, Ellen; still I can't do anything but go now."

"Promise me one thing, Henry—only one thing."

"Well?"

"You won't— You will try and get from him an explanation without violence? You will treat him—"

"I will treat him, Ellen, as a gentleman. He must deserve this, or he would not have won your love."

"And you'll not betray me?"

"Quite safe, Ellen," and he touched his heart.

"Can't you wait till father comes? Can't you write to him?"

"Neither, Ellen; I should lose the Janus, and have to wait a fortnight more. No; I'm off this evening; you can tell one of the servants where to find my things. So, good-bye, old lady!"

How she held him in her arms, and looked into his eyes eagerly, as if to read whether it was possible that the brother she loved so much would bring death to the man she loved yet more. He left her at last, and it is hardly to be wondered at

that when the doctor came, an hour after Henry's departure that evening, he pronounced the fever considerably heightened, and blamed them for having suffered her to see her brother.

How little the good old man who stood by her bedside knew of the cause of that flushed face and those muttered words.

But of all illnesses there is an end, one way or another: either death comes and kindly takes the burden from the sufferer's back, or else he is driven off and health binds another burden but the firmer.

Ellen recovered. She was young, strong, and had a strong will, and recovered—how much rather she would have died she alone knew. She was quite well now, rather more grim, and fonder of Winks than ever.

The newly married couple came home, and Mrs. Newton's peculiar genius for economising speedily developed itself.

"You know, my dear," she said to Ellen, "your father is not a young man; to insure his life would be a great expense, and besides he's stout, and has rather a tendency to apoplexy, I think, so that it is my duty to make some provision for myself in case anything should happen. Now, I really think that we might do with one less servant; that maid of yours is rather impertinent and not much use, so I gave her notice yesterday."

"You gave her a month's warning, Mrs. Newton! And without consulting me?" said the astonished Ellen. "Dismiss *my* servants!"

"O! no, dear, not *your* servants—*my* servants."

"I shall speak to my father immediately."

"Do, my dearest Ellen; he will, I am sure, agree with me."

What chance had poor Ellen, or her sisters, against this new mother, who had, from twelve o'clock at night till eight o'clock in the morning, to mould the easy Mr. Newton to her views, while half an hour at dinner was all they could obtain, and then not alone. So their maid went, and the girls dressed each other, and wondered what next.

They didn't wait long. A fly drove up to the door one day about a week after the servant's dismissal, and out of it came a stout, elderly lady and a young gentleman with red hair, a violent pug nose, and a face terribly covered with freckles.

"What now?" said Mary at the window. "I suppose it's Fanny's mother come to ask why she's to go."

"It hardly looks like it. There's another cab with boxes behind, and all of them are being carried into the hall. I must go and see what it means."

"O! my dearest Ellen, I'm so glad you're come out. This is my mamma, and this my brother," said the newly made wife. "She's going to stay with me a little while."

"How do you do, Miss?" said the stout lady, Mrs. Bates, "I hope I see you well—I'm charmed to see my daughter's new home. Have you any silver, Catherine dear? this man's waiting to be paid."

"Dear me! I have none. Perhaps, Ellen, dearest, you have—will you lend me some?"

Ellen paid the man his fare, and then ushered them into the dining-room.

"That is Susan, mother, and the other is poor Mary."

"Glad to see you, Miss," said Mrs. Bates to Susan, "and you, too, my dear Miss Mary. I've heard of that unfortunate affair of Mr. Blackwood, my dear, you have my sympathy. I was twice served in that way before I married Mr. Bates, my dear."

"Now, Ellen, dear, which room can mamma have while she stays? I think that the room you girls sleep in now would be the best, and then Charley could have the little dressing closet that leads out of it, you know."

"There is the spare room."

"That I use as a dressing-room, Ellen, dear."

But why waste my readers' patience—have not the sorrows of Lovell been written by a great master? It is enough. Admiral Newton married Mrs. Lake, and Mrs. Lake's mamma and her brother lived in the house—what need to say how the monthly dinner became bi-monthly, and with Mrs. Bates at the table—then a tri-monthly dinner, and then disappeared from the list of feasts altogether. What need to relate that out of the savings of the Admiral's household expenses Master Bates was sent to a most expensive classical academy? What need to say that the two girls endured all that two high-spirited girls could endure under the reign of such tyrants, and only waited for the arrival of their brother to discuss some plan by which to escape an existence only endured so long as there was hope of its coming to a speedy end.

They watched and waited for Henry, and Henry at last came, and they felt when they saw his sunburnt face at the door, that the time of their deliverance was at hand.

(To be continued.)

BALLADS OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MANX.

By GEORGE BORROW.

BROWN WILLIAM.

THIS ballad was written in consequence of the execution of William Christian, generally called William Donn, or Brown William, from the darkness of his complexion, who was shot at Hango Hill, near Castletown, in the Isle of Man, shortly after the Restoration, for alleged treason to the Derby family, who long possessed the sovereignty of Man. Christian had been Receiver-General of the island, and on its being threatened by a powerful fleet and army, sent by Cromwell, had deemed it expedient to deliver it up on honourable conditions, the little kingdom being in an almost utterly defenceless state. For doing so, however, on the downfall of the Protectorate, he was tried, and, being convicted by a packed jury, was shot. He died with great courage, and with his last breath prayed God to forgive his enemies. His body was buried, the day after his execution, in the chancel of the church of Malew, or Saint Lupus, in the neighbourhood of Castletown. He was a man of irreproachable morals and of great piety; had old Danish blood in his veins, and lived principally at a place a little way to the

north of Castletown, which bears the Danish or Norwegian name of Ronaldsway, or Ranild's Oe. Christian has been mentioned in a certain novel by Walter Scott, called "Peveril of the Peak," for the Manx materials of which Scott was chiefly indebted to an acquaintance of his long resident in Man, and who wrote a very creditable history of the island. Not daring to attack Christian directly, whom he hated on account of his puritanical principles, he gave him a side-thrust, by making it appear that he had a brother, whom he represents as a consummate villain, though the truth is that Christian had no brother at all. The name of Christian is still held in the highest veneration in Man; and the ballad of "Brown William," which gives an account of the betrayal of the poor patriot, and the vengeance taken by the hand of God upon his murderers, is the most popular of all the wild songs of Ellan Vannin.

BROWN WILLIAM.

LET no one in greatness too confident be,
Nor trust in his kindred, though high their degree;
For envy and rage will lay any man low:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Thou wast the Receiver of Mona's fair state,
Thy conduct was noble, thy wisdom was great,
And ne'er of thy rule did she weariness show:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Thy right hand was Earley, and Theah thy right eye;
Thy state caused thy foemen with rage to swell high;
And envy and rage will lay any man low:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

How blest thy condition in fair Ronaldsway!
Thy mansion, how stately! thy garden, how gay!
But oh! what disasters from envy do flow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

'Twas said at thy trial, by men void of faith,
The king, by a letter, demanded thy death:
The jury was frighten'd, and dared not say "No!"
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

The clan of wild Colcad could ne'er be at rest
Whilst the race of Christeen their own acres possess'd;
And envy and spite will bring any man low:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

A band of adulterers, curst and unholy,
For Ronaldsway lust, as they did for Lough Molley;
Of Naboth, the tragedy's played here anew:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Not one of the band but received his just meed
Who acted a part in that damnable deed:
To dwindle away the whole band was not slow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

To Callaghyn-doo, and to Vannyster roam,
And call on the Colcad till hoarse ye become:
Gone, gone is the name so well known long ago:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

A cripple was Robin for many years long,
Who troubled and bullied the island when strong:
His own friends of tending him weary did grow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Sly Richard took ship with thy blood on his hand;
But God can avenge on the sea as on land;
The waves would not bear him, but whelm'd him, I
trow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

And now, if a few of the seed do remain,
They're vile as the thistles and briars of the plain ;
They ply for their neighbours the pick and the hoe :
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Should ye walk through all Man you'll find no one, I
reckon,
To mourn for the name that was once in Beemachan ;
But thousands of poor who rejoice that 'tis low :
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Proceed to Cregany, and Balla-logh green,
But where's there a Colcad to bid ye walk in ?
By strangers their homes and their lands are held now :
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Great Scarlett, in wealth who dwelt down by the bay,
Must toil now with paupers for sixpence a-day ;
And oft, as I've heard, has no morsel to chew :
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

The band by whose weapons the great Cæsar died
Were hunted by foes, and all peace were denied ;
Not one died the death of kind Nature, O, no !
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

So it fared with the band by whom Willie did die,
Their lands are a waste, their names stink to the sky :
They melted like rime in the ruddy sun's glow :
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

But comfort I take, for 'tis common report
There are shoots of dear Will who are sitting at court,
Who have punished his foes by king's mandate,
although
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

O, 'tis pleasant to think, when one's wither'd and grey,
There's race of Brown William in fair Ronaldsway,
That his foemen are crush'd, and their faces can't show,
While the clan of Christeen have no trouble or woe.*

To the counsellors false, both in church and in state,
Bear the public of Mona both loathing and hate,
Who set man against man, and the peace would break
now,
As thy murder, Brown William, broke hearts long ago.

The lord of our island, Duke Athol the great,
They would gladly persuade, with their parle and their
prate,
The corner-stones high of his house to lay low,
And to King, Duke and Mona are foemen, I trow.

MOLLIE CHARANE.

THIS ballad is of considerable antiquity, being at least as old as the commencement of the last century. It is founded on a real character—a miser—who by various means acquired a considerable property, and was the first person who ever left "tocher," that is fortune, to daughter in Man. His name was Mollie Charane, which words interpreted are "Praise the Lord." He lived and possessed an estate on the curragh, a tract of boggy ground, formerly a forest, on the northern side of the island, between the mighty mountains of the Snefell range and the sea. Two families bearing the name of the miser, and descended from him, still reside upon the curragh, at the distance of about half-a-mile from each other. The name of the head of the principal

* Here the old ballad—I speak of the original Manx—concludes. The two following stanzas are comparatively modern.

family is John Mollie Charane ; that of the other Billy Mollie Charane. In the autumn of the year 1855 I found my way across the curragh to the house of John Mollie Charane. On my knocking at the door it was opened by a respectable-looking elderly female, of about sixty, who, after answering a question which I put, namely, which was the way to Balla Giberagh, asked me to walk in, saying that I looked faint and weary. On my entering she made me sit down, brought me a basin of buttermilk to drink, and asked me what brought me to the curragh. Merely to see Mollie Charane, I replied. Whereupon she said that he was not at home, but that she was his wife, and any business I had with her husband I might communicate to her. I told her that my only motive for coming was to see a descendant of the person mentioned in the celebrated song. She then looked at me with some surprise, and observed that there was indeed a song about a person of the family, but that he had been dead and gone many a long year, and she wondered I should give myself the trouble to come to such a place as the curragh to see people merely because one of their forebears was mentioned in a song. I said that, however strange the reason I gave might seem to her, it was the true one ; whereupon she replied, that as I was come I was welcome. I had a great deal of discourse with her about her family. Amongst other things, she told me that she had a son in Ohio, who lived in a village where the Manx language was spoken, the greater number of the people being Manx. She was quite alone in the house when I arrived, with the exception of two large dogs, who at first barked, and were angry at me, but eventually came and licked my hands. After conversing with the respectable old lady for about half-an-hour, I got up, shook her by the hand, and departed for Balla Giberagh. The house was a neat little white house, fronting the west, having a clump of trees near it. However miserly the Mollie Charane of the song may have been, I experienced no lack of hospitality in the house of his descendant.

MOLLIE CHARANE.

"O, MOLLIE CHARANE, where got you your gold?"

Lone, lone you have left me here.

"O not in the curragh, deep under the mould."

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

"O, Mollie Charane, where got you your stock?"

Lone, lone you have left me here.

"O not in the curragh from under a block."

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

"O, Mollie Charane, where got you your goods?"

Lone, lone you have left me here.

"O not in the curragh from under two sods."

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

Two pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes—

Lone, lone you have left me here—

For twenty-six years old Mollie did use.

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

His stockings were white, but his sandals, alack !—

Lone, lone you have left me here—

Were not of one colour, one white, t'other black.

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

One sandal was white and t'other dark brown—
Lone, lone you have left me here ;—
But he'd two of one colour* for kirk and for town.
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

“O, father, I really can't walk by your side”—

Lone, lone you have left me here—

“If you go to the church in those sandals of hide.”

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

“O, daughter, my dear, if my brogues give you pain”—

Lone, lone you have left me here—

“There's that in the coffer will make you look fain.”

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

A million of curses on Mollie Charane—

Lone, lone you have left me here—

The first who gave tocher to daughter in Man.

Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.

IN 1840, an old gentleman resided in Paris, whom it was my habit to consult whenever I desired any information touching the men and events of the first French revolution. He was an ex-noble, who, like many of his class, had at the outset attached himself with perfect disinterestedness to the ideas of the eighteenth century. He had been one of the first subscribers to the *Encyclopédie*, whose ponderous and dusty volumes still haughtily displayed themselves on the shelves of his fine library. While very young he had witnessed with great delight the capture of the Bastille, *that den of tyranny*, and he kept as a reminiscence of the deed two rusty keys which he bought at a fabulous price on the day of the popular victory. On the night of August 4, he had applauded from one of the galleries of the National Assembly the vote which stripped him of his titles and time-honoured privileges, and cut away his genealogical tree at the root. On the great day of the Champ de Mars, he attracted attention by his sky-blue coat, the bouquet affixed in his button-hole, and, before all, by his enthusiasm among the two hundred thousand citizens who were holding the festival of confederation. He had even preserved as a relic the spade with which he, a noble and educated man, had not hesitated, a few days prior to the festival, to break up the field and help in forming the mounds upon which the public was to be stationed. It is true that his sister, a pretty maiden of seventeen, had done the same, and wheeled a barrow, in honour of the country. He was also one of those who followed to the Pantheon the mortal, or immortal, remains of M. de Voltaire, for whom he professed a species of worship, and greatly preferred to the morose J. J. Rousseau. You must not believe, however, that my old friend was an optimist, or that he followed to its final consequences a movement of which he, like so many of his race, had not foreseen the result. Who does not know the fable of the German alchemist, who, having succeeded in producing from his crucible a live bronze man (the great dream of the hermetical science), began trembling before his creation, and was pursued his whole life through

* It is said that he contrived to have two of one colour by rubbing pipeclay on the black one.

by this gloomy figure, whose strength and supernatural powers subdued him? Such was the history of my friend the Marquis, who, despite the differences of our opinions, treated me with kindness. His live bronze man was the Revolution; with the Comte de Mirabeau, the Marquis de Lafayette, and so many others, he had contributed to the production of this human personification of philosophy, but he soon recoiled before his handiwork, and shuddered at the footsteps of the colossus which crushed the whole of ancient France beneath its iron heel. The day on which he began to perceive that the French Revolution was going too far, was the one on which Louis XVI. was guillotined. From that moment he became its adversary, but he refused to join the emigrating movement, which carried so many members of the aristocracy to the frontier. When asked why he had remained in France, he nobly replied, “I wished to live or die on the field of honour; and then again—shall I confess it to you?—in those difficult and tumultuous times when every day was an event, I remained chiefly through curiosity.” This firmness of conduct was all but fatal to him: he was arrested just before the 9th Thermidor, and thrown into prison. “Even then,” he said to me, “and when under lock and key, I did not for a moment repent my refusal to emigrate: the Revolution was to me a badly-disposed daughter: but when our children behave improperly, we pity them, and suffer from their conduct, but we do not abandon them.”

The Marquis' memory was capricious, like that of many aged persons: he hardly remembered what he did yesterday: but if you spoke to him of his youth, of the men he had known at that time, and the anecdotes current in society at the end of the last century, his reminiscences at once acquired a marvellous lucidity. No one would have been better able than he to write the *Memoirs of the Revolution*, for he had been connected with the court and the people—with old and new France: he had lived both at Versailles and in the Faubourg St. Antoine—the two extreme stations of the political movement which extended from 1789 to 1793. But for all that, he had not written a single line about this great epoch, and he was wont to say to me on the subject: “I should have too much good and too much evil to say about the men I knew: besides, I prefer consulting my own memory during the long hours of leisure that old age, illness, and my infirmities leave me: when you are present I read my memory aloud, for I know that my unpublished and even unwritten *Memoirs* interest you. Two readers who frequently revert to the same page, and whom it does not weary, are a great deal: how many excellent books cannot flatter themselves with such a success!”

The Marquis' memory was a dictionary of his time, in which the names of men, places and events, were arranged in alphabetical order: but it was necessary to know how to open this dictionary. If I questioned him vaguely, the old gentleman merely replied with commonplaces, and told me absolutely nothing. One of the luminous points of his widely extending memory referred to the period the Marquis had spent in prison.

It may be supposed that the silence and obscurity of a dungeon engrave on some human brains impressions and recollections in an indelible manner. One day I asked him :

"During your stay in the prisons of the Republic, did you know André Chénier?"

"Wait a minute," he replied, rubbing his forehead with his hand. *Wait* was the word with which the old gentleman ever precluded his narratives, thus granting himself the time to find out the proper page and date in the volume of his memory.

"Yes," he continued, a few minutes later. "He was one of us. I can still see him in a corner of the long Hall, where we assembled during the day. It was a bare, gloomy room, with a table and a few chairs in the middle: it had two windows, but they were so narrow and short that the sun never penetrated them; all that it could do for us, with the best will in the world, was to throw out vigorously on the opposite wall the brutal shadows of our iron bars. It was in this clear obscure that the pensive and melancholy face of a young man of about my own age caught my attention. His features possessed something of the Grecian type, but they were firmer and more accentuated than those of antique statues. His forehead especially, tall and rounded, distinguished him from all the other prisoners. We had not in those days invented Gall's system; we had but a very imperfect notion of Lavater's; but every man is instinctively a physiognomist, and the very animals are never deceived as to certain mental faculties expressed by the form of the human countenance. Our comrade in captivity was plainly a man of lofty mind: and the serious and benevolent serenity of his face was only disturbed by the corners of his mouth, which displayed some traces of indignation. The greatest sympathy, and, I may almost venture to say, the greatest liberty prevailed at that time in the prisons, in which all classes of society were blended, but chiefly ex-nobles, artists and literary men. We became at once friends, for nothing levels and equalises social conditions so much as the speedy anticipation of death. None felt assured, until nightfall, that we should see the morrow's sun rise, and none were afraid of expressing their opinions; and though the shades were infinite, some being Royalists, others Girondins, others again, what we called at that time, 'Moderates,' the feeling of a common danger united us in a pious fraternity. I, therefore, walked up to the new arrival, and asked his name: he replied 'André Chénier.'

"This name was not unknown to me. I remembered his father, who had been consul-general of France at Constantinople, and who was sometimes mentioned in *salons* because he had been original enough to marry, in Turkey, a young Greek girl of great beauty and talent. This latter circumstance explained to me the resemblance, that had struck me at once between the young man's face and that which Grecian artists give their statues. I had, moreover, met more than once his brother, Joseph Chénier, in whom this imprint of Grecian beauty was far more striking. I had also heard it mentioned that our

new companion had written several very violent articles in the royalist journals of that period, though he had need to conceal his real sentiments under a conventional cloak. He was even said to have been associated with M. de Malesherbes in the perilous defence of Louis XVI. I was consequently not surprised to find him in our company; it would have been more surprising had he not been so. Like the majority of us, André Chénier had hailed the Revolution with delight; but like ourselves, too, he had refused to follow it in the terrible measures the Committee of Public Safety dictated. A species of intimacy, the fruit of a community of age, of misfortune, and perhaps of literary tastes, sprang up very rapidly between him, Boucher the poet, and myself. We were all three young, we longed to live, we awaited from day to day the execution of our sentence of death, and if I had not cultivated letters I was fond of them. André, on becoming my friend (for friendships are soon formed in a prison), told me the history of his life, which was not very long, or studded with many adventures. All his impressions and recollections were confined to that glorious eastern sky in which he had first seen light, to his mother, with whose milk he had sucked in, so to speak, a love of Grecian antiquity, and to a few military details; for at the age of twenty he had entered the D'Angoulême regiment as second-lieutenant. He soon gave up a military career, tried diplomacy, and ended by devoting himself to poetry, which was the dream, the mania, the idol of his life. His attempts were, however, but little known as yet, for people had something very different to do at that period from reading verse. Poetry, I should say the drama, was to be found in the streets; sanguinary, and in wild disorder, it rushed to the frontier, sounding a bronze trumpet that deafened the ear, or descended from heaven on to the scaffold to console the victims.

"The two recognised poets of the French revolution were Lebrun, then called Lebrun Pindar, and Joseph Chénier. As for his brother André, I had never heard him spoken of except as a man of education and talent, who judged the events of the day from our point of view. In prison, moreover, where the hours are long, and the leisure is crushing, he tried to kill time by reciting to us some of his verses, among others his 'Ode to Charlotte Corday.' It was one of his productions to which he attributed his arrest, and of which he felt proud as the soldier does of the thrust which must entail his own death. Our taste at that day was formed on different models—de Bernis, Florian, and the Abbé de Lille, who was just beginning to be known, and I must confess that, despite the interest I felt in the young poet, his verses appeared to me strange. You certainly inhaled a sharp and powerful perfume of Hymettus; there were even grace, elegance, colour, and harmony; but the leaps, the inversions, the alliances of unexpected words, and the unusual turn he gave to things, somewhat cooled our readiness to applaud and our praises. He perceived this, and said to us.

"'I wished to form a new path for myself. Our French poetry has been crowded with wit, espe-

cially since Voltaire, Saint Lambert, and Boufflers, but is it not dry, hesitating, and timid? it abuses that descriptive style which describes nothing. Is not thought enchained in our inflexible Alexandrines, as a prisoner in his fetters? I have tried to break these chains by displacing the *cæsura*; in order to find poetry again at its source I have gone back to Hesiod, Theocritus, and Homer. I have drunk from these springs, or at any rate, dipped the hollow of my hand into these grand rivers of ideality, grace, and perennial beauty. I am a Gallo-Byzantine. I tried to regenerate poetry by making old verses on modern ideas; but time failed me. While I dreamed of Arcadia, I did not foresee the scaffold.'

"Among the ladies who were shut up with us in the prison of St. Lazare, was the Duchesse de Fleury, daughter of the Duc de Coigny, who had separated from her husband, and resumed her paternal name. Young, beautiful, and already celebrated for her wit, she felt a horror of dying, and persons might fairly feel a horror at less. She told her feelings one day to André Chénier, who, affected by the complaints of the unfortunate woman, *who was unwilling to die yet*, wrote on the subject his delicious elegy of the 'Young Captive.' Was the heart of the poet touched by an even more lively feeling than that of pity and the sad tenderness expressed in his lines? That is a secret he bore with him to the grave. This Demoiselle de Coigny, by the way, did not share the poet's tragical fate; she lived to leave the prison, and proceed to Constantinople, where she died.

"After all, very incorrect notions are formed as to the interior of the prisons during the reign of terror. You young men are generally inclined to believe that they were filled with weeping and gnashing of teeth, in a word, you represent to yourselves Dante's Inferno, while, on the contrary, it was the paradise of wits. The levity of the French mind resisted even the stern lessons of the gloomy political events. Do you know in what manner we passed our time? In composing songs, epigrams and madrigals; we ridiculed in prose and verse the revolutionary tribunals, the gaolers, the hangman, Fouquier-Tinville himself; we would have laughed at the Demon. I will not assert that we enjoyed all the delicacies of life, very far from it; I will not even affirm that a pallid flash of melancholy and despair did not, from time to time, gleam through our contests of wit and frivolous conversation; but all did their best to mock the inevitable destiny. Perhaps we resembled children crossing a wood after nightfall, and singing to keep up their spirits; but you may form what opinion you please. In order to distract our thoughts, we hit on the plan of performing little farces relating to the events of the day, and even to our own position. In these dramatic follies we caricatured the judges who were probably about to send us to death, or had even already pronounced our sentence. André Chénier figured as actor, on the evening prior to his execution, in one of these grotesque farces, and was nearly the only one among us who retained his serious character. He represented most naturally a young poet dragged before the terrible tribunal, and led

thence to execution with a procession of hideous and burlesque faces. I need not say that in these sports great play was allowed to improvisation. All at once, with a gesture that made us start, and in a tone that deeply afflicted us, André Chénier smote his forehead with his hand, while exclaiming—

"And yet I had something there!"

"On the morrow this comedy changed for him into a sanguinary and too real tragedy. André Chénier was called by the gaoler at the moment when he was writing some lines on the event he awaited. We all knew what this summons meant, and we never heard anything more of those who set out thus on the great journey of eternity; but since then I have read in historical works that André Chénier, on mounting the scaffold, uttered the words I just now mentioned, 'And yet I had something there.' I believe that the writers are in error, and confounded two statements. A man does not speak before the axe, and silence in such a case is the dignity of the victim."

Such was the old Marquis's narrative, and we see from it that André Chénier was almost unknown as a poet. As I was anxious to clear up a doubt, I asked the Marquis.

"Was not Joseph Chénier accused of contributing to his brother's death, through an author's jealousy, or, at any rate, of not having done all in his power to save him?"

The old gentleman replied nobly.

"That is an infamous calumny. I did not admire Joseph's opinions, but his character was honourable. He had himself lost much of his influence at the moment when his brother was arrested, and inspired the authorities with suspicion owing to his connection at that day with writers who were gravely compromised. He was not the man to trample friendship under foot, much less nature, for the sake of a vile interest of self-love. What besides had he to fear from his brother as regarded reputation? He reigned on the stage, whither André would certainly not have followed him, and his warm and philosophic temperament was better adapted than his brother's talent to the impassioned impulses of the mob that made the Revolution. Moreover, I know that he made many efforts to save his brother, and even went so far as to risk his personal safety, but his appeals were not listened to."

The stroke of the knife that cut off André Chénier's head was followed by a silence that lasted nearly a quarter of a century. All the cold literature of the empire passed over his memory which seemed almost effaced. In vain did Chateaubriand quote, in the notes to his "Genius of Christianity," the "Young Captive" and another fragment of André Chénier's, as models of grace and delicacy; this homage paid by the famous author, to a young poet cut off in his flower, appeared more a regret than a literary judgment. In the meanwhile French poetry pined away day by day; under the empire it had exhausted all the forms of imitation on the models of the seventeenth century, and the old classic Alexandrines, coupled like a yoke of worn-out oxen, dragged over a sterile field the heavy plough of conventional metaphors and ideas. The Resto-

ration came : and at the moment when Béranger, Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, and Lamartine were seeking in different ways and by different means to regenerate the poetic inspiration, a most unexpected combatant appeared in the arena, where so many ambitious youths were rushing to the fight.

"Whence comest thou?"

"From the tomb."

"Who consecrated thee a poet?"

"The scaffold."

"Thy name?"

"André Chénier."

It was really he, whose MSS. emerged one by one from the coffin in which the poet and his thoughts lay buried. The first of these MSS. was discovered and published by M. Delatouche, author of "Fragoletta." It was soon followed by several others, and the effect of such a posthumous publication was prodigious. From these exhumed pages an odour of balsam and antiquity was exhaled, as from the rolls of papyrus discovered in a sarcophagus and opened by skilful hands. The poets of the empire, Abbé Delille at their head, had translated the Greek and Latin poets; but there is a great difference between translating the ancients, and possessing a true taste for the beauties of the classics. André Chénier found once again the sources of Hippocrene: his verse, liberated from the servitude and monotony which the *cæsura* had imposed on French poetry since the seventeenth century, had successfully reassumed that lightness and freedom which is noticeable in some of the lines written by old Marot. His idylls, poems, and epistles had a freshness of style unknown for a lengthened period; but what most charmed connoisseurs was his elegies, in which a modern thought, a true and personal feeling, and a gentle melancholy, springing from the times in which we live, were allied to the pagan grace of the ancients. In all this there was something more than a poet: it was for France the dawn of a new literature.

The authenticity of André Chénier's MSS. has never been seriously contested, and could not be so. I must quote on this head, however, Béranger's opinion—not that I for a moment believe it sustainable, but because coming from such a man it interests the world of letters. Owing to reasons doubtless resulting from his character and the nature of his genius—for I will not believe in a feeling of envy—Béranger did not share the general enthusiasm for the recovered poetry of André Chénier. He even went much further, for he actually doubted whether it were really written by the man to whom it was attributed. One day that I spoke with him on this subject, he said to me, "When Delatouche is dead, you may see a thing that will greatly surprise you." Delatouche has died since then, and I have seen nothing that surprised me: Béranger's meaning, however, was very clear: he supposed that the literary world was the dupe of a clever mystification, and that the proof of the fact would be found some day in the papers of the mystifier. I was acquainted with M. Delatouche: he was himself a poet and man of talent, but as he had the misfortune to publish his own verses after

those of André Chénier, it is only too easy* to draw the distinction between them. Delatouche was, moreover, a misanthrope, the hermit of the Vallée aux Loups: he might be accused of being of a critical and bitter temperament, but he was incapable of a fraud. When he was laughingly asked whether he were not the author of André Chénier's poetry, he repulsed, for the sake of his own character, the honour which such a supposition might do to his talent. The original MSS., besides, have been inspected by more than one trustworthy expert. ALPHONSE ESQUIROS.

SCHWERTING OF SAXONY.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EBERT.)

Schwerting, Duke of Saxony, sate at the festive board;
High foamed the sparkling wines, in iron goblets
poured;

The costly meats were smoking, in iron dishes laid,
And iron plate and vessels a wild rude clangour made.

Frotho, the Danish king, sate opposite and gazed
On Schwerting and his iron gear, right grievously
amazed,

For iron chains were hanging from his neck, and hand,
and breast,

And iron clasps shone dark and dim upon his deep
black vest.

"Now tell me, what may this mean? Sir Brother,
speak, I pray,

Why you have bid me to a feast of such sad strange
array?

When I left my Danish kingdom to come and be your
guest,

I thought to meet a princely host in golden garments
drest!"

"Sir King, gold for the free-born, but iron for the
slave:

Such is a saying, just and true, we Saxon people have:
Ye have shackled us with iron bonds, and that full
well ye know,

Oh, had our chains been golden, we had burst them
long ago!

"Yet think not there are left no means to wipe out
such disgrace;

The constant heart, the stubborn will, that mark our
valiant race,

These, these must free the arm though bent beneath a
thousand chains,

And these *shall* free the Saxon's arm, and blot out
slavery's stains!"

And while the Duke was speaking thus, there entered
in the hall

Twelve Saxon nobles, clothed in black, with lighted
torches all.

They stood all mute and motionless, awaiting his
command,

Then rushing forth with eager haste, each waved his
burning brand.

Ere long there fell on every ear a hissing, crackling
sound;

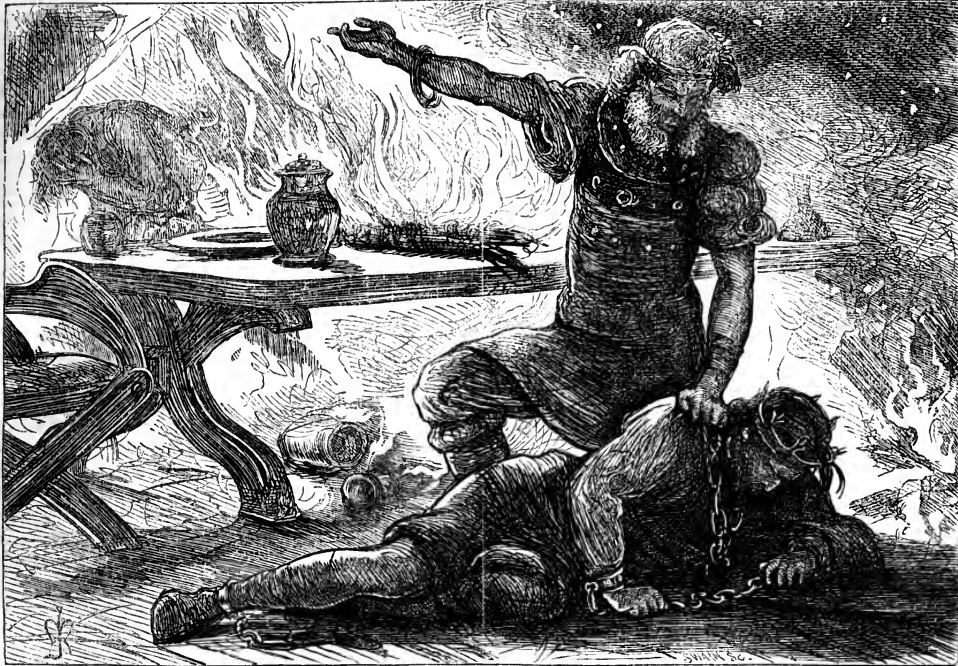
Louder and louder still it rose, above, below, around;

Ere long the chamber glowed with a still and sultry
heat:

"The hour is come!" in hollow tones, the Saxon chiefs
repeat.

The Danish King assayed to flee, the Duke he held
 him back :
 "Stay! prove that knightly courage, at least, thou
 dost not lack!
 That boisterous foe that storms below successfully
 withstand,
 And thine shall be the Saxon throne, and thine the
 Saxon land!"

And hotter, ever hotter, it became in that wide
 hall,
 And louder, ever louder the crashing fragments
 fall,
 And brighter, ever brighter, the red reflection
 glared,
 And through the portals, half-consumed, the fiery
 torrent flared.



Then all the gallant Saxons fell down on bended
 knee :
 "Lord, mercy on the souls of those who thus have
 made them free!"
 The Duke looked calmly at the flames on wind-swift
 pinions borne,
 The Danish King sank on the ground, he dragged him
 up in scorn.

"Look here, thou haughty conqueror, and tremble,
 craven heart!
 'Tis *thus* we break thine iron bonds, and heal oppres-
 sion's smart!"
 He spoke, the wild flames seized him,—one loud and
 fearful yell,—
 And down on that devoted band the crumbling mansion
 fell.
 A. D.

SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELIONDÈ," "THE MEMOIRS OF A STOMACH," &c.

NO. IV. A BOARDING-HOUSE.

I DARE be sworn there are many admirably
 conducted establishments of the boarding-house
 description at Brighton, and all over England,
 where ladies and gentlemen congregate for the
 purpose of exchanging the amenities of life
 and of enjoying a polite and refined inter-
 course : but I regret to say the Royal Shingle
 Boarding-house, Sunset Street, West Cliff, was
 not one of those ; and in respect to its dinners I at
 once declare (humbly acknowledging my dainty
 and fastidious tastes) I would rather than dine
 there again, share fortune *de pot* with the Felina
 at the Zoological Gardens. I can quite compre-
 hend the enjoyment of taking your mid-day meal

with an Irish navy on a heap of pre-Adamite
 stones about to be Scottish-ised; you would pull
 out your clasped-knife, slice away at your hunch
 of bread and meat, take frequent pulls at your
 little barrel of cider, and smoke a short black
 pipe, feeling quite at home and very much
 at your ease, while Daniel O'Donnell, having
 finished *his* dinner, makes a pillow of his pickaxe
 and coat, lays himself tranquilly down on the lap
 of Mother Earth, and goes to sleep dreaming of a
 pig at his hearth and "aisy times of it in Conne-
 mara;" but what to do when you dine with the
habitués of a boarding-house is quite another affair,
 and I must say the *al fresco* meal has the better of

it. I suppose there is something infectious in dining as it were upon the competitive principle, for I have seen people at a public table scramble and struggle about a favourite dish who at a private repast receive what the gods send them, either from Zenith or Nadir, with perfect propriety and good-breeding. The same phenomenon I have witnessed at those comfortable dinners at the Temple Hall in the good old days when, as a student, I ate my commons without sleeves to my gown, when on some festive occasion the supplementary turkey or unpremeditated capon were superadded to the ordinary fare. The men dine in messes of four, and I have seen so stern a determination to share equally the armour of Achilles, that I have quaked for the result, although in reality they cared little more for the extra viands than for the broken bread in the basket, and most likely sent away the dish only just tasted. Possibly a sense of fair-play is a solution to the riddle, and it is pleasant to trace the peculiarity to a worthy motive.

The cause which compelled me to become a temporary visitor at the Royal Shingle Boarding-house was neither more nor less than a tremendous storm which overtook me while calling upon a friend, who however had left Brighton and bequeathed to it such a hurricane as I hope never again to witness. The morning had been dull and lowering, and the sea of a surly leaden colour ribbed with foaming breakers, which induced the boatmen to haul their boats high on the beach and the shopkeepers opposite the sea to put up their shutters. Scarcely a soul had been seen on the cliff during the morning, and if now and then some adventurous soul, in a water-proof coat, essayed to face the wind, he was nearly blown up the side-streets with a flapping and a whirl highly amusing to one or two paper-boys who, on such occasions, are the small grinning incarnations of Rochefoucauld's and Lucretius's used-up dictum—that we take a pleasure in the misfortunes of others.

So portentous did affairs look, that even the flymen made off to the streets for shelter and the fishermen skulked about the byeways, not liking to lose sight of old Ocean, though he *was* in such a stupendous rage. The sky and the sea seemed leagued together for mischief, and a flash of intensely vivid lightning opened the mad revels of the winds and the waters. The waves dashed over the cliff opposite the Queen's Hotel, and the spray was blown past Pool Valley into Ship Street. Such devilry amongst the elements, such a roaring, splashing, seething, hissing, and bellowing I never remember, and the pier groaning and writhing like a huge sea monster in its chains, threatened to burst its thralldom and separate into federal and confederate sections, as positively did happen in the days when Sir St. Vincent Cotton, Terry Jones, and other "swells" drove the "Age" coach from London to Brighton, and received the passengers' gratuity with a touch of the hat and a "Thankee, sir," just like their professional brethren.

As I found it quite impossible to leave the house, which indeed had now become my refuge, till the storm had abated, and seeing moreover little chance of its so doing, I accepted the invi-

tation of the mistress of the establishment to remain and dine at the general table at six o'clock, the charge being for non-residents in the house, as the lady politely informed me, five shillings per head, and of course extra for any liquid except water. Oh, how the windows rattled, and how the rain spouted against them! Then came a lull; then a flash; then a roll of thunder; and again the house shook as if nature in a rage were shaking it as a nurse does a naughty child.

As there was yet a full hour to feeding time, I was ushered by a boy in buttons into the drawing-room, and as he pushed a chair for my acceptance he said, "Please take a seat, sir, missus 'll be down soon." I must say the generality of those present looked extremely as if I were *de trop*, and a little waspish man left the room in a fussy way, no doubt to ask who the new-comer might be—a stormy petrel or a gull. As no one seemed to think it at all necessary to take any further notice of me than by staring, I walked to the window to witness the majestic warfare of the elements; but as it seemed likely to end in a drawn battle, I grew tired of my employment, and amused myself by observing those about me—the ladies being engaged in needlework of some sort, and the gentlemen in reading old numbers of magazines, or well-thumbed volumes from the circulating library, or the Brighton papers. In respect to the fair sex present, the questions which naturally suggested themselves were—Where in the world do these people come from? Whither will they go when they leave it? Who are they? What are they? Why are they? It was not that they were especially disagreeable or vulgar, as far as I could judge, or especially ill-natured (save one or two), but they were simply nondescript, and defied classification as to genus, species, family, or kind. I felt I was in a new world altogether, mixing with inhabitants of whom I knew nothing, and how to behave towards them seemed to me the present great marvel of life.

In respect to the male part of the company present, I do not pretend to be a judge, for I think the storm, or the want of dinner perhaps, had tended to make them what I should have been disposed to call sulky, and they were all occupied with their reading, excepting one individual who stood with his back to the fire, keeping the heat from every one, and looking defiant at those who seemed to think that they, too, would like a little caloric. An elderly female in a head-dress between a turban and a monthly nurse's cap, did absolutely attempt to warm her hands, and ventured to say in a mild tone:

"Excuse me, sir."

Thereat Cerberus drew an inch to the left; but in so surly a manner, that I should certainly have enjoyed taking the poker, and mistaking him for a block of Wallsend—in this case so thoroughly "screened."

I *understand*, but of this I would not desire to speak, that the scandal which goes on at an abode of this kind is tremendous, and that as surely as a pretty girl arrives, so surely is she set upon and pecked at, and plucked, till either a strong male phalanx comes to the rescue, or else she is obliged to leave. All of which, however, I observed

nothing, and this being my first even temporary sojourn at an English boarding-house, I may be excused for touching only lightly upon those peculiarities which did not concern me; but, at the same time, life at Brighton is life at Brighton, and the middle-class style of existence is quite as proper to describe as that of the "Upper Ten Thousand."

At length the hour of six arrived, and dinner was announced by the small boy (whose suit of green, by the way, I am quite sure, had been made from an old billiard-table cloth), whereupon the ladies descended to the refectory without any armed assistance from the males who followed in their wake; but seeing a little, short, lame body, scarcely able to hobble, I went to her aid, and she, grateful for the civility, stuck her sharp claws into my arm in so ruthless a manner as nearly made me cry out for quarter; but I was ultimately rewarded for my forbearance, by her imparting to me, during dinner, all the small talk of the establishment, and though I should be sorry to chronicle the very small acid beer which flowed from the affluent tap—her tongue, yet some of her remarks were so pungent, and there was such a strange mixture about her of the travelled and educated lady with the style of a boarding-house *habitué*, that I confess I was not only amused by her observations upon men and things, but I was saved, by her prattle, from dwelling in too melancholy a spirit upon the worst dinner I ever in my life saw placed upon a table. I discovered afterwards that Miss Macgrip — so the lady was named—had lived many years abroad in the capacity of companion to a lady of rank; that she had saved enough to live upon; and that she had broken her leg at some German Spa, which having been badly set—her leg, I mean—was rendered almost useless for life. I think her tongue also had met with some accident, but that, in place of having its powers retarded thereby, an increase of action was the result, and possibly some therapeutic application of caustic gave the tone and tendency to its future manifestations. The courses of dinner during the course of conversation had best be described in a sort of stage dialogue with "aside" remarks, as follow:

Mr. Green. [I take two spoonful of soup, and finding that it resembles a mixture of warm table-beer, thoroughly peppered, I push my plate away and turn to my companion.] Who, madam, is that stout man at the end of the table?

Miss Macgrip. [Putting up a single old-fashioned eye-glass, with a steel rim.] He? oh he is our *pièce de resistance*. He has been here longer than any one, so, as you see, is *vice* for the occasion. Major Gruffy by name—grumpy by nature. He is a thorough tyrant in his way, and would give us all the bowstring and sack, and turn the sea into a Bosphorus if he could. He talks exactly as if had a hot potato in his mouth, undecided whether he shall reject or swallow it. But listen and judge for yourself.

Major Gruffy. Samuel—poo woo—ware is mo nokpin? Bring it here, sur, directly—poo woo.

Mr. Green. Ha! ha! certainly it is as you say. Who is the lady to his right?

Miss Macgrip. Miss Grace Lutestring, a teacher of languages, and of the guitar, and a miniature-painter. She knows little of any language save her mother tongue, and *that* would bear being translated into English; she can just manage a few chords on the guitar; and as for her painting, if you have an enemy in the world you desire entirely to humiliate, or a rich relation you wish to drive into fits, get them to sit to Miss Lutestring, and the thing will be accomplished. See, she is making love to the Major, pretending to speak broken English.

Miss Lutestring. Vous give me a leettle bit of dat fin, Majore. *Pas de poison frit*, tank you. How de-li-cate-ly vous aid de ladies.

Mr. Green. Ha! ha! how good. [Then, oblivious as to where I am, I help myself to my neighbour's sherry, forgetting I had as much right to do so as to pick his pocket. I shall not soon forget his look and growl, as he said, "That, sir, is private wine." I beg his pardon, call for a bottle of my own, make restitution, which smoothes his ruffled feathers, and ask Miss Macgrip to take a glass. She smilingly does so. And I now find, as all the boiled fish has vanished, a single "smelt" is placed before me, and I give you my word of honour it is a gudgeon—a veritable schoolboy-days' gudgeon. Wondering whether it was caught in a net or by a "gentle," I eat it, and the flavour is suggestive of the latter, only fortunately I remember that "gentles" are not in season.] Who is that little man in spectacles, sitting next to Miss Lutestring?

Miss Macgrip. A lapidary, reputed rich, and keeps a shop in Stone Street; but as he has only a shop, and can't dine off pebbles or sleep upon them, be they never so well polished, he dines here, and sleeps, I believe, *aux plombs*. Have you never seen his Brighton diamonds, "picked off the beach?"—picked, no doubt, a long way off, for of course they are composition, coloured by, I suppose, some of the metal oxides, and he induces old ladies like myself to go hobbling along the seashore, hoping to find similar specimens. Just as we do in life, sir. Some charlatan moralist or religionist tells us go seek for happiness on the great shore of life, where there is little else than weeds and flints to be found; whereas, for the real precious stones we must dig and delve and work hard far in other regions altogether. They do say he is engaged to *la maîtresse d'hôtel*, for tradesmen are not generally received here, and [here Miss Macgrip lowers her voice, and has "a fang" at the lady heading the table, which I decline to repeat.]

A piece of mutton, streaking my plate with carmine, is now at my disposal; but as I deem that eating raw mutton is simply eating raw sheep without the benefit of the wool to comfort your inside, I cast about to see whether an *entrée* of some sort is an utter impossibility. I help myself to some toast, on which two minutes since (how they vanished I know not) were some "golden plovers;" but if ever I saw a bird's bill in my life, they were pigeons; and I only wish I could have obtained one.

Mr. Green. Who is that rather pretty young lady sitting opposite to me?

Miss Macgrip. Pretty! Well, really! *Chacun à son goût!* I don't know who she is, or who she isn't; but she will squall at the piano after dinner for an hour together, and though Major Gruffy tries to cough her down, her sharp notes run through his lumpy fat voice like a skewer through a haggis.

Mr. Green. Ha! ha! What a dreadful quiz you are, madam. One more question, and I won't interrupt you any more. Who is the individual sitting to your right, whose time at dinner has passed quite agreeably, owing to his vivacious neighbour?

Miss Macgrip. I never saw him before; but I rather like him. He civilly offered me his arm to dinner, because he observed my lameness, and he enjoys a large share of lemon in his conversational punch, which I am quite ready to squeeze for him; and though evidently a cynic, has, I should judge, a good heart, especially when the preponderance of vanity in his character does not retard its impulses.

Mr. Green. Ha! ha! Capital! I deserve the retort. You say nothing about the sugar, from not speaking *ex-cathedra*, I suppose—but I really *should* like something to eat.

Miss Macgrip. Eat! Why dinner is all over! No, there is some sweetbread left—do try it.

I helped myself to a dish before me, but to this day I am not certain as to its composition. It was full of knots and kernels of such toughness, that if you were not careful and kept close watch in regard to the proprieties, they would spring out of your mouth in a manner entirely subversive of the decencies of the dining-table. Taking into consideration the appearance of the dish, its elasticity, its impenetrability, and, above all, its being entirely untouched at the end of dinner, I am forced to the conclusion that it is neither more nor less than stewed indian-rubber; and I am thankful it were no worse.

Mr. Green. Why, madam, this dish is caoutchouc, not sweetbread.

Miss Macgrip. [I shall not easily forget my friend's expression of face, as she replied] Worse, sir, far worse; and I should only shoek you were I to say what I believe that dish really to be. It has made its appearance on table every day for the last fortnight. Do not press me on the subject, but tell me instead, what you think of that lady to your left, with her hair parted on one side.

Mr. Green. That she is of the class "strong minded," and most likely an army surgeon.

Miss Macgrip. Not at all—she is a poetess—tunes her harp to the sad sea waves, and her last ode to a sea gull, and her last song on "a floating sea-weed bright," made quite a sensation here, being published in a local paper. She is just now a *lionne* in her way; and if you remain the evening, you will find her masculine style of manners and brusque method of contradicting you highly suggestive of *your* sex, while the weakness of her verses reclaim her from the impeachment.

Mr. Green. Ha! ha! how exquisitely you anatomise people; but really I am dying with hunger, and here comes a mould of clarified glue—I'll stick to that.

The servant hands me a jelly; but as many a

true word is spoken in jest, I decline the viscous compound, and in the energy of despair cry aloud for bread and cheese and pickles. This request drew the attention of all present to my Bœotian manners, and I was grieved to observe that the Lady-President assumed a sad expression of face, in tones of injured feeling as she said to the waiter, "Samuel, hand that gentleman the Cheddar and celery." Whereupon I set to, and I declare I made my entire repast off cheese strong enough for an excavator, bread in the form of those eternal little well-handled rolls, and solitaire balls steeped in vinegar, and called walnut pickles; as for the celery, that was the lady's charming *façon de parler*.

As the dessert was now placed on the table, my term of probation was drawing to a close. Unfortunately I helped my pretty opposite neighbour to one of six pears which stood in a *compothier* near me, and I at once saw the awful error I had committed, for the servant, observing the enormity, pounced upon the contingent remainder, and carried them off to the sideboard, there paring and cutting them into cubes, so that each guest might receive his proper allotment. Next came an onslaught upon oranges, biscuits, and nuts; but at length the usual masonic signal was given, and the ladies rose with a rustle and a bustle, and adjourned to the drawing-room. It was then that my real miseries commenced in all their intensity. The conversation was entirely absorbed by the Major with his perpetual poo-woo, and he put questions and answered them before any one else could, in a very remarkable manner. For myself, having attempted a luminous remark or two, and being thoroughly snubbed, I considered a sort of gloomy abstracted style the best to assume, and I sipped my decoction of logwood and alum, called "port," as sulky as ever I was in my life. The wine was on a par with the dinner, deserving to be brandied for its badness, and brandied it was. Coffee at length appeared, and as I had now grown far too knowing to make any further experiments, I welcomed it without tasting, as the signal to escape to the drawing-room. Arrived there, I found that Miss Macgrip had evidently said a kind word or two on my behalf, for the rigid, if not ill-natured looks which greeted me before dinner, had, like the storm, disappeared, and the fair Eve, to whom I had presented the fruit, and who, owing to my "pluck," ate it, looked up and smiled, as much as to say, "Weren't they all savage just, at your helping me to the forbidden dish."

As, however, the room was well lighted, and the cheerful card-tables were ready for whist, and the chink of the tea-things suggested at least a diluent fluid, needful after all the Cheddar and pickles, I recovered my sweet temper, and spent a pleasant half-hour with the most wonderful specimens of womanhood that it was my good fortune ever to encounter. As the male element was soon to appear upon the scene, I shook hands with all round excepting with the poetess, who had retired for inspiration, and made my escape just as the poo-woo of the Major was heard on the stairs. While arranging my

pecuniary obligations below, the song alluded to by Miss Macgrip began, and also the *obbligato* accompaniment of the Major's cough; but both were drowned by the sudden bursting of a brass band, whose quadrilles and waltzes having been confined in their several instruments all day, owing to the storm, now broke loose together, and awful was the cocophony.

The night was as tranquil and serene as the day had been blustering, and the sky was of that turquoise blue which one often sees after a storm. The moon looked like a bright opening into an eternity of glory beyond, or as a mother-o'-pearl boat (capsized) swimming on the azure sea.

Ah! ah! thought I to myself, as I gazed on the lovely scene above, here are you, Robert Horatio Green—a vain coxcomical fellow—judging your fellows with a sneer on your lips and cynicism in your heart, and I wonder if you are a bit better than the people you have been ridiculing? Did they think *you* conceited, with your glass stuck in your eye? Did they not feel, when you first entered the drawing-room, there was an air of would-be superiority about you highly ridiculous and extremely diverting? At dinner, instead of enjoying the lame lady's acerbities, would it not have been better to have asked for a slice of mutton, less underdone, no doubt obtainable. Then, after the repast was over, if, instead of taking umbrage at a peculiarity of voice in an old soldier, you had endeavoured to hit the key-note of his character and talked of some subject interesting to his memory or gratifying to his prejudices, would it not have been preferable to sipping your logwood decoction in sulky silence, and retreating with almost rude abruptness when coffee liberated you?

But the dinner!—those gudgeons!—those sweetbreads! What did the old lady mean by saying I should be shocked if she told me what she really believed them to be. And what *is* a sweetbread? "The pancreas of an animal." Good heavens! What are pancreas, and what animal do they grow in? Did Miss Macgrip know? Perhaps they were old pancreas, or fossil pancreas, or petrified pancreas.

The thought was growing too terrible, and I looked up to the bright heavens, now star-lit as well as moonlit, and there were no pancreas there; no gudgeon included even in Pisces; no underdone mutton even when the clouds are fleecy; no grumpy Major, except Ursa Major;—nothing was there to remind me of the ordeal I had gone through, but only those eternal beacons of heaven, teaching me with their tender eyes a lesson of humility which I will do my best to remember next time I dine at the Royal Shingle Boarding House, almost provided the sweetbreads are omitted.

A TRIP TO THE TIMBER MAKERS.

GREAT BRITAIN and Ireland import annually some 27,000,000 cubic feet, or 540,000 loads, of Canadian pine timber, the greater part of which is manufactured on the Ottawa river and its tributaries. Although the operations of this manufac-

ture extend over upwards of 11,000 square miles, and give employment to more than 40,000 men, there are perhaps but few in England who have more than the most misty conception of the way in which the giants of the forest are subjected to the dominion of man. Some few years ago it was my lot to spend a winter among these giants and their conquerors, and to those of your readers who would like to know something of the industry of man among the solitudes of Nature, I shall be happy to offer my personal recollections.

I arrived at the village whence the supplies were sent to the shanties at about noon. This village is old for the lumbering district, but has not increased much of late years, as it is not directly in the road of travel, and the neighbourhood is not of the best soil for farming, in addition to which it is settled by French Canadians, who do not even make the most of the capacity which does exist. There were one or two nice-looking houses belonging to the chief men of the place, two of them surrounded by trees, a pleasing contrast to those of the generality of French Canadians, who seem to have a curious partiality for baring the ground round their houses of every trace of a tree. Though the village could scarcely have contained more than 300 or 400 inhabitants, there were three churches or chapels—a Roman Catholic, an Episcopal, and a Baptist.

I made my way to the house of the agent who had the management of the transport of the pork, flour, &c., to the *dépôt*, whence the shanties are directly supplied. Here I was hospitably received and regaled with fried salt pork and bread and butter, with tea. The consumption of tea in Canada is enormous: every one below the middle class who can afford it drinks tea three times a day. Having dispatched my meal, I inquired about my further progress, and found I could not get as far as the shanties that night, but might reach a little hamlet a few miles further on. So my luggage was placed in a "traineau," a kind of sleigh, which answers to a cart in summer: I seated myself on my luggage, and we started. The carter who accompanied me was a regular old *bon homme*—tall, thin, and wiry, with a thin face and a hooked nose; he was dressed in a long overcoat, or "capote," of a kind of cloth or freize which is made in the country; he had, as is usual with the French Canadians, girt himself round the middle with a red woollen sash, and covered his head with a blue night-cap. To complete his costume, his feet were shod with the almost universal "beef-skin moccasins," as they are called, a kind of foot-gear made of ox-hide, tanned in a peculiar manner. These are generally of domestic manufacture, most men and some women being capable of acting the part of Crispin to their own families. A properly soaked piece of this leather, thirteen or fourteen inches long, and seven or eight wide, is thinned at the edges and turned up all round, to the forepart of which a tongue is added, sewed to it with "babiche" (deer-skin prepared by Indians). The heel is then sewed up, which makes it something the shape of a slipper. To this is attached the "top" of lighter calf-skin, which is firmly tied round the ankle with long strings. Moccasins form a cheap substitute for boots, the

only advantage they have over boots being their greater lightness.

Under the guidance of this charioteer we pursued our way, mostly through clearings, though sometimes by the narrow road cut through the woods. It began to snow just as we left the village, not pleasantly, as it sometimes snows in Canada, with the air perfectly calm, in large flakes which scarcely melt on one's coat, but with a sharp wind and thawing as it fell. I speedily became damp, cold, and uncomfortable, and was glad when I saw the few lights of the hamlet twinkling on ahead. We soon pulled up at a house where we could be lodged, though not an inn proper, where a stove roaring at its height soon dispelled the discomforts caused by the weather. After another refection of tea and fried salt pork, with the addition of some jam, in which maple-sugar was the predominant flavour, I was led to a bedroom which forcibly reminded me of that of Mr. Verdant Green, for though I suffered no "abrasions of the elbow," my head showed an unpleasant tendency to form too close a friendship with the ceiling. However, I slept soundly, and early next morning started afresh. The road was much the same until after crossing the stream into which the timber was drawn to float it down to the Ottawa. Here the river rushed rapidly down an incline, among some huge boulders, and there was a slide beside the main stream for the timber. Of this an enterprising French Canadian had availed himself, and had built a mill entirely of wood, the wheel of which was turned by water obtained from the timber slide. On rising again from the level of the river we plunged into the "forest primeval."

I looked about for awhile, expecting to see some groves of tall pines, the trunks of which, bare of branches to the top, should, like pillars, support a roof of dense foliage. But I saw nothing like the scene I had pictured to myself. Many pines there were, but they grew by no means so straight nor so close as pillars, nor did the roof of dense foliage at all shut out the view of the blue sky above us. The generality of trees were birch, maple, and beech, with a large mixture of spruce and hemlock standing conspicuous among their naked neighbours in their dark green clothes. These grew from the height of shrubs to that of 30 or 40 feet. Among the shrubs were the moose-wood—the tough bark of which, when boiled, makes a nice cool poultice for a bad cut—and the ground-hemlock, the tenderest branches of which, when reduced by boiling to a thick gum, serves in shanty surgery for a strengthening plaister. The country through which we travelled was very mountainous, and the road had, in a measure, to accommodate itself by departing from a straight line. One of the prettiest pieces of scenery I have ever seen was where the road wound through a beaver-meadow, as it is called—though no more than one beaver's house was found there—a kind of half swamp, about ten acres in extent, where in summer grew coarse grass. On this, level as on any lawn, lay the snow, its surface broken by low, handsome trees of black spruce. Around rose hills to the height of near 150 feet, on one side abrupt and rocky, clothed with dark spruce and

hemlock, and on the other, rising more gradually, covered with maple and beech, giving promise of good arable land beneath. Through a gorge on the rocky side, where the hills narrowed in to within fifty yards of each other, passed the road, opening on to a small lake. Shortly after mid-day we reached the shanty. The first notice of our approach to it was given us by the smoke which we saw curling up among the trees. Then we came out into a spot which had been partially cleared, from the loss of all trees available for the purposes of building or of fuel. In the centre of this patch of clearing rose the shanty, with its necessary adjunct the stable, behind and on one side of which branched off the roads to the places where the men were then at work. The shanty was anything but a promising-looking place for an abode of four or five months, even viewed from without. It was a hut of perhaps twenty-five feet square, and nine or ten feet in height, built of trees about eighteen inches in diameter, notched at each end that they might lie as close as their crooks and uneven size would permit. Laid across the topmost tier, their ends resting on the two opposite sides, were two trees of larger dimensions, which served as beams to support the ceiling. This was formed of bass-wood trees, split in two and hollowed out by the axe, each piece of which is called a "scoop." These were laid on double, the lower row with the edges up, the upper row over the edges of the lower with their own edges down. There was no external evidence of any arrangement to let in the light save the chinks in the door. But within! I seem to see the scene now, and would that I could describe it.

Descending a step more than a foot high, one passed from brightest day without to twilight within. I heard my companion say "*Bon-jour*," so I said "*Bon-jour*," too; and, as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I began to study the appearance of my future home. All the light which I had for doing this, except, as I said before, what might come in through the door, came down the chimney; which, but that a few pieces of slabs were built upon the roof to stimulate the draft, might as well have been called a hole in the roof. Underneath this hole, and in the centre of the building, was the caboose, or fire-place, a frame of timber, six or seven feet square, and one and a half high, filled with earth, on which smouldered the remains of a wood fire. With one end in a corner of the framework, and the other in a hole in one of the beams was the upright of a crane, the arm of which extended over the fire, for the support of the huge pots in which tea is made, and pork is boiled. By the side was a small wooden trough, which from the presence of a piece of soap beside it, and of a towel hanging close by, I concluded to be the contrivance for washing. From the colour of the towel, I guessed it to be a public one, which I afterwards found to be indeed the fact. All round the walls were what appeared like broad shelves, about four feet from the ground, covered with blankets, which on closer inspection I found to be the beds. A layer of young spruce trees, served for bedstead, and a pair of blankets to each man, for bed and bedding. The colour of the blankets was beyond

description, a kind of smoky brown, verging upon dingy black. The beds ranged round three sides of the apartment, the fourth being reserved to the culinary department. One end of a narrow shelf, covered with tin plates and dishes, or cups, served for butler's pantry; the other end, supporting two or three huge round loaves, fifteen inches in diameter, and six inches thick, together with numerous pieces of cold boiled pork, was the larder; while the scullery was in the corner below, where were the great pots for boiling the pork and baking the bread. Seated on the bench between the beds and the caboose, with his legs tucked up under him, an immense loaf on one side, and an equally large pot containing fried meat on the other, with a large slice of bread in his hand, and a piece of meat under his thumb, without even the decency of an intervening thumb-piece—was the presiding genius of the place, the cook, pleasantly occupied in picking his teeth with his pocket knife. He replied somewhat sulkily to our greetings, and on our asking for some dinner, he passed us round the loaf and pot of meat, and gave us some dishes of very black-looking tea. But I could not eat. Prepared though I had been for a comfortless sojourn, the all-pervading grease and smoke had sickened me, and although the lean of pork fried in pork-grease may be very good when one is a little used to it and very hungry, it is not tempting at first acquaintance. As we finished our repast, the foreman of the shanty arrived, and having introduced myself to him, we proceeded together to see the men at work.

On our road, he gave me some notion of the constitution of a shanty. The chief, which my companion was, gives to each his work, seeks the trees for the timber makers, that they may lose no time, and exercises a general superintendence over the whole. When he has decided on a spot fit for working, not too far from the shanty, and not too difficult of access from the main road to the river, he informs the liner who leads the gang of timber makers. He, with his assistant, the "feller," or as he is usually called the "faller," make their way to the place, and, selecting their tree, ascertain how it lies, and which way it is best for it to fall. If a tree grows pretty straight, they can fall it nearly as they will, by cutting deeper on the side on which they wish it to fall. But the lay of the land, the crooks of the tree, and occasionally the quarter in which the wind is, if it be strong, generally determine in which direction the tree will fall, which they aid as before said. Having done this, and cleared away the brushwood, which would interfere with the swing of their long-handled axes, they place themselves one on each side of the tree, and assail it furiously, making the chips fly on every side, and causing their blows to resound through the forest. When the tree falls, they see how far it can be run up into the branches, and there cut into it, to see if it be sound at the heart; if it be not, they must cut again nearer the butt until it prove so. This done, they proceed to the most critical part of their business—lining the tree. Planting one end of the line at the top of the stick, the feller makes

his way to the butt, and there holds the line awaiting the direction of the liner, who, mounting the log, takes a general survey, and just laying his measure across the tree to see what sized stick it will make, strikes the first line by eye. He then lays off the line for the other side by measure, dotting off, with his chalk, the spots through which the line should run, at butt, centre, and top; and, after one more last look, the second line is struck, and the business is completed.

The good appearance of the timber after it is squared mainly depends on the good eye and judgment of the liner:—a good liner earns 8s. or 10s. a month more than the other men. The tree is now ready for the scorers, who, with their heavy axes, 5 or 6 lbs. in weight, cut notches to within half an inch of the line, at regular distances, and split off the blocks between them. The distance at which these notches are cut varies with the state of the weather: in very frosty weather I have seen them 10 or 12 feet in length. They then take off the remaining wood, to within a distance as uniform as possible of half an inch from the line, and leave the tree to the hewer. He, with his broad-axe—an instrument nearly the shape of a segment of a circle, the chord of which would be 13 inches in diameter, and the greatest perpendicular to the chord about 8 or 9 inches, at the end of which is the head for the handle—reduces the faces of the stick to the smooth and level appearance which they present on their arrival in this country. As the amount of timber a gang can square chiefly depends on his capabilities, a good hewer is the first requisite to a well-organised gang. And indeed it is not every man who can stand the work of hewing, wielding an axe 9 or 10 lbs. weight all day long, and squaring the 350 cubic feet which an able gang will furnish him. This is to watch, the pleasantest part of the whole process, to see the line split from end to end by the ponderous axe, swung by a practised hand, and then, as he works his way downwards, to see the uneven lumps and hanging shreds give way to the level, perpendicular plane, which follows the passing of the broad-axe. Two sides of the future log of timber are thus accounted for. Having done thus much to six or seven trees, making sticks of perhaps 50 cubic feet each—or, as they call it, having "faced" them—the gang take their dinner, at the shanty, if not too far off, where they may perhaps get some pea-soup to add to their bread and pork; or in the woods, where, in the absence of a spring, they may have to melt snow over the fire, which beverage is exceedingly nasty. After dinner they turn down the tree, and square the other two sides; the tree is then ready for removal.

Our arrival at a very steep part of the mountain up which we were climbing, did away with the possibility of further conversation on my part, for all my breath was required for clambering upwards, and keeping up with my more experienced companion. Arrived at the top we heard sounds of chopping, and making our way towards them, we discovered the gang at work. It was a strange scene to me: the two men, in their smoke-begrimed clothes, standing on the clean, white stick in a bower of dark trees,

and striking from the log chips of nearly a pound weight. But a more impressive scene was when, at the close of the day, the foreman guided the liner and his mate to a fresh spot for work, and they felled their first tree for the morrow's task. After essaying one or two, which, on being tapped with the axe, sounded hollow, and were summarily condemned as being rotten at the heart; and some, on which, when the eye was cast aloft, were seen ominous excrescences which told of punk within, a rot fatal to many a pine tree, one was chosen on the side of the mountain. It was an average-sized tree, about 70 feet high; and it was found necessary to fall it inclining down the mountain; on which decision the liner placed himself on the upper, and the feller on the lower side of the tree. Then they fell to work, and made their blows ring again through the still woods, on which the shades of night were falling. In ten minutes their several cuts had approached to within ten inches of each other. Then they retired and felled two or three smaller trees across the line in which the pine was to fall, to form a bedding, that it might not bury itself too deep in the snow, and again attacked their victim. A minute more and a crack was heard. With a loud warning "look out," the men retired to a safe distance. The slight crack increased to a crash, and with a loud rushing sound of the branches through the air, the tree fell with a heavy thud upon the snow. Then home to supper: the trip down the mountain rather more unpleasant, though decidedly quicker than the toiling up. Slipping here, falling there, and running counter to a tree in a third place, it was a most disorderly and undignified descent on my part. But the most aggravating part of the journey was the unsympathising conduct of the men in front: although I was continually plunging hands foremost into the snow, and most uncomfortably wetting my wrists, and occasionally crossing a brook on a single stick in exciting uncertainty as to whether I should reach the other side or dive into the middle, they still kept pressing on at a half-run, and if they did notice my discomfort, merely laughed at it.

At last we reached the shanty, and I must say that I sat down on the hard seat with far more comfort, and ate the greasy fried pork with far more relish than at mid-day. The shanty at night presented a much more enlivened appearance than it did on our arrival at noon. The fire was built up with huge logs, some of which took two men to lift them, and roared far up the chimney, and the space between the caboose and the beds was filled with dark forms in red shirts,—some singing most monotonous melodies, with half-intelligible words,—others playing cards for pieces of tobacco about the size of a penny, for stakes; some, more industrious, were whittling axe-handles; while in one corner was perched, cross-legged like a tailor, on his bed, a fiddler, who, with the bow in his left hand, was vehemently fiddling a merry jig (whether Irish or Scotch I cannot say, but I think neither), while near him were two men performing their steps, and stringently beating time to the music with their feet.

This concourse of sweet sights and sounds,

together with an occasional clatter of the tin dishes as the cook washes them up, lasts for perhaps two hours. Then the interval between the jigs becomes longer and longer, until the music ceases altogether; the songs are hushed, the axe-handles receive their finishing touch and final glance of approval, and the card players break up. Then the last pipes are lighted, some men even going so far as to get into bed with a yet unextinguished pipe between their teeth. Then one man after another retires, after kneeling by his bed side to repeat his prayers, until all are between the blankets; the fire ceases gradually to crackle and blaze, and all is silence.

During Lent, the French Canadian men repeat, before retiring, a short litany, kneeling on the benches beside the beds. The oldest man leads, and the rest join in with the responses which are addressed, not to Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Intercessor of the New Testament, but to the Virgin Mary, the intercessor of the Romish Church. Listen as I would, I could never distinguish more than ten words, so unintelligibly fast were the prayers uttered: "Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu, prie pour nous pauvres hommes."

At five next morning the foreman arouses the cook to get the breakfast ready, and half-an-hour later the men, who turn out with anything but alacrity, lighting the inevitable pipe the first thing, even before clothing their feet.

After a sound night's rest on two benches laid side by side, wrapped in my coats and a blanket I had brought with me (for I could not yet face the dingy-looking beds), I arose and made my toilet, amidst the open-mouthed gaze of some,—the wondering gaze of all. One after another, as he sat up in bed, devoted what little time did elapse, ere the lighting of his pipe, to rubbing his eyes and staring at my proceedings. A private towel (how I congratulated myself that I had brought some!) was a tolerably familiar object to them, with the uses of a toothbrush they also seemed to be acquainted, but of the advantages of using a nail-brush, or a hair-brush, they appeared to have not the slightest conception.

After a little more of the fry for breakfast, I started again with the foreman and saw the remainder of the process of getting the logs to the river. The timber, as we left it yesterday, was "shorn of its streaming hair," awaiting its removal to the stream. To do this requires roads, and to cut roads there are attached to every shanty, according to the nature of the country, a greater or less number of road-cutters, whose business it is to open the communication between the main road and every stick as it is made. These men are again divided into gangs—those who cut the branch-roads to the spot where the gang are at work, or are going to work, and those who cut from these roads immediately to the sticks themselves. There are two road-cutters to each gang of timber makers, and three or four more to cut the junction-roads.

After all the roads are cut the oxen are set to work. One team of oxen usually go to each shanty: sometimes, if the country be rough or the timber very much scattered, there must be two, one to each

gang. The names of every team are almost always the same. There is the universal "Buck" and his mate "Star" with a white spot on his forehead, or "Line," with a white ridge down his back, large heavy animals, girting perhaps upwards of seven feet, into whose yoke fits the tongue or pole of the sleigh; and the leaders "Buck" again and "Bright" more leggy and active. The work of these ponderous, patient creatures is to bring the timber to a place accessible to the horse-teams, and to swing it across a roll-way (i. e., a tree felled across the road), so that one end of the stick may be a little raised to allow the horse-teams to put their sleigh beneath it. There is to attend upon the oxen in the stable, and to manage them on the road, the ox-teamster, who has a small but peculiar vocabulary of his own, and when he wishes his oxen to turn to the right, hollas "*Haw!*" and when he would have them go to the left, cries "*Wo-hytche!*" With him is the chainer, who trims the roads, fells the trees for the roll-ways, clears away the blocks of the scorers, and puts the chain around the end of the stick, and, with his handspike, eases off the stick when the team makes a start.

I was curious to know how the sticks were got down from such a mountain as that I had ascended the day before; but I was enlightened, when a few days after on going up again to see the timber-makers at work, I saw a number of the road-cutters collected round a stick which was lying across the hill. Turning round one end with their handspikes, until it pointed down the mountain, off the log started with the speed of a race-horse, sending the snow in showers above it, and sometimes turning up the earth beneath, bumping over a rock here, glancing from a tree there, until it finally buried its nose in the more level ground below. Occasionally this is varied by the stick striking full against a tree in its headlong course, and being split in two, for part of its length, thereby being considerably shortened, or sometimes rendered completely useless. Sometimes, so broken and mountainous is the country, they have to "launch" the timber twice.

Then the oxen are brought into action. One end of the stick is canted up with handspikes on to the "bunk" of the sleigh, which keeps the tail end clear of the hinder beam, and to which it is chained, and with "Haw Buck and Bright—*Wo hytche Star*" from the teamster the oxen lay themselves to their yokes, and with straining necks drag it from its bed and lay it across the roll-way. There it lies, while the snow is deepening sufficiently to make good level roads for the horse-teams.

In about eight or ten weeks these arrive—farmers from the neighbourhood who earn their own and their horses' keep, and 4s. a-day besides, by drawing the timber from the roll ways to the river, while precluded from the possibility of doing anything on their farms by the snow. They make their way to the stick, and chaining it to their sleigh, drag it to the river. All goes smoothly, so long as the road is level or on merely a gentle slope, but any great departure from the horizontal diminishes the amount of work possible to be done.

A steep incline to be ascended condemns a road at once, and if it have to be descended causes some loss to the teamsters in the increased wear and tear of their gear. All sorts of contrivances are resorted to for stopping the way of the sleigh in descending a hill. A chain is put round the end of the stick, or round one of the runners of the sleigh, or the hill is sprinkled with cinders or sand, to prevent the sleigh from gliding too rapidly over the snow. In one place I actually saw a rope's-end made fast to the sleigh, a turn or two taken round a tree at the top of the hill, and a man standing with the other end of the rope in his hands, gradually ease off the sleigh with its load, as the horses descended the hill.

Sometimes the drawing is divided, one set of teams drawing the timber to a large roll-way close to the shanty, while the other teams with a second sleigh under the hinder end of the stick draw it thence to the river. By this contrivance, as the friction of iron upon snow is so much less than that of wood, each team can take double what it could on a single sleigh—about 120 cubic feet instead of 60.

Here, then, are our logs at the bank, down which they are rolled, or they are drawn on to a lake or gentle running part of the stream safely frozen over, where they lie, awaiting the general breaking up of the ice, which takes place about the commencement of April.

ROMANCE OF CHINESE HISTORY.

THE FATE OF WONG-WAN.

AN attempt was made in a former number* to convey an idea of what may be called "the romance of Chinese history." It was, in many cases, a mere epitome of the incidents related so minutely, and sometimes with such tedious verbosity, by the Chinese chronicler, though numerous passages were introduced in which the style and dramatic treatment of the original were as closely rendered as the nature of the subject and the genius of the two languages would permit. The article in question ended with the assassination of the tyrant Tung-chō; it is now purposed to relate the fate of the subtle but patriotic contriver of his destruction, the minister Wong-wan:

The plaudits which greeted the tyrant's death had scarcely ceased when the voice of Lew-poo was heard, demanding another victim:—

"Who will seize Lee-joo, the participator in all the old tiger's cruelties?"

Lee-soo, the same officer of cavalry who had taken so active a part in alluring Tung-chō to the capital, was on the point of stepping forward to undertake this new mission, when a great clamour was heard without the palace gates, and the shouts of the multitude informed the conspirators that Lee-joo had been seized and bound by his own servants, who were bringing him in triumph as a prisoner. Wong-wan at once ordered him to the market-place for execution. He gave directions at the same time that Tung-chō's remains should be cast out upon the public street, where they

* See Vol. IV., p. 607.

were treated with gross indignity, and trampled under foot.*

But the work of vengeance was incomplete, and Lew-poo, at the head of 50,000 men, marched upon the tyrant's stronghold at Mae-woo, for the purpose of exterminating his family and making himself master of the treasure which it contained.

The principal adherents of Tung-chö fled at Lew-poo's approach, and the city fell into his hands without a blow. His first care was to provide for the safety of Teou-shin, the fascinating cause of the tyrant's fall; and then, having set at liberty the youths and maidens belonging to loyal families, confined within the precincts of the palace, he ordered the work of destruction to commence. Neither age nor sex was spared; and among the first victims was Tung-chö's aged mother—a mournful verification of the forebodings she had expressed on her son's setting out to assume, as he had blindly believed, the imperial dignity. The heads of Tung-chö's youngest brother and his cousin Tung-hwang were struck off and paraded through the city, which was then plundered of the vast wealth stored up within its walls.

"So will it ever be with riches obtained through injustice and oppression," remarks the Chinese annotator. "Let the covetous take warning from the fate of Mae-woo."

When the news of Lew-poo's success was brought to Wong-wan, he ordered the troops to be liberally rewarded, and invited the whole of the officers of state to a banquet in the imperial palace in celebration of the event. The carousal was at its height when Wong-wan was told that a person had been seen to show signs of great grief over the body of Tung-chö, which still remained publicly exposed.

"Who is he?" said the minister, indignant at an act which seemed to condemn all that had taken place; "who thus dares to bemoan the tyrant's fate, when the nation with one accord welcomes the punishment awarded to his crimes with a shout of joy? Let the delinquent be brought before me."

To the astonishment of all present, on the return of the military officer upon whom the arrest of the offender had devolved, it was found to be none other than the imperial secretary of state, Tae-yung.

Wong-wan addressed him in a tone of menace:

"How darest thou, a servant of the House of Han, thus openly to express thy sympathy with a rebel and a traitor? And that, too, at a time when the whole nation is filled with joy at his having received the just punishment due to his crimes?"

"I have done wrong," said Tae-yung; "but, ignorant though I may be, I am not so wanting in right principles as to hesitate for an instant between my private feelings towards Tung-chö and my public duties towards the state. My exclamations of sorrow were involuntarily wrung from me at a moment of painful surprise. I do not seek to

extenuate my fault, but I am anxious that your highness should know its true cause. Let me have but time afforded me for the completion of the annals of the House of Han, and, though the people in their anger might cut my feet off, I should esteem myself as one favoured by fortune."

Tae-yung stood deservedly high in the estimation of the public for his probity and great talents, and the nobles who were present exerted themselves strenuously in his favour:

"Weigh well what you are about to do," said the great officer of state, Ma-jë, to Wong-wan. "Tae-yung is a virtuous and upright man; if he be rashly put to death, the history upon which he is now engaged will remain unfinished, and a great national loss may be the consequence."

"Not so," replied Wong-wan; "it was through the illustrious Woo having spared the life of the historian Sze-ma that his actions were so misrepresented, and his character so maligned. In times like these when the whole political system is out of joint, and the very throne is placed in danger, no minister belonging to the court can be allowed to take up his pen and criticise or condemn the conduct of those who may have the direction of the affairs of state."

"Wong-wan was evidently afraid," says the commentator, "that Tae-yung might have misrepresented the active part which he had taken in Tung-chö's death."

Ma-jë retired in silence.

"My Lord Wong," said he to his brother nobles, "may indeed put it out of the impartial historian's power to add a few pages to the chronicles of the empire, but he will find that no good can possibly arise from so impolitic an act."

Wong-wan, it seems, thought otherwise, for, heedless of all that had been urged in Tae-yung's favour, he ordered him to be thrown into a dungeon and strangled. And so Tae-yung died;—but neither unwept nor unsung, and posterity has not failed to do full justice to his memory.

It has been said that some of Tung-chö's principal adherents escaped from Mae-woo. These now sent a messenger to the capital to sue for pardon. Wong-wan refused it with indignation:—

"For the accomplices of Tung-chö there is no mercy," was his reply. "Although a general amnesty be granted, its benefits shall not extend to them."

"A grave error," remarks the Chinese annotator already quoted; "they should have been pardoned, and then, when they had dismissed their troops and rendered themselves completely powerless, Wong-wan might have dealt with them according to their deserts."

When the messenger returned with Wong-wan's answer their first impulse was to separate and seek for safety in flight. They would have done so, had it not been for the advice of one of their number:—

"Why," said he, "should we thus place ourselves at the mercy of the first boor who may seek to lay hands on us? Let us keep together and make a final effort to retrieve our fortunes; if we can but bring together a sufficient army, a rapid march upon the capital may put us in possession of the young emperor, and we shall not

* The soldiers, punning with brutal pleasantry upon the name of "Chö," which has the same sound as the word for candle, stuck a lighted torch in the corpulent body of the tyrant, and as the flame continued to derive sustenance from it, "See," said they, "we have turned the old 'candle' into a 'candlestick!'"

only be able to avenge Tung-chō's death, but to seize upon the administration of the empire; if we fail, it will be time enough to think of flight."

This counsel prevailed. A proclamation was issued in which it was declared to be the intention of Wong-wan to devastate the district of Se-leang, in which they had taken refuge, with fire and sword:—

"If you would save your lives," it went on to say, "take up arms in your defence, and we will lead you against the common enemy."

The fears of the people having been thus worked upon, they promptly responded to this appeal, and soon an army numbering upwards of a hundred thousand men was advancing in four divisions upon Chang-nan. It was joined on the march by a contingent of five thousand men under the command of Tung-chō's son-in-law, New-foo, who was burning to avenge his kinsman's death. Lee-tsy, who had been chosen to command the confederate army, sent him forward with the advanced guard, whilst he himself followed with the main body.

The first step taken by Wong-wan, on hearing of the advance of the confederates, was to send for Lew-poo, who begged him to set his mind at rest and not allow himself to be disquieted by the approach of a miserable rabble incapable of making the slightest stand against his veterans. But, as their rapid progress rendered it necessary that immediate measures should be taken, General Lee-soo was ordered to march out against them with a body of picked soldiers.

This general was at first successful, for on falling in with the enemy's van-guard he defeated it in a bloody battle, and nothing but the skill of its commander, New-foo, who succeeded in drawing off his forces in tolerable order, saved it from total rout! But the soldiers of Lee-soo seem to have been rendered careless by this victory, and their camp having been left unguarded, it was surprised in the middle of the same night by New-foo, who drove them from it with terrific slaughter. Following up his success, he pursued the fugitives for upwards of ten miles, and though Lee-soo managed to escape, it was with the loss of more than half his army.

"What hast thou done with my braves?" asked Lew-poo of him, when he reported his defeat; and in his fury at the destruction of so many of his best soldiers, he ordered his head to be cut off and suspended from the gates of the camp.

"A striking instance," observes the worthy commentator, "of the way in which divine retribution overtakes the guilty; causing, as in this case, those who have been guilty of the like crimes to be the instruments of their punishment."

The next day Lew-poo led out his troops in person against New-foo, who, being no match for his new opponent, was driven from his position, and forced to retreat. Dispirited by this defeat, he took counsel of his bosom friend and adviser, Hoo-tsih-urh. "This Lew-poo," said he to him "is a host in himself, it is useless to think of withstanding him. What sayest thou to our collecting our personal followers, seizing upon the treasure, and making off?" Hoo-tsih-urh, approving of this idea, it was determined to put it into execution without delay.

The same night New-foo and his accomplice, Hoo-tsih-urh, left the camp, with a few trusty followers, carrying with them a large booty in gold and precious stones. They had not gone far, however, before the cupidity of Hoo-tsih-urh became awakened, and he determined upon becoming sole possessor of the prize. Watching his opportunity, he dealt New-foo a fatal blow as they were fording a river, and making himself master of what he had so much coveted, he fled to Lew-poo, whose favour he hoped to gain, by presenting him with the head of his late master.

"The crafty scoundrel!" exclaims the commentator, with a burst of virtuous indignation.

But Lew-poo suspecting what had occurred, ordered inquiries to be made concerning the manner of New-foo's death, and on learning how perfidiously he had been dealt with by his faithless follower, he sentenced Hoo-tsih-urh to be put to death.

The commentator here directs the attention of the reader to the moral lesson to be learnt from this. "Surely," says he, "there was not much difference between Lew-poo's assassination of Tung-cho, and Hoo-tsih-urh's murder of his master. But such is human nature! We have no difficulty in judging of the actions of others; it is only when we have to deal with ourselves that our judgment is so strangely at fault."

The vanguard of the confederate army, and its leader New-foo, having been thus disposed of, Lew-poo set his forces in motion, and marched straight upon the main body of the enemy, under Lee-tsy. No sooner did he come upon their cavalry, than he mounted his horse and gave the signal for his troops to charge: so furious was the onset, that Lee-tsy, who had no time to draw up his army in order of battle, was forced to give way, and he was unable to rally his flying soldiers, until they had reached the mountains in their rear, some fifteen miles from the field. There, having restored order, and formed his encampment, he called his generals together, and thus addressed them:—"Lew-poo is a resolute and daring leader, but he is ignorant of the stratagems of war, and can be easily deceived. It is true that we cannot cope with him in the open field, but I have decided upon a plan by which his army may be thrown into disorder and be destroyed. It is this: whilst I, continuing to retire with a portion of the army, occasionally halt and show front to the enemy, so as to entice him into the defiles of the mountains; you, General Kō-fan, with the division under your command, will make a detour and place yourself in the enemy's rear; then, by alternately advancing to the clang of gongs, and retiring at the roll of the drum, we can harass him in front and rear, and so by giving him no rest, make his defeat certain. In the meantime the Generals Chang-se and Fauchow, will lead their divisions by two separate routes upon Chang-nan, so that the enemy will be attacked on all sides at the same time."

These arrangements having been carried out, on Lew-poo's renewing the attack, Lee-tsy made a feeble stand, and then drew off his forces, closely followed by Lew-poo, who, with eager impetuosity, urged on his soldiers in pursuit. They had

advanced a considerable distance within the defiles of the mountains, when they were brought to a check, by a shower of stones and arrows, from some heights in their front, which had been gained by Lee-tsu's troops, and almost at the same moment an alarm was given that a large body of the enemy had made its appearance in the rear and was moving rapidly forward. Lew-poo immediately drew back with the intention of attacking it, but Kō-fan—for it was his division—ordering his drums to beat, retreated rapidly before him. Scarcely had he done so, than the clang of gongs reverberated in the distance, and Lew-poo had to face round to meet the attack of Lee-tsu who had fallen upon his rear, but that general pursuing the same tactics, as had been agreed upon with General Kō-fan, immediately ordered his drums to give the signal for retreat, whilst the distant gongs of Kō-fan's division—as if in answer to their echo—showed that it was again advancing.

For several days Lew-poo continued in this perplexing position, without being able to bring the enemy to an engagement, and he was almost mad with rage and desperation.

He was thus situated, when a messenger arrived in hot haste from Wong-wan, with the intelligence that the capital was in the greatest peril, two divisions of the confederate army having arrived before it.

Lew-poo instantly ordered a retreat, and by a desperate effort broke through the enemy's ranks, but not without sustaining a very heavy loss in men and horses. On nearing Chang-nan, then closely invested by the rebels, he drew up his army and marched at once to the attack, but being unable to obtain any great advantage over them, a great number of his officers, dreading the violence of his passion when excited by defeat, went over to the enemy. In the meantime, some of Tung-chō's late partisans took advantage of the confusion which reigned within the city, to throw its gates open to their friends outside the walls, and Lew-poo, with the prospect of his retreat being cut off, found himself reduced to the last extremity.

"Take horse and fly!" shouted he to Wong-wan, as followed by a few horsemen, he rode up to the city walls. "There is not a moment to be lost; in the fastnesses of Kwan-tung we may yet retrieve our broken fortunes."

"My sole desire," replied the minister, "has been, through the favour of the Gods, to bestow peace and tranquillity upon the empire; since this has been denied me, I am prepared to meet my fate. Thank the nobles of Kwan-tung for all that they have done, and tell them from me, never to forget their country, nor cease to exert themselves for the welfare of the state."

Lew-poo renewed his entreaties, but all in vain; Wong-wan was inexorable.

"A true son of Han!" exclaims the commentator.

By this time, flames had sprung up from different parts of the city, and Lew-poo dared no longer delay his departure. Escorted by a squadron of horse, he rescued his household from destruction, and then fled with all speed in the direction of Kwan-tung. Marching into the city

at the head of their victorious legions, the confederate leaders delivered it up to plunder; and though all resistance was at an end, many of the nobles and officers of the highest rank fell victims to the fury of the soldiery and the anarchy which seemed about to overwhelm the state. Ere long the rebels had spread themselves in all directions, and penetrating to the palace walls, were about to threaten it with their violence, when one of the imperial attendants rushed into the royal presence, and besought the emperor to show himself above the gate, that the sight of his sacred person might awe them into submission. The young emperor having decided upon following this suggestion, no sooner did the confederate chiefs catch sight of the yellow canopy, than they restrained their soldiers, shouting "The Emperor! Long live the Emperor!"

"Wherefore is it that thou thus comest to Chang-nan without a summons?" inquired the youthful monarch, leaning against the battlements.

The confederate leaders looking upwards, submissively replied:

"It is not as rebels that your servants have dared to approach the capital; but he who was blessed with your majesty's good-will and the favour of the Gods, the minister Tung-chō, has fallen—though guiltless of all crime—a victim to the machinations of Wong-wan, and we are here to avenge him; only let Wong-wan be delivered up to us, and the troops shall be withdrawn."

Wong-wan, who stood by the emperor's side, turned to him when he heard these words, and said, "Since fate has so ordered it, let me beseech of your majesty that no injury may befall the state on my account, but grant me permission to descend and deliver myself into the hands of these traitors."

The emperor exhibiting signs of irresolution, Wong-wan leapt down among the rebels, crying out in a loud voice, "Wong-wan is here!"

"O most excellent Wong-wan!" exclaims the commentator, in enthusiastic admiration.

The confederate leaders, surrounding him with their swords drawn, violently upbraided him.

"Of what offence had Tung-chō been guilty, that he was put to death?" they asked.

"The traitor's crimes were without number, and the whole universe was filled with his misdeeds," was the reply. "Have you yet to learn how all ranks in Chang-nan made high jubilee the day on which he died?"

"If," answered the confederates, "his highness were thus guilty, what were our crimes, that the amnesty was not allowed to extend to us?"

"Rebels and traitors," said the enraged minister, "you do but waste your words. Here is Wong-wan before you; let him die! He wants no favour at your hands!"

Irritated at this language the confederates fell upon him, and killed him with their swords.

"Thus fell the illustrious Wong-wan," exclaims the Chinese commentator, "a glorious victim to his unflinching fidelity to the sacred person of his imperial master."

G. G. ALEXANDER.

RUSHTON HALL.

ABOUT four miles to the north-east of Kettering, in Northamptonshire, rise the quaintly-peaked stone gables of Rushton Hall, an edifice which the pencil of Cattermole or Nash would have loved to reproduce. Situated in a well-wooded park, watered by the pellucid stream of the Ise, and surrounded by beautiful scenery, it presents a remarkable and most characteristic specimen of the unclassical but picturesque medley of Italian and Gothic styles, which was prevalent towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. It was erected by Sir Thomas Tresham, father of Francis, whose name is so familiar by reason of its unhappy connection with the Gunpowder Plot; and the building still retains many traces of its olden grandeur. At the extremity of the pleasure-grounds stands a curious triangular-shaped lodge, built of stone, the sides being covered with exquisitely executed tracery, and said to be connected with the mansion by a secret subterranean passage, of which, however, no traces have been discovered. The peculiarity of the building is, that nearly everything, windows, ornamentation, &c., is *trine*, or threefold. Popular tradition ascribes its erection *ostensibly* as a chapel dedicated to the Trinity, but *really* intended for the purpose of enabling the persecuted Romanists to carry on their treasonable designs in secrecy and safety; for Sir Thomas, although originally a Protestant, had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith, and cruelly persecuted. The secluded position and strange form of the lodge may have originated the tradition; but it must be borne in mind that its builder had a taste for architecture, and has left still existing proofs of his peculiar genius in the old Market House at Rothwell, two miles distant, and at Lievden, near Oundle. Consequently—and there is nothing to prove the contrary—the mysterious triangular lodge may have been merely an architectural freak on his part; but be that as it may, it is certain that the Tresham family were deeply involved in the Gunpowder Plot, and that Rushton Hall was a frequent rendezvous of the conspirators.

About 1832, as a labourer was effecting some alterations in the interior of the mansion, he had to remove a lintel from over an ancient doorway, and in doing so discovered a secret recess containing several Roman Catholic books, and a large number of manuscripts, consisting of private letters, historical notes, private correspondence, builders' bills, &c., several of the letters appearing to have some relation to the conspiracy. The fate of these papers is at present unascertained, although no doubt exists as to their historic importance.

Francis, son of Sir Thomas Tresham, is generally assumed to have been the writer of the anonymous letter to Lord Montecagle (who had married his sister, Elizabeth Tresham), which led—truly or not—to the discovery of the plot, and occasioned his arrest and subsequent confinement in the Tower of London, where he died, according to popular belief, of poison whilst awaiting his trial. After his death the Rushton estates passed into

the hands of Sir William Cockayne, whose son was created Viscount Cullen, in 1642. In this family they were retained for nearly two hundred years, and were then sold to W. W. Hope, Esq., whose executors afterwards resold them to Miss Thornhill, in whose family they still remain.

There is an interesting legend connected with the Cullen family. Bryan, the second Lord Cullen, was betrothed at the age of sixteen years to Elizabeth Trentham, then in her twelfth year, and sole heiress of the Trenthams of Staffordshire, and afterwards of the estates belonging to the Earls of Oxford. After the betrothal young Cullen went abroad, and while in Italy formed a somewhat romantic attachment to a lady—asserted to be of high rank in that country—who requited his passion with the fervour natural to the sunny South. How he effected his departure from her is unknown; but it is recorded that during the



The Lady Elizabeth Trentham, from a picture by Lely, in possession of the family, never hitherto engraved.

festivities consequent on his marriage with the "beautiful" Miss Trentham, and while he was sitting down with his bride to a splendid banquet in the grand hall at Rushton, the doors suddenly burst open, and the assembled guests were startled by the appearance of a lady who, with excited action, walked up to the central table, where, facing the shrinking bridegroom and almost fainting bride, she took up a golden chalice and drank to the endless misery of the newly-wedded pair. Then sinking on her knees she, in tremulous tones, invoked the vengeance of heaven on her false-hearted lover; after which she slowly arose, and steadfastly gazing at Lord Cullen and his trembling bride, sternly prophesied that the lady would "live in misery and die in want;" then quitting the hall she departed, and was never afterwards heard of. In a poetical version of the legend, written by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell, a connection of Lord Cullen's family, the effects

of the curse on Bryan's posterity is thus alluded to :—

“ And ever and still those fatal words
His offspring all must rue ;
The name of Cullen has passed away,
The stranger sits in his halls this day ;
For the curse e'en yet proves true.”

Lady Cullen became a lady of the bedchamber to Queen Catherine, was distinguished for her beauty, and had her portrait twice painted by Sir Peter Lely, once as Venus, and once as a lady attired in the prevailing fashion of the time.

She several times afforded a refuge to the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, when that unhappy young nobleman was in disgrace with his father in 1682-83, and a chamber at Rushton Hall was called the Duke's room. But, notwithstanding the enormous wealth of Lord and Lady Cullen, their extravagance occasioned the family estates to be heavily mortgaged, and in 1713 the Italian lady's curse was partly fulfilled, for in that year Lady Cullen, after a life of domestic misery, died in comparative penury at Kettering.

A noble trait is recorded of the third Viscount. In common with the Earl of Chesterfield and Lord Ferrers, he refused to join the association proposed by the Princess Anne for the purpose of exterminating the Romanists from England ; and their example being followed by many others, the mischievous project fell to the ground.

But the chief interest of Rushton arises from its association with the name of John Dryden, for it was here that he composed his theological poem of the Hind and Panther ; and the fact is recorded on a time-worn and mouldering tablet affixed to a half-ruined pedestal which stands in one of the shady avenues which the poet delighted to frequent, and where he passed several of his happiest hours.

From an elevated site in the gardens we obtain a view of the distant field of Naseby ; and in the pretty little village church of Rushton are to be found several curious old monuments connected with the Tresham and Cullen families, especially one—a beautiful alabaster altar-tomb—which represents Sir Thomas Tresham in a recumbent position, and attired in his robes as Prior of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Another effigy, six and a half feet long, is supposed to be that of William de Goldingham, a Knight Templar, who possessed lands at Rushton in 1248. The little church is well worth a visit.

JOHN PLUMMER.

THE OLD YEAR.

Down in the frozen earth
We bury him cold and low,
Ere the first faint light of the New Year's birth
Looks coldly over the snow.
We lay upon his breast
Some dreams that have seen their end,
Some griefs that we pray may share the rest
Of the old, departed friend.

Youth, friendship, hope, and love,
Ay ! shroud them in one pall,
And heap the mould on that mound above,
The grave that holds them all.
They struggled hard and sore
In the days that have gone past,
But trial and strife are theirs no more,
And we part from them at last.

The night is very still,
For the ice-chains hold the streams,
But the north wind stirs the pines on the hill
Till they moan as we moan in dreams.
Solemnly to and fro,
Like the plumes that shade a bier,
They slowly wave o'er the waste of snow
That wraps the buried year.

The moon is veil'd about,
But a wan light fills the air,
And shows the beach, with the tide far out,
All desolate, bleak, and bare.
Ghastly as life's long dream,
When its glory hath gone by,
Grey oozy pools to the dim sky gleam,
Where at eve the waves ran high.

When some beloved one goes
To that far untroubled shore,
Where neither the bitter hate of foes,
Nor our love can reach him more ;
The tortured heart goes back,
O'er our deeds and words for years,
Marking each footprint on the track
With bitter, penitent tears.

So think we o'er this dead—
As a friend aye kind and true,
Whose gifts around us were largely shed,
While our thanks were poor and few.
Too late we mourn the hours,
That we mock'd with laughter light ;
We took small heed of the proffer'd flow'rs,
And have nought but thorns to-night.

Hark to the clang of bells,
Half sad in their merry din,
As the wind-borne cadence fails and swells,
They are ringing the New Year in ;
We, too, shall never meet
Together again, to hear
That peal ring out on the night to greet
The birth of another year.

Our paths now lie apart :
We have buried our dead at last ;
And though we feel that for hope and heart
The summer of life is past,
Oh ! hush that wild complaint,
There are burdens yet to bear ;
The heart may falter, and fail and faint,
But the soul accepts her share.

Farewell, lone sea-side grave,
With thy tenants stark and cold :
Peace from the coming time we crave,
But our love lies with the old.
Faith needs must toil alone,
When she wins her noblest meed :
They may be baffled, but ne'er o'erthrown,
Who hold her in their need. M.

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTERS.

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO, IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY A. STEWART HARRISON



CHAPTER VI.

HE had news—some good—some bad—he would see Ellen alone.

“But do tell me one thing,” said Mary, “you found him well? Alive? You surely have something to tell me.”

“I found him alive, Mary, and what I have to tell, Ellen shall tell you.” And with a sad heart Mary left them.

“You found him alive, Henry. He is not alive now? I know it—I saw it in your face, when you told Mary so.” And Ellen heaved a great sigh, and, as far as human hearts can break, her heart was broken then. She was rigid as a stone—her heart was dead. No tears—no groans—only an impatient weariness of the thought that she must live. Her love had died, and without a tear she buried him in her heart.

“Yes, Ellen, he is dead. He was, as you said, as fine a fellow as ever breathed; I heard nothing but good of him while in the Island or on board. He was down with the fever when I got there, and forbidden to see anyone. I told the physician attending him I wanted to see him in a case of

life and death, and would not permit myself a moment longer than was necessary. He seemed vexed at my persistence, and said he would let me know next day. I called, and he gave me leave, and told me his fate was sealed—he must die. I went to his lodgings, saw him, and told him who I was; he felt for my hand and took it.

“She sent you—God bless her! Poor Mary!”

“No,” I said, “she only knew I was coming after I started. I came here to ask some explanation of your leaving as you did.”

“He rose up in the bed with a wild, surprised look, and said:

“She does not know? Explanation? Oh, my God! Mother, what have you done? You have killed me! I left a letter with my mother to give her, it explains all.”

“She has not had it—your mother denies it—she says she has no letter. Tell me what the letter contained.”

“He looked at me, as if recovering from a trance—

“Mother! Oh, mother! mother!”

“I beseech you, sir, tell me what shall I say

to my sister whose happiness you have blighted—I meant to force you to do it had I found you well—finding you thus, I entreat you, tell me know.”

“He sank down on the bed, still muttering ‘Oh mother, mother! Poor Mary! Mother, you have killed my poor Mary!’

“It was very painful for me; I could see he had not another hour’s life in him, but yet I must force him to an explanation.

“I do entreat you, Mr. Blackwood, tell me what the letter contained, as explanation of your conduct.”

“He was too far gone—he could only murmur. I called the people in, and gave him a restorative, and stood there by his bed-side, watching for some gleam of consciousness for nearly half an hour; then he seemed to revive, and looked at me as if I were quite a stranger. I saw this was the only chance; I asked him once more to tell me what was in the letter he had left with his mother—that I was Mary’s brother.

“‘She must forgive me—you forgive me for her. I could not but believe she forgives and pities me now that she knows all.’

“‘She knows nothing—your mother denied having any letter for her.’

“‘You said that before, just now—didn’t you? I am dying—I know it—I feel it. Tell your sister I could not marry her—I have never ceased to love her.’

“‘Why not? For God’s sake tell me, or she will break her heart.’

“He paused a moment, and then said:

“‘Because my—’ Here he broke down altogether, and sank back as if dead. I supported him, and poured some cordial down his throat. He rallied, looked at me, and found strength enough to murmur ‘The letter—’ and then was gone. I’ve seen this kind of thing at the hospitals pretty frequently, but I can tell you, Ellen, this upset me quite—to be baulked and disappointed after all this time, and be referred to that lying mother of his again; it was too much for me—I felt rash, drank too much, and was ill myself; that’s the reason you had no letters. I cut off a piece of his hair for Mary, and I must get you to give it her—I can’t tell her all this.”

Henry had forgotten, or thought little of the feelings of the sister who sat with a face of stone listening to him. He gave her the hair in a paper, and Ellen said:

“Mary shall have *some*.”

“Some, Ellen?—I’m sorry, I forgot.”

“That’s right, Henry. Do forget what it is not good for either of us to remember.”

Mary heard the news of her lover’s death and was grieved bitterly by it; she had the portion of hair that Ellen gave her made into a brooch, and wore it constantly. The portion that remained with Ellen, none ever saw, or knew what became of it.

Henry soon saw the state of affairs at his father’s; there was no room for him, Mr. Charles Bates had been put into his room, and he must sleep at the hotel, said Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Bates, and, as a result, said Mr. Newton.

There was a violent explosion between Mr. Henry Newton and his worthy step-mamma, and

he left the house, swearing never to return to it, an oath which Mrs. Bates was not at all sorry to hear uttered, and only hoped might be kept.

Henry saw his sisters before he left, and said, if they would trust to him, he had a plan by which they might all live together in London; but that they must wait, it was not yet perfected.

They waited, and at last came the news that Henry had married a West Indian lady with a large fortune, whom he had met on board the vessel in which he came over; he and his newly made wife invited them all to go and live with them; but Ellen was doubtful about the wisdom of the plan, it would be such a tax on Henry. The fact that such a proposal had been made, soon came to the ears of Mrs. Newton; it was too advantageous a scheme to be lost by Ellen’s scruples, and persecutions of all kinds were redoubled: all the little, petty tyrannies that a merciless woman in authority can exercise over other women of finer feelings than herself were then put in force to drive them from their father’s house. Yet they would not go; rather than burden their brother, they would stay where they had a right to stay.

“They would stay, would they?” said Mrs. Bates—not if she knew anything, should they stay another week—that Ellen should go, and Mary should go—Susan was a poor little fool, and she might stay. If Ellen went Mary would go—how could Ellen be driven out? She who was stone itself to all their taunts, who seemed to their eyes, to live above their power,—perhaps Mary could have told them, Ellen was not the stoic with her she was to them. She must go—she must have one point where she was sensitive. Mary was always in hand, the mention of Lieutenant Blackwood, vanquished poor Mary at once; but Ellen still stern and grim, she could not be driven out, she had no weak and assailable points—none—none. Yes, there was one—that should be tried—and the three conspirators held a conference, and acted.

The Admiral sat in the dining-room, sipping his coffee, and reading the paper, as was his habit, Mrs. Newton sat at the head of the table dispensing the coffee, Mrs. Bates sat near the bread and butter, and cut well-buttered slices for herself and her children, and very meagre equivalents for the two girls, Mary and Susan, in Ellen’s reign the servants prepared a wholesome, plenteous breakfast; now, bread and butter and coffee alone could secure peace, and they alone were there. Most of the old servants had gone, but those who remained said: “The house *used* to be kept as a gentleman’s should be, but now—” and they shook their heads at the change.

So the family sat one morning, about a month after Henry’s proposal had been first made.

The door opened suddenly, and Ellen entered with a wild, dry eye, and in her arms, a dirty, black-looking burden.

“Look here, Papa—”

“Why, Ellen, what is it? Not poor old Winks? Don’t say that, Ellen!”

“It is, father—my poor old friend—poor old

Winks," she murmured, caressingly, to the burden in her arms.

"What does it mean? Where did you find him?"

"It means, father, that this lady's son has brutally killed it. Brutally! Cruelly! Look at its poor limbs, shockingly contorted. Oh, it was brutal, when death might have come so painlessly by other poisons, to choose this to kill him! Arsenic, father; they gave it in his food, and shut him up in the outhouse. I missed him last night, and looked for him everywhere, and the girls brought him in this morning. Poor old Winks!" and the woman who had not shed a tear before her enemy till now, wept to see her old playfellow dead.

"Mrs. Newton, did you know of this? Was this done by your orders?" said the father, now fairly roused.

"Really, Mr. Newton, I am not disposed to answer a question put in that tone."

"No, my dear Kate, don't answer him."

"Hold your tongue, madam!" thundered the Admiral, in a tone that showed he had too often spoken with authority to be disobeyed now.

"Mrs. Newton, did you know of this? Was it done by your orders?"

"Yes, sir, it was. I considered that it was a very bad habit of Ellen's, allowing a cat in the bed-room, and I determined not to permit it. I'm sure nobody wanted the brute here."

"I think so too," muttered Ellen. Perhaps they did not mean the same animal.

"Mrs. Newton," said the Admiral, "that 'brute,' as you call it, was one of the first presents my wife gave to her daughter Ellen. I saw her put it into the child's arms when she was but ten years old, and this poor 'brute' a pretty kitten. It has been her companion, day and night, for now these many years. You may despise the love that such long years cause between a woman and a 'brute,' I do not. I have, madam, made a mistake in taking you to occupy the post you do. I have watched your conduct to my daughters, hoping it would mend; this act of most barbarous cruelty has killed my emotions of respect or affection for you. We are husband and wife, henceforth, only in name."

He rang the bell, and when the servant came, said:

"Jane, go to your mistress's room, collect all my clothes, and take them to Mr. Henry's room; remove those of Mr. Bates, and take your orders from your mistress where to put them. Madam, I will send my solicitor to you, to make arrangements about the household expenses." And the old gentleman left the room, but not before Ellen had put her arms round his neck, kissed him, and said,

"Now you are my father again."

Ellen washed her poor pet, and buried him; and many a human being has sukk into a grave over which fewer tears have been shed. A few years make us fond of pets, and the heart of a child is very tender. What wonder the woman weeps to find that old companion gone? Fare thee well, poor old Winks! I cannot despise thy mistress

for loving thee, and weeping at thy death, though thou wert even but a "brute."

Mrs. Bates had gained her end, for Ellen and Mary left their father's house to live with their brother in London.

CHAPTER VII.

I MUST now pass over twenty years, of which I have little record, for this story is founded on facts. Henry is a stout and well-to-do general practitioner in London; his wife has been dead some few years. Mary is the comely wife of a tradesman in easy circumstances. Susan, after living with her father and his tyrants, who had regained their power, some few years, had died of an affection of the throat, aggravated by neglect and the economy of Mrs. Bates. Admiral Newton died about four years before this time, and his wife, within six months, became a bride for the third time, Major Simpkins being the happy man:—report says that Mrs. Bates does not visit the major, and that that gentleman is master in his own house. Ellen is housekeeper in a nobleman's family, and dines in state, with a footman at her back,—grim, stern, and harder than ever is Ellen.

Henry had a habit of frequenting the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, for my story is of the days when men did go to those quiet little city taverns to spend their evenings, instead of flying down to Brighton, when their business was done. One evening, upon going in, he was immediately accosted by a fellow surgeon,

"Here, look, Newton! there's an advertisement for some of your people in the Times. Something to their advantage."

He took the Times, and read,

IF MISS MARY NEWTON, who left Plymouth in 1811, will communicate with Messrs. Harrild & Co. she will HEAR OF SOMETHING TO HER ADVANTAGE.

"That's your sister, Mrs. Coulson, isn't it, Newton?"

"I don't know; she was Mary Newton, of Plymouth; still, there may be another Mary of the same name and place."

"You'll see them, of course."

"O yes, I'll see them before I see her, and so save her disappointment."

Henry called at the solicitor's, and there found that his sister was the person intended, and taking her there next day was informed, that the sum of 10,000*l.* in the Three Per Cents. had reverted to her through the death of Mrs. Blackwood.

"This packet, madam, was placed by that lady in my hands for delivery, and as soon as the necessary documents are drawn up the money shall be transferred to you."

Mary took the packet and the news home to her astonished husband. The packet contained two letters, one old and creased, the other evidently but lately written.

The letters occupied but a small portion of Mr. Coulson's attention; he was a thorough tradesman, and this accession to his capital set him scheming for success in his efforts to increase it. Mary took the letters to her room, and, while watching in its cradle the slumbers of another man's child, read the old, creased, and faded letter

of her dead lover with almost a feeling of guilt when she found it addressed to her as "My dearest Mary."

It ran as follows :

MY DEAREST MARY,—I must entreat you to remember while reading this strange letter that I have not ceased to love you—as long as I live I never shall. If you should find it in your heart to blame me for thus quitting you, and so soon after I had sworn I loved you more than life, let this sad story be my excuse, at least, in your loving eyes.

I left you, Mary, on the night of the launch, my heart full of happiness, my mind busy forming pictures of what might be in our happy future. I found my mother up, and she told me you would never be my wife. In vain I pressed her to say why. She would not herself, but gave me a letter to her agent. I went with a person he selected to Bethlehem Hospital, and saw my friend's life nearly sacrificed to the violence of one of the inmates. I saw the father of my new friend, and found that he could answer the question I had put to my mother.

He was an old man, and had been the family doctor for years, and his father before him. He gave me the history of my family, and told me that my grandfather had committed suicide in a paroxysm of madness, having previously nearly strangled my grandmother, and believing her dead. He went on to say that madness ran in our blood, that two of the three of my father's brothers had died in close confinement, raging madmen, and that I had been trained to the sea in order that the active bodily exercise might save me from the temptation to over-study which had generally preceded the outbreaks in the other cases. He implored me not to marry, assuring me that if I did I must subject any woman who became my wife to the most awful of lives—that of alliance with a person whose reason might desert him at any moment, and the additional horror of the risk of her children being similarly afflicted.

He told me I might possibly escape, if I continued my present habits of active exercise, but that he could hardly answer for it. He told me, further, that this knowledge had been kept from me for fear it might produce the very result it was so desirable to avoid. He urged me until I promised him that I would not marry without informing you of this fact, and he said that if I did marry he should lose any feeling of respect he had entertained for me.

I could not tell you this, and then ask you to be my wife—I could only be happy in the grave.

As I was leaving him, almost stunned with the thought of the horrible future he had pointed out, I exclaimed :

"I would to God I had been like my father, and by an early death escaped this misery of life."

"Your father has not escaped, Mr. Blackwood," said he.

"Not escaped?" I said. "Not dead?"

"No, sir, not dead! the maniac whom you saw yesterday attempting my son's life, and who now lies chained to his bed, is your father."

I knew no more after this, till I found myself on the sofa in his room with the blood flowing from my arm.

I left as soon as possible, and reached this place last evening. I changed into another vessel, and before you have this from my mother's hand I shall be on my way to a climate which may be an early messenger of God's mercy to me.

Mary, dearest Mary, was it not better that I should leave thus and not subject myself to the temptation of robbing you of all happiness in this world by concealment of my newly-discovered hereditary malady?

Mary, I know I am forgiven. I feel your heart will approve my conduct. I shall never cease to love you while I have life. May God bless you, and make you as happy as I once hoped to have been able to make you.

Farewell, dearest! Once more farewell from your own

ELLIS.

She read it through once, and again, and sat lost in thought for a long time, and then, looking down at her youngest, who lay asleep at her feet, caught it impulsively in her arms, and exclaimed :

"Poor Ellis! Thank God we escaped this misery."

There was still the letter from Mrs. Blackwood, and she laid the child down, and once more, with the unwearied foot of motherhood, rocked it to sleep, as she read—

MY DEAR MISS BLACKWOOD,—Let me now, thus late, attempt to make some reparation for the wrong I have done you in retaining the enclosed letter.

Mine is a sad story. I do not justify myself, I only seek to extenuate what must appear an act of wanton brutality on my part, to say nothing of the want of honour involved.

At sixteen I was married to the father of Ellis, a man of sweet disposition and gentle manners, against whose character I never had heard a word. My father and mother were people who had succeeded in business, and who thought their money would surely bring me a husband of good family. Mr. Blackwood's offer was accepted, and I married him.

For the first few years of my married life I was as happy as it is possible for any human being to be: this happiness lasted till the birth of my last child—I had then three, Ellis and two girls.

After this time my husband gradually changed. He became addicted to study; for days together I saw nothing of him—he and his assistants were locked in night and day in a part of the house to which I was forbidden to go. He began, too, to talk strangely of man's power over nature, and scarcely ever slept: his look grew wild and his temper dreadfully irritable. I consulted an old friend of my father's, who was also his solicitor, and he recommended me to see the doctor who had attended my husband's family. I saw him (Dr. Stephen) and he told me that I must be careful not to cross my husband, and that the family were subject to attacks of mental weakness.

One evening after this, I went to my husband's door, and entreated him to let me in to see him. He said, in an hour I might come. I went again, and he came out and clasped me in his arms and said :

"Now, like Archimedes, I can exclaim 'Eureka!' Look, my wife, look here!"

He drew me into the study, and showed me on the table a drawing of some machine.

"There!" said he, "that is my bird; in it you and I will skim the air like swallows, gaze upon the sun like eagles, and fly from clime to clime at will! That sketch, Caroline, is a mint—a Golconda—and shall make your husband's name last longer than the pyramids!"

I laughed, I could not help it, to hear him talk of flying in that way. That laugh cost me my happiness. I have never laughed since. In one moment he had caught me by the throat, and was strangling me. I screamed, and remembered no more till I found myself in bed, and Dr. Stephen at the bedside. He told me that the servants had rescued me after a great difficulty, that the groom was seriously injured by a hammer my husband had used to defend himself, and that my husband was then strapped down to a bed—a madman!

I then heard that the malady was hereditary, that none of the female members of the family had been so afflicted, but that nearly all the males had died violent deaths.

I consulted Mr. Harrild and Dr. Stephen, and for six months everything that could be thought of was done for my husband's benefit, without avail. At last I was advised to send him to Bethlehem Hospital, in London, Dr. Stephen promising to see him often, and let me know his condition.

I broke up my establishment, removed to another part of the country, gave out that I was a widow, and told my children that their father was dead. In a few years there were only myself and the doctor and the solicitor aware of my husband's existence, as an incurable madman in Bethlehem under the name of Copeland. Ellis was sent to sea, and I hoped, and fondly hoped, that he would escape the knowledge of the secret of his father's state.

No words can paint my horror, when that night of the launch he told me he was affianced to you. I could not—for his own, for your sake—suffer him to marry. I sent him to London, with a request to Dr. Stephen to show him his father, and break the matter to him. It was done; my son came back to me changed. Hope was dead in his heart—he longed for death himself, and I could not but feel with him. He left me to go to Jamaica—I would rather have seen him dead than in his father's condition. He went. Before he left he gave me this letter to give to you, asking me to break to you, as gently as might be, this dreadful news. He left it unsealed, I read it, and the temptation to keep my secret was too much for me. If you knew it, you would have told your sister; she others; and my girls, would have known they were the children of a madman. I struggled with my conscience—I lied—I said I had no letter.

I could not be robbed of everything. My son was dead to me already—my husband worse than dead. I had but my two girls, I could not lose them,—see them different from what they were,—I could not convict myself of lying to those who loved and trusted me so much. I argued what good would it do you to know.

It is enough. I did deny the possession of this letter for all these reasons; if I have sinned, I have suffered punishment.

When your brother came to me, after his return from Jamaica, and told me of my son's death, I lied yet once more. It was too much to bear that I should lose everything through you. My son was dead. My conscience, seared by previous denials, was less sensitive now, and I lied to him again. Desolate as I was, I found my only comfort in the society of my daughters and my hopes of their happiness. Alas! how vain our wishes and hopes are! As though my crime had blighted them they withered. The news of their brother's death proved too much for my delicate Agnes, and before six months had passed I was once more mourning for one of my children. I had but one now,—we lived in each other. Often have I lain awake reflecting what might be the effect of my telling her my secret. I fancied I saw her turn away from me, horror stricken at my duplicity. I could not trust any one with my last grains of happiness—I could not tell any one, for it might reach her, and so blight my love once more.

I do not say this was right, I only ask pity for the weakness. She was always delicate and ailing, required the most watchful attention, and for years she had all the care a mother could bestow, and yet she sickened more and more. I could see her grow weaker day by day, and each day saw us closer. At last she sank and died, and with her died out my last hopes of

happiness of any kind in this world. Robbed of her, I turned to my husband, and, on several occasions, saw him. The sound of my voice drove him into the wildest paroxysms of rage, and Dr. Stephen advised me to leave him where he was. I did so, and for the last ten years have been a desolate, solitary woman.

My hour is come now, I am leaving this world. I look back over my life with pain; I see many, many faults that I might have avoided committing; but chief amongst them rises this that I have done in reference to my son and yourself.

I have, for twenty years, allowed his name to be blackened by all who knew of his supposed treatment of you; to you I have been cruel indeed,—I admit it. I pray your forgiveness—as I do my Maker's—for this sin. Forgive, as you hope to be forgiven, one who has lived in much pain and suffered so much, that she is glad that death is at last so near to relieve her.

Yours,

CAROLINE BLACKWOOD.

The will left by my son, in my hands, will be placed with this letter in the hands of Mr. Harrild. My son said he should leave you all he had in reversion after myself and his sisters, if they were unmarried. Once more, Mary Newton, forgive me for the wrong I have done you. C. B.

Mary read the letter through, and found in it a slip of paper evidently put in as an afterthought.

“My son left this ring with me to give to your sister Ellen, as a token of his sincere friendship. Will you, please, let her have it, should she be alive now.”

She put them all together, ring and letters, in her drawer, and went down to her husband, and asked him if he would like to see the letters, in a tone which ladies can so well assume, and which tells you without words that it would be the greatest offence you could commit to accept the offer made. Mr. Coulson was a well-drilled husband, seventeen years training teach a man to understand a woman's voice as well as her words, and he replied at once:

“No, I don't care about seeing them. There's nothing in them, I suppose?”

“Not much,” said Mary, and there ceased all reference on his part to the subject. The money became Mr. Coulson's especial care, and he was successful enough to retire, after a few years, to Clapham, where in the isolated and dignified retirement peculiar to that place, he spent the remainder of his days.

And Ellen?

The letters were taken to Ellen to read, and were never returned. The ring, once on her finger, never came off again.

She called soon after on Doctor Stephen the younger, and with him proceeded to the New Bethlehem hospital on the Surrey side of the Thames, for the old one was gone and its inmates removed to their new home. There she saw the father of him who had been her life's one love, and after a few days spent in attendance on him, gained so much influence over the old man, now enfeebled by age and more tractable, that she obtained the doctor's leave to remove him to the sea-side; and there, renting a cottage, she and the feeble-minded old gentleman lived together.

He was still fond of drawing wheels on paper, and had numbers of birds of all kinds in a large

covered space at the back of the house; but his violence was quite gone, and when he was departing for that other world, where, perhaps, the powers of which he dreamed would be his without the cumbrous machinery, by which alone in this life he could have attained them, he became conscious and heard his own story from her lips; and, with his hand in hers, blessed her for his last years of happiness and freedom, and so passed away.

He was buried in the quiet little churchyard of the place, and then Ellen was once more a stone. Her nephews and nieces came to see her, and wondered whether it was a true report they heard occasionally, in the village, that their Aunt Ellen was the lady who had taken an old man out of Bedlam, and had nursed him till he died.

(Concluded.)

AS OLD AS THE HILLS.

Few people ever think of the meaning of this very common simile, one which may be taken as complimentary, or otherwise, just as it is applied. I heard it the other day in the course of the same conversation made use of first with regard to a middle-aged lady (whom the speaker evidently did not seem to think middle-aged), and secondly, to the constitution of Great Britain, which was thought all the more of, because it *was* as old as the hills. And yet if any persons were asked to designate the age which he meant to infer, they would look astonished, and set the questioner down as an absurd pedant fond of picking holes in the conversation of others. I can fancy them saying, "Old as the hills, indeed, as if the hills have any age—except that, of course, they have been there since the world began," and with that piece of information, would consider that they had settled every doubt. However, if my readers are content to take in a little mild geology, not too dry and with scarcely any hard names, I think I can show them, that the hills, which gave rise to this saying (although I don't know the particular ones), have not only an age, as indeed everything must have, but they have also different relative ages. Yes, the age of every hill is legibly marked in the book of geological time, and bound up firmly in the crust of the earth; but not so firmly but that we can open and read. I remember, when I thought, as I dare say a great many do still, that hills varied only in form and size; and if I had been asked, I should possibly have said that the biggest were the oldest, though all the time I had a sort of vague knowledge that this hill was sandstone, that was limestone, and a third volcanic.

However, we will now take some of the principal mountain ranges with which we are familiar, and glance at the wonderful changes which inaugurated their appearance, the like of which have never been seen by human eyes. The whole of the earth's surface, attests by its many irregularities the continual changes to which it has been exposed; although, if what we are enabled to see above ground is compared with the total thickness of the crust, that irregularity is very small. Irregularities are generally to be deprecated, but in this case were it otherwise, we should never be able to say with the pensive Tupper:

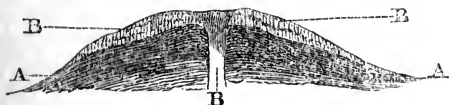
There is beauty in the gullies, beauty on the cliff,
beauty in sun and shade,
In rocks and rivers, seas and plains—the earth is
drowned in beauty.

Whence then is the origin of a hill? We all know that the crust of the earth is formed of certain layers deposited in geological eras by means of water; perhaps, therefore, some might consider that hills were merely irregularities in the deposit by which, from some cause or other, the thickness was greater than in an adjoining locality. However, this is not so. They have been caused by the upheaval of the deposits at different times, and at different places, through the action of fire in the interior of the earth. Sometimes it has been sudden and violent—at other times, gradual—so gradual, as almost to defy detection, and yet not the less sure for all that. In this manner whole continents have been upheaved above the level of the sea, while on the compensating principle, without which nature never works, others have been submerged; and thus many a mountain chain has been previously raised, and subsequently depressed, so as to allow the seas of a new geological era to deposit the detritus on its sides. By a third convulsion of nature, it has been again elevated, though presenting on this occasion a very different appearance to what it did before.

Then, again, we must remember that the countless ages of time have played their part in altering the features of the hills. Atmospheric effects, denudations, landslips, and many other causes are perpetually at work, and ever will be as long as the world lasts. Many people have the idea that anything in the shape of igneous, or fire rock, *i. e.*, rocks which have evidently not been deposited by the action of water, as granite, trap, volcanic matter, porphyry, basalt, and such like, must be the most ancient productions of all—a mistake which probably originated in the theory that granite was generally found at the base and root of all the sedimentary formations. And so doubtless it is; but where these igneous rocks have appeared in the face of clay (and it is only with those that we have to deal), it does not at all follow that such intrusions must be of very ancient date. They may on the contrary be of recent origin, and as the nature of the material itself does not betray its age, we are obliged to find it out from other sources; such as its relative situation with regard to neighbouring formations, &c. As an example of this, we may mention the Clec Hills, in Shropshire, a well-known and picturesque range, near Ludlow. The highest point is called the Titterstone Clec, and consists of sandstones of the coal measure era; but, curiously enough, after the sandstones were deposited, a volcanic action took place on the occasion of certain disagreements in the interior of the earth, and a large quantity of molten matter was ejected, forcing its way through, overflowing the sandstones, and ultimately cooling in that position, as will be seen in the sub-joined diagram.

We therefore see that these Clec Hill coals and stones are overlaid by basaltic rocks, the age of

which would be very difficult to determine, save from their relative positions. These declare them to have been deposited subsequently to the coal period, and before any other formation had



A. Rocks of carboniferous age. B. Basalt which has overflowed.

supervened. We will now give another example of a different kind, occurring in a locality better known to the tourist, namely, North Wales. Snowdon is the highest of the Welsh mountain chains, but by no means the oldest, though its birthday ranks very far back indeed in the primeval world. Indeed, though it is said to be of a certain age, it would be more correctly stated that it is made up of strata of different ages, though they certainly all belong to that great division known to geologists as Silurian. It is almost the earliest formation of sedimentary deposits in which any traces of organic life are found, as shown by the fossils. The whole system is of the enormous thickness of 15,000 feet, and must have occupied in itself a period of time quite exceeding our powers of computation or even comprehension. To enable us to decipher the Silurian rocks more systematically, geologists have divided them into Upper and Lower Silurian, the latter being again subdivided into Llandeilo flags (the lowest of the series), and Caradoc sandstones. These names are merely arbitrary, and are intended, as everything must have a name, to designate certain zones of strata which differ from each other by the fossils, showing that there was a change in the animal life of that period. Now Snowdon itself is not so old as other mountains in the vicinity, but is mainly composed of Caradoc sandstones, alternating with layers of volcanic ashes and lavas. We know that the rocks are of the Caradoc era, because we can pick up shells and fossils, denoting that period at the very summit of Snowdon, and we can therefore tell that volcanic activity prevailed in those days because of the layers of the ashes which are found at different points between the sandstones. Every Welsh tourist knows Dolgelly—at least he ought to know it—and if he has travelled the coach road from Bala he will surely have remarked those lofty mountains Aran Benllyn and Aran Mowddu, which tower above him during his ride down the valley of the Wnion. Now these mountains, which as regards themselves are twins, are elder brothers to Snowdon; for by examining their interiors we find the same traces of lavas and ashes interposed between layers of rock of the Llandeilo age, which we have shown to be of older date than Caradoc. Before we quit this locality, I may mention an interesting example of submergences and subsequent upheaval of mountain chains. On Snowdon we have shells of Silurian age, but on its neighbour, Moel Tryfan, which is of the same age, recent marine shells were found by Mr. Trimmer at the height of 1392 feet above the sea. It is plain, therefore, that

long after Moel Tryfan had attained a venerable age amongst mountains, it was doomed to be submerged and afterwards raised, carrying the traces of the glacial sea on its summit to this day.

I have attempted to show that the fact of igneous rocks entering into the formation of a mountain does not necessarily betoken great antiquity; and to follow out this argument I shall proceed to another class of rocks, which for long puzzled and baffled our ablest geologists, and indeed in some cases do so now. They are called metamorphic, meaning simply changed rocks, and they have this great advantage over the others that they have two ages, the one being the age of their birth and the other of their metamorphosis. Fire has again been the agent in this case. A disturbance has taken place in the interior of the earth, a vent has been formed, and a stream of molten granite thrown out, very much to the detriment of the personal appearance of the strata in the neighbourhood, which has been so much altered that their best friends, the geologists, do not know them. Their appearance differs according to their proximity or distance from the heat, and also according to the mineral character of the formation. Thus clay, mud, sand, gravel, marl, or slaty limestone, may be turned into crystalline marble, gneiss, mica, schist, and all sorts of dubious characters, just as the case may be. Not only are the peculiar component characters of the rocks destroyed, but all traces of fossils, by which alone we may safely predict the age, are in most cases burnt up, and the general appearance assimilates so much to that of the fiery intruder, that it is no wonder that geologists took them to be of the same age as they attributed to the granite.

As a case in point we may mention the range of the Apennines which yielded the valuable statuary marble of the Carrara, formerly considered by geologists to be the very type of primitive limestone. This was regarded as a rock of the highest antiquity, because, firstly, it was traversed by granite veins; secondly, it was of a crystalline texture; thirdly, there were no traces of fossils. But the recent discoveries have shown that it is simply limestone of the oolitic era, such as the hills around Bath, altered by the presence of plutonic or fire rocks. As the distance from the disturbing points increases this very characteristic, fossils of the oolite period, which is more recent than the coal, begin to show themselves, while the rock itself resumes its oolitic character. In this way we can satisfactorily demonstrate that the Apennines and the Cotswold Hills are of the same age.

The Alps are still more singular; for though the highest mountains in Europe, they are almost the youngest, and, as compared with Snowdon or Cader Idris, are perfect infants in everything but size. And yet the Alps were formed all at once, but reveal on their broad flanks a series of formations of the lias, oolite, chalk, and tertiary eras, which in many places graduate insensibly into metamorphic rocks, presenting all the appearances of extreme geologic antiquity. We find, 10,000 feet above the sea, fossils of the same recent age

as the freshwater shells of the Isle of Wight, though they would have a wonderfully different tale to tell about their respective situations. The same character of organic life flourished in both places, and the strata in which their remains were imbedded were probably deposited under very much the same circumstances; but how different the subsequent events!

While the Isle of Wight was only raised a few 100 feet above the sea, and raised so gently that the beds lie one upon the other with the greatest regularity, the Alps were subjected to violent upheavals and convulsions, by which not only were the tertiary beds raised many 1000 feet, but were also overturned and bent on each other in the most startling manner. It is evident, therefore, that this great volcanic disturbance occurred after the disposition of the tertiary beds, because the sea in which these shells lived never could have covered what is now the Alps before their upheaval.

Now, although the age of this activity of fire is pretty plain, it does not follow that there was no such action in the previous eras of the oolite or lias, and that such proceedings did take place we have proof, in the conversion of the oolite or chalk strata into granular marble by heat.

Perhaps my readers may be under the impression that the once molten but now cooled granite, which tried to force its way out, and, in doing so, caused such upheavals in the tertiary beds, would, as regards situation, be nearest those beds which it has so affected. But if we were to make a section right down to the bottom of the Alps, we should find that the older the intrusion of granite, the higher would be its position, as the more recent upthrow, arising as it does from out of the heated furnace of the earth, will necessarily lie under all the previous intrusions. It would, therefore, take a period of time beyond our reckoning when we might calculate that a recent granitic upthrow would become visible to the eyes of man. What a fearful working of nature must it have been, when not only the existing strata, but also the granites of previous convulsions were suddenly tilted up to such a height.

Having now described the general principles on which we found our ideas of the age of the hills, it only remains briefly to touch upon the birth-times of a few different ranges. It is evident, from what has been said about the Alps, that the more recent eras appear to have been marked by the most active fire disturbances, and this is again borne out in the case of the Andes, which, though a formidable rival of the Alps, are still younger, and can only claim an appearance since the post-tertiary period which, in point of time, will intervene between the tertiary and the human eras. Some portions of the Cordilleras, however, as shown by the fossils, are of the oolite or lias age, changed in many places into metamorphic rocks.

The greater portion of the Pyrenees consists of chalk, of the same date probably as the Dover Cliffs, while the Himalayas are oolitic, although the difference of uprise between them and the strata at Bath would scarcely lead one to imagine that they were contemporaneous.

CHEAP LODGINGS.

It is a very old saying that "one half the world knows not how the other half lives." And this is equally true of sleeping. Poverty, indeed, often acquaints us with strange bed-fellows. Those who have never tasted the reverses of fortune may scarcely credit the difficulty a poor man experiences in providing a home or a shelter. Reader, your eye may perhaps have noticed as you passed some obscure locality a shattered-looking-house, and have observed "Lodgings for single men, 4*l.* per night," upon the shutters and in the window. You have turned away in disgust, perhaps, and thought within yourself that such a den could only be inhabited by costermongers or mendicants. May it never be your fate to take shelter in such a residence! But if you have an inquiring mind, and seek it only for information or amusement, you may find within that abode men possessed of wit, ingenuity, and skill; men that have seen life in all its phases. Enter with us, gentle reader, into a house that is licensed, under the Sanitary Act, to accommodate seventy or eighty persons. We pass through the front-door, and are directed down-stairs into a large and roomy kitchen where a fire burns brightly in the large grate, cooking utensils hanging invitingly near for any one fortunate enough to have materials for consumption. The first person that meets your eye will be the landlord or his deputy who, with book or slate in hand, is prepared to receive his fourpence, and enter your number paid for the night. After this you become a privileged individual, and have the right of ingress and egress for the next twenty-four hours. We now look around the room and study the characters we see before us; we look in vain for the costermonger or mendicant—no; they have better homes than this. We turn to our next neighbour: he is a man grey with years, and his physiognomy depicts an amount of care that must have preyed heavy on his mind; his head is resting upon his hand, and he appears deep in thought. We at length gain his confidence and enter into conversation: he tells us of a once happy home, of friends that were dear, of prosperity that appeared lasting. Then he became a widower, and his troubles commenced. He neglected his business, and resorted to public-houses to drive away his care, till he finally became reduced to his last penny. He then sold his wearing apparel, bit by bit, to support him in the same comfortable position he before enjoyed; but at length all his means and credit were gone, and he found himself without a home or shelter, walking the desolate streets throughout the night; he then wished for death, as nothing but starvation stared him in the face; lastly, as hunger became more pinching, he sought for work in firms that had risen from apprentices in his own establishment. Even they treated him coldly, though in his prosperity they had often told him that they attributed their position solely to his kindness. After a second night of rambling through the streets he made an early call upon each person he knew in the trade he had formerly followed, but without success. Finally, faint and weary, he reached

the shop of an old tradesman, who asked him to breakfast, and his hungry manner satisfying the shop-keeper of his want, he put a small donation into his hand; he then began to consider his position, and as he needed rest, and had little to provide it, he for the first time sought the fourpenny lodging-house, since which time he had gained a precarious existence in performing the most menial offices in his former trade. But hope had not fled from his breast. Oh, no! though in Pandora's box Hope lies at the bottom, she is the goddess in whom we have more faith than any other. This poor man had his airy castles—we fear without any foundation.

We will put a pipe in our mouths—for everyone smokes at a fourpenny lodging-house—and endeavour to make ourselves at home with those around us. We start politics, and are astounded with the fact that, for the most part, they are much more conversant with such matters than ourselves; and as to chronological knowledge, we question if our ablest statesmen would be more ready. We next discuss the Church and its forms, perhaps advocate more freedom, thinking we should take the popular view, and, lo! we find able defenders of the established forms in clerical members of our reformed Church. As to the medical profession, they are so well represented that if an argument of cause and remedy should be raised, there would be a regular squabble for precedence among the speakers, each telling us of his individual ability and experience. Nor is there any deficiency of representatives of the legal profession, who, if chance permitted them, would confound us with their technical phraseology. Of broken-down gentlemen there are numbers, who tell their tales of extravagance and debauchery as if they were creditable transactions. Broken-down officers and pensioners are also there, telling us incidents of their career in foreign countries, and relating with extreme minuteness all their personal adventures, only anxious for any one's attention. The poor pensioner we see before us sits very dejected, partaking of the smallest quantity of food, thinking only of the next day when he will receive his instalment. On the first of the month he receives his pension, settles for his lodgings for the ensuing month, and then determines to enjoy himself. This state of happiness possibly lasts for two or three days, when he relapses again into his former dependency, making bitter resolutions for the future, but always breaking them at the next pension-day. Again, we have the youth who has probably served his apprenticeship in the country. He comes to London with letters of introduction to merchants and others; these he delivers, and is told, with what appear to him cheering words—"call again!" But, after many days, it is still the same answer—"call again." He has written to his friends cheering hopes, and as days and weeks pass by he still hopes on, and, with a wish to be as economical as possible, he seeks the fourpenny lodging-house. Still hoping, but always unfortunate, he takes the temporary offer of employment that is afforded to the forlorn and destitute, that of a supernumerary at the theatres, for the fourpenny lodging-houses supply the greater number of these auxiliaries to the

stage. And you, gentle reader, who attend the opera houses or the larger theatres, and see before you a vast assemblage of kings, priests, and nobles making a grand spectacle, perhaps believe that they have a good remuneration for their services. Many a man who has occupied a high and honourable position in society; men who have enjoyed ease and luxury, and had thousands spent on their education, but now without a shilling in the world, are thankful to be thus employed. A grand piece is coming out at one of the theatres or opera houses, and the super-master is ordered to supply fifty or one hundred supernumeraries. Now the super-master has a deputy, or whipper-in, who goes round to the fourpenny lodging-houses and takes down the names of those wishing to serve, always providing double the number required. A day is appointed for the first rehearsal, and each one is urged to be punctual in his attendance. The hour fixed is generally eleven o'clock, at which time a motley group may be seen assembled round the stage-door, each anxious to catch the eye of the super-master. Possibly they wait two or three hours, and are then told to come again to-morrow. The next day they are again punctual, and, after waiting an hour or so, the super-master comes to the door and makes his selection from their personal appearance, taking the tall ones for nobles, priests, and soldiers, and the short ones for peasants, &c.; then, having selected the number required, the rest are told they are not wanted. Rejected without compensation! Those selected are sent on the stage, and wait behind the scenes till wanted, when they are marched and re-marched till they are perfect. This occupies possibly three, four, or five hours; for, though they are drilled separately in the first instance, they have again to take their part when the principals rehearse. If it is a difficult piece, they have to attend these rehearsals day after day, for perhaps a fortnight, for which they receive nothing until the piece appears, and then only on the pay-day—Saturday. The remuneration they receive is sixpence each day for rehearsal, and one shilling per night when the play or opera is performed. Thus it often happens that a man's time is wholly occupied at the theatre, and he is left without any resources; perhaps he tells the lodging-house keeper of his certain payment on the Saturday, and the latter gives him credit for his bed: but should he not have sufficient confidence in the man's honour, he can only seek rest in the park, perhaps, in the summer, or under a portico or such like shelter in the winter. Then, when the long-looked-for Saturday arrives, he is charged a trifle for colour, and the whipper-in, or perhaps the super-master himself, expects some compliment out of his scanty pay, which will only amount to six shillings if on the stage every night; out of this he has two shillings to pay for lodgings, and the remainder must find him in food for the week. We are sorry to say the cases are even numerous where men are forced to exist upon these slender means.

But in the fourpenny lodging-house may be found men of almost every class: mechanics in good work, and others out of employment; sporting men, who know the pedigree of every horse

in the racing calendar, and give gratuitous advice on the races to come, assuring any who have money to invest of their certainty of gain; they live mysteriously, yet always manage to dress respectably, and to do without work. But there are honest tradesmen here, who gain their livelihood by the sweat of their brow; they prefer these establishments, because they can enter at any hour they please, and find a good fire, and a hearty reception when supplied with the "mysterious" fourpence.

Again, we have seen wits, "natural wits, without education," at these lodging-houses,—men from whom we can derive a better knowledge of life than can be gathered from books. And speaking of books reminds us of an individual we once met at one of these places; at our first interview he was walking up and down the room, asking conundrums, and quickly answering them, after each answer calling loudly "a penny the book;" we at first questioned his sanity, but soon found that this was a rehearsal before going into the streets to sell penny books, not that these identical conundrums were in the book, but were generally inventions of his own, at which he was clever. Once when selling these books, he had collected too great a crowd to please the police, who ordered him to walk on, which he did, and wishing to let his audience know why he was thus moving, asked "Why am I like stinking meat?—Because the bluebottles are after me," was the quick reply, "a penny the book," and the books seemed to sell the better for his wit. His ingenuity was never at a loss; when books would not sell, he could make penny microscopes with a bit of glass and a tin covering, which would exhibit the animalculæ in a drop of water almost as perfectly as the more expensive ones, and would magnify cheesemites into little monsters.

Much has been said latterly about the penny-worths sold in the streets of London, and we have seen an article in a periodical expressing a doubt whether many of these cheap articles are sold; but this solely depends upon the trader, for if he possesses wit and talent sufficient to arouse the curiosity of his hearers, he is sure to obtain a ready sale for his articles. Poor Braidwood's death was a harvest to the hawkers of pennyworths; cards, prints, medals, rings, &c., having his likeness, sold immensely. Many men sold in one day from fifteen to twenty dozen of such things.

It has been often said that the poor sympathise with the poor, and this is strongly exemplified in a lodging-house; for when extreme want is exhibited there is always some one ready to come forward, and so modestly as to require no thanks, or allow his charity to be seen by others. Yet it sometimes occurs that one who has received benefits of this kind, and risen to a better position, has been unpleasantly reminded of acquaintanceship and favours that he would gladly disown. A gentleman once told us that under temporary pressure of circumstances he was compelled to take up his abode in one of these houses, and some time afterwards, when enjoying a glass of brandy-and-water at a respectable tavern with his intended brother-in-law, a man hawking

stationery made his appearance, and familiarly asked to drink his health, the gentleman was silent when the hawker inquired if he did not remember him in such a lodging-house, and how thankfully he had partaken of breakfast with him, whereupon our friend put a shilling into his hand hoping to silence him, but it had not the desired effect, for after thanking him for the gratuity, he said he would tell all the people in the "Drum" what an improvement there was in him, and that he *now* looked like a gentleman.

Thanks to sanitary regulations all lodging-houses have now an inspecting officer, who sees that everything is as cleanly as possible, and that they are not overcrowded. Thus the inmates are much more comfortable in a fourpenny lodging-house than is generally credited. There is certainly much misery occasionally to be seen, more especially in the winter season, when numbers are out of employment. But in such cases care is in a great measure set aside, and hope is the anchor on which they rest; when summer arrives many poor wretched-looking beings, who have lived for months a half-starved existence, cast off their winter garb, and appear like butterflies.

We have not yet spoken of the 3*l.* and commoner lodging-houses; they are, indeed, far worse dens than those we have described. In the back streets and filthy lanes of this metropolis, shelter is provided for the houseless wanderer at various rates, from 1*l.* per night to 4*l.*, sleeping, according to the rate of his payment, on iron, or wood, or straw, or in a hammock. If he be a 1*l.* a night lodger, he will have no softer resting-place than the floor. There are also domiciles called the "Beggars' Houses;" but these are all under sanitary supervision: and much good has been accomplished in respect of them by the new Act. We will not dwell upon the misery of these places, but turn our attention to the model lodging-houses, now so general both in London and the country—thanks to Lord Shaftesbury and other leading philanthropists.

The first efforts to establish model lodging-houses were made on a small scale, being simply experimental, and were limited to the adaptation of existing houses in the worst and most crying localities. The indispensable requirements were decency, cleanliness, and essential comfort—strict, though considerate rules for the maintenance of order—prices the same as those commonly paid; and, lastly, that the whole should be on the footing not of eleemosynary shelter, but of a self-supporting institution. Thus it will be seen that the object was to give the poor man fair play—not to make him the recipient of charity.

The experiment has proved eminently successful; model lodging-houses are multiplying annually, and the profits have more than equalled the promoters' most sanguine expectations. The society does not seek to be enriched; the funds being used solely to extend its operations, and giving more comfort and convenience to the homeless poor than they had hitherto enjoyed, and as far as possible to improve the morals of the people.

That these efforts have already issued in a most happy change, is attested to us by many private gentlemen who have visited the houses, by the

reports of the city missionaries, and we may add, by our own repeated observation. Often have we heard the inmates speak with unrestrained thankfulness of the peace and decency they enjoy under those roofs, and seen them almost shudder when reflecting on the scenes they had left. The demand for admittance is endless; were the accommodation three-fold it would be speedily filled up. Disturbance is unknown; the lodgers, in most instances—all those, indeed, who are constant inmates—have established laws for their own social government, whereby anyone guilty of offensive conduct or language would, as the phrase is, be consigned “to Coventry:” the aid of the police is never required.

“It is,” said a witness, before the Constabulary Commission, “a very usual thing with the lodging-house keepers to give all their customers a dinner on Christmas-day. The society determined to do the same; and here is the report of their agent who attended at the banquet in Charles Street, Drury Lane, a few years ago; it affords us some, curious peeps into private history:—

“On Christmas-day the lodgers, to the number of twenty-seven, were treated to a substantial dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding. I presided at table, and was not a little amused at the enormous quantity of food some of the poor fellows devoured. Throughout the afternoon and evening their conduct and conversation was of the most exemplary character—their general appearance respectable: in many cases, the appearance of having seen better days. After dinner I addressed them, and requested them to state freely the advantages (if any) they derived in the Charles Street lodging-house as compared with others of a similar description. The first who spoke was ———. He had received a College education, and informed me he was intended for the Church. He partially entered into his personal history, stating what were the causes that had brought him under the necessity of living in such a neighbourhood. He stated that from the time he came to London, he had wandered from lodging-house to lodging-house, but had never met a *home* till he came here.”

The next was a youth about seventeen. His speech was nearly as follows:

“I tell you what, Mr. ——— and gentlemen, I have knocked about this *here* town all my life, and have lodged in a great many houses, and I must say this *here* is the best booth in the fair.”

He then went on to tell how kindly he had been treated when ill, and of the instruction he had received from the other inmates, and concluded by amusing the company in giving imitations of the cries of various animals, the starting of the steam-engine on the railroad, &c., &c., which he did almost to perfection. Another said that in the house he had been taught habits of economy, which he had never before adopted; when he first came he was surprised and delighted with the intelligence he found among the inmates—“it was a school in which a man could obtain the best instruction, without *evil*.” Another, in the course of his speech, declared he had not met a drunken man in the house, and appealed to the others whether so much as four quarts of beer had been consumed there during the last five weeks.

The rest fully confirmed this, and said they would not tolerate a drunkard amongst them. Another was formerly a mathematical teacher: his health failing, he became a commercial traveller: the same cause compelled him to give that up: he now obtains his living by selling an ingenious mathematical work of his own composition: he is a man of superior mind. He spoke highly of the management and character of the inmates, comparing them to a happy united family. Others gave utterance to similar sentiments, and the evening was spent in the greatest harmony.”

But the benefit of these model lodging-houses is not merely direct in the use of the superior houses themselves. Every establishment so conducted becomes the centre of a healthy infection; a higher standard is raised, and people expect a better entertainment as the fruit of their “money’s-worth.” Not long ago the keeper of an abominable dirty tenement assailed the inspector with a volley of imprecations. “You have ruined me,” he said, “with your vile building there. Since you opened that house of yours, I have been obliged to spend more than 400*l.* in painting and cleaning!”

We beseech any one who entertains a doubt of the value of the “London Model Lodging-Houses” to visit one of them about eight o’clock in the evening, observe the arrangements, and converse with the inmates. R. M. H.

JOHN BROWN AT WOOLWICH.

“I THOUGHT you couldn’t eat boiled mutton, sir!” said Squire Brown to his son John, pausing before he helped that young man for the second time off a splendid wether leg: “Eh! sir! was not that one of your complaints?”

“I believe it was,” replied John blushing a little, “but—”

“Give me no buts, sir!” cried the Squire; “not eat boiled leg of mutton! What on earth’s the world coming to? If the Governor of the Academy had given every one of ye a couple of dozen, well laid on, he’d ha’ done a great deal of good; that’s my opinion.”

Tom, who had just come back from Oxford, laughed at this, and so did the girls: but John did not see the joke at all, drawing himself up, and gravely muttering:

“It’s a great deal more than he could do.”

“Then, sir, more’s the pity, more’s the pity; that’s all I can say. Eh, Tom? if gentlemen will behave like boys and blackguards, breaking windows, and turning sulky over their food, they should be treated as such. Eh, Tom?” The Squire was proud of Tom, and fond of appealing to him.

“But, father,” struck in John, rather proudly, and before Tom could make a reply, which in truth would rather have puzzled him, “you’ve got the wrong end of it altogether; it wasn’t the boiled mutton that caused the row; at least that was not the main reason; and another thing, we ain’t all gentlemen, so you are wrong altogether.”

“Hum,” growled the Squire, “wrong, am I? What do you say, Tom?”

"Well, father, I think it would be as well to hear John's story first, and then we shall be better able to judge of the matter; when we get him quietly in your study after dinner, we'll put him through his facings."

"Very good," said the Squire, "so be it;" and not very long after this, the old gentleman in his arm chair, with John on one side, and Tom on the other, cosied themselves before the leaping, crackling fire. The Squire filled his pipe, and sinking back into the pliant morocco, stretched his feet out pleasantly to woo the blaze; the time and place had their due effect, and all the gruffness had left his voice when he said:

"Now, then, Master Jack, if you can give any account of yourself, let's hear what you have got to say."

"Well, father, the fact is, that this row, or outbreak, as the papers called it, would have come sooner or later, for things had been going on at the Shop* for a long time very badly. You know three years ago the cadets used to enter when they were about fifteen or sixteen years old, and then there was a great deal of trouble to get admission. You must remember what trouble you took to get me a nomination from old General Foggy before the rules were altered; then no one who was not recommended to the Horse Guards could go up to try to pass in, but now any one can—tag, rag, and bobtail,—it doesn't matter who, provided he has had lots of cramming. This has not improved the tone of things at all, and the style of men has quite altered. But that's nothing to the point of coming up at first when they are twenty years old, and staying on now to twenty-three and twenty-four perhaps, till one gets a commission. At any rate it's quite possible that one might do so. Under this look out, one might have supposed that the rules had been altered a bit, not kept just to the old mark when the fellows were mostly mere boys; and I ask you, Tom, and you, father, just to judge fairly, and say whether these things are reasonable or not. I must not go outside the enclosure after seven o'clock in the evening: or go to drink tea with Mrs. Smith, unless Mrs. Smith writes a note to ask me. I must not light a cigar under pain of instant dismissal. I must stand up by my bedside at ten o'clock, after raking out my fire, to answer my name when the officer comes round at roll call: then the lights are instantly put out, and I must undress as best I can. I must not have more than 2*l.* pocket money during the whole half-year. I am locked in all night, with bolts to the doors and bars to the windows, just as if I were a convict. If I do anything wrong, I am kept in arrest to my bed-room for a certain number of days, and I cannot leave on any account, except to march up and down the enclosure at extra drill, with a sword; and if I commit myself badly, I am locked up in the "hole" for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, on bread and water. Now, tell me, Tom, what the undergraduates at Oxford would think of this kind of game?"

"How old are you, Jack?" said the Squire.

"Twenty-one next January, sir."

"Hum! twenty-one, eh? and obliged to ask for a note to go out to tea, and locked up in a hole! Bless my heart; why, Tom, do they do this at the University?"

Tom laughed and said, "Not quite. In fact it is *tout au contraire* there. So long as we are in by twelve at our college nothing whatever is said; nor even if one is late occasionally; but when a man is irregular, and keeps late hours, the Warden writes him first a civil note, then a stiffer, then very stiff; and, finally, if he will not reform, desires he will not quit the college after nine o'clock. But it is all done in a proper, dignified sort of way; and as to 'holing,' or locking one up, or putting you to bed in the dark, it's never heard of!"

"Well," said the old gentleman, turning again to John, "so they broke out at last, did they?"

"Not for this, father. When we returned to the Academy after last vacation, we found all the progress and work of the former half year of no good, because a lot of Addiscombe fellows had been sent forward for commissions before us. So we drew up a memorial to the Duke to be examined with them; but we never had an answer. All we wanted was to try their metal in fair fight, and if they beat us, well and good. Day after day we heard nothing of it, and the grumbling and discontent began. We found out afterwards that the Governor had dropped our memorial into his waste paper basket. If it had not been for that job I should now be having my commission, and the whole loss went right through the Shop, from the senior to the junior. You may be sure that we were all highly disgusted, and when once the feeling had broken out, we soon began to find that we were not properly treated in other things. We did not like our word to be doubted, and as it was the fashion either to doubt or disbelieve it, the consequence was one got no credit for telling the truth. There was Garish, a capital fellow, as upright and honest as the day, who got punished because an excursion train made his train late, and when he told his story he was laughed at; but it was all quite true. Then came the growling about this ticket-of-leave business. One of the officers said to the cadets that he could not make it out, because while he was doing duty down at the barracks with the Artillery, the most ignorant young recruits after parade might go anywhere they liked, and get a pass till twelve o'clock at night; and there were we, educated gentlemen, older than the recruits, shut up in the enclosure after seven o'clock of an evening.

"But you don't stop there," said Tom.

"No! we jump the ditch and smoke in the backyards, and fudge invitations by the dozen to get out; and the officers know it perfectly well. But all this is at our own risk, and places us at any moment in the power of any sergeant or any officer who may choose to be more active than usual. So matters rubbed on with a bad feeling growing every day, until it happened that one afternoon we got no dinner at all, and nothing between eight and four but a bit of bread and cheese as big as the bowl of a 'baccy-pipe. The breakfast was bad, —scraps of badly cooked beef or mutton,—then

* The name by which Artillery and Engineer officers call the Royal Military Academy.

we went to study, and afterwards drill for several hours, and in to study again. Dinner was postponed that we might have a double allowance of marching drill; and this was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Several of the fellows ran round the division saying that we must not turn out on parade. So when the bugle sounded, over 200 did not turn out, but soon after when the officer sent in to ask us to come out, we did. Of course our names were taken down, and it constituted what is called mutiny, though really it was nothing but an expression of extreme disgust. Well, I thought it would all have passed away—"

"Ah!" broke in Tom, "there, my dear fellow, it ought to have stopped."

"When," resumed John, "as I was sitting reading, about eight o'clock, in my room, in rushed Capulet and Romer, saying, 'Come on, Brown, for heaven's sake, and stop these fools.'"

"What's the matter?" I cried, starting up.

"They have dragged out the 3-pounders, and are going to blow down the governor's door."

"The deuce they are! Come on, then,—there's no time to lose."

"Out we rushed, and found more than a hundred cadets—not the best of the lot—on the edge of the ditch, with the 3-pounder battery all unlimbered and ready for action. They had bought powder down in the town, torn up flannel shirts for cartridges, and made cannon-balls of penny buns rolled up hard. They were bent on mischief, and they were running about violently. The first idea was to fire at the captain's windows and smash them in; but half-a-dozen of us stood by each other and vowed it should not be done. There was a good deal of bad language for a minute on either side, when a number of them ran to the wall of the governor's garden and pitched all the extra drill swords into it, and two cadets, I am sorry to say, broke some of his windows with stones. In the meanwhile another body of them seized the two 12-pound French trophy guns and hurled them—carriages and all—right over into the ditch. Some one cried out 'Shame!' at this. 'They are the guns captured at Waterloo!' and in a minute the whole current of the thing was changed; the devil slunk back to his lair, and they separated to their rooms, already more than half ashamed of what they had done."

"I'd a tied up and flogged a dozen of them, hang me if I wouldn't," cried the old Squire, "the old Waterloo guns, eh!—the young scamps."

"Well, John," said Tom, "drive on."

"Next morning when they found the swords in the garden, the guns in the ditch, and the windows broken, there was a terrible row. The governor came on parade, harangued and slanged us; confined all but the forty who went on parade to the enclosures, and said he had reported all to the Duke. Two days after this down came five generals in cocked-hats and feathers to make an inquiry into the whole matter. They sat for fourteen days, and cross-examined nearly all the cadets, but found out nothing."

"Why not?" said Tom; "why on earth screen fellows who broke windows?"

"I'll tell you. They would not have been screened, but the morning of the row one of the officers, who was very unpopular with our fellows, thought he would do a sharp turn of business, and find out the fools who broke the governor's windows. Now, if he could have found it out fairly and openly it would have been all right enough; but he goes sneaking down to the hospital, where he heard a cadet had gone with a hurt on his knee, and leaning over his bed, he said, 'I suspect you, sir, were one of those who broke the windows; I order you, on your honour, to tell me whether you did or not.' The cadet would not tell him, so he put him in arrest for insubordination."

"How do you mean by insubordination?" said the Squire, "how could he be expected to criminate himself?"

"But he was; that's the system with us, you are put on your honour to tell anything you are asked, no matter if it were to hang you afterwards, and you are on your honour to carry out your own punishment by not leaving your room; in short one hears nothing all day but 'honour,' 'your honour,' 'on your honour, sir.'"

"Why it's a perfect prostitution of the word," cried Tom, "and its principles; but I thought you said they would not believe your word, and locked you up at night."

"Quite true! and if you can explain the matter and the distinction it is more than I can do. However, this hospital business made the fellows quite furious; they set their backs up, and swore they would tell the Commissioner nothing; and they kept their word; they were threatened with expulsion and rustication, but they never 'peached, and the end of it was the old gentlemen made nothing of it."

"Well, but what about your complaints—the boiled mutton—and that sort of thing?"

"Oh, every cadet told his grievances, and showed pretty clearly what a lot of bad sheep there were among us. Some of them, not content with fair and legitimate grievances, actually had the cheek to growl because they were not allowed to gamble, drink gin, and smoke in their rooms. No wonder the old officers were disgusted, and saw what a change had come over the spirit of the thing since their time."

"Those fellows," said the Squire, should have been shoved outside the gate, sir. It is my opinion that a young man whose taste it is to drink gin by himself in the day-time, and get drunk in that manner, will never fit himself for the officer and the gentleman. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, eh, Tom? and, by George! it should be the same with our officers as well."

"They have been turned out, or rather rusticated since that, whenever caught gambling and smoking; and I think the real gentlemen among us were right glad of it."

"What's come of it all?—what's the upshot of the business?"

"Nothing further, at least nothing as yet, except blowing up, and there's plenty of that. You see I admit some of the fellows made fools and

worse of themselves; but for all that there are many things they might mend with advantage. They might believe a man's word—they might turn off the gas an hour later—they might get the cooking improved—the smell of that boiled mutton covered with stuff just like the paste we mount our drawings with, is disgusting; the swipes, as we call the beer, is horrible; the notes for tea are a farce; the trading on one's honour is wrong; the locking of us up is degrading; the time for study is too long, giving us no chance for recreation in daylight; and then there is not a gymnasium, or racket-court, or anything of the sort, to keep us in health or out of mischief. As to smoking," wound up John with a shrug of his shoulders, "why, if nothing was said about it one way or the other, it's my belief there would not be one-half the row there is. It's just because it is forbidden, that the young fellows on joining think it fine to buy cigars and puff away in the dark with all the solemnity of owls. If there was no blockade established, the goods would be less in value."

"I believe you are quite right, Jack," put in Tom, "quite right, for I know hundreds of men of the University who do not smoke from choice; it's the stolen waters are sweet, there's no doubt of that. But, come, let's leave the old gentleman to his nap and join the girls."

But before the sage old Squire dropped off, he soliloquised in short sentences, jerked out between the puffs of his pipe, in this wise:

"A queer state of things, I must say. The fact is, the rules were made for boys, and have never been altered—fellows much older now. Pity they admit them without some sort of guarantee of their stuff—don't object to open competition, but perhaps a certificate from three gentlemen, say two magistrates and a clergyman, or two officers and a magistrate, or some such thing, to say the candidate is likely to make an officer and a gentleman, would not be amiss. Why should they not take a little trouble with their cooking? I pay 125*l.* a year for John, quite enough too, and the extras besides. As to all those absurdities about the going to bed in the dark, and the notes to tea, I take it for granted they'll be altered—what they call honour, and the abuse they make of it, I call dishonour. They ought to be very careful of the sort of officers they appoint there; who ought to be genial, hearty, calm, temperate men, none of your hasty, fiery, sneering, foul-mouthed martincts. I wish the Duke had been here with us to-night to have heard all John said. Struck me, I am bound to say, that he spoke most fairly and sensibly—I could have given the Duke a glass of good old Port,—they say he is as good a judge as his father—but the worst of it is that he never hears these things, he only hears one side of the question. I wish he had been with us to night—I do. Yes, in—deed—I—do."

And then the Squire glided gently to the land of dreams, where all crooked things are so easily made straight, and wrong is so quickly shunted into right. This was the spirit of the fine old English gentleman's dream, for he

fancied that he was the Duke, and how on a noble black charger he galloped up to the Academy on a frosty January morning, and assembling the young men on parade, spoke out bravely that he was going to redress all their complaints and establish a new era in the place altogether.

"I'll have," said he, "nothing but gentlemen here, and I'll take care that you're treated according to your age, and as men who ought to be taught to govern others. I have ordered all the bolts off the doors and the iron bars from the windows, and remember that you are on your honour not to leave the building at night after the roll-call, without permission. Up to roll-call you may go where you like, but any cadet who disgraces himself will forfeit this indulgence. No cadet is ever to be asked to criminate himself on any account; but any one telling a falsehood, and afterwards discovered, will be instantly sent about his business. There will be no such thing as petty punishments or restrictions; but, after a fair warning, the cadets breaking the simple rules will be dismissed. I will have a gymnasium and a racket-court built for you, and more attention paid to the cooking. I intend to treat you as men, and—and," here the scene melted into chaos and oblivion, finally resolving back into another, made up of original fragments of the picture. The Duke was riding across the chest of the old man, and two cadets were cramming brine up his nostrils, which he vainly tried to shoot out, and knock his royal rider off his perch. With a violent effort, at a grand discharge, he woke up cold and shaking. The fire had burnt down very low, but the laughter from the dining-room pealed cheerily in his ringing ears, and the next moment a stream of light gleamed into the room, and John helped him out of his chair, and told him with his mother's love, that "he really must come in to tea."

R. B. M.

THE WOOD ECHO.

A GREEK LEGEND.

OLD PAN still lives amid the woods,
 "Shaping reeds?" I know not whether,
 Watching where the raven croaks,
 Or idly stripping a jay's feather.
 Hark! I'll question him,—“Hei, Pan!
 Hei, Pan!
 Ho, Pan!—Ho, Pan!” Now together—
 Hear his deep voice shout “together!”

Old the giant is, and bent
 With the cares of years gone by;
 He wails the old gods long since dead,
 Blind he gazes at the sky,
 Hear his answer,—“All must die!
 Hei, Pan!
 Hei Pan! Ho, Pan! Ho, Pan!—All must die!”

He hides deep in the sloping woods,
 Where the beech leaves drift and spread,
 Where the fir cones sway and swing,
 Where the trees are brazen red.
 Oh! he never sleeps!—“Why, Pan!
 Why, Pan!
 Hei, Pan! Hei, Pan! Hei, Pan!—Why, Pan!”

Far across the rippled lake,
 When the moon is bright and high,
 He sits beneath the riven oak,
 The last god left beneath the sky.
 Now I'll rouse him,—“Hark ye, Pan !
Hark ye, Pan !
 Hallo, Pan ! why, you must die !”
 Hear his mocking—“*You must die.*”

You laugh—he laughs. On the watch
 Ever for an answer right,
 Quick the giant's hoarse reply—
 “Ha ! ha ! *ha ! ha !*”—“Pan, Good night !”
 Garrulous he's not. “Good night !
 Good night !”
 Hear his courtesy,—“*Good night !*”
 WALTER THORNBURY.

THE CHANGE OF HEADS.



“GOOD-BYE, old fellow ; don't get lost in the bush, or eaten by the natives,” were the last words of a dozen of my friends as I entered a cab at the door of Long's, where I had been partaking with them of a farewell dinner, and drove away to the Paddington Station.

A cousin of mine, at whose death a considerable fortune would come to me, had left England for Australia some half dozen years before. One letter only had been received by me, dated a few weeks after his arrival, since which no tidings of him had reached England. Advertisements remained unanswered, the researches of the police were in vain, and, as he had never drawn any of the considerable sums which stood to his credit at his bank, the conclusion forced upon his relations was that he must have met with his death at the earlier and more lawless period of the gold fever. In order, however, to make one last effort for his discovery, I determined myself to take a trip to the antipodes, and thus it was that I came to be on my way to the Paddington Station, in order to reach Plymouth by the night-train, and sail the next morning in the Highflyer.

“Now, sir, look sharp, train's just a-going to start,” cried a bearded porter, shooting me head first into a carriage, and, with a shriek from the engine, away we went.

After arranging my rug and making myself thoroughly comfortable, I had leisure to observe my fellow-traveller, for I had but one. He presented, certainly, a most singular appearance. He must have been about six feet high ; but his extreme fatness, heightened by the many coats and wrappers in which he was swathed, made him appear rather less. It was not, however, the huge size of his body that struck me with wonder ; it was his head. Had I been walking behind him in the streets, I should have said, “This fellow in front must have a jolly, comely face, with a double chin and a rosy colour.” Not a bit of it. It was thin and cadaverous, the eyes deep-set and hungry-looking, and the complexion ghastly pale, relieved alone by the extreme brightness of the red which graced the tip of the nose. So grotesque was the contrast between face and body, that I was unable to keep my eyes off him. He seemed, however, to take

no notice of me, being apparently plunged in thought.

At last, by dint of constant staring, I felt myself sinking into a kind of magnetic sleep, and was soon wandering in a maze of dreams, in which the white face with the red nose always played a prominent part. I woke suddenly with a start. The scent of a delicious Havannah regaled my nose—my friend opposite was decidedly offending against the bye-laws. I sat up, and rubbed my eyes.

"No objection to smoking, I hope, sir? I should have asked your permission before I lighted up, but you were so comfortably asleep, that I did not like to rouse you."

"None in the world."

"Then perhaps you will join me," said he, tendering his cigar-case.

The cigars were good. We smoked a first, a second, nay a third, in silence. It was not until he had thrown the stump of the last out of the window that he again spoke.

"Going to Plymouth?"

"Yes."

"Going to make any stay?"

"Why no, I sail for Australia in the morning."

"Australia! Ah, I think of going there myself in a week or two."

"On business, I presume, as no one goes there for pleasure."

"Yes, sir, on most important business—to look for my head."

"To look for what?"

"For my head."

To look for his head! Why, I was travelling with a maniac, a wretch who might at any moment assert that the head I carried on my shoulders was his property, and insist upon at once twisting my neck in order to regain it. I looked out of the window. The train was spinning along at the rate of fifty miles an hour. To jump out would have been certain death. How I wished that the revolver which lay snugly at the bottom of my portmanteau were in my pocket loaded to the muzzle!

I suppose that my alarm showed itself in my face; for my companion, after regarding me for some time with an air of amusement, which did not at all tend to allay my fears, remarked:

"Ah! I see you think me mad. So should I, were I in your place. But I can assure you that I am not; and perhaps you will be convinced of it when you have heard my story, which, if you do not want to go to sleep again, I will tell you."

To sleep again! A cold shudder ran through me as I thought how unsuspectingly I had slumbered, my unprotected head exposed to the attack of this lunatic. To humour him, however, I expressed great anxiety to hear his tale, which, as nearly as I can remember, he narrated in the following words:

"But a few months ago there was not a better-looking fat man than myself in Europe. This portly frame supported a head which would have served for that of Apollo, had Apollo suddenly grown stout. To that head I attended with the most scrupulous care. My hair and whiskers were

daily oiled and curled by an eminent professor; not a spot did I allow to make its appearance on my skin. My complexion was, I may venture to say, magnificent. True, I did not, like old Q., sleep with beefsteaks on my cheeks, but I employed every legitimate means, such as air, exercise, and first-rate living, to preserve unimpaired the considerable good looks with which Nature had endowed me. I was a bachelor in easy circumstances, without either trade or profession to hamper my movements, possessing great capacity for enjoyment, and I enjoyed myself accordingly. Towards the latter end of last July, on my return from a stay of some length at Vienna, I found myself at Baden-Baden. I knew no one in the place; and, being of a sociable disposition, I was only too glad to enter into conversation with my neighbour at the *table dhôte* of the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*. He certainly was not prepossessing in aspect. He was barely five feet high, thin as a skeleton, and possessing a hideous countenance, which, from its ghastly paleness, might have passed for that of a corpse, had it not been for the bright red of the tip of the nose, maintained by copious libations of Burgundy, which he swallowed by the bucketful, without its appearing to produce upon him any intoxicating effect; in short, you may judge of his appearance by looking at the head I now wear, which is, or rather was, his. Despite his ugliness, however, he was a most agreeable companion, and the life and soul of the company. What countryman he might be I was unable to guess, as he was in turn claimed as a compatriot by Germans, French, Russians, English, Italians, Spaniards, in fact by every member of the varied nationalities who thronged the hotel. In all tongues he seemed alike at home; nay, a Portuguese, who had passed a great part of his life in Africa, asserted that he spoke Congoese so fluently, that had his skin been but black, he should have taken him for a negro. Every one, however, admitted that, though decidedly plain, he was a most perfect gentleman, and a man of the most wonderful and varied information. It was in no way surprising, therefore, that I felt myself highly flattered by the marked attention with which he honoured me, and by the deference which he paid to my opinions.

"In the evening the stranger, who called himself Urielli, proposed a walk in the *Kursaal*, to look at the players. I had never been a gambler; but still, for the sake of amusement, I ventured a few pieces, which soon went into the pockets of the bank. Urielli had remained a silent spectator of the game while I was playing; but after I had lost my last Napoleon, he took the seat I had vacated, and commenced staking largely. His luck was wonderful. In a few minutes he had a perfect pile of gold before him, and I confess that I felt a sort of envy seize upon me as he won time after time; and had I not been completely penniless, I should certainly have again tried my luck. The following day matters took the same course: I played, and lost; he took my seat, and won. On this occasion, however, I had furnished my pockets more amply, and my losses were considerable.

"I left the saal determined not to tempt fortune

again, but the next evening found me seated in the same spot with all the ready money I possessed—a large sum—in my pockets. As usual, Urielli stood behind me and looked on. My ill luck still pursued me. I lost coup after coup, and with my money I lost my temper. I was reduced to about twenty napoleons when Urielli remarked, ‘I think you had better leave off playing, luck is dead against you.’

“‘What does that matter to you?’ said I, angrily, delighted to have an opportunity of venting my spleen. ‘Perhaps,’ I added, rudely, ‘if I had such an ugly head on my shoulders as you I might be as fortunate.’”

“‘No doubt, no doubt,’ replied he, smiling blandly, ‘and if you would like to try the experiment, and would just step out with me for a few minutes we can readily exchange.’”

“‘Sir,’ said I, ‘I am in no humour to be laughed at.’”

“‘My dear fellow,’ he replied, ‘I would not take such a liberty for worlds; but I assure you in sober earnest that the whole matter can be arranged in a moment without its causing you the slightest inconvenience. To convince you I will just raise my head an inch or two from my neck. I cannot pull it off here any further, as it might attract too much attention, and be construed as an offence against the conventionalities of society, for which I have the highest respect.’”

“As he spoke he raised his hand to his head, and to my utter astonishment lifted it a short distance into the air, and then replaced it.

“‘You see there is no difficulty about it at all; it is a mere trick which I learnt in China; come along, and let us exchange.’”

“I rose from the table and followed him into the grounds. Seizing his own hair with the left hand and mine with the right, he gave a couple of skilful twists, and before I had time to utter an exclamation, I saw my head smiling at me from his shoulders and felt his upon mine!

“‘I hope,’ said he, ‘you will treat my property with the greatest care. I have a little business to transact which will occupy me about an hour. Meet me here in that time and we will re-exchange.’”

“He saluted me politely, and I turned to re-enter the saal; but ere I had gone half a dozen paces a peal of devilish laughter, which made me shudder, burst upon my ears. I turned hastily round, but could see no one. My head and its temporary owner had disappeared among the trees. ‘Bah!’ thought I, ‘it was but fancy; my imagination is somewhat disordered by these strange events.’ I re-entered the gambling-room, and resumed my seat, which was still vacant. No one seemed to pay any attention to my altered appearance: probably they were too much intent upon the game. I played with astounding success. In half an hour I had broken the bank. Sweeping up the heap of gold and notes which lay on the table before me, I lighted my cigar and strolled out to await the arrival of Urielli. Placidly smoking, I paced to and fro for some time, arranging in my mind, greatly to my own satisfaction, nice little plans for the investment of my winnings. At last, however, when upwards of

an hour had elapsed from my leaving the Kursaal, I began to grow alarmed. What could be keeping Urielli? Supposing that some accident had happened to him; that he had broken his leg, or perhaps his neck, and that with my head in his possession. The perspiration stood upon my—I beg pardon, I should have said his—brow at the very thought. Every minute my anxiety increased. It was growing late. I could not possibly return to my hotel disguised as I was. How I cursed the folly that had induced me to make the fatal exchange. What an idiot I looked wandering up and down in thin boots in a heavy dew when every one else was comfortably seated at the supper-table. The thought of supper added the pangs of hunger to my other troubles. My anxiety to reach the gambling saloon had prevented my doing justice to our excellent dinner, and yet if I ventured from the spot even to purchase a biscuit, Urielli might return in my absence. Eleven struck. In another half hour the whole town would be in bed. I made up my mind in sheer desperation, and hurried down to the hotel as fast as my legs would carry me. In the entrance-hall stood the dignified head-waiter. He received me, not with the bland affability he was in the habit of extending to a guest of some standing, but with the measured politeness which he always displayed towards strangers whose intention to become resident in the establishment was not as yet ascertained.

“‘Is Mr. Urielli at home?’”

“‘No, sir; he went out with Mr. Clinton (my own name), and neither of them have as yet returned. But perhaps you are the gentleman for whom he sent this note by a messenger a couple of hours ago? The man said it was to be delivered to a person very much resembling Mr. Urielli in the face, and certainly you are so like him, you might pass for his brother.’”

“I seized the note and tore it open. Its contents were as follows:—

“DEAR CLINTON.—When you receive this, your head will be with my body miles from hence. I really have taken so great a fancy to it that I cannot bring myself to part with it at present. *Au revoir*. Take care of my nose. Don’t allow its colour to fade so long as you are in funds. Yours,
URIELLI.

“P.S.—Don’t play too much, you won’t find my ugly phiz always bring you luck.”

“The letter dropped from my hand. The full horror of my situation rushed upon me at once. Here was I utterly metamorphosed. A few hours before I had been handsome, happy, with abundance of means and plenty of friends. Now I was hideous, miserable, without even an acquaintance. True, I had a large sum of money in my pocket, but this would not last for ever, and when it was exhausted where was I to turn, what was I to do? For a moment I thought of telling my story to the waiter, verifying it by the letter, and claiming my name and property. But was it likely that he would believe me? Was it not infinitely more probable, nay certain, that he would regard me as a madman or an impostor, and in either case hand me over to the care of the police? With a heavy heart I quitted the hotel. I took up my abode at an humble inn, and after

a sleepless night I rose early, and, without giving myself time to breakfast, I started by the early train for Frankfort. Luckily, I had my passport about me, and was thus able to travel without exciting the suspicions of the authorities.

"Arrived at my journey's end, I supplied myself with a portmanteau, filled it with linen and other necessaries, and taking a conveyance, drove to the Swan. I had not eaten since the preceding day at dinner, and, despite my misfortunes, was ravenous. I ordered breakfast, and while it was preparing I took up a copy of the 'Times' that happened to be lying on the table. I turned to the deaths, and there I read :

"On the 8th of May, at Calcutta, Colonel Hawkins, aged 57, deeply lamented.

"Good gracious ! and was Hawkins dead ? The man who had married the only woman whom I had ever loved, who, I felt sure, had loved me in return, and who had only wedded the liverless colonel under the pressure of the direst parental compulsion ? I rose up from the table. My hunger was forgotten. I would fly to her at once. I would lay my fortune at her feet. I would—fool ! idiot that I was ! Had I any fortune ? Was I even myself ? Would she know me ? Would she not order her domestics to kick me down-stairs as an impudent hunter ? My agony was too much for me. I tore out my—no, no, his hair. Would that I could have torn off the horrid head itself, and so ended my troubles for ever. In my frenzy I laughed aloud. There was no one in the room, but close behind me I heard the same demon laughter which had greeted my ears in the gardens at Baden. I uttered an exclamation of horror. The sound seemed to die away in the passages. I rushed to the door like a madman, upsetting waiter, breakfast, every-thing.

"Which way did he go ?" I exclaimed, to the astonished domestic, before he had time to rise from the ground.

"Who go, sir ?"

"Mr. Urielli, the man with my head."

"There is no gentleman of that name here, sir," said the man, with a perplexed countenance ; "and if you would allow me to offer you my advice, sir, it would be to see a doctor ; you must certainly be in a state of fever."

"The folly of my conduct struck me at once. I bade the man bring me up another breakfast, and returned to the table. The 'Times' still lay open upon it. I took it up again, and read as follows :

"DISTRESSING OCCURRENCE.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Edmund Clinton and some friends went out in a small sailing-boat. Through some mismanagement the boat capsized, and although they were but a few yards from the pier, Mr. Clinton and one other gentleman whose name we have not ascertained were drowned. Mr. Clinton has left no will, and his large estates descend to a cousin.

"My eyes refused to see anything more. Yes, his estates did descend to a cousin, and that cousin was I ; but, alas, never should I enjoy that noble property, never dwell in those ancestral halls the possession of which had been the dream of my

youth. I seized a knife, I was about to bury it in my heart, but at that instant I heard the waiter at the door, and was calm. I devoured my breakfast, and when the pangs of hunger were appeased, some hope seemed to revisit my breast. Emily, alas, I must give up, that was too clear ; but as to the property, that was another matter. Even if I could not visit it, I might at any rate enjoy the income. I would write to Sharp and Shuffleton, my cousin's lawyers, they knew my handwriting well ; I would plead ill health as an excuse for remaining abroad, and request them to undertake the management of the property, and remit the rents to me. No sooner thought than done. In a few days I received an answer.

"Messrs. Sharp and Shuffleton were deeply grateful at this mark of my confidence, but private business of a most important nature, which could only be discussed at an interview, rendered it absolutely necessary that they should see me. Would I return to England, or should I prefer one of the partners waiting upon me in Frankfort ?

"I replied that I was suddenly called away to India, that I should not be back for a year, that they were to look after my affairs in my absence, and that I would call on them immediately on my return.

"The next day I started on my search for Urielli. By accident I heard that such a person as I described had been seen to go on board the boat at Ostend for England. At once I returned home. For six weeks I have sought him everywhere, but without success. I am going down into Devonshire to take one look at the noble estates which I never shall possess ; and then I leave England, determined to return to it no more, unless I bring with me my lost property, of which I fear there is but little hope."

As my companion finished his story the whistle of the engine told that we were approaching Exeter. He gathered together his wraps, drew out his portmanteau from beneath the seat, and with a melancholy "good night" quitted the carriage, and left me alone.

With what delight I saw him go may be imagined. A load seemed taken off my heart ; I drew my breath freely again. In my delight I rose and danced in the carriage, I shouted, I sang, I laughed aloud. In fact, I behaved in a manner calculated to inspire any spectator with the idea that I had become suddenly deranged myself. At last, worn out and wearied, I fell into a sound slumber. When I awoke, the train was entering Plymouth.

My voyage to Australia resembled long voyages in general. Much lying in bed and small attendance at meals while in the Channel and Bay of Biscay ; large musters on deck, much flirtation, conversation, and music while in the Trades ; and quarrels and jealousies without end by the time we had reached the Cape. So that I was anything but displeased when, one glorious evening, we sighted Cape Otway, and on the ensuing morning sailed merrily up the waters of Port Phillip, and cast anchor in Hobson's Bay.

The very next day after my arrival I commenced my search. I caused advertisements to be inserted

in all the Melbourne and provincial papers, I employed the most skilful detectives, I offered large rewards for any intelligence; all in vain. After spending many weeks in Melbourne, while my emissaries searched all parts of the land, I determined myself to make a tour through the gold-fields, partly to satisfy my curiosity, and partly to make one last effort to come upon the traces of my lost cousin.

My journey occupied me upwards of three months; by the end of which time the funds which I had brought with me from England were almost exhausted, and I was obliged to return to Melbourne to obtain the remittances which I expected to be awaiting me there. Dismounting from the Bendigo coach, and sending my luggage to my hotel, I proceeded straight to the bank, but found it shut, it being Saturday, upon which day all the banks close early. To get through the afternoon I took my way up Collier Street, with the intention of proceeding to the Melbourne cricket-ground, to witness a grand match between the north and south, which was that day coming off.

I had not gone very far when I saw standing at the door of a shop a tall and very fat man, with what must have been at one time a rather handsome head and face, but which certainly then presented an exceedingly ludicrous aspect. I have called him fat, but this should in strictness be confined to his body, as his face, though made on a large scale, was wretchedly thin and pale, the nose red and pimply, the skin blotchy, the eyes watery and red, the hair close cropped, the whiskers and beard short and stubby, as though only of a few days' growth. The contrast presented was so absurd that I could not help staring at him in perhaps rather a rude manner. The stranger noticed it; and stepping out from the doorway, advanced to meet me, with the intention, as I imagined, of reproving my want of manners. I was about to offer an apology for my conduct; when, to my utter astonishment, he grasped me by the hand and exclaimed:

"My dear fellow, I am delighted to meet you. You see my journey to Australia was not in vain: I have, as you perceive, recovered my head."

It was, then, my companion of the railway carriage, and the story he had narrated to me was not the mere ravings of a madman, but an actual fact. My brain whirled, all my senses were in confusion. Here, in Melbourne, in the nineteenth century, in the age of matter-of-fact, when miracles were no longer believed in, and everything partaking of the marvellous had half-a-dozen of the most commonplace explanations, was I standing face to face with a man who had been for months separated from his own head, and had worn that of another. At last I managed to find words to ask him how he had succeeded in discovering the robber.

"It is not worth talking about here," said he; "let us go into the Café Royal, and I will tell you all about it."

We turned up Swanston Street, from that into Burke Street, and were soon seated in Messrs. Spiers and Pond's saloons, with a jug of iced-punch before us, and fanned into coolness by the

delicious breeze from the Punkah. After a deep draught my companion thus began:

"Upon leaving you at Exeter I visited my ancestral domains, and after remaining in the neighbourhood for a day or two, I returned to London, and renewed my inquiries. As they were, however, totally without result, I took a passage in one of Green's ships for this port. On landing, I took up my abode in an hotel in the suburbs, and what was my delight while taking some brandy-and-water at the bar on the night of my arrival, to hear some diggers lately down from the bush speaking of a singular man who was buying gold on the Devil's Creek diggings, and who, from the description, could be none other than Urielli. It is true that they called him Johnson; but the large head and small body, the number of languages he spoke, everything pointed at once to the conclusion that at last I had got my man. The next day found me on my way to the Devil's Creek. After a couple of days' hard travelling I arrived there, and refreshed myself at a small grog-shanty about half-a-mile from the main street of the diggings, which were in full work, and contained a population of some 15,000. Having inquired and ascertained the whereabouts of Urielli's tent, I strolled down just before dusk till I came in sight of it. It stood a little distance behind the main street, with its back to it, having nothing in front of it but the open bush: there seemed, as far as I could see, to be no dog about it; there would, therefore, be little difficulty in approaching unheard. I concealed myself in the bush until it grew perfectly dark, and then I gradually crept up until within a score or two of yards of the tent. Suddenly the tent-door was thrown back, and in the opening stood Urielli: yes, there was my head but a few yards from me. I burned to rush forward and tear it from the shoulders of the ruffian, but by a strong effort I repressed the longing. For upwards of an hour I lay in my hiding-place. I watched him cook and eat his supper, mix his grog and smoke his pipe; nay, I even saw him nodding over the fire in a dozing state, and was in the utmost alarm lest he should fall with my head amongst the burning logs, and ruin it for ever. At last, however, he rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, went into his tent, and closed the canvas behind him. I waited patiently for a considerable time, until I imagined he would be sound asleep, and then, crawling on my hands and knees up to the tent, I gently undid the fastening and peeped in. But who shall describe my delight. On the rude bunk lay the body of Urielli; but my head—my precious head—stood unattached upon the table. My first thought was to remove the abomination I bore upon my shoulders. I pulled; I lugged; I twisted—all in vain. The accursed thing would not stir an inch. At least, I exclaimed at last, enraged by my fruitless efforts, 'I will regain my own head; it shall not be left in the possession of this fiend.' I stole noiselessly into the tent; I approached the table; I seized my head in one hand, and gave the thing I wore one last convulsive haul with the other. Oh, rapture! it came off in my hand as readily as a lizard's tail. I pitched it into the far corner of the tent, and rushed madly from the

spot, adjusting my recovered treasure as I ran. I plunged into the bush. I travelled incessantly all night.

"In the morning I came upon a shepherd. He gave me some tea and damper, and directed me to the road. The coach from the Ovens was just passing as I reached it. I jumped into it, and arrived at Melbourne a few hours ago. The mail steamer leaves this evening. My passage is taken. By the morning I shall have left all danger far behind me.

"But my head! my beautiful head! Ruined! utterly ruined! blotched and spotted! Whenever will it regain the soft skin, the delicate complexion, the ambrosial locks, the silken whiskers of former days? The rascal has broken one of my double teeth, too, and the rest have never been attended to since they were in his possession."

Tears stood in his eyes: sobs choked his utterance. I comforted him to the best of my ability.

"Your voyage home will restore your complexion, and remove your pimples and blotches. You can allege a fever as the cause of your short hair and whiskers. You go to claim your fortune and your bride. The troubles you have undergone will give zest to your future joys."

He took comfort, and rose to depart.

"Farewell, my friend," said he; "when you return to England, you will ever be welcome at Everingham Manor."

He left the room, jumped into a car, and I saw him no more.

The next morning I was early at the bank, but, to my extreme consternation and distress, I found that through some mistake the expected remittances had not arrived. What was I to do? The whole of my available funds amounted to a couple of pounds, and it seemed extremely likely that I should be obliged to write to England for money; so that for the next four months, at the least, I should be entirely penniless. Musing on my melancholy situation, I was pacing moodily down the streets when I received a hearty slap on the shoulder. It was a digger who thus greeted me, whose acquaintance I had made at Ballarat, and to whom I had rendered some trifling service. He noticed my troubled looks, and, in reply to his questions, I explained the awkward position in which I found myself.

"Well, mate," said he, "I am not very flush of ready myself, but I have a few pounds, a good kit, an excellent tent, and plenty of traps and tools. There is a new rush just broken out in the Daudenony ranges. It is scarcely more than a score of miles from Melbourne. If you like to join me as a mate and go up there to try your luck, say the word."

I gladly closed with his offer, wrote and posted my letter, and that very evening, having found a drayman who was taking up some goods to the rush, and who agreed to carry our swags and trays for a trifle, we left Melbourne.

The diggings were pretty rich, and a good many of those at work on them did exceedingly well; but though we worked like galley-slaves, little or no gold fell to our lot. In fact, we only just managed, by the very hardest labour, to keep ourselves from starving. At last my mate came

to me one morning, and told me that there was a new rush in Gipp's Land, some thirty miles off; that he meant to go up and look how things were likely to shape, and that I was to remain in the tent and get along as well as I could until his return, which he promised should be as early as possible. I saw him go with a heavy heart. I was but little used to labour, and though I could manage, with great pain, to do the mere pick and shovel work, I knew nothing of tubbing, cradling, and panning out. I was without a farthing in the world; knew no one on the lead, and credit was hard to get. The first day was a blank: I did not obtain a speck of gold, and went supperless to bed. During the whole of the next day I strove, without success, to raise enough to get me a meal. In vain. I returned to my tent, utterly worn out with hunger and fatigue.

I was sitting gloomily before my fire, wishing Australia at the bottom of the sea, and cursing my own folly for ever coming out on such a wild-goose chase, when a delicious odour invaded my nostrils. At once my hunger increased tenfold. I rose, and stepped to the door. The odour evidently came from the supper of my neighbour, whoever he might be; for though the tent had stood there ever since our arrival, I had always imagined it untenanted, as I had never seen any one enter or leave it. Now, however, it was clearly occupied, for, in addition to the scent of the victuals, I could hear a sound as of some one singing in a low tone, or talking to himself. I stood for some time irresolute, debating within myself whether or not to enter, explain my unfortunate position, and ask for a mouthful of food. A dozen times at least I was on the point of re-entering my tent, and each time a fresh waft of odour held me back. At last, gulping down my pride, I strode to the tent, drew back the canvas doorway, and stepped in. Could I believe my eyes? Seated on the bunk at the head of the tent, was Urielli! There could be no doubt of it. The head I knew well; and the lean and shrivelled frame could not be mistaken, after Clinton's description. I stood rooted to the spot with astonishment, uncertain whether to advance or fly. But Urielli nodded to me in a friendly manner, and in a cracked, harsh voice, exclaimed,

"Enter, my dear neighbour, enter. You have come to supper, I suppose. I thought you would. Your larder, I know, is not well replenished."

With this the little man uttered a horrible grating laugh, which set my teeth on edge, like the sharpening of a score of saws. Seeing, however, that I was somewhat indignant at being accosted in such a manner, he hastened to remove the bad impression he had made by saying, in the most polite manner,

"My dear sir, in Australia, we all play at tops and bottoms. One day one is up, and another down. I had heard that you had not been very fortunate in your ventures, and if you will do me the honour of joining me in my simple supper, I shall feel highly flattered."

Loth as I was to eat with one whom in my secret soul I held to be Satan, my hunger overcame my scruples. I took the proffered seat, and was soon deep in the discussion of the best Irish

stew I had ever tasted. Again and again I returned to the charge, Urielli smilingly encouraging me the while. At last I could do no more in the eating line, and looked round for something to drink.

"You see," said Urielli, apologetically, "I never drink tea myself; it does not suit me; but I have a jar of punch here, which I brewed from a receipt of my own, and which I flatter myself is not to be surpassed."

He drew out the jar from beneath his bunk as he spoke, and filled me out a pannikin.

"Drink," said he, "and forget your woes."

I raised the pannikin, and drained it to the dregs. Nectar! Nectar, did I say? The gods never drank such. Like lightning the delicious liquor seemed to course through my frame. Weariness forsook my limbs at once. I felt light and joyous. I danced, laughed, shouted aloud, committed a thousand extravagances. Again and again I drank, and wilder and more uproarious became my mirth. Urielli seemed to rejoice at my ecstasies. He drank; he sang: I followed his example; I was in a frenzy of joy; all my fears had vanished; I clasped my host's hand; I slapped him familiarly on the back; I called him a jolly good fellow, and regretted loudly my inability to repay his excellent cheer.

"My dear fellow," said he, "never talk of repayment; I am only too happy in your happiness. But if you are anxious to make me a return, which is within your power, do me the pleasure of playing me a game or two at *ecarté*. It is an amusement I am very fond of, though I seldom get a chance of indulging in it in this barbarous country."

As he spoke he produced a pack of cards from beneath his pillow. I was an excellent *ecarté* player, and liked the game exceedingly. No proposal could have been more to my taste.

"With pleasure, with pleasure," I cried. "I regret only that, having no money, our stakes will have to be love."

"No need of that," said Urielli; "no need of that, dear sir. See, this bag contains twenty pounds of gold; I will stake its contents and my head against yours."

In an instant I was sober; the perspiration rolled in huge drops from my forehead.

"Wretch!" I exclaimed; "would you rob me as you robbed poor Clinton?"

"Not so hot, my friend; not so hot. Clinton was a conceited coxcomb, who deserved the lesson I gave him; but you, my dear sir, are a sensible man of business; and this is, after all, a mere business transaction. I want your head for a week or two—say till your remittances arrive from England. If you lose, I will lend you mine, which will serve your purpose for the present well enough. I will also advance you as much money as you may require. By-and-bye you bring me back my head, repay me what I have lent you, with the current interest, and you regain your property: can anything be more simple and straightforward? Besides, we have all this time been proceeding upon the supposition that you must lose; but, after all, you are quite as likely to win as I, and then you will not only get the

twenty pounds of gold, but I shall be obliged to ransom my precious pate at any price you choose to put on it, unless, indeed, you prefer keeping such a valueless article."

While he was speaking he had again filled my pannikin. Mechanically I raised it to my lips and emptied it. With that draught all my scruples vanished. I seized the cards:

"Come on," I cried, "be you devil or man, no one shall say that I who have beaten the best players of the Jockey Club refused a challenge."

We cut, and Urielli won the deal. I had a capital hand and scored two. The next deal I made one, and the next. Everything seemed in my favour. Already I felt the gold in my pockets. I could scarce conceal my exultation. I dealt. Urielli proposed. I refused. With the grin of a fiend he marked the king, and proceeded to win all the tricks. Four—all. My heart seemed to cease from beating; my blood froze in my veins; my eyes were glued upon Urielli as he took the cards. Slowly and carefully he dealt, paused for a moment, then turned the king. With a yell of terror I sprang from my seat and made a rush at the door. Quick as I had been, he was before me.

"What, what!" he cried, "a gentleman and not pay his debts of honour, that will never do. I see I must help myself to the stakes!"

He raised his hand to catch me by the hair, but with all the strength of desperation I grasped him by the throat. He seized me in return. Backwards and forwards we staggered through the tent, upsetting seats, table, bed, crockery-ware. At last, by a superhuman effort, I managed to hurl him on his back and get my knee upon his chest. The candle had been extinguished in the struggle. By the light of the burning logs, however, I could see his eyes starting from their sockets—his face more ghastly white than ever. My nails met in his flesh—the blood gushed from his nose and ears—the death-rattle was in his throat, victory, another moment and . . .

"Help, guard, help!—murder! murder!"

Where was I? What was I about? On the floor of a first-class carriage, grasping with both hands the throat of my terrified travelling companion. I started to my feet, overwhelmed with shame and confusion.

"My dear sir," I cried, "I beg you ten thousand pardons."

"Hang your apologies," roared my companion, in a frenzy of rage, "What do you mean by attempting to assassinate me?"

"My dear sir, I am so utterly dumbfounded, I do not know what to say. How did it all come about?"

"Come about! why you fell asleep at Slough, and snored so confoundedly ever since, that I could not close my eyes. At last, as no noise I made would waken you, I ventured to touch your shoulder. At once you sprang up like a madman, flung me upon the floor, and attempted to strangle me, and I want to know what the devil you mean by such conduct?"

"My dear sir, allow me to assure you that it was all caused by a dream."

My companion made a gesture of impatience, but

sat in silence till we were approaching the next station, and then, as he rose to depart, remarked :

“Let me give you one piece of advice ; if you wish to escape the gallows, never fall asleep again in a railway-carriage till you have learned to dream with less violence. AN OLD CHUM.

THE RUSSIAN BAL MASQUE AND THE COACHMEN.

THE late Empress of Russia, it is well known, was so passionately fond of dancing, that the excessive indulgence in that pastime wrought seriously on her constitution, and afflicted her with a pulmonary complaint from which she never recovered. During the winter season, balls, routs, and *bals masqués* followed each other in such rapid succession that the vicinity of the *Zimnoy Dvorec* (Winter Palace) looked as gay and lively as do the public places during the Carnival time in Italy. Frequently the number of guests invited, especially at the *bals masqués*, exceeded a couple of thousand, and on such occasions dancing usually commenced at nine in the evening, and lasted almost without interruption to a late hour (four o'clock) in the morning. During the whole of the night nearly all the carriages of the guests used to remain stationed before the gate of the palace, waiting the convenient departure of the respective owners or families. On one occasion the cold was so intense as nearly to freeze to death the poor grooms and coachmen attending on the vehicles outside the palace-gate. Necessity is the mother of invention, and one of the fraternity at last hit upon a trick to relieve their common calamity. He repaired to a neighbouring shop where all the paraphernalia of masquerade were to be had, and borrowing a mask, domino, &c., with which he decked himself, he walked boldly up the stairs (the sentinel naturally taking him as one of the imperial guests) ; he entered the large illuminated hall, where from the rooms to the right, gay music and dancing greeted his ear, while from those on the left, the delicious odour of savoury viands and beverages charmed his olfactory organ. As may be easily imagined, he followed his nose—as the saying is—and entering the refreshment rooms, he made a dash at the solid dishes spread out upon the *buffet* before him, washing them down with tumblers of wine and spirits of the choicest quality, not neglecting the boiling coffee and chocolate that were hissing a welcome to him. Having thus satisfied and warmed his inner man, he rushed out to his stand and handed the same talisman to a brother coachman, who took a similar view of the entertainments, and having done ample justice to the culinary liberality of the palace, revealed the secret to the whole fraternity, who one by one availed themselves of the contrivance for the epicurean festivity. The Crown Prince (present Emperor) happening to step into the refreshment-rooms, asked the steward how the company were enjoying themselves in his department. “Not very particular, your highness,” was the reply, “with the exception of one mask, who having emptied dozens of wine and spirits, and devoured upwards of thirty turkeys and other fowls, had washed them down in conclusion with hundreds of cups of coffee and chocolate—and, by

Jove, here he is again, your Highness !” The Prince stepped aside, and allowed the new-comer to approach the sideboard, at which he did not fail to partake plentifully. Astonished at the all-devouring apparition before him, the Prince followed him out of the room, and his suspicions being strengthened by seeing the glutton about descending the door-steps instead of wending his way to the ball-room, he stopped him, saying : “Friend, who are you ?” The poor fellow thus taken in *corpus delicti*, fell upon his knees, confessed his own sins and those of his fraternity, and begged for pardon, alleging in extenuation the strong temptation they were under in the severe frost. The Prince laughed outright at the capital joke, which formed an excellent topic for conversation in the imperial circle, but ended in an imperial ukase—“To hand food and drink on all such occasions to the coachmen outside.” M.

A TUSCAN WEDDING.

CHAPTER I.

THE “*festa*” of the Ascension is celebrated very merrily in Florence. The whole population spend it in the open air. They breakfast under the trees of the Cascine, or go to the Parterre. The Parterre is a small enclosure, with shrubs and flowers and seats, outside the Porta San Gallo. Nurses and children chiefly affect this last spot. From the earliest hours of the morning, children of all classes, carrying little baskets containing bread-and-butter, a few strawberries, or some raw shelled peas, and their nurses bearing bottles of water, are to be seen streaming through this, the northern gate of Florence. The elder part of the community go to the Cascine. In the afternoon the long alleys are filled with carriages, but the meadows and enclosures are peopled with the festive companies of the morning. Tables, with coarse white cloths, are spread under the trees, and crowds of gay people in their best dresses are laughing over their coffee, or sipping out of cloudy greenish glasses that insipid beverage alkermes.

But, amidst all this idleness, there are still some busy bees mingled with the drones, earnestly occupied in gathering their golden honey. Threading the carriages are the flower-girls and (melancholy misnomer !) flower-men. The flower-girl, let me whisper in an aside, is the only institution which in these days of universal improvement and increasing prosperity, has unmistakably deteriorated. She is no longer pretty and picturesque. She is old, blowsy, ugly, but alas ! not a fraction more respectable than formerly. Besides the flower-girls are mischievous urchins, crawling under the carriages, clambering up the wheels, mounting the steps, and offering in every direction to the unsuspecting “*forestiéri*” little cages about three inches square, each containing a “*grillo cantante*.” Feeble shrieks are heard as the sudden *cri-cri* of the imprisoned cricket reveals its presence, and a good deal of laughter from the braver and more experienced is the result. It is all very pretty and pleasant. These breaks in the workday-life of a people may be sneered at by utilitarians, but are undeniably a good. “Man does not live by bread alone” is a truth which cannot be too much

insisted on in these days, and a holiday, a breathing space in an existence of incessant toil, compensates, for the hiatus which it causes in the sum of the weekly earnings, by an ample addition to the account of health and happiness.

Standing under one of the trees on the evening of Ascension Day, 1858, were two women. It would have been difficult at first sight to detect precisely to what class they belonged. Their petticoats were swelling, their mantles fashionable, their bonnets stylish; it was only on a close inspection that one saw how ordinary and cheap were the materials which produced such an effect. Florentines of the feminine gender are passionately fond of the pomps and vanities of dress. Looked at æsthetically, their getting up for a "festa" is the result of the combined efforts of the best parts of our moral and intellectual nature. Self-denial, patience, industry, invention, fertility of resource, and the absolute sacrifice of such lusts of the flesh as eating and drinking, are all brought into operation to produce, at a fabulously cheap price, the elegance which meets our eyes, in every public walk and café, or looks down upon us from every window.

On a nearer view, the seven rows of uneven pearls, beneath the elder woman's plump brown chin and her long gold ear-rings, showed she was of the peasant class, and the girl's hands in her netted black mittens, though adorned with the due proportion of rings, wore the thick mottled aspect which identifies a washerwoman in all countries.

"Do you go there to-morrow?" said the elder woman.

"Yes, it is my week, the 'bucato' (washing) returned on Monday; it is mended and folded, and then on Saturday we iron it. It needs little mending, for Signor Michelini has such quantities, and it is of such a good quality that it never wears out."

"Yes, he is very rich, poveruccio."

This contradictory termination of the phrase was a term of endearment, for the Signor Michelini was her foster son.

"Have you any message, mother? it does not signify though, for to-morrow he comes to Florence himself."

"No, Cecchina mia, he must have patience; I see nothing to hope—"

"But nothing to fear?" asked the young woman.

"Così, no one has come forward yet, but—"

"I must say it *is* hard. If I were the Signorina I would go into a convent at once."

"But a dowry is wanted for that also. We, poor women, Cecca, are not fit for God's service or a man's home, unless we have a few francesconi. Be thankful that your old mother screwed and screwed for you; what sacrifices I made, God only knows, but thanks to the Madonna and those forestieri children I nursed, you have a good portion. But it is getting late, the dew is falling; call Beppo—we must go home."

Beppo was leaning against a tree, smoking, when this colloquy took place. He now came up, and all three advanced in the direction of Florence.

"Take care of Cecca to-morrow, Beppo, and fetch her Saturday evening from the train. She is going to Pistoia."

Beppo nodded as if he thought words of assent to such a request superfluous; or it might be that Siora Rosa talked so much, she left him scant space for any other answer. Beppo was a lethargic, handsome, tobacco ruminating animal, and as soon as some slow idea was working its way laboriously into speech in honour of Cecca, her mother whipped her off to listen to some long rattling torrents of words which took away his breath even to listen to, and quite forbade any attempt at a reply.

"There they are," said Rosa.

An old-fashioned, lumbering barouche was passing. The carriage and harness were evidently of mediæval date, the horses were aged, and had seen much service, and the coachman wore an ancient livery, which was so tight that his arms seemed pinioned in it, while a dangerous-looking red on his cheeks and forehead showed how strong was the compression of throat and chest. Such an equipage would have been ridiculous anywhere else, but here it passed muster, for the sake of the coat of arms on the panels. In Tuscany, wealth is profoundly respected, but noble birth and title more so. The occupants of that carriage could boast that some of the noblest blood in Tuscany flowed in their veins. They called themselves Bentivoglio.

The two ladies who sat facing the horses, were handsome, dark, and proud-looking: one in the full bloom of maturity, the other verging on old age.

"How pale the Signorina looks," remarked Francesca.

"Every one looks pale near the Signora Elena," said the mother, thus delicately hinting at the rouge which was laid with no sparing hand on the old lady's cheeks.

Opposite the dark-eyed ladies (who were evidently mother and daughter) sat another one, who bore no resemblance whatever to them. She was pale, small, and fragile-looking; her features were regular, though with the same defect as the "Poesia of Carlo Dolci," the nose was too long—a fault, by the way, often found in Italian faces. The soft brown hair was thin, and arranged so as to give no relief to the complexion: the whole person seemed shrunk and blanched as a plant, which has not had air and sun enough. Seen alone, her age would have been doubtful, so composed and almost rigid was her attitude; but beside the other two ladies her actual youth asserted itself, she was undeniably so much younger. She might have been about six-and-twenty.

There was little conversation going on in the carriage, but much external observation. No one passed without being accurately scrutinised from head to foot. The "Signorina," as she was called, looked on with a more languid interest, but a little smile came to her lips as she recognised Rosa and Cecca.

When the ladies, after taking a turn on the Lung' Arno, reached home, Rosa was waiting for the Signorina in her own room.

"What a beautiful day!" said Rosa; "and

how beautiful the *Passeggiata* was! there was quite a Corso; there were so many carriages."

"Yes," but the "yes" was very spiritless, as the lady, suffering rather than accepting, the assistance officiously offered to her, changed her dress, and then consigned her out-of-door costume (with all sorts of observances and minute cares which would have seemed superstitious, had it not been plain that the dress was the best one, the mantle *almost*, the bonnet *quite* new) to the drawers and wardrobe.

"Where is Signora Elena?" asked Rosa.

"In the drawing-room."

"With the Priore?"

"Yes."

"You seem dull, my heart."

"Oh, no."

"So La Carolina was married last week; they are all married now; a fine wife Carolina will be, crooked, sickly, ill-tempered—"

"But she had 20,000 *francesconi* for her dower." Something of bitterness echoed in the quiet voice as it spoke these words.

"Who arranged the marriage?"

"The Priore."

"Humph—your turn will come next" (the young lady smiled incredulously); "do you not think you would be happier married than single, if you loved your husband?"

"Of course I should love my husband," said Giustina, innocently.

Rosa gave an almost imperceptible shrug, and murmured "Poor lamb! Would you like," she continued, in a louder tone, "to marry a rich man?"

"If Signora Elena wished it—"

"But Signora Elena might choose some one you could not like."

"I should try to be pleased with any one she choose: why should I be so unfortunate as not to succeed?" and she drew herself up with a dignity which well became the slender figure. "But how can I hope to be married? It is impossible to find anything '*conveniente*' if one has nothing."

"*Conveniente*, if La Signora would only hear reason. Why must she insist upon a man of noble birth?"

"Because," answered the girl meekly, "my name is Bentivoglio."

"Cara Lei," said the old woman, "la Signora is not reasonable. For my part, if I were Signora Elena, and I found a man of excellent disposition, who was very rich, and who loved you, he should marry you, although he were not a Medici—if even he were a *negoziante*."

"A *negoziante*!" Giustina's eyes opened wide, as if this were a species of the human race of whom she knew nothing.

"Why not, if he could make you happy? There is a precious deal of nobility in this house; but of what use is it? I make use of my eyes, *cara*; we are all equal in the eyes of God in the next world, but in this, a little money makes a great difference. Signora Elena has never had the consideration which she ought to have, for want of means, and yet she is noble enough. *Per Bacco!* whose name was first for the contributions for the procession of Corpus Christi at Pistoia—not

the Vivarelli, but a *negoziante*—ah!" and Rosa checked herself and drew a long breath.

"How is Francesca?"

"Very well. I shall ask Signora Elena to let me present Beppo to her next week."

"Is Francesca sposa?" (Anglicè, engaged to be married.)

"Yes. Beppo is doing well in his trade, and as soon as they have furnished their house they are to be married. I have put by a little dowry for Cecca."

Rosa kissed the young lady's hand, and departed.

The intimate way in which these two conversed may strike an English reader as unnatural, and the subject of their conversation would be considered absurd, if not monstrous. But in an Italian family there can be entire intimacy between superiors and inferiors, without in the least breaking down the barriers of respect and obedience. Rosa had nursed two of Signora Elena's children. That is one of the closest ties in Italy. The wet-nurse is admitted as one of the family, and continues so long after her functions have ceased. Rosa came once a week regularly to Casa Bentivoglio, to superintend the ironing, and irregularly, whenever there was a little extra work or anything going on. Almost all Italian families have several of these supernumerary domestics, who consider themselves still attached to the service, although no longer living in the house. In Rosa's case her strong sense and shrewdness of observation gave her quite an influence. Like Eleanora Galigai, her strong mind ruled the inferior ones about her. Wiser than her prototype, the influence was felt, but not openly displayed. In the two or three houses she frequented much was done, in events of family importance, owing to the words spoken in season, the suggestions, and the gossip of Siora Rosa. She was as much of a "personage" as the priest, who is always also to be found hanging on one of these families, and her will was sometimes triumphant over his. But all her intrigues and contrivances were, in the broad sense of the word, for the good of those she served, for she had a warm heart and true womanly feelings underlying her worldly, money-loving views.

As to the subject of marriage, it is usually spoken of in that matter-of-fact unromantic way in the interior of Italian families. The question of marriage is always based on the point of view of material interests. Love is the drapery, which is added after the figure is built up. No force is ever used in compelling the inclinations of those who are to be thus matched. A girl brought up in a convent knows that marriage will follow her leaving it. A young man, whose fortune equals her own, is presented to her. She is perfectly heart-whole; why should she demur? The choice of this young man has been the occupation and business of all connected with her as the time approached for her leaving the convent; what can she object to in him? If means are to be valued in proportion as they are adapted to an end, this system is faultless. In England, girls have a pseudo-liberty; but how many marry the younger brother *they* love, instead of the elder brother

who has chosen *them!** After marriage, an Italian woman sometimes awakes to find her fairy gifts dust and ashes, but at the time every thing goes on smoothly. It is discussed as openly and prosaically in the kitchen as in the parlour, in the dressing-room as in the drawing-room. The servants talk of it to each other, and the confidential ones speak of it to their masters and mistresses.

It was a standing grievance in the Casa Bentivoglio that Signorina Giustina should not yet be married, or ever likely to be so. All the friends of the family had searched far and wide, but that *rara avis*, a man who scorned marriage portions, had not yet been found; and, alas! she would soon be no longer young. Rosa had a deep-laid, mysterious project of her own, but she buried it in the depths of her own heart till the time for its execution was ripe. Meanwhile she contented herself with storming at any one who said the Signorina was never likely to be married.

CHAPTER II.

GIUSTINA BENTIVOGLIO was a distant relation of Signora Elena. Her father had married an obscure country girl, in a distant province, to which he had been sent to expiate by temporary banishment from Florence some youthful extravagance and follies. But after his marriage, he was disowned altogether. He died of *ennui*, which he called a broken heart, soon after Giustina's birth. Her mother remained in her native town, San Benedetto, and supported herself and her child till she died. It was only on her death-bed that she wrote to her husband's family on behalf of Giustina. A family council was held. The Bentivoglio family were very poor, but very proud. The child who bore their name could not be left to the charity of the village priest, who had offered, at the same time that he forwarded the mother's letter, to take care of her. Signora Elena, the poorest, but most good-natured, came forward, and said that as long as she lived the orphan would have a home and a protectress. She had been as good, or rather better than her word, for she had become sincerely attached to her little *protégée*.

When Giustina went down stairs into the drawing-room, she found, as usual, the Signora Elena seated opposite the Priore. For twenty years the Priore had spent two hours every afternoon in Casa Bentivoglio: in winter, from four to six; in summer, from six to eight. By connection he also was a Bentivoglio, and that and his skill at piquet were his only distinctions. For the rest, he was a snuffy, ignorant, well-meaning man, who liked to look (through his spectacles) at a pretty woman, and who could enjoy (with a timid fear of indigestion) a good dinner.

A round marble-topped table stood between the pair. The room had no carpet, except a small gay-coloured strip, the work of Giustina's hands, near Signora Elena. The room was bare of furniture, and destitute of the least pretence to comfort, but its proportions were noble, and on the walls was a gem of art—a portrait of the founder

of the family, Enzo, son of Frederic II., the German Emperor. He was the most beautiful hero of his day. After his defeat by the Bolognese, at the battle of Fossotta, in 1249, he was made prisoner, and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. Lydia Vindagola, a noble Bolognese, was loved by him, and consented to share his prison. To the child born of this mournful wedlock, was given the name of Bentivoglio, from the fact of his father continually murmuring over him as he took him, when an infant, in his arms, "Ben ti voglio, Ben ti voglio"—at least such is the tradition. The picture was painted with a transparency of colour which made it quite luminous in that dark, bare room. The auburn hair, the delicate features, the sad, yet piercing eyes, literally lived on the canvas; while on the marble column, against which he leant, a carnation was twisted, with all that glow of colour and glory of beauty which we admire in the tulip in that priceless picture of Rubens in the Pitti Gallery. This fervid piece of natural beauty contrasted mournfully with the melancholy expression of the human face near which it shone.

When Giustina entered, the Priore greeted her with his usual affectionate courtesy, but there was something unusual in the way he fixed his spectacled eyes upon her. He watched her slow movements, as she took a chair by the window, and drew out some intricate piece of netting.

"Is she not well?" he asked, in a whisper. "I have never seen her look so pale."

"Are you not well, Giustina?" asked Signora Elena, aloud.

"Quite well."

"She should take more exercise: she looks as white as her work." And then he continued, in a still lower tone, "health is the quality, to which he attaches most value; his late wife died after an illness of two years. He has a horror of illness."

Giustina looked up. She had caught the last words, and her cheeks were no longer pale, though she had no clear idea what they were talking about. Some dim consciousness was stirred within her. We grope about blindly amid the circumstances which make our fate, but suddenly sometimes the veil is lifted, and we see that we are verging on a new road, but it drops before we can ascertain whether this road leads to hills of delight or to a miserable swamp.

Giustina dropped her head over her work again, and the priest watched her with still greater attention. He had caught the sudden flush which had revealed the real beauty of the colourless face, and was satisfied. True to his invariable habit (an Italian priest, in all the outward observances of his life, is a complete machine), as the clock struck eight he took his leave.

"Giustina," called out Signora Elena, "I have great news for you. Our good Priore, who has always taken the same interest in you, as if you were one of my own daughters, has heard of something. You are listening, Giustina?"

"Yes."

"Through a friend at Montechiara, he heard of a Count Malapieri, who is looking out for a wife. He wrote immediately, and he and I hope that

* Vide, on this subject, a poem in the "Cornhill Magazine."

we may soon congratulate you on having made an excellent marriage."

"Me!"

"I love you, Giustina; have always loved you since the day you were brought to me, such a good, quiet, little girl, only twelve years old. I wish I could have given you a dowry out of my own savings, but every year it seems that my resources diminish, and it is impossible to curtail still further my wants. As it is, I have put together a trifle,—nay, do not kiss me,—a trifle, so that when I die, you may not be absolutely dependent as to pinmoney on Giulio. You must live, if you are yet unmarried, with Giulio and Carolina."

Giustina shivered.

"But I hope you will have a home of your own soon. The Priore tells me the Count does not care for a marriage portion, or family, or anything, but to find a good young woman whom he can marry and make the mistress of his house. He does not even care for her being very young."

"How old is he?"

"Not young, of course: he is a widower, has no children, is enormously rich," continued Signora Elena, slipping by the question of age with great rapidity. "He is one of the first persons in the province."

"Montechiara is near San Benedetto," said Giustina, in a dreamy kind of way.

"Yes, your old home. When he is married, I am sure you will have no difficulty in persuading him to come every other winter, at least, to Florence."

"When does he come?"

"Ah! that is the difficulty," said Signora Elena, somewhat awkwardly. "He cannot leave his estates till after the harvest; and yet he would wish to be married at that time, if possible. Under these circumstances, though it is an expense and an inconvenience, we thought it would be no bad thing for you to go and see your old home again, and he could meet you there."

Giustina started. The plan, though mentioned so plausibly to her, was in truth most galling and humiliating: she had little pride, but a spark of something of the Bentivoglio spirit shone in her eyes.

Signora went on without noticing it.

"I have settled with the Priore that his sister, Signora Gaspara, will take you to San Benedetto." She paused, but Giustina was quite silent. "If you dislike the idea of this marriage, say so at once; but I think it my duty to advise you to consider well, before you refuse,—an honourable position, a man rich, noble, prepared to love you,—what more does a woman require?"

The old lady terminated her speech somewhat abruptly, for her memory had the bad taste to recall to her that her own marriage had united all those advantages, and even more, for her husband was young and handsome, and yet she had needed more, or wherefore that long "amicizia" with—But we will not pry into Signora Elena's secrets.

"What dresses can you take?"

The conversation now turned into a channel in which Giustina could take her part, and the ladies soon talked most confidentially; and it was

arranged that Rosa should come the next morning for certain ironings, repairs, and contrivances, which the paucity of the wardrobe made necessary.

While they were talking, the Contessa Flavia entered. She was a handsome, haughty-looking woman, verging on middle age, with an air of suppressed passion and wayward gloom in her face. She had needed much more than the marriage provided for her by Signora Elena; and being of an impatient, imperious temper, had, after two years, returned to her mother, announcing her determination never to see her husband again. A separation was agreed to by him. The interest of her dower was assigned to her as income, and though but a pittance, in a household as economical as Signora Elena's, it was sufficient. Her life, no longer varied by marital storms, was a very monotonous one; but, at all events, it was passed in Florence, and not in her husband's estates in the wilds of the Maremma.

To an Italian woman there is a whole world of gay possibilities in the mere fact of living in Florence. It is something to live on the spot in which balls are given, even if one cannot go to them. Some of the breath of the festival can be enjoyed in the shape of the descriptions given by those who were there. Then the theatre, then the *Passaggiata*, and the daily gossip. It was not like the miserable vegetation which had been her fate among those horrid plains of the Maremma, with a husband not far removed in sense and intellect from the buffaloes, which were the principal part of his wealth. As brutal, as savage, as unfinished a mixture of clay and vitality as those peculiarly repulsive-looking animals, how could Flavia be expected to endure him?

When the Contessa entered, she was informed of the news.

"Count Simone? Ah!" and she could not suppress a certain inflection of pity in her voice, which made Giustina look inquiringly at her; but it passed away, and the tone in which she added, "You will be very rich, Giustina," had something of envy in it.

When Giustina went to her room that evening, her prayers before the little crucifix beside her bed were longer than usual, and there was a troubled expression in her face when she rose. The idea of resistance did not enter her head, but with the natural curiosity which was roused, was a kind of recoil. Every human being, however ignorant and ill-educated, feels, especially in any crisis of his or her life, a certain right to happiness,—a desire to adjust the actual to the ideal, and not to shut with his own hand the door to all hope.

Giustina's life was an absolutely colourless and uninteresting one. Mass in the morning, household cares during the day, and endless and elaborate embroideries and knittings and nettings in the evening, were all she knew of duty and occupation. Signora Elena was kind, and easy-tempered, but her perceptions were not quick. At Giustina's age she had been married ten years, and her heart and head were full of the pleasant cares which five healthy, spirited children are sure to give. The emptiness of heart which was gnawing

at the very pulses of poor unconscious Giustina, she could not have comprehended. Until she had married, her convent life had satisfied her; Giustina had much more amusement and variety than she had ever had, as a girl. What could she desire? But Signora Elena forgot that she had married at sixteen. In the early morning of life she had sate at the banquet, and been filled; Giustina was perishing from inanition at the threshold, and the afternoon of her life had commenced. But Signora Elena was one of those well-regulated minds who think that appetite waits for opportunity, and would have been "rimasta" (so the Italians express inordinate and paralysing surprise), could any one have told her Giustina was not happy.

In the morning Rosa came. She was told the news, of course. She congratulated the Signorina, but very briefly, and with no comment. She finished her work with great alacrity, and was off the moment it was done. Half an hour afterwards she might have been seen seated in a small, bachelor-looking room in the fourth story of a house in Via Calzajoli, talking with even more than her usual fluency to a tall, handsome man, who was listening to her with attention, but in silence. The silence, however, might have been caused by the fact of his puffing slowly and perseveringly the smoke of a meerschaum the whole time of Rosa's harangue.

"I cannot tell how," gabbled Rosa, "but it must be stopped. I know her so well, she would die if she were married to that Count Simone (che bestia!) I have often heard of him, one of my nephews is married to a woman from Montechiara. She knows this fine Count. He is a bad one! To think of the Priore, good innocent man, being anxious for such a marriage—but it must be stopped——"

"How?"

This monosyllable served as a dyke to the overflow of words. Rosa paused, then with eager volubility she recommenced.

"She shall not be sacrificed; I have known her since she came, a pale little angel, to Casa Bentivoglio, and won all our hearts by her pretty ways, and since you told me you loved her, and were resolved she should be your wife—I mean since I found it out—I have resolved that it shall be so. What Rosa wills to be, she usually finds comes to be, Che sarà sarà, but the Signorina shall not marry Count Simone. You might propose at once to Signora Elena—no, that would never do, we must get rid of Count Simone first—I shall tell my niece, she is one of those gossips full of 'ciarle' and 'chiacchiere,' and it will soon get to Montechiara that Giustina is—at least her mother was—'tisica;* Count Simone is afraid of illness."

"Till when did you say Signorina Giustina would be at San Benedetto?"

"Till Monday morning; she goes to-morrow, Saturday, and returns Monday evening."

The gentleman rose at these words, and Rosa felt she was dismissed. She rose too and kissed his hand. He laughed, and she looked at him with the loving eyes with which a foster mother looks upon the child she has nursed. The six

* Tisica—consumptive.

fect of manhood, bearded and moustachioed, before her, bore, however, very little likeness to the cooing baby she had held on her breast thirty years ago; but he was her first foster child, and she worshipped him.

The next morning the old carriage, but with postilions and post-horses, rattled up to the door. The bells on the horses rang a merry peal as they set off. Signora Gaspara, a drowsy-looking, monastically-dressed chaperone, took her place by Giustina.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

GEORGE CANNING AND HIS MOTHER.—It is not a little curious that the "Peerages" make no mention of this lady by name, the editors contenting themselves with the remark that the future Premier's father, by an imprudent marriage, incurred the displeasure of his parents and the penalty of disinheritance. The name of the lady in question was Costello. After the marriage her husband entered as a student at the Temple; but, borne down by the neglect and oppression of his family—who boasted to have been settled at Foxcote in Worcestershire from a fabulously remote period—he soon died in almost destitute circumstances. After his death, his widow married Mr. Reddish of Covent Garden Theatre, and being again left a widow, took as her third husband Mr. Hun, by whom she had two daughters. It is most honourable to the memory of that great statesman that when, on retiring from office he became entitled to a pension, he settled it on his poor relations instead of pocketing it himself. It is still more creditable to him that, amidst all his struggles for political advancement and the warfare of party strife, he never forgot his duty to his mother. He duly corresponded with her to the last, never omitting to write to her on a Sunday, which day he always made it a rule to set aside for that purpose. So invariably punctual was he in this respect, that even during his special mission to Portugal, though not able to forward his letters regularly, he still continued to write every Sunday, and sent sometimes two and even three letters by the same packet from Lisbon.

THE DIATONIC SCALE. — *Ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, (si)*, with which we now indicate the musical scale, are the invention of Guido Arezzo (a monk in Spain), who introduced considerable improvements in the art of music and singing. He lived in the eleventh century, and substituted a *Heptachord* (a series of six notes) instead of the previous Greek *Tetrachord* (a series of four notes). The names of the above notes are derived from a hymn to John the Baptist, and form the first syllables of every half verse in it:

Ut queant laxis *Resonare* fibris

Mira gestorum *Famuli* tuorum

Solve polluti *Labii* reatum,

Sancti *Johannes.*

To raise the scale to an octave (or heptachord), another note was subsequently added, called *si*, forming the initials of the last two words in the hymn. At present the Italians frequently substitute *do* for *ut*.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

(FREELY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.)



Hast thou seen that castle olden,
That is seated by the sea ?
How the purple clouds, and golden,
Float above it gloriously ?

How its towers are ever blending
With the clouds that redly glow,
And again are oft descending
To the waves that roll below ?

I have seen that castle often,
With its walls by waters kiss'd ;
And I've seen the moonbeams soften,
Thro' the rising of the mist.

Didst thou hear the waters swelling
Wind and wave with merry chime ?
Didst thou hear from that high dwelling
Sound of harp and minstrel rhyme

O'er the waters gently sailing,
On that night the breezes swept,
But I heard a sound of wailing,
And I bent my head and wept.

On the turrets towering o'er thee,
Did the bride and bridegroom stand ?
Did their vestments wave before thee.
Crimson robes, and sceptred hand ?

Didst thou see them walk, attendant
On a maiden passing fair ?
As the sun at dawn resplendent,
Was the glory of her hair ?

Well I saw the parents olden,
Sable were the robes they wore—
Gone the crown, and sceptre golden,
And no maiden walk'd before ! MEMOR.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER I. THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

My mother was very anxious that I should marry. This was not an extraordinary wish,—I was an only son. With me, if I died unmarried, would perish the ancient line of the Spencers of Speynings. Speynings itself would pass to another branch of the family who bore another name. There would be no more Spencers of Speynings, but Hursts of Speynings. The alliteration would be destroyed, and the charm broken. From the time I was at college the necessity which imposed marriage on me had been dinned into my ears. Entire freedom of choice was granted me within the following limits. My bride must be well educated, well principled, and well born. If she were rich it was well, but wealth was not indispensable.

To fulfil this laudable purpose my mother carefully and successively invited all the eligible young

ladies of the neighbourhood to stay at Speynings on long periodical visits during my vacations. She made it a pretext that a ward of hers who lived with us was in want of a companion in her rides and drives and walks. It was natural that Fanny Egerton should require more lively companions than an old woman like herself. My mother did not do herself justice. In the first place, she was not an old woman; in the next, as Fanny confided to me, she was far more agreeable as a companion than any girl in the neighbourhood. However, Fanny had sufficient tact not to appear contradictory. She allowed it to be supposed that sharing her daily drive, for a week at a time, with blue-eyed Laura Conyers was pleasant, though Laura was more dull than a fashionable novel; she played duets with exemplary patience with Emma Danvers, who was music

mad; and she would ride for hours with Nora Compton, who was a *Die Vernon* as regards equestrian exploits. Poor Fanny! she would willingly have exchanged the society of these damsels in their most mirthful moods to have had one half-hour's conversation with my mother—and she was right. It was the most pleasant companionship in the world. Unlike most elderly women, my mother had retained a liveliness of imagination, a buoyancy of temper, a youth of heart, that neither age, delicate health, nor a life chequered by many trials could dim or chill. In all the essential attributes of youth she was young.

I have often thought that my disinclination to marry, the imperviousness with which I bore feminine attacks on my peace, were derived from the charms of my home. Fanny's liveliness, my mother's tender and sympathetic indulgence, gave life a sweetness at Speynings which left me nothing to wish for.

I had travelled on the continent; I had seen the most beautiful women in Paris, Vienna, and Rome. I had been in love, as in duty bound, at each place, but none of these inclinations had led me to take the inevitable step. No woman had inspired me with that feeling which is, I think, inseparable from a real love, the yearning for a home shared with the woman one loves. I never longed to see Leonie de Fierville's face at breakfast, and I never returned from a long mountain expedition while I was in Italy with any wish that on my return I could see the smile of Fiamma Altoviti illuminating my hearth. As to Adelheid Falkenstein, I always drew my breath more freely out of her imperial and exacting presence, though I was such an adoring slave while in it.

Nor did I, that pleasant morning, after my two years' travels, when I came down to breakfast, and saw my mother's eyes sparkle as I entered, and heard Fanny's joyous voice bid me good morning, retain the faintest recollection of Leonie's bright eyes, the faultless profile of Fiamma, or the Zenobia bearing of Adelheid.

Fanny was in her riding-habit, and I could not help smiling when I found, in the course of conversation, that she was going to invite Nora Compton to spend a few days with us. It was too early, I thought, but I offered to accompany her; and immediately afterwards the horses were brought round, and we mounted.

"I cannot understand, Fanny," said I, as we rode along, "why my mother thinks it necessary to spoil our comfortable trio by the admission of a fourth. Surely you have no pleasure in talking to a rough, noisy girl like Nora."

"A certain degree of pleasure, for I like her; but I should not wish to invite her for my own sake, but your mother wishes it, and that is enough for me. Besides, I sometimes think I am too much for her; she is so very delicate, Hubert; more so than formerly—have you not noticed it?"

My heart sunk; I *had* observed it, but attributed the paler cheek, the slighter figure, to the inevitable progress of time, not to any increase of illness.

Fanny saw I was moved, and changed the conversation.

"Do you think Nora handsome?"

"Handsome?"

"Surely she is handsome with those beautiful features and complexion, and that smooth black hair folded round her head like black satin."

"Possibly," I said, indifferently; "suppose we canter now."

We arrived. I remember as I walked through the hall my spur caught against a child's toy which had been carelessly left there, and I nearly fell.

"I am sorry," exclaimed Fanny, "for I see by this toy Mrs. Villars is arrived."

I did not ask her to explain herself, for at this moment we entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. Villars was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Compton. She was a widow. She had been married before I went to college, and had been a widow two years. I had never seen her.

We entered the room. By the window sat a lady; she had a child on her knee, and was stooping down over him, showing him a picture book; her fair wavy hair fell so low down on her cheek I could not distinguish her features, but the outline of the bending figure was grace itself. Such undulating willowy lines are seldom seen in an English figure.

The next moment Nora rushed in, and introduced me to her sister, Mrs. Villars. The lady looked up and bowed. What a lovely face! The eyes were large and bright, violet-coloured, with brown eyelashes; the mouth was rather wide, but very red, and set in curves of arch and "*jolâtre*" meaning; the cheek was dimpled and rounded like a young girl's; but the brow was thoughtful, and under the eye were lines which showed that girlhood was put away, and that a woman's cares had commenced.

While Nora laughed and talked to Fanny, who was somewhat absent and fidgety, so at least it seemed to me, I had full leisure to contemplate the enchanting picture before me. The child so effectually occupied its mother that she could not speak to anyone else, and it was best for me. How could I have talked at such a moment?

It seems cynical to remark it, but I have observed that a pretty woman is never so kind and complaisant to her child as before strangers. Not as may be vulgarly imagined to exalt their opinion of her maternal love, but that a winsome form never takes such little attitudes as in the tender caresses and struggles, half play and half affection, which take place on such occasions. A romping child rumples the hair, and displays most unconsciously its bright waving luxuriance, or drags up a sleeve and exhibits a round white arm, or (profane imp!) nestles in a throat which is white as a swan's; and all these accidents add much to the impression made by a beautiful woman.

Mrs. Villars was quite aware of these advantages, and failed not to make use of them. Only for a short time, however. The child was tenderly caressed, and then dismissed. She turned to me.

"Those young ladies seem to have so much to converse about, Mr. Spencer, that perhaps you will have time to walk with me round the garden. I will show you the improvements."

She took up carelessly a veil of black lace which was on the table, threw it lightly over her head, and passed out through the verandah into the garden.

Heavens! how beautiful she was! How much more lovely is the beauty of some women than that of others. Fanny was remarkably pretty, a fair Saxon-looking girl; Nora's face and figure were celebrated: what was it that gave Mrs. Villars, whose features were more irregular, whose complexion was far less youthful, her peerless and transcendent beauty? They might please, she charmed. Long study and natural grace gave her manners and appearance the most exquisite softness. To this was added a low musical voice, sufficient intelligence to know exactly what to say and what to leave unsaid, and more tact than I have ever seen in any other woman. It was this which attracted all who came within reach of her influence. Nature had endowed her with that organisation at once flexible and strong, such as we only see in the feline race, and with it she had the same sportive and graceful pliancy. Her head was low and broad; phrenologists would have pronounced it of that shape which gives most scope to the organs of caution and acquisitiveness, but it was not depressed at the temples; the sympathetic and perceptive part of our faculties was well though less powerfully represented. This is the type which from time immemorial belongs to the women who enchant men. The Lamia type. But this is a digression.

I walked with Mrs. Villars in the garden: she pointed out to me the changes and improvements in the gardens and shrubberies of the Grange, and floated rather than trod through the green enclosures and over the raised lawn. Her little boy, who had come down again, fluttered by us; I heard the merry laughter of the two girls in the drawing-room; there was something unutterably fragrant in the flowers, and it seemed to me as if a bit of Paradise had fallen from the skies into this lonely squire's house in Devonshire. She spoke, but I was monosyllabic in my answers. I could enjoy, but could not speak. At last Fanny ran out. Her quick step grated on my ears.

"I have ordered the horses, Hubert," she said; "I cannot stay longer."

"When does Miss Compton come?"

"Not yet, she says—"

"Do not let her delay her visit on my account," said Mrs. Villars, in her rich melancholy voice. "Mamma and I will take care of each other."

"No, another time will do just as well."

Fanny shook hands with Mrs. Villars, and bade her adieu. I noticed there was something aggressive in the manner of both. I had a sort of desperate feeling that I could not say good-bye without leaving some door open, making some opportunity by means of which I could return sooner than it would have been otherwise decorous to do. How wildly my thoughts flew from point to point as we advanced to the horses, my very eagerness to effect my purpose confusing me and distracting me as to the choice of means. I stammered, I hesitated. I began a hundred sentences without finishing any. At last Mrs. Villars, as if she

penetrated my wish and kindly sought to gratify it, said:

"One of my first visits will be to Mrs. Spencer, but as it may be some days before I can go, will you ask her to send me the flower-seeds she promised me the last summer I was here?"

I could have fallen down and kissed her feet. "I will bring them to-morrow," I said to myself, but I only bowed and took leave. I mounted Fanny, and then, as we rode slowly on through the park, turned back and caught a last glimpse of the floating white dress and of the black veil over the shining hair.

Fanny and I were silent as we rode home. She, poor child, had commenced talking, but finding her efforts at conversation entirely unavailing had desisted. I was grateful to her. I did not desire to break through the silence, filled with enchanted reveries in which I had wrapped myself away from the past and the present, and which with a golden mist enveloped the future. When we reached Speynings Fanny went at once into the house, but I loitered till dinner time among the terraces. It was late when I entered. The glorious vision which the air and sunshine had called forth had faded into the twilight.

I found my mother and Fanny together. My mother looked a little serious and a little disappointed.

"I am so sorry Nora cannot come," she said.

"Her visit is only delayed," I answered indifferently; "by-the-bye, Mrs. Villars asked me to remind you of some flower-seeds you promised her."

"Yes, Fanny has told me: I will send them to-morrow to the Grange."

There was no more to be said. I had so established my reputation as a declared enemy to morning visits that I could not offer to take them. I was silent and thoughtful. When I looked up I found my mother's eyes fixed most earnestly on me.

My mother was not at all handsome. She could not have been so even in her youthful days. The only remarkable—and by remarkable I do not mean beautiful—feature in her face was her eyes. Neither in colour nor shape could they be called pretty. They were pale blue, and somewhat small, though bright, but the expression was peculiar. Usually they had a frank, intelligent expression, as innocent and confiding as the look of a tame bird; but at times they deepened into the most startling intentness. Stendahl tells us that in the East there is a tradition which refers to this singular power in the eyes. The Arabs say that when the angels walked the earth among the sons and daughters of men, they knew each other under their mortal garb by this peculiar glance. Most women's eyes betray their sex either by a veiled or a conscious look. My mother's eyes were sexless. They had not more softness than would have become a man's, they had not more fire than might have flashed from a woman's. At this moment they were prophetic.

People talk of the wonders of mesmerism, of spiritual manifestation through gifted mediums: what can be more wonderful than the intuitive knowledge which we sometimes obtain of the

feelings of another? I felt as certain as if she had spoken, that my mother did not like Mrs. Villars, and would disapprove of my cultivating an intimacy with her.

"Why do you not like Mrs. Villars?" I asked, pursuing my own thoughts, unconscious of the abruptness of my remark. It tallied, however, too much with her own secret thoughts to seem abrupt. Fanny blushed scarlet, my mother turned pale.

"Why should you think we dislike Mrs. Villars?"

"Do you mean to say I am mistaken?"

"You have almost obtained second sight if you can read my thoughts in that way. I will not say I dislike Mrs. Villars, for I scarcely know her. She left the Grange very young, when her parents went abroad, and returned twelve years afterwards a married woman. She visited her parents rarely, and this is the first time I have ever had the opportunity of seeing her. She arrived about six months ago. Yet by that freemasonry which reveals one woman to another, I should say she was a dangerous person."

"From her marvellous beauty?—I agree with you."

"Marvellous beauty!" exclaimed Fanny. "She has not a good feature in her face except her eyes. She is not young, and looks absolutely plain sometimes."

My lips curled at this feminine jealousy.

"I think her looks variable," said my mother, "but I do not deny that she is at times wonderfully beautiful. But her beauty is dangerous, for she is artful, selfish, and cold-hearted. I should be sorry if any one I loved loved her, for that love, under the happiest circumstances, would only lead to disappointment and misery."

"My dear mother," said I, taking her hand, "it is very well for Fanny to speak disparagingly of her friend's sister; it may proceed from a disinterested jealousy on her friend's account,—but you?"

"Did you think I spoke from jealousy?" and something of scorn passed over her face. It was instantly checked, and with a caressing motion habitual to her she passed her hand over my cheek, and said, tenderly, "My dearest, do not think me prejudiced; I am quite willing you should judge for yourself. I will call on Mrs. Villars to-morrow."

I was so confident of my power, so certain that if it were in human possibility to grant me a wish my mother would have moved heaven and earth to do it, that I did not feel particularly flattered at my triumph. I was too much accustomed to her indulgence, and too much spoiled by it, not to take this proof—heaven knows I had daily and hourly proofs of it—with the most passive indifference. I left the room; I wished to be alone to distinguish what was in my heart. "I adore my mother," I thought, "and I love Fanny; but there is a point beyond which they cannot step. It is folly to think that after having seen Mrs. Villars once I can have other feelings for her but admiration, but that admiration belongs to an order of sensations over which no human being can have the least control.

I have nothing to do with their measurement of her value, or they with my appreciation of her worth. I feel that she and I are in a region beyond their reach. I will never name her again." The very tenor of these reflections ought to have convinced me that I was entering a perilous path, but I was unconscious of it—I was dazzled, besotted, blind.

Beloved as I was by my mother, few sons had actually lived so little with a parent. I had been taken abroad when a child, and sent to my father, who resided there. He had been separated from my mother soon after my birth.

There had been a great disparity in position between my parents. He was the second son of a second son of a good county family, and connected with the peerage. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer. My father was staying in the neighbourhood of her home, studying with a private tutor. As I have said, she could never have been beautiful, or even pretty. She was tall, thin, fair, but her figure was ordinary, her face freckled. She possessed no luxuriance of bloom to deck out ordinary features, yet some great charm she must have possessed, for he fell desperately in love with her, and for that love braved the displeasure of his parents and married her. Both her friends and his were equally displeased at the match. Her father, who had always been harsh and unkind to her, for no fault of hers but that she was a girl instead of a boy, disinherited her for this act, and for thus having abandoned her own sphere and her own people for a penniless sprig of nobility. His friends excommunicated him for having mixed the blue blood of the Spencers with this plebeian source, where there was not even the excuse of beauty to palliate his folly.

I remember my father well. He was very handsome; fine features, a dark, clear complexion, beautiful curly hair, patrician hands and feet, and manners which were perfection. But never did a more ornamented casket contain a more thorough bit of tinsel. It seems unfilial to say so, but this impression is indelible. With him my childhood was unhappy, my boyhood miserable, and the faults which have cursed my manhood are, I must believe, owing to his neglect. I was never the object of his care, or the subject of his discipline. My selfishness was encouraged by his, and his example fostered my weakness in right, and my obstinacy in wrong. If he did not "write like an angel, and talk like poor Poll," he talked as a man of the most exquisite sensibility, and acted with a hardness which was almost fabulous. I never could imagine what had at first attracted him to my mother. I could understand her better; she was young, left to herself, and without a mother. Thrown into the society of a young man of great personal beauty, his refined manners, and apparently noble character, seemed the realised ideal of her fairest imaginations. She was well educated, and solitude had deepened and exalted her character. He saw the impression he had made, and at first had probably no other intention than to beguile the time which his father had obliged him to devote to study, but as is inevitable in the association of human beings, the stronger

truer character attained ascendancy over the feebler, false one. He had sufficient intelligence to see that this young woman possessed a truth and simplicity of disposition, a warmth of heart, and a magnanimity of character which was as rare as it was precious. The great power of her love magnetised him, and for awhile his weak nature wore an aspect which seemed worthy of hers. They married, and were disowned by their relations.

At first they lived in obscure lodgings in London. Soon after marriage the two characters began to feel the wide gulf between them. Adversity is a great test. Selfishness, hard-heartedness, and falsehood were mated to generosity, tenderness, and truth. Had the wife possessed a particle of artifice, she might perhaps have maintained for a short time longer her power over him, but she was totally devoid of it. She was frank to a fault. Her intelligence was keen enough to detect the hollowness of the love offered to her, and the recoil was proportionate to the love she had given. He said his home was wretched, and acted on this assertion by abandoning it, two months before my birth, in company with a French actress, with whom he went to Italy.

His uncle, on hearing this last *escapade* of his worthless nephew, came up to town to see the poor deserted young wife. He became, as all who knew her became, strongly attached to her, and furious against her husband. He was an eccentric but clever man, and understood that the *mésalliance* which had caused such a storm in his brother's family was, in fact, on the side of the noble affectionate heart which had given its pure gold for such vile metal.

He was the head of the Spencers, had married a rich heiress, and had no family. With the exception of Speynings, which he could not alienate, he had the power of leaving his property where he pleased. He and his wife took my mother home with them, and supplied to her the place of the husband who had deserted her and the father who had disinherited her. At his death he left all he was possessed of to her, with the exception of an annuity to my father, to be paid to him on condition of his never returning to England or claiming Speynings; and he made an arrangement with my grandfather to allow my mother to reside there, and to administer the estate in trust for me, but only to be my heritage after her death. She was free to marry again, should she become a widow, and even the bequest to me was limited to her pleasure. My uncle died when I was five years old. When my father heard of the will his rage knew no bounds, and his first act was an unparadonable one. Actuated by the most iniquitous spirit of revenge, and knowing how my mother was wrapped up in me, he sent for me. Law was on his side, and I was yielded up to him.

His next step was inspired by the same evil spirit, but the consequences were less fatal. The French actress had long left him, and he had devoted his leisure time to painting, for which he had some talent. He was at Vienna when my uncle died. He immediately burnt his palette

and brushes, and, as the greatest mortification he could inflict upon the family who had so injured him, joined a house of business in Vienna. The name of Spencer was seen attached to two Jewish names, and figured among the Co. of a mercantile firm. His speculations were fortunate, and he became rich. He did not, however, long enjoy his wealth. He died when I was about fourteen. By his will, I was not to inherit a farthing of his property till I was five-and-twenty. The money was not to be touched till then by me, or for my use, but reserved for the purposes of the house of business till that time, when I was to make my choice of joining it or of realising my fortune and leaving it. Till then I was dependent for everything on my mother, but I was only to reside with her during alternate holidays, and I was to travel for two years before I was twenty-one.

This spirit of animosity, which died but with his death, was an acute grief to my poor mother, but she was obliged to submit. She loved me passionately as the pulse of her life—the idol of her being—and I loved her, or rather thought I loved her, devotedly. My neglected childhood had made me delicate and sickly, and the languor of ill-health made me appear to her partial eyes of a gentler, finer character than I really was. I was like my father in person, but apparently of a more affectionate disposition and of a sweeter temper. In me and my future she garnered up every hope and centered every dream of life. My poor, poor mother!

(To be continued.)

A TUSCAN WEDDING.

CHAPTER III.

ON Monday evening they returned. When Giustina entered the drawing-room her veil was half down and her face was not seen. It was late, and the large room was almost in the dark. The silver "lucerne" only lit a small circle in the middle. Signora Elena, who had missed her gentle companion even on those three days, welcomed her quite joyously. She bade her run and take off her bonnet.

When she was gone Signora Gaspara and Signora Elena entered into close conversation as to the results of the journey. It had been prosperous. Count Simone was pleased with the appearance of his intended.

"He said she was prettier and younger-looking than he expected."

"And he?"

"Ah, he seems an excellent man; old certainly, but handsome and very generous. He had brought a lovely pearl brooch and earrings with him as a present for Giustina, and he gave them to her with his miniature before he left. He said he would write to her, and hoped she would write to him."

"How did Giustina seem—pleased?"

"She seemed the same as usual, quiet and grave. Perhaps she was tired, I am sure I was," and the good old lady gave a prolonged yawn, which evinced that the fatigue still endured; but Signora Elena was too anxious and curious to let her sink so soon into repose.

"Did she find San Benedetto much altered?"

"Very much so."

"It must be, it is fourteen years since she was there. Did she see any one she knew?"

"No,—ah, yes. When she went to see the tablet in memory of her mother, which her old friend the priest erected before his death in the church, she told me she met his nephew."

"Ah, does he live there still?"

"No, he is a negoziante at Pistoia;" and poor Gaspara was asleep even before she heard Signora Elena's reply.

Signora Elena saw it was useless to inquire further, and, leaning back, murmured, "Poor child! how glad I am it is all settled. I am sure she deserves her good fortune."

Meanwhile the poor child had gone up-stairs and changed her dress and smoothed her hair, and then she sat down on a low seat before her table and tried to settle her thoughts.

She looked round the room which she had inhabited for fourteen years, and, strange to say, looked at it as a stranger might. She observed its smallness; she noticed the chest of drawers, the object of her admiration when she first saw them, with their quaint intarsiatra of ivory and ebony, and the huge, highly-ornamented, but barbarous key, which served as a handle to pull the drawers open, but was quite incapable of being used to lock them; the toilet table with its elaborately knitted cover and flounces (the work of her own hands), and the small silver-rimmed glass in the centre, which was her own—it had belonged to her mother; the high window which looked on a courtyard, where there was nothing but a grass-grown, disused well, and in the corner one tall, dingy cypress (the sky and the top of this cypress were the only objects she could see from her bed), the mother-of-pearl and silver crucifix which hung beside her bed, and which had also belonged to her mother. The crucifix and the little mirror were the only things in all the room that Giustina could call her own, except the two morocco trinket cases which she had laid down on the table, and which were pledges of her future, and for the first time the utter loneliness and helplessness of her lot seemed to overwhelm her. She was bound to the past by these relics belonging to the dead—to the future by these gifts, and was there not worse than death in this future? She shuddered.

Had Count Simone been merely an elderly man with grey hair and a venerable face, Giustina would have been quite satisfied; but the husband she was introduced to was a thick, short man, whose face was lined with age, but the expression of whose piercing grey eyes belied his years. His wig and moustache and beard contrasted disagreeably by their intense blackness with those eyes. The wig was drawn so low on the forehead, by way of hiding its numerous wrinkles, that the shape of that nobler portion of the human countenance was quite concealed. A head which is all face and cerebellum is not a pleasant object to look at, and though the assertion may seem paradoxical, the more ostentatiously a wig is worn, dyed beard displayed, and artificial teeth thrust on our observation, the falser is the look they give to the rest of the person. Giustina's first impression had been fear, and then dislike. Count

Simone was very courteous in his manners, but beneath this veneered exterior something brutal and cynical pierced through.

We must not suppose that poor Giustina's sensations were precisely such as an English girl would have felt, could she by the remotest possibility have been placed in a similar position. Giustina had a deep sense of the obligation of marriage, *quand même*, and a leaf floating down a stream towards the brackish sea has as little idea of resistance. But there was a recoil in the natural instincts. She felt a strong agitation, which made her heart beat and her temples throb every time he spoke to her, and a painful blush spread over her face which seemed to burn with fever-heat ever since the moment he had greeted her. This unusual emotion was, however, very becoming. Count Simone had at first been displeased. He had a horror of delicate-looking women. He had learned this during his wife's illness. But afterwards this disagreeable suspicion was effaced. Giustina was slight, but the soundness of health was in that clear and bright complexion and in those sparkling eyes. He was satisfied. She would do. He had not had his journey for nothing. He wished he could have married her on the spot, and have taken her back and have placed her, at once, at the head of his house. He could not do this. There were certain legal preliminaries to go through, and he must perforce play the agreeable while they were together. He took the two ladies out for a drive, which occupied the whole morning, and then came the longest and most elaborate dinner Giustina had ever partaken of. Count Simone was a *bon vivant*, and had ordered it. Then the miniature and trinkets were presented, and the betrothed parted. It is premature, perhaps, to use the word betrothed, for they would not be absolutely engaged till Count Simone had written to Signora Elena, and had made arrangements with her; but it was understood on both sides that the affair was settled, and that when they met again it would be to be married.

That night Giustina never closed her eyes. She shivered as in bodily illness. She thought she must have caught cold during the long drive, when such hot flushes came over her every time Count Simone addressed her. They were to leave very early, and while Signora Gaspara, though up and dressed, was taking advantage of the very last moments to continue her doze, Giustina went to the church to see the tablet erected to her mother. It was outside the church, on the left of the porch. On it was a wreath of freshly-gathered white and red roses. She remembered it was her mother's festa Sta. Dorotea. When she knelt down in the church to say her prayer, she joined in the supplications for her friends—the unknown one who had given her this pleasure in this remembrance of her mother. When she rose and was leaving the spot, a gentleman advanced to meet her, and evidently recognised her. There was something frank and pleasant in his face which seemed familiar to her, but she did not remember him.

"You have forgotten me, Signora Giustina?"

She acknowledged it.

"Do you not remember your old playfellow, Camillo Micheleni?"

"Ah, yes,—now I do; at first I did not."

"It is natural; it is so long ago, and you were a child when you left San Benedetto; but I have never forgotten you, or the dear saint who was so good to me." He pointed to the tablet.

"Did you put those flowers there?"

"Yes, I do so every year, on this day."

"Thank you," said Giustina, with her eyes full of tears.

"I have longed to see you; it was my uncle's wish I should never lose sight of you, and through Rosa,"—the young man blushed a little,—"I have been able to know you were well, to hear about you, and from time to time I saw you, though you never saw me. I wished to make myself known to Signora Elena, but our positions are so different; besides, I only wished to become acquainted with her for your sake. . . . Wait one moment, Signorina; you know how your mother loved me?"

"Yes."

"Well, we can never be strangers, at any rate, but if you would authorise me, I would present myself to Signora Elena, and presume to ask her permission to—"

"It is late," said Giustina, softly. "I must go—do you know that I am to be married to Count Malaperi?"

"Count Simone!—that old—"

"Hush, you must not speak so now—it is too late. Will you promise me always to remember this day, and then I can think of you and my mother together?"

He was about to answer, but she drew her mantle round her, bowed her head, and was gone.

While Signora Gaspara continued in the carriage the doze commenced in the inn—Giustina wept bitterly.

Now, as she sat in her room, an apparition rose before her of a man with kind voice and loving eyes speaking tenderly to her, and pointing to an escape, from what seemed a terrible fate. But as she had said, it was too late.

She rose, and, with the caskets in her hand, went down-stairs. She was received by Signora Elena with quite a little fuss. A comfortable arm-chair was drawn out for her. She was treated at once as the affianced of Count Simone. The miniature was looked at in silence; the Contessa Flavia, who was present, directed a keen look of inquiry at her, and then the trinkets were lavishly praised.

Giustina passed another restless, sleepless night.

The next day was the day that Rosa was to bring Beppo to present him to Signora Elena. Beppo, brushed, shaved, and in his best clothes, looked the personification of a well-to-do artisan. Cecca, in her holiday garb, with her long earrings and her necklace, was as blooming and happy-looking as a girl of twenty who is shortly to be married to the lover of her choice, usually is. They both were radiant except—so Giustina fancied—when they looked at her. If there was compassion in the glances directed towards her, there was envy in the searching look she bent on them.

Some cheap presents and a trifle of money were bestowed, and they went away looking very pleased and proud, and murmuring most cordial wishes.

"Tante cose per loro, Signorie," especially for the Signorina. "May she be as soon as happy as I am," added Cecca, with an arch smile.

Before the door had well closed on them there was a little bustle round Giustina. She had fainted away. When she recovered consciousness she looked so ill, the doctor was sent for. He ordered her to bed directly. She was in a high fever.

CHAPTER IV.

Rosa was sent for to nurse her. She came, looked very grim and malignant, but nothing could exceed her care and watchfulness. The fever ran its course, but was at last subdued. For two or three days Giustina was delirious and in great danger. Her hair had to be cut off, she was bled, she was blistered; but, strange to say, she recovered.

At this very time a letter arrived from Count Simone, from which, amid the compliments and euphuisms of Italian epistolary style, one line of meaning could be extracted. He requested a portrait of his intended bride.

"A portrait, good heavens!" exclaimed Signora Elena, "impossible! He would not recognise her."

An answer was sent, explaining the impossibility of acceding to his request, but making as light as possible of the illness.

"Illness!" was he always to be haunted by that word? Count Simone smoked long and drank deep that day, meditating on the news. Rumours had been circulated among his tenantry of his approaching marriage, and somehow, though he could not have told how, the echoes reached him back again, but coupled with the insinuation "that he had been unfortunate enough to select another consumptive wife, — *una tisica un'altra volta*."

Count Simone became very anxious. For a fortnight he heard nothing more from Florence. At last his impatience and fear knew no bounds, and he resolved, in spite of the long expensive journey, to reassure himself or convince himself once for all. He set off a few days afterwards, and called on Signora Elena the very afternoon he arrived. The effect was quite dramatic. The Signora Elena and the Priore were sitting as usual opposite each other at the marble-topped table; the Contessa was on the sofa reading a French novel; supported by pillows in an arm-chair by the window was the drooping form of poor Giustina. Her short hair waved around her temples, and gave her quite a childish aspect, but she was paler, thinner, more fragile-looking than ever. Not even the surprise brought a tinge of colour to her cheeks. Count Simone fixed a piercing glance upon her. "Tisica, per Bacco!" * was his half audible exclamation.

Had Signora Elena been addicted to swearing, she would have done so upon the present occasion. She commanded herself, however, and the politest

* "Consumptive, by Bacchus!"

greetings were exchanged. The beauty of this admirable fencing was, that both who used it understood the other perfectly. Signora Elena felt it was all over, as regarded the marriage. Count Simone stayed but a short time.

Nothing was said after he left, but when they separated for the night, Signora Elena's kiss to Giustina was perceptibly colder.

The next three or four days the moral atmosphere of Casa Bentivoglio was charged with electricity. Signora Elena was undeniably snappish and cross. On the fourth day a letter came. Count Simone wrote to beg that if the Signorina were recovered, the preparations for the trousseau might commence, and announced that he had given orders to his lawyer to prepare the settlements.

Signora Elena understood what this haste meant. The marriage was to be broken off by the lawyers. Count Simone did not choose it to be said that he retracted, because his intended had had an illness.

Signora Elena's spirits rose a little; she hoped that, through the lawyer, she might yet checkmate the recalcitrant lover. She gave orders to her man of business to be as yielding as possible. The rupture should not be attributed to the family of Bentivoglio; if determined on it, Count Simone must take all the responsibility of it himself.

But with all possible good intentions on one side, when there is a resolve on the other not to come to terms, it is difficult to conciliate separate interests. Both lawyers took quantities of snuff, and shook their heads, and used words of four syllables, and diplomatised and negotiated, but no forensic ability could master the question of how to draw up settlements, for a marriage, which one of them knew, was not to take place. The coolness with which they discussed the subject of lineal and collateral descendants, of the rights of the eldest born, and the claims of the younger children, of this impossible union, was highly creditable to their powers of face, and proved them worthy descendants of those famous logicians who discussed so interminably and indefatigably how many angels could dance on the point of a needle. But their labours were cut short in an unexpected manner.

CHAPTER V.

GIUSTINA, before whom the pros and cons were often discussed, in the visits Signora Elena's lawyer paid his client, had listened languidly and hopelessly, not understanding in the least the drift of all these complications, but rejoicing at anything which deferred the marriage, until Rosa, one day, took it upon herself to enlighten her. She told her that Count Simone's repugnance to the idea of marriage with a woman who appeared of such frail constitution was such that nothing whatever would bring the affair to a termination, unless indeed, that as months passed by, and Giustina entirely recovered her health, he might find out that he had been too hasty in his suspicions, and confess his error by carrying out his first intention. For the second time in her life there looked out of the girl's gentle eyes a spark of ancestral pride. She had resigned herself to accept him as a mournful

necessity, but to be cast aside and then taken back, in consequence of some inhuman whim, was more than she could submit to.

She paused for a while to gather strength, and then went straight to Signora Elena, and with much hesitation—a cheek as white as death, but a manner as inexorable as fate—declared her invincible repugnance to the marriage, and, what was more, her resolution *never* to marry Count Simone.

The Priore and Signora Elena were aghast. Was this the gentle Giustina, hitherto so submissive and obedient in all things?

"What will you do, then?" asked Signora Elena, in a cold incisive voice, as unlike her own as possible.

Giustina burst into tears. The Priore drew the old lady aside and talked to her for a while. Since he had himself seen Count Simone he had repented having proposed the marriage. In theory, and at a distance, the idea of a Countess Malapieri of great wealth, and in a fine position, was delusive; but when the reality had appeared in the shape of the person, through whom these advantages were to be gained, he was man enough to pity Giustina, and to regret his own part in it. The world had nothing ostensible of which to accuse Count Simone; he was neither a prodigal nor a miser; he was honourable in his dealings with men. How was it that his name was always pronounced with dislike, and that his presence invariably inspired fear?

Character is a photograph which is taken off unawares, but of scrupulous fidelity always, and of which copies are to be found everywhere.

The Priore made Signora Elena comprehend that it was more dignified for the affair to end thus than through the lawyers. End it would, unquestionably; it might now be put upon the Signorina's delicate health, and no harm would be done.

At last Signora Elena consented to hear reason and to comply with Giustina's wish. She loved her so dearly that she was perhaps all the kinder to her, after this first ebullition of annoyance was over. It was, however, a very great disappointment to her. She felt she had failed in the principal duty of a protectress, if Giustina remained unmarried; but what hope was there of another bridegroom?

Rosa, who came in and out of the house as usual, gossiping, and ironing, and stitching, soon heard that the marriage was off. She was delighted, and went about with sparkling eyes and yet more active tongue. She devoted herself to Signora Elena, and they discussed, day after day, the probably melancholy state of future singleness of poor Giustina.

In Italy they do not pretend to call celibacy single *blessedness*. That is an irony or a reproach peculiarly our own.

It was now that Rosa began to put in the wedge which was to force open the Bentivoglio prejudices. She was always deploring over "la povertà," as she called her. What *would* become of her? if Signora Elena died—which, God forbid—Giustina must live with Signor Giulio and his wife. Giulio was his mother's son, that was

enough; but La Carolina was envious, jealous,—every one knew what *she* was . . .

She flew to her foster son and told him that he could now come forward. Signor Michelini called on the Priore—had a long conversation with him, which ended in quite converting him to his side of the question, and then entrusted to him a long letter to Signora Elena, in which he made formal proposals for the hand of her protégée.

He had spoken to the Priore of his long and faithful attachment, dating from Giustina's childhood, but to the old lady he dwelt more on the prudential and ambitious considerations that had made him presume to desire an alliance with one of her family. His fortune was considerable and increasing daily. The transactions which it led him into brought him into contact with persons of a position far superior to his own. His wife would assist him in receiving such persons, and he sought one who would be able fittingly to represent the present position of the family Michelini. As to dower he was perfectly indifferent.

Signora Elena was at first shocked—a negoziante—he must be mad. Literally, Signor Michelini was a wholesale merchant of corn and grain, but Pistoia was far enough to allow a pleasant cloud to float over the realities of the case. The disappointment about Count Simone made her, however, less impracticable than she would have been under the circumstances. But she was bewildered.

She spoke to her daughter, of whose understanding she had a high opinion.

“Is it not impossible?” she asked when she had concluded her appeal.

“Let me think about it,” answered Contessa Flavia, indifferently.

Rosa was in the room at the moment, and resolved to speak herself to the Countess. She spoke less to her usually than to any one else in the house, for Flavia was always silent, self-absorbed, and moody, but the shrewd old woman had observed her, and soon fathomed her heart history.

She made a pretext, and followed her to her own room. She told her the love part of the proposal. The attachment felt in earliest childhood by the clever, precocious lad for his little girl companion, the fidelity with which he had cherished it, and how passionately, and, till now, how hopelessly he had aspired to win her for his bride. Flavia's haughty, cold face softened, and an indescribable look of yearning dilated her eyes. In her dreary existence such a tale had the effect of a sudden breath of south wind on an ice-bound alp. The snow melted and revealed there were flowers to be found even there.

That evening, after Giustina was in bed, she heard a rap at the door. She jumped up, fearing Signora Elena was ill, but the Countess reassured her, bade her be quiet, and sat down beside her. She said that she had not felt well or inclined to sleep this warm summer night, and had come to beguile an hour or two with her. She was, of course, silent as to the proposal of Signor Michelini; she began talking about herself, her own history, her convent life, the few weeks at home preceding her marriage; the marriage itself. Briefly,

freely, spoken, there was enough in the record of such a wasted life, such an empty heart, to impress itself forcibly on Giustina's tenderer, softer nature.

“I tell you all this,” said Flavia, “to bid you beware. I would not interfere when the marriage between you and Count Simone was talked of; it seemed like treachery to my mother who had set her heart upon it to dissuade you from it, and I thought it possible you might be happy even under such circumstances, for I knew what a good simple child you are; but now you are free again, I entreat you, do not be persuaded to marry any one you do not know, or knowing, cannot love. Better death than such a marriage as mine; yet my husband is rich, noble,—of lineage nobler even than ours, but a “*facchino*” who had loved me had made me happier.”

When she left, her very lips were pale with the emotion with which she spoke. The Contessa Flavia advised her mother the next day to see Signor Michelini herself, and if she liked his appearance and manners to make no objection to his proposals.

Signora Elena consented to do so. The interview had a great effect. Her womanly heart was touched by the beauty and generosity of this plebeian lover. He was so respectfully aware of the enormity of the sacrifice that he asked, for a Bentivoglio to become a Michelini, his manners were so really good, his words had a tone which brought back such thrilling reminiscences of her own youth when she too was loved, that she was at first puzzled, then pleased, finally convinced.

A few days afterwards, in the gravest manner she presented the following alternative to Giustina. On the one hand she offered, if she continued single and lived with her, to manage in such a manner that at her (Signora Elena's) death, she should have enough money to enter a convent, and not be dependent on Giulio and Carolina; on the other, she told her of this new proposal of Signor Michelini.

“You know him; he lived in your neighbourhood, I think.” Giustina's lips parted with an arch smile, but Signora Elena did not see well, and did not notice it. “Which shall it be?”

“Will you let me answer after I have seen Signor Michelini two or three times?”

Signora Elena cast up her eyes in amazement. What was the world coming to? but she supposed that the low birth and nameless origin of Giustina's mother would explain this want of “*giudizio*” (good sense or judgment) in her protégée.

About three months afterwards Giustina and Camillo Michelini were married. It was a very quiet marriage, and took place at San Benedetto, in the church where the tablet to her mother was placed. No one was present but Signora Elena, the Priore, and Signora Gaspara. It was understood by all that this marriage broke off all tie with the family of Bentivoglio. But a breath of strong vivifying life had been stirred in Giustina's heart, and she was indifferent to this. The sweet sunshine of love and hope had expanded her intelligence, her mental and physical health. She was no longer a drooping, fading, sickly girl, but a woman lovely and beloved, and best and most

life-inspiring of all, she loved with every faculty of her nature.

Two years after this marriage, on Ascension Day, 1861, Rosa stood again under the trees of the Cascine. Beppo, who had the sober look of a married man, stood beside her, with his eternal cigar in his mouth, keeping time by its regular whiffs to the pauses of Rosa's floods of eloquence. This time she was talking politics, and of the great change in Florence during these two years.

"You see," she said, "giving the people a voice in the choice of their government is like putting new blood into an old man's veins. All goes on in the same way, but with fresh life. They are as proud of obeying the laws, which they make themselves, as I am when I wear a dress, even if it be a tight fit, which I have stitched myself. I never can bear a dress which a "sarta" has made; I never rest till I undo it and re-make it after my own fashion. There they are!" she suddenly called out.

The same old barouche, with its apoplectic coachman and aged horses lumbered along the drive, but the party inside the carriage was a different one—Signora Elena, to be sure, was unaltered; but listening to her was a fair, bright-looking woman, beautifully dressed, in whom, but for her soft eyes, no one could have recognised Giustina. Opposite her was Francesca, very portly, very smart, dressed, as a balia or wet-nurse, and in her arms a rosy baby was fast asleep.

"How well she looks," said Beppo pointing to Giustina.

"I wonder how she would have looked had she married Count Simone. Well, I may take credit to myself . . ."

"You?" ejaculated Beppo.

"Never mind," said Rosa, laughing and looking mysterious, "but, you see, though Count Simone was very rich, she could never have loved him. Her husband is rich, too, but so good that she can love him, and we women are poor creatures, we can do without anything but love—men are different; all is fish that comes to their net; but women must love or their blood turns to vinegar—Ask Francesca."

THE PUPIL OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

IN St. James's Street, London, on the 10th June, 1787, was born George Henry Harlow. His father, an East India merchant for a time resident at Canton, had been dead about four months. The widowed mother, only twenty-seven, and of remarkable personal attractions, was fortunately left with an ample dowry. Mourning her husband, she devoted herself to her children—five very young girls and the new-born son. Perhaps it was not unnatural that to the youngest child, born under such circumstances—the only boy—the largest share of her maternal affection and solicitude should be given.

He was first placed at the classical school of Dr. Barrow in Soho Square, then under the tuition of Dr. Roy in Burlington Street; for some time he was at Westminster. In after-life, in boastful moments, he was pleased to speak grandly of his classical attainments; of these, however, he could

never adduce any notable evidence. It is probable that he was at no time a very eager student; he had tastes and ambitions not compatible with school-learning, and an over-indulgent mother was hardly likely to rebuke his want of application, or to desire that her darling's attention should be fixed upon his books in too earnest a manner. Certainly before he was sixteen he had left school, and even then he had devoted much of his time to other than scholastic pursuits.

He was a smart, clever boy, with a lively taste for art, a constant visitor at the picture-galleries, already able to ply his pencil to some purpose; yet bent, perhaps, upon acquiring the manner and the trick of others rather than of arriving at a method of his own by a hard study of nature. He almost preferred a painted to a real human being—a picture landscape to a view from a hill-top. He was satisfied that things should come to him filtered through the canvases of his predecessors—content to see with their eyes. He was apt to think painting was little higher than legerdemain, was a conjuror's feat to be detected by constantly watching the performer, was a secret that he might be told by others or might discover for himself by examining their works, not a science open under certain conditions to all who will take the trouble to learn. These were not very noble nor very healthy opinions to entertain upon the subject; but at least at the foundation of them was a certain fondness for art, at least there was promise in the performances of the young man. Of this Mrs. Harlow was speedily satisfied, and the friends she consulted confirmed her opinion. It was determined that he should enter the studio of a painter. Not much care was exercised in the selection of a preceptor. A Dutch artist, named Henry De Cort, had settled in London; he produced landscapes of a formal, artificial pattern—compositions in which Italian palaces and waterfalls and ruins appeared prominently, formal in colour, neat in finish, the animals and figures being added to the pictures by other Dutchmen. There was rather a rage at one time for Italian landscape seen through a Dutch medium, a fashion in favour of which there is little to be said. It was not a very good school in which to place George Henry Harlow. De Cort was pretentious and conceited—worse, he was dull. The student loved art, but he could not fancy such a professor as De Cort. He began to feel that he could learn nothing from such a master—that he was, indeed, wasting his time. He quitted De Cort, and entered the studio of Mr. Drummond, A.R.A. He applied himself assiduously, "with an ardour from which even amusements could not seduce him," says a biographer. For, alas! young Mr. Harlow was becoming as noted for his love of pleasure as for his love of his profession. He remained a year with Mr. Drummond, and then commenced to sigh for a change.

There is a story that the beautiful Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire interested herself in the studies of the young man, and that owing to her influence and interposition he was admitted into the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence in Greek Street. Another account has it that Mr. Harlow and his mother visited the various painters with

the view of selecting one with whom the student would be content to remain until his period of pupilage was at an end, and that he himself finally selected Sir Thomas Lawrence. A premium of one hundred guineas was paid. For this sum the student was to have free access to his master's house "at nine o'clock in the morning, with leave to copy his pictures till four o'clock in the afternoon, but was to receive no instruction of any kind." It was supposed, apparently, that the example of Sir Thomas was instruction enough. But it is possible that Lawrence while, with his innumerable engagements, he was unable to bestow much time upon a pupil, was also, like Sir Joshua, unable to communicate art instruction. He knew very little of rules, he was little imbued with academic prescriptions, he painted rather from an instinctive love of beauty and from a purely natural quickness in observing expression. Harlow might have said of Lawrence as Northcote said of Reynolds: "I learnt nothing from him while I was with him." Though it seems hard to say that a student could be long in the studio of either master and benefit in no way.

The friends of the late Mr. Harlow were greatly distressed that his son should follow the unprofitable business of the Fine Arts. They hastened to rescue him from ruin, as they believed. They offered him a writership in India. He declined their assistance. "I care not for riches," he said; "give me fame and glory." They could not comprehend an ambition so absurd; they thought the young man out of his senses, and left him accordingly. They were even angry with their friend's son that he would not permit them to tear him from the profession of his choice.

Harlow was excitable, impulsive, enthusiastic. He was well acquainted with his own ability; indeed he was inclined to set almost too high a value upon it. He could bear no restraint. If Lawrence had attempted to impart instruction to him, he would probably have resisted it with all his might; he was ill at ease under even the semblance of pupilage; he declined to recognise his own inferiority; he was angry with the position he occupied in the studio of Sir Thomas. It would seem to have been difficult to quarrel with one who was always so courtier-like in manner, so gentle and *suave* and forbearing as was Lawrence. But it is possible these very characteristics were matters of offence to Harlow. He could not give credit for ability to a man who was so calm and elegant and placid midst all the entrancements of his profession. He thought a great painter should gesticulate more, should sacrifice the gentlemanly to the eccentric as *he* did, should be feverish and frothy and unconventional and absurd as *he* was. And then he possessed a quick mimetic talent. He had soon acquired great part of Lawrence's manner. People are always prone to think themselves equal to those they can imitate, and he was far ahead of all the other young gentlemen who entered the studio; indeed it may be said that no one has ever approached more closely to the peculiar style and character of Lawrence's art than his pupil Harlow. The master admitted this himself—if not in words, at least in conduct. He employed Harlow upon his portraits, to paint

replicas, and even to prepare in dead colours the originals. Of course the painting of backgrounds and accessories was the customary occupation of the pupils.

For eighteen months Harlow remained in the studio of Sir Thomas. A portrait had been painted of Mrs. Angerstein. In this Lawrence had introduced a Newfoundland dog, so skilfully represented as to excite the warmest admiration. Harlow, perhaps, had had a share in the painting of this dog, and he loudly claimed credit for it. He is said even to have intruded himself upon the Angerstein family, and to have represented to them how greatly the success of the picture was due to his exertions. Of course this conduct on the part of a pupil amounted to flat mutiny. Sir Thomas, informed of it, sought out his pupil, and said to him: "You must leave my house immediately. The animal you claim is among the best things I ever painted. Of course you have no need of further instruction from me." Harlow withdrew abruptly. In a day or two afterwards he was heard of, living magnificently, at the Queen's Head, a small roadside inn on the left hand as you leave Epsom for Ashstead. When the host approached with the reckoning it was found that the painter was without the means of liquidating it. It was agreed that the account should be paid by his executing a new sign-board. He painted both sides: on one a full-face view of Queen Charlotte, a dashing caricature of Sir Thomas's manner; on the other a back view of the Queen's head, as though she were looking into the sign-board, while underneath was inscribed "T. L., Greek Street, Soho." Sir Thomas, informed of this eccentric proceeding, said to Harlow:

"I have seen your additional act of perfidy at Epsom, and if you were not a scoundrel I would kick you from one end of the street to the other."

"There is some privilege in being a scoundrel, then," answers the pupil, "for the street is very long."

So we read of the quarrel of Lawrence and Harlow, one of those stories so easy to relate and so difficult to disprove. But there are incoherencies about it. The portrait of Mrs. Angerstein was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the year 1800, some years before Harlow had become a pupil of Lawrence's, and there is no dog in the picture! The speech about the kicking is a very unlikely one to have proceeded from Lawrence, while it is still more unlikely that Harlow would have received it so quietly. Had such language passed between them it is hardly possible they could have been on the footing of anything like friendship afterwards, yet we find Lawrence assisting Harlow in his picture of the Kemble family in quite an intimate way. Certainly there was a quarrel, and Harlow quitted Sir Thomas. A living writer says, in reference to the sign-board story:

"I remember to have seen it as early as 1815. Some twenty years after, missing this peculiar sign from the suspensory iron (where a written board had been substituted), I made inquiry at the inn as to the fate of Harlow's Queen's Head, but could not learn anything of its whereabouts."

It is not probable that Lawrence was disposed to condemn this more severely, than as one of those artistic freaks which clever caricaturing students are every day indulging in.

Thenceforth Harlow determined to set up as a painter on his own account. He would be a student no longer. He refused to avail himself of the advantages offered by the Academy—he would not draw there—would not enrol himself as a student. He would toil no more in the studios of others—he was now a full-blown artist himself. So he argued. “Naturally vain,” writes J. T. Smith, one of his biographers, “he became ridiculously foppish, and by dressing to the extreme of fashion was often the laughing-stock of his brother artists, particularly when he wished to pass for a man of high rank, whose costume he mimicked; and that folly he would often venture upon without an income sufficient to pay one of his many tailors’ bills.” He seemed bent upon exaggerating even the extravagances of fashion. There is a story of his having been seen with such enormously long spurs that he was obliged to walk down stairs backwards to save himself from falling headlong. He had a craving for notoriety. If the public would not notice his works, at least they should notice *him*. Somehow he would be singled out from the crowd. People should ask who he was, no matter whether censure or applause was to follow the inquiry. So he dressed with wild magnificence and swaggered along the streets and laughed loudly and talked with an audacious freedom that was often the cause of his expulsion from respectable company. A glass or two of wine seemed quite to turn his brain; he was alert then for any frivolity, and he was not always content with so restricted a libation, when the consequences were even more to be deplored.

He now offered himself as a candidate for Academic honours. He was not a likely man to succeed, yet he did all he could to conciliate the more influential Academicians, and certainly he had merits that entitled him fairly to look for the distinction. He painted a portrait of Northcote, said to be the best that had ever been taken of the veteran artist, and the number of portraits of him was very great. He also painted Stothard and Nollekens, and the well-known and admirable portrait of Fuseli. With this he took extraordinary pains, had numerous sittings, and was two whole days engaged upon the right hand only—a long time according to the Art-opinion of his day, when it was the fashion to finish a portrait in a very dashing style of execution, after one sitting, and in a few hours’ time. Mr. Leslie allowed Harlow’s portrait of Fuseli to be the best. “But,” he said, “it would have required a Reynolds to do justice to the fine intelligence of his head. His keen eye of the most transparent blue I shall never forget.” But the Academy would not think favourably of Harlow. In later days Northcote sturdily declaimed: “The Academy is not an institution for the suppression of Vice but for the encouragement of the Fine Arts. The dragging morality into everything, in season and out of season, is only giving a handle to hypocrisy, and turning virtue into a byword for impertinence.” There was only one Academician who could be

found to give a vote for Harlow. This was, of course, Fuseli. He was accused of it, and vindicated himself—“I voted for the talent, not for the man!” He was seeking to estimate the fitness of the claimant for Art-honours, by means of perhaps the fairest criterion. The Academy tested on a different plan. It was hard to say that Harlow’s moral character rendered him unfit to associate with the painters of his day; yet such was the effect of the decision of the Academy.

Of course he was cruelly mortified, deeply incensed; of course he swore in his wrath that he would wreak a terrible vengeance upon his enemies. But what could he do? He could privately abuse the Academicians corporately and severally wherever he went; and publicly he would paint them down. He would demonstrate their imbecility and his own greatness by his works. He took to large historical paintings—“Bolinbroke’s Entry into London” and “The Quarrel between Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Essex.” Unfortunately the merits of these achievements were not sufficient to carry dismay into the hearts of his oppressors; and what was even worse, no purchaser came for these ambitious works. He was driven to portrait painting again. He was dexterous in delineating character, was rapid in execution, had a respectable appreciation of colour. His first exhibited portrait was one of his mother; she lived to see him, in a great measure, successful, and died when he was twenty-two years old. A deep affection seems to have subsisted between the mother and the son. He was greatly moved at her death, and always mentioned her name with tenderness. He had soon no lack of sitters. He was soon recognised as being, in a certain style of portraiture, second to Lawrence only. And he next achieved a considerable success in a higher order of art. His “Arthur and Hubert” was highly applauded by the public. It was painted for Mr. Leader, at the price of one hundred guineas. The patron, however, was less pleased with the vigour and glow of colour of the work than were the critics, and was not sorry to exchange the picture for portraits of his children. This was sufficiently galling to the painter’s pride, but he was not rich enough to resent such conduct. He could not afford to close all dealing with his patron, as he would have preferred to do.

The next picture—and the one by which of all his works he is the most popularly known—was that combination of historical art and portraiture known as the “Trial of Queen Katherine.” The work was commissioned by Mr. Welsh the professor of music. It was commenced during the progress of the artist’s portrait of Fuseli, who, examining the first drawing of the picture, said: “I do not disapprove of the general arrangement of your work, and I see you will give it a powerful effect of light and shade. But you have here a composition of more than twenty figures, or I should rather say, parts of figures, because you have not shown one leg or foot, which makes it very defective. If you do not know how to draw feet and legs I will show you.” And with a crayon he made drawings on the wainscot of the room.

However inclined Harlow may have been to

neglect counsel, given in rather an imperious tone, he did not hesitate to profit by Fuseli's comments, and accordingly he re-arranged the grouping in the foreground of his picture. On a subsequent visit Fuseli remarked the change: "So far you have done well," he said, "but now you have not introduced a back-figure to throw the eye of the spectator into the picture." And he then proceeded to point out by what means this might be managed. Accordingly, we learn, Harlow introduced the two boys who are taking up the cushion, and the one with his back turned is altogether due to Fuseli, and is, no doubt, the best drawn figure in the picture.

Fuseli was afterwards desirous that the drawing of the arms of the principal object—Queen Katherine—should be amended, but this it seems was not accomplished. "After having witnessed many ineffectual attempts of the painter to accomplish this, he desisted, and remarked, 'It is a pity that you never attended the antique academy.'" It was only Fuseli who would have presumed to address such an observation to Harlow. While it was only from Fuseli that it would have been received with even the commonest patience.

The Kemble family are represented in this picture; and it is probable that the painter was more anxious for the correctness of their portraits, and an accurate representation of the scene, as it was enacted at Covent Garden Theatre, than for any of the higher characteristics of historical art. Mrs. Siddons is the *Katherine*; John Kemble, is *Wolsey*; Charles Kemble, *Cromwell*; while Stephen Kemble, who was reputed to be fat enough to appear as *Falstaff*; "without stuffing," here represents the *King*. These are all admirable portraits of a strikingly handsome family, firmly and grandly painted, and full of expression. Perhaps the best of all is Mrs. Siddons', and the next Charles Kemble's. The whole picture is a highly commendable work of art, and received during many years an extraordinary popularity.

It was with John Kemble, however, that the artist had his greatest difficulty, and it was here that Sir Thomas Lawrence rendered assistance to Harlow. Kemble steadily refused to sit, and great was the distress of the painter. At last Sir Thomas advised his pupil to go to the front row of the pit of the theatre (there were no stalls in those days, it should be remembered), four or five times successively, and sketch the great actor's countenance, and thus make out such a likeness as he could introduce into the painting. This expedient was adopted, and not only was a very good likeness secured, but the artist was successful in obtaining the expression of the *Cardinal* at the exact point of his surprise and anger at the defiance of the *Queen*. Had Mr. Kemble sat for his portrait, Harlow would have experienced the difficulty Northcote complained of:

"When Kemble sat to me for *Richard III.*, meeting the children, he lent me no assistance whatever in the expression I wished to give, but remained quite immovable, as if he were sitting for an ordinary portrait. As Boaden said, this was his way. He never put himself to any exertion except in his professional character. If any one wanted to know his idea of a part, or of a

particular passage, his reply always was, 'You must come and see me do it.'"

Harlow had much of that talent for painting eyes which was so lauded in the case of his master Lawrence. A critic has described the eyes in certain of Lawrence's portraits as "starting from their spheres." The opinion is rather more extravagant than complimentary, or true. There is a winning sparkle about them which may occasionally be carried to excess, but, as a rule, they are singularly life-like.

Sir Joshua had laid it down as a fixed principle that, to create the beautiful, the eyes ought always to be in mezzotint. To this rule Sir Thomas did not adhere very rigorously, and indeed, by a departure from it, frequently arrived at the effect he contemplated.

Ambitious at one time of exhibiting his learning, Harlow thought proper to express surprise at a scholar like Fuseli permitting the engravers to place translations under his classical subjects.

"Educated at Westminster school," he said, rather affectedly, "I should prefer to see the quotations given in the original language," and he was rash enough to instance the print from the death of *Edipus*, as a case in point. The unfortunate part of this was, that, on the plate in question, the passage was really engraved in Greek characters under the mezzotint. Fuseli learnt of this criticism: "I will soon bring his knowledge to the test," he said.

On the next occasion of his sitting to Harlow he wrote with chalk in large letters, on the wainscot, a passage from *Sophocles*: "Read that," he said to Harlow. It soon became evident that Mr. Harlow was quite unable to do this. Fuseli thought the occasion a worthy one for administering a rebuke. "That is the Greek quotation inscribed under the *Edipus*, which you believed to be absent from the plate, and a word of which you are unable to read. You are a good portrait-painter; in some ways you stand unrivalled. Don't then pretend to be what you are not, and, probably, from your avocations, never can be,—a scholar."

Mr. Fuseli was inclined to be censorious, but possibly his severity was, in a great measure, deserved in the instance of poor, vain, pretentious Harlow.

In June, 1818, in his thirty-first year, Harlow set out for Italy, bent on study and self-improvement. An interesting and characteristic account of his life in Rome is contained in his letter dated the 23rd November, addressed to Mr. Tomkison, the pianoforte maker of Dean Street, Soho, who was in several ways connected with artists, and interested in art.

"The major part of my labours are now at an end, having since my arrival made an entire copy of the Transfiguration; the next was a composition of my own, of fifteen figures which created no small sensation here. Canova requested to have the picture at his house for a few days, which was accordingly sent, and, on the 10th November, upwards of five hundred persons saw it; it was then removed to the academy of St. Luke's, and publicly exhibited. They unanimously elected me an Academician, and I have received the

diploma. There are many things which have made this election very honourable to me, of which you shall hear in England. You must understand that there are two degrees in our academy—one of merit, the other of honour; mine is of merit, being one of the body of the academy. The same night of my election the King of Naples received his honorary degree (being then in Rome on a visit to the Pope) in common with all the other sovereigns of Europe, and I am happy to find the Duke of Wellington is one also. West, Fuseli, Lawrence, Flaxman, and myself, are the *only* British artists belonging to St. Luke's as academicians. This institution is upwards of three hundred years standing. Raffaello, the Caracci, Poussin, Guido, Titian, and every great master that we esteem, were members. I had the high gratification to see my name enrolled in the list of these illustrious characters. Now, my dear friend, as this fortunate affair has taken place, I should wish it added to the print of Katherine's Trial: you will perhaps have the kindness to call on Mr. Cribb, the publisher, in Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, and have it worded thus: *Member of the Academy of St. Luke's at Rome.*" (This, of course, was by way of reproof to the Royal Academy of Great Britain.) "I mention this as it is a grand plate, and indeed ought to be added. I expect to be in England by Christmas-Day or near it. I shall have an immensity to talk over. I was much pleased with Naples; stayed ten days; went over to Portici; Herculaneum and Pompeii, and ascended Mount Vesuvius: this was a spectacle—the most awful and grand that I had ever witnessed—the fire bursting every two minutes, and the noise with it like thunder: red-hot ashes came tumbling down continually where I stood sketching, many of which I brought away, and different pieces of the old lava which I hope to show you. The eruption took place a week or two after I left. But Pompeii exhibits now the most extraordinary remains of antiquity in the world; a whole city laid open to view; the habitations are unroofed, but, in other respects, are quite perfect. The house of Sallust, the Roman historian, was particularly gratifying to me, unaltered in every respect, except the furniture (which I believe is now in Portici), the same as it was eighteen hundred and fifty years ago when inhabited by him. There are many shops; in one the amphoræ which held the wine are curious, and marks of the cups they used upon the slabs are distinctly seen: a milkshop with the sign of a goat is perfectly preserved with the vessels, and also several other shops in the same perfect state. Rome has been a scene of the utmost gaiety lately, during the stay of the King of Naples. I was at three splendid balls given at the different palaces. We were obliged to appear in court-dresses, and the cardinals added very much to the richness and grandeur of the party. The ladies looked peculiarly striking, but they did not wear hoops as in the English court. We had French and English dances, &c., and the fireworks surpassed all my expectations. Upon the whole, the entertainments were very novel and very delightful. I am to be presented to the Pope either on the 2nd or 3rd of next month. Cardinal Gonsalvi will let me

know when the day is fixed, and I leave Rome directly after; perhaps the next day—a day that I most sincerely dread—for I have become so attached to the place and the people that I expect a great struggle with myself. I should be the most ungrateful of human beings if I did not acknowledge the endless favours they have bestowed on me. It is the place of all others for an artist, as he is sure to be highly appreciated if he has any talent; and I shall speak of the country to the end of my days with the most fervent admiration. The Transfiguration, I think, will make a stare in England!"

It was of this same copy of the Transfiguration that Canova had spoken so applaudingly: "This, sir, seems rather the work of eighteen weeks than of eighteen days."

He gave a picture of "The Presentation of the Cardinal's Hat to Wolsey in Westminster Abbey" to the Academy of St. Luke's at Rome, and his own portrait to the Academy of Florence, in acknowledgment of having been elected a member. He embarked for England in January, 1819. Lord Burghersh, the English ambassador at Florence, had paid him marked attentions. Lord Liverpool gave instructions that the painter's packages should be passed at the Custom House. He established himself in a house, No. 83, Dean Street, Soho. Everything seemed to promise to him a happy and prosperous future, when suddenly he sickened with the disease, known popularly as the mumps. He died on the 4th February, 1819, and was buried under the altar of St. James's Church, Piccadilly. In the churchyard had been buried, a year or two previously, an artist of less merit,—James Gillray, the caricaturist.

It is not possible to lay great stress upon the early failings of Harlow; errors after all, rather of manners than of morals. Had he lived, it is likely that a successful career would have almost effaced the recollection of these, while it would certainly have contradicted them as evidences of character. As Lawrence said of his dead pupil, generously yet truthfully, "he was the most promising of all our painters." There was the material for a very great artist in Harlow. He died too young for his fame, and for his art. A proof engraving of one of his best works (a portrait of Northcote) was brought to Lawrence to touch upon:

"Harlow had faults," he said, "but we must not remember the faults of one who so greatly improved himself in his art. It shall never be said that the finest work from so great a man went into the world without such assistance as I can give."

DUTTON COOK.

THE TWO CHAMPIONS.

I SAW a goodly champion ride
 Slow toward the west;
 With a wavering flush of crimson light
 On his armed crest.
 His vizor was up, and his gorgeous helm
 Blazed like a dome of gold;—
 A sun-red shield on his breast he bore,
 And a blood-red sun shone evermore
 On his buckler manifold.
 Stood sunset-smit his giant frame;
 The summer lightnings went and came;

Outstream'd his hair, like yellow flame—
 Outstream'd in wavelets free ;
 In floating folds o'er hill and dell,
 The flood of silken lustre fell,
 And slowly trail'd along the vale,
 And lightly brush'd the upland pale,
 And swept across the sea !
 It was a noble sight to spy
 That warrior in his panoply ;
 So red from spur to plume, —
 So splendid in his stately pace ! —
 As if a God had set his face
 Towards some far-off resting-place,
 And left a world to gloom.

Then saw I, rising slowly up
 Beyond the eastern low,
 A champion clad in silver mail,
 With cheek and forehead ghastly pale
 And cold as Atlas snow.
 And all the pure bright icy world

Flash'd back the shining wonder, —
 And look'd up at the great white face
 That cleft the dark asunder.
 His pennon flew like a thunder cloud
 When the angry winds are piping loud
 From deep to deep,
 Above the Champion's helmeted head
 In billowy sweep :
 His uttermost form in the shadowy south
 Stood cloud-fringed to the view ;
 Azure and black
 Were his corslet and jack,
 And his plume the stars shone thro'.
 There liveth none might cope with him
 Save he of the burning brow !

And ever those two Champions ride
 In solemn silence past :
 And neither knight may meet his foe
 The whiles the world shall last.
 H. CHOLMONDELEY FENNEL.

THE LATEST THING IN GHOSTS.



As I was finishing breakfast the other day, I received a visit from my friend Perkins, who entered my room hastily, with some papers in his hand.

"I've written a ghost tale," said Perkins, "and I want your opinion on it."

"I'll devote my morning pipe to you. I can't afford you any more time than that ; so hand me the tobacco, and produce your spirit." And I filled a pipe and assumed the critic.

"The sun had set some two hours," began Perkins, "and dark night was—"

"One moment," I interrupted ; "is it a tale of past or present times ?"

"Present," answered Perkins.

"Rather an old-fashioned beginning," I observed. "However, fire away."

"The sun had set some two hours," resumed Perkins, firing away as directed, "and dark night

was gradually extending her reign over field and fell, when a traveller might be perceived making his way, as well as the darkness would permit, through one of those immense German forests, the haunt of the wild boar and the wolf."

"What on earth was he doing there?" I asked.

"He had lost his way, of course," replied Perkins.

"So I suppose," I said. "Travellers always do in ghost stories. But is this a tale of the present time: pardon my inquiring where his luggage is?"

"He left it in the chaise," answered Perkins.

"Which had been overturned, and our traveller wished to get to the nearest town on foot. Is not that it?"

"Of course," said Perkins, with some irritation.

"And in order to reach the nearest town he turns into the nearest forest."

"He thought he would take a short cut across country," explained Perkins.

"And after walking some distance he comes to an old castle, eh?"

"Well!" said our author, sulkily.

"And, finding it uninhabited, he wraps his ample cloak around him, and goes to sleep in a corner, does not he?"

"Yes," said Perkins, something surprised.

"But he is aroused from his sleep by the clanking of chains, and, on raising his head, perceives a figure standing in the doorway."

"Why, confound it!" said Perkins, starting up indignantly, "you must have seen my manuscript."

"Which figure," I continued, "raises its manacled arms above its head, and, clanking its chains together, utters a frightful cry. My dear fellow, this will not do, you know; it won't indeed. This kind of spectre doth not suit the time. Modern readers must have modern ghosts."

"Well! but give it a fair hearing; don't condemn it unheard," said the author.

"Oh! read it. By all means read it," and I resumed my pipe, and he his story, which was much as I had anticipated.

"Some two hundred years before the story opens, the lord of the castle, a man possessed of large property and all kinds of virtues, had been barbarously murdered by his nephew, who had not an acre of land, or a single virtue to bless himself with. When about to strike the fatal blow, this nephew, being a religious ruffian, prayed to his patron saint for aid, promising her a pair of candlesticks, with snuffers and extinguisher, all complete, if she granted him the assistance he needed. The blow was struck; the rightful lord died, and the murderer inherited the property."

Perkins takes this opportunity of remarking on the similarity between a vicious man and a fire in the cellar. "Open the cellar door and break the windows, and you will have the house on fire. Supply your vicious man with money, and all his vices blaze up at once. Our villain was an instance of this. He raised his rents, turned out his tenants, insulted his neighbours, murdered peasants, ill-treated travellers, and forgot all about the candlesticks and his patron saint. But, of course, he was a miserable man all the while. The ghost of his uncle stood nightly by his bed, re-

proaching him for his crimes, and comparing the vices of the murderer with the virtues of the murdered. For ghosts of this kind, when speaking of themselves, generally go upon the principle of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But the villain continued his reckless course, spite of ghost and everything else, till, at last, the public of the period could stand him no longer. They rose with one consent; pulled his castle about his ears, slew his soldiers, hanged his steward (awful scoundrel that steward), and, in fact, after the manner of publics in all ages, caught everybody except the man they went to catch. He was never seen afterwards, and none knew how he died, but rumour said that his spirit walked the scene of his crimes, and the ruined castle was avoided in consequence. Well, our traveller, knowing nothing of all this, goes to sleep in the castle, is visited by the spectre, and compelled to follow it to the courtyard, where there is an old well. The ghost recounts the above history, adds that till the candlesticks, &c., as per vow, are paid to the saint, it can never rest in its grave, points into the well, crying 'Search, search!' Then, uttering a loud cry, it raises both hands above its head, and taking a regular header, like Mr. Boucicault in the 'Colleen Bawn,' disappears into the abyss. The traveller goes to sleep instantly, and when he awakes in the morning, finds that he has spent the night in the open air, and has got rheumatic pains all about him. Calling to mind his vision of the night, he leaves the castle, obtains the assistance of some peasants, returns, explores the well, and finds a skeleton and a chest of treasure. He buries the first, appropriates the last, pays the ghost's debt to the saint, and the spectre never walks again."

Now, you know, this will not do. Who is safe for an hour, if he is liable to have these antiquated ghosts let loose upon him at any turn of a page? Progress, as I said to Perkins, who, without even wishing me good morning, progressed to the door, and banged it after him, progress is the word for ghost stories, as well as for everything else in these days, and since the ghosts of which the above is a specimen, the spirits have made immense progress. Ruined castles have given place to railway stations; trackless forests to the streets of cities; and ghosts in armour are as much out of fashion as mail-coaches. A modern spectre would no more think of dressing in blue armour and carrying a truncheon than a man of fashion would think of strolling down Pall Mall in sandals and a toga. I do not mean to say that the ghost of Perkins' wicked baron ought to have been dressed in a tail coat and pegtops, or, as he was a soldier, that he should have worn a modern uniform, and carried a revolver. No! The fault was not in the ghost, who was in perfect keeping with the story, but in Perkins, for ever writing the story at all. I am afraid my friend's education must have been grossly neglected, or he would have remembered fifty tales of exactly the same type as his own.

Time and custom have so changed not only the dress but the manners of the spirits, that to say So-and-So's ghost walks, would be no more strictly true than it is to say that the Great

Eastern sailed on such a day. Such expressions are merely the relics of past customs, and that is all. Ships go by steam now-a-days, and so do ghosts.

Time was, too, when the boldest ghost that walked would shrink in haste away at the crowing of a cock; but now the spirits care no more for a cock than they do for a cart-horse. All the cocks in the parish might crow themselves hoarse before a modern ghost would budge an inch.

An old-fashioned ghost on the tramp would come out with the stars, clothed "in his habit as he lived," and would station himself in a draughty corridor, or pace sentinel-like on a windy terrace; or he would spend the night in walking up and down all the stairs in the house, going into all the uninhabited rooms, and moving the furniture; or if he had any particular mission, which was by no means the case always, he would accost his victim and command him to take up the front door step, or to prepare for death, or what not. At other times he would wail like a child, or groan like a dying man, or shriek like a woman; but however he was engaged, no sooner did "the cock that is the trumpet to the morn" "awake the god of day," than the spirit folded his mantle round him, and vanished, leaving the bird literally cock of the walk. Does our modern ghost do so? Not he—or she. To save trouble about the sex, not it. It drives to a railway station in broad daylight, takes a ticket (first-class ticket; no ghost has yet been known to travel second), gets into a carriage, arranges, if a female, its crinoline (Oh! shade of Hamlet's father! a ghost in crinoline!), borrows your Bradshaw, begs you to tell it how it can get to A—, is sorry to trouble you, but it cannot understand Bradshaw (another evidence of the inscrutable nature of that book: even the ghosts, who are generally supposed to understand things far beyond the comprehension of the living, even ghosts cannot make out Bradshaw), converses with you fluently on various subjects, and shakes hands with you affectionately at parting. Now that is a ghost of the very newest style. What a consolation it is to think that if we are haunted in these days, we shall have nothing more dreadful to encounter than a good-looking spectre of the female sex, who will not pain our ears polite with any reference to its own peculiar position, but, on the contrary, will entertain us with a flow of conversation, so flattering to ourselves, and at the same time so creditable to its own intellectual powers (of course creditable to it, if flattering to us), that when it vanishes, far from having any terrible recollection of the interview, we shall think of our late companion with feelings that have much more of love than horror in them.

Still it must be confessed that a story of this kind has its disadvantages. Ghosts are no exceptions to the truth of the old proverb, "Familiarity breeds contempt;" and an author who allows his ghost to enter into familiar conversation with its victim, and even to eat in his presence, must be content to lose in horror what he gains in originality. But to frighten your reader is the great end and aim of a ghost tale, and everything ought to give place to that; so,

describe with all the minuteness you please the wainscotted room, the dark cabinet, the old bed, and the oaken floor, with that extraordinary stain upon it; but when the ghost enters, abandon the pre-Raphaelite style, paint him with no more distinctness than is absolutely necessary, and leave your reader's imagination to finish the picture. For instance:—

"I awoke suddenly, fancying something touched my cheek. I looked round, but seeing nothing, I laid my head again upon my pillow, when, even as I did so, the curtain was pulled on one side, and a face approached mine, a face so fearful—so utterly shocking—oh! to forget it would be easier than to describe it—and when shall I forget that look of unearthly misery? &c."

That, from its very indefiniteness, would be more likely to affect the reader than the following:

"I saw a fearful spectre standing by my bed. Its hair was of a blood-red colour, and, unlike the hair of a living creature, stood straight up from its head. Its eyes burned like fire, and the fire seemed to be differently situated in each eye. Beneath one of them was a dark-blue mark. Its nose was slightly bent from the straight line, as if from a blow. Its mouth, which was horribly deficient of teeth, was wide open, and its tongue moved violently from side to side, as if it had some difficulty in articulating. After groaning fearfully several times, this terrible vision addressed me in these awful words: 'Unaccustomed as I am,' &c."

Terrible! Not at all. Such a ghost as that would never frighten anybody. And yet what more would you have? Bloody hair! fiery eyes! distorted features! marks of violence all about it! How is it that the effect is rather absurd than otherwise? The reason plain enough. Your "vaulting ambition" to describe something intensely horrible hath o'erleaped itself, and you have fallen rather violently on the other, that is, the ridiculous side of the subject.

But I am growing didactic. Take another example of the Ghost Story—one of the modern kind, though not with the very latest improvement. This, too, shall be an instance of the pantomime ghost; that is to say of the ghost that does its errand without the use of words. The spirits, I think, might be divided very satisfactorily into the ghosts that speak, and the ghosts that do not speak; though, perhaps, after all, we might need another division for the especial accommodation of the ghosts that howl.

But now for the pantomime ghost. You have a relation, we will suppose, on the other side of the world, and you are expecting him home in about six months. (The relation is always expected shortly in these cases.) You are sitting alone in your room, thinking of the pleasure it will afford you to shake your friend once more by the hand, and to hear again that long silent voice. With feelings half sweet, half painful, you try to imagine the changes that Time will have made in his face, and affectionately recall its every line and pimple. As you thus sit "revolving many memories," you take out your watch, and while winding it up, you casually observe that it is a

quarter to one, A.M. (I say casually, but the fact is that you must be very particular about the time, as it is often of the last importance) You gape, stretch, recover yourself, and—there he is. There is your long-lost relation, sitting on the sofa. His face is pale—very pale. His eyes, expressing the deepest melancholy—he used to have such merry eyes—are bent upon you.

You observe that he has a white handkerchief tied round his left calf. You perceive, for nothing escapes you, the initials A. J. (not his initials) in one corner of the handkerchief, and you see that on one foot is a slipper, while the other wears a boot. When you can articulate, you gasp out, "Why, George! what is the meaning of this? How did you get here?" The spirit shakes its head solemnly, points to the handkerchief, rises from the sofa, gazing at you fixedly all the time, and disappears. Now, if you understand ghosts—as everyone ought to do by this time—you grieve for your friend at once, and prepare your mourning. If you are incredulous, and disposed to attribute the vision to those oysters or that chop, you wonder for a week or nine days, and forget the incident. But the necessary time elapses, and the letter arrives. You recollect the ghost and break the seal, trembling. Your correspondent Alfred Jones, or rather Johnston, or so, informs you that it is with feelings, that he finds himself totally unable to express, that he takes the pen to send you word of the death of his friend and your kinsman, who was bitten by a snake in the left leg (that accounts for the handkerchief), on such a day, as he was preparing to retire for the night (that accounts for the boot and the slipper). Your correspondent did all in his power to avert the catastrophe, by binding his handkerchief (that accounts for the initials) round the wound, and shouting for the surgeon, but all was vain. Your unfortunate relative died, regretted by all who knew him, at 12:45 a.m. (time to a minute).

Perhaps this kind of ghost has been worked harder than any other. The man whom it represents has died all kinds of deaths. He has been drowned, hanged, poisoned, killed by tigers, killed by horses, killed by mad dogs; the person whom it visits has been brother, cousin, or dear friend, over and over again; and the place where it visits him a study, or a bedroom, or a churchyard; any place, in fact, where there is a clock or timepiece of some kind; that is most necessary, for this ghost would be nothing at all if you did not time it. It certainly has done a great deal of work; nor is that strange, for it is useful, rather terrible, and easily adapted to circumstances.

There is another kind of spirit that I cannot pass without mention, and that is the ghost that returns to upper air because it has forgotten something. This must not be confounded with the ghost of Perkins' "Baron," who was an enormous villain, with scores of other reasons for walking besides his vow to the saint; and who, too, never intended to pay the vow. This is quite a different case. A man dies, owing money to his saddler, his hairdresser, and his tobacconist. You unfortunately happen to have been his friend, and he pitches upon you to pay his debts for him.

Accordingly, one night he makes his appearance in your bedroom with his head thrust through a horse-collar. You are naturally alarmed; for to see a man grin through a horse-collar is bad enough, but to see a ghost do it must be terrible. As he refuses to speak, you have to guess at his reason for appearing in this extraordinary manner. After asking him a number of questions, you at last put the right one, and inquire whether he owes money to his saddler. The spectre nods, grins one last ghastly grin, and disappears. The next morning you, of course, hurry off, pay the debt, and hope the spirit will disturb you no more. But at night he appears again, this time with a comb and a pair of scissors in his hands, and walks about your room, dressing imaginary heads, till you ask whether he owes anything to the barber. He nods and vanishes. You pay the barber. But the next night the spirit is with you again, and now he has a short pipe in his mouth. You do not detain him long, but grown wise by experience, mention the tobacconist at once, and he takes his leave for good. You rise in the early morning, and hasten to pay the tobacco bill, hoping, not unnaturally, that the next friend of yours that dies will pay his other debts as well as the debt of nature; but, at the same time, thankful that this "New Way to Pay Old Debts" did not run for more than three nights.

There is another kind of ghost which I suppose must be mentioned, though I am almost ashamed to do so. I refer to that eccentric spirit that rings bells, smashes crockery, sets the beer running, and performs other feats of the sort, equally useless and absurd. Ghosts, in general, have a purpose in their visitations. They walk to expose crimes, to reveal secrets, to give warnings, or to bring intelligence; but this one has neither end or aim in what it does. It is evidently the ghost of a practical joker, condemned to be perpetually playing the same pranks that were its delight in life. Its form is never seen; its voice is never heard, but it is constantly engaged in making people uncomfortable. It is the most contemptible of spirits, as, when alive, it must have been the most contemptible of men. However, I venture to hope that we shall never hear of this spirit again. It would show a great lack of originality in anyone who made use of it, and originality in ghost tales is very easy to get. All you have to do is to imagine some very unlikely position for a ghost to be in, and to put him into it. For instance, a ghost in a balloon, or a ghost under water, or a ghost shaving himself would, if I mistake not, be all of them new. Here, now, is a skeleton of a ghost-story, which I flatter myself is entirely original.

Mr. S., (initials, of course. For some reason or other initials may do things that names may not. The public allow Mr. S. to have seen and done things, which, if assigned to Mr. Smith, they would reject with scorn.) Mr. S. and his wife are staying at the fashionable sea-side town of L., where one morning Mr. S. receives a letter from his friend B., requesting him to come without losing a moment, to L., where B. is lying ill. "Here's the ghost," think the public; "B. is the ghost." A false scent is rather a judicious thing

in a ghost tale. The public are mistaken. B. will live for fifty years longer, very likely; at any rate, his ghost will not walk in this story. In due course, S. appears at B.'s house, and witnesses the will, or whatever it may be, for which he was wanted. While he is at dinner, the servant I. brings him a telegraphic message. It is from Mrs. S.—“Return at once—I have fallen over the cliff.” S. is in great agitation—returns by the night-train. When he reaches his house, M., the housemaid, opens the door for him.

“Oh! is that you, sir? Poor Missis has fallen over the cliff.”

“Well, I know that,” cries S.; “how is she?”

“Lor, sir,” replies M., “she’s been dead ever since.”

“Dead!” gasps S., “why did you not say so when you telegraphed?”

“I never sent no telegraph,” says M., weeping.

“Oh, no, I forgot. My wife sent the message, of course. She lived long enough to do that, did she?” asks the much agitated S.

“Missis never sent no telegraph, I’m sure,” replies M.; “I saw her fall from the cliff, and she never stirred afterwards.”

“This is most extraordinary,” says S.; “but where is she? Let me see her.”

He finds that there is a fearful cut on his wife’s temple, and that the left arm is broken. When his agitation will allow him, he again thinks of the mysterious telegram, and as every one in the house denies that any telegram was sent by them, and as every one asserts that it was impossible that Mrs. S. could have sent it, the perplexed widower goes to the telegraph office.

“Do you remember who sent this telegram, and at what time?” he asks the clerk.

The reply is:

“Yes, I remember it distinctly. It will be a long time before I forget it. The message was sent just at the very time that that unhappy accident happened at the cliff; and the person who sent the message was a deadly-pale lady, with a fearful cut on her temple, and whose left arm hung by her side as if broken.”

S., with a fearful shudder, rushes from the office. There can be no doubt about it. Mrs. S.’s ghost sent the telegram.

There! I consider that I have capped the ghost in the railway carriage now. My ghost tale is positively the last out. The only merits that I claim for it, however, are these. It is short, which, I take it, is one of the greatest merits that a ghost story can have. It shows progress—the latest improvement in ghosts being their travelling by rail; my ghost goes a step farther, and telegraphs. And it does not pretend to be true. I candidly confess that there is not a word of truth in it from beginning to end. Not very great merits these, you say. No! but then I labour under a great disadvantage in writing a ghost tale. The fact is, that I am not a believer in ghosts, though a perusal of this paper might lead people to suppose the contrary. I don’t believe in ghosts, and it is a happy thing for me that I do not, for, according to the ghost story-tellers, I live in a thoroughly haunted house. I hear in the stillness of the night the wailing of a child. I am

often disturbed in my sleep by a heavy footfall on the stairs, and by the trampling of feet in the room overhead. My room door opens without being touched by mortal hand. My crockery falls to the ground, and the housemaid declares she never laid a finger on it. Now, all these things are said to be certain signs that the spirits are about, and to spirits I might attribute them if I liked. But I do nothing of the kind; I attribute them to natural causes. When I hear the wailing of a child, I put it down to Mrs. Jones’s baby, next door; and as I often see the child going out in a perambulator in the daytime—it generally cries then, too,—I feel confirmed in my opinion. When I hear the footfall on the stairs, and the trampling of feet overhead, I might shudder and think it a ghost, of course—but I don’t. I conclude at once that it is the man who lodges above me, who comes in very late, and wears shamefully thick boots. When the door of my room opens, and no one enters, it may be the work of a spirit certainly who may be stationed on the landing outside; but, if so, I regret to say that I unceremoniously bang the door in his face, and put it all down to a want of oil. Then, when I hear a terrible noise of falling crockery, I have too much respect for the memory of my deceased friends to charge them for an instant with the tendencies of a bull in a china-shop. I say to myself, “Hang it! there’s Phyllis upsetting the tray again.” And though she declares that the cups and saucers broke themselves, yet, sooner than do an injustice to the departed, I venture to disbelieve Phyllis.

Such scepticism as this is very unfortunate, truly; but, upon my word I cannot help it. I should be only too glad to believe in ghosts; for if such things could be, what immense services might they not render to society? In a mysterious murder case, what detective like your ghost? For all we know, there may be buried in various parts of the kingdom treasure sufficient to pay off the National Debt. All we need is a ghost to find it for us. And, oh! what would not the “Times” give for a ghost at the seat of war? But this hope is vain. The only good the spirits have ever done has been done in fiction, and in fiction may they long do it. The man who writes an interesting ghost tale is a general benefactor, but he should have mercy upon those poor old ghosts who have walked their legs off in our service, and whose horrors are worn threadbare by this time, and give us in their stead something that may make us shudder and not laugh, something that, in the slang of the day, would be called a Great Novelty in Spirits.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN.

MEN OF LETTERS.

ABELARD : PETRARCH : THE SCALIGERS : HERDER :
GIBBON.

It seems natural to suppose that Men of Letters must be, of all orders of men, the most alike from age to age—the least affected by the passage of time, or by changes of events and manners. Their occupation is the study of the thoughts of the dead, and of the same dead, for the most part. Almost the whole literature of the world (as the

world was supposed to be till lately) was known to the men of learning of every nation: for the surviving works of the ancients were not too many for the study of a single lifetime. It would seem that men of any nation and any century whose minds lived on the same books must resemble each other more closely than other Men. Under the universal law that the intellect of man determines his whole character, it might be expected that men who dwelt on the same ideas, and idolised the same modes of expression, would have the same views of life and objects of desire. Most of us have formed a conception of the character and life of a student of literature, as he must be under all circumstances, in virtue of his pursuit; and we are surprised accordingly whenever we are led to observe that Men of Letters have characteristics in one age which do not appear in another. At one time they challenge the notice of society by the utmost publicity; and at another they are heard of only by their works, and never seen. In one century they travel on behalf of learning, and in another they pass their whole lives in their libraries. In one age the scholar is necessarily a theologian; in another a philosopher; in another a poet; in another a historian. The spirit of their age works upon them in spite of all their efforts to shut themselves up with the past: and hence a variety of Representative Men is seen in a department of human life in which one might have been imagined sufficient.

For a long period the men of letters were shut up in monasteries, or made rare appearances at the courts of princes who honoured learning. Age after age the scholars of society were busy in their cells copying manuscripts, and studying and interpreting, in the character of commentators. They were not very enlightened, as they did not bring much knowledge of life to bear on books; but they have laid us under infinite obligations by preserving the literature which was to make succeeding generations wise. At the same time they created the conditions under which scholarship should first appear on the open field of life. Preferment in the Church was given to the eminent among them; and, as letters were found to be the avenue to ecclesiastical greatness, it was a matter of course that the first open profession of scholarship should bring them into contact with theological topics. The best representative of this stage of literary pursuit is perhaps Abélard.

Abélard was born into a thoroughly military society. His father was a soldier, and he and his brothers were supposed to be born soldiers, like all other gentry. Abélard had the frame of a soldier for size and strength; he had the passions and aspirations of a feudal time; he was a Breton, living among neighbours who had been conquering England under Duke William: and he might probably have carved out a high fortune for himself if he had chosen to come across the Channel, and see how he could lord it over the Saxons here. But his soldierly father had got hold of some books in early life, and had found such a charm in them that he wished his sons to have the same advantage, and he put book-lessons before drill in their education. Abélard liked the book-lessons

best; and, though he was the eldest son, his father was not at all sorry for the preference. He allowed his eldest-born to lay aside the sword altogether, and devote himself to intellectual combat only. It is characteristic of the time, that both father and son took scholarship to mean fitness for public argumentation. Abélard travelled from province to province of France, hearing what lecturers (who were all disputants) had to say, and practising himself in answering them. They all talked out of Aristotle—or out of the little that was then known of Aristotle—mixed up with notions which would have surprised the ghost of Aristotle very much. He learned at Paris as much as could be conveyed in this way; and when he had made enemies of his master and his fellow students by (as he says) getting the better of them in argument, he proposed to open a school of instruction to youths, while he was himself very young. Stimulated by opposition, he made prodigious efforts in study and teaching, venturing to settle in the neighbourhood of Paris, and drawing away students from his old master till he made himself so ill that he had to return to Brittany to recruit his health. His reputation survived his disappearance, and his pupils longed for him back to pursue their dialectical exercises. His own narrative of the hostile action which was always going on between his old teacher and himself, and between the pupils of each, is very curious. It shows why scholars kept out of the convent or went into it, what was considered orthodox and what heretical in speech, and what was religious and what worldly in conduct. The sum of it is, that during the youth of Abélard, while metaphysical controversies occupied him, he was determining the course of men's minds in the direction of free inquiry on topics which must in time bring theological speculation after them. The instinct of the Church was already awake to the consequences of the disputes of the Nominalists and Realists: and an ecclesiastical antipathy to Abélard was a matter of course. A young man of imposing countenance, all on fire with ambition and gratified self-love, followed by homage wherever he went, and so roused by his own celebrity as to be invincible in argument, he was a sore plague to a Church which wanted to have things go quietly. Nobody could get the better of him in dispute; nobody could rival him as a lecturer; no scholar could find a gap in his learning; and no man living had witnessed such a fame as that of Abélard at the close of the eleventh century. His position was, however, very difficult to hold. He issued a work, which he called "Yes and No," which astonished all the intellectual world by its exhibition of learning. In it he brought together all testimonies of Scripture and the Fathers, together with Aristotle (as far as then known), and some of the best of the classics on all the greatest problems of human life and knowledge, showing where these authorities contradicted each other, and leaving the questions unsolved. He might solve some of them afterwards; but his object then was to show how difficult it is,—not only to decide in such cases, but to make out what authority decides. Dogmatic teachers could not like this; and it was

necessary to their influence to overthrow that of Abélard. He gave them abundant opportunity; for he was not a man who won high esteem or warm friendship. He was a heartless egotist, and of passions so strong as to render it an easy matter to disgrace him. His admiring scholars were doomed to become ashamed of their idol. The manners of the age were not strict; but it was a scandal to see the great dialectician of the age become famous by his love-songs; and when strangers from every country in Europe crowded in to hear their master, it was mortifying that he should be dull, cold, and careless. The strangers stared at each other in amazement; and the disciples slunk away, sorrowful and angry. He was absorbed by his connection with Héloïse; and his enemies wrought up the exasperation of her relatives to a fatal pitch. He was soon glad to take refuge from public observation in the cloister.

He was not made for convent life; for, with all his power of study, he could not pursue it for its own sake only. If he could have done it, it would have been now, when he was hopelessly separated from Héloïse, and disgraced in society: but celebrity had become a necessary of intellectual life to him; and he was wretched among the monks of St. Denis, who did not conceal their contempt of him as a monk, while they longed to hear him as a lecturer. He was snubbed whenever he rebuked the licence of the establishment; and it was a relief to all parties when it was proposed that, as he could not teach for hire as a monk, he should remove to one of the outlying cells of the monastery, and there teach as many as would come to hear him.

Once more his hearers were more than could be lodged, or even fed, in one neighbourhood; and he resumed not only his studies, but the pleasure of them. He composed a treatise on the Trinity, to the great satisfaction of his enemies, who wanted something to lay hold of. We see him next before an ecclesiastical council, unsustained in spirit by the certainty that he had not published any heresy, and that he had been carefully deferential to the authority of the Church. He had not self-respect enough to derive support from the consciousness that he and his book were blameless; and censure and contempt subdued him utterly. He was compelled to throw a copy of his work into the fire on the spot; and he felt yet more the insult of being made to wait for a copy of the Athanasian Creed being fetched for him to read, as if he had not known it by heart. He says he read it as he could get the words out through his sobs and choking tears. His followers must again have been ashamed of him. His enemies had gone too far, however; the Pope's legate expressed his opinion of "the excessive malignity of the French;" and Abélard returned to his cell and his teaching.

It would not do. The elder monks and he hated and teased each other, till, in mutual dread, they respectively appealed to the king, who advised them to part. Abélard was ready enough to go; but the monastery was unwilling to lose a man of such reputation, who attracted so many visitors, and conferred so much honour.

This fact opens an interesting glimpse into the life of the time. Royal advice, however, prevailed; and Abélard was allowed to depart, on condition that he should not enter any other monastery, or into society.

Here another view of the scholastic life of that age is presented. Somebody gave Abélard a bit of bare ground in the territory of Troyes; and on that bit of ground he and one "clerk" sat down. They gathered osiers, and wove them into walls for a hut: and they made a thatch for it. Some little bird told the young men of all France where Abélard was; and they came trooping to his hut. They would manage to live, if only he would lecture: and young nobles and knights, from palaces and castles, set to work to make osier huts, and collected moss and straw for their beds, and raised turf-heaps for tables, and gathered wild herbs to eat with their coarse bread. As Abélard was destitute, they tilled his bit of ground for him, and provided him with food and clothes. As his hut would not contain many hearers, they pulled it down, and built a large dwelling of stone and timber. He had dedicated the first abode to the Trinity: but now, he was so cheered by the human faces about him, and by the aid of human hands, that he gave to his new dwelling the name of the Paraclete,—the Comforter. In this throng of young hermits, as he called them, going out into desert places for the sake of learning, we see a very distinct and remarkable phase of society; and we cannot wonder at the vanity and egotism of the professors of learning in an age when the claims of wisdom were acknowledged in this style.

St. Bernard now comes upon the scene. He and other champions of the Church and its discipline denounced Abélard, with all the advantage that a whole-hearted faith and an ascetic morality gave them. He seems to have had no real courage underlying the audacity of his proud youth: and he now hid himself in a convent in Brittany, where he sank into despondency under the disgust caused him by the rudeness and vice of the monks, the tyranny of a feudal neighbour, and regret for his folly in leaving the Paraclete. He had given that refuge to Héloïse and her nuns; and he looked with envy on their peace and content, so strongly contrasted with his own fears and troubles. It seems to be true that his life was attempted by poison, as well as incessantly threatened with violence, if he should pass the convent bounds. He spent several years there, more or less restively; but the day arrived when he must meet St. Bernard, his constant accuser, or submit to utter ruin. The occasion was a striking one.

King, princes, nobles, and ecclesiastics from all parts were met to translate the body of a saint into the church of Sens. Abélard and St. Bernard seem to have feared each other. St. Bernard dreaded his antagonist's argumentative power and his learning; and Abélard was aware of the oratorical power of his holy accuser. Very soon after St. Bernard opened his charge, Abélard rose, declared that he appealed to Rome, and left the assembly. He refused to return, when called to. Whether he was impressed by the saintly counte-

nance and bearing of Bernard, or whether he saw that his opponent was regarded as an apostle by the auditory, there is no saying: we only know that he made this retreat from the field in which he had formerly triumphed as often as he appeared, and that he set forward towards Rome. He was now past sixty, and infirm; and his enemies repaired to Rome with all speed. The Pope condemned his works, and interdicted all religious men from intercourse with him; but when Abélard was obliged to stop at the Abbey of Cluni, the Abbot implored the Pope to permit him to remain there. "Inspired by Heaven to relinquish the tumultuary scenes of scholastic disputation," here he desired to find a rest like the sparrow, and to give thanks for rest, "like the plaintive turtle." The sentence was withdrawn; and Abélard spent two more years in that monastery, before the monks rendered him the last cares, and committed his body to the grave. He died on the 21st of April, 1142; but his body did not lie long in that grave. The abbot himself stole it, to give it to Héloïse, according to Abélard's own wish and promise. In the midst of a winter night, the abbot had the corpse raised, and set forth with it to the Paraclete, where he conducted the reinterment. Héloïse lived in sight of that grave till she had reached Abélard's age. Then she was buried by his side in the same stone coffin.

"The tumultuary scenes of scholastic disputation." This is not the modern view of a life of letters. The description belongs to a time when, from the scarcity of books, knowledge was obtained from lectures; when mathematics was the only science; when philosophy led inevitably to theological questions, and theological argument to "tumultuary scenes." Of such an age Abélard was the scholar in chief. It is a pity he was not something more and better: but it must be remembered in his behalf that he had no religious vocation. He would not have entered the theological field of scholarship could he have kept out of it; and we must not judge him as if he had made pretensions to a religious fortitude or purity of which it is evident that he had no conception. He had none of the repose, the general superiority of mind and temper which we associate with the idea of a life of letters; but he was not the less the representative Scholar of his period of society.

The next is perfectly represented by Petrarch. Following Abélard at an interval of two centuries and a quarter, he exhibited the same publicity of the literary character, while exemplifying the new phase of patronage of literature by the great and the rising taste for the accumulation of books. He was like his predecessors in the tendency to travel which we find it so difficult to associate with the pursuit of book-learning. His writings are chiefly treatises in Moral Philosophy—the man of letters being able, by this time, to make his choice of a wider range of topics, and to address the world on other than theological questions, varied only by the metaphysical discussions arising out of the theological forms of the time. It is true, Petrarch is popularly known chiefly by his love poetry and his love story; but his passion for Laura was only one feature of his life; and I

am speaking of him now as a man of letters. In history he stands forth as the scholar crowned at Rome for his learning and his ethical works, and as the friend of princes and statesmen, whom he influenced in the government of Europe.

Petrarch's father was a notary of Florence, banished, from political causes, and in exile when Francesco was born at Arezzo in 1304. As soon as it was evident that the family could not hope to return home, they removed to Avignon, where Pope Clement V. held his court. The boy Francesco was intended for the law, and was studying with that object at Bologna when his parents died,—one soon after the other. Much of the young student's time had been stolen from his law pursuit to be given to an idolatrous study of the classics. While the young Rienzi was wandering about Rome, meditating on the glories of the old city, and tracing the memorials of great deeds, the young Petrarch was shut up with his precious manuscripts in his college room at Bologna, translating, copying, and commentating on the historians, philosophers, and poets of Rome. They were preparing for their subsequent friendship, and each for his career.

Petrarch went to Avignon to look after his affairs, and found himself alone and poor there, while surrounded by the gaiety and licence of the court. He put on the clerical dress which every gentleman scholar then wore, and sought the society of learned men, while indulging in dissipation to a degree which he soon repented. He was two-and-twenty, handsome and accomplished; and he found so many friends that he dropped any professional projects that he might have formed. In his case we see the reasons of the practice of patronage, as it existed in that age. A book was a precious possession then, when every work was laboriously copied, and had to be carefully collated with the original before it could be trusted. Except in university libraries, and the abodes of rich and enlightened men, there was no access to books for those who could not buy; and it was as serious a matter to buy a valuable book then as to buy a good house now. It is no wonder that, in his thirst for learning, Petrarch was glad to accept the hospitality of a bishop, a cardinal, or a nobleman who offered him the opportunity of spending his days among piles of manuscripts, and of hearing intellectual subjects discussed by the most educated men of the time. We see Petrarch therefore enjoying himself as the guest of a bishop whose diocese lay at the foot of the Pyrenees, and who was fond of bringing learned men together under his roof, and of showing them whatever curious objects they could reach by mountain excursions. Petrarch celebrated the wise men he met there, and the conversations in which they spent their days. Again, we see him making one of the household of the Colonnas, and acknowledging their favours as avowed patrons. It was there that he began his study of Greek, and became marked as a scholar.

It was there, too, that he found the aspect of his life suddenly changed by the experience of an hour. He entered the church of St. Clair at Avignon, one April morning, in 1327, a philosopher, as he believed, and he left it, after service,

a lover. He had seen Laura, and this meeting broke up his plan of life. His love poetry spread over Europe, and kindled the imagination of all Europe which could read or listen to reading. Strangers struggled for a sight of Laura, or an interview with Petrarch; and the lover, in his impatience and waywardness, now broke away from Avignon, to escape from men's eyes, and now returned with an intention to settle down to his studies, and await the fulfilment of the Pope's promises of honour and employment: and then he would abscond into solitude again. The valley of Vaucluse, so well known to his readers, was a wild and beautiful place, not far from Avignon; and there he strove to forget Laura, by setting up a kind of domestic life, and devoting himself to study. But he did not love his two children, or their mother, with an affection which could destroy his passion for Laura. He did his duty towards them as well as the case admitted; but he found no peace in it. He bitterly complained of the vices of society, wherever the Papal court was, and of the Pope's delay in fulfilling his promises; and he gave these disgusts as his reason for retiring to the Vaucluse: but he could not remain there much longer than anywhere else. We find him travelling in almost every country on the continent, besides exploring every part of Italy: and his travels were not without object. He fulfilled his function of Man of Letters wherever he went. In France, Germany, and Spain, he hunted up every MS. he could get scent of, and set copyists to work to enable him to carry them home. He discovered not a few works of the great Latin authors, some of which have come down to us, while some remain only in their titles. He bought up medals, and other illustrations of antiquity; and he stimulated rich and accomplished men, wherever he went, to advance learning according to their ability. He induced a princely friend to found the University of Pavia; and he, himself, founded the library of St. Mark at Venice. He was liberal in lending his beloved classics to students, and it was in that way that several of them disappeared. While hoping that Rienzi would restore the ancient liberty in Rome, he and Boccaccio, his pupil and friend, laboured to restore throughout Italy the love of the literature of former ages.

He employed his learning in practical objects,—political as well as other. He was of great use in examining charters and diplomas, and determining which were genuine and which spurious. In that age, the honours of individuals, and the liberties of whole communities, hung on his decisions. The time was not yet gone by when eminence in letters secured employment in statesmanship; and Petrarch was sought by successive popes, kings, and reigning houses of all ranks. He was consulted about every great movement of his time; and was sent on some errands of importance; and all such opportunities of research and influence he turned to the purposes of scholarship. By 1341, his fame stood so high that the Senate at Rome invited him to come and receive the honour of the laurel crown. The laurel crown was the poet's reward: but the crowning was preceded by a three days' celebration of Petrarch's

attainments in learning. King Robert of Naples induced him to land there from Marseilles, and undergo an examination in matters of erudition. The three days were a continuous triumph, as was well foreseen: and the reigning King of Naples, and the elect King of Letters travelled together to Rome for the concluding act. It was on Easter-day, 1341, that the Capitol was crowded with spectators, and that all Rome resounded with acclamations when the leafy crown was placed upon the brows of Petrarch by a dignified member of the senate. This was seven years before the death of Laura; and such pleasure as the glorified scholar felt in the celebration was no doubt from the thought of the exaltation it would give him in her eyes. Whatever she might hear, and whatever she might think, no circumstances changed her bearing towards him, or brought him any nearer to the place he desired in her heart. When, seven years later, again on an April day, the news reached him that she had died of the plague at Avignon, he felt as if life was over for him. In his favourite MSS.,—his own beloved copy of Virgil, now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan,—he then and there wrote a kind of epitaph on his love for Laura,—an inscription familiar to all lovers of literature. The passion appeared, however, to assume a new form. He celebrated the memory of his idol; but his interest in life and its action certainly increased with years; and he was engaged in more missions, and busy in the service of more potentates within ten years of Laura's death than ever before. He was living and studying at Padua in 1362, when the plague seized the city; and Petrarch withdrew, with his library, to Venice. On his offering to bequeath his books to the Church of St. Mark, he was presented with a large house in which to establish himself and them; and from this beginning arose that great library.

When excessive study had subjected him to epilepsy, he retired to the Euganean hills, for quiet and pure air; and there he built himself the house which travellers visit when they go to Venice. His tomb, and his garden and orchard, are a goal of pilgrimage still: and the more because no other of Petrarch's many dwellings can now be pointed out. He was sixty-six when he went to Arquà; and his last years were rendered remarkable by a controversy between him and a group of opponents in regard to the merits of Aristotle,—the very subject which was disturbing society in Abélard's time. At the later period, somewhat more was known of Aristotle, and a larger proportion of society was qualified to speak of him. As a consequence, the violence of controversy was not so great, and a man as irritable and weak as Abélard need not have suffered as he did from fear. Petrarch suffered only from the danger that his reputation might be injured in Venice by the contempt of his opponents. One more work came from his hands,—or rather from those of his amanuenses,—of whom he supported six, when he could obtain so many. He suffered much from disease: but, instead of accepting medical advice, he wrote four books against physicians. He was now failing fast.

On the accession of a new Pope, and amidst his sincere grief for the departed, he intimated his wish for an easy sinecure or two, to render his last days easy,—candidly owning that he was so far from poverty that he kept three horses, and six secretaries when he could procure them. It was easier, he tells us, to procure painters than amanuenses. But he was subject to visits from crowds of admirers whenever he went to Padua, on the business of his office as canon; and he wished to be hospitable, though he preferred being alone at meals. These details disclose something of the life of the honoured Man of Letters in that day. As for himself, Petrarch wrote, near the close of his life, "I spend the greater part of the year in the country. I read; I think; I write: this is my existence, as it was in the time of my youth."

Thus it was through the decline of two years more. In his study at Arquà, he was often seen by his attendants asleep or musing, with his head resting on his book. One of them saw him in that posture, one July morning in 1374, and withdrew without disturbing him. But he was past disturbance. He had died quietly in that characteristic way.

He had his own trials, as being in some respects in advance of his time,—or, at least, of the generality of men. He was feared, and suspected, and informed against as a magician, the holder of strange books; but his career of the Scholar was one of high honour in his day; and it was the prerogative of the princes of letters to hold their course above the tumults which raged in the political world, but which had died out in the literary realm since the pursuit of letters had ceased to mean the same thing as scholastic disputation. Irritable men manage to quarrel wherever they may be: and an Abélard would probably have lived in hot water in any age; but, in the fourteenth century, society had attained the idea of a love of letters for themselves, which enabled a scholar to pursue his career without collision with other men's passions of ambition or bigotry. Still, there was inevitable publicity; and, happily, travelling was still necessary to the perfecting of the Man of Letters. Monks might remain invisible in their cells; but their names were in all men's mouths as soon as they became distinguished in literature; and, if they had not travelled, they could not attain the eminence of those who had.

Nearly two centuries later still, we find in the Scaligers a disagreeable representation of the literary character as it stood in their own conception, and in that of their neighbours of the intellectual world. The elder Scaliger, born in Verona, in or about 1484, but fond of considering himself a Frenchman, was declared to be "the miracle and glory of his age;" and De Thou himself said that the age did not furnish his equal, nor antiquity his superior. The man thus regarded in his own time was a perfect Latin scholar, with considerable, though inferior knowledge of Greek, and an idolatry of literature and of himself. We know his temper by his treatment of Erasmus in controversy. His son Joseph, his tenth child, was born in 1540, and introduces us to the literary world

of the continent in the sixteenth century. The plague having sent him home at eleven years old from college, he studied under his father, and one of his obligations was to compose an essay every day on some historical subject. Not disgusted with learning by this sharp practice, he became master of thirteen languages; and, by his own account, of all knowledge which could be obtained from books. He slept little, and at times passed days almost without food,—somewhat in the way of our Newton, with the difference that we learn Newton's feats of application from his housekeeper, and Scaliger's from himself. He declared that even the tumult in the streets during the massacre of St. Bartholomew did not, for a considerable time, force itself upon his senses,—so intent was he on his Hebrew studies. Here, however, an alibi has been proved, by avowals of his own at other times. He was at Lausanne on that day.

His vanity made him a pedant: but he had more than a pedant's powers; and Bayle declares that he had too much wit and fertility of his own to be a good critic. He was always seeing more in authors than they dreamed of, and therefore judging them by a false standard. He derived a lifelong entertainment from the study of books; and his innocent satisfactions upheld him amidst the dangerous snares of an age of patronage. He had an independent spirit which now raises him above men much more agreeable, and, in everyday life, more truthful. Joseph Scaliger preferred independent poverty to any abasement before ignorant patrons: but he was a deplorable liar when his vanity was either gratified or mortified. This exposed him to ridicule; and he replied by abuse which was very malignant; so that there is little inducement to dwell on his life and achievements. He accepted a professorship of Belles Lettres at Leyden when he was fifty-three; and this supported him in comfort for the rest of his life. He died in his 70th year, leaving the world of Europe echoing with his praises as a scholar. Heinsius shows us how far the praise of letters could go in those days. He says of Joseph Scaliger, "Men call him differently, an abyss of erudition, a sea of sciences, the sun of doctors, the divine progeny of a divine father, of the race of the gods, the greatest work and miracle, the extreme reach of Nature."

Men who could speak thus of literary pursuit, even in its highest eminence, had not learned to see that anything was greater than literature. We must remember that when the elder Scaliger lived, the accommodation of the printing-press was a new thing; and men of letters lived in the excitement of the former worship of books, together with the present delight of their general diffusion. They supposed all wisdom to be suddenly made accessible.

When books became common, the men of letters became recluses. The age of personal privacy and staying at home succeeded to the publicity and errantry, and travel in search of books of former centuries. The German scholars of the last century furnish perhaps the most complete illustration of the new state of things. Eichhorn was, I believe, not the only student in the country who never crossed his threshold for twenty years toge-

ther—who never wore a coat or boots during all that time, but passed from bed to his study-chair, and from his study-chair to bed, always in gown and slippers, and as much lost to common life as if he had been in his grave. The writings of such men came as from the grave; and those of them who chose had much of the repose of death investing their name and fame, though some of them manifested more irritability than is usually found among men of the world. Some of them had as many controversies on their hands as Abélard or the Scaligers had at the public period of their lives; but, on the whole, a prodigious amount of research was gone through for the benefit of all coming generations, and a vast wealth of erudition was stored up in privacy while the world was pursuing its business of the hour, not summoned by any exhibition of pedantry or conceit in the market-place to take sides for or against any “sun of doctors” or “extreme reach of Nature.”

Herder, born in 1744, was a fair specimen of the travelling scholar of Germany. A malady of the eyes interfered with his book studies through life, and bent his course towards observation, as he himself said. He set himself to discover a point of junction for the intellectual and spiritual pursuits of men; and he applied himself to the study of poetry and art, as well as theology and philosophy. He not only travelled literally over many of the countries of Europe, but travelled metaphorically over wide regions of oriental literature, till then unexplored. Notwithstanding his malady, he achieved a vast amount of book study, and left behind him sixty volumes, which exhibit the operation of a peculiar mind, always like itself, on a wide variety of subjects.

A contemporary of his was perhaps as good a representative of English men of letters as could be pointed out. Edward Gibbon was born in 1737, and so brought up that his love of letters must be ascribed to constitutional causes. He lived with an aunt during his childhood; and the delicacy of his health interfered perpetually with his education. He went from school to school, learning scarcely anything; and he entered college with so mere a smattering of Greek and Latin as might, he says, have made a schoolboy ashamed. Yet he had, unsuspected, “an amount of erudition which might have puzzled a doctor,” as he also tells us. He had read all the historical and geographical books he could get hold of; and he continued to read in that way, for his own pleasure, at Oxford, instead of being led by his tutors to the proper studies of the place. One effect of his historical and patristic studies was to make him first a Catholic at Oxford, and then a Calvinist at Lausanne, and finally to determine him to leave the merits of the various theological schemes to be decided on by men of a different turn of mind and pursuit to his own.

He was seven-and-twenty when he formed the design of his great work. He was able to bring to bear on his representation of Roman life a great deal of knowledge gained otherwise than from books, while he had enriched his store of erudition by a mastery of several languages. He tells us that his duty in the Hampshire militia, in a

season of military activity, helped him not a little in the exposition of the military tactics of Roman commanders. And thus it was throughout the whole course of his labour. His highest distinction, perhaps, as a Man of Letters, was his thoroughness in research, and in the preparation of his writings. He was not a man to shut himself up with books, and undertake to describe how former generations lived by taking what he pleased from books, and adding what he thought proper out of his own fancy. He grudged no time and no labour in proving the realities of things, and in ascertaining the bearings of evidence. He would go anywhere, and make any effort to obtain the smallest contribution to the materials of his history, and would put forth nothing that he had not tested by all the means at his command. It is thoroughly characteristic of him that he studied law for three years, in order to write the one chapter on Roman law required by his history.

The first volume of the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire” was published twelve years after he formed the scheme: and another twelve elapsed before the last volume appeared. In the interval he had gained some experience of political life by sitting in parliament for eight sessions. He did not speak; but he learned a good deal. By his support of the ministry of Lord North he obtained a place which again yielded him useful knowledge, as well as a comfortable provision, which in his case meant leisure. He was a Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; but he lost the place when Lord North went out; and then it was that he retired to Switzerland, to live with a friend of his own turn of mind and pursuits,—M. Deyverdun. He passed nearly the whole of the rest of his life at Lausanne.

The notices he has left us of both the beginning and the close of his great work indicate that imagination and sensibility were glowing within him while he was imposing the severest tasks on his understanding, his reason and his memory: and no finer combination could grace the function of the Man of Letters. By it he turned records into facts, and books into life. “As I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol,” he says, “while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.” Such was the beginning. Who that has ever read it forgets his account of the close? He was a prudent worker usually, taking the bright and clear morning hours for intellectual labour: but at the end he was writing at night. He wrote the last word in a summer-house in his garden, at Lausanne, between eleven and twelve of a midsummer night. He laid down his pen, and went out to pace the terrace in the moonlight, under the acacias; and there he underwent emotions of mingled satisfaction and pain. His great work was achieved: but the main object and occupation of his life was gone. He was then fifty; and he lived between five and six years longer, dying in England in 1794. He had the privilege of the lovers of literature,—of being never adrift for want of interests. While there are books, Men of Letters are sure to be well entertained.

It appears that Men of Letters of our time are

carried into historical pursuit, as their predecessors of former centuries were into theology and metaphysics. Of the latest generation of Englishmen, Mr. Hallam was a very perfect specimen of the Man of Letters; and if he studied political law in history, he studied history in literature. In America there is the same tendency, as Prescott and Bancroft, and Sparks, give evidence. But there is also an Emerson, studying Man in the life, and using Man and literature together for the illustration of human life and destiny.

It is a curious speculation what the aspect of the Scholar will be when the function of books, now rapidly altering, shall have altered yet further. Books are becoming, more and more letters to those whom they concern, instead of oracles, preachments, solemn records, or pieces of finished art. When we are overwhelmed with the conception of what it may be to future students to wade in such an ocean of human thought, we must remember the benefit that it will be to posterity to be able to revive the life of the past, through the abundance of its records in every kind of pen-delineation. There will still be Men of Letters; and the time will measure out to them their proper work.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

ARRESTED ON BOARD.

AN ACTUAL ADVENTURE IN CHICAGO.

ONE fine morning in May, '55, the readers of a certain Chicago newspaper must have been highly amused, or disgusted, according to their different dispositions by the following advertisement.

I was a stranger and ye took me in.

WANTED, by a young ENGLISHMAN, BOARD AND LODGING, with a Family.

Terms moderate. Address B. J. K., at this office.

I was the B. J. K. referred to, I had lived at boarding-houses in New York and New Orleans, in St. Louis and Vandalia, and I was sick of boarding-houses. I wanted a home; in the whole city I knew no one, and I put in that advertisement in the hope of its meeting the eye of some friend who would see the home-longing in it.

I was fortunate; I had one answer; I called, and that night found the home I had been looking for in the house and with the family of a dissenting minister, let me call him Marston—a fine, gentlemanly, well-educated man, poor—I fear very poor—yet still the gentleman. He was filling for a short time a vacant pulpit amongst the Independents, and I should judge they paid him not overmuch; perhaps as much as he was worth to them, for I fancy from some attempts he made to get me to read some translations of German theological works, his orthodoxy was just questionable. Of his wife and his children I need say nothing more than that whatever kindness could do to make me feel at home in a strange land, they did, and to this day, when I look on the map, I see a kind of brightness about that lake city that no other town in America possesses.

Now, having established myself, I must make a confession. I was a mechanic, as working-men are called in that country; and, further, I was a street preacher; some did me the compliment of

saying I was not a bad one. Be that as it may, I found myself in Chicago just in the right time; there was a political struggle going on, a platform had been laid by a party, I think the Republican, one of the planks of which, and a very thick and long one, too, was "The Prohibition of the retail sale of Liquors." This was a question I was well up in, and I offered my gratuitous services at the public meetings and churches, and was joyfully accepted as an ally. Working during the day at my business, I became independent of aid from my audiences, and almost every evening while the struggle lasted I found myself addressing meetings on the subject. In a few weeks, I had earned enough to enable me to take another move northward. I got an introduction to the captain of a grain schooner, bound across the Lakes to Buffalo, who agreed to allow me to work my passage. I went home, and commenced packing my few books and clothes for my departure on the morrow, when I was requested to see a gentleman down-stairs. I went down.

"My name is Reed, sir, the Reverend F. Reed, of the Methodist chapel, in — Street. I want you to come and give us a lecture on Wednesday."

This was, I think, the Monday.

"Quite impossible, I am going off to-morrow in the — schooner to Buffalo."

"You can put that off surely: we will pay you for your lecture."

"No, I never take anything, thank you; I must go."

It was really curious, the earnestness this gentleman exhibited to get me to stay; I was firm; I must go, and he left me.

In the morning, I said "Farewell" to my kind host, drew the balance of my wages, and went on board the schooner with my "traps."

Dinner over, I went on deck to lend a hand at warping her out of the river into the lake; the boat had made fast the hawser to the last pile, and we had hauled her close in shore to take in something from the wharf, when I heard a salute of:

"Hallo, young fellow!"

I looked up, two gentlemanly looking men, as far as dress went, stood on the wharf, and were evidently the persons shouting:

"Hallo, young fellow!"

Who was the "young fellow?" I was a perfect stranger, it could not be me.

"What is it?" said the mate.

By this time we were so close to the wharf that one of the strangers jumped on board.

"I want you, young chap," touching my shoulder.

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"What for?"

"You don't know, do you?"

"Not I, indeed. What is it?"

"You'll learn. Come along to the City Hall."

"I shall lose the ship."

"Never mind. Come along with us." By this time there were two. "Where's your traps?"

"In the cabin."

"Get 'em up. Come, look sharp, now."

I was so utterly astonished, that I obeyed with-

out another word, and got the things out of the cabin on to the deck. I was then myself handed over the side of the vessel, on to the wharf, and my things after me.

"There's some mistake," I said to the mate, "you must explain this to the captain, when he comes. Now, then, who's to carry my things?"

"Your things, indeed! Carry 'em yourself."

"Mind what you're about," interposed the watchman of a steam-vessel alongside; "if he bolts on board here, you won't find him in a hurry."

"All right; he won't run far. Now, pick 'em up, will you?"

I did, and right through the main streets of Chicago, burdened like a porter, I marched with a policeman on each side of me. I had had one or two little affairs with the police of New Orleans and St. Louis for street-preaching, but then that was Sunday, when I was in decorous black, and there was, as one reporter stated, "a universal sentiment to protect me;" now, I was dressed in the worst clothes I had in my small stock, and evidently disguised as a sailor. By not a few of my friends, and a large number of those who had been amongst my audiences, I was met, and either pitied or condemned. It must have been a singular sensation to some of them to see the man to whom, a few days ago, they had passed votes of thanks, now led through the streets like any felon from a gaol.

We reached the City Hall, and in a small back room, on the ground floor, sat the magistrate; two or three policemen were scattered about the office, and drew up to the desk when I was brought in.

"You are the magistrate here?"

"Yes, that's so."

"What am I brought here for?"

"That you'll know soon enough, young man. Take his keys and look in that box of his."

"I protest against it, sir—I have private papers there, and I protest against it, unless I know the charge against me."

"Take his keys, officer."

I saw it was no use, if I had not given them up they would have taken them, and I always held it to be foolish and undignified to make resistance where defeat was certain.

"Now let's see those sermons, officer—you're a preacher, ain't you?"

"No, I'm a mechanic."

"Preach sometimes?"

"Yes."

"I should like to see your sermons."

Remember, reader, I had no black coat, only a sailor's blue flannel on.

"You can't see them, I preach from notes."

"Let's see the notes."

My pocket-book, with private letters of all kinds, and my collection of sermon-notes was then handed up for inspection.

"Ah! I should like to hear *you* preach a sermon."

"It would do you good, I dare say, sir."

"Perhaps—Anything more, officer?"

"No, sir."

During this time my letters, diary, and notes were handed about among the loungers and policemen, as if they had been so many newspapers.

"Nothing more?"

"No, sir, only his clothes."

The magistrate laid down my papers, took from his desk a printed paper, and read it, looking at me occasionally; he then conferred with two ministers in whose churches I had preached and lectured, and waited for me to speak.

"Now, sir," said I; "now that you have made your search, not very courteously, may I ask why I have been dragged out of my ship, and led through your streets like a felon here?"

"Read that," and he handed me the paper.

I cannot remember the exact wording of the paper now, but it was a circular from the officers of one of the churches in Cincinnati, stating that a young, fair Englishman had been there, preached in the churches, and becoming acquainted with one of the deacons, had seduced his daughter under promise of marriage, forged a cheque for a large sum in his name, got the money, and gone off; and they hereby cautioned the churches in general against such a person.

Next came a description of the gentleman in question. In that, he was a "young, fair Englishman" and a preacher, he resembled me; in that, "he was more careful in the pronunciation of the letter 'h' than the English usually are" I did not mind how much I was like him; but in one essential point I differed from him, and that that difference saved me from a week's confinement on suspicion I have no doubt.

The description ran:—"His hands are particularly small and white."

Here was my safety. Right before the magistrate's eyes. I raised my hand—palm flat, fingers stretched, and as dirty as the muddy hawsers I had been hauling on would make it. I said:

"Look at that, sir."

"This is not the man, Mr. Reed."

It was true enough, as they could see by the light of that dirty, grimy hand, that I was not the seducer and forger, and they admitted it.

How quietly they took me on one side, and talked to me of Christian charity, of mistakes, of errors of judgment, &c., &c. I laughed at them—now the thing was a joke; I had got over the vexation of it, and laughed at them, told them they must find me another ship, pay my board of four dollars a-week until then, and publish an apology in the papers.

This they agreed to do, and did fulfil the last article of the agreement in the following agreeable fashion:—

CIRCULAR.—TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—A Circular having come into our possession respecting a man who had imposed on the public, we regarded Mr. _____ as answering to the description, and accordingly, at our suggestion, he was arrested, but, upon examination, he could not be identified as the man. Since this examination, a gentleman who is well acquainted with the man mentioned in the Circular affirms most positively that the said Mr. _____ is not the man. We hope, therefore, that any suspicion that may be laid towards _____ on account of that arrest, will be fully wished away, for, as far as we know, he is a good and an innocent man.

H. CREW.
F. A. REED.

Chicago, June 8th, 1855.

My friends the Marstons took me *home* again, and in another week I left Chicago.

Before I left the office, however, I noticed the policeman who had arrested me sitting on the rail of the partition, smoking a cigar.

"Young man," said he, "you're the wrong man, eh?"

"Yes."

"No right to take you, then?"

"Not a bit."

"Then—by golly! I'd make 'em pay for it."

I begin to think that policeman was right, and that when people take the wrong man out of the wrong ship, they should be made to pay for it in every case.

"TAKEN FROM LIFE."



I know quite well just now it's all the rage
(Especially upon the minor stage)
To bend the knee to "woman's heavenly beauty,"
And prate about her *eyes* and not her *duty*.
But, oh, ye men, ye men, if ye but knew
How "lovely woman" really laughs at you
When all her sterling virtues you ignore
And all her petty vanities adore;
When trashy compliments you think must please her,
Though eight times out of ten they only tease her,
'Tis very like you'll find to your surprise
That *real* women "worshipping" despise.
A woman true, to empty air will scatter
Man's fulsome words that crawl and lie and flatter,
Content to be what Heaven's wisdom made her,
And fly the bending fools who but degrade her;
Who make her eyes "bright stars," or "gems of
flame,"
And find for every grace some sickly name;
No "diamonds" shine in her laughing eyes,
Nor "purest blue of heaven's azure skies,"
No "rosebuds" fair her "fairy cheeks" adorn,
Nor "ruddy mantle of the bashful morn;"

Cheeks simply blushing with the wind's caresses,
Eyes bright, and *sometimes* "silky-looking tresses;"
Lips that may *sometimes* kisses "half invite,"
But *not* "like Cupid's bow"—*that simile's too trite*.
She knows that Heaven never meant
An "angel" should on earth be sent;
Such impious flattery she scorns,
And woman's proper sphere adorns.
This is the helpmate that will please a true man,
No "angel," but a simple, loving woman.
No "goddess" she, and well, right well, she knows it,
In every daily act of life she shows it;
A "goddess" *cook!*—the thought is far too cruel,
Fancy a "goddess" *making water-gruel!*
A "goddess" hashing up cold legs of mutton!
A "goddess" sewing on a stray shirt-button!
Nay, nay,—a true-soul'd woman well affords
To rise above such worship and such words.
Happy, if loved where she herself loves best,
She'll live and love, and go without the rest;
The angel's crown on earth she'll cheerfully resign,
Content if, duty done, she wins a crown divine.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER II. THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

The next morning I refused to accompany my mother and Fanny when they announced that they were going to take the flower-seeds to Mrs. Villars. Fanny looked innocently pleased, but I could not deceive my mother. She sighed and drew down her veil, and gave the order to drive on.

It was about an hour afterwards that I heard the sound of wheels coming up the avenue. From the couch on which I sat near the library window I could command a view of the approach to the house. I was reading Browning's "Pretty Woman," and was dreaming over the line

All the face composed of flowers

as a pony carriage came in sight. It was Mrs. Villars and her little boy. She was driving her-

self, and I had the satisfaction of observing her inimitable grace as she drove up to the door. The servant informed her, I suppose, his mistress was out, for after a pause and a glance up at the different windows, she drove off. I unconsciously and mechanically followed. I could have given no reason why, but I found myself at the lodge gate as she drew up before it. I was out of breath from the speed with which I had crossed the lawn and meadows by a direct path while she had driven round the circuitous one.

She stopped instantly.

"I have called on your mother," she said; "mamma sent me off this morning with a message to Mrs. Spencer. To console Nora for not coming here, I was to ask Mrs. Spencer if she could spare Miss Egerton to us for a few days."

"My mother will be sorry to have missed you, for she has gone to the Grange this morning."

"I am very sorry ; but if I make haste, I may perhaps overtake her."

She whipped her little ponies with great energy ; but whether they resented this peremptoriness or disliked the previous pause, or from what other cause I know not, after a little preliminary fretting and consulting with each other, they commenced a series of kicks and plunges which threatened destruction to the little carriage and imminent danger to its occupants. I sprang over the fence which separated the field from the road, and held the horses' heads while the groom lifted out the child and Mrs. Villars, who seemed almost too frightened to stir. After a little discipline, alternated with a little soothing, the ponies became quiet ; but she would not get in again.

"I am not afraid for myself," she said, "but for Harry, Mr. Spencer."

She looked pale, and her sweet face was turned imploringly to me.

"But can you walk three miles?" I asked.

"O yes ; and I dare say I shall meet with some one who will carry Harry, if he gets tired. Shall I ask the man here?"

I smiled, for I knew the lodgekeeper was out, and that the duty must devolve on me. I explained this, and, with many apologies for taking up my time, she consented to avail herself of my escort.

The groom, looking very black, and muttering observations which did not sound complimentary to Mrs. Villars's mode of driving, was sent home with the little carriage. He was evidently jealous for the reputation of his horses, and this unwonted exhibition of self-will on their part he attributed to some provocation given intentionally to them. For my part, I blessed them.

What a walk that was ! How much in the sudden intimacy which the circumstances produced she told me of herself, her position—suggested, rather than told, but impressing it only the more forcibly on my imagination. She had travelled with her parents, from the age of twelve, and had resided many years in Italy. This explained something piquant and uncommon in her speech and manner, which is only to be found in the effect of foreign life upon some English constitutions, and accounted for the grace and expression with which our language fell from her lips : the enchanting tones gave something of southern warmth and richness to our cold northern idiom. The "Harry" to her child was like a drop of dew falling from a rose. The elder brother had died of consumption abroad. Her parents had been induced to remain in Italy for fear of the same complaint manifesting itself in her. A short time before their return she married Mr. Villars. Not a word of complaint passed her lips ; but her marriage had evidently not been a happy one. What circumstances had led to the marriage she did not mention, but I inferred it was not the choice of her heart. There evidently had been repression, suffering, and isolation in her fate. A long illness of her husband had terminated fatally, and she had found herself a widow two years before. I thus met with her free, but

almost destitute. She had accepted her mother's invitation to spend some time with her, as soon as her husband's affairs had been wound up, and she had now been residing some time at the Grange.

By the time we had reached it, my heart was in a tumult of pity, love, sympathy for the graceful victims beside me.

The arrival of the carriage without her daughter had alarmed Mrs. Compton, and our arrival was hailed by her with the greatest joy. I had saved her daughter's life, for thus she exaggerated the simple service I had done her ; and she therefore welcomed me with the most overflowing demonstrations of delight. She would not hear of my going home for dinner. I remained. Mrs. Villars was less demonstrative than her mother, but her manners wore an appearance of gentle gratitude, which was precious beyond words to me. I did not feel that this was the second time I had seen her, but as if all my life had tended to this acquaintance, and had been a preparation for it ; so that my love sprang to life vigorous, eager, mature.

In the evening Mrs. Villars sang. She chose some simple Neapolitan songs. Her voice was of that vibrating and rich tone which gives such effect to those wild, racy melodies. She had twisted some jessamine in her hair, which suited well the chastened softness of her mien. But indeed that graceful head would have looked equally lovely adorned by a wreath of flowers or a bandeau of diamonds. When I left the Grange I was engaged to drive with Mrs. Compton the next day to Raynham Abbey, an interesting ruin about nine miles off, which the families of the neighbourhood visited as an object for a day of pleasure, or for a gay picnic when they had friends staying with them.

My walk home by moonlight that night I shall never forget. Picture to yourself the moving pageant of a Roman triumph, the banners, the music, the strange adjuncts, all harmonizing with, and at the same time adding a glory to the victorious central figure, and you will have an idea of what my feelings were, and with what jubilant ecstasy they surrounded and bore up, as it were, the image of Marian Villars. It seemed like exchanging victory for defeat when I left the luminous meadows over which I had passed on my way from the Grange, and entered the shadowy gloom of the avenue which led to Speynings. It was still early, and I thought I saw a light in my mother's room, but I did not go in as usual.

I had a deep conviction that in this turning-point of my life I should not find sympathy in the heart which hitherto had never denied it to me. It was a fatal error.

The next morning's early engagement prevented my breakfasting at home. I had only a moment to read my letters and say good morning to my mother and Fanny ; and thus, in the most unconscious and accidental manner, many days passed. What was thought of these perpetual absences I never paused to inquire. I was floating down a stream too softly and smoothly to be aware of the rapidity with which I was borne upon it. Three weeks after I had first seen Mrs. Villars, I was desperately, passionately in love with her, and a

wall seemed to have arisen between me and the inmates of my home. Nothing had been said, nothing done; I never named her name to them, nor was she named to me. The usual tenour of life went on both at the Grange and at Speynings, but visits between the ladies of the two houses became rarer and rarer. A voluminous correspondence was carried on betwixt Norah and Fanny, and that was all.

I had noticed that, since my return, Fanny, though always pleasant and good-natured, had avoided me almost pertinaciously. At any other time this would have piqued me, but now it rather suited me. There was something very childlike in Fanny; in my boyhood her archness and simplicity had sometimes delighted, sometimes tormented me. When a lad is advancing to manhood the raillery of a lively innocent girl is often a positive nuisance to him. My sentimentality was wont to divert Fanny extremely, and was the cause of unending quarrels between us; but when I became older I assumed, in virtue of my five years' seniority, a protective and paternal manner, which was an effectual shield against her; I treated her as a little girl, and she was so slight and small for her age, that it did not seem as absurd as it was, to do so.

On my return I found her grown and developed in person. Very pretty she always had been, but she was now rounding into blooming womanhood, and to most men would have been singularly attractive. To me, however, she would still have been the girl to be patronised and kept at a distance, had I not found, on my return, there was no chance of the old familiar jests and games. She was still "Fanny," and I was still "Hubert;" but in all else our intercourse was changed. It was she who was reserved, and I could not establish the old fraternal familiarity.

My vanity would at any other time have whispered a flattering reason, but I was soon too much pre-occupied to reflect on the cause of the change, though I noticed the change itself. I remember, one day, at the Grange, that Mrs. Compton noticed how changed Miss Egerton was.

"She is quite a quiet, silent girl now, and she used to be so lively and clever," was her remark.

Nora was in the room, and she looked at me with a strange pertinacity in her look, and the colour deepening in her face.

I was silent; I heard, but was too absorbed in watching Mrs. Villars, who was writing a letter, to reply.

She looked up, and said, smiling:

"Remember, mamma, that Miss Egerton is just at that awkward age of transition between a child and a girl, which some natures find it so awkward to pass through. If she gives way to her natural—what shall I call it?—love of fun, she fears she would be thought a little girl, and she has not yet learned the art of young-lady liveliness. Very few girls are sensible grown women from their cradles, like you, Nora dear."

Nora did not seem to appreciate the compliment, and curled her lip, but she was silent. But I ask any candid person if Mrs. Villars's remark, kind and considerate as it seemed, was not very disenchanting to its subject. It divested Fanny's timid

retiringness of any charm whatever to treat it as pure awkwardness.

No doubt the conversation was reported to Fanny by Nora, and she became more and more still and taciturn in my presence. All the nameless little charms which a woman so prettily displays when she has a confidence in herself that she does please, are shut up and curled away ruthlessly when she feels she is not done justice to. The sea-anemone, with its delicate colouring and exquisite form, rising to the surface of the water, is not more different from the gelatinous and coagulated lump which sinks to the bottom of the pool, than the woman who knows she is admired and the same woman when she feels she is not.

My mother loved Fanny too much to "prôner" her to me; but she felt somewhat impatient at my utter blindness to a beauty which was acknowledged by all, and my insensibility to the sweetness of a nature entirely truthful and profoundly affectionate. This impatience was rarely manifested, but when it was, it did Fanny disservice; it hardened me against her, and excited me to think that my mother's jealousy for her protégée rendered her unjust to Mrs. Villars's attractions.

Almost daily I found myself in the beautiful little morning-room at the Grange, alone with Marian Villars. The child playing in and out of the room took off from the feeling of our being left alone; at the same time, for all intents and purposes, we were alone. They were mornings over which the primal air of Eden seemed to blow. We did not speak much, but there was the most perfect accord in all which we said. The modest intelligence, the graceful imagination, the refined taste, rather betrayed than shown, completed the impression made by a beauty which I have never seen equalled. I watched her moving about the room, "A spirit, yet a woman too," diffusing light, as it seemed to me, by the mere fact of her presence, and drank deeper and deeper of the fatal cup which she held out to me.

She usually dressed in the lightest colours, generally in white, and the fair hair was always arranged with the most careless simplicity, sometimes gathered up into a net, but usually allowed to wave loosely round her face, "*elle était plus femme que les autres femmes*;" and this constituted her principal charm. Very young girls are so unconscious, that they become almost sexless, and often jar or grate on the very feelings they excite. Women of her own age, if clever or beautiful, are apt to oppress one; we feel we do not sway them, we are swayed by them, and are tempted to revolt against them. She contrived to combine the pliant temper of girlhood with the serene suavity of maturity. I went with her to visit the poor; she was the administratrix of her mother's charities. It touched my heart to see her dispensing consolation, giving alms, bestowing advice, and gliding like a moonbeam into their dark and miserable dwellings. My mother and Fanny were also the Lady Bountifuls of the village near which they dwelt; but somehow, their benefactions had never inspired me with the feelings of approbation for them, or the compassion for their protégées that I felt now.

There were two shadows, however, on this bright picture. One was, that I never advanced, as it were. A friendly, almost affectionate intimacy by words and manner, but nothing beyond. Her looks spoke a different language. Often and often have I met her eyes fixed on mine with a glance which seemed to reveal a world of inexpressible tenderness, yearning, regret; then she would blush, and look away, as soon as she was conscious of my observation, and there would be nothing more. True, she allowed me a large portion of her society, but I could build no hopes on this surffiance, for it seemed the effect of chance.

The other was the subtle almost imperious influence which seemed to separate me from my home. She scarcely spoke of it, never certainly unkindly, yet I always felt when I left her a secret feeling of irritation against them. I felt it was scarcely becoming a man of my age (I was twenty-two) not to live in a house of my own; that my mother took advantage of her excessive love to keep me in a state of tutelage; that, like all mothers, she was foolishly jealous; that, in seeking my happiness, she was resolved that that happiness should be derived from her as from its only source. It would be difficult to explain how these impressions were made: a word suggested a train of thought which led to this feeling, but the word, judged by itself, was guiltless. A latent ridicule was cast on her and on Fanny—that fine intangible satire with which one woman knows how to cover another, and which, like dust, changes nothing, but imperceptibly dims the brilliancy and mars the beauty of all which it touches. Certain inconveniences in the mode of living at Speynings were pointed out which made me dissatisfied with it. Hitherto I had been happy there. Few men could command as I did the society of two women more calculated to render a home pleasant. Both were intelligent and lively, and both disposed—one from her deep maternal affection for me, the other from her regard for and docility to the former—to gratify my every wish and anticipate my every desire. But the fear that all boys have that their independence may be tampered with, the consciousness that this strong affection which pervaded my whole being, and was the life of my life, was looked upon with aversion by my mother, was the poison which envenomed my home-happiness, and finally destroyed it.

I remember one evening we sat in the library. It opened on the lawn, and Nora and Fanny were walking up and down in the moonlight. My mother sat in a deep arm-chair talking, or rather listening to the conversation of the clergyman of the parish, who sat beside her. Marian sat by my side on the sofa near the lamp. She was working some gay piece of embroidery. Her slender fingers looked white amidst the bright-coloured floss silks; her eyes were downcast, and she was listening with that serious sweetness which was one of the loveliest expressions of her face. One of her charms was a reticence which left much to the imagination. More brilliant talkers produced less effect, for with her one always felt that one was on the verge of some profound thought or some noble feeling which her diffidence prevented

her uttering, and the pleasure was thus enhanced. My heart was full. Oh! that life could have paused now for ever, or flamed on for ever, she and I thus side by side. If the feelings of one heart could inspire the atmosphere which another breathed, Marian must have felt the air glow like a flame around her. Suddenly I looked up. We sat sufficiently apart for our conversation to be inaudible. My mother sat with her cheek resting on her hand, looking at Marian so intently that she did not hear a word which was being said to her. Her gaze was penetrating to sternness; but as the look seemed to sink further and further into the heart of the person gazed upon, it grew darker and darker, and more disapprobation mingled with its sternness. I involuntarily drew nearer to Marian. Such a look seemed to carry so ominous a weight of condemnation with it, that I was ready to throw myself before her, as if to rescue her from some bodily pain. My mother saw the involuntary motion, and our eyes met; she must have read defiance in mine, in hers I saw compassion and surprise.

It seems absurd to chronicle such a moment, yet it was a very bitter one to me. And in such a wordless, motionless manner are often the deepest tragedies of our lives enacted. Presently the carriage came, and they left. As Marian rose to go I folded her soft cloak about her with an insane desire to press her to my heart before them all, and bear her "somewhere, anywhere, out of the world." When I returned from taking her to the carriage the library was empty. I went into my own room, and there sat my mother waiting for me. She looked very pale. I could have sworn in my impatience, but I controlled myself and sat beside her.

"Have you proposed to Mrs. Villars?" she asked, in a cold, constrained tone.

"No."

"Thank God! what a weight is off my heart. My dearest!" she said, taking my hand, "listen to me; you know your happiness is my first, my only consolation—"

"People always preface in that way something which cuts it up at the roots," I said, angrily.

My mother had a very proud though a very loving heart; she drew back, offended, and said coldly:

"I think it my duty to tell you that I have heard Mrs. Villars is tacitly, if not actually engaged."

"A lie," I said; "some confounded country gossip."

"It may be so; but I tell you, Hubert, you are heaping up misery for yourself by your present self-indulgence. That woman loves nothing so well as herself. As long as it feeds her vanity, she will accept your homage up to a certain point. No doubt she likes you, but she will never bestow any preference on you which will be in any way prejudicial to herself. She is a cold coquette."

"Enough," said I, impatiently, "I love her, and the whole world is as dust in the balance when weighed against that love. I never will believe a syllable against her, and any one who places him or herself in antagonism with her, places themselves so with me."

My mother's eyes flashed; but she paused, and when she continued, her voice was full of tears.

"It had been my wish that the woman who was to be your wife should be my daughter; and though my heart has little room to hold another affection but that I have for you, Hubert," and her voice faltered, "it would have made room for her; but if it is as I fear, it will—"

"Empty itself of both! that is just what I expected. Parents always love their children after a fashion I, for one, could never understand. You love me, but I am not free to love whom I will; this is bondage, and I will not put up with it. I should regret any such necessity, of course, but my life must be freed from the chance of this perpetual opposition."

"Hush!" said my mother, as pale as death, and she took up her candle with a trembling hand. "Do not say words which cannot be unsaid—I see a miserable prospect before us—but do not alienate your truest friend. Good night, God bless you!" and her tears fell fast over my face, and she kissed me.

I would have detained her, for my heart smote me, but she would not be detained. I felt angry with my mother, and angry with myself, and I unconsciously tried, by encouraging the anger I felt, to stifle the terrible suspicion which my mother's first words had raised. Could it be true? was Marian engaged?

It was with a tumult of contending feelings that I reflected that it was possible. I had no claim on her. No perjury to me in word or deed would have burdened her soul—but oh, God! did looks mean nothing? did that consummate gentleness of manner belong to all as well as to me? was the precious pearl of her love a jewel set apart for another?

I passed the night without sleep or rest. I thought not of the pain I had given, I only thought with dread of that which I might be about to receive. I resolved that no later than to-morrow I should put my fortune to the touch to win or lose it all.

Evil tidings make sometimes the spectres of which they speak. The next day, when shaken as it were by a long illness, I walked slowly towards the Grange; I found, on arriving there, symptoms of an arrival. A strange man-servant made his appearance in the hall, and a huge Newfoundland dog rushed out to meet me with the most canine gambols. When I entered the usual morning-room, Mrs. Compton, and not Marian, received me. Lounging on the couch on which she usually sat was a man about ten years older than myself.

Mrs. Compton introduced him to me as Mr. Warburton. Mr. Warburton acknowledged the introduction superciliously. My loose, lounging appearance, so great a contrast to his own, did not impress him favourably. He was a good-looking man: most of the attributes of beauty were his in great perfection. Very white, even teeth, which glittered as he spoke; large, bright, china-blue eyes, and well-cut features; but the impression of the whole was disagreeable. A martinet neatness of exterior made the most of his personal advantages. But mediocrity was

stamped upon him from head to foot; any one so ineffably commonplace I have never known. He was the concentration of conceited mediocrity combined with that hardness of character which is so often the undercurrent of a worldly plausible nature. From mending a pen to guiding a nation Harry Warburton thought himself more likely to be successful than any one else. He paid the most careful attention to the most trivial things of life, and had a peculiar system, of which he was very proud, in everything. His household, his stables, his kitchen were all directed by him, and engaged his constant surveillance. He imagined his authority pervaded everything; he certainly could detect the most minute speculation in his household; but his friend or his wife might deceive him in the most barefaced manner, and he would remain most ludicrously unconscious. To most persons he was insufferable from his aggressive conceit, which he united to the most frank tuft-hunting. No one thought him an actually bad man; he would walk a mile with the utmost goodnature to save his friend a shilling, though he would just as soon make unscrupulous use of the shilling thus saved for his own purposes. I little imagined, as I looked at him, and his peculiarities affected me more and more, that he would inspire me with one of those strange feelings, partly amical partly inimical, which, in a nature so weak and inconsistent as mine, would be more enduring than stronger affections. At first, I confess, I felt unmitigated dislike.

He soon rose and left the room, bored apparently with my monosyllabic replies to his questions, and I was left to entertain Mrs. Compton. I waited for nearly two hours, but no Marian appeared. During the pauses of our conversation I heard animated conversation up-stairs, for it was summer, and doors and windows were wide open. I could distinguish the metallic tones of Mr. Warburton, but not his words; once I heard the voice of Marian calling out impatiently, "Be quiet, Harry," and I was glad thus to know that her child was with her, but that was all. At length, tired with my long and vain waiting, I rose, took my leave, and commenced retracing my steps homewards.

As I walked on I met Nora and Fanny; their cheeks were flushed as if they had been conversing on interesting subjects, and Fanny's eyes looked red as if she had been crying. She looked at me steadfastly for a moment, and then in a broken and agitated voice said, "How do you like Nora's brother-in-law?"

Nora made an ejaculation as if to stop her, but she went on, seeing I did not reply.

"Yes; Nora tells me Mrs. Villars is to be married to Mr. Warburton in a fortnight. They have been engaged some time, and were to be married in two months' time, but some affairs of Mr. Warburton's have been settled sooner than he expected, and he arrived this morning with the good news."

She might have gone on for hours—I was literally stunned. There was a pause. At that very minute little Harry, who had been walking with them, ran up to me. I started as I saw him.

"It was not to him she spoke," I murmured.

"Look Hubert," he said, "look at this pretty sword Papa Harry has given me."

I required nothing further; those innocent lips had spoken my doom. Both girls looked at me earnestly; I felt I turned white, and instinctively Fanny put her hand on my arm. I put it aside. I joked, I laughed, I tossed up little Harry in my arms till he shouted with delight, and left them astonished and doubtful of the truth of their surmises.

I locked my door behind me when I entered my room. I will not describe the hour or two which followed. I then rose and rang for my servant. I told him to pack up my things, as I was obliged to leave Speynings by the next train; asked for my mother, heard with relief she was out, wrote her a few lines of hasty farewell, and the evening of the next day I was in Paris.

(To be continued.)

MUCH RIGHT AND MUCH WRONG.

WHILE we are all thinking more of America than of anything else, it is most natural for the Hermit, as well as the man of the world, to speak of it. There is no reason why I should not; for we are now in possession of facts enough to enable us to form a sort of judicial estimate of the experience of the last few weeks; and I happen to have known so many of the leading Americans, as well as English, of the last and present generations of statesmen, that my view of what has happened and is happening will be at least original—that is, a real judgment of an individual, and not an imagination derived from newspapers, or from the notions of a number of people, all equally unacquainted with America, and prejudiced in proportion to their ignorance.

Though we have but just escaped a singularly painful kind of war, we may possibly and reasonably be as calm and as capable of a judicial review of the circumstances as if we had been mere witnesses of a similar adventure in the case of another nation; for we have been in the right throughout, in regard to the merits of the question between the two governments. We sustained an outrage, as unprovoked as indisputable; and, taking the government to represent the nation, we sustained it with all possible temper and dignity. Here we have an advantage which enables us to look back over the field of recent action with a serene eye and a dispassionate spirit. If we had done or invited any wrong, we could hardly have been trusted to see things as they are, or to admit with entire freedom the good and the evil on both sides. As it is, we are free to see and admit that there have been great merits and grave faults of judgment and temper in both countries, though not in the parties immediately charged with the conduct of affairs. If this is true, the danger must have left behind some admirable materials for building up future safety.

As far as is known, our Government acted as well as possible. It ascertained its ground, made its demand, and showed as much firmness and readiness in its preparation for any event as moderation and courtesy in the tone of its corre-

spondence with Washington. On the other hand, it also appears that the American Government behaved thoroughly well. As soon as Captain Wilkes's news was received, the American Secretary of State wrote to Mr. Adams, for communication to our Government in case of need, that Captain Wilkes acted without authority, and that the American Government had none but friendly wishes and feelings on the occasion. When the British demand was received, it was held in silence for five days, and then frankly granted, three days before the expiration of the term assigned for a decision.

Meantime, the conduct of a part of the American people had been as foolish and wrong as Captain Wilkes himself had been. It was not only the newspapers that sinned unpardonably: one expects more or less of that in every country in which there is a free press; and we have but just seen too much of it at home. Not only were many of the American journals dishonest, impudent, ignorant, conceited, bent on mischief, and insufferable in coarseness, levity, and passion, but a considerable number of the citizens lost their heads. There are always unworthy leaders of popular passion in America. It is the great curse of the Republic; and on this occasion old Massachusetts behaved like a raw territory beyond the Mississippi, rather than the foremost State of New England. Boston conceit is thought, over there, to transcend the conceit of any other local society in the country: and Boston conceit has now received a check which will never be forgotten. Mr. Everett and Mr. George (not Charles) Sumner assured Captain Wilkes at a banquet that his act was legal, and falsified history to prove it. Whether they knew better or not, they were guilty of crime in so misleading public opinion while undertaking to guide it. The Governor of the State disgraced himself no less; and a Judge adventured the extraordinary proposal to postpone law to feeling in a case of such interest. Thus misled, the ostensible public of many cities made fools of themselves, and were shockingly offensive to the rest of the world. They gave the freedom of their cities to Captain Wilkes, triumphed over his prisoners, and manifested a levity which, if not grossly ignorant, was hopelessly profligate. This levity was the most disgusting feature throughout, as it appeared in the journals. Writers and public speakers seemed totally unaware of the gravity of the occasion. They spoke of Captain Wilkes's act of snatching unarmed men from an unarmed mail-packet as a deed of pluck, dash, gallantry, and so forth. They fancied England vexed and mortified, but not disposed to make a fatal quarrel of it: some proposed to baffle her by protracted negotiations, while others assured their readers that England would never actually go to war with them, because she could not dispense with American commodities. There was no impertinence, no insolence, no effort at irritation, no perilous jesting, no stupid misapprehension of English conditions and feelings, no profligate investigations, no convenient lies, which were not found in the American newspapers of November and part of December. This is one clear and definite department of the whole case.

If, on the one hand, there were leading citizens—I do not mean the Everett, Andrews, and Phillips order of political self-seekers, but wiser and better men—who were more or less influenced by the ignorant journalism of the hour, there were, on the other hand, some few newspapers, and not a few sensible citizens, who were steadier and more patriotic. There were journals in Philadelphia which throughout admitted arguments that the seizure of the *Trent* was illegal, and that the prisoners would have to be yielded up. There were many sensible men who held their judgment in suspense, and insisted only that right should be done in any event. Certain military leaders were so impressed with the seriousness of the case, that they urged upon the Government the necessity of preparing to undo Captain Wilkes's deed.

We ought not to forget the influences under which all these demonstrations were made. The Americans, one and all, resent the former acts of search and seizure by England, when seamen were carried off from American ships as British subjects, the vessels being left short-handed, and the commanders eating their hearts with rage.

The Americans generally have been, for months past, and still are, perplexed by our recognition of the Confederates as belligerents, and yet not recognising the Confederate Government. They have been led to suppose us inclined to side with the South; and some of their orators, who ought to know better, have been talking for months of our rendering secret aid and comfort to the Confederates. It is known that some British vessels have actually run the blockade, and supplied arms and comforts to Southern purchasers.

It was industriously taught that the passage of Messrs. Slidell and Mason in the *Trent* was a breach of the Queen's proclamation. The recent publication of some of Mr. Adams's correspondence with his own Government, discloses to us some incidents of American feeling which are very valuable. When Mr. Adams arrived, nobody here was giving a thought to taking part in the civil war; whereas, Mr. Adams was supposing us to be longing to join the South. As soon as this was perceived by us, we exerted ourselves to show him his mistake; and now it comes out that he mistook his own process of enlightenment for change in us. At first, he proceeded on the supposition that we favoured the Confederates. Then he wrote to his Government that he had failed to satisfy himself that we had any purpose of alliance with the enemy; and now we find he has been writing of the great change he observes in us in regard to genuine neutrality. If he so believed, living in London, his countrymen across the sea were sure to be suspicious and jealous in a high degree, on very insufficient evidence. If the Confederates believed that we must interpose in their favour, because we must have their cotton, much more must the North believe it. From the outset, they had proceeded on the assumption that cotton must rule the British mind and feelings. On this point it is the young Mr. Adams who enlightens us. He seems to have the same simple cast of character as his father; and he has published in an American newspaper a portion of his diary, which shows his

astonishment at finding Manchester itself too liberal to entertain the predilections which his countrymen had attributed to all England.

Besides these prejudices about us, the Americans had some strong feelings about the Commissioners whom they held as prisoners,—and especially about Mr. Mason. The reason why has already been told in *ONCE A WEEK*,—that Mr. Mason is the author of the Fugitive Slave Law. It is also to be remembered that he was active in Virginia against the survivors of John Brown's raid. He cross-examined John Brown himself, as he lay bloody and exhausted in his prison, to learn how far he was backed by invisible forces. On the anniversary of John Brown's execution last month, Frederick Douglass was lecturing at Boston,—as it happened, on Photography. Neither he nor his audience cared much for photography at the moment; and by a sudden impulse they threw themselves into subjects that they did care for. The black orator came to the front of the platform, and, when he had told how Mason had teased the old puritan champion in his chains, he leaned over and asked, in a low tone which thrilled upon every ear,—“And where is Mason now?” Mason was close by, in Fort Warren,—almost within hearing of the roar of triumph which seemed likely to explode the great hall where the words were spoken.

Of Mr. Slidell it is not necessary to say anything here. Mason's case is enough to show us what it must have been to hold those dangerous envoys and detested traitors as prisoners; and what it must have been to let them go. Yet the American people lost no time in saying, after their Government, “if we have no right to hold them, let them go.”

It may help our understanding of the American state of mind to look back for a moment on our own prejudices and mistakes during the weeks of suspense about the war.

At first, we almost unanimously believed that Captain Wilkes had acted under the orders of his Government, or under some strong assurance of its approbation. This was natural; for it was scarcely possible to suppose that a naval commander would perpetrate such an act in such a way on his own responsibility. We were mistaken, however. Out of this mistake others grew, no less naturally. It was pointed out that the time had no doubt been chosen with a view to invading Canada at a season the most disadvantageous to us. We now know that there was no idea of invading Canada at all. We fancied that there was a settled purpose to go to war with us; and that the moment would be chosen so as to shift the burden of the civil war, and make a peace at home, on pretence of the exigencies of a foreign war. This was all a mistake too. The Government at Washington openly alleges the impossibility of a foreign war at present; and the people throughout the country are so resolute to prosecute their quarrel with the South, that we are calling them fanatics. Again; we made the mistake of regarding the American army as the same sort of thing as a European army, and told one another that such a force would never be satisfied without over-running their continent, or the world;

and that we should see an invasion of Canada for that reason. But the Northern army is composed almost entirely of a citizen soldiery;—of men who have made a mighty effort to save their polity in an hour of crisis, but who are anxious to get back to their affairs of business and pleasure. There is nothing to be got in Canada or elsewhere which can satisfy these men for being kept away from their farms, and their shops, and their mills, and the fishery, or the law courts, or their round of patients. It is in the South that the filibustering order of soldiers is to be seen;—the landless, listless, uncultivated, idle, or desperate class, who take to arms for a subsistence and a position, and will lose everything by peace and quiet. The Federal soldiery have not been among the blusterers on the affair of the *Trent*. When they have spoken, it has been on behalf of law and right, and in warning to the Government. Our mistake in judging of them as of the French colonels, and the slaves of “glory” in the military service of France, might be natural: but it was a mistake. The Americans are not a military people: almost every man in the Federal army has a home where he is longed for, and to which he longs to return. Washington found this his grand difficulty in the revolutionary war; and it will be the difficulty of every American general while the material prosperity of the country suffices to enrich every man through the arts of peace.

A yet graver mistake was caused here by a kind and degree of ignorance which we ought to have outgrown before this time. We did not all, nor nearly all, fall into it: but too many did. Some of us ignorantly fancied, and rashly said, that the American Government would not dare to do right, for fear of the mob,—or, in more civil phrase, in opposition to public opinion. It is not enough to let this pass as a mistake. It is highly necessary to make out where the mistake lies, that we may not fall into it again.

If we had known the American constitution better, we should have been aware that the President and his ministers are precisely the persons who do not, and need not, fear the mob, or unreasoning public opinion. The slaves of the mob are the rising, not the risen men. If the President chooses to abase himself again,—to lapse into the candidate state,—in order to obtain a second presidential term, he may be in fear of the mob during his fourth year: but in his first year, the President is nearly the most powerful of rulers. We ought to know and to remember that his ministers are irremovable except by himself,—unless they commit acts worthy of impeachment. He and his ministers can do what they please within very wide limits indeed; and it would astonish many plain Englishmen to learn to what lengths the Washington Government may go in despotism, without fear of check, or dread of responsibility. They may, as we see, conduct their transactions in silence and secrecy. It rests with them, as we see, to decide on points of the most critical importance; and they have only to acquiesce in the decision of the Executive, as they can neither preclude it, silence it, nor reverse it.

Again; we anticipated attempts, sly or audacious, at obtaining delay, for purposes of evasion: and in this we were mistaken. Some of the most corrupt and impudent of the American newspapers suggested such delay as a convenient expedient in case of need; but the vulgar ignorance and stupidity of the proposal should have prevented its reception here. As the event proves, no mediation, no arbitration, no “protracted negotiation,” is among the ideas of the Washington Government on the case. They disclaimed the outrage before they could hear from us; they frankly admit the law; and they make complete and unhesitating reparation.

Such have been our mistakes of judgment and opinion,—caused by insufficient knowledge. I wish there had been nothing worse: but we are not morally blameless. A portion of our press has been as malignant and as false as any journalism in America.

The sound head of Old England understands that, in all societies, the passion and prejudice, the levity and captiousness of men appear on the surface of the time, while rational convictions and pure sensibilities are running deep below. The sound heart of Old England is not dismayed by the malicious clamour or the irritating contempt with which a small number of the citizens of each country have been endeavouring to provoke each other. The generous temper of Old England dwells rather on the public virtue which the events of the time have brought to light in the great mass of society on each side the Atlantic.

Of our own citizens I need say nothing. Their conduct under the infliction of injury, and in prospect of war, has been precisely what the proudest and heartiest of Englishmen would wish. They let the Americans bully, and the peace-coterie at home vapour and fidget, while they themselves made ready to forgive or to fight,—“equal to either fortune.” As for the Americans, we must look for their true quality in their own special war. If their case was at all understood here, it would be universally felt that the world has never seen anything finer than the devotedness of the citizens who are now awaiting and working out the redemption of the republic. There are two generations of them,—the elder, who have sinned through their idolatry of the Union, surrendering for its sake the virtue, power, and prospects of the republic;—and the younger generation, on whom the task of retrieval is laid. They have begun, conscious of the deterioration of the national character, through dishonest complicity with the slave-holding oligarchy; and only too well aware that it must take time, and require no little adversity, to make clear the right aim of the Federal States, and unite them in the pursuit of it. They have devoted themselves to hasten the time, and to sustain the adversity. While the elder generation have been manifesting their repentance by the largest sacrifices, the younger have been sacrificing themselves;—not as soldiers always do in going out to the wars; but in a way most rare and memorable. They are known to have believed that a large number of them,—some think not less than ten thousand,—

must fall for no visible result at all, before the hour of apparent achievement could arrive. There are two reasons for this conviction;—that the army is badly officered and led; and that all warfare which precedes an avowed policy of emancipation is simply thrown away. So they have believed; and the belief has not discouraged, but stimulated them. Since the morning when the early sun shone into the pass of Thermopylæ on the young men who were combing their long hair, and addressing themselves to death, there can have been nothing finer than the spectacle of the New England youths,—many times three hundred,—who have posted themselves where they must fall, in order to secure victory afterwards to the republic. The young Greeks in Thermopylæ did not see their fate more plainly, nor meet it more gaily. These Americans have told their mothers what must happen; and their mothers have received back their bodies for burial, and wear no mourning for sons who have so departed. Such is the spirit of the war; and it needs no gift of prophecy to tell what the result must be. The doom of Slavery is fixed; and everybody on that continent knows it. Meantime, there ought to be a fellow-feeling between Englishmen and such patriots as that young generation who are expiating the laches of their fathers.

Both they and we shall have learned a lesson from our recent peril of strife.

We see that there is nothing in the spirit or forms of American government which renders the authorities subservient to the mob, or the so-called mob insubordinate to law, or to the decisions of the authorities. We shall henceforth be more rigid and vigilant in our self-defence against encroachment, perhaps; but we shall also be prepared to expect higher conduct from the Americans than we gave them credit for this time.

They, for their part, will draw their own lesson from their present mortification. They must see that they need self-knowledge and self-proof. They must see that Canada is not for them, nor anything that is their neighbours'. We, however, ought to remember that, some few years since, a large proportion of the Canadians were actually willing and anxious to join the United States. For years after reforms were nominally established in Canada, the people found no benefit from them, and felt themselves slighted. The effect of free-trade upon them, before the Navigation Laws were repealed, was to place them at a disadvantage in the European markets, as the protective duties of the United States did in the American; and, thus excluded on both sides, the commercial classes might well hanker after the prosperity they saw growing beyond the frontier. The Reciprocity Treaty, however, the repeal of the Navigation Laws, and genuine self-government, have scattered all such discontents, and the Canadians have pretty well shown their neighbours that the subject of annexing Canada had better be dropped.

The Americans must have learned, also, that there is a limit to international forbearance, and that they have now compelled us to indicate that limit in our own case. Whenever they shall have

freed themselves from all connection with slavery, there will be no ever-open source of danger to our amity. Meantime, they now see that we have been in earnest in our purpose of self-defence. They certainly respect our course, and the temper of our government and people, with the exception of the war-party, and bullies of the press; and we certainly respect the honourable readiness with which the American Government has offered reparation, and the people have acquiesced in it. Care, caution, and courtesy on both sides may make this the last of our strifes. They must be vigilant and unremitting; and under them there must be a moral sympathy, such as kindred should feel, and such as the closest kindred must cherish, through the whole course of their life, if they would not "fall out by the way."

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"UP VESUVIUS."

THOSE who have been at Naples will remember that fashionable quarter the Riviera di Chiaja, with its perpetual bustle and eternal roll of carriages; noisy, it is true, but full of Italian life—full of quaint sights and national peculiarities. It was here our hotel was situated. In front, the Villa Reale swarmed with its usual crowd of gay pedestrians,—gay, for whatever their political troubles—whatever their grievances, fancied or real, or how much soever a republican press may exaggerate, these Neapolitans exhibit, externally, the *beau idéal* of contentment and an exuberant flow of spirits.

The trees of the villa formed a beautiful foreground to the blue waters of the magnificent bay; Vico and Sorrento, though sixteen miles distant, were clearly distinguishable on the opposite side; the St. Angelo range of hills above Castellamare bounded the view in that direction: on the left Vesuvius emitted an immense volume of smoke, so dense, so white, that it seemed to augur the very anticipated eruption; while, to the right, at the southern horn of the bay, the beautiful island of Capri—like a gem in Lapis Lazuli—formed an object of no mean attraction. All this, glowing in the warm tint of an Italian sun, with an atmosphere almost supernaturally clear, presented a scene of inexpressible loveliness. A view more exquisite can scarcely be imagined; no pen can do it justice—no pencil has ever yet given it its due brilliancy.

Oft had we gazed in admiration on this picture; perhaps it never looked more glorious than at the present moment, while spell-bound we sat on the balcony and gazed in mute delight. There was Punchinello in the Riviera below, striving to win our attention; there were Goths behind us suggesting expeditions to a dozen different localities, each famous in its way, full of antiquities and historic interest. We were fairly caught at last; the bait was Vesuvius, and we took it greedily. There are bolder individuals who would have shrunk behind a plausible excuse when on mustering forces they found themselves the only "effective" of a party composed chiefly of the gentler sex. However, the day was propitious, the mountain showed evident signs of uneasiness, and the

carnival at Rome was fast approaching,—the signal for departure northwards.

Every one who visits Naples wishes to see what very few do see—a great eruption. We had waited two months for the “coming event;” it now remained for us to take it at what it was worth. An equally interesting phenomenon, though different in degree, was at the present moment actively at work, in itself quite sufficient to counteract the grand desideratum.

On an elevated plateau, at no great distance from the Hermitage, there had been for some time a continuous flow of lava, bursting forth in such profusion, and daily increasing to such an alarming extent, that several square miles were covered with a black incrustation intersected by meandering streams of liquid fire. As seen from Naples at night the effect was strikingly brilliant.

The mountain is reached by various routes; the best undoubtedly is the railway to Portici, and the remainder of the journey on mules; but as our object was a nocturnal visit, we adopted the more independent but less pleasant course of driving the whole distance.

The road to Portici is one continued suburb of mean habitations: the dust is insufferable; nevertheless the traveller, curious in Italian *low* life, will enjoy this part of the excursion: there is much to interest and instruct him. These people live in the open air, have little superfluity of clothing, and less pretension to cleanliness. With a *carlini* in his pocket the Neapolitan seldom walks, but makes one of a ragged fifteen on a *calesso* drawn by a single horse. These extraordinary vehicles, which ply here as thick as London omnibuses, seem built to accommodate two persons comfortably: the rest hang on as best they can; the balance is good, and the horse suffers little in proportion to the weight.

On arriving at Portici, the first point of importance is to secure the guide, *par excellence*, as the importunity of the race is more than perplexing: the wrong man in the wrong place would make himself felt even beyond the depths of the pocket. The only guide to be relied on is Gozzolini, to which functionary a personal visit is imperative, every impudent scoundrel on the road being a Gozzolini, of course.

Calling at the third door on the left, after passing the royal palace of Portici, through the courtyard of which the road leads you, some portion of the veritable Gozzolini may be found, the said individual being divisible into several sons. These people thoroughly understand their business, and are civil, obliging, and honest, rare qualities in Neapolitans of the class.

The town of Resina joins Portici, and beneath them, embedded in Tufa rock, lies Herculaneum: this town shared in the disaster which overwhelmed Pompeii, A.D. 79; and singularly enough, its very existence seems to have been ignored until the amphitheatre was partially discovered so lately as 1750; little has since been accomplished in the way of excavation for fear of endangering the superincumbent towns.

Here the ascent of Vesuvius commences: for the whole length of a steep odoriferous street the slow and dirty ordeal of ragged importunate

guides has to be endured, an incubus scarcely to be shaken off even by bringing the Gozzolini influence to bear upon it; several persisted in joining our cavalcade to the very last, for the purpose of assisting his *Eccellenza*, gratuitously of course. The road for the first portion of the route is steep and intolerably dusty; I never experienced such indescribable dust as we ploughed through, toiling up those Lacryma Christi vineyards—ashes, ashes everywhere, and the dust of ashes. Long before arriving at the foot of the mountain proper, we pass several tides of lava which, at different periods, have inundated this region: the lava of last year, with that of previous years, black, brown, or light gray, according to age. A more perfect desolation cannot be imagined. These streams, like petrified torrents, have carried all before them—trees, vineyards, and houses: some stretch their dark masses in the direction of the sea, others threaten even Naples itself.

After passing the vineyards, the road, consisting chiefly of elongated zig-zags, is comparatively new, presenting an agreeable contrast to the first part of the route. This new road, which extended to the Hermitage, had during the last two months been much encroached upon by a fresh stream of lava, not only crossing it and continuing its course over the precipice, but slowly and irresistibly advancing down the road, thus gradually bringing the extreme point approachable by carriages nearer and nearer to Resina.

Though somewhat prepared by what I had seen, I scarcely anticipated the extraordinary spectacle which this vast field of burning matter disclosed: the eye rested on a black and petrified sea, several square miles in extent, forcibly recalling to memory the *Mer de Glace* in form, substituting fire for ice!—the upper surface being thrown up cold and black into every fantastic shape by the under current of liquid fire. This molten matter bursts forth in several places, and spreads red-hot over the dark and hardened incrustations, forming, when cool, fresh strata, which frequently crack with a loud noise: fissures and deep chasms yawn in every direction, and expose to view the lurid glow a few inches only beneath the surface. The carriages are left on the brink of this Stygian gulf: here are Charons innumerable to ferry us through our difficulties. The supply far exceeds the demand, but the navigation is dangerous across these 200 yards of fiery ordeal, and assistance should not be despised where a false step might prove fatal. There is no loitering here, no time for contemplation: proceeding with the utmost agility, it is still hot work for the feet: there is bubbling and spirting and hissing in all directions, and in passing miniature eruptions to windward, the heat is terrific and scorches the face. Once more on terra firma, and the Hermitage is reached at a short distance in safety.

Whether the inhabitant of this building, which very much resembles an indifferent farm-house, be an ecclesiastic, or a recluse, or a dealer in Lacryma Christi, or a combination of all three, which is more probable, deponent knoweth not: it sufficeth that the juice of the grape is forthcoming on demand. In its immediate vicinity a grassy platform and a few stunted trees suggest a

bivouac, where ample justice is done to a substantial *déjeuner*. The wine of this region is said to be excellent: this may be true or not; but after the dust and heat of the day any beverage would be nectar to the most fastidious connoisseur.

From the Hermitage a fine prospect is gained of the surrounding country, the mountain itself, and the progress of the lava. Nine out of ten who *do* Vesuvius, do no more; many do not even cross the lava, which at the present time, in default of an eruption, is considered the chief point of interest. Of our whole party one lady only, whose courage the difficulty of a pass and the danger of a glacier had often failed to shake, determined to accompany me to the summit of the cone: light, active, and bold, she was in every way fitted for such an expedition. The undertaking certainly looked formidable, but we were not daunted, and at half-past four started with Gozzolini and two assistants, resolved in the face of every difficulty to reach the top. Passing the Observatory on our left, a building erected by Ferdinand II. for the purpose of watching the varying phenomena of the mountain, the route for some short distance lies over tolerably level ground; here, as we proceed, rank grass, in scantier patches struggling through the dust, indicates the expiring efforts of nature, till we reach a point where all signs of vegetation cease, and a rough pathway is worn, rather than made, over sharp scoria, and carried over the wavy ups and downs of the lava of former years. We had now the misfortune to lose the services of our *chef*; a shout from behind recalled him to the assistance of three unprotected ladies who, taking courage at our determination, had suddenly resolved to follow us—a triumph of Pluck over Discretion. Time, however, being precious, and the sun fast declining, we pushed on in advance with the two assistant guides. The scenery, as the foot of the cone is approached, is grand and striking in its desolation: the route lies through a valley between what is called the Mountain of Somma on the one side and the Cone on the other; this is nothing less than the bottom of the ancient crater, the whole forming originally one vast mountain considerably higher than the present cone. There is everything in the appearance of things to indicate this, and I believe it is a theory universally received: its extent may be inferred from the fact that it takes an hour to walk half across it; some idea may also be formed as to where the substance came from which fills the surrounding country and overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum: certainly a mass of matter exceeding the present mountain in bulk has been discharged from this crater. A very severe hour's walk brought us to a roofless hut, where a soldier is stationed to preserve order and protect visitors—a salutary precaution, as the mountain teems with unscrupulous vagabonds, who, under the plea of rendering assistance, are most extortionate in their demands.

From this point the cone rises at an angle painfully steep, and apparently almost perpendicular. Here it is that all one's courage is brought into requisition, especially after the fatigue of the last hour: the eye wanders towards the top with ill-

disguised apprehension, and doubts begin to arise of the possibility of the ascent. This portion of Vesuvius is a perfect cone, consisting of alternate streams of large and small ashes from top to bottom. The ascent is made by climbing from clinker to clinker up the greater stream; the descent is by the lesser, composed of ashes as fine as dust. We were glad to pause for a few minutes to survey our task, though I must confess the more I looked at it the less I liked it.

B—— had secured the assistance of the two men to drag her up by a strap round the waist. For myself, despising such inglorious aid, I commenced an energetic dash at my difficulties. A few yards in an upward direction found me gladly investing six *carlini* in the strength and energy of a stout fellow who had "accidentally on purpose" crossed my path! With a strap over his shoulder he pushed forward in right earnest; while holding on with one hand, and climbing with the other, I followed in the wake of my agile companion as quickly as circumstances would permit. The actual ascent is usually done in an hour, but we were induced to make an extraordinary effort to reach the summit before sunset, and performed the feat in little more than thirty-five minutes, resting only four times for a few moments. The sun had just dipped its golden orb in the placid waters of the blue Mediterranean when we reached the top. Those thirty-five minutes! I shall not forget them. It was a race against time. I aver I have no heart complaint, or death would have been the instant result;—this for the information and benefit of any assurance society: put one of those corpulent directors on my track, and he would afford a spectacle for considerable amusement while regaling himself on the assurance of the soundness of my wind and limb. After all, Vesuvius possesses fewer difficulties than imagination paints. Of course strength and energy are indispensable, but there is no want of firm footing, and the oft-told story that you must plough your way knee-deep in ashes is a decided romance. A "climbing sorrow," truly, but it more resembles clambering up dilapidated stairs than anything else. The ascent is in a direct line; eschewing all zig-zags, a straightforward course in this, as in the other ways of life, being the safest and the best. It is singular that on this burning mountain we passed several small patches of snow; indeed, on attaining a greater altitude the cold becomes most intense on the least cessation of exertion.

From the summit of Vesuvius a magnificent panorama is obtained, most glorious in the setting sun. Naples lay at our feet in an almost impenetrable shade: the Castle of St. Elmo glittered like gold, its fair exterior contrasting its inner horrors. Gaëta and Mola were distinctly visible in the distance. The white buildings of Castellamare, Vico, and Sorrento, sparkled on the rose-coloured steeples of the St. Angelo mountains; while the beautiful islands of Capri, Ischia, and Procida, like watchful guardians, peacefully reposed at the entrance of the deep, blue bay.

But what a dream is all this, and how short! The western sky tinged to the water's edge with the amalgamated colours of red, orange, and purple, soon yielded its exquisite brilliancy to the

brief twilight of these regions, and night overspread the surrounding landscape almost before the deep vermilion glow had quitted the elevated position on which we stood.

We made the best use of the little remaining light, and advanced within fifteen yards of the crater: unfortunately deprived of the chief guide, we were afraid to venture nearer: under any circumstances, it would have been hardly possible to do so. Immense volumes of smoke issued from the vast abyss, rendering all view of the interior obscure, and almost stifling us. A large mound of scoria, on the north-west side of the crater, also emitted such clouds of smoke, which a stiff breeze drove right across our path, that we were at length fairly beaten back, nearly overpowered by the sulphur. The whole surface is composed of vast rocks of lava, bleached to a light-brown colour; in some places long rolls of the same material intersect these masses, forming a sort of network exceedingly difficult to cross: clinkers and large loose stones fill the intermediate spaces. Near the lips of the crater the lava had a shell-like appearance, of questionable thickness, which from our point of observation seemed to overhang the gulf itself.

The rapid approach of darkness suddenly brought to our recollection that the torches were left with Gozzolini. We had not the faintest hope that any of our party could, even if they would, at so late an hour follow us: to add to our perplexity, two of our men had levanted: the remaining guide, like most of the scoundrels you meet on the mountain, had not the slightest knowledge of our position; therefore, in the present uncertainty, while a glimmer of light remained, I deemed it prudent to beat an immediate retreat. The fellow's ignorance of the route soon became painfully apparent, and I must confess to a slight shudder of nervousness on seeing him wring his hands, and rush about in frantic despair. There was no moon, and the prospect of a night on the top of the mountain was anything but cheering. We groped and stumbled about for some time, till at length, just as matters were getting serious, I discovered a light at the foot of the cone—a star to revive our hopes, and a beacon to guide our way. A few moments convinced me it was stationary, and that it might be the soldier's light—if so, our path must be in a direct line with it. We ordered the man to “make a cast” round us, while we stood fixing our gaze on the light. The plan succeeded, and the track was found. It was now perfectly dark; we were obliged, therefore, to descend with great caution. Soon, however, noises were heard below, and a flash of torches suddenly burst upon us. It was a welcome sight, for we knew it was Gozzolini.

What a strange procession—three *chaises à porteur*, conveying three ladies; are they mad, or what infatuation has induced them to ascend the mountain for the purpose of seeing nothing? Perhaps there is some gratification in saying we have done a thing, though the wisdom of doing it may be questionable. These three ladies who had joined our party had certainly entered on a strange undertaking; nevertheless, who would not admire their strength of mind? We were now

able to procure a torch, and proceed in safety. Remonstrance would have been useless, so we left these Amazons to their lofty aspirations, and the safe conduct of the chief guide.

By the light of our torch we commenced a rapid descent, B—— and the guide leading the way. There is some little difficulty in broad daylight, and the dim torchlight did not mend matters. I was soon startled by observing the torch perform the most wonderful gyrations, in a quick downward direction, and at length remain still; on reaching the spot, my companions were lying ten yards apart, sprawling in the dust, having tripped up, and rolled down for a considerable distance. Fortunately no harm was done, nor was the light extinguished. No further casualty marked our descent. At the soldier's hut we joined a French lady and gentleman, accompanied by several torchbearers: the former carried on an extempore *chaise à porteur*, made of poles, and strongly resembling a bier: in the darkness of the night we formed a singular and funereal-looking cavalcade. The return to the Hermitage took us the full hour: on our way we passed the upper edge of the burning lava, and witnessed the most extraordinary sight I have ever seen. This part of the mountain forms a slightly undulated plateau round the north-west base of the cone; extending some width, it falls abruptly in the direction of Naples and the sea. The whole of this plateau is one continued mass of burning lava, in some places flowing in actual rivers of fire, which pour over the declivity in magnificent cascades; the red sluggish stream then flows on, and loses itself under dark masses of petrified lava, only to appear again at some weak spots, where it bursts forth to form new streams, and throw up fresh eruptions. Like a large city on fire, smouldering in its ruins, it fills the imagination with amazement, and inspires a feeling of terror. As seen by night and day the aspect of things is perfectly different, and he who does not pay it a nocturnal visit can form no idea of the grandeur of this wonderful scene.

On our return to the Hermitage we found our morning route across the lava had been cut off by one of those fresh streams that vary the state of things here every hour. The gulf looked horrible, and we had to make a considerable *détour* over untried incrustations. I believe the danger is less great than it seems, provided the passage across is well pioneered; be this as it may, a hotter business I never engaged in, and I scarcely know how we crossed over without being half-roasted, or losing the soles of our shoes.

At the point where the carriages waited for us the prospect was truly grand, the darkness of one of the darkest nights being rendered visible by the lurid glare of the surrounding pandemonium. We were about half way down a splendid cascade of fire, the effect of which baffles description—Michael Angelo's painting of the infernal regions is simply a joke to the scene we witnessed!

Here we were joined by the three ladies who had followed in our wake. I must leave them to chronicle their own exploits; but for the exertions of Gozzolini they would have encountered serious difficulties. The return to Resina is accomplished

by torchlight, and we arrived at our quarters in the Chiaja, without any casualty, an hour before midnight.

W. H. B.

ON THE CHINESE RELIGION.

RELIGION, as a single system of worship, can scarcely be said to exist at the present day in the "Middle Kingdom," as the Chinese—not from any incorrect geography, but rather from notions of political importance—are accustomed to call their country. They agree only in worshipping a highly intelligent but excessively mysterious being, possessing various appellations, and the duty of filial obedience, which plays so conspicuous a part in their ethics, is continually shadowed forth in their religious ceremonies; but, with these exceptions, there can be discovered no national or state religion throughout the empire, and their articles of faith are, in different places, as various and as extraordinary as their works or practical methods of demonstrating it. Not having any decided notions on the subject from their ancestors, they are content to leave it in the hands of their Emperor, whose sacerdotal supremacy seems never to have been questioned. The Emperor reserves to himself and his family the right of worshipping a certain god called *Tien* (or Heaven), and performs a certain number of sacred rites for the gods of his subjects. On the fifteenth day of the first moon is celebrated the famous Feast of Lanterns, a custom better known, perhaps, than its origin. Once on a time, it is told, an emperor too much addicted to pleasure, and considering the night better adapted than the day to its celebration, determined after much thought, and urged thereto chiefly by the advice of a favourite wife, to build up a palace which should be impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and there to live constantly, having surrounded himself with all things which he might deem instrumental to his comfort, and having the palace illumined artificially by the aid of numerous lanterns. His people, however, not unnaturally, regarding this pursuit of pleasure as likely to produce no small interference and delay in the proper course of government, took upon themselves to destroy the palace, and afterwards the emperor. The Feast of Lanterns is now observed as a caution to voluptuous monarchs.

On this day, as indeed on all other festivals, the idols are duly honoured. Every Chinese temple contains an immense number of images in various postures, and with all imaginable varieties of countenance and expression, some threatening with ferocious gestures, but the generality with faces suggestive of blank amazement. All Chinese idols, however, agree in one point—which is their excessive fatness, corpulency being considered as a most honourable characteristic. They have, moreover, smaller idols in their houses, which are made of baked clay, painted most usually brown. The *bonzes*, or priests, are treated with the greatest contempt; it is difficult to say the reason, but no man, unless of the lowest class of life, would join their society. They are supposed to fast often; but such fasting produces not unfrequently, as in analogous cases, that habit of body which the

Chinese are chiefly wont to admire. They lash themselves through the public streets to expiate the sins of their congregation, but are accustomed to receive money afterwards.

The Chinese religious mind is actuated rather by a belief in present than in future punishments. They perform their sacred rites more with the hope of averting calamity than that of obtaining positive good. If the calamity is not averted the idol is considered insufficient, and treated accordingly—his temple is razed to the ground, and he himself is much abused. "Thou dog of a spirit! thou art well gilt, well fed, and yet refusest us necessary petitions!" Immediately after this he is knocked down, drawn through a kennel, and bespattered with filth; but if the impending calamity appears to be averted, the insulted god is picked up, carefully washed, and has a promise made to him respecting re-gilding, on the condition that he forgets the past. The bonzes share all this treatment except the gilding.

Inferior spirits of an evil disposition, represented as black and extremely attenuated, are constantly to be warded off by every Chinese family. Should the roof of one house overshadow by its projection that of another, the proprietor of the latter is reduced to a condition of the greatest distress, for of a house in such a position two or more evil spirits immediately become the *habitués*. Should a law-suit not relieve him, he is obliged, as a last resource, to raise an enormous dragon of baked earth on his own roof, with open mouth, and eyes directed towards the offending angle. This, and this alone, removes apprehension, and is sufficient to restore tranquillity to the household.

The dragon is everywhere in China held in great veneration; he is called the spirit of the air and mountains, and is popularly supposed to sustain the globe; his own resting-place is left uncertain; he is also considered to be endeavouring to devour the sun or moon during the eclipses of those luminaries, and it is only by beating incessantly upon drums and kettles that he can be diverted from this highly improper and dangerous diet. By these means the dragon's tranquillity is disturbed, and he is rendered unhappy—it being a time-honoured maxim among the Chinese that the highest felicity is to keep silence and to hold all things, past, present, and future, in the greatest indifference. Death is regarded by the generality of them as a kind of transmigration, and the more religious are vegetarians through fear of partaking of a deceased friend. A coffin is looked upon in the light of an article of domestic furniture, and a Chinese takes more interest in its adornment than in that of his dress, for he observes he shall wear it a longer time. Such an argument is, of course, unanswerable. In short, the existing worship of China is a confused mass of superstitions, of which individuals receive just as much as they choose. Such is the effect of despotic power, of the absence of all progressive tendency on the part of its subjects. The irresolute and changing character of the Chinese mind forms in itself a sufficiently strong breakwater against the waves of the most eager mission society.

CONFUTZAO.

P A T T Y.

A STORY IN TEN CHAPTERS.—I.

If you turn to the British Gazetteer of some years back, you may discover—I don't say that you will, mind—under the letter O, some interesting particulars concerning the village of Oakmere St. Mary's, so called to distinguish it from the township of King's Oakmere, which is some twelve miles farther from London. You will likely enough light upon some such entry as this :—"OAKMERE ST. MARY'S, a parish in the south division of Mogley hundred, on the western bank of the Trill, a tributary of the Run ; union of Knogley, county of Uplandshire ; 41½ miles from London (coach-road 29), 6 miles from Bilberry Bishop, 8 from Chiddle Abbots, 9 from Little Riggington, and 12 from King's Oakmere. The living

(St. Mary's), a rectory in the Archdeaconry of Uplandshire, diocese of Winchester, is valued at 5*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* ; present net income, 167*l.* ; patron, the Hon. B. C. H. Bertie-Bloxham, of The Chase, Mogley-Grimstone Grange, Glazely, Cumberland, and Bryanstone Square, London ; present Incumbent, Rev. Morris Baldersby (1818). Contains 1,064 acres, 23 houses, population in 18—, 189 ; poor-rates in 18—, 13*l.* 12*s.* ; tithes computed in 1806. Access S.E. Railway to Minchcombe-le-Willows, thence 12 miles. Money orders issued at Bilberry Bishop ; London letters delivered at 10½ a.m. ; post closes at 4 p.m. Several Roman antiquities have been discovered in the parish." After these remarkable particu-



(See page 131.)

lars, is it possible that any one can want to know anything further about Oakmere St. Mary's ?

There may be very notable stories to be told of even very dull-looking people ; there may be much interesting matter attached to small and quiet-seeming places : the difficulty is to get at these things. Some fine morning our blank friend kindles into a brilliant creature : he has been smouldering all the while, capable at any moment of bursting into a flame if we had but known it. This quiet village, so unpretending amidst the soaring hills it neighbours, is scarcely known to human beings, forgotten apparently save by the sunshine, and the fresh air, and the flowers ; to-morrow, a crime committed there, a benefaction, an accident, "an act of God or the king's enemies," as the old carriers' bills had it, and it rushes into notoriety and becomes an histo-

rical fact. Let the reader count upon his fingers the number of people and places which the occurrences of the past ten years, say, have made familiar words to him, and which before he had, perhaps, never even heard of. I think he will soon find that he has got his hands full.

However, Oakmere St. Mary's is not yet famous, and perhaps it is hardly necessary for me to state that I am not going to make it so. Nothing I plan to relate concerning it will lift it into notoriety. Indeed, if any circumstance did exist capable of endowing this little place with general interest and value, for sufficient reasons, I should not be its historian ; I should leave Oakmere St. Mary's to be dealt with by more muscular hands ; for I presume but to chronicle small beer : the historians of double stout and other more violently alcoholic liquors reside many doors off

from me. I have no connection whatever with their establishments, as they will be careful to inform you, if you will take the trouble to inquire. I have but a small-beer story to tell about my small parish. If your worship looks for stronger potatoes, pass on, I prithee. I am not ashamed of the ware I deal in. Even malt decoction of this thinness may not be without good qualities. In certain cases it may be refreshing and wholesome, while I pledge my word that it shall never in any way trouble your head. It is not strong, and perhaps I may say at once that, very likely, it is not particularly new neither. Yet I believe

there are certain old stories to which the world will always lend an ear.

A very pretty village. A close little cluster of thatch-roofed cottages; a few others that looked as though they had dropped off from the general group, like dissenting sects from a parent church, and settled down in different directions a few yards off; a smooth village green, sloping down from the winding white road, and pleasantly freckled with geese trooping pompously to their pond in the corner; a fine row of old elms fringing the highway, the sun streaking through their boughs, and making a sort of intricate marquee-



(See page 133.)

terie work of light and shade upon the road; the tiny tower of the church half-way up the hill backing the landscape golden and purple brown in the sunlit distance;—ought not these items to compose a charming picture? Well, and they did.

Shall I ever forget the great discussion between Fribble and Frabble—distinguished artists and close friends—when they came down from London formally to paint Oakmere St. Mary's, partly on my recommendation. They had walked over from the station at Minchcombe-le-Willows, the day sultry, and they certainly tired and angry. (I have noticed that long walks *do*, as a rule, make people very cross indeed; though I would not, of

course, in these times, hint one word against the advantages of violent exercise and physical exertion. Still, undoubtedly, fatigue tries the temper a good deal.) How they did squabble as to the point of view from which they should take Oakmere St. Mary's! How they wrangled and abused each other! I thought at one time that Fribble would fairly shed tears over the debate. But I appreciated their difficulty at last. It was the pump!

Well, the pump in the centre of the green of Oakmere St. Mary's was certainly not a picturesque object. In fact, I doubt if a pump can ever fairly be made picturesque. A fountain or a

well is all right enough—and I am bound to say that art has never hesitated to make either of these advantages available. But a pump? Can we regard a pump æsthetically? Is there not something too burlesque, too grotesque about a pump, “considered in its quiddity?” Surely it bears the same relation to a fountain that a gorilla does to a man. One cannot get rid of its parody air. And it has a human look, too—a caricature resemblance of a one-armed human being. I have seen arms move very much upon the pump-handle principle, and that smooth iron ball on the top is really frightful like many small bald heads that are about town clubs. No wonder Fribble and Frabble shrunk from depicting that useful ugly cylinder.

“Leave it out,” I suggested to Frabble. How he turned up what would have been the whites of his eyes, if they had not been the yellows!

“Is there never to be honesty in art?” he cried. I had forgotten how ready he was with cut and dried ejaculations of that description, or I would never have given him such a chance.

It was unquestionably a blot upon the beauty of Oakmere St. Mary’s—that pump. And yet I remember when not long ago a scheme was unfolded to me for a new fountain, of strictly Gothic architecture, to be the substitute for the ugly, old pump, I rather hung back from aiding in the alteration. It *was* ugly, and—a pump. Still it was old, and a friend. And I have a sort of apprehension about new Gothic; it is so crisp and bright, spick span; and it has a cardboard and scissors look; it is so much like immature Stilton cheese, or new port wine. I want it with a blue mould and a crust. Contemplating Gothic architecture, I coincide with the bachelor’s reflections on the baby—I regret that it cannot come into the world a few years old. Certainly, both buildings and babies may be too new and young to be pleasant. And I was happy to find that the pump agitation, after all, ended in nothing: Oakmere St. Mary’s is yet without a Gothic fountain on its green.

Sunday morning. The church is some half-mile from the village. The bells have ceased to ring. The last white smock-frock has left the green churchyard, and slouched up the red-paved aisle to his assigned pew. The clerk—a spectacled old man, with a head so bald and polished that it quite glitters in the sunlight—appears in the little gallery, and turns the handle of the organ with solemn slowness. The schoolmistress, a faded woman in limp bombazine, raises her rather worn soprano voice; it is wiry here and there, while there are notes in it that should be avoided—marked “dangerous,” like cracked ice, still it has been a good voice once, before sorrow scored up such a heavy reckoning on the poor soul’s forehead, and time compelled the wearing of that rusty false front. The simple anthem, “I will arise,” swells through the church—not well executed, false in time often enough, and the closing notes drawn out painfully, as though they were on the rack; the noisy birds outside breaking in, too, in odd places, with their secular irreverential music, and yet with something touching in the primitive rendering of the prodigal’s confession

and praise. The Rev. Morris Baldersby—such a little tremulous, bent old man (he was a fellow of Cassius, and tutor to the third Marquis of Trunkbury when Lord Twigford, and went the grand tour with that young nobleman in ’16; but he quarrelled with his charge at Venice, and so lost the presentation to the handsome living of Chinkstone-in-the-Wold, which had been always promised him, and was in the Marquis’s gift; afterwards he married, and, of course, was obliged to resign his fellowship, and was, indeed, glad at last to become the rector of poor little Oakmere St. Mary’s: for Trunkbury, we all know all about his goings on, and “the creature” he ultimately raised to the rank of Marchioness, and the sort of life he has led since, and generally the credit he has been to his order)—the Rev. Morris creeps to the reading-desk, his hands cased in fretted, over-large black gloves, resting here and there on the pew-doors as he passes along the aisle. In low, and yet impressive tones, with perhaps a little of the pomp and sing-song of an old school of elocution in his delivery, the pastor leads his simple flock through the appointed morning service.

Meanwhile, a high-stepping, Roman-nosed, grey mare drew a yellow-wheeled chaise through the village; not at a very quick pace, for the mare had some distance to travel, and was indeed not so sound in her wind as she had been; but she got along pretty steadily, by dint of some snorting and blowing, and much wagging and swaying about of her head. A calm, shrewd, sun-withered looking man sat alone in the chaise, but troubled himself little enough about the business of driving; he held the reins loosely, and the whip was idle at his side; he let the mare have her own way: they were old friends, and he could not think of urging her on against her inclination, or acting contrarily to her will. So with a steady laziness the twain went through Oakmere St. Mary’s.

It was quite as well it was a healthy village. For this was Dr. Gregor, the nearest medical man, and he came from Bilberry Bishop, six miles off, as we have seen. His patients, scattered about in different parishes, lived often at considerable distances from him, and his post of doctor to the sick-club took him very long rounds, and brought him in very little money. There was no church for *him* that Sunday. Perhaps he was off to see poor crippled Miss Hensingham, of Hensingham Priory, Chiddle Abbots, or to visit Squire Cotgreave’s farm-bailiff, bad with the ague at Little Rigglington. “It was allays agerish at Little Rigglington,” people said, “along o’ Marsh.” Anyhow, he stopped short half-way on the road through Oakmere St. Mary’s, for he saw a man coming to him across the green.

“So it’s *you*, is it?” said the doctor, cheerfully. “How are you, Mr. Bryce?”

And he shook hands with a thin old man, with hair so white and closely clipped, that it looked like a down scull-cap made to fit very tightly.

“I’m hearty, thank’ee,” answered Mr. Bryce.

“Why, I thought it was a much younger man,” the doctor went on, “you were walking at such a pace.”

The old man chuckled approvingly.

“Eighty-seven,” he said, “come Christmas.

Eighty-seven, and all my faculties! all my faculties!"

It was noteworthy, however, that he would put his hand to his ear, after the manner of deaf people, whenever the doctor spoke.

"Not at church, Mr. Bryce; how's that?"

"I'm going on there now. I've been looking up the skulkers a bit; they try to hide behind the pump, and think I shan't see 'em. But I'm one too many for 'em, I am. I've just sent on little Billy Martin. That boy'd never be at church at all, I do believe, if I weren't here to drive him. He's a bad 'un, that boy, if there ever was one."

As he put his hand again to his ear, the fact that he had lost two of his fingers became apparent.

"How's Miss Patty?"

"Grows quite a great girl;" and there was a pleased look in the old man's sharp blue eyes.

"Takes a class now at the school, under the schoolmissus! I taught her—wonderful clever girl."

"And as pretty as ever?"

"God bless her!" said the old man; "she'll do, for the matter o' that, will my Patty."

"That old boy," quoth the doctor to himself, as he drove along the road to Chiddle Abbots, "if he isn't eighty-seven, must be very near it. As good an old soul, and as obstinate an old toad as ever lived. Lost his fingers at Seringapatam, he says; a brave soldier, I've no doubt, just the man to be; but pigheaded to that extent—why, that cough of his was very nearly carrying him off last winter, and all because nothing could induce him to take his mixture. Ah, I remember his poor daughter well; what a sad, pale face she had! The husband, a scoundrel, I believe (though he's been dead long since, I hear); and the tiny baby! I never thought they'd rear it; but it thrived, somehow, got on wonderfully, and now there isn't a prettier girl about these parts than little Patty Dean. I ought to know," and a smile crept over his kind, tanned face, "for I've helped them all into the world—all the children about here for the last five-and-twenty years, and kept my eye on them ever since. I ought to know something about them. Come, old lady, wake up."

For, indeed, the grey mare, listening attentively to this monologue, her ears twitching about vividly in her interest and excitement, had slackened pace considerably, and there were some miles to go before Hensingham Priory was reached—always supposing that Dr. Gregor was proceeding thither.

Mr. Bryce turned towards the church, the while looking out sharply, however, for "skulkers." He was much curved now by his years, and it was difficult to believe that in his youth he had stood six feet high. The old military bearing was gone of late; it was noticeable that Mr. Bryce's back was very much bent now, that he moved more slowly, that his age was telling upon him—so all the village said. A handsome old man, but that the lines of his features were a little too hard and stern. He wore a very grim look when he was angry; his thick, projecting, white eyebrows came down over his fierce eyes, his nostrils dilated and stiffened, his lips disappeared, and left merely a deep dent or rut in his face to mark where his

mouth was to be found ordinarily. There was rather a leonine expression on his face on the whole. No wonder the village boys shrunk from meeting the old sergeant-major of H.M.'s 140th Regiment of Foot, especially in his wrathful moments. He had constituted himself a sort of aide-de-camp to the Rev. Morris Baldersby, or rather a whipper-in, perhaps. He was always careful to note who were absent from church, going over a sort of mental muster-roll, and to ascertain after the service the reasons for their non-attendance; and just before service commenced he would make a round of the village to hunt up skulkers and arrest deserters. I think, if he had not been born to be a sergeant-major, he would have been a beadle—certainly the beadle element was very strong in him. I know he entertained a deep-seated belief that little boys were only sent into the world to be caned. He always twirled his little ratan as though with a longing to bring it well to bear upon youthful absentees from church, or delinquents during the service. And he would often conduct himself as a commissioner appointed to inquire into the state of education of the neighbourhood. He would suddenly pounce upon one of the school-children wandering about the country lanes, with the question, "Do you know your *collic*?" or the demand, "What did your godfathers and godmothers *then* for you?" It was rare indeed that the budding minds of the village were prepared for these abrupt calls upon them, and the ensuing flushing of faces, shortness of breath, and insufficient answers to his questions went far to confirm Mr. Bryce in his opinions as to the general worthlessness of infancy, and the consequent necessity for the constant application of the ratan. He was a very strict disciplinarian; he knew what discipline had done at Seringapatam, and he had faith in court-martial decisions, and regretted that the cat-o'-nine-tails was never employed on civilians, nor in daily use in family circles. The village, perhaps, rather feared than loved him. He occupied a position midway between the gentlefolks and the working population. Still he was greatly respected, and, on the whole, Oakmere St. Mary's was proud of him; in the first place, for being a wonderful old man—eighty-seven—and in possession of all his faculties; and next, as being, in the opinion of the village, out and out the greatest soldier—of course, after the Duke of Wellington—that England had ever known. He wore a military stock and white trousers, a grey coat closely buttoned, a shining oilskin cap with a military peak; and in church he always sat on the pulpit stairs, being a little hard of hearing, as he admitted, and anxious not to lose any part of the Rev. Morris Baldersby's discourse.

The presence of Mr. Bryce was almost as good as ipecacuanha for stopping coughs in church. His sharp eyes settled steadily upon an offender in this respect, and held him tightly, as it were, for several minutes; the punishment was more than sufficient for the offence. It is ever grievous pain to the agriculturist to be looked at; he is always shy and bashful, and prompt to blush. The white smock-frocks always turned their faces to the wall when they were called upon to execute

(and "execute" is a fit and expressive word for the occasion) the "Dismissal," and other hymns in use by the congregation of St. Mary's, for they could not stand the gaze of their fellow-worshippers; and the man who dared to cough more than once during the sermon positively writhed under the resulting agony, inflicted by the piercing eye of the ex-Sergeant-Major.

But during the singing Mr. Bryce's gaze was turned in another direction—away from the organ-loft and towards the chancel—and he looked not severely this time, but with pleasure and admiration. A little maiden, in a coarse straw hat, with very thick chesnut hair and very blue eyes, soft rosy cheeks, and a charmingly shaped little red-lipped mouth, sat there in charge of a detachment of school children, and often enhanced the music of the service by adding thereto her sweet mellow voice, perfectly in tune, and soft, flexible, and most witching in its tones.

Farmer Barford, the stout man with the hair brought over his forehead, the red face, the check neckcloth, the blue coat, and the very rough hat, wore a gloomy look as he came out of church. He did not tarry to interchange salutations with his neighbours, according to custom. He pushed on rather crossly, with his wife at his side, and his two boys, like early editions of himself, following closely. Once fairly out of the precincts of the church, past the churchyard gate, and just by George the thatcher's cottage, Farmer Barford relieved his pent-up feelings; he turned round to his second son, Amos, and boxed his ears impetuously.

"You was catching flies dooring sarmon," Mr. Barford said, by way of explanation of the blow.

"I wuzn't."

"You wuz, and Muster Bryce he saw you. Do it again, and I'll hide'e well, I wull."

The boy bore the punishment, which made his face look redder and more swollen than ever—though before that would have seemed hardly possible—with a stolid courage and stubborn anger that were eminently Britannic. As his cheeks cooled his anger passed away. He had forgiven and forgotten the blow by the time he came to his second mouthful of the excellent roast pork the Barfords had for dinner that day.

"Tidy hot in church, I thought it," observed Farmer Barford, wiping his forehead with a scarlet handkerchief kept in his hat, and thoroughly warm in consequence.

"It were," Mrs. Barford agrees, and then she continues: "Did you notice stoodent chap in chancel pew?"

"Him as lives over at Todd's? Didn't notice un pertikler to speak on."

"Looks poorly like," says Mrs. Barford.

"Ah! them town lads I've noticed a'most allays has white faces and a sickerly sort of look. Suppose they can't help?"

"Suppose not."

Soon Mr. Bryce and the little maiden in the straw hat had come up to the Barfords.

"Your Patty gets to sing nice, Mr. Bryce," Mrs. Barford remarks, with an amiable smile of greeting.

"She do," said the old man, with a grin of

pleasure. "Uncommon fine this morning, I thought it." And then, in a whisper, "Wonderful clever girl! I taught her."

"Never heerd you sing much though yerself, Muster Bryce," quoth Farmer Barford, boldly, undeterred by his wife's nods and signs not to offend the soldier, "less it was 'Jemmy-linkum-feedle,' or summut of that sort, at harvest supper."

"I taught her," repeated Mr. Bryce, persistently and proudly, and putting away from him all opposition.

At the gate of the Barfords' farm the two families divide. Farmer Barford plucks a rose, the largest he can find.

"There, Patty," he says, giving her the flower with a gallantry that makes up in heartiness for its want of grace; "and it ain't such a pooty colour as your cheeks, neither, my dear."

Mrs. Barford smiles approbation. Patty Dean blushes, and her cheeks beat the rose hollow in point of crimson.

"Why, you boys ougter a' thought o' that," Mrs. Barford observes; "you'll never be half the man what your father were, neither of you."

The young Barfords look rather sheepish, and sniff in the air. Perhaps they are thinking of the roast pork, and prefer that occupation by a great deal to contemplating Patty's beauty. At certain periods of life the stomach prevails over the heart in a wonderful way.

"Have some more roses, Patty, if you like," says the farmer. And then, by way of explanation to the old soldier, "There's plenty here, and I've noticed as your roses is somehow backward this season, Muster Bryce."

Patty glanced timidly at her grandfather. From something she saw in his face she thought it best to take no more roses. They went on slowly and silently for some minutes to their cottage at the end of the green—the last cottage but one, that being the wheelwright's. They were soon out of sight of Farmer Barford's.

Mr. Bryce eyed the rose for some time rather ill-naturally.

"Are you very fond of flowers, Patty?" he asked.

"Yes, grandfather."

"You don't care for that one in partikler, do you, Patty? I think we've got some in our garden that's every bit as good as that—every bit, only that Barford's given to bragging, and thinks all his things are ever so much better than anybody else's—a dull fool!"

"Oh, grandfather!" and Patty stopped quite suddenly, she was so shocked.

"Well, well, my dear, he means well; I dare say he means well. Perhaps one shouldn't call him names like—not of a Sunday, and coming from church and all. But those Barfords always want to be riding the high horse, and making presents, and looking down on one. I won't have it! Throw the flower away, Patty!"

"If you wish it, grandfather," she said, rather mournfully.

The old man laid a trembling hand upon her shoulder, and said, in a low, moved voice:

"They want you to love them more than me, Patty! They want to take away your love from

me, Patty. Don't let them; don't, there's a dear lamb! I'm a very old man, Patty, and troublesome, very likely, and hard to please sometimes; but I'm your grandfather—I'm your poor mother's father—and they're strangers, quite strangers. They're not blood-kin to you in any way, my dear. Don't get to love them more than me—don't, Patty. I want all your love, every bit, my child. You must love no one else—nothing else—only me, Patty!"

She looked into his face in a strange, scared way. For a moment there was the gleam as of tears in her eyes. Then she let fall the rose, and they went on again.

"Who's that coming along behind us, Patty?" asked Mr. Bryce.

Patty turned. She saw a young man following them, who stopped when he came to where she had dropped Farmer Barford's rose. Could she be mistaken? It seemed to her that he picked up the fallen flower, and thrust it into his breast-pocket. Again Patty blushed. She was rather given to blushing; and there was a slight falter in her voice as she said:

"It's the young man lodging at Todd's the wheelwright's."

"Do you know his name, my dear?"

"I think it's Becket; at least, so Mr. Barford said."

What a splendid colour adorned Patty's cheeks! The old man muttered something. It sounded very like "Bother Mr. Barford!" Perhaps it was even a more forcible expression. Probably the army at Seringapatam was accustomed to hear and to use rather strong language. I can find no other excuse for him.

II.

Was it from pure chance only that there came that beautiful glow on Patty's face—that brilliant gleam in Patty's eyes—when she mentioned the name of the young man lodging "over at Todd the wheelwright's?"

Mrs. Barford was right. Certainly Mr. Becket—"stodent chap," as she called him—looked "poorly like;" had "a sickerly sort o' look," according to Mr. Barford. It was a very white face that had appeared over the chancel-pew door every now and then, during the morning ministration of the Rev. Morris Baldersby, for it was occasionally only that the members of his flock were visible to each other, the partitions between them were so high. During the Litany, for instance, the whole congregation were lost to view—secreted at the bottom of their pews—like solitary half-pence in separate money-boxes. But during the singing of the Psalms pale Mr. Becket could be seen by all. He owned a handsome face, though it was so white. A little too womanly and delicate, perhaps, and wanned by illness apparently—yet certainly handsome, if only from its refinement and expression. Fair hair, a slender figure, and thin white nervous hands that matched the clergyman's, only they were without *their* tremor. Mrs. Barford had quick eyes. Did she notice that when Patty's singing from her seat near the communion-table drew Mr. Bryce's approving gaze upon her, that Mr. Becket's eyes

also turned in the same direction—with looks of admiration of a very ardent kind indeed? But perhaps Mrs. Barford was a woman of discretion. It is as well not to see too much. It is as well to let some events occur without comment.

III.

Who was Mr. Becket? He had come down from London in bad health; he had taken lodgings at Todd's; he was studying law.

Looking from the window at the back of Todd's house, it was not possible not to see ex-Sergeant-Major Bryce's garden; still less was it possible not to see Patty Dean if she happened to be in her grandfather's garden—and she was there very often.

The student sat at his window poring over a thick book—an ugly-looking book—bound in what is known as law calf, with the name on a red label at the back. He leant his head upon his hand, clutching a handful of his long light hair, and frowning as he read, curving his back and twisting his legs together after the usual inevitable unwise manner of students. It was very still. The soft-scented air blowing gently in at the open casement, fanning the student's white face—only the noise of the stray jasmine branch, that would tap now and then upon the panes, or the buzzing of the loaded bee bungling at the glass striving to burst his way through and make free with the flowers inside the room; or now and then the glad notes of that intrepid aeronaut, the lark, high up above—a musical rocket—raining down sparks of song upon the world. It would be very pleasant to be a-top of the purple hill at the back of the cottage, breathing the air at very first hand, as it were—while it was yet virginal and new—untaxed and unsoiled; or to be on one's back in the shade, watching the little Trill, enjoying its sparkling wrestle with its rushes! So the student thought, perhaps, as he glanced up at the sky—out at the hills—and then turned again to his law calf-bound book, and sighed. And this time thrust *both* hands into his tangled hair.

"An agreement by a *feme covert*, having separate estate, for the purchase of property, has been enforced against the seller upon the ground that she may contract as if she were a *feme sole* for the purchase of an estate, and that her property will be bound by the contract, although she do not refer to it. But in a case before Sir J. Leach—"

Three times did the student stagger through this interesting paragraph, struggling to take it into his intelligence. But he couldn't. It was not the sky, nor the hill, nor the lark, nor the bee, nor the Trill that hindered him. Somehow he felt—there was as much feeling as seeing in the case—the presence of some one in Sergeant Bryce's garden. The next moment, and he encountered the exquisite blue eyes of Patty Dean! Of course each looked away instantly—he steadily at the sky, she intently on the ground. But the mischief was done. It was as though they were at the ends of a chain which love had electrified all ready for them. They had touched the wire—only with the very tips of their fingers—in the slightest way possible. It was enough.

Is love often so instantaneous as this? I don't know; I am only stating a single case, not laying down a general rule founded upon many facts. Certainly when Patty read in the student's rapt glance, "I love you!" she hung out signals in her eyes that expressed, as plainly as though she had spoken the words, "Thank you; I love you!"

Could he go on reading after that? Was it possible to chain himself to that ugly law book longer? No! "She may contract as if she were a *feme sole!*" What did the author mean? Would he dare to call that angel in Sergeant Bryce's garden—would he dare to speak of her as a *feme sole?* What an infamy! A *feme sole!* Ha! ha! Why not a *fried sole?* It was just as reasonable, quite as fit. That darling a *feme sole!* Great Heaven! And he kicked the book into a corner.

He strode about the room. There was a smile upon his lips now, and light in his eyes, and colour in his cheeks. He looked already a hundred per cent. better. He seemed to grow quite healthy, muscular, and athletic all of a sudden. He gave the book another kick when he came into its neighbourhood; he squared pugilistically at an imaginary foe, and hit out at him. Suddenly he stopped.

Strange pictures find their way on to cottage walls. Balancing a dreadful print of Queen Charlotte, on the other side of the fire-place—a small sheaf of dried wheat, mixed with peacock's feathers, crowning each—there was an old brown German engraving, "The Temptation of St. Anthony." A crowd of evil shapes leered and gibbered at a grey-bearded hermit in a cave, and skipped round him, and leaped over him, shrieking with laughter or vomiting fire. A charming young lady—a little over-fed, perhaps; but some German painters hold that there is no beauty without fat, or grace of form without rotundity—circled the saint's neck with nude white-satin arms, and looked with guileful eyes into his holy face. How intently the student examined this old print! He had passed it a hundred times before, and never dreamt of looking searchingly into it—had passed it over as an old drab patch upon the cottage wall. But now—it was *very* odd—very curious indeed. The artist imagining that work must have had a singular mind. Was *he* the student, tempted like St. Anthony, lured from his book to ruin by worthless loveliness?

He looked again from the window, and read in Patty's face an answer to the question. Harm! ruin! in such good, pure beauty as that? Impossible! He did not regret closing his book, nor even kicking it. And he devoted himself to watching Patty Dean's movements in Sergeant Bryce's garden. Hers was a simple occupation enough. A cord ran from the big apple-tree in the centre of the garden to the lime close to the house. On this cord Patty was engaged in hanging "the things" to dry. It was certainly interesting to the spectator, was this employment. There was an element of chance about it. Now she was quite hidden behind a turbulent swelling sheet; when would she emerge? What a time she kept out of sight! There she was! Ah! gone again

in a second. It was like a game of peep-bo! and every time their eyes met, how they blushed, Patty and the student, and yet they enjoyed their own and each other's diffidence. They were quite children at the game—the game of love, I mean this time, and not peep-bo—but they played at it very creditably indeed for beginners. And the student grew desperately bad. He longed to sally forth, leap the little boundary hedge that sundered the domains of Mr. Bryce and Mr. Todd, and crown Patty with a wreath of apple-blossom; it was the most perfect decoration at hand, and very pretty would the white pink-tinted flowers have looked, starring Patty's clouds of chesnut hair, and setting off to perfection her blue eyes and her red lips, and the beautiful bloom of her cheeks; then fall at her feet, and do fealty to her as the lawful queen of his heart.

Altogether, perhaps, it was no wonder that he looked at her so earnestly from the chancel-pew, or that she blushed when she saw him pick up and treasure the rose Farmer Barford had given her, and Sergeant Bryce had begged her to discard.

What would grandfather say if he were to know all this? What, indeed! But then he didn't know it. All things considered, it may be that it was quite as well he didn't.

IV.

SERGEANT BRYCE sat in his garden, smoking a long clay pipe. On the rustic table before him rested a handsome wire cage, containing a canary bird with the brightest black eyes, and the gayest yellow plumage that ever were seen. Bird and cage had been presented to Patty, some months before, by Miss Ada Morris, the rector's grand-niece, who had been charmed by the way Mr. Bryce's granddaughter had distinguished herself in the school, and by her singing in church. The bird hopped from perch to perch of his cage in the most sprightly manner, and tilted his head to and fro the better to eye old Mr. Bryce and his proceedings. A preliminary note or two, and the bird treated himself to quite a *scena* of song, full of difficulties, admirably executed. The merits of the performance, however, were lost on Mr. Bryce. He simply scowled at the bird; if it had been a little bigger, I think he would have liked to have used his ratan to it.

"Little beast!" he muttered, "how I hate that bird! I wish Patty wouldn't bring it out here, parading it about enough to make one sick. She's allays pampering of it, and a-smartening up of its cage, and a-talking to it, and a-singing and a-whistling, and making it peck sugar from 'twixt her lips. I can't think what makes her so fond of it. I can't see nothing in it. Ugly little devil I call it."

And he looked round cautiously to see if he were watched, and then puffed a cloud of tobacco-smoke into the cage. The poor bird looked very dismal indeed under this violent change of atmosphere.

"I wish that girl up at Rectory had kept the bird to herself," the old man went on, regardless of the canary's aspect of astonishment and distress. "Patty thinks of nothing, now, but this bird, I declare. All day long, from morning till

night, there's no comfort in the house now—none. She's too fond of it, that's what she is; it isn't right. I hate to see her so fond of it; she used to care a bit for me once, but now—"

Suddenly the old man stopped, and put down his pipe; a strange eager look came into his face; then he scrutinised the cage with great care. He took off his oilskin cap, and wiped his forehead.

"Why, the door isn't fastened," he said, "the slightest touch would open it. It would hardly be my doing, supposing—supposing the door was to open and the bird to hop out,—hardly my doing; she ought to have seen that it was secure, of course she ought; it would be her own fault if the bird were to get away—entirely her own fault."

He thought over the matter a little. He took a puff or two at his pipe.

"Why, I believe a breath of wind, even, would do it. A breath—"

He stooped over the cage, and blew in another cloud of smoke from the side of the cage opposite to that he had operated upon before. The door opened a little, a very little only, so he helped it by means of his pipe. The bird, puzzled by the smoke, hopped down to inhale the fresh air coming in at the door, now wide open; hopped on to the frame of the door, peered round cautiously. The sergeant held his breath; the bird was out—on the table—on the ground—away—over the hedge!

The deed was done. Of course he was sorry for it the moment after; shocked at his meanness, ashamed of his jealousy, trembling all over, his hand shook so he could not hold his pipe, and it fell and broke, and he stood pale, cowed, and guilty-looking—before his grandchild!

"Oh, my poor birdie! my dear, darling, little birdie!" and Patty was in agony of sorrow.

"I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't," he faltered. "You left the cage open, and the bird got out. I couldn't stop him, indeed I couldn't; you left the cage open."

"Poor, poor dickey!" Patty hid her face in her hands.

"Don't cry," said a voice they had neither of them heard before. Some one jumped over the hedge from the next garden. Patty looked up, and her eyes met the student's.

"It's quite safe," he said; "it flew straight to me, straight to my heart."

And he restored to her the little, warm, throbbing canary. In doing this their hands met for the first time. It seemed to be quite difficult to part them again. It was quite a long business, that passing the bird from his keeping to hers.

"How can I ever thank you enough," said Patty; "my darling! my darling!"

Of course these terms of endearment were intended for the bird; but somehow the student seemed to derive a sort of reflected tenderness from them.

"I am very glad," he said, "that I was able to secure it. But, indeed, I could hardly help it, for it flew straight to my heart."

He seemed to attach importance to that phrase—he dwelt upon it so. He turned to the old man:

"I saw how it escaped" he said, steadily.

The Sergeant-Major of the 140th Regiment quailed before the student.

V.

THE hedge once leapt, words interchanged, hands met, and there was not now one wire only bringing Patty and the student *en rapport*, there was a whole electric coil; they were knit together now in quite a tangle of love. Could it be long before the story of the student's passion found its way from his heart to his lips? One delicious moonlight night Patty was in the garden, quite accidentally of course, and in a moment there was the student on his knees before her, telling her what she must have known perfectly well, and which yet she trembled to hear. How her heart beat, and her voice fled from her! No; she couldn't speak. Poor Patty! The tears came into her eyes, and she stooped down and kissed her lover. Perhaps the action was more eloquent than speech, after all. Poor Patty!

A hoarse, harsh shout startled them. It was like a cracked gong breaking in upon a pastoral symphony. Sergeant-Major Bryce, with fury in his face, was undering the lovers; driving angrily one into his cottage, menacing the other with a feeble fist.

VI.

"I'd never have believed it of you; never, Patty, never. To think you should come to this; tricking, and lying, and cheating your poor old grandfather, as has been so kind to you. No," he screamed, passionately, "hearting ain't no use, not a bit; you bad, wicked, heartless girl, you. You've no more feeling than a stone, you know you haven't. I, that has loved you so much, and hoped that you'd love only me—only me—a poor old man of eighty-seven. You might have waited a bit, Patty. I shan't be here long to trouble you. You might have waited till they took me to the churchyard, Patty. But you've no heart, no feelin', no thought but for your own wicked, worthless self. You bad girl, you—yow," &c., &c.

So the old man rained down words that were blows upon poor Patty's devoted head.

"Don't speak so to me, grandfather, don't; you'll kill me."

And she went to him to kiss him. He thrust her from him rudely, fiercely even.

"Get away; I want no viper's kisses, I don't. You're no grandchild of mine, no more. You're not my Patty. You're not—"

But he stopped. Her face was so white that it frightened him, even in his senseless anger.

"Will you give him up, Patty?" he asked.

"Anything, anything!" she cried, in a strange, broken voice, "only don't, don't, for God's sake, speak to me like that!" and she fell fainting into his arms.

VII.

"OH, no; never, never; it can never be," she said to her lover, at a last stolen interview; "have pity on me. Don't think unkindly of me, Henry. I do love you, indeed I do; but we must never meet again. I dare not see you any more; I hardly dare to think of you. My life belongs to him. Forgive me, Henry—and yet, no, no, please don't forget me."

What could he do? What but strain her to his heart, press his lips on her white face, swear that he would love her always, murmur, "God bless you, Patty!" and then turn his back upon Oakmere St. Mary's. For ever?

VIII.

MONTHS went by. Autumn mists brooded over the village green, almost obscured the pump. The landscape wore a threadbare look, like an old coat. The foliage waned and faded. The trees were losing flesh, as it were, and fast becoming skeletons. The cold winds had commenced already to whistle through their naked branches. The flowers were gone, and with them the roses from Patty's cheeks. She was very pale now, and so thin and weak that any effort seemed to fatigue and pain her. She could sing no more in church now. She had tried, but her voice gave way. She burst into tears, and nearly swooned in front of the chancel pew.

And no news of the student? None. He had gone, and left no trace—save the sorrow in Patty's heart and eyes. One thing to mark his visit: the ugly law book, with the name of "Henry Becket" and a London address written on the fly-leaf—he had left *that* behind him. Todd the wheelwright—perhaps he could make a guess as to what had happened, he was a kind-hearted man, and very fond of his little neighbour Patty—Todd asked her if she would mind taking charge of the book until his lodger came or sent for it. Poor Patty! how she hugged it to her heart, and kissed it, and cried over it. It was a strange use to put a legal authority to. I don't think the learned author ever contemplated a *feme sole* conducting herself so curiously over his work.

"She'll go jist like her mother did afore her," so the old folks said up the village. "She fell sickerly, and got pale and agerish; and Muster Bryce, he ain't the man he were. Can't look after the boys in church as he used. He's agoing fast: and he be that deaf now—"

There were no more boasts about "eighty-seven, and all his faculties." He was very feeble and peevish, and his voice was now quite a whine.

IX.

THERE had been sickness at Farmer Barford's house. Little Amos had been bad with the measles, and Doctor Gregor had been constantly in attendance. The sufferer, however, was convalescent now, and Mrs. Barford was able to talk to the doctor upon other subjects than her sick child. One morning she had a very long conversation indeed with him. I think she was putting him in possession of the history of Oakmere St. Mary's during the past six months.

"He's a confounded old fool," said the doctor, when she had finished. "I am going on to Hensingham Priory. I'll call on him as I come back."

Some hours later and the doctor returned through Oakmere St. Mary's.

"Is your neighbour in?" he asked of Todd the wheelwright. Todd nodded in reply.

"Then I'm going to bully him well," said the doctor.

"*Tew* can play at that," Todd answered with

a grin. (Todd came from Devonshire originally.) And he chuckled to himself. "Bully old Bryce! That's something like a joke. The hardest-mouthed old man about these parts."

The doctor made his way into Bryce's cottage.

"You're a wicked old man," cried the doctor.

He paused, expecting a violent outburst in reply. Mr. Bryce shuffled his feet and moved uneasily in his chair.

"I know I am," he said, humbly.

"You've made yourself miserable—"

"I have."

"And you're breaking your grandchild's heart."

"Don't say that," and the old man held up his hands imploringly. The doctor had expected a fierce battle. But the foe surrendered without striking a blow.

"Don't *you* say she is going like her mother. I've heard them say so up the village. Anything but that. Don't *you* say it."

"Send for *him* then," said the doctor.

"I've thought of it often. I've been wrong and foolish, but I'm eighty-seven, you see. I'd have sent for him long ago, but—"

"But what?"

"I never knew his name, not to recollect it, much less his address."

Just then Patty entered with the law calf-bound book. When she pointed to the writing on the fly-leaf, there was more colour in her face than had been seen there for months.

"There's just half an hour to catch the London post," said the doctor, looking at his watch.

X.

It was not very long after this that the Rev. Morris Baldersby was busy with the Marriage Service.

"I, Henry, take thee, Patty," &c., &c. (She was christened Patty, it appeared.)

Did Mr. Henry Becket's friends speak of a *mésalliance* ever? None who ever knew his wife. Indeed, she should have been accounted a good match. Her heart was of gold.

Mrs. Barford provided a superb cake.

"Will you have it all," whispered the doctor to Sergeant Bryce, "or will a slice do? A slice? Very good. Eighty-seven, and all your faculties; and, listen: perhaps when you are eighty-eight, or a little better, a *great-grandfather*—think of that! But shall you want all your *great-grandchild's* love? Won't a *slice* of it do? Yes, so I should think."

Patty's grandfather was convinced. He shook hands with the doctor, next with the bridegroom, then with everybody else in the room. He was perfectly happy and comfortable. And to demonstrate his possession of his faculties, and especially to delight Farmer Barford, he straightway struck up and sang twice through his favourite song, "Jemmy-linkum-feedle." DUTTON COOK.

CARTES DE VISITE.

WE wonder how many people there are in London who have actually seen the National Portrait Gallery! It seems a principle of Government to seek publicity as little as possible, even in cases where they cater for the public only. We

question, indeed, if one man in a thousand knows where the effigies of England's departed great are deposited; and even those who seek the whereabouts of the gallery are as likely as not to be disappointed in obtaining admission, for, acting on the old governmental exclusive principle, and the determination to keep people out of their own exhibitions as much as possible, the gallery is permitted to be open only three days in the week. For the thousands annually spent in purchasing portraits, and for the noble gifts made by individuals for the public advantage, the result is that scarcely a dozen persons in the day wend their way to the private house in Great George Street, Westminster, where the portrait gallery is established; indeed, we have often been in the room for a couple of hours without hearing the echo of any footsteps but our own. We have not dwelt upon the general deserted condition of this gallery gratuitously, but for the purpose of contrasting it with the hundred portrait galleries of great and noted Englishmen to be found in—our shop windows. Wherever in our fashionable streets we see a crowd congregated before a shop window, there for certain a like number of notabilities are staring back at the crowd in the shape of *cartes de visite*. Certainly our street portrait galleries are a great success: no solemn flights of stairs lead to pompous rooms in which pompous attendants preside with a severe air over pompous portraits, no committee of selection decide on the propriety of hanging certain portraits. Here, on the contrary, social equality is carried to its utmost limit, and Tom Sayers is to be found cheek-by-jowl with Lord Derby, or Mrs. Fry is hung as a pendant to Agnes Willoughby. The only principle governing the selection of the *carte de visite* portraits is their commercial value, and that depends upon the notability of the person represented.

The commercial value of the human face was never tested to such an extent as it is at the present moment in these handy photographs. No man, or woman either, knows but that some accident may elevate them to the position of the hero of the hour, and send up the value of their countenances to a degree they never dreamed of. For instance, after the great fight with Heenan, Tom Sayers was beset by photographers, anxious for the honour of paying for a sitting; but his reply was, "It's no good, gentlemen, I've been and sold my mug to Mr. Newbold," that sporting publisher having seen betimes the advantage of securing the copyright of his phiz. Thus a new source of income has been opened to first-rate photographers, besides the profit arising from taking portraits. A wholesale trade has sprung up with amazing rapidity, and to obtain a good sitter, and his permission to sell his *carte de visite*, is in itself an annuity to a man. For instance, all our public men are what is termed in the trade "sure cards,"—there is a constant demand for them, a much greater one, indeed, than can be supplied. It must be remembered, that every picture has to be printed from the original negative, and the success of the printing process depends upon the weather; in foggy, dark days no impressions can be taken from the negative.

It is true that negatives can be taken from positives, or from *cartes de visite* already in existence; but the result is a deterioration of the portrait, a plan never resorted to by first-class photographers such as Silvi, or Lock, or Mayall, although dishonest persons are to be found who will commit piracy in this manner for money. The public are little aware of the enormous sale of the *cartes de visite* of celebrated persons. An order will be given by a wholesale house for 10,000 of one individual—thus 400*l.* will be put into the lucky photographer's pocket who happens to possess the negative. As might have been expected, the chief demand is for the members of the Royal Family. Her Majesty's portraits, which Mr. Mayall alone has taken, sell by the 100,000. No greater tribute to the memory of his late Royal Highness the Prince Consort could have been paid than the fact that within one week from his decease no less than 70,000 of his *cartes de visite* were ordered from the house of Marion & Co. of Regent Street. This house is by far the largest dealer in *cartes de visite* in the country; indeed, they do as much as all the other houses put together. The wholesale department of this establishment, devoted to these portraits, is in itself a sight. To this centre flow all the photographs in the country that "will run." Packed in the drawers and on the shelves are the representatives of thousands of Englishwomen and Englishmen awaiting to be shuffled out to all the leading shops in the country. What a collection of British faces! If a box or two of them were to be sealed up and buried deep in the ground, to be dug up two or three centuries hence, what a prize they would be to the fortunate finder! Hitherto we have only known our ancestors through the pencils of certain great artists, and the sitters themselves have all belonged to the highest class. Hence we are apt to attribute certain leading expressions of countenance to our progenitors which are rather owing to the mannerism of the painters than to the sitters. Thus all Reynolds's beauties possess a certain look in common; if we believed his brush without any reserve, we should fancy that the English race of the latter part of the last century were the noblest looking beings that ever trod the earth. No portrait of man or woman ever came from his easel with a mean look. The same may be said of those of Gainsborough and Hoppner, and the result is that all our knowledge of the faces of the last century is purely conventional. But it is far different with the *carte de visite*. Here we have the very lines that Nature has engraven on our faces, and it can be said of them that no two are alike. The price, again, enables all the better middle class to have their portraits; and by the system of exchange, forty of their friends (happy delusion) for two guineas!

Let us imagine, then, a box of such pictures discovered of the time of the Commonwealth, for instance, or a few years later. What would we give to have such pictures of old Pepys, his wife, and Mistress Nip? Yet treasures such as these we shall be able to hand down to our posterity, for there is little doubt that photographs of the present day will remain perfect, if carefully pre-

served, for generations. Silvi alone has the negatives of sitters in number equal to the inhabitants of a large country town, and our great thoroughfares are filled with photographers; there are not less than thirty-five in Regent Street alone, and every suburban road swarms with them; can we doubt therefore that photographic portraits have been taken by the million? Out of these the great wholesale houses, such as Marion and Co., have the pick. Every day brings up scores of offers of portraits, which are accepted or not, according to circumstances. In many cases the sale is wholly local, in others nearly wholly metropolitan. Some have a perpetual sale; others, again, run like wildfire for a day, and then fall a dead letter. Some special circumstance or action scatters these portraits wholesale; for instance, the pluck displayed by the Queen of Naples resulted in a sale of 20,000 of her portraits; and Miss Jolly was only a month ago the rage in Ireland. The sudden death of a great man, as we have before said, is immediately made known to the wholesale *carte de visite* houses by an influx of orders by telegraph. There was a report the other day that Lord Palmerston was dead, and his *carte de visite* was immediately in enormous request; and Lord Herbert to this day sells as well as any living celebrity.

Literary men have a constant sale: Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, are bought for every album. Scientific men, again, sell well; but theatrical or operatic celebrities have a run for a short time, owing to some successful performance, and then are not sought for more. The series of Mademoiselle Patti has, however, already circulated to the extent of 20,000 copies. It is a curious fact that the *cartes de visite* have for the present entirely superseded all other sized photographic portraits. This is rather singular, inasmuch as we did not adopt it until it had been popular in Paris for three years. Possibly, however, the rage has its foundation in two causes. In the first place, a *carte de visite* portrait is really a more agreeable-looking likeness than larger ones; it is taken with the middle of the lens, where it is truest, hence it is never out in drawing; and then, again, it rather hides than exaggerates any little roughness of the face, which is so apparent in large-sized portraits. Secondly, when a man can get forty portraits for a couple of guineas, his vanity is flattered by being able to distribute his surplus copies among his friends. It enables every one to possess a picture-gallery of those he cares about, as well as those he does not, for we are convinced some people collect them for the mere vanity of showing, or pretending, they have a large acquaintance. There is still another advantage: *cartes de visite* are taken two at a time, stereoscopically, that is, a little out of the same line, hence solid portraits can be produced by the aid of the stereoscope. When we remember the old style of portrait we were obliged to be contented with, the horrible limning a lover got of his mistress for five guineas; the old monthly nurses they made of our mothers; and the resplendent maiden aunts, with their gold chains, watches, and frightful turbans; and the race of fathers we keep by us in old drawers, gentlemen built

up stiffly, and all alike in blue coats, and brass buttons, with huge towels round their necks by way of cravats; when we remember the art at the command of the middle classes not forty years since, we are deeply thankful for the kindness of Sol in taking up the pencil and giving us a glimpse of nature once more. But even the great Apollo himself has his mannerism, and it is easy enough to detect a Silvi, a Lock, a Mayall, a Herbert Watkins, a Maull and Polyblank, or a Claudet *carte de visite* by the manner in which it is posed, or the arrangement of the light upon it. It is a great mistake to suppose that the art of portrait-taking has degenerated into a mere mechanical trade; the difference between a good photographic portrait and a bad one is nearly as great as between a good miniature and a bad one. How difficult it is to pose a sitter well, and how this difficulty is increased where the artist has to work with the sun? Of old, in the course of three or four sittings, the natural attitude and best expression of the sitter was pretty sure to come out, but now the difficulty is greatly increased; when a picture has to be taken, we say, in half a minute, what natural aptitude the photographic artist ought to possess, to seize the best attitude and position at once. To produce a good photograph it requires a thoroughly artistic hand, and that hand must work, also, with the best tools; consequently, the lenses now in use for first-rate work are exceedingly valuable, and the stock of cameras required by the producers of our best *cartes de visite* costs a little fortune.

Then there is, in addition, all the accessories to make up backgrounds—properties, in fact,—some of them of the stale routine style; for instance, the pillar and the curtain does duty as of old, and many a good honest cockney is made to stand in marble halls, who was never in a nobler mansion than a suburban villa in his life. But there are not wanting details in better taste. The French have composed their *cartes de visite* in this respect with great skill and art. The most elaborate carved wood-work, the rarest statuettes, the most carefully painted distances, figure in these backgrounds, and are shifted and combined in endless variety, so as to give every portrait some distinctive character of its own. All these things cost money, and the tendency is to throw the best business into the hands of a few skilled capitalists; and in London half-a-dozen men entirely command the patronage of the fashionable part of the community.

Monsieur Silvi appears to have made the *carte de visite* his special study, and has brought to his task all the resources of an artistic mind. No one knows how much depends upon the photographer, until he compares a good with a bad sun portrait. That sense of beauty and instinctive art of catching the best momentary *pose* of the body, is a gift which cannot be picked up as a mechanical trade can be. This gift M. Silvi possesses in an eminent degree. And he not only pursues photography as an art, but also as a manufacture; hence the scale and method of his proceedings. A visit of inspection to his studio in Porchester Terrace

is full of interest. In walking through the different rooms, you are puzzled to know whether you are in a studio, or a house of business. His photographic rooms are full of choice works of art in endless number; for it is his aim to give as much variety as possible to the accessories in each picture, in order to accomplish which he is continually changing even his large assortment. Sometimes when a Royal portrait has to be taken, the back-ground is carefully composed beforehand, so as to give a local habitation, as it were, to the figure. The well-informed person, without a knowledge even of the originals, may make a shrewd guess at many of the personages in his book of Royal Portraits by the nature of the accessories about them. Thus, all the surroundings of the Duc de Montpensier's daughter are Spanish, whilst his son's African sojourn is indicated by the tropical scenery. The portraits of members of our own Royal family are surrounded with fitting accessories which stamp their rank. As M. Silvi takes every negative with his own hand, the humblest as well as the most exalted sitter is sure of the best artistic effect that his establishment can produce. This we feel certain is the great secret of M. Silvi's success, as the skill required in taking a good photograph cannot be deputed to a subordinate. But, as we have said, his house is at the same time a counting-house, a laboratory, and a printing establishment. One room is found to be full of clerks keeping the books, for at the West End credit must be given; in another a score of employés are printing from the negatives. A large building has been erected for this purpose in the back garden. In a third room are all the chemicals for preparing the plates; and again in another we see a heap of crucibles glittering with silver. All the clippings of the photographs are here reduced by fire, and the silver upon them is thus recovered. One large apartment is appropriated to the baths in which the *cartes de visite* are immersed, and a feminine clatter of tongues directs us to the room in which the portraits are finally corded and packed up. Every portrait taken is posted in a book, and numbered consecutively. This portrait index contains upwards of 7000 *cartes de visite*, and a reference to any one of them gives the clue to the whereabouts of the negative. Packed as these negatives are closely in boxes of fifties, they fill a pretty large room. It is M. Silvi's custom to print fifty of each portrait, forty going to the possessor, and ten remaining in stock, as a supply for friends. Sometimes individuals will have a couple of hundred impressions, the number varying, of course, according to the extent of the circle. The tact and aptitude of M. Silvi for portrait taking may be estimated when we inform our readers that he has taken from forty to fifty a day with his own hand. The printing is of course purely mechanical, and is performed by subordinates, who have set afloat in the world 700,000 portraits from this studio alone.

In comparing the Parisian and London *cartes de visite*, it is important to observe the wide difference which exists between the class of portraits that sell. In Paris, actors and singers, and dancers are in demand, to the exclusion of all

other kinds of portraits. A majority of these portraits, indeed, are aimed at sensual appetites. Statesmen, members of the legislature, and scientific men, do not sell at all. In England, we know how different it is: we want to know our public men,—our great lawyers, painters, literary men, travellers, and priests: in France, there seems to be no respect or reverence for such people—at least, people do not care to invest a couple of francs on their *cartes de visite*, and consequently they are not produced. The universality of the *carte de visite* portrait has had the effect of making the public thoroughly acquainted with all its remarkable men. We know their personality long before we see them. Even the *cartes de visite* of comparatively unknown persons so completely picture their appearance, that when we meet the originals we seem to have some acquaintance with them. "I know that face, somehow," is the instinctive cogitation, and then we recall the portrait we have a day or two past seen in the windows. As we all know, the value of the photographic portrait has long been understood by the police, and known thieves have the honour of a picture gallery of their own in Scotland Yard, to which we shall refer in some future paper; but the photograph is also useful for rogues as yet uncaptured and uncondemned. Thus, when Redpath absconded, it was immediately suspected that a negative of him must be lodged at some of our photographers. The inquiry was made, and one of them was found in Mr. Mayall's possession. An order was given for a supply to the detective force, and through its instrumentality the delinquent, though much disguised, was arrested on board a steamer sailing from some port in the north of Europe. Possibly Mr. Peter Morrison's photograph will be brought into requisition, in order to further the purposes of justice. The amusing and interesting facts in relation to general photography and stereoscopic groups we shall reserve for another paper.

A. WYNTER.

A VISIT TO LUNDY ISLAND.

ONE of the most interesting excursions that a holiday-maker can take is to walk round the northern shores of Devon. The scenery is always varying; now you pass along deep precipices, at another time you cross a thymy common well-cropped by mountain sheep, slanting down to jagged reefs of misshapen rocks, or hemmed in by tall cliffs, and now again, leaving the shore, the road winds through fertile valleys and loves to lose itself among the larch plantations which crown the hills around. The sea is never far off, its glitter catches the eye everywhere—and what a sea it is! gently swelling in translucent azure, a reflex of the soft cloudlets above it, and faintly streaked with silvery paths, along which at sunset evening seems to steal over the land, its calm influences will charm a traveller more than any other of our British seas. No one who has once enjoyed its beauty can ever again forget it.

Supposing a person walking westward, either after having examined the geology of Porlock Bay, or after crossing the breezy hills of Exmoor, he

will not fail to pass, by the way of Linton and its valley of rocks and the well-wooded slopes of Trentishoe, to Comb Martin. After sleeping in its strange-looking inn, which resembles a house built of cards by children, and hearing from the natives the traditions of its silver mines, he will fancy on rounding its cove next day that all at once his summer weather is deserting him. Far, far away in the extreme west horizon, looms a light grey cloud, like the "man's hand" seen by the Prophet's servant from Carmel. Ere long this will surely advance with the light morning breeze, and spoil the pleasures of walking. But no, another hour's trudge, there is the same low outline, though it is a trifle darker; it has not ascended the sky, so it must be the distant smoke of a Cornish packet. Still it does not fade and assume fresh forms as would that; and after taking another sketch of the rocks, or gathering another new fern, the truth all at once bursts upon the tourist—it is Lundy.

Though only between twenty-five and thirty miles distant, as the crow flies, from the spot where first descried near Watermouth, the pedestrian has many miles of cliff-scenery to pass over before he can put off to the island. Still the views each eminence affords are so lovely that they are by no means weary ones. Ilfracombe, most romantically situated of all the Devon watering-places, Morte Point, that "stepmother of ships," as the old Greeks would have termed it, where even in the finest weather the inhabitants of the little village shudder as they tell of its horrors, the long yellow reach of Woollacombe Sands (so singular on this rocky coast), and the extensive panoramas of the estuaries of the Taw and Torridge must be first visited. At every one of these places the blue cloud-island of Lundy specks the distant west—"a presence not to be put by" from Comb Martin to Cornwall. Like "a summer isle of Eden" it glitters on the purple sea as the morning's sun gilds the waves around it; when evening's glow is in the west its shining cliffs still meet the traveller's gaze. But soon the sun sets, and the next day it is still the same low undefined cloud, always seeming to retire further, and yet never really more distant than before.

If anyone wishes to make closer acquaintance with an island, like happiness, constantly evading our grasp when we seem closest upon it, the best place to embark for it is at Clovelly. Letters from the mainland are sent there once a week, and it is possible to cross with them if you do not mind getting up at a very early hour. Surrender yourself to my guidance, however, and we can visit it more speedily in Dante's "navicella del ingegno."

Here we are, then, on a bright June morning, reclining in the stern-sheets of our boat, while two Clovelly men—sturdy, honest fellows as ever rocked on the waves—pull her clear of the shady cliffs to let the sail catch the breeze blowing over them. As they have been a voyage this winter, to escape the monotony of shore-life while fish are absent, and to provide for their families, they soon bring out a yarn and proceed to unravel it by fits and starts as they pull. As it is sure to partake, more or less, of the nature of the celebrated

Lloyd's engineer's story, we will for the present give ourselves up to the soothing influences of the scene. The children have left the pier-head, after lustily shouting Good-bye! to their father, and you can now quietly notice the houses of the romantic old village, no two alike, perched one above another on steps up the face of the rock. The thickest woods of the darkest green tints hem it in even down to the water's edge, and here and there you catch the glitter of a rivulet threading its silvery way between them. As we pull well to the west, in order to run across to Lundy without tacking, notice that immense cavern, its sides and roof covered with tufts of *Asplenium marinum*, while the springs above trickle ceaselessly over its mouth. We can land, if you will, and pass through the shower-bath to the interior of the cave, but from the height at which it grows it is hopeless to think of gathering the fern. Like the *Osmunda*, which waves its so-called flower from the summit of the rocky keystone, both are equally unattainable. Still the tale drags on, and in the slumberous enjoyable state you are in, which the healthy air and bright sunshine has brought on, a sentence or two comes across your hearing at intervals to break the charm of sailing over a fairy lake in a pearly shallop, which is perhaps uppermost in your thoughts.

"And I saw the bear a-turnin' and lookin' at me—a tarrible stuggy un, surely—I be all cramy now as I think of un—and I says to the cap'n, 'Cap'n,' says I, 'we'se never see Bideford no more.'"

Here the captain says a good deal, but you miss this as you are intently watching the gulls on the point of rock we are just passing.

"And so I draws my cut-lass, and the cap'n he says, says he, 'Harry, dunna you log [rock] the boats and that bear for sure'll never holler no more,'" &c. &c.

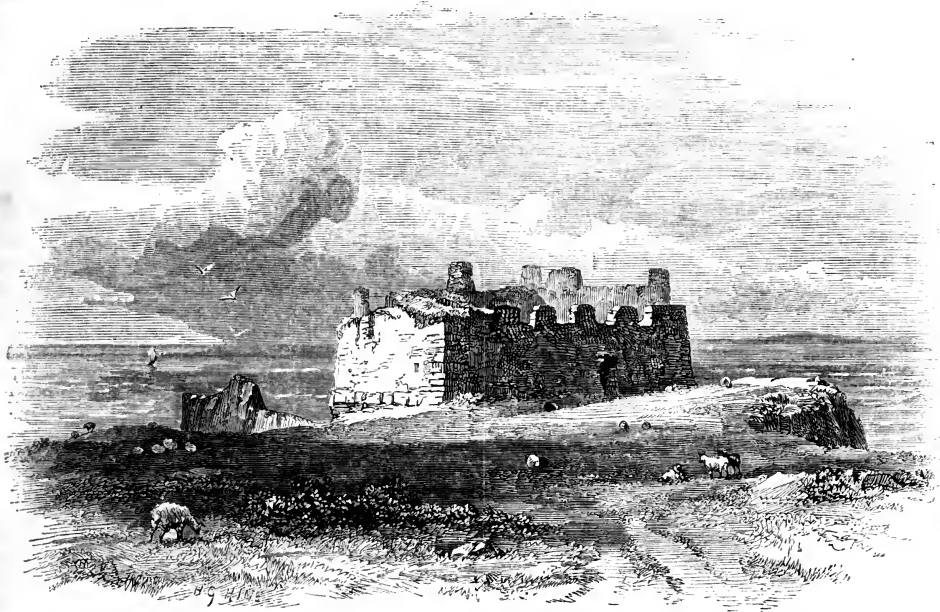
Luckily the bear story is interrupted as we are passing a lofty rock-wall with a shelf or two some eighty feet high on it, for one of the men jumps up and raps on the thwarts with a stick, "just to give the fishermen a call," as they term the cormorants which breed here, and which forthwith dash out to sea overhead with outstretched necks and clamorous beaks, evidently resenting the intrusion upon their privacy. Meanwhile the young ones keep up a low melancholy cheeping on the shelves above, harmonising in wild tones with the dash of waves beneath, as the hum of insects does with the sunshine on land.

And now we are nearing Hartland Point, and passing under some of the most stupendous rock scenery of Devon. It is about 350 feet high, and round it the geologist will find many instances of strata upheaved, interrupted, and strangely contorted. The Romans called it the promontory of Hercules, perhaps reminded of that hero's force in the massive fragments of rock flung wildly off the headland into the sea, and just showing their heads at low water, and the twisted veins sometimes coiling round and embracing a wide area in the steep cliff walls, resembling massive serpents turned to stone. One very curious rock projects from the main cliff, like a gargoyle from a church

tower, or, as the boatmen will say, "like a monkey sitting up there." Nothing more desolate and grand can well be imagined than the scenery round Hartland. As at Morthoe, there is always a low undertone of wave-strife, even in the finest weather, rumbling between the reefs, telling of distant storms in the Atlantic, which now opens out fully before your eyes. Perhaps nowhere else in England (with the exception of a few similar points in Cornwall) do the mighty influences of nature seem so impressive. No one I am sure will ever regret a visit to these lonely shores; all is so grand and awful, instinct with a life which only waits for a fresh wind to wake it into storm and tempest. As you row between the rocks you cannot help thinking of the many gallant vessels and noble fellows who have here been engulfed by the waves, that now lazily lap upon the sides of

the boat, and languidly raise the broad sea-fans and red tangles waving underneath you in their lustrous depths, as if they never were treacherous or angry. Well, a few serious thoughts will never spoil a holiday.

But do not let us stay too long in these chopping seas, or they may haply "sickly o'er the pale cast of thought" in a very unpleasant manner. The odorous "wind of the western sea" freshens around us, and the men gladly hoist up the sail. And now "merrily, merrily bounds the bark" to Lundy. We see its sharp outlines clearer every minute; every rush we make through a wave brings us closer to what seems no more a dull fog bank, but a precipitous rock crowned by a little verdure. The eight miles between us are soon passed with the aid of this breeze; Rat Island and the lighthouse are close at hand, and the white



Morisco's Castle, Lundy Island.

fringe of foam skirting the island; and now we land at the narrow entrance, which, whether they be friends or foes, only admits two abreast.

Though in old times Lundy Island possessed a port, and a chapel dedicated to St. Ann, both are now in ruins. It was formerly much more populous; but at present only one family, that of the proprietor and his dependents, inhabits it. Let us first look at its natural features. Edged by steep rock-walls running up in some places 500 feet high, three miles long, and rather more than a mile broad, Lundy stands out boldly to hold her own at the entrance of the Channel, surrounded by a ring of smaller rocks, like Harold at Hastings, or James encircled by his nobility at Flodden. And terrific adversaries the waves very often show themselves. Coming across the whole breadth of the Atlantic from America, they hurl themselves with vast force and clouds of spray on Lundy, only to be broken at the base of the steep granite

cliffs. As you walk round on a calm day and look up, you can see, high above your head, immense beams and planks torn from ill-fated vessels, and driven with such fury against the rock-wall that they are fixed immovably in the interstices until the sea by another freak dashes them out again. Like the Scilly Isles off Cornwall, Lundy and its group are also composed of granite;—offshoots from the parent stock, which culminates in Dartmoor, and flings off just such another isolated mass in St. Michael's Mount. The island is in winter a perfect seclusion, departure or access being alike often impossible; but in summer its sunshine and keen healthy air must quite repay the inhabitants for their lengthy imprisonment. The soil is fertile towards the south, but falls off to barren ridges on the north; here a ragged and dangerous reef called "the Hen and Chickens," where the waves play in a fearful manner, is watched by a gloomy warder in

the shape of a huge rock called "the Constable." Plantations of trees have been attempted on the island, but with little success owing to the violent winds. Sheep and rabbits abound, and sea-fowl in myriads breed on the rocky shelves; these latter are kept in check by numerous rats.

Doubtless you will ramble to some rocky point, and there, after luncheon, fall into a meditative strain. If imaginative, you will probably recall the poet's metaphors of rocks and waves representing the powerful will, or the extreme of fickleness, from Homer to our own Tennyson. If historical, you may ponder on the strange vicissitudes that even in this small island have followed the fortunes of England, that "precious stone" you see "set in the silver sea" well away westward. How in former times it belonged to the noble family of Morisco, one of whom, after conspiring to murder his sovereign at Woodstock, fled here, and turning pirate, committed atrocities on the neighbourhood, until, with sixteen of his crew, he was taken and put to death. How Edward the Second endeavoured to shelter himself in its fastnesses from the faithless Isabella and his rebellious barons; just as Mortimer himself was soon after fain to hide in his turn in the heart of the rock on which Nottingham Castle still stands. How even this lovely spot did not escape in the convulsions of the Civil War, but was held for the king, as it was sure to be, belonging to the loyal West of England. Another of its memorable incidents is the manner in which the French basely took it in the reign of William and Mary. Sailing under Dutch colours, the men came on shore in a boat, and requested, for two or three days, milk and other little comforts for their captain, who was dangerously ill. At last he died, and they begged to be allowed to inter him on land. The unsuspecting inhabitants assented, and on the coffin being landed, were requested to withdraw a space while some of his country's customs were privately performed at his obsequies. Soon the crew opened the coffin, took out the arms it contained, and, headed by the captain, who now strangely came to life again, mastered the islanders; behaving with the most wanton cruelty, they hamstringed the larger cattle, flung the sheep and goats into the sea, stripped their prisoners even of their clothes, and then retired. In the ruins of Morisco's Castle you will hear with interest, if fond of the great Devon worthies, that Stukeley, Lord of Afton, the betrayer and slanderer of Sir Walter Raleigh died, according to Mr. Kingsley.

By the courtesy of the proprietor a few more particulars may be added. Lundy was once marked off by Government for a penal settlement, but its insuperable difficulty of access put an end to the project. During the destructive gale in which the Royal Charter was lost, in October, 1859, four, five, or even six vessels were wrecked here, and all on board perished. It was impossible to ascertain the number lost, but the *débris* of drifted timbers and planks, some large, some small, cumbering the shore next morning, attested that several vessels of different sizes had been wrecked. In digging the foundation of a wall, three years ago, several skeletons were found, one

of which alone had a rough grave, and was that of a man of remarkable height. The grave itself was eight feet six or eight inches long, while its inhabitant measured, from the top of the skull to the heel, eight feet four inches. Several other skeletons were found in a line north and south; and a few feet east of it, a great hole contained numerous corpses thrown in at random. No conjectures can be formed respecting them. The Trinity House Corporation have men now employed in establishing a gun fog-signal on the island.

And now, one more look at the dark rocks and quiet sea, so treacherous and stormy at times, and then to boat. This is just one of the spots no one ever visits twice; but he cannot help a lingering look as he leaves. It is a quiet, pleasant memory, this, to rise in the mind with all its accompaniments of healthy sea, and air, and sunshine, when immured in dusty cities and surrounded by bustle and anxieties. How gladly do we not all turn to the remembrance of such peaceful, happy days in our past lives! like "the phantom of a silent song" they come and go a thousand times, to make music in our working days. And in spite of Saturday half-holidays and early closing movements, and progress and development, they seem to come seldom enough to hard-worked brains; perhaps each one finds fewer of them every year.

As we dash through the opposing waves (for the tide is running fast down Channel), and the boat staggers beneath us till we realise the wild enthusiasm that prompted the Vikings of old to love the glorious sea, the men rig us out a line, for fishing and meditation always go hand in hand. There are plenty of fish here, and you are certain to catch a few gurnards; as you drag them in, if fortunate, you may hear them utter strange groans, for they are amongst the very few fish which have this power. See, too, the many marine birds which flock here to feed. As we plunge through the waves, however, we do not much astonish the pretty "murs" (as the sailors call them). They swim close to us, chasing the shoals of small fish driven to the surface by the mackerel; you may notice three or four of the latter hanging by the tails out of their beaks, and glistening in the sunshine. Having listened for an instant with heads jauntily set on one side, the next moment they dive, and their black tails disappear with a jerk, and soon, rising on the other side of the boat with number five safely hanging to the hooks of their portable larder, are off to give them to their young, which are anxiously awaiting them on the shelves of Lundy. And so we draw near Clovelly as evening closes in:

The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks;
The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep
Moans round with many voices.

But we must not part company yet. We will land rather to the west of the village, and ascend the cliffs, and so, while darkness falls, make our way round by the fields to Clovelly. It is the most lovely view we shall obtain by doing this. Trees, white-washed walls, flowers, the moon, and the sea now gently sinking to rest again; all harmonise so well in the twilight. The day must end pleasantly as it began. G.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER III. THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

I SPENT two years out of England. After some time had passed, I wrote regularly to my mother, and poured out to her the feelings of my heart. They were more bitter than I can describe. It was like the fierce unslaked thirst of a fever unassuaged and unassuageable. Balzac says that the loss of an anticipated happiness is far more poignant than the loss of something which has been enjoyed. The imagination suffers, and adds to the suffering of the feelings. There was such a blending of the passion and the dream in my lost hope, that it almost drove me to madness. But in suffering and in sorrow, in love and in hate, still rose the fatal image to haunt, to pursue, and to torture. I tried everything. We are told that men have a thousand resources and pur-

suits, and that nothing obliges them to cherish the memory of an unhappy affection. I believe most men have felt as I did, that though the choice of these resources is ours, their efficacy is vain. I might as well have stayed at home gazing at a picture of Marian, as to have sought by any means whatever to remove her image from my sight. I plunged into dissipation, I occupied myself with politics, I travelled, I read; but I could not succeed in cheating myself for a moment. I endeavoured to fancy myself in love with others; it was a miserable failure. Well had it been if the additional sorrow had been confined to myself: but with the selfishness which was mine, both from education and nature, in these experiments I wantonly sacrificed the happiness of better natures than my own. After a brief season of passionate

demonstrations of love, for it was almost with ferocity that I attached myself to the Cynthia of the minute, hoping thereby to efface the past from my thoughts, some unconquerable recollection would in a moment sweep over me, and drown, as in a flood, my present fragile fabric of love, and I would break off in despair.

When the feeling I had excited had been as factitious as my own, this was easy work, and the outer decencies were preserved, each fell away quietly; but in others where I had met with an honest nature, and, little deserving as I was, roused a sincere affection, the rupture was harder and more violent, and with each wrench I lost some of the integrity of my soul. I was fast deteriorating in character and in habits. I became even more self-indulgent and callous to the claims and feelings of others. My letters betrayed my state of mind and feeling to my mother and made her miserable. She mourned over me, and she mistakenly enough, but naturally enough, attributed my change to Marian, and her deep-rooted dislike to her increased.

She was wrong; there are affinities which are unerring. No healthy love for a young girl of my own age, whom I could have loved and married in a straight-forward way, would have been possible to me. No fidelity was in me to bestow upon reciprocated love. I required just such an irritating, unsatisfied longing to keep up in me the feeling which was to remain alive when all else was dead in me.

It was at Venice that a circumstance occurred, which will prove how hard had become that heart which in my childhood and youth had been pronounced as tender as a girl's; but the softness of which was more to be attributed to physical weakness and nervous sensibility than real gentleness. It will also show what futile attempts I resorted to, to learn that strange art of forgetting, that power so capricious and so impossible to regulate. Days, and weeks, and months of my mother's devotion and of Fanny's kindness, passed away without leaving a trace, and not a word that Marian had ever spoken; not an airy grace which she ever displayed, not a turn of that enchanting head, not a fleeting blush on the soft, fair face, not a look from those large spiritual eyes, ever passed from my mind.

I was in a gondola late one evening. It was a festa, and the lagoons were crowded. It had been a warm day, but the wind had risen, and brought with it a feeling of freshness and relief. The water was sparkling, and dancing, the gondolas each with its light at its helm flew along like fire flies, and the whole scene was most animated and picturesque.

A gondola shot past me in the direction of the piazza San Marco. I saw a white dress, a black lace veil through which shone golden hair, and a hand that looked like a white flower in the moonlight, was holding the folds of the veil together under the chin. The attitude, the height, the dress irresistably recalled Marian. A hope sharp and piercing as a serpent's sting, pierced into my heart. I told my gondolier to follow. In the press of boats I could not get very near, but I saw where the gondola stopped, and that out of it

stepped two women and a man. It was some time, however, before I could come up to them, the Piazza was so thronged. I looked through the cafés, and among the various groups, but in vain. At length in a corner of one of the furthest cafés, I heard singing. A man with a rich barytone voice was singing in the soft Venetian dialect a stanza of Tasso's. I was drawn to the sweet sounds, and seated at a table near the minstrel, was the same woman, her veil was thrown back, and she leaned her cheek on her hand. My heart stopped its beating. She was like, yet not Marian. It was but a resemblance, one of those strange, startling resemblances! The eyes were a little darker, the forehead somewhat higher, the mouth smaller, but less finely cut, the hair less wavy; trifling discrepancies, which did not at first sight take away from the effect, but which on further acquaintance I detected, and which were signs of a different disposition. Less volatile, less versatile, more genuine. I introduced myself to these women. I found that the elder was a workwoman, the man and the younger woman were her step-brother and step-sister, and were being educated for the stage, the brother as a singer, the sister, Veronica, as an actress.

I introduced myself as an artist. I said I required a face like Veronica's, for the principal figure in a picture I was painting. Would she sit to me? She consented. The sister claimed a trifling remuneration. I fixed the next morning for her first sitting.

I waited for her with an agitation which I can now scarcely comprehend. It seemed to me that this representation of her in my room brought Marian nearer to me, that the death silence between us would be broken by this; it was like the spiritual manifestation, through an ordinary medium, of some glorified spirit.

In the morning, about twelve o'clock, my door opened, and the Venetian girl stepped into the room, holding by the hand a little boy, her sister's child. She wore a white dress and black veil. I seated her in a deep crimson arm-chair by the window, and arranged my easel. When I had done, and half concealed by it, I strove to realise the present; it was vain, it seemed to blend in a mocking phantasmagoria with the past. The child playing about the room, the lovely serene grace of the attitude, the eyes, the hair, the beautiful hands—oh, God! how like she was, and what a miserable outcast wretch I felt.

After two hours she rose, and I fixed the same hours for the morrow, and she bade me farewell in the soft wooing accents of her language, and was gone.

The beauty of this woman was certainly marvellous. Her walk, her mien, her gentleness, were all as if she had been born in the purple. In her conversation, perhaps, one might have detected that she was uneducated, but she spoke very little. In this, again, she was like her prototype. This indulgence was to me like opium; I could not resist it, though it unnerved me for the whole day afterwards.

Veronica, so she was called, had a mild, indolent manner, which gave one the idea of almost lethargic coldness, but was in reality a veil to the

most impassioned sensibility. She was afraid of herself. Her health was so weak that the least agitation might produce a fatal effect. I was warned of this by her sister. I found out still more from herself. During our mornings she confided to me much of her simple history. She and her brother had been brought up by this sister, much older than herself. The father had married twice, and the mother of the two younger ones was a German, and from her Veronica inherited her golden hair and fair complexion. She had been educated to sing on the stage, but over study or natural delicacy had so weakened her, that after a very successful rehearsal she had broken a blood-vessel, and had almost completely lost her voice. All hope of that career was over. She had been obliged to give it up, much to her regret. She was now in hopes of becoming an actress. Her exceeding beauty, and her sweet-toned voice, well fitted her for this; but I doubted her strength, and she herself was very desponding. It was a beautiful nature. The reserve of the colder northern race had given to the Venetian refinement and delicacy, without taking from its glow and vitality. The white brow, over which the blue veins were so clearly traced, was pensive and thoughtful, but the full-curved, deep-red lips opened like a pomegranate, and were tremulous with sensibility. She had never loved. This I had discovered soon after our first meeting. Her sister and brother had till then occupied her heart. Her studies had engrossed her thoughts, and strange to say, an Italian girl of humble position, and devoted to a trying and equivocal profession, was as spirit pure as any English girl, fenced from all harm by the care and protection of an English home.

I observed that as our sittings continued she lingered longer, spoke more, and though still very timid, she answered me more frankly and readily. Sometimes, when I raised my eyes from my work, I found hers fixed on me with a questioning and yearning look. With that expression on her face she was the image of Marian, and I have sometimes, with an exclamation, rushed from the room, unable any longer to support the fatal resemblance.

She knew nothing of me or of my history, but English artists are sufficiently common in Italy for her to believe without any doubt or suspicion, what I had said the first day we met.

Sometimes her sister came to fetch her, and I was pleased with the unvarying affection with which she treated Veronica. If she found her looking a little tired she would invariably turn round upon me, and almost fiercely warn me that her sister's life hung on a thread. It seemed difficult to believe this, for the form was rounded and the cheeks had a delicate bloom. But she was right. The fatal disease was going on insidiously all the while. I try to think so at least.

Once or twice I thought I would give it up, but I could not. The dreamy felicity which I thus secured for two or three hours every day was a pleasure I could not deny myself. Insensibly the time was lengthened out. After the painting was over I taught her English, and her progress was sufficiently rapid to interest me in

the task. I was much interested in her, and the adoration I felt for the image she so vividly recalled gave my manner an impassioned tone which must have deceived her.

I could see (alas! an innocent girl's heart does not veil its feelings very profoundly) that she was becoming attached to me. Her face was bright as a morning sunbeam when she entered; when she quitted me there was a look of soft regret which dimmed its beauty. We would talk of England—she was very curious about its customs, ways of living, country and town habits. Poor Veronica! she dreamed, no doubt, as youth often dreams,—lost to the actual, absorbed in the ideal. A man of honour, or of the most moderate generosity, would have desisted, but I was not the man. When in her presence I felt a pleasure and an emotion which was inexpressibly exciting. It was partly Marian, partly Veronica. When absent, Veronica faded away and Marian's image remained alone. I was, however, of so susceptible an organisation that the subtle influence of the presence of so beautiful a woman had its own distinct share on my feelings. Then wild thoughts would master me, and I would ask myself whether I could not accept the portrait, fatally separated as I was from the original. But in all my different cogitations and reflections no thought crossed my mind how far the game I played would involve the poor girl's own future.

At length one day, it had been a very warm and sultry one, the windows were open, not the slightest breeze from the water below waved the heavy curtains, I was painting, lost in a sweet but sad dream, and Veronica, a little fatigued by her long sitting and lulled by the silence, had fallen asleep. It was so warm at noon now that she did not bring out her little nephew. Her head was thrown back, and the deep crimson-coloured cushion of her chair lent its tint to her delicate face, a little paler than usual that day. Her long lashes rested on her cheek, and through the white and transparent eyelids the colour of the eyes was faintly perceptible. It was a living portrait of Marian. I gazed on her and felt bewitched. I rose softly, put back the easel, approached and knelt down before her. It seemed that by magic art Marian was before me. All my vain yearnings, all my unsatisfied desires seemed to surge over my soul. I bent my head lower and lower, till my forehead almost touched her folded hands upon her lap. Oh, that I had died then and there! Suddenly she woke, and with an exclamation started to her feet, and with a look, glorified in its ecstasy, held out her hands. Surprise first and then rapture gleamed in her face.

“Do you love me?” she murmured.

I could not subdue the evil spirit within me. I folded her in my arms. I was intoxicated, entranced, delirious. “Mine, mine at last.” I was mad, I hope and believe at the moment.

I hushed the voice of conscience. I was acting a lie, but a tempter within me whispered it may become a truth, and this love may overcome the first. This, this may be the consolation time has reserved for me.

The hours passed. Her brother came for her.

I dismissed him on the pretext that I would take her in an hour or two as I was just concluding the picture. I could not spare her till it was finished. Yet as the time passed there were sudden and abrupt variations in my manner. She was aware of them, for she once or twice looked at me long and steadfastly as if a doubt had arisen. But it passed. There were also mystic moments of ineffable delight during that day. Her hand stirred in mine with a clinging hold like a little bird which has found its nest.

An idolator whose carved image has replied to his prayer must feel a wondering rapture such as mine at intervals during this strange day.

I took her home. Before getting into my gondola, as we descended the broad stairs of the old palazzo, a man with a huge basket of flowers was ascending them. I took at hap-hazard a bunch. They were tuberoses. I gave them to her. As I did so the man said :

"Do not give those to the bella signora, they fade more quickly than other flowers."

She smiled, and said to me, "No, no, I like them best;" and then in an undertone, "Does not everything fade, and happiness quickest of all?"

As she held them in her hand, bending her tender face over them, I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful. The graceful and fragrant flowers, the lovely woman, the rippling water below, the swarthy gondolier, leaning on his oar, awaiting us, and the deep blue sky which framed the whole picture.

We spent an hour or two on the Lagoon. It was late when we returned. I asked her if she would sing to me. I forgot at the moment it was a risk for her. She complied immediately, but unfortunately chose the same Neapolitan air I had heard Marian sing. Those sounds broke the spell for ever. I started up with an oath, and almost roughly put my hand before her mouth. She looked shocked.

"Never, never," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"Do not ask me. Oh, Marian!—oh, God!"

I was completely overcome, and burst into tears. The poor girl looked as white as death, and sat as if turned to stone. I slowly recovered, apologised, excused myself as best I might. But I could not undo the impression. We arrived at her house; I assisted her out of the gondola and noticed that, as she got out, she groped with an uncertain step as if she had been struck blind and could not see her way. She would not allow me to accompany her up-stairs; she lived on the highest story. I returned to the boat and looked back; she was standing alone where I had left her. The moon shone on her face; there seemed something strange and menacing in the look.

I went home; I was very angry with myself—angry with Veronica, and I stupified myself with wine. My conscience accused me, and I could not shake off an impression of impending evil which clung to me and oppressed me like a nightmare.

The next morning I put away my painting; I broke up the easel; I walked up and down the the room perplexed and remorseful. My selfish-

ness revolted from the responsibilities which I had brought on myself. What could I do with Veronica?

I was so engrossed with my own thoughts that I did not observe it was long past the hour she usually came. At four o'clock some one knocked at the door, but instead of Veronica there stood her sister. She was most violently agitated, her eyes swelled and red with weeping.

"Come," she said, in a hoarse angry voice, "a gondola is below,—she wishes to see you."

"Who?"

"Veronica!—you have killed her."

"Good God! what do you mean?"

"I besought you to spare her. I told you how delicate she was . . ."

"Speak woman, what do you mean?"

"Veronica's dying. She returned home last night shivering with fever; she went to bed; two hours afterwards she called me—blood was on her mouth; I sent for the doctor; he says there is no hope; it is the old complaint; some vein has broken inwardly. She told me she had been singing; she has caught cold; you have destroyed her."

"Come," she added fiercely and quickly, "she wishes to see you,—make haste."

I followed her; I need have no base fears now; Veronica's future was no longer in my hands.

I accompanied her sister to her house; it was a miserable, untidy little apartment, and my heart smote me when I thought what care Veronica must have taken to come daily from such an abode in her spotless neatness. A trifle like this swells the heart sometimes more than a great sacrifice. The tears were in my eyes. We passed into the inner room: on a low bed, drawn into the middle of the small garret, lay Veronica dying. Yes, the death damps were on her brow; the features drawn and livid; the loveliness was changed, and with it the likeness to Marian had faded from the face. The beauty now was nobler, graver, sadder. Death had transfigured it. In her hand was the bunch of tuberoses. How corpse-like and withered they looked! She opened her eyes as my step entered the room. I threw myself on my knees beside her. She looked at me quietly, and then spoke slowly and in broken gasps.

"It is all over," she said. "Why did you play this comedy with me?—to me it was life itself—and is now death . . . It was a fatal game."

"Veronica, forgive me."

I felt she knew, or at least suspected all. By what supernatural intimation I knew not, but the truth had been revealed to her.

"You have had no pity for me," she continued slowly; "you should have told me frankly at first—it would have been the same to you—but, oh! the difference to me! Why let me dream such a foolish dream—but you are so young," she added with a protective, pitying tenderness, more pathetic than reproach or tears; "you did not know what you did. God forgive you as I do." With a sudden motion she turned and raised the tuberoses to her lips. "These flowers are less changed than I am. I am not like her now, am I? You will want me no more," she sighed;

and then a faint fleeting smile passed over her face. It was over.

I knew not how I got home again. It was a melancholy scene. The violent and uncontrolled grief of the poor sister—the savage looks and muttered threats of the brother—the prayers of the priest, and that poor insensible form, so deaf and blind to all the earthly agitation around her. So near yet so far!

What could be done in the way of pecuniary help to the sister I did; she had no repugnance to accept it. She saw how grieved I was, and she attributed the fatal end to cold caught on the Lagoon. I might have been unpardonably careless, but nothing more.

The brother suspected more. A dark red suffused his face as I pressed my offers of service on him as on the rest of the family. He declined with an oath, and as I passed him he drew aside as if my touch was odious to him.

At one time, such an event would have well nigh broken my heart—now, I was unhappy, I cursed fate, thought myself under an evil doom, which entailed guilt upon me without any sin of my own, and that was all. This rebellious bitterness of feeling left a corroding power, which served still further to deteriorate and weaken my already perverted nature.

THE SLAVE DIFFICULTY IN AMERICA.

In a single line, in the smallest type, used in obscure corners of American newspapers, there is now conveyed to us one of the most significant and portentous incidents of our time. Probably not one reader in a thousand of the few English readers of American journals will have taken any particular notice of that single line which will be immortal as history, however carelessly passed over to-day as news. "*We pray for the slave.*" In order to understand its full significance, we must cast a brief glance backwards to certain incidents of a quarter of a century ago.

In 1835, Mr. Calhoun, the honest fanatic—not to say monomaniac—on behalf of Slavery, was telling European visitors, and New England citizens whom he chanced to meet, that the subject of Slavery would never be introduced in Congress. He was told that he might as well undertake to hedge in Orion and the Pleiades as lock up from popular use any topic of essential interest. He was positive, however; and no man's words went further with his generation. Slavery was a fundamentally necessary institution; republican liberties depended upon it; yet (or therefore), the subject would never be discussed in Congress. Within two years the roof of the Capitol rang with the shouts and cries of those who chose to speak on slavery and those who did not choose to hear. Ex-president Adams (father of the American Minister now in London), spoke upon it day after day, presenting petitions from the Abolitionists, and refusing to be put down, but with the right of petition itself. That right was put down: but it could not be for long: and before Mr. Calhoun died there was no day of the session on which something was not said about Slavery; and no subject was introduced, however remote, which

did not issue in a discussion of the dreaded topic. In dying, Mr. Calhoun declared his country lost. He had failed to preclude dangerous discussion; slavery was doomed, and the Republic with it.

While he was confident that the subject would never be mentioned in the Capitol, the clergy of the Free States were certain that it would never be spoken of from the pulpit. A New England clergyman, however, even at that day, made the unheard of venture of praying for the slaves. It should be understood that all religious denominations there enter into a fuller detail of the kinds and conditions of men for whom they pray than is usual here; and the slaves have been the only class omitted. The Reverend Samuel J. May, then of Massachusetts, was supposed to be the first who supplied the omission; and his name will be preserved for the act. Next, a man of a very high quality did the same brave deed;—Dr. Follen, the learned Professor, the accomplished scholar, the nearest friend of Dr. Channing, the man known as a patriot in his native Germany, as a Christian divine in England, and in America from that moment as an abolitionist. One winter night he preached in Boston, and his prayer that night thrilled through the city, and overthrew the prospects of his life. After intercession for all orders of public men, and for sufferers under various woes, the words occurred, "We pray for the miserable, degraded, insulted slave, in chains of iron and chains of gold." From that hour the pulpits of Boston were closed to him: and Dr. Channing suffered keenly from the refusal of his flock to allow his friend to preach in his church. The scandalised clergy taunted, and the public accepted the teaching, that they had Scripture for their guide, because they were "if possible, as much as lay in them, to live peaceably with all men;" and silence was the only way to peace and quiet where slavery was in question.—Things had so far changed in twenty years (which is a mere span in the great spaces of history), that, when the long-free negro, Anthony Burns, was awaiting his fate in Boston, and was to know next day whether he was to be returned into slavery, and craved the prayers of all Christians, his request was, in some pulpits, noticed and allowed. Some of the Boston clergy did, and some did not, invite the prayers of their congregation for him. That was seven years ago; and the progress of opinion and feeling must have been much more rapid since; for we now see,—what it would have killed Mr. Calhoun outright to have foreknown,—that intercession for the slave has found a place in the prayers of Congress.

On the opening of the present session in the House of Representatives, there was solemn and special prayer, as at the opening of each session; and the specifications were as numerous as they ever are. Among them may be seen for the first time the words, "*We pray for the slave.*" The abolitionists who have laboured in faith that this hour must come, when the slave should be openly admitted into fellowship with men and citizens, must read these few words with strong emotion. They understand the full import of this conversion of a chattel into a man who needs special prayers;

and they see, more clearly than we can do, how all important the question of the destiny of the slaves must have become at the head-quarters of the Government.

To Europeans, who went through their task of emancipating their negroes long ago, the incident may seem to show a wonderful slowness, rather than a wonderful advance. We should remember, however, that, when we were just emancipating ours, in islands far away, the Americans were considering it a duty to be silent about negroes, because there was no intention of freeing them, while they were not far away in sugar islands, but on all the plantations, and in all the houses of the Southern States, to which the Northern States were in political subjection. As our position and theirs were opposite then, our sensations about this new incident cannot be identical now. It is like the case of the travellers on the Andes when those who were coming down, and those who were going up had opposite sensations at the same point, — the one party complaining of the cold, while the other exulted in the genial heat. Even we Europeans, however, ought to be able to see the importance of the first act of implication of the Government with the question of emancipation. These words, "*We pray for the slave,*" are the first act of implication of the American Congress with the cause of the negro. Some were present who must have wondered whether Calhoun turned in his grave when the prayer was uttered.

The President's Message shows, without disguise, that Mr. Lincoln means to act in the matter of slavery as the people choose him to act. He never was an Abolitionist. He was always willing that Slavery should continue to exist where it existed already; but he objected to its spreading over new territory. He was ready to afford it the protection provided in the Constitution; but he objected to any further efforts in its favour. Such was his view when he became President. He did not see that Slavery was the whole cause of the rupture of the Union; and he believed he saw that the Constitution must be preserved exactly as it stood, and that therefore fugitives must be returned to their owners, according to law. By marking the point he has arrived at now, we may perceive how the question is advancing. The President will go only as far, and as fast, as he is pushed. The resolution of Congress in July, which confiscated the slaves of rebel citizens, troubled Mr. Lincoln exceedingly; and it was only by extreme urging, and under pressure of time, that he agreed to it. It was a long step forward; but he has taken a longer now.

In the interval he showed doubt and hesitation about General Fremont's proclamation, that all slaves became free where the Government was present by its civil or military authorities. After some delay he discountenanced the act, and restored the terms to what Congress had made them. Yet it appeared that he expected General Fremont to be pressed upon him again by the people; and he recalled him in a way which need not prevent his future restoration to a high command. The falling off of popular support from the moment when he disavowed the emancipation

act of Fremont was a strong hint; and it appears that the President has taken it.

It was an irksome necessity to him that he must say something on the subject in his Message to Congress. He must do it, however; and in a very strange way indeed he has done it. He had been hearing from all quarters of the perplexities of the commanders by land and sea about what to do with the negroes. One general was returning fugitives to their masters: another was receiving all who came, giving them work, and paying them wages; while a third tried to steer a course between the two, taking no notice of fugitives beyond forbidding them to enter the camp. Such inconsistencies could not go on: the soldiers would not permit it, if we may judge by their discontent at all orders which made them oppress the slaves.

By way of experiment, the negroes on the coasts where the Federal forces have established a footing, in South Carolina and Georgia, have been organised as a free labour force. The men work well; they now come in by thousands instead of hundreds; and the case is already so far clear to Mr. Lincoln himself, that, in his Message to Congress, he assumes the necessity of emancipation by proposing a scheme for disposing of the negroes when freed.

It is true, he proposes a plan which is absurd, and which he, and every man who heard his Message, must know to be impracticable. He proposes, by way of introduction, to recognise the independence of Hayti and Liberia. This is a significant proposal, because it means that men of colour may hereafter come to Washington, and be received as envoys. But there is another word to be said first about this proposal.

Hayti is a free republic, which has won its independence by arms. It is now well governed and prosperous; and a considerable number of American blacks have settled, and are daily settling in Hayti, to grow cotton for the Northern States and for Europe. Mr. Lincoln evidently wishes to encourage the emigration of as many of his black fellow-citizens as possible; and therefore he is trying whether society will bear the presence of a Haytian envoy at Washington, as the price of getting rid of some hundreds or thousands of its dark-skinned members. The origin and condition of Liberia are different. That settlement was formed, half a century ago, by slave-holders, for the purpose (avowed in the Southern States) of sustaining slavery by deporting thither undesirable negroes, free and slave, and keeping the control of the numbers, and therefore of the value of slaves, by having an outlet in the shape of an African colony. As the scheme was not honest, it was not successful; and for forty years the free negroes of the United States have been resisting bribes and threats, and refusing to expatriate themselves to Africa. They were Americans, they said; they had formed friendships at home, and accumulated property, obtained equality for their children in the common schools, and educated them to form an intelligent society: and they would not go into a land of barbarism, to war with savages, and see the slave trade carried on along the coast, and slaves held in the settlement itself. That hungry and somewhat disre-

putable settlement was acknowledged by England as a free republic many years ago. The circumstances of the cotton trade for some time past have loosened the grasp of the slaveholders upon it; it seems to have been allowed of late to make its own growth, free from the burden of shiploads of helpless negroes, deported from Southern plantations. The President could hardly have proposed at any former time to recognise the existence of a State formed out of the dregs of Southern plantations, in whose representative some member of Congress might chance to meet a former slave of his own—got rid of for being dangerously clever or hopelessly stupid: but the state of opinion at Washington is now such as to induce Mr. Lincoln to propose to acknowledge the Republic of Liberia at the same time with the more advanced, hopeful, and dignified Republic of Hayti.

Both, however, are made to usher in the necessary but perplexing question—What is to be done with the slaves in the Confederate States?

The question itself shows that Mr. Lincoln regards emancipation as certain. This is good: but all the rest is so wrong and foolish that we might safely assume that Mr. Lincoln proposed something that would not do, in order to throw upon others the responsibility of whatever will have to be done. He tries to accommodate himself to the vulgar prejudice of colour by taking for granted that the negroes must all go away somewhere. He openly declares that he hopes the free blacks will go away with the slaves; and he holds this out as the great recommendation of the plan to the citizens of the North.

The people are, by Congress, to give money to buy a territory somewhere, outside of their own country; and there the four millions of slaves are to be transported, with as many free blacks as can be induced or compelled to go with them. There they are to be colonised, at the expense, and by the care, of the people of the United States. Such is Mr. Lincoln's pretended scheme.

Thus, the land of the Southern States would be left without labourers. The owners would be left without servants, or any means of tilling their cotton-fields, or raising food, or keeping their live stock, or having their dinners cooked and their houses swept. The plantations would be left to run to waste. The four millions of negroes would be carried away from shelter and food, to be set down in a wilderness to starve. It is such nonsense to talk of separating the capitalists, the land, and the labourers, so as to render all the three helpless and desolate, that no further words are needed. Mr. Lincoln is perfectly well aware that the planters want the negroes, and that the negroes want the land and wages; and he has no apprehension that he will be taken at his word. The proposal is a safe way of making the admission that emancipation has become a necessity which cannot be deferred much longer.

What, then, is to be done with the negroes?

The only serious difficulty is in the state of feeling of slave owners towards their negroes. The simple way of settling the matter is to fix a day, near at hand, when the labourers will receive wages instead of supplies in kind, on their agree-

ing to certain terms. By those terms, the hours and conditions of labour will be agreed upon, and the rent of their dwellings, and the amount of wages. If the owners were living at home, in peace and quiet, the change would be practicable and easy for all just-minded and kind-hearted men; and they would find it very profitable. So it was with the Northern States, and wherever the process has been well managed. But slaveholders are not, generally speaking, just-minded men, where their labourers are concerned; and not all of them are kind-hearted: and thus difficulties have arisen in emancipation cases, and complaints have been made that the negro is idle;—to which the negro replies that he cannot get his pay, and is badly used besides. In the present case, there is the serious embarrassment that the planters are not at home, in peace and quiet. Some are in the army: some have repaired to the cities for safety: some have armed their negroes against an enemy who is described to the slave as having a particular appetite for negro meat: and all are in more or less dread of what may happen under their "peculiar institution." Last month is not the first time that a great part of Charleston has been burnt; and the negroes knew how to burn cotton before they saw their masters doing it now, all along the coast and the rivers where the Yankees (understood to be a sort of gorillas) can by any means get it. In short, emancipation is necessary now to preclude that worst of horrors, a servile insurrection. It is this pressing need which makes Mr. Lincoln speak of schemes which are an admission of the crisis; and instead of crying out, as some of our journals are doing, against emancipation as setting the slaves to murder their masters, everybody ought to see that in emancipation is the only security for the slave-holders. It is when freedom is denied, and not when it is conferred, that slaves take their case into their own hands. Thus far, American negroes have shown themselves, not murderous but thievish,—not savage but sly. Like our West India negroes, they work to accumulate property; are vain in displaying it; are fond of putting it to pious uses; are ambitious of education for their children; are social, imitative, gregarious,—everything which prevents their running into the wilds to squat, or lurking as banditti, as ignorant people suppose. They are fugitive, and not freed slaves, who infest the swamps. The Abolitionists know the negroes well; and the Abolitionists have proposed what the President is probably aware that he will have to carry out. As in former wars in the same States, the presence of the military and civil officers will free the slaves, and appoint the conditions of that freedom. Those conditions will secure the tillage of the soil, and the carrying on of the regular work of the plantations, under the management of the owners, when they are loyal, and of Government agents when the owner is hostile. Such is the provisional method which will preclude an outbreak at the beginning, and afford time and opportunity for such regulations as may be requisite for the negro, on his ceasing to be a slave, and before he is qualified to become a citizen. Beside such a feasible and simple pro-

posal as this, the President's notion of carrying off four millions of people who do not want to go, from half a million of gentry who do not want to part with them, and from land which their departure will turn into a wilderness, to starve in a present wilderness, looks like insanity. It is all meditated, however. The apparent leap in the dark is, in fact, crossing a bridge; and the President and all his train are coming over to the Abolitionists.

There is nothing visionary, or even new, in such a scheme as is proposed. There is always some plantation, here or there, where the negroes are, by some accident, living like free labourers. This reminds me of what happened in North Carolina, when I was over there. A widow lady was called away from her estate for a permanence, by some obligation or other; and it became a question what to do about the negroes. They were sorely afraid of being "sold South;" and they were delighted at the proposal that they should choose an overseer out of their own number, and manage for themselves. They were to make themselves comfortable, and earn what they could for their mistress. They chose the ablest negro on the plantation to superintend, and went to work.

Some months later, a great noise and shouting was heard on the estate, and the neighbours said, when the report of insurrection was spread, that they always knew what would become of such a venture. It was only holiday mirth, however. The negroes had gone to work on a general holiday, some time before, because the crop was in a critical state, and would not bear delay: and they were taking their holiday now;—that was all. The crop was a good one, and their mistress had a larger income than usual from her estate. It would be a pity to send four millions of these people into the wilderness, if it were ever so practicable. But such is not to be their fate.

Already, the destiny of "the miserable, degraded, insulted" class may be heard told in that voice of supplication in the Capitol, "We pray for the slave."
FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE TEN YARD SEAM.

If the reader will take a geologically coloured map of England, and placing one leg of a pair of compasses upon the town of Dudley, describe a circle having a radius of about three miles, its circumference will be found to include the darkest tinted patch throughout the whole country,—a district not dark upon the map alone, but densely and detestably black in actual dirty reality. This is the South Staffordshire coal-field, commonly known as the "black country," and certainly no region could better deserve the characteristic sobriquet it bears, for, compared with its foulness, even Sheffield is pure, and Leeds embodied cleanliness. The whole area of this the finest and most valuable of the British coal-fields lies under a perpetual cloud of smoke; the landscape is barren, treeless, and wretched beyond all description, the ground that once—before the value of the mineral which underlies it was recognised—swelled into hills and dipped into valleys of the utmost

picturesqueness, has been so pierced with shafts and covered with pit-rubbish, so befouled with the vapours of countless fires, and so thickly studded over with pit-frames and furnaces, dreary iron-works and drearier dwellings, that the eye, accustomed to brighter scenes and pleasanter surroundings, turns at first with a sense of hopeless weariness from contemplating a picture of such apparently unmitigated wretchedness. Seen under its worst aspect, with a low sky and driving rain, the black country is almost Dantean in its horror, and seems fitted, like the circles of the Inferno, for the abode of lost spirits, rather than human beings. There is one condition, however, under which even this grim district puts on a little of the picturesque and becomes almost beautiful by comparison with its every-day appearance. When night has fallen, and the ugliness of the landscape is lost in its shadows, the numberless fires from coke-hearths, and the leaping flames which issue from the open mouths of roaring blast-furnaces, lend a peculiar though still hardly an agreeable interest to the scene.

The landscape of South Staffordshire furnishes an admirable example of the changes man can effect by means of persevering, if profitable, defacement. Originally a region of peculiar beauty, and deriving from its geological formation all those aids to local loveliness which the Silurian rocks afford, the neighbourhood of Dudley, once rivalled classic Hagley in attractiveness, but the only traces now remaining of its former glories must be sought in the names of places from which the miners' pick and the coal-masters' machinery have long ago driven the last vestige of comeliness. Harts Hill, Brierley Hill, Rocks Hill and Pensnett Chace, tell by their etymology how changed are all things since these now black and sooty localities first received their old and suggestive nomenclature.

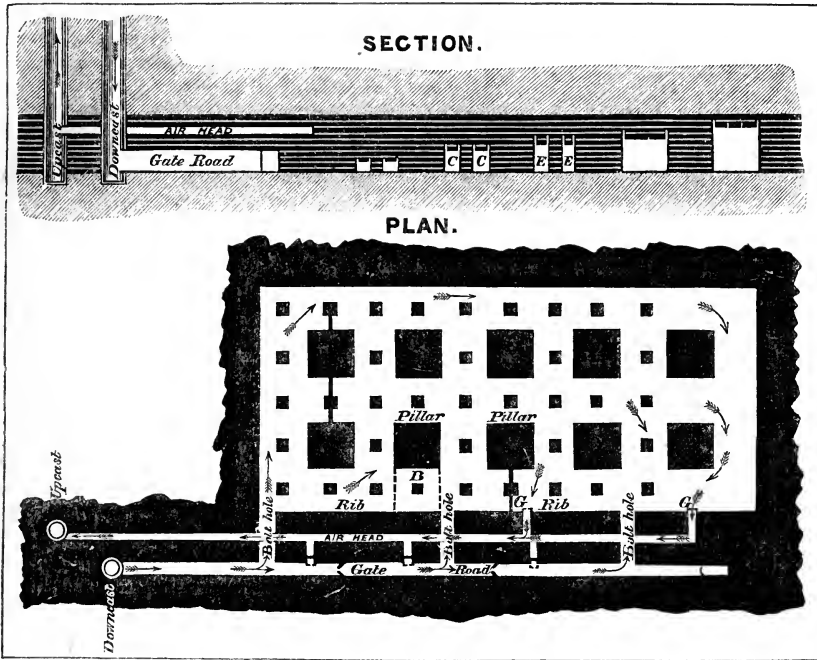
But if nature be no longer lovely to the eye throughout this dreary district, she certainly compensates for her ugliness by a singular liberality. If "handsome is that handsome does" be a rule applicable alike to men and minerals, then ought we to count the patch of country, bounded by our imaginary circle, the true garden of England—nay, a very Eden for beauty. Within its limited area lies the richest and most valuable coal-field yet discovered, not only in the British islands, but throughout the world, and from this black centre has radiated, one might safely say, almost all the lines of industrial activity which now spread throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was here that the discoveries of Dud Dudley, supplemented by those of Watt, gave the first great lift to our manufacturing system. It was in the "black country" (then by no means black) that the former of these pioneers of mechanical science proved the feasibility of making iron from the ore by means of pit-coal, and in proving this laid the foundation upon which the great iron trade of our own day rests. Before his time the coal of South Staffordshire was valuable only for such comparatively unimportant purposes as household and smithy use; a limited production of iron was with difficulty kept up by the fast-failing supplies of wood and the rapid expansion of this manufacture which followed on Dudley's successful experiments

may be fairly considered as an era whence we should date that general progression of all the numerous crafts more or less directly dependent on this useful metal for their development.

Interesting as the subjects are, and closely interwoven as is their history with that of coal, it is not within our purpose now to speak at length either of the iron manufacture itself or the contributions made by Watt to the commercial results by which we are surrounded. Our business at present lies specially with the mines and not the manufactures of South Staffordshire, and we turn therefore to matter more immediately concerning them.

A second glance at the map will show that the district forms, in reality, only the southern portion of a much larger though less darkly tinted coal-field stretching northward, and growing narrower as it

advances till it reaches Brereton, where the new red sandstone or Permian rocks forming its eastern and western boundaries unite. The length of this field is twenty-six miles, and its greatest breadth six miles, the total area enclosed is about a hundred square miles, but the smaller part to which we have alluded contains by far the most important and valuable measures, the coal within its limits reaching the extraordinary thickness of thirty and even forty feet, and being known by the local name of the "ten yard" seam. This magnificent mass of mineral is divided throughout its whole depth by occasional "partings" of shale or other rock, varying in thickness from a few inches to two or three feet; eight or ten of these "partings" generally occur between the top and bottom of the measures, and their presence is made use of by the



Rib and Pillar Pit.

miners in a manner which will be more minutely described hereafter.

Before offering our services as guide to the reader in descending one of the pits that give the landscape its repulsive character, let us spend a few minutes, by way of preparation for the journey, in a closer examination into the geology of the locality to which we have introduced him. All the world now knows that coal is everywhere of vegetable origin, being in fact the fossil or bituminised remains of primeval forests and morasses compressed by the weight of the overlying strata into a homogeneous mineral mass. Throughout the period during which the carboniferous rocks were in process of formation, the rank activity of vegetable life was most extraordinary and prodigious, far surpassing in this respect not only all ordinary rates of growth in the temperate climates of

modern times, but even the wild luxuriance of a tropical forest.

It would absorb our whole space to speak, except very sparingly, of the flora of the carboniferous epoch; the subject has been treated in the most exhaustive manner by Sir Roderick Murchison, and more recently by Mr. Beete Jukes, and to these authors we must refer those who may be anxious for more minute information than we are now able to give concerning the kind and forms of the plants from whose decay the coal was produced. Generally we can say they were members chiefly of a great vascular cryptogamic or flowerless family now feebly represented by the dwarf club-mosses, horsetails, and ferns with which we are familiar, but then comprising gigantic Equisetaceæ, Cycads, and Lycopodia of dimensions which have never since been paralleled, produced

too over a very wide geographical range with a luxuriance as extraordinary as it is unique. No previous or succeeding geological period exhibits an activity, either in animal or vegetable life, at all comparable to the fertility of the forests whose *compressed* remains have attained a thickness of thirty feet. To reach these dimensions the great fern-trees and mosses must have grown for ages, new generations springing from the rotting débris of their progenitors, and the whole forming a picture of extravagant abundance such as it is difficult to realise by the severest effort of imagination.

Returning from this slight excursus into the carboniferous plantations of the past to the particular locality under consideration, we shall be struck on reviewing its measures by the amount of contortion which characterises the whole group: for the South Staffordshire coal-field, besides being the thickest, is perhaps also the most disturbed deposit in the country. Throughout its whole area the traces of violent volcanic action are everywhere apparent both in the innumerable "faults" intersecting the strata in every direction, as well as in the dislocated condition of the coal itself. Hugh Miller has aptly illustrated this peculiarity by comparing the measures of the district to a thick sheet of ice which once lay resting upon the surface of a lake whose bottom became liable to the action of eruptive forces subsequently to the deposition of its frozen covering. When these came into play the brittle ice would soon be starved, broken up and tilted, or pierced quite through in places by intrusive rock, against whose sides it would afterwards lie in inclined fragments, when quietness had been restored, by the exhaustion or discontinuance of volcanic force. No image could more fitly describe the condition of the thick coal seam. In some places it reposes in masses against the flanks of limestone hills, whose peaks have been forced upward by igneous action from below, while in others it lies just about as much broken up as ice would be by a pressure sufficiently powerful to fracture though not to penetrate. All this disturbance is of course unfavourable to mining operations, which are best assisted by uniformity of level in the mineral to be obtained, but while regretting the excessive dislocation we must not forget that, without the intervention of some violent agency, we should still be ignorant of the existence, instead of actually enjoying the benefits, of this very "ten yard" seam. We cannot but remember that it was necessary to the formation of this, as well as all other coal, that the decomposing forests of the carboniferous period should be buried for untold ages beneath the pressure of succeeding and thickening strata before their perfect and complete conversion from decaying leaves and stems into black, hard, and structureless mineral matter. Thus, over the rotting Cycads, ferns, and mosses of the Dudley basin, the new red sandstone first flung its thick mantle; on this came other and newer rocks, burying the black diamonds deep enough beyond the reach of man's pigmy diggings; but after all these, and stronger than all these, came fire to complete the work begun in a far

remote geological æon, lifting within reach of the miners' craft the precious material which had been so long elaborating in the otherwise inaccessible abysses of the Silurian sea.

In the natural as in the moral world force is not always an evil or violence a curse; on the contrary, we might not unfairly say that man owes both his sources of wealth and enjoyment, his materials for manufacture and commerce, and even the possibility of his very existence, to the stormy preparation which the world received for his advent. It is not coal alone which we won by volcanic convulsion, but the whole wonderful series of strata composing the crust of this bountiful earth, with their treasures and their beauties, all of which would have lain for ever buried beneath the dull and inhospitable surface of a comparatively uniform formation, but for that terribly beneficent instrument of creation—fire.

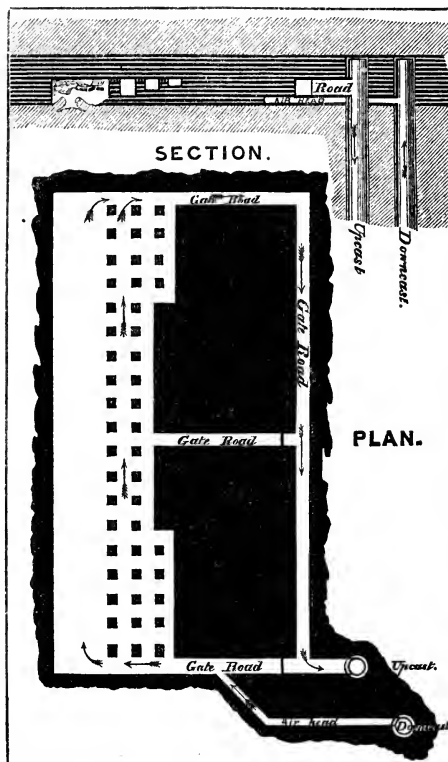
But it is time we left both geology and generalisation for a more explicit account of the mines themselves and the manner of their working. Of the latter two forms prevail, not only throughout Staffordshire, but in all our collieries, the different methods being known by the respective names of "rib and pillar" and "long wall" workings; the first of these is illustrated by fig. 1, and the second by fig. 2. Presuming that it has been decided to work any given area of ground enclosed within certain boundaries (defined in the lease of the proprietor) by means of the former system, the first step to be taken will consist in sinking two shafts some twenty or thirty feet apart, and seven or eight feet in diameter, down to the bottom of the underlying seam of coal. While these are in progress an engine-house and suitable winding apparatus are erected at a convenient distance by which the mineral will be hereafter lifted to the surface. As the sinking of these two shafts proceeds, they are ventilated by opening occasional communications between them, thus producing an upward and downward current of air on a principle which, since it lies at the root of the whole question of subterranean ventilation, and will be continually turning up to baffle our descriptions, if not thoroughly comprehended in the outset, we will now endeavour to make clear to the reader. We all know the impossibility of carrying on work under ground without first making arrangements both for the supply of oxygen to the workmen and the removal of carbonised air which his lungs give off in the act of expiration. On the surface this function is performed naturally by the ample atmosphere in which we move, but below ground it becomes necessary to create a steady and continuous artificial current from above, replacing the ordinary conditions under which respiration is performed. This may be accomplished by obeying the well-known law that air when heated expands and becomes lighter, volume for volume, than at lower temperatures. Thus the column of warm air contained within a chimney rises through the colder atmosphere by which it is surrounded on account of its decreased weight, precisely in the same manner as a stick plunged into water comes up to the surface by reason of the difference in the specific gravities of fluid and wood. So the air of the mine being warmer than that above has a ten-

dency to rise, and since accidental circumstances will commonly establish a slight difference in the temperatures of the two shafts, the act of opening a passage between them sets up a current sufficiently strong to furnish as much oxygen as is required at this early stage of the proceedings.

As the pits get deeper the first communication is stopped, and a second opened at a lower level; and this is repeated until the sinking has been carried to a sufficient depth. The "gate-road" shown upon our plan is now run out in the lowest measures of coal to the extremity of the boundary, a stream of air through it being maintained by means of a smaller passage called an "air-head," driven parallel with the road, but considerably higher up in the seam. Similar communications to those already described are successively opened between these two as the workmen advance, all of which are ultimately closed on the mine getting into action, when the current is made to traverse its workings. On the completion of the road, several passages, named "bolt-holes," are cut at right angles into it about 100 feet apart, and when they have been pushed forward some 30 feet, the actual "getting" is commenced by cutting off the walls, called "ribs," upon our illustration, which hereafter serve the double purpose of carrying the air-head and forming a support for the roof of the gate-road. Each of the open spaces between the columns or "pillars" is called a "stall:" these are now marked off in such a manner as to leave pillars about 30 feet square, with spaces of the same dimensions, when the process known as "undergoing" is commenced. The miners, four or five in number (whom we will suppose to be opening the stall enclosed in dotted lines at B), first cut a horizontal passage about 18 inches deep across its whole width in the lowest measures on a level with the gate-road, and push it forward from 15 to 18 feet under the overhanging mass of coal. Their position during the whole time appears to be one of the utmost discomfort; they lie in a row under the low roof which their efforts construct, each man just sufficiently far from his neighbour to permit of the use of a short pick, and cramped within this narrow space, surrounded by an atmosphere of about 80°, thickened with coal-dust and loaded with carbonic acid, ply their monotonous tools through the long dark day. When the "undergoing" has been completed a similarly sized passage is cut into one side of the vertical face of the coal, the exact height of the excavation being regulated by the natural thickness of the beds, two of which only are got out at this operation. The patch of mineral is now actually separated on two of its sides from the general mass, while its upper surface, being terminated by one of the "partings" to which we have previously referred, the whole hangs so slightly attached to the parent rock that its own weight, aided by judicious wedging from above, suffices to bring it bodily to the ground, whence it is conveyed, after being broken into conveniently-sized pieces, to the bottom of the shaft for removal to the surface.

Still confining our attention to the sample stall at B, which may be considered as a type of all the

others, the method of getting the measures lying next above those already thrown, is shown at c. In this case there is, of course, no "undergoing," but the beds standing three or four feet from the ground are cut vertically on three sides, and permitted to fall by their own gravity; this second cutting exposes the beds at E, which are next removed in a precisely similar manner, again uncovering the stratum above. Hitherto the roof has not attained a level high enough over the workmen's heads to be inaccessible to their picks, but the fifth or last member of what are called the "bottom coals," is seldom reached without raising the floor of the mine by scattering over it the rubbish which previous operations have produced; after winning these measures, however,



Long Wall Pit.

the remaining strata lie at such a height as to necessitate the employment of a new method for their removal. Besides the large permanent pillars supporting the roof, a number of smaller columns or "cogs" are shown upon the plan; both of which have been left, as the reader will understand, by cutting around them during all the processes yet described: these cogs are now undermined at the bottom and allowed to fall; when the roof, being thus deprived of a large proportion of its previous support, deflects or "swags," frequently coming down altogether at the same time as the cogs. As may easily be imagined, this part of the proceedings is not without its dangers; indeed, after the "bottom

coals" are taken out, the work becomes so hazardous that its conduct is entrusted only to the oldest and most experienced hands. Sometimes the uppermost beds do not fall naturally, but require a repetition of the cutting, which is then performed by means of long handled picks, or from temporary wooden staging erected for this purpose, the tendency of the coal to stir being inferred from the nature of the sound it gives out when struck. Under these circumstances, heavy drops of coal are to be anticipated, and frequently occur, causing a most deplorable loss of life and terrible injuries among the miners, huge masses of mineral sometimes descending without more warning than is conveyed by a slight crepitation, only intelligible to long practised ears. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the pillar and stall system is carried on with a yearly increasing immunity from its peculiar risks, and the workmen have been able, by means of their greater skill, steadiness, and prudence, to effect a considerable decrease in casualties, which, from the nature of the case, must always be more or less abundant.

But we must not forget the important subject of ventilation. During all this time air has been supplied to the men by a simple extension of the plan already described. As the work proceeds, "spouts," G G, are driven outward from the air-head into any portion of the mine where air is needed, and all original communications between the air-head and gate-road being now closed, the current traverses the latter, passing into the stalls through the bolt-hole, and returning by spouts on its way to the upcast shaft. On reflection it will be seen that this method does not produce such effective ventilation as could be desired. During the first stages of the work, and when only one or two rows of stalls are opened, it is sufficiently ample, but as the dimensions of the mine are increased, either the same amount of air must be spread over a much larger surface, or some portions of the pit remain altogether unvisited by it. Both of these contingencies are objectionable, and both tend to the production of those frightful explosions which are only too fatally frequent in stall and pillar mines. We shall see presently how far this special peril of mining is met by the other mode of working. While upon the subject, let us endeavour briefly and simply to explain the nature and cause of an explosion. The common carburetted hydrogen gas which we burn nightly produces a highly inflammable and explosive material when mixed with about half its volume of atmospheric air; but until the compound reaches or exceeds these proportions, no ignition can take place. Now, the "fire damp" of the coal is simply carburetted hydrogen, enormous quantities of which are stored in almost all carboniferous strata, and continually given off with greater or less abundance from the freshly cut faces of mineral exposed by the pick. It is the chief business of ventilation, besides removing vitiated air and supplying fresh, to carry away all the hydrogen which a pit produces, never allowing it to accumulate sufficiently to become dangerous, or under any circumstances to reach the fatal proportions we have indicated; this is why the

quantity of air supplied should always be largely in excess of what is absolutely required for purposes of respiration. Sudden irruptions of gas from unexpected quarters are by no means unfrequent, and the regular ventilation, therefore, must always equal the occasional demand to ensure even approximate security against disaster. An admirable means for improving the circulation of air through the passages of mines has come into more general use of late years. Under the old and still too common system, the different temperatures within and without the workings were solely relied on for maintaining an upward flow of air; but in hot or "muggy" weather so little variety of temperature occurs that for a time the current is frequently suspended. In order to prevent such an occurrence as this, and also to provide for a rapid draught at all times, fires should be kept continually burning in a furnace connected with the upcast shaft, by means of which a constant difference of many degrees is maintained between the ascending and descending currents, and a corresponding effectiveness in the ventilation assured. Notwithstanding the simplicity and economy of this plan, and the earnest manner in which its adoption has been advocated by the most practical and intelligent men among the Government surveyors, there are still many coalmasters who, through carelessness or prejudice, prefer to lean on what has been well called the "broken reed of natural ventilation," with all its uncertainties, difficulties, and dangers. The day is coming, however, when the heated upcast as well as the "long wall" system of mining, which we must now proceed to consider, with the additional security they offer to the workmen, will make their way into commoner use both in this Staffordshire district and in others less prolific and important.

Long wall workings differ in several respects from rib and pillar pits; but the preliminary stages are very nearly alike in both cases. Two shafts, one upcast and one downcast, are sunk as before, and a gate-road run out from the latter to the extremity of the boundary; three or more similar roads are then driven at equal distances from each other, and at right angles to the first out to the extent of the "take," in an opposite direction, and getting is commenced by cutting lateral openings, parallel to the main road, sufficiently far into the coal to expose a large surface or "side of work" upon which to operate. Turning their faces homeward, the men then begin throwing down coal from the confronting mass, thus working back towards the shafts, and sweeping all the mineral before them on their way. A reference to the section (fig. 2) will show that the roads in long wall workings, unlike those of the rib and pillar pits, are driven in the measures which occupy the central portion of the seam; by this means the mine is divided into two portions, and all difficulty or danger arising from the great height of the top coals under the other system is avoided. When the upper story of the pit has been cleared of its contents, the basement is treated on a similar principle, the mineral being thus won by two distinct processes, each practically independent of the other, and on this account

securing the greatest attainable amount of security.

The actual getting is conducted very much in the same way as by ribs and pillars; but no permanent columns are left in the mine. "Undergoing" at the level of the upper road is begun, and the first two measures above thrown down; cogs being left to support the roof. All but the uppermost strata are then successively cut and allowed to fall, and these last are won by undermining the cogs, when not only the coal but the whole roof falls bodily in. Of course these temporary supports are not removed till the men have got well ahead of the first row, and the drop, therefore, when it takes place, occurs behind them. The plan (fig. 2) shows the pit with one line of cogs taken out, and the section exhibits the effect of their removal upon the roof, together with the successive cuttings in the several layers of coal. No sooner has the ceiling fallen than the fragments of rock or "goaf" are collected and built into a strong wall, the whole length and depth of the mine, just behind the workmen, an operation which is repeated with every new removal of cogs. In this way the dimensions of the workings are continually narrowed, while the whole of the roof, both immediately over and behind the men, is most securely and amply supported: there is no coal lying at any time higher than to be within comparatively easy reach of the pick, and every atom of it can be secured and brought to the surface. The ventilation, also, is much improved. Air, after passing the downcast shaft, is led along the air-head, in the direction shown by the arrows, to the further extremity of the pit, whence it returns through the "gate-road" to the upcast. From being confined during its journey within the narrow space between the face of work and rubble wall, the current loses nothing of its speed or volume, and thus the same means serve not only for the protection of life and limb against falls, but also from the less frequent though more wholesale catastrophe of explosion. Indeed, with a good furnace in the upcast shaft, the safety of the long wall system can hardly be exceeded: mining, of course, can never fully share the same immunity from risk enjoyed by other crafts, but by this system it is stripped of much special peril, and rendered not only a safe but even a healthy occupation. The opinions of Mr. Brough, one of the most intelligent of our Government inspectors, and an earnest advocate of long wall work, are worth quoting on this important subject. Speaking of such pits he says:—"Air may be made to sweep through the sides of work as strong as you like, or gauged down almost to nothing; it is a healthy process for men and horses, and the miners may live as long as ploughmen. In this mode of getting coal, the workmen have such unlimited confidence in their personal safety, that their day's work is always accompanied by cheerfulness. All men like to know their lives are not in danger, and here are no crushing falls, no heavy explosions of gas." When to all these advantages there is added the important commercial fact that rib and pillar mines produce from 7,000 to 10,000 tons of coal per acre less than long work, it may seem

surprising that any persuasions are necessary to ensure its extended adoption; such, however, is the case, and there are still many localities where the older method is pursued, even though the peculiarities of the seam are far from unfavourable to the newer, more effective, and less perilous plan. It sometimes happens that the lie of the coal forbids the use of anything but rib and pillar mining; where this occurs, there is no option as to the course to be pursued; but in those much commoner cases where the strata are disposed equally well for either system, the single fact that during one year the number of deaths which took place in the respective pits was as ten to one should be sufficient to decide the question.

Hitherto we have touched but lightly on the terrible features of coal mining, but any statement concerning it which left the darker side of the miner's life unrecorded would be far from complete, or even desirable. Greatly as science has improved the craft, and lessened its once fearful dangers, the occasional recurrence of such catastrophes as those of Lundhill, Risca, Mostyn, and the recent tragedy on such an appalling scale at the Hartley Colliery, never allow us to forget the hazardous nature of the occupation which provides our cheerful winter fire, and feeds the greedy furnaces out of which so many colossal fortunes are run.

There is now published, by the Government School of Mines, in Jermyn Street, an annual return of "Mineral Statistics," embracing an immense amount of information on every branch of this wide subject, and among other things treating of the mortality produced by coal-mining operations. This portion of the report is now before us, and from it we gather a few interesting though melancholy facts. Changing the blank tabular form in which these appear into something more intelligible to ordinary readers, we find that during the years included between 1854 and 1858 the total number of deaths occasioned by accident throughout the English collieries was 5065 from all causes, being at the rate of one man for every 64,000 tons of coal raised. Of this total, Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales furnished 1112; Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Shropshire, 1088; Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and South Wales, 1007; the extreme northern and Scottish coal-fields averaging little more than half these numbers each. Analysing these figures more closely, we discover that the three districts raise respectively 47,500, 37,600, and 47,000 tons of coal per death, while Northumberland, Durham, and Cumberland lose but one man for every 114,600 tons of mineral. Hence it appears that the Staffordshire pits are one-third more fatal to life than those next deadly upon the list, and three times more so than the mines round Newcastle.

Great as this discrepancy is, it becomes still more startling when, omitting the casualties due to explosion, we confine our attention to those which owe their origin to falls of coal. Judged by this standard the district of which we treat is twice as dangerous as the worst, and five times as dangerous as the best among other localities, raising only 71,000 tons per death from this cause, against

117,300 tons in Somersetshire, and 313,600 in Newcastle. Persons accustomed to believe that the greatest of the miner's perils consist in explosions, will probably be surprised to hear that in every coal-producing locality but one, this kind of catastrophe is little more than half as terrible as the other. Notwithstanding the wholesale nature of the slaughter which frequently attends an explosion, and the large number of blackened corpses even a small disaster from fire will leave within the recesses of a mine, the effects of these violent occurrences are far less deadly in the long run than those of the apparently unimportant, because more subtle, agency of falls. For every death by the former means we raise 257,000 tons, while 170,000 tons only are got out with the same amount of mortality from falls. No matter how large a number of victims one or two explosions, such as Lundhill or Risca, may occasionally immolate, this less generally known, but constantly active destroyer soon restores the balance of mortality, only temporarily disturbed by the more appalling, though, in reality, less fearful calamity. Nothing that we could say forms half so cogent an argument as these few facts on behalf of the long-wall system of mining. From the great thickness of its coal-seam Staffordshire is, of all other districts, both the best fitted for its employment, and the most certain to suffer from its neglect; and it is only when this method has succeeded in taking the place now occupied by its older, more popular, but less secure rival, that we shall be seldomer shocked by newspaper reports of the terrible sights and sounds accompanying such accidents as those to which we have referred, or furnished with reports so prolific in their suggestions of death, and the social miseries death ever brings to people in the miner's station, as that from which we have endeavoured to deduce the chief moral of our story.

It has been calculated by Mr. Matthews that the total area of thick coal remaining unworked within the limits of the Staffordshire basin does not exceed 3945 acres, of which 1160 acres lie within the eastern, and 2785 acres within the western district of the field. Now an acre of surface yields on an average 20,000 tons of coal, and the rate of working in the first of these localities being about 11,000 tons per week, its probable duration will be 42 years. The western district is worked more rapidly, about 1,500,000 tons per annum being removed, which would limit the term of its existence to some 37 years. Allowing a certain margin for natural increase of activity in the future, it appears likely that half a century will hardly elapse before this seam of coal, the thickest and most valuable of our native mineral resources, will have become a thing of the past; and that the great cryptogamic forests once covering with such wonderful luxuriance the centre of our island, will have finished the work for which they were designed.

The recent Hartley accident is of so exceptional a character that it does not modify any of our statements or our comparisons between the respective mortality in mines in Staffordshire and the North. It forms another rebuke to the penny wisdom of over-economical proprietors, and will,

we hope, be made an occasion for the abolition of all single-shaft pits. The "brattice" may make a cheap upcast; but it has proved so costly in human life in this instance, that the question of its future adoption ought now to be placed beyond the reach of argument. D. P.

"THE BATTLE OF THE THIRTY."

TRANSLATED BY TOM TAYLOR.

THE following rough, but spirited Breton ballad—still sung at Breton festivals under its national name, "Stourm ann Tregont"—is the popular account of one of the most gallant episodes of the intestine war between the rival houses of De Montfort and Blois, which ravaged Brittany from 1341 to 1364. There can be little doubt that it is contemporaneous with the incident it describes. Froissart has told the same story in one of the supplemental chapters of his Chronicle discovered by M. Buchon among the MSS. of the Prince de Soubise, and published by him in 1824. A *lai* by a northern *trouvère* on the same subject was discovered by M. de Fréminville, in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and printed by him in 1819, and again more correctly in 1827, by M. Crapelet.

This *lai* has been vigorously translated by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth,* with an introduction in which all the particulars of the combat, and its literary records, will be found.

In explanation of the grounds of this Battle of the Thirty, it should be stated that the cause of De Montfort was supported by the English under a leader called by the Chroniclers "Bembourc," "Bembrough," and "Brandebourg." The Breton equivalent *Pembrock*, "Badger-head," points rather to "Pembroke" as the true version of the name. De Blois was the chief of the national Breton party. The thirty Breton champions in this combat were headed by Robert de Beaumanoir, the brother in arms of the Great Du Guesclin. His family adopted their motto, "*Beaumanoir, bois ton sang*," from the incident recorded in the ballad. De Beaumanoir had first challenged Pembroke to a single combat, or to a joust of two or three of his *meu-at-arms*, against the like number of Bretons. Pembroke declined a single joust, as "a trial of fortune without result," but offered, with twenty or thirty of his fellowship, to meet the like number of De Beaumanoir's followers. Froissart describes the combat as one *à l'outrance* on foot, though the ballad-maker makes De Beaumanoir tell his men to "go at the horses with their bills." Horses, however, were used, in fact, at least by the Breton De Montauban, who is said to have decided the action in favour of his party by riding down the English in the *mêlée*, at a critical moment.

The scene of the combat was on a heath, near an oak tree, at a spot called *Mi voie*, as being "half-way" between the Castle of Ploermel, held by Pembroke and the English for De Blois, and that of Josselin, garrisoned by De Beaumanoir and his Bretons for De Montfort. The oak tree was felled in the wars of the League, and its place was long marked by a cross. This was thrown down at the Revolution, but the site has since been marked

* The Combat of the Thirty. Chapman and Hall London. 1859.

by an obelisk, with an inscription recording the combat.

The action was fought on the vigil of Mid-Lent, Sunday, corresponding to March 27th, 1351 (new style).

The ballad, of which I offer a literal, and all but line for line, translation, in the metre of the original, was taken down, from the recitation of a peasant, by M. de Villemarqué, and is to be found in his very remarkable work the "Barzaz-Breiz," or "Popular Songs of Er Brittany" * (which is for Armorica what the Border Minstrelsy is for the English and Scottish Marches):

"THE BATTLE OF THE THIRTY."

A BRETON BALLAD.

I.—THE MARCH * WINDS AND THE SAXON FOEMEN.

MARCH, with his winds, so fierce and frore,
Hammers and batters at the door.
Forests are brattling, earthwards blown,
Hail-storms are rattling the roofs upon.

But not from hammers of March alone
Angry assault our roofs have known;
'Tis not alone the hail puts to proof
Toughness of rafter and stoutness of roof;—



'Tis not alone the hail and the rain,
Beating the roof-tree, drowning the plain :—
Hail and rain, and winds that blow,
What are these to the Saxon foe ?

II.—THE PRAYER OF THE THIRTY TO ST. KADO.†

" Blessed St. Kado, that guard'st our land,
Strengthen us now in heart and hand ;
Grant that to-day, by aid from thee,
Brittany's foes may conquered be.

" If from the fight we e'er come back,
Golden baldric thou shalt not lack —
With sword and hauberk of gold thereto,
And mantle, to boot, of the welkin's blue.

* Franck, Paris, 1846.

† St. Kado is our St. Chad.

" All shall say, when thine image they see,
Bless we Saint Kado on bended knee.
Up in high heaven, or here, upon earth,
Where is the Saint that can mate him for worth ?"

III.—THE BATTLE OF THE THIRTY.

" Now count them, young squire, now count them for me,
And say what the tale of these knights may be."

" By one, two, and three I have counted them o'er—
There are knights fifteen, and as many more."

" If they are thirty, why so are we—
Upon them, gallants, right merrilié !

* The combat took place in March. One can imagine the contemporary bard seizing the idea of the inclement winds and rains of this stormy month as the best parallel to the violence and devastation of the English garrisons.

Let your bills on their horses be lustily laid ;
No more shall they eat our buckwheat in blade."

Oh, heavy and hard were the blows that brast—
Not hammer on anvil falls more fast :
And fiercely and full ran the red, red blood,
As fierce and as full as a stream in flood.

And ragged and rent was their harness fair,
As the tattered rags of a beggar's wear ;
And loud was the roar of the hot m \acute{e} lée,
As the voice the great sea lifts away.

IV.—THE PROWESS OF TINTÉNIC.

Cried the Badger-head* to Tinténic,
While he bore down fast as the driving rack,
"Try a thrust of my lance, Tinténic—and see
If a truncheon of hollow reed it be."

"One thing, fair sir, shall be hollow anon,
And that is the head thy shoulders upon.
Where the corbies and crows will gather, fain
To pike and to pull at marrow and brain."

The words, I wis, were scarce spoke out,
Tinténic hath swung his mace about,
And skull and helm and hood of mail
Hath smashed in one, as you'd smash a snail.

Keranrais laughed the blow to behold—
A laugh to make men's blood run cold—
"Were these stout Saxons all as thou,
Full soon they'd conquer our land, I trow !"

"How many, sir squire, are left on the green ?"
"The blood and the dust thy blind my een."
"How many, sir squire, are left on the plain ?"
"There are seven will never lift lance again."

V.—THE THIRST OF BEAUMANOIR.

Till the stroke of noon from the dawn of day
They fought, nor giving nor gaining way ;
From the stroke of noon till the fall of night
Against the Saxons they held the fight.

"I'm athirst, sore athirst !" Lord Robert † he cried ;
But Ar-Choad ‡ flung back this word of pride
As you give back a sword-thrust sharp and sore—
"If thou'rt athirst, friend, drink thy gore."

When that sharp speech Lord Robert he heard,
He turned for shame, and he spake no word,
But he stormed like a fire on the Saxon foe,
And five stout knights on the sword laid low.

"Now count, sir squire, and tell to me,
How many Saxons yet left may be ?"
"My lord, I have told, and told them again,
By one, two, and three—but six remain."

"If six are left, they shall live their day,
But ransom, I trow, each man must pay—
A hundred pieces so bright and broad,
Wherewith to lighten the land's sore load."

VI.—THE RETURN TO CASTLE-JOSSELIN.

No true son of Breтайnc were he
That in Josselin street had not crowded for glee,
As those good knights marched back from stour,
In every basnet a bright broom-flower—

* "Pembroke," from the Breton *Penn*, head ; *brock*, badger.

† De Beaumanoir.

‡ Ar-Choad means "of the wood" in the Breton. He is the Du Bois mentioned in the *lai*.

Of the Breton no friend, I wis, were he,
Nor yet of the Saints of Britanniè,
Who had robbed Saint Kado of tribute due,
As patron of Breton knights so true—

Who had not rejoiced and his bonnet flung,
Who had not giv'n thanks, and this orison sung—
"Up in high heaven, or here, upon earth,
Lives not the Saint mates Saint Kado for worth !"

WALLED UP AMONG THE ALLE-
GHANY MOUNTAINS.

"AMERICA is rather a wide address," said I, as I entered the names and particulars on a blank leaf of my pocket-book, "but I will do my best to unearth the rightful claimants, should they lie in my way."

"I am sure of that, my dear sir, quite sure of that," said the old lawyer, smiling and taking snuff ; "and remember, my dear Mr. Wintle, that the reward is five hundred pounds."

There the matter closed. I was not going out to America expressly with a view to discover the persons in question, neither was I in the regular employment of Holt and Griggles, those very eminent solicitors, whose junior partner had held with me the conversation of which I have quoted a scrap. My professional services, as a civil engineer, had been retained by certain capitalists who had lately purchased some once celebrated lead mines in Virginia, and who proposed to form a company for the purpose of working them. Their immediate object was to ascertain whether the "heart of the mines"—to use a technical phrase—had been exhausted, or whether the abandoned lodes could be explored with a fair chance of profit ; and as I had some experience in matters subterranean, I had been chosen as referee. Holt and Griggles were the legal advisers of the nascent company ; my instructions were delivered through them ; and they had taken advantage of my approaching departure for the New World to entrust to me a commission of their own. This was no other than the discovery, if possible, of the heirs to a large landed property and to considerable accumulations in the funds. The name of these heirs was Malton, John Lechmere Malton and Frances, his wife, or the children or grandchildren of the above. The story was a long one, but not uncommon. There had been a General Malton, a hot-tempered old gentleman of large means, and one of his sons had married the daughter of a Cornish curate, at whose house he was reading for orders, whence followed wrath, vindictive persecution, and the departure of the young couple, as steerage passengers, to New York. Nothing had been heard of the emigrants, nor would any one have cared to inquire into their fate, but that they became, in their absence, if not rich, at least entitled to riches. The General and his two elder sons died : the property was strictly entailed, and acres and consols, Malton Tower and Lechmere Hall were the undisputed right of the discarded and pauperised son. But in vain had Holt and Griggles advertised in the most widely-circulated newspapers—in vain had they corresponded with American lawyers and agents, and sent their sharpest clerks across the Atlantic to hunt up

these obscure but wealthy clients. There came no response. No clue was found. Malton Tower and Lechmere Hall, acres and consols, remained masterless, and some distant cousins were already beginning the hopeless game of litigation for a share of the spoil. So Holt and Griggles, while resolute to leave no stone unturned, were anything but sanguine as to the results of any perquisitions on my part, but they held before my eyes the glittering bait of the five hundred pounds, confident that I should spare no exertion. It was not, however, till I had been six months in America that I gave the Malton property and the Lincoln's Inn lawyers a second thought. Then, indeed, being at the provincial capital of Richmond, and having made acquaintance with the shrewdest of all United States district attorneys, I broached the subject of the lost heirs, and asked his advice. I "took nothing by my motion." Indeed, I believe that Lawyer Catkins regarded the whole story as a myth. But he assured me that in all probability such a quest would prove hopeless. Emigrants, he told me, are commonly divided into the two great classes of the successful and the non-successful. The former got land and property, became farmers or merchants, and in due time brought up a family to aspire to the Senate or the Bench, and to take rank among the Upper Ten Thousand. The latter furnished so much muscle material to the machinery of the national progress, died of disappointment, new rum, or swamp fever, and were obliterated from the face of earth.

"And I would lay a bet," said Lawyer Catkins, "that these Maltons—if indeed they ever—ahem!—existed, were in the latter category. A white-handed, useless young aristocrat, by your account, married to a preacher's daughter, without capital, or useful knowledge, or any handicraft to live by. That sort of thing butters no waffle cakes in these parts, Mr. Wintle, and America is not an El Dorado to gentry with purses as empty as their skulls. Fifty to one that the Maltons died in the course of the second fall, Mr. Wintle."

I really thought Lawyer Catkins was most probably in the right. My own work was at an end, however, for the time. I had examined the mines throughout. I had analysed ore, tested samples, packed and sent to London specimens of minerals, sounded the lodes, plumbed the subterranean waters, the Styx and Erebus, that must be pumped out, if the great Halifax mine were ever to be wrought again. My report was sent in, and now the London capitalists, who stood sponsors to the company, must settle the rest with their own consciences and cash-boxes. So I bethought myself how to fill up my superfluous time so as to combine, if possible, pleasure with profit. It was autumn. It would very likely be Christmas before my employers decided on their future course. I could breathe healthier air than that of the Virginian lowlands, and yet have a chance of picking up a few hundred dollars to pay travelling expenses. Yes, I would spend a couple of months in exploring the mountains, and it would go hard but I should discover some profitable marble quarry, some veins of lead or copper, some valuable deposit of ironstone, in a district

the mineral resources of which are comparatively unexhausted. To the great Alleghany chain I went, accordingly, traversed passes, threaded ravines, scaled peaks, and accommodated myself to rough fare, rude lodging, and rugged companions. My health benefited by the pure air and exercise, and the scenery—in parts at least—gave me sincere pleasure, and reminded me of far distant spots in the Tyrol. As for any discoveries in my own line which I may have made, with these the public has nothing to do. An engineer and mining surveyor, indeed, can hardly help inspecting the loveliest prospect with some reference to viaduct, shaft, or tunnel, and I own that I had at once an eye for the main chance and the beauties of nature. One day in the late autumn I came jolting in a mountain cart down the corduroy road that leads to the village of Blueville. My driver was a half-taught lad with a stolid pink face, more like an English ploughboy than one of the young Americans we usually see, and not much more given to speculation than the shaggy horse he drove, but even he was amazed at the unwonted stir going on in Blueville. Blueville is a poor place, with its whitewashed churches and chapels, its "framework" stores, its street of houses coarsely built of rough stone and with shingled roofs, and the log shanties of its suburbs peeping out from among the dwarf oaks. But on this day, at least, it was all alive; men and women were bustling about like ants from a disturbed colony; horses were heard trampling, carts creaking, and whips cracking; there was wonderful excitement in Blueville. My driver chuckled and jerked the reins, exclaiming: "Curm up, old hoss! Curm up, ye brute! J'rusalem! stranger! there's as much goin' on in the town as if 'twas Fourth of July. Curm up, hoss!" I asked the boy if he had any idea of the cause of all this bustle. He had none, however. His wildest flight of imagination did not soar above the alternative of "a b'ar killed," or "a down-easter caught passing off bogus money;" but he hustled on the surefooted horse as fast as prudence permitted. The road twisted like a corkscrew, and one of its spirals, situated just above the roof of Deacon Quail's store, brought us in view of a most singular mass of rocks, stones, and rubbish, which rose like a perpendicular wall, and completely blocked up the ravine that led out of the valley at its lower extremity. I, though a stranger, was the first to note this, and I called the young carter's attention to it.

"Waal, now, stranger, if that don't whip all!" cried the lad; "there's been a slide that's pretty considerable, and that's a fact, or my name ain't Ebenezer. My! but the Blueville folks are in a nonplus; there's Elder Gorham on the old white hoss, a tearin' along jockey-fashion, and all the gals, and big Nathan Grimes, and Deacon Quail in his shirt-sleeves, and lots more. Curm up!"

And he whipped and jerked the old nag into a quick trot which brought us speedily into the market-square. Here I alighted on the threshold of Colonel Bang's timber hotel, and was graciously informed that I could be accommodated with a bed and supper.

"But what has occurred?" asked I of black Phillis, the chambermaid, who was the only person, with the exception of the jetty cook and sable ostler, left in the inn. "What has occurred to cause so much confusion? Has the 'slide,' as you call it, done mischief to houses or travellers, or—"

"Oh! de slide," interrupted the black hand-maiden, rolling her opal eyes like the revolving orbs in an orrery, "him berry bad business, sir, terrible bad. Oh! poor Sweetwater! booh!"

And the soft-hearted negress put her check apron to her eyes, and began to blubber and sob with true African energy.

I respected the girl's grief, and did not tease her with more questions, though I should have been glad to know whether "Sweetwater" were a man, a woman, an animal, or a place. But on second thoughts, I considered that the best way to solve my doubts would be to sally forth, and mingle with the crowd, whose loud voices were borne in at the open window; and I went out at once. On approaching the lower end of the valley, just beyond the market-place, my eye was instinctively attracted by the stupendous pile of ruin and rubbish which stretched like a wall across the narrow space, and totally cut off the communication. The ravine which was now blocked up in this manner, was a singularly deep and contracted fissure between two precipitous ramparts of rock; at the best of times it could hardly have admitted two waggons abreast, and now it was utterly impassable. The nature of the phenomenon which had occurred was not strange to me. I had been long enough among the Alleghanies to learn many particulars respecting those avalanches of stones and earth which the mountaineers call "Slides," and which answer to the "*moraines*" of the Swiss Alps. The sudden descent of these masses of tottering rocks, loose pebbles, pine-trees, and alluvial earth, from the peaks and cliff-tops of the mountains, is greatly dreaded, and tradition records the spot where many a log-hut and many a lonely cottage have been overwhelmed by such a landslip as this. In this case, the autumnal rains had probably been the proximate cause: I knew that such disasters commonly happened in autumn, or at the first melting of the wintry snows, and I had but to look up to see that the blue peaks were in dangerous proximity to the village of Blueville. It was not, therefore, the calamity which surprised me, but the remarkable excitement of the population. This, however, might perhaps be accounted for, by the fact that the landslip had totally barred the road at the lower end of the valley. I drew nearer, and perceived that, close to the heaps of *débris* and loose earth which bordered the mighty mound, the people were striving to erect some structure of timber. They had stuck two young pine-trees, hastily deprived of their boughs and leaves, in the ground, and were trying to secure a heavy cross-piece of unhewn wood between the two, and to plant in it another young tree, much as a top-mast is stepped on board ship.

"Something in *my* line!" exclaimed I, quickening my steps. I plainly perceived that the good folks were desirous of rearing a scaffolding high

enough to reach to the top of the rocky rampart which closed the ravine. I perceived, too, that they were wretchedly unskilful engineers, though vigorous workers, and that the whole crazy structure was trembling in a way which threatened some serious accident. I elbowed my way through the gabbling noisy crowd.

"Take care!" I cried: "and for Heaven's sake let those men come down from the scaffold. I am a surveyor, and I give you my word that the woodwork can't bear much more, and when it breaks, smashed bones will be the least of the mischief."

My earnest address, coupled with the announcement of my profession, produced its effect. The men who were aloft, hauling at ropes, or using carpenter's tools, looked anxiously down, and the women below began to implore in shrill tones that Luke, and Roger, and 'Minadab would come down at once. And, yielding to the entreaties of wives, mothers, and sweethearts, the men came slowly and reluctantly down the rude ladder, which was itself but a young tree on which the ends of the branches had been left as a clumsy substitute for steps.

All but one man. This was a tall, strapping youngster with long black hair, wearing a blanket coat with large silver buttons, and a pair of smart Indian mocassins gaudily fringed with wampum and stained quills. His general attire evinced a certain taste for display, as well as the habits of a hunter, and he was quite a forest dandy, when compared with the homely farmers and wood-cutters who made up the bulk of the crowd. He was working very hard, not steadily, but with a kind of fierce impatience; he had managed to fasten the slings, in which the ascending piece of timber dangled, to a post, and was straining at the handle of the windlass, which had been lashed to the crossbar, in a vain effort to haul up one end of the spar. He had tried, by taunts and remonstrances, to prevent the other workers from seeking safety in retreat, and now he remained alone, toiling desperately and uselessly, while the crazy platform rocked beneath his feet.

"Mark Brett, come down!"

It was a respectable old man, one of the patri-archs of the place, who spoke thus, in a tone half of persuasion, half of authority. The person addressed shook his head, impatiently tossed back his coal-black hair from his flushed face, and worked on like a giant.

"Mark! Mr. Brett! dear Mark! come down, for Heaven's sake! you'll be killed else;" cried fifty earnest voices of men and women.

"No;" panted out the lad—he could not have been more than one-and-twenty; "if there's no one else to risk a life to save Christian souls in their distress, I'll shame you all by doing it alone, a man of Virginia!"

A groan ran through the crowd.

"The scaffold's nigh down," cried one.

"He's stark mad;" exclaimed a girl. "What a pity! Oh, what a pity!"

"Mark Brett, come down, just this once," shouted several men.

I felt attracted towards the young man, not only on account of the devoted courage, amount-

ing to rashness, which he displayed, but because my curiosity had been excited by the purity of his accent and idiom, betokening an amount of education unusual in the mountains. The scaffold cracked and reeled, the props were visibly parting, the crossbar toppling over.

"Look to yourselves, all!" I cried with an energy that astonished myself. The crowd ran right and left, the women screamed wildly, and in the midst of their shrieks and clamour, crash! down came the whole mass of timber, in a cloud of dust and a shower of splinters. There was a rush towards the place where the luckless Mark lay, hurt, bloody, stunned, but alive. There was no doctor present, but many quarrymen and wood-cutters who understood fractures and contusions, and soon a rough voice announced:

"No bones brukken; nouthin' but the bruises and the stun. He'll come to, only give him a glass of whiskey, and let him lie on a bed for a spell."

There was quite a joyful buzzing and stir among the people, as Mark Brett was heedfully carried into the nearest house, that of Elder Gorham. I now asked for, and received, from the mouth of no less a person than Deacon Quail himself, a full account of the disaster that had befallen the district.

"You see, stranger," said the Deacon, "slides air the terror of our locality, but the oldest of us never recollected such a big one as this. It's a mercy it didn't come on the very roofs of Blueville town, and so scrunch us like grasshoppers. But it has done nigh as bad a turn to our poor neighbours of the village of Sweetwater."

"Sweetwater! so Sweetwater is a village? It is not on my map," said I.

"P'raps not, stranger," pursued the Deacon, "but it is a small place, hardly ever heered of. It lies through that gap wheer now you see that great heap of stones and airth, in a little valley more like a basin in the mountains than aught else, and there isn't another road, nouth'er for beast nor man, by which Sweetwater can be got at, except this that's sealed tight by the slide."

Gradually I was made to understand that the hamlet that had been walled in by this disastrous landslip was a small and poor one, that it was inaccessible at all times, except from Blueville, and that the scanty population might even now be suffering the direst extremities of famine.

"They hadn't, to my sartainty, corn enough to feed 'em all for a week, nor yet half a week," said Deacon Quail, "and, as bad luck would have it, they sold nigh all their hogs and poultry to Lynchburg market last Wednesday was a week. A kipple of milch cows, the roosters, and a pig or two, and jest some apples, and honey from their hives, makes up their provisions, all told. Sweetwater has but two farms, and mostly depended on its bees, it did—bees and flax-thread."

Three days had now elapsed since the disaster took place, and the Deacon told me that it was melancholy to hear the bell of the little church sounding at intervals, as if to summon succour from the outer world.

"We've done what we can," said the Deacon, "but we can't get at them. There's never a man

breathing could scramble up that wall of loose stones and soft airth, and not get crushed and hurt, if not buried alive, for his pains, nor can we dig through it, for the same reason, even if we mustered five hundred spades for the work, instead of seventy. And as for scaling it, poor Mark had two terrible escapes in tryin' that, and no one else cares to follow."

"This Mark Brett," said I, "seems excessively anxious to carry help to the sufferers. I suppose the poor fellow's home and his relatives are behind that fatal barrier, to judge by the risks he has run."

The Deacon turned his quid in a meditative manner.

"I'm a getting old, stranger," said he, "and I've most forgot what a young chap in love feels, but I recklects a time when I'd have tried to do as Mark does, if the girl my heart was set upon had been cooped up theer to starve, as has happened to Mark's poor Grace. Although," concluded the Deacon, apologetically, "I'm fur from saying I was ever the aiqual of Mark, who's a brave hunter, and a bold climber, and the match for any lad in Virginy, I will say that, for all he hails from Carolina State."

"He has had a good education, if I am not in error," said I, "which is unusual, in the case of a hunter; is it not, Mr. Quail?"

"Why, sir, Mark isn't a hunter to trade, only for the love of 't," said the Deacon, "and he's a gentleman, and the only son of Commodore Brett, who had a fine estate in Carolina. And Mark was brought up to school and college with the best, but some speckylation failed, and the old Commodore's fortune broke, and his heart broke, too; and Mark was left poor. Not jest without money, though. He turned farmer, and what not, and he came rambling here, after a spell in the far West, and he began to keep company with pretty Miss Grace Malton, and—"

"I beg your pardon!" cried I, with an energy that made the Deacon jump; "did you say Malton was the young lady's name?"

"I did;" said the Deacon; "seems to skear you a bit, sir."

"I—I knew some people of that name," said I, "pray, has Miss Malton a father and mother living?"

"Only a mother."

"And her father? Was his name John Lechmere Malton?"

"Waal," murmured the Deacon; "he's been dead nigh upon fifteen year, Grace, the only child, being now nineteen, or thereabouts. He was schoolmaster to Sweetwater theer, and also copied writings for old Bullbrook, the lawyer to Wheeling. John Lechmere? Waal; I hardly recollection his given names. But I think he signed 'J. L. Malton.' We always called him 'Mister.' He was very geentel for a Britisher."

I felt like a man under the shock of a shower-bath. And yet the surprise was a pleasant one. I, then, I, William Wintle, civil engineer, had found the heirs—the lost heirs of the Malton property. True, chance, if chance be the fitting word in such a case, had effected what exertion had failed to do; but still the fact remained that

I had found the unconscious clients of Holt and Griggles. Found them, but how? Behind a barrier of rocks and earth, cut off from the great communion of mankind, starving, and shut up in a mountain glen, like some poor nun in her niche at Lindistarne, or elsewhere. Dear me! the owners of Malton Towers and Lechmere Hall, of fine estates, coal-mines, consols, Bank-stock, and what not, to be actually in danger of perishing by hunger in a dreary walled-up village of the Alleghanies.

"Is she—Grace—Miss Malton, in very poor circumstances?"

The Deacon made prompt reply.

"Poor? waal, yes, stranger, she be. Mrs. Malton's got nine-and-twenty hives, and a goat or two, and the two women live by that and spinning thread. She's a right down good manager, the mother, or they'd have been paupers, I guess. Grace is a pretty girl, a born lady, and well taught, she is *that*. She's too delicate a flower for our rough-and-ready county, she is. She ought to be in New York, or Philadelphia, among silk and velvet, she ought. But she's a good girl, obedient daughter, and works hard, she does. Never looked at any of our young chaps, till Mark Brett came and bought old Kimball's farm. Then those two came together, like a pair of young birds, I expect. Mark would have married her, and taken the mother home to live along; but Mrs. Malton was afeard of his roving ways, thought her darter and he were too young, waded 'em to wait. But he's a good lad, Mark, and—Ah! theer's the bell again."

So there was! The silver notes came pealing plaintively on the wind. Toll after toll, peal after peal, from the little belfry of the timber-built chapel. I have never heard a sound so sad and touching as the note of that little lonely bell, the voice of a small community cut off from the world, in dire distress, crying aloud for help to the great Christian brotherhood without. I determined, with all my heart, and soul, and strength, to aid them to the utmost of my power, to devote to their succour all the professional skill I possessed, and to help them with brain and sinews. And I beg the reader will not do me the injustice to believe that I came to this determination on account of the reward offered by Holt and Griggles. True—the reward would be very welcome. I was not rich enough to despise five hundred pounds. But I would have toiled as cheerfully and done as much, even if the heirs of the Malton property had not been behind that grim rocky rampart. I induced the deacon to call a meeting of the principal citizens of Blueville: "Gentlemen," said I, when the score or so of sturdy householders had assembled, "you know my profession, and these testimonials will prove to you that I have been trusted with the management of considerable works, and am not without experience. But an engineer is helpless without machinery and materials, and I very much doubt if you can supply these. To make a safe communication to Sweetwater would be difficult, even had I skilled workpeople and ample stores. Had that hasty platform which fell this day stood firm, it would

have been nearly useless. I can get a rope over the barrier without that—"

"How?" "How?" "Ah! let him tell us that!" cried several voices, in rather an incredulous tone.

"In several ways," answered I, with a smile. "I will show you one of the easiest, since I perceive the wind has changed, the vane on the hotel having veered within ten minutes. Mr. Stokes (this was the minister) will you kindly bring me one of those kites I see the boys are flying, also a ball of twine and a cord, thank you; and will any one write a note to somebody in Sweetwater? We'll tie it to a loose packthread and send it over at the tail of the kite." And in the course of a quarter of an hour I easily sent across the mound of stones the kite, with a string attached, bearing the letter. The kite was dragged down by invisible hands on the other side of the barrier, and when the wind changed at sunset, with the variableness habitual to mountain gorges, a note was sent over to us, bearing the simple words: "Food for three days. Help us, and the blessing of those who are ready to perish be with you." The note was written in a delicate feminine handwriting—perhaps that of Grace Malton. The honest Virginians now applauded my skill and invention to the skies, and would have obeyed my orders as if they had been those of Archimedes. But I was terribly hampered by lack of tools, workmen, everything; and the problem was in itself a difficult one. Sometimes I thought of risking the passage of the sufferers by means of a rope, but the nodding rocks and beetling masses of clay threatened destruction to those who should disturb them. The ruins formed a mound ninety feet high, and nearly perpendicular. Gunpowder? we had not enough, and the result of mining and blasting would be tedious and doubtful. A tunnel, then, an underground passage, seemed the only hope. I was surrounded by strong men, chafing at the inaction they were condemned to, and eager to work their way to where the poor victims were pining in their captivity. A tunnel let it be! I had to divide the seventy able-bodied men of Blueville into sections. Some went to the forest for timber; some, who knew something of carpentering, had to dress and shape the stout pieces of wood on which I counted for props and arches. For, unless there were a regular succession of supports, I foresaw that the long gallery would cave in and prove but a tomb to the daring fellows who should volunteer to excavate it. Others, and these were the most envied, snatched pick and spade, and began to scoop out an underground passage, which should pass under the mound, and emerge into the ravine at a considerable distance. I made as good a calculation as possible, and superintended all preparations, but the work went on slowly. The props and arches were produced tardily, compared with the zeal of the workers, and I could hardly prevent the diggers from pushing rashly on and burying themselves alive in their dark gallery. All this time, at intervals of three hours, the sad bell of the chapel sent forth its melancholy call for aid. Two days passed. Fifty feet of tunnel had been achieved, but I very much doubted if we should

finish the whole work before the feeblest, at least, of the Sweetwater community, should die of hunger. Several men had received contusions from falling stones, and one party of three, more impetuous than the rest, had been all but smothered by a sudden descent of earth. I was obliged to repress, instead of stimulating, the zeal of the honest mountaineers. During this time, young Mark Brett had continued ill and helpless, in consequence of his fall. It was on the morning of the third day that he sent for me to Elder Gorham's house, where he had been nursed by the Elder's good old wife, a notable dame. I found him dressed and sitting on the side of his bed, very pale, but with an intelligent and bright eye that spoke volumes.

"Sir," he said, taking my hand, "I thank you from my heart for what you are doing to help those who are in danger. I was a headstrong fool not to heed your kindly warning the other day; but if you know—"

He gave a great sob, and stopped short, as if he were choking. I pressed his hand. "I do know," said I; "never fear, we'll save her yet."

He broke out, "O Grace, my own, my dearest girl, shut up there to die! By Heaven, sir, I'll have that cursed rock-pile down, though it bury me. I'll save her, if—O sir, do pity us—save Grace, and I'll be your slave for life; I'll follow you like a dog; I'll—there *must* be a way to do it, if a man will give his life for it, and I'm ready to give mine."

He clasped his hands in passionate entreaty.

"Now," said I, "You may be sure I'll do my best. You may be sure I have done my best. But the life of Miss Malton can't be ransomed thus, and if it could, from what I've heard, she would never be happy on earth after the sacrifice. I want to know whether there is no path among the mountains by which we could gain access to Sweetwater."

"No!" Mark shook his head, despondently.

"Are you sure?"

"I've been all over the hills, sir," said the young man, "and I never could find a track leading there. The oldest hunters say there's none. Stay—" as if a thought struck him;—"old Partridge, the money-digger, who died last month, and who always was prospecting for gold among the crags, *did* say in his cups there was a path, but nobody believed him."

"I dare say he spoke the truth," said I, though rather to comfort the lover than from conviction. "Let you and I go up into the mountains, and you shall guide me, and we'll try and find a place where, at any rate, a rope and basket may be lowered." We went. But after a long bout of tough climbing we found ourselves baffled. We could not even reach the precipices which bordered on the little glen; broken and rugged ground, seamed by ghastly ravines, cut us off from the lofty rocks above Sweetwater. Breathless and disappointed, we turned to retrace our steps. "What's that?" cried I, as something rustled through the brushwood at my elbow.

"A loping fox, with a chicken in his mouth," answered Mark, throwing a stone at the red

fugitive. "I wish I'd my rifle, I'd stop his marauding. Ah! there the varmint dips into his cave."

And the fox did indeed vanish within a low-browed cavern in the wall of rock. I leaned my elbow on a stone, and looked at the bold panorama around me. There were the peaks where the birds of prey had their nests; there was the glistening granitic cliff that overshadowed the devoted hamlet of Sweetwater; there, the track that led back to Blueville. I heaved a sigh. "We must push the underground gallery to the best of our power. It is our only resource."

Suddenly Mark gave a cry:

"Ha! Mr. Wintle, there's that tarnation fox again, creeping along the Eagle Rock ridge. How did he get there, without wings?"

"Eureka!" cried I, in my turn: "I see the hole in the rock well. It must be the other entrance to the cave, whose nearer approach is close to us, and into which we saw the animal dive. That fox shall serve us the same good turn that the Spartan fox did to the old Greek hero with the hard name, that I read of at school, Aristo—something!"

"Whoop!" almost screamed Mark Brett. "Grace, Grace, I shall save your dear life yet;" and, recklessly bounding over boulder and fissure to the mouth of the cave, the young man scrambled in on hands and knees, and disappeared. I waited. A few tantalising minutes, and Mark, scratched and torn, emerged at the other end, and I saw him wave his hand, and heard his shout of victory. He was now actually on the ridge of the hitherto inaccessible rock, overlooking Sweetwater. I went down to Blueville to call off the workmen. The whole population poured to the spot. We had to blow up the rocky passage by repeated blasts of gunpowder, but luckily the store of Deacon Quail contained a couple of kegs, and every powder-horn in the village was at our disposal. Then, when a rugged but practicable path hath been made, and bordered by rope rails, secured to iron pegs driven into the crevices of the rock, we scaled the height, planted a windlass, let down ropes and an arm-chair securely slung, and drew up, in succession, every man, woman, and child, in Sweetwater hamlet. Poor people, anxiety and hunger, for they had been on a scanty diet from the first, had made their faces worn and pale, but I never saw anything to equal their transports of gratitude and joy, nor the prayers and tears poured forth upon the brow of that grim cliff. And while Mark caught his pretty, tender Grace to his heart, I approached Mrs. Malton, a quiet little woman, with raven-grey hair and sad, thoughtful eyes, and broke to her the tidings that her daughter was mistress of Malton Towers and the rest of the property.

"Great good luck, Mr. Wintle," said the Lincoln's Inn lawyer, half grudgingly. "Great good luck, my dear sir! But I assure you that, in paying you six times the original reward, I strictly fulfil the injunctions of Mr. and Mrs. Malton Brett. JOHN HARWOOD.

JOSEPH WILLIAM MALLORD
TURNER, R.A.

A FEW new and authentic anecdotes about this great painter may not be unwelcome to the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

Turner began early to draw direct from nature, and from the scenery which came readiest to his hand, while yet a sojourner in the old house in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, a front room in which is said to have been used by him as his first studio. It was here that John Britton, who had the trick of elevating himself by standing upon other people's shoulders, met with a notable repulse, when he called officially, or officiously, as it might be, from Sir George Beaumont, to see the young artist's sketches.

"Tell Sir George Beaumont that I don't show my unfinished works to any one," was the reply delivered at the door, which was opened just ajar, and resolutely closed ere the discomfited messenger had turned upon his heel. The following communication refers to the circumstances under which his first picture in oil was produced, and is interesting as showing how he was first induced to take up that line of art. It is a letter to the present owner of the picture.

March, 1857.

"The picture of Rochester Castle which I sold to you some years since is most unquestionably a painting by the late Mr. Turner, and as you wish me to state the evidence in support of its authenticity, I will give you in a few words what I may call its history.

"An uncle of mine married a daughter of the Reverend J. Douglas, who was I believe chaplain to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. He resided at Rochester, where he had church duty, and as he was present at most of the drawing-rooms and levees of that day, he was in the habit, during his sojourn in London, of lodging at the house of his bookseller in the Strand. Mr. Turner's father, who was, as I understand from my aunt, a barber, was employed by him to dress his hair whenever he went to Court. Mr. Turner's father being on one occasion later than usual, Mr. Douglas went to his shop which, according to my recollection, was in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. He did not find the barber at home, and while he was in the shop, upon looking through the glass panels of a door which led to the back sitting-room, he saw a boy—who was no other than the future artist whose painting is the subject of this letter—busily engaged in copying a drawing or painting. Mr. Douglas, who had a great taste for the Fine Arts, and was a member of the Antiquarian Society, and was himself no mean artist, immediately entered the room, and having ingratiated himself into the young artist's favour, was allowed an inspection of a number of his paintings and drawings on paper—for, I believe, he had never then painted on canvas. Mr. Douglas was so struck by the talent exhibited by young Turner, that he took him immediately under his patronage, and shortly after his acquaintance with him invited him to his house at Rochester, where he encouraged him to exercise his talents by painting from nature, which he

accordingly did by painting Rochester Castle and the adjacent ground, which he took from a particular spot where he went every day till the picture was completed.

"The details which I have thus given you were presented to me by my aunt when she gave me the painting, and she informed me that she herself purchased in the town of Rochester the piece of canvas on which the painting is made, &c."

It was, doubtless, some considerable time after this that Turner gained the notice of Sir George Beaumont, and had attained such proficiency as entitled him to a studio on an upper floor. The picture which is the subject of the above letter is in the possession of an eminent physician, who has kindly communicated the following amusing account of an unsuccessful attempt to recall to Turner's recollection the fact of his having painted it :

"On calling, as usual, to see the great painter's annual works for the walls of the Royal Academy, Dr. H—— ventured to ask the genius if he remembered painting a picture, many years since, for the Rev. J. Douglas, of Rochester, representing Rochester Castle, and which the doctor happened to possess, to which he replied, after a few seconds of apparently serious reflection, that he thought he, the doctor, must be well enough acquainted with Art to judge of the originality of his pictures, and if in doubt, reference could easily be made to his brother, the artist, Mr. G. H——; to which the doctor replied, he was in no doubt whatever as to the originality of the painting, but was desirous of knowing if Mr. Turner remembered the circumstance of painting it. The reply from the artist then was, the doctor had no right to tax his (the painter's) memory with what he might have done *one hundred and fifty years ago*, and that it was too evident the doctor was desirous of having the picture authenticated. The doctor, however, again ventured to disabuse the artist's mind of such an intention, by saying the picture had never been out of the family for whom it was painted until it came into his hands, and that he felt proud to possess such a specimen of the artist's talent; to which the artist bowed silently and deeply, again repeating he had no right to be asked to identify or authenticate the picture in question; and on the doctor again disclaiming the intentions imputed to him, not having even offered to show the picture, he begged to express that under circumstances of their long acquaintance he could not admit that he had acted wrongly by asking a question as to the fact being within the artist's memory, and offering every apology for the apparent offence given, and was about to depart, with thanks for the pleasure he had been granted by being permitted to see his completed works for the Royal Academy, and to introduce a friend—a patron of art. More bows were respectfully performed by the painter, who presently accompanied the doctor and his friend to the street door, muttering still that his time ought not to be taken up by having questions asked of such a nature. Apologies still being advanced by the doctor, the painter with pertinacity held the latch of the door in his own hands, still grumbling and growling, whilst the doctor and

his friend gazed on the painter with smiling amusement and silent contempt; when more bows were exchanged, and the exit from the house was effected with forbearance, under excitement almost to laughter on the part of the two astonished visitors."

A curious instance of the great painter's method of giving a practical hint was related to the writer

by the late Mr. Broderip, who, on calling on a Sunday morning at the studio of Chantrey the sculptor, found Turner and other artists there, attracted like himself by the model for the statue of Canning, now in Palace Yard, Westminster. While they were discussing the merits of this fine statue, Turner was observed to be casting his eye round the studio, till, discovering the object of his quest, he seized upon and poised a long pole which stood in a corner, and advanced with it pointed at the clay model, as if threatening the destruction of its plastic fabric. Mr. Broderip, uncertain whether to suppose the great painter influenced by sudden frenzy, stepped forward to arrest the apparently rash deed, but Chantrey laid a hand upon his arm, saying, "Let him alone, he knows what he is doing;" and Turner having dug the end of the stick among the folds of drapery in front of the statue,

drew a long vertical groove down to the base of the figure. Chantrey then approached the model smiling, and lovingly thumbing the gashed clay, said, "Thank you, Turner! that straight line among the folds will make my figure stand firmly on his feet."

Another instance of Turner's pertinacity, in refusing to identify his own works, occurred in

relation to the fine water-colour drawing of "Cape Colonna." This large drawing was bought for the insignificant price of four pounds, at a sale by auction: the fortunate gentleman who became possessed of it, being desirous of Turner's recognition of the drawing, had it placed in a gallery in Pall Mall, frequented by the painter, who, entering and seeing the drawing on an easel in a conspicuous part of the gallery, immediately turned and left the place, betraying his acquaintance with the drawing by shouting: "I won't look at it!—I won't look at it!" This fine work is engraved the same size as the drawing by J. T. Willmore, R.A.

Turner, though generally of a retired habit, could be genial among his intimate friends and brother Academicians, and when warmed by wine, of which he partook freely, was jocose and social. A picture of him in his better moods, written by the eminent colourist Mr. George Lance, is communicated to the writer. "I hasten to forward," says the painter, "what little information I can give you of our more than English Claude, drawn from personal acquaintance. He was a strange compound—so much natural good-heartedness, with so much bad breeding, I do believe what Boswell said of Johnson may quite as truly be applied to him,

that if he was a bear, it was only in the skin. Always ready to fight the battles of experienced men behind their backs, and to spread the shield of defence when the inexperienced were attacked. "I once met him at dinner, where around the table were several other distinguished guests, among whom may be mentioned Professor Owen, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, J. G. Lockhart, the



The House in which Turner was born, Maiden Lane, Covent Garden.

Always ready to fight the battles of experienced men behind their backs, and to spread the shield of defence when the inexperienced were attacked.

"I once met him at dinner, where around the table were several other distinguished guests, among whom may be mentioned Professor Owen, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, J. G. Lockhart, the

late Lord Mornington, &c. On the wall was a picture of mine, so elaborated that it approached to decided hardness : Lord Mornington remarked the fault, appealing to Turner for a corroboration of his judgment ; but the only remark he could extract from the kind old man's lips, was, 'Oh, my lord, you should see it by daylight.'

"When we adjourned to the drawing-room, our interest was fixed upon that lovely picture of Venice, which Turner painted expressly for Chantry, in the centre of which is a gondola, or rather gilded barge, in which are grouped a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, children and boatmen. Floating near this vessel is an object which I conceived must be, from its size and colour, a gorgeous turban. Just as I had suggested that belief, Turner came up, and Professor Owen said : 'We are all enchanted with that glorious work of yours, sir, but are divided in opinion as to what the object is floating so buoyantly on the water.' After two or three twitches of his lips, and as many little half h-ms, he replied, 'Orange—orange.' He was especially free and affable to me ; and, before parting, he invited me to his house in Queen Anne Street. I shall never forget my reception at the door. After knocking and waiting for rather a long time, it was slowly unchained and partially opened, so partially as to reveal only a portion of his servant—an old woman, one eye bandaged and the other seeming to require the same kind of protection. After some parleying, on my assuring her that I came by Mr. Turner's own appointment, she let me in. Directly my name was announced, the great painter came into the hall, gave me a most hearty welcome, and conducted me at once into his gallery. I should have told you it was one of those deluging days which we experience now and then in this uncertain climate. Guess my astonishment and concern to find the floor strewed with old saucers, basins, and dishes, placed there to catch the rain, which poured in from broken panes, cracks, and crevices.

"Of course I concealed the concern I felt ; indeed, so much was I impressed by the pictures which covered the walls, that I soon forgot the danger they were subjected to. Before leaving, I told him I had long wished for an opportunity of thanking him for the high eulogy he had on one occasion passed upon me.

"Ah ! Well ! what was it ?' he inquired.

"Why, sir, I have been informed you were asked who were considered the three greatest colourists in our school, to which you replied, Eddy, Mulready ; and, although I almost doubted the possibility, Lance. Whether your judgment was as good in the last, as in the two former cases, I will not affront you by saying ; but, I do assure you, sir, I feel deeply indebted by your goodness in ranking me with those gifted men.'

"He then added :

"I have many times endeavoured to serve my brother artists, but you are the first that has ever expressed gratitude for it."

Mrs. S—, the printseller, relates, very circumstantially, the particulars of a visit from Turner to her shop in the Strand :

"I had," she says, "some prints of pictures, mostly landscapes, in my window. I had got

them at a sale in a lot, a pretty pile of them, from Turner's pictures. One day an oldish man came in, and asked me to show him what was in the window. I wondered at his asking after them, for he looked, it might be, like a farmer, or some one from the country. He had on a hat that was turned brown and stained with the sun and the weather, and not too good a coat, and a greyish sort of trousers and gaiters, and country-looking shoes. I didn't know quite what to make of him, but thought he might be one up from the country, that didn't know about these things ; but I had heard tell that Turner was looking to make a bargain by getting his pictures cheap. So he asked me had I any more of the same sort. I told him I had a good pile of them in the back of the shop, but they weren't to be got so cheap, they were very good prints, and worth more money than perhaps he thought of. But he said he must see all I had. I thought he was queer, but I brought them out, and told him they were dear prints, and worth a lot of money more than he knew.

"Is this all you have got ?' said he.

"Yes," said I.

"Are you sure you haven't got any more ? I want them all.'

"But these will cost every halfpenny of 14*l.*, and that is more money than I suppose you'll want to give for pictures—these ain't common prints.'

"He didn't make me much answer, but muttered something like to himself, and began putting up the whole lot in a heap.

"Are you sure you haven't any more ? Is that every one you've got ? How did you come by them ?'

"Yes," said I, 'that's the whole lot, pretty much just as I bought them, and they are cheap at 14*l.*, and I couldn't let them go for that except altogether ; but you're not wanting them all, I suppose ? You ain't in the trade in the country, are you ?'

"Fourteen pounds you want for them, and this is all you've got ?'

"Yes, they're well worth it to anyone as knows their value ; you don't know, perhaps, that they're from famous pictures ?' for I couldn't make him out, and didn't want particular to let him have them, thinking he wasn't sure of what he was buying. But he took out a bundle of notes, and they were crumpled and dirty, and to say the truth, I didn't much like the look of them ; so I suppose he saw it in my face, for he says :

"Humph ! you don't like my notes, don't you ? There's gold then," and he counted out fourteen sovereigns on the counter.

"So I said, 'Where shall I send them, sir ?'

"I'll take them myself," and he spoke in a gruff sort of way, and took out his handkerchief, a cotton print, and not too clean, and began bundling them into it, and tying the corners. I offered to do them up in paper, and send them, but he wouldn't ; and put his stick through the tie of the handkerchief, and clapped them over his shoulder, and went off.

"It was the queerest bargain ever I made. So I told the story from first to last to a gentleman that was in the habit of buying with me, and who came in to look after some prints of horses, and, said he, 'Oh, that was Turner himself,' and to be sure, if I wasn't taken aback, and I wished I had

known it before, and he in that shabby coat, and to think of his taking away all the big bundle himself, and in his own pocket-handkerchief, and I thinking he was a sort of country farmer."

On one occasion Turner had taken his place in an obscure corner of Christie's auction room, while two of his pictures were under the hammer. Mr. Christie, in descanting in his eloquent way upon the merits of those pictures, took occasion to say :

"Turner will never paint two such pictures again," when he was accosted by the painter in a growling remonstrance from the corner, with :

"You have no right, Mr. Christie, to say that."

In a purchase of a more obscure description, Turner *got bit*. He would occasionally look in at the auction mart by the Bank; and on one of those occasions it occurred to him that two houses were about to be knocked down at a very low figure; he bid, and got them; but on going

to view his purchase, he found them situated in Little Clarendon Street, Somers Town—a low back street, whose tenants frequently flit before quarter day; and he learned, moreover, that the cheapness of the houses was much more than balanced by the heavy ground rent of 12*l.* each. Turner now called upon an associate engraver of the Royal Academy, and took him into counsel as to how he should manage to transfer his purchase to somebody else. His friend undertook to try what could be done, and went to one, W—, who held a large amount of similar property in the neighbourhood; but on stating his object, the man of tenements, instead of making an offer, said :

"I have no objection to take the houses off the gentleman's hands; but what is he willing to offer me for doing so?" What he paid to be let off his bargain, the writer knows not; but he has little doubt that it was a good round sun.



Turner's Bedroom.

The same engraver, who was always on friendly terms with Turner, being present at the luncheon on varnishing day, at the Academy, stood up so as to obtain the better leverage in carving a noble cold round of beef, when another member of the Academy in his easy D'Orsay style took the engraver's chair, heedful that it had been appropriated, and gracefully dragged it to the first vacant place at the board: the consequence was, that when the original occupier of the chair had liberty to rest from his task of slicing the round, he unexpectedly found himself seated on the floor, having experienced a considerable shock in the descent.

Turner growled out: "Come, come—this is too bad, I cannot have one of my best engravers spoilt in this way;" and going round to his prostrate ally, assisted him to rise, with an earnest expression of condolence, and recommended a mixture of oil and turpentine, which he said he had in his colour-box, as an efficient liniment.

Shortly after witnessing the interment of the great painter between the graves of Reynolds and Barry, under the choir of St. Paul's, the writer made a pilgrimage to the house in Chelsea to which Turner retired to die, in order to make a drawing of the room in which the great man expired. He stated his object to Mrs. Booth, Turner's housekeeper at Chelsea, who then resided in the house, but was informed she would not then give her consent. Seeing that she could not be induced to comply, but willing to pave the way to a future success, he said :

"At any rate, Mrs. Booth, I should like to have your permission to draw the exterior of the house."

She said: "You know, sir, you can do that without my leave."

"Yes; but I should feel more satisfaction in knowing that it would not be disagreeable to you."

"Not by any means," she replied.

And he proceeded with his drawing.

When he had completed the drawing, and was

leaving. Mrs. Booth appeared at the door, beckoning to him, and on his approach, she said :

"Mr. Turner used to say I am the handmaid of Art, and have a right to take some freedoms with her sons. I have therefore," she said, "set a sandwich and some sherry on the table, and I hope you will sit down, and refresh and rest yourself, after being so long in the cold."

He accordingly sat down, and in the course of conversation learned that, previously to coming to Chelsea, Turner had a house at St. Margaret's-at-Cliff, near Dover; that a desire came over him to live somewhere on the banks of the Thames; that, accompanied by Mrs. Booth, he visited Chelsea, and, after a long search, pitched upon this house, where he painted the last three pictures which he exhibited at the Royal Academy. These pictures were set in a row, and he went from one to the other, first painting upon one, touching on the next, and so on, in rotation. When they were ready for the Exhibition, he said to Mrs. Booth :

"Now you may go and look at them; but, mind! only on condition that you make no remarks."

There is a garden at the back of the house, where he frequently walked, and here he caught a starling, which he made much of. The bird was kept in a large cage within the porch.

The top of the house is flat, and this space he had railed in, and there he would be often at daybreak watching the scenery of the river. The upper or western view he called the English view, and that down the river the Dutch view. During his last illness the weather was dull and cloudy, and he often said in a restless way, "I should like to see the sun again." Just before his death he was found prostrate on the floor, having tried to creep to the window, but in his feeble state had fallen in the attempt. It was pleasing to be told that at the last the sun broke through the cloudy curtain which so long had obscured its splendour, and filled the chamber of death with a glory of light. When the vision was no longer conscious of the sunbeams it had long contemplated so lovingly, a dawn more glorious than ever the dazzled eye had vainly attempted to look upon, or the hand feebly endeavoured to imitate, may have already shone upon perceptions emancipated from the thralldom of the bodily senses.

J. WYKEHAM ARCHER.

PROSPECTIVE RETROSPECTS.

THIS is February, in the year 1962, or the year 1,273,564 from the creation of the world—I adopt, of course, the generally approved calculation of the Bench of Bishops.

We know that our institutions are now perfect, and that we have nothing to learn. As was elegantly as well as truthfully said in the speech of King Edward the Ninth, a session or two ago, "Crime, suffering, and disease having entirely ceased from among us, we have but to enjoy ourselves, and to await the Millennium."

One means of enjoyment is the comparison of our happy condition with that of our less happy predecessors. It occurred to me, while at the British Museum, a few days ago, to look back to a file of newspapers one hundred years old; and a touch at the galvanic telegraph, so thoughtfully placed by

Sir Antony Panizzi (descendant of the celebrated Librarian) before each reading-desk, immediately brought the required volume. It contained the "Times" of 1862.

The newspapers of those days were necessarily large, inasmuch as the beautiful discovery which enables the humblest among us to obtain electric news, by turning the handle behind his door, had not been made, and journalists had to print the intelligence now laid on by the mains. But the conductors of the papers of that day evidently strove to do their duty, and to give the most accurate information in their power; and, considering that Lord Faraday had not then invented the Alethegraph, by which the abstract truth of any statement can be logically tested, the journals of 1862 are singularly free from exaggerations and inaccuracies.

Glancing down the columns of the journal for 1862, I made a few notes which may have interest for the readers of the present day. In looking over them, the subjects of King Edward the Ninth should bear in mind that the subjects of Queen Victoria the First believed themselves to have attained the height of civilisation, and spoke with a certain contempt of preceding ages. That they had done much is undeniable, but the unphilosophical Pharisaism of their day is silently rebuked by the advances made by their posterity. We may smile at the "perfection" which failed to detect the population in the Moon, which permitted ships to be lost at sea, which tolerated a variety of languages in Europe, and which had not even discovered that Woman was the superior intelligence upon earth. But let us amuse ourselves, as we lie under the shade, on our Indian matting, in these scorching winter days, and note a few of the incidents of a century ago. I take them at random, and without any reference to their comparative importance.

In January, 1862, a curious inquiry was interesting the public mind. It had not then, of course, been discovered that lunacy, or idiocy, is the normal state of mankind, and is a mere stagnation, to be excited into something more advanced by chemical applications, and the patient was treated as one hopelessly afflicted. There was naturally, therefore, a very jealous investigation into the case of such a person before depriving him of his civil rights and immuring him in a prison. Beginning at the wrong end, it was to be expected that our ancestors should proceed with the most ridiculous indirectness; but, from the outcry that was raised at the time of this particular case, it would seem that some idea of the absurdities of the investigation had occurred to the men of the nineteenth century. They calmly record, however, that more than a month was spent in ascertaining the state of mind of a youth who appears to have been carelessly educated, and to have pushed some of the more vulgar vices of the day into excess, and that 60,000*l.* of the money of that period (about 700,000*l.* of our own money) was thrown away in the inquiry. The evidence refers to crimes which have happily become extinct—more especially excess in drinking—and physicians (who, I need not remind my readers, were not then priests also, and aware of their sacred functions) were called to emit all kinds of theories,

at the bidding of paid lawyers, at that time allowed to interfere with the course of justice. The story had better be forgotten, save as an illustration of the manners of the day, and save that the case induced the then Lord Chancellor (Bethel, praised by Pope,) to introduce a measure for reforming the practice in lunacy.

About the same time we find one of the bishops of the Church of England actually prosecuting a clergyman before a legal tribunal for publishing the results of his investigation into certain matters of theology. This will hardly be believed of an age in which much real enlightenment was shown, but it remains a melancholy proof that the love of brute force was still predominant. It is true that much of what the offending clergyman stated is now known to be erroneous, while discoveries have carried us far beyond the most daring of his speculations; but the fact that Thought could be made a criminal at a bar one hundred years ago, should not be forgotten. At the same time, too, the tribunals refused to hear the evidence of persons who declined to allege their conviction that an eternity of punishment was reserved for the majority of mankind, and though in practice this rule seldom worked much mischief, as thousands who repudiated the dogma permitted themselves to be supposed to hold it, occasional cases of great hardship arose, when an adversary happened to be aware that a witness had conscientious scruples upon the subject. The law on this point was not altered until November, 1897, when one of the Princes had adopted Swedenborgian tenets, and refused the oath of allegiance unless disconnected from the belief in Gehenna.

As another curious instance of the prevalence of popular superstition, I may mention that Parliament being about to meet, various persons were found to have blind faith enough to express, in very good diction, their belief that the coming session would produce many important and valuable legislative results. This at a time when there was not a single Poet (the only true statesman) in the House of Commons.

An advertisement about this time shows the pitiable humiliation to which human beings submitted in the desire for money—then the one thing needful. It is announced that a French tumbler, named Blondin, "may be seen daily, performing his Apish Tricks." That men should permit such a profane announcement in reference to a human being is a theme for reflection. But upon searching the files of the journals we find that this same person made vast sums of money by walking along a single rope, at an altitude of nearly two hundred feet. The proclaiming as a feat what every child in London who attends the Monument School, performs four times a day with no other aid than its magnetised slippers, may make us laugh; but remember that in the case of this Gaul a life was risked, and that he brought thousands of the educated class to the glass-house at Sydenham to see the perilous adventure. It is mentioned that when he was in danger of a hideous death, the glass-house was filled with the fashionable persons of the time, but that when he performed the same feats, which were difficult and graceful, at a safe distance from the ground, few persons went to see

him. Yet, in some of the essays of the time, the people of 1862 affect horror at the Romans and their exhibitions of gladiators.

Then, as now, skating was a favourite amusement, but the change of the seasons must be considered. In our roseries, now in all their glorious winter bloom, it seems hard to believe that our ancestors skated in January. It was so, however, for we read that on four days late in the month, thousands congregated on the ice. The process of pyrolignisation, by which an ordinary water-cart makes a sheet of ice as durable as steel, was not known till 1911; and in 1862 we read that persons were continually breaking through. We also find that on the days before the ice was what was called safe, the spectators on the banks threw walking-sticks and copper coins on the more dangerous parts, in order to induce boys to venture their lives for the amusement of the tempters. We do not read that the latter were punished. So much for the humanity of our ancestors. Another proof of it was the fact that squirrels were hawked about in Regent (now King Alfred) Street, and that the poor little animals were rendered tame by starvation, and by having their teeth cruelly drawn by the ruffians who held them in their arms. But there was much of this indifference to cruelty. The displays of dancing, at the theatres, were objectionable in many respects, and particularly in the peril to the lives of the girls who danced, their dresses being exceedingly liable to catch fire. Chemists proclaimed every day that a cheap and easy remedy could be had, but not a single manager of a theatre would listen to them, and every year many unfortunate girls were roasted to death in the presence of "their generous benefactors." The women of England were allowed too little influence in those days, and did not dare to interfere until nearly a quarter of a century later, when they suppressed at once the indelicacy and the barbarity. At that time they could not walk the streets without subjecting themselves to insults, which were terminated, however, somewhat roughly, by the public flogging of the Honourable Algernon De Gooselash, in 1873, for annoying a governess in what was then called Pall Mall.

The law courts afford strange evidences of the incongruity and absurdity of the system under which it was then thought possible to keep order. Magistrates imposed the most ludicrously insignificant fines, as a sequel to addresses in which the culprits were told, and truthfully, that they were detestable rascals. It will scarcely be believed that drunkenness was accepted as an excuse for crime, and not only by the magistrates, but by public opinion. "O, drunk, I suppose," was, it seems, the extenuating answer made when a crime was narrated. Every day "a well-known thief," or "one known to be a companion of the most ruffianly thieves," was brought up, but no explanation was ever asked or thought of as to why he had never been seized before, or why the nests of thieves were not summarily dealt with, instead of being left to generate vice. The Act of 1899, which took away, for educational purposes, the children of all persons who could not show that they were obtaining an honest

living, did much to break up this state of things; and the wholesale transportation of the "dangerous classes" by thousands, into the Gorilla country, in 1903, nearly cleared London of crime; but much had to be done after that, in the way of breaking the tolerably honest into orderly ways. We have, however, "reformed that altogether," as is said by the poet who was so long supposed to have been a third-rate actor named Shakspeare, and whose anonymous was so well kept until the discovery of the original manuscripts of the plays in Windsor Castle.

I could easily prolong the list from the notes that I have before me, but I have already given ample food for reflection, and may recur to the subject upon another occasion. I will add, that the wild self-glorification in which our ancestors of 1862 indulged in regard to their locomotive powers is almost pitiable. Will it be believed that it was considered a great thing to perform the distance between Glasgow and London in about eleven hours? That the Pyro-Pneumatic Tubular enables us now to perform it in four minutes, I can myself testify, having made the journey this morning, to attend the marriage of a friend at Loch Lomond, and having returned in time to finish this article by two o'clock in the afternoon, in order that I may get off to dine with Count Garibaldi, at Caprera, at seven, to meet the President of the Chinese republic, who was to leave Pekin at one, P.M. Still, we owe our ancestors a great debt: they did what they could—and it was much—towards forwarding the happy epoch in which we now rejoice. S. B.

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS.

THE daily paper in New York which has the largest circulation, and is most frequently quoted on this side of the Atlantic, is the "New York Herald." It is conducted by Mr. Bennett, a Scotchman, of singular enterprise, considerable ability, and no scruples to stand in the way of his success. For years, Mr. Bennett had been in the Southern interest, and a pro-slavery or anti-abolition supporter of the democratic party. "The Herald" maintained the right of secession, and opposed the war of coercion, until a mob compelled Mr. Bennett to raise the "stars and stripes," and to change, in a single day, the whole tone of his paper. But the mob could not change his opinions or feelings; and from that day the "Herald," while pretending to take the side of the North, has done everything in its power to aid the South and embarrass the Lincoln administration.

The "Journal of Commerce," a large commercial paper, of the most respectable character, was also a firm supporter of Southern rights, and opposed the whole policy and action of the Government in its unconstitutional inauguration of a civil war, suspension of *habeas corpus*, &c. Temperately but firmly it held this course, in defiance of the mob, until the Government ordered the post-masters to refuse to mail it. As a large property was at stake, in which others besides the editor had an interest, he was induced to sell out, and the paper, on giving its support to the Government, had restored to it the usual facilities of the mails.

The "Morning News," a democratic daily paper, of striking ability, opposed the war until it was suppressed by Mr. Seward's edict.

The "Day Book," another New York daily, strongly in the southern interest, was suppressed in a similar manner.

The "Freeman's Journal," a Roman Catholic weekly, was also suppressed, and the editor imprisoned, without legal process or examination, in the Government Bastille, in New York Harbour.

The "New York Daily Express," by taking a course similar to that of the "Herald," and pretending to be an ultra war paper, while doing all possible mischief to the administration of Mr. Lincoln, has escaped suppression.

Of the papers that support the Government in its war policy, the most zealous and influential is the "Tribune," under the chief editorship of Horace Greeley. The "Tribune" is the organ of the moderate abolition wing of the Republican party. It opposes the *extension* of slavery. At the beginning of the Southern secession, the "Tribune" took the ground that the Southern States, in accordance with the Declaration of American Independence, had as good a right to choose their own Government, and secede from the Union, as the Colonies had to separate from Great Britain; but it found reason to change its doctrines, and is now one of the most violent of the war papers. It was mainly its cry of "On to Richmond," which precipitated the battle of Bull's Run, and the disastrous result nearly deprived Mr. Greeley of his reason. He was prostrated by the blow, and was laid up for a time with brain fever.

The "Daily Times," edited by Mr. Raymond, who has filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, is also a supporter, in a moderate and uncertain way, of the Administration. It has been considered the organ of Mr. Seward, to whom the "Tribune" is in deadly hostility.

The "Daily World" was started a year or two ago, as a religious business paper, but it soon degenerated into a party organ, and supporter of the most unconstitutional measures of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

The "Evening Post" is the most thoroughly abolition of the New York press, and the most violent in its support of the war against the South.

American papers, with few exceptions, are the organs of some individual editor, who gives its tone and character to the paper. We hear it said in America that Bennett, or Greeley, or Raymond holds such views, as often as that they are held by the "Herald," "Tribune," or "Times." People wonder what Bryant or Prentice will say. It is only the subordinate writers who sink their individuality, and that not so much in the paper as in that of the responsible editor.

In America the press, numerous and ubiquitous as it is, does not make or lead public opinion so much as it follows it. At the beginning of the civil war there were hundreds of papers that opposed it. Some were destroyed by mobs; some suppressed by the Government. But it would not surprise anyone acquainted with America to hear any day that a thousand papers had come out denouncing the war and demanding peace.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER IV. THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARJAN.

I RETURNED to England. I wrote to my mother that I was miserable, that I had tried everything, but that I despaired of all but her love. A mother's love never fails. I had left her negligently, I had been two years absent, during which I had lived a life of utter self-indulgence, and now that the bitter harvest was being reaped by me, I wished to fly to her to save me from myself. I told her I wanted nothing but home and her. I do not know whether I deceived myself, I know I deceived my mother entirely. She believed that a season of repose and home affection would in truth heal the wounds of my soul, and that, afterwards, the good qualities for which she fondly gave me credit would be developed and exercised. The magnetic impulse which lured me to England

I scarcely avowed to myself, and it was totally unsuspected by her. Her heart, a little chilled by my past conduct, sprung back at once with the idea that I needed her, and prepared out of the abundance of her affection a home in which I could renew the peace and freshness of my soul.

I arrived in London. Two days afterwards I met Warburton in the street. He recognised me; he was delighted to see me, and insisted on taking me home to see his wife. They were just passing through London, and were staying at an hotel. His clear, metallic voice, and sharp enunciation, sounded on my ears, but his words made little impression on me. I had an insane wish, I remember, to strangle him as he spoke, and yet I listened with a strange interest—he was hers. We entered; all the self-control I possessed, little

enough, God knows, could scarcely support me as I saw her.

"Are you not well?" asked the rich, melancholy voice, and Marian, more beautiful than ever, stood before me.

I muttered something about Venice and illness. My little friend Harry ran up to me, and asked me to look at his baby sister. Seated on the ground at her mother's feet, circled by toys, sat a lovely little baby girl.

"My Nina," said Marian.

We spoke on common subjects; her husband fidgetted about the room, settling the baby's dress, correcting the boy's behaviour, and calling out his cut and dried observations about the weather, politics, and fashionable gossip, with the fussy and hard mediocrity peculiar to him. I felt cold and constrained. I talked of Italy, of my pleasant travels, of my home-sickness, of Fanny, and of my mother, as if my heart was there, and not here. Marian looked at me with soft and penetrating eyes. I could act content no longer; I stammered and turned pale. She knew she still held my heart in her hand, and her line of conduct was, I am sure, instantly resolved upon. That woman wrecked me as completely as a false light on a rock wrecks a vessel. In absence, I had felt hate, scorn, rage; beside her, all died away, and the old fascination asserted its power. She was there; what could I do but love?

After a time I took my leave, more hopeless, more broken-hearted than before. The Warburtons were to leave town the next day, on a tour of visits. The next day I went down to Speynings.

My mother received me with the tenderest welcome. Her heart was large enough to cover my deficiencies, her nature rich enough to inspire mine with warmth and happiness. For a time only. At first I was touched by her generosity, and made resolves to put aside the weakness of my soul, to bury the Past, to turn to the Future; but these resolves were as unstable as the weak and fickle nature that made them.

By way of bidding an eternal farewell to my weak love, I went to the Grange, a day or two after I arrived. I did not enter the house, but wandered like a lost soul among the grounds. When I returned, I thought I would go to some of the cottages I had visited with Marian. I thought "this is the last day of weakness, let me have it out. At home I cannot speak of her, here these poor people will give me the last opportunity." I did so; I wandered among them, and heard praises of the ladies collectively, but I had not the felicity of hearing any particular mention of my idol. In one of the cottages a child was crying at the door as I entered. I gathered from her that her mother was very ill, and that her father had gone for the doctor, but that she was afraid her mother would die before he returned. I went in. The woman was delirious, and talking in hurried, inarticulate tones, and I thought I heard her say, "Miss Marian, her that was Miss Compton."

I went up to the bed, and tried to smooth the pillows under her feverish head, and bent low over her to hear what she said, but it was in vain. I did not give up my post till the husband and

doctor arrived. Her ravings had become more and more inarticulate.

"Good God! Mr. Spencer," said the doctor, as he came in, "are you aware that woman is dying of typhus fever?"

I involuntarily shrank back. The poor husband was pouring out thanks to me. He thought it was a charitable impulse which had brought me and kept me there. I offered all that was necessary, and returned home.

I was taken ill that evening. The shock my nerves (I will not say my heart) had sustained had told sufficiently on my general health to make me very susceptible to infection, and easily overcome by it. I was taken ill that evening, and remained for six weeks between life and death.

As I recovered, memory seemed to awake more vividly than ever. I passed from frenzy to despondency, and at last sunk into a hopeless kind of lethargy, which must have been trying in the extreme to those with me. My mother exerted every faculty of her mind to uphold, to soothe, and to console. She was indefatigable; but the misery with which she heard my confessions and witnessed my struggles seemed to eat into her heart. Every day she was paler and more careworn. A nurse in a fever ward gets that look, when the strength of the strongest is undermined by nightly watchings, and breathing daily impure air. Sharing the sufferings and sorrows of an impure soul is not less fatal and health-destroying. There was the natural feeling of her own impotency to do me any good, which was like wormwood in a mother's heart; and added to this, my abrupt transitions from tenderness to coldness partook so much more of the character of disease than of natural filial affection, that she was tried almost beyond the powers of woman.

There are some women for whom the Catholic legend of the heart pierced by seven swords is literally true. My poor mother! her conjugal and maternal affection were the trials of her warm affectionate nature. In both she was wretched.

I had as little pity for her as for anyone else, and her own life had been latterly so calm and peaceful, all her feelings had so merged and concentrated themselves into that of maternity, that she suffered from my mental sufferings as much as if our existences had been one. There were moments when my petulance and violence terrified her for my reason, there were days when my voiceless depression wrung her heart. My acquaintance with Veronica, and its fatal termination, I concealed from her, but nothing else in my life, and the retrospect was a sad one.

I made no effort at self-control. The whole man was weakened, physically and mentally, and I gave way to whatever feeling was foremost.

Change of air was recommended to me, and we went to the sea-side. Fanny had been all this time absent on a visit to some friends, and was not to return for many weeks; I had not seen her since my return. My mother and I were alone. When I urged her to send for Fanny as a help and assistance to her, she positively, and almost sternly, refused.

I have a deep conviction that it is a trial which only the elect of human beings can bear scathe-

less, to be loved entirely and utterly by another. It requires a depth, a generosity, an abundance, in one's own nature. I felt oppressed. The strength of the great love which my mother felt for me was too much for my heart's vitality. The glowing sunshine extinguishes the feeble fire. It made me very happy at times; at others, I felt there was an inadequateness, an insufficiency in myself which was fatal.

"You are too earnest, mother," I used to say; "one should skim but not dive into subjects as you do."

"When you are as old as I am, Hubert, you will understand that life must be accepted earnestly, if we would make anything of it."

Sometimes I would say to her I felt unworthy of such love as hers. She would smile tenderly and say:

"It is only the natural difference of feeling. It is always one who loves, and one who is loved. Mine is the best share. It is better, believe me, to love, than be loved: the loving love longer than the beloved. Be contented that it should be so."

"Contented!" I said, with wonder.

"Yes; I can imagine circumstances which would make you wish you could fly from that love, when its very intenseness might seem a reproach; all I ask, then, from you, is patience. Bear with it: God knows, Herbert, I only ask you to fulfil your own happiness; I seek none for myself; but do you seek it where my wishes and prayers can go with you?"

One evening I was resting on the sofa, when a little confusion was heard, and Henry Warburton walked in. I received him with open arms.

"We are staying in the neighbourhood," he said; "and we heard accidentally you had been ill, and my wife wished to know how you were getting on, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. Mrs. Spencer, how is he?" He waited for no reply, but went on.

"Pale, I think—pulled down; but we will soon put you to rights."

I introduced him to my mother. I saw at once that he made a peculiarly unpleasant impression on her. I was perverse enough to resent her coolness to him as a wrong to myself; I felt annoyed, and showed it.

What an odd, inconsistent wish I had to please that man! If he were my friend, I could be his wife's. He was most willing, I saw, to be my friend. He had been well tutored. Besides that, he was flattered by my evident desire to please him. I had a certain reputation for talent, and it delighted him to perceive the attention which I paid to his opinions, and the deference with which I agreed with his views. I was the heir to great wealth; I was an excellent friend to have. If his own personal influence, aided by his wife's beauty and good-nature, could make me a friend, I was the best card he could hold. My connection with the great mercantile house at Vienna was not severed by my father's death, or my own reluctance to join it. Till I was five-and-twenty my name (as a sleeping partner, however) was on their books, and in all their transactions. Well made use of, this was a key which might open the

way to millions. I was much too important a person not to be courted by Harry Warburton. His frank, gentlemanlike manner (somewhat patronising, as became our difference of age) concealed his designs from others; but I was shrewd enough to detect them at once. Yet, so deceitful is the heart of man, that had anyone asked me my opinion of Warburton, I should have spoken of him in the warmest manner; I tried to persuade myself I thought so; I sought to convince my mother. It was here that the hitch between us made itself felt. For myself, my sufferings and my fruitless pain she could have the tenderest pity; but for all this sophistry, this endeavour to reason black into white she had no feeling but indignation.

Warburton stayed two days. It would have been amusing for a disinterested spectator to have observed how he fussed himself into the management of everything, from the shelling of the shrimps for breakfast to the blacking of the boots, including all the cares of my sick room. We were left almost entirely together. He told me he and his wife would be at the Grange in a week, and would stay there a long time. From some things he said, I discovered that his affairs were very much disordered and involved, from the failure of a house of business in which he had deposited his funds for some speculative purpose; but the bank had failed just as he was about to draw on the money, the realised bulk of almost his entire property; at one blow it had gone; they had but a pittance left. So much for his vaunted worldly shrewdness. He spoke so generously of his resolve to bear all the inevitable privations, and spare them to his wife, that I was more and more charmed with him, and vowed in my heart of hearts that if he would permit it my best efforts should tend to the same purpose. I resolved at once to return to Speynings. My mother was pleased with this desire to return home, and gladly commenced preparations for our departure. I had in our long confidential communications told her so much, promised her so many times to endeavour to overcome my fatal passion, that though she could not tolerate my hasty friendship for Warburton, it did not strike her that this sudden wish to return to Speynings might be identical with the Warburtons' visit to the Grange; indeed, she was ignorant of this.

I remember that at the prospect of some delay which might have detained us a day or two at Ilfracombe, I flew into a towering rage. The effect was so inadequate to the cause, and was altogether so preposterous, that she looked at me with astonishment. She recollected it afterwards, and understood it as a proof how deep-laid a plan I had formed to persevere in my folly; or rather, as it seemed to her, and was in fact, my sin.

We returned. I bore the journey well. We slept one night in town. I had a disturbed and restless night; but as soon as I awoke I found my mother at my side. My least movement seemed always to be heard by her, and roused her to see if I needed anything. She would sit for hours by my bedside—even after the exigencies of my illness required it—ready to smooth a pillow, to draw a curtain, in short, to soothe and

calm my restlessness. Often, after hours of almost delirious tossings to and fro on my feverish couch, I have found myself gradually drop into a peaceful sleep, and on waking refreshed the next morning have found myself in her arms, hushed to forgetfulness, as in the days of my infancy. I noticed not that this trying kind of life was destroying her own health. Her nerves were shattered and her strength enfeebled; but I was regardless of all.

The afternoon of the day we arrived, as I was waiting in anxious expectation, the door of the room in which we sat was opened, and to my mother's infinite surprise—for she did not know they were at the Grange—the Warburtons entered. Marian sank rather than sat on a chair at my side, Warburton talked so loudly and quickly that nothing but his voice was heard. When I looked round my mother had left the room. Marian threw back her veil and there was a pallor on her bright cheek. She asked me most affectionately after my health. The extreme reticence of her manner which suggested so much, though it expressed so little, seemed by its wordless tenderness to reconcile me to irrecoverable fate. I drank deeper and deeper of the poison. It was not happiness, but there was a sweetness in the misery I suffered that was as thrilling as happiness. From that day there lay a sword between my mother's heart and mine, but the sharp blade cut into hers. She believed that I had acted a part—she attributed my coming to England to a predetermined plan, and she recoiled from being a participator, even passively, in what seemed to her sin. As long as I appeared open and candid with her—as long as I suffered her to share my sorrow with me—she was indefatigable, but when, instead of seeking to repress the fatal feeling which had ruined my life, I indulged it in a covert and dishonourable manner, she confessed to herself with unutterable sorrow that she was defeated, and yielded up all hopes of my effectual recovery from the moral disease which had enervated my character and prostrated my energies.

I cared for no remonstrances of hers. I was at Speynings, Marian at the Grange. Till my health was established she came almost daily to see me, but as soon as I was able to visit in my turn she desisted. My mother's coldness to her was invariable. I went continually to the Grange. We were always engaged in parties of pleasure which drew me more and more from home, and I stayed there for days. *En tout bien, en tout honneur.* Warburton always invited me; Marian was pleased and consented, but nothing more;—no husband could have been jealous. Consummate art was shown by both. Her husband, though he knew my adoration for his wife, and though he was resolved never to allow it to manifest itself beyond a certain point (he was not an absolute villain) affected to ignore it altogether, and to attribute my constant visits to my pleasure in *his* society. She never varied in a certain gentle manner, though her eyes—those large, tender, deep eyes—told a different tale. Warburton's praises of me rang through the neighbourhood, and when any evil-disposed neighbour said, "How intimate that young Spencer is with the Warburtons," the

answer always was, "He is an intimate friend of Mr. Warburton's; besides, there has always been a great intimacy between Speynings and the Grange. It is not surprising that a lively young fellow like Mr. Spencer should prefer the society of such a good fellow as Warburton to a gloomy place like Speynings with that poor invalid, his mother."

My mother was now an almost confirmed invalid, but she struggled against her fast increasing malady, she was so anxious not to make any claim on me; she would not owe to my compassion for her physical sufferings—those attentions which my love did not voluntarily offer. It was difficult for a heart so high as hers to comprehend the sterility of mine. My being seemed emptied of all feelings but on one point. I was like a patient with a chronic disease. The strength, as well as weakness of my constitution fed my malady and drained the vital springs of my life. If affection is shown by act, I might be said to be devoid of it. I lived a life apart, and after a communion of such entire sympathy as seldom exists between a parent and child, I drew a line of demarcation between my mother and myself. Yet with an inconsistency peculiar to men, I expected precisely the same devotion from her. If I observed a shadow on her brow (and how much had it darkened in these few months) or a colder accent in her voice, I felt as much aggrieved as if I was the wronged one. Her affection was to be poured out without measure and stint, though I did not even stoop to regard it.

Dante's simile is true.* Amid all the voices which sound to a man's ear in life, there is one voice always distinctly and dominantly heard. When that voice is the voice of God, there is harmony in the music around; when the voice of self is the loudest, there is discord. There was discord enough with me at this time. I was intelligent enough to know how recklessly I was destroying myself, but I was so selfish by nature, habit, and education, that I could not resist taking advantage of the present enjoyment. If there be one thing which is more dangerous than another, it is the sophistry with which we persuade ourselves that because our overt actions are not against the outward law of right we are sinless. So long as I did not persuade Marian to leave her home and children for me, I thought I was guiltless. I imagined I did not betray Warburton's trust if I did not openly speak of love, though my whole being proved it. Marian and I had no explanation. How was it that I understood that her engagement with Warburton had been forced on her, soon after Mr. Villars' death, by the exigencies of her position? Mr. Villars had died deeply involved, and Mr. Warburton, a friend of his in life, had extricated the widow, as far as he could. Gratitude, esteem, the feeling of isolation, the fears of the future for her boy, had led her to accept his hand, and to consent to marry him as soon as her mourning was over. She came to live meanwhile in retirement at the Grange. When she knew me, her feelings for the

* E come in fiamma, favilla si vede
E come in voce, voce si discerno,
Quand' una e ferma, e l'altra va e riede.

first time rebelled against her engagement; but on the one hand she was bound, on the other she had no reason to believe my feelings were really interested in her, though she was conscious I admired her; she saw my mother's dislike to her, and too timid to take such a decided step as to break her engagement with Warburton, and too uncertain of my feelings to acknowledge her own to herself sufficiently to authorise her to that step, she let it go on. My sudden departure had confirmed her suspicion that I had some other attachment. Now that our fates were irrevocable, what was left but a mutual and enduring affection, tenderer than friendship, calmer than love? I was to be her only friend, she would be mine. I might—she hoped I would—marry, but she was to be my only friend. At different times, by veiled allusions, by broken expressions, this was revealed to me. I was persuaded that in all true love Marian was mine. She tolerated her husband, and for the sake of her children she remained in his house, but love for me was the secret of her life. She must do her duty. That duty was interpreted in this manner. She took all the flower of my life, my thoughts, my time, my anxious service; I was as much hers as the ring on her finger, and she gave me in return sweet, kind words, melting looks, and winning little attentions. What right had I to more? Had I not scores of times sworn that to press her hand, to sit by her side, was more to me than to be the adored and adoring husband of another? As to Warburton, was he not completely satisfied with her docility and gentleness? She moulded him in all things to her will, yet was he persuaded that it was he who managed her. She contented us both. Yes, for the burning jealousy, the bitter yearnings, the death in life I sometimes endured, I blamed myself, raved against Fate—anything, anyone, but my faultless and peerless love!

In vain my mother expostulated. "This is disloyal, Hubert. How can you take that man's hand, hold his child on your knee, when—"

"I have a sincere friendship for him. Why not?"

It was this obduracy which made her turn hopelessly away. I felt, however, that things could not continue in this way. The house of business with which I was connected in Vienna needed my presence. From time to time I had indefinitely promised to go there, and I looked forward to it as an escape. I was fast approaching the age when, by my father's will, a settlement of property was to be made, and I should either continue to keep my name in the firm or take it out.

I was so perplexed, so beset by contending feelings and contradictory purposes, that my life was a very purgatory. With the weakness which belonged to me I fancied that change of place would change the circumstances, and I longed to free myself from the evil which my own undisciplined nature had woven round me. I conversed a good deal with the Warburtons on the subject. They counselled me strongly to go to Vienna. He, like all practical men, or so-called practical men, thought it was right to go wherever there

was a prospect of furthering pecuniary interests; a studious life, or a contemplative one was what he stigmatised as an idle one. Marian, on her side, had an idea—a very erroneous one—that my mother possessed some influence over me, and that that influence was inimical to her. She therefore also wished me to leave Speynings. I was maturing in silence my resolve to leave, but instead of frankly declaring my intention of leaving, certain as I was that no obstacle would be made by my mother, I was so conscious of having been unkind, negligent, and ungrateful to her, that I made the resolve appear the consequence of wrong done by her.

One day when she was speaking to me seriously on the subject of my perpetual visits to the Grange, which I persisted in attributing to friendship, in the very teeth of my despairing confessions to her, she said:

"Friendship! if you were married to Mrs. Warburton, Hubert, how would you like her to have a friendship for another man such as she has for you?"

"I do not see the object of such a question," I replied.

"Its purport is to warn you, Hubert. Are you so sure of yourself, of her, that you can thus for ever seek the society of a woman you have so dearly loved, I will not say that you still love, with impunity to both?"

"Why should you doubt it?"

"Because I feel convinced that you are only heaping up infinite sorrow, if not guilt, upon yourself."

"Why, am I not to have friends?"

"Friends! Is it a friend's part for a woman who is the wife of another to absorb to herself a young man's time, thoughts, happiness; to encourage him to give himself up entirely to her?"

"She is always urging me to marry and settle near them."

"Yes, to give the heart she has rifled to another, to make two miserable instead of one. If she really loved you, would she not urge you for your own honour, for hers, to leave her. If you do not love her, you never have loved her, and all you have told me is falsehood, or you do love her, and this conduct may lead to possibilities of crime."

"The fact is," I said, "there is one quality which every woman possesses, and that is jealousy. You are jealous of Marian, mother."

"Hubert," said my mother, and her eyes flashed, "I can forgive all, but words like these. Never repeat such a word again. It is an insult to me, and an outrage to my love for you. There can be no comparisons possible."

I had never seen her so angry. I was proportionately so. I set my teeth, and vowed with an inward oath to free myself immediately from these discussions and admonitions.

My mother's patience was at last worn out. She looked more grave and unhappy than I had ever seen her. Fanny, who had returned home, was miserable at seeing how ill my mother looked, and soon had scarcely patience to speak to me. All this I construed into wrong done to me, and considered the inevitable consequences of my own

cruel unkindness, wanton acts of offence towards me. I was to strike, but no blood was to flow; I was to grieve, but tears were an unpardonable injury.

One morning, a few days afterwards, I announced my intention of spending the day at the Grange, and added, carelessly, that I should sleep there. My mother was silent, but her eyes met mine, and their glance of mute reproach has often recurred to me. But I had entered upon a downward path, and every minute accelerated my descent.

When I arrived at the Grange, Marian saw there was a cloud on my brow. She was sweetness itself. She asked no questions, but applied herself to soothe my troubled spirit. Being with her was of itself an enchantment and soon soothed away my vexation. She was glad that my ties to Speynings were weakening every moment, for I told her I had determined to leave. To a woman of her stamp the possession of a life to administer to hers, to cherish and adore her, was delightful. She forgot, as we all do, that selfishness indulged at the expense of the claims of others upon us, recoils sooner or later upon oneself. Warburton lectured me a good deal that morning on the necessity of asserting my own free will, and not to waste my manhood on servile dependence on my mother. To hear him, one would suppose my mother had been some doting old woman, who to satisfy some senile caprice prevented my engaging in some useful career. He had a way of speaking of her that in any other frame of mind would have enraged me, "an excellent person, but living so completely out of the world, that she was ignorant of the necessities imposed on me by position—her early circumstances, no doubt, had an influence in limiting her views, but her good sense would point out to her that tying a man of twenty-five to idleness and a country retirement was not exactly doing her duty."

All he said chimed in so well with my own rebellious thoughts, that his words sounded to me like the wisdom of Solomon.

I could not well go to Vienna for two months, but these two months seemed to me like infinite ages, and I searched for some excuse to shorten the time. It came. On this very morning there came an invitation to the Warburtons from some friends of his in Scotland, with whom I also was acquainted. In the postscript was this sentence:

"If your friend, Mr. Spencer, is better, we should be delighted if he would accompany you. Do you think we could send him an invitation?"

This clenched my doubts. I should be absent for two months, and then I should go abroad.

The Warburtons accepted the invitation for all of us, and we resolved to go together.

Having made up my mind, I resolved to execute it. I was impatient to get it over, and to banish from my thought all but the one ravishing idea that for two months I should be under the same roof as Marian! She and I, and the children, walked from the Grange together; the children played on in front, and she hung on my arm. We talked of the pleasant prospects of these two months; she delicately handled my bruised soul with her soft indulgence and sympathy; how like an angel she

seemed, and my heart rose up in indignant condemnation when I thought "this is the woman I am asked to give up—this is the solace I am forbidden to accept." I did not remember the plain fact that it was not till after her second marriage that my mother had seriously opposed my inclination for Marian. It was from my own confessions of the wanton way in which she had coquetted with me that she judged her. At present she was passive. Since our last conversation her lips had been sealed. She was not a woman to contend in such a game, or to place a mother's love on the same footing as this holiday friendship, if friendship it were, or in the same category as this sinful passion, if her surmises were correct, and it was passion.

Marian and I parted affectionately at the lodge, and I paused to see her graceful form fade in the twilight. When I entered the dreary room Fanny was alone. She met me with a serious and reproving look. She told me my mother was lying down; she had heard of the death of old Mrs. Spencer, my great uncle's widow. Though I did not know her, I knew well the affection which united them, and that, but for my illness in the autumn, she would have gone as usual to see her. When I entered the room where my mother was, I saw she was worn out with tears. My heart smote me, and I spoke more tenderly than usual. She was touched. She held my hand between hers and pressed it fondly; we talked of irrelevant matters for awhile, but my answers were absent and constrained. After having made up my mind to the rupture at once it seemed vexatious to be foiled. After a while she observed my absence of mind, and asked me what was the matter. A little hesitation and I told her all my plans; she listened calmly:

"When did you say you were going?" she asked in a constrained voice.

There was not a word of remonstrance or regret. I was irritated; the resolution I had come to after so much agitation and pain—for I was a moral coward—seemed to have no import whatever. I was provoked and my vanity suffered. I turned and said:

"The fact is, you make my home so miserable with your groundless and cruel jealousies I can stay no longer."

The apparent quiet with which my mother had heard my first words had been an exercise of great self-control. There was too little light in the room for me to see the death-paleness which overspread her face when I first broached the subject, or the convulsive manner in which she clasped her hands together, or I might have spared her. As it was I persevered. An executioner who has stretched a criminal on the rack, and who finds the first turn of the engine inadequate to force a complaint, may from the same spirit of antagonism, even more than the spirit of cruelty, give it an extra turn. Say what we will, there is something of the tiger in every undisciplined human heart. I might now be satisfied with the effect produced. She started up, and the flood of bitter sorrow and disappointment in me, which had been slowly amassing during these dreary months, overflowed. I shrank back, convicted and appalled.

"If it had been a friend," she said, "who had thrown himself upon another friend, as you cast yourself upon me when you wrote to me from Venice, using my mind, my heart, my time, as ministers of yours in the premeditated and systematic plan you had formed from the date of that letter, to approach nearer the object of your unhallowed passion, and when your end was accomplished, casting off that friend as a worn-out glove, such cold-blooded ingratitude would have seemed heartless enough, but when it is a mother's life and heart's blood you have been playing with, and when you wind up this unparalleled treachery by coming to me at such a time to wound me to the heart, by telling me that all my efforts, my endurance, my kindness have been in vain,—that I who have dreamed, thought, breathed but to lighten your load and assuage your cares, have made you miserable,—I feel that my sorrow is greater than I can bear. Go, Hubert, the sight of you kills me."

I obeyed her.

The next day passed in a gloomy calm. Though little able to do so, my mother had risen and went about as usual; she was so fearful that I should think she wished to make her illness a plea for delaying my departure.

I escaped to the Grange; it was the hunting-season, and Warburton hunted. Marian needed my society to while away her lonely mornings, and we were left almost entirely alone. A few days afterwards I sent for my servant and belongings, and we left for Scotland. I wrote a few lines to my mother, merely telling her I was going, but without giving any further reason for not seeing her again.

I spent two months in Scotland. I was less happy than I expected. There was a sense of self-reproach which left an ache in my heart. There was, besides, a strange feeling of surprise at having so easily broken the tie with my home. A man who would have used a hundred-horse power to divide a partition which fell away at a touch, would have felt as *sold*, to use a vulgarism.

We all went to London together, and then I made the final preparations for my journey. It was necessary, for appearance, to go down to Speynings. I did not wish the world to think I had quarrelled with my mother.

"Never let there be a public rupture between relations," said Warburton; "it is not in good taste. You have asserted your independence" (when had it ever been infringed?) "'basta," as Marian would say. Such an excellent person as your mother deserves every attention which does not interfere with the exigencies of life."

The morning came; Marian seemed dispirited, and as if she grudged every moment I was obliged to pass away from her. Her eyes glistened with tears as I took leave. I could scarcely tear myself away, for in a few days I should have to leave her also. When at last I dragged myself away, I promised faithfully to be back that evening. My first intention had been to sleep at Speynings. It would be a disappointment to the two at home, but I resolved, at any price, to secure a few hours more with her. I should only pass two hours at Speynings.

I arrived in a moody, constrained temper. It seemed that there was latent reproach, or covert accusation in all that was said. My mother's pale and changed face was a reproof in itself. It was cold; the snow had fallen thick, and the noise of the spades clearing it away sounded ominous. I requested they should not do so, and ordered the carriage to wait for me at the lodge, where I said I would meet it. The conversation was dull and inharmonious, in spite of Fanny's good-natured attempts to enliven it. When I had announced my intention of returning by the next train, she had made an exclamation, but a glance at my mother silenced her. She (my mother) said nothing, but a few minutes afterwards left the room.

During her absence Fanny told me the news of the place; how the Comptons had returned to the Grange, &c., &c. My mother returned, looking paler still, but otherwise calm and composed. Each moment dropped like lead on my heart, till I feared at last I should not have strength to go. Suddenly I made an effort, and stood up.

"God bless you, dear Fan!" I said. I could be cordial to her on this last day, for I had done her no wrong.

"Good bye," I said to my mother, and I took her hand. "I will write as soon as I get to Vienna, and be sure to write and tell me if I can do anything for you there."

"God bless you, Hubert! Be happy, and keep well."

Her voice was hollow and strange, and the hand I held was cold as ice."

"I shall often think of the new greenhouses, Fanny, and of the wonderful flower prizes you will get with such an elaborate apparatus. Good bye!" I again shook hands with her, and was gone.

I drew a long breath, as after running down the avenue I jumped into the carriage, which was to take me to the express train. I had escaped, bruised and galled it is true, but I was free. My thoughts swung round at once to Marian.

At five-and-twenty I was about to commence the true business of life. As Warburton would have said, a man must act and live with men. Women are a pastime which may fill up the interstices of life; but when one has left off wearing white pinafores, cut one's teeth, and had the measles, there is nothing in which a woman is really necessary to us. A wife or mistress *c'est autre chose*, but mothers and sisters are best at a little distance.

I never saw my mother again. Twelve months after I left England she died.

During that period I had not only joined the firm at Vienna, but had, by my hereditary and personal influence, made room for Warburton. He and his wife were now domiciled at Vienna.

I was a man who misses a daily intercourse, but whose affections are not solid enough to stand the trial of absence, and I did not mourn my mother much. Besides, there was a sting in such grief as I could not help feeling, which my selfishness led me resolutely to fight against. However plausibly I might argue with myself, there was a sin on my soul. My actions appeared harmless

enough. The crimes which darken many minds I was innocent of. I had kept within the outward limit which separates vice from virtue, and yet the mildew of my reckless self-love had destroyed all that came too near me. The world spoke fairly of me; the Warburtons and their clique praised me to the skies; but character sooner or later finds its level, and I did not retain my friends; but I was in the bloom and spring of life, my face was turned to the ascent of the Mountains of Delight. What had I to do with memories of that fair face hidden under the sands which are washed by the Adriatic Lagoon? Why should I torture myself with thinking how irreparably I had grieved and wounded the heart which now lay at rest under the chancel of our old church? But it is the worst of characters like mine, to see the right and pursue the wrong. My intelligence pointed out to me where my errors injured me; but my will, long perverted by self-indulgence, had not power to alter. I suppose, therefore, I was beginning to discover that some of the glory of my love was dimmed. I still adored Marian; but constant intercourse had robbed my love of some of its fairy enchantments. Reaction had followed the excitement in which I had latterly lived. Besides, I had attained, as far as I could, the object of my desires.

It is extraordinary how brief is the phase of contentment in some minds, and how soon the balance weighs downwards. We ascend the hill with great difficulty, but the place at the top is so narrow, that in a very brief time we are obliged to descend. In the gay circles of Vienna Marian was very much admired. The besotted vanity of Warburton was such, that he imagined it was his society which attracted the Viennese youth to his house. I used to feel enraged at his self-satisfaction. Certainly Marian had art enough to manage a score of admirers without compromising herself, or committing him. Not one of these gay and gallant courtiers imagined, I am sure, that the slouching, dark-eyed young Englishman whom her husband was so fond of, was acknowledged by her to be her only friend.

But I was not happy. There were times when I was almost suffocated by contending feelings, when I felt I must break through it all, and either snatch away Marian to be my own in some far foreign land; or taking an eternal farewell of her, return to England, bury myself at Speynings, out of sight of that fatal beauty which had destroyed my life. Marian and I had spoken of the former alternative; her children were her excuse for not acting up to the love she professed. No, she could not leave them; how could I ask it? was that my love for her? She could understand a woman sacrificing herself, but not bringing shame on her children. Whether the difficulty was not in reality her dislike to change a position which had so much that was seducing to a woman of her inclinations, for the solitary companionship of one heart, I will not affirm. Besides, it was not even an alternative; she had hitherto united both, the homage of the world and my unswerving fealty. Why should there be a change? If I was not happy I could go. In our unfortunate position, she said, we must each forego something.

She fancied she kept within the limits of virtue (she piqued herself on her religious principles, and had a great fear of the devil) by remaining in her home. Yet where was her loyalty to her husband when she knew of my love, and, under the specious name of friendship, allowed me to speak of it. Under the name of friendship I was to be hers, and hers only. I had a vague feeling, sometimes, that a straightforward woman would have said "Leave me; it is not good for either of us to continue a feeling which must bring, eventually, so much pain on both. Your heart must need a fuller feeling than I can bestow on it. Give me your friendship, but seek another woman's love. Love cannot exist without hope, and hope I cannot give you. Leave me for awhile, and put me out of the calculation in your reveries of future happiness. You will thank me one day for what seems coldness now."

She never said this. She took for granted that the anomalous position in which we were was to be eternal, and on the least evidence of impatience or desire to break my chain her eyes would seek mine, and their look of mournful reproach would instantly recall my wandering allegiance. At last, however, even she began to feel that some change was a necessity. She feared the effect of custom. She dreaded the daily increasing irritability of my temper, which might at any moment cause a scene between us, in which she might have to abdicate some of her superiority. She, at last, herself counselled me to go.

It was necessary I should go to Speynings; the large fortune which had been vested in my mother by my great-uncle she had bequeathed to me without reservation. To Fanny she had left a modest competence. The rent-roll of Speynings was not in itself large, but the large sum of ready money in the funds, and my father's fortune, made me a rich man.

I wound up my affairs at Vienna; I invited the Warburtons to pay me a long visit the first *congé* he had, and returned to England. The day I left Marian was very pale, the tears were in her eyes. It was winter; she fastened a small cashmere scarf around my throat with her own white hands.

"You must take care of yourself for my sake."

She was rarely so demonstrative, and my heart melted within me. So soft to her, how strangely hard that heart had become to all else!

VISIT TO THE IRISH CONVICT PRISONS, MOUNTJOY.

NO. III.

OUR last visit to the Irish Convict Prisons for male convicts was to the first stage in them, at Mountjoy. On the Sunday preceding that also had been visited by His Royal Highness the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales. Little did the writer of this imagine, while penning the record of their visit to Smithfield Prison, that the illustrious subject of it was on the bed of sickness, which was within a few short hours to be the bed of death! That the nation which for more than twenty years had rejoiced not only in the unbroken domestic happiness of their beloved Sovereign, but in the support and help she received from his wise counsels, should so soon be

plunged in grief,—a grief which is more than an outward show of ceremonial condolence, even the true heart-feeling of a personal loss, and of warm and even affectionate sympathy with our beloved Queen. Such visitations forcibly remind us of the shortness and uncertainty of life, and warn us all to work while it is day, discharging in our several stations the duties to which we have been called by the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, our Heavenly Father. The following tribute to the memory of Her Majesty's august father, the Duke of Kent, extracted from a sermon delivered on the day of the funeral of His Majesty George III., February 18, 1820, is so strikingly characteristic of her illustrious Consort whom we now so deeply mourn, that we may be permitted to insert it here, as harmonising with our feelings at our recent bereavement :—

“Suddenly, in the vigour of health, and in the enjoyment of the purest sources of temporal happiness, was he removed from the scenes of time. He regarded them in the aspect of responsibility; cherished the charities of domestic life; employed the influence of his rank to effect those purposes which the benevolent Sovereign (his father) would have contemplated with peculiar satisfaction, engaging in the labours necessary to accomplish them with men whose names were not adorned with earthly titles; pursuing them with enlightened zeal and persevering industry, and bearing up under disappointments and discouragements with a firmness which we may regard as a decisive proof that he had nobler objects in view than the praise of men; that he was influenced by a sense of religious duty, and that he had the strengthening supports of religious principle.”

Such was the tribute then paid to the father of our Sovereign, and such words may be applied to the noble and esteemed Prince whom we mourn.

While at Lusk the prison character of the establishment has been carefully avoided, and at Smithfield very few traces of it exist, at Mountjoy we saw the same general arrangement and system which characterised Pentonville and goals built on that model. The ordinary visitor is struck with the extraordinary cleanliness of every part, the brightness of the brass fittings, and the polish of the metal staircases, so fine as to be dangerous to the incautious step. There is a certain beauty in the symmetry and regularity of the whole which, at first sight, removes from the inexperienced observer the anticipated awe and terror. The long galleries, tier above tier, give one the feeling of perfection of adaptation to some special object, which is not displeasing. The arrangements to save the labour of the officials, and to secure to the inmates of the place a supply of their wants and a certainty of proper attention in case of sickness, are admirable. We heard no sound. Nothing would have informed us that those small doors on each side of the long galleries were entrances to solitary cells, in each of which was a wretched criminal, to whom for nine long months those four walls shut out the world, and all society save his own gloomy thoughts,—who would there have no retrospect but of his own mispent time and neglected opportunities, or, it may be, grievous wrongs done to his fellow-creatures, a life wasted, a family ruined. We heard no groans of agony, no wail of despair; but

the deep unbroken silence in this abode of vice and misery was even more oppressive, more suggestive of a misery too great for words, a concentrated mass of human suffering. A door was opened to us—we asked not to see the prisoners. Some years ago we had visited a gaol constructed on the old principle, and the governor politely ordered that the cell-doors should be thrown open as we passed, that we might see everything. And so, after mounting the narrow stone staircase, we walked through that gallery, and as we passed, a prisoner presented himself at the entrance of every cell. Such mournful specimens of humanity! Such dogged despair! Such unblushing villainy! Such hopeless grief! We longed to strive to solace it, to have the satisfaction of doing something to help to save the lost; but we were powerless, and walked on as unheeding as we could, shrinking from insulting their misery by gazing on it. One drop of comfort and sympathy and advice we did bestow on a young man near his discharge, and that helped him on, and made him feel that when at liberty his help was at hand. But his was a solitary case, and the sight of the prisoners in that gaol almost certain,—the officials told us,—to return to it again, and to continue a life of crime, left on us an impression of horror which has never been removed. We avoided at Mountjoy asking to see the prisoners, not from a fear of the renewal of such an impression, but because we felt that criminals undergoing a penal separation from all around ought not to be subjected to curious inspection, and that they also should not have any rising shame checked, or even their feelings wounded, by being made the subjects of common observation. But we desired to be assured that the men whom we had seen at Lusk and Smithfield were really criminals of as deep a dye as we had been told, and to learn whether the crimes of which they had been guilty were accidental or the result of a continued career of vice. Our minds were sufficiently satisfied on this point by an inspection of a book in which is inserted a photograph of each prisoner on his arrival. We could hardly have imagined a collection of heads so low in type, and faces indicating such varied criminality, but uniformly a display of such bad and daring passions. We could hardly have believed that many of these were the very men whom we had seen under so different an aspect, and with countenances so altered. Only one of all of them did we recognise as a clever young man whom we had noticed taking an active part in the competitive examination; his countenance was then wonderfully changed from the dogged, lowering, vicious look which we saw here. The prisoners, when they arrive in this wicked state, are full of antagonism and hatred to all around, and look with astonishment and often defiance at the strange scene which the interior of this prison presents. Each soon finds that the power over him is more than he can possibly contend against, and is immured in the cell which must be his abode for nine months. At first this seclusion is absolute and complete, except during exercise, religious worship, evening instruction, and then—though not conducted in separate stalls as at Pentonville—any communication with

other prisoners is strictly prevented. It is by degrees felt a great privilege to be allowed to work with the cell-door open during part of the day, then during the whole day; this slight approach to the society of others is esteemed an extreme privilege, and is forfeited for any misconduct. Now, in the midst of this strict and severe discipline a ray of hope is always lighted on the prisoner, for he feels that justice is tempered with mercy. From the very first day of his entering the prison he is made aware that his future condition will entirely depend on his conduct day by day, of which careful records are kept. The treatment of those who have the charge of him, though actuated by strict regard to duty, still manifests that a concern is felt for the welfare of each one individual, and none but those who have had the care of persons, either young or old, who are under sentence of the law, can tell how marvellous is the effect of this feeling alone. The medical officer notices not merely the physical, but the moral state and conduct, and if he hears of peculiar irritability and misbehaviour, he examines whether there is not some physical cause which may be removed. In this he and the governor act in co-operation, for all are animated by the same spirit. As the gaol physician remarked to one of us, "It seemed as if an electric current had pervaded all the officers." This will seem to many visionary; but we who were in Dublin at a time when Captain Crofton had felt it necessary to tender his resignation, became fully assured, from our own personal observation and conversation with the various officers, that his spirit did animate the whole establishment of convict prisons from beginning to end, and we rejoiced with them when it was arranged that he would remain at his very important post.

The time of separate confinement being ended, the convicts are transferred to prisons where they execute government works. If they are artisans, they are sent to Phillipstown, where indoor trades are carried on; if otherwise, they are transferred to Spike Island near Cork, to carry on government works on the fortifications. Here their boundary is the limit of the island, and they are shut in separate cells at nights. This is an immense change to them; from their solitude to be placed in association with their fellow convicts presents great temptations to insubordination, which, of course, requires the strictest watchfulness. But here, too, the system pursued completely produces its effect. Careful records are made of each convict's daily conduct and work, by marks which he himself can check, and which he knows will be the means of his rising to higher classes in the island, and eventually of his being placed in the greater liberty of Lusk. He has here also the advantage of the ministrations of the chaplain and the schoolmaster, the latter of whom gives instructive lectures, as at Smithfield and Lusk, calculated to prepare the men for their entrance into life anew. The prisoners do not, when they first come, show themselves by any means reformed, and often give great trouble for some time. Occasionally parties of convicts from the colonial prisons are sent here in a very disorderly condition after their voyage; but all are

soon brought into order without any violent outbreak.

Why is it that under this system there never occur the fearful outrages with which the public have been shocked these last few years? First, we hear of a tremendous rebellion at Portland Prison, which was with difficulty quelled. Then early last year we read of first one and then a second most fearful insurrection, as we must call them, at Chatham, quelled only by an overpowering physical force, and followed by dreadful punishments. Quite recently the public journals give an account of a similar state of things at Dartmoor:

"OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT OF CONVICTS IN DARTMOOR PRISON.

"Very serious disturbances have for some weeks past [November 2, 1861], we understand, taken place in Dartmoor Prison, where the convicts have been displaying serious symptoms of insubordination and opposition to the regulations of the prison, coupled, as opportunity offered, with most outrageous assaults on the officers more immediately in attendance upon them. To such an extent has their violence been carried, that the prison authorities have for some time been obliged to place extra night officers on duty in the association wards, in which from 80 to 120 of the worst criminals are congregated, without, so far as we hear, any regard to classification or morals. In Dartmoor Prison there are five such wards, where murderers, garroters, robbers, forgers, burglars, and highway robbers, criminals guilty of unnatural offences, and, more deplorable still, youthful thieves and pickpockets, are permitted indiscriminately to herd together in open wards, in which they take their meals and sleep, without any separation or respect for common decency; inasmuch as the convicts in the wards referred to sleep in hammocks placed so close together that one man cannot get in or out without crossing the hammock on his right or left. The moral disorganisation and villany engendered under such circumstances may be easily imagined, and the results have recently been manifested in a shape which calls loudly for remedial measures on the part of the authorities.

"On a recent occasion the convicts in the association wards concerted a plan for putting out the gas at night, and making a simultaneous assault on the night officers; but, happily, one or two in the plot divulged the secret to the authorities, and precautions were taken by which the fiendish design was frustrated. Notwithstanding this failure, the officers who have in any manner rendered themselves obnoxious have been for several weeks past subjected to murderous attacks from these irreclaimable villains, by whom any official who endeavours strictly and impartially to carry out the prison rules, or who, in the exercise of his duty, may bring under the notice of the governor acts of misconduct, is specially marked out for vengeance. Indeed, things have arrived at such a pitch, that those officers whose conscience will not allow these hardened ruffians to act as they think proper, are certain, at some time or other, to be attacked and maltreated—the time chosen for such assaults being when they get the obnoxious warder or other warder by himself, or at some distance from his brother officers. As an illustration of the working of the convict system at Dartmoor, we may state that two most respectable and inoffensive officers, named Rundle and Mason, were very recently assaulted in the most savage and cowardly manner, the former being attacked by a number of convicts, who came behind him and dealt several violent blows on his head, knocking him down, and while in that position fero-

ciously kicking him with their hobnail boots about the head and stomach, at the same time closing in a circle round the unfortunate man, so that it was some time before Rundle's brother officers could render him any assistance, and then not before the severe injuries on his head and different parts of his body had been inflicted. In the case of Mason, who was attacked in the same cowardly manner, he being an unusually strong man, his ruffianly assailants failed to knock him down, and he was enabled to keep them at bay until aid arrived, but not before he had received several kicks on the legs and contusions about the eyes, which prevented him for several days from performing his ordinary duty. The principal warden, Shepherd, was, not long ago, assaulted and hit on the head and face; an officer named Barnes was also attacked by a prisoner, who struck him on the head with a broom-handle; and, within the last few days, we learn that a most murderous assault was made on an officer named Mules, in one of the association wards, where there were 80 convicts, two of whom struck him from behind several heavy blows on the head with stones which they had tied up in their handkerchiefs, and with which they beat him most unmercifully about the head and face, inflicting several fractures on the cranium, from the effects of which he now lies dangerously ill, but little hope being entertained of his recovery. Several other officers, whose duties bring them into immediate contact with the prisoners, have likewise been the subject of ferocious attacks, and have received serious injuries.

"Such is the 'reign of terror' at present existing in Dartmoor Prison; and unless the most stringent measures are promptly carried out, its condition bids fair to rival, or even eclipse, that of Chatham during the worst phases of the late mutinous outbreak."

Such fearful outbreaks of an evil spirit raging within the establishment are, of course, followed by the consequences here described in the conclusion of the same article:

"Some steps in the right direction, however, have, we hear, been already taken. Last week Captain Gambier, one of the visiting directors, arrived at the prison, and, with a view of checking the prevailing spirit of insubordination, ordered five or six of the ringleaders to be flogged—a sentence which was immediately carried into effect, three dozen lashes being administered to each of the culprits, who, it may be mentioned, did not evince the smallest signs of contrition for their outrageous misconduct, but, on the contrary, we are told, uttered expressions of savage exultation and defiance. Several convicts, moreover, were ordered to be sent back to the prison at Millbank, where they will be placed in the penal class, and have to undergo very severe discipline. Reduced diet has also been resorted to by Captain Gambier with respect to other convicts guilty of mutinous conduct, who, in some cases, are compelled to wear chains or cross-irons, which will, for some time at least, prevent them using their nailed boots on the heads of the warders of the establishment at Dartmoor, with the abuses of which the public are in general very imperfectly acquainted."

Would it be possible that men from such prisons as these could be sent to such places as Lusk or Smithfield?

Only one of our party was able to visit Spike Island, and he was most fully satisfied with that, as we all had been with every part of the system. His testimony was fully in accordance with that of Mr. Recorder Hill, as given to the Social Science Association at its first meeting at Birming-

ham, after a recent visit to Spike Island and the other prisons:

"The contrast of expression in the faces of the inmates of Mountjoy and of those of the body advanced to the intermediate stage affords the most striking evidence in favour of the treatment of which they have had the inestimable benefit. This proof of amendment I had ample opportunity of studying, as in my repeated visits I saw the men in every variety of occupation—at their labour, at their meals, during their studies, and in their moments of relaxation. Their countenances, though on the whole inferior in intelligence to the average of free men of their own degree, bore no marks of an evil mind; and while I was being rowed by more than one boat's crew, from island to island, and altogether in their power, it was impossible for me not to feel as secure of their fidelity as if they had been Thames waterman. In the manners and general demeanour of the intermediate class the desire to improve themselves and to be of service to others was also very apparent."

MARY CARPENTER.

THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

It is a very common thing to hear the name of the Clerk of the Weather Office taken in vain. That individual has hitherto been a myth, against whom the oburgations of Englishmen have been levelled time out of mind. If a fine day is desired, a jocular appeal is made to the kind interference of this ideal personage; but, as we well know, the joke of to-day becomes the fact of to-morrow; and I have actually seen and conversed with this very myth. If the lounge is on his way to the Abbey, as he gets towards the end of Whitehall, he sees before him, on his left hand, looking down King Street, an overhanging bow window: here is the den or cave of the magician who takes under his care the four winds, and foretells rain or snow with certainty. Do you wish, good reader, to be introduced into this sanctum, which your imagination furnishes with a stuffed alligator, a furnace, a still, and a venerable old man in a fur robe and a conical cap, poring over a large book, filled with geometrical drawings—*à la* Zadkiel; if so, prepare for something much more prosaic. What is this on the door—some abracadabra? No, simply "The Meteorological Office of the Board of Trade." I ask for the Clerk of the Weather; the porter stares, and asks me if I wish to see Admiral Fitzroy? It must be the Flying Dutchman, I inwardly cogitate, and he must be weather-wise by this time. But the necromancers have grown singularly matter-of-fact and unpicturesque. Here are an ordinary office and hall-porters, and ordinary clerks at work as I pass, and ultimately the wind and weather den, or cave, is reached, in which a beneficent Prospero, if he does not conjure up, at least foretells all the winds that blow about our island, and our Prospero is—Admiral Fitzroy.

When we remember the mighty argosies Britain has at sea, the army of sailors that tread the salt ooze, the fearful wrecks that strew our shores, the imagination is excited to ascertain by what means he forewarns and forearmns man against such fearful vicissitudes. What is the machinery

by which the ship about to sail is suddenly arrested and returned to port? by what occult knowledge is the hardy fisherman forewarned to beach his boat, and to hang up his unused nets to dry? Admiral Fitzroy is no necromancer; but the results he works out are more wonderful than even the Professors of the Black Art have ever offered us. His office and its inner rooms are furnished with nothing terrific to see: there are some self-registering barometers hung up side by side, a few Aneroids, and thermometers, and some storm-glasses, up which the crystal tree I perceive is rapidly growing; before him is a rough pencil-sketch of the British Isles, and around them are drawn some circular lines; this is a forecast of the direction of the wind that in all probability will blow in a day or two.

But surely, asks the reader, the mere study of the mercury or the weather-glass, in a back room in Parliament Street, is not sufficient to tell us where the weather is breeding we are going to have to-morrow? Not exactly. But the admiral is not the only observer. The department, of which he is the intelligent head, has posted watchers all round our seaboard, has supplied them with excellent instruments, and every day gathers in the crop of information they have gleaned from their distant stations. Thus, every day comes by telegraph the news of the condition of the atmosphere along the whole circuit of our shores.

Meteorology is a science that has engaged philosophers for centuries; but it is only since the discovery of the electric telegraph, that they have been able to make simultaneously and transmit to head-quarters instantaneously the results of their labours over a wide field of observation. Since this has been done, immense strides have been made, and it is rapidly becoming an exact science. This system was first commenced by the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, in Sept., 1860. Thus the nation of shopkeepers has been the first to lead the world in a new and most important applied science, which must ultimately save the lives of thousands of sailors and boundless wealth to the merchants. The observers at the out-stations, which are all situated at sea-ports of the British Island, are the telegraph clerks—a very intelligent set of men. The Board of Trade provides them with every requisite meteorological instrument, and provides a manual of instruction for their use. In this manner a staff of skilled observers are being drilled in all our important seafaring places. They are instructed to send reports to the central office in Parliament Street twice a day, at 8 a.m. and 3 p.m., and oftener when any great disturbance of their instruments warrants special notifications to Admiral Fitzroy. These telegrams give in symbolic figures the condition of the barometer and thermometer, wet and dry; the direction of the wind; the force of the wind; the amount of cloud; the character of weather, and the sea disturbance. Thus the chief is supplied, in a compact form, with all the leading features of the sum he has to work. When all the telegrams for the day have arrived, the various corrections for local peculiarities are made, and the condition of the weather is forecast.

As the knowledge of circular storms is becoming more thoroughly known, the value of this daily sum worked at head-quarters is becoming of the last importance. It is now known that all great hurricanes move in cyclones or ovals, in northern latitudes, giving circling winds from left to right, but moving bodily from the south-west towards the north-east. These cyclones are of all sizes, and they move at a rate sufficiently slow to enable warning of their approach to be given to out-ports some time beforehand. The first well-noted cyclone was that known as the Royal Charter storm. This hurricane commenced in the south-west, about the Bay of Biscay, and finally passed off along the coast of Norway, sweeping on its way across this island, and visiting the west, south, east, and northern coast with gales which boxed the compass within twenty-four hours. The passage of this great storm has been most accurately mapped, and its whole course in every particular worked out in the most perfect manner, by Admiral Fitzroy and his staff of observers. We may here observe that although these cyclones are often of very limited area, yet they are due to atmospheric influences possibly thousands of miles away. In the same manner the minute eddies of wind which twist about the autumn leaves or dust in our path may be, and are very often, the result of opposing winds directed by distant hills or other elevations. The eddies in the stream, which we note whirling down a river, have been brought about by the piers of the bridge, creating diverse currents. The present system of warning our outports was not established in October, 1859; otherwise that noble ship—the Royal Charter—could have been warned of the approach of the great circle of wind at least twenty hours before it swept round upon her, as she lay at her fatal place of anchorage, on a lee shore; and probably she would have put to sea, and been saved.

Our knowledge that all great winds are circular accounts for a phenomenon that puzzled our fathers, namely, that a southerly wind is often very cold. The explanation is, that although the wind may reach us from the south, yet it is in reality a polar wind curved round, or diverted from its course by opposing currents of air or other causes.

But to return to our subject, the telegraphic meteorological communications of ordinary and peaceful conditions of the atmosphere are merely recorded at the head office, in order to enable the forecast of the weather to be made. This is published every morning in the "Times" and other papers. It is rather extraordinary that the public have taken such little notice of this the only truly scientific contribution to our morning papers. It cannot be that those reports have proved untrustworthy, for, as a rule, our Clerk of the Weather gives in the most unerring manner all the great changes that are about to happen in the coming three days.

It is quite clear that to a very large part of our population a daily approximation even to the coming meteorological changes is of the utmost importance. Let us take the agriculturist, for instance. What a saving it would be to the farmer if he could be forewarned of the approach of a week of wet or of frost! the same may be

said of all out-of-door trades. Weather affects all of us, from the landowner down to the costermonger.

Let us reflect for a moment on the wide-spread misery that falls upon the poor by even one week of hard and continual frost. Yet, day by day, the possibility of being surprised by the Ice King is becoming more and more inexcusable as the science of meteorology, as expressed in these weather-tables, progresses. It is true that the inland districts cannot, with the same certainty, be forewarned from the central office of the changes that are likely to take place in the weather as the seaboard can, for the reason that the irregularities of the land modify the general rules that are gathered from the level ocean surface; but all the great changes affect land and sea alike, and local peculiarities can be judged by keeping an eye to the local barometers, &c. As the science of meteorology progresses we feel

confident that the forecasts of the weather, supplied by Admiral Fitzroy to the public papers, will be watched as carefully by all persons dependent upon the condition of the weather, as they are by the mariner at this moment. As our seafaring population are not in the habit of reading the morning papers, a special method of notifying to them "squalls a-head" is adopted. Thus, a system of signals for use by night and day has been adopted, and is now in operation in all our principal sea-ports.

The form of the signal refers to the direction of the expected wind: thus the cone with its apex uppermost refers to a north wind, and the reverse to a southern one, whilst the simple drum alone, or square, gives warning that dangerous winds may be expected from opposite quarters, whilst the combination of the drum and cone predicts dangerous winds coming at first from the quarter indicated by the position of the cone.

WARNING SIGNALS.—FOR DAY USE.



Gale probably from the northward.



Gale probably from the southward.



Dangerous winds may be expected from nearly opposite quarters successively.



Dangerous wind probably at first from the northward.

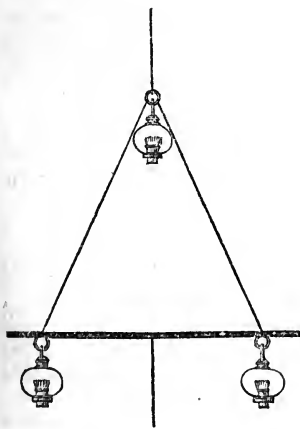


Dangerous wind probably at first from the southward.

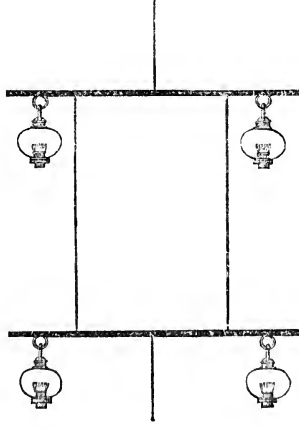
These signals are of large size, and are hoisted, by the telegraph clerks, in view of the seafaring community. It is not intended that these signals shall be hoisted, except in great and dangerous disturbances of the atmosphere, as the central office does not attempt to give notice of local changes, however sudden and dangerous. These should be noted locally, and it is hoped that ob-

servers on the spot will be able to supply this intelligence to the seafaring community. As only the larger outports can be thus warned from the London office, the coast guard is requested to diffuse the intelligence they forward along the coast. These signals are intended for day use; a separate system of night signals is adopted, which are made visible by lamps as follows:

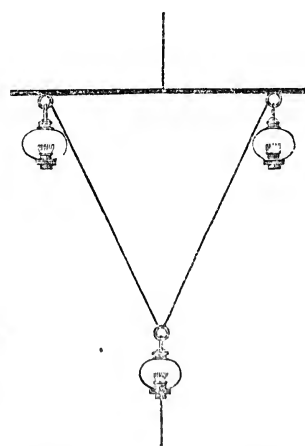
WARNING SIGNALS.—FOR NIGHT USE.



Gale probably from the Northward.



Gales successively.



Gale probably from the Southward.

These signals are hoisted from dusk to midnight, if necessary. As yet, these warnings are intended mainly for seamen on land, but it is to be hoped that our lighthouses will, by and bye, partake in

the useful duty of warning passing ships, not only of the permanent dangers of the hidden rock or sand-bank, but also of the passing danger of the hurricane. At the present moment

this would be impossible, as we have no electric communication with our lighthouses; but as our beacons are, for the most part, stationed on exposed points of the coast, and in mid-channel, they would be of immense value both in gathering meteorological observations for the central office, and in diffusing its danger signals. The Astronomer Royal wishes to have the electric spark laid on to these lighthouses for the purpose of giving "time" to captains. Admiral Fitzroy would also desire it, we doubt not, for the sake of forwarning them of storms.

It will be asked, however, has this system of warning our sailors of the approach of bad weather been put in practice effectively? Yes; every storm of any importance has been thus notified to our maritime population, and as the predictions have always been verified by subsequent bad weather, our sailors are beginning to place very great confidence in the system. To the less affluent fishing villages, with which there is no telegraphic communication, the Meteorological department lends barometers and thermometers of a character suited to the habits of the people. These are generally hung in some exposed position, and the people are taught to read and interpret them—a matter in which even otherwise well-educated persons are apt to find themselves at sea. For instance, it is a general belief that a rising barometer and a falling thermometer indicate fine weather; but the fact is, that when the rise is at all sudden, it rather indicates the approach of a Polar gale, or a gale blowing from the north-west, or north-east. The reason is obvious: the Polar or cold air is the heaviest of all the atmospheric currents; hence the pressure it exerts upon the open end of the barometer sends the other end up. Gales from the southern quarter generally give notable warning of their approach by a falling barometer, and a temperature higher than usual for the season. The barometer manual also teaches these men, that the approach of a dangerous wind is always indicated by any sudden fall of magnitude in that instrument, or the fall, say for three hours, of the mercury at the rate of a tenth of an inch per hour; and also that the longer the signs of change of weather have appeared, the greater chance of the change lasting. Much of weather-wise wisdom is expressed in the old couplet:

Long foretold long last,
Short notice soon past.

The fall of the mercury in the thermometer ten degrees is also a notable sign of a coming hurricane. But it is not the sailor alone that requires instruction in the use of the barometer; there is scarcely one person in a hundred who hangs up a barometer in his hall who can read it properly. It will generally be found that it is hung too high. The vision should be on a level with the top of the mercurial column, as it is according to what that fluid is doing at the moment of observation that good forecasts can be made of what is to come. Thus the condition of the surface of the mercury is especially noteworthy: when it is rising it is convex, and concave when falling—a symptom very clearly visible in modern barometers and thermometers in which the column of mercury is large. Admiral Fitzroy, in his instructions to

observers, is careful not to cut off any source of information, as he especially notes that the observations of nature are to be watched. Thus, when sea-birds fly out early and far to seaward, fair weather may be anticipated; on the contrary, when they hang about the land or fly inward, stormy weather is indicated. When animals, instead of spreading over their usual range, seek sheltered places, storms may be expected. Dew is an indication of fine weather, so is fog; but clearness of the atmosphere near the horizon is a sign of wet. When a mountaineer sees the hills cutting sharp against the sky, he wraps his plaid around him. A good hearing day is also an indication of coming wet. The public will feel all the more confidence in the Head of the Meteorological department for not disdaining these phenomena noted by the weatherwise, as they rest upon exactly the same foundation as what may be termed the more scientific signs—namely experience. Now that meteorology is elevated into an applied science, we feel confident that immense progress will be made. It is a great thing to know that there is a central department instituted purposely to collect all information bearing upon the subject, and that it has a chief like Admiral Fitzroy, whose heart is in his business, and who seems never better pleased than when he is collecting from any source, however insignificant, a fact that is noteworthy—unless it be when he is diffusing his knowledge so attained either to individuals or the public at large. The growth of this new department seems to bear the same relation to the Shipwreck Relief Society and the Lifeboat Society, that preventive medicine does to remedial medicine. Indeed, as we progress in knowledge we are beginning to find out that prevention is better than cure, and, what is more to the purpose, we are becoming enabled to put this prevention in practice. A. W.

THE OLD CHARTIST.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

I.

WHATE'er I be, old England is my dam!
So there's my answer to the judges, clear.
I'm nothing of a fox, nor of a lamb;
I don't know how to cheat, nor how to leer:
I'm for the nation!
That's why you see me by the wayside here,
Returning home from transportation.

II.

It's Summer in her bath this morn, I think.
I'm fresh as dew, and chirpy as the birds:
And just for joy to see old England wink
Thro' leaves again, I could harangue the herds:
Isn't it something
To speak out like a man when you've got words,
And prove you're not a stupid dumb thing?

III.

They shipp'd me off for it: I'm here again.
Old England is my dam, whate'er I be.
Says I, I'll tramp it home, and see the grain:
If you see well, you're king of what you see:
Eyesight is having,
If you're not given, I said, to gluttony.
Such talk to ignorance sounds as raving.

IV.

You dear old brook, that from his Grace's park
Come bounding! on you run near my old town :
My lord can't lock the water ; nor the lark,
Unless he kills him, can my lord keep down.
Up, is the song-note!
I've tried it, too :—for comfort and renown,
I rather pitch'd upon the wrong note.

V.

I'm not ashamed : Not beaten's still my boast :
Again I'll rouse the people up to strike.
But home's where different politics jar most.
Respectability the women like.
This form, or that form—
The Government may be hungry pike,
But don't you mount a Chartist platform !

VI.

Well, well ! Not beaten—spite of them, I shout ;
And my estate is suffering for the Cause.—
Now, what is yon brown water-rat about,
Who washes his old poll with busy paws ?
What does he mean by't ?
It's like defying all our natural laws,
For him to hope that he'll get clean by't.

VII.

His seat is on a mud-bank, and his trade
Is dirt :—he's quite contemptible ; and yet
The fellow's all as anxious as a maid
To show a decent dress, and dry the wet.
Now it's his whisker,
And now his nose, and ear : he seems to get
Each moment at the motion brisker !



VIII.

To see him squat like little chaps at school,
I can't help laughing out with all my might.
He peers, hangs both his fore-paws : bless that fool,
He's bobbing at his frill now !—what a sight !
Licking the dish up,
As if he thought to pass from black to white,
Like parson into lawny bishop.

IX.

The elms and yellow reed-flags in the sun,
Look on quite grave :—the sunlight flecks his side ;
And links of bindweed-flowers round him run,
And shine up doubled with him in the tide.
I'm nearly splitting,
But nature seems like seconding his pride,
And thinks that his behaviour's fitting.

X.

That isle o' mud looks baking dry with gold.
His needle-muzzle still works out and in.
It really is a wonder to behold,
And makes me feel the bristles of my chin.
Judged by appearance,
I fancy of the two I'm nearer Sin,
And might as well commence a clearance.

XI.

And that's what my fine daughter said :—she meant :
Pray hold your tongue, and wear a Sunday face.
Her husband, the young linendraper, spent
Much argument thereon :—I'm their disgrace.
Bother the couple !
I feel superior to a chap whose place
Commands him to be neat and supple.

XII.

But if I go and say to my old hen :
 I'll mend the gentry's boots, and keep discreet,
 Until they grow *too* violent,—why, then,
 A warmer welcome I might chance to meet :
 Warmer and better.
 And if she fancies her old cock is beat,
 And drops upon her knees—so let her !

XIII.

She suffered for me :—women, you'll observe,
 Don't suffer for a Cause, but for a man.
 When I was in the dock she show'd her nerve :
 I saw beneath her shawl my old tea-can
 Trembling . . . she brought it
 To screw me for my work : she loath'd my plan,
 And therefore doubly kind I thought it.

XIV.

I've never lost the taste of that same tea :
 That liquor on my logic floats like oil,
 When I state facts, and fellows disagree.
 For human creatures all are in a coil ;
 All may want pardon.
 I see a day when every pot will boil
 Harmonious in one great Tea-garden !

XV.

We wait the setting of the Dandy's day,
 Before that time !—He's furbishing his dress—
 He *will* be ready for it !—and I say
 That you old dandy rat amid the cress, —
 Thanks to hard labour !—
 If cleanliness is next to godliness,
 The old fat fellow's Heaven's neighbour !

XVI.

You teach me a fine lesson, my old boy !
 I've look'd on my superiors far too long.
 And small has been my profit as my joy.
 You've *done* the right while I've denounced the
 wrong.
 Prosper me later !
 Like you I will despise the sniggering throng,
 And please myself and my Creator.

XVII.

I'll bring the linendraper and his wife
 Some day to see you ; taking off my hat.
 Should they ask why, I'll answer : in my life
 I never found so true a democrat.
 Base occupation
 Can't rob you of your own esteem, old rat !
 I'll preach you to the British nation.

THE HARTLEY PIT HECATOMB.

ANOTHER martyrdom on the altar of England's physical greatness—but this time a martyrdom of peace and not of war! A martyrdom to the wealth and power and health and comfort of universal England—yet more than a martyrdom, in the unmistakable evidence that multitudes of their fellows were ready to risk martyrdom also to save their fellows from their fate. Let us sorrow for the dead, but let us also honour the living who have dared death in the effort to save them. We pension and medal our soldiers who do daring deeds in the pursuit of war, and we do as much for those who save the lives of drowning seamen. More appalling is the work of the men who dare the perils of the imminent deadly mine :

and why should not they also wear a medal of honour as belonging to the Order of Life-savers—attached, if need be, by the Sovereign, or by the highest officers of state?—the Braidwoods of the Coal-mine.

We must do more than this. We must make this martyrdom, as well as other martyrdoms, an incentive to remove the causes of it. We cannot yet dispense with the use of coal, which is synonymous with the existence of England as a great nation—secondary sun's heat—the source of physical power deposited deep down in the bowels of our land—in the great fuel chambers of nature, provided for the growth of freemen in sufficient numbers to produce civilisation of a high order.

Inspection by Government officers can do much, but the result must depend on the individual characters of the inspectors employed. And it would be difficult for Government to determine what mines are safe and what are unsafe, and the conditions of safety. This must be left to the capitalist and the miner to settle, and nothing must be done to interfere with production. But they who work in coal-mines are the servants of the entire nation, and not merely of any small class in the nation. Miners are not commonly money-saving people—but neither are soldiers, nor sailors, nor they who dwell in New Orleans. Where the living is earned by a life of daily risk, quiet and careful thought is scarcely possible.

Slain coal-miners leave wives and families behind them. They should not be left as objects of desultory charity, or come under the category of paupers. A process might be adopted that would be self-acting. The City of London collects a shilling per ton on all the coals brought to London, for mere municipal purposes. Why should not a fraction of a shilling be collected per ton at every pit's mouth to form a fund for the maintenance and education of the wives and families made destitute by the loss of their husbands and fathers? It would not be a tax on coal owners, but on coal consumers—*i. e.*, on all England—and any surplus might be applied, after providing for all needing it, to experimental processes for diminishing risk.

It may be said that there is an injustice in thus taxing the owners of safe coal-mines for the benefit of unsafe ones. This might be met, to some extent, by a premium presented to those coal-owners who had been free from accident resulting in loss of life—the premium being the surplus left upon the tax at the year's end, after providing for widows, orphans, and disabled men, as well as giving pensions to life-savers.

The general accidents in coal-pits arise from mephitic gases. At the Hartley Pit the immediate cause was the breaking of a cast-iron engine beam, an accident which we may venture to say will not occur again ; but the breaking of this beam would have been nothing, and the men's lives would have been saved, had the mine been ventilated and pure. The only passage to the open air being stopped, the men were suffocated. It becomes a question, therefore, whether a pit which will not afford two shafts should be allowed to be worked at all.

For generations the gas known as fire-damp has been a source of peril in coal-mines : this gas

appears identical in quality with the explosive oil sold under the name of paraffin, to the damage of a meritorious man who first produced a cheap and safe light for the public under that name. Why the swindlers who take his name in vain, to the risk and damage of the public, by vending a spurious commodity, are not amenable to law is what we cannot well understand. This paraffin, or well-oil, is truly liquid gas, and probably it is to be found in England, as well as in Rangoon, California, the United States, and Canada, only that it is deeper below the surface, and a sufficiently deep boring has not yet been made in the deep pits to get at it. It is possible that in this mode the under stratum of coals might be drained of gas, if not of coal-oil, and the pits thus be made wholesome. Low heat at great depths distils the coal oil, and a greater heat converts it into gas which permeates every crevice, and when allowed to collect in the caverns of the mine kills by violence instead of poisoning slowly; and we may be sure that the safety-lamp which enables people to work in a vitiated atmosphere, if it saves them from violent death, does not enable them to prolong their lives to their natural term. Our neighbours in France make deep experimental borings in search of water. It would be a very desirable thing for us to try deep boring in the depths of our deepest coal-mines to render them wholesome, and probably acquire valuable property in oil-wells.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE WHIP AND THE NIGHT-HUNTERS.

THERE was an hour's work to clear away the drift, the station-master said; so, as the parson and the ladies, and myself had each told one story, we held Farmer Mangles to his bargain, and that worthy yeoman spoke as follows:—

"WELL, ladies and gentlemen, you have put me to a bit of a *non-plus*, I assure you," said Farmer Mangles; "I never could tell much of a story in my life, and now before such company as this (he paused to gather up his courage for a rush).—Well, however, I'll try.

"When I was a young man, and even now come to that, I had an Englishman's love of fox-hunting, and many a dull winter's night has been made cheery by the recollections of the days I have passed with Mr. —'s hounds. There are some men, I have been told, living in our great towns, who can see nothing in hunting but cruelty and idleness, and would rather saunter about the streets, like tailors' dummies, to show off their fine clothes, and fancy themselves lady-killers, than follow the staunchest pack of hounds that ever run. They're welcome to their opinions, for I'm sure I despise them as heartily as they can despise me. Now, as to the cruelty. The fox is made for no earthly good but hunting, and I always maintain that he knows it, and likes it. Why so? Is he not the craftiest animal alive? And I maintain that he thoroughly enjoys playing off upon the hounds all the shifts and cunning by which he baffles them, and if he don't succeed in eluding his pursuers, he knows he dies like a hero, and universally respected by every one in the field. I see you don't quite agree in my opinion,

but nobody can deny that horses and hounds are made as happy as the men by a good day's sport; and that balances the matter. Now, as to the idleness. Why, 'idleness is the parent of evil,' according to the copy-book, but who don't feel to love his neighbour better, be he rich or poor, as he jogs along beside him through a pleasant green lane to the cover-side? Who envies any man if he knows he has under himself a horse that may place him as well at the finish as any lord or gentleman present? When the hounds are drawing a shaw or a spinnery, a man has no evil thoughts in his mind; he is only anxious for the find, and to settle the way the fox will point when he breaks cover. Bless me! to say a man is not better for a burst across the open, with the fresh healthy wind blowing through and through him, whilst every nerve and muscle in his body is set in motion by the exercise! How kindly he feels towards the noble beast which carries him so bravely over hedge and rail, and if he does come to grief in his praiseworthy attempt to be first, think what moral reflections pass through his mind at his disappointment, and with what prudence he continues the run. Why, dear me, we shouldn't know half the good there was in each other if it were not for fox-hunting. How should I know that Farmer Tyler had such capital home-brewed, or such first-rate ham and cheese, and the hospitable mind to give them freely, if the hounds had not run into their fox in his paddock? How would young Harding, whose father farms ten miles away, have known what a pretty, good-natured girl, Mary Tyler was, but for that friendly luncheon? How should I have known that my neighbour Jackson didn't want to go to law with his next neighbour Burrows, if we hadn't ridden home together, and talked the matter over? Or how should I have been able to make the two shake hands at Christmas time, and be the best friends in the world ever since? Do you think Webley's landlord would have built him that new homestead if Sir Henry hadn't called to look at the brown horse Webley rode the last day we were out? Of course not! But when Sir Harry saw there was an honest man doing his best to pay rent and save for a rainy day, and yet find time to make such a hunter as the brown horse, why his heart warmed towards him, and he couldn't refuse him the reasonable request—a new homestead—when the man made such good use of the old one. But, 'pon my word, ladies and gentlemen, I must ask your pardon for running away so from my story, but whenever I get mounted on fox-hunting, I am apt to go the pace.

"My story has to do with fox-hunting, and that must be my excuse.

"Before I came to live in this county, I had, one day stopped at a little inn which we will call 'The Plough,' if you please, as I don't wish to fix the locality of my story, which is a true one almost; when a tax-cart, containing two men and a woman, drove up to the door. One of the men, who appeared about sixty, was wrapped up in an old horse blanket, and it required great care on the part of his companions to lift him from the cart without causing him pain. They were not successful altogether, if one judged

by the outcry the poor fellow made. He was a strange object to look at, his limbs being perfectly stiff (as I afterwards knew) from rheumatism; he appeared more like a big doll than a man. Not that he was big; on the contrary, he was a short, spare, figure, and his little brown top-boots and drab breeches were quite curiosities. There had been once on a time a bold heart within him, for I soon recognised Jerry Grayson, an old whip to Mr. —'s hounds, and one of the best riders across country I ever knew. I spoke to him by name, and the old man, recalling my voice, I suppose (hunting hounds quickens the ear, you know), thrust his head out of the folds of his blanket, and exclaimed, with evident delight—

“Lor! Mr. Mangles, how glad I am to see you, sir. I don't think there's another man in the country I wished to find more.”

“I had done him some trifling service once—I forget what—and old Jerry had always been very grateful for it.

“My daughter and son-in-law, Mr. Mangles, if you please,” said Jerry, introducing the other man and the young woman. “I'm staying with them now. They live about two miles from your house, and they've brought me here to see the doctor for my rheumatics. I'm mortal bad, sure-ly, and might as well be a carved image for what I can do for myself. Did you ever see such a mawkin as I look in your life?”

“Jerry had not underrated his personal appearance, I assure you, as he stood there with his poor little legs wide apart, and his arms stuck out stiff as mop-sticks, having been left leaning against the horse-trough in that position by his son-in-law, who had gone to put up the horse, whilst the daughter was unpacking the cart.

“It's all of no use,” continued Jerry, after he had paused for me to confirm his description of himself; “the doctor's of no use, Mr. Mangles, and, if you'll just step here, I'll tell you why.”

“As the old boy was a fixture, and could not come to me, I did not hesitate to go to him.

“Mr. Mangles, please to stoop your head down. It isn't the rheumatis that makes me go on so at times. I could bear that, tho' it's bad enough, I can tell you, but it's here—what's on my mind, Mr. Mangles.”

“Nothing worse, I hope, Jerry, than what I can guess,” said I.

“Mr. Mangles, you would never believe it of me. You'd never believe that Jerry Grayson, who had the respect of the hunt, and now enjoys a pension of a guinea a week from the noble master, could ever have been such a willin. I want to tell you all about it; but I can't now, 'cos Joe's coming, and Mary's knocking with a knife at the tap-room window to tell us dinner's ready.”

“Joe also recognised the welcome signal, and, taking the old man up in his arms like a baby, carried him, yelling and swearing a *very* little, considering what a provocative to bad language the rheumatism is, into the Plough.

“I was greatly puzzled by Jerry's communication, and hardly knew whether I wished to have heard less or desired to hear more, or whether he was a rogue or a true man. The next day was

Christmas Day, however, and, as I had had many a pleasant ride in old Jerry's company, and had never known anything worse of him than others in his position of life, I threw him a trifle to keep holiday, according to our good old English custom.

“As I was mounting my horse at the door, I heard Jerry bawling my name from within, and the old boy's voice was as clear as when he cheered on the hounds over the open, or gave the View-halloa! by the wood side. His daughter had thrown up the tap-room window, so that I might hear her father.

“Mr. Mangles, sir, if I should want to say anything more about that matter, may I come to you, if I can?”

“Yes, Jerry.”

“Or, if I can't come, may I send to you, Mr. Mangles? Pray, say yes, sir.”

“O, yes, old fellow! if it will do you any good. Send when you please, day or night,” for I began to think there must be really something serious.

“As I got near home I fancied I caught the cry of the hounds, and, if so, they must have run nearly twenty miles, for the meet had been—No! no! ladies and gentlemen, I am not going to mount again, I assure you, at least, not at present. Well, I was not deceived, and presently I saw the pack run into their fox directly in front of the old Hall, to the great delight of the Squire, who had been laid up from a fall nearly three weeks, and who now witnessed the finish from the great bay-window. As I turned into my gate, I saw the small field, the huntsmen, and hounds, ride into the Squire's courtyard, and knew from experience what a hearty welcome and good entertainment awaited man and horse and hound.

“We have generally a friend or two from London to pass Christmas with us at Cherry Farm, and I found two of the dearest I have in the world, next to my wife and children, waiting my return. We spent Christmas Eve as I always hope to spend it, cheerfully and thankfully, and our guests having retired to rest, my family and self were preparing to follow them when there came a knock at the door. On opening it, I found my new acquaintance of the morning, Joe, looking like a twelfth-cake, there having been a slight fall of snow since we had drawn the curtains and shut out the night.

“Shake the goose-feathers off you and come in, man,” said my wife, “and I'll hot you a little elder-wine in a minute. Children, go to bed—there can be nothing that concerns you, I'm sure.” And everybody did as they were told, including our youngest son Tommy, who is generally disposed to be rebellious. Whilst the wine was being hotted, I asked Joe the reason of his late visit.

“Why, father, sir,” said he, “is taken very badly since he got hoan. Whether it be the cold, or the doctor's stuff, we can't make out, but he be very badly, and told me to come to you, and to beg on you to keep the promise you made him in the morning. We fear he be dying, sir.”

“Enough said, Joe,” I answered; “I'll be ready to go with you by the time you have finished your wine.”

“Mrs. Mangles is not usually an inquisitive

woman, but she was not likely to let me go forth at that time o' night—ten o'clock—without knowing the reason, and when I had told her, as she tied my wrapper round my neck, and helped me on with my over-coat, she began, woman-like (excuse me, ladies), to guess at all sorts of reasons for the old man's uneasiness. The church plate had been stolen when she was a girl—well, that couldn't be it, because Jerry was not in her part of the country at that time. Old Mr. Grey— young Mr. Grey then—had been waylaid and beaten; but as Mr. Grey was six foot and proportionally made, it did not seem that Jerry, who was only five feet, could have been his assailant. Hen-roosts had been robbed, and Jerry certainly was small enough to have crept in at the run-hole. Yet, no! she wouldn't believe that of him. Then she became alarmed for my safety, and would not let me start without a small pocket-pistol which had lain in the window-seat of our bed-room for five years without reloading, in addition to a stout oak walking-stick nearly as big as Jerry himself. I never argue with my wife; I never contradict her in any argument but twice, and thus continue to lead a very pleasant life with her. So I armed myself as she desired; but her fears and fancies couldn't get the better of her good-nature, and, thinking the old man might be in need of a little port wine or a sup of brandy, she filled two flasks, and thrust them into my pocket as I and Joe left the house. The snow was not half an inch thick, but it had whitened all around us, and made the old Hall, in whose windows lights were still shining, look a cheerful object in the landscape.

"They were merry-making within, for the wind setting our way we could hear the songs and laughter quite plainly, and I almost envied them their jollity as the cold snow-drift was blown into our faces. Half-an-hour's brisk walking brought us to Joe's cottage, and I saw we were anxiously expected, as his wife stood wrapped up in the old horse blanket, at the open door.

"I'm so glad you're a come, sir. Father has been so uneasy, and asking every minute if I could see you on the road, so I come down to the door, as I got rather scared at him going on so. Please to walk up-stairs, sir."

"I had removed my over-coat and all the combustibles it contained, and followed Mary.

"'Who's that,' cried Jerry, the moment we entered the room—'Mr. Mangles?'

"'Yes, Jerry, here I am,' I answered.

"'Heaven be praised for that! It's very good on you, sir, and I wouldn't have dragged you out of yer warm bed, if I could have died without seeing you.'

"'Died—not so bad as that, I hope, Jerry.' I drew aside the check curtain of the little tester bed, and the snow having ceased to fall let the moonlight shine upon the old man.

"I could not help comparing in my mind the pale, haggard face which was then turned towards me, with the cheery, rosy features I had so often watched with interest by the cover-side, when those glaring eyes which seemed to look me through had twinkled with delight at the challenge of some favourite hound.

"'Mary, leave us together, my dear,' said

Jerry, 'I have particular business with Mr. Mangles.'

"Mary obeyed, having first snuffed the small tallow candle which shone like a fiery eye through the thin curtains of the bed.

"'Mr. Mangles, what I have to say to you has laid on my conscience like a burning coal, for a matter of four year—nigh ever since I left the hunt—I don't know how to tell you now, but it must out, or I shan't rest in my grave, wherever that may be. The squire, when I was obliged to throw up, owing to rheumatics and falls of one kind or another, the squire said to me, 'Jerry, old boy'—you know what a pleasant way he has with him—'Jerry,' says he, 'time will hang heavy with you sometimes, so I'll send you an old gun I have, and you may shoot rabbits all day long, if you like.' Now he meant that kindly two ways, Mr. Mangles. He thought it would amuse me, and add somewhat to my means—I know he did! he did! and what a black-hearted fellow I was in return you shall now hear. I had gone to Wimbsley Wood one morning to shoot—about a year after I was draughted down here—and had bagged a couple or so, when, what should I see but *him* coming along one of the rides in the wood. If the devil, as some say, stands at folks' elbows, he was at mine that day, for—how could I have done it! how could I have done it!—but I did, sir: I shot him as he stood in that green ride!'

"The old whip wiped away with the coverlid the big drops from his forehead, and I felt a cold shudder steal over me as I looked upon the agonised creature before me.

"'Well, go on,' said I, as soon as I could speak, 'and end this terrible story.'

"'Yes, Mr. Mangles, you may well call it terrible. As soon as I had done it, my heart beat so quick I thought I should have choked. I looked about me to see if there was any witness to my crime. I thought I saw the squire's keeper glaring at me: it was a tree stump, where I had stood again and again to watch the rabbits—yet it frightened me then. A jay flew over my head, and I cried out at the noise; and when some withered wood under my feet broke and crackled, I thought the earth was opening beneath me. There *he* lay without the least motion, and yet I somehow hoped he'd get up and move away. No, my aim had been too true! I had hit his gallant heart, and he was dead—dead—and killed by this wicked hand!'

"Jerry tried to hold up the offending member, but the pain from his rheumatism made him moan. I was getting rather uncomfortable myself, and called to Mary to bring me the brandy-flask. When she had done so and left the room, I took a slight draught, and then offered the flask to Jerry."

"'No, sir. Never more! I ha' foreswore that. My liking for brandy was the cause of my crime, Mr. Mangles. But let me finish, sir. As soon as I could think, the consequences of my wicked act came before me. Loss of good name—friends—everything—and a miserable death somewhere! *He* must not lay there, though, in the broad daylight, and me standing by with the fatal gun in my hand—that wouldn't do. So, having

looked all about again, I went to him and dragged him into the underwood, and covered him over with dry leaves, starting at every bird which flew over me, and at every wild thing that run by me. There was but one spot of blood upon my hand, but it burned like a blister, and I could not wait to find water to wash it away, but sucked it off. Well, I went home, and was almost tempted to throw the gun down the well before I entered the cottage, but I thought that *he* might be found, and the gun missed, and then I should be suspected. I could eat nothing that day, and sleep nothing that night, and the next day the same, until at last I resolved what to do—for so long as I knew he was above ground, I felt I should not rest. It was a cruel night when I went out to Wimblesley Wood—black as pitch, and the wind and rain soon wetted me to the skin. No one but me could have found the spot on such a night; but I knew every inch of that wood by any light or no light—and I was glad to think that I was the only one abroad at that time. I found *him* at once, and set to work with my spade, to hide him. The rain had softened the ground, and made my work easy, and in less than an hour I had covered him over, and thought that by the morning, all trace of the soil having been dug up, would be washed away, and that I should see *him* no more! Mr. Mangles, that was a cheating of myself, for I am never alone but he comes before me again! I see him lying bleeding on the grass, in that wood-ride, and know I killed him. Know that the squire, who has been so good to me, tried time after time to find him; and cursed the man, whoever he might be, who had destroyed him: I was that man! I, the Old Whip, living on his bounty, and the kindness of the gentlemen of the hunt, had shot him like a dog for the paltry guinea I should have got for his skin!

“‘His what?’ I exclaimed, starting up from the bed-side.

“‘Ah! Mr. Mangles, don’t swear at me.’ (I never do swear, parson.) ‘Don’t swear at me. I used to get a guinea for the skins from a man in Whitechapel, and which I used to spend in brandy—that it was that tempted me—that it was.’

“A light broke in upon me. ‘Who was it you shot, Jerry?’

“‘The finest Dog-Fox, sir, there was in Wimblesley Wood!’

“O, Mr. Mangles!’ exclaimed all the auditory remonstratively—

“Only a fox!’

“I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that men of Jerry’s profession (and many other who love to follow the chase), think vulpecide no slight crime; and when you remember the murderer had been WHIP, you won’t think I have overstated matters. Jerry was sure he would have been a beggar, had his act been generally known, and according as he knew his transgression was estimated by others, did he condemn himself. As it was, the old man buried his head in his pillow, and fairly sobbed with grief. I gave him a draught of the wine I had brought with me, and told him to cheer up. ‘No, sir,’ he said, ‘it’s all over with me—whether it was the ride or the scorchicum (colchicum, I

suppose) the doctor gave me, I shan’t run over this night. I’m pointing to the church-yard, Mr. Mangles; and if you stay long enough with me, you’ll be in at my death.’

“I felt his pulse, and it was strong and steady.

“‘Nonsense, Jerry,’ said I, ‘you have made a clean breast of it, and no man can do more than repent of a wrong committed.’

“‘Thank you, Mr. Mangles; it’s very kind of you to say so, but I’ve no right to be forgiven. The hounds have never took kindly to me since, when I have met them going or coming from the kennels. They knows what I have done, bless you, and will howl over my grave, depend on it. Ah! if I could only hear their sweet voices again, as I used to hear them, I should feel I was pardoned by the pack, and could go to earth in peace. Hark!’

“Was it fancy, or had Jerry’s prayer been answered? No! The old whip’s ear, more accustomed to the cry than mine, had heard a sound in the still night I could not hear at first.

“‘Open the window, sir! For goodness sake, sir, open the window. I hear hounds. They are running, sir. Open the window!’

“I did so; and then, to my surprise and terror, I heard the cry also.

“‘That’s *Merrylegs*, for a hundred,’ cried Jerry, as the sounds became more distinct.

“‘*Diomed!* *Forager!* *Blazer!* Carry me to the window, sir! Carry me to the window!’

“He was soon there, and the cry came nearer and nearer.

“‘Look, sir! They must be hounds coming along the bottom there—and that dark speck, that’s *him*—that’s *him* I shot. The beauties view him, sir! They run heads up and sterns down, in spite of snow. Hold to him! Hold to him!’ And Jerry gave a cheer that must have been heard at the Old Hall, two miles distant. I could scarcely believe my eyes, yet there were hounds running beautifully; you might have covered them with a sheet, and then came whip and huntsmen, as fast as their horses’ feet balled with the snow could carry them.

“‘I am happy, now, Mr. Mangles,’ said Jerry, ‘I have heard ’em once again, and as I never heard ’em afore. They’ve forgiven me, and I feel I shall live yet, in spite of my rheumatics.’

“The hounds at this moment threw up, and the huntsman came a cropper at—

“Now really, Mr. Mangles,” said the parson, “you don’t expect us to believe that you saw a phantom chase in these prosaic times.”

“I do not, your reverence, ask you to believe more than I do; and it is well known in the parts where I came from, that on that Christmas Eve, the party which I saw enter the court-yard at the Old Hall, were kept at the squire’s good cheer so long, that when the huntsmen and hounds started for the kennels, the church clock chimed eleven, and that a strange fox, having missed his way home, crossed the road in view of the hounds. The gallant pack could not resist the temptation, but went away with him, and the men being ready for anything, let them go until they came to the grief I have already narrated. That’s all my story, ladies and gentlemen.”

MARK LEMON.

THE BEGGAR SAINT.

THIS morning I paint from a model. Roman models are a distinct confraternity in the Eternal City, and have prescriptive habits and regulations, from which only the strongest inducements will persuade them to depart. They will sit for four hours at a stretch, neither more nor less. They are punctual. They come to a moment at eight in the morning; and if your breakfast at the Café Grec detains you one moment after that hour, you are sure to find the model crouched at the door of your studio on your returning there. The model will be equally punctual in leaving. Triple pay has been known to bring him on one occasion at seven in the morning; but no persuasion will keep him one moment beyond twelve. As he hears "Mezzo giorno" (half-day) striking, he clutches his five pauls, and leaves. He will return to a moment at one o'clock, so I take advantage of the interregnum to get a walk and a biscuit.

My way lies behind the model for some distance. As he passes along, I perceive that he is joined by all the models, male, female, old and young, as they emerge from the adjacent studios, till in a few moments a train of some fifteen or twenty persons has accumulated. At the end of the street leading to the most fashionable part of the English quarter, the train receives a considerable accession to its numbers, in the persons of the beggars who by prescriptive right occupy stations in that locality, and who are as well known there as the obelisk is in the Piazza del Popolo, or the steps to the Trinità del Monte. The beggars and the models have expected each other, as the former have been waiting at the street corner some minutes for the train to come up; and the train waits a few moments, in its turn, to be joined by the halt and the maimed, who may be seen shuffling forward at different distances down the street. In the rear of these last, riding slowly, and with no small state, comes old Giuseppe from the steps of the Trinità. What the Great Cardinal is in the Government of Rome, Giuseppe is in the Beggardom. He is supreme: only, unlike the Great Cardinal, he has not even a nominal superior. Giuseppe dispenses justice amongst his subjects in the Beggardom. He settles their disputes, and punishes the refractory. His station during business hours is on the elevated plateau just below the top of the Trinità, from which commanding position he not only enjoys a view of the city generally, but is enabled to keep a watch on all his subjects in the English quarter beneath.

Giuseppe has no legs, or to speak correctly, those he has are withered; so he shuffles from side to side of the wide flight of steps, to intercept you as you pass. It is an understood thing that you have no right to ascend those steps above a certain number of times without paying him a toll. Should you omit to do so, he will remind you of your neglect, and after a week or two he calculates how much you are in his debt, and will offer you change for gold or for a forty-dollar note. Giuseppe has confidence in the Cardinal and in the existing order of things, as he has invested largely in the Papal loan.

Precisely as mid-day strikes, his donkey is brought by his stout, well-to-do-looking daughter (his other daughter has made a wealthy marriage), and he proceeds to head the troop of the maimed, preferring the dignity of that position to jolting along and being hustled by the whole and sound. The train, with these accessions, proceeds about a quarter of a mile into the city, till it arrives at the door of a monastery, before which it halts. A bell inside the building sounds, and a part of the assembly, that is, the worst looking and most bandit-like of the males, fall to their devotions. The women suckle their babies, if they have any, and the urchins either beg or fight. The devotions are long, and, we will hope, earnestly continued, but end rather abruptly on the door of the convent being opened, and a somewhat rough and matter-of-fact member of the brotherhood proceeding to serve out the portions of soup, &c., that by the rule of the establishment are to be dispensed to the "poveri" before the inmates may commence their mid-day meal. The scene is an orderly and a quiet one, each waiting his or her turn without impatience; but when they have received their portions, they gulp them down with the spasmodic action of the jaws, neck, and shoulders which I have only noticed elsewhere in starving and ravenous dogs and wild beasts at menageries. The messes are allotted with much discrimination as regards the number of the family to partake of them. That stout young beggar woman gets a triple portion, on account of the infant at her breast and the four-year old urchin at her knee; but she gulps down nearly the whole, while the hungry child looks wistfully up in her face, and occasionally pulls her sleeve as a reminder, and only comes in for the slightest drain at the end. For the sake of universal motherhood, I trust that that child is not her own.

While this has been going on, one miserable-looking wretch has waited at some distance outside the group, and instead of applying for his portion, has remained the whole time in the attitude of silent and fervid devotion. So miserably clad is he, that the two pieces of canvas that, with his cap, form his only garments, and that are held on with a piece of string, are so worn that the name of a rag is almost too good for them. So utterly neglected in person is he, that the other beggars appear really wholesome and approachable in comparison. He is young, apparently not more than thirty; and, were it not for his extreme emaciation and pallor, would be handsome. To judge from the expression of his face, he continues to be absorbed in the most profound devotion during the whole of the meal, and it is only when the last of the assemblage has left that he comes upon the ground and commences picking up and eating, with apparent gusto and thankfulness, the crumbs and such miserable morsels as have been let fall by the others, and which he may be able to rescue from the dogs, who are engaged in the same occupation. The porter at the convent gate evidently knows him well, as he shuts the door without even offering him a portion, and seemingly ignoring his presence.

Often, while going round the interior of St.

Peter's, I have come upon this man, kneeling in some dark secluded corner, his body resting against the wall, his head thrown back, eyes shut, arms extended downwards, with the palms of the hands turned outwards, and on his face that ecstatic, almost grinning expression which may be seen in (and which he apparently copied from) pictures of St. Francis and other saints receiving the stigmata, by Zurbaran and Spagnoletto. His hat has been on the ground in front of him, as if for contributions; but on any one approaching to put money in it, it has been instantly, and to my thinking rather ostentatiously, withdrawn, as on repassing a few minutes afterwards it was again placed in front of him. I have watched that man prowling amongst the most miserable streets in Rome, looking for a meal on the pavement, and then turn into a wretched alley, wait for a few moments with upturned eyes, and leave: he has gone into the next, and left in like manner: to a third, and in this a woman would come to him with her sick and fevered child, for him to mutter a prayer over and lay his hands upon. I have seen him enter the houses of the sick, and the women would kiss his loathsome rags as he left. I have seen him refuse all offers of money, unless it was a trust to convey to others; and all offers of a meal, or indeed of any food that had not been first cast away as worthless. Something of ostentation I thought I perceived in much of this: but it should be remembered that foreigners are habitually more demonstrative than we phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons, and have a different mode of expressing themselves in their actions. So much I had seen with my eyes.

I learnt at the baker's shop, where I went to eat a biscuit whilst the scene at the convent door was proceeding, that he devotes his time exclusively to visiting and praying for the sick poor; that he is held to have a peculiarly efficacious power of prayer in the case of the sick; and that he expended the whole of a small patrimony, and the proceeds of the sale of his business as a tinworker, in endowing one of the Roman charities. I was told that the object of his waiting in the courts and alleys was that he might be called in to the aid of any that might need his supplications. So devoted is he to his calling, that he considers any time spent upon himself, or in providing for his own necessities, as a waste of that for which he will have to render an account, as much any money that may come into his possession as a trust for the more needy of his patients. It was evident, from the manner in which all this was told me, that it was not doubted but that he was gifted with miraculous power in the cure of sickness; and whatever may be the man's true character, the influence he possesses with the poorer classes—acquired, from all accounts, by long habits of self-denial and self-sacrifice—is unbounded.

I left the baker's shop about the moment that he, having picked up all the crumbs that the dogs had neglected, was preparing to walk away. I went some distance a-head of him, and sat down on the edge of a fountain at the end of the street, to watch his demeanour as he came along. Just

before he passed the doors of the houses, I observed the women come out, and without appearing to perceive that he was coming, place divers small scraps and messes by the kennel side, some of the bits wrapped in paper. All these he examined, and what he did not eat he put into a canvas bag, either for other persons, or another meal. In a few minutes he came to where I was seated, for a drink of water. I wished him the usual "Buono giorno"—a salutation that every Italian takes in good part; and seeing him stoop to examine some refuse on the dunghill close by, I asked him whether he had found enough for dinner, and whether he would oblige me by taking a biscuit.

"No, no, he did not require it; his meal had been good enough."

He did not court conversation, and at the same time did not seem to wish to avoid it, so I continued:

"Why did you not take the good dinner offered to you at the convent gate?"

"What he found by the way-side was good enough for him, and more than he required. Why should he take from others?"

"And that in your bag, is that for your supper?"

"Heaven forbid that I should take heed for another meal! it will be sent to me. This is for the poor, who cannot come out to seek it."

I began the conversation, thinking that I should pose him on one or two points, but I found it difficult, and that, in fact, I was getting the worst of it. I continued:

"You refused a piece of money the other day, in St. Peter's."

"Yes; I want no money for myself, and I ask for none."

"I have seen you frequently with sick children in the alleys. Do you think that you can cure them? Do you think that what the people say is true, and that you can work a miracle?"

"I know not. I pray, and often the sick recover."

"But do you think they are more likely to recover for your prayers?"

"Why not?"

I confess I was shut up. I could not answer him; so I continued the conversation on general topics.

In such cases as this, when a strong and lively (though to us a mistaken) faith is held with such fervency and devotion, it appears to me injudicious to make any attempt to disturb it, as it would seem impossible for any other adequately to supply its place. I therefore put such questions to him as would appear to have been for my own instruction rather than his. I found that, considering his situation, he was by no means ignorant; but what reading he had was almost confined to the histories of the one or two saints whose lives and actions it would appear he was intent on taking for a copy. Of scriptural knowledge he seemed to have very little; and it was evident that, had we entered upon any discussion, we should have started from such very different platforms, that we should hardly have been able to comprehend each other. He evinced no desire to speak about himself or to

parade his powers; indeed, he seemed to be in some doubt upon them.

As, in answer to one of my questions, he seemed to take exceptions to my mode of life, as idle and unprofitable, I explained that I had been brought up from infancy under quite different impressions as to my duty, and that having others dependent on me for support, I acted under the conviction that it was incumbent on me to exert what powers I possessed in procuring for them and for myself the necessaries of existence, and anything that might remain to spare after that object was accomplished, it was incumbent on me to devote—a portion at least—to the necessities of others. I also added, that what I could devote to the poor by this means was probably more than I could acquire by giving up my whole life for their benefit, as he was doing.

“No, no; save the bodies of the poor, and by so doing you shall save your own soul. Do you think that by keeping away from them, and sending others to tend them while you are at home, you will be benefiting your soul? No, no; go yourself, and you will be made better. Did holy St. Peter stay at his work to earn money to be given to the poor? No, no; but he said, ‘silver and gold have I none, but I give you what I have.’”

This was his only reference to scripture. I confess I was shut up; and asking him whether he would do me the favour of dispensing a trifling amount for me amongst such of his patients as he considered had most need of it, he consented on such conditions to become my almoner, and proceeded on his vocation, as did I on mine, thinking how greatly one of us two must be mistaken.

THOS. HEAPHY.

WHAT BEFEL ME AT THE ASSIZES.

POSSIBLY there is no single mental attainment more desirable than the entire persuasion that we are constantly under the guardianship of a superintending Power of perfect wisdom and benevolence, capable of converting even the most trivial circumstance into an engine for the accomplishment of His vast designs.

So many and so striking are the instances constantly occurring of this wonderful fact of a Special Providence, that none but the most thoughtless and unobservant can fail to be impressed by them.

I am about to give you an instance of one of these Providential manifestations.

If I entertain any objection to its recital, it is because I am under the necessity of introducing into my narrative one of the most absurd and worst authenticated ghost-stories that you ever heard, and which, I assure you, I have no wish that you should believe, but which, as my story hinges upon it, I am totally unable to omit.

It is now about fifteen years since I was compelled to attend the assizes at our county town as the junior member of a highly respectable legal firm. Knowing that there would be several important causes, besides our own, and two or three cases on the criminal side, which excited much public attention, and that thus the small county

town would be overwhelmed with visitors, I took the precautions of writing—the night before my journey—to secure beds for myself and clerk at the principal inn, where I was, of course, well known.

The next day I took my journey, arriving at my destination early in the day.

I found, as I had expected, the town crowded with people; and, on going into the hotel, the landlord informed me that he had received my letter, but that to retain a bedroom for me in his house had been absolutely impossible, the hotel being filled to overflowing by other persons who had bespoken rooms before me. He had provided one small bedroom in a respectable public-house, which would suit my clerk; but as to myself, if I would confide my sleeping arrangements to his care, he would ensure me a handsome apartment and comfortable bedroom out of the house, and would convey me there in one of his carriages.

Being somewhat particular in the matter of sleeping accommodation, I thought it desirable to inquire more particularly where he proposed to send me; but as he was much pressed for time, he could only briefly acquaint me, that the room intended for my use was in a large, unoccupied house standing rather on the outskirts of the town, and that the owner had been a man of fortune, which he had spent neither well nor wisely, and had been in consequence compelled to leave England.

The mansion itself, which had two or three half-furnished rooms, had been placed by the agent at the disposal of the landlord of the hotel on this occasion for the accommodation of such customers as he might find himself unable to receive at his own house. There being no remedy, I was compelled to submit to this arrangement; and in a few minutes, the attendance on witnesses, consultations with counsel, and the usual preparations for going into court, put the matter entirely out of my head.

My cause was the third on the list. The first was understood to be a short cause which would soon be disposed of; the second was a case relating to a watercourse, which everybody knows to be one of the most tedious and lengthy of all imaginable cases; this, it was expected, would be arranged out of court, in which event my cause would be called on early in the course of the day. Contrary, however, to expectation, neither of these probabilities occurred, and although compelled to stay in court all day, my cause remained untried.

About six o'clock, therefore, fatigued and mentally weary, I repaired to the hotel, where, after a good dinner, and a consultation with our leading counsel, I found a comfortable fly ready to take me to my quarters at about ten o'clock. It is scarcely needful to add that my mind was intensely occupied with the coming trial, the result of which, from various circumstances, was of more than ordinary importance to our firm.

It struck me, however, that the fly was longer than I had expected in conveying me to my place of abode for the night, and this circumstance at length roused me from my preoccupation; and,

looking out of the window, I perceived that I had left the town, and was proceeding along a dark lane which appeared to have diverged from the turnpike-road. In a few minutes the carriage stopped at a garden-door, which was opened by the driver, who then proceeded to let me out of the fly, intimating that this was the house where I was to sleep, and that he had brought the key in his pocket.

On getting out of the fly with my small portmanteau, which contained, amongst other things, a considerable sum of money, I found myself in front of a large old-fashioned house standing at the head of a desolate, neglected lawn. In a window on the first-floor a light was burning; that room, the driver informed me, was my bedroom. The house was locked, and he had instructions to deliver the key into my hands, and to assure me that I should find everything very comfortable; and that, in the morning, he would bring the fly for me at an early hour to take me to my breakfast at the inn. Bidding the man "good night," I went towards the mansion, key in hand, prepared to forget all troubles in a sound night's rest.

The night was starlight—there was no moon—and, but for the little light which glimmered in the window, the position of the house and its character would have been scarcely traceable from the distance at which I entered by the garden-gate. As I advanced it became more defined, and the overgrown wilderness in which it stood gave it a decided character of desolation.

Opening the door with my key, and again carefully locking it inside, and securing it with one or two rusty bolts, I went up-stairs, the light from a small lamp fixed against the wall of the staircase being my only guide.

As I ascended the staircase a momentary feeling of solitude flashed across me; but my mind was too much pre-occupied, and my brain too weary, to allow this feeling to develop itself as it might have done under other circumstances.

At the head of the staircase was a long corridor containing three doors; the handles of the first two I tried as I went along, and found both fastened.

The third, which stood open, was of my apartment.

I dwell on these details because, trivial as they may appear, it was precisely these slight observations which, I make no doubt, furnished the link of association by which a strange and old-fashioned story was suddenly drawn forth from oblivion, and to this I probably owe the preservation of my life.

This old neglected house, the dark staircase with its heavy oak balustrade, the lofty corridor with its dark panelling, the long passage with its closed-up rooms, suddenly arrayed themselves in my imagination as the actual scene of the childish tale of terror which, in my schoolboy days, had so often made me hide my head shudderingly under the bedclothes, and which had hidden itself, unrecalled, in some unknown recess of the mind for upwards of thirty years.

The room prepared for me was a large and comfortable one; two wax-lights were burning on the

table, and the materials for a fire had been left beside the grate.

One—only one precaution I took before I got into bed—namely, to lock the door; this done, I was truly glad to lie down to sleep. To *sleep?* did I say;—nay, but to lie awake and court sleep in vain.

The story I have alluded to repeated itself in its most minute details to my quickened memory, and kept me in the most wakeful of all wakeful moods.

This story, with all its puerility, I must now, without further preface, relate:

"Once upon a time"—(this, of course, is the unvarying formula by which every similar story has ever been introduced from time immemorial)—once upon a time there was a clergyman who was, on some occasion, required to travel a considerable distance from home, through a wild and mountainous country, to take the duty of a brother-clergyman. He was quite a stranger in the parish to which this duty called him. Besides preaching a sermon, he had to administer the sacrament; immediately after which he set out on foot to return homewards, accompanied by some few of his hearers whose homes lay in the same direction as his own.

It was winter time, and a snow-storm coming on suddenly, the clergyman and his party lost their way.

Arriving at a desolate-looking house, they determined on asking shelter there for the night.

They found the house partly inhabited by a man who carried on the trade of a potter, and occupied the lower floor. The upper floor was untenanted, but the potter alleged that there was one room with a good bed in it, in which the clergyman might sleep. It was accordingly so arranged, and the clergyman, wearied with his day's duties, retired to rest.

He was awakened from his sleep by what sounded like a fashionable double knock at the house-door. This was opened from within, and, to his infinite amazement, the clergyman heard footsteps, as of a large party, ascending the broad staircase, and passing along the lofty corridor, assemble in the adjacent room, whence proceeded shouts of laughter and merriment of a boisterous description.

In the midst of all this a sudden lull took place.

Startled and surprised as he had at first been, he was yet more so when he heard the door of the room, from which the hilarity seemed to proceed, open, and a footstep approach his own.

Stopping short at his door, the visitor knocked, and a voice said, "John Armstrong, open the door!"

This was repeated three times, and the startled clergyman not replying, the voice said, "John Armstrong! Open the door, *else it will be the worse for thee!*"

Now, as it will be recollected that the clergyman was quite a stranger in the neighbourhood, and his name entirely unknown, the circumstance of his being thus addressed by his right designation, enabled him at once to determine upon the supernatural character of his visitant.

Hastily dressing himself, and taking his Bible in his hand, he opened the door, and perceived a figure, attired as a footman, in handsome black livery, who said he had been desired by his master to invite the Reverend John Armstrong to join the feast.

The clergyman, on hearing this invitation, made a low bow in response, not so much, be it known, by way of courtesy or gratitude for the invitation, as to enable him the more accurately to ascertain the character of the inviter. It need scarcely be said that, on perceiving the cloven feet, which appeared in the place of patent-leather boots, no further doubt remained on his mind as to the quarter whence the invitation proceeded; he therefore bethought himself of politely declining it, on the ground of ill-health, but the servant urging his request, and threatening the anger of his master if the refusal was persisted in, the clergyman saw no alternative but compliance, and followed his guide along the corridor to the apartment where the feast was held, still grasping his Bible.

On entering the room, what was his astonishment at the splendid sight which now greeted him! A vast apartment, superbly lighted up and filled with people attired in brilliant costumes, seated at a table which was covered with all imaginable dainties!

On the entrance of the clergyman, the gentleman at the head of the table rose and came forward to meet him, placing him in the seat of honour at his right hand.

There was one small circumstance, however, at which the master of the feast demurred, and this was nothing less than the entire uselessness, at such a time, of the little book which the visitor carried in his hand, and with which he resolutely refused to part.

Finding his efforts unavailing to induce the clergyman to lay aside his book, the host, addressing him by name, begged him, with a great show of politeness, to join in their festivity, and commence his meal.

On this, Mr. Armstrong, rising with great solemnity, and holding the Bible in his outstretched hand, amid the yells, execrations, and threatening gestures of the entire assembly, said:—"Lord! I have this day preached in Thy house, and have administered the bread and wine of Thy salvation, and am I come this night to eat with devils?"

While he said these startling words, the lights faded away into darkness, and, amid shrieks and howlings, the walls fell in with a crash, and the clergyman found himself amongst his friends of the morning congregation, no sign remaining of the feast or of the fiendish assembly.

This was the curious story, which would, in spite of all my efforts, now force itself upon my recollection; and in defiance of all I could do, it clung to me like Nessus' shirt!

Unless you know what it is to have been a victim in the solitude of night to the horrors of a perturbed imagination, you can have but a slight idea of the sufferings I underwent. My isolation, as it seemed, from all human kind—my perfect

ignorance of the locality—and worse than all, the similarity of my sleeping-room and its approaches to the picture which my excited imagination had so vividly drawn in childhood of the scene of those diabolical revelries supposed to have been witnessed by John Armstrong,—all conspired to work up my feelings to the highest pitch of terror and excitement.

And so I lay awake, tumbling and tossing; until, finding sleep totally impossible, I resolved on getting up, which I accordingly did.

The act of dressing in a great measure dispelled the nightmarelike feelings which clung to me in bed; but still I felt no disposition to return to my couch. The lights were yet burning, as I had intended they should throughout the night; and I sat down, having taken out my writing materials, and determined to shake off the influence which had been haunting me, by writing down the story which my reason assured me must be mere fiction, and could have had no existence in reality.

This, you will say, was a strange mode of endeavouring to pass away the night pleasantly; but, somehow, I fancied that if I could once get it out on paper, and shut it by in my portfolio, I should make a clean breast of it—lay the haunting spirit in the Red Sea of my blotting-book, and banish it altogether from my mind.

I had reached that point in my ghostly narrative at which Armstrong is startled by hearing a knock at the outer door, when—imagine my amazement!—I heard the echo, as it were, of that knock at the door of the house!—a succession of taps, as it seemed, made by the knuckles of a man.

So strongly was my mind imbued with the details of the strange story which I was writing down, that my first impression was that I should immediately hear the tramp of the diabolical visitant on the staircase, followed by the three taps at my door, summoning me to a ghastly festival prepared below!

I sat listening,—while my blood froze in my veins.

A moment's attention convinced me that there were footsteps on the gravel walk outside the house; and now I heard for the first time, in the dead of the night, that peculiar sound which those who have heard it under similar circumstances can never forget,—the whirling, crackling, crunching sound of a centre bit, apparently conducted by a rapid and skilful hand!

It was curious to feel how instantaneously the ideal vanished before the actual. I knew immediately what I should now have to encounter, and my nerves were at once braced to meet the emergency.

Most gratefully did I acknowledge the Providence by which I had been kept awake, instead of being in that deep sleep which would have rendered me an easy prey to the burglar now about to attack me.

My first consideration was as to my means of defence, and the time which would be allowed me for completing them. I remembered with some degree of comfort that there were three heavy fastenings upon the outer door, and although I knew too well that each must yield in its turn

to the irresistible implement of the housebreaker, I calculated that some minutes must elapse before he could succeed in gaining an entrance.

Suddenly the crashing sound ceased; and for a few seconds there was a dead silence, during which my vivid imagination represented to me as distinctly as if I had been an actual spectator, the brawny arm of the burglar stealthily introduced, and the bolt in the process of being cautiously withdrawn. For a moment I thought of imitating a clever and successful expedient said to have been resorted to by a person similarly attacked, who quietly awaited the introduction of the housebreaker's hand through his kitchen window shutter, and being provided with a

powerful cord, in which he had prepared a running noose, slipped it dexterously over the hand, tightened it rapidly at the wrist, and fastened it securely at the other end to the leg of the heavy kitchen table, leaving his visitor outside to enjoy the dawn and early morning air, while he quietly returned to bed to finish securely his night's repose. But a few moments' reflection convinced me that my best means of resistance were rather passive than active, and that I might more safely rely on them.

In the first place, I quickly ascertained that my room had two powerful bolts besides a heavy lock.

I had contented myself on going to bed with turning the key in the lock, but I now endea-



voured to shoot the upper and lower bolts; these I found very much rusted, but with the aid of a little macassar oil I soon overcame their resistance.

While I was thus employed the work of the centre-bit was again resumed, and every movement of the housebreaker was again before me.

I now looked round me for some weapon that might serve me in case of need, and found a tolerably heavy poker, which satisfied me that I had something besides bolts to rely on.

My preparations for attack and defence being now completed, I coolly awaited the next step of the housebreaker, feeling something like a tortoise in his shell, or like Robinson Crusoe in his lonely citadel. A slight lowering of the flame of the candle from a current of air which rushed up the

staircase and beneath my door, showed me that the burglar had effected his entrance: in another moment his footstep was on the broad staircase. He stepped with the caution of one proceeding on tiptoe, with the least possible noise, but having ascended three or four steps, there was an apparent halt.

I knew perfectly well what he was doing, and the measured creak of the staircase thenceforward alone gave notice of his approach with shoeless feet. In spite of my preparations, it is impossible to deny that my heart beat violently. I relied, however, upon this, namely, that the burglar being apparently alone, he would hesitate to attack a man whom he found awake and vigilant, and who, for aught he knew, might be prepared

with fire-arms, or prove more than a match for himself in point of personal strength or courage; only upon the supposition of finding me asleep and unprepared could he have hoped to succeed in his attack.

The footsteps now drew nearer, and could be marked advancing along the passage. They came at last to a halt by my door, and despite of my internal assurance that immediate personal attack upon me was impossible, I found myself irresistibly grasping my poker in unison with the grasp which the burglar cautiously made upon the handle of my door.

Finding, as he probably had anticipated, that my door was locked, he lost no time in commencing his operations, with a view of introducing himself into my apartment. The peculiar noise of the centre-bit recommenced, and the burglar no doubt thought all was going on prosperously for the execution of his nefarious project. I, however, felt that I could stand this no longer, and thought it high time to let him know that I was awake and on my guard. Rising from my seat, and stepping heavily across the floor, I shouted in a gruff voice, "Halloa, you scoundrel! do you wish me to shoot you through the head? Be off; for by Heaven! if that hand of yours makes its appearance inside my door, you shall carry away a bloody stump." The immediate withdrawal of the centre-bit, and the hurried retreat of my enemy, satisfied me of the success of my threat; and having heard the house-door closed, and the footsteps retreating through the garden, I betook myself to bed (where, strange to say, I forgot my ghost story), with the full conviction that I need apprehend no further attempt; and I slept soundly during the few hours still left me.

The hostler came to rouse me in the morning, bringing a fly for my conveyance to the inn.

When he found the entrance door unbolted, and the panels cut through in three places, he expected, I believe, to find my throat cut as a disagreeable *sequitur*; and was infinitely surprised as well as relieved to see me up and dressed, and in excellent health and spirits. I told him briefly how I had frustrated the burglar's attempt; and as he appeared much interested in the narrative, I accompanied him to the front door, where he examined with much attention the marks of the centre-bit with something of the air of a connoisseur admiring a beautiful picture or piece of sculpture.

"Ay, ay," said he at length, as if speaking to himself, "the man that cut them holes know'd how to handle the tool."

So strongly did this sentiment of admiration appear to operate upon his mind, that at the conclusion of our journey (during which I observed that he was driving very abstractedly, getting twice locked with passing carts, and narrowly evading the massacre of a whole drove of young pigs) he informed me that he had invented two lines of poetry on the occasion, which ran as follows:

"Whosomedever handled that there tool,
Nobody oughtn't to call he a fool."

He was evidently extremely proud of this effusion, and much gratified at my assurance

that I considered it a very remarkable piece of poetry.

The court opened at nine A.M., and previous to its opening I had much to do. Fresh witnesses on both sides had come up during the night—those on our own side it was necessary I should see before going into court. I had an appointment with counsel at eight. Altogether my head and hands were so full that I had no time to see my landlord and narrate to him my adventure.

Contrary to all expectation, the Water case could not be arranged, and was now to be heard before mine; but as it might still be settled at any moment, we were all, attorneys and witnesses, compelled to remain in court in case of such an event occurring, which indeed it did about mid-day, and until eight o'clock that evening was my every thought absorbed in the conduct and consideration of the cause in which I was engaged and which was now before the court.

At half-past eight the court rose, leaving nearly the half of my witnesses unexamined, one result of which was that I should be compelled to spend another night from home.

Having some misgivings as to passing the night again within the lonely house, I repaired at once to the hotel, and calling the landlord, related to him my adventure of the previous night, and expressed my unwillingness to spend the night again in the same quarters.

He had heard the story from the hostler, and appeared much excited about it. In conclusion, he requested me to venture there again, accompanied by himself and the superintendent of the county police, who was at that time staying at his hotel, who had heard the story, and thought he had a clue to the offender. To this I readily agreed, and in ten minutes the landlord, superintendent, and myself, with a variety of creature comforts, supplied from the hotel, were on our way toward the solitary habitation.

As we passed through the streets of the town the superintendent caught sight of a policeman, to whom he beckoned, and who, after a few words with his superior which I did not hear, was admitted to fill the vacancy in our carriage. Arrived at the house, and the carriage dismissed, the superintendent, in company with myself and B 45, who, by the way, struck me as having an appearance of great stupidity, proceeded to reconnoitre the premises on the ground floor. We found that the hostler had very judiciously employed a carpenter to repair in a rough way the damaged door.

The landlord, who was well acquainted with the premises, made the shrewd observation that the attempt must have been made by some one pretty conversant with the interior of the house, otherwise, instead of effecting an entrance by the front door, he would have tried it at the back, which was of much less substantial materials, and was more privately situated; the fact being that from long disuse the bolts of the back door were so completely rusted in as to be immovable.

All was quiet within the dwelling, and having made all secure belowstairs, we ascended to my bedroom, where we intended to make a night of it.

It was chilly—we lighted a fire; the contents of the basket supplied by the landlord afforded, as we found, most luxurious means of gastronomic enjoyment, to say nothing of various long-necked bottles, which were apparently much admired by the policemen, who proved to be great adepts at drawing corks.

Our occupation in this way having at length come to an end, discourse began to flag; we sat round the fire in silence, a single remark from time to time alone proving that some of us were awake. As for me, in consequence of my previous night's disturbance and the day's fatigue, I could scarcely keep my eyes open.

Hour after hour of the night thus passed, and it was evident that we had all given up every idea of the attack upon me being renewed. The candles had burnt out, but the policeman's lantern gave us sufficient light, added to the slight glimmering in the grate.

Suddenly, and indeed in the midst of a good story of his own with which he was endeavouring to keep us awake, the policeman stopped, like a hound who has struck a scent, and dropping on his knees, listened with his ear to the ground for a few seconds.

The superintendent watched him in silence; I did the same; and it was now that it struck me how strangely I had erred in applying in my own mind the epithet of stupidity to this man, as he suddenly flashed into his own element, the personification of keenness and intelligence.

"I'll tell you what, sir," said the policeman, rising from the ground, "our man's in this room, or not far off, I can hear his breathing, and if I don't mistake, he has a dog with him."

Drawing a pistol from an inner pocket, the superintendent very quietly examined the cap, which he took off, and replaced by one which he fished up from his waistcoat pocket. The landlord, who was a resolute and powerful man, also drew forth a similar weapon, while I availed myself of my last night's resource, the poker, threw a handful of wood on the fire to create a blaze, and now, wide awake, awaited with much curiosity, and some anxiety, what would follow. The policeman's bludgeon completed our defences.

It must here be observed that the room was papered with a representation of leaves and flowers in a strongly marked pattern. Taking the lantern in his hand, the policeman proceeded to make a close examination of the wall, which by the application of his knuckles he immediately ascertained to be hollow.

"We have a closet behind this, and must find the door," said he.

A rigid inspection shortly enabled us to do this, although it was concealed with great ingenuity, neither lock nor handle appearing; and the pattern of leaves and flowers being so disposed as to preclude the idea of any opening existing.

Aided by a knife from the supper-table the superintendent threw open the door of the closet, which as far as we could perceive was untenanted. A deep, dark, hollow space, however, existed on

both sides of the door, in the interior of the wall; and we felt that it was in one of these that we must now look for the object of our search. The superintendent was much excited; and disregarding a warning from B 45, stepped boldly within the door, lifting the lantern high above his head, so as to enable him to gaze into the dark interior.

At the same moment, a shot was discharged from the recess, and the superintendent fell heavily to the ground.

I was nearest to him, and rushed to his succour: he was bleeding copiously from a wound in the thigh, and my efforts and attention were so absorbed in dragging him beyond the reach of his assailant, and afterwards in endeavouring to staunch the blood by binding my handkerchief tightly round the limb, that I was unable to take any further part in endeavouring to capture the figure who now emerged from the closet, followed by a large white bulldog. This dog was shot at once by our brave landlord. The man, a powerfully-built and truculent-looking fellow, made directly for the door, fighting his way among his enemies with great vigour and determination.

At length B 45, with a blow from his bludgeon, laid him prostrate. He was then secured and handcuffed, and subsequently marched off to the county gaol. On searching him, a discharged pistol and a large clasp-knife were found on his person, and he was recognised as a criminal of a most ferocious character, who had been transported many years before for complicity in a heavy burglary, accompanied with arson and attended with circumstances of great cruelty and atrocity.

He was known to have escaped, and suspected to be in the neighbourhood, where he had relatives and connections; and as he had in his boyhood lived as groom in the very house where we captured him, we were at once satisfied as to the means by which he obtained so minute an acquaintance with the premises. A reward had been offered by government for his apprehension. It was eventually discovered that he had for some time been lurking concealed in one of the cellars of this house, where he had been supplied at night with the necessaries of life by his friends, and that he had been locked out of his lair on my arrival; and he was doubtless the perpetrator of many mysterious robberies, which from time to time had been lately committed in the vicinity. He would probably have both robbed and murdered me on the previous night, had I been sound asleep, instead of recollecting, *providentially*, as I must always consider it, the schoolboy-story of John Armstrong, and his invitation to the diabolical entertainment.

The wounded superintendent happily recovered, and received from government the reward promised for the apprehension of the felon. And as we frequently meet in the course of our professional avocations, we seldom fail to felicitate each other on the fortunate termination of our short acquaintance with the burglar, from whom I had been thus twice strangely and providentially rescued.

H. F. WARING.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER V.

WHEN I approached Speynings I found the house shut up. I was fatigued by my journey, and ordered a fire to be made in the library, and spent there the rest of the evening. For the first time perhaps, I realised my loss. The silence and loneliness of the house seemed a type of my future life. As Speynings was without its mistress, would my life be without the love which had once so boundlessly ministered to it. I knew that both in public and in private I was considered a prosperous man. I was rich, master of a good estate, well educated, well born, there was not an unmarried woman in the county who would not have willingly accepted my hand and my estate; but those fatal blue eyes which had shone upon me for so long, had parched all the verdure

of my soul. What love had I to give? What love could I receive? I might become a husband and a father, I might to a certain degree surround myself with the ties of life; but the very idea of them was like water to a drunkard. I covered my face with my hands.

Fanny Egerton had gone to live with her friend Nora after my mother's death. Nora had married Mr. Maynard, the rector of the parish of Speynings. The Rectory was within a walk, and I went over to the Parsonage the next morning to see Fanny. Her pretty rosy face was as pale as death as I entered the room. As we shook hands, I felt hers was cold as marble. I asked her a few questions, which she answered with the greatest reserve. I asked some questions about Speynings.

"I have not been there since—"

“Why not?”

I spoke as kindly as I could—

“I go to Speynings after . . .” Fanny burst into tears.

“I promised,” she said, looking through her tears at me, “that I would see you; that I would be as friendly as—as—before you left England: I cannot keep my word. Do you know how you made her suffer? The day you left she went to your room. She threw herself on your bed, and would not permit me to stay with her. In the morning, when I went to see her, I saw she had cried all night. I heard her call out, ‘my son, my son.’ The only thing which occupied her till her death was to arrange everything as she thought you would like it.”

It was true; I had found everything arranged precisely as I most liked it.

After that evening I took care not to speak to Fanny again on that subject. I found plenty of things which required my attention, and wrote regularly to the Warburtons. Sometimes I went to the Parsonage. After her first burst of feeling Fanny was polite, but never cordial. She had much improved in person; there was an air of thought, of decision in her face, which became it well. She was adored in the village, and was the sunbeam of the house in which she lived. The Maynards would not spare her to any one, though she had relatives who were continually asking her to live with them. She would be absent for awhile, but always returned to the parsonage. My nature was warped at the root, and she was attractive to me in proportion to the entire loss of my influence over her. All persons have an atmosphere that impresses others. No one was more sensitive to these impressions than I have been. Marian inspired a delicious languor which soothed, but perhaps enervated. Fanny, on the contrary, roused a spirited activity. Health was the spirit of her being, mentally and bodily. One felt that here was a sound organisation. The difference might be compared to the perfume of a magnolia and the aromatic fragrance of mignonette. The racy sweetness of the latter revives, as the voluptuous odour of the former oppresses the senses.

With my usual plausibility I tried to bring back our former intimacy. I dilated on our old familiar affection. How often had my mother hinted that it would gratify a dear wish of hers if I loved Fanny. How often had it been a reproach to her in my mind when she expressed any disapprobation at my folly, that that desire had perverted her taste and made her censorious. Now the thought passed through my mind, had happiness been near me, and had I wantonly averted my head from it?

One evening, as I was walking in the shrubbery with Fanny, I spoke to her in something of a sentimental strain. She replied more kindly than I anticipated. I began making some allusions to the emptiness of Speynings—how I had missed her—how hard it was that she was no longer there. I made allusions in a kind and tender tone—kinder and tenderer than my wont, or than she had been accustomed to from me in our former days. She started; then allowed me to

go on with a look of the most blank astonishment; and then she paused; and as the colour flew into her face and her eyes sparkled with anger, she looked superb in her indignation. She replied:

“I will not affect to misunderstand you, Mr. Spencer (since my return she never addressed me as Herbert), but you must know nothing could ever add to the strong disapproval—I may say aversion—with which your past unkindness to her inspired me, unless, indeed, it were this strange conduct. I neither feel flattered at your commendation or your regrets.”

“Excuse me,” I said, with pride equal to her own. “I fear I have expressed myself ill. I have no such pretensions as you seem to suppose. I know too well your prejudices against me, and I resent them too much ever to seek to correct their injustice.” I bowed and left her, hoping I had planted a thorn in her heart. My vanity was so mortified that I was glad of this pitiful revenge.

The undercurrent of remorse and regret which was beginning to surge through my heart made me pitiless and cruel. I returned from the Parsonage in a storm of indignation. That that young woman should judge me, mortified me beyond measure; the more so, perhaps, that my conscience told me she was right. I sat moodily at home, resolving to leave Speynings, and shut it up as soon as I conveniently could. Suddenly I heard the noise of a horse galloping up the avenue. The unusual hour for a visit alarmed me. I inquired who it was. A telegraphic dispatch was brought to me—sent by express from the neighbouring station. It entirely changed my fate. Harry Warburton was dead!—Mrs. Warburton and her children were on their way to England!

Poor Warburton!—his end was characteristic of his life. He and some of the men of his stamp had organised some races, and he had resolved to ride his own horse. He had been advised—warned—but he persisted, and was thrown and killed on the spot. By me he was mourned—strange though it may seem to say so. My life had flowed in one particular course so long, that it was difficult to force it into a new channel. My first feeling was a mysterious dread of evil. Marian free!—and who were bound to each other, if we were not. Then difficulties rose before me—obstacles—delays. Away from Marian I could remember she was much older than I was. Her children were growing up; she and they were penniless; it would be a great charge and responsibility on whoever became Marian’s husband.

The consummate tact of Marian was never more proved than in our meeting. She no doubt understood the ground was less secure than formerly. She was not alone, was kind and cordial, but very sad. She spoke more of her loss as regarded her children than herself. There was no parade of grief which might have seemed hypocritical, there was no semblance of indifference which might have seemed unfeeling. There was no air of intimacy which might lead to conjectures, or recall claims. There was the exact and due consideration given to me as one of Warburton’s dear friends. How many he had! I met several offering their services! Among them was a

certain Lord Lascelles who had become known to them after I left Vienna, who was very attentive. It was distinctly impressed on my mind, though how I cannot describe, that if I hesitated I should be superseded.

I checked all prudential misgivings, for I was still in love, and a year and a half after Warburton's death, Marian was my wife. Lord Lascelles was the eldest son of an Irish peer, but the property was heavily mortgaged; in everything but title he was my inferior, and I must do Marian the justice to say that she did not pause in her choice.

I announced the fact of my marriage to Fanny, but received no reply from her.

I suppose all men attain a period of disenchantment. Some earlier than others. The love which had robbed my youth of its purest joys failed, when won, to lend its charm to my maturity. I looked with despair on my own heart, and on the blank which was there. Very selfish persons become prematurely old. Life is to each like a reel of silk. We all take one into our hands, some use it for their work, and when the reel is used the silk looks gay in the work which it has finished. Others hold it so carelessly that it all runs out at once, and leaves only the bare wood. I had used my life so prodigally and selfishly that I had got to the wood at the age when most men have only commenced their reel, and what work had I done?

Marian was my wife, and though her beauty was not so radiant as it had been six years ago, it was still great, yet I dared to whisper to myself I was disappointed. It was not so delightful to me to spend the morning in her sitting-room, now that I could be there whenever I chose. She, herself, seemed to think it somewhat of a bore. There was a stimulus wanting. I saw little faults in her which I had not detected previously. A want of depth in her nature which produced a smallness, a pettishness about trifles. Hers was not the sunny temperament which could extract pleasure from all things, and flower and bloom with the first ray of sunshine. She needed excitement. Her husband's admiration did not suffice for her, and as her beauty was a little less universally attractive, and did not win her the admiration of others so much as it did, there was a bitterness, which though concealed in society, sometimes made itself perceptible at home. Perhaps, had my own nature sustained, verified, developed hers, it would have been different, but I was too much like her. There was a sterility in both which in me had been veiled by youth, and in her by grace, but which was soon evident. The poor material on which such gay embroideries had been lavished, now that time had told on it, displayed itself; instead of sumptuous brocade, it was beggarly canvas. Thousands of men are more unhappy from faults than vices; but with me it was more the negation of happiness than the positive pang of unhappiness. Sometimes a devil whispered to my heart:—"Are you assured that you do possess her love? Warburton always believed he possessed it entirely." However much my self-esteem might insinuate a difference, there were misgivings.

I began seeking for other interests to fill up life,

and like most men disappointed in their affections, I turned to politics. There were signs which boded a general election, and I resolved to stand for the county. We went down to Speynings. I commenced the work of canvassing with great spirit. Three days after my arrival I gave a large dinner party, at which most of the magnates of the county were to be present. I had sent an invitation to the parsonage; it was refused, but the servant who bore the refusal left a packet for me. I opened it; the outside was addressed in Fanny's hand, but without a word from her. The inside was a case containing a magnificent parure of diamonds, necklace, bandeau, brooch, &c. On a paper was written in characters somewhat faded by time. "For my beloved Hubert's wife, from his mother." There was also a letter, but just as I was opening it I heard Marian's step, and a feeling I could not explain, led me to conceal the case and letter in a drawer. She entered to speak to me about her dress, and to lament some accident which had happened to her ornaments. I immediately gave her the diamonds, but without mentioning how they had come into my possession.

She was enchanted, but reproached me for not having given them to her before.

As she sat opposite me at dinner she looked lovely. Round that graceful throat the brilliants sparkled like water. The simile was not an apt one: it suggested tears, and reminded me how many had been shed, caused by me, and on her account, in this very room. A voice rose in my heart that the queenly splendour which adorned my wife was the gift of that mother I had so outraged and pained, and was bestowed by me on the one woman she would have rejected as a daughter. The costly heritage I had derived from her I shared with one she distrusted and despised. At that moment I looked towards Marian; she was bending down, with sparkling eyes and kindling cheek, and listening to the flattering speeches of Lord Lascelles. She had invited him in such a manner that I could make no objection. Something in her attitude, in the curves of her lips as she smiled, carried me back to the days long ago, days of the Grange, before her marriage with Warburton. I shuddered; I answered absently to persons who were speaking to me; I made the most obvious blunders. People began to look surprised, and in spite of the proverbial inexpressiveness of worldly faces, I caught an expression on some, as I turned my eyes from the head of the table, which stung me.

"Jealous, by —"

I fancied this exclamation hessed into my ears. I began to talk and laugh vehemently, but there was disquiet within me. My laugh was so loud that it served to attract Marian, who looked at me with surprise, and then coldly and slowly averted her eyes.

After the dinner there was a ball. Lascelles and Marian opened it. Marian and I met once in the course of the evening.

"What is the matter, Hubert; are you not well, or only cross?"

"Not very well," I replied.

"It is very hot, I am not surprised—I feel half suffocated myself, and far from well."

She left me, and glided back to the dancers. Where was the quick sympathy of old? I threw myself on a chair in the library, lost in a bitter reverie. The drawer in which I had placed the case and letter was open, I mechanically took out the letter; it was in my mother's hand. I shuddered as I read it.

My beloved Hubert, how strange it is to think that when you receive this letter the hand that wrote it will be dust. I rise from my grave, my dearest, to bless you. The bitterness of death was over when I held your hand for the last time. You have thought my silence unforgiving—would it not rather have proved alienation, and have been a sacrifice, to alter the free and unconstrained intercourse of spirit which had once subsisted between us, to the superficial communion which was the tone you had adopted? Best to roll the stone on the sepulchre till the day of the resurrection. That day will come. I can wait for it; I know that hereafter you will know my heart. We are all unjust to one another: I may have misjudged you, but my judgment of you never affected my love for you. You misunderstood me, and ceased to love me; but you will love me once more, my son. I look back on my girlish, my married, my widowed life, and I see I have been deprived of most of the blessings which are given to other women; but I had one gift, the gift of loving you, Hubert, with an entire and perfect love. When you are a parent you will understand me. You have accused me of jealousy, God forgive you; I was jealous of your honour, of your truth, of your happiness, which all seemed to me perilled by the course of life on which you had entered. What can be the result of selfishness united to selfishness, falseness to falseness, ingratitude to ingratitude? There is a lucidity in a mother's apprehension. I know that you are not loved as you love. I know, also, that you love, not with the best, but with the worst part of your nature, and therefore, that your love is mortal and ephemeral. That it has placed you in antagonism to me is my bitter, but deserved chastisement. My idolatrous affection for you has fostered your selfishness, it is right that I should suffer by that selfishness. I am resigned, I submit, but you too, dearest, will suffer; would that, at any cost to myself, I could shield you. Be firm, be unselfish, be sincere. Truth, fortitude, and love carry us through all trials victoriously. I do not pray for any blessing chosen by myself for you. I hold the cross between my hands, and say for you as for myself, God's will be done!

MABEL SPENCER.

Before I reached the end of this letter my eyes were filled with tears. Yes, she was avenged, and on the spot where I had been so careless, so ungrateful, so cruel—she was avenged. I would have given all that remained to me of life but to have held once more the hand I had cast away. I snatched the candle from the table and held it up before her picture, which was in the room—an old portrait taken when she was young, but with the intense look about the eyes which was her characteristic. The eyes were unanswering now; the mouth would never smile upon me again. I sat down again. I heard steps and extinguished the light, for I did not wish to be intruded upon, but the steps were in the conservatory. Through the distant sound of the music in the saloon the words I had just read rang as a knell to my ears—"Selfishness to selfishness, falsehood to falsehood, ingratitude to ingratitude." I went to the window which opened into the conservatory,

for I was faint and dizzy. The steps approached, and through the moonlit vista of shrubs and exotics I saw a gleam of some shining dress.

"Are you better?" said a voice I did not at once recognise.

"Yes, much better,—it was only the heat;" answered the rich soft tones of Marian—of my wife.

"I will sit down here, Lord Lascelles; then I must return, for I shall be missed—I do not know where Hubert is."

I heard a muttered exclamation, and an expletive added to the name of Hubert, and I recognised Lord Lascelles' voice.

He continued:

"Where in the ——'s name is he? It is of consequence to him to show himself, I know, as this assembly is a sort of touchstone for his election. But where can he be?"

"He said something about not being very well."

"I cannot imagine Spencer suffering from the ordinary ills of mortality."

"Why not?"

"I should not, were I in his place."

"I do not understand you."

"No matter. Do not move, I beseech you; you are not rested—let us stay, it is so pleasant here—almost an Italian atmosphere; these orange-flowers—those roses—"

"Ah, do not speak of Italy—the name fills me with sad memories and yearning regrets. It was such a favourite dream of mine that Italy should be my home one day; but dreams are never realised—"

"Mine are transcended. I once dreamed of a face—a form of a peculiar and enchanting type. I have seen a reality more exquisite than my dreams."

"You have been fortunate."

"Oh, Marian—forgive me, Mrs. Spencer."

"Lord Lascelles, I had better return to the drawing-room."

"Not before you say you forgive me."

"Foolish . . . What a perfect child you are."

"I am only three years younger than Spencer."

"Perhaps not, but those three years make a difference; besides, I am older than Spencer."

"Impossible!"

"It is true; when I consented to marry a man younger than myself I was not unmindful of the risk, but I thought that in all marriages there are drawbacks, and a woman who is conscious that she has something to make up for has a greater incentive to patience, gentleness, indulgence than others."

"Angel! who could be worthy of you?"

"All men flatter all women . . . but their wives; it is strange how this little ring robs us of our perfections. Till they are married men think we alone can make their happiness—afterwards they require a hundred adjuncts."

"I shall not be tried, for I shall never marry!"

"Never marry?"

"No; all I seek from life is friendship; I have no mother, no sister; a woman who would condescend to let me be her friend would never repent it—will you let me be yours?"

"It is a great blessing to have a friend. In life there are a thousand trifles, little trials, slight sorrows we do not like to disturb those who love us most with, and yet which need assistance and sympathy. Many men adore women, but their adoration is useless in the daily wants of life. If I were in danger I would rush to Hubert for protection; but if a thorn scratched me, however painful, he would only laugh at me. He often thinks me, as I daresay I am, foolishly sensitive: he does not often comprehend me."

"I understand, for I am of that nature myself. I can offer you sympathy, and I can understand you from never having been understood myself. Let me be your friend, dear—Mrs. Spencer."

"Well, we will be very good friends, and to seal the compact of our friendship, let us return to the ball-room and work for the popularity of the new member."

"Spencer shall not complain of my lukewarmness in his cause. I will move heaven and earth, the highest and the lowest powers that be, to serve him, and he shall be M.P. in six weeks."

The speakers rose and moved back to the rooms. I had heard as one spell-bound. I had never moved.

"The old sweet tale," as Heine says, "so sweet, so sad—" My thoughts were confused; so had I spoken to her, so had I felt when she was Warburton's wife—"falsehood to falsehood." In the darkness I felt my mother's eyes were fixed piercingly on me, and the strangely menacing aspect of Veronica, standing as I had seen her on that last fatal day, recurred to me.

What do I feel?—am I jealous—angry—scornful? I laugh, laugh with a bitterness which is almost convulsive, and then I pause. Is that game to be played with me—and yet what was it that disturbed me? Am I not *sure* of Marian's virtue? O God!

CHAPTER VI.

THE next morning a large party assembled at the breakfast-table. Marian, instead of breakfasting as usual in her own room, was in her place at its head. I looked at her, and, for the first time since I had known her, observed her as a stranger might have done. I seemed divested, as by some sudden lucidity, of the magnetic "rapport," so to speak, between us.

She wore a piece of lace over her head, knotted under the chin with some rose-coloured ribbon. She was certainly and incontestably beautiful. Why did that beauty excite something resentful in me?—a passionate and indignant vindictiveness, as if some weapon was upheld against me by an enemy.

Her little Nina, who had grown into a bewitching tiny coquette of nine years old, was seated near her. Lord Lascelles was playing with the child as if he saw no one else, not even its mother. The conversation at my end of the table turned on the ensuing election, and the prospects of the county. With an effort I bent my mind to attention and took part in it. My friends seemed surprised that a man who had lived so long abroad, who had a certain loose foreign guise in his dress and habits, knew so much, not only of the

ins and out of English politics generally, but was versed in many intimate details of the tangled web of party traditions at Speynings. I rose immediately in their estimation, and the conversation became general and animated. Some of the ladies offered themselves to aid us in our electioneering expeditions, and there was a general cry—

"We must enlist you, Mrs. Spencer."

Marian laughed and shook her head.

"You have my best wishes, as you may suppose, Herbert, but I am afraid I shall not be of much use. I am so foolishly shy on occasions of that kind, that I should do more harm than good. The people would think me proud while I was simply awkward."

She blushed as she spoke.

I saw Lord Lascelles leave off whispering to Nina and listen to her. I knew how he would admire such graceful feminine timidity. I had a torturing intuition of all he would feel. What a wretched sensation this umbra of myself—this mocking tautology of all I had undergone in the Warburton era—gave me.

At last the ladies rose, and we men sat somewhat longer over our cold coffee, newspapers, and cigars. Lord Lascelles sat silent, cutting with his knife various indentations on some bread on his plate, lost in thought.

The horses were ordered, and we all went to prepare for a round of calls, to test as it were the pulse of the place, to ascertain our strength and our weakness,—to discriminate between our allies and our opponents.

Before I left, faithful to long habit, I ran in to Marian's boudoir to bid her good-bye (it was at the opposite side of the house from the entrance), but she was not there. I crossed the hall and found all my friends—Lascelles included—mounted.

As we passed the house Marian stood at the window of the library with Nina at her side. She kissed her hand to me as we rode by. It was as pretty a picture as one might wish to see of the lady of the castle sending out her lord on some chivalric and perilous adventure.

"Why are you punishing that poor brute so unmercifully, Spencer," said Mr. Manning, a very old friend of my mother, who rode behind me, "you stuck your spurs into the poor jade as if you had some refractory 'Blue' on hand."

I smiled, and Mr. Manning did not see that I smiled in scorn at myself. I was an idiot to be so moved—a coward to be so irritable—about what? The experience of the irrevocable past gave me foregone conclusions, which I used to poison the present.

I was ashamed of myself. Was I a prey to that most humiliating of pangs a man may endure, jealousy of a woman he does not esteem? Mr. Manning here rode up and asked me if it would not be advisable to call at the Rectory. Mr. Maynard was a popular man, an exemplary clergyman—"not a meddling parson"—and connected with me by marriage. He would be a most useful ally.

We turned our horses' heads, and rode through the little wood which divided the glebe land from

the park, and leaving the horses to the grooms, entered.

Mr. Maynard was alone in his study, and our interview was most satisfactory. He knew most of his parishioners intimately. He offered to make out a list, which he thought might be useful to me. While he was writing it, he proposed we should go into the drawing-room and see his wife.

My conscience smote me at this zealous good-nature, for I had never been especially civil to Maynard. His wife was Marian's sister, and that circumstance, which should have drawn us together, had divided us; there had never been any congeniality between Marian and Nora, and I had insensibly acquiesced in Marian's tone. Maynard himself was a gentlemanly, scholarly fellow—certainly the very reverse of a "meddling parson," and he had accepted with dignified indifference the indirect ostracism to which he had been subjected.

I was not, therefore, prepared for the instant aid he proffered me, and the sincere interest which I saw he took in my success.

We found Nora alone. She was not so cordial in her reception of us as her husband. Nora's manner had always been impulsive and somewhat abrupt. The very softness of her sister seemed to goad her into a kind of perverse combativeness, but her marriage had improved and refined her. To me, of late, however, she had always been cold and distant. Fanny was not visible, but a chair drawn to the table near some writing implements seemed to have been only just vacated. Since our last interview I had never by any chance seen Fanny near enough to address her. I had a sore, uncomfortable feeling at my heart with regard to her. It seemed that the only person who judged me fairly, and so judging, condemned me, was she, my mother's protégée—she, the playmate of my childhood—she, the companion and friend of my youth!

My mother's dying words were full of forgiveness and tenderness; but while Fanny remained estranged, the forgiveness did not seem complete and entire; and yet how could I retrace the steps which had divided us.

On the very few occasions on which Mr. and Mrs. Maynard had visited us, they had always been alone; and the two or three times we had dined with them Fanny was absent. She and Marian had never met since the latter's marriage.

I was thinking of these things while Mannering and the others were talking to Nora, and then, finding myself unnoticed, I slipped back to the library to ask some more questions of Maynard.

To my surprise I found Fanny standing beside him, reminding him of names, and adding comments, which revived apparently his recollection of them, while he wrote them down. Their backs were to me, and they did not see me enter; but she was speaking with a good deal of earnestness and animation. I went up to her. "I am so glad to see you once more, and I thank you from my heart." My voice faltered in spite of myself.

"If you mean for sending you that—that packet—I ought to apologise rather for not sending it earlier. The reason of the delay was first my own absence from Speynings for many months

after your marriage, and then some difficulties in receiving it from the persons who had taken care of it during my absence."

She spoke coldly and formally. It was still war then. I was hurt. I bowed in silence, and turned away.

"Thanks, Maynard: you have been really most kind."

"Why, it is a catalogue *raisonné*, with a vengeance," said Mannering, looking over the list, as he entered. "I see our way clearly now. How surprised these good yeomen would be to know how thoroughly you had read them, Maynard! 'A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,' and all that sort of thing, eh?"

He and the others were introduced to Fanny; and then, after many apologies to Maynard for our wholesale incursion, and thanks for his valuable assistance, we took leave. I shook hands almost warmly with him, but I merely bent in acknowledgment of Fanny's all but scornful salute.

How expressive was her face, I thought, of contempt and aversion. How could she but despise me! This I was compelled to avow to myself.

There was a good deal of conversation among the others, but I rode on silently.

The scenes I had witnessed, or rather the words I had overheard the night before, were like a stone dropped into a pool. Where it had broken the surface, a series of ever-widening circles testified the disturbance, and continued it. So many remembrances were evoked, which brought with them so much of sickening resemblance of the feelings which Lord Lascelles had avowed, that, combined with the impatience of pain engendered by long selfishness, I was really on a moral rack. A spark left to smoulder has often caused a conflagration, and I shrank, with a sense of boding ill, from these retrospections, from the evil they aroused, from the still greater evil they might create. But I was forced to command myself. I obliged myself to talk and jest, and tried thus to exorcise the evil spirit.

We did a good deal of business, had luncheon at a most friendly farmer's, and we obtained golden opinions, in the literal and figurative sense, from all.

"Wall, our young Squire looks puny and white loike; but he's jest real English at heart, for all that. What say you, Bill? And Mr. Mannering is a foine one, to be sure."

Such exclamations would sometimes reach us, and amuse us.

Towards sunset we took the road towards Speynings, tired and hoarse with our exertions. Lord Lascelles had been most strenuous in talking, laughing, joking, and had certainly been of great assistance; but there was an absent air about him when we were all riding together, which I could not fail to notice.

"I have just been thinking, Spencer," said the gay, good-humoured Mannering, "that you enjoy a positive monopoly of beauty at Speynings. It is not fair at all to the rest of England. First, there is Mrs. Spencer. Consider that I cry 'chapeau bas' when I name her. Then, Mrs. Maynard, who has the blackest hair, parted on the

whitest forehead I have ever seen in woman. Then, lastly—by no means least—Miss Egerton : what a fine young woman ! ”

“ Not exactly a fine young woman, Mannering ; she is so very small. ”

“ Yes, I know she is ; but there is a manner, a pose of the head, nevertheless, that is very fine. There is something so frank and true in her expression ; and you remember those lines,

“ And truth might for its mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue. ”

“ No. ”

“ I dare say not ; Scott is not appreciated as he was in my days. Well, as I said before, it isn't fair ; and were I a younger man, I think I should try to carry off the single lady at all events. What say you, Lascelles ? ”

“ I beg your pardon ; I did not hear you. What were you talking about ? ”

“ Miss Egerton's beauty. ”

“ Ah ! ”

Mannering looked at him with surprise at the listless “ Ah ! ” and then shrugged his shoulders, and muttering something which sounded like “ soft in the head, ” went on with me.

We were now on the grounds of Speynings, and saw that some of the ladies had come out to meet us. We had to undergo a storm of questioning and congratulation and expostulation before we were allowed to dismount. At last we did so, and I went in. I did not see Marian. I was told she and Nina were on the terrace.

I was glad to be alone for a few minutes. I threw myself on a chair, and buried my face in my hands. I had been interested and amused with my morning's work while I was employed in it ; but now I thought not of ambition and its prospects : the bitter taste of the Dead Sea fruit was making itself felt ; and, in the reaction, after work, its acrid flavour was perceptible and nauseous. To the hardest man there is a pang in the conviction that there is no love in his life. Very subtly and imperceptibly had I acquired this knowledge ; but it was there. As I sat brooding over the consciousness, I heard sounds of merriment on the terrace.

In the library, where I was sitting, a large window, or rather glass door, communicated with a flight of steps which led to the terrace. Half mechanically I went towards it, glad to escape from myself.

A good many of the party were assembled there, and Nina was running about, flashing in and out among them, like a bright-coloured butterfly, so gay was her dress, so light her step. Marian was there too, leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, and bending over to feed a peacock below. The bird was a magnificent one, and wheeled about in the most stately manner, the rays of the setting sun glittering on his plumage and crested head with a most dazzling effect. Marian's figure was grace itself as she thus stood, with the royal bird following every motion of her white hand. I could see her distinctly from where I was : and I saw Lord Lascelles, with all the fatigue and ennui off his face, standing beside her, conversing with her.

Mannering was not many yards off, talking to the others, and there was nothing which the most jealous or suspicious husband could have the hardihood to caviat at. Yet I clenched my hands, and there was a curse at my heart, if not on my lips, as I turned abruptly away.

The indolent nonchalance of Marian's attitude was so familiar to me : it was thus she allowed the poor fool whom her beauty had bewitched to gaze upon it with supreme indifference as to the result. Had any one warned her, she would have answered, “ Why blame me that I am fair ? ” and with the same inexorable logic as Vittoria Corambona she would have argued :

So may you blame some fair and crystal river,
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in't.

But I started at myself, as these lines rose to my mind. Did I place on the same evil equality the beauty I had so worshipped, and the baleful fascinations of “ the White Devil ? ”

If, as Stendahl tells us, Love is crystallisation, the process through which the poor bare twig is invested with its glittering jewels and exquisite form, is not more instantaneous than that which dissolves the charm and reduces it to its naked insignificance—in some cases to its repulsive worthlessness.

But this is folly, I thought. I am getting morbid. That letter unhinged me, and poisoned my interpretation of Marian's words to Lascelles. He may admire her, as all must ; but let me be fair, and give her the credit of having more taste and good sense than to distinguish a person who has nothing but the handle to his name to make him remarkable. Without vanity, I may flatter myself that in all else I am his equal, if not superior. I cannot think so ill of her judgment as not to be aware of this.

Alas ! was I yielding to the Warburtonian delusions ! Into what abysmal depths of blind conceit is it allotted to husbands always to fall ! How easily we forget that in all matters of mere flirtation the status of husband is, *per se*, a disadvantage, and that to a coquette there is a more racy flavour in the admiration of the veriest fool than in the legitimate homage of the man who has bestowed on her his name. However, I tried to rouse myself. I made a resolution not to be oppressed by shadows, but to prove myself a man who would not delude himself, or allow others to deceive him. There might have been something in my own behaviour lately which had insensibly chilled Marian. It should be amended. A certain kind of desperation gave me courage. It was, after all, an overwhelming sorrow to see the idol to which so many costly oblations had been offered crumbling into the dust. There was pain in every good and in every evil fibre of my nature at witnessing its fall, and I would save it if I could.

That day, at dinner, I made an effort to be more cheerful than usual. I was usually a very silent person, but I now exerted myself, and was as animated and brilliant as Mannering. We were all merry, with the exception of Lascelles, who cut a poor figure amongst us, leaning back in his chair, stroking his moustache.

Marian joined in the conversation, and appeared amused by it.

Mannerling was praising extravagantly the beauty of her sister.

"Yes. Nora is very handsome, and yet I remember, when a child, my poor mother was in despair about her personal appearance. She was very dark, the only one of us who *was* dark, and I believe the nurses thought she must be a changeling. But it was quite the case of the ugly duckling. It was marvellous how she improved as she grew up, till she was at last always recognised as the beauty of the Comptons."

"Her colouring is wonderful, the very red lips, the clear paleness of the cheek, and the jet black hair."

"Yes; and it is rare in England, where the hair, eyes, and skin are rather in harmony than in abrupt contrast."

These words were very simply, gently said, but they did not enhance the beauty they spoke of.

"And by way of showing how varied is beauty, there is Miss Egerton, whose face and form are in so different a type."

"Yes; Miss Egerton is the perfection of prettiness. She always reminds me of a shepherdess on *Sèvres china*, so delicate and mignonne."

"Not exactly, Mrs. Spencer; there is more mind in her face, more character, and, above all, more will. Watteau's shepherdesses are all roses and hoops."

"Well, I should say, dressed in that style, there would be a resemblance. At all events, nothing can be prettier than she is."

Again—was it the tone, or what subtle meaning was there in the words that was antagonistic to a favourable impression. In spite of myself, I answered her with some asperity:

"Fanny's beauty is not only undeniable, but it is singularly expressive of herself. That limpid purity of complexion, and that exquisite regularity of outline, are symbolical, I think, of great innocence of heart, and an inexpressible genuineness, if I may so term it, of character."

"I quite agree with you, Spencer," said Mannerling.

"And so do I," said Marian; "it is, as I said before, consummate prettiness." And with a smile which circled the whole table, but which rested, I fancied, for a moment on Lascelles, she rose and left the room.

We drew our chairs closer after the ladies had left the room, and resumed our political conversation. I threw myself into it with an ardour and zeal which quite delighted my immediate partisans. Some of the party, however, slipped away, and at last, none but those more immediately concerned were left. We arranged our plans for the next few days, and drew up an address. While thus occupied, a letter was brought into me. It was from Maynard. He told me that the contest would be a sharp one, the other candidate was already in the field, and we must bestir ourselves. He mentioned some voters living in an outlying farm at some distance whom he thought we had better sound as early as possible. The letter was most friendly. We determined to set off the next

morning, Mannerling and I alone, and then we adjourned to the drawing-room.

Tea had long been over, and we had heard music. We reached the door in time to hear Lord Lascelles conclude a masterly prelude, and then in a mellow, cultivated tenor sing the following love-song:

Heart to heart, and lip to lip,
Bend thine eyes on mine!
Let me feel thy lashes sweep
With their curve divine,
O'er thy cheek and mine.

Let me feel thy bosom's throbbing:
Start not, child, at mine!
Wouldst thou hush its bitter sobbing,
Soothe this heart of mine?—
Let it break 'gainst thine!

Closer, closer, let thy breath,
Balmy vapour, blend with mine;
Thus united, pitying Death
Pauses over mine—
Merged, absorbed in thine.

Loose thy hair in glittering fold,
Angelwise o'er mine—
Let the mingled black and gold
(Light and shade) entwine,
Like thy fate and mine!

Guiltless *now* our fond caresses,
Thou art wholly mine!
Death anoints the brow he presses,
And the shining sign
Seals me his and thine!

It was a beautiful, passionate air, and he sang it with an expression which gave force to his words.

Some of the ladies whispered together behind their fans.

"*Tant soit peu leste*," said one man into Mannerling's ear.

Mannerling shrugged his shoulders, and touched his forehead significantly.

"Something wrong there, or here," he said, tapping his own broad breast.

Marian looked with surprise towards the piano, and when the player, after a pause, began some wild march, an almost imperceptible smile passed over her lips.

I noticed, however, that during his stay at Speynings, Lascelles never sang again, during the evenings. I sometimes heard him in the morning, when the audience was entirely feminine.

To a person so morbidly self-conscious as I was, it was not strange that when I went down stairs again to write some letters ere I went to bed, I thought over the feelings which the day had called forth; but through all and over all was the wonder that with the grief, with the pain, with the resentment, there came no soft, relenting, yearning feelings of love. Love was dead. Its mermaid caves, its siren halls, its nereid songs were over, and dark amidst the waves of life rose the new earth which had been slowly amassed beneath the waters. Vague suspicion, accusing memories, slow experience, had dropped their unhallowed seed, till the whole had accumulated into one stratum of alienation.

But though love was dead, I avowed myself jealous. There is a jealousy which is of love, there is a jealousy which is of pride. *I knew Marian.* I knew that what the world called honour was safe; but I was not prepared to go through a drama similar to that of the Grange and of Vienna; but with the parts changed. Lascelles must go, and it would not be my fault if he returned.

Before I left the library, I took out my mother's letter from the drawer in which I had placed it, and unlocking an old desk of hers, which contained some of her papers, I touched the spring of a secret drawer in which I intended to place it. The drawer was empty, with the exception of an ornament which I had been accustomed to see her wear, and which she must have placed there with her own hands, and had afterwards forgotten. It was a small diamond cross. The diamonds were very fine, and set in dark blue enamel. On a label attached to the cross were the words:

"For Fanny."

I was rejoiced at this. I was glad that Fanny should possess what she must value as having belonged, and been almost identified with one she so loved, and I was more than glad that Marian would never wear it. I determined to take it, or send it to the Rectory the next day.

(To be continued.)

A LOOK AT THE FEDERAL ARMY.

A FEW weeks ago, on a fine clear afternoon, I left Quebec, full of anticipation of feasting my eyes upon new sights and of setting my mind a-thinking upon new matters.

Lake George was my first resting-place, and a lovely spot I found it. A fashionable assemblage of guests, gathered from north, east, and west, and enjoying themselves to their utmost, greeted me upon my arrival with a good long steady stare. Though my fellow-guests evidently belonged to the "upper ten thousand" of American society, and though their manners were for the most part good, and their dress of the costliest description, yet one could perceive at a glance that they owned America and not England as their home. An expression, an intonation of their voice, a peculiarity in their dress, or, perchance, a ludicrous display of bombast (*the characteristic of the country*), soon betrayed their nationality. But, no doubt, this was exactly what was aimed at—if so, their object was accomplished with a vengeance!

Resisting every temptation in the way of picnics and boating excursions, I left the gay throng to amuse themselves after their own fashion.

A day spent at West Point well rewards the visitor. I gained a great deal of information from certain half-military, half-theatrical-looking persons, who, I fancy, were professors in the military college. About 170 cadets were under canvas. The discipline enforced is very strict, and the soldier-like bearing of these young fellows struck me much.

At New York I paid a visit to the camps on Staten Island. A regiment was embarking *en route* for Washington, and a half-hour's study of

character was most amusing. *Here* was a fierce, bearded, bony, tall fellow, freshly kidnapped in the backwoods of some far-off settlement, stern and silent, bearing a wretched dog on his shoulders, supposing, no doubt, that he was doing his pet a special favour by catering for its miserable existence even in the cannon's mouth; and *there* a beardless boy with long, matted red hair, reeling under the weight of a heavy blanket, a bayonet scabbard, and a bottle of whiskey, yelling in unmistakeable Milesian tones his opinions of mankind in general, and of Jeff Davis in particular, interrupted periodically by a being who represented an officer with a remonstrance such as—"Pat Doolan, make tracks right off, and slant into your po-sition!" or some other order equally choice in its language and its military character. Having bidden adieu to friends and foes in New York, I took my place in the "cars" for Washington. Passing through Philadelphia—with its inhabitants jealous of all other cities in the Union—broad-streeted and well cared for, our eyes are busy with the altered aspect of the country and of affairs in general. Trains full of noisy and dusty soldiers; acres of the waste land near railroad stations covered with ambulance and commissariat waggons; small bodies of soldiers guarding the bridges, cross-roads, ferries, and all other important points along the road—here and there a dash of white in the dark green marks the camping-ground of some *newly-caught* volunteers; in fact, the whole country wears a warlike appearance.

After crossing the Susquehanna on the monster ferry-boat, on which a train of four or five railway carriages is conveyed across the broad expanse at one trip, we halted for a few minutes in the neighbourhood of a small encampment. I was extremely amused to see a "rare" specimen of Yankee invention, in the shape of an original method of punishment drill. One wretched delinquent was gratuitously framed in oak, his head being thrust through a hole cut in one end of a barrel, the other end of which had been removed; and the poor fellow "loafed" about in the most disconsolate manner, looking for all the world like a half-hatched chicken. Another defaulter had heavy weights fastened to his wrists, his hands and feet being chained together. Their punishments were as various as their crimes, but none appeared so ludicrous as the gentleman in the pillory-like barrel.

The punishments awarded in the United States army appear to depend almost entirely upon the caprice of the commanding officer; and no doubt, sooner or later, unless an alteration is made in the system, this will give rise to serious manifestations of discontent amongst the men.

But the sharp, nasal cry, "All aboard, all aboard for Baltimore!" rouses us from our reverie. Dusty and hot, we pass through this last-named ugly town, teeming with the blackest and most hideous negroes I have ever laid eyes on, and having lived through a ride of some forty miles, we approach Washington. Bundled out of my carriage, I was elbowed on this side by a hairy-faced, loose-jointed, unwashed patriot from Michigan, and remonstrated with, in no polite

terms, by some fat, greasy German from the Eastern States, on the other; shoved onwards by an abusive railway official from behind, and pushed back by a stream of hotel porters, pouring irresistibly against me in front. I was beginning to "wish I was a butterfly," that I could soar above them all, when suddenly an outlet presented itself, and out I rushed, striking right and left (for I was driven to desperation), regardless whether it was a puffy fat general, or a meagre, pale-faced private, who received my parting salute.

I shall never forget the appearance of the city; the word confusion would almost convey the idea of order! Waggon drawn by stubborn mules, and driven by stupid niggers; donkeys urged on

by stubborn politicians; "loafers" hanging about hotel doors, ready to fawn on, or to spring upon, any luckless man in office (according to the character of their victim), and endeavouring to persuade the bystanders how capable they were for anything under the sun, from the leading of an army to the cheating of a nation.

Fortunately, having fallen in with a clever, agreeable, and travelled friend, who had been acquainted with General M'Clellan some three years ago, through him I got an introduction to the great man. The day after our arrival we received a polite letter from one of the general's aides-de-camp, inviting us to join the general on a reconnoissance on the following day. This was an opportunity not to be lost. Accordingly, early next



(See page 205.)

morning we put on our most important looks, and a rough suit of clothes, and presented ourselves at headquarters. Drawn up, in front of M'Clellan's house, were some 250 fierce-looking, sturdy fellows, mounted on horses, the former as much in need of soap and water as the latter were of the currycomb and brush.

Having smoked a cigar, and having listened with considerable patience to strange stories related by one of the aides-de-camp who had lately come from California, General M'Clellan made his appearance. A fine-looking fellow he is, with a most expressive face, an eye which could, with the greatest ease, look through a ten-foot stone wall, and a pair of shoulders of no ordinary dimensions. Frank and open in manner,

with a quiet and unassuming bearing, he quite took my fancy. Having most kindly ordered a couple of chargers for my friend and myself, the General set forth, accompanied by a "brilliant staff" and his rough-looking bodyguard. Passing by the White House, and down the main street, we were gazed at alike by the patriotic citizen, the toadying place-hunter, the discontented tradesman, and the sullen traitor.

The Long Bridge crossed, we entered upon the immediate vicinity of active operations. A strong *tête-du-pont* was the first earthwork which met our view. What with guns, ditches, palisades, and abattis, placed at points where each were most wanted, the bridge appeared to my mind as secure as the hand of man could make it.

Proceeding along a very heavy, bad road, we passed Fort Runyon, a place of very considerable strength, at which point our route went off to the right, in a direction parallel to the river. There was evidently no child's play going on, no butterfly field-day, but fierce deadly war ruled the day.

Three miles farther on brought us to Fort Albany, the strongest point in the whole position. Constructed as it is, upon the summit of a hill which rises at the end of a long straight ravine, the guns from this fort could sweep the country far and near.

It is not my intention, even though it were in my power, to give a detailed account of every battery and strong position; but I will confine myself to a few of the incidents of our ten-hours' ride. Leaving Fort Albany behind us, we struck into the country in a direction perpendicular to the Potomac. Winding along the little road at the bottom of the ravine above referred to, we soon came in sight of a black house, at the skirts of a wood. Here we entered a bypath through the fields, and having ordered some twenty men to go in advance of us, we penetrated the large, thick wood for a couple of miles. Small picquets were posted every few hundred yards, the men sometimes turning out to present arms, and sometimes *not*, as appeared to suit their convenience. After a while we emerged from the wood, and McClellan reconnoitred the ground, which, I was afterwards informed, was the weakest point in the whole of the Federal position. What was decided upon it is not for me to say; but having decided, we altered our course again, and after passing through a large amount of tangled underwood, high ferns, and small trees, we came out eventually upon a fine open country. White tents studded the ground far and near, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of the camp of the German Brigade. Dismounting from our horses, we entered a large comfortable tent, rendered almost domestic in appearance by the presence of a lady, the wife of our host, whose name I really cannot undertake to spell, but it sounded as if it was composed of all the consonants in the alphabet, *twice over*, without the redeeming point of having one solitary vowel. Champagne and cigars, after a light luncheon, were by no means to be despised, and we did ample justice to the good things before us. The long, wet ride had whetted our appetites to such a pitch as made the viands disappear almost immediately. Consultation followed consultation; deeds of valour, no doubt, were concocted, and terrible lessons to the rebel traitors were discussed by heroes having on their faces wise looks and coarse hair; but my cigar was too good, and my companion (a German army surgeon) too pleasant to allow of my paying much attention to these remarks.

But we have still a long way to go, so let us remount and leave our friends, the Germans, to smoke their pipes, drink their lager beer, and speak from the soles of their feet, and we will proceed on our way.

A smart canter brought us to a steep knoll, thickly wooded and very pretty. I feel morally convinced that my horse must have had some

cousinship to the feline species; for never in all my experience have I seen a horse (properly so called) which with such ease clambered up perpendicular rocks, and sprang over deep chasms, and slid down craggy precipices, tangled with thickly-matted underwood, as this "*bag of bones*" did with me.

As soon as we reached the summit of this strange-looking ascent, the pantomime of sagacious looks and wild theories was again gone through; and after it had been satisfactorily arranged that if such and such were done at the right time, the right place, and by the right person, and in fact that if nothing went wrong all would go right,—this decided, we descended to the green plain below.

At one place we met some five hundred men, jogging along the fields bearing axes on their shoulders, returning from the daily labour of felling timber. I was told that about one-fourth of each brigade is thus daily employed.

Through low swamps and clear streams, under trees thick with beautiful foliage, and over rich long grass, we wended our way, every few hours coming suddenly upon some new encampment. At about 5 o'clock p.m. we reached the Seminary, a fine brick building commanding a lovely view, and held by some 2000 stout fellows, the whole under the command of a fine old soldier with one arm and a black beard. He had seen tough work in Mexico, and held a staff appointment in the French army at Solferino.

While we were at this last-named place, a couple of young fellows came in from picquet-duty in high glee. They told us how they had mounted an old iron spout upon a dilapidated buggy, and having run out this mimic gun in sight of the rebels, the latter had been blazing away in great indignation, though with little effect. However, the salute getting rather too complimentary, the picquet withdrew. Night was creeping on before we left the Seminary, and after a few miles ride it was pitch dark. Here and there camp-fires lit up the dark trees with a ruddy blaze, and discovered the strong picquets thickly posted in the woods, from which rang forth many a boisterous joke and merry laugh.

But to make a long story short, after a series of turnings and twistings, which, I confess, completely addled my poor brain, I found myself at a point about three miles from the Long Bridge. On we jogged through fog above and mud below, silent and tired, until at length we came to the bridge, and soon after dismounted from our weary horses in Washington, after having spent a most interesting day which I shall not forget in a hurry. I am sorry to say that General McClellan gave himself a severe sprain that day, which, I learnt, confined him to his house for some days afterwards.

On the day following my adventure I paid a visit to some of the camps located on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Armed as I was, with a pass from head-quarters, I boldly went forward and penetrated the very *sanctum sanctorum* of their encampments, much to the astonishment and apparent disgust of the sentries, posted for the express purpose of keeping out such vagrants as myself. Generally, to save trouble, I put on a conse-

quential air of importance, not condescending to give them even a look. At other times I would exhibit my pass to some bewildered sentinel, who, after having held it before him (*upside down*) for a sufficient time, would return it, looking, nevertheless, most suspiciously at me as I sauntered down the line of tents leisurely smoking my cigar.

I was present at the afternoon drill, which, for the most part, consisted of squads of twenty or thirty men, dressed in every conceivable species of clothing, being *talked* to by a being, representing an officer, in his shirt-sleeves, his hands in his pockets, and leaning against a tree,—the men chatting away to each other during his instructions. I fairly burst out laughing once or twice, so ludicrous was the scene.

Tired and covered with mud, I walked back to Willard's, dressed, and went to Lord Lyons' to dinner. There I met "Russell," who, with a keen eye for the ludicrous (as indeed for everything else!), and a shrewd sense in all he says, made himself most agreeable.

I resisted all further temptations to spend the remainder of the evening either at General McClellan's or with the amusing and indefatigable Correspondent of the "Times," as I had to start early next morning *en route* for the West.

Most reluctantly did I leave this exciting ground, to set forth on a journey of some 940 miles, to the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky.

The reader would not thank me if I were to tell him how, having left Washington, I passed through Baltimore, teeming with its hideous *jet-black* niggers, and Pittsburg, reeking with smoke and clanging with the sound of its iron-works; or how I was whisked along at the rate of I don't know how many miles an hour, over the Swiss-like Alleghany mountains, where the hard-panting engine, monster-like, drags its long train, winding round the hills till it reaches the summit, some 2000 feet above the level plain below. Or, how I spent a day in Cincinnati, of pig-killing notoriety, where thousands of poor porkers are driven into an enclosure, and from thence into the cruel clutches of an infernal machine, which rudely deprives them of their lives at a single blow, then scrapes, boils, cleans, salts, and packs their wretched carcasses in barrels, before poor piggy's dull comprehension has actually realised the altered condition, so suddenly brought about.

But, gentle reader, please stop an instant, as we alight at Louisville in Kentucky, distant from Washington some 900 miles, by the route I took; and you will be struck with the great change in manners, opinions, and customs, from what we have seen hitherto in our hurried tour. Hot and dusty, the streets are crowded with a mixture of strong "Union men," with the "New York Herald" under their arms, side by side with untamed "Seceshers," whose mouths are full of traitorous words and tobacco juice. A sulky, disobliging, lawless, dirty crowd I found them, and I was glad to leave the place as soon as possible, *en route* for the Mammoth Cave. Everybody knows this wonder of the world by name, many by description, and a few by personal experience.

Being pressed for time, I "did" the long and

the short routes in one day—a distance of twenty-four miles—no great distance, to be sure, on level ground; but when the difficulties and discomforts of "Fat-man's misery," the "Valley of Humility," and the "Rocky Mountains" have to be overcome, most will agree with me, that a rest was acceptable, to say the very least. Having collected some small but beautiful specimens of crystals, and also some of the white, eyeless creatures which are to be found in the "Styx" (a river which one has to cross inside the cave), I returned to Louisville, and set my face northward for Chicago, the mushroom city, Queen of the West.

Through meadows, prairies, and dark woods, as yet untouched by the cruel axe, we sped our way,—dashing along past broad acres of waving Indian corn, ripe for harvest; then left the dark demon of slavery far behind, and felt our spirits rise at every mile.

From Chicago, growing almost perceptibly, even to the senses of a visitor of a few days, we reach Milwaukee, on Lake Michigan—where, two days before I paid my visit, a wretched negro suffered the extreme penalty of mob-law. Thence to La Crosse on the Upper Mississippi, through wild forest country. Taking steamer at this point I steamed down to Prairie-du-Chien, a quiet and exceedingly dull village. Returning to Chicago, I found the Annual State Fair at the height of its glory. Tall Western farmers were poking their bony fingers into the fat ribs of huge bulls, and *horsey* men were busy criticising the back sinews of fine-shaped horses. Stupid-looking country bumpkins, with eyes starting out of their sockets, their lower jaws dropping to an extent painful to behold, gazing at miraculous pictures of small boys riding on the backs of monstrous alligators, and *all* guzzling at the enormous supplies of eatables and "drinks," just as naturally as any chaw-bacons would do in merry England.

Every imaginable agricultural implement was on show. *Here* one might see a machine which would shear a sheep merely by turning a handle, and *there* a contrivance was busy binding sheaves of straw if the operator only gave the knowing wink, which was all that was necessary. Next came a wheelbarrow full of prize babies, with the interesting mother, or proud father, with outstretched hand, ready to take the fee of five cents for a look. Cripples, of course got up in the most approved style; fat boys and diminutive men, all were to be seen for the trifling sum of a few cents.

Next day, I left Chicago, passed through Detroit, and reached Niagara Falls the same night.

At the latter place, I spent a pleasant Sunday and Monday—"doing" the Cave of the Winds, Table Rock, the Rapids, the Tower, and the other wonders of this most wonderful place.

A visit to Toronto and Kingston, and a sail through the Thousand Islands, and down the Lachine Rapids, to Montreal, and thence to Quebec, completed my five weeks' tour; which, I must say, I enjoyed amazingly. I find that, having spent five days in New York, five days in Washington, and about twelve days at other places,

I accomplished a journey of about 5000 miles in the remainder of my time.

My last conversation with a communicative Yankee was rather amusing; he said:

"Yes, sir, June will be the month, or perhaps it may be July, when we must annex Canada. We must have something to make up for the loss of the South, for lose it we shall."

I smiled, but did *not* knock him down.

I strongly advise all who have the opportunity to take a look at our energetic, raw-boned cousins. They are worth seeing, though prejudiced to the last degree in favour of their country *and tobacco*.

H. G. M.

MADAME BONJOUR'S PROTÉGÉS.

I WAS staying, not very long ago, in a large boarding-house, looking out directly upon one of the broad alleys of the beautiful Jardin du Luxembourg, the fairest and quietest of the many fair gardens of Paris; its sunny sheltered walks, and beds of December flowers being so easily accessible to the inmates of the establishment in question that they almost seemed to form part of it, and rendered it a very desirable stopping-place for an invalid. Accordingly, a few days after I had taken up my abode in the house, the number of lodgers was increased by the arrival of a Monsieur Gérard, a respectable notary from a little town in a neighbouring department, who had come to Paris with his wife and two daughters, the elder of whom was supposed to be in a decline, from the effects of a disappointment in an *affaire du cœur*, the gentleman to whom she had been engaged having been killed in a railway accident that had taken place a few months before. Monsieur and Madame Gérard considered, that if anything could save their daughter, it would be a judicious mixture of Parisian medical skill, Parisian amusements, and the quiet and perfumed air of the Luxembourg gardens; and they had no sooner been shown into a suite of rooms from whose windows they could, if so minded (and if the "guardians" of the place did not happen to be looking that way), pluck leaves from the tall elms and chesnuts of the alley outside, than they closed their weary search after *appartemens* by engaging the said rooms on the spot, and moving into them half an hour afterwards.

Next day, Mademoiselle Claire Gérard was understood to be very ill; partly, it may be, from the fatigue of her journey, but what with that fatigue, and the violence of her feelings, she was, it appeared, in a state which greatly alarmed her parents; and as a physician was at that time still in attendance on Madame Bonjour, our landlady, who had an infant about a month old, Monsieur Gérard sent down to her in a fright, to beg that she would request Dr. Dupuis to come at once to his rooms to see his daughter, who seemed to be going off in a fit of suffocation, or spasm, and was, in short, excessively ill.

Dr. Dupuis was a plump, conceited, shining young puppy, of pretty good abilities, and possessed of a degree of assurance that augured well for his future success. He was about twenty-four years of age; the young lady whom he was called

in to attend was about nineteen. Dr. Dupuis thought himself handsome, and prided himself especially upon his figure; there was, at all events, a good deal of him, and he dressed well, presenting to the eyes of his admirers a rotund and somewhat jolly-looking person, and a round, smooth head, abundantly supplied with well-pomatumed hair and whiskers to match. The face of the young lady—a drooping skeleton—might have been pleasing had she been in better health. Dr. Dupuis lost no time in obeying the summons, and was shown into the young lady's room, which he entered on tiptoe. He expended his blandest smiles and gentlest conversation upon her, and held her hand rather longer than was strictly necessary in feeling her pulse. When he quitted his new patient, he sought an interview with Madame Bonjour, and was closeted with her for a couple of hours.

Madame Bonjour was a managing little woman, who piqued herself on her skill in matchmaking, and entertained a very exaggerated opinion of her Esculapian Apollo, due, in part, to the mingled assurance and blandishments of the latter, and in part to the fact that he always attended her and her family gratis, speculating on the chances of employment afforded by the goodwill of the mistress of a large boarding and lodging-house.

On the following day, the doctor repeated his visit to the young lady, and pronounced her "better;" and on leaving her he had a long talk with her parents, in which he assured them that their daughter's case was one in which an entire and total change of thought, habits, and surroundings was absolutely necessary.

"Mademoiselle has an excellent constitution," remarked the bland professor of the healing art, "and will recover her health if her mind can be properly diverted; but unless the diversion takes place, and promptly, your fears will probably be realised, and only too completely."

"You are quite right, Doctor," replied Monsieur Gérard; "but the shock has been so great that I fear it will not be easy to produce this diversion of feeling. Consider, Doctor, that it is scarcely four months since her *fiancé* was so suddenly killed, and she has not ceased to weep his loss."

"And they were so deeply attached to each other!" interposed Madame Gérard, wiping her eyes.

"We were very fond of him," added Monsieur Gérard, with a sigh; "it has been a sad disappointment to us, for ourselves as well as for our daughter."

"Ah, yes, where the sentiments are so kind and true, as in your case I perceive them to be, such a loss must indeed have been a cruel one," rejoined the Doctor, in his most insinuating tones; "people do not always possess so much sensibility. But I comprehend life, especially domestic life, and the ties it creates, exactly as you do; and my dearest hope would be to be honoured by an alliance with persons as amiable and respectable as yourselves. After all, life is short; it is, perhaps, unwise to nourish too long a grief which, however legitimate, is irreparable. You must

seek another son-in-law to replace the one whom you have lost."

The conversation, once brought to this point, soon slid, by an easy decline, to the subject of marriage in general, and thence to a sketch of the young Doctor's own personal views on the matter, when he carelessly mentioned the income of which he was already in receipt, and the probable increase in the same which he hoped a few years would bring, observing that he could fully sympathise in their recent disappointment, as he had already reflected much on the subject of matrimony, and was anxious to enter that state, although—as he modestly observed—being fastidious with regard to the intelligence, amiability, &c., of the future Madame Dupuis, he had hitherto refused all the overtures (some of them really flattering in many respects) which he had already received.

The wily Doctor, having already obtained from Madame Bonjour nearly every important detail respecting the worldly position of Monsieur Gérard, and the "dot" of his daughter, was going on safe ground. The Gérards had been posted up with equal rapidity, by the landlady, in all particulars respecting the Doctor; and before the conclave broke up the principals had arrived at a tolerably clear preliminary understanding as to the successor to the post of "son-in-law," rendered vacant by the regrettable accident aforesaid. On the breaking up of the conclave, the Doctor had a second and still longer confabulation with Madame Bonjour, who, in the course of the same day, took occasion to impart to all those of her lodgers whom she honoured with confidential gossip, her belief that "the thing" was in a fair way of being brought to a successful conclusion.

Next day Dr. Dupuis made two "professional" visits to the young lady; each of them being followed by a closetting with her parents. Her tears had ceased to flow, from the time of the bland physician's first visit: visits second and third had left her almost smiling. After his fourth visit, various explanations having taken place between the physician and the parents, and referees having been cross-questioned on both sides, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned, Dr. Dupuis made a formal tender of his hand and heart, first to the parents, and next to the damsel, and was duly accepted by all three.

From that time the young lady rapidly regained her health, and, from the skeleton state in which she had been on arriving in Paris, became an agreeable-looking and tolerably pretty girl. The parents appeared to be as fully satisfied as the daughter; and all thought of the unfortunate defunct was evidently extinguished for ever.

Dr. Dupuis was radiant. His round and self-complacent face seemed to be constantly expanding, and his very walk betrayed the exultation of his inner man. Not only was Mademoiselle Gérard a good and amiable girl, not very deficient in "the usual branches" of school education, and quite disposed to adore her plump partner-to-be, and the delights of the Paris she was thenceforth to inhabit; but her "dot" turned out, when all its constituent elements were counted up, to be somewhat greater than he had been led to expect,

and amounted altogether to about thirty thousand francs. Now, Dr. Dupuis, who had been on the look-out, for some time, for a girl with a little money, and a not too ugly face, who might be disposed to take him, would have gladly closed with a "dot" of half that amount. The parents, too, had amassed a comfortable independence, were sincerely fond of their children (the second being a sickly girl of thirteen, whom the Doctor considered to be hardly likely to live), and were disposed to come down rather liberally in the way of the *trousseau*, and of a share in the furnishing of the apartment to be occupied by the young couple, the preparations for whose wedding were begun on the very day when the main question had been popped and answered, and were being pushed on with all possible despatch. Moreover, as the wedding-day drew near, the Doctor was set almost beside himself with delight at learning that the young lady was to receive, along with a cachemere shawl, a sugar basin, cream jug, two dishes, and a dozen spoons and forks, all of solid silver, which had not originally been included in the "dot," a set of amethyst ornaments (comprising a necklace, bracelets, ear-rings, and brooch, with a "spray" for the hair), valued at four thousand francs.

If Dr. Dupuis had ever doubted of his standing well in the good graces of Dame Fortune, he was sure of it now. His heart and countenance fairly dilated with the intensity of his elation, and he came rushing into the private *sanctum* of Madame Bonjour—an economical combination of boudoir, housekeeper's room, bed-chamber, and better kitchen—in a state of breathless excitement, to impart the tidings of his glorious discovery to his assiduous ally.

"Madame Gérard," cried the bride-groom elect, as he darted into the aforesaid *sanctum*, and concluded a rapid enumeration of the new items to be added to the "dot," "has promised this set of amethysts, which she received from her mother, to Mademoiselle Claire on our wedding-day, on condition that these jewels shall descend to Claire's own daughter, if we have one. Think of it, Madame! Four thousand francs, without counting the cachemere and the silver! Really the Gérards are most respectable, satisfactory, nice people; and I am excessively delighted with the way in which everything has been arranged. As to my gratitude for your good offices, you well know that your title to it is too good to be ever impaired in my remembrance, and that I shall lose no opportunity of proving that such is the case."

This unexpected addition to the "dot" of Mademoiselle Claire was duly announced by Madame Bonjour to all her confidants, under the seal of the strictest secrecy, before the bell rang that day for dinner.

All the numerous formalities required by the French law being complied with, the certificates of birth, of the marriage of the parents, and of various other points, including baptism (and, I think, vaccination also), being duly procured, attested, and copied by the proper authorities, and all the arrangements respecting the "dot" of the bride, and the transmission of the amethysts to

her future daughter, being duly signed and sealed, the parties were married a few days before the expiration of one month from the day when the brisk young physician was sent for by Monsieur and Madame Gérard to relieve the "suffocations" of their broken-hearted daughter.

A few days after the wedding, the happy pair called on Madame Bonjour, the bride being arrayed in her cachemere shawl, a blue silk dress, and a white satin bonnet; and wearing a large pearl brooch, given her by her husband, and a bracelet of the famous set already settled on "her daughter."

Within a year from that time, that young lady had already made her appearance, attracted, no doubt, by the jewels awaiting her. The Doctor throve in his profession, and his wife proved to be an excellent *ménagère*; so that the young couple were as comfortable and contented as possible. Madame Bonjour therefore plumes herself excessively on the happiness of her *protégés*, always citing them as an example of the usefulness of friendly assistance in the pursuit of matrimony, and a triumphant proof of the truth of her favourite maxim, that "shortest wooings make the happiest matches." ANNA BLACKWELL.

A DREADFUL GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



"Such a dreadful ghost!—oh, such a dreadful ghost!"

My wife, who was luckily sitting by me, was at first as much frightened as I was, but gradually she succeeded in quieting both me and herself, which indeed she has a wonderful faculty for doing.

When she had drawn from me the cause of my terrified exclamations, we discussed the whole matter:—in which we differed considerably; and

on this subject we invariably and affectionately do. She is a perfectly matter-in-fact, unimaginative, and unsuperstitious individual: quite satisfied that in the invisible, as in the visible world, two and two must make four, and cannot by any possibility make five. Only being, with all her gentleness, a little pig-headed, she does not see the one flaw in her otherwise very sensible argument, namely, the taking for granted that we finite creatures, who are so liable to error even in

material things, can in things immaterial decide absolutely upon what is two and what is four.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half your creeds.

And it is just possible that when the Devil tempted our forefather to eat of the tree of knowledge, he was laughing, as maybe he often laughs now, to think what a self-conceited fool a man must be, ever to suppose that he *can* know everything.

When I preach this to my helpmate—who is the humblest and sweetest of women—she replies, in perhaps the safest way a woman can reply to an argument, with a smile; as she did, when, having talked over and viewed on all sides my Dreadful Ghost, she advised me to make it public, for the good of the community: in which we agreed, though differing. She considered it would prove how very silly it is to believe in ghosts at all. I considered—but my story will explain that.

She and I were, I thought, invited to a strange house, with which, and with the family, we were only acquainted by hearsay. It was, in fact, one of those "invitations on business,"—such as literary persons like myself continually get; and which give little pleasure, as we are perfectly aware from what motives they spring; and that if we could pack up our reputation in a port-manteau, and our head in a hat-box, it would answer exactly the same purpose, and be equally satisfactory to the inviting parties. However, the present case was an exception; since though we had never seen our entertainers, we had heard that they were, not a show-loving, literary-lion-hunting household, but really a *family*; affectionately united among themselves, and devoted to the memory of the lately-lost head. He was a physician, widely esteemed, and also a man of letters, whose death had created a great blank, both in his own circle and in the literary world at large. Now, after a year's interval, his widow and three daughters were beginning to reappear in society; and at the British Association meeting, held at the large town which I need not particularise, had opened the doors of their long-hospitable house to my wife and me.

Being strangers, we thought it best to appear, as I would advise all stranger-guests to do, at the tail-end of the day; when candle-light and fire-light cast a kindly mystery over all things, and the few brief hours of awkwardness and unfamiliarity are followed by the nocturnal separation—when each party has time to think over and talk over the other—meeting next morning with the kindly feeling of those who have passed a night under the same friendly roof.

As my wife and I stepped from our cab, the dull day was already closing into twilight, and the fire only half-illuminated the room into which we were shown. It was an old-fashioned, rather gloomy apartment—half study, half sitting-room; one end being fitted up as a library, while at the other—pleasant thoughtfulness, which already warmed our hearts towards our unseen hosts!—was spread out that best of all meals for a weary traveller, a tea dinner. So hungry were we, that this welcome, well-supplied, elegant board was the

only thing we noticed about the room;—except one other thing, which hung close above the tea table, on the panelled wall.

It was a large full-length portrait, very well painted; the sort of portrait of which one says at once, "What a good likeness that must be." It had individuality, character—the soul of the man as well as his body: and as he sat in his chair, looking directly at you, in a simple, natural attitude, you felt what a beautiful soul this must have been: one that even at sixty years of age—for the portrait seemed thus old—would have shed a brightness over any home, and over any society where the person moved.

"I suppose that must be the poor Doctor," said my wife, as her eyes and mine both met upon the canvas face, which glimmered in the fire-light with a most life-like aspect, the gentle, benevolent eyes seeming to follow one about the room, as the eyes of most well-painted full-face portraits do. "You never saw him, Charles?"

"No; but this is exactly the sort of man he must have been."

And our conviction on the matter was so strong, that when the widow came in, we abstained from asking the question, lest we strangers might touch painfully on a scarcely healed wound.

She was a very sweet-looking little woman: pale, fragile, and rather silent than otherwise. She merely performed the duties of the tea-table, whilst the conversation was carried on with spirit and intelligence by her three daughters,—evidently highly accomplished women. They were no longer young, or particularly handsome; but they appeared to have inherited the inexpressible charm of manner which, I had heard, characterised their lost father: and they had, my wife whispered me, a still greater attraction in her eyes—(she had, dear soul, two little daughters of her own growing up)—which was the exceeding deference they paid to their mother, who was not by any means so clever as themselves.

Perhaps I, who had not married a woman for her cleverness, admired the mother most. The Doctor's widow, with her large, soft, sorrowful eyes, where the tears seemed to have dried up, or been frozen up in a glassy quietness, was to me the best evidence of what an excellent man he must have been: how deeply beloved, how eternally mourned.

She never spoke of her husband, nor the daughters of their father. This silence—which some families consider it almost a religious duty to preserve regarding their dead, we, of course, as complete strangers, had no business to break; and, therefore, it happened that we were still in the dark as to the original of that remarkable portrait—which minute by minute took a stronger hold on my imagination; my wife's, too—or that quality of universal tender-heartedness, which in her does duty for imagination. I never looked at her, but she was watching either our hostess, or that likeness, which she supposed to be the features which to the poor widow had been so deservedly dear.

A most strange picture. It seemed, in its wonderfully true simulation of life, to sit, almost like an unobserved, silent guest, above our cheerful and conversational table. Many times during

the evening I started, as if with the sense of a seventh person being in the room—in the very social circle—hearing everything, observing everything, but saying nothing. Nor was I alone in this feeling, for I noticed that my wife, who happened to sit directly opposite to the portrait, fidgeted in her chair, and finally moved her position to one where she could escape from those steady, kindly, ever-pursuing, painted eyes.

Now I ask nobody to believe what I am going to relate: I must distinctly state that I do not believe it myself: but I tell it because it involves an idea and moral, which the reader can apply if he chooses. All I can say is, that so far as it purports to go—and when you come to the end you will find that out—this is really a true story.

My wife, you must understand, sat exactly before the portrait, till she changed places with me, and went a little way down the oblong table, on the same side. Thus, one of us had a front, and the other a slightly foreshortened view. Between us and it was the table, in the centre of which stood a lamp—one of those reading-lamps which throw a bright circle of light below them, and leave the upper half of the room in comparative shadow. I thought it was this shadow, or some fanciful flicker of the fire, which caused a peculiarity in the eyes of the portrait. They seemed actually alive—moving from right to left in their orbits, opening and closing their lids, turning from one to the other of the family circle with a variable expression, as if conscious of all that was done or said.

And yet the family took no notice, but went on in their talk with us: choosing the common topics with which unfamiliar persons try to plumb one another's minds and characters: yet never once reverting to this peculiar phenomenon—which my wife, I saw, had also observed, and interchanged with me more than one uneasy glance in the pauses of conversation.

The evening was wearing on—it was nearly ten o'clock, when looking up at the picture, from which for the last half-hour I had steadily averted my gaze, I was startled by a still more marvelous fact concerning it.

Formerly, the eyes alone had appeared alive: now the whole face was rounded. It grew up, out of the flat canvas as if in bas-relief, or like one of those terribly painful casts after death—except that there was nothing painful or revolting here. As I have said, the face was a beautiful face—a noble face: such an one as, under any circumstances, you would have been attracted by. And it had the colouring and form of life—no corpse-like rigidity or marble whiteness. The grey hair seemed gradually to rise, lock by lock, out of the level surface—and the figure, clothed in ordinary modern evening-dress, to become shapely and natural,—statuesque, yet still preserving the tints of a picture. Even the chair which it sat upon—which I now perceived to be the exact copy of one that stood empty on the other side of the fire, gave a curious reality to the whole.

By and by, my wife and I both held our breaths—for, from an ordinary oil painting, the likeness had undoubtedly become a life-like figure,

or statue, sitting in an alcove, the form of which was made by the frame of the picture.

And yet the family took no notice: but appeared as if, whether or not they were conscious of the remarkable thing that was happening, it did not disturb them in the least: was nothing at all alarming or peculiar, or out of the tenor of their daily life.

No, not even when, on returning with a book that I had gone to fetch from the shelves at the further end of the room, my poor little wife caught my hand in speechless awe—awe, rather than fear—and pointed to the hitherto empty chair by the fire-side.

It was empty no longer. There, sitting in the self-same attitude as the portrait; identical with it in shape, countenance, and dress—was a figure. That it was a human figure I dare not say, and yet it looked like one. There was nothing ghastly or corpse-like about it, though it was motionless, passionless: endowed as it were with that divine calm which Wordsworth ascribes to Protesilaus:

Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

Yet there was an air tenderly, pathetically human in the folding of the hands on the knees, as a man does when he comes and sits down by his own fireside, with his family round him: and in the eyes that followed, one after the other, each of this family, who now quietly put away their several occupations, and rose.

But none of them showed any terror—not the slightest. The presence at the hearth was evidently quite familiar—awaking no shudder of repulsion, no outburst of renewed grief. The eldest daughter said—in a tone as natural as if she were merely apologising to us heterodox or indifferent strangers for some domestic ceremonial, some peculiar form of family prayer, for instance—

“I am sure our guests will excuse us if we continue, just as if we were alone, our usual evening duties. Which of us is to speak to papa to-night?”

It was *him* then: summoned back, how or why, or in what form, corporeal or incorporeal, I knew not, and they gave no explanation. They evidently thought none was needed: that the whole proceeding was as natural as a man coming home at evening to his own hearth, and being received by his wife and children with affectionate familiarity.

The widow and the youngest daughter placed themselves one on each side of the figure in the chair. They did not embrace it or touch it, but regarded it with tender reverence, in which was mingled a certain sadness; but that was all. And then they began to talk to it, in a perfectly composed and matter-of-fact way; as people would talk to a beloved member of a family, who had been absent for a day or longer from the home circle.

The daughter told how she had been shopping in town; how she had bought a shawl and a bonnet “of the colour that papa used to like;” the books she had brought home from the library, and her opinion of them; the people she had met in the street, and the letters she had received during the day: in short, all the pleasant little chit-chat

that a daughter would naturally pour out to an affectionately-interested *living* father; but which now sounded so unnatural, so contemptibly small, such a mixture of the ludicrous and the horrible, that one's common sense, and one's sense of the solemn unseen alike recoiled.

No answer came: apparently none was expected. The figure maintained its place, never altering that gentle smile—reminding one of the spectral Samuel's rebuke to the Witch of Endor—"Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" or of that superior calm with which, after death, we may view all these petty things which so perplexed us once, in ourselves and in those about us.

Then the widow took up the tale, with a regretful under-tone of complaint running through it. She told him how dull she had been all day; how in the preparations for these strangers (meaning my wife and me—how we shivered as the eyes of the figure moved and rested on us!) she had found various old letters of his, which vividly revived their happy wedlock days; how yesterday one of his former patients died, and to-day a professorship, which he meant to have tried for, had been given to a gentleman, a favourite pupil; how his old friends, Mr. A—— and Sir B. C——, had had a quarrel, and everybody said it would never have happened had the Doctor been alive—and so on, and so on. To all of which the figure listened with its immovable silence; its settled, changeless smile.

My wife and I uttered not a word. We sat apart, spell-bound, fascinated, neither attempting to interfere, nor question, nor rebuke. The whole proceeding was so entirely beyond the pale of rational cause and effect, that it seemed to throw us into a perfectly abnormal condition, in which we were unable to judge, or investigate, or escape from, the circumstances which surrounded us.

We know nothing—absolutely nothing—except the very little that Revelation hints at, rather than directly teaches, of the world beyond the grave. But any one of us who has ever seen a fellow-creature die, has watched the exact instant when the awful change takes place which converts the body with a soul to the corpse without a soul, must feel certain—convinced by an intuition which is stronger than all reasoning—that if the life beyond, to which that soul departs, be anything, or worth anything, it must be a very different life from this; with nobler aspirations, higher duties, purer affections. The common phrase breathed over so many a peaceful dead face, "I would not bring him back again if I could," has a significance, instructive as true; truer than all misty, philosophical speculations, tenderer than all the vagaries of fond spiritualists, with big hearts and no heads worth mentioning. If ever I had doubted this, my doubts would have been removed by the sight which I here depict—of this good, amiable, deeply beloved husband and father—returning in visible form to his own fireside; no ghostly spectre, but an apparition full of mildness and beauty, yet communicating a sense of revolting incongruity, utter unsanctity, and ridiculous, degrading contrast between mortal and immortal, spirit in the flesh, and spirit out of the flesh, stronger than I can attempt to describe.

That the dead man's family did not feel this,

having become so familiar with their nightly necromancy that its ghastliness never struck them, and its ludicrous profanity never jarred upon their intellect or affections, only made the fact more horrible.

For a time, long or short I cannot tell, my wife and I sat witnessing, like people bound in a nightmare dream, this mockery of mockeries, the attempt at restoring the sweet familiar relations of the living with the living, between the living and the dead. How many days or months it had lasted, or what result was expected from it, we never inquired; nor did we attempt to join in it: we merely looked on.

"Will papa ever speak?" entreated one of the daughters; but there was no reply. The Figure sat passive in its chair—unable or unwilling to break the silent barrier which divides the two worlds, maintaining still that benign and tender smile, but keeping its mystery unbroken, its problem unsolved.

And now my wife, whose dear little face was, I saw, growing white and convulsed minute by minute, whispered to me:

"Charles, I can bear this no longer. Make some excuse to them—we will not hurt their feelings. Don't let them think we are frightened, or disgusted, or the like; but we must go—I shall go mad if I do not."

And the half-insane look which I have seen in more than one of the pseudo-spiritualists of the present day—people who twenty years ago would have been sent to Bedlam, but now are only set down as "rather peculiar," rose in those dear, soft, sensible eyes, which have warmed and calmed my restless heart and unquiet brain for more than fifteen years.

I took advantage of the next pause in the "communications," or whatever the family called them, to suggest that my wife and I were very weary, and anxious to retire to rest.

"Certainly," politely said the eldest daughter. "Papa, Mr. and Mrs. ——," naming our names, "have had a long railway journey, and wish to bid us all good-night."

The appearance bent upon us—my wife and me—its most benevolent, gentle aspect, apparently acquiescing in our retiring; and slowly rose as if to bid good-night—like any other courteous host.

Now, in his life-time, no one had had a warmer, more devoted admiration for this learned and loveable man than I. More than once I had travelled many miles for the merest chance of seeing him, and when he died my regret at never having known him personally, never having even beheld his face, was mingled with the grief which I, in common with all his compatriots, felt at losing him so suddenly, with his fame at its zenith, his labours apparently only half done.

But here, set face to face with this image or phantasm, or whatever it was, of the man whom living I had so honoured—I felt no delight; nay, the cold clearness of that gaze seemed to shoot through me with a chill of horror.

When, going round the circle, I shook hands with the widow and daughters, one after the other, I paused before *that chair*; I attempted to pass it by. Resolutely I looked another way, as

if trying to make believe I saw nothing there; but it was in vain.

For the Figure advanced noiselessly, with that air of irresistibly charming, dignified courtesy of the old school, for which, everybody said, the Doctor had been so remarkable. It extended its hand—a hand which a year ago I would have travelled five hundred miles to grasp. Now, I shrank from it—I loathed it.

In vain. It came nearer. It touched mine with a soft, cold, unearthly touch. I could endure no longer. I shrieked out; and my wife woke me from what was, thank Heaven, only a dream.

* * * * *

“Yes, it was indeed a Dreadful Ghost,” said that excellent woman, when she had heard my whole story, and we had again composed ourselves as sole occupants of the railway carriage which was conveying us through the dead of night to visit that identical family whom I had been dreaming about—whom, as stated, we had never seen.

“Let us be thankful, Charles, that it was a mere fantasy of your over-excited imagination—that the dear old Doctor sleeps peacefully in his quiet grave; and that his affectionate family have never summoned him, soul or body, to sit of nights by their uncanny fire-side, as you so horribly describe. What a blessing that such things cannot be.”

“Ay,” replied I—“though, as Imlac says in ‘Rasselas,’ that the dead cannot return, I will not undertake to prove; still, I think it in the highest degree improbable. Their work here is done; they are translated to a higher sphere of being; they may still see us, love us, watch over us; but they belong to us no more. Mary, when I leave you, remember I don’t wish ever to be brought back again; to come rapping on tables and knocking about chairs; delivering ridiculous messages to deluded inquirers, and altogether comporting myself in a manner that proves, great fool as I may have been in the body, I must be a still greater fool out of it.”

“And, Charles,” said the little woman, creeping up to me with tears in her eyes, “if I must lose you—dearly as I love you—I would rather bury you under the daisies and in my heart; bury you, and never see you again till we meet in the world to come, than I would have you revisiting your old fire-side after the fashion of this Dreadful Ghost.”

ANA.

THE MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER’S DIAMONDS.—We have heard people talk of Prince Esterhazy’s jewels, but we need not go so far as Austria for some first-rate specimens, English by ownership, though not of home manufacture. It is well known that the insignia of the late Marquis of Westminster were far more splendid than those of any other Knight of the Garter. The jewels that he wore at Court on “collar days” and other grand occasions were of enormous value, and two of them were made heir-looms by his will. Some idea of the value of the entire set may be formed when we state that one of the diamonds which Lord Westminster was accustomed to wear on the pommel of the sword which he used on State occasions cost him no less than 30,000*l.*

THE ALCHEMIST.—During the Seven Years’ War, an alchemist offered his services to Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, for the purpose of converting iron into gold. “By no means!” answered the Duke: “I want iron to fight the French, and as for gold, I get it from England. But if you are able to convert mice and rats into calves and oxen, you are my man. The former make great havoc in my military stores; and the latter, I stand in great need of.”

NAPOLEON AND THE GOVERNOR OF SEVILLA.—“If the town does not surrender,” said Napoleon to the governor, “within three days, *je la ferai raser*.”—“Permit me to doubt it,” was the quaint reply. “Your Majesty would certainly not like to add to your titles of Emperor of the French and King of Italy, also that of *Barber of Sevilla*!”

THE FRATRICIDE.

(FINNISH.)

O, WHERE have ye been the morn sae late,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
O, where have ye been the morn sae late?
And I wot I hae but anither.
By the water-gate, by the water-gate,
O dear mither.

And whatten kin’ o’ wark had ye there to make,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And whatten kin’ o’ wark had ye there to make?
And I wot I hae but anither.
I watered my steeds with water frae the lake,
O dear mither.

Why is your coat sae fouled the day,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
Why is your coat sae fouled the day?
And I wot I hae but anither.
The steeds were stamping sair by the weary banks
of clay,
O dear mither.

And where gat ye thae sleeves of red,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And where gat ye thae sleeves of red?
And I wot I hae but anither.
I have slain my ae brither by the weary water-head,
O dear mither.

And where will ye gang to mak your mend,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And where will ye gang to mak your mend?
And I wot I hae but anither.
The warldis way, to the warldis end,
O dear mither.

And what will ye leave your father dear,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And what will ye leave your father dear?
And I wot I hae but anither.
The wood to fell and the logs to bear,
For he’ll never see my body mair,
O dear mither.

And what will ye leave your mither dear,
My merry son, come tell me hither?
And what will ye leave your mither dear?
And I wot I hae but anither.
The wool to card and the wool to wear,
For ye’ll never see my body mair,
O dear mither.

And what will ye leave for your wife to take,
 My merry son, come tell me hither?
 And what will ye leave for your wife to take?
 And I wot I hae not anither.
 A goodly gown and a fair new make,
 For she'll do nae mair for my body's sake,
 O dear mither.

And what will ye leave your young son fair,
 My merry son, come tell me hither?
 And what will ye leave your young son fair?
 And I wot ye hae not anither.
 A twiggen rod for his body to bear,
 Though it garred him greet he'll get nae mair,
 O dear mither.

And what will ye leave your little daughter sweet,
 My merry son, come tell me hither?
 And what will ye leave your little daughter sweet?
 And I wot ye hae not anither.
 Wild mulberries for her mouth to eat,
 She'll get nae mair though it garred her greet,
 O dear mither.

And when will ye come back frae roamin',
 My merry son, come tell me hither?
 And when will ye come back frae roamin' ?
 And I wot I hae not anither.
 When the sunrise out of the north is comen,
 O dear mither.

When shall the sunrise on the north side be,
 My merry son, come tell me hither?
 When shall the sunrise on the north side be ?
 And I wot I hae not anither.
 When chuckie-stanes shall swim in the sea,
 O dear mither.

When shall stanes in the sea swim,
 My merry son, come tell me hither?
 When shall stanes in the sea swim ?
 And I wot I hae not anither.
 When birdies' feathers are as lead therein,
 O dear mither.

When shall feathers be as lead,
 My merry son, come tell me hither?
 When shall feathers be as lead ?
 And I wot I hae not anither.
 When God shall judge between the quick and dead,
 O dear mither. A. C. SWINBURNE.

THE VICTORIAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

IN our Part for February last year, we took the opportunity of bringing before our readers the almost fabulous account of the journey of the intrepid explorer Stuart, who, starting from Adelaide, crossed the continent of Australia to within 200 miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria, this too with only two companions and eleven horses. Since then this same gentleman, on a second attempt, penetrated to within 90 miles of the Northern Shore, and we trust, on his third attempt which he is now prosecuting, he will be successful in reaching the sea.

Meantime the more wealthy colony of Victoria started a magnificently equipped expedition, consisting of eighteen officers and men, upwards of twenty camels (which had been brought from India at a great expense), and a vast equipage of horses and waggons, carrying provisions for twelve months, amounting to about twenty tons.

Well might the Melbourne people flatter themselves, as they saw this imposing cavalcade defile out of their town, in August, 1860, that success was in their grasp—that hostile natives and want of water, which had checked the gallant Stuart, would offer no impediments to them. But how sad the tale that has reached us within the last few days, that of the brave-hearted men who penetrated to the opposite shore, one by one perished from exhaustion, leaving a solitary individual, who owed his life to a tribe of natives, to tell the story of all the heroic daring and patient sufferings.

So sad a close to such brilliant hopes may well mar the satisfaction of the Victorians at being the first to achieve the task, long proposed in vain to Australian explorers, the more so since it is incontestible that the sacrifice of so many valuable lives, the loss of much of this splendid equipage, and the scanty information gained at so tremendous a cost, was owing to the expedition being deficient in discipline, unanimity, and observance of orders.

The individuals who composed this ill-fated party, consisted of Robert O'Hara; Burke, the leader; Landells, in charge of the camels; Wills, a surveyor and astronomer; Beckler, surgeon and geologist, and thirteen others, of whom three were Sepoys.

Starting from Melbourne in August, 1860, it was the intention of the party to proceed in a body to Cooper's Creek, about a third of the way across the continent, here a depôt was to be formed, and left in charge of two or three of the expedition whilst the others were to make their way to the Gulf.

The intention of forming a depôt here was that the flying party might fall back upon it, and in the meantime it was to be refurnished from Melbourne, with further means of conveyance and provisions.

Long before they had reached Cooper's Creek, Burke and Landells quarrelled; the latter abandoned the expedition, and, taking with him Beckler the surgeon and several of the camels, returned to Melbourne. Nothing daunted, though shorn of more than half his strength, Burke, with three companions—Wills the astronomer and the two men King and Gray—started from the depôt at Cooper's Creek, on the 16th December, with six camels, several horses, and three months' provision, to undertake the gigantic task before him.

We gather from the memoranda left by Wills, as well as from the despatch of the brave yet unfortunate leader, found in the "cache," that they had discovered a practicable route to the Gulf of Carpentaria, on the line chiefly of the 140° E. longitude, following which they reached the sea on February 11th, 1861. The country through which they travelled far surpassed anything we have usually been led to expect of the interior of Australia. True it is that, here and there, we read of tracts of stony ground and unavailable territory; but, generally speaking, almost every other entry or so in the memoranda contains a notice of that element, to Australians more precious than any other—water, in the condition either of creeks, lagoons, or rivers. Much of

what they travelled over was well-grassed country, or covered with salt-bush and other shrubs suited for pastoral purposes. Fish seemed exceedingly plentiful in all the streams, and abundance of wild-fowl—such as pigeons, ducks, and bustards—frequented the edges of the lagoons. The natives of the district on all occasions seemed disposed to be friendly, or, if not so, were easily overawed by the firing of a pistol. They evidenced some superiority over their southern congeners by building their "wurleys" (huts) in a far more substantial manner, and though frequently met with, do not appear either to have been so numerous or so hostile as those encountered by Stuart. On comparing the narratives of these two explorers, the latter would appear to have travelled over much more inhospitable country, for nowhere do we read in Burke's notes of their being 110 hours without water. At the same time we must not forget that the memoranda of Burke and Wills are probably only rough jottings intended to be filled up at leisure, and that the latter had less need for anxiety as to reaching watering-places, since they travelled with camels instead of horses. The same unfinished condition of the journals gives a very indefinite description of their reaching the sea. According to Burke's last despatch, they were on the shores of Carpentaria on February 11th, following and for some days remaining on the banks of a river, believed to be the Albert discovered by Stokes. We find, therefore, in the entry on February 17th that Wills speaks of a large native hut, the best they had seen since leaving Cooper's Creek, as "looking out on an extensive marsh which is at times flooded by sea water. Hundreds of wild geese, plover, and pelicans were enjoying themselves in the water-courses on the marsh, all the water on which was too brackish to be drinkable, except some holes that are filled by the stream that flows through the forest. Proceeding on our course across the marsh we came to a channel through which the sea water enters. Here we passed three blacks, who, as is universally their custom, pointed out to us, unasked, the best part down. We moved slowly down about three miles, and there camped for the night."

They now began their return journey, and with it that sad catalogue of sufferings and disaster which eventually closed in death. For a time, however, they seem to have retained tolerable health, except Gray, who gave in from exhaustion and want of proper food, and died in the middle of March; yet so little did the other three feel the privations they had undergone, that for a time they thought their sick comrade shamming. Poor fellow! his sufferings must have been great, since we are told that the pangs of hunger so far overcame him as to induce him to purloin from the small store of flour still remaining to the little band. On the 5th of March, Burke, too, became ill with dysentery, after eating a portion of a large snake. As by the time they returned to Cooper's Creek they had been out much longer than they expected, the provisions they had taken with them to last three months had long been gone, horses and camels had successively given way to hardship and exhaustion; the last of the

former and four of the latter had been consumed for food, and when they again reached Cooper's Creek two camels alone remained. Here, however, comes the most distressing portion of this heartrending narrative. Just as the three heroic men were expecting to arrive at a haven of rest, the spot to which they had strained their heart and energies during all that toilsome exploration of a thousand miles and back—that very day, April 21, the keeper of the depôt, Brahe, started for Menindie, 400 miles nearer Melbourne, with six camels and twelve horses. Well might poor Burke's heart sink within him as he drew near to the creek, and saw that there was no depôt party there: more bitter still must have been his disappointment when, on reaching the depôt, he learned that Brahe and his party had started only seven and a half hours before—that, in fact, when they were not more than fourteen miles from the creek, Brahe had just barely begun his journey for Menindie. Wills, in his last memorandum, accuses Brahe of having acted "contrary to instructions," averring that he was ordered to wait till their return, at least as long as there was any hope of their returning. Brahe, on the other hand, maintains that his orders were to wait for three months, and then fall back on Menindie. We can scarcely imagine—judging from the experience of Stuart, who was out six months from Chambers' Creek—that Burke would have defined so short a time as the utmost limit within which there was a possibility of his return. Scarcely can we imagine that he would leave to memory and hearsay, before starting on his perilous undertaking, those final instructions to this outstanding picket, the only connecting tie left for hundreds of miles between him and civilised life, on which above all others the safety of himself and party depended. Of the limited interpretation set upon his orders by Brahe, we can say nothing less severe than, that owing to this misunderstanding, occurred the loss of these two brave men, and the sufferings of the third. The inexcusable—nay, the more than highly culpable, stupidity of Brahe is evinced by the fact, that in the beginning of May, not a fortnight after Burke had arrived at the depôt, he returned thither, never opened the cache in which was contained Burke's final despatch of April 22nd, forsooth, because he considered the depôt of provisions had been untouched, and as if it was not enough that they should lose their lives by only seven hours, that their last missive should be overlooked, failed even to recognise that the recent camel-tracks about the creek were those of Burke's party, but attributed them to stray camels, in a country where that animal was never known, while all the time the three brave-hearted men were perishing from exhaustion and want on the same stream, within two hours' ride!

As up to the month of June, 1861, no tidings had reached Melbourne of the Expedition, then out ten months, Government despatched a party under Howitt, which made its way to Cooper's Creek, and there fell in with the only survivor, King, who, from the end of June, when poor Burke died, up to the 15th September, when he was rescued, had been living among a friendly

tribe of natives on Cooper's Creek. In his narrative, from which we quote, King tells us that when they arrived at the depôt, on the evening of April 21st, all the provision they had left was a pound and a-half of dried meat. On examining the deserted depôt, they found a tree with the words "DIG, April 21," carved on it, at the foot of which was planted a lot of stores, together with a bottle containing a memorandum from Brahe, to the effect that he had started for the Darling at midday.

Burke then held a council with his two followers, in which he advanced the opinion, that considering their own exhausted condition, and that of the two camels, they had better camp for a few days on Cooper's Creek to recruit their strength, and then follow down its branches towards the settlements of South Australia; he having been assured before leaving, that there was a cattle station at Mount Hopeless, within 150 miles of their present camp. This certainly seemed a more prudent plan, than to endeavour to reach Menindie, 400 miles distant, or overtake Brahe and his party, who were mounted on fresh horses and camels. Wills and King were opposed to this decision, but gave in to their leader; had they not done so, in all probability their whole party would have been saved, by the return of Brahe to the depot in less than a fortnight, as previously mentioned. The first attempt to reach Mount Hopeless was made by following the branches of Cooper's Creek, which trended southwards. Unfortunately one of the camels (Linda) got bogged, and after spending a day and a-half fruitlessly in attempting to extricate her, they were obliged to shoot her, and eating as much of the flesh as they could, stayed by the carcase till they had dried the remainder. They were then reduced to but one camel (Rajah); so, throwing away what things were utterly useless, they formed one load, and placed it on his back, carrying at the same time each of them a swag of five-and-twenty pounds weight. Thus these undaunted men still prosecuted their journey, but finding that the branches which they were following ran out, and lost themselves in the plain, they were forced to return for want of water. Having reached the natives' camp on Cooper's Creek, they kindly supplied them for several days with fish and nardoo cake, bread made from a very farinaceous seed. The last camel, Rajah, now seemed very ill, and as he was on the point of dying, Mr. Burke ordered him to be shot: the flesh of this animal was likewise cut up, dried, and planted. Finding themselves now reduced to the greatest extremity, and anxious to husband what little stores they had, they made several attempts to learn from the natives, where the nardoo seed was to be found, and how it was prepared, purposing to support themselves on it for some time, until their strength was further recruited, and then start again with their little hoarded store of camel's meat, &c., for Mount Hopeless. Unfortunately the natives had removed some distance up the Creek, and though Burke and King spent three days in endeavouring to fall in with them, they were obliged to return to camp, without the much-desired information.

Seeing that if they remained where they were,

they must all inevitably perish, Burke and his companions resolved on making a second trial to reach Mount Hopeless. Taking with them what remained of the provisions they had planted, two and a half pounds of oatmeal, a small quantity of flour, and the dried meat, together with their powder and shot, each individual took his share of the burden, which with sundry other small necessaries, made their swags up to the weight of about thirty pounds a man. In addition, Burke and King carried a "billy" of water each. This attempt, like the preceding, proved a failure; they were obliged to return after travelling about forty-five miles, having been two days without water. It was during this trip, that they were successful in at last finding the "nardoo," by pounding and occasionally boiling which, they managed to eke out a miserable existence.

Most men would now have given themselves up to despair, but the indomitable spirit of these men never flagged; no, not even in death. Once more they put by the little remnant of flour and dried meat, and taking up their habitation in some deserted "gunyahs" close on the creek, adjoining a "nardoo" field, prepared to support existence on pounded "nardoo" and fish, obtained from the natives, until their strength was so far restored, that they might again set forth on another endeavour to reach the South Australian settlements. In the meantime, Burke despatched Wills to the original depôt at Cooper's Creek, there to leave information, that they were further down the stream, having been unable to achieve their first resolve of making for the South Australian settlements; so that if a relieving party was sent, they might not be led astray in their search by the previous memorandum left by Burke. On this mission he was absent eight days, and for his support they were obliged to diminish their already scanty stock, by giving him three pounds of flour, four pounds of pounded "nardoo," and one pound of dried meat. He found the natives very kind, supplying him with fish and pounded "nardoo," and an intercourse sprung up between them, which suggested the idea of their living among the natives till rescued, and certainly had they been at all hostilely disposed, not even King would have lived to tell the result. Resolved on taking up their abode with the natives, the party packed up their things, and started in search of them, but the natives having removed their camp, probably from unwillingness to be burdened with the trouble of feeding three additional mouths, as they had latterly ordered them off, after giving them something to eat, these unfortunate men were again doomed to disappointment. Camping once more by some deserted "gunyahs," they spent their time in laying in a stock of "nardoo." Wills and King went out each day and fetched in a bagfull, while Burke stayed at home to pound. At last Wills gave in; he was no longer able to go out, and Burke's strength failing him soon after, King was left to gather and to pound both.

Then comes one of those brilliant instances of self-denying heroism which mark the truly brave. Wills finding that owing to his own complete and Burke's partial exhaustion, they had been obliged

to fall back upon and consume the store of "nardoo," providently laid by, either for the rainy season, or the day of sickness, counselled Burke and King to leave him, and go in search of the natives, as the only means of saving their own and his life; not, however, until repeatedly urged to it, would Burke leave his dying friend. King having been instructed to gather as much "nardoo" as possible for three days, pounded sufficient to serve Mr. Wills for eight days, and Burke and himself two, and placing enough of firewood and water to last that time within his reach, he and Burke started on the track of the natives. Before parting, Wills gave Burke a letter, and his watch for his father, requesting King that, should he be the sole survivor, he would carry out his wishes. A day or two after this, or about the 29th of June, Wills died; the last entry in his journal, dated the 26th of the same month, evinces a resolute, hopeful state of mind.

"Nothing," he says, "now but the greatest good luck can save any of us: and as for myself, I may live four or five days, if the weather continues warm. My pulses are at forty-eight, and very weak, and my legs and arms are nearly skin and bone. I can only look out, like Mr. Micawber, 'for something to turn up,' but starvation on 'nardoo' is by no means unpleasant, but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to move oneself, for as far as appetite is concerned it gives me the greatest satisfaction."

Burke and King proceeded on their mission; but, during the first day's journey, the former complained much of pain in his back and legs. On the following day he declared he felt better, but did not travel above two miles before he gave in. By dint of strong persuasion and divesting themselves of their "swags," King induced Burke to go a short distance further, but before long he again stopped, and said they should halt for the night. From this time he grew gradually worse, and feeling aware that death was approaching, wrote some notes in his pocket-book, and giving it along with his watch to King, desired that he would deliver them to Sir William Stawell. He then said, "I hope you will remain with me here till I am quite dead—it is a comfort to know that some one is by; but when I am dying it is my wish that you should place the pistol in my right hand, and that you leave me unburied as I lie." The narrative then goes on to say, "That night he spoke very little, and the following morning I found him speechless, or nearly so, and about eight o'clock he expired."

After this, King, who appears to have possessed an amazing amount of physical endurance, still continued his course up the creek, in the hope of falling in with the natives; and though feeling very lonely, slept in the deserted "gunyahs" at night, and lived on "nardoo" and crows that he shot. Feeling in some measure recruited, he retraced his steps to the hut where he had left Wills, taking with him three crows, doubtless as a great treat for his disabled comrade, but found him dead, Burke and he having probably expired much about the same time. Having buried the corpse with sand, King remained there some days, till he found his stock of "nardoo" growing short; when,

following up the track of the natives who had recently visited and stolen some of the clothes from the body of Wills, he came upon the whole tribe. With them he rapidly became an established favourite, his ability as a marksman adding to their meagre fare the occasional relish of a hawk or a crow. They gave him to understand, by burying their fore-finger in the sand, and pronouncing the word "white-fellow," that they were well aware of the death of one of the party; and on their making signs of inquiry as to what had become of the other, and his replying by burying two fingers in the sand, seemed to express much sympathy. As they were very anxious to know where Mr. Burke lay, King took them to the spot, one day when they were fishing in some waterholes close by. On seeing his body, the whole party wept bitterly, and covered it with bushes. "After this," says King, "they were much kinder to me than before; and I always told them that the white men would be here before two moons, and that they would receive many presents."

On the 15th September, 1861, Howitt's exploring party fell in with King, then a miserable looking object, scarcely recognisable as a civilised being, and thus ended that gigantic expedition that left Melbourne fourteen months before, the detail of whose sufferings is the most painful yet on record in the history of "Australian Exploration."

A NEW BRITAIN IN THE WEST.

WE are accustomed to think that the greatest things are of the slowest growth: and this is to a wide extent true. Yet we see now and then a very rapid development, if not growth, of a great empire, as of an individual human character. In such cases, the growth may have been long in preparation, and the progress that we witness may be development, rather than growth: but still, there has been witnessed, within this century, a prodigious growth here and there of a nation, an empire, a colony; and a recent incident warrants an expectation that we may see the same thing again.

For my own part, I can remember the impression that existed, both in Europe and America, of the territory which lay beyond the Alleghanies in the United States. We thought of settlers in Indiana and Illinois as of pioneers in the wilderness. We caught up eagerly the rare accounts that came of the Mississippi rolling its world of waters through desolate forests, without a break for a thousand miles: and beyond the great river we had only dim glimpses of Indians and buffalo herds. By the time I was grown up and went there, great steamers were plunging up and down that mighty tide; and, among other freight, these steamers carried, as I remember, many copies of that large book, "Sparks's Life and Correspondence of Washington," on their way to the bookshelves of settlers on the Red River. Thus, there was not only commerce carried through wild places, but proof of real civilisation and citizenship, established beyond the bounds of what had been, within living memory, a newly opened wilderness. The growth has proceeded no less

rapidly since. While those chests of books were on their way to Red River, I was traversing Lake Michigan in the first ship that had ever made the voyage. Among the luggage I remember seeing chests,—some containing books,—addressed to Green Bay. Few on board knew anything of Green Bay; and the luggage was that of a missionary going to a station in the wilds, where there are now elections, and benefits at theatres, and circulating libraries, and late fashions from Paris. The aspect of the island of Michillimackinac (now Mackinaw) was then very wild, with the line of wigwams along the shore, and the Indian children popping about in the waves, and nothing else amidst the world of waters and green slopes but the white fort and its flag. Yet is this island now regarded as at the very door of the government, in comparison with many of the territories which are comprehended within the republic. Whatever may be the future arrangements of that republic, it will be for ever told in history that it grew up, within the memory of one generation, from a small and striving power, to be a great nation, numerous, wealthy, and exerting influence all over the world.

It may be that, at this moment, we are witnessing the start of another great growth of the same kind, in the same hemisphere. If the danger of the American case is avoided,—if care is taken that all is sound in the arrangements made, and honest in the pledges taken, we may hope that the material progress may be as fortunate as that of the republic, while its political dangers and moral evils are escaped. It is not of importance that the development should be so very rapid: but it now seems more probable than it did a month ago that the child who hears of the wild track by the Saskatchewan to Palliser's Range and the Pacific, may see the day when one of the great powers of Christendom will occupy the vast territory between Cape Race and Vancouver's Island, and between the Great Lakes and the Polar Sea.

Nearly thirty years ago there were men among us of sufficient foresight to propose a political alliance or confederation between our North American colonies, to balance the rapidly growing power of the United States. In a political view this was desirable; but the project attracted little attention, because nobody really believed the republicans to have enough military genius, inclination, or experience, to render them dangerous as a military neighbour. They have shown themselves fair rivals of Russia in sowing discontent in a neighbouring state,—stirring up trouble,—offering protection,—getting a foothold, and finally settling down into possession. The motto of the republic might be the old Spanish proverb, "Give me a seat, and I will make myself room to lie down." But we had not yet seen Texas annexed; and the Mexican war, and the expeditions to Cuba and Central America, had not taken place; we saw no reason to suppose that an industrial, commercial, and speculative people would attempt to become a military power; and we were not roused to do anything by the representations made by Mr. Roebuck of the danger of leaving our colonies in a desultory condition in the immediate neighbourhood of an ambitious, restless, and somewhat

rapacious nation of republicans, overweening in their triumphant prosperity. Canada, the chief of the group, was then disturbed and unhappy, and as likely as not to be absorbed in the republic, if not relieved and comforted: but not even this danger roused us. We knew and cared very little about our American colonies; we had no idea how to set about helping them to consolidate themselves into a genuine power, colonial or independent; and it suited our mood best, perhaps, to trust that events would provide for themselves; that "Fate, or Providence, or something" would shape the destinies of our later colonies, as it had of the earlier group. It appeared to some people that the unhappy mode of severance of that earlier group from the mother country should have taught us to take the other case in time. It is true, we soon began to govern Canada wisely, and to set her well forward on the way to self-government: but we took no measures to unite the several colonies in any kind of league, as a defence against probable aggression from unscrupulous neighbours. For thirty years the adjacent republic has been strengthening and spreading,—still expressing at intervals her intention of annexing Canada when it suited her convenience. During the thirty years, those colonies have been growing also, though less conspicuously and less vigorously than the republic: and now again we hear of a movement to help them to security at home, to a closer and pleasanter intercourse with the mother country, and, in this, to the best preparation for ultimate independence.

Every scheme which has those colonies for an object must be a great scheme; for not only must it involve the welfare of several millions of people, but it must affect the destinies of a territory which may become one of the greatest States in the world. This would be a prominent national idea with us, if our parents had taught us the mere geography of that territory, or if we had imposed that bit of study on ourselves. As it is, most of us will be as surprised, some day, to learn what responsibility we hold in those colonies as if the whole territory were made a present to us, by some pleasant fairy, as a New Year's gift.

First, we possess there a Mediterranean of our own, unrivalled in extent except by that to which we give the name, as if there were only one sea among the lands. Hudson's Bay is nearly as large as the Mediterranean; and the lands which surround it all belong to us. Over and above the half-dozen organised colonies we have there, and leaving out of the account the frozen regions explored by Arctic discoverers, we have two millions of square miles there, under the name of the Hudson's Bay territories. That prodigious expanse is not even divided into name-bearing portions. A coast here, a lake there, a broad river, or a sheltering range of hills, may have a name: but there are no provinces,—much less colonies. A few wretched Indians wander backwards and forwards among the lakes where they fish in summer, and the woods where they shelter in winter, or the savannahs where, in the hunting season, they get their buffalo skins. A good many Esquimaux haunt the streams, and help

themselves to such skins and bones as they want. There is a fort here and there, far away in the wilds; and there the trading in furs goes on. Hunters and trappers are abroad over those millions of square miles, running down the elk, the reindeer, the musk ox, the bears, wolves and foxes, and trapping the beaver and otter and racoon. There are boundless forests of various timber; there are grassy savannahs, on which buffaloes flourish as kine on our meadows; there are swamps on which all the waterfowl of the world might breed; and there are rivers which might be waterways for the commerce of a score of nations. Yet of this territory we have only to say here, that it is a grand outlying resource for the group of British colonies there, as the Far West has been for the group which we lost in the last century. The climate is at present severe; and the impression of hardship is strong on the minds of the few Englishmen who have travelled there: but it is not the less true that there are valleys, full of fertile soil, running up among sheltering hills; and ranges of timber, which will attract the lumberer and his axe hereafter; and natural preserves of fish, which will make more fortunes hereafter than furs have ever made yet. Whether the amelioration of the climate is more or less, from the presence and operations of settlers who drain and till, and plant and fell, there will always be, in that territory, a resource of land which will shape the destinies of the colonies to the south, east and west.

Yes,—the west. But a short time ago, we should have had no west to talk of but the Pacific, except a harbour or two on or about Vancouver's Island. But now there is a colony of British Columbia, too new for our gazetteers, and to be found only on the most recent maps. We shall deserve grave misfortunes in the Pacific, and on that continent, if we give no more heed to that young colony than we have given to most older ones. It is a large society which is living there,—living on English ideas, with English aims, establishing English habits of mind and life, and bound to us by every conceivable claim. There, where the fur-traders lived in a fort, locked in behind palisades, and where gaunt and brutal Indians hung about the river pools, or killed out the precious seals which once frequented the seashore, there are now markets where every European tongue is heard; and steamboats puffing in the channels and rivers, bringing tools for the farmer, who is busy growing food for the gold-diggers; and gold-diggers toiling among the hills and the springheads, getting gold for the merchants; and merchants at the ports, sending home for clothing, comforts and luxuries for the ever-increasing throng of adventurers. Such a spectacle may well startle us out of our thoughtlessness about our colonies in that hemisphere: but British Columbia was not in contemplation when the stir of thirty years ago was made: and, till a broad road is carried to it from the east, it will hardly enter, for practical purposes, into the group which it is proposed to organise. There are many obstacles to overcome before we can hear of a line for vehicles and boats from Lake Superior to the Fraser River: but the thing will

be done—because, as it may be done, it must. Well qualified explorers have lately told us that there is more than one line of route which may be made practicable; and, if the fact is so, we shall not choose to depend on any other government for a passage by land or sea. The sooner the attempt is made the better,—not only for the sake of the colonists, who earnestly desire an open road to Canada, but for the sake of Canada and her sister colonies, who ought to have the gold-bearing region to reckon as part of the wealth of their group.

We have hardly yet looked at the peopled part of our dominions there: but we get sight of the inhabitants when we touch the western verge of the Canadas. Where we touch the verge it is difficult to say, for the boundaries are very indeterminate there. This is one reason for such an Association as is proposed; for it is of extreme importance to settle early such boundary questions as have repeatedly brought us to the verge of war with the Americans. We may say, however, that when we have threaded our way through the labyrinth of waters from the Saskatchewan to the edge of the great basin of the St. Lawrence, in which the Canadas lie, we see a kind of human life worth looking at. We meet the first of the four millions who have their home in that group of colonies,—the first of above two millions and a half who live in the Canadas alone.

What are they doing? They are fishing, fowling, taking up an abode in the woods for their lumber work, and escorting their timber down the rapids, and along the streams, and across the lakes. Towards the northern limit they are trapping and hunting—now pursuing the bear over frozen lakes, where the imprisoned winds moan like spirits in purgatory; and now making havoc among the waterfowl in the swamps, where the scream of the birds and the bark of the wolves banish silence, day and night. Towards the southern limit the dwellings stand thicker, and neighbours join in the sturgeon-fishing, and the supply of the market, and the clearance of the forest. Passing eastwards, the farms become more frequent, so as to be almost within sight of each other. They are in parallelograms, very formal externally and wild within, till fully cultivated. Each fronts upon river or lake, where possible; and the boatmen, as they pass, can mark every degree of good and bad management on the lands which successively come down to the bank. The smart speculator is getting on with his clearing, to sell and move away as soon as he can; the simple German tries to reproduce his home on a new soil; the Pole and Hungarian sing national songs at the plough-tail; the Dutchman has the greenest meadows, with the sleekest cows in them; the fugitive negro, having got his family about him, is working better than he ever did on any other sort of plantation; the British half-pay officer is delighting in his garden when the field-work is done; the French refugee is here, because he did not find himself at home among the loyalists in the Lower Province; and the Irish immigrant glories supremely in his potato-crop, however fine his tobacco, wheat, or maize may be.

In time we come to large villages and then towns and then cities. There is still a scattered population, farming or tending herds of cattle or horses, on the high terraces which rise backwards from the great lakes; but now there are lowlands occupied by tillage and studded with settlements. There is a town wherever a considerable river flows into a lake; and in the towns, men are living the life of cities. They are busy in politics, interested in enterprise, and amused by literature and art, as well as occupied each in his special business. Just now, they are drilling and exercising, in preparation for the defence of their country. When the road runs by the great St. Lawrence, we come in sight of the highest phase of colonial life. In the chief cities legislatures sit, councils are held, representative government appeals to the understanding and feelings of many hundred thousands of citizens, and a ruler presides, who is really a deputy constitutional sovereign for the term of his service.

In those cities churches are clustered; and priests and ministers of all denominations are busy among their flocks, where, not many generations since, the Indian grimaced before his fetish. Where the wigwam stood there are fortifications, and guns peep out where the wild warriors sat feathering their arrows. The vastest bridge in the world overhangs wide waters, where the light canoe could be carried across only by the rarest Indian paddle. Where the war-shout once scared the stranger, military bands now rouse his patriotic soul. The law courts are thronged where once the blood-feud was stealthily pursued. The life there is, in short, very like our own, but with more play in proportion to work, stronger passion, more vehement controversy, stiffer prejudice, freer hospitality, a brighter gaiety, and, if an inferior refinement, a superior distribution of the good things of life. Farther down the river we enter upon the peculiar region of French life, as it was two centuries ago; but the British love of country and of liberty is strong in the heart under the forms of French ideas and manners. Recent events have shown this: and the common loyalty of this day points to a common patriotism in all time to come.

At last the great river spreads into a sea; the one shore or the other disappears, and rocky islands rise up as in the main. The shores are stern in character, rich with mineral wealth, but rugged in aspect. As the emigrant ships come in, the decks are crowded with wistful gazers, who find the land of promise as yet somewhat dreary. The more will they relish the sight of fertile plains by-and-by. By thousands they arrive now, bringing up the population of the Canadas alone to more than two millions and a half, and making them far more important than all "the plantations" together which we risked and lost in the last century. A territory of a thousand miles long and three hundred broad, occupied by millions of people, who are practising representative government in its best known form, must be destined to some conspicuous fortune in the world, when its colonial education shall have prepared it for independence in full age.

Far away to the south sweeps the right shore of the St. Lawrence; and, following it, we find

ourselves in New Brunswick,—the colony so full of strange Indian names, so noted for its prodigious fires, so peculiar in its woodland population, so eminent for its salmon fishing, and its winter sports, and the wild beauty and solemnity of its forests in all seasons. There are about a quarter of a million of people living there. Their fathers thought the mother-country gracious, half a century ago, when she increased the duty on Baltic timber, and thus fostered the timber trade of the colony; but the present generation has seen the mistake of an artificial industry where there was room for a safer natural one; and now the progress of agriculture is creditable to the good sense of the people. We know St. John's by other distinctions than its vast conflagrations; but we do not know it enough. We are likely at last to wipe out this reproach.

We hear the same complaint from Halifax, and even there we cannot say it is unjust. We are so familiar with the name, from its being the point of arrival and departure of shipping between Europe and the United States, and a telegraphic station of first-rate importance, that we may be apt to suppose that we know more than we do of the people and their concerns; but if asked to describe the colony of Nova Scotia, and the chief interests of the inhabitants, we should discover how little we had attended to either. This is the Acadia of old French adventure; and the people are still fishers and woodmen, with the addition of farming. The change, since the colony became prosperous under British rule, is in the growth of tillage, and in the expanding trade in the products of fishing, felling and grazing. Timber, planks, spars, staves, and bark; fish, oil, seal-skins; hides, bones, pickled meat, and so on, make a considerable trade, besides the coal and other minerals found in the peninsula. Almost entirely seagirt, with a central table-land studded with lakes, and creeks running into the shore, it is a wonderful region for the wealth of the waters; and the passage of the Gulf-stream along its Atlantic shore secures its intercourse with the maritime nations of the world in all seasons. Its roads run round the whole peninsula; and wherever there are settlements, there are schools and churches, and the characteristics of an advancing society, corresponding fitly with the rail and the telegraph which connect the province with its somewhat trying neighbour—the United States. It does not adjoin the State of Maine, like New Brunswick; but there is only the mouth of the Bay of Fundy between, and there is more of rivalry perhaps in the case of cosmopolitan Halifax, than of the more retired St. John's. The island of Cape Breton, 100 miles long, is grouped with the peninsula of Nova Scotia. Together, they contain nearly 300,000 inhabitants. Nowhere is there a more remarkable mingling of elements in the population, retired loyalists from New England living, in their descendants, beside Swiss protestants, Scotch presbyterians, French catholics, freed negroes, now become substantial citizens, and a few Indians, reconciled to the attempt at agriculture by the privileges of the strange inland sea,—the Bras d'Or, which affords all the benefits of the sea without going out to seek them.

Then there is Prince Edward Island, with its 100,000 people, with something to say when the other colonies are getting a hearing in England. As nobody in the island can be further than eight miles from the tide of the sea, we might suppose the people to be maritime in their pursuits and character; but they are not. They have cut down nearly all the wood they can spare, and are aware of the blessing they have in the excellent agricultural conditions of the colony. Descended from the old French peasantry chiefly, with accessions from the United States after the war, and from Scotland of late years, the inhabitants are steady and sensible farmers, likely to supply provisions to ships' crews as long as ships pass their shores.

There are scarcely more people in Newfoundland, though the island is five-and-twenty times as large; but not the less do the inhabitants claim our good-will and respect. They benefit the world by exporting cod and other fish to the extent of a million a year; and they suffer occasionally from a bad fishing season, in a way which reminds the world of their existence, almost as emphatically as the conflagrations of New Brunswick. We know them too by occasionally having to conduct controversies with France or the United States on their behalf, when their cod banks are encroached on, or they believe that they are. It is time we were becoming better acquainted with them for other reasons.

The reasons are the same that were urged thirty years ago, strengthened by the instructive experience and observation of that period. Since the former movement, the United States have grown in extent, in population, in wealth and ambition, and in aggressiveness, because the poison of their one allowed organic vice—slavery—has demoralised the nation at large. In proportion as the diseased restlessness increased, the threats against Canada became more frequent and more audacious. There have been times within those thirty years when a large portion of the Canadian population was disposed to join the republican experiment across the frontier; and there were reasons for that inclination. But the repeal of injurious restrictions, and the gift of real self-government, have recalled the affections of the discontented to the mother country. Recent events have shown the world what the temper and spirit of the Canadians really are; and they will probably hear no more of invasion for some time to come.

But the hour has evidently arrived for some settlement of the footing on which the whole conduct of our most powerful colonies is to proceed. Mr. Goldwin Smith urges us to make them independent States at once—our allies, but no longer our dependencies. Most of us will think that this cannot be done at a stroke, and without long consideration: but we must all admit that a self-governing people, like the Canadians, should be a self-defending people also. A population of nearly three millions ought to be able to keep its own head by its own arm: and there is every indication that the Canadians are as able as any people on earth to do this. This is one subject which we have to discuss with them.

The rupture of the neighbouring republic natu-

rally revives the old inquiry about the political destiny of the whole group of British North American colonies. Whether they shall, on becoming independent, form a federal or other union of states and populations is a question for them to settle whenever their lot is confided to their own hands. I, for one, have never apprehended that the United States could become so dominant as to forbid an independent existence to such a territory as we possess on their continent: and we all now agree that a considerable time must elapse before the republic will indulge in dreams of aggression—even if its present adversity does not generate a better temper. The present seems to be the time, not for deciding the future form of a Power which is not yet fully developed, but for entering on the requisite preparation. The colonies do not know each other well enough, nor, therefore, help each other as they might: and we English are discreditably ignorant of their affairs, their minds, and the conditions under which they are living. One public speaker, the other day, related that a high official had been obliged to confess that he did not know whether Buffalo was in the United States or Canada. It is too late to go on in this way. Some public-spirited gentlemen who feel this have made a beginning, the date of which will be hereafter remembered.

On the 30th of January, a large meeting of very high quality was held at the London Tavern, to form what will henceforth be called "the British North American Association." The movers are rational and modest in their avowals, declaring that time and circumstance must instruct them how to proceed, and that they pretend to nothing more at the moment than establishing a centre round which the interests of those colonies may rally, where they may always find a hearing, where they may learn to co-operate, and where individual colonists on their travels of business or pleasure may find a home for their minds and feelings. Through such an Association consultation may be held about improvements, the due share of each colony may be assigned in any public duty which involves them all, and preparation may be made betimes for such co-operation as will hereafter constitute them a great Power in the world. Here support may be organised for colonial objects. Here negotiations may be carried on for public works which may consolidate the group into one territory for purposes of intercourse, commerce, and of defence. Here a name and fame may grow up, such as four millions of fellow-citizens ought to possess. Here, in short, will be a centre of British North American interest in the mother country; and, by means of it, a better understanding will exist about the conditions of a future great Power than has ever yet been approached.

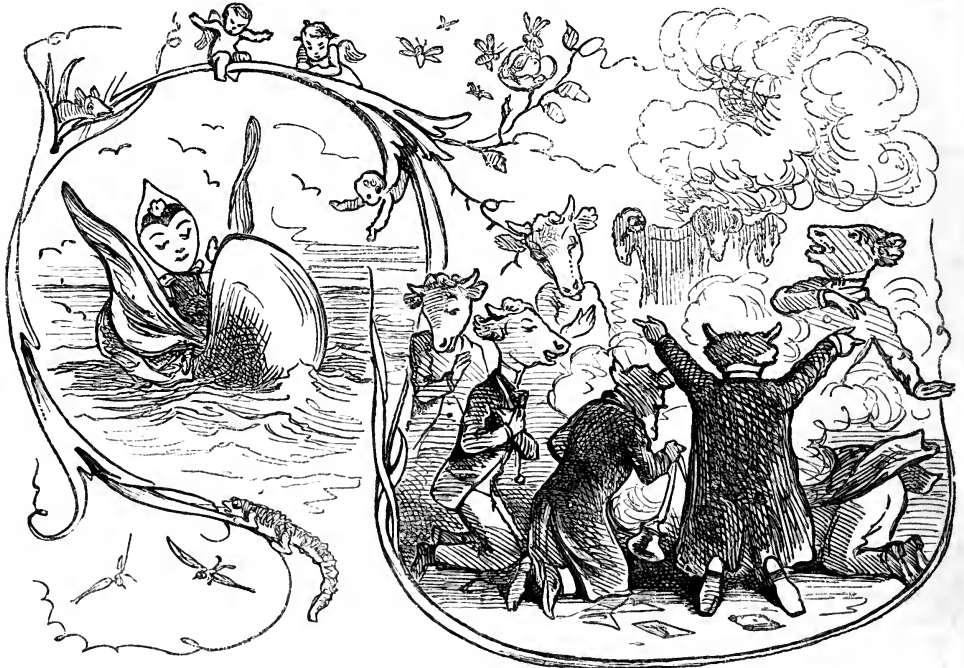
This is a notable event in the very conception: but we shall not recognise the full import of it till the time comes for a political separation. Whether that time is near or yet remote, we may hope that it will bring with it only peace and good will, because, instead of raging at each end of a long line of distance, the parties can consult in London on any cause of difference, and use the best wisdom before a mistake becomes

a quarrel. By means of this Association there may be a sort of representation in Parliament, as well as at the Colonial Office; and, on the other hand, the colonial public will have at command the guidance of such English friends as it most esteems. The great increase of emigration to those colonies which must take place while the United States are engaged in civil war, may be directed to better purpose than ever before by the Society,

which will be eagerly applied to by employers and candidates for employment or for land. Such is the general prospect just opened. When the Working Committee has composed its programme, we shall know what end they will take hold of first. Meantime, we may be certain that no event that they can bring about can be more important and interesting than the fact of their appointment.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

LADY BARBARA.



“ My brains within my foolish head
Are dancing La Tarantula,
For just beyond the dahlia bed
I saw my Lady Barbara.
And all my veins are filled with flame,
And all my comrades say the same.

“ The Lady Barbara sits alway
In a bower of buhl and jewellery,
Rose curtains shield her from the day,
And she sits and broiders her broidery.
And looks at her purple flowers which die
In her silver vases deliciously.

“ And her hair comes floating lazily down
Like ripples which a fountain makes,
Woof of gold and warp of brown,
Like the colour of Indian watersnakes.
And she moves it quick as a swallow’s wing,
Or the wings of a bee that is murmuring.

“ I don’t think she is a woman at all,
Her heart is made of chameleon-skin,
Covered over with portraits small
Of the lovers she has taken in.
And I think I can hear her silvery laugh,
As she looks at each poor little photograph.”

Her heart is like a nautilus shell
Afloat on seas of silver light,
Trimming and veering her sail so well
At every breath of air in the night.
And as quick to its nest as a harvest-
mouse,
Pflan ! at a sound it’s safe in its house.

You offer yourself unask’d at her shrine,
A foolish calf at her altar sighs,
She smiles—forgets you—and why repine ?
Gods don’t care much for one sacrifice
Does Juggernaut care for his victims’
moans,
Or is *he* to blame for their broken
bones ?

She sits in splendour like the sun,
Shining with nothing at all to do,
She expects to be worshipp’d by every one,
But she does not much care for me or for
you.

“ She’s a flirt and a humbug—
Halte-là !
Don’t speak ill of my Lady Barbara.
C. ELTON.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning Mannering and I set off directly after breakfast. Lascelles made an effort to join us, but we told him it was unnecessary, and that we felt that with a house full of young ladies, it was very selfish to occupy with sordid political cares the "likeliest man among us."

I do not think he was much disappointed. He wished to keep honestly to his bargain to work for the future member, but was not sorry to be off duty sometimes. As we galloped along, we saw, to our astonishment, Maynard, his wife, and Fanny, riding in the same direction. Mannering immediately put his horse beside Fanny's, and I joined Maynard and his wife.

"After I wrote to you," said Maynard, "I found we were all in the humour to ride towards the

Combe this morning; and, not knowing whether my proposition to you would suit your other engagements, I resolved to strike while the iron was hot. Our combined forces will be quite a demonstration."

Nothing could be more cordial than Maynard. He talked to me of Italy, of Austria, of Paris, and I found him a man of great general information and of artistic as well as scholarly tastes. Nora never looked so well as on horseback, and was less reserved with me than usual. I heard Fanny behind us laughing at some of Mannering's sallies, and we all were in the mood for mirth and enjoyment, at least ostensibly.

I was resolved that none should guess what I felt on some subjects. Besides, I grasped at this new toy, this fresh ambition, with something of

the feverish tenacity of a drowning man grasping at some straw for bare life. When we entered the farm-house which was our destination, I recognised to my surprise, in the wife of the farmer, an old housekeeper of my mother's. She was at Speynings when I left it to go to Vienna, and had nursed my mother in her last illness. Her face lighted up with pleasure as she recognised Fanny and Nora, and they all disappeared together while we went to the kitchen.

The farmer was a surly kind of man. He was disposed to be disputatious, too; one of those men who had a fuddled kind of notion over his pipes and beer, that but for the watchfulness of such as he, England would be the prey of a "bloated aristocracy." But like many others of his type, it was curious to see how all his opinions had been originated by his wife, and were held in deference to her. "My good dame" was quoted perpetually, and with the respect due to an oracle.

We should have found it difficult, I suspect, to do much with him, as all his professions of faith were diametrically opposite to ours, when his wife and the two ladies returned.

She had evidently been far more easy to influence, or had been better managed, for she walked straight up to her husband, and (by a series of nudges, and whispers, and contradictions, flatly interrupting him when he attempted an expostulation; and, twisting his words till he remained open-mouthed at their new meanings) completely upset his whole line of argument, and made him believe he was pledged to ours. It was very curious to look at them. This small, spare, peaky woman, whom he could have crushed between finger and thumb, evidently ruled most mercilessly the great, brawny demagogue. I was no longer surprised at his confused notions—these sudden whirls of change must have kept up a chronic state of up-side-down in his brain.

When we left, I went up to her and asked her how she was, and told her I had recognised her. She instantly became radiant, and dropped a low curtesy. I asked her why she never came to see the old place?

She looked rather primly at Fanny.

"I shall be very glad if you would come," I added, "you and Speynings ought not to be such strangers."

She looked puzzled, and muttered something I did not hear.

When in the saddle again, we divided as we had done before, only that Nora, after a time, cantered on with Mannering and Fanny.

Maynard and I dropped behind, and in the intervals of our calls on other voters, we went on with a discussion we had commenced, and a theory he was expounding about the allegory contained in the Sacred and Profane Love of Titian.

I was much interested, for, to say truth, speculations of this kind were much more congenial to me than the business I was at present engaged in. Maynard was pleased, as we all are, when we get on a hobby and have met with sympathy. We were so absorbed that we did not notice the gathering clouds in the sky, and the large drops which

fell, and the distant rumbling of thunder roused us as from a dream.

We were now all gathered together, our horses' heads side by side, as in such a predicament people always do, and then we hastened on, purposing to leave the Maynards at the rectory, and to proceed ourselves.

By the time, however, we did arrive at the rectory, the rain was falling in such torrents that the hospitable Maynard would not hear of our going further. We must wait till the storm was over.

Meanwhile we must dine with him. He seemed so bent upon it, that, after some little hesitation, we consented.

We caught that amphibious animal, the postman, who fortunately left the letters at the rectory before he went on to the Hall, and sent a message by him that we were detained, and that they must not wait for us for dinner.

We dried ourselves as best we might, and while Mannering went to the dressing-room to array himself in some of Maynard's garments, the rector and I continued our conversation in his study.

I took an opportunity, however, of giving him the little packet for Fanny, and asked him to give it her, and tell her what it was. We were interrupted just as he seemed about asking me some question, relative, I thought, to Fanny's estrangement from her dearest friend's son, and I was too glad to escape giving him an answer.

I went into the drawing-room, but listened for a moment to hear if Mannering was there. I felt a reluctance to enter, if Fanny and Nora were alone, when, with the proverbial good luck of listeners, I caught the following words spoken by Fanny. Her raised voice was the sign of emotion.

"It is quite from a different cause, Nora, I assure you; nothing can alter the dislike and contempt I feel for *him*; but I helped him for his mother's sake."

"Here, Spencer," called out Mannering, "come here, and try and make yourself presentable. I am rather proud of my success."

We did not meet till dinner, and then I saw that Maynard must have given the packet to Fanny, for her eyes looked as if she had been crying, and her face had lost the set and resolute look it usually wore when I was present. Once during dinner, Mannering said:

"I cannot tell you, Spencer, how glad I am that you take so kindly to these electioneering struggles. I never thought it was *in* you, with your half-foreign education and long residence abroad. What pleasure it would have given my dear friend, your mother, could she have lived to see her son the member for G——. She had the clearest brains, and the strongest wish to use brains, time, influence, heart, for others, of any woman, or man, I may add, that I ever knew."

It was fortunate that Mannering's speech was long. Involuntarily I raised my eyes, and met those of Fanny, who sat opposite to me. She blushed painfully. I felt I turned livid.

After dinner there was music. Maynard was obliged to leave us. Nora and Fanny played and sang to Mannering, who said he wanted to get the

Lascellian music out of his head. They asked him what he meant, but he refused to gratify them, and only said that it was distasteful to him.

I leant my elbow on the mantel-piece, and stood in deep, sad thought. How everywhere I turned I evoked some memory, or recalled some association which was painful. By this deep, deep pain, which every moment was sinking deeper and deeper into my heart, was I paying all those long arrears of heartless indifference and of selfish neglect. It seemed to me that those words of Mannering's blighted all the desire that I had for success in this new object of effort.

While I thus stood quite absorbed and deaf to what was going on around me, Fanny came to me. Her sister was singing to Mannering, who was quite enchanted with her voice, and she had left them.

"I come to thank you for your kindness," she said.

"I do not deserve your thanks."

"For this remembrance of my dearest."

She stopped, and I saw the tears in her eyes.

"It's no act of mine—she had written your name on it—"

"Was it not with the others—"

"No. I found it in a desk which I had not yet opened. I was glad to find that she had destined it where I myself should have wished, but not dared to offer it."

"Thank you. It is so identified with her (you know she always wore it) that it is very dear and precious to me."

"And no one ought or should have had it but you, whom she loved so dearly, and who so loved her."

Fanny looked at me with something of a puzzled, inquiring air. There are tones which betray so much more than the words. Did mine betray some of my unavailing repentance?

I controlled myself, however; and as she was turning away said to her:

"When I first returned from abroad, Maynard told me of certain charities which she had wished to initiate. At the time I neglected them, but now, if it were possible, I should like to fulfil those wishes of hers. Not to make myself popular, Miss Egerton," I said, for there was something in the half-surprise, half-doubt of her look, which stung me, "I could not attend to them till after the election has been decided; but then—"

"I beg your pardon: again let me thank you for this unexpected kindness."

"Again: why should it be unexpected, Miss Egerton; could I have possibly done otherwise?"

"The brilliants are so valuable; and, indeed, at first I thought they had formed part of the set which I sent; I thought you would not have separated them."

"It was, perhaps, natural for you to think so," I answered, wearily, for I was thoroughly humbled and dispirited; "one is too apt to forget how low a place one holds in the opinion of some persons, and still more that we ourselves only are to blame for it."

Fanny looked at me with something of the steadfast intentness which had so often struck me

in my mother's looks. It was not surprising that she had acquired a resemblance to her. She turned from me and rejoined her friend, and I did not speak to her again.

We left about ten o'clock, but on reaching Speynings I left Mannering to find his way to the drawing-room alone, and turned into the library.

I was ashamed of the momentary impulse which had exposed me to unnecessary humiliation. I was indignant also at the weakness, for there seemed to me to be a base desire of ingratiating myself with one who despised me, mingled with an honest wish to carry out the too-long neglected intentions of my mother.

"Let her despise me," I thought; "she cannot equal my own contempt for myself."

How I now longed for defeat in this present ambition of mine, which had been despoiled by Mannering's words of all its gilded promise. I had sought this escape from disappointment and satiety; and it was a miserable thought that, if successful, I should be congratulated on all sides as doing what had been most desired by one whose wishes during her life had never been studied by me. There are moments in life when a large and complete misfortune would be welcome; it would square the external circumstances with the utter despair of the inner being.

"My dear Hubert," said Marian, as she entered, "what are you doing here by yourself? Mr. Mannering has been giving us the most glorious accounts of your day; but I must say, looking at you, that you do not bear him out—you look bored to the last extent. What is the matter?"

"I am tired—but I was coming up."

"You need not, for they are almost all gone to bed; I came down only to see you."

"Who are left?"

"Only one or two—"

"Lord Lascelles?"

"Yes;—why? Did you want to speak to him?"

"No."

There was a pause, and our eyes met. I turned away mine first. In hers was something of that stern, dominant, over-bearing expression, with which it is said a sane person can control an insane one, or a human being master an animal. It was but a moment—but it was there.

"Good night, then; don't sit up all night."

And I heard the rustle of her soft satin dress along the passages. She did not return to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

It seemed that my evil wishes had called down their own accomplishment, for the next day news was brought us that a neighbouring gentleman, representing the same opinions as my own, was going to offer himself to the electors. My friends held a meeting, and, much to their mortification, I somewhat abruptly declared that I would not divide the votes on our side, and that I would not be put in nomination.

Mannering held up his hands at such Quixotic generosity, others were almost angry, but I was firm. I was accused of idleness, of caprice; Lascelles was especially indignant, and my wife

seemed much disappointed, but I was not to be moved.

I saw that Marian watched me closely at this time. She scrutinised my words, and tried to read my looks. She could not understand me. Whatever she might say, she felt secure of her power over me; she would not have believed that it was over, had any one insinuated such a thing, and yet I was evidently changed. She redoubled her airy fascinations, and all but two persons would have considered her a model of a devoted and loving wife. These two persons were Lascelles and myself. Lascelles considered her as an angelic, mismatched being, who strove to do her duty to an unsympathising, capricious brute of a husband who did not care a straw for her, and who did not understand all the exquisite refinement and poetry of her nature, and who could not therefore be loved by her; and I—I read her as one reads a book, and no mere lip-service would avail with me. Once or twice I saw she thought she had detected jealousy, and she was rejoiced. That could be controlled to her own purposes. Most of our friends had now left, and at last Lascelles found he had no excuse to linger, and took his departure. Mannering (who was to stay till the next day), Marian, and I, stood in the porch to see the last of the last detachment of our guests. Among these was Lascelles.

“So ends our pleasant time,” said Marian, with a sigh.

“Yes, we have had a delightful visit,” said Mannering; “what a pity it is over! but Spencer owes himself to the county, and the next time he shall not be allowed to slip through our fingers.”

“Yes, most wives, I believe, feel, or affect to feel, a kind of jealousy of their husband’s parliamentary duties; but I think Hubert would make a good member. He has both energy and persistence when roused, and he wants rousing—”

“He looks rather relieved, however, now, whether at being left at last alone with you, Mrs. Spencer, or at the absence of some of us, I cannot define. You really seemed glad to shake hands with that handsome fellow Lascelles, Spencer; wasn’t it a fact now?”

“Very glad,” I answered; “I do not wish to have Lascelles here again.”

“Do you mean, Hubert, that you did not like a person who was devoted to you as Lord Lascelles was? I appeal to you, Mr. Mannering: could any one have worked harder than Lord Lascelles in Hubert’s cause?—how very ungrateful men are—”

“To each other?—Yes, I am afraid so; but between ourselves, Mrs. Spencer, Hubert did not like the Lascellian muse, or music.”

We all laughed, but I detected Marian’s eyes exploring my face with keen and inquiring scrutiny. The next day we were left alone.

It is an old proverb that says, “Murder will out,” that stones will not hide, the heavens will not cover it, the reeds will speak it, the walls will whisper it; but even truer is it of love. We cannot conceal its life, we must betray its death. And yet I can honestly say that I endeavoured to appear the same. Never since I had been married

had I so sincerely tried to make Marian happy. No, it should not be my fault if she were not so. I did not dare to be capricious, self-absorbed, negligent; for the first time in my life I tried to rule myself. The ice was cracking so fast under my feet that one unguarded movement would plunge me into the depths below. I must needs be wary. I had never striven so hard in all outward acts to follow the old precept, “preferring another to oneself,” and my success was—null.

Marian saw through it, and tried me hard. I could be gentle, attentive, kind; but how impossible to simulate the feeling which had once been the motive power of my being I cannot describe. A garden which had once been a paradise of choice and fragrant flowers, transformed by some elemental convulsion into a yawning chasm, was not more different from the state of my heart then and now. And she?—how inexplicable are women! I was convinced that she did not love me, that she could not love any one; that her whole nature had been unnaturally forced in one direction to the serious detriment and impoverishment of all others; that that insatiable love of pleasing which of all passions leaves most sterile the moral nature had been like a leprosy eating into her very soul, and yet how clearly I saw that she was striving to regain her power over me—but from what motive I could not define. She made use of her beauty, more dazzling in some respects at this period than I had ever seen it, as men use a falchion to cut down an enemy; she tried to rouse that she might sway those base instincts in me which had always been so submissive to her; she was Protean in the changes she assumed; tender, sportive, impulsive, gay, melancholy by turns, and wore her softest semblance to soothe, or her most *piquante* grace to excite, the passion, which she hoped yet existed, however palsied and wounded it had been. She must have had a deep reliance on my weakness. There were times, I confess, when a sort of diseased simulacrum of former unholy fires, a galvanic appearance of vitality in the seared corpse of what had once been passion would be awakened; but there were moments of revulsion when my whole man rose against her fascinations and revolted from her charms, and I hated her. I acknowledged to myself it was hatred. But these were only intervals; the greater part of the time I was internally in a state of stagnant apathy, while externally I tried to do my best, so to indulge her wishes and yield to her desires, that she should not have reason to complain of me, or to give herself the excuse of an unhappy home or an uncomplying husband to act the part of victim or martyr.

These were certainly the ghastliest and dreariest days of my life. Not a friendly star beamed upon me from any quarter. There was a mute duel à l’outrance between my wife and myself, and there was no chance of peace or of victory. I held no divining rod by which I could have discovered the life-springs of Marian’s nature. Mine was not love, it was passion, and passion has no power to exalt or redeem.

Lascelles’ name had never been mentioned between us since the day he left. Marian might have thought he had dropt out of my remembrance,

but for one fact. I knew he was in the neighbourhood, and we sometimes received invitations from the persons with whom he was staying, but these I invariably declined.

Marian never remonstrated, or noticed these refusals. She bided her time, and knew her man. He was subjugated thoroughly, and given but an opportunity, and he would be at her feet again. Her tactics at this time inclined her rather to resume the influence she felt she had lost over me. It mortified her, I know, to the quick to feel how completely she had lost, not, I dare swear, my affection, but that mystic and sensuous passion which had once made my whole being vibrate at her touch, her look, the turn of her head. Her mirror must have told her she had never been more lovely in certain respects than now; but she felt that the hind or the ploughboy who turned to stare at her when they met her appreciated her more than I did. Except in the courtesies to which I was scrupulous to adhere, she had lost the very *prestige* of her sex.

If she was mortified I was wretched. I had compassed my desires and this was the end. But I must bear it, and make the best of it. Perhaps the schooling I now underwent was of use to me: it was a bitter but bracing tonic.

I never refused a wish of hers, and she sometimes seemed to defy me, so wild were her caprices, but nothing was withheld that could be obtained. I also tried to interest her in some of my own pursuits. Maynard often came to us now; Nora more seldom, for she never appeared to advantage in her sister's presence; but Maynard was pleased to renew our art-discussions; and then I had followed up the intentions I had avowed to Fanny, and had worked hard to institute those charities, and develop those improvements which had been so dear to my mother.

Fanny I had not seen again, but I felt that both she and Nora assisted me indirectly in the parish: I traced their work everywhere, not only in the actual schools and workhouses, but in the change with which I was everywhere received among my poorer neighbours.

Though Marian had always been liberal-handed and good-natured, the shrewd villagers had long taken measure of her moral stature, and by some mysterious process of village chattering it had been known that "Madam Spencer," as they called my mother, had not wished her to be her son's wife. That son, too, was more like a "furriner than an Englishman, and had never lived in the old place till he could not help himself." I would match a real country cottager for pride and reserve, and a power of repelling, with any aristocrat in the world, and I had never felt the least at home with any one of them. But now the case was different, and with Maynard, or without him, I was welcome. At first Marian accompanied me; but when she saw I attended more to the persons I went to see than to her, that it was the actual donations, and not the grace with which they were offered that interested me, she desisted, and I went alone.

At last, I fancy, she not only became bored with this kind of life, but began to reflect seriously on the future. Life to Marian was admiration, homage, adoration; how should she exist with-

out it? And what was worse to know that it was hers elsewhere, but that she was deprived of it? Her thoughts must often have reverted to Lascelles at this period. I think she must have reflected long, and counted the cost often before she finally made up her plan to break through our armed peace. I observed that after a certain period she left off her lively sallies, and especially when Maynard was present, she adopted a spiritless, languid demeanour, which told of failing health or sinking spirits. At first I was deceived, and offered to take her away for change of air, but she declined it.

At last, one day, after Maynard and Nora also had dined with us, and she and Nora having left the dining-room early had an opportunity for a long conversation, I observed on joining them that Nora looked as if she had been much vexed, and that Marian bore the air of a person who has discovered a secret. When they were gone she called to me:

"Hubert, I wish to speak to you for a moment. Why does Miss Egerton never accompany Nora here—to her old home?"

I was dumb with astonishment.

"Will you tell me?" she asked again, lifting her large eyes to mine.

"How can I?" I stammered out.

"I have long observed an estrangement between you, so strange and unnatural it seemed to me at first, when I remember you were like brother and sister; but I was so happy then" (she sighed faintly), "that I was perhaps unmindful of others—but now I can detect a good deal to which I was then blind."

"Are you not happy now?"

"Do not speak of me—I want your answer."

"What answer can I give?"

"Am I the cause?"

I was silent.

"Were you unfaithful to her on my account? Does she hate *me* because she loved *you*?"

Her voice was like music.

"Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"I asked Nora; but as usual Nora is so childishly violent—"

"Marian, what mischief inspires you?"

"Poor Miss Egerton," said Marian, crossing her feet languidly and leaning back, "she might not find my position so enviable after all. I think if a woman has been disappointed, the best cure for her would be to see, by some magic, into the heart of the man who has caused her sorrow, and of the woman who has supplanted her, when two years of their married life are over."

"I am sorry, if I understand you rightly, as regards ourselves, Marian; but it is my duty to tell you how entirely false is your first supposition. There is nothing Miss Egerton would consider as such an insult."

My voice was bitter and my cheek was flushed. I could picture to myself how Fanny would look at such an imputation. The scorn, the indignation in her eyes. Marian looked at me steadily.

"I may be right after all; but, however, it is no use to discuss the point—the evil is not to be remedied. I cannot oblige her or anyone else by doing what would be *de rigueur*, in a French

novel, sublimely sacrificing myself, *à la* Jacques, —it's a pity, I confess."

She shook her head, and again suddenly raised her eyes to mine.

"If you only knew how absurdly you speak," I said, trying to master my passion, "you, who have so much fine intuition, would cease; but remember this, I will not listen to such insinuations, and I forbid you—yes, I forbid you, to repeat them. Believe me, Marian," I said with a desperate revulsion of heart, "if *you* do not love me, no one else can or will—or has."

Her lips curled as in scorn, but before she had time to speak I left the room.

The thought that Nora should repeat to Fanny what Marian had said, was misery to me. It was a gratuitous insult to Fanny; and though I could have laughed at the folly of such an idea, it did not the less grate on me that it would surely evoke some very marked expression of dislike from Fanny. If she had felt the least inclined to soften her opinion of me, and to manifest my mother's forgiveness by her own, this would harden her at once.

The fruit of it was seen by Maynard's constant refusal, after this time, to come to us. I often met him, and he called on me, but the intimacy that had sprung up between us was nipped in all its hospitable demonstrations. For the rest, our entire agreement upon matters connected with Speynings, and those still more congenial subjects we had so often discussed, kept up our friendship—for it had become a friendship. I think he saw I was a very unhappy person, and as far as was in his power tried to support and console me.

But I was to drink still deeper of the poison distilled from my own follies and errors.

We never renewed this conversation; but I saw that it was Marian's fixed resolve to appear as if she had detected me in some infidelity. She was melancholy and silent when we were together, and remained alone as much as possible. She drove out with Nina, however, every day, and I am quite sure that wherever she went she must have left the impression of being an unhappy wife.

One tangible accusation can be proved false, but a general leaven of suspicion is invincible. So very beautiful a woman, surrounded with every advantage of position and fortune, could not appear, as she did, a prey to the most profound melancholy without exciting attention, and that the secret canker must be some vice in the husband was the inevitable conclusion at which persons arrived.

I was not aware of the extent of this till afterwards. I saw that she refused all invitations, and with the exception of drives and morning calls rarely left the house but when I was obliged, as I sometimes was, to go to some dinner-party alone, I could see by the inquiries with which I was assailed by some of the ladies, and some after-dinner jests of the men, that I was not very highly esteemed in my conjugal character.

All weak men have a desire to fly from present difficulties by change of place, and I often longed to put a world between us; but I conquered the wish. I would remain at my post. I had involved

myself in many matters of business which required my personal attention, and besides my clear duty was not to leave Marian. I could now listen to the voice of duty and obey it, *quand même*.

The only person who, I think, saw the real state of the case was Maynard. A single-minded man of his sort could not, of course, fathom a character like Marian's, but he could see I was tried to the utmost by what he thought was only "fine lady caprice," but which was not the less trying to bear. He saw also that I was patient and anxious to please—one who would not be pleased.

I rarely saw the ladies when I went to see him; the announcement of Mr. Spencer was enough to send them out of the room if they were there. Once, however, while I was sitting there Nora came in.

"I beg your pardon, do not let me disturb you," she said. "But what is the matter?" she added with almost a start; "are you not well?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Maynard looked at me through his glasses.

"Nonsense, Spencer, you cannot be well with such a face as that. I had not noticed it before."

Nora certainly looked at me with surprise. She evidently had been shocked; and I felt for the first time what a haggard, hopeless-looking wretch I must have appeared.

A few days afterwards, as I was returning from the Rectory, I met Nora and Fanny. They did not pass me as usual with a hasty word and salute, but relaxed their steps as I came up to them.

Fanny's veil had been thrown back, though she drew it over her face as I approached. Something in her wistful and compassionate glance sent my thoughts back to a very distant date. I remembered the day when I met the two girls, and heard for the first time that Marian was betrothed to Warburton.

I remembered how Fanny had then put out her hand as if she would, in her girlish affection and kindness, have helped me to bear the blow under which I was staggering.

Then and now! Alas, a gulf divided me from that time, and yet, by the strange repetition of almost identical circumstances which one so often finds in one's fate, I stood perhaps in the same need as then; but now, no hand would or could be held out to me. I had placed myself where I was hemmed in by sorrow, yet cut off from sympathy.

Both men and women, if they have drawn a blank in the lottery of marriage, must bear the penalty alone. Feebly striking out the hands for aid in that conflict is worse than idle.

These thoughts were filling my mind as I paused near these two.

"Are you better?" asked Nora.

"Thank you. I cannot acknowledge that I have been ill."

"You must not say that, when you look as you do. And Marian, too, seems as if a change of air would do her good."

"Have you seen her?" I asked with surprise,

for I had left Marian complaining of cold, in her dressing-room.

Nora turned scarlet.

"Yes, I saw her—I met her—just now, walking with Lord Lascelles."

I felt that I changed colour.

"We are late," interrupted Fanny; "good morning."

But though they hurried on, I distinguished through Fanny's veil the sad, mournful expression which I had noticed before. On reaching home I heard that Marian was still out.

She returned, however, soon afterwards, and came to me all blooming and animated in her velvet and furs, with Nina, a charming little rosebud, by her side.

"I fancied a walk would dispel my fit of the blues," she said, "after you left, and I thought you would be sure to overtake us, for I had only just parted from Nora when you came up to her. I saw you as we looked back."

"Nora told me she had seen you."

She looked at me keenly for a minute.

"By-the-bye, here is Lord Lascelles' card, I find he has been here, for it was with some others and these letters in the hall. I wondered when we met him where he had been, for I know what a *bête noir* he is of yours, and thought how disagreeable his visit would be to you. He had just joined us when we met Nora."

What perfectly acted smiling indifference!

"You are quite right. I do not like him, and I shall not receive him if he repeats his visit."

"I differ entirely from you," she said with equal coolness. "I like him—he was one of my friends in Vienna, and to me he will always be welcome. I have never been accustomed to give up my friends to satisfy the caprice—or jealousy—of anyone."

"Jealousy!"

"I may flatter myself in using that word. Let me say caprice, then." She paused. "You know I never quarrelled with anyone in my life, therefore, Hubert, you will not surely oblige me to do so with you."

"There is no necessity for discussion," I said, "but in this case my will must rule yours."

"Have you any reason for disliking that poor young man, except that—"

"What!"

"He likes me with that friendly and cordial regard which our old acquaintance and my seniority so entirely authorise."

Her eyes sparkled with a dangerous lustre as she said this.

"It is no use, Marian," I said; "while I am master of this house Lascelles does not enter it."

"Do you understand how ridiculous you make yourself."

"To that I am indifferent."

"Then this is your deliberate conclusion?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Come, Nina," she called to the child, "we must not disturb papa any longer; let us go up-stairs."

The child ran in from the terrace where she had been playing during our colloquy, and I was left alone.

If I expected that Marian would show any temper after this dialogue I was mistaken. She was languid, melancholy, indolent, but as soft and gentle as usual.

The little asperities and inequalities which I had noticed in her before the period of the election had passed away. I suppose the fact was, she no longer felt dull; she had plans to develop and a plot to arrange.

I seldom saw her but at meals, and then our conversation was brief and reserved. Poor little Nina, who was very fond of her "papa," as she had called me from the first, would sometimes run into the library and climb on my knee and try to make me smile, or flit about the room opening my port-folios and books; and calling out her childish remarks and comments, would sometimes beguile a sad and solitary hour, till her *bonne*, or sometimes Marian herself, would call her from the window for her morning walk on the terrace.

It was a miserable time; the waning year added a melancholy of its own to my own cheerless existence. It was one of those strange, moist, unhealthy, warm Novembers which are so peculiarly exhausting and yet irritating to the nerves. Everything seemed surcharged with gloom. Gloom present and gloom expectant. A hushed and solemn awe pervaded Nature, a foreboding of evil from the elemental conflict of winter, and a preparation of the forces which were to be at first resistant and then victorious. Meanwhile the trees were stripped and black; the landscape was scarcely discernible through thin sheets of white mist; the sky was heavy with the amassed though unshed rain, and the warm steaming air saturated the earth with a penetrating and heavy vapour.

I went on my usual routine, but day by day I felt myself sinking. I dreaded illness, I dreaded fever, I dreaded delirium, which might betray my utter wretchedness. It would seem to many weak and unmanly to be so mentally and physically unstrung by what may appear an inadequate cause. I was conscious of this, and struggled with might and main to keep my footing, but it must be remembered that the failure with me was total, and deservedly so. I had more superstitious and feebler fibres in my nature than belong to most men, and the justice and fitness of suffering thus, in this spot where I had caused so much suffering, gave me pain—additional to the actual pain itself—that I had never been loved by Marian, and that I loved her no more.

One morning, as I was sitting writing, Nina came in as usual, and after a little talk with her, I deposited her by the glass-door of the terrace on the ground, with one of my old sketch-books, while I finished some letters.

I heard her chattering very volubly to herself, and then exclaim with delight—"Mamma! mamma!"

I turned and saw her looking at some drawing in the book. I rose in surprise to see what it was, when, on taking the book from her hand, I recognised an old sketch I had made at Venice of Veronica. I stood, with my back to the window still looking at it with a rush of bitter memories, till I heard her say: "Look, mamma! I found you in papa's book."

Marian had come to fetch her. She smiled, in a very Sphinx-like manner, as she held out her hand for the book.

"It isn't your mamma," I said, and was closing the book, but she persisted and took it from me.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"No one you know—a Venetian." I hesitated.

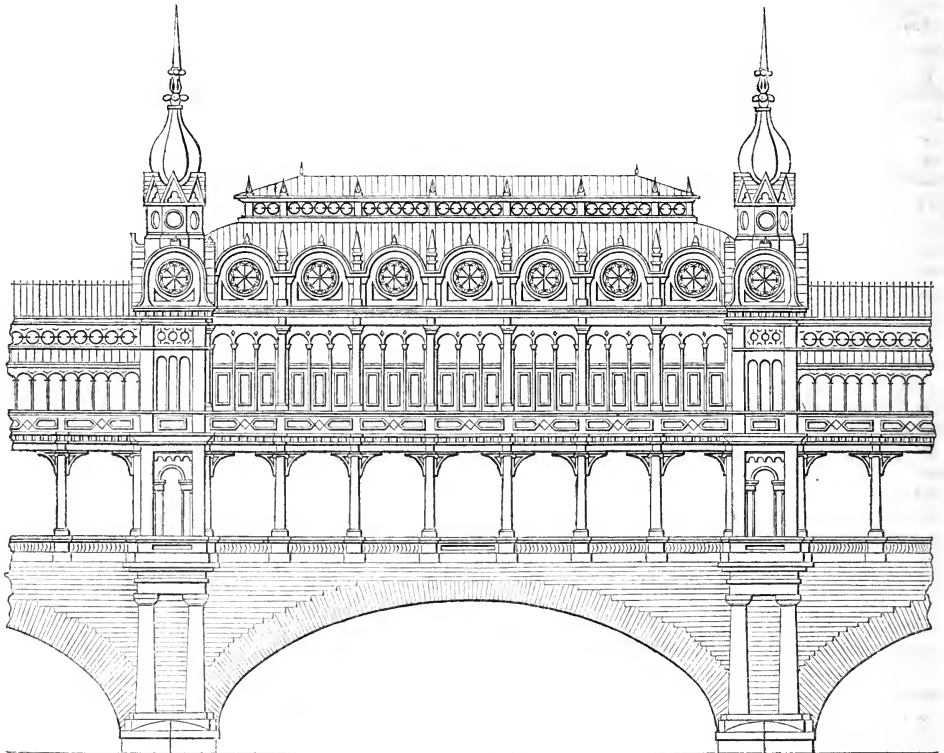
"Say no more. I was very indiscreet. A husband can take his wife's life and examine it through and through—backwards and forwards; tear up a leaf here—cut out a part there; but to

a wife, a husband's life is sealed; she must be ignorant of the past—she must shut her eyes to the present, and she must not dream of inquiring into the future. I am learning my duty. Come, Nina, you have plagued papa quite enough for one morning, come."

She stepped back as she spoke, and as the wan November sun lit her face there was a menace in her eyes which made her for a minute the image of Veronica as she stood by the lagoon on that last fatal evening.

(To be continued.)

THE WATERLOO PALACE AND WINTER GARDEN.



West Elevation.

ONE of our cleverest architects, Mr. Frederick Sang, has published a design for converting Waterloo Bridge to a new use, without impeding any of its existing utility. Objections have been taken to this on the ground of its disfiguring the finest specimen we have of stone bridge building. We doubt very much of this disfigurement. The bridge is on the same level as the terrace of Somerset House. It is a massive stone basement, and a light, elegant superstructure would no more disfigure it, than Somerset House disfigures its terrace basement.

The beauty of Waterloo Bridge consists in its massiveness; its straight line of surface, and its broad, solid, and regular elliptical arches. Its defects are, the pier columns which support nothing, and the ugly stone open ballusters, which are of no use to look through, and only serve to weaken

the parapet, and let wind and rain through to the passengers' limbs. London Bridge is more massive, and, devoid of meaningless ornament, would be a finer bridge than Waterloo, were it only straight in the surface. Waterloo is a finer bridge than London by reason of its straightness.

Mr. Sang's design makes the pier columns subservient to a purpose. They carry a superstructure, and at once become useful, the bridge behind them remaining as all stone bridges should do, a solid mass, looking as though the arches were hollowed out of a solid rock of granite.

The superstructure proposed by Mr. Sang is of iron, glass, and slate, and elegant in its proportions. Without interfering with anything useful now existing, it creates a new area in London equal to 65,000 feet, or about an acre and a half, having a

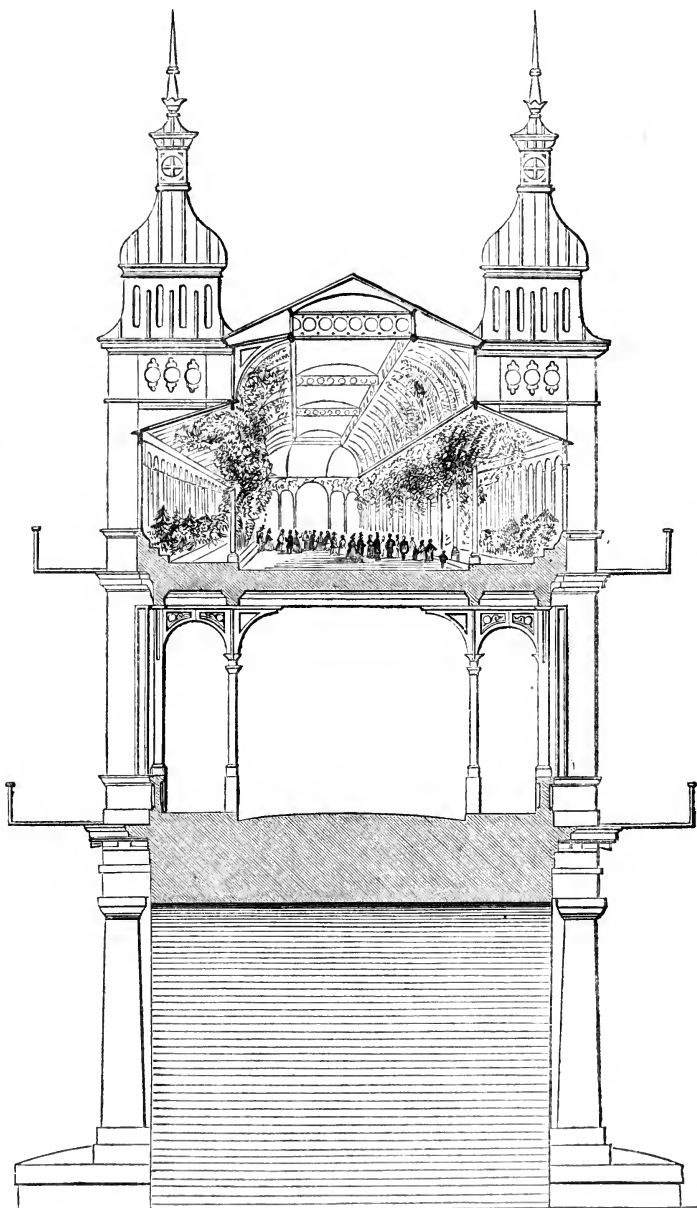
headway over the present roadway of twenty-five feet in height, the whole standing on open columns. The whole bridge thus becomes a covered way, free from wet and dust; and, at the same time, without any impediment to the view up and down the river. As a mere promenade in bad weather this alone is a great gain.

The upper story thus gained, is divided into three lengths, the middle being a concert-room, and the north and south ends a winter garden and pavilion. The objection is, that like the suites of rooms in some old palaces, there is no separate communication to the various apartments. There is a simple mode of overcoming this difficulty. By widening the cornices laterally at the present road level, and at the level of the proposed floor above, and converting them into balconies, an area would be gained equal to two Hungerford Bridges, and an open-air promenade for fine weather.

The access to the upper floor is by four flights of steps, one at each angle, —convenient enough; but there is another important thing to consider. When the floor is put on, the reverberation of the vehicles will be something unbearable, if the present macadam pavement be continued. It will, therefore, be necessary to substitute for it wood, or kamptulicon, either of which will be very permanent when kept dry, while the latter will nearly dissipate the sound; and, eventually, be advantageous to the bridge itself, by getting rid of vibration.

Of the utility of this plan, when the Thames shall be embanked and purified, and the smoke of London still more reduced in quantity; when, perchance, the salmon may leap in the glimpses of the moon as they did in the olden time, there can scarcely be two opinions. No ventilation can be more perfect than that near a tidal stream, if pure, and the locality furnishes to mid-London much of the conveniences of a park, the more especially if the Temple Gardens be continued to Westminster, as

part of the embankment scheme. The question of cost and profit is another matter, but as a summer lounge and recreation, few things in London would be more attractive or accessible to large numbers of the population. There will be as much and



Transversal Section.

as fresh air to be got at an elevation of forty feet above the Thames tide-way, as at Brompton or Cremorne, and eight to twelve miles nearer than at Sydenham.

Some large hotel will have to exist near the site of the Charing Cross Terminus, and lodging houses

and conveniences of all kinds will be constantly on the increase. There are few more probable speculations than this of Mr. Sang, as regards popularity, if he can only show that the cost of the erection, and the ground-rent to the bridge proprietors will not be too heavy.

It may be interesting to know that, some ten years ago, in a conversation with the late Sir William Molesworth, Mr. Sang proposed to convert the present bridge, on a somewhat similar plan, into a picture-gallery; but the government received the proposal with little encouragement, on the ground of the expense, which, after all, would not have been large, while such an arrangement would have enriched London with one of the handsomest galleries in Europe.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE PROPHECY OF JACQUES CAZOTTE.

THE readers of Dumas' "The Queen's Necklace," will remember a very striking scene in which Cagliostro is represented as predicting the coming revolution of France, and the fate of the persons collected at the supper-table. Like the majority of the incidents worked up by Dumas, this one possesses a substratum of fact. The prophecy, there is little doubt, was uttered, but not by Cagliostro. In my memoir of that impostor I mentioned that he laid claim to certain prophecies connected with the fall of the Bastille, but even he had not the audacity to go further, or assume the powers with which Dumas has invested him, at the expense of a third party. The remarkable prophecy I am about to narrate there is fair ground for believing to have been made by Jacques Cazotte. This gentleman was born in 1720, at Dijon, where his father held the post of Librarian to the estates of Burgundy, a charge which, though of no great value, invested its holder with a species of personal nobility, as was the case with so many French offices under the old *régime*. Jacques was educated at the Jesuit college of his native town, completed his studies at Paris under the guidance of an elder brother, and through his influence obtained a situation in the Ministry of the Navy.

In 1747, Cazotte was sent to Martinique as Comptroller, and was there promoted to the rank of Commissary-General. I find but scanty information as to his life in the island, but it appears that he held a respectable position, and was highly esteemed for the bravery he displayed in 1759, when Martinique was attacked by the English. Still it seems as if, even at that period of his life, Cazotte was partial to solitude, and led a very retired life. He married, on the island, Elizabeth Roignon, daughter of the Chief President of the Tribunal; and after amassing a very considerable fortune, he resolved to return to France, partly to recruit his failing health, partly to look after the money his deceased brother had left him. Unfortunately, he lost every franc of the 350,000 he had scraped together while in Martinique, and which he had handed over to Father Lavalette, Superior of the Jesuits in the island, in exchange for bills drawn on the Paris Jesuits. Bûlau tells us that Lavalette had founded a large commercial

agency at Martinique. The Order at first blamed and recalled him; but when it discovered what profits the business produced, it appointed Lavalette General-Superior of all the Leeward isles, and placed at his disposal money and credit. But when the maritime war of 1756 broke out, Lavalette's operations were seriously impeded, and he lost heavily. The Order thereupon withdrew its aid, allowed him to become bankrupt, and offered to pay the creditors in *masses*. This scandalous affair, which entailed a great number of actions, notably led to the suppression of the Jesuits in France and elsewhere. Fortunately, Cazotte inherited sufficient from his brother to satisfy his moderate wants, and for the education of his children.

After settling down on his estate in the vicinity of Epernay, Cazotte turned his attention to literature, and in 1763 he produced his "Olivier," a rather weak heroic poem, but which still finds admirers in France. Of his other works the most remarkable is "Le Diable Amoureux," which appeared in 1771. This work was destined to exert a remarkable influence over the life of the author, for it brought him into connection with the Martinists. Cazotte, namely, had described in so masterly a way the demonic temptations to which his hero was exposed, that the Martinists sought him out, in the hope of obtaining from him some explanations about the occult sciences. They were not a little astonished at hearing from him that what they took for the result of higher inspiration, was the pure emanation of the fancy. The Martinists derived their name either from Louis Claude de St. Martin, who died in Paris in 1803, or from his teacher, Martinez Pasquali. Their doctrines, though not perfectly free from exaggeration, were, for all that, a strong re-action against the spirit of the age, and believers in them are stated still to exist in France.* Their most remarkable work is the well-known "Des Erreurs et de la Vérité." But I need not dwell on the Martinists, for Cazotte did not thoroughly join them, though his connection with them strengthened his innate tendency to religious speculations, his belief in a supernatural world, and the possibility of a communication with it. Cazotte did not retire from the world, however, but spent the greater part of his life in the literary circles of Paris, contending gently, though earnestly, by teaching and example, against the prevailing materialism. He is frequently mentioned in works of the day, and the effect he produced must have been great, for even the most decided opponents of his views and convictions, which he never concealed, spoke with unmistakable respect of him. Cazotte dared openly to avow his Christianity among the philosophers, and that was a remarkable fact in a city such as Paris then was. He also wrote several other novels and poems, although all are inferior to "Le Diable Amoureux." A collected

* According to the Brother Goucoult's "Histoire de la Société Française pendant la Révolution," the Martinists sprang up in Russia, and went to France with Pernetty. During the Revolution there were more than 10,000 devotees, and their political teaching was "insurrection against kings is a crime: if they are good, they are sent by the mercy of God: if bad, as a punishment for sinful nations." I cannot find any confirmation of this origin.

edition of his works was published at Paris, in four volumes, in 1816.

As to the prophecy said to have been uttered by Cazotte, I am bound, in the first place, to remark, that it was not made public by the press until after the events had been verified. As far as I can learn, Jean François de Laharpe* was the first who repeated it, and the whole narrative has been several times, and more especially by the "Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde," declared to be a fiction of Laharpe's concocting. On the other hand, it is certain that Cazotte made other prophecies besides this one; that, further, it was the subject of conversation long ere Laharpe published it; and lastly, that there were witnesses to the truth of Laharpe's narration. As far back as 1792, the last of the Guises, the Prince de Lambesc, resident in Vienna, alluded to this prophecy in a conversation with General Von Schwarz, and his story harmonises to a great extent with Laharpe's. As Bülow very justly remarks, Laharpe would hardly have ventured to invent a fiction relating to such a recent occurrence, and in which such illustrious persons were mixed up, through fear of being contradicted. The same talented author also brings direct proof of the truth of Laharpe's story, by a reference to the "Observations on the Curiosities of Nature," a posthumous work of Mr. W. Burt, who declared that he was present when the prophecy was delivered. After examining closely into the matter, I think that Cazotte really uttered the warnings I am about to describe, and that Laharpe, after the fashion of a true Frenchman, tacked on a considerable amount of embroidery. Nor must it be forgotten that prophecies of this nature were not at all unusual at the period—for instance, Retif de la Bretonne, so far back as 1770, inserted predictions of this kind in his romance, "Les Alliés."

The story of this alleged prophecy is as follows:

In the year 1788, Cazotte supped with a distinguished party of guests at the house of the Duchess de Grammont. He sat silent at one end of the table, staring at his half-empty glass, and only rousing from his reverie when the victory of philosophy over "religious superstition" was too jactantly announced. Suddenly he sprang up, leant over the table, and said in a hollow voice, and with pallid cheeks:

"You have reason to congratulate yourselves, gentlemen, for you will all be witness of the great and sublime revolution which you so eagerly desire. As you are aware that I understand something about prophesying, be good enough to listen to me. You, M. Condorcet, will give up the ghost, lying on the floor of a subterranean dungeon; you, M. N——, will die of poison; and you, M. N——, by the executioner's hand."

On hearing this strange outbreak, all began protesting that prisons, poison, and executioner had nothing in common with philosophy and the sovereignty of reason, on whose speedy approach the soothsayer had just congratulated them; but Cazotte coldly continued:

"It is as I tell you, and all this will happen in

the name of reason, humanity, and philosophy. All I have announced will take place when reason is the sole ruler, and has its temples."

"In any case," Chamfort retorted, "you will not be one of the priests of that temple."

"Not I, M. de Chamfort; but you assuredly will, for you deserve to be chosen before all for such functions. For all that, you will open your veins in two-and-twenty places with a razor, and will not die till some months after that desperate operation. As for you, M. Vieq d'Azayr, it is true that the gout will prevent you opening your veins, but you will have them opened by another person six times in the same day, and die during the following night. You, M. de Nicolai, will die on the scaffold: and so will you, M. de Malesherbes!"

"Thank heaven!" Richer exclaimed, "M. Cazotte only owes a grudge to the Académie."

But Cazotte quickly continued:

"You, too, M. Richer, will die on the scaffold; and those who are preparing such a destiny for yourself and the rest of the company here present, are all philosophers like you."

"And when will all these fine things happen?" some one asked.

"Within six years of to-day."

Laharpe also cross-questioned the prophet of evil in a mocking voice:

"And pray, what will happen to me, M. Cazotte?"

"A great miracle, sir; you will be converted, and become a good Christian."

This put an end to the feeling of awe that had begun to creep over the company; and the Duchess de Grammont, reassured by the general laughter, asked in her turn:

"The fate of us poor women, I assume, will not be so bad, for in revolutionary times we are neglected."

"Ladies," Cazotte answered, "this time your sex will not protect you; and though you may carefully refrain from interference, you will not fail to be treated exactly like the men. You, too, Madame la Duchesse, and many other great ladies, will have to mount the scaffold, and be taken to it in a cart, with your hands tied behind your back!"

The Duchess, who regarded this as a jest, added:

"I trust, at any rate, that I shall have a mourning coach."

"No, no; a common cart will be your last carriage. Besides, greater ladies than you will be dragged to punishment in the same way."

"I hope you do not allude to the princesses of the blood?"

"To even greater than they."

"But we shall not be refused the comfort of a confessor, to exhort us in our dying moments?"

"Such a favour will only be granted to the most illustrious of all the victims."

"But pray, what will happen to yourself, M. Cazotte?" some of his audience asked, beginning to feel rather uneasy.

"The same thing will happen to me," he replied, "as happened to the man who, during the last siege of Jerusalem, pronounced a final impre-

* Born 1739; died 1803, at Paris. He was a philosopher and revolutionist, but was converted in prison, and became a zealous Christian and prolific writer against the Revolution.

cation on that city, then on himself, and was straightway killed by a stone."

After saying this, Cazotte bowed to the company, and left the room. Everybody acquainted with the history of the French revolution will perceive how exactly the prophecy was fulfilled.

If this prophecy, then, be no fiction of Laharpe's, the pious and brave Cazotte was firmly convinced that the revolution would swallow up the kingdom, the whole French society, and himself too. He could have emigrated, but he remained in Paris, working indefatigably for the monarchy, and was probably in close connection, at any rate, towards the end, with Marie Antoinette. Perhaps the connection was produced by the following circumstance. While staying at his estate of Pierry, near Epernay, Cazotte heard that the royal family had been stopped in their flight at Varennes, and were ordered back.* The National Guard of Pierry was detached to Chalons, to maintain order in that town during the short stay of the royal family. Cazotte's eldest son was commandant of these troops, and the venerable father bade the young man kneel down, and after blessing him said: "Go thither, my dear child—make use of the uniform you wear; God grant that you may offer some consolation to our beloved lord, the King."

Young Cazotte, on reaching Chalons, received orders to occupy the approaches to the Hotel Rohan, where the royal family were to descend. He obtained from his little band a solemn pledge that they would keep shoulder to shoulder, and allow no one to force their ranks; and he had scarce posted his sentries ere the royal coach made its appearance, surrounded by an immense crowd. Fearful yells and menaces saluted the several members of the family as they emerged from the coach, and the Queen was before all the object of execration. At this moment young Cazotte shouted to the Queen, in German: "Despise that! God is above all!" The daughter of the Emperor thanked him with a glance for this consolation in her mother tongue. The Queen, the Princess, and Madame Elizabeth entered the house in safety; but then the crowd dashed so furiously at Cazotte's guard that the ranks were broken through, and the little Dauphin, who was being carried by a garde-du-corps, was cut off. The terrified child shrieked for his mother. Cazotte took him in his arms and conveyed him, uninjured, to Marie Antoinette. As the Queen's dress had been trodden on and torn, he fetched the daughter of the landlord, who mended it, with tears in her eyes.

Such was Cazotte, the son. His aged father was imprisoned a few weeks later, because his secret correspondence with Ponteau, a secretary of the Civil List, was detected. He would certainly have fallen a victim to the Septembrizers, had not his daughter Elizabeth, a lovely girl of seventeen, who accompanied him to prison, thrown herself between her father and his murderers.

* The Royalists feared lest the royal family might be murdered on their return from Varennes; but Cazotte consoled them. He had a vision in which he saw the prisoners surrounded by angels, like those who protected the kings of Israel, when they walked in the way of the Lord.—Goucourt's "Histoire de la Société Française," etc.

"The road to my father's heart is through mine!" the girl dauntlessly exclaimed. Her heroism affected even the bandits, and rendered the vacillating mob so enthusiastic that they insisted on the immediate liberation of Cazotte and his daughter.* But this feeling of humanity availed old Cazotte but little, for a few days later Pétion, the Maire of Paris and a Girondist, succeeded in obtaining Cazotte's arrest for the second time. He was left before the fearful Tribunal; but even the men who constituted that sanguinary court could discover no crime on the part of the aged man, whose gentleness and kindness were universally known. With an odious hypocrisy, the Public Accuser finally said: "Why, Cazotte, must I find thee guilty after a virtuous life of seventy-two years? It is not enough to be a good husband, a good father, a good neighbour—a man must also be a good citizen!" And with a similar hypocrisy the presiding Judge continued: "Look death in the face without fear, Cazotte! Remember that it cannot terrify thee. It is impossible for a man such as thou art to tremble at such a moment!" The truth was, he was condemned before trial. After taking leave, in writing, of his wife and family in a letter which concluded as follows,—“My wife, my children, do not weep for me—do not try to console me—and, before all, never fail in your duty to God!”—he ascended the scaffold with a firm step on the morning of September 25, 1792. He cut off one of his white locks, which he sent as a farewell present to his brave and lovely daughter, prayed fervently, and then laid his head on the block with the loud cry of “I die as I have lived—faithful to my God and to my King!” A second later, and his white head rolled on the scaffold.

According to the statement of St. Meard, in his “Agonie des Trente-huit Heures,” Cazotte during the last days of his life lost none of his firmness or liveliness. He was enabled to offer sweet consolation to some of his fellow prisoners, while to those who adhered to their incredulity he sought to prove, by the example of Cain and Abel, that prisoners were happier than individuals enjoying their full liberty, and declared that he had found their fate revealed in the Apocalypse. In this way his prophecy was fulfilled on himself. He had shouted “Woe over Jerusalem!” and was one of the first victims. LASCELLES WRAXALL.

THE CHILD OF CARE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.)

ONCE, by a gently murmuring stream,
Care long time sat and idly thought,
And from the clay an image wrought,
After the fashion of her dream.

“What hast thou there, O goddess, say?”
Jove, near to her approaching, cried;
“A form of clay, of life devoid,
But quicken it, thou god, I pray.”

He breathes on it—it lives; “And mine,”
Said Jove, “shall this creation be.”
But Care replied, “Nay, leave it me,
For mine it is, O lord, not thine:

* There seems a remarkable coincidence between this narrative and certain scenes in a “Tale of Two Cities.”

My finger did the image frame."

"My breath alone did give it life,"

Jove answered; and, amidst their strife,
Forth Tellus stepped, and laid her claim.

"The child it is mine own," she cried;

"From out my bosom it is torn."

"Yet cease," replied great Jove, "to mourn,
Here Saturn comes, he shall decide."

But Saturn said, "The Fates decree

That it belongeth unto all:

Thou, who didst life bestow, recall

In death its spirit unto thee:

To Tellus, when its body lies

Fast lock'd in death's deep, wakeless sleep,

It shall belong: thou, Care, shalt keep

In life thy child with watchful eyes;

Nor whilst he lives thy son shalt leave,

O mother, faithful, sorrowing,

Till he, thy sadness borrowing,

Into the grave himself shall grieve."

Thus formed, 'neath Fate's unchanging rod,

Mankind hath bowed these many years;

His life to Care is given in tears—

His dust to Earth—his soul to God."

JULIA GODDARD.

SPRING'S FIRST MINSTREL.

ONE of the earliest indications of spring is the song of the thrush. How gladly do we welcome it in the country when, on coming down to breakfast some sunny morning in February, the airy songster for the first time pours out his soul on the top of the ash tree. Even in London it may often be heard in the parks, for the thrush does not avoid the haunts of men. Still he is most associated in our minds with the lawn and the gravel-walk, whence you may see him hop gently under the bushes of the shrubbery with head jauntily thrown on one side. The redbreast twitters (it is taking too great a liberty to call it singing) even on soft days in December, so we put it out of our account in looking for spring. But the thrush, knowing instinctively the beginning of the year, waits for the sunny noons and moist mornings so frequent in February, but which often occur early in January, and then commences the prelude of its summer love-song. It holds us entranced on a gentle May evening, as it trills its soft notes from its usual station—say, on the top of a tree ivy-grown underneath, for this is a favourite post—but a thrill of delight runs through us when we hear its first song of the new year.

White places its earliest song, from an average of many yearly observations, on the 6th of January; but it is very seldom heard generally until the third week of that month. In the beginning of February it will break out into singing at any gleam of fine weather. The severe winter of 1860-61 killed very many song thrushes, and during this last spring the survivors sang very little, for not only the weather, but also their state of health, materially influences their song. Indeed the whole thrush tribe, especially the fieldfares and redwings, suffered greatly

from the lengthy frost of January, 1861. It is incredible, except to those who observe very closely, how much a severe winter kills our feathered friends of the garden. Darwin ("On Species," p. 58,) estimates "that the winter of 1854-5 destroyed four-fifths of the birds in my own grounds, and this is a tremendous destruction when we remember that ten per cent. is an extraordinary severe mortality from epidemics with man." So this mild winter probably foretells a grand spring concert.

The thrush belongs to a family in old days much more illustrious than at present. With the Roman epicure he held the highest rank. So Martial celebrates it in an epigram:

'Mongst birds a thrush is daintiest fare,
Give me from all that runs a hare.

Horace's glutton, too, says, "Nothing is better than a fat thrush." The variety so much prized, however, is generally supposed to have been what we now call the fieldfare. Varro tells us they were sold at sixteenpence a-piece, which we should think dear for larks. He speaks of an estate yielding five thousand of these birds in a year. They were not only eaten when in season, but caught and kept in cages at the farms for consumption during the summer months when, of course, there would be none to be taken wild, just as we dredge oysters and keep them for readier access in beds along the shore.

In the time of the Emperor Elagabalus thrushes lost their proud position, giving way to peacocks and flamingoes; and along with pit-fed snails, so these caged fieldfares have now quite ceased to be cared for. Yet many of us, I fancy, remember our delight in the Christmas holidays when we were first trusted with a gun, and had succeeded in shooting a few of them by crawling under some tall hedge and so circumventing them. Nor was the aroma, as they came to table, less grateful to us than to the gourmands of Martial's time, who jokes again on them—

You like a wreath of scented roses,
Thrushes in crowns please other noses

(i. e., arranged in a ring on a dish, as in a pigeon-pie, with the feet drawn to the centre). But in the palmy days of Rome, Horace represents his city-man, when sick of the town and retired at his country-seat, as not disdaining to spend his time in snaring thrushes, just as the business man of the present day runs down to Norfolk for a day with the partridges. In summer the happy man, he says, passes the days where

Adown the steep hangs many a silvery thread,
Wild love-birds faintly coo;
O'er yielding mosses crystal runlets shed
Their soft sleep-giving dew.
Nor is he dull when winter whirlwinds roar
And tear his smiling plains,
But presses in the toils the struggling boar,
With dogs and shouting swains,
Or tempts sleek thrushes to th' inviting door
Where guile safe lodgment feigns.

There is nothing new under the sun. So, just as we send a pheasant to a rich uncle, Tiresias is made in one of Horace's satires to tell Ulysses, on

his complaining "that rank and virtue without money are as worthless as stranded seaweed," that the best and easiest way of obtaining that necessary article is to make up to some rich old man. "Send him any tit-bit you may have given you—let your thrush, for instance, always fly off to him." Ulysses himself may have enjoyed a fat thrush, for Homer represents him as countenancing hanging up in a string the twelve faithless maids of Penelope, till they looked like thrushes suspended in a row from a snare, convulsively beating the air with their wings! It is a ludicrous image, and the hero of the "Odyssey" certainly plays one of his least dignified parts in the transaction.

These are some of the most glorious annals of the Thrush family. As their chief reputation now rests on their song, perhaps the transition from their edible virtues to the claim they have since set up of being musicians, has not occupied a sufficiently long period to permit them to have gained a universal fame; just as we may fancy when the Fans of Africa are persuaded to relinquish cannibalism, it will be some time before a slave, now so useful for culinary purposes, becomes valuable in their eyes as a domestic servant. At any rate with modern poets, the song thrush has been much neglected. The nightingale had a large classical fame, and has been sung in verse by most of our own poets, and by none in more beautiful language than Keats and Milton. It was evidently the latter poet's favourite bird, he celebrates it in almost every book of *Paradise Lost*. The skylark, too, has been much praised; perhaps the two following lines on him by Tennyson are worth all the rest of the poetry that has been written on it:—

Drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

But the thrush, my favourite bird, has been unjustifiably used. No mood of praise has been awarded it on leaving the service of luxury, and rising into a more refined phase of existence. Partly this is due to its unpoetical name. Thrush certainly rhymes with "bush" and "rush," but that is all that can be said for it. Scott has done his best for it in describing Loch Katrine:

The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from every bush.

It fared much better in early English poetry as the "mavis," and constantly comes in with the other "small fowles" in Chaucer's descriptions of *Spring*. Sir W. Scott has it often under this name in his poetry:—

Merry it is in the good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,

and so on.

Luckily, too, it has another name by which poets can handle it. As the "throistle," it appears in one of Sir W. Scott's loveliest landscapes:—

When throistles sung in Hairhead-shaw,
And corn was green in Carter-haugh.

Nor has the Laureate forgotten it in his beautiful fragment on *Spring*:—

Blue isles of heaven laugh'd between,
And, far in forest deeps unseen
The topmost elm-tree gather'd green.

From draughts of balmy air.
Sometimes the linnet piped his song:
Sometimes the throistle whistled strong.

So that the injury done the thrush is somewhat repaired by the compliments paid to it as "mavis" or "throistle."

Partly, too, I would fain believe, is the neglect, the poets have shown it, caused by the fact that very often the highest human enjoyments transcend the power of language to describe them. Thus poetry has never presented us with an ideal of wedded love; and who ever succeeded in *adequately* describing the effects of a beautiful sunset, or an affecting piece of music on us, much as Milton strove to accomplish this latter feat? Such pleasures in truth "lie too deep for words." Amongst them also may be reckoned, I think, very fairly, that first sense of springtime we gain when we hear the thrush singing from its familiar perch. It is so mixed up in our minds with the odours of violets, and the faint colours of the bursting crocus, and the warm flush of lengthening days, it is so *suggestive* a feeling in short, that it will not bear translating into language. Like all the highest subjects of thought, we must give it a negative description at the best. We must say, with Wordsworth:—

No sweeter voice was ever heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird;
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the furthest Hebrides.

or lament with Shelley:—

Violets, when sweet odours die,
Linger in the memory;
Even so, when thou art gone,
Love itself will slumber on.

It would be very prosaic after this, to treat of the song-thrush's habits, though many an ornithological battle has been fought over them. White, of Selborne, fancied, for instance, that it devours the *arum* flowers children love to collect in spring as "Jack's-in-the-pulpit," because he saw many of these torn up near the haunts of thrushes. But as no one else ever remarked this, it is far more likely that field-mice were the cause; just as they scratch up and devour the crocus bulbs in gardens. The most grateful food to our songster's palate is a large snail. Often have we found a heap of the yellow shells of these luckless animals near a flat stone, on which they had been immolated. There is a legend of the crew of a French vessel landing at Ilfracombe, and clearing the gardens of the edible snail, which they eat with great glee. Doubtless, there were fewer thrushes noticed there for a year or two after their visit, and its frequent occurrence might go far to change the zoology of the district.

Neither will I dissect the thrush's song, and tell you its compass, its favourite notes, or its imitative powers. It would be profaning one of our sweetest spring influences. Further on in the year, when he sings late and early in almost all weathers, to cheer his mate, staying at home on

household cares intent ; I might be bold enough to attempt it, for should I not have the nightingale, the blackcap, and a hundred others to console me, if my unhallowed barbarism provoked Nemesis to silence the thrushes in my garden altogether? I protest I dare not risk such a punishment before I have heard the spring song of my favourite.

Better fling my ring into the sea, with an ancient monarch, as a propitiation for mentioning such a thing ; better burn my cherished copy of Gilbert White ; or, with devout wishes that all my readers may with me soon hear the first minstrel of spring, better than all let me close this paper I have written in his honour. M.



THE FAIR JACOBITE. BY J. E. MILLAIS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

I AM unaware of the literary value of a testimonial to the moral character of a writer, but being requested by the author of the following statement to testify to my knowledge of himself, I see no reason for declining to do so. Mr. Joseph Helsham was recommended to me when I undertook the secretarial duties of the South Street Visiting Mission, and he has been actively employed as a Visiting Missionary for nearly four years. I have never had the slightest reason to regret having engaged him, and I have many testimonials, both from clerical and lay friends, to the zeal with which he has discharged his duties. Though not an educated man, he is possessed of that shrewd sense which is more valuable than mere accomplishment, at least for such labours as those he undertakes. I have declined to

read the statement itself, and have done so solely from business reasons which Mr. Helsham appreciates, and which would be without interest to others, but I desire no control over any use that may be made of this testimony to the character of Mr. Helsham.

JOHN V. EARDLING, M.A.

South Street Mission Chamber, Feb. 11, 1862.

The reason why I have thought it my duty to draw out the following statement for publication will appear upon perusal. In the ordinary course of my duty as visiting missionary I should merely have written out, from my short-hand notes, the heads of what I am about to set down, and have handed in such summary to the secretary of the

mission. This is my course in all cases, and I have seldom found it necessary to refer again to my notes. But the peculiar character of the case I am about to describe seems to me to take it out of the routine, and having obtained the sanction of my employers to make the matter public, with the suppression only of names, I transcribe as closely as I can the extraordinary details. I am no writer for the public press, and the interest of this statement arises out of itself and with no aid from me. It seems to me, however, to have an importance which should render secondary any considerations of a literary kind.

After rather a fatiguing day of visits, on the eighth of the last month, I had gone home to tea, and was partaking of this with my family, when I received a written request from a person whom I knew, that I would manage to call as soon as possible at a house the address of which was given. I have said that I shall not mention names, and to mention the address would be the same thing, and I will, therefore, for convenience, merely give the street my own name, and call it Joseph Street. It is near Goswell Street Road. The street I mean is very well known, and its inhabitants are somewhat superior in outward respectability to the population around. It was, however, about nine or ten years ago, the scene of a murder of a very dreadful kind, the real nature of which has not, according to rumour, transpired, although one person, who was no doubt concerned in it, perished upon the scaffold. This fact has nothing to do with my statement, but will serve to identify the street for those who are most closely interested in what I have to recount.

I finished my meal, and went to the house to which I had been directed. I had never particularly noticed it, though I had frequently passed through the street, which is not above half a mile from my own residence. The house stands a little back, and has two wooden columns supporting a small porch, and I was therefore surprised that I had never observed this before. Any person, however, who is accustomed to walk London, must be aware how easy it is to overlook what is constantly under your eyes. The columns had been newly painted, which gave them fresh prominence at the time of my visit.

The person whom I was asked (but not by himself directly) to visit was named—I will say—Marcham. He was a schoolmaster; I had known him very slightly, having met him in some of my rounds, but I had frequently heard of him as a superior person to the ordinary run of small schoolmasters, who are usually coarse men, looking on the school as a mere means of making money, and are often harsh and cruel when they can be so with impunity. It has come to my knowledge that great sufferings are inflicted upon young and helpless children in these mean schools, and having heard an usually good account of Mr. Marcham, and his kindness to his young pupils, I naturally remembered his name with pleasure. Of himself I had heard little, except that he had been taught at one of the colleges, and that he was not thought to be in the needy condition in which many schoolmasters are, and which makes them so greedy after the school-money. Mr.

Marcham had, I was told, often allowed a boy to come to his school when there was no chance of the parents paying, and once in the case of a child that had died he wrote a short note, giving up a bill that was due to him, and consoling the parents by a line of poetry out of some heathen writer, saying that the gods showed their love for children by taking them away when they were young. I am not approving of the sentiment, but the act proved the good feeling of the writer of the letter.

The door was opened by a young female whose manners were very ladylike, and who I supposed was Mr. Marcham's daughter. I mentioned my name and that of the party who had requested me to call, and she looked rather surprised, and asked me whether I was a medical man. I, of course, replied in the negative, and shortly explained my mission. She listened respectfully, and begged me to wait, while she inquired. She came back hastily, made an apology, and said that orders had been given to admit me directly I came, but by some mistake she had not been told of them. I followed her along the dark passage, and into a room level with it. This was a school-room, and some forms and books were about, but there was no one in it. She opened a half-glazed door beyond, and I found myself in another and larger room, in which was Mr. Marcham. He was evidently extremely ill, that is, he was very thin and wasted, and a black velvet skull cap made his face look additionally white. He was lying on a wooden framework, something like tressels with a board upon them, and on this a black covered mattress was laid. He wore a long black coat, and it came over his feet. Except this sort of couch there was no other furniture in the room, but this was clearly not from the poverty of the inhabitant. In the window-seats there were flowers, which at such a time of the year must have been very expensive, and the room was agreeably warmed by an elegant-looking stove in the middle. It was lighted up by a handsome lamp which stood on the stove. Mr. Marcham's dress also was made of very good material. He was a man of about fifty-five, and his features were regular and handsome.

"I am much obliged to you for so early a compliance with my request, Mr. Helsham," he said. He made a sign to the young lady, who brought in a chair for me, and placed it near the foot of the couch. She seemed to wish to stay, but he said something to her in a language which I did not understand, and she bent over, kissed his forehead, and left the room.

"I am going on a long journey, Mr. Helsham," he said, with a smile.

Of course I understood him, and replied that it was a journey we should all have to take, and I was about to add what his words naturally prompted, when he said :

"Stay, sir, if you please. Accept my apology for interrupting you; but moments are valuable just now. I am not about to trouble you for any of the attentions which you are in the habit of rendering upon occasions of this kind, and which you render, I am sure, from the most conscientious motives. But I have heard of you as a thoroughly honest and honourable man, and I therefore ven-

tured to send for you, not that I might hear anything from you, but that you might hear something from me, of which I would ask you to be the depository."

I answered that I would gladly be of any service, but that I might hope that when I had heard him, I might be allowed to claim my own turn to be heard for a few minutes—or words to that effect, for I had not then began to note down what passed.

He smiled, and said that if when he had quite done with me I felt inclined to begin with him, he would make no objection. Meantime, as perhaps the room was somewhat close, would I oblige him by lighting a pastile.

"Certainly," I said.

He pointed to a dwarf closet in the wall to my right, and asked me to open it. I did so, and perceived a small bronze stand, about two feet high, and handsomely ornamented with embossed figures.

"If you would kindly bring that forward," he said.

I lifted it out, it was heavy, and its exact use did not strike me, for it was too low for a lamp-stand, but I supposed it might be some kind of pedestal. I placed it near him, and he handed me an ivory box containing some aromatic mixture, which he told me to pile in a small heap upon the bronze. This I did, and he gave me a wooden match to light the pastile mixture—the wood was also aromatic, and gave out a pleasant odour as I put it to the lamp.

As I turned from the lamp to apply the match to the pastile, Mr. Marcham was withdrawing his hand from the latter, and I supposed that he had been bringing it to a point so that it might be the more easily kindled. I touched it, and it ignited, and burned up with a purple glow, behind which, to my surprise, I perceived the features of a figure, in bronze, which he must have placed there when he leaned from the couch.

The aroma of the pastile mixture filled the room, at first agreeably, but soon became somewhat powerful, and I suggested whether I had not better extinguish it, as it was too potent, I thought, for an invalid.

"Do," he said, again smiling. "Empty that upon it," handing me a small silver cup.

Supposing it contained water, I poured the contents upon the fire, which shot up for a moment, and went out, and I perceived the odour of burned wine.

Mr. Marcham said something in an under voice, but he again spoke in a foreign language, and the idea crossed my mind that he was a Roman Catholic. I said so.

"You have half the truth," he answered, "which is a good deal in these days. Now, will you sit down!"

I obeyed, and observed that during the subsequent conversation, he held a small ivory figure in his hand, which confirmed me in my belief as to his being still in the errors of Popery.

"Mr. Helsham," he said, "the wisest and the best men have held that if we do our duty in this life, we may fairly leave our name and fame to chance. Posterity may do us justice, and if it

refuses justice, we shall not miss the boon. But a pardonable weakness makes us cling to the good opinion of our fellow men, and if, by a little provident care for our reputation, we can prevent scandals and slanders, I think we have a right to do so. Feeling this, I have requested your presence here to-night. I wish to make an explanation to you, and that you should make some record of what I say."

I asked why he had selected me.

"Because I have taken pains to understand your avocation, and I find that it lies almost entirely among those who are likely to misjudge me. You are an honest man, and you will at once confront the lies that may be scattered concerning me, and will contradict them on the authority of my own explanations to you."

I told him that as yet I had never heard aught of him, but what was kind and generous.

"Poor creatures," he said. "They think very much of a little kindness, which a man must be a brute to withhold. But when they come to affix a new significance to anything I have done, they will speak of me in another way. For that, I care nothing, I only desire that the truth should be comprehended, and I have asked you to receive it from me, and bear witness hereafter."

Let me explain that I had now begun to take short-hand notes of our conversation, and therefore I set down the rest with more confidence.

I said that I was ready to hear him, but he would understand that I received no communication which I did not report to my employers.

"The more it is reported, the better for my good name," he said. "And now, as we are both of one religion, and are what the Christian world calls Pagans, we can speak freely and with confidence."

I hastened to interrupt him, and to disavow the name he was giving me.

"Nay," he said, "you have yourself done that which the old martyrs of the creed you have renounced went to the stake rather than do."

"I have?"

"Yes, assuredly. You have just planted an altar to Venus, on this you have offered and kindled incense, which you have extinguished with a libation of wine. No better evidence of Paganism was required in Rome, and I rejoice to have added you to the number of those who have abjured the superstition of their ancestors."

I was confounded at being thus entrapped, and it was strange that in the presence of that man I could not recover my self-possession. Now I feel wonder that my act was not immediately to throw down what he called the altar, fling the image from the window, and reprove him severely for conduct so ill-fitting his condition. But I was conscious of some over-mastering influence which prevented my rising from my chair.

"You are not fool enough," he said, after a pause, in which he gazed at me earnestly, and seemed to read my thoughts, "you are not fool enough to suppose that you handful of bronze on that altar, your figure of Venus, is what you and I have worshipped, or that the perfumes we have burned, and which I composed with a druggist's materials, have aught beyond a symbolic value.

But what means the idol, what means the symbol? Turn out that lamp—I warn you that we shall be in the deepest of darkness—but turn out that lamp, and you shall see—and hear—what has been done, and WHO HAS ANSWERED THE SUMMONS.”

I answered that I would be party to no further wickedness, and I am convinced that I was right. It was not that I was afraid, but a strange weakness came over my physical powers, and I would have given the world to be away from the bedside of that man. It may be that there was some drug in the mixture he had made me burn that worked upon me and weakened me; but be this as it may, beyond refusing to obey his further orders, I was capable of no exertion of will or of body. I have been more or less ill ever since this night, but I have no reason to believe that I have been permanently harmed.

“The neophyte is too young in the faith to go further,” he said, not at all in a scoffing voice. “But he will never remain where he is, and though I may have passed away into dust, the time will come when he will renew the trial of to-night, and will, in fear and trembling, perhaps, await the revelation he now dreads to encounter. The time will come—he who has once laid the incense on the altar of our gods will lay it again, and they will claim the victory.”

I answered that he had entrapped me into a folly, of which I was ashamed, and that I should be more ashamed could I believe that I should ever repeat it.

“Yet you fear to extinguish that lamp.”

I replied that I did not choose to be his agent in any further wickedness, that I did not know what his next device might be, and that my errand to him had been one of kindness, and that I had not expected such a reception. But for all this I could not rise up, laugh his devices to scorn, and bid him either to talk reasonably or to dismiss me.

“No matter,” he said. “I am passing away, but I have devoted you to the old gods. It may be that I shall hear of you when I am at rest. The deity, at whose shrine you will complete the vow of to-night, may be pleased in time to come to let me know that my work is accomplished. You are hers, to be claimed in her own good time.”

His reiteration of this hideous assertion agitated me in a way which I now find it difficult to understand, and I conclude that my agitation must have been visible to him, for he said:

“Let me offer you some refreshment. I should have done so before. You will find wine in the closet behind you, or Eudoxia shall get it for you.”

But I refused to take anything, welcome as it would have been; for I knew not whether Mr. Marcham might have drugged the wine, or to what idol use it might have been applied.

“Then,” he said, “it only remains for me to say that which I brought you hither to hear. You will already have guessed at it, probably, but let it be said plainly, and bear it in mind until the time comes of which I have spoken. I know not, Mr. Helsham, whether you are aware that not

only in the great cities of the continent, but notably in London, the old religion, that which the world calls Paganism, is making large but almost silent and secret progress.”

I had not heard of it, and scarcely believed anything so humiliating as well as so painful.

“Do not use words which you may live to repent. Yes, my friend—for after what has passed to-night I may call you so without profanity—the old worship will be restored. At present the temples of the gods are hidden, but they are increasing in number, and ere long the creed of Rome—of old Rome—will be tolerated—soon after to be embraced by the nation.”

He then went on to tell me, to my utter astonishment, that several great and well-known persons in England had notoriously become converts to the religion of Jupiter. That in several country houses of the nobility small but exquisitely beautiful temples had been constructed, and that the rites of pagan Rome were daily celebrated therein. That many idols, as we called them, which had been undoubtedly the objects of worship in Rome, had been secured by some of the richer of the converts, and had been erected in the sacred temples. That several statues, which in past ages had been adored, had disappeared from the sculpture-gallery of the British Museum, and that though it was well known whither they had gone, such was the position of the parties to whom they could be traced, that no stir was made, and that substitutes were hastily provided in order to deceive the public. That in one of the best houses in one of the most aristocratic squares, there was a temple to Apollo, adorned in the most lavish manner, and that a select body of persons of the highest position, resorted thither under the pretext of music, and that a hymn had been written by no less a person than * * * * * himself. That the Duke of —, the Marquis of —, and many others whose names I must not give, and therefore it is useless to insert references to them, have become priests of the gods, and that some refusals to marry, which are said to have astonished the fashionable world, have arisen from the secret foundation of an order of Vestal Virgins. With many other details of a similar description, of the accuracy of which I have no means of judging. I have only set down what Mr. Marcham told me on the eighth of last month.

“I have long—very long,” he said, “been a convert to the old faith; but my name would have done nothing for it, nor were my means, though comfortable, sufficient to enable me to do much towards garnishing the altars. I resolved, therefore, to dedicate my life to the service, and to propagate the faith which I could not otherwise assist. To this end I have worked for many years. For this purpose I have devoted myself to the profession of a schoolmaster, and now that my career is closing, I can look back with triumph upon what I have accomplished. I have had some hundreds of children under my care; and you generally have heard that I have done them justice, and done it with kindness. No child, with a spirit that has been wounded here, is eager for the day when he shall be a man, that he may batter the cruel pedagogue who has made a young life a misery and a

shudder, no child with an intellect crushed by brutality here, is dragging out a listless and dreary existence, which might have been a glad and happy one but for his master. I have done my duty. I have sent out hundreds of young Pagan missionaries; but the future shall speak for me, and I fear it not. Now, give me your arm."

I rose and aided him to rise. He did so more easily than I had expected from his fragile appearance. As he stood on the floor I perceived that his feet were bare, save that he wore sandals. On his fingers were many rings, apparently costly ones.

"I should remove these," he said, observing my look at them, "and thought to have done so sooner. But I am stronger, and they may remain as yet."

Leaving on my arm, he walked to the end of the room, and opening a door, a flight of stone steps appeared. They led downward. We descended them, but there was nothing of the damp odour of a vault. On the contrary, I perceived a renewal of the perfume which he had made me lay upon the altar. We entered a passage dimly lighted with a pendent lamp, and turned to the left. A strong door, with a semi-circular top was before us. It was carefully hung, however, for with the slightest exertion Mr. Marcham drew it open, and then, pushing aside a blue curtain studded with stars, he led me forward.

We were in a temple paved with marble. It was small, but very richly adorned. The roof was of blue, with silver stars. Two rows of white marble columns supported the roof, and between each hung a tiny silver lamp, which was burning, I saw no window. The walls were inlaid with strange figures, upon some of which I cared not to look twice, for they were the figures of demons. A small altar, like that upon which I had burned the incense, but either golden or gilded, stood near the centre, and behind it a tall marble figure of a man, unclad, and in the act of discharging a bow.

A young woman was kneeling before the altar, and singing in a low voice, with an accompaniment that proceeded from some unseen instrument. The melody lasted some minutes. The girl, it was she whom I had seen above, and who was dressed in blue, with her arms and feet bare, rose, and bent her eyes upon the face of the image. Then the music became louder, and then suddenly ceased. The lamps all went out, and there was a stillness.

Then there came a sound as if a plate of silver had fallen on the marble pavement.

A faint blue light rose from the altar, and I could see the figure of the girl, who raised the plate from the ground, and sought to decipher what was written upon it. The eyes of the idol shone out for a moment with a beautiful rose-coloured ray, and there was a smile, as I thought, on its lips.

Marcham approached the girl.

"He hath relented. Apollo hath forgiven. The slayer of the Python is merciful. Hath he not pardoned?"

"He hath, my father! He is very merciful. The Pythoness shall be saved, and—nay, read—"

"Shall lay two hundred eggs—deducting the added."

I remember no more. I reached my home in safety that night, though I have no recollection of the mode by which I did so. My wife, who is a worthy helpmate, and not unduly given to recall and dilate upon a husband's frailties, has made various allusions to that evening, and they trouble me. For the silencing all rumours which may be based upon her allegations, I have resolved to set down what happened on that awful night, and to obtain leave to publish the facts.

JOSEPH HELSHAM.

"ALL DOWN THE RIVER."

IN a former number* I described how timber is made in Canada, and its removal from its stump to the river on the banks of which it was made. Those who have read the account will, I trust, be sufficiently interested to follow it through the remaining stages of its journey from the forest to the market, the "drive" down its native river, and the run, banded up into a raft, down the St. Lawrence. Towards the end of March—the shantymen's long month, for then the days lengthen out and the frost leaves the timber, making it far tougher to chop—most of the available timber is cut, the trees become smaller and scarcer, and the liner is hard pushed to find work for his gang. At the same time the snow melts throughout the woods, and the surface of the roads, hard beaten as it is, becomes rotten, so that the horses "slump in;" while here and there appear patches of bare ground.

All hands now prepare for a remove: the most skilful hewer, with the aid of a less experienced companion, is commissioned to make a canoe, the rest of the men busy themselves with the manufacture of boathook-handles and handspikes for the drive; and the ox-teamster and his mate drive their cattle to the dépôt, and give them in charge to the farmer there, who feeds them until he considers the grass is sufficient to pasture them. Then he turns them loose, to roam at their pleasure, merely looking them up occasionally to count heads, and to keep them in health by giving them salt.

At length the roads become impracticable for timber-drawing: the horses draw their last load, the canoe, to the river bank, and make the best of their way homewards. Then the canoe, with those of birch bark, which have been kept at the river-bank since the preceding winter, are launched, the men's baggage, with the pots and pans, are embarked, and the men, taking their seats, paddle slowly down the stream to the first fall or rapid, clearing the river as they go of the stray sticks landed on the bank by the high water of the previous autumn, or caught by the overhanging bushes. On their arrival, the men pitch their tents which they have brought with them; and, spreading their blankets, begin camp life—very pleasant indeed, in such lovely scenery, when the weather is dry and warm, but anything but comfortable if it rains much.

* See No. cxxxii. page 47.

If the water be not sufficiently high to admit of the drive being begun, the gang of the shanty first vacated generally find work enough for the interim in repairing the "improvements"—the shoots, slides, dams, and booms by which the timber is safely passed through the perilous parts of the river, and in which, on rivers which have been long worked, some thousands of pounds are invested. Shoots and slides, built, the former through the middle, the latter at the side of the stream, protect the timber from the rough bottom of a rapid, or bring it, by a *détour*, from above a cataract to below it; dams, erected at right angles to the stream at the heads of slides, serve to increase the flow of water through them; while the booms—lengths of timber strongly chained together—are strung across the stream just above the falls or rapids, to prevent the logs from dashing headlong over them.

So soon as the water in the river has risen high enough, the men repair to the boom which restrains the timber from rushing pell-mell through the first rapid on its downward course, and commence the process of putting the timber through the slide. These booms above falls or rapids must be placed some distance above them before the strength of the current has perceptibly increased, or the force of the stream would press the mass of timber so violently against the boom that, independently of the danger of its being carried away, it would be almost impossible to guide each stick through the opening when required. Near the end of the boom, at about fifteen or twenty feet from the shore, on the same side as the slide, is built a pier, a stout framework of timber ten or twelve feet square, some four or five feet higher than the depth of the stream. This is sunk to the bottom, well loaded with stones, and stands firmly against the current. Another similar pier is built at the outer side of the head of the slide, and between these is a line of booms to keep the timber from being sucked into the main stream. Four or five of the men take their station at the head of the main boom, and with boat-hook and handspike separate the logs from the mass which presses upon them, marshalling them in order through the gap between the pier and the shore; while the remainder, boat-hook in hand, are posted along the side booms from pier to pier, ready to receive and forward each stick as it comes, and preventing too many from coming together, as they might get jammed across and stop the rest, guide them safely into the mouth of the slide. It is pleasant to see the logs glide through the slides; to watch them sway from side to side on first entering, as though reluctant to travel by so narrow a road; to notice them gradually quicken their pace as the angle of the slide increases; and to remark how, after taking their final plunge from the mouth, and ploughing along under water for twenty or thirty feet, they reappear on the surface, their wet sides glistening in the sunshine, while they roll jollily as though, after all, they had enjoyed the fun. Once more at liberty to pursue their journey down the river, the more fortunate sticks travel as far as the next boom; others, drifting into quiet corners where there is but little current, are caught and detained

by the overhanging brushwood: some are sucked into the eddy at the foot of the fall, and some arrested in mid-current by the boulders lying just beneath the surface of the water, form what is technically termed a "jam."

To clear an eddy is, generally speaking, but the work of a few hours, for a canoe is manned, and the sticks towed out one after another; but there was one famous eddy on our river where no canoe, save at great risk, could go, and which was safe to give work to half the gang for a day and a half or two days. It was in a bay, forming three parts of a circle, nearly in the centre of which the timber kept slowly revolving, for the most part just beyond reach of the boat-hooks of the men, who stood around, on the parts of the shore nearest the eddy. As soon as a piece was forced outside the rest, three or four boat-hooks were plunged into it, as many impatient cries of "Hale!" "Hale donc, fort!" were given by the excitable French Canadians, and the stick was rescued from its restless imprisonment, unless, as sometimes happened, the eddy would prove too strong for the few hooks that could reach the stick, and there was a desperate struggle to shake the boat-hook free, before it was dragged from the owner's hands, or the owner himself was pulled into the water.

A far more arduous and exciting undertaking than clearing an eddy is the dispersion of a "jam." These "jams" usually form in some part of the river not sufficiently destructive to the timber to necessitate any "improvement," but where the stream dashes swiftly over a rough, uneven bed, and huge boulders either break or lie just beneath the surface of the water. Against these boulders some stick, descending the stream broadside on, becomes fixed, and being quickly joined by others, the force of the stream forms them into a compact mass, an impassable barrier, which each succeeding piece serves to strengthen and solidify. To an inexperienced eye the attempt to separate such a confused, immovable-looking mass appears a forlorn hope, piled as the logs are in some cases two deep upon the boulders in the middle, and jammed against the side of the river. But the foreman steps out from the bank upon the half acre or so of timber, and, taking a survey of the lower part of it, which is, of course, the key of the position, quickly decides which stick the "timber grips" shall first enclose in their stern embrace. The "grips"—large iron hooks connected by a short piece of chain—are then knocked in, one on each side of the piece selected, a rope is made fast to the connecting chain, and the end of it carried ashore, where the men seize hold of it, and haul: or, if the place be a favourite spot for a "jam," there is often a rough windlass constructed between two trees, round which a turn or two of the rope is taken and the men heave, while the foreman and another man or two persuasively shake the stick with their handspikes. For some time windlass and handspike are fruitlessly plied: the stick is firm and will not budge. If it continue too long immovable, another must be tried, and another, and another, until at last one does come. Then the whole mass moves, and the foreman and his helpers with the handspike run for their lives,

for they cannot tell whether the whole "jam" may not go at once. But this does not often happen, except in light "jams." Generally the "grips" are again and again fixed, the foreman and his companions ply their levers, and the men heave. Now one, now two, sometimes six or seven logs are dragged from the mass, until at last the stick upon which all the rest depend is hauled from its position, and the greater part of the remainder follow. It is easy work to clear away the rest, and the "jam" is dispersed.

But the most wearisome and exhausting part of the work on the drive is kedging the timber *en masse* through the lakes. The logs are detained by a boom at the head of the lake, while the men choose out the longest sticks and join them together, so as to form a temporary boom of sufficient length to encircle the rest of the timber. The ends of this boom are made fast to opposite sides of the river, and the stream fills out the slack; the boom above is opened, the timber drifts in, and when all is arrived the boom is closed around it. All would now be ready to cross the lake, but as almost every stick of timber floats with an angle up and not a flat side, and as the surrounding boom does not enclose them tightly enough to prevent their rolling when trodden upon, the footing is not firm enough for the men to work upon, and there is no place for the capstan. So a crib is made: two floats, young trees eight or ten inches in diameter, of the average length of the timber, are laid parallel to each other, about thirty feet apart, and three more trees, flattened this time and called traverses, are laid across them at equal intervals, and pinned down to them. As many logs as can be squeezed in are then forced under this frame, which, compressing them tightly, keeps them flat, and affords a secure foothold. The capstan is a piece of a pine tree, five or six feet long, stripped of its bark and pierced with auger holes for the handspikes, which serve as capstan bars: a large hole is bored into it at one end, and it is fitted on an enormous pin, which is driven into the middle of the centre traverse, and on which it revolves. The ropes and kedges, the men's belongings, the cook and his utensils, are then embarked on the crib, and all is ready for a start. But a start can only be made when the wind is dead aft, or when it is calm weather, for as the raft thus hastily formed extends over an area of more than two acres, its crew of twenty or twenty-five men are powerless to move it against a contrary breeze, or to keep a side wind from driving it ashore. The weather having become favourable, two log canoes, lashed together, receive the kedge, to which is attached a long rope. To the extent of this rope the canoes carry forward the kedge and sink it, leaving over the spot a "bunn," a small, flat-bottomed boat, floating at the end of a light rope, also made fast to the kedge. Returning to the raft, the canoes are laden with another kedge, and while the men are heaving up to the kedge just dropped, the crew of the canoe coil up the slack of the rope as it comes in. So soon as the kedge first sunk is arrived at, and while the men are hauling it up, the canoes start with the second and sink it as they did the first. Thus no time

is lost; one kedge after another is put out, and the capstan is always going. Notwithstanding, it is most tedious work, as may be judged from the fact that it will take three days to cross a lake twelve miles long, though the men work all the time the wind is favourable, both night and day.

Safely passed through all these successive dangers and delays, the timber arrives at the last boom, some little distance from the mouth of the river. Here is the rafting ground, and here it is that the logs are brought into order and rafted up before facing the more powerful rapids of the Ottawa, the Long Sault, and the Grand Sault; and the tempestuous waters of Lake St. Peter and Bay St. Croix on the St. Lawrence. Here is gathered a supply of rafting materials of all sorts, withes and traverses, lashing poles and raft oars, and here the men set to work at their last regular labour before their last half-idle, half-laborious task of navigating the raft to Quebec.

Rafting is of two kinds: by cribs or by drams: the former method is used above Ottawa, as only a single crib at a time can pass the Chaudière Slide at that city; while the latter is generally practised when the raft starts from below Ottawa. The cribs are made in the same way as that on which the men stand in crossing the lakes, and upon each are hauled four loading sticks, which are laid across the traverses. They are lashed together by stout poles laid across the traverses, and firmly secured by withes. These withes are birch rods, about one or two inches in diameter, and are prepared for use by being twisted until they become so pliable that sailors, seeing stray ones used at the timber dépôts in Quebec, call them "wooden ropes."

In rafting by drams, the sticks themselves are made to act as floats, and two of equal length having been selected, an end of a traverse is fastened to each with a stout ash pin: a section of a traverse is then pinned, in continuation of its length, to each log, and another log added to each piece of traverse, which is treated in the same way as its predecessor. To these are added two more logs, and, across the ends of this, the third pair, is pinned the second whole traverse. This frame, three times the length of a crib, is filled with timber in the same way, and has a proportionate quantity of top timber hauled upon it. The drams are then lashed together, like the cribs, endways, by lashing poles, and sideways by chains passed round the outside sticks of neighbouring drams.

The craft is now built, and the next thing is to fit her for sea. Masts are erected twelve or fifteen feet high, upon which are hoisted lug sails, and as a raft covers a large extent of water, a dozen masts and sails are not considered too many. Our craft, not being much more than an acre in area, had only eight sails—five in a row across the bows, and three across the stern.

These sails are, however, capable of use only when the raft is on one of the lakes, or the wind is almost dead aft, for the lee-way of such a craft is so great that it requires plenty of room to test her sailing capabilities. In the rapids, and in critical places, next to nothing can be done to move the raft end on, the usual service of the motive power

being to put the raft in proper position in taking and running through the rapids, and this motive power is afforded by the oars—ponderous great things—young trees squared and thinned a little for the blade, with an ambitious attempt at a handle at the other end. A supply of these oars is taken on board, rowlocks are fitted on the loading sticks, a good sized anchor and chain, with several coils of different sized rope, complete the equipment of the craft, and it only remains to furnish accommodation for the crew. This is soon arranged: a hutch is knocked up of inch plank, which domiciles the men, a smaller one receives the provisions, cooking and eating utensils, and a caboose for the use of the cook renders the raft, when provisioned, ready for the cruise. The size of the men's hutch (they are dignified by the title of "cabins,") varies, of course, with the number of the crew. We were twenty-three in all, and our house was 15 feet long by 12 wide, the walls being about 5½ feet high, with the roof sloping up to three or four feet more. This scarcely allowed each of us as many cubic feet of air as must now be provided for a soldier in barracks, but as there was no door to close up the doorway, and as in some places there were gaps an inch or two broad between the planks, the ventilation was not so bad as it might have been. Indeed, there was quite a nice fresh breeze usually blowing through an interstice just over my head, about two inches in width, the only objection to be raised against it being, that I felt it, perhaps, a little too much, through one pair of blankets, on nights when it froze. I watched these proceedings with interest, for, combining business with instruction, I had arranged to go down on the raft as clerk in charge. Nominal charge, however, for all guidance of the raft, and all authority over the men, is centred in the pilot, and my only duties were to take charge of the cash and to pay our way down.

Everything was now ready, and the pilot, assuming the command, ordered the shore ropes to be cast off, and a few strokes being given with the oars to put us in mid-stream, we drifted tranquilly, on a lovely spring evening, out upon the broad stream of the Grand River, as the shantymen always designate the Ottawa.

In emerging from our little river, it became necessary to man the oars to attempt to reach the middle of the current of the Ottawa. I observed the preparations with interest, for I had often seen raft-oars in Quebec, and I was curious to know how they were managed. Pulling an oar in an out-rigger is a very different accomplishment to rowing on the sea; but an adept in either branch of the art would be sorely puzzled to know what use to make of a raft-oar, about twenty or twenty-five feet in length, and five or six inches square in the middle. The rower has to stand close beside the top stick on which his oar works, and bends over it to take his stroke, placing the leg nearest the water against the stick by way of stretcher. Novices in the art always will put the wrong leg against the stick, from fear of losing their balance, and thus lose half their power. It is clumsy work, but if the men keep time well, their united movement looks well,

as do all motions of any considerable number of men acting in unison.

We failed in our efforts to gain the mid-current, and the wind in the course of half-an-hour sent us ashore, where we had no resource but to snub. "Snubbing" is the term employed by raftsmen to denote making fast, and must be used, I suppose, from the peculiar process always attendant upon stopping and mooring a raft. When the unwieldy thing is driven ashore by the wind, being still under the force of the current, it has great impetus, owing to its size, which no rope could at once check. A rope is sent out astern, and is made fast to some tree on the bank, a couple of turns taken round a traverse, and the way of the raft gradually checked, or snubbed, until it comes to a complete standstill, and is secured at both ends.

It was late in the evening when we snubbed, and no farther progress was to be made that night. At daylight next morning we started again, and made a few miles, when we had to stop again, opposite the village of supply, thence to receive our last provisions for the voyage, and to complete our equipment with a "bunn." Setting forth again in the calm of the evening, we travelled all night, and at breakfast time next morning were not far from the first and greatest rapid—the Long Sault, drifting down between the sombre heights of L'Original, close on our right, and the cleared lands of the Augmentation of Grenville, stretching away in the distance on our left. Our prospects were not encouraging, for the left bank was the proper station whence to take the Long Sault, and we were so close to the head of that rapid that the attempt to cross by rowing would have been utterly hopeless. Presently, the bay of L'Original opened on our right, and into it the pilot was fain to make the best of his way, as it presented the best snubbing ground at which to look out for a steamer, for on the arrival of one now depended all our hopes. We were fortunate in this respect, for we had not waited long when one appeared, towing behind it a raft, and passed us on its way to the "Head" of the Long Sault. The pilot and I walked up to the village of L'Original, and bent our steps to the end of the wharf there, thence to signal the steamer on her return. She soon appeared, and on the pilot's waving his hat, stood in towards the wharf, when a long course of chaffering ensued between her captain and the pilot, in the true spirit of French Canadians. The captain of the steamer had it almost his own way, for he knew what a fix we were in; and we had to accede pretty much to his terms. The bargain struck, the steamer stood on to the next wharf to take in fuel. Towards evening she came down to us, and a rope having been twisted round two separate traverses, was finally made fast to a third, and the end hove aboard the steamer. The shore fastenings were cast off; we traversed the stream obliquely; and, as the night was closing in, reached the opposite bank, and made fast to some trees growing in the water, after running foul of the raft which had preceded us, and slightly arousing the ire of its crew.

Next morning, early dawn saw the men busy despatching their breakfast, and then they pre-

pared for running the rapid. Old rowlocks were repaired, new ones made; extra hands engaged; and towards noon, half the raft, manned by all hands, except the cook, started. I, however, went no farther than the wharf of the steamer which runs between Grenville and Ottawa, near which is situated the terminus of the Carillon and Grenville railroad; and, addressing myself to the manager, requested him to send the "cars" to meet and bring up our men. The company are always willing to do this, provided there are a sufficient number of men, charging a tariff rate of 6*d.* a head to carry the men twelve miles—an immense boon to them, as it spares them a dusty tramp of that length, after the labour of putting through, besides saving them nearly three hours' time. This arranged, I returned to the part of the raft left behind, and took up my station to keep off intruders. The neighbourhood of the raft's snubbing ground at "The Head" bears a very bad name, and is reported to be haunted by females of the lowest character, who take advantage of the absence of the rest of the men to board the raft and, overcoming the opposition of the cook by the enticement of spirits (forbidden on board a raft), or even by force, pilfer the pork-barrels. But as the clerk of the raft is generally supposed by them to be above the attractions of whisky, or because two are stronger than one, they do not board a raft when the clerk is to be seen. So, while the cook stayed behind to look after the pork-barrels, I stayed behind to protect the cook by acting as scare-crow. Nothing particular, however, happened; one canoe hovered near, but the crew did not venture to board us.

The men returned in the afternoon, having experienced a stroke of bad luck. The wind, which had been almost doubtful in the morning, had veered more to the north as they entered the rapid and had driven them, despite their rowing, out of the right channel, into the edge of the dangerous "black swells" which bound the channel. Two of the drams had been broken up, one of them badly, ten or twelve sticks having escaped from it. The men were full of accounts of the way in which the timber had plunged and jumped, and one lad, whose first experience of the Long Sault it was, had been fairly frightened, when, from his station in the stern, he had been momentarily unable to see the men in the bow.

So there was no more running that day. The next morning the wind was again doubtful, and the pilot would not venture out until the evening, when it drew more aft. Casting off our moorings we were slowly and quietly drifted by the current round the sweep of Grenville Bay, close to the shore. As we passed the railway station and the head of the canal, we could dimly hear the roaring of the waters of the most dangerous rapid on the Ottawa, as they rushed through the narrow channel. The eye of every man is now eagerly fixed on the pilot, as standing on a loading stick in the centre of the raft, he motions them to row, to stop rowing, or to reverse their oars. And now, in turning the corner at "The Head," we enter the straight channel, and can discern breakers before us.

To the left lie the shallow, babbling waters of

the dangerous "Cellar;" on the right roll the mischief-makers of the morning before the "Black Swells"—quieter, but still more to be feared; while between them, scarcely wider than the band on which we stand, is the regular channel. Here also the waters roar, and the surface is broken into fierce-looking waves, but the swells are not powerful enough to break up a raft, and the water is deep enough to carry us safely over the rugged bottom. Faster and faster we approach, and eagerly the pilot cons the progress of the band. Now we are drawing perilously close to the current of the Cellar.

"Pull, bow oars, to the right."

Steadily and strongly the men row, but the band is heavy, and will not swing well. Again the pilot waves his hand, this time to the stern oars, to help in turning the raft by pulling to the left.

"Ah! too much! Reverse all."

Quickly the men leap over the sticks and begin rowing in opposite directions, and a stroke or two soon puts us right. Now we fairly enter the struggling waters, the lashings scroop uneasily, and a slight tremor runs through the band, as the leading dram takes its first dip. I plant my feet firmly and prepare, if things come to the worst, to cling, tooth and nail, to the stick on which I stand. But no such dreadful need occurs. The lashings creak and groan with the strain laid upon them, and the water dashes over the bottom timber, as we rush swiftly past the black rolling waters on our right, but the loading sticks are scarcely splashed, and the disturbance to the footing is not nearly so great as is experienced on board ship in a stiff breeze. Nor did it take us long to run through—the worst part of the rapid we must have got over in less than five minutes, and then there only remained the less dangerous passage of the smaller rapids below, terminating with the "Horse-Race," where we dashed along at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, the outside sticks appearing to pass within four or five feet of the rocky bank, on which, had we struck, the greater part of the raft must have gone in pieces. This was the last critical part of the rapid, and soon we floated into the quieter waters at the tail, and rejoined the other part of our raft.

The greater part of the next day was passed in re-raftering the loosened logs, and searching for the missing ones of the wrecked dram. A thorough search of all the accessible parts of the banks above us still left us three or four sticks short, and as all else was ready, we could not delay more, and with the raft again united, started to face Carillon Rapid. This was but tame work compared with the excitement we had just passed through, the only moving incident being that a short stick by some means caught in the bottom, and rearing up on end, fell over on the others, somewhat dangerously close to a man in the bow, who had to jump out of its way.

At Carillon I landed to inquire about a steamer which was to have met us just below there, but she was engaged, and we had to continue our journey alone, as best we might. Three days' lazy drifting through lovely scenery, with occasional intervals of still lazier unwelcome rest, brought us to the head of the Lake of Two Mountains.

Starting the morning after, with a fine fair breeze, we made the best day's travelling of our voyage. The expanse of the lake afforded us means of testing our sailing capabilities, and every advantage was taken of the opportunity. All sail was made, and spare planks reserved for the purpose were thrust perpendicularly between the logs, to stop as far as possible our lee-way. All went well, and very refreshing it was, after so long a bout of sluggish progress and baffled wishes, to feel that we were doing something independently of the current, as on the approach of evening we cheerily passed the little Indian village which lies on the north side of the lake, and gladly took our last look at the distant view of the railway bridge at Lachnie. Had the breeze held on for an hour or two longer we should have well attained our aim and entered the Little River, the mouth of the Ottawa, which, out of three, is chosen as the road for rafts going to Quebec. But just as we gained sight of our port the wind provokingly deserted us, and left us under the influence of the current of another channel of the Grand River. The attempt to escape from this cost the men a long fatiguing spell of rowing, tiring them out to no purpose, and we had to anchor.

The thumping of a steamer's paddlewheels awoke us next morning, and we engaged her to put us into the stream of the Little River, down which we were drifted for awhile, and then the wind drove us ashore, where we had to stay, wind-bound, all the rest of the day. The next day, being Sunday, we did not move, and it was very pleasant to be able to roam over the farms which lined the river's bank—a cheerful contrast in their first fresh coat of green to the staring yellow timber. Monday morning saw us again on our journey, running through the swift and sinuous parts of the river which precede the Grand Sault, near the head of which rapid we snubbed again, preparatory to splitting the raft in two again before running that rapid and passing under the three bridges built across the Little River. This was a journey requiring care, as we learnt from the story of a band of elm which had essayed it a day or two previous. Unprovided with good ropes, they had incautiously ventured too far down the stream before snubbing, and in attempting to do so their rope broke. They tried again with the same result, and were now so far down that nothing remained for them but to run the rapid, all unprepared as they were. They had not gone far before they discovered the hopelessness of their attempt. In approaching the first bridge the band was drawn into a wrong channel, and drove straight towards one of the piers of the arch. The men saw their danger, and all escaped in their canoe, but the timber was all cast loose, the greater part of it piled up against the pier, and much of it lost.

Our pilot being incompetent to guide us through the ensuing difficult navigation, engaged a substitute, and for the trip laboured at the oar. Both divisions went safely through everything, and we were now past the dangers of the Ottawa. The Grand Sault can scarcely be said to deserve its name well, for though the swell is high, the channel is broad, and it is very much shorter than

the Long Sault. The incline of its bed must be very steep, for the waters form a kind of step down which the timber seems to jump rather than to glide.

The bands were stopped a short distance below the last bridge, and while the men were occupied lashing them together, I went to Montreal to try and procure a steamer to tow us from the mouth of the Little River, and to obtain some more provisions. I failed in procuring a steamer, but on my return I found that the pilot had been more successful, for he had fallen in with the captain of a steamboat, and awaited only my endorsement of the bargain which he had made to have the comfortable assurance that a steamer was attending us in the St. Lawrence. Once more dropping down the stream we passed Laprarie—Laprarie Rapid it is called, though in the high water of the spring, during which we passed it, there was only a part of the river where the current was swifter than elsewhere, and were soon brought again to a standstill with a contrary wind. Towards evening it fell calm, and the pilot thought he would push on to reach his steamer before nightfall. We put out, and had just got so far down that there was no hope of being able to snub when we discovered that the calm had been but a treacherous lull, the precursor of a storm. The sky clouded over, the wind rose high, and the rain came down mercilessly, causing one to have gloomy forebodings of damp blankets at night. Still we had to keep on our way, the pilot anxiously watching our progress and giving eager orders to row! row! But all the efforts of the rowers were in vain, and gradually, surely, we were drifted out of the right channel, and driven towards a place where the stream rushed swiftly through an opening scarcely affording us room to pass between rocks which rose up on either side like a gateway, and where immediately beyond the current took a sudden turn. It was an anxious moment as we glided through at an immense pace, but we escaped well, except one dram, which struck on the rocks and lost a float. The storm passed away after doing us this mischief, and the night became bright and clear. But this was not the last of our mishaps. Driven out of the proper channel, the pilot had lost his way among the labyrinth of isles which stud this mouth of the Ottawa, and his only resource was to allow the current to carry us forward at its will, rowing merely to escape being driven ashore on one of the islands. In a short time we were rejoiced by the sight of one of the lights which dot the course of the St. Lawrence; but, on nearing it, our hopes were dashed when we discovered that the current was driving us straight upon it. The unfortunate crew, fatigued as they were by their exertions during the storm, had to row desperately again. But it was of no use, the raft could not be made to budge from its course, and the pilot was obliged to give up in despair. We stood prepared to meet the worst. As for me, I expected that the raft would go to pieces, and that we should be left standing shivering all through the night on the bare rock on which the lighthouse was built. I was standing ruminating on this anything but pleasant prospect, prepared to hear the smashing up of the timber, when I was pleasantly surprised by

hearing a shout announcing that the raft had grounded. The men leaped ashore with handspikes, and did what they could to ease it off again. As the stern swung with the current the bow slipped off, and thus quietly ended a catastrophe which I had concluded, from the despairing countenance of the pilot as he told the men to cease rowing, could scarcely have failed to be a disastrous one.

Soon we were safely fast to our steamer, and speedily accomplished the remainder of our voyage, for two days more saw us at Quebec—nothing beyond running foul of the cable of a schooner at anchor, and thereby losing another float, and a stiff breeze in crossing Lake St. Peter, which still more broke up our already damaged drams, and lost us two or three sticks more, occurring to break the dreary monotony of sitting on the timber with nothing to do but to listen to the ceaseless thumping of the paddlewheels a-head. Having reached the "cove," or timber depôt, which was our destination, we made fast to the outlying wharves for the night, and the next morning the men were paid off. In the course of a tide or two we were boarded by the men of the cove and taken to a place of security, the rafting materials despatched to the upward-bound steamer, the men who had stayed to pack them up paid off, and I obtained a receipt for the raft. This was my last act as clerk of the raft; the timber had now passed from the hands of the manufacturer, and had entered the stores of the merchant.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF PESTH.

AUTUMN, and with the wind cutting keenly round the corners of the streets. The Slovak ponders whether, like Brian O'Linn, he shall turn the skinny side of his sheep-skin pelisse out and the woolly side in, and has already substituted a shako-like cap of similar material for the black broad-brimmed hat which serves him in summer as a pomatum-pot—for it is in this last that he collects the lard which he applies with both hands to his unkempt hair. There he may be seen, either leaning phlegmatically against a wall, and gazing upon the passing crowd, or, in a sudden fit of industry, loading glass-ware carefully packed in straw upon his light cart, to which three, four, or five rough-coated horses about the size of donkeys are attached by ropes. When he has finished his work, he swings himself into the high saddle of the foremost quadruped, and rides proudly away, inserting his sandalled feet in capacious stirrups, which all but touch the ground. Were he not on horseback, you might take him for an Esquimaux.

Uglier countenances than those of the Slovaks are hardly to be seen, for poverty, ignorance, and servility peer from their little, deep-set, stolid eyes. The faces of many are frightfully disfigured by disease, and with the uncombed hair falling matted over cheek and forehead, leave upon the beholder's mind the impression of having seen some newly-discovered animal. The mouth is large and wide; the lips are hideous, clothed with a scanty fringe of hair—other beard there is none. To the sheep-skin cap and pelisse already mentioned add

tight nether garments of coarse, once-white woollen, terminating, in many, in clumsy boots reaching to the knee, and the picture is complete.

The Slovak is the Paria of Hungary. He is universally despised, employed in the dirtiest kinds of labour, and the commonest workman considers himself entitled to abuse the "cursed Slovak" whenever the latter comes near. In summer, wandering members of the tribe lead a nomadic life. Towards evening their light basket-work waggons halt in some open space near the Upper Danube. Oxen and horses are unharnessed and turned out to graze: dirty women and half-naked children clamber out of the waggon. A fire soon flickers merrily beneath the earthen pot, surrounded by greedy-eyed children, waiting for the porridge, which all dip out from the vessel with wooden spoons. If they halt upon a Sunday, the women begin to wash, drying the clothes upon grass or stones; while the men repair the waggon, smoke, sleep, or one lays his head upon the lap of another, who performs for his companion that kind mutual office we see executed with so much gusto by monkeys in the Zoological Gardens.

All this occurs by the side of the most frequented thoroughfare, upon which the fashionable world airs its toilette for the public view. French refinement and Asiatic uncleanness hardly approach anywhere so closely as upon the Corso at Pesth. If we continue our walk a little further, beyond the region of pavement into dirt and dust and puddles, past wood-stores, third-rate shops, and dirty wine-houses, we shall see stranger sights still upon a summer's day. Nude figures—some with, others without, the slightest covering—ride horses into the river, or bathe, or take "headers" from the spring-boards in the public baths. Unclothed children grovel in the mud, for many Slovak families who cannot find accommodation in the town dwell in cabins upon the river's banks.

Retracing our steps to the corner whence we set out, we observe omnibuses bound to the various baths of Ofen, or to the suburbs, with fiacres whisking rapidly round corners, and their drivers uttering as warning a long-drawn monotonous "Ho-o-o!" Upon the pavement streams of foot-passengers, picturesque in attire and dignified in demeanour, pass unceasingly before us. The lady wears a richly-braided mantle thrown jauntily half over her shoulder, glittering with huge buttons of the precious metals, with glass pearls, and with shining clasps; a black feather droops gracefully from a small round hat upon her shoulder, or a noble bunch of ostrich plumes rears itself proudly over her head. The gentleman beside her clanks his long spurs with the mighty wheels, and bears an eagle's feather bent sideways upon his low-crowned hat; his lower man is arrayed in black, violet, or cherry-red garments fitting tightly to the skin, richly braided and arabesqued upon the outward portion of the thigh. Both coat and paletôt are thickly studded with buttons, and tressed with braid upon the breast, sleeves, and lappets; and even the waistcoat is as richly braided as the bodice of the lady.

Close beside this street, in a partly unpaved square, stands a herd of long-legged greyish cattle with enormous horns, upon which the drovers

strike with thick cudgels, to keep the beasts together. Every three or four of these luckless animals are connected by a rope, and every stroke of the cudgel consequently entails a species of galvanic movement through the entire mass. At intervals a drove of short-legged swine snatches a hasty siesta here, while awaiting a favourable opportunity to pass over the suspension-bridge. Country life thus reaches into the midst of the capital, and gives it a rustic tinge.

We must not omit to notice the chesnut-seller, who sets up a small iron stove at every street-corner, roasts the fruit upon its flat top, and sells his wares to passengers, who eat as they walk along, or carry their purchases into the tavern, as a relish to their wine. Never far distant from the chesnut-seller a boy takes up his post with salted biscuits, attached to a long staff, and attracts public notice by the droning hum of a rattle. Towards dark he leaves the street for the beer-shop, where he drives a "roaring trade." Sellers of all descriptions of articles congregate in these places. One offers coloured glass-ware for sale; another cigar mouthpieces and meerscham bowls; a stout, gaily-dressed hawkeress carries a basket filled with men's drawers, jackets, and braces, neckties, and purses; a fourth sets up a roulette table, with an orange as the prize. Beggars thrust the hideous stump of a limb into your face, and glean a bounteous harvest from tender-hearted guests.

The most wretched-looking object in all this many-coloured life is the water-carrier, with his jaded donkey raw with sores. Of spring-water, fit for drinking, Pesth possesses ample supply, but every household requires to be furnished daily with river-water for domestic purposes, and this damp and perilous vocation is undertaken by the carrier. Of course he is constantly dripping, presents the appearance of a walking lump of ice in winter, and must possess an iron constitution. When a sudden thaw has been succeeded by a sudden frost, the way to the Danube and along the pavements—strewn only here and there with sand or ashes—is dangerous in the extreme, and fractured limbs are ordinary accidents. If poor, the carrier brings the water pail-wise to his customers; if possessed of a little capital, he purchases a two-wheeled cart, capable of holding ten or twelve butts, and a donkey or two: some Rothschilds of the tribe expend a few additional *gulden*, and purchase a foundered horse. These vehicles, with their dripping owners, are to be seen in every street. If the business is extensive, a dog is placed in charge of the concern, while the proprietor is carrying in the pails.

Street-life in Pesth presents entirely different features during the heats of summer. The fashionable world then retire to numerous villas, scattered upon the slopes and in the valleys of the Ofen mountains, or situated upon the plain of Rákó, near the city; residences in the latter being surrounded with pleasant gardens, in the former affording splendid views of picturesque landscape. At this season of the year the South demands her rights: man quits the house, and seeks air in cool and shaded space. The labourer toils half naked; workwomen and servant-maids relinquish the attraction of a shapely waist, and clothe the

upper portion of the person with a loosely-fitting, deeply cut-out shift. The hotel-keeper transfers his dining-room to the gallery-like passages of the house, or throws a shady, tented roof across the courtyard, cutting it off from the rest of the building with a screen of orange-trees and striped drapery. The owner of the coffee-shop, who sells now little but iced water and coffee, makes the open street the scene of his activity, covering in the pavement before his door with sailcloth, and arranging tables and chairs beneath its shade—a proceeding, it must be acknowledged, slightly calculated to impede traffic.

At the street-corners, where the chesnut-seller in autumn had his stand, are now melons of various sizes and colours, heaped up like piles of cannon-balls upon the ramparts of a fortress. Day after day whole mountains of this fruit occupy the Upper Danube: the peasants sell them from their carts in the streets as they come into market, for everybody eats melons, and eats them in quantity too, as the frequent rind strewn upon the road bears witness. Upon the sand-heap and upon the dunghill, upon the cart, upon the pavement, upon stone steps, reclines some lazzarone of Pesth, and lazily mumbles a melon. When the merchant hurries home from business he buys melons, which must on no account be absent from table at dinner and at supper. Boatloads of the fruit are supplied by the district of the Theiss; and Waizen and Gran send strawberries, currants, sweet and sour mulberries—all favourites for dessert, until supplanted by grapes. Later in the year these last are dried between the double windows to raisins, and constitute, with nuts, the staple of dessert in winter.

Costumes in summer are especially picturesque, young people wearing almost exclusively light-coloured garments, and servants of the wealthier families shining forth, like rose-beetles, in gaudy hues—scarlet trousers and waistcoat, light blue or light green coats, with white braiding, and close rows of glittering buttons. Occasionally a Servian stalks along the street in fur-bordered, close-fitting, wide-armed jacket; a red fez with a blue tassel upon his head; dark blue cloth trousers, very wide about the knee, then fitting closely to the leg, and terminating in a pair of light shoes. The Hungarian peasant and labourer uniformly appears in shirt-sleeves, wearing his jacket, with its wealth of buttons, hung over his left shoulder like a dolman; his legs being shrouded in wide linen hose, which hang loosely over clumsy high boots. The Slovak even turns out in his shirt, which reaches, however, little lower than the heart, so that a hand's-breadth of tanned human skin appears between shirt, broad leather girdle, and linen drawers. Females of the lower class and peasant women go barefoot during the week, and strut upon Sundays in red leather boots with high heels. The Slovak women, again, wear long black, ill-made boots, while their lords content themselves with sandals.

The traffic in certain streets is so great that it is often only possible to move on slowly with the stream; yet it is strange that among the many brilliant equipages that throng the road, that of a Magnate is seldom to be seen. Horsemen even,

if we except officers and a few riding-masters, are rare. Although the nobility hold their Magnates' balls in Pesth in winter, and some have their palaces in the town, the city yet possesses few characteristics of a metropolis; while, upon the contrary, those of a great commercial centre are everywhere visible. Goods are transported in all directions; merchants hasten to their counting-houses and on 'change; and as the national dress, of military cut, is worn by all, variety is only seen in the different colours of the material and the diversity of the arabesqued braiding. The use of feathers in the hat is less in vogue than formerly, young persons—principally of the working classes—alone being now addicted to this decoration, just as the same order may be said to have monopolised the use of large-wheeled spurs. Elder men wear small spurs without wheels, and this mainly as a symbol of the old historic right.

Summer afternoons and evenings are principally passed within the Leopoldstadt, through whose streets a dense stream of humanity circulates, and where we find numerous specimens of the indispensable coffee-house, with tables surrounded by orange-trees for the guests. The Imperial bands give concerts upon stated days; a company of amateurs frequently performs until far into the night upon the Széchenyi Promenade; and a coffee-house may even be found in Ofen, above the entrance to the tunnel, where gipsies play. Some distance lower are the regimental bands; and a little lower still, where the owner of a cookshop has set up his tabernacle upon a narrow platform, Germans and Hungarians play Strauss's waltzes, national airs, polkas, and pieces from operas, in a constant medley until late. There you may sit beneath the scanty shadow of the acacia—the national tree of Hungary—and enjoy a magnificent panorama of the Danube, of Pesth, of the Ofen mountains, and of the vast plain behind the city—the whole stretching out at your feet like a map, with every road, every tree, every farmstead plainly delineated, and here and there a glittering steeple standing out against the distant blue of the Carpathian hills.

With the music, the dining, and coffee-drinking beneath the open sky, the street-life of Pesth is exhausted. As a curiosity, it may be noted that two dervishes annually visit the city, upon an official pilgrimage to the chapel in Ofen, where a Mahomedan Santon lies buried. The wild appearance of these wayfarers, the strangely gaudy robes which hang round them in tatters, and, above all, their impudent demands for alms, remind us vividly that Pesth is the entrance gate to civilised Western Europe. A. U. M.

SYRIAN LEGENDS.

NO. I.—THE ANTS' ROCK, AND THE FISHERMAN WHO THOUGHT HE WAS WISER THAN GOD.

IN riding along the beach of the western side of the Sea of Galilee, a few minutes before we arrived at Mejdal, I noticed a largish rock, perhaps five feet square, standing a couple or three feet out of the water, close to the shore. It is called Hajar-en-Nummleh, the Ants' Rock; and a peasant of Safed, who was riding with us, told me its story, as follows:—

A fisherman was one day fishing here, and as he came up out of the water with his nets he passed close to this stone, and when he looked at it, lo! he noticed that there were many ants running about upon it; and he said to himself, "Truly the water surrounds this stone, so that the ants cannot get on shore, and though they may sustain their lives for a time, yet in the end they must all be starved and die." And he was greatly moved with pity for the ants; wherefore he went on shore, and getting earth and stones, made a bridge from the land to the rock, that the ants might be able to go backwards and forwards. Now this he did ignorantly, and also foolishly, as the event proved; for God immediately struck him with blindness, because he ought to have considered that the placing the stone where it was, was the act of God, who cares for all His creatures, and does nothing without a wise and sufficient purpose, and that He would not have caused the ants to live on that stone without making necessary provision for them. And indeed the ants still dwell there, though the bridge which the fisherman made has long since been destroyed, and is as though it had never existed.

GEORGE GROVE.

A VALENTINE.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis half-past nine,
And the eve still lies before us of the good Saint Valentine;
Jones a patient may be waiting; Smith, you're reading for the Bar;
Go, my friends, and play at billiards—for I'm wanting my cigar.

As I light it, from the vapour curling upward to the skies,
Strange prophetic visions greet me, and fantastic forms arise;
And the silence of my bedroom, looking out upon the mews,
Seems broken by the hum of voices and the tread of spectral shoes.

See a maiden's form emerging from my pure Havannah's snows!
Soft as from the mists of morning blushes into life the rose;
Twenty summers' sunny memories shine reflected in her glance,
And her dress, so trim and dainty, surely *must* have come from France.

Gaily rings her youthful laughter, bright the world's untainted hue
Seems to eyes which look so candid, and to lips which speak so true.
Can it be an old man's fancy? Well, let *fancy* then evoke
Phantom suitors gathering round her, riding on the wings of *smoke*.

First, with painted tree which blossoms into names of knight and king,
BERTH, attired in or and sables, lights within the magic ring,
With a line of old crusaders sleeping cross-legg'd on their biers,
With a pedigree from Hastings, and a motto from Poitiers.

BANK strides after, richly ermined; 'tis my lord, who knows *His Grace!*
Offering stars and styles and titles, and a diplomatic place:
Much he serves his native country—by remaining much away;
And *his* ancestors were oilmen in the Minories, they say.

Yet another! fat and bloated, in the place of star or tree,
Waving *settlements* so princely: **WEALTH** it is that bends the knee;
Rich in stocks and shares and consols, ships by all the winds that blow—
And, I hope, as much invested there where rich men rarely go.

What is this, this abject creature, holy Valentine,
I ask,
Hides an ape's disgraceful figure underneath an angel's mask?
FASHION! Well I know the ogre, yearly to his poisoned shades,
Like the Minotaur of fable, bearing off a thousand maids!

Next, with burning words and lofty, **GENIUS** stoops to touch the ground.
Never ape behind those features: yet a serpent *may* be found.
Serpents utter lofty phrases, such as Eve was brought to sip in,
When such stomach-aches resulted from that most unwholesome pippin.



Who creeps forth, so pale and trembling; scarcely dares to join the band?
Modest **WORTH**, I'm glad to see you, with your offering in your hand.
Money-bags, my friend, or titles? Something from the world's great mart;
As I live, that battered gimcrack that they used to wear—a *heart!*

Yes, in former days they wore them; but we've changed the mode, I ween;
Hearts were breaking under high-waists, *steel* breaks under crinoline;
And I'm fearing—well, take courage—onwards, join the shadowy line,
And I'll smash my pipe for ever, if she spurns that gift of thine!

Thicker still, like **Banquo's** offspring, striking the usurper's sight,
Facing o'er the boards of **Drury Lane** at eighteence a night;
Thick the clustering phantoms gather—now they pause!—hushed every voice!
Slowly from her chair the maiden rising to reveal her choice,

Chooses—Heavens! what trick can this be? What so scurvy trick of thine?
Smoke and forms and spectres vanish! Oh, you brute, **Saint Valentine!**
And the vision fades before me, in the crisis of my doubt,
Yes, the vision fades before me—my cigar has just gone out!!
J. D. L.

St. Valentine's Eve, 1862.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning I (or rather Marian) received a letter from some very old friends of the Comptons, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, inviting us to spend Christmas with them. I knew I could not leave Speynings myself at this time, but Marian, after she had read the letter, passed it across to me, and said :

"There is no reason why we should refuse this, is there ?"

"I cannot leave Speynings at Christmas."

"But I can, I suppose. They have invited Harry for his holidays, and I think the change will do us all good. Speynings seems very unhealthy just now."

"Just as you like," I said, wearily.

"But you—"

"I must join you later."

I knew little of these Talbots personally, but that they were very old friends of hers. Their house was one of the gayest in the neighbouring county. A baronial mansion in which the old Christmas traditions were kept up in the most rigorous manner. Marian had not seen them for years, and it seemed for a moment strange that they should so suddenly have remembered her, but it was only a fleeting thought. I did not pause to consider the why or wherefore, but was glad of any break which would in a measure modify the situation in which we were.

It was about three weeks before Christmas, and the interval was occupied by Marian in making the most elaborate preparations for her visit.

Maynard informed me that Nora and Fanny also had been invited, but that they did not intend going till after the Christmas week. I

felt glad to hear they would be there so soon after Marian, though I should have been puzzled to explain why I was glad.

During this time no allusion was made by either of us to any subject which had been the cause of discussion between us.

There was a melancholy stillness as in a house hushed by the presence of a corpse.

Nina flew about from room to room with most fabulous accounts of the glories of newly-arrived dresses; but to have judged from her mother's own manner, she was fulfilling an unpleasant but unavoidable duty.

I heard her tell Maynard that she was not at all in the mood to pay a gay visit; but that the autumn had been so unhealthy, she was glad to remove Nina from Speynings, and not to bring Harry to it.

"One's children must be the first consideration always." I overheard her say this. It was a phrase I had heard before, and I smiled bitterly at the remembrance. They went. I put her into the carriage, carefully arranged her dress and cloaks, and went round to the other side to see that all was as it should be.

"Good-bye, Hubert."

Her eyes rested on mine for a moment. Her glance was steady and searching, and with something of triumph in it—something of farewell was mingled with it also. Certainly, if there had been contest between us, she looked the victor as she leant back, luxuriously folded up in her warm cloaks and furs, with her beautiful face slightly flushed, from some emotion I could not define, and her brilliant smile as she looked back at me where I stood—a pale, grave man, with the marks of disappointment and wasting sorrow on both face and figure.

I confess it was with a sense of defeat that I went into the house again. I had given her the power of marring my life, and what was I in hers? I could prevent her receiving the homage of a fool, but was she the more mine for that prevention? Warburton's good nature had saved him from actively opposing her, and he had received his reward in her apparent deference and docility to him. She was quite ready to deceive any one willing to be deceived, for I knew her nature was antagonistic to all rough and rude methods; but with me it was impossible to act so, and if in her heart she despised me the less, I am confident that no one had ever excited so much of genuine dislike in her, as I had, during these last months. I had found her out, I had resisted her, and I was not to be subdued. Such were the thoughts with which I sat in my home. But to say the truth, there was a sense of relief also. The tension caused by a desire of keeping up appearances was over. I could look as I felt—a thoroughly miserable and hopeless man.

I avoided the Rectory till the two ladies had departed; they were to precede Maynard by a few days, but after they left he and I were much together. He was singularly kind to me. On one subject (Marian) my lips were sealed, but on all others we talked openly. He probed me deeply, and ascertained, I think, that my nature was perverted, but not utterly bad. Education,

over-indulgence, had done great harm, an evil love had done more; but cut down now to the very roots, as all was, a growth of better things might be expected.

CHAPTER X.

I HAD had a few lines from Marian, announcing her safe arrival. Very cold and very brief was the note; I had answered it, and that was all.

One evening as I sat with Maynard, he received a letter from Nora. Devoted husband as he was, he made an apology, and opened it immediately.

His countenance changed a little as he read it, and I saw him suddenly put it down and look at me.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing—have you heard from Mrs. Spencer?"
"Not the last few days—I may have a letter this evening."

"Are you going to the Talbots'?"

"Not till I fetch Marian away—they are not friends of mine, you know."

"Nora is very anxious that I should go there to-morrow: there is to be a very crowded ball. Why don't you come with me?"

His voice was eager.

"Why should I go? Tell me, Maynard; what is it? There is something I should know."

"I never could manage anything in my life," said Maynard, bluntly: "you had better read this."

He separated the first sheet—containing, I suppose, some wife-like greetings—from the others, and put the rest into my hands, while he went to give orders for his departure on the morrow.

These were the words of the letter:

I told you how surprised I was that the Talbots should have remembered us after so many years; but I discovered accidentally that Marian had written to them some weeks ago, and had so deplored the unhealthiness of the air of Speynings, and her dislike to bringing Harry into it from Harrow, that Mrs. Talbot considered herself bound to invite Harry, and then arranged to have the whole party. Mrs. Talbot considers Harry Villiers something in the light of an heir. She told me all this as we were walking one day. How like Marian! I suppose she felt moped at Speynings. No one, it is true, can have altered so much in health and spirits as Mr. Spencer these last few months. Marian never looked better, but complains of her chest, and talks of going to Italy for her health in the spring. So does Lord Lascelles, who has been staying here a long time. The Talbots are distant relations of his. He looks at Marian as if she were something divine, but she does not distinguish him in any way. Fanny says Mr. Spencer ought to be here (the "ought" was dashed). Marian is very kind to me, but I never can get on with her somehow. She treats Fanny in a most strange way, as if she were very sorry for her, or as if she felt she had injured her. I do not understand it, nor does Fan, but it makes her savage. I am glad for her sake that when we return she must fulfil her old promise of spending six months with her uncle in Scotland. Marian seems trying to fasten some imputation on her. Nobody could ever explain Marian's whims, and this is one I suppose; but I confess I wish Mr. Spencer were here, for there are many disagreeable things said of him, as if he neglected her, and was behaving very ill.

I smiled when I put down this letter. I under-

stood Marian—not entirely as I found afterwards, but better than poor simple Nora. It was requisite that I should go for my own honour, not as regarded Lascelles, but as to my own character as a husband. I could also save Fanny from the imputation which I saw would be dextrously fastened on her of being Marian's rival.

"Do not mention me, Maynard," I said, "in your answer, but I will accompany you. How soon can we get there?"

"We shall catch the 5 p.m. train, and get there in time for the ball. I will telegraph that I am coming. But I cannot get away before that."

"That will do."

When I went home I found that no letters had arrived from Marian for me. I was very busy—I will not answer for presentiments—but I got through a quantity of letters, accounts, arrangements, as if I had had a notion that it would be long before I did the same again. It was three in the morning before I had finished.

Since Marian had left I slept in a little room next to the library, but this evening, from some cause I could not now have explained, I had given orders I would sleep up-stairs. As I went up the broad flight which led to the rooms peculiarly appropriated to Marian, I stopped to look out at one of the windows. The whole earth was white with snow. It was falling with amazing thickness and rapidity. There are few things more ghastly of the kind than the noiseless fall of a heavy snow-storm, and I shivered as I dropped the curtain.

In passing through Marian's dressing-room and boudoir, I noticed, without being scarcely aware of it, how deserted and dismantled they seemed.

The bed-room also had a bare look, and I distinguished that some little miniatures and ornaments had been taken down.

I was strangely excited as I tried to sleep. "Some persons are particularly affected by the atmospheric influence of a night like this," I thought. My pulses throbbed, my temples beat, my lips were parched,—something of the wonderful effect produced by the Indian hemp seemed to me to be produced by the snow-charged air; feverish visions assailed me—not dreams, for I was awake, and yet my will had as little control as in sleep;—pitiable recollections, undescribable yearnings, voluptuous memories, a rush of bitter recollections, and then a sudden blank horror. When I rose there were drops of damp on my brow, as after an illness.

When I went down stairs the snow had ceased falling, and the sky was clear and bright as crystal. A hard frost, such as had not been remembered in the country for years, had frozen earth and water into one glittering white surface.

When I informed my old housekeeper that I was going to Talbot House for a few days, she requested me to make certain arrangements for some of the cottagers. Such an intensity of cold was what they were totally unprepared to meet. I am glad I did so.

In the morning I had a few lines from Maynard to say that he would try to start by an earlier train, for the roads between the station and Talbot House would be as slippery as glass, and we

should be hours, and not minutes, doing the five miles. At last I had made all my arrangements, sent my luggage, and prepared to walk to meet the train. Just as I was going the postman brought the letters; he had been of course detained by the iron-bound roads. I slipped mine into my pocket. There were none that demanded immediate attention.

When I reached the railroad Maynard's servant overtook me; he could not leave by that train. I was to tell Nora not to be anxious; if he were delayed he would telegraph, but he was in great hopes of arriving that night.

I was so busy wondering what excuse or explanation I should give of my sudden arrival, that the time passed quickly.

When I reached the end of my journey there was a great difficulty to find a conveyance. By the offer of preposterous payment, I found a man willing to convey my luggage on a handbarrow, and there was nothing left for me but to walk.

I did so. I never shall forget the glory of that evening. The stars were as large and brilliant as in Southern latitudes. The air was bright with the cold. "Like fireflies tangled in a silver braid," the branches of the trees looked glowing and luminous amid the frosty brilliants with which they were sheathed.

But in the utter absence of road our progress was slow. It was nearly eleven when we reached the Hall. Coming on foot in this manner my arrival was entirely unnoticed. The quadrangle was one blaze of light. The ball had commenced. I would not disturb any one, but asked to be taken to the room which I knew was prepared for Maynard. When there I determined to wait his arrival, and drawing my chair by the fire took out my letters to read by way of beguiling the time. After perusing two or three of little importance, I took up one which was addressed in a strange hand.

It was a communication from a lawyer. Its purport was a demand of legal separation, separate maintenance, &c., &c., on the part of my wife.

A few lines from Marian herself were inclosed. They ran thus:

I choose this method of communication that you may know my resolve is not to be shaken.

I have acquired a knowledge of you these last few months which would render our living under the same roof impossible.

My English or my Venetian rival may console you.

My fixed determination is to go to Italy. I require a warmer climate for my health. It will be beneficial also to Nina. Harry will join us after he has left school.

I do not reproach or blame you. Be just to me. All my friends know that my health requires this change. It will be your own fault if, by any idle opposition, you draw down on us a scandalous publicity. I only ask you to forget me and leave me free. MARIAN.

I read this letter twice over. This, then, was her plan. Liberty, self-indulgence, luxury—without a hated husband. For me, I was to be left with my household gods showered around me, there where I had desecrated the altars for her.

I now know, or think I have reason to know, it was only a threat. She felt sure that, to avoid

running the gauntlet of country gossip, I would be willing to conciliate her. She trusted that there was still sufficient softness in my heart towards her to make me dread a life-long parting. It was a bold stroke; but she had well calculated its chances. If successful in making me anxious to avoid a separation, she could make her own terms; and if it came to the worst, and I was obdurate, she gained freedom, and the sympathy which a beautiful woman driven from her home by the infidelity of her husband is sure to excite in all right-thinking persons.

I was calm; but for a moment everything swayed around me, and there was a surging sound in my ears as if I was at sea. I then rose, and taking a pencil, wrote a few lines on the back of the note.

I have read your letter since I arrived here. It is by a chance that it is so, but that chance may be life or death to both. Meet me in the conservatory directly, and after we have spoken face to face for five minutes, if you persist in your wish, we will part for ever.

I called a servant, and told him to find Mrs. Spencer, and give her that note as soon as he could.

I did not wish to be found here by Maynard; I therefore left the room, and found my way along a passage which I hoped might lead me by some back stairs to the conservatory. At the upper end was a door; I opened it. It led into a gallery, which ran round a saloon, or smaller hall, raised by a few stairs from the large entrance-hall. The dancing was there. I looked down for a moment. It was a whirl of festal dresses, lights, and garlands. The musicians were in a temporary erection almost opposite to me, but somewhat lower.

As I stood it seemed to me that the whole gallery rocked to and fro, and that the draperies and flags which had been arranged above and beneath to mask the beams of the stand for the orchestra, shone as if fire had been behind them. There was a hot vapour which rose that was almost stifling, and a red glow through the air which even the blaze of lights could not account for or explain.

As I leaned down my eyes were caught and riveted by one figure, which made me forget everything else. Marian was standing a little behind the dancers, listening to Lascelles, who was talking earnestly to her.

There is an air of Weber's which I never hear without its reminding me, in some strange and incongruous manner, of Marian as I now saw her. In all the great composer's music there is beneath the melody and beauty an undertone of something magical and wild which almost produces a dissonance; a dissonance not in the harmony itself, but in the effect produced. Marian's aspect as she thus stood, with diamonds glittering on her hair, breast, and arms, her dress, of some silver tissue, floating like a pale flame around her, and the inexplicable expression of her face—half triumph, half melancholy—had the same mysterious and fatal sweetness.

I turned away, and tried to shut out the vision from brain and heart. I crossed the hall, and at last entered a conservatory gorgeous with tropical bloom, and radiant with coloured lamps, but as I

had expected when I asked Marian to join me there, entirely deserted and untenanted. I stood there for awhile, concealed by a huge stand of broad-leaved plants. I sought a moment for reflection, but my senses seemed spell-bound. Neither grief nor rage, but a sullen and stupid indifference was gaining possession of me. There was also a coward and abject feeling, which galled me, even at the moment I could not deny to myself that I felt it. Did I yet cling to Marian's presence? Did the idea that I should see her never more, never more as in the old time beside me, sting deeper than all the foregone alienation and severance? Did I yet prize the goblet though the wine was all spilt?

As I thus stood two ladies passed me.

"How late your husband is," said one.

"Yes; but he will come I know if he can. You must remember the roads are in a dreadful state."

"Yes, one sheet of ice is round the house; there is not a drop of water for miles; every pond, every stream is frozen. I pity anyone travelling such a night, Nora."

"I hope Mr. Spencer will come with him."

Her companion sighed deeply, but did not reply.

"Shall we go back, Fanny?"

"Wait a minute—the ball-room is suffocating."

"Yes; I do not think it a good plan to have blocked up the doors at one end."

"They could not put the stand for the band anywhere else; and it looks very well as you enter, all blazing with light as it is—the music seems to come out of the light."

"Yes, but there is something peculiarly stifling in the air."

"Let us go into your room for a few minutes, Nora. I feel so nervous and foolish to-night, as if something were going to happen. I wish your husband would come."

"Come along, then—we will be quiet for a few minutes."

They passed on.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RUSSIAN PRINCES IN AMERICA.

WE have long been led to believe that America was a great slop-shop, and the Atlantic the counter across which any article we chose to demand was at once handed to us—we having previously tendered payment. The articles might not be strikingly good, but they were new and original—there was not the wear in them of our Old-country goods, but their quaintness pleased us, so we have gone on buying there, and now the establishment is breaking up, and "Positively for the last time" is written on its face in the largest capitals. Well, the shop was a curiosity in its way; it had for sign the Stars and Stripes—the Shreds and Patches that are to be—it was served by free and enlightened citizens, who looked uncommonly sharp after the receipts, and mismanaged what they got: it dealt in cotton, sugar, tobacco, model constitutional governments, sewing-machines, threshing-machines, yachts, propellers, poets, sculptors (Hiram Power's Greek Slave whipped the world in '58, as every Yankee

knows), novelists, military tactics, nautical skill, a free press, every virtue cardinal or theological, oil and fat, eminent preachers, champion prize-fighters—we paid our money and took our choice. And one article yet is to be added to the category—Royal Blood! That America has sent us over heirs to some of our Old-world titles, and to our ancestral properties, we have known for some time. The case, too, of Madame Jerome Buonaparte is a *cause célèbre*. A late traveller in America has stumbled on a descendant of St. Louis, and heir to the crown of France, in the swamps of a remote clearing; but the incident we are about to narrate is probably known to few.

Peter the Great had a son Alexis by his first wife. The Czarowitz was not a man to carry out his father's ambitious projects, or in any way to be a companion for him. He threw in his lot with the old Conservative party, and was the tool of the clergy: his character was feeble and gross, and his health was impaired by his excesses. No gleams of genius gave his father any hope of his proving a worthy successor to his throne; yet the young man might have been saved from ruin, had his father known how to treat him. Naturally, he was gentle and pliable, and would have been an affectionate and dutiful son to a parent who had showed him love, and exercised his parental authority aright. But Peter saw in Alexis the features and disposition of the mother, whom he had divorced, for the more congenial Catherine: the Czar neither educated his son, nor took any interest in his affairs; he left him his own master, and the young prince forgot his father's coldness and his mother's disgrace in drunkenness.

In 1711, the Czarowitz Alexis was married to Christina-Sophia, third daughter of Louis-Rudolph, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbutel, a tender girl of seventeen, who had been brought up among the wild and gloomy Hartz Mountains, and had seen little of courts and much of green meadows. That was a sad day for her, when she left the old home amidst the greetings of the peasantry, for Torgau, where the marriage was to take place. She had never seen her intended husband, had not heard of his miserable vices, and brutality of manner: all she saw before her, was the pomp of the wedding, and beyond, the coronation as Empress of all the Russias—a glorious prospect. Well for you, little princess, to take one long lingering look back at the loved towers and pine-clad mountains, as you spring so lithely into the carriage, and drive away radiant with smiles! You have seen your last hour of joy.

The Czar, Peter the Great, himself, was present at the wedding, which took place with all the ceremony becoming the marriage of the heir apparent to the Russian throne.

At first, the Czarowitz showed his gentle bride some affection, being fascinated with her, as with a new toy; but this love soon wore away; she was too simple and refined to suit his coarse tastes, and he wearied of her, treated her with rudeness and insult, or did not deign to speak to her at all. He gave up the right wing of the palace to a wretched Finn woman, on whom he lavished his wealth and his affections, whilst the wife was ill-attended, ignored, and neglected.

In 1715, the Princess gave birth to a son, Peter, who eventually succeeded to the throne. At this time the brutality of her husband had increased, and he is said to have thrown her on the ground and kicked her, till she became insensible.

The health of the unhappy wife now failed, and after her confinement she died and was buried; having been tended to the last by her faithful friend and companion, the Countess of Königs-mark, mother of the Maréchal de Saxe.

On the day of the funeral, the Czarowitz received a long communication from the Emperor, in which he was rebuked for his crimes, and his indifference to the prosperity of the State, and was finally threatened in these words:

“Be assured that I shall cut you off from succession to my throne, as a rotten branch. Do not indulge for a moment in the belief that I write but to alarm you, or that I have no other son but you.” (Two days afterwards Catherine gave birth to a son.) “God’s will shall be done. I have never spared—I do not now spare—myself for the good of my country and people: why then should I spare you, unworthy one? A worthy stranger is more estimable than a worthless son.”

The Czarowitz replied:

“Since you find me unfit to bear the crown of Russia, your will be done; I willingly consent, feeling myself both incapable and unsuited for such a position; my memory is failing (a faculty of paramount necessity), and my constitution as well as my moral character have degenerated, so that I am not worthy to govern such a people. For that office, a man less degraded than myself is needed. I raise, then, no pretension to the throne of Russia—may God lengthen your life—I never shall raise any, so help me God; and here I attest it with my own hand.”

Three days afterwards the Czar replied: “Change your life so as to be worthy to succeed me, or—enter a monastery!”

Alexis answered that he had no vocation for the monastic life, that his health would not permit him to undergo its austerities. Peter gave him six months to make up his mind; and the Czarowitz left the empire. At the end of the stipulated period the emperor wrote again, giving him eight days to decide on one of two courses:—either to join the army at once, or to take refuge in the cloister. Alexis was then at Copenhagen—he disappeared, intending to find an asylum in France or Italy. But unfortunately he met with ill advisers, who recommended him to seek refuge with Charles VI. At Vienna he found out that he was far from safe; the Czar’s emissaries were at work, and the Prince fled to Ehrenberg in the Tyrol, and thence to the castle of St. Elmo at Naples. He was tracked down by Tolstói and Romanzof, two delegates of his father, who brought him a letter from the Czar, offering him free pardon if he returned immediately to Russia, but threatening him with his father’s curse if he disobeyed.

Alexis at once wrote to Peter, thanking him for his forgiveness, and promising to return at once. On his entering Moscow he was escorted by soldiers under arms to the Kremlin, where his father, in his imperial robes, was ready to receive

him. The poor young man fell on his knees before the Czar, and with tears in his eyes entreated his forgiveness, renewing his protestations that he renounced all claim to the crown. The emperor replied that death for the guilt of disobedience was his due, but that at his supplication he pardoned him. The Czar and Czarowitz then walked in procession to the church of Upenski, when his renegation of all claims to the succession was ratified by oath.

Although life had been promised to the prince by his father, this promise did not extend to his friends and associates; they were tried, one after another, the Czarowitz himself being forced to bear witness against them. The accusation against these unhappy people was that of conspiracy and evil-speaking of the emperor. The first charge could not be satisfactorily proved; indeed, in every probability no conspiracy had been schemed. One, however, had advised the Czarowitz to keep out of Russia as long as his father lived; he was tortured to death. Another had told the prince that the Czar could not live for ever; he was put to death with horrible cruelty. A third had been intimate with the ex-empress, and had expressed his sympathy for the Czarowitz; he was impaled alive. The poor divorced Awditja, the mother of Alexis, was dragged from her convent, and Peter the Great, with his own hands, inflicted on her bare back sixty strokes of that terrible instrument, the knout. The aged Princess Galitzyn underwent the same punishment from the hands of the emperor.

The prince was now tried himself. The following charges were laid against him. A letter had been found in his possession from a man named Beyer, which he had received after he had fled from Russia. This letter contained an account of a mutiny in the Russian army at Mecklenburg, and stated that several of the officers had formed the plan of restoring the divorced empress, and of placing Alexis on the throne. There was no proof of Alexis having been in any way mixed up with the matter. The letter simply related some news of the day. Another accusation was that he had written to the archbishops of Russia, entreating them not to forget him. "I am under the protection of a great prince; do not, I pray you, abandon me at present." The words *at present* had been scored out, then re-written, and again scored out—moreover, the letter had never been sent.

A third accusation was that once, in confession, he had admitted having wished his father were dead. This last fact the poor young man told of himself, when bewildered by the questions and suggestions of his judges. Peter the Great showed most unequivocally what he intended the judges to decide, and they obeyed his beck implicitly, unanimously finding the prince guilty of death. The Czar pronounced his son's death warrant, refusing to listen to the recommendation to mercy of the judges. That same day the young man was seized with a fit, apoplexy set in, he sent for his father, entreated his forgiveness, and died. This is the official report. The counsellor of the Saxony legation, in a communication addressed to his government, and which exists in the Dresden

archives, asserts that the Czarowitz received the knout three several times, the first blows having been applied by the Czar in person. On the third application he died. "All Russia is persuaded that the Czarowitz died of poison prepared by his stepmother," writes a historian of the period, and the truth can never with certainty be told.

What has this to do with America? our readers may well ask, for we have diverged a little from the direct course of our narrative.

Now we come to the most extraordinary story, for the truth of which we can only vouch as far as that it circulated from one end of Europe to the other, and is to be found in memoirs of the period.

One day the Maréchal de Saxe, son of the Countess of Kœnigsmark, was walking in the Tuileries gardens. As he sauntered past a bench occupied by two females, the agreeable sounds of his native language caught his ear, and turning sharply round, he looked keenly into the faces of the ladies. One was much older than the other, the latter being evidently a daughter, and bearing a striking, though youthful, resemblance to her mother. An expression of surprise flitted across the Maréchal's countenance, and, starting forward, he exclaimed, "Madame, is this possible?"

The elder lady rose at once, laid her hand on his arm, and said, "You recognise me—I entrust my secret to you."

She told her story: it was as follows.

After having given birth to the son, the wife of the Czarowitz had determined on flight, at the instigation of the Countess of Kœnigsmark, being unable any longer to endure the brutality and the affronts of her husband. The plan was secretly organised, and some of the females in attendance were privy to the scheme. As the Czarowitz at the time was not present, intelligence of his wife's death was sent him. He wrote back to order her to be inhumed as expeditiously as possible. In the place of the grand duchess a log of wood was buried with all the ceremonial of the Eastern Church. For some while the poor princess remained in concealment in the palace, till a convenient opportunity presented itself for her escape. Then, furnished with diamonds by the Countess of Kœnigsmark, in disguise she fled to Paris, where for a time she lived in retirement.

At length she left Paris, and embarked for America, intending to settle in Louisiana. The new settlers excited some attention in the colony, and an officer named Aubant, who had been about the Russian court, was struck with the resemblance of the lady to the late Grand Duchess, and once told her of his having noticed the extraordinary similarity. This led to a respectful intimacy—the gentleman acting as a guardian, and finally to his locating himself under the same roof. The story soon leaked out, so far, that Aubant became cognisant of the certainty of what he had hitherto only surmised; and in 1718, when the papers announced the death of the Czarowitz, Aubant at once offered to reconduct the princess to Russia or Germany. But her court life had sickened her of its pomp, and she had become fond of the quiet of the settler life in Louisiana, which somewhat recalled the peaceful years of

her childhood in the Hartz. She therefore declined the offer of her protector, but requested him to keep her secret inviolate. Years passed, and friendship ripened into love, so that the widow of the Czarowitz and mother of a future Czar, became Madame Aubant. In the first year of their married life, she gave birth to a daughter, who bore a striking resemblance to her mother in her youth. Ten years glided peacefully away, and the princess would never have returned to Europe, had not her husband fallen ill from a fistula, which rendered a trip to France for medical advice and treatment, of the utmost necessity. The American surgeons at that time were not skilled sufficiently for operating in a delicate case—at least, not in the opinion of the wife; and the house having been sold, she, her husband and daughter, embarked for France.

Arrived in Paris, M. Aubant was entrusted to the care of an eminent physician, and his health was rapidly restored. The officer's thoughts were now turned to the future—the Louisiana estate was sold, and the scanty purse he had brought with him was rapidly dwindling. He accordingly applied for a situation in the Isle of Bourbon, in the gift of the Indian Company. One day, whilst this transaction was taking place, Madame Aubant and her daughter walked in the Tuileries, and the recognition took place above recorded. Having told her story, which somewhat tallied with hints which the Marshal's mother had given him at times, the widow of Alexis entreated him to keep the matter secret; and he readily promised to do so. From that day forward the Maréchal de Saxe was a frequent visitor at the lodgings of M. and Madame Aubant, when, one fine morning, he heard that two days previously, they had started for the Isle de Bourbon, M. Aubant having received his appointment.

The marshal immediately betook himself to Louis XV., and told him the whole story. The king at once sent instructions to the governor of the Isle de Bourbon, to show every mark of consideration to M. Aubant and his wife.

At the same time he wrote to Maria Theresa, to inform her of the circumstances, she being niece of the Grand Duchess Christina Sophia. The queen replied at once, enclosing a letter, which she begged might be transmitted at once to the aunt, whom she had long considered to be dead. In this note she conjured her to come to her, at the same time stipulating that husband and child should remain in Bourbon, where the king would provide for them.

This offer was rejected by the princess, and she remained with her husband till his death, in 1747. Her daughter was also dead, and she returned to Paris, intending to enter a nunnery, and pass the rest of her days in devotion. However, Maria Theresa heard of her aunt's reappearance in Europe, and gave her a pension of 20,000 florins, on which she settled in Brussels. In 1768 she is heard of again, as living in the little village of Vitry, near Paris, under the name of Madame de Moldack, with three servants, one of whom was a negro.

The whole story has such an air of romance that it is impossible to place any great reliance on

it. Still there may be a foundation of truth. It is not at all impossible that the princess may have fled from her husband, but it is hard to reconcile the supposition with the accounts we have from other quarters, of her funeral, at which the Czar himself was present. Peter had already made up his mind to exclude Alexis from succession, and confer his crown upon the child of Catherine, and the death or absconding of the wife of the Czarowitz arrived most opportunely, and the Emperor might have winked at the flight of his daughter-in-law, and allowed a mock funeral to take place. This is possible; but not probable. M. Aubant, moreover, is no fictitious character, his register of marriage with Marie Elizabeth Danielson still exists, and that might be an assumed name, as nothing is known of any Louisiana Danielsons. He *did* receive a commission in the Isle of Bourbon. If the whole history be an invention, it is, to say the least, curious, that an obscure individual should have been thus pitched upon and his name circulated in connection with these marvellous incidents, and that the details of his private life should be correctly given.

We must leave the matter for some well versed in Russian history to elucidate. One thing must be borne in mind, that accounts of Russian affairs in the reign of Peter the Great are as conflicting as well can be. Men are not agreed even as to the character of Alexis, and whilst his father disseminated every story which could be raked up, which was to his disadvantage, so that he was understood generally to be underbred, vicious, and degraded, with no natural parts; yet the memoirs of a minister at the Russian court, quoted by Voltaire, say of him that "this prince is tall and well made; he resembles his father in some things, his heart is right; he is pious, has read the Bible five times through, is devoted to Greek classical literature, his mind is broad and well balanced; he studies mathematics, and is skilled in war, navigation, hydraulics; he knows German, is learning French, but his father has never chosen that he should perform what they call 'his exercises.'" What is one to believe?

S. BARING GOULD, M.A.

CURIOSITIES OF LEECH CULTURE.

THE interesting art of pisciculture is not, it appears, restricted to fish. This, no doubt, seems an Irishism—a bit of a bull; but what we mean is, that the process of artificial breeding or cultivation has been successfully applied to the rearing of leeches, and for the same reason that has led to the artificial nurture of the more valuable inhabitants of our rivers, viz., the growing scarcity and increasing demand. The rapid drying up (from drainage chiefly) of stagnant waters, and the cultivation of marshy places, has rendered the native leech a rarity; and during the great continental wars the home growth became so thoroughly exhausted, that Britain was compelled to depend on foreign supplies. Wordsworth makes his old leech-gatherer say:—

Once I could meet with them on every side,
But they have dwindled long by slow decay,
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may.

Although the plan of rearing leeches by artificial cultivation is one of great nicety and delicacy, requiring constant watchfulness and care, it is found that this useful animal may be bred in large quantities, and that with due attention and proper packing the leech can be safely transported alive to distant countries.

Dr. Johnson describes the leech as "a kind of small water-serpent, which fastens on animals and sucks their blood." A more scientific description of this interesting little worm tells us that it belongs to the class *annelida*, and the order *suctorioria*. According to French naturalists, leeches constitute a small family within themselves, known as *hirulinæ* or *sanguisugaires*. The leech of medicine and of commerce is so well known, that we may be spared any description of it. Its natural history, however, is interesting, and its conditions of growth have led to a great deal of controversy; but it is now settled, not, of course, without much scientific wrangling, that leeches are not reproduced by means of eggs, but by cocoons.

Great quantities of these useful animals were at one time destroyed in consequence of the general ignorance of their mode of reproduction. Cocoons, which were found buried in the mud and clay of the marshes where they breed, were thrown away as useless; as an instance of this on a small scale, it may be mentioned that a dealer in Norwich kept a stock of 50,000 leeches in tanks constructed for the purpose, lined with soft clay, out of which lining a great quantity of the cocoons, or capsules, were taken, but, ignorant of their value, the owner had them destroyed. It is now quite settled by naturalists—men who have devoted years of observation to the subject—that leeches do not lay eggs. M. Borne, after eight years of patient observation, never saw a leech produced by eggs. Moreover, it is now ascertained that these animals are of both sexes, or what is called hermaphrodite; and in regard to their means of enjoying life, they have but three senses, viz., sight, taste, and touch,—the last sense being particularly acute, while, with ten eyes, their sight is anything but fine, and the taste of the leech is known by his unparalleled gluttony and his rejection of anything disagreeable to his palate.

The leech sickens at various seasons, and the young ones begin to appear about April or May, according to the weather. The animal is of very slow growth; so much so, that even at five years of age its increase of size is not at all remarkable, and leeches are not considered to have arrived at maturity till they are eight years old. Some naturalists say they can be kept alive for twenty years. Many breeders, however, assert that they can grow a leech in eighteen months; but M. Borne, who is an extensive cultivator, says he cannot grow them under three years. A good deal depends on the mode of feeding. Till the leech has tasted its first blood it thrives but poorly, and seldom or never reproduces itself till it has been fed on blood. The principal advantage derived from the artificial system of cultivation now in vogue in various parts of France, is the certainty of bringing to maturity a greater per-

centage of the animals than by the natural mode, under which three-fourths of them are lost for want of proper protection.

As pisciculture is chiefly valuable for the guardianship it affords to the young fish at a period when they are quite unable to take care of themselves—so leech-culture (by admitting of personal watching) throws over the young blood-sucker a cover to hide it from its foes. The young leeches are devoured in hundreds by water-fowl and other enemies, such as eels, moles, and sandmice, who prey upon them, and thus obtain many a dainty meal. It is no exaggeration to say that a quarter of a million of leeches have been gobbled up from a well-stocked marsh in the course of twenty-four hours. The water-rat is also a destructive enemy of the leech—not because he preys upon it, but because he forms a great number of galleries in the vicinity of the marshes, and into these the leech penetrates and drops its cocoon, the young from which are not easily recovered.

How best to feed leeches so as to force them into a condition to breed as speedily as possible, is a problem that has frequently occupied those who are engaged in their production. It is known that they can live without blood; indeed, it is certain that they have lived for months and years on what seems to be only pure water, but which, must, no doubt, contain some kind of aliment sufficient for their subsistence, as they seem to enjoy their existence better under these conditions than when gorged with blood. We are told, also, that leeches have a cannibal turn, and prey upon each other with great gusto, and likewise that they will attack frogs, worms, and reptiles of various sorts; but, while under our own observation for household use in cases of illness, they have existed on pure water for a great length of time, nothing but a frequent change being required to keep them in excellent health. One eminent naturalist considers their natural food to be aquatic worms and larvæ. To get leeches to breed with rapidity, it is necessary to let them taste of blood. The usual mode of doing this is atrociously cruel—horses, cows, asses, or other cattle are driven by force into the marshes, in order that they may be sucked by these sanguinary worms. The noise made by the animals whilst in the water at once attracts the attention of the hungry leeches, which fasten with the greatest avidity upon the cow or the horse, to whose limbs they stick till they are gorged with blood. This is, of course, a mere question of *£ s. d.* Some people may think it madness to sacrifice horses and cows in this way; but in general the animals devoted to this purpose are worthless for other uses, and the persons engaged in the leech traffic no doubt find it pays them so to feed the leeches as to get them early into breeding condition. Those leeches which have once partaken of blood are not so valuable for medicinal purposes as those that have been kept *among* the water without partaking of that sanguinary banquet which is provided for those wanted to breed. Another way of feeding the animals is to enclose them in little bags, and then to plunge them into a bath of blood as it flows from some animal—sacrificed on

purpose to provide the fluid. The time allowed for immersion in the blood varies according to the size of the leech, and ranges from five minutes to half-an-hour, according as the animal is very large or very small. After being thus fed and released from their gory envelope, they are washed clean, and then restored to the ponds from which they were taken. Some leech-breeders have hit upon the ingenious but cruel plan of placing turkish drawers upon the limbs of asses or other animals, and filling them with the leeches so as to prevent them from escaping from their tormentors. The gentleman who invented this plan of feeding lost, as he no doubt anticipated, a great number of his donkeys, who were bled to death. The demand for animals to put into the leech marshes, led to a brisk trade in diseased horses, cows, &c. ; but Jourdiere, who is an authority on leech-culture, recommends that the animals employed should in all cases be in good health, as that is essential for the good of the leech.

The old method of fishing for leeches was by persons uncovering their limbs and wading into the water, when the voracious little animals, hungry for blood, at once seized upon them, and were then caught and bagged by the fishermen. This method of collection has been fully described in the "Gazette des Hôpitaux." "If ever you pass through *La Brenne*," says that journal, "you will see a man, pale and straight-haired, with a woollen cap on his head, and his legs and arms naked ; he walks along the borders of a marsh, among the spots left dry by the surrounding waters : this man is a leech-fisher. To see him from a distance—his woe-begone aspect, his hollow eyes, his livid lips, his singular gestures—you would take him for a maniac. If you observe him every now and then raising his legs and examining them one after another, you might suppose him a fool ; but he is an intelligent leech-fisher. The leeches attach themselves to his legs and feet as he moves through their haunts ; he feels their bite, and gathers them as they cluster about the roots of the bulrushes and aquatic weeds, or beneath the stones covered with a green and slimy moss. He may thus collect ten or twelve dozen in three or four hours. In summer, when the leeches retire into deep water, the fishers move about upon rafts made of twigs and rushes. One of these traders was known to collect, with the aid of his children, seventeen thousand five hundred leeches in the course of a few months ; these he had deposited in a reservoir, where in one night they were all frozen *en masse*. But congelation does not kill them, and they can easily be thawed into life by melting the ice that surrounds them." Some breeders, however, are careful to protect their stock from the frost, and for this purpose have them removed into cellars, and placed in beds of wet clay, where they can burrow with safety.

There are various improved ways of capturing leeches now-a-days. In France in the ponds and marshes of La Gironde, where an active breeding is carried on, the men and women employed in the fishery wear large and well-greased boots ; in one hand they carry a bag to contain the animals

which they pick up with their right hand the moment they see them, and these rushing out in large quantities whenever the water is disturbed, fall an easy prey to the industrious collectors. In Russia, where large quantities of leeches are found, they can be dipped out in any number with whatever kind of vessel is most convenient. Leeches are not allowed to be exported from the dominions of the Czar ; but as they are, when obtained in quantity, of considerable money value, a large trade has been carried on in smuggling them. Another mode of capture is employed when the worms are less numerous than they are in Russia—the water of the marsh or pond being violently agitated by long poles or branches of trees, the leeches creep out from their lair in the mud, and rising quickly to the surface, are dexterously caught in a kind of perforated vessel not unlike a kitchen colander. Often enough leeches are taken by throwing into the pond a bit of flesh, or a portion of strongly-greased leather, upon which they at once gather, and so become an easy prey to the collector.

Many of those who have assiduously cultivated the leech have amassed handsome fortunes, the trade being very remunerative. A prosperous merchant away in some far district of Poland or Wallachia will keep some two or three hundred of the inhabitants of his district in full employment collecting for him, paying them on that best of all plans—according to their labour, viz., so much a dozen according to the age and quality of the leeches which they bring to the *dépôt*. The animals must be all gathered before the heat of the day sets in, and at once carried home to the capacious reservoirs provided for their reception, where they are at once counted and paid for. Packed in clay or in bags, they are at certain seasons despatched by fleet conveyances to Marseilles, or direct to Paris, change of horses on the way being ensured, when necessary, by liberal payments. The mode of packing the leeches for transport is much the same in most of the breeding districts. Some are placed in boxes—first a layer of moist white clay, then a layer of the little animals, and so on till the chest is full. Some of the merchants pack the leeches in bags as soon as they are taken out of the marshes. Each of these bags contains about sixteen pound weight, and it is necessary that they should be hung up for a period till the water is all drained out of them, when the animal rolls itself up into a kind of ball, and lies in a semi-torpid state till it is perhaps revived on its journey by a dip into some halfway pond. The boxes or bags containing the leeches are carried in light waggons divided into necessary compartments. Relays of horses and drivers are always kept in readiness at the various stages of the journey ; but, notwithstanding the greatest care may be taken in their transport, immense numbers of the animals are killed. Severe frost or great heat is equally fatal.

In consequence of the expense and loss incurred in the transport of leeches from distant parts of the Continent and from Russia, the French people have commenced to breed them (on the piscicultural plan) on a large scale ; and in the same way that marshy ground has been made available for

the cultivation of eels. What probably may have led to this profitable business was the receipt in various parts of France of the cocoons containing the young leeches, which were occasionally forwarded in the clay, and nursed into life in the temporary resting ponds at Marseilles or elsewhere. The leech trade of France is a very remunerative one, and affords profitable employment to a large staff of people. Many curious details connected with the artificial system, as it is called, have been published. Towards the months of April or May, according to the nature of the season, the country people collect the cocoons or capsules formerly mentioned as containing the eggs (or threads rather). These they find in abundance in the mud of shallow marshes, and convey them to various reservoirs in other quarters, so as to spread and propagate the breed. They do not use them commercially till they are about eighteen months old. Leeches are very numerous in the lakes and marshes in the neighbourhood of Nantes; and their collection is carried on throughout the whole year, but chiefly during summer. They are transported to Paris in linen bags, each containing about 500 placed in panniers and surrounded by wet moss. During a favourable season the dealers will sometimes receive at the rate of 50,000 a-day. Some of the French leech-breeders have produced immense quantities, and given employment to a great number of people, who aid them in their trade. Among these may be mentioned M. Borne de Saint-Arnault, who in a few years' time has originated a breeding establishment which may be held as a model, viz., the leech-marsh of St. Clairefontaine, near Rambouillet. M. Sauve has also experimented largely in the same trade. In 1851 he enclosed a morass vast enough for his purpose, and had it populated with leeches from Africa, Georgia, Hungary, and Syria, and adding to these a few of the native kinds, he started with a breeding stock of 100,000 animals. These grew and prospered so well that he had cocoons in the first year; but unfortunately the ponds were unfavourably situated, so that in the course of a heavy rain the water overflowed their banks, and the leeches were swept away. Gaining knowledge by his disaster, M. Sauve removed to a marsh near Rochelle, which he had fitted up with basins and canals suitable for the propagation of vast numbers of leeches; and at this place his business has been most prosperous. Other dealers and breeders have been equally successful. A small farmer near Bordeaux has made a fortune by leech-culture; formerly it was a hard task for him to pay a rent of 300 francs for his bit of marshy ground; but now the land for which he gave that sum yields more than 1000% per annum, and leaves a fine profit besides. This is a hint worth the attention of industrious Englishmen. Leeches after a time reproduce themselves at the rate of about sixteen per annum, so that, considering the prices obtained, the encouragement to breed is very considerable. Fifty millions of leeches were at one time required for the annual supply of France alone, and corresponding numbers were used in Britain. Three of the principal London dealers are said to import about eight million medicinal leeches annually. Dealers have to

proceed with caution in buying leeches, as, to add to their weight, they are gorged with blood, and otherwise sophisticated, in order to bring a greater price to the breeders or factors. The breeding of salmon on the artificial plan at Stonmonfield on the River Tay has been highly productive and profitable—why should we not therefore try our hand at leech-culture? It would certainly pay.

A FEW HALLUCINATIONS.

IF, when the Hermit is looking abroad from his mountain, watching the ways of the world, a good fairy were to appear at his knee, and offer him some gift for the world's good, he could perhaps hardly ask a better than the power to annihilate a very few hallucinations which are doing a very great deal of mischief. Under this sort of blindness or craze, which might seem to be the work of malicious fairies, nations, classes, and societies are at cross purposes, and in an evil temper with each other, for no good reason and to no good end; and of all the dismal spectacles which the Hermit can discern from his post, none is more dreary than this. It is true, no good fairy should be needed to cure the evil; for the remedy lies within natural reach. Such knowledge as men may easily obtain, and such reflection as members of society are, by that privilege, bound to exercise, would render impossible the delusions under which nations are grimacing, mopping, and mowing at each other, like exasperated monkeys, and orders of society which have identical interests are taking for granted that they are enemies or rivals. We ought not to need any exterior help to rid us of our delusions, when those delusions arise, not from any kind of fatality, but from passion or ignorance, or a combination of the two in ourselves. If we could but agree in an appeal for relief, we might have it, without any recourse to magical or mythical benefactors. Reason would be our good angel, if we asked her; and if we gave our affairs into her hands for ever so short a time, she would free us from the delusions which haunt every country, and are particularly unfortunate and mischievous at the present time. If we had power given us over only half a dozen, let us see how much of a riddance that would make.

One of the most comprehensive of modern hallucinations is that one party's gain must be another's loss. In an unconscious sort of way, men assume that there is so much good and so much evil in the particular department of life that they are thinking of; and that the more good there is for somebody, the less there must be for somebody else. One of the strangest illustrations of this mistake at the present time is the protectionist policy of the United States, and of other countries where free trade is not yet understood. The jealousy all round is a strange spectacle, and a far from pleasant one. The Slave States, which are protectionists and monopolists in the matter of labour, have long suffered from a raging envy of the Free States, being under the delusion that all the expanding industry, wealth, and power of the North were so much out of their pockets. The Free States are

just as blundering in the same particular, without so much excuse. They fancy that every sale of European commodities which they prevent by their tariff is so much secured to American industry. If they can damage English or French importation, they suppose that European loss is precisely so much American gain. They might as well suppose that the produce of a seed-field is just so much stolen from the granary. For want of perceiving the creative power of free industry and exchange, they are taxing a whole society of consumers by the dearness and inferiority of products for the imaginary benefit of cliques of iron-masters and mill-owners, robbing the merchant-class of their trade, and raising up on their frontier that curse of old countries—a contrabandist population. One of the saddest spectacles now to be seen in the world is the rapid growth of smuggling on the Canadian frontier, by which honest industry is turned into fraudulent trade, and virtuous independence is daily supplanted by the fiercest spirit of gambling. Though the French people are advancing as rapidly, under the operation of the Commercial Treaty, as the Americans are going back, whole classes of them are still jealous of English industry. The Germans are jealous in like manner of the French; and so the delusion goes round, till it is stopped in England, where some of the shipowners are now almost the only representatives of a delusion which, within living memory, misled almost every class in the country.

The same hallucination has a share in the fundamental political strifes of our own, and of all times. In regard to political privileges, it is too commonly supposed that there is a certain quantum in existence which has to be apportioned among classes, so that what any class gains some other must lose; whereas it is a clear gain to everybody that the greatest number of minds that can be called into council on the general interest should be brought into the position of "having a stake in the country." The one condition which is necessary as a safeguard is, that it should be, not numbers but *minds* which are so called into council,—not the mere wills of unqualified inhabitants, but informed and sensible minds in the greatest procurable number; in other words, that education (of books or circumstance) should be a condition of political privilege. Another hallucination, however, is yet more answerable for political antagonism,—the wide spread, but diminishing error of assuming that toil is an evil.

As far back as we can go in human history we find this mistake—even so far back as the day when the flaming sword gleamed over the shut gate of paradise. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread" was understood as a curse; whereas, we are now learning that the decree was the greatest blessing ever bestowed on man, it being nothing less than the means appointed for the development of human faculties, and for the enjoyment of all true pleasures. For a long course of centuries the mistake was perpetuated by labour being regarded as a badge of degradation. The mistake operated both as cause and effect. It devolved toil on the helpless and degraded; and, as the helpless and degraded could not do all the

work of society, the meaning of the term "labour" became restricted, the idea was narrowed, and the toil which was undergone by privileged persons was called by some other name. The knightly warrior worked as hard as the slave, but was unaware of being in any sense a labourer. The born thrall had a listless life in comparison with the legislator or ruler; but neither of them suspected the truth. Within a century the civilised world has made great progress in outgrowing this error: yet more remarkably within half a century; and yet more within a quarter. The American Republic was a grand recognition of the truth that it was for the happiness of each and all that every man should work out his own destiny. In England, we see the advance most conspicuously perhaps in the changed and improved character of the aristocracy—from its quality and influence, throughout our history the most distinctive class of our society. No doubt, the British aristocracy had always arduous and laborious duties to perform in and towards the State: they were warriors, legislators, chieftains, and landowners in all times. Now that the military age has passed away, that more and more of the commons have been admitted to the legislature, and that the holding of land has changed its character with the improvement of agriculture, the aristocracy have changed, in full proportion to other alterations. There was a time of transition when their character and repute were in danger, when they seemed more ready to contend for power which they could not retain than to seek new resources of influence. There was a generation of peers which neither sustained the ancient honours of their order nor applied themselves to establish their *prestige* on a new basis; but they have passed away; and we have seen, within the memory of old men, a generation of peers who are not content with title, position, and wealth, but are as eager as knights of the middle ages for personal distinction won by personal efforts. Thirty years ago it was observed that the sons of peers were growing ambitious to distinguish themselves by travel, in literature, as scientific agriculturists, as not merely patrons but votaries of Art, and as statesmen. The example has already spread downwards and abroad; and we see work more and more regarded as anything but a disgrace.

Still, there are strong traces of the old mistake, everywhere among us. Among the million and a quarter of domestic servants in England, and the class of small tradesmen, there is scarcely one who does not respect a woman who is idle more than one who works. To earn a living is still held by the multitude the circumstance which separates a woman from ladyhood. Others than rustics hold the view, unconsciously, that it would be a fine thing to be Lady Anne,—to swing on a gate all day, and eat bread-and-butter. We still hear the old proverb "as happy as a king," in the sense of the king having nothing to do unless he chose. The popular notion was only put in a rather strong way by the little girl who came over from India for her education, and was wild to see the Queen. She questioned all her friends meantime about the Queen: "Does she ride about all day in a buggy, with her crown on?" The sharp stroke of fate which has lately afflicted the nation has

roused no small portion of it out of the old hallucination ; and the benefit cannot but be so great that, since the woe has actually befallen, and is irreparable, it would be ungrateful and impious not to recognise the compensation, in its degree. The nation at large sympathised in the Queen's marriage, but yet not with altogether an understanding mind. It had a start now and then, as when the royal children had the chicken-pox, or were known to have built and served a dairy-house with their own hands : but still the old association, prevailed that the royal family were somehow above the trials of human life,—in their degree “as happy as a king.” That old impression is now exploded. The lowest, shallowest, most ignorant, are if possible more shocked than more enlightened people at the affliction of their Queen. That she is a widow, with a heart bleeding in sympathy with the widows at Hartley, is a confounding of all their notions ; but they have also heard that in her husband she has lost one who shared her burden of actual toil, so as to prevent her strength (strong as she is) from being overwhelmed. We hear everywhere of the universal loyalty during this winter of mourning ; and we all rejoice in it : but we shall rejoice more deeply and truly in proportion as we perceive that the Royal lady's calamity has corrected and purified the relation between the lowest of her people and the State, of which she is the Trustee and the representative in their eyes.

Steadily as we are outgrowing the delusion about Work being an evil, we meet its taint in far too many directions still. The wildest exhibition of it is, no doubt, in the opinion held in the Slave States of America about “free society.” I need not go into an explanation of how it is that, in the presence of slavery, work is degradation. Most of us know something of what the “Mean whites” are like in the Carolinas, and why they are what they are. It is not so widely known that, throughout the Slave States, it is believed by all untravelling citizens that everywhere else society is corrupt, miserable, and intolerable, from the circumstance that the work is done by citizens and not by slaves. They sincerely believe that free labour brings with it free handling of other men's goods, “free love” which banishes virtuous marriage, free-thinking which expels religion, and so on. When we consider that in this hallucination lies the cause of the civil war now raging there, and that it is this delusion which renders the struggle morally hopeless, on account of the hatred and contempt with which the industrial and the slave-holding antagonists regard each other, we shall approach to a comprehension of the immeasurable evil involved in the mistake. We are not wholly exempt from it ourselves. There are Englishmen who ought to know better who still cannot free themselves from the notion that negroes will not work voluntarily ; and some go on to assume the same thing of the white labourer in their own parish. We find strong traces of the same false assumption even in the books of wise men, and, among others, the political economists. Mr. Mill's writings on that set of subjects proceed, throughout the whole discussion of the Distribution of Wealth, on the direct supposition that toil

is an evil. All the abundant evidence we have that negroes will and do work under merely natural inducements, notwithstanding their demoralising training in slavery, and that the labourers in our own neighbourhoods relish their work, seems to have little effect in clearing the general mind of the old prejudice. We owe much to Mr. Chadwick for his excellent anecdote of the chalk-cutter in the quarry. That man told Mr. Chadwick, in a conversation which speaks well for them both, that, after (I think) twelve years of working days spent in cutting out square blocks of chalk from the pit, he was sensible of distinct sensations of satisfaction in measuring, marking, hewing, and extricating every cube of chalk that left his hands. We have the evidence of multitudes of free negroes in favour of their inclination for work,—in their improved minds, their lively countenances, their comfortable dwellings and fruitful gardens, their chapels and schools, and the amounts they have in the Savings Banks, as well as in boats and ships, in houses and lands. That some should continue to grovel after having been bred up in slavery is inevitable : but to suppose that such as they decide the case, in the face of a majority of cheerful and thriving industrial negroes, is as unphilosophical in us as it is unjust to them. However, we have advanced a long way towards a general comprehension of the great fact that work is the greatest of blessings, though it may once have worn the aspect of a curse.

Not unconnected with this is the prevalent error to which I need refer only in the briefest way,—the great mistake as to the conditions of political liberty. One evil of labour formerly was that it was a sort of badge of exclusion from political action. The American Republic set aside that old interdiction ; and, for a long course of years there has been as strong an impression, on the one hand, that freedom must be extended and secured by the spread of political privilege among the largest class, as there ever was, on the other hand, that all political privilege should be lodged with the smallest class of society. We ought to need no ghost or fairy to teach us the truth now, when we see the operation of universal suffrage in several countries of Christendom, and are watching the American republic in the crisis of its fate. North or South, there is at present no liberty there which would allow an Englishman to breathe. I need not speak of France, because the name and pretence of a democratic *régime* existing there are after-thoughts, and all the world agrees in regarding the Empire as a mere despotism. But at home we have one exhibition of the operation of a thoroughly democratic system of action. Our Trades' Unions show what sort of life society generally, and particularly the most enlightened and virtuous citizens in it, might expect to lead under a democratic political system. That a tyranny like that of our Trades' Unions can exist in England is a thing so strange as to excite astonishment from St. Petersburg down to Turin ; but, while ashamed, we may be thankful, as the flagrantcy of the evil may save us from something worse. It is a standing admonition to us to guard against the delusion that, because oligarchical government is tyranny, democratic government

must be liberty. While in England we see our working men trammelled with envious restrictions and burdened with an audacious trade taxation, and hear of Sheffield outrages; and while we see the grossest of protective tariffs imposed on the working community in America, we ought to need no further exposure of the fallacy that liberty extends with the suffrage.

For the most vigorous hallucinations, and the greatest number of them, we must turn to the Americans. They are an imaginative and a passionate people; and they certainly have a wonderful capacity for delusion, while their power of receiving evidence is very small. Thus the Southern people have hardly yet begun to doubt whether England and France will become their allies; and their agents in England still propose to "educate the British mind" to estimate the blessing that slavery is to the negro. The dealings of those agents with the London press, as reported by themselves to the Confederate authorities, teach us the mischievousness of such wild notions, even in Europe, where they should find no reception. In the North we see a fair rivalry to the irrationality of the South. We see the same persuasion that cotton will operate supremely and solely on the English mind. We see the same inability to perceive by evidence that the case is otherwise. We see the same notion prevailing that England and France will go into alliance with the South. The two sections believe and expect the same things,—the one in hope and the other in fear, and both under delusion. But they also agree in slandering in the most singular and extravagant way the Power which they would fain have for an ally. The story of England's rapacity is a very old one. It is something newer to hear of her being envious and jealous of the Republic, and of her "wanting to go to war" with it. All the evidence the case admits is against these notions; but that fact makes no difference. We have the prevalent hallucinations of American society exhibited in a single view in the speech of the Senator at Washington who assumed England to be the aggressor and tyrant in the *Trent* business; and proposed to finish off the civil war immediately, in order to punish England, by taking Canada, the West Indies, Ireland, and India, and making the throne vacant. It may be well that the popular delusions of the time should take this distinct form: but how infinite is the mischief that they do! They close all minds against facts, and harden the hearts of millions, so that they cannot apprehend the beauty of magnanimity and justice where they look only for hostility and sordid treachery.

On our side there is mischief too. We have so possessed ourselves with the idea of the lawlessness and eccentricity of popular government, and have taken so little pains to understand the origin of the special disorders in the United States that we misinterpret their affairs and prospects from day to day. We have been out in our prophecies a dozen times within a year,—especially in regard to "the mob" which we concluded would overawe the government, prevent the restitution of Mason and Slidell, or probably tear them to pieces in the street. We fancied those gentlemen in the

hands of the mob: the Americans fancied them received under triumphal arches, spouting to admiring London audiences, feasted by the aristocracy and chaired by the democracy. Both notions were absurdly wrong, and both peoples should accept the rebuke of the event. The so-called "mob," the American public, followed instead of overriding the action of the government: and, if the Southern champions of slavery and the slave trade had received any ovation at all in England, it would have been somewhat like that which Haynau received from Perkins's draymen. Certainly the American strangers are answerable for a good deal more woman-flogging than the Austrian General who suffered on that ground. We have all been proved so thoroughly mistaken that we might fairly treat the attempt of nations to judge their neighbours as a separate hallucination.

We see a remarkable illustration of such a mistake in the obstinacy of some half-a-dozen peoples in the belief that Ireland is cruelly oppressed. Now in Russia, now in France, now in America, now in Austria, and again in Spain, or at Rome, somebody gets up and groans aloud over the cruelty of England to Ireland, and the intolerable slavery of the merry Paddies. The delusion will not die out elsewhere while it lingers in Ireland; and it is a lesson to us not to despise too unmercifully the denunciations of the Austrian court, or the French colonels, or the American newspapers, while Dublin shopmen and Kerry schoolmasters continue to aspire after "wading to the knees in Saxon blood," and while Mr. Smith O'Brien goes on to offer to settle foreign civil wars in the interval of waiting till he can break up the British union of kingdoms by the sword. The Mitchels, Meaghers, and O'Briens do what in them lies to cure the delusion about Irish oppression, by showing what Irish malcontents are like: but it will take some time for Irish prosperity and contentment to satisfy the critical part of foreign society that its sympathy and indignation have been betrayed by a hallucination. Meantime we have a curious illustration of the mixed character of international sentiment in the proposal laid before Congress for the relief of an imaginary "famine in Ireland."

The "mission of France" to establish justice and vindicate oppressed peoples would be the affair of France alone if it was the theme of a single-minded national vanity, blind to its own slavery while glowing over the patriotic aspirations of half-a-dozen freer peoples; but the delusion imperils the peace of Europe as often as it is renewed at the call of a restless army and a despot insecure on his throne. The general nuisance of a meddling Power in Europe will, sooner or later, bring about the dispersion of the dream of vanity, if it does not meet with a less rude awakening soon by an exertion of common sense on the part of the soberer minds which we know to be pursuing their own business in every part of France. True patriotism will not for ever let itself be represented by the bullies of an army and the minions of a court.

The inveterate tendency of the ordinary human mind to generalise from a fortuitous scattering of facts will long cause international misapprehen-

sions, as it has always caused them. I remember a case, abundantly commonplace, but yet striking in its way, of how nations form estimates of each other. A quarter of a century ago, a Professor came to England on a scientific mission from America, attended by his wife and son. The child was so much his parents' treasure that they supposed he must be a treasure to the world. He was one of those intolerable little Pickles that every country produces in the spoiled child of adoring parents. In all societies (and they were many) where this boy was exhibited he left an ineffaceable impression: and from the impression arose the hallucination that all American children were of that sort. No testimony that could be afforded by travellers who had seen thousands of American children in their homes was of any avail in modifying the judgment: and a considerable class of English society made up its opinion, then and there and for ever, of American character, from the management of its childhood. On the other side Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope were accepted in America as types of the English gentleman and gentlewoman; as Mr. Edwin James is now, and will long be regarded as the type of the British bar. Between this way of generalising, and the habit which untravelled persons have of speaking of a nation as of an individual, there is little chance of any approach to an appreciation of national character. Few are the travelled in proportion to the untravelled of any nation; and the larger class will go on to speak of "the French," "the Americans," "the Germans," as if they were all alike. They may be startled for a moment by the question whether they do not suppose that there are all sorts of persons in every nation: but they fall back into their accustomed notion of "the French," "the English," &c., till they cause a sort of despair to rational observers, who see how the ignorant many pronounce an overwhelming judgment on a grave and intricate subject which wise men approach humbly as a study which will occupy their lives.

There are other popular delusions affecting the training of the human mind, and the peace and welfare of the world: but these few will account for a large proportion of the miseries of life. If they could be corrected,—and we all hold the means of correcting them,—the world of our day would be a very different place from what it is. It is an excellent aspiration to "see ourselves as others see us;" but it would be no less conducive to rectitude and peace if we could all see others as they see themselves. The spirit that should so correct our vision would be indeed the good angel of our race and of every nation.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

"LITTLE WIFE."

COUSINS—as boy and girl, we watched
The glow-worm and the star,
Made mimic trenches on the sands,
And gathered shell and spar;
We built the snow-man in the drift,
We nutted in the park;
I called her, shyly, "Little wife,"
And kissed her in the dark.

For years our paths lay wide apart—
As wide as sun and sea,—
And when we met again, she seemed
Half strange, half shy, with me;
But, guests together at the farm,
We soon recalled to life
The memory of those early days,
When she was "Little wife."

A whisper at a wedding dance—,
A blushing, bending face,—
And then I heard the welcome word
That gave me cousin Grace,—
That gave me her whose love dispelled
The shadow on my life,
Who lays her hand in mine to-night,
And is—my "Little wife." R. F. SKETCHLEY.

AT CRUTCHLEY PRIOR.

WHAT was the precise nature of the legal business which sent me down to Crutchley Prior, and why it was considered more advisable for me to take up my quarters at the Hall itself rather than at an inn in the town, need not be set down here. It is sufficient to state that my visit took place in consequence of a lawsuit conducted by our firm, and which we subsequently won, to the satisfaction of our clients.

Daylight was slowly dying when I reached Crutchley Prior station, cold, weary, and somewhat out of temper. Neither the station nor the country round it impressed me favourably. The evening was chill and misty, and my thoughts dwelt regretfully on the comfortable little dinner in the snug little parlour, which my landlady had always ready for me to the minute when I reached home from the office. Flinging my portmanteau, my bag of papers, and myself into the one rickety cab which made a point of attending the trains, I gave the word—to Crutchley Prior; and away we rattled, while I watched with gloomy satisfaction the guardian blood-red eye that glared aloft over the station gradually fade in the distance.

A drive of half a mile down the darkening road; then through a pair of dilapidated lodge-gates; then for a considerable distance along a wide gravelled path, with the trees looming dim and ghostly on either side; then a sudden pull up; a shout from the driver; a gleam of light breaking pleasantly through my dark musings, and I find myself at Crutchley Prior, and my journey's end. Sergeant Flint and his pretty daughter were out of the cottage in a moment, for my visit was not altogether unexpected by them.

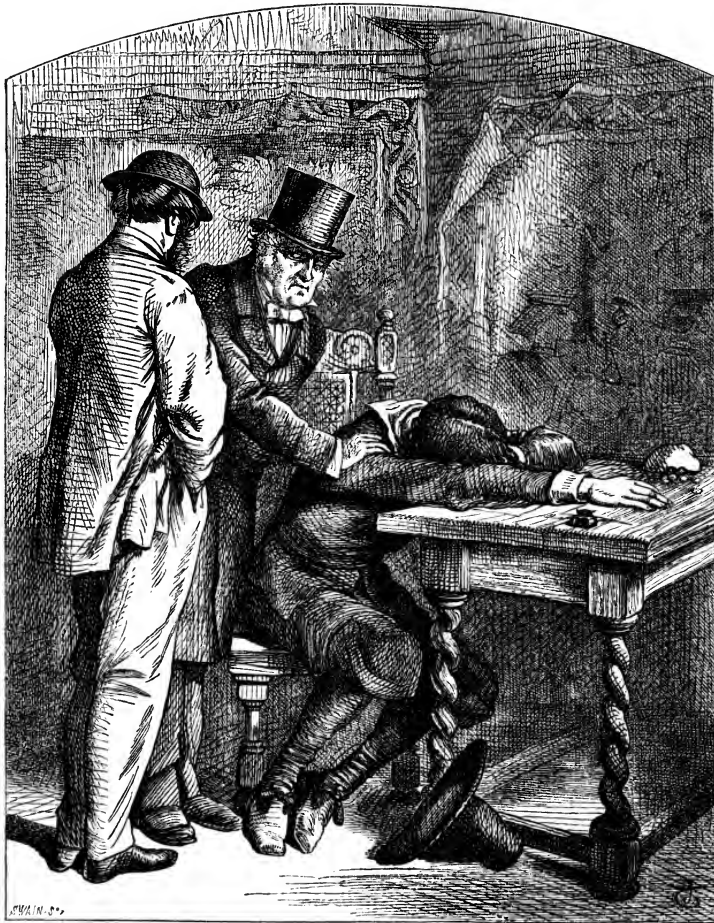
"Sir, you are welcome," said the old soldier with a military salute, after I had introduced myself. "I trust that you have had a pleasant journey, and that you will find your quarters comfortable and to your liking."

A lantern was ready by this time. Alice went on first with it to show the way, the sergeant followed with my luggage, and I brought up the rear. We toiled up the steep mound on which the hall is built, and halted for a moment while Alice unlocked the gate, which, swinging open with a creaking rusty sound, admitted us into what appeared to be a large paved courtyard with frowning buildings on every side. Crossing this, we passed through a door on the other side into a

large entrance-hall, decorated with stags' heads and other trophies of the chase, and overlooked on three sides by a heavy wooden gallery. Up one or two flights of stairs; through several great desolate rooms, destitute of furniture, panelled with dark wood, and having empty staring fireplaces, each looking like the mouth of some black cavern; guided by the wavering, uncertain light of the lantern; till at length we reached a room smaller than any I had yet seen, having a cheerful fire blazing in the grate, and, better still, a table spread in a style which indicated that I should

not have long to wait for dinner. This room was hung with faded tapestry worked by fingers that centuries ago ceased work for ever; and as the door opened to admit us, a current of air from the corridor outside sent a momentary shudder through all the dim figures, staring mutely from the walls with eyes that would never wink nor turn away, happen what might.

Alice, having lighted two wax-candles placed in heavy silver candlesticks, turned round with a smile and a little curtsey, and motioned me to an easy-chair that stood toasting its legs near the fire.



"Here we are, sir," said the sergeant; "this is your sitting-room, and there beyond is your bedroom. Alice will wait on you. Any further commands for me to-night?"

"None whatever, sergeant, thank you. I shall see you in the morning, of course. In the meantime, you could not have left me in better hands."

"Sir, I wish you good night," replied the sergeant, carrying a finger to his forehead; and, turning on his heel, he strode slowly away, his footsteps startling the echoes in the empty rooms as he went.

Alice, meanwhile, had carried my portmanteau into the other room, and had made the table ready for the dishes, which appeared a few minutes after, brought in by a red-haired servant.

The meal was soon over, and the table cleared; after which my two attendants bade me good night, and left me alone with the shadowy people that hunted and made love, that feasted and danced, that laughed and cried unceasingly on the walls; and I seemed at once to become as faded and unreal as they when the sunny smile and pleasant face of Alice were gone, and when I

heard the great doors clash one by one behind her, and found myself the sole inmate of the old hall of Crutchley Prior.

I wheeled my chair in front of the fire to shut out the staring figures on the wall, lighted my cheroot, and disposed myself to pass a comfortable hour before going to bed. My thoughts began to busy themselves with the business that had brought me down to Crutchley Prior, and I sat smoking and thinking for I know not how long, when, happening to look up, my attention was for the third time drawn to a life-size portrait which hung above the great carved chimney-piece. I had noticed it on entering the room, and again during dinner, and now that it claimed my attention for the third time, I rose to examine it more closely. It was the portrait of a man dressed in the style of a Puritan of the Commonwealth. The expression of the face was grave and lofty, but the features were deathly pale, and as fine and delicate as those of a woman; the eyes were large, dark, and lustrous, but with an expression of such intense sorrow in their depths as was painful to look upon. The figure was dressed in black, and held in one hand a small steeple-crowned hat, and in the other a thick book fastened with two clasps. I gazed at it long and earnestly—it was a picture not lightly to be passed by—the living soul of the man seemed to look out of those mournful eyes. Wondering whether it was the portrait of any member of the Crutchley family, I made a mental memorandum to ask Alice all particulars concerning it in the morning.

Even after I had put out the candles in the sitting-room, and was half undressed, I stole back from my bedroom to take another look at that pale, earnest face which haunted me so, and which was the last thing in my thoughts as I fell asleep.

The bedroom opened out of the sitting-room, and like it was hung with tapestry; but the rest of the furniture was modern and comfortable, even to the white blinds and dimity hangings that shaded the broad, low, diamond-paned windows.

I awoke in the middle of the night, hot and thirsty. As I sat up in bed for a moment, resting on my elbow, I heard the clock of some church near at hand strike three. The night was clear and cold; and, stirred by the breeze, two tall trees that stood on the garden terrace swayed to and fro, and tossed their ghostly arms like vast hooded figures praying in silent agony to the stars. I was on the point of leaping out of bed in search of the water-bottle, when I was suddenly startled into quietude by hearing a strange, low, peculiar rustling sound that appeared to be close at hand, and yet on which side of me it was I could not exactly determine. The blood curdled round my heart, and a cold tremor shot through me as I listened. What the noise was, or even where it was—whether in the room or out of it—I could not tell. It sounded so near, and yet so indefinite—so dread, so ghostly; seeming such a natural outgrowth of the darkness, that no common-place cause seemed, in the breathless hush of the moment, sufficient to account for it. I heard it distinctly for about half a minute, and then it ceased. Intensely wakeful, with all my faculties con-

centrated into the one sense of listening, I waited, without stirring a muscle, to hear it again. It came after a short interval. The same strange, low, peculiar sound—difficult to describe; but, if like anything, like the rustle of a person's dress who walks along close to a wall, rubbing it at the same time with his hand as if to guide himself along. It came nearer, and seemed to pass close by the head of the bed; and then, slowly receding, died softly away. There was no sound of breathing or of footsteps, nothing but the faint rustling noise I have attempted to describe. It did not come again, although I lay listening with wide-staring eyes for above an hour; and still listening, I at last fell asleep, and did not awake till the morning was far advanced.

The first thing I did after rising was to lift up the tapestry that lined the walls, in the hope of solving the mystery of the past night. I found that the room was panelled with dark oak, which sounded firm and full beneath the stroke of my hand. The bedroom door was still locked, and it was therefore evident that I must seek outside the room, if anywhere, for the cause of the strange noise. The Puritan in black looked me full in the face as I entered my sitting-room, seeming in the sunshine even paler and graver than by candle-light.

After breakfast I sauntered down to the cottage, and accompanied the old soldier round his garden and little orchard; gathered a handful of flowers, and plucked a few low-hanging apples; saw the cows milked and the pigs fed; and stood by while Alice scattered handfuls of corn over the ground by way of breakfast for a numerous family of hens and chickens. Everything was fresh, and everything was delightful.

As I was crossing the courtyard on my return, I saw standing in the porch before me a tall, spare individual, dressed in black, who was leisurely paring his nails, and sniffing the morning air with much complacency. I foreboded that the stranger was Mr. Kedge, a lawyer from the neighbouring town who had been written to by our firm to meet me at the Hall on certain business connected with the great lawsuit. My surmise proved to be correct—it was Mr. Kedge. He closed his penknife with a click, gave me a preliminary glance out of the corners of his eyes, broke into a smile, and coming forward with well-feigned heartiness, shook me by the hand, and introduced himself with much cordiality. We proceeded together to my room, and in five minutes more the table was littered with papers, and we were both busily at work. It may be prejudice on my part, but I cannot conscientiously say that Mr. Kedge impressed me favourably at the outset of our acquaintance, neither did he afterwards rise greatly in my estimation; and I was glad when the day's labours were over, and he took his departure till the following morning.

I was desirous of exploring the house and grounds more thoroughly than I had yet done, and expressed my wish to Alice, who at once proffered to guide me over the place, and fetched the keys for the purpose. I found that the remainder of the Hall was very similar to the portion I had already seen—grey and timeworn, ruinous even in some places; destitute of furniture, except a few

rooms fitted up in the modern style; the walls panelled with black oak, or hung with ancient tapestry. It was a much larger place than I had expected to find, and we passed up and down so many staircases, through so many galleries, and in and out of so many rooms so like one another in appearance, that in five minutes after setting out my geographical ideas of the building were completely at fault. The east wing, which was the oldest part of the Hall, we did not enter. Alice stated that it was always kept locked, as the flooring in many places was unsafe, and that she herself had never been through it but twice. After wandering through a score of apartments, we came at last to a low iron-studded door, which opened on a narrow spiral staircase. After climbing an infinitude of steep stone steps, I found myself on the summit of the flagstaff-tower, the highest point of the Hall, from whence there was a wide prospect over a pleasant pastoral country, with a near-at-hand view of the railway station, and a little further on of the town of Crutchley Prior.

Descending the staircase, and passing through one or two galleries, we reached another low-browed door, which admitted us into the garden; a pleasant space of ground laid out in the old-fashioned formal style, but sadly neglected and out of order. Here Alice left me to smoke my cigar, and watch the sun dip and disappear behind the low-lying western hills.

My exploration of the Hall had not helped me in any way to a solution of the mystery of the previous night. Alice had just come up with candles when I entered my room.

"Whose portrait is that?" I asked, pointing to the picture over the fireplace.

"It is said to be the likeness of Sir Everard Crutchley."

"Who was he?"

"He was Sir Hugh Crutchley's younger brother, and lived here in the time of Oliver Cromwell."

"Judging by the expression of his face, his history must have been a sad one."

"It was—a very sad one."

"Tell it me before you light the candles."

After a little hesitation, she related to me the following piece of family history.

Sir Hugh Crutchley and his brother Everard were living at the Hall when Charles the First was king. Sir Hugh sided with the Cavaliers, and his brother with the opposite party. After the battle of Worcester, Sir Hugh, finding that his head was in danger, fled to France in disguise, first paying a hasty visit to the Hall, and bequeathing his little motherless son Frank to the care of Mr. Everard. Some years passed away, and Sir Hugh, still an exile, died, and Master Frank succeeded to the title. His uncle always professed a great attachment for the boy, and loved to have him always with him; indeed it is said that he was always very gentle in his manner and never spoke a harsh word to any one. One day, some six months after the news of Sir Hugh's death had reached the Hall, Mr. Everard and little Frank went out to walk in the woods with which the Hall was then surrounded. After being away for several hours, the uncle returned

alone. He seemed in the greatest distress of mind, and stated that little Frank had strayed from his side in the woods, and that he could not find him anywhere. Troops of men were sent out in every direction, and the woods were searched for several weeks, but the boy could not be found; and it became evident after awhile that further search would be useless. Gradually a suspicion grew up, emanating no one knew whence, that Sir Everard had made away with the boy in order to succeed to the estate and title; and although there seems to have been little or no foundation for such an idea, yet the country people all round came at length to believe in it as a fact, and the Hall and its owner were shunned by every one. Sir Everard never held up his head after that fatal day. He could not but be aware of the suspicion with which he was regarded; but he never noticed it, but every day went wandering into the woods; never addressing any one whom he met, but muttering softly to himself "Lost! lost!" and gradually fading away, till one day he was found lying dead at the foot of a large tree. Whether his nephew had strayed away and been lost, or whether he had been murdered, was never discovered. And because Sir Everard always wore dark clothes and looked so sorrowful, they called him the Black Puritan; and it is said that he is often seen, even now, by country people returning home late from market; and that in autumn, when the leaves are yellow and the wind is high (in which season of the year little Frank was lost), he may sometimes be seen after dark pacing the deserted chambers of the Hall, or wandering beneath the elms on the terrace outside.

The story which Alice had told me haunted me all that evening; was a burden to me after I got to bed; and lay, a dread shadow, on my dreams.

Did I dream it only, or was it a fact, that, waking suddenly in the middle of the night, without warning turn or movement, I saw standing at the foot of the bed, within a yard of my feet, a tall figure dressed in black, and crowned with a sugar-loaf hat; its white face—which being directly opposite the window, I could clearly distinguish, without being able to make out the features—bent a little forward toward mine, as though gazing earnestly at me? Did I merely dream so, or was it a fact, that when the figure perceived me to be awake—which it did in the course of a few seconds—it made a gesture of surprise; and passing quickly and noiselessly over the floor, disappeared behind the curtains that fell round the opposite side of the bed? It is a fact, and no dream, that I was out of bed the next moment; that I quickly struck a light, and examined every corner of the room; but to no purpose; not a trace of any intruder could I find. Let me at once confess that I felt rather timid and uncomfortable; and not liking the idea of going to bed again, I lighted the candles in the sitting-room, poked up the fire, and sat smoking till daybreak; after which, I went out for a walk, and a plunge in the river. After breakfast came Mr. Kedge, and we spent another busy day over our papers.

Notwithstanding that I had been disturbed two nights in succession in such an unaccountable

manner, I was far from attributing the annoyance to anything supernatural; and tried to argue myself into the belief that I should some day hear a very commonplace solution of the affair. Meanwhile I determined to use my utmost endeavours to solve the mystery; and, fortified with several cups of strong green tea, I went to bed on the third night with the intention of lying awake till morning, so as to be prepared for any circumstance that might arise. The tea answered the purpose for which I had taken it, and kept me thoroughly awake. I heard midnight strike; one o'clock, two o'clock, three o'clock came and went; and still I remained undisturbed. At length the bed became intolerable; I could stay in it no longer; so I got up, and paced about the room, yawning wearily, but still terribly wide awake, and as far from sleep as ever. I went and sat down on the window ledge, and looked into the quiet garden, where trees and flowers were sleeping peacefully in the faint silver of the young moon.

At once, while gazing languidly out of the window, I saw something moving across the garden terrace—something that emerged out of the blackness of the two yew-trees that grew on the left, and slowly crossing the alley, went toward the yew-trees on the right. A tall dusky figure, vague, and dimly discerned, looking more like a wandering fragment of shadow than anything human; pacing slowly, with folded arms and bent head, from one end of the alley to the other, and then back again; pausing now and then for a moment to glance at the stars, and then resuming its melancholy walk. For the first time I felt inclined to place some credence in the story Alice had told me of Sir Everard's ghostly rambles about the old Hall. I watched the figure for about half an hour; at length I lost it in the deep shade of the yews, and it did not return.

With the return of daylight my belief in the ghostly theory faded away, and I became once more a confirmed materialist. I waited impatiently for the coming of night, and again took up my post at the window a little before midnight. I had short fits of sleep, and short fits of watching; was very miserable and drowsy, and looked with longing eyes at the bed. I had not mentioned the appearance either to Alice or the sergeant, and was determined not to do so till I should see clearly that I could not fathom the mystery by myself. Waking up from a nap sometime towards morning, and looking out sleepily, I again saw the tall dusky figure of the preceding night, pacing slowly to and fro on the terrace, exactly as I had seen it before. I watched it with straining eyes till it retired.

I was down in the garden before breakfast that morning; and strolling past the flower-beds, and up the moss-grown steps on to the terrace, examined the place in a quiet incurious way, so as not to excite the suspicions of any one who might be watching unseen by me. I found under the yew-trees, at one end of the terrace, a low arched door studded with large nails, apparently fastened inside, and opening into the eastern and most ruinous wing of the Hall. Under the yew-trees, at the other end of the alley, was a rickety tumble-down arbour, which years before might

have been a pleasant summer lounge. The alley itself was merely a narrow gravelled walk, with a carpet of sward on each side of it, overshadowed in the middle by two large elms.

I was desirous of obtaining a nearer view of the mysterious stranger, but did not for some time clearly perceive by what means it was to be effected. The outer door, by which alone I could obtain access to the garden, was locked by Alice every evening. I determined, however, after some consideration, to stroll down to the cottage just before dark, and purloin the keys for a few minutes from the nail on which they always hung when not in use. Having obtained them, I would unlock the garden-door, and leave it so till morning; after which I would conceal myself behind a thick hedge that fringed one corner of the alley, and there wait the course of events. But this little plot was destined to be frustrated; for when Mr. Kedge came, he invited me to dine with him that evening; and pressed me so strongly on the point, that, little as I liked the man, I could not with any show of reason refuse. I was less loth to accept his invitation than I should have been at another time, as I felt myself becoming morbid and nervous from having dwelt so much among shadows for the last few days, and thought that a little society would be beneficial to my health of mind. So, having finished our labours rather earlier than usual, Mr. Kedge and I walked over together to the town of Crutchley Prior, where it was arranged that I should stay all night. There were some half-dozen of Mr. Kedge's bachelor friends to dinner, and the party was a pleasant one. Propriety must be attended to in a small town like Crutchley Prior, where everybody knows everybody else's business, and where late hours are considered as a sure sign of dissipation; so, as the evening wore on, the guests dropped off one by one, and when midnight struck, Mr. Kedge and I were left alone. I would gladly have retired at once, but my host would not hear of it; we must have one more bottle between us—he had something particular to tell me—it was too early to break up, and so on; in short, I must sit up half an hour longer. He had already taken more wine than was good for him, and now that we were left alone, he became at once so maudlin and sentimental, that I thought it was getting high time to retire. So, after taking a parting glass, and having a narrow escape from an embrace, which in the plenitude of his drunken affection he was desirous of inflicting on me, I succeeded in making good my retreat; and, calling the housekeeper and page up-stairs, committed my host into their charge.

I retired to my bed at once, but not to sleep. My head was on fire; my skin was dry and parched; and my throat like the mouth of a furnace. I drank all the water in the room, and then lay tossing in an agony of thirst, longing for daylight. The servants had retired long ago; not a sound was audible in the house, except the nibbling of a mouse behind the wainscot; but outside, the wind was rising, and at intervals a few heavy drops of rain dashed against the window. Suddenly I heard a sound as of some one

softly ascending the stairs. Could it be one of the servants who had not yet retired for the night? or was it Kedge himself? Yes, it must be the lawyer, tormented like myself, perhaps, who had been down-stairs to quench his thirst. And yet I had never heard him leave his room, into which his page had assisted him more than an hour ago. The footsteps stopped opposite my door for a moment, as though in doubt, then advanced across the landing, and I heard a door on the other side gently opened. Impelled by a vague feeling of curiosity, I slid out of bed, shuffled on my slippers and a few articles of dress, and cautiously opening my bedroom door, slipped out on to the landing. There was a faint light shining under the door of Mr. Kedge's room, and I could hear the creaking of the boards as some one crossed the floor. Feeling satisfied that it could be no one but Mr. Kedge himself, I was about to return to my room, when the light was suddenly extinguished; and I had barely time to squeeze myself into a recess between a wardrobe and an old-fashioned case-clock, before the intruder, if such he was, came out of the bedroom, brushed closely past me, and went gently down-stairs; and a moment after I heard a door below opened, and pulled softly to. I slipped out of the recess, and hurrying on a few more clothes, descended the stairs, determined to follow out the adventure to the end. I slid the bolt of the front door with as little noise as possible, and after giving a preliminary glance round, stepped out, and closed the door after me. I was just in time to see the dusky outline of a man hastening with rapid strides up the street. I gave chase at once, taking care to keep close to the houses, and to step as lightly as possible. I had gained somewhat in the pursuit, and was just longing for the sight of a policeman—rather a scarce article in Crutchley Prior, I believe—when the unknown stopped for a moment under a lamp to pull the large cloak in which he was wrapped more closely around him; and I saw, with a thrill of terror that turned me faint for the moment, that he whom I was pursuing was no other than the Black Puritan. I knew him at once by his steeple-crowned hat.

My fear, however, was but momentary; a second thought convinced me that the personage before me was as real, as much a being of flesh and blood, as myself; and more strongly assured than ever that there was some strange secret at the bottom of these mysterious appearances, which there now seemed some prospect of unravelling, I did not slacken my pursuit for a moment; but keeping the figure steadily in view, followed at a cautious distance behind. The town clock was striking four as I left the last houses behind me, and found myself on the country road leading towards the Hall. The sky was partially overcast, but through the rifts in the clouds a few stars looked out, and gave me all the light I needed for my purpose. The figure kept on at a steady pace, sometimes pausing for a moment to look round, on which occasions I also stood still, and shrank still further into the dense shadow of the high hedge with which the road was bounded. We passed the railway station half-a-mile to our left; and passing through a stile a little farther on,

took a near cut through the park, and in a few minutes more were in the Hall garden. By this time day was beginning to break. When he of the steeple-hat reached the terrace, he turned round, placed his hand to his mouth, and crowed like a cock, shrill and clear, three times—an excellent imitation; then diving rapidly down the alley, he disappeared through the low postern behind the yews. I followed, but more cautiously than before; and on reaching the door, found it shut and fastened. Finding my efforts to open it of no avail, I passed back through the garden, and rambled up and down the fields till breakfast time. The mystery of the Black Puritan lay like an incubus on my mind, and my thoughts refused to fix themselves on any other subject. I determined to tell Kedge everything as soon as he should arrive; perhaps he might be able to solve the mystery; at all events, it was only right that he should be made acquainted with the fact of such a strange visitant having access to his house, without, so far as I could see, his being aware of the fact.

After breakfast I strolled down into the garden, and was surprised to find it already occupied. Sergeant Flint and two strangers were pacing one of the walks, engaged in earnest conversation. One of the two strangers was a middle-aged, portly gentleman, dressed in black, with a keen but good-humoured face; while the other, judging from appearances, was his servant. They came towards me, and the sergeant introduced the gentleman in black as Doctor Y—, from D—, in the midland counties.

“As you are, in one sense, connected with the family,” said the doctor to me, after a little preliminary conversation, “there will be no breach of confidence in my revealing to you the business which has brought me here; and you may perhaps be able to throw some light on the matter. We—that is, myself and my man Biggs—are here in search of Mr. Gerald Crutchley, who about a week ago escaped from my private asylum near D—, where he has been living under my care for several years. With infinite difficulty we have traced him to a village half-a-dozen miles from here; and naturally judging he would make for the Hall, where he lived for several years when a young man, we have come forward in the hope of finding him lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood.”

“How was the gentleman you are in search of dressed when you last heard of him?” I asked.

“Exactly after the fashion of the portrait of Sir Everard Crutchley which hangs in one of the rooms of the Hall.”

I at once related to Doctor Y. all that I had seen and heard in connection with the unfortunate gentleman of whom he was in search: for that he and my mysterious visitor were one and the same person I could not for one moment doubt.

“My search is ended,” said the Doctor, when I had done, “and I shall take Mr. Gerald back with me by this afternoon's train. His visit to you in your bedroom is easily explained, for that part of the Hall abounds in sliding doors and mysterious passages, with all of which he is doubtless well acquainted; but as for his visit to Kedge, I cannot so readily explain that, though there is an old and deadly feud existing between

them. Did you never hear the history of it?" he asked, seeing me look surprised.

"Never."

"Then I may as well tell it you while the sergeant is gone to look for a key that will fit the lock of this iron-studded door."

"Mr. Gerald Crutchley," he began, "as you are no doubt aware, is a son of the late, and a younger brother of the present proprietor of Crutchley Prior. His father lived here, and he was born and brought up in the old Hall; and was well known round the country side for his kind heart, his good looks, and his fondness for field-sports of every description. The day he was of age, a grand fancy-ball was given in honour of the event; to which were invited not only the gentry of the neighbourhood, but several of the chief tenants of the estate, and some of the better class of tradespeople of the neighbouring town, and their families. Amongst others who attended the ball were Sir Ralph's chief agent and man of business, Mr. Drinkwater, and his pretty daughter Barbara, who at that time lived in the house in which Mr. Kedge now resides. It was the whim of Mr. Gerald to be dressed for the occasion exactly in the style of the Puritan whose portrait hangs over your fireplace, to whom, in point of features, he bore a striking and most remarkable likeness; and when after supper he walked into the large saloon without his mask, you might have sworn that the portrait had stepped out of its frame for a little while, so startling was the resemblance,—except that the cheeks of Mr. Gerald had in them more of the natural hue and freshness of youth than those of his grave ancestor. Gerald, who at that time was full of life and spirits, had ever an eye for a pretty face, and soon singled out sweet Barbara Drinkwater, and danced with her several times. This was but the commencement of an acquaintance which gradually ripened on both sides into a fervent attachment; in brief, sir, the old story—stolen meetings, moon-light rambles, and vows that nothing but death should them part. This went on for several months, whether with or without the cognisance of Barbara's father I cannot say. The end of it was that Mr. Gerald went one day to his father, Sir Ralph, and in his wild, impetuous way told him that he loved the girl, and asked the old baronet's consent to his marriage. The old man was furious, and threatened Gerald with all sorts of pains and penalties if he did not at once break off so degrading a connection; but finding his son's headstrong temper proof against everything that he could urge, he at once broke up his establishment, and set off for the Continent, taking Gerald with him. Previously to going, however, the old baronet had an interview with Mr. Drinkwater, who no doubt received his instructions as to what his future policy was to be; for no sooner had father and son quitted the Hall, than he intimated to young Kedge, who was at that time a clerk in his office, that he had full permission to woo and win the pretty Barbara. But Barbara had been wooed and won already, as her father very well knew, and had no heart left to give away to any one; and stood out with all her

woman's strength, alike against the unceasing efforts of her father to drive her the way he would have her go, and the fervent professions of an admirer whom she detested and despised. Thus matters went on, till one day a newspaper arrived, addressed to Mr. Drinkwater, containing an announcement of which he did not fail to make use in the way it was intended by the sender that he should do; and when the newspaper was handed to Barbara, and she read in it that Gerald Crutchley, Esq., had been 'married at Paris on the fifth instant,' her heart gave way, and her fair castle fell in ruins around her. How was she to know that the Gerald Crutchley in question was merely a cousin of the man she loved? Mr. Drinkwater knew how to make use of the advantage thus given him: commands and entreaties were brought to bear on his daughter more frequently than before; Kedge redoubled his assiduities; and, to cut short my story, poor Barbara gave way at last, and eighteen months from the date of Gerald's departure she was married to her father's clerk. Four months later Mr. Drinkwater died of apoplexy, and Kedge succeeded to his business. Sir Ralph returned to England after a time; and not till Gerald had been several hours at Crutchley did he learn that his love was lost to him for ever, and hear from her own lips the story of the deception that had been practised upon her. They parted for ever; and the same night Gerald disappeared from the Hall, and was heard of no more for upwards of two years. It is said that the old man took the desertion of his favourite son very much to heart, and that his end was hastened by it. When he lay dying, his cry was continually for Gerald; but he never saw his boy's face again. The night before he died he sent for Barbara; but what passed between them was never revealed; and in less than a year afterwards she trod the same dark road herself, laying down the weary burden of her life thankfully. It was whispered at the time, that but for Kedge's unkindness, and studied neglect, her life might have been prolonged,—but on this point I speak without any certain information. On the eve of her funeral, the old woman in charge of the house was startled by seeing a tall figure, attired in a long black cloak, walk unannounced into the room where she was sitting, and taking the candle, without a word of greeting, pass up-stairs into the room in which Barbara lay. But after the first start she recognised Gerald; and divining for what purpose he had come, held her tongue, and never mentioned his visit till long afterwards. And thus Gerald took his last farewell. It was but a short time after this event that the malady broke out which eventually necessitated his being placed under my care. It is in some degree hereditary, his grandfather having been afflicted in the same way; and in the annals of the Crutchley family they are not the only cases of a similar kind. It has been his fancy ever since he came to me to be dressed exactly as he was dressed at the ball on that evening when he first met his lost love; and during the whole six years he has been with me, he has never failed, after the salutations for the day were over, to invite me to the grand fancy ball which he had arranged

for the evening of the morrow, and which Barbara had faithfully promised to attend. Poor fellow! his life is quiet and harmless, and not unhappy in its way. Two or three times a week he writes Barbara a long letter, which he afterwards sets afloat in a little toy-boat on a small stream which runs through my grounds on its way to the Trent.—But here comes Sergeant Flint with the key.”

The sergeant came up and unlocked the postern. “I think it will be as well,” remarked Dr. Y., “that I should enter alone. It is highly desirable that all excitement should be avoided, though he is usually so quiet and tractable that I don't anticipate much difficulty in inducing him to accompany me.” And with a smile, and a little bow, the doctor disappeared down the dreary-looking passage, while I, the sergeant, and Biggs waited anxiously outside.

Presently the doctor re-appeared, looking very grave and anxious, and silently beckoned to us to follow him. We entered in single file, and losing in a few moments the cheerful daylight, continued to follow our conductor down the passage in perfect darkness. It was of tortuous construction, and tended slightly downward; and we all walked with outstretched arms, guiding ourselves by continual finger touches against the clammy walls. After proceeding thus for a considerable distance, we suddenly emerged into a small octagonal room, dimly lighted by two or three small panes of thick glass, so encrusted with dust and cobwebs that nothing could be distinguished through them. Against the wall, along one side of the room, ran a low wooden settle or bench, at one end of which was placed a thick book, covered with a piece of sacking; and it struck me that the book so covered had been used as a pillow. An oaken table and chair, made in a rude antique style, with an earthen pipkin in one corner, completed the furniture of the apartment. On the table stood half a loaf and a few bunches of grapes; and seated close to it, so that his arms, resting on it, supported his drooping head, was a man, apparently fast asleep, in whom I recognised at once the figure which had haunted me from the evening of my arrival at Crutchley Prior, and the hero of the sad story which Doctor Y. had just related to me.

“Asleep?” murmured I, interrogatively, to the doctor.

“Dead!” replied the doctor, gravely.

And so indeed it proved. He had been dead upwards of an hour when discovered,—the cause, disease of the heart, a complaint from which he had been suffering for years. On the table, under his crossed hands and bent head, was found the following unfinished letter, addressed to her he had so faithfully loved:—

MY DARLING BARBARA:—At length the seven long years are ended; the term of my righteous punishment for deserting you, my love, like a base coward that I was, and leaving you in the hands of those who cared neither for your happiness nor mine. I have told you, in my previous letters, how for a long time past I have counted the months and weeks—nay, the days even—before the term of my punishment should expire, and I should be at liberty to make one more pilgrimage to the

spot fairer to me than all others on earth, and obtain possession of those dear relics whose hiding-place you revealed to me one moonlit eve when I met you walking in the garden (long after I had heard them say you were dead and buried), telling me I must not expect to see you again till the seven long years were at an end. And now they are at an end, and soon I shall see my Barbara again: and the relics are here—here—resting on this heart, which is never at rest.

I set off eight days before the time, so great was my impatience; and walking by night, and resting by day, soon reached the old Hall where I was born. At length, when the planets told me that the long-expected hour was come, I started after dusk for the little town and the once familiar house where my Barbara used to live. I entered by the old, well-remembered way, whose secret was known to you and me alone, and so up-stairs into the room of which you told me. *He* was there, Barbara,—our enemy—lying like a hog, snoring in his sleep; and I could have strangled him, oh! so deftly and easily; but when I laid my hand on him I seemed to see your face frowning at me through the gloom, and to hear you whisper “Forbear;” so for your sake I passed the reptile by, and harmed him not. I looked for the secret spring at the spot you mentioned—on the left side of the chimney-piece, close to the fifth acanthus leaf, counting from the top—and in a moment the secret closet flew open before me. And there I found them: a bundle of my own letters to you; a lock of your dear brown hair; your half of the love-token which we broke between us that last happy summer evening which we passed together; and, dearer than all else, those last lines written to me by you but two days before you died. Died!—You have never been dead to me, love, else how could I—”

Not a word more: there he had broken off for ever. Round his neck was found a faded silk bag, suspended by a thin gold chain, containing the relics referred to in the letter. They were buried with him.
T. SPEIGHT.

CROKER'S QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

THE popular but erroneous idea concerning the Queen Anne's Farthing seems never coming to an end. Much as there has been already said concerning it, there yet remains, *both* among the poor as well as the rich, the fancy that the owner of this precious piece is possessed of something of almost countless value. It is generally supposed that only *three* impressions were struck, that *two* of them are in the British Museum, and each owner of a Queen Anne's Farthing imagines he has the *third*; which third is valued by some at 400*l.* and 600*l.*, by others at even 1000*l.* or 1200*l.*! That such an idea has been injurious to many people in humble circumstances is well known, some having even travelled at great expense to the metropolis to dispose of their long-hoarded treasure.

Among the most amusing anecdotes concerning the “Farthing,” is that which may be found in the “British Press Newspaper” for Feb., 1814, when this said piece was actually the cause of a law case at the Quarter Sessions. It was communicated to the Numismatic Society by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., in 1837. As it may not be in the power of most people to obtain this, it may be interesting to give a short account of the proceedings. A certain Mr. Millar became possessed by accident of a Queen Anne's farthing, and in consequence of

an advertisement which appeared offering 500*l.* for the long sought-for third farthing, he considered it of great value, and kept it under lock and key. George Hone, who was in the service of Mr. Millar, borrowed it with a felonious intention, under the pretence of showing it to some one who was a judge of coins; and, having thus obtained it, refused its return, unless Mr. Millar executed a bond for 700*l.*, as half the expected price of the farthing. This was of course refused, and an action was brought against Hone for illegally detaining what he had obtained by fraudulent representation. The prosecutor's wife was examined, and so was the defendant, and after an able speech by the Recorder, the jury instantly returned a verdict of guilty. The Recorder then addressed the prisoner in the following manner:

"George Hone, the Court has taken into consideration all the circumstances of this case, in which you are only charged with petty larceny; yet it appears with more circumstances of aggravation than are generally to be found in crimes of that class. You were the servant of the man whose property you have taken—this was an aggravation. From your manners, appearance, and the character you have got, you ought to have been above the mean devices, the fraudulent schemes, by which you have obtained this property, and which you have kept without the smallest signs of contrition. Let me tell you, though you seem insensible of it, that the verdict of the jury has stamped ignominy on your character. Your sentence is that you be imprisoned in the gaol of Newgate for twelve calendar months, after which you are to find two sureties in 20*l.* each, and yourself in 40*l.*; and unless you give up the farthing, not a day of that time shall be remitted you."

Thus terminated the "Farthing" case, thereby showing how popular errors are sometimes the cause of serious consequences. That there were only three farthings coined is an idea that should at once be eradicated, for the British Museum has four patterns in gold, four in silver, and eight in copper, and every collector and dealer has three or four specimens. The patterns are the work of Croker, of whom more presently. They bear only two dates, 1713 and 1714, and are of four different types—Britannia under a portal, holding an olive branch; Peace in a car, with the inscription PAX. MISSA PER ORBEM.; female figure standing, and the legend BELLO ET PACE in indented letters,—all of 1713; and Britannia seated, with the dates 1713, 1714. This last only was in circulation, and is worth six or seven shillings, and none except the PAX type has fetched more than four or five guineas. The Britannia within portal is scarce, and the PAX the scarcest. Any marked coin sale catalogue will show at what value these much adored farthings are disposed of. There is another piece, which is continually deceiving the public, and generally described by the writer requiring information as "in good preservation and on a yellow copper." Now these pieces are not coins at all, but mere tokens of brass, and worthless forgeries of the shillings and sixpences. On the reverse are the royal arms in the shape of a cross, and their date generally 1711.

I mentioned above that the patterns were the work of Croker, concerning whom a few words will not be out of place. Croker was a German, the son of a cabinet-maker, and was born at Dresden in 1670; and displaying talents with his increasing years, was taken as an apprentice by his godfather, a goldsmith at Dresden. Here he practised at die-sinking and medal-engraving, and when his apprenticeship had expired travelled about Germany. In 1691 he came to England, and worked exclusively as a medallist, and, earning a good reputation, was appointed in 1697 as an assistant to the chief engraver of the Mint, and soon had the management at his disposal. The medal engraved by him at the latter end of the reign of William III. was in commemoration of the Peace of Ryswick. On the accession of Queen Anne, in 1702, he produced the coronation medal, and made the original dies for all the obverses of the standard coins, and in 1705, in consequence of the death of the chief engraver, Croker received that appointment.

In the MS. department of the British Museum there is a valuable and interesting volume, procured at the sale of Mr. Alchorne's MSS. in 1851. In it are many original designs for medals by Croker, orders for the same from the Master of the Mint, and a printed list, of the time, giving the names and value of the medals engraved during the reigns of William III., Queen Anne, George I., and George II. It is worthy of remark that in the orders for approval of the medals after Croker's design, of which there are seven in the volume mentioning his name, three are spelt *Croker*, and four *Crocker*. An example of each may suffice, and the interest of the orders is increased by the signature of the famous Sir Isaac Newton, who in 1696 obtained the office of Warden of the Mint, and three years after was appointed Master. Newton's name is accompanied in all but three instances by the names of two others. The following are the two examples:

Mint Office, October 16, 1716.

Having perused and considered what is above depicted, being designed for the reverse of a medall intended upon His Majesty's Royall entry, we do approve thereof, and authorize Mr. Croker to finish it.

RICH. SANDFORD. ISAAC NEWTON. M. BLADEN.

Mint Office, October 2, 1718.

Having perused what is above depicted for the reverse of a medal upon the victory at Preston, we do approve thereof and authorize Mr. Croker to finish ye same.

WM. THOMPSON. IS. NEWTON. MARTIN BLADEN.

Whichever way of spelling be correct, this is certain, that on a medal of Queen Anne, struck in commemoration of the battle of Blenheim in 1704, and on another, commemorating the relief of Barcelona, in 1706, he spells his name *Croker*. The original design of the first is in the MS. Space does not permit us to enumerate each individual medal, so we must content ourselves with numbers. The reign of Queen Anne, of course, gave abundant opportunities for commemorating the wars and glorious actions that occurred. Twenty-nine medals were brought out by Croker, and the original designs of twenty of them are in this MS. Nine medals were executed under George I., seven of which are drawn in the MS.,

and five under George II. The only private person whose medal is of his work is Sir Isaac Newton, the original of which is also in the MS. Croker died at the age of 71, in the year 1741. This MS. is not only interesting on account of the drawings of this engraver, but is valuable from the number of the signatures of Sir Isaac Newton, there being no less than thirty in the volume.

FRED. W. MADDEN.

THE SKETCHER IN TASMANIA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

AFTER I had resided in the capital city of Tasmania for a year or two, during which I had visited every point of interest to be found in the environs, I felt an irrepressible desire to extend my wanderings to some of the comparatively unknown spots in the interior of the colony. I had been to Port Arthur; I had picked up shells at Spring Bay; I had sketched on Schouten Island; I had pic-nicked in the Cataract Glen at the back of Mount Wellington. But these trips were, so to speak, mere half-holiday excursions, and, however satisfactory in themselves, were not of a kind to fully satisfy my artistic longings. I pined to be out and away upon a real sketching tour, to turn my back upon civilisation and town life—nay, to quit awhile even my own domestic circle and my own fireside for the companionship of the woods, the mountains, and the fields. So, in the golden summer month of February, 1845—you know we are close to the antipodes of England—having taken counsel of myself, and perfectly agreed with all my own propositions, I determined to gratify my roving tendencies by a journey to Lake St. Clair.

Lake St. Clair (not to be confounded with its namesake in North America), though only a about a hundred miles from Hobart Town, is still but little known. It was not discovered, indeed, until 1839, when Mr. Franklin, the surveyor-general to the colony, while exploring the interior, came upon its wild and beautiful shores. Being an artist of some talent, he made sketches of the spot, and these I had recently had an opportunity of viewing. They so impressed me, revealing as they did glimpses of scenery full of natural grandeur, of unchecked wildness, and savage majesty, that from the moment my eyes fell upon them I determined the direction of my tour in search of the picturesque. Lake St. Clair should see me on its shores ere many suns had set.

I had two friends in Hobart Town, thorough lovers of Nature, genuine disciples of Art, and of such wandering propensities that they had invariably accompanied me in all my previous jaunts, and these friends—whom I will call Fritz and Selim—would, I fancied, be ready to join me in my proposed excursion. And I was right in my anticipations. At the mere mention of a sketching tour Selim's eyes brightened, and Fritz displayed so much vivacity, that had I suggested a yachting excursion to Labrador, or a rowing-match across the Antarctic Circle, I am sure he would have fallen in with my proposition.

As we were about to travel through a part of the colony where civilisation had not penetrated, our preparations were necessarily on a somewhat ex-

tensive scale. We hired a dray, in fact, to convey the bulk of our provisions and our boat to the lake, and despatched it in advance two or three days before our departure. Relieved of this incumbrance, we sallied forth on horseback one morning, if not in the spirit of crusaders, at least in anticipation of meeting with adventures as numerous and as exciting as those which befel Bohemond, Raymond of Toulouse, or Godfrey de Bouillon himself. Our course at starting lay along the banks of the Derwent, the river upon which Hobart Town is situated, and for several miles we followed its winding course, every few minutes introducing us to fresh landscapes, or showing those we had already seen from a new point of view.

It was a pleasant ride under the bright sky of a Tasmanian summer morning; so we proceeded leisurely, walking our horses a portion of the distance, to enjoy the varied pictures formed by the winding stream and the surrounding hills. Nay, when we were only yet about five miles from Hobart Town I dismounted and sketched the view of Risdon—or, more properly, Restdown—Ferry, with Mount Direction on the right, carrying with it suggestions of Captain Cook, from whom it received its name, and in the stream the dismantled man-of-war "Anson," sent out to the colony in 1844, and employed as a prison ship for female convicts.

Our first baiting-place was to be New Norfolk, about twenty-two miles from Hobart Town; so, as the morning was wearing away, we mended our pace.

We were still journeying close to the smiling Derwent, and were still gladdened by looking upon its placid waters, bright with sunlit ripples. We soon, however, had to part company. At New Norfolk the stream ceases to be navigable, and is spanned by a solid-looking bridge that speaks well for the prosperity of the place. The town itself has a well-to-do air, is delightfully situated, possesses a church, a police-office, a large invalid hospital, several good inns, and many private residences, among which is a charming bijou cottage where the Governor occasionally resides. We crossed the water here, and now followed the left bank of the river, which revealed many scenes full of homely beauty. One of these, showing the locality in which New Norfolk is situated,—the town itself being hidden by an intervening hill rising in the middle distance,—I could not refrain from sketching.

The Derwent up to this point had held on a placid and even course, but now its character began to change. In parts it was very shallow, and its ruffled aspect indicated that its bed was broken and rocky. A few miles further on, indeed, it became a rapid, restless stream, interrupted in its course by large masses of rock rising above its surface, and giving it the character of some of our wild Devonshire rivers. In fact, it so closely resembled the Dart, that home feelings began to steal over me, and reminiscences of early sketching parties to occupy my mind, when a sudden turn in the road shut out the Derwent from our view, and we saw no more of it that day. Hamilton, distant about forty miles from Hobart

Town, was soon afterwards reached, and there we took up our quarters for the night, very well satisfied with our day's performance, and in good mood for the comfortable beds at the inn.

Early next morning we were in the saddle again, much invigorated by the ride of the previous day, and by no means disposed to proceed at such a sauntering pace as we had adopted twenty-four hours before. So we spurred on our

steeds, and indulged in that most exhilarating of all recreations, a vigorous gallop in the cool of the morning, the country through which we passed being park-like in its character, and so exceedingly beautiful that I felt twinges in my artistic conscience at the disregard with which I treated it. However, upon arriving soon afterwards at the Big River, or Ouse, I atoned for my neglect by carrying off, in my scrap-book, a very pictu-

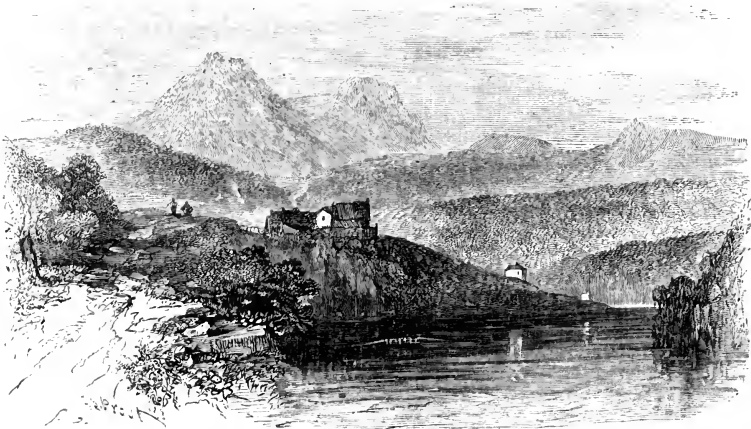


Risdon Ferry, on the Derwent.

resque bridge, which crossed the stream, and which bore a striking resemblance to many that delight the tourist in North Wales. A few miles further on we came upon a little wayside inn, looking as solitary as a lighthouse upon a rock in mid-ocean, and bearing the somewhat jocose sign

of "Jock's Lodge." We rested there for an hour or two during the hottest part of the day, and then proceeded on our course.

The country through which we had passed during the preceding part of the day was of an undulatory character, and but thinly covered with



On the Derwent, beyond New Norfolk.

wood; now we had to ascend and pass over the Native Tier, a range of rather high hills, separating us from what is familiarly known as the "new country." While my companions pursued their course I dismounted, tied my horse to a tree, and deviating a little from our track, reached a very pretty cascade, the position of which had been previously indicated to me, and which in a quarter of an hour was figuring among my

sketches. On descending the opposite side of the hills we came upon a number of slab huts—that is, huts made of wood, in pieces of slab-like form—relieved here and there by dwellings of a more substantial character, all having gardens in front, laid out with considerable taste. Strangely enough, however, not a human being was in sight; all was still and silent. There was no sound of falling hammer, of waggoner's whip, or

labourer's voice, not even the familiar sounds which issue from the poultry-yard or the stable. We seemed to have arrived in some village even more deserted than Auburn, upon which had fallen something of the gloom and desolation, painted with such minute fidelity and marvellous power, in Hood's poem of the "Haunted House."

And this was to some extent the case. The place had been a Probation Station for convicts, but the men had been removed sometime before to another a few miles distant. One poor solitary fellow was left in charge of the buildings, and he now appeared in grey regulation dress at the door of one of the better kind of houses, surprised out of his retirement by the unusual sight of three strangers in that wild spot. He seemed very happy, however, in his loneliness, displayed great readiness to be of service to us, supplied us with a draught of most delicious water, and accepted almost with rapture some cigars we offered in exchange. Probation stations, I should mention, were often established in some such remote and unfrequented spot as this, and were the places to which convicts were first sent upon arriving in the colony. The length of their stay depended upon the period of transportation to which they had been sentenced, and upon the manner in which they behaved. If during the probationary stage they conducted themselves well, they were eligible for assignment to the settlers in town or country, and were classed as first, second, or third, according to their merits. Those of the first category received the whole of the wages paid by their employers, while the two others received only a proportion of their earnings, the remainder going into the government coffers. If the men, while thus in service, still continued to behave themselves well, their next indulgence was a ticket-of-leave, which made them virtually masters of their own actions, with full liberty to choose their own employment and their own place of residence: to do anything in fact but quit the colony.

The prisoners occupying the station we had reached, had been employed in making the really fine road over which we had for some time travelled, and which was constructed for the purpose of opening up communication with the "new country." It was completed to a point about twelve miles in advance of Victoria Valley, the spot we had reached; hence the removal of the men to a more convenient locality. We quitted our solitary friend after a chat of a few minutes, warned by the swift passage of the hours that we must hasten on our way. We had nineteen miles yet before us ere we could arrive at our next halting place, and the sun was already beginning to cast a blood-red glare in the sky. Forward, therefore, was the order, and away we trotted over the newly-formed road. Soon another deserted Probation station was reached and left behind, and then our eyes were gladdened by the sight of smoke issuing from behind intervening trees. In another moment a piece of newly-cleared ground opened before us, its broken surface lighted up by numerous fires, which contrasted cheerfully with the solemn gloom that for some time had been gathering around us. We

had arrived at another convict establishment known as the Seven Miles Creek Station. As the newly-made road extended only a mile or so beyond this point, and we had far more than that distance to travel, we felt it would be impossible to track our way through the bush without guides. So we went straightway to the chief constable's hut, and asked for the assistance of which we stood in need. It was very readily accorded, and once more we pursued our journey.

And now we had to leave our well-formed and clearly-defined road, and plunge into the mysteries and uncertainties of the forest. It had become dark; and when I say this, I do not mean merely that daylight had ceased, but that darkness thick, black, and palpable, had fallen upon every object. It was just possible to see the nose on one's face, which has so long been accepted as the type of all plainly visible earthly things, but it was quite impossible to see a couple of yards beyond it. The path became narrower, too, and the bushes wider, so that we could only advance in single file. As a matter of course, the guide led the way; I followed; Fritz succeeded me, and Selim brought up the rear. I never could exactly explain it, but, somehow, conversation began to flag at this point of our journey, as we found ourselves alone in the woods, without the slightest knowledge of the route we were following, and with a convict for our sole guide and protector.

After stumbling across holes, rocks, stones, fallen trees, and other obstacles, for a mile or so, we took a sharp turn and emerged upon comparatively open ground. But now came the most disagreeable incident of this nocturnal journey. Our guide began to hesitate in manner, to falter when addressed, and soon was compelled to make the pleasing announcement that he had lost the way. My first impression was that we should be compelled to remain where we stood until morning; for it seemed almost impossible to discover a missing track in the midst of the impenetrable darkness that hemmed us in. The prospect was not cheering. Then, too, there was just the possibility that our convict friend was playing us false; nay, I thought I saw an expression of sardonic delight flash across his face as he stood in the midst of us explaining the position of affairs. However, as the night was still as black as ever, I am inclined now to believe that this was a mere optical delusion brought about by an overwrought fancy. To say the truth, the poor fellow appeared fully as bewildered as ourselves, and showed genuine anxiety to discover our track. He left us, in fact, after a few minutes' parley, and literally beat about the bush in every direction to ascertain our bearings, Fritz, Selim, and myself meanwhile remaining motionless and expectant on our horses, like an advanced picquet beyond camp lines. How in that deep darkness of night our guide managed to find an obscure little path in the woods I never could quite understand; but find it he did, and in token thereof uttered the familiar Australian cry of "kooee," which fell gratefully as a benediction upon our ears.

Another mile or so and we came within hearing of the welcome watch-dog's bark; then saw lights as of lanterns among the trees; then heard some

more cheerful "kooees," and in a few minutes were at Marlborough. A kind friend name Clarke was in waiting for us, and he received us with a hearty welcome into his dwelling, where we passed the night.

Marlborough, despite its high-sounding name, was not, as we discovered next morning, a very important city. At the period of our visit, in fact, it contained but a single house, that in which we had been hospitably entertained. It was easy to see, however, that the place might in the course of years become a prosperous settlement. The district of Marlborough in which it is situated, extends between thirty and forty miles in every direction, and is considered an admirable track of sheep-country. A surprising accident invested it with this character. In a single night all the trees within a circle of many miles were killed by a



Fall in the Black Gully, Native Tier.—See p. 276.

severe and unusual frost. They did not lose their vitality merely for a single season, but for all time. There they stood when the spring came, gaunt, spectral, and leafless, and there they still stood in the summer when we saw them. It was impossible to witness a more singular sight at a time of year when vegetation is in the full luxuriance of its development, and the forest glows with the thousand varied hues that prodigal summer lavishes upon bush and tree and flower. These bare and withered stumps, however, were something more than mementoes of death, as they stood up, bleached to ghastly whiteness, in long lines stretching away as far as the eye could see. Since they had become permanently stripped of leaves, the ground around had been opened up to the influence of sun and air, and the grass it bore was of unusual richness. Nature had thus destroyed

in one direction only to create in another, and the Dead Forest, as people of the district expressively called it, was a spot into which the elements of a new and more vigorous life had been infused.

We left our hospitable friend and his comfortable quarters with some regret, for now we were to turn our backs for good and all upon almost every trace of civilisation. We had dismissed our guide of the previous night, and had two other convicts as an escort. One of them, whom I will call Brown, was well acquainted with the district, the other, Bill, was but a raw hand.

The country over which we passed was exceedingly barren and uninteresting, its chief features consisting of rolling stones and masses of rock, occasionally varied by marshy ground of such treacherous character that our horses continually sank into it nearly to their saddle girths. It was therefore with considerable pleasure that we came in sight of the Clarence, a small stream about ten miles from Marlborough, on the banks of which we had resolved to give ourselves and our horses a little rest and refreshment.

The country beyond the Clarence was of the same uninviting aspect; and as we were still passing through the Dead Forest, the gaunt, leafless trees on every side were in excellent harmony with the prevailing desolation. Nothing was wanting, indeed, to make us feel as depressed and melancholy as though we were attending Nature's funeral as mourners. However, the country at length began to open; the forest to grow more sparse; the vegetation to reappear; and after ascending some rising ground, which we all climbed with almost boyish eagerness, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of an abrupt, finely-formed mountain, rising in the middle distance, apparently eight or nine miles in advance. "That's Mount 'Lympus," said our guide, Brown, his eyes brightening at the sight as if classical associations had been revived by the name he had just uttered; though, on second thought, I should be inclined to believe the sign of emotion was occasioned by the knowledge he possessed that we were now very nearly at the end of our journey. For this indeed was the case. Four or five miles only lay between us and our destination, and these we trotted over with such rapidity, that in a very short time a long line of silvery light began to glisten through the trees, and in a few minutes more we were on margin of the lake.

The dray had duly arrived; our boat was launched; our man Giles was waiting for us; and by his side was a blazing fire. We sat down to tea and chops in the best of spirits. Before our meal was ended, however, the darkness had begun to spread itself over the landscape. It was necessary, therefore, at once to make our preparations for the night.

Giles had fitted up a tent, and it really did him exceeding credit as a very handy and ingenious workman; but, unfortunately, it had been taken possession of by some intruders in the shape of mosquitoes. They would not go away, so we had no other choice before us save that of sleeping in the open air. Cigars and brandy-and-water were prescribed as fortifiers, and when taken, we disposed of ourselves for the night. Our nocturnal

costume on this occasion was soon arranged, for we merely added to the dress we had worn through the day, a nightcap and veil. Thus protected against the enemy, we rolled ourselves in our opossum rugs, and lay down in the approved bush fashion, our feet towards the fire, near which our attendants, who were now three in number, also placed themselves. The fellows were all in a babbling mood, as it seemed, and instead of going to sleep, spent the best part of the night in a sort of hushed and stealthy conversation. At any other time I should have paid no attention to such a slight obstacle in the way of slumber; but just then a wakeful fit was on me, and I could not do otherwise than listen to their talk. Strange talk it was. All our servants, it should be borne in mind, though called by a colonial euphemism Government Men, were neither more nor less than convicts, who by good behaviour had been advanced to the position of trust which they now filled. There was not a hard life now, nor was it an ignominious one. Still they were not free agents, and it was easy to see by their conversation, that ideas of liberty filled all their hearts.

The solitary spot where we had fixed our camp, and where we were now bivouacking, was to some extent classic ground to them. It was in the track frequently followed by runaways when escaping from the penal settlement then established at Macquarie Harbour, a track constantly marked by the decaying bodies and the bleached skeletons of the unfortunate fugitives. Brown appeared to be acquainted with the entire history of these tragic incidents, and for hours he did nothing but speak upon them to his companions, who listened with breathless interest. I on my side was horror-struck to learn how many poor wretches had died in the bush of starvation, while attempting to escape from penal servitude; and a cold shudder passed over me when Brown announced that in the immediate neighbourhood of our encampment, three convict dresses had once been found in a hollow tree. "What was inside 'em," he added with a sort of grim and ghastly humour, "I need not tell you."

It would be impossible for me to recollect a tithe of the mournful stories he related, but one of his terrible narratives made a very deep impression upon my mind. When I returned to Hobart Town, indeed, I made inquiries with a view of ascertaining whether I had been listening to fact or to mere romance; but I found that Brown's narrative in all essential points was substantiated by legal testimony. I give the story, therefore, as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words from notes made shortly after, merely altering the names of the persons concerned.

"It's about fourteen year ago," he said, "that this happened, in '31, if I recollect aright. I'd just come out then, and I shan't forget what a stir it made. There were two government men over at Macquarie, and both of them determined to bolt. One of 'em was called Smith, and was a regular bad lot. He was a lifer, and had only just missed Jack Ketch; robbed his mother, broke his father's heart, and that sort of thing—a very bad lot. Well, directly he got to Hobart Town he began the old game, and naturally soon had a

stopper put on him, and as a matter of course was sent to Macquarie. Well, at Macquarie he got very thick with four government men, one called Bob, another an old chap of sixty called Warwick, another a very flash lad of eighteen called Oliver, and the last a fellow of the name of Flickers. The whole five was under the charge of one constable, and was fixed at an outside station, a good many miles from the harbour. The constable, as it fell out, was an uncommon kind agreeable sort of man, and was very attentive, specially to Smith. Still Smith made up his mind to get rid of him, and tried it on often and often, letting a tree drop on him unawares, and that sort of thing, though without doing the business. So at last, they all made up their minds to cut and run, and leave the constable in the lurch; and one morning they set off, emptying aforehand the man's cupboard, which, as he couldn't have any more grub for three days, wasn't quite the thing. One of the lot had an axe, and the rest was continually in fear he'd drive it into somebody's skull when asleep, for that's how the Macquarie men used to settle one another. So they were always a quarrelling and a wrangling about the axe, and yet didn't like to throw it away, so as to be equal with one another. Well, in a day or two, the grub they carried off with 'em was all used up, and then they grew wolfish, and looked at each other like savage cannibals, and made up their minds they must eat each other if they kept out in the bush much longer. At last, four of them drew lots who should kill the other (that was Bob), and the lot fell to Smith. So he took the axe, and came on the poor fellow unawares, and in a little time there was no more groaning, and he was dead.

"Ah! that was a bad move, that was," and here the speaker mournfully shook his head; "it wasn't likely any good could come of that. For in a day or two they had eaten all the body of Bob, and then they all felt as famished as ever, perhaps worse. They grew more afraid of each other, and didn't like anyone to carry the axe, though they couldn't make up their minds to throw it away; besides, it soon came into use again. Warwick was the next to go; they took him unawares, knocked him down, and though the poor old chap begged for mercy it was of no use, and in a few minutes he was dead too.

"Arter this they did nothing but go on from bad to worse, so afeard of each other that Smith and Oliver made a sort of bargain to stick close to each other, and do no harm to each other happen what might. But Flickers overheard it, and thought they meant mischief to him; so one night he started up like a madman, and says, 'Smith, come along with me.' 'What for?' says Smith. 'Why, I'm a-going to set some snares,' said Flickers, 'and try and catch some Kangaroos.' Well they got up, and left the lad Oliver warning himself by the fire; and when they was some way off they both sat down. Flickers was as white as a ghost, and his hand shook, and his eyes seemed springing out of his head. 'What's the row?' said Smith, clutching the axe, for he thought the other meant murder. 'He must die,' said Flickers, a-pointing to the boy, 'or he'll peach

against us some day.' 'He shan't die,' said Smith, 'I've sworn that he shan't, and I know I can trust my life in his hands.' So as nothing could be done they both went back to the fire, with no love lost between them. Oliver was still warming himself, and he sung out as they came back, 'Well, have you put any snares down yet?' 'Oh, there are snares enough about,' said Smith, 'if you did but know where to find 'em.' Then he tried to tell the boy what Flickers had wanted to do, but he couldn't just then, Flickers being nigh at hand; so he dropped into a nap after awhile, the axe lying by his side. But he had not been long asleep when he heard Oliver cry out, and jumped up and saw the boy lying on his back, with a deep gash on his forehead, and the blood streaming from it; Flickers a-standing over him, with the axe in his hand. 'Why you murdering rascal, what are you at?' he cries. But Flickers was like a madman, and didn't care what was said; and so he went on, hitting blow after blow, until the poor lad only moved and moaned, and then was quite still.

"They served Oliver just as they'd served the others, and for a little time still stood out till a day or two after, when they made for a station, and gave themselves up, quite worn out, and famished. You can guess, of course, what became of 'em, specially as Smith confessed everything to the chaplain. They both swung."

To this horrible story succeeded others quite as horrible, and at last Brown brought his conversation to an end. A few comments were passed by his companions, and then the whole party stretched themselves at full length by the fire, and sank into slumber, leaving me to such reflections as were likely to be inspired by the narratives I had heard, and by the knowledge that I and my companions were alone in the wilderness with three men, who might at any time feel tempted to plot some terrible deed, and stain their hands in blood.

SYRIAN LEGENDS.

NO. II.—THE GRAPES OF DARĀYA.

THERE is a certain grape sold in the bazaars of Damascus, called *par excellence* "ez-zeiney," or the beautiful. It is a white grape, large and long, very fragrant, sweet, and juicy, and with a particularly hard skin, which enables it to bear packing and carriage without injury. Of all the grapes grown in this district it is the favourite, and immense quantities are consumed by the people. It is cultivated in a village near Damascus, called Darāya, on the old Roman road south-west of the city, and there only, for though often planted elsewhere, it has always obstinately refused to thrive. The following is the legend of the origin of these grapes, as told by the Moslems of Damascus, and translated to me on the spot in October last, by my friend Mr. Rogers, our excellent Consul there.

Mohammad, the Prophet of God (whom my God bless and preserve), was accustomed to retire into the desert surrounding the city in which he dwelt, each day at the hour of afternoon prayer. On these occasions he would allow no one to accompany him, and much curiosity was in consequence felt by his

followers as to the object of these mysterious disappearances. One of the most intimate of them (whose name is no longer known), more daring than the rest, was determined to discover the secret, and one afternoon he stealthily followed the Prophet out of the town. After going some distance into the desert, Mohammad said the afternoon prayers. When he had finished, the heavens opened, and a ladder was let down to the earth, up which he proceeded to climb. His friend followed close, and when the door of heaven was reached, he contrived, by hiding himself behind the skirts of the Prophet's dress, to enter with him unperceived. He found himself in the immediate presence of Allah. Allah was seated on a magnificent divan, in all the celestial splendours. He was evidently waiting for the arrival of Mohammad, whom He at once recognised, called him to His right hand at the corner of the sofa, and commanded Gabriel and the other attendants to bring coffee, pipes, sweetmeats, &c. Meantime the friend had been enabled, in the bustle of the entrance, to creep behind the divan, from whence he watched all that happened. After a time conversation flagged, and a game at chess was proposed. To this Mohammad—who was perfectly at his ease, and apparently well used to his company—would only assent on condition that the game should be for some stakes worth winning. It was at last settled that the stakes should be a banquet, to be furnished on the spot by the loser. The Prophet won the game, without difficulty, and the banquet at once appeared. One of its chief delicacies was a cluster of magnificent grapes, such as no mortal vine ever bore, or mortal eye beheld—immense in size, beautiful in form and colour, and of celestial fragrance. At the sight of the grapes the friend could resist no longer. He stole out of his hiding-place, and while the Prophet and his Host were busy with the feast, he contrived, by mingling with the attendants, to break off a portion of the bunch, which he hid in his bosom, and then darted off down the ladder. Once on the earth again, he waited quietly in the neighbourhood, and on the Prophet's reappearance congratulated him on having played his part so well. Mohammad was at first indignant, and professed not to understand his meaning, till the production of the grapes showed him that his follower had really witnessed all that had passed. He then bound him to secrecy: "And as for the grapes," said he, "do not waste such precious fruit by eating it, but take it to Darāya, near Damascus, and there plant it, so that the earth may benefit by your visit to heaven." This his friend did. Now, all men know that the earth of the plain of Damascus is that out of which our first father Adam was created, and that in all the world there is not so fine or so productive a soil; but of all that plain Darāya is the richest. The grapes grow there to this day in great abundance, for though thousands and tens of thousands eat of them, there is never any lack. But the vines will flourish nowhere else, as many can affirm who have planted them elsewhere. And this is the story of the grapes of Darāya, which will grow nowhere but in their own soil.

GEORGE GROVE.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "AGNES TREMORNE."



CHAPTER XI.

How long I remained in the semi-stupor into which I had fallen I cannot say. Through the chaos into which my thoughts and feeling were rapidly merging I could hear the music of the ball swelling and falling in the distance. There was something hideous to me in the sounds. A measureless disgust at life, at its hollow cheats, its sickening illusions, was sweeping over me wave upon wave, and to hear from out of these depths into which I was sinking these sounds of festival seemed a refinement of torture. Those joyous cadences ringing through the air with a fall of light playful notes, or rising with sudden breaks into a gush of more spirited and resolute measures, mocked the wretch whose life would be musicless evermore. Would Marian come? But

why was I so unmanned? Nay, it was no use deceiving myself. What other end could there be to our union? But we all invariably shut our eyes to the inevitable law of consequences, and hope for exceptional miracles to save us from the effects of our own actions. I knew Marian. Alas! of what avail was the knowledge? Could it shield me now? A few years ago, after having borne one hundredth part of the pain I had lately gone through, I should have welcomed escape, freedom, absence; but I was a soberer, sadder person now. True, her falsehood, her heartlessness, her deceit, had worn my life as a sword wears out a scabbard, but the scabbard has been shaped to the sword—withdraw the weapon, and the sheath remains empty, defaced, useless.

I started as if I had been stung as I thought thus, and leaned my head against one of the columns of the conservatory.

How it seemed to vibrate with the voluptuous thrill of the music and the dance so near me! I listened with a straining eagerness, and wondered how long it would last. Hours and hours seemed to have elapsed while I thus stood listening here, the night and I, sole audience of all these festal melodies, when suddenly there was a sharp pause as if all the instruments had shot off into a shock of silence, and all the steps had been transfixed into sudden motionlessness, and then from the topmost height of stillness the night and I were plunged into the wildest chaos of shrieks, screams, and tumult. Cry upon cry resounded through the whole house and pealed through conservatory and through hall and through basement, and in a moment every place was filled with persons rushing, scrambling, flying from some pursuing horror. Women fainting, sobbing, shrieking, men supporting them, crowding round them, blocking up the passages, filling up the doors, all blindly seeking flight, and each in his frantic effort to force his way becoming an obstacle to himself and others. It was a fearful scene of desperate fear and maddened selfishness; but I had caught, higher than the loudest shriek, the word "Fire!" and my name called in a frenzy of appeal by Marian.

I had paused a second, and then, darting through a side passage, had crossed the whole length of the house, and battled my way through the descending fugitives up the few steps which led to the ball-room.

O God! shall I ever forget what I saw? The room was almost deserted, yet a roaring sound filled it, and through volumes of black smoke pouring out towards where I stood, I could discern that at the opposite end, there was a wall of flame mounting higher and higher, till the long lurid forked tongues licked the roof over the gallery in which had sat the musicians. The whole of the draperies and beams had fallen into ashes, and in front of all, with her light robes blown out behind her in one red halo of fire, her face convulsed with fear, her mouth black and distorted, wildly swaying to and fro as if for shelter stood Marian—alone! She did not see me, for her eyes were closed, but she heard a step, and with one cry and bound forwards, tossing up her arms, round which the fire, like the coiled rings of a serpent, was burning closer and closer, she rushed into my arms.

"Save me! save me!" she said.

I held her, I pressed her, I clasped her, till my own hair and face and breast were scorched and burning in the same flames, and tried by the very closeness of the embrace to overcome the dread power which held her. I struggled with it as with a beast of prey. I drew her nearer and nearer to a door from which hung a woollen curtain, which I would have folded round her, but, after the first moment of passive endurance, she struggled so violently that it was almost impossible to hold her, and my own senses were failing me from the smoke, the flame, and that loud deafening voice of the fire. The last thing I

remember was some heavy cloak being thrown (by some person who perilled life in entering the blazing ring of fire which encircled us) round us, or rather over us, for I had at last tottered and fallen, still clutching Marian, but with a horrible sense that what I held, or dress or flesh, was pulverising in my grasp. I remember nothing more!

It must have been four or five days afterwards when I regained clear consciousness. I was in a burning fever, and this gave me a sudden and delirious and fictitious strength. I was in bed. It must have been late at night, or rather early in the morning, for there was that indescribable chill in the air which is the harbinger of dawn, and which penetrates with a mysterious and piercing power even in a closed room.

I saw that there was a mattress in the furthest part of the room on the floor, and that my servant was asleep on it.

I tried to raise my hands, but they were stiff from pain, and swathed in some soft wool which made them powerless.

I did not at once remember where I was. I fancied it was the continuation of my long illness after my return from the Continent years ago. I expected to see my mother enter. I thought of the Grange, of the Warburtons.

The door opened and a man entered. He did not come up to the bed, and I could not see his face. He roused the servant, and they talked together.

I waited.

Then I heard from below the tramp of horses, as of carriages being drawn before the house very slowly. "For fear of disturbing me," I thought, and closed my eyes.

When I opened them Maynard stood beside the bed.

There was a night-light near the bed, and I saw he was dressed as for a journey. He looked very pale.

"You are better, Spencer," he said, for he saw there was recognition in my eyes. I remembered now.

"Better, yes. Where is Marian?"

His voice was very low and sad as he answered.

"You did all that you could—she did not suffer after— It was a frightful accident—many have been sadly hurt—no one can account for it, except that in lighting up the room some spark must have fallen on the artificial wood-work which supported the musicians' gallery. It must have been going on for hours before it was discovered, and then it had spread far and wide, the difficulty of obtaining water, the panic, the draughts produced by the sudden rush outwards and opening of every door and window, by which escape could be sought, increased the danger.

"And Marian?"

"No one can explain it clearly; but it seems she had only that minute left the dancing. A servant, so says Lascelles, had given her a note, and she crossed over from the dancers and took it to read and to answer, under the musicians' gallery where the greatest light was; some portion of the crumbling drapery must have fallen on her dress, for

she was in flames in a moment ;—too frightened to move at first, and then too far from the door to reach it. She never spoke again, but was insensible to the last. The physicians say the fright must have produced a congestion of the brain ; she did not suffer ; had it not been for this congestion you would have saved her."

How kindly Maynard tried to convey comfort.

"It was a dreadful fatality her receiving that note," he continued.

I groaned.

"I arrived in the very midst of the confusion. I have done all that I thought you would wish. I am going now."

"Going !"

"To Speynings. Nora will do her best for you, though her hands are quite full. Poor Fanny injured herself very much in trying to save you both. It was too late for Marian, but I think but for her you must have perished, too."

I turned away my head ; I could not control the poor womanish tears ; from what untold depths of bitterness did they not flow !

Maynard left the room, and he beckoned to the servant to follow him to receive some more orders.

I waited. I felt that the fever was mounting to my brain, but I was cunning and guarded as madness always is.

I rose, upheld by a strange strength, and got out of bed, and supporting myself as best I might, tottered to the window. I opened the curtains—the shutters were closed but not fastened—with great difficulty, owing to my bandaged hands, I opened them and looked out. Had I not been in this strange, half-somnambulant state I could not have done it.

I looked out, it was not quite dark ; the early dawn of a winter morning was grey in the sky. As far as could be seen one carpet of spotless white covered the earth, but beside the house some dark vehicles were drawn, and there the pawing and stamping of the horses had blackened and broken up the snow. There were torches flaring about, held by men in funeral garments.

I was so stupified that I did not immediately understand what it was ; when suddenly, as the ghastly procession ranged itself in order, I saw that it was a funeral. There was the hearse, and then, as if rung on my brain with agonising distinctness, I heard the bells of the neighbouring church toll—toll slowly, and then the whole array defiled before the house, and it took the direction, not of the church but of the neighbouring station.

It then all flashed upon me : Maynard was going to Speynings ; that hearse which I saw was bound there, too ; that bell which was clanging in my brain with such fearful and tragic pathos told me with its iron tongue what it was I looked upon. This was the last that I should ever see—the last I should ever hear of—Marian. I felt as if that sound had cloven me to the earth.

CHAPTER VII.

A LONG period ensued of darkness and delirium. I remember by snatches certain changes, but the mass of days which passed were lost to me. I have only one distinct recollection of that time. Over and over again that spectral-looking funeral

procession over the sullied snow, the flare of the torches, and the tolling of the bell were repeated, till I wonder life did not perish in the suffering. I witnessed it as one might witness a scene in a play, but I could not escape from it. As soon as the end came it was repeated all over again, till I became insensible ; but with the miserable return of consciousness returned this nightmare of pain and horror with more and more verisimilitude, and it was rendered yet more vivid by the utter oblivion in which I remained of everything else.

I had a faint notion that I had been moved, that I had been borne through the air : but it was at intervals only, and this notion was unconnected with any feeling of leaving one place or arriving at another, and was only bewildering and unintelligible.

At last, after a longer period of utter darkness than any that had preceded it, I clearly felt that life, sentient life, was no longer swaying backwards and forwards on a trembling balance, but was settling and righting itself. I was utterly powerless to move hand and foot, but I opened my eyes, and by the uncertain light of a flickering fire I could distinguish that I was in the small room next to the library at Speynings. For the first time for months no phantoms clouded my vision, and my hearing, which seemed endowed with double its usual acuteness, was no longer oppressed with any unreal sound.

I heard the irregular drop of the coal-ashes from the fire, and the crackling of the wood, and the faint breathing of some one—a woman—seated beside the curtain at the foot of the bed. There was another person also in the room seated on some low seat before the fire, for I could see the shadow of her figure on the ground as the light from the fire rose and fell.

The silence was unbroken. I could make no sign or sound, and the two persons who watched might have been statues from their motionlessness. The room was quite dark, but whether it was morning or evening I knew not. At last I heard the door open, and a footstep, so gentle that no ear save one so preternaturally acute as mine could have detected it, slowly and cautiously advanced into the room.

The lady approached the person in the chair, who rose as she touched her lightly on the shoulder. I recognised her then : she was the woman who had been my mother's maid, whose husband's vote I had tried to secure at the time of the election. She had nursed my mother in her last illness, and they had sent for her for me.

"Has he moved, nurse ?"

"No, ma'am."

"It is six o'clock ; you had better go and take your two hours' rest. There is some tea in your room. The doctor will be here at eight."

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman who answered went away, and the lady having bent over me, and listened attentively, took her place.

I recognised, by the height and the figure, Nora Maynard.

As she turned round to the fire she was first aware that there was some one before it. She

started, but, controlling herself, in a very hushed whisper asked :

"Is it you, Fanny?"

"Yes."

"My poor Fanny! what are you doing there? Have you not been in bed all night?"

"No."

"How wrong! and you are only just out of bed yourself—you will be ill again."

There was no answer, and again a dead silence. Presently Fanny rose and approached the bed. She knelt beside it, and stooped low over it; but from the position in which my head was placed she could not see my face.

"How long, Nora, did the doctor say the stupor would last?"

Nora hesitated.

"If he did not regain his consciousness he would die, he said, did he not?"

"Let us hope—" said Nora, very faintly.

Fanny turned, and kneeling on the ground, as she was, put her head down on Nora's knee, and I could see that her whole frame trembled with the violence of her emotion.

"You must not, Fanny, must not," said poor Nora, bending over her.

"I must."

"Oh, Fanny, I do not understand you: it is very sad, very dreadful, poor man, but—"

"Nora," said Fanny, raising her small head with that singular dignity of bearing which was so peculiarly her own, "I have loved him all my life: hush, he will never know it, he is dying."

"Loved him!"

"Yes: when I was a child I was taught, persuaded, encouraged to love him by his mother. When I was a girl it was the same, she hoped and led me to hope he loved me; he was so good, so loveable then; we were so happy: those impressions, Nora, are ineffaceable; then came your sister, and all was changed. I kept away—saw little of him—but it was too late to undo what had grown with my growth, and mixed indelibly with every feeling of my heart. I could subdue the expression of it, and he never even guessed it, but his mother understood me, and when she died in my arms she prayed me by that love, although I had then overcome it, to forgive his wrongs to her, and to be his friend still."

"I always thought you hated him."

"One day, inspired by some regret for the past, he began speaking to me with something of the old affection; but as I knew that he was unchanged towards Marian, though she was then not free, my anger and scorn knew no bounds."

"And then?"

"We became entirely estranged, and I thought my heart was completely hardened against him: but when I saw, some time after his marriage, how he needed friends, when I could trace some of the old kindness of heart in many of his acts at Speynings, my heart shook off that foolish resentment, and I remembered my promise to his mother, and I resolved to be again his friend."

"My poor Fanny!"

"You may well pity me;" and the tears choked her voice as she drooped her head lower and lower to Nora's very feet. "It was very

hard to see him suffer, to read it in his altered face, and to know it was irrevocable. Nora, had it been possible I could have knelt at Marian's feet to beseech her to love him, but that she never did. Her strange conduct to me at Talbot House, half pity and half scorn, finally opened my eyes: she had read my secret, though no one else had, and I determined to leave Speynings for ever."

"But, Fanny, you knew all his faults?"

"Yes."

"I have heard you say he was often very selfish?"

"Yes."

"Weak—fickle?"

"Yes."

Nora kissed the hands which were clasped over the head.

"Nora," said Fanny, in almost a solemn voice, "is it not the essential attribute of love that it has insight? I saw evil, but I knew there was good which could overcome it: it had been there once. God knows I did no wrong to Marian even in my most secret thought, or in my inmost heart, or I could not speak so now; you know I tried to save her life at the peril of my own for his sake. I did not know Hubert was there when I rushed to her in spite of all."

"You did—you did, though Maynard held you back."

"Think if there could be wrong to her in my love when I can thus speak of it to her sister, and when he is dying." And again tears choked her voice.

And this love had been beside me all my life, and I was as ignorant of it as a blind man is of a star. Oh, fool! oh, idiot—and I dared to call that feeling love, which custom, satiety, faults in another had so changed from love to indifference. Well may the great poetess say:

Those *never* loved
Who dream they loved *once*.

Here was love, and mine for Marian had been but a base and specious counterfeit.

Had I already passed the portals of the grave and listened to the speech of angels! If so, it could not have been with a more complete sense of renunciation and divorce from self.

It seemed to me that I was shown, as by an inexorable judge, the great gift which had been bestowed on me, and of which I had taken no account. What might have been!—what never could be!—I was dying. It was well to die, having foregone such happiness and inflicted and endured such misery.

Suddenly, Fanny, who had been quite still and passive for a few minutes, raised her head.

"Don't cry about me, Nora; I feel your warm tears over my hand. But, darling,—my own dear Nora, you will understand why I came here for the last night."

"Must you leave us to-day?"

"Yes, my aunt wants me more than you do, and, besides, I can take that poor little Nina out of your way."

"What shall I do without you for so many months?"

"It was settled so long ago. I cannot alter it now,—I have no right to do so; but, Nora, you will let me know *whatever* happens, directly,—do not delay."

Again there was a pause, and then they heard, as well as I did, the distant sound of a carriage.

Fanny rose to her feet:

"must be gone before Dr. Conway comes in."

She stooped over the bed, and those soft, pure lips breathed a prayer over me which was like a blessing. She paused one minute, and her tears fell warm on my forehead; and then she left the room. The doctor came in.

Reader, I did not die.

There is a strange reparative power in all of us, born of the soul, but which influences the body. That spring of vitality had been touched in me. I recovered to the surprise of all: I was for months a sufferer—it is possible that all my life I shall be an invalid, but I have regained sufficient health to be able to work at the work which was given me to do in this world. I think that ere long I proved to the loving soul, which had so gently scanned my soul, that the true inscription was there, though so much dross and corruption had covered it.

Many long months passed before Fanny and I met again. The innocent gladness with which she congratulated me on my recovery pierced me to the heart. If amid what Patmore calls "the glooms of hell," some wretch should look up to a smiling angel above him, would he not have a deeper sense of his own loss and ruin? The confession I had overheard had separated me from her, as from something enshrined and sainted. My reverence for that pure loving nature removed it from me.

Death had won for me that holy chrisom (the utterance of her love), but life discrowned me. I felt that a heart all scarred over with one fatal passion was not a heart that could be offered to her. I was like one who has knelt to Baal, and poured out all his wine and oil on unholy altars, when the true deity manifests itself. Where, amid those ruins and that waste, can a fitting temple be erected?

But I was wrong in this as in all, and slowly I learned it.

If the voice of love calls to us—though we are buried in sin and misery, sepulchred in corruption, with the defeature of death on our brows and the grave-clothes on our limbs—we must come forth and obey it.

One evening, about eighteen months after Fanny's return to the Maynards, I called at a lodge in which lived that old servant of my mother's who had nursed me in my last severe illness. She was a widow now and had removed here near her old home. She was dying, poor woman, of consumption. When I entered the parlour the little servant who waited on her told me Miss Fanny was with her, and asked me to wait. I consented. The parlour opened out of the bed-room, and I could hear Fanny's gentle voice reading to her. I heard the words distinctly, and they lost none of their soothing and healing power on me when uttered by that voice. When Fanny had finished she asked the poor

creature if she could do anything for her, or bring anything the next day.

"No, ma'am. I have everything I can want, the squire lets me want for nothing. He is very good—his mother's own son, after all."

I did not hear Fanny's reply.

"I do wish he looked happier like."

"He has suffered a good deal."

"Yes, ma'am; but there's no reason he shouldn't get over it. He did his duty to her, if any man did."

Fanny was again inaudible.

"But you would make him happier, Miss. Please, don't be angry with me—it's flying in the face of Providence not to see it; and how glad Madam Spencer would have been!"

"Hush!" I heard Fanny say; "you must not speak so, Susan. It would vex me, but that I'm going away."

"Lor, Miss, don't you say so. When?"

"Not yet, Susan; but you know I go always at this time for my six months' visit to Scotland."

I would not overhear more, but gently slipped out and resolved to return the next day.

I turned into the avenue and paced it up and down.

At last Fanny came out, and I met her at the gate as she turned in the direction of the rectory.

"Poor Susan is sinking fast," she said to me.

"Yes, it must soon be over. She is a faithful good creature."

"Yes, she is such a link with the past that to me it will be really a great loss. There is so little left now of the old time at Speynings—"

These words seemed to drop from her unconsciously.

"Worse than nothing," I replied, "for that which is left there is so unworthy of that time—"

She interrupted me quickly.

"Do not speak so. I was foolish."

"Just. Only just."

"No, not just. You have done all you could. If the dead could speak with my lips, they would say you had done well, Hubert."

And for the first time, in her emotion, for long years, she called me by that name.

"Fanny," I said, "have you forgiven me, then,—have you felt that if repentance, devotion, reverence, could merit forgiveness, I was not unworthy—"

"I have nothing to forgive; no one has been more sorry for you in your grief; no one has so truly wished to see you happy once more."

"Happiness is a word that has no meaning in it for me; for years I sought it regardless of everything but my own selfish interpretation of it, and it has left a bitter and deadly taste in me. I need pardon, compassion, love;—will you forgive, will you pity, will you love?"

She started, and turned pale.

"Speak, Fanny; I can bear rejection; I have nerved myself to do so, for I know my unworthiness; but I wish you to know, come what may, that my whole heart is yours. Will you accept it?"

Her hand fell in mine as she murmured—

“Yes.”

“Will you take my life to unite to yours—yours so good, pure, true; mine so full of soils and stains?”

“Yes.”

“Let me kneel to thank God—to thank you for this goodness, and to swear to you you shall not repent it.”

“It is not goodness, Hubert, for I have always loved you.”

How can I convey in words the expression of her face, the tone of her voice, when she said this. But I was lifted by them into a region high above all past sorrows and errors:

Love like death unlocks the portal
Through which souls redeemed go,
And the mortal to immortal
Passes with transfused brow.

And I can say in concluding this chronicle of my early life, that the glow of heart which was excited by Fanny's words never faded. If in my life I have avoided evil or inclined to good, those words were my shield and my talisman. I had loved with the lower part of my nature, and that love had swathed, bound, and covered me from truth and heaven. I was now loved, and I loved with a sacred and purifying love, and my soul was revealed and made free. The sacred and profane love of Titian was to me a fact, and not an allegory.

(Conclusion.)

BURNS'S BIRTHDAY AND BOWL.

THE twenty-fifth of January is a red-letter day in the literary calendar of Caledonia. It is a day famous in song—the birthday of Robert Burns; a day seldom overlooked wherever half a dozen Scots can be brought together and whisky is to be had. There is not a place where “ought that's good” is to be seen where a Scotchman is not to be seen. He is as ubiquitous and far-travelling, runs a popular proverb, as a Hanover rat or a Newcastle grindstone. Search from China to Peru, from John O'Groat's to Greta Green, and ordinary observation will never fail in finding him deep-rooted and well-doing, with his well-read Allan Ramsay and his well-thumbed copy of Robert Burns. In the gold-diggings of California and Australia “Sandy” is at work eagerly and successfully. In parts which lying Sir John Mandeville never saw, or other travellers as yet have reached only in a dream, the famous twenty-fifth will not be forgotten by either the house-keeping or the Cain-cursed Scot, for the Caledonian is clannish to the backbone, and Burns is the true child of Caledonia.

In the winter of Anno Domini 1857 died, at the age of sixty-five and unmarried, ARCHIBALD HASTIE, Esquire, Member of Parliament for Paisley in North Britain, originally a saddler in the Strand of London, finally an East India merchant and dock director. He was born in Scotland, found his way to London with a few letters of introduction to Allan Cunningham and others from his relation *Ebony-Maya* (old William Blackwood), drove a good trade with Calcutta, where his brothers Robert and John were settled as

coach-builders, and over his shop in the Strand and his counting-house, No. 3, West Street, Finsbury Circus, gave dinners of the best to scores of good fellows, of whom the writer of this account truthfully and modestly records that he was one. From fenny Finsbury he removed—for the sake of the House of Commons and his constituents—to Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, then to No. 49, Wilton Crescent, in Belgravia, and finally to 5, Rutland Gate, Knightsbridge, overlooking Hyde Park. We are thus minute in recording his London movements, inasmuch as in all these flittings he took with him, and in his own hands, trusting no one with his precious possession and charge, the Inverary-marble punch-bowl of Robert Burns.

This poetic bowl—more precious in our eyes than that which Vulcan damascened with gold for Nestor himself—we, much envied thereat, have often held reverentially to our lips—held brimful, beading and reeking with soul-inspiring whisky-toddy of brewage not to be surpassed—ay, and drank from it, on our feet all the while, and in solemn silence, to “The immortal memory of Robert Burns.”

We have seen this Apollo ploughman cup thus held and thus reverently used by the sons of Burns (Wordsworth's sons of Burns); held and thus used by the poet of “The Pleasures of Hope,” by the “Ettrick Shepherd,” and by Allan Cunningham, mason-poet; seen it thus held by peers and commoners; by painters, sculptors, and engravers; by men born to eminence, and by men who attained eminence for themselves. We were present, too, when—sad words to write—it was last used. Since then (O wæfu' day!) it has remained dry, and dry it must, unhappily, remain. Never more to haggis-and-haddock-fed recipients of these and other creature-comforts of this earth will that silver-rimmed bowl of Inverary marble diffuse a fragrant steam of Scotland's drink; of whisky cautiously mixed with scalding Tweed or Thames, and cunningly flavoured with thirst-provoking sugar, and like cunningly intermingled with thirst-allaying lemon. Its history is remarkable, its destiny suggestive. The punch-bowl of “Robert Burns, Poet” (for so he loved to describe himself), is now, by the bequest of Hastie, one of the curiosities of the British Museum. Does it retain the perfume of the liquor and the lemons with which it reeked and was so long imbued, as its fellow curiosity in the same receptacle of rarities—the sarcophagus of Alexander the Great—retains to this day (so antiquaries allege) that of the balsams and preservatives of the apothecaries of Macedonia?

On the 25th of January, 183—, there dined at Hastie's table, among others, the following persons:—the host himself, in full fig and feather and spirits in honour of the day; the two surviving sons of the poet, Colonel William Nicol Burns and Major James Glencairn Burns; a popular English poet and “M.P.” from a Yorkshire Riding; a Scottish bard of promise from Mid Lothian, and an Irish minstrel from the wilds of Connemara; to these we must add the well-known and accomplished Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh; a Scottish painter and engraver of fame and name, John Burnet, from the Links of Leith; John

Wilson, the charming singer of Scottish songs, now no more; Captain Thomas Blair, to whom Mr. Sheridan Knowles dedicated his play of "The Wife," also passed away; a sturdy Scot, the happily still surviving mental representative of Adam Smith; and the author of this, at the best, imperfect account.

The grace—an impromptu by Burns himself—was poetic and appropriate:

Some ha'e meat wha canna eat,
And some ha'e nane wha want it:
But we ha'e meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thanket.

The *carte*, the cooking, and serving up would have satisfied Kitchener or Soyer, Meg Dods or Mrs. Rundell, Miss Acton or even Francatelli himself. As for the wines, Talfourd would have done full legal justice to the champagne and port, Douglas Home like justice to the claret, while Maxwell and Keys—of London and world-wide celebrity—would have nodded approbation to the other productions of my host's superlative cellar.

The cloth removed—to write reporter-like—the mahogany tree was seen resplendent like a mirror. "Then uprose" our host with Burns's bowl before him, and gave with due emphasis and reverence, "The immortal memory of Robert Burns." This was drunk standing and in silence, each one passing the poet's bowl reverentially to his neighbour on his left. This solemn duty over, the host then gave in a tone of manly but subdued regret, "The memory of Allan Cunningham," which was drunk in the same manner, and by the writer of this not unmoved. Here the solemnities ceased, and the table assumed the after-dinner appearance of the mahogany of a man, rich, liberal, and "up" to what he was about. Vintages crowned the board, of fabulous value and undeniable bouquet and flavour; Madeira that had twice turned the Cape of Vasco de Gama, improved at each return; Xeres that renews a thirst as one recalls its quality in words; unmistakable "20" port, (a Pittite drink), to our not uneducated tongue the prince of years; claret mulled (not spoiled) in silver jugs carrying richly embossed scenes from the works of the great poet of "the day and of all time;" and, finally, the bowl itself, refilled, reeking and exhaling with that "soul o' plays and pranks," as Burns himself so happily designates it—"whisky punch."

What with quips and cranks and merry conceited jests, varied with the talk of the hour and the scandal of my lady's chamber, "the mirth and fun" grew, Tam o' Shanter like, "fast and furious." Then singing was on the card—the Major leading off with some of his father's songs, given with hereditary fine feeling, correct to a letter and with true articulation. We remember, among the Major's best, "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw" (written by his father during the honeymoon, in honour of his wife, the Major's mother), "Ae day a brow wooer cam' doon the lang glen," "Green grow the rashes, O!" (the richest incense ever offered by poet at the shrine of beauty); better still, if possible, the Major's singing "The Posie," or

O love will venture in where it daurna weel be seen.

followed by, and beyond question, "the very best"—

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,

—the last finished offspring of his father's muse.

While the Major had his rest, his talk, and his drink, Wilson varied the entertainment by singing with exquisite tact, "Saw ye Johnny comin' ? quo' she;" and Burnet would give (unmatchable in this day) "Clout the caudron," followed by "Tak' your auld cloak about ye." A hull, or pause, now took place, and mine host, to satisfy a Southron's "second time of asking," gave as follows "The Story of the Bowl."

On the lid of the box before us, on which the bowl is placed only when full, and in which it is locked up when permanently dry, is engraved an extract from a letter written by Gilbert Burns, the bard's brother, to Alexander Cunningham, a silversmith in Edinburgh, and a leal and true friend to the poet. The letter—I have the original—accompanied the bowl when Gilbert sent it as a present to the Edinburgh silversmith. It is, as you will see, short and to the point. At the death of Alexander the silversmith—not [with a smile] the coppersmith—in or about the year 1816, his "things" were publicly sold. I had seen the bowl—longed for it—and, having some spare pounds English, not Scotch, in my pouch at the time, I sent a commission for its purchase. The extent of the commission was seventy pounds. It sold, however, for seventy-four pounds, and to a person of the name of Cochran. That I was pained at losing it you will readily believe, for, had I been myself present when it was sold, neither pounds Scotch or pounds English up to a large amount would have stopped me from having it. In the year 1820 I settled in London, in the Strand, and was not long in my new home before I heard that the very bowl before us was doing duty nightly, and at times daily, at the tavern of a man named Cochran, in the Strand near to the Lyceum Theatre. "This," I exclaimed, on hearing the good news, "was my opponent at the sale. I must see the man and the bowl, too." See him I did, and have made one of many merry gatherings around the bowl at his house. Nay, I tempted him in many ways to part with it, but to no purpose. Business of one kind or another kept me away from his house for nearly a year, and in this time he had become a "drucken deil." The chance of ever calling the bowl mine I had long given up as a vain thought at the very best. My hearing of it again, or thinking about it, happened in this way. Cochran called on me one winter's morning in a heat and flurry, telling his object in calling in a few words.

"It's in jeopardy, man! aye, it's in jeopardy!"

"What is?" was my reply.

"The bowl! the bowl!—Burns's bowl!"

I listened attentively.

"Aye, man," he added, "this is the last day; gi'e me but twenty pounds, and the duplicate I hand in my hand for the bowl at forty pounds is yours."

I looked at the duplicate with a careful Scottish eye, balanced my banker's book, wrote a cheque

for what was asked, and said "Good-bye!" Then, much in Dr. Johnson's manner,

I put my hat upon my head,
And walked into the Strand,

cashied a cheque at Coutts's, hurried to Lower Eaton Street, Pimlico, redeemed the bowl, and—much to the pawnbroker's regret, as he told me at the time—made it mine.

"I had more than a hankering for the bowl," said my *uncle*, "and had thought that to-day would have been the first stage towards its being mine."

I smiled with a knowing wink.

"May I," he added, "ask a favour of you? May I ask to keep the key—it is a common one—as a memorial of my having had so precious a charge under my care."

I gave him the key, and the box has not had a key to it since that day. Such, ended Hastie, is the "*Story of the Bowl*."

Were other evidence wanting of the truth of this statement, the writer can supply it, having often heard Allan Cunningham tell the same story, and having been shown by him on one occasion the particular house and sign of the Lombard Arms in Pimlico in which the bowl was pledged, and where it lay, as if to confirm the truth of Hogarth's saying, that the pawnbroker's sign has its origin in its being "*two to one* that the things put in are ever taken out again." Mine uncle's lavender (London topographers may like to know) stood at the north-east end of Lower Eaton Street, was long a pawnbroker's, and may be so still. "Make yourselves well and honourably known," Allan Cunningham has been heard to observe, while telling the story in Lower Eaton Street, to his sons, "and you, too, may leave memorials behind you which even pawnbrokers themselves may love to possess at what is called not a market but a fancy price."

The bowl—ample and well-proportioned, as Allan Cunningham, himself a mason, was wont to call it—is of black marble from the quarries of Inverary in Scotland, and was wrought by the hands of Armour, a well-skilled mason, brother of "Bonnie Jean," and, consequently, the brother-in-law of Burns. The honour of its possession is said to have cost Hastie, in festivities which it gave rise to, close upon a thousand pounds; but the pleasure of its possession even then was cheaply bought, and Hastie, though a Scot, was never heard to grumble at the money it cost him, from first to last, or the late, little, and hard-drinking hours, into which Burns's punch-bowl, willingly and unwillingly, led him.

Of Archibald Hastie, one who knew him well, the successor of Adam Smith, has supplied the following brief and hitherto unpublished account. "Mr. Hastie," he says, "was an excellent and, in many respects, a remarkable man. He was descended of respectable parents in the west of Scotland, who bequeathed to him the most valuable of all legacies—a strong spirit of integrity and a love of independence. He had merely the common school education of his country, but that, and his native sense, fitted him to fill with credit

to himself and advantage to others various important situations. In his connection with the East India Docks his sagacity and ability were eminently displayed in the skill and success with which he assisted in rescuing that important concern from the depression into which its affairs had sunk after the cessation of its monopoly. The distinction of a seat in the House of Commons, on which he set a high value, may be said to have cost him a high price, for, owing to the severe distress with which his constituents were frequently visited, heavy demands were made upon him which he met with the greatest generosity and good will. He felt acutely the unkindness, or rather ingratitude, with which he was treated at the last two elections; and the proceedings connected with the latest of these very much aggravated, if they did not produce, the disease which carried him off. . . . In private life he was in the highest degree generous, open-hearted, and friendly. His hospitalities were conducted on a large and liberal scale. The best society in London, of all shades of politics, was to be found at his house, and his good sense, his freedom from all taint of vanity or affectation, and the shrewdness and raciness of his remarks, made him an instructive as well as an agreeable companion. The punch-bowl of Burns, that famous relic of departed genius, could not have come into worthier hands. The celebrations of the poet's birthday held at Mr. Hastie's house were by far the best of such festivals."

To this we must add that he entered Parliament too late in life to make any figure, but was useful in committees. Once, and once only, he spoke at length. Peel replied to what he said, and paid him a well-merited compliment. On this occasion, beyond what he brought himself, he was importantly assisted by his friend of many years, the distinguished author of the "Commercial Dictionary."

No one who knew Burns in the flesh is now alive; his two sons were too young at their father's death to recollect their father. We are happily and unhappily old enough to have seen and conversed with three of his heroines: with Miss Jean McMurdo, afterwards Mrs. Crawford; with Miss Jessie Levars, afterwards Mrs. Thomson; and with Mrs. McLehose, the "Clarinda" of his Edinburgh life.

Of the sayings at Hastie's table on the birthday celebrations, one above all deserves to be recorded. "Misquote Burns in a mixed company of twelve, composed of English, Scotch, and Irish, and there is one of the company, if not more, sure to set you right." This was said by Captain Thomas Blair, of whom I have already made mention, and was called by Allan Cunningham in our hearing "the happiest compliment ever paid to the genius of Burns—the happiest compliment that could be paid to any poet."

Of Robert Armour, the brother of Bonnie Jean, son of the man who "contrived" the bowl—who was not unknown to us, and is thus accidentally brought to mind—a story much to the point and within our own ken will not be out of place. Edward Dubois, author of that clever squib (which led to law) upon Sir John Carr's Travels, 'ycleped

"My Pocket Book," reviewed in the "Observer" newspaper the "Life of Burns," by Allan Cunningham. Dubois in what he wrote rambled, as was his wont, into an attack on the "R.A.," on "R.A.," and on "R.A.'s" in general; and remembering Cunningham's position with Sir Francis Chantrey, "R.A.," attributed his side attacks on "R.A." and R.A.'s to his friendship for or ill-will to a certain "R.A." The article was larded with insidious references to the uncertain R.A., all of which the aforesaid "R.A.," or "Robert Armour," took bitterly to himself, feeling the fancied attack all the more as it was a part of his only Sunday newspaper reading. In this belief "R.A.," or the brother of "Bonnie Jean," hurried—"Observer" in hand—from Crown Court, Old Change, to No. 27, Lower Belgrave Place, Pimlico, the house of the supposed offending Allan Cunningham. We were present at the interview, and remember even now, with a loud guffaw of laughter which type cannot make catching, the way in which he told his grief, and Allan's playing with the poor man's weakness before explaining to him the ludicrous error into which he had been thrown alike by vanity and ignorance. Poor "R. A." (or "Robert Armour")! he died in 1846, aged 62, and we never pass his grave in the cemetery at Kensal Green without the story we have thus related recurring, a little inappropriately, in such a place.

Of Cochran himself we have heard thus much, that he was a clever fellow in "the imitating line," and that a friend—aye, and a real R. A., Mr. "David Roberts,"—had seen him arrested whilst singing a comic song of a donkey, and on a donkey. Poor Pinky (Penkethman the actor) spoke a prologue with great effect whilst sitting on a donkey. This was done in the days of good Queen Anne, and might, when other novelties are wanting, be repeated with effect in the days of good Queen Victoria.

And thus ends this article on Burns's Punch-bowl and the "twenty-fifth of January," but with this addition, that when next at the British Museum we hope reverentially to remove the web which a busy, curious, unthinking spider has woven across the "Punch-bowl of Robert Burns." P. C.

THE THREE GOBLETS.

- "HERE is a rest for the weary,
Here faith and patience be;
But far in the wood by the wayside
There wait Night's Children Three.
- "Each holdeth a juice-fill'd goblet,
Whose subtle lights shimmer and shine
Like gems of the deep, deep ocean,
Or jewels far in the mine.
- "To the lips they are first as nectar,
But ere one the taste repeat,
He shall say, 'These draughts of sweetness,
Methinks they are bitter-sweet!
- "For who taketh the first fair proffer
From him his faith shall flee—
Who tasteth the cup of the second,
His hope shall cease to be; [wine,
But who drinketh the draught of the Night's dark
His heart's-love loseth he."

But he kiss'd her lips with laughter,
And rode down the leaf-glade long,
Wherethrough came the moan and the murmur
Of the Sister-sirens' song:—

"Ah, art thou athirst, Belovèd?
What juice like the juice I fill;
Drink till thou dream, and dreaming,
Quaff from the goblet still.

"Ah, hast thou been faint, Belovèd,
The perilous draught to drain?
Hither I bring thee healing,
Take, and be blest again.

"Ah, art thou then mad, Belovèd,
And dost for the opiate pine?
Tarry and drown thy fever
In drowsing and murmuring wine."

Stricken and sad returning,
When the sunset gleam was o'er,
He look'd on the face of the maiden
And knew that he loved no more.

CRADOCK NEWTON.

RUSSIAN POPULAR TALES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY GEORGE
BORROW.

EMELIAN THE FOOL.

THE tale of Emelian, of which we give here a version, is highly popular amongst the peasantry of Russia, and is told by them at their merry-makings from the upper shores of the Gulf of Finland to the Ural Mountains. It bears some resemblance to the tale of "Aladdin," the pike playing in the Russian story much the same part as the lamp in the Arabian one, and it is by no means impossible that both tales are derived from the same myth. But from whatever source the story of Emelian may have sprung, the manner in which it is wrought is essentially Russian, and from it, as here rendered, the English reader may form a better idea of the way of life, and the feelings of the Russian mujiks, or peasantry, than from a dozen common books of travels in Russia. Emelian is represented as a fool, but there is much in what he says and does common to the Russian mujik in general. He lies in the izbushka, or cabin, upon the petsch, or stove, and when told to get up, he says: "What should I get up for?—Mnie zdies teplo, i ia leniós—"tis warm here, and I am lazy." There spoke the genuine mujik, the most prominent features of whose character are a love of warmth and a hatred of exertion, though, when he chooses to get up and rouse himself, he is capable of very great things, can outwit the tchort himself, bear hunger and fatigue better than any other man, and contend even with the Briton at the game of the bayonet. Perhaps we may hereafter present to the public in an English dress some other popular tales illustrative of the manner of life and ideas of the mujiks, to whom the attention of the English public has of late been much directed, owing to the ukase of the present Tsar, by which they are emancipated from serfdom,—a measure likely to be productive of much weal or woe throughout his extensive dominions. The tale is as follows:—

In a certain village there lived a mujik or yeoman, who had three sons; two were clever,

but the third was a fool, who was called Emelian. When the good man had reached an extreme old age, he called all his sons to him, and said :

"Dear children, I feel that I have not long to live ; I therefore leave you house and cattle, which you will divide in equal portions. I also leave you money : a hundred roubles for each."

Soon after these words he died, and his children, having given him a decent funeral, lived very comfortably. After a little time, the brothers of Emelian took it into their heads to start for the city, and employ in traffic the three hundred roubles which their father had left them ; so they said to the fool Emelian :

"Harkee, fool, we are going to the city, and will take your hundred roubles with us, and if our traffic goes on profitably we will buy you a red caftan, a red cap, and red boots ; but do you remain at home, and if your sisters-in-law, our wives (for they were married) order you to do anything, be sure you do it."

The fool, wishing to receive the red caftan, red cap, and red boots, told his brothers in reply that he would do whatever his sisters-in-law should order him. After this, his brothers set out for the city, and the fool remained at home, and lived with his sisters-in-law. After some time, on a certain day, when it was winter, and there was a terrible frost, his sisters-in-law told him to go for water ; but the fool, who was lying on the petsch, or stove, said :

"Yes, indeed, and why not you ?"

"Why not we, you fool ?" cried the sisters-in-law ; "don't you see what a frost it is ? and that none but a man can go out in such weather ?"

"But," said he, "I am lazy."

"Lazy ?" screamed his sisters-in-law ; "won't you presently want something to eat ? And if there be no water how can we boil anything ?" Thereupon they added, "Very well, when our husbands come home with the red caftan and cap they promised him, we will tell them to give him nothing."

When the fool heard this he thought it best to go, for he wished very much to get the red caftan and cap. So getting down from the petsch he began to put on his stockings and boots, and to dress himself ; and when he was quite dressed, he took with him a couple of pails and a hatchet, and went to the river : for the village in which they lived stood very near the river. When he had come to the stream, he began to hew away at the ice, and when he had made a very big hole, he filled his pails with water, and placing them on the ice, he stood beside the hole, and looked. Now as the fool stood and looked he saw a very large pike swimming in the hole. Fool as Emelian was, he nevertheless wished to catch the pike, he therefore advanced softly, and coming near to it, seized it suddenly with his hand, and pulling it out of the water, placed it in his bosom, and began to make for home. But the pike said to him :

"How's this, fool ? for what do you seize me ?"

"For what ?" said he ; "I shall carry you home, and tell my sisters-in-law to boil you."

"Not so, fool, don't carry me home, but put me back into the water, and I will make you a rich man."

But the fool did not believe him, and was making for home. The pike, seeing that the fool did not let him go, said :

"Listen, fool, do but put me into the water, and I will do for you whatsoever you wish, so that every desire of your heart shall be fulfilled."

The fool, hearing these words, was very glad ; for, as he was excessively lazy, he thought to himself—

"If the pike does whatever I ask all will be got ready for me, and I shall have no need to work."

He therefore said to the pike :

"I will let you go, only do what you promise."

Thereupon the pike made answer :

"First place me in the water, and I will fulfil my promise."

But the fool said to him that he must first of all perform his promise, and that he would then let him go.

The pike, seeing that he would not put him into the water, said :

"If you wish me to do for you what you want, you must now tell me what it is that you desire."

The fool said :

"I desire that my pails of water should march of themselves up the hill" (for the village stood upon a hill), "but so that none of the water be spilt out of them."

The pike immediately said to him :

"Remember, Emelian, the words which I am about to say to you, and the words are as follows : 'At the pike's behest, and at my request, march, pails, by yourselves up the hill.'"

The fool repeated the words after the pike :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, march, pails, by yourselves up the hill."

Forthwith the pails, and the yoke by which he was wont to carry them, marched of themselves up the hill. Emelian, seeing this, was very much surprised, and said to the pike :

"Will it always be so ?"

To which the pike made answer :

"All things you wish will be done, even as this has been done : only don't forget the words which I have taught you."

Thereupon he released the pike into the water, and went himself after his pails. The neighbours, seeing what was going on, were filled with wonder, and said, amongst themselves—

"What is the fool about ? The pails of water walk of themselves, and he walks after them."

But Emelian, without saying anything to them, went home, and the pails went of themselves into the keeping-room, and placed themselves on the bench, while the fool mounted upon the petsch. A little time after, his sisters-in-law said to him again :

"Emelian, what do you lie there for ? go and cut some wood."

But the fool said :

"Yes, indeed, and why not you ?"

"We ?" screamed his sisters-in-law ; "it is now winter, and if you do not go and cut some wood you will soon be cold."

"I am lazy," said the fool.

"Lazy ?" said his sisters-in-law to him, "then you will be frozen."

Thereupon they added :

"If you don't go and cut wood we will tell our husbands not to give you the red caftan, nor the red cap, nor the boots."

The fool, from the desire which he felt to obtain the red caftan, cap, and boots, was obliged to comply with their request. But as he was thoroughly lazy, and did not wish to get down from the petsch, he said these words softly as he lay :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, go, hatchet, now, and cut down wood ; and do you, wood, come of yourself to the room, and stow yourself within the stove."

Forthwith, the hatchet, without anyone taking it, hopped forth, and began to cut away, and the wood of itself came into the room, and stowed itself in the stove, at the sight of which the sisters-in-law wondered much at the craft of Emelian ; and every day, when the fool only ordered the hatchet to go out and cut wood, the hatchet went and cut some. And in this manner he lived with his sisters-in-law for some time. At length, his sisters-in-law said to him :

"Emelian ! we have no wood, so pray go out into the forest and cut some."

The fool said :

"Why don't you go yourselves ?"

"How should we go ?" replied his sisters-in-law ; "the forest is a great way off, and as it is now winter, it is too cold for us to go to the forest for wood."

But the fool said to them :

"I am lazy."

"Lazy !" cried his sisters-in-law ; "if you don't go you will soon be cold. But if you refuse to go, when your brothers, our husbands, come home we will order them to give you neither red caftan, red cap, nor red boots."

The fool, wishing to obtain the red caftan, cap, and boots, felt obliged to go to the forest for wood, and getting up from the petsch, he began to put on his stockings and boots, and to dress himself ; and when he was quite dressed he went out into the court, and drawing the sledge out of the shed, and taking with him a rope and hatchet, he mounted the sledge, and bade his sisters-in-law open the gate. The sisters-in-law, seeing that he got into the sledge without putting the horses to it, for the fool did not lead out the horses, said to him :

"How is this, Emelian ? you have got into the sledge without putting the horses to it."

But he said to them that he had no need of horses, and only wanted them to open the gate. The sisters-in-law did so, and the fool, as he sat in the sledge, said :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, set forward, sledge, to the forest."

At these words the sledge forthwith went forth. The country people living around were quite astounded to see Emelian riding in the sledge without horses, and going with such speed that, even if the best pair of horses in the world had been fastened to the sledge, it would have been impossible to go quicker. Now as it was necessary for the fool, in order to reach the forest, to go through the town, he drove through it at full speed ; but

as he did not know that it was necessary for him to cry out, in order that the people might not be run over, he drove through the city without crying to the people to get out of the way, and ran over a great number of them, and although they gave chase to him, yet it was impossible to overtake him. Emelian, having passed through the city and reached the wood, stopped the sledge. The fool then getting out of the sledge, said :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, fall, hatchet, now to cutting wood ; and do you, wood, gather yourself into the sledge and be corded."

Scarcely had the fool said these words when the hatchet began to cut wood, and the wood, gathering itself up, placed itself in the sledge, and tied itself with the cord. After he had cut as much wood as he wanted, he ordered the hatchet to cut down a small oak ; and when the hatchet had done so, he placed himself upon the load, and said :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, O sledge, now travel home."

The sledge instantly set off very briskly. But when Emelian arrived at the city in which he had run over so many people, the folks were waiting for him in order to seize him, and as soon as he drove into the city they set about dragging him off the load and began to belabour him. The fool, seeing that they were pulling him and beating him, said these words, in an undertone ;

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, now, sapling, break their arms and legs."

Forthwith the sapling, springing out, began to beat them in a pretty manner, and the people taking to flight, the fool drove out of the town to his own village, whilst the sapling drubbed all soundly, and went in pursuit of them. Emelian, on reaching his home, mounted upon the petsch.

In the meantime, after he had driven out of the city, there was much talk of him everywhere,—not because he had driven over a number of people, but because he had come driving to the city on a sledge without horses ; and by degrees the news reached the court, and came to the ears of the king himself. The king, on hearing the story, felt no little desire to see the fool, and sent an officer with some soldiers to seek him. The officer proceeded without delay out of the city, taking the road by which the fool had travelled in order to go to the forest. On arriving at the village where Emelian lived, the officer sent for the starost, or head man of the village, and said to him :

"I am sent by the king to take your fool, and convey him to his presence."

The starost immediately showed him the house where Emelian lived, and the officer, going into the kitchen, demanded—

"Where's the fool ?"

The fool, who was lying on the petsch, answered—

"What's that to you ?"

"What's that to me ? Dress yourself quickly, that I may carry you to the presence of the king."

Quoth Emelian :

"What have I to do there ?"

The officer, enraged at his answering so disrespectfully, struck him on the cheek. The fool, feeling himself struck, said softly :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, oak sapling, break their hands and shins."

The sapling, hopping forth, began to beat them, drubbing them all preciously, both officer and soldiers, so that the officer was obliged to return discomfited. Arriving at the city, he related to the king how the fool had beaten them all. The king was very much astonished, and did not believe it possible that he could have beaten so many. The king, however, selected a prudent man, whom he sent with an injunction to bring the fool to him if possible, even though he should have recourse to deceit. The king's envoy, arriving at the village where Emelian lived, sent for the starost, and said to him :

"I am sent by the king to fetch your fool ; but first of all, bring before me the people with whom he lives."

The starost instantly ran and brought the sisters-in-law ; and the envoy asked them—

"What does the fool like ?"

The sisters-in-law replied :

"Gracious sir, our fool likes to be intreated to do a thing ; he refuses once and twice in order to be entreated a third time, when he never refuses, but does all that he is asked,—but he does not like to be spoken to roughly."

The envoy then dismissed them, warning them not to tell Emelian that he had sent for them. After that, having bought some raisins, prunes, and dried figs, he proceeded to the house of the fool, and on his arrival he went up to the petsch, and said :

"How's this, Emelian, why are you lying on the petsch ?"

Then, giving him the raisins, prunes, and dried figs, he said :

"Come, Emelian, I will carry you to the king."

But the fool answered :

"I am warm here," for he loved nothing but warmth.

"Let us go, Emelian," said the envoy, "you will be quite comfortable there."

"Aye," said the fool. "but I am lazy."

Thereupon the envoy began to beseech him once more.

"Pray let us go, Emelian, the king has ordered a red caftan to be made for you, and also a red cap, and red boots."

The fool, hearing that a red caftan had been ordered to be made for him, provided he went, said :

"Do you go before, and I will follow."

The envoy, not wishing to trouble him any more, left him, and asked privately of the sisters-in-law whether the fool would not deceive him ; but they assured him that he never deceived anybody. The envoy then set forth on his return, and the fool, placing himself once more on the petsch, said :

"O how I wish that I had not to go to court, but was there already."

Thereupon he said :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, move straight, O petsch, to the city."

Thereupon the walls of the room gave a crack, and the petsch sallied forth, and when the petsch was clear of the house it drove along with such

rapidity that it was impossible to overtake it. On the road he overtook the envoy, and drove in his company to the court. The king, being told that the fool had arrived, went out to look at him, with all his ministers, and seeing that Emelian came on the petsch, he was filled with wonder. As for the fool, he lay still, and said nothing. After a little time the king asked him why he had run over so many people when he went to the forest for wood.

"How could I help it ?" said Emelian ; "why did they not get out of my way ?"

Just then, the king's daughter came to a window, and looked at the fool. Emelian, chancing to turn his eye to the window from which she was looking, and seeing that she was very handsome, said in an undertone :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, may you beauty fall in love with me."

No sooner had he pronounced these words than the daughter of the king fell in love with him as she gazed upon him. And the fool, after that, said :

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, move back, petsch, to our own house."

The petsch, without a moment's delay, marched out of the court, drove through the city, and made for home, where, on arriving, it resumed its former place.

After that Emelian lived for some time quite at his ease ; but the king, in the city, fared very differently, for the princess, having fallen in love with the fool at the words which he had uttered, began to beg of her father to give her the fool for a husband. The king was very much incensed both against her and the fool, and wished very much to lay violent hands on the latter, but did not know how. Thereupon the king's ministers proposed that the officer who had before gone for Emelian, and had failed to bring him, should be sent again for him on account of his former failure. The king, approving of their counsel, summoned the officer to his presence, and when he appeared before him, the king said :

"Listen, friend, I sent thee for the fool before : but thou didst not bring him ; now for that offence I will send thee a second time, and in order that thou mayest bring him without fail, I tell thee that if thou dost bring him thou shalt be rewarded, and if thou dost not thou shalt be punished."

The officer, on hearing the words of the king, departed without delay in quest of the fool, and having arrived at the village, he sent again for the starost, and said to him :

"Here is money for you, buy all that is necessary for a good dinner to-morrow, invite Emelian, and when he is dining with you ply him with drink until he falls under the table."

The starost, knowing that he was sent by the king, did not dare to disobey him, but purchased all that was necessary, and invited the fool. Emelian having promised to come, the officer expected him with great joy ; and the fool coming the next day, they plied him so hard with drink that Emelian lay down and fell dead asleep. The officer, seeing that he was asleep, immediately ordered his kabitka to be got ready,

and to draw up to the door, and when it drew up they placed the fool in it. After that the officer got into the kabitka, and carried him straight to the court. The ministers forthwith gave information to the king of the arrival of the officer, and the king no sooner heard of it than he gave orders for a great barrel to be well fenced with iron hoops, which was forthwith done, and the barrel was brought to the king, who, seeing that all was ready, ordered his daughter and the fool to be placed in the barrel, and the barrel to be covered with pitch. No sooner had this been done than he commanded the barrel to be cast into the sea, and was forthwith obeyed. The king then returned to his palace, and the barrel, abandoned to its fate, floated about for some hours. The fool all this time was asleep; awaking, however, at last, and perceiving that he was in darkness, he asked of himself—"Where am I?" for he imagined that he was alone.

"You are in a barrel, Emelian," said the princess; "and they have placed me with you."

"And who are you?" asked the fool.

"I am the king's daughter," she replied; and then she related on what account she had been placed in the barrel with him.

Thereupon she begged him to deliver himself and her from the barrel. But the fool made no other reply than—

"I am warm enough here."

"Pray have mercy upon me," said the princess.

"Take compassion on my tears, and deliver me out of this barrel."

"I'll do no such thing," said Emelian, "I am lazy."

The princess began again to beseech him:

"Have mercy upon me, Emelian; save me out of this barrel, and do not let me die."

The fool, being moved by her entreaties and tears, said to her:

"Very well, I will do this one thing for you."

After that, he said softly to himself: "At the pike's behest, and at my request, cast up, O sea, this barrel, in which we lie, on some dry place, as near as possible to our own country; and do thou, barrel, on coming to dry ground, go to pieces of thyself."

Scarcely had the fool uttered these words when the sea began to heave, and forthwith cast the barrel on dry ground, whereupon the barrel went to pieces of itself. Emelian arose, and went with the princess farther up the land on which they were cast, and the fool perceived that they were upon a very beautiful island, on which were a great number of trees of different kinds, with all kinds of fruits; and the princess, seeing these things, was very much rejoiced that they were upon so beautiful an island. In a little time, however, she said:

"But Emelian, where are we to live, for here I don't see a hut or any kind of shelter?"

But the fool said:

"You are already hankering for something more."

"Do be so kind, Emelian, as to order some kind of house to be built," said the princess; "in order that we may have some place to take shelter in when it rains;" for by this time the princess

knew that he could do anything if he did but please.

But the fool said:

"I am lazy."

Whereupon she began to beseech him again, and Emelian, touched by her entreaties, was obliged to do what she desired; and going a little way apart from her, said:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, may there be erected, in the midst of this island, a palace which shall be twice better than the king's; and may there be from the palace a crystal bridge to cross the water by; and may there be in the palace all kinds of servants."

Scarcely had he pronounced these words when an enormous palace with a crystal bridge made its appearance. The fool and the princess, entering the palace, perceived that there was plenty of magnificent furniture in the rooms, and that there were numbers of people, both lackeys and officers, of various descriptions, who were awaiting the commands of the fool. The fool, seeing that all these people had a decent and honourable appearance, and that he alone was a lout, wished to be made better, and therefore said:

"At the pike's behest, and at my request, be I now made a youth so handsome as to have no equal, and possess of the very best of understandings."

These words were scarcely uttered when he became so handsome and intelligent that everybody wondered. After this, Emelian sent one of his servants to the king, to invite him and all his ministers to the palace. The messenger of Emelian rode to the king over that same crystal bridge which the fool had built. On his arrival at court the ministers presented him to the king, whom the messenger addressed in this manner:

"Gracious sir; I am sent by my master with his humble compliments to invite you to dinner."

"Who is thy master?" demanded the king.

But the messenger replied:

"I cannot tell you, gracious sir, anything of my master" (for the fool had forbidden him to say who he was); "but after you have dined together he will give you a full account of himself."

The king, filled with curiosity to know who it could be that invited him to dinner, told the messenger that he would come without fail; and the messenger forthwith returned. Scarcely had he arrived when the king, with all his ministers, came riding over the bridge to dine with the fool. On the arrival of the king at the palace Emelian went out to meet him, took him by the hand white as snow, kissed him on the mouth sweet as sugar, and leading him into his palace of white marble, set him down to the oaken table to the feast of sweet things and mead; and the king and his ministers, sitting at the table, drank, ate, and were merry. Now when they got up from table, and sat in their places, the fool said to the king:

"Gracious sir; do you know me, and who I am?"

But as Emelian was then in a splendid dress, and moreover, as his face was very handsome, it was impossible to recognise him. Therefore the

king said that he did not know him. But the fool said to him :

“Gracious sir, do you not remember how a certain fool came driving to your court on a petch, and how you shut him up with your daughter in a barrel, which you covered over with pitch, and cast out upon the sea? Know now that I am that very same Emelian.”

The king, seeing that it was the fool who was now before him, was very much frightened, and did not know what to do. But the fool at that moment went for the princess, and led her before the king. The king on seeing his daughter was very much delighted, and said to the fool :

“I have sinned grievously against you ; I therefore give you my daughter as a wife.”

The fool, on hearing these words, most humbly thanked the king ; and as Emelian had everything ready for the marriage, it was celebrated that day with great magnificence. On the next day the fool gave a magnificent banquet to all the ministers, whilst for the common people hogsheads were brought out, full of all kinds of drinks. When the rejoicing was over the king offered to resign his kingdom to him : but he refused to accept it. Thereupon the king returned to his dominions. But the fool remained in his palace, and lived in great happiness and prosperity.

GEORGE BORROW.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.



THERE'S nothing so strange, Pythagoras,
That you, my old Greek boy,
Remember how, in a former life,
You fought at the siege of Troy :
For I remember kissing a girl
Beneath a mulberry tree,
Why, a couple of thousand years ago,
Verily, it must be !



For in the year that Carthage fell,
Fell Corinth of less renown ;
And I was one of the Roman host
At the sack of that famous town :
And when I had finished my plundering work,
Rested and taken mine ease,
I climbed up Aerocorinth to view
The city between two seas.

I saw Parnassus ; but, at the sight,
I burst not into song :
I have no music in my heart,
No melody in my tongue.
Far east the famed Aeropolis beamed
In Pallas Athenè's smile :
I gazed on the goddess, and, lost in love,
Wondered and worshipped awhile.

But down to the city I turned mine eyes,
And, tripping along the street,
I saw a girl that no heart of mine
Could ever imagine so sweet :
Pallas was soon forgotten ; I found
A love less cold and coy :
Ah, Pallas, old girl, as grapes yield wine,
Verily, love yields joy !

Ah, well, I died as a Roman should :
And, alive again to-day,
I find my old Corinthian love
In the flesh, too, just as gay :
I knew her again : there could not be
Another so fond and fair :
Oh, the very same lips, and the very same laugh,
And the very same eyes, I'll swear !

I drank Falernian ther, and she
Falernian dipt in dew ;
But now, twin bibbers of Burgundy,
We pledge and our loves renew :
She knew me again ;—and I hold it true,
Whoever shall say me nay ;—
It's the girl I kissed in Corinth of old
I'm kissing again to-day.
PAUL SHORT, 23rd R. W. Fusiliers,
olim
PAULUS CURTILLUS, ex Legione Vicesimâ tertiâ.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY AND ITS EXTRAORDINARY SEQUEL.

A FORTNIGHT ago, in No. cxxxix. of ONCE A WEEK, we published, under the title of "An Extraordinary Story," an account of the remarkable progress in this very metropolis of the worship of Apollo and the other Pagan Gods. The announcement was not only novel but highly suggestive; and we were greatly indebted to the contributor of the article for what we thought an admirable *reductio ad absurdum* of certain eccentric tendencies of recent English fiction. The vast majority of our readers, no doubt, understood this story in the sense contemplated by the author and ourselves. But, unhappily, there are some persons of the calibre of the representative Scotchman, into whom it is impossible to get a joke by any means short of a surgical operation; and some of these have addressed us in peremptory fashion. Some of them ask for references to follow up this startling announcement; some of them wish to be put into personal communication with Mr. Joseph Helsham; and some have expended upon us all the vials of their theology for giving currency to such alarming perversities. It is of course our desire, as far as we can, to satisfy the

one class and to soothe the other. Yet, under the circumstances, it is impossible for us to say whether or not an advertisement in the "Times" will be answered satisfactorily by Mr. Helsham himself. But in case he is silent, we may console his critics with the precedent of the good bishop, who carefully read through "Gulliver's Travels," and came to the conclusion that they were very informing, though there were some things in them he could not believe, without further evidence. In default of such evidence, the Editor of ONCE A WEEK begs to suggest this parallel for the edification of his ingenuous correspondents.

THE LATEST FROM SPIRIT LAND.

I SHOULD like to help the poor man whose case I am going to bring before the British public, but I really do not see any way to assist him. I thought of writing a letter to the "Times," and stating his affliction, but the only result of such an appeal would be, so far as I can see, to bring me three or four thousand pounds to buy him an annuity, and then to compel me to borrow Policeman A 139 to keep the charitable from forcing their way into my house with their supererogatory liberality. He does not want money, he wants to get rid of an awful Persecution; but unless some Society for the Abolition of Ghosts can be formed, and can get into prompt working, I cannot tell how my unlucky friend is to be relieved. The House of Commons complains that it has nothing to do this session; I wish the case could be taken up by some independent patriot. All I can do is to state the plain facts.

I usually attend a Ghost Meeting once a week, as one likes to know what is going on in the supernatural world. I had been at one of these gatherings on Saturday night, and we had had the usual business. The Medium was very affable, the knockings had come at once, and the regular business had been gone through,—the Medium's shudder at the proper moment, his pinching the arms of the men nearest to him, the lady's name in letters of blood on his left arm, and not his right, the little balls with the names, and the choice of the correct one, and occasionally—in order to keep up the supernatural idea as distinct from that of clever juggling—the usual blunder, just as at Astley's the lady pretends to be afraid of the leap, in order to have a storm of applause when she takes it. We had eight or nine spirits in the room, some the ghosts of people who had lived, and some of people who had not, which seems to me a phenomenon of a far higher order than the other, just as the red lobsters in the Italian picture of St. Anthony preaching to the fish shows the attendance of boiled auditors, and increases the value of the miracle. The leg of the lady next to the Medium was touched, and she screamed, and as the Medium declared that he had not done it,—and as I never saw him before I have no right to say that he is a story-teller,—a spirit must have taken that liberty. Finally, we began to yawn, and the Medium in a gentlemanly manner took the hint

and said that he was exhausted, and retired, and some of us went home, and some to the club, to have a cigar, and finish off the week pleasantly.

The following morning my family had gone to church, and as we had a friend staying with us, I had resigned my seat in his favour, for there is no sacrifice which we ought not to make in the sacred cause of friendship, and, besides, I had privately heard that the crack preacher under whom I have the happiness to sit, had got influenza, and would not preach. So I was improving my mind with the answers to the Essays and Reviews, the replies which the Bishop of Savonia thinks so good that he edits and commends them to the faithful without having even read them. Into my study, as I call it, because my shoes, and fishing rods, and the children's toys are kept there, came, without announcement, a gentleman whose face was not familiar to me, and whom, nevertheless, I knew that I had seen under peculiar circumstances. In another moment I recognised our Medium of the preceding night. I was glad that the family had gone out, for my liking for attending Spirit manifestations had occasioned some rather smart passages at arms between myself and my respected mother-in-law, who has very orthodox views, and considers that in consorting with wizards, as she is pleased to term them, I am proving myself to be little better than a heathen, though she had a very different opinion of me—or said so—when she was kind enough to accept the two rooms on the second floor, that look into the gardens; and moreover, my wife, though she has too much good sense to say anything that might induce me to reserve my confidences, has hinted that spirit-rapping proclivities are all very well for bachelors, but are scarcely respectable in a married man and the father of a family. But as we were sure of non-interruption for a couple of hours, I welcomed the Medium with some cordiality, and gave him an arm-chair. In the course of this narrative I had better call him by some other name than that which sends a gentle thrill through the fashionable world. I will name him Mr. Endor. He is a subject of King Lincoln I.

"Sir," said Mr. Endor, after apologising for calling at such an hour on a Sunday, "you do not believe in the fact that I am in communication with the other world. It is not necessary for you to say anything polite upon the subject. I perceived last night that you discredited all the messages from the spirits, and I know that you asked me to call upon a person who, *so far as you knew*, had no existence."

"As a man of science, sir," I said, "you can not object to any test that an inquirer may wish to apply."

"Certainly not, *sir*. But there is such a thing as being too acute. You wrote down for me the name of 'Priscilla Bowkeridge,' which you thought an unreal name. *Sir*, the spirit of Priscilla Bowkeridge appeared and told you that she was quite happy, and that her cousins were all in purgatory."

"She did not in a cousinly manner couple those two facts, Mr. Endor."

"No, *sir*. But you believed that there never was such a person, and that you had bowled me

out, as you English say. *Sir*, Priscilla Bowkeridge was my aunt. Strange as the coincidence may be, I had an aunt of that name."

"Well, Mr. Endor, in that case I am sorry for the unpleasant condition in which some of your family are stated by the lady to be."

"That is my business, *sir*. But I did not come here to speak on that subject. I wished to tell you something of a much more disagreeable nature."

"You are very kind."

"Yes, *sir*. The fact is that you have got me into a most awful difficulty and embarrassment, and I think that you are bound to use all the means in your power to extricate me."

"Mr. Endor, these are not days in which international rights should be disregarded. What have I done, and what can I do?"

"You may remember, *sir*,—for although I think you had dined, as you say in the old country, you were perfectly rational last night,—you may remember that besides calling upon the spirit of my beloved aunt—"

"By sheer inadvertence, Mr. Endor. I never willingly intrude upon the privacy of a lady."

"Yes, *sir*. But besides calling upon Miss Bowkeridge, you gave me the name of another spirit, from whom you wished me to have intelligence."

"I think I did."

"Yes, *sir*. Here is your own writing. Will you please to read that?"

Mr. Endor gave me a small crumpled piece of paper. I recognised my own writing, though there was a certain freedom about it which is not usually perceptible in manuscript which I prepare before the hour of 7 P.M. The name which I had written was Windermere Blueton.

"Would you read that name, *sir*?"

"Windermere Blueton," I read.

Rap—rap—rap, came very distinctly indeed upon the desk on which I now pen these lines.

"How did you do that?" I said, more hastily than politely, for I was startled. Mr. Endor was sitting at least ten feet from my desk.

"I do it?" he answered, reproachfully. "See here."

He placed his two hands upon his head, and stood straight up in a military position.

"Can I be playing a trick now? Say the name again, *sir*."

I did so, and the three raps were repeated.

"Well, I don't know how it is done," I said, "and there's an end of the matter; but I can only say that if you really do it with the aid of Beelzebub, it is not at all the sort of thing to be bringing that party into private gentlemen's houses during the hours of divine service."

"*Sir*, let us talk of what we understand. That person whose name you read out was summoned by you last night, and came. Who was he in this life?"

"A dreadful bore," I said.

Three angry raps.

"Bother;" I said, "it is perfectly true. We used to call him Winny Blue, and there was no getting rid of him."

Three more raps.

"There is no getting rid of him now, *sir*."

"Eh?" I answered, "I am very sorry. What have I done—*abi lapsus quid*, and so on."

"Quid is not my custom, *sir*, but I'll take one of these cigars," said Mr. Endor, "as I have no appointments to-day. Your high folk are very funny people, and won't see spirits on Sunday."

"Quite right too, Mr. Endor."

"If it's wrong on Sunday it's wrong on Monday, *sir*. But you are a superstitious old nation, and that's about the truth of it."

"Are you come here on a Sunday morning to abuse my unfortunate country, Mr. Endor?"

"No, *sir*. I have come to tell you that you have got me into this fix, and that you must help me out of it."

"What fix?"

"Why, this eternal presence of your friend, Mr. Blueton. We've got him up, *sir*, and now, *sir*, by Jove, he won't go down."

"But surely you, as a magician, can work the necessary spells?"

"You may deride, *sir*. But you have just let out the truth. Your lamented friend, Mr. Blueton, was a bore in this life, and a bore he has remained in the other. Now I must say that, knowing his characteristics, it was very inconsiderate of you, talking it in the mildest way, to call him up."

"I assure you, Mr. Endor, I would not have mentioned his name for the world, if I had not thought"—I hesitated, for I was in my own house.

"If you had not thought, *sir*, that I was an all-fired humbug, and there was as much chance of Mr. Blueton's coming up as of Julius Cæsar's."

"I wish," I said, trying to evade the charge, "that you would not say coming 'up.' Blueton was not exactly my friend, but I should be sorry to think that his antecedents—"

Rap—rap—rap.

"He will be heard, *sir*. He followed me home last night, he gave me no peace, sitting or lying down, until I got at the writing table and began to write to his dictation; he kept me at it till four in the morning, the morning of this blessed Sunday, and then I dropped asleep from dead fatigue."

"By George," I said, "that *is* like Blueton. I believe that you are making a convert of me, Mr. Endor."

"Well, *sir*, then you'll be able to take my place when I am gone to the happy hunting-grounds, for a week of this ghost whom you have raised will about finish me off. When I was woke by those cussed watercreesses (and you call yourselves a Christian nation), this Blueton began at me again, and I have been scribbling ever since, till I made a clean rush out of the house and came up to you, that you might relieve me, as is just and right, of a portion of my labour. Look here."

And he pulled out a vast heap of rapidly written manuscript, looking uncommonly like the sort of thing that an intending author sends to unfortunate editors, with a jaunty note to the effect

that it has been "dashed off," and with some little "pruning" will doubtless be acceptable to the highly popular journal favoured by the remittance.

Rap—rap—rap.

"Now, he wants to be at it again. Don't you, spirit of Blueton?"

Rap—rap—rap.

"Yes, *sir*. Now, do you take the pen, and take a spell at the work."

"But I am not a Medium." I said. "Besides, I would not have done it for him in life, and I don't see why I should do more when his stories must be all old, and he can't have anything to say that I want to hear."

"I will make you a Medium in no time," said Mr. Endor. "Would you ring for a razor and a clean plate—a soup plate would be the best?"

"No, I would not. I am particular about my razors, and my wife does not like her china to be played with. You must take this ghost of a bore, Mr. Endor, as one of the accidents of trade. I cannot interfere."

"I expected more liberal dealing, *sir*, especially after the way we behaved in that Mason and Slidell affair."

"You touch me, *sir*, but it is impossible. Non-intervention, Mr. Endor, is the policy, and I must carry it out in this case. But, surely, you know how to get rid of a spirit which you have summoned?"

"Generally, *sir*, they are too glad to get back, for reasons which I will not enter upon, as you are a family man. But this Blueton won't go, and that's a fact."

Rap—rap—rap.

"An old plague. We blackballed him at the Carnifex because he was such a bore, and we nearly expelled a man who invited him there to dinner. It is too bad of him to stick to you like this. But you must see that I can have nothing to say to him. What would Mrs. Kent and her mother say when they came in from church, and found me acting as amanuensis to a ghost? We owe something to our families, Mr. Endor. It won't do."

"You are unjust to America, *sir*. Mr. Seward is right, and so is the New York Herald, in saying that you have an aristocratic hatred of us."

"On the contrary, Mr. Endor, I assure you that all educated Englishmen are enraged at any attempt to sow hostility between yourselves and us. But I am not going to adopt your ghosts, for all that. Still, I should like to make this up to you."

"Yes, *sir*."

"I am not a Medium, and I don't know what you were going to do to me with the razor and soup-plate, and I don't want to know. But can I read those manuscripts of yours, which the ghost has dictated? I ask, because I am blessed if I could read the scribble you made under the table last night, and produced as a message from Miss Priscilla."

"It was as plain as print, *sir*, and this is plainer. You can read this fast enough, if you like."

He held me out a leaf or two, and I saw that the handwriting was very clear, and I caught the words, "my wife,"—"protestations,"—"the Major,"—"my own picture," and some other bits, easily enough.

"Yes, that's plain sailing. Well, Mr. Endor, I take it that you have a perfect right in any manuscript with which a ghost may favour you."

"A copy-right, you mean, *sir*?" he asked. "I should like to be sure on that subject, as you know that it is one on which we Americans are very particular."

"Just so. Well, I think I may certify, as an author, that what you take down from the lips—has he got lips?—of a spirit, you may publish. Now, I'll look over Ghost Blueton's manuscript, and if it is at all good for anything, I will try and get you a price for it. I don't say that it will be, mind, for he never said anything in his lifetime that was worth a farthing. But most folks improve after death, or biographies are written on false principles."

"Well, *sir*, that is a gentlemanly offer, and I shall be obliged by your doing your best to console me under this unmerited persecution."

"I will, and as I knew old Blueton very well, I shall be able to touch him up, if he ventures on humbug. Besides, I shall be able to annotate him by some stories he would not like told."

Here there was most indignant rapping on my poor desk.

"He don't like that sentiment, *sir*."

"I don't care. I helped to blackball him alive, and I defy him."

Raps—but fainter.

"You see, Mr. Endor, he wants to come to terms. Nothing like making a demonstration of power and will, Mr. Endor."

"*Sir*, I have heard that sentiment lately."

"Now, I tell you what, and you tell it to your ghost. If he lets you alone for a week, I will let him off easily in my notes to his manuscript. But if he does not—"

Three gentle raps.

"He accepts the terms, *sir*. I wish you had said a fortnight."

"Never mind—we have made the bargain, and we must be upon honour, even with a disembodied spirit. Leave me the manuscript, and I will see what it is like. When is your next *séance*?"

"No matter, *sir*. I will trouble you not to attend again, at least till this torment is laid, for you are not a person who can be allowed to call on promiscuous ghosts. I wish you a good morning, *sir*, and I am sorry to have disturbed you on a Sunday, but it was for a work of mercy."

Mr. Endor departed, leaving me the Spirit MS. I had barely had time to glance over it, when the family returned from service. As my visitor had come anonymously, I escaped much interrogation; but it is a curious fact that my wife, entering my study, apologised for having forgotten to buy me some Vesta matches, and was sorry I had been obliged to use one of those wooden ones, that smell so of sulphur. I had lighted no match.

(To be continued.)

KENT.

MY EXPERIENCES IN PARMA WITH A THEODOLITE AND A "DUMPY."

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

PARMA is visited by comparatively few English tourists. Possessing no local attractions beyond its Correggios, and having no charms of scenery to recommend it, there are not many who care to encounter its unsavoury inns and hot, glaring squares. With the exception, indeed, of some occasional artist or bagman, and certain retainers of the court living in those immediate precincts of the palace where fast drags and blood-horses once held sway, and the vernacular of the stable was wont to grate upon the ear, England has been, and is, but poorly represented in the duchy of Parma. Ask a score of travellers who have made the tour of Italy what they know of Parma, and we shall find that, beyond their knowledge of the fact that it was the studio of Correggio, and a vague belief that the grated cheese, the inevitable concomitant of Italian soup, is made there, they possess little or no information whatever. Very few indeed go to Parma at all, and they are glad to quit it again as speedily as possible.

The writer has been in Parma, has dwelt for some time within the circuit of its lofty walls, and was, moreover, compelled to remain there a great deal longer than was pleasant to him. But he went there not as a curious traveller who likes to see everything, nor was he attracted thither as a lover of art by its marvellous Correggios. He was sent there with a theodolite and a dumpy-level, and a lot of other analogous contrivances, together with a hungry squad of pseudo-engineers from Florence; for the then Duke of Parma, Carlo Borbone, was not to be worse off than his brother rulers, but wanted his trunk lines and his branches, and the loyal Parmigiani, his loving subjects, were to travel by rail.

So it was that the writer, who had acquired some knowledge of Italian, and was supposed to know everything about railways, from the taking of the first flying levels to the driving of the locomotive on the opening day, was appointed to lay out and construct the Parmese lines of railway, and these were his instructions:—

"B—— to proceed to Parma; make rail, single line; Parma to Pentremoli—Parma to Colorno—Sardinian frontier, through Piacenza to Monticelli on the Po. Draw at three days' sight on Leghorn, and advise."

Very concise and comprehensive. Glancing at the map of North Italy, the writer calculated that he could manage the little affair in about three years, and then set off for the scene of his future labours.

Armed with a heavy *sac* of napoléons, and a letter of introduction to his fellow countryman, the prime minister, Baron W——, which, when combined, were an effective *passé-partout* to the duchy of Parma in 1853, the writer descended with a gravity becoming to his dignity, at the Albergo della Posta, the best in the capital. He did not, as had been his wont when travelling as a modest tourist, request to know the charge for apartments, but calmly followed a blaze of wax-lights up the stairs to a room on the *primo piano*, into which he was inducted by the landlord in person; for, by some

means or other, the news of the *Signor Ingegnere's* intended arrival had preceded that illustrious individual, and due preparation had been made for his reception. Then the *Ingegnere* and his staff of aforesaid hungry Florentines, having washed off the dust and stale smoke accumulated during a long diligence journey over the Appennines, did justice to an excellent supper.

The next morning, which, by the way, was one of pouring rain, a messenger from the palace, sent by Baron W—, intimated to the writer that he would be favoured with an audience of His Royal Highness at twelve o'clock. It was, therefore, with a pulse slightly accelerated, for he was little used to the company of crowned heads, that the writer pulled on his varnished boots, and in what he conceived to be a becoming morning suit, climbed into the heavy Milanese britzka which was to convey him to the Palazzo Ducale. As the lumbering vehicle rolled alternately into the swollen gutters, and received on its sonorous roof the concentrated torrents which poured down from the eaves of every third or fourth house, he framed in his mind a few appropriate phrases for the coming interview, and puzzled himself into nervousness as to which of the few languages at his command might be the most suitable for the occasion. But the carriage stops and deposits him under the ducal *porte-cochère*. Osequious valets invite him onwards, and after ascending certain easy stairs and threading various corridors, he finds himself in the presence. Carlo Terzo is lounging at a table in company with his friend and counsellor Baron W—. Both are smoking, and judging from the *carafe* and *siphon*, both are enjoying their early seltzer. The writer is presented by the Baron, and is offered a chair and a cigar, both of which are accepted, for the entire ease and *sans gêne* of his reception have at once restored him to self-possession.

The Duke received me—for I will now drop the third person singular—with much affability, and addressing me in the purest English, maintained a lengthy conversation in that language without any hesitation or lack of words. As we talked I had ample opportunity of observing him minutely. Six feet in height, of good figure and manly bearing, and wearing the dark green undress of an Hungarian officer, Charles the Bourbon looked like a soldier and a gentleman. He may have been, though there are many that question it, both the one and the other, but my personal knowledge of his character will scarcely justify my saying more than that during our brief acquaintanceship he treated me with every possible courtesy.

Having questioned me minutely on the subject of my visit to Parma, and as to the way in which I intended to commence operations, the Duke requested Baron W— to ensure me every possible facility. I was at all times to have access to the government offices where the plans of the *Patrimonio*, or crown lands, were deposited, which would save me at the very outset a vast amount of actual survey, and a certain number of the *impiegati*, or under officers of the engineers, were ordered to be placed at my disposal, in case I might require their services.

“By the way, Mr. B—,” suddenly broke in the Duke, “do you know anything about coals?” and as he spoke, his Royal Highness led me to a side table on which lay some samples of that, in Parma, very precious commodity. Now, although I could scarcely pretend to so intimate a knowledge of the mineral as to be able to tell a *Wallsend* from a *Hartley's*, I could see that the article before me was certainly coal, and moreover of good quality, and expressed as much to the Duke, who then informed me that the samples in question came from a place called Borgotaro, in the Appennines, and that on the supposition that coal might be found there in large quantities, a concession for working it had been recently granted to the firm at Leghorn of which I was the representative. Then Baron W—, who was far less interested in steam than in carbon, seeing that the supposed coal-fields were his own exclusive fief, entered warmly into the conversation, and Parma and Colorno, and Monticelli on the Po, with their respective lines of railway, ran a chance of being eclipsed altogether in the brilliant future of coal, when the Duke, who had been studying a map of the duchy, suddenly brought us up by expressing a wish that the Colorno line might not interfere with the gardens of the old palace of Don Philip, just within the walls. I assured his Royal Highness that the course of the line should be so directed as to respect the property in question, and after some further conversation of a desultory kind, it was decided that we should at once view the site of the palace, and the sederunt ended by our all hobnobbing together in the prime minister's brandy and seltzer, and adjourning to the *Palazzo di Giardino*.

Returning to the hotel, I found my Florentines playing at dominoes in the room on the *primo piano*; but they quitted their game on learning that their services were required at the offices of the *Patrimonio*, whither we at once repaired and commenced our tracings. And what extraordinary places of business were those same offices! Situated in the *pianterreno*, or ground-floor of a palace in the street of Saint Barnabas, they were even duller and more gloomy than Italian ground-floor offices usually are. Here, in easy chairs of greasy-looking leather, lounged a few of the *impiegati*, or ducal *employés*, all in blue frocks buttoned to the chin, and caps of the same colour with a band of gold-lace. As far as the business of the duchy was concerned, theirs must have been a complete sinecure, for they did nothing but look out for us the various plans we required, smoking industriously the while, and gazing at us with listless apathy as we worked at our tracings. Punctually at noon, for we were altogether three or four days in their company, they adjourned in a body to a neighbouring *caffè*, where such as could afford it made a frugal dinner, the majority contenting themselves with coffee and a *brioche*, or with pastry of various odd shapes and colours moistened with *aqua marina*, a sweetened dilution of cherry-juice. Then they smoked again, and returned to office until four p.m., when we were good-humouredly ejected, and they closed for the day.

Although in no way limited as to expenditure, I feared the encroachment on the bag of napoléons aforesaid which must result from a long stay at

the hotel of the Poste, so set out one morning in quest of some apartment in which we could establish an office. I found but one vacant set of rooms in the best part of the town, and at once engaged them, and we speedily installed ourselves and stock-in-trade under the roof of one Cesare Felice, in the street of Santa Lucia. The moving of our various articles attracted the attention of a crowd of admiring Parmigiani, who gazed at our windows in a heavy rain long after we were safely housed. On opening the green venetians of our new sitting-room and looking into the street below, I espied the worthy Cesare in close confabulation with a Figaro opposite, and knew from that moment that every action of the *Ingegnere Inglese* would be carefully retailed within an hour after in every *caffè* in the town. As I gazed, I made the involuntary acquaintance of the Figaro aforesaid, a tinman, a confectioner, and two *ballerine*, the heads and glossy *coiffures* of the latter being on a level with my own. I discovered afterwards that these ladies passed twelve hours of the twenty-four, with short intervals at the table, in leaning on a red cushion which fitted their window, peering into the arcana of the opposite houses, and down into the street below, the remaining twelve being disposed of in the proportion of four on the light fantastic toe and eight in sleep. I was myself in some measure the cause of their idleness, for being compelled for a time to sink the engineer in the artist and turn sign-painter, I sat at the open window for the sake of the light, and they never ceased to watch my operations. The various public offices of Parma were each denoted by the black eagle of Austria, with its golden necktie, rudely painted on an oval board, and it was incumbent to have something of the sort to identify those of the railway. But as I could not bring myself to believe that such a thing would be executed in the rough way required, by any one living within the influence of Correggio's immortal productions, I ordered a board to fit a semi-circular space over our doorway; and, with the help of two or three pots of paint and a brush, soon perfected an allegorical picture, which, if not admired for its merits, at least attracted a large share of the public attention, and may now, for aught I know, adorn the gallery of some Italian gentleman of taste, as a proof of what may be effected by barbarian talent, when transplanted to classic soil.

In a few weeks we began our levelling and surveying labours, and I was obliged to write for additional aid in the field, the instruments of native manufacture belonging to my Florentine friends being worse than useless. Then came a batch of English surveyors from Leghorn, and Troughton's well-adjusted dumpies, in hands accustomed to use them, soon made short work of the level tract between Parma and Colorno. The theodolite had then to play its part, and ere long it had traced out for us a well-defined centre line of white pegs which mightily pleased the simple Parmigi *vi*.

The Duke took much pleasure in watching us, and would accompany us to a long distance from the city, or come upon us unawares at some remote point, in company of an aide-de-camp, or one or other of the ministers. When the centre and

side-lines were fairly staked out, it was proposed to the Duke that he should himself turn the first sod, to which he assented, the little event causing quite a sensation. On the day appointed it rained heavily, but we made the site of our intended terminus a trifle gayer than ordinary with the aid of a few flags, and at twelve o'clock the Court arrived on the ground. The worthy Parmese, who probably had no very just idea of the nature of the ceremony, were lost in amazement at sight of their Duke and his ministers in full costume hacking away at the turf with shovel and pick in the midst of a drenching rain, whilst the infantry band, one of the best cared for in Europe, stood half-way up to their knees in wet mud, and steamed again as they exhausted themselves in melody. As the elder among the ministers staggered along the narrow and slippery planks with their barrows, shooting the contents into one common heap, and barely escaping a like fate themselves, the crowd clapped their hands lustily, whilst the few English present got up a faint cheer, a sound so unusual out of their own land, that it speedily frightened itself into silence. Then the Duke took an observation with the theodolite, to the intense delight of his subjects, and addressing me in my own tongue, made some compliment on the regularity of the curve which carried the line round a bend of the river, and giving the signal to the navvies, they commenced in earnest what is called in Italy the *movimento di terra*.

We were now in the season of long evenings, and the opera, good everywhere in the land which gave it birth, but eminently so in Parma in 1853, was a real source of attraction. Verdi was then in the zenith of his fame, the arbiter of musical taste in Italy, and moreover a Parmese! No wonder then if the Teatro Reale of Parma, of which the Duke himself was *impresario*, possessed more than ordinary attractions. Bendazzi and Galvani, if not known to us as stars of the first magnitude, were yet keenly appreciated by one of the most *difficile* of audiences, and beautiful indeed was their rendering of the charming inspirations of the *maestro* in Rigoletto and the *Trovatore*. Well lighted and ventilated, decorated in the best taste, and furnished throughout with a due regard for comfort, the opera at Parma afforded us much real enjoyment during the weary evenings of the winter, and we considered ourselves fortunate in possessing a box in the *orline nobile*, kindly placed at our disposal by the Duke.

Then came Christmas, which we kept as well as we could in the old style, for we had Englishwomen among us, and they made a pudding of which the equal had never been seen in Parma; so at least said those who heard of its prodigious size and fine quality. And after Christmas the Carnival, which we didn't particularly care for, seeing that all the fun was tinged with Austrian gloom, and that the presence of the hated *Tedeschi* checked any out-door tendency of a jolly or merry character. Within doors, however, we could do as we liked, and I doubt if our padrone, the worthy Cesare Felice, will ever forget the gambols of the *Inglese motti*, as he good-humouredly called us. Until razed to its very foundations, his house will never be quit of the traces of

a feathery deluge which resulted from the sudden bursting of one of those ingenious silken contrivances which Italians place upon their beds, and Englishmen pitch on the floor, brought into use during the pantomimic performances of some of our staff, got up for the general amusement. For months after there were feathers everywhere, a microscopic sort of feather never seen out of Italy. They especially pervaded all keyholes, and the inside of our hired semi-grand piano looked as if it had been left out all night in a snow-storm. They got into our theodolites and dumpy levels, and for weeks afterwards we seemed to be breathing a tickling atmosphere of down.

CHAPTER II.

OUR engineering operations were now extended to Piacenza, where we had a large amount of labour before us, and I was compelled to remain alternately there and at Parma. The former city by no means possesses, in the present day, the attractions from whence it derived its name from the Romans. Many of its streets are grass-grown and almost deserted, and it wears altogether a desolate and gloomy aspect, and the mounted effigies of its tyrant princes in the square seem to perpetuate in their rigid silence the feeling of awe which shrouded the city in the days of the living Farnese. The rapid and mighty Po sweeps along just without its walls, and maintains the character given to it by Tasso in song. Utterly reversing the law of rivers in general, it scorns "the lowest accessible levels," and carries itself over the broad plains of Lombardy like a monster aqueduct, and a feeling almost amounting to dread took possession of me when for the first time I climbed the lofty bank nearest to Piacenza, and found the swiftly-rolling tide on a level with its very summit.*

The Colorno line was now as much like a railway as it could be without the permanent way which was to be supplied from Leghorn. Tons upon tons of ballast from the bed of the Parma had been deposited at various points on the line, and the wooded slopes of the Apennines had been partially thinned to supply the requisite sleepers, when a circumstance occurred which at once checked our proceedings. On Sunday, the 26th March, '54, whilst at Piacenza, I received a telegram announcing that the Duke of Parma had been assassinated, murdered in cold blood under our very window in the Sta. Lucia! The news spread rapidly throughout the duchy, causing excitement and dismay. We posted off at once to the capital, and there learned the particulars of the foul deed. The Duke had been taking his usual Sunday walk on the public promenade, and was returning to his palace in company of an aide-de-camp. As they passed our door the attention of both was attracted for a moment to the two ballerine with the glossy hair at the window opposite mine, who were of course gazing,

* The Po and other large rivers of Lombardy, and their tributaries, are confined between lofty banks, within which is gradually deposited a sediment that has the effect of raising their waters. But, as the banks must necessarily be artificially raised, to prevent overflow and inundation, it follows as a natural consequence, that the channels of these rivers are in time brought to a level far above that of the surrounding plain.

as usual, into the street below. That look, short as it was, was fatal to Carlo Terzo, for his assassin, taking advantage of the averted gaze, mortally wounded him with a dagger. The poor Duke staggered a few paces, and fell into the arms of the aide-de-camp, who assisted him to the palace, whilst the murderer ran swiftly down a side-street towards the Duomo. He was pursued by an old halberdier who had seen the blow given, and finding himself hard pressed, turned and threw his cloak over the soldier's head, and then, mingling with the crowd pouring out of the cathedral after mass, got clear off, and all trace of him was lost. The Duke's medical men probed the wound, pronouncing it mortal. (The dagger, which had been picked up by our landlord, was a small triangular file, sharpened and *poisoned*.) Death ensued within about forty hours, the Duke being sensible to the last, and taking leave composedly of his duchess and children. So thoroughly was he master of his faculties, that in his last hour he conversed in five different languages, addressing his wife in French, the Marquis Pallavicini in Italian, the Spanish Ambassador in his own tongue, the Austrian general in German, and Baron W—— in English. Making a sign to the latter to approach nearer his bedside, the Duke whispered some last wishes, and confided to his favourite minister the ring from his finger, a souvenir which the Baron faithfully conveyed to its destination. This was the last act of his short life; and thus died, the victim of a foul conspiracy, Charles the Third, last Duke of Parma.

Later in the year, whilst at Florence, I heard some further particulars connected with this event. Five tradesmen of the lowest order, the agents of a more numerous party, had sworn to destroy the Duke and his family, that the duchy, in conformity with previous treaty, might revert to Austria. They drew lots, the longest straw falling to a man named Carra, and we have seen how surely he kept his oath. After mixing with the crowd, he gained the city walls, and making choice of an unfrequented spot, let himself down into the open fields; then skirting them he entered the Reggio gate as if just returned from a walk into the country. There he found one of the *Guardia nobile*, an acquaintance of his, and from him he learned, to his great (apparent) horror, the news in every one's mouth. Carra then regained his own dwelling, and retired to rest. Being, however, one of the "*sospetti*," he was arrested next day on suspicion, and examined before the tribunal, proving an alibi through the aid of his friend the *Guardia*, who swore that at the time of the act Carra was actually outside the walls! He was liberated, and made his way at once to Genoa, from whence he shipped himself to America. It is said that, once fairly embarked, he sent to the police of Parma through the post a letter, in which he acknowledged himself to be the Duke's murderer, and prayed that the other "*sospetti*" might be released. Whether this be true or otherwise I am unable to say, but Carra's associates were certainly restored to liberty.

But to resume. We took our last look of the poor Duke of Parma as he lay in state, the body being then removed to Pietra Santa, where he had

expressed a desire to be buried. His heart is all of him that remains to the Parmese, and is deposited in the church of the Steccata. Encased in a silver casket, it was carried in grand procession through the chief streets of the town, borne by Count Anviti the chamberlain, who subsequently lost his life on imprudently venturing to return to Parma some months later. The obsequies over, there was an end to the gloomy ringing of bells, which had latterly been incessant, and things gradually resumed their usual appearance.

Although we still continued our railway labours, we were no longer animated with the same spirit as before the event just recorded. The Duchess of Parma, who had been declared Regent during the minority of her son the young Duke Robert, took but little interest in that which had been a favourite scheme of her late husband, and her ministers were speedily inoculated with a similar apathy. This feeling of indifference had no sooner declared itself, than the landowners on the Colorno line, whose property we had used or severed, requested to be at once indemnified, and became clamorous at the delay in coming to a settlement. The office in the Sta. Lucia was besieged by angry Parmigiani, whom it was very difficult to pacify, and dark hints reached us of threatened violence. In treating with these individuals, among whom were many very small proprietors, whose fiery gesticulations rendered their villanous *patois* still more difficult of comprehension, I had the assistance of an Italian, who well merits the tribute of passing notice. Before I had been a month located at Parma, I was one day waited upon by an entire stranger, who introduced himself as the Signor Pietro, a contractor, and stated that he was ready to tender for the supply of sleepers, wedges, &c., required on the lines to be executed in the duchy. I set him down in my own mind as a timber-merchant, but he speedily dissipated that supposition by expressing a desire to treat also for the necessary ballast, and the whole of the permanent way, and finally requested to know upon what terms I would lease to him the slopes of the cuttings and embankments, for the purpose of planting young mulberry trees! This proposal, by way of climax to the others, fairly upset my gravity. My new friend was not only timber-merchant, iron-founder, and excavator, but a cultivator of silkworms to boot! It was in vain I told him that his mulberries would soon become blackberries under the united influences of coal and steam; he stuck to his point, and from that moment became a fixture in the office. Being a man of extensive information, and a native of Parma withal, his assistance became extremely valuable, and but for him, as will hereafter be seen, we might have come to a dead stop long before we did.

It was about this time that a rumour first reached me of difficulties at head-quarters, which was confirmed one afternoon by the entrance into our office of the old Jew banker who had discounted our paper for us, bearing in his hand one of our bills—protested. He was foaming at the mouth and perfectly incoherent, but his gestures were unmistakable. Being the holder of many more of our bills, he had a right to be anxious,

so, taking counsel of the Signor Pietro, I told him I would at once start for Leghorn and ascertain the cause of the irregularity. The old man was loth to let me out of his sight, fearing that once over the frontier I might never return to the duchy, and nothing was easier for him than to stop my passport. As I afterwards learned, he made sure that if I never came back, my family should remain as hostages, for he laid an embargo on their joint passport, which was independent of my own, they having reached Parma some months after my own arrival.

I posted off to Florence as fast as horses could take me, and rattled through Bologna and over the Apennines in a way that, despite the circumstances, was most exhilarating after the late events. But though on reaching Leghorn I found there was no need for immediate apprehension, I learned enough to convince me that the sooner we could get creditably out of Parma the better for all of us. So long as the Duke lived it was with impunity that we had exceeded the time appointed for payment of the lands required by the lines. The Duchess, on the other hand, insisted on an immediate settlement of all claims. So I conferred with my principals, and, being furnished with more than enough to satisfy the claim of my friend the banker, returned with all speed to Parma.

And now our troubles began in earnest. Those who had any claim upon us appealed direct to the ministers, and, as a matter of course, our passports were stopped by the government as a measure of security, and we were prisoners. We were at large certainly, but confined within the limits of the duchy. Although the same favour was not extended to our friend the Signor Pietro, he was placed in pretty much the same category; for a solitary case of cholera having made its appearance in some remote corner of the duchy, a sanitary *cordon* was at once ordered to be formed round the frontier, and escape from it, save after nine days' quarantine, was next to impossible. It so happened that this measure caused me the greatest inconvenience, inasmuch as I was compelled, in order to touch certain funds, to dispatch a messenger to Turin. None of us could go, as our passports were fast in the police-office, and likely to remain so. In this dilemma the Signor Pietro came to our aid, declaring that no sanitary restrictions should weigh with him so long as he continued in his then state of rude health. So he forthwith requested a *visa* for Sardinia, which was granted on the supposition that the nine days' quarantine would be rigidly exacted before he would be able to pass the frontier of that kingdom. But the delay would entirely frustrate the object of his mission to Turin, and therefore our friend, armed with his precious pass, made his way like a carrier-pigeon straight to the Parmese confines, and wading after dark through the little river Bardonezza unperceived by the sentinels, whose carbines would soon have finished him, shook his feathers on the soil of Piedmont. Once landed, he carefully revised the small book containing his passport, and cutting from it every trace of the Parma stamp, boldly presented at the first dogana a statement of facts from which it was impossible to prove that he had been in that duchy since a

recent visit to Turin made in my company some weeks before. I may add that his mission was accomplished to such good purpose that we were enabled to hold on for a month or so longer.

One morning in the month of July we were suddenly awakened by a sound of cannonading, as if in some street not far distant from our offices. Our servant (a native of Parma), although it was not yet seven o'clock, had been out for some hours, and now returned to tell us, with ill-concealed satisfaction, that the revolution had begun at last! Casserini was a true Parmese, and that which alarmed us was to him a source of joy. As each succeeding shot boomed through the town, shaking our windows and making the crockery jingle, he almost danced with excitement. Although unable to account for the presence of artillery in the hitherto quiet streets, which certainly betokened something more than a mere row, we listened with reserve to the various reports which were brought us. Casserini soon enlightened us. Some soldiers who were guarding corn in the town-hall had been deprived of their bayonets by a band of unruly Parmese; an act which at once aroused the Tedeschi, who had long had a suspicion that mischief was brewing. A company was out in no time; the insurgents fled, and took refuge in the *café Ravassoni* in the Via San Michele. Barring the doors, they reached the roof, from whence any missile that came to hand was hurled on the soldiery below. This was the commencement of hostilities—a field-piece was soon on the spot, and the *café* bombarded. A breach once made, the soldiers rushed in, and soon got among the bottles and flasks, drinking all they could and wilfully wasting the remainder by smashing every vessel with anything in it.

Their blood once up, the brutal Austrian soldiery ran riot through the streets, dealing death and destruction. Unfortunate were those who came in their way ignorant of what was going on. The poor infirm idlers who were sunning themselves in the square were ruthlessly shot. Shops were rifled, and everything eatable confiscated without hesitation. A poor baker and his wife, who ventured on a feeble remonstrance as the morning's bread disappeared, were pinned to the walls of their shop, each transfixed by one or more bayonets. In the absence of all restraint, for hitherto no orders had been issued, many robberies were committed by the drunken soldiers, who rushed about in small parties, seizing on all that came within their reach, snatching even the gold rings from the ears of the poor defenceless women.

Such had been the work of the morning. Before noon martial law was proclaimed, and cavalry scoured the streets, firing at all who were so incautious as to look out of window. Our last peep up the Santa Lucia, had disclosed to us a formidable cannon pointed full in our direction, and a burning fuze which dangled alarmingly near it in the hands of a drunken Austrian artilleryman. If I knew anything at all of the law of projectiles, an iron messenger from the mouth of that cannon would exactly rake the surface of our window-sill; so seeing that other people had closed their venetians, we followed their example,

and gratified our curiosity by peeping down through the interstices. Whilst so engaged, and deeming ourselves perfectly secure, a ball from a cavalry carbine splintered the shutter within six inches of one of our heads, and put a stop to our curiosity for that day.

But if we could neither look out of window, nor venture out of doors, Casserini did both with impunity. Avoiding the larger streets, he slipped about among the courts and alleys adjacent, bringing us scraps of news at every fresh sortie. He had visited the *café Ravassoni*, which was now a ruin, and its *patrone* dead of grief. Carts conveying the wounded to the hospitals were the only vehicles in the streets, and numbers had been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the *emeute*. Among these were our friends of the opposite side of the way, the tinman and loquacious barber, and during that day and the next we witnessed, in spite of the risk of looking out, many harrowing scenes caused by the capture of individuals whose faces were familiar to us, led away to imprisonment or summary death.

Enough, however, of the attempt to revolutionise Parma, happily frustrated in time to save the sacrifice of many more lives. With the reasons of such attempt it is not for me to deal, seeing that I never very clearly understood them. It may have been that a forced loan imposed upon the Parmese by the late Duke, had aroused their bile, or that the disturbance was purposely got up to form a pretext for the many arrests that ensued, and the subsequent doing to death of some scores of the *sospetti* and disaffected. I have ventured to report only that which I witnessed, and must not omit to record the feeling of satisfaction with which, after two or three days of anxiety, we viewed the entry into Parma of what appeared to us an army of Austrians, who completely invested the place, and but for the famine they created, were welcome as the restorers of quiet and order.

The Duchess of Parma had taken flight before the outbreak, retiring to her villa of Sala, and her ministers were so much engrossed with current events as to be all but invisible. See them, however, I must, and did, learning then a fact which I had long anticipated, that the concession had been annulled, or, as they themselves expressed it, "*tolta, caro Ingegnere, tolta!*" As we had not fulfilled the terms of the decree under which the concession had been granted, the land, although appropriated by the railway, having in no case been paid for, and no farther extension of time being allowed us, my occupation was gone, and, under the circumstances, I resolved to pass a private "winding-up" act, and retire from the scene in the best order I could. With the exception of the landowners, everybody had been satisfied, and the government, rightly considering that I was not to be held responsible for any claim of that nature, gave the order for the liberation of our passports. Even our Jewish friend, the old banker, had been settled with to the last farthing, and had sealed his protestations of eternal friendship by taking me unawares in the street with an unwelcome kiss, *all' uso Italiano*. S. B.

(To be continued.)

ANA.

IRISH CRANIUMS.—In a recent article* on Rathlin Island we spoke of some tumuli, or "raths," supposed to be of Danish origin. Dr. Wilde, in his interesting account of the different Irish races which were supposed to have inhabited the sister country, considers that a particular form of skull belonged to each race, and he illustrates his theory by drawings of several heads, which exhibit marked differences in size and form. The first, or long-headed race, namely, the Firboogs (supposed to be the aboriginal inhabitants of Ireland), are much inferior in capacity to those of the Tuatha de Danaans, whose heads are of a more globular and intellectual form. The Danish type of head is also given, and differs considerably in character from the other two races, being small and round, with a rather low and receding forehead. On comparing the skulls found in the Rathlin tombs with Dr. Wilde's figures, they appear to bear a much stronger resemblance to the Danish heads than to those of either of the Irish races; but it is difficult for persons unskilled in ethnology to come to any satisfactory conclusion from the examination of a few specimens; and it seems more probable that the remains are those of the ancient inhabitants than of the Danes, who were only occasional visitors to these shores, and would not be likely to be treated with so much consideration in the manner of their interment, as evidently was the case with these. Besides, they bear a strong resemblance to similar remains in different parts of Ireland, which must have belonged to the tribe or race then inhabiting it.

THE SKETCHER IN TASMANIA.

CHAPTER II.

We began the day with a familiar but disagreeable bush incident. During the night our horses had broken loose, and now were not to be seen. The loss was rather a serious matter, though we were not likely to need our steeds for some few days. It was necessary, however, to overtake and capture the runaways at once; and Bill, the second attendant we had brought from Marlborough, was immediately dispatched on this service.

And now the most delightful part of our excursion was before us, and I already began to feel that every moment which delayed our departure was a moment lost. Up, therefore, friend Fritz; rise from slumber, friend Selim; spread your opossum rugs upon the bushes to rid them of the uninvited visitors who have passed the night with you, and then for the refreshing bath in St. Clair's bright waters, which will furnish us with the vigour and the freshness to set out on our trip!

After breakfast, and while the two men were packing up, I commenced a sketch of the spot upon which we had encamped; but no sooner were my fingers in motion, than a number of large flies, closely resembling in size and appearance the common English horse-fly, settled upon them and upon my face and neck, attacked me with an unrelenting fierceness, and in many places drew blood.

* See vol. V, p. 558.

It was to no purpose that I made myself a paper mask, with two small holes for the eyes, and put on a pair of gloves; my winged enemies were not thus to be cheated of their prey, but maintained their attack with undiminished determination, and after a few minutes' resistance I was compelled to surrender. What my sketch was like under these circumstances may be imagined when I state that it gave me the idea of having been drawn with the left hand, while the right was at the same time occupied in stirring very hot soup with a very short metal spoon.

And now, Mr. Bill, our servant, returned with gloomy news. He had tracked our horses for about three miles he said, and then lost all further trace of them. What was he to do next? We held a council, and soon gave him instructions. He was first of all to place our saddles and bridles in the trunk of a hollow tree. Then he was to return to Marlborough, obtain the aid of some one well acquainted with the country, and commence in his company a fresh search after our truant steeds. Whether he found them, or not, he was to come back in six days to our encampment with a fresh supply of mutton, and announce his arrival by firing a gun. These directions given, we jumped into the boat and started on our voyage.

We had at first to navigate a mere channel leading up to the lake, the principal part of which was hidden from our view by intervening ground, and it was not until after an hour's pulling that we rounded the peninsula, and came full in sight of the broad surface of St. Clair. The scene that opened upon us then was one of surpassing beauty.

On our left Mount Olympus, bare and rugged, towered upwards to the sky, from amid a range of dense and majestic forest, its basis broken up into a number of miniature mountains covered with trees, and descending to the water's edge. On our right nothing was to be seen but a long sweep of impenetrable forest backed by other mountains in the distance, of the strangest form. We were in fact almost entirely shut in by mountains, and but for the luxuriant vegetation on the shores of the lake, the scene would have been one of forbidding sternness and of gloomy grandeur. The trees, however, softened the tone of the landscape, and gave it a picturesqueness that soothed the senses even while imagination was excited to the utmost by the influence of natural beauty.

Our intention was to proceed to the upper part of the lake, but a stiff breeze was blowing in our teeth from that direction, and against it, our most vigorous pulling availed but little. After several attempts to proceed we gave up the idea, and made for a sheltered inlet close by, where we quietly cast anchor. We then landed, pitched our tent, and in half an hour were comfortably settled in our new encampment. Some very beautiful myrtles of immense height soon put my pencil in motion, and afforded me occupation. My companions, in their turn, seeing good prospect of sport on the water, tempted me forth in the evening on a fishing excursion. We pulled out on the lake, cast our lines, waited with the patience demanded of anglers, but without obtaining the reward such patience some-

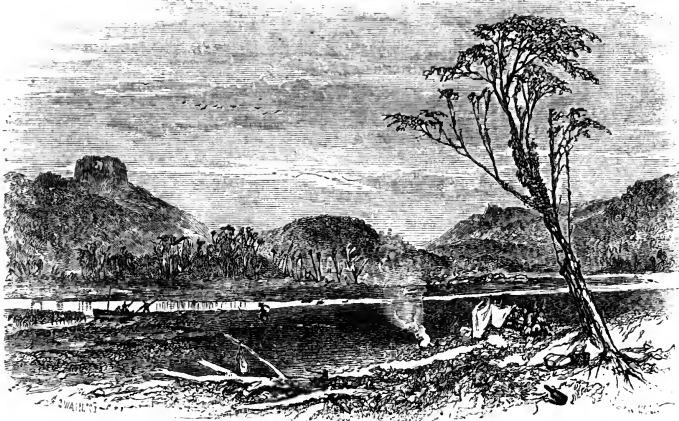
times receives. Just before sundown, therefore, we returned on shore, took possession of the canvas dormitories Giles and Brown had prepared for us, and with our attached friends, the musquitoes, prepared for the night's enjoyment, of which, as usual, they were to have the largest share.

On the following morning we were up with the sun, eagerly intent upon commencing our explorations at once. But strange rumbling sounds among the mountains soon warned us that a storm was gathering there. In a short time the sounds extended to the woods where they deepened in tone, and swayed to and fro, like the waves of a rolling sea, and then we knew that a tempest was coming upon us fast. We were still, however, in the midst of calmness; but it was a calmness not destined to last long. Presently the surface of the lake began in places to grow agitated, as if by the mere approach of the on-coming wind that had not yet reached it. Then the sky darkened with strange rapidity, the gale came with impetuous force, and the rain

fell in torrents. For a while the storm raged with the wildest fury.

The wind had risen to a perfect hurricane, and as it came through the openings in the mountains and swept over the lake, the water was lashed into foam, and the strongest trees bent like reeds under its influence.

For a time we imagined that our tent, in which of course we had taken refuge, would be our prison for the rest of the day. But the storm, true to its mountain origin, soon passed away, and in an hour from the time of its commencement, the sun came out again, the sky cleared, and we set forth on a tour of discovery along the margin of the lake. The beach, if I may so call it, was strewn with huge stones rounded by the action of the water, or covered with the most brilliantly coloured lichens. Here and there too, masses of rock and fallen trees impeded our progress, and set us scrambling like so many eager schoolboys out for a holiday; but then came, by way of compensation, little fairy-like nooks surrounded by trees and overarched by the most picturesque foliage—



Outlet of Lake St. Clair.

nooks in which Oberon and Titania might have set up their court, with the music of the winds and the rippling of the waters ever near to soothe them with soft and melodious sounds. When I had sketched some of these beautiful retreats, we varied our walk by turning into the bush and climbing to the summit of some high ground just above our encampment, from which we had a magnificent panoramic view of the entire lake, which is ten miles long by three miles wide.

That night we retired to bed with light hearts. The heavy rain had made the musquitoes scarce, and there was consequently a good probability that we should sleep the sleep of innocence.

More rain, too, fell in the night, but owing to the precautions we had taken against it, we became only moderately damp. Nevertheless, we were glad to get up as soon as the day broke, early rising being a habit not at all difficult to fall into when your only bed-covering evinces a tendency to become wet through as the morning advances. We looked out, but O! how cheerless was the view. The fire had been extinguished

by the rain, which was still falling in occasional heavy showers; the surrounding hills were of one colour, cold, heavy, leaden; the lake and the clouds above it were the same; branches of trees which had been beaten down by the wet or torn off by the wind were strewn in every direction to complete the desolate aspect of the scene.

In an hour or two, however, a gleam of sunshine tempted me out to take that general view of the lake, the rain had hindered me from sketching on the previous day; and making my way over fallen trees and slippery rocks I seated myself in front of my subject. But the old enemy soon overtook me. Down came the rain again, and away I fled to cover. This sport, too, continued throughout the morning, and I calculated that, for every ten minutes' sketching, I was compelled to obtain twenty minutes' shelter. After several hours struggle with Nature, I obtained my end, but at such an outlay of time and energy, that victory brought with it all the dispiriting sensations of defeat.

At length the clouds broke, the rain ceased, the

wind abated, and the sun shone out most brilliantly. Our spirits rose at once. We gave orders to strike our tent, and assisted with high glee in executing those orders, stimulating thus the energy of Brown and Giles to such an extent that in an incredibly short space of time our effects were all packed up and stowed away in the boat. Once more we were on the lake, but rendered cautious by experience, and fearing a return of foul weather, we at once pulled across to the opposite side, so that if a storm came on we might be under the protection of a lee-shore. But our precautions were unnecessary. A decided and most delightful change had taken place; the sky was without a cloud, and the lake, mirror-like in its stillness reflected the surrounding scenery with singular beauty. We had passed as it were from the tempest-tossed waters of Michigan or Huron to the unruffled surface of Como or Lugano, and were in the midst of a delicious calm that exercised a singularly soothing influence over the imagination. The aspect of the shore, too, we found as we approached was very different from that on the opposite side. The vegetation was bright and luxuriant; the foliage so dense that we could scarcely see beyond the first projecting masses; myrtles of various kinds, and of a deep and lovely green, were studded with the most exquisite star-like blossoms; occasionally groups of fern-trees met our gaze, while here and there grass palms lifted their elegant heads, and over all towered innumerable gum-trees of enormous height.

"Here, then," said I, "we have at last reached a land of beauty such as the painter sees in his dreams and the poet sings of in his verse. Of what need to go further, my friends? Here let us cast anchor, and set up our tent. Let us send for our wives and our children, and our relatives. Let us spend the rest of our days on this blissful shore. Let us found here a new Icaria, a new Blithedale, or a new Harmony. Let us pass our morning under the shadow of the woods and our evening on the cool margin of the lake. Let our food be the root of the grass-tree and the dried leaves of the sassafras, and from the clear spring let us drink draughts purer and more agreeable to the taste than the wine of Lusitania or the nectar quaffed on Olympus."

"Meanwhile," said Fritz, who took a malicious pleasure in breaking in upon my rhapsodies, "what say you to mutton chops and dampers, with cold tea and brandy-and-water?"

I felt the rebuke, and felt also that I was perfectly prepared to do justice to the evening meal,—for it was evening now and we were nearing the land. After a delightful pull of six miles, Fritz had discerned a promising landing-place almost entirely surrounded by an amphitheatre of trees. Here we ran our boat on shore, and a very slight examination of the locality convinced us we had found good quarters.

The next morning we were all in the best of spirits upon finding that the weather still remained beautiful, and that the spot upon which we were encamped gained in loveliness by being seen under the influence of a new light. The view even from the threshold of our tent was exceedingly striking.

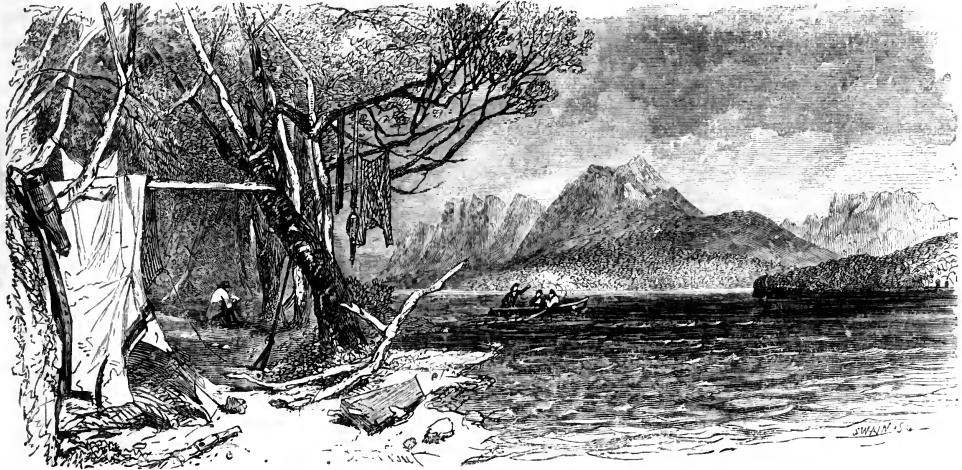
St. Clair, perfectly calm and motionless, reflected on its surface the clouds above head and the craggy fissures of Barren Bluff, a mountain range in the distance. From the position we occupied the end of the lake was visible, and seeing this we naturally became desirous to see more. We were anxious, in fact, to pass the boundaries which enclosed us, and enter into the unknown districts beyond; so we jumped into the boat, and after an hour's pulling entered a river (the Narcissus) which flows into the lake unlike the Derwent which flows out of it. The number of snags was, however, so great, that navigation soon become not only difficult but dangerous, and as nothing more picturesque met our gaze than a plain of marshy land, some two or three miles in extent, stretching to the base of the mountains, we were not sorry to put back. We landed, however, upon the marsh—took possession of it in our own names—found the remains of a tent, and an entire tin plate evidently memorials of the Franklin visit,—and then, warned by some ugly clouds that had gathered round the summit of Mount Olympus, set off on our homeward voyage. The warning came unfortunately a little late. No sooner had we fairly begun to ply our oars than the sky became dark and overcast, and another sudden storm occurred. The wind roared, the lightning flashed, the rain fell, the thunder pealed; and in the midst of this hurly-burly of Nature, we kept on our way. We were rapidly growing familiar, however, with storm and wet, and thought nothing now of possible sciatica or prospective rheumatism. Nevertheless, when we reached our encampment, we did not fail to dry ourselves by the fire, or to decide, when dry, that it would be well to pitch our tent elsewhere, the beauty of the previous evening having somewhat deceived us all by rendering us enamoured of a spot which proved too exposed for camping purposes. Away, therefore, we went like rovers, as we were, and on another part of the shore had no difficulty in making ourselves comfortable for the night.

The following morning was so cold and windy that we were glad to sit over the fire instead of venturing abroad, and as it was uncertain how long this unfavourable weather might last, we thought it prudent to take stock of our provisions, and the result of the examination forced us to conclude that in the interests of self-preservation we must for the future be abstemious rather than otherwise at our meals. In the after part of the day we discovered two pretty waterfalls among the neighbouring mountains, surrounded by very wild and picturesque adjuncts in the shape of rocks and trees.

And now we began seriously to think of returning to our starting-point on the lake. Not that we were growing fatigued, or dissatisfied with the results of our journey, but simply because our provisions were so perceptibly diminishing, that after a few more meals there seemed every probability they would be completely exhausted. So we struck our tents, packed up our effects, and prepared to take leave of the lovely spot in the midst of which we had been encamped for the last few days, and which out of the fulness of our grateful hearts we christened Comfort

Cove. Our last piece of mutton, a very small piece, was then produced, and about half a damper. In honour of the occasion, the former was roasted, so that we might dine luxuriously for this once, and the latter being served up with

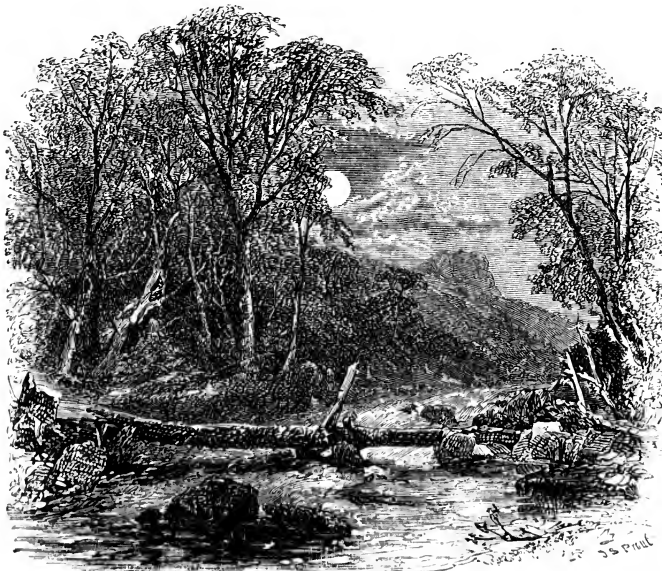
it, our meal was before us. Mutton and damper were then divided into five equal parts and fairly distributed among the five members of our party. Half an hour afterwards we had pulled with such good effect that the blue smoke of our distant fire



Lake St. Clair from Comfort Cove.

could scarcely be distinguished from the evening mists rising from the surface of the lake; and in a couple of hours more we had entered the channel on the banks of which we hoped to find our Marlborough servant with the horses and a fresh supply of provisions. The daylight was rapidly

passing away now, and the darkness coming on; great was our delight, therefore, upon approaching our encampment to see a brilliant fire burning in front of it. A cheer for Bill of Marlborough escaped us, and we began to feast in imagination upon the dainties he had been requested to bring



Felon's Bridge.

us. But the dark outline of a man passes between us and the fire. All right! 'tis William of Marlborough our faithful attendant. Yet, stay; another man passes, and then another, and anon comes a fourth. All is evidently wrong. In an

instant our course is stayed, and we rest upon our oars.

"There cannot be a doubt about it!" says Fritz; "the bushrangers are upon us."

However, the bushrangers were not upon us;

for the strangers whose unexpected presence at our encampment had so much alarmed us, proved to be a party of Launceston friends, on a botanising tour. We were delighted, of course, at this accidental meeting on the solitary shores of Lake St. Clair; but our gratification was speedily damped when we found that no traces of our horses or of our man were visible, and that our fellow travellers were as short of provisions as ourselves. To make matters worse, rain began to fall, so that we could not even indulge in the luxury of idle repining until we had provided ourselves with quarters for the night. To work we went at once, therefore, in order to extemporise a tent. The oars of the boat were stuck into the ground, and made to form a sort of framework; upon this we spread our rugs and blankets, and our habitation was erected. It was but a sorry one for such a rough night, and I could not help feeling a pang of envy as I looked upon the very comfortable quarters of my Launceston friends.

The following morning, after dispatching our very frugal meal, we started off on a final excursion, our brother wanderers, who knew the country well, acting as guides to the spot we wished to visit, viz., the rapids of the Derwent, that is, to the point where Lake St. Clair overflows its banks, and rushing down a rocky hollow, becomes in reality the commencement of the river. The place was full of picturesque beauty, and derived a gloomy interest in my eyes from the associations connected with it. For it was here that some convicts from Macquarie, whose horrible story I had heard related, crossed the stream on a tree they had felled for the purpose. It was still there, this Felon's Bridge, as I named it, and it added a feature to the scene which at once set my pencil in motion.

And now came the moment when we must pack up, bid adieu to our friends, and set out for Marlborough. We could not take our boat with us, so magnanimously left it for the benefit of all future explorers, firmly mooring it to the shore, and planting the oars near it. Then, with rugs and blankets rolled up and placed upon our shoulders, we shook hands with our Launceston friends, who very kindly gave us a few more biscuits to support us on the way, and turned our backs upon Lake St. Clair.

We had not walked more than five or six miles when the abstemious manner in which we had been living for the previous day or two began to tell upon our pedestrian powers; but we struggled on, determined to make no inroad upon our little stock of edibles until we reached the spot—the banks of the Clarence—where we intended to partake of our mid-day meal. It came in sight at last, after a weary, weary walk; and when we had fairly reached it, our first movement was to fling ourselves full length upon the ground, and taste the delicious luxury of repose. Then we proceeded to taste something more substantial, and after a few hours' additional walking found ourselves back again at Marlborough.

And here a strange surprise awaited us. We had noticed that as we approached the dwelling

our appearance seemed to create the utmost astonishment among the few farm labourers who saw us, but we attributed it to our travel-stained garb and haggard appearance. Still there was something in the manner of the fellows that filled us with uneasy apprehension, and made us feel certain all was not right. And such, indeed, proved to be the case. When our friend Clarke appeared before us, his astonishment seemed to be even greater than that of his men. For a moment or two indeed he was rendered motionless, and had no words with which to reply to our salutation. He soon came to himself, however, and explained the cause of his emotion. Our faithful servitor Bill of Marlborough had, it seemed, returned to the lake for a single night, and then come back again with the startling intelligence that our boat had capsized, and that we were all drowned! He had seen the melancholy occurrence with his own eyes, so could guarantee the exactitude of his narrative! Here was a pleasant piece of news. We had all miserably perished, and the intelligence would, of course, soon make its way throughout the length and breadth of Tasmania. We afterwards found, indeed, that it had spread abroad even more rapidly than ill-tidings usually travel. Fritz, for instance, held a high Government appointment, and the first thing he learnt upon reaching home was that several gentlemen were already applying for it. Then, too, a labouring man whom I fell in with and asked for news, gave me a most circumstantial account of my own decease, and of the frantic manner in which I had tried to save myself by floating upon an umbrella. "But it won't not of no use," he added, "the 'painter chap' went down with the rest on 'em."

I never could understand Bill's motive in spreading abroad such a mischievous report, which our reappearance, as he knew, must in a day or two contradict. Perhaps he was a man of powerful imagination, and gave expression to the creations of his mind in conversation as an author gives expression to them in his writings. Or, perhaps he had invented this fable as an excuse for his idleness in not seeking us out at the lake, and for his neglect in failing to discover our horses. However it may have been, the mischief was done, and we were obliged to put up with it. The loss of our steeds we did not, however, feel disposed to bear so easily. Our friend Clarke dispatched therefore his stockman to the lake, with the promise of a sovereign for each of the horses when restored to us. The missing animals until then had of course never been seen or heard of, but we were assured now that they would soon appear.

And so it proved. On the following evening the barking of dogs announced new arrivals, and looking in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, we were delighted to see our runaway nags approaching the house. Gold had exerted its usual influence even in the wilds of Tasmania. Next day Fritz departed for Hobart Town, while Selim and I prepared to ride across the Western Tier to Launceston.

SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER I.

WEDDINGS were as gay affairs among the gentry three centuries ago, as they ever are now among the aristocracy. The marriage of Eleanor, eldest daughter of Squire Atherstone, in a neighbourhood well-known to the new Queen, Anne, and to all the Boleyn family, was like the weddings in country houses of that day. It was grander than the royal marriage which had recently become known, for the King and Anne Boleyn had been united in the most secret way; but the celebration lasted only one day, and did not fill the heads of a whole country, as it would have done if noble families had been concerned in it. The Bishop who performed the ceremony was the bride's uncle; and her husband was a gentleman of good landed property—much richer than her father; and these were the nearest approaches to grandeur in the case.

The wedding-day was far on in October; but the season was so fine, that advantage was taken of the then modern custom of having the banquet in a garden banquet-hall—a long strip of dry

lawn, enclosed with posts and rails, and covered in with green branches from the woods. The evergreens had been fastened the evening before, and by daybreak, the brighter tints were inserted, in the form of red boughs of oak, yellow ash-sprays, and the light greens and crimson of the broad vine leaves. Tressles and boards were laid throughout the whole length, and the family tablecloth was brought out. The device wrought upon it was not the most suitable, as it had been manufactured for occasions of baptism, and the Salutation was the event figured in it; but it must serve for this, the first wedding in the family, as it would have required too much both of time and money to have a new one wrought with the Cana Marriage upon it. As it was not long enough to cover the whole board, a second was lent by the Bishop, who had everything in good style; and the benches were placed, and the great almsdish, and most of the weightier articles of the banquet, before the guests began to arrive for the procession to church. The best knives with their glass handles, and the silver spoons, and, indeed, all the

plate, were kept back till dinner time, as the whole neighbourhood was abroad, and would be in and out of the banquet-hall during the morning.

While the serving-men were busy on the lawn, and the grooms in getting the horses ready for the passage to the church, and the cooks in the kitchen, constructing wonderful specimens of their art, the bride was in her bower, attended by her sisters—Anna, four years younger than herself, and now seventeen, and Little Bet, the youngest, and parents' darling. The other bridesmaids were not yet admitted to the apartment. This was to be the last, the very last, morning the sisters were ever to be alone together; for if it was Eleanor's marriage-day, it was the eve of Anna's virtual betrothal. She was the destined spouse of Christ: and she was the next morning to enter upon her noviciate in the convent in which she and Eleanor had been partly educated. Little Bet looked with so much awe upon both sisters and their respective engagements, that she had turned shy, and was glad to be told that she might go and play among the bridesmaids.

Eleanor's heart was very soft this morning. She said, in answer to Anna's bright sympathy,

"It is not all joy, Anna. I am not so happy as you. I am not so good; and how should I be so happy?"

"Do not call me good," replied Anna. "You cannot know whether I am good or not, in regard to my vocation; and it is a much more certain thing that you love Stephen Bridgman, and that Stephen loves you; and that when such lovers marry, with the good-will of all the world, they must be happy, if there be happiness in the world. Now, sit down before the mirror, and let me dress your head."

"Time enough for that when the other maidens come in. What I mean is, that I am so blessed in my marriage that I feel how unworthy I have always been of a higher lot. I could not devote myself to religion. You can; and you desire nothing else. You are secure of salvation; happy girl! and the sacrifices you make for it cost you no pain."

"Some are made to be wives, and some to be nuns," replied Anna; "and one may not be more wise or good than the other in being what she ought."

"True; but it is exactly there that I feel how low my mind is, compared with yours. Our cousin Joan became a nun because from her childhood she wished it. We remember how she never would play at anything but being in the convent; and how all her romance was about being an abbess, or a saint, or something great in that way. It never was so with you. You never set your will on being a saint——"

"Nor an abbess," said Anna. "I would not be called Reverend Mother, and have her cares, for the world."

"Just so: you have no passionate wishes, such as are to the nun what love is to the bride: and this is why I reverence your cheerfulness, even more than your obedience. Our parents and my uncle have brought you up to that vocation; and you have accepted it, without any passion, and

without any regret. I honour you more than Joan."

"My divine affections are cold, Eleanor. I know what I ought to do. I hope to become more worthy when the world is shut out. I have no fears, because our uncle bids me have none; and he knows best: but there is nothing in me so worthy of praise as you think. I am clear in my mind, and satisfied in my heart; and the higher feelings will come, I doubt not. And now we must think only of you:" and she pointed to the hour-glass in which the sand had nearly run out.

Before they opened the door to some who were growing impatient, the sisters made peace with each other for any act or word which had, in all their lives, given pain. As to the future, each would fain have offered comfort and refuge to the other in any of the turns of human life: but, as Eleanor observed, there would be no turns of fate for Anna: no adversity could overtake her: her divine espousals once completed, her earthly lot was simply the beginning of the heavenly hereafter. She herself might be driven by storms, or spoiled by too bright a sunshine: but Anna was secure in the calm peace of a devoted life, sheltered in the inviolate cloister. Still they promised that if occasion should ever arise for aiding each other, they would come together again as if this parting had been but for a day.

Then the gay damsels outside the door were admitted, and the business of the toilet went on. Anna's elegant dress was for this day and one other only, as she would never again wear any but the religious livery, except on the occasion of assuming it. Her face was handsomer, some thought, than her sister's; yet she spent few minutes and fewer thoughts on herself; and it was merely for form's sake that she was sprinkled from the holy-water cup attached to the mirror, to secure her from the perils of vanity. If the sprinkling had been omitted, there was no fear of her remaining long enough before the mirror to be in any danger of seeing the face of the Evil One where her own should be.

Both daughters appeared before the Dame, their mother, on their way to the great hall; and there she accompanied them, to greet the guests, while the horses were brought up to the porch.

It was a gay procession; and the road was lined with the country people from far and near. Some took the opportunity of hawking their wares, before, and after the procession went by; and the Squire was not too much engrossed with the care of his bride daughter, who rode beside him, to cast a keen glance into every group of strangers that he passed. He was a magistrate, and it concerned him to cause every ballad-singer and every sturdy beggar to be looked after, that the neighbourhood might not be either corrupted or pillaged. He remarked to his daughter, as other squires have since done, that common knaves were becoming more audacious than they had ever been before; and he fancied he saw, in the rear of the crowd, a seller of broadsheets who had offered, in the next parish, a song about conjuring bread and water at the mass and the font, and about the Pope's butter and grease, meaning the holy unction. He would have a watch kept in this parish against such ven-

dors of songs ; and, indeed, against the women and youngsters who were wont to amuse themselves and their neighbours with reading ; for, as he remarked, if there was nobody to read the songs, there would be none written, or at least, hawked about. In the churchyard, he therefore beckoned Jock, the constable, and desired him to have his eye on a certain pedlar or ballad-man whom he described, and to show him the way out of the parish before the revels should begin. The people might play what games they liked on the green ; but there must be no reading, under any pretence ; nor any acting but of approved old scenes ; nor singing but of songs which everybody knew by heart. The Bishop was to be present that day, and all must be done to his full satisfaction.

In church, the Bishop looked altogether disposed to be satisfied with everybody. Eleanor was making a great match, in regard to fortune ; and her father had been enabled to do his part towards it by the willingness of his second daughter to enter the cloister. The appropriation of eight hundred pounds to the convent secured Anna a good position there, and left the rest of the small fortune which would have been hers to be added to Eleanor's. The Bishop looked with great benignity on both nieces, as they stood before the altar,—the one full of earthly happiness, and the other, as he observed to his holiest chaplain, of heavenly serenity.

The bridegroom was immensely admired as he claimed, after the service, to carry his wife home on his own horse. A handsome and easy pillion had been brought and fixed on ; and as he mounted, and whispered to her over his shoulder, acclamations burst from the crowd, as at something quite new and very charming.

"The sister is the prettier," observed the tradesman of the village, who had opened a shop, above a year since, for the sale of most of the articles required in village life. "The younger is the prettier to my eye."

"You will never see her so fine again," said the publican, who had married the young ladies' maid. "This is the last day of her wearing a worldly dress. This time to-morrow, she will have put on the black and white ; and in a year more, she will be the nun complete."

"The more's the pity, some of these gay gentlemen are thinking," observed the tradesman : "but to the poor it is much the same whether she be in a sacred house or a worldly one. I know, by their orders upon me, that she would give away all she had, without putting the veil over her head."

"I wonder what the captain thinks of that veil," observed the carpenter's wife, who had dropped a low curtsey to Anna and her cavalier as they passed. "He seems to look grave among the other gallants. They are all full of jests with their ladies, the bridesmaids : but I watched him,—well as I know him from a baby upwards : and not one word has he said from turning yon corner to this moment. He is thinking how the rest may make love, each to his lady on the pillion behind him ; and how he must look upon Mistress Anna as given away to the Church."

"It is a great distinction, though," said the curate as he went by, making his way through the

people to the gate of the manor-house. "It will be told of him, in his old age, that he was permitted to be the maiden's squire on the last day of her worldly life."

"Well, I don't know that," said the publican. "By the time the captain is as old as I am, there may be less notion of the honour of that sort of life."

"What sort of life?" asked the curate, sternly.

"Why, the life in a convent," replied the publican. "We don't all think of monks and nuns as they were once thought of. 'Tis said that some of them—and not far off where I am standing—are not so holy as they look."

"You have been listening to some of the vile talk that is going about," said the curate. "The Devil is abroad, we all know ; and it is his envy of holiness that makes him lay traps of lies for dunces like you to fall into. But you had better have a care how you speak evil of Christ's serving men and holy maidens. The Bishop hears of all such sayings ; and he and the squire keep account of them."

The innkeeper's wife put in a word for her husband, who could not afford to lose the countenance of the great men of the parish and the Church. Her husband thought nothing but good, she was sure, of the young ladies she had waited upon from childhood up : and Anna especially had every one's good word. It was because he thought so much of her that he hoped the nuns were worthy of having such an one admitted among them. Some there were, no doubt, who were holy damsels indeed : but all the world knew what was said in these days of mischief made by letting others in among them who would not find themselves there for religious reasons only. It was a safe place to put one or another into who would not be in such good company outside the convent. There was she who had been talked of with the young lord who had gone to the wars ; and the other— Well, she was not one who talked scandal ; and she hoped that things that had been said were not true : but all her husband meant was that he was jealous for such a young lady as Mistress Anna ; and he hoped she would spend her days in good company in this world, as it was certain she would in the other.

The curate declared that the wickedness of the world was enough to bring fire and brimstone upon it. There was not a place in England now where such sacrilege as speaking ill of the Church was not common : and the old faith and reverence were passing away, so that the dead might be glad that they were in their graves. It was sacrilege ; and the Bishop must know it : and he walked away in wrath.

The word "sacrilege" spread a great silence among the gossips : but in a little while they were whispering in pairs, telling what each had heard of the result of certain inquiries into the state of one or another religious establishment. The publican's wife got him home to the business of this busy day, reproving him on the way for his rashness in talking of matters which were no concern of his. He stopped her with a mysterious air, saying that if she knew what he did

of what was in the wind, she would see that he had his reasons for learning what could be said on two sides of a thing.

"Learning!" said she. "Learn what you like. But it was telling, not learning, that you were venturing upon. If there are two sides about the Church, the more folly there is in idle gossip about either."

And so they turned in at their own door, and threw open their house to the custom of the day.

The banquet was the next ceremony at the manor-house. It was a fine sight when the company repaired to the booth, where the October sun, at this hour,—an hour before noon,—shone in among the green branches which covered in the long tables, glancing over the great silver salt-cellar, and the cups and spoons, and the bright pewter platters, and bringing out the tints of the flowers in the beaupots, all down the board. The confectionery was as gay as the flowers. There were not only gaudy fruits in sugar, but towers of Babel, with figures on all the stages; and castles with knights on the battlements, and fair ladies looking out of the windows: and in the centre a marvellous representation of a tournament, with a sward of fragrant herbs, and an amphitheatre, with walls of pastry, and rows of sugarcake seats; and brown and grey horses, with red and blue standards, and knights in black armour; and the King and Queen in their crowns under a scarlet canopy. There must have been a confectioner from London to make such a dish as this: and the inventor himself found a moment to look in from behind the hangings at the upper end to enjoy the admiration of the company. Meantime, the savoury dishes were served,—the lamprey pies, the rich stewed fish of many kinds, the sirloin,—one to every dozen guests,—the haunch of venison here and there,—the vegetables imported from Holland, soured in spicy sauces,—and the endless varieties of bread, from the delicate manchet to the brown loaf. The fruits and preserves were within view, under the shelter of the towers and castles of sugar. There were pears from France, as well as many kinds of apples from native orchards. There were late peaches; and dishes of medlars; and nuts from the Levant; and ginger from the Indies; and plums from France and Portugal; and preserved cherries from Germany, besides all the many-coloured conserves which came from the still-room of the manor-house. Before these were touched, however, the pasties were brought in, and the brawn and boars' heads and game. The finest pasty was set before the Bishop, to be by him consigned to the bridegroom to be carved. From a coffin of rich and substantial piecrust rose the brilliant head of a peacock, with its crest fully set; and at the other end, the coffin-lid was so slit as to allow the tail to spread as in life. Before some of the groomsmen other pasties were placed, some as large, but none so brilliant. The pheasants came next to the peacock in splendour; and the order degenerated down to the commonplace goose pie at the lower end of the board. Anna was of opinion that her cavalier's pasty was as graceful as any. From it a swan's head and neck issued at one end, and a tail of

waving ostrich-feathers at the other. All conversation was suspended, the music stopped, and the jesters held their tongues when these phenomena assumed their place, and the serving-men took the knives from the bridegroom and his friends to give them a fresh whet behind the screen. One or two had gold-tipped whetstones of their own, which they used at table: and then the bridegroom stood up behind the screen of the peacock's tail.

The Bishop had raised his courage by a joke; and he stood up with a smile upon his face to make the speech of the day. He offered his farewell to his bachelor friends, bequeathing to them the duties of the disengaged knight, on behalf of all persons everywhere who needed chivalrous protection. He would henceforth have duties at home, and nearer interests to protect: but his sword, and his will, and voice, and all that he had would still be at the service of his neighbours, if they should be molested by high or low: and the Church had no griefs which he was not ready to avenge: and the King had only to command his sword and his substance, to uphold his right and dignity against any interference of Pope or Emperor in the realm of England. If the bachelor gentry of the kingdom held themselves ready to start at any moment for war across the sea, the married men were bound to keep all right on their own lands, and see that the Throne and the Church were sustained at home. By the knife he held, and the princely dish he was about to distribute, he vowed that he and his household would discharge the duties of loyal subjects and good citizens. When he should have fulfilled his present office, the company would drink the health of the King and Church, and the prosperity of the realm. Then, after brandishing the knife before the eyes of the company, he plunged it into the pasty, and carved the dish with so much grace that Eleanor was thoroughly proud of her husband's fine breeding. The wine went round as the platters were filled, and the toast was drunk cheerily.

Then there was a call for Captain Fletcher, the first groomsmen after the bride's brother Hubert, who was too young, or too modest, to make a speech; and Anna's cavalier went through the same feat with the cofined swan before him. His vow was different, as he was a bachelor; his air and his speech were different; but, as some there thought, equally good. No one had whispered a joke in his ear as he rose; and his face was grave, and showed a transient blush as he began to speak. He said little; but the affectionate tone of his congratulations to his friend Stephen, and to the family he had entered, won the regard of all hearers. Anna looked up at him with pleasure in her face; and little Bet, who sat beside her mother, leaned over, and asked Anna to tell Captain Fletcher that she hoped he would come to her rescue, whenever any wicked people should try to rob and murder her; which message Anna delivered as soon as the health of the bridegroom and bride had been drunk, and the swan distributed to those who liked.

"I certainly will," replied the Captain to the child. "And you will claim me," he added to Anna, as they ate off the same platter, according to

the fashion of the time. He had throughout given her the delicate bits, and some few words between: but they had not spoken much, and were decidedly the quietest couple there. "You have not promised me that you will do as your little sister says."

"I!" replied Anna. "How can I ever need your help? Do you not know—surely you must know where I am going to-morrow."

"Yes, I know," said he, gravely.

"Then you are answered. What can a champion find to do for a cloistered friend? I shall have no dangers that you can deal with. There will be no changes, no perils, no needs, but spiritual ones."

"You do not know that."

"You mean that you doubt my fulfilling my probation. We shall see."

"I was not thinking of that at the moment: though I might trust somewhat, too, to the possibility of your changing your mind."

"I shall not change my mind——"

"You cannot know that, either."

"You will not believe that I know my own intentions at all," said Anna, smiling. "But I have been brought up for the cloister. The convent is a second home to me. The life there is familiar to me; and I am sure it is the life for me. How can you doubt its being the calm refuge that I say? What is there of which so much can be said?—unless of the grave?"

"Here we have no continuing city," said he, in a low voice.

Anna looked in his face. "Is that poetry? It is not your own saying."

"No: it is out of a book. You have not that book. You are not allowed to have it."

"You mean the Bible. No; I may not look at the Bible. But how can the cloister be anything but 'a continuing city,' as you say?"

"There have been such things as convents pillaged and burnt. There have been stories of nuns being driven from their shelter. Did you never hear of such?"

"Yes, in foreign countries, in times of invasion, or when fierce robbers were abroad: but in England no such things could happen, you know."

"Perhaps not. But there is the other way. You do not know the world: you do not know how you might like it. You have thought only of being a nun."

"I do not wish to see or hear more of the world," said Anna, in a tone of decision. "It is a great blessing to be early saved from it, as I am. Nothing can ever change my opinion about that."

He was silent; and there was a pause of some minutes, during which another toast went round. Then Anna resumed with the question:

"Have you seen that book that you were quoting?"

"I have seen it in the church aisle at Aldington. I heard parts of it read there. O yes, it is read in some churches; though I dare say your uncle the Bishop may not have mentioned the circumstance to you. It was not a thing to be easily forgotten, what I heard there."

"Who read the book?"

"Elizabeth Barton. Yes, I see you know—the Holy Maid of Kent."

"Not in service time?"

"No: but she had almost as many hearers as the priest. There were several friars crowding about her, to hear and make out what they could: and a good many of the common people."

"You will not read that book rashly, I hope," said Anna, sagely. "I think neither men nor women, in the world any more than in the cloister, ought to read religious books without advice. Our confessors, however, will see to that."

"They will, no doubt," her companion replied, in a tone which made her again look up in his face. The signal for rising from table was by this time given. Captain Fletcher claimed her hand for the first dance in the evening, and led her from the booth. The country people had to take the places of the guests; and the latter applied themselves to the sports of the day. From noon till five o'clock everybody was engaged in archery, bowls, and other outdoor amusements, relieved by quiet walks in twos and threes, in the shrubberies, on the lawn, and, by favour, in the Dame's "playing-place," or pleasure-garden, where there was an arbour, a pond, a stone bench beside the sundial, and many a late hollyhock or aster in bloom, among rose-trees studded with scarlet hips, shining bright against the ivy of the wall.

At five was the supper,—a mild repetition of the dinner; and after that there was the dance. It was ten o'clock before the music had finally stopped, and the Bishop and his attendants had been driven away in his coach, and the country guests from the neighbourhood had departed. In another hour the house visitors were in their chambers, and the mansion was quiet.

Anna had left Eleanor half-an-hour before,—had bade her the last good-night they should ever exchange; and she was not sorry when she entered the chamber which she and little Bet were to share this night, to find a bright wood fire in the chimney. The October nights were sharp; and she was in no haste to bed. She was sitting undressed, and gazing at the blazing logs, when her mother softly entered, set down her lamp, glanced at the bed to see that Bet was asleep, and put her arms round Anna, tenderly kissing her forehead.

"A year from to-morrow," said she, "will be *your* more sacred espousal. I am blest in my daughters."

Anna had risen, and now placed her mother in her own seat, standing before her, gazing gratefully in her face.

"Bring your stool," said the dame; "and let us speak together before we sleep. Your spirits have been tranquil throughout this trying day, my child?"

"Why not?" said Anna, smiling. "I have seen Eleanor's hand in her husband's before we part. Everybody has been happy to-day; everybody has been kind,—O! so kind to me! It would be ungrateful to be sorrowful."

"True, my child: but you have been serene, too:—or you have seemed so."

"I have been warned of the sinfulness of any agitation at this time,—any conflict of feelings—

which might give occasion to idle observers to speak ill of the vocation: and I remembered this."

"Then you could have given way at times but for an effort?"

"I could have cried once or twice,—when my uncle blessed me so solemnly; and when I saw Eleanor a guest in our own home. But it was nothing, my dear mother;" and here Anna looked again into her mother's face, "I am quite satisfied and happy. I trust you do not doubt my entire obedience."

"Doubt your obedience, my child! Not for one instant! But there may be feelings— You will find it less easy to-morrow, perhaps, when you enter the gate—" She stopped.

"The gate which I shall never pass again but once. No: I shall not weep for walks on the seashore, nor for birdnesting in the wood, nor for the garden here, nor even this dear room where Eleanor and I have been such friends. But, mother, we are talking presumptuously. Perhaps I may not be judged worthy a year hence."

"Perhaps so," said the Dame, with a smile and caress which showed that she had no fear. "But you must tell me what you wish to have done with all that you leave behind,—your dresses and ornaments, and your books and treasures." And here ensued a consultation of some minutes on these details; and the Dame charged herself with a series of bequests of small treasures to companions and servants. She was of opinion that Anna was stripping herself too closely,—that more pleasures would be allowed to the novice than she supposed. The Reverend Mother was so kind that she feared she should be jealous of her.

It was wonderful that any mother could say this so lightly as Dame Atherstone said it now.

Then they discussed the incidents of the day, and speculated on the chances of a match or two among the bridesmaids and grooms. It happened naturally that the Dame should tell the remark that had been overheard, on the return from church, that Captain Fletcher was the most honoured of the company, as he would have it to say, to his dying day, that he was the cavalier who consorted with the bride elect of Christ, on the last day of her life in the world. Anna blushed deeply when she heard this. Any young person might be so moved at such honour, so early won.

"He was a pleasant companion to you?" asked the mother.

"Yes, at times. He told me some wonderful things at dinner time." And she related what he had said of the Bible, and of the Holy Maid of Kent reading it. By degrees, she repeated all that she could recollect of what he had said at dinner; and she admired the grace with which he had spoken and carved his dish, and made his vow over it.

"A safe vow," observed the Dame, "or I might have expected to quote 'promises and piecrust' against him some day. Nay, my dear; I mean no accusation against Henry, whom we know so well; but, when our old friends begin reading doubtful books, and following new fashions in religious matters, we cannot rely upon them

exactly as if they had been steady. I have been sorry to see his levity."

Anna looked up surprised. She said she had thought him very grave to-day.

"Probably he was feeling for us,—for me," said the Dame, "in parting with my two companions at once. He could have had no concern on his own part, because he has always been aware —. Yet at one time I half suspected he was devoted to Eleanor. Did it ever occur to you, Anna?"

"No further than as the thought occurred when any gentleman seemed to admire her, before Stephen addressed her. Captain Fletcher was never attached to Eleanor, I am sure; and he was as sincere as ourselves in his rejoicing about her to-day."

"I was not so certain," the Dame replied. "There were signs about him . . . He cannot have had a thought of you, Anna, of course."

"No intention, mother; no expectation,—no— what shall I say?"

"What *can* you say, my dear? It is impossible, you know, that he can be attached to you;—quite impossible."

Anna was silent, and looked at the crumbling logs. Her mother caressed her again, saying,

"You must learn to know your own dignity, my child, and feel how high you are raised above all such concerns as these. Our friend Henry understands this too well to—to feel towards you as he might have done towards Eleanor."

"O yes, I understand what you mean. But, mother, I do think that he cares for me." She looked up frankly at her mother, and saw a frown on her brow. Anna explained with the utmost openness that it was a thing to be dismissed from their minds as soon as said; a thing so chimerical as to deserve only to be forgotten; but, if she was to speak the truth, she must say that she was sure he cared for her.

In a few minutes she had been questioned as to all he had said in the evening,—in the dance, and in all intervals. She had so little to tell, that her mother half-playfully accused her of concealing what was most interesting. But it was not so. Anna repeated all that she could recall; but she became sensible that it was his manner and his voice that had so impressed her, and not anything that he had said. The Dame was, or affected to be, satisfied that there were other causes than a sacrilegious one for his depression. Anna hastened to declare that she had no thought of censure in her mind about him. He would, after to-morrow, think of her no more: but still, looking no further than to-day, her conviction remained.

"Probably he was in apprehension of mischief about public affairs," the Dame observed. She impressively declared that this must be it.

"Nothing amiss with the Queen?" Anna anxiously hoped. Queen Anne had been in that house many a time before she dreamed of her present dignity; and her gay and amiable manners had so endeared her to her own neighbourhood, that every movement at Court was watched with strong sympathy.

"The Lady Dowager is failing in health, very grievously."

"Our Lady console her!" exclaimed Anna: "but I feared some evil news of the present Queen."

"Perhaps there is some in that quarter too," the Dame observed. But she did not explain, further than by saying that there were troubles which devout maidens need not know of;—private griefs which yet might induce public dangers, and make the best men grave. Anna must pray for the Queen,—for both Queens, indeed, and be assured that this was what made her cavalier so grave that day.

The conversation was not what it had been. The Dame was striving to conceal some discomposure; and Anna was eager to make an explanation, if she could find an opportunity. But no return to the subject of any cavalier was practicable, and her mother soon rose. With strong expressions of tenderness, she enjoined her dear child to go to rest immediately,—as soon as her devotions were ended; and to sleep the sleep of the devout, on this last night of rest unbroken by convent rules.

Anna lighted her to the threshold, and, having made her last reverences, closed her own door. Not a moment did she linger, because her habit of obedience was strong: but she found time for some rapid thoughts before she slept. She wished she could have said to her mother that it was of no importance, except to himself, what the strength of Henry Fletcher's feelings might be. She herself was serene and satisfied, and would for ever love all human beings with a calm and equal love. Something like an exception she made perhaps at the moment her head touched the pillow; for a gleam, shooting up from the fireplace, showed her young sister's round cheek, with the long eyelashes upon it, and the innocent beauty of the childish mouth. Eleanor and Bet must always be somewhat nearer to her than others; and so must Hubert, though he was shy of her as a nun elect. With these exceptions, and a reserve of singular honour for her parents, human kind should share equally in her calm and pious affection. In this conclusion she fell asleep; and if she once started because a thrilling voice seemed to be in her ear, she had almost forgotten it by the morning.

(To be continued.)

MY EXPERIENCES IN PARMA WITH A THEODOLITE AND A "DUMPY."

CHAPTER III.

WE were, therefore, free to go, and were meditating a return to Leghorn, when a letter reached me from the firm, which, if moribund, had yet a strong spark of vitality in it. The letter instructed me to proceed to Borgotaro, explore the coal region, and report upon its probable productiveness. I was glad to find that the coal concession had been independent of the railway scheme, and began to prepare for an immediate departure, for, to say the truth, we were heartily tired of Parma. Devoting a day to a farewell look at the abortive line to Colorno, and wondering how long it would be before the earthworks were levelled

by each indignant proprietor, the ballast pitched back again into the torrent *Parma*, and the brickwork demolished, and converted into presses for cheese and wine, I packed our engineering instruments and other luggage into small compass, and engaged a *vetturino* to convey us to the farthest accessible spot on the mountain path leading to Borgotaro.

Were I to write with perfect candour, I should say that we almost sneaked out of the place where we had laboured so long to no purpose. We started at four in the morning, and although the operation of loading the *vettura* attracted some few early gazers, we made our exit unrecognised, save by the surly old *guardia*, who visited our passports when we reached the gates. We were of course to remain some time longer in the duchy, but it was nevertheless with a feeling of much relief that we heard the tardy *avanti* addressed to our driver, and in a few moments after found ourselves rolling rapidly southward.

Not desiring to weary the reader with a description of mountain scenery, albeit we got certain bird's-eye views during that long day's ride which might bear comparison with any in Italy, we will follow the post-road between Parma and Pontremali, as far as the quaint little town of Berceto, lying in a hollow on the summit of an Apennine ridge, and then make our way gradually downwards amid the wildest mountains, and by tortuous and rugged roads, to the level of the river Taro. The sun was just sinking out of view when we reached a point of the road where we must abandon the *vettura* and take to the bare-backed horses which I had previously engaged should be sent to meet us by the landlord of the inn at Borgotaro. There they were sure enough, nibbling the short grass which grew between the stones of the rude path, and guarded by half-a-dozen beings who formed a *tableau vivant* of one of Salvator's pictures. But we had little time to scrutinise their appearance—we were ten miles from our destination—it was rapidly growing dark, and the road was broken and dangerous. Our weaker companions were already tired with many up-hill walks during the day, so we hastily rigged-up extempore saddles and securely mounted them. Then we set off again, regretting that the darkness which had now overtaken us hid from our view that which must have been beautiful scenery. In about two hours we reached a village called Ostia, where they would fain have detained us for the night.

We had never seen a really cut-throat looking place until this moment. Perhaps we do the good people injustice, but I do not think either of us would willingly have rested there till daylight. So swallowing some wine which fatigue made us believe was palatable, we pushed on, and alternately skirting the Taro, which rushed over its pebbly bed beneath us, or getting farther inland, stumbled about among the broken rocks which scattered our path, we saw about ten o'clock the welcome light of the little town which was to afford us rest and shelter. Crossing a long, narrow bridge of stone, we entered, not the town, of which the gates were shut, but a small suburb on the side of the river. We pulled up at the door of the only house which showed any sign of life within

it, and were greeted by our landlord, who emerged from his kitchen with a candle. My letter had secured us the comfort of clean though rudely furnished rooms and a plentiful supper, our long fast enabling us to do justice to the latter, as well as to a dessert of splendid fruit which followed it.

As we sat in our upper room too tired to talk, and silently watching from the windows the summer lightning which revealed at quick intervals the peaks of distant Apennines, a loud explosion of melody suddenly arose from the roadway beneath us. We listened, but the sounds were not those of Italy. It was no band of *Pifferari* burst violently into discord, no twanging guitar nor tinkling tarantella, but a familiar air of our own land, ground out by some practised wrist from a well-toned barrel-organ. "The low-backed car" greeted us pleasantly enough in that mountain village, awakening recollections of other scenes, and causing sundry sleepy jokes on its un-*apropos* presence at that time, when it might have been doubly welcome some hours before, on the occasion of our taking to the bare-backed horses. Then followed a genuine English hornpipe, with a bar or two of "Pop goes the Weasel," when I was tempted down-stairs to ascertain the occasion of sounds so unusual. At the door, surrounded by a crowd of contadini, sat our landlord, the only one of the group who did not look like an organ-grinder. The instrument was on the bench beside him, and a sturdy mountaineer in conical hat and velveteen pants was working away at the handle, redoubling in energy when I made my appearance. Then, for the first time, I recollected that from the recesses of the Parmese Apennines come our dispensers of street-music and vendors of plaster-casts, who, after a brief sojourn in London and the provinces, return with well-lined purses to their mountain homes. Our landlord, as he afterwards told me in good English, had passed some years of his life under one of those boards on which mandarins continually nod at yellow cats and the immortal Duke suffers perpetual impalement in company with the infant Samuel. His better half had made the tour of England with a monkey, and to such good purpose had they laboured, that their united savings served to secure for them the Albergo della Posta, which, on their return to Borgotaro, was lacking a *padrone*.

The morning after our arrival we were joined by the Professor P—, who had followed us from Parma, on learning that we intended to explore the mountains for coal. He had formerly visited the district very thoroughly, and appeared sanguine as to the result of a properly organised search, and as he knew every inch of the ground, we were fortunate in possessing a most efficient and agreeable guide.

About a mile from the town a torrent—formidable enough after the melting of the snow, but just now a chaos of dry rocks—falls into the Taro. Up the bed of this river we steered our course, pushing along under the rays of a sun which well nigh finished the poor Professor. It was laborious work, but the beauty of the scenery amply repaid us for the exertion required in scaling the mountains and tracking the stony beds of torrents,

hitherto unexplored by any English traveller. Magnificent chesnuts clothed the sides of the hills, which bore no sign of cultivation, save in detached patches where some primitive farmhouse, in its little oasis of verdure, would welcome us after hours of hard walking. Many of the mountain torrents were dry, but we came occasionally upon little rivers leaping and rushing down from the heights above and breaking into wild cascades as they swept into the more pretentious torrents of the lower valleys. The scenery was indeed eminently beautiful, and the pleasure it afforded us was our only reward. Coal there was none! Here and there indeed we had picked up a detached piece of some jet-like substance rounded by the action of water, and dating, for all we could tell, from some remote stratum far away in the untrodden Apennines. About a scuttle-full of these waifs and strays was the result of a fortnight's exploration of the "Borgotaro coal-fields," which, if they exist at all, will probably be *exploités* by some future *concessionnaire* when another convulsion of nature has shaken up the mountains and disposed the coal strata in a more tangible shape. When, on the last night of our stay at Borgotaro, we produced our various gleanings, and found that the yield of small coal was in all about half-a-gallon, the Professor reluctantly came to the conclusion that further search was useless, and bore with a sort of comic dignity the final dose of railery on the subject of the really good samples of coal which I had seen on the Duke's table the morning after my arrival in Parma. So we burned the proceeds in an extempore grate made of gridirons, and as we watched its tardy combustion, the conviction came upon us that we, like some others, had been *done* by the Professor, and the coal question, as he all along knew it would, ended then and there in a puff of smoke.

The time had now arrived for our return to Leghorn, and we consulted with our landlord on the best means of getting there. The most direct way to the Mediterranean coast at Sarzana was through Pontremoli, by a rude bridle path over the Bratello pass. By starting early we could do it in the course of a long day, and the most easy way for the ladies to ride was, as the landlord expressed it, to "sit in two chairs and take it comfortable," the rest of us bestriding such horses as the village would afford.

At early dawn we were awakened by the noise of the muleteers as they slung our luggage across the backs of the patient animals; and looking through the window as I dressed, I saw the legs of our theodolites and levels scraping the low wall that skirted the river, as the mule that bore them made an early breakfast on the short grass. By four o'clock we made a start, and a motley cavalcade we must have appeared as we passed the long bridge over the Taro, escorted by our guard of quondam organ-grinders. At a short distance from the bridge a tremendous torrent, called the Torodine, falls into the Taro. Steering our course up the drier part of its bed; threading our way between enormous masses of rock, and occasionally wading our horses for the sake of better footing, we made about four miles in as many hours, and gained some high

ground from which the views were very grand. From a far-off village, deep down in a valley on our right, came the sweet tinkle of the matin bell, mellowed by the distance into a sound almost musical, and we could see the villagers as they flocked to early mass. Gradually proceeding upwards, we reached about nine o'clock a solitary house on the summit of the Bratello, where we got some delicious milk and coarse bread. Here, within a few yards of the house, at an elevation of many thousand feet, welled out a spring of purest water, near which we seated ourselves and enjoyed the fruit and *salume* packed up for us by our landlord of the Poste. Then we started again, and, passing the summit, began our descent, down and around precipices and along narrow paths hanging over deep chasms, where a false step would have been fatal both to mule and rider, and then through shady groves of chesnut, with here and there a patch of vegetation, our pleasant ride enlivened the while with quaint tales of organ-life and experiences in London, related in a strange mixture of Italian and English with a strong dash of coarse vernacular. Then we came upon luxuriant valleys and rich pasture lands where herds of kine stared at us as we passed, until we finally emerged upon a precipitous stony road leading directly down into the little town of Pontremoli, where we dismissed our talkative guides and hired a *vettura* to convey us to Sarzana.

But our troubles were not yet over, for, in consequence of the sanitary cordon, we had an unfortunate soldier billeted upon us, who had hard work to keep us in order. His charge was to prevent us from holding intercourse with any one, or from leaving the carriage until we were over the confines; but as we all of us got out to walk up the hills in spite of his three-and-sixpenny musket, his *consigne* was a dead letter. He himself carefully avoided contact with us, but he accepted no end of cigars on the point of his bayonet. At the dogana we exhibited our passports, the careful functionary keeping at a respectful distance from the carriage; and although whenever a payment was necessary, we had to drop the coins into a basin of water, there was no hesitation in accepting a small douceur from our contagious fingers. By the time that it got dark and we were fairly out of the Duchy of Parma, our attendant man-at-arms had fraternised with us completely, and was deep in sleep on some luggage behind, as we neared a small bridge which marked the frontier. As we trotted rapidly down the hill, a bright watch-fire caused our horses to take fright, and the consequence was that we dashed through the astonished sentinels forming the sanitary cordon in a way that was doubtless new to them. A shot across our bows might have brought us up, but by the time they had regained their senses we were far away in gloom, rendered doubly dark by their large fires, and the faint crack of their tardy carbines was all that reached us. Our *vetturino* was artful enough to profit by an accident that saved him half an hour's useless delay, and did not attempt to pull up until we were beyond reach, when we bethought ourselves of the soldier behind us. Whether he had been shot away or shaken off when the horses took fright we never could tell—enough for us that he

was nowhere to be found; so leaving him as our hostage with the *cordon sanitaire*, we pursued our way towards Tuscan, reaching Sarzana about midnight.

Some months later, I again unpacked my theodolite and "dumpy," amid scenes very different to those treated of in the foregoing chapters. If the reader will consent to be my companion in other lands, I will gladly renew acquaintance with him in a future number. S. B.

ANA.

STATISTICS OF HUMAN LIFE.—The total number of human beings on earth is now computed in round numbers at one thousand millions. They speak 306½ now known tongues, and in which upwards of 1100 religions or creeds are preached. The average age of life is 33½ years. One fourth of the born die before they reach the age of 7 years, and the half before the 17th year. Out of 100 persons only 6 reach the age of 60 years and upwards, while only 1 in 1000 reaches the age of 100 years. Out of 500 only 1 attains 80 years. Out of the thousand million living persons 330,000,000 die annually, 91,000 daily, 3730 every hour, 60 every minute, consequently 1 every second. The loss is, however, balanced by the gain in new births. Tall men are supposed to live longer than short ones. Women are generally stronger than men until their 50th year, afterwards less so. Marriages are in proportion to single life (bachelors and spinsters) as 100:75. Both births and deaths are more frequent in the night than in the day. One fourth of men are capable of bearing arms, but not 1 out of 1000 is by nature inclined for the profession. The more civilised a country is, the more full of vigour, life, and health are the people. The notion that education enfeebles and degenerates the human frame is not borne out by fact. M.

WIVES AND SISTERS:

HOW THEY OPINE.

HERMITS who live on mountains are not inaccessible. If they were, they should not pretend to opine on the transactions of life as they see them from their perch, because one main element of any sound judgment of human affairs is a knowledge of the state of the human mind upon those affairs. Hermits who take a real interest in the welfare of society are not inaccessible, and they are not neglected. Questions are spread out before them,—interests are commended to them,—information is brought to them from all quarters; and, while it is impossible for them to attend to a twentieth part of the business proffered them, they can, on the other hand, command any amount of information on any subject which they may wish thoroughly to understand. If, at any time, I, for instance, may seem to speak with an unexpected confidence on any topic which might be supposed somewhat out of my line, it may happen that I have had special opportunity of learning what the world is thinking and feeling. If I speak to-day of the feelings of the women of England on a matter which is of grave importance to them, it is not without warrant, in my own opinion, and

(let it be observed) in theirs. What I say to-day, I say, not from imagination, not from inspiration of sentiment, but from knowledge, as far as my information goes.

I do not think it right,—and many of the most sensible women in England do not think it right, that declarations should be made in Parliament, year after year, that nearly all the educated women of the nation are anxious that there should be no change in the law which prohibits the marriage of widowers with the sisters of their deceased wives. It is of consequence to English women that their views should be understood, while their supposed testimony is so freely used. It is of consequence to them that the facts should be ascertained whether they nearly all desire the continuance of the present state of the law; why they desire either that continuance or a change; and who those are that have petitioned Parliament on the question. It is, on the face of it, a matter on which it is exceedingly difficult to form an estimate of women's opinions and feelings, because it is a matter about which women who have the best means of forming an opinion are least disposed to speak. I should think that sensible men of the world must be well aware that they are, and must be, all at sea about their countrywomen's opinion of the marriage law generally, and of that portion in particular. Amidst a state of things in which it is of consequence to women that their views and feelings should be understood, while yet they have no means of expressing them which they find themselves able to use, it may be permitted to them to take an old Hermit for their mouthpiece,—not as an express messenger from any particular body of them, but as one acquainted with difficulties, doubts, and certain related considerations little dreamed of by members of either House of Parliament who speak for them very glibly, and in a tone of complacent chivalry, session after session.

Let us take the old ladies first. I have never happened to meet with an elderly woman who did not know, when she was young, of some marriage between a widower and the sister of his deceased wife; and I have never happened to hear of such a marriage turning out ill. Women who were grown up before 1834 can always tell of some relation or friend so married. They can remember hearing that an objection—some objection derived from the Canon law—was occasionally mentioned; but they never heard of any practical difficulty. They can declare that their uncle, or cousin, or their father, left desolate with infants in the house, found his best comfort in the presence of his wife's sister, and soon asked her to stay with him always as his wife. There was some talk about some people objecting, on account of the ecclesiastical law; but there was no real discredit about it. The parties were married amidst entire family approbation; for everybody believed it was the best thing that could be done; and those who best knew the mind and heart of the first wife were the most confident that the course taken was that which she would most certainly have approved. As rules are confirmed by exceptions, I may mention that the general acceptance of such marriages is indicated by the stir

that was made when anybody objected. In a large family and friendly circle there is a still lively tradition about a tea-party which took place just sixty years since. One of the guests was a quiet, staid, plain, ladylike, benevolent woman of middle age. Soon after she had taken her seat, an old lady on the opposite side of the room began fanning herself in a most tumultuary manner; and at length the fussy old lady made it understood that she "had never expected to be invited to meet an adulteress." Nobody could conceive what was meant,—and especially when she nodded her head at the middle-aged Mrs. B. The fact was, Mrs. B. was till lately a spinster. Her younger sister, the first Mrs. B., had died in her confinement: the aunt had taken charge of the infant, and the father had asked her to remain as stepmother,—a duty which she fulfilled admirably for thirty years. The wide circle of connections knew of several such marriages, but of no other objector than the fussy old lady who lives in tradition, as I said, to this day.

These friends of mine, the elderly women of our day, all remark, as sure as ever they speak on the subject, on the quiet and decorous state of affairs in the early part of the century, compared with the agitation, trouble, and mischief which have prevailed more and more since 1834. There never were times when an occasional scandal did not arise in society; but certainly, the impression of elderly people is that there were fewer family troubles about conjugal matters than we hear of now, every time that the subject of Marriages of Affinity is discussed; and there can be no doubt that ladies—and especially young ladies—talk now in a way, and to an extent, on that set of subjects, which would have been regarded as impracticable half a century ago. Altogether, the elderly women are decidedly of opinion that "the former days were better than these" in regard to the naturalness and the quiet comfort and happiness of marriage in middle-class life. The upper class have their own notions and their own ways: but as to the lower, there can be no sort of doubt, these experienced women say, of a grave change for the worse: and I must declare, on their behalf, that every working clergyman and dissenting minister, and town missionary that one meets, makes the same statement. In former times, when a poor man's wife died, she usually committed her children to the care of a sister, if she had one; and it was a common thing for the dying wife to entreat her husband and sister to marry, for the comfort and welfare of all parties. Whether she asked it or not, the marriage took place, as often as not; and, as the husband and wife entered upon the relation with an intimate acquaintance with each other's tempers and characters, the risks of unhappiness were small. Such marriages have, indeed, been far above the average in regard to harmony and content, all round. The difference since 1834 is painful to witness; and large numbers of the working clergy declare that they can do nothing for the morality of the poor in their parish while the law creates crime out of innocence, and destroys the sanctity of marriage among those who think and who mean no harm. Through all former generations, the sister assumed

the duties of the departed mother, and everybody respected her for doing it. Such feelings cannot be altered by changes in the law; and the woman who well discharges those duties is respected still. The widower does not desire to banish her to admit a stranger to his house: she desires to stay; and everybody desires that she should. They will marry, if permitted. If not permitted, they ought to be, as their fathers and mothers were: and if they tell the clergyman or the registrar that no impediment exists, and so get apparently married by perjury, or if they live in concubinage, in the impossibility of marrying, they devolve the blame upon those who make or sustain human laws which are in opposition to the laws of nature, and to the ideas and feelings of other Christian nations. If there are members in either House of Parliament who allege that the number of these marriages prevented by the law is much smaller among the poor than in the highest class, the pastor and the missionary reply that the number of marriages abstained from in the working-class is no doubt small; but the reason is,—not that the law avails, but that the connection takes place,—by marriage, with concealment of the impediment, or by concubinage. Thus, it is not without justification that elderly Englishwomen complain of the decline of decorum and domestic peace and welfare, as far as widowers are concerned, within the last eight-and-twenty years.

I must turn next to the young ladies; but not for long. The fewer words on that aspect of the matter the better.

I am sorry to be obliged to conclude that the young ladies are answerable for the main part of the allegation that the women of England are opposed to any change in the law. Or rather, we should hold those answerable who have put notions into inexperienced heads, and arguments into innocent mouths, which are not entertained with intelligence, and would never be uttered if the young creatures had any real idea of what they were talking about. The time has been when I could track the parochial walks of the pastor, or the adventures of an agitator on behalf of ecclesiastical law by the way the girls talked, in the most religious and moral houses; and the results of the same influence are largely seen in the petitions of women against the bills of Lord Bury and Mr. Milnes. How I have heard—how most or all of us have heard—young girls ask whether they are to be excluded from the house of a married sister,—whether friendship with a brother-in-law is to be rendered impossible, and so forth! For my part, I have felt impelled to whisper in the ear of such controversialists that they did not know what they were saying, and that they had better stop and consider whether they really meant to slander the homes of England—the homes of their own relatives—as mischievously as any foreign libeller could do it. Then followed the start,—the bite of the lip, or the look of innocent amazement,—according to the intelligence or the folly which had been set prating, for purposes of agitation. It is not a subject for young girls to opine upon: or, if some of them desire, as some sensible young people may,

to understand this as a moral question among others, they should be informed of the history of the case, without which the moral considerations cannot be understood. They should know that the scriptural authority was for fifteen centuries believed to sanction the marriages in question, and that the Jews—to whom the Law was given—have always considered such marriages virtuous and holy, as sanctioned by the law. They should know how largely preponderant is the opinion of biblical students against there being any scriptural prohibition. They should know how good was the state of things in this country while such marriages took place, compared with the disturbance of opinion and conscience, and domestic peace, since they were prohibited; and how well the permission of such marriages works in all the countries of Christendom where it exists. As Lord Lyndhurst has repeatedly observed, there is no society in the world more honourably distinguished for its domestic morals than that of New England; and there these marriages are regarded with favour. I myself was acquainted with a strong case in that region. A citizen, much engaged in public life as well as with his business as a merchant, lost his wife in her confinement of her seventh or eighth child. Her sister had been a great aid for some years in the management of the large household and the many children; and there was probably a pretty general agreement about the course that affairs would take: yet it was rather startling that the second marriage took place in half a year. This amounted to as much of a strain as could well be imposed on public opinion; yet I could perceive no symptom of doubt about the innocence and propriety of the union itself—only some surprise at the haste, considering the entire happiness of the preceding union. If young Englishwomen are to study the subject so as to be competent to form an opinion, instead of being, as now, crammed with prejudices for party purposes, they should be informed of the judgment passed upon those marriages in Prussia, Holland, Switzerland, and the United States,—in all of which the connection is regarded very favourably. They should also know that not a single case is on record in this country of any attempt to destroy a marriage of this kind prior to 1835, though such a marriage was then voidable. Let them know as much as they can learn of the history and law of the case, if they wish it. As to the moral and domestic considerations, the more they understand the less they will be inclined to say, publicly or in society. Above all, let them not be persuaded, by priest or politician, to address Parliament on the question till they are quite certain that they know the grounds of their own petition.

This brings us to the party more nearly concerned than either of the other two—the wives and their grown-up sisters. I add the sisters because it is an occasion when there must be honesty all round. Is it true that English wives, for the most part, would feel it a grievance that their husbands could, if it was desired, marry a sister-in-law, as well as any other woman, when left widowers? Do English wives feel, in fact, that their homes of to-day are rendered more safe

and happy by the present legal impracticableness of marrying one or two of the various guests who visit the house? The case, it must be remembered, is not one of moral impossibility, like that of a man marrying his own sisters. The marriage now in question is not only conceivable in a way which marriages of consanguinity are not, or ought not to be. It has been practicable and well-regarded and very common within living memory; and it is very common now—after having been absolutely illegal for eight-and-twenty years. How do these wives really think about it?

There are many who simply believe what they are told by persons who want them to petition. Being assured that such marriage is contrary to Divine command, and sure to be attended by domestic corruption, and followed by domestic misery, they suppose it to be their duty to oppose such corruption and wrong. All of us who have mixed much in society must be aware how large is the order of female minds which can be led in this way to what is called an opinion. Both piety and prudery are appealed to—the best affections and the strongest prejudices. It is no wonder that there have been petitions; and they were likely to be all the more numerous for the impossibility that there could be any considerable amount of female petitioning on the other side. However strong and clear women's convictions may be, it is more than can be expected of them generally that they should petition a parliament of men for any relaxation of a prohibitive marriage law.

But where they can and do speak, what do they think and say? I can testify, from an unusually wide acquaintance with their views and feelings, and I declare that, as well as I can remember, I have never known any woman who did not desire the proposed relaxation. Two or three prattlers I have known, such as I have described above, who professed a horror of the change; but of sensible women, old enough to be aware of what they were saying, I have never met with one who does not speak with regret and disgust of the change of 1834 and its consequences, and who would not gladly see the question settled by such a relaxation as works well wherever it has been tried.

Thus, we have seen one portion of our country-women desiring that the law should not be altered because they consider the existing state of things a happy state which they dread to see broken in upon. These are wrong upon the matter of fact. We have seen another portion, and a very large one, regretting existing evils, and believing them to be attributable to the law as it has stood since 1834. These can show cause, sound and satisfactory, for their conviction. There remains another class, also a large one, women who feel that some things in the conjugal state go so wrong that they are eager to try a change in the law, or anything in the world which can afford any hope of mending the case. Some of the petitioners are drawn from this class; but I trust there are more English wives and sisters who, admitting the evil, perceive that placing restrictions on marriage is not the way to get rid of it.

A short time after the law of 1834 was passed,

I had occasion to inquire into the whole matter, on behalf of certain parties who were interested in it. I had no personal concern in the case; and it was opened to me as a matter of business. A husband had lost his wife in her confinement after several years of marriage. He presently married a second wife who lived only a few months, and a third, who left him several children. By this time, the young sisters of his first wife had grown up, and he and one of them wished to marry. If it had been two or three years sooner, they would have married, and trusted that no question would be raised. As it was, they were too late. They applied to me to learn for them whether there was no way open. I ascertained, from the highest authority, that there was no way open. Nothing could make their marriage legal; and they would incur the risk of having to wear the white sheet in church, and all the other consequences of a vicious marriage. Their relations on both sides, after a certain amount of resistance and warning, left them to take their own course: and their eventual course was to go abroad, with a sufficient attendance of witnesses to give countenance to the union,—to reside for the needful time in a foreign town where such marriages are approved,—to marry, and then travel for some months. After their return, everything went on as if there were nothing questionable about the union. It was in fact morally approved by everybody concerned, whatever the more timid might think of the boldness with which they met the risk. All the parties to the marriage died peacefully when their day came (if they had been living, I should not have told the story); and the case is simply a specimen of what is going on at all times under the oppression of the new law. My particular interest in it consisted in what I learned in the course of my inquiries: and especially the fact which seems to me to underlie the whole matter. I found that the cause of the new disability was stated by its authors to be that the cases of conjugal infidelity are more numerous between brothers and sisters-in-law than in the whole range outside that relation. Here is the plain truth which lies at the bottom of the entire question.

The authors of the change in the law felt that "something must be done;" and their idea of that "something" was, that brothers and sisters-in-law must be made like own brothers and sisters: and they fancied this could be done by Act of Parliament, or at least determined to try whether it could not. None but lawyers would have supposed that it could; and none but those who are led by legal opinion could believe the same thing still. The dreary fact will never be got rid of by force of law; and the attempt to grapple with it in that ineffective way merely keeps up a restless and perilous state of mind, which aggravates the mischief. We are all agreed about the bad consequences of keeping people's minds agitated by questions of whom they may, and whom they may not marry. The practical difference is between those who believe that the legal condemnation of this kind of marriage may yet put it out of people's heads, and those who can show that it has never yet done so, and never can do so,—seeing

that such marriage has been confirmed by law in this country, and still is permitted and approved elsewhere.

The truth is, the evil lies in a direction which no legal resource can reach. The sisters of wives are sinners or victims rather than other friends of the house, simply because they are more intimate there. While stoutly and sincerely maintaining that nowhere is the purest domestic fidelity and happiness more natural and more common than in England, we all know very well that there is a great deal of selfishness and imprudence indulged in, by both husbands and wives, which bring their proper retribution. It is a common thing to hear men say that it is a providential arrangement that there are more women than men, because the husband needs the services of two companions,—besides that a large family of children require more than the mother can do for them. One may hear in England just the same explanation of household arrangements that one meets in the East: viz., that the husband requires for his happiness a mate with whom to take counsel about affairs, and to whom to resort for aid or companionship; and also a wife, who may be younger and less wise, in order to be his plaything, or his "treasure," and so forth. In the East, it is understood that jealousy and domestic jars follow upon such arrangements; and much more confidently may such results be looked for in the West, where religion, law, custom, and conscience, permit a man to have only one wife.

Instead of relating what I have known in this department of social observation, I prefer to quote what women themselves have said, in connection with this marriage-law question: and I will go back some years, to obviate any rash application of the disclosures made. In the "Englishwoman's Journal" of September, 1858, at page 67, is found the following statement:

"Among the many sources of matrimonial misery, the domestication of the wife's sister is perhaps the most fruitful, especially where there is a numerous and rapidly-increasing family. The wife, engrossed by the physical cares of maternity, the ailments and sufferings of childbearing and childbirth, begins, it may be, by temporarily delegating domestic rule and management into the hands of her sister, who, out of her very sisterly love, in her love of children, in her valuable qualities of self-sacrifice for the good of others, devotes herself to the loving and willing servitude, giving up all personal considerations, till, consciously or unconsciously, she becomes the centre of the family, filling the place the wife alone should fill, who, thus occupying a false position, not unfrequently ends by sinking, apparently indolent and characterless, into the second place in her household, and in her husband's consideration. The children, whom it may be the sister educates, learn to look up to her, and through them she becomes the object of the father's regard. It is next to impossible that, under such relations, it can be otherwise; nay, this state of things, painful and perplexing as it is, arises out of the very virtues and good qualities of the parties concerned: the reliance of the wife upon the sister, the sister's faithful discharge of the trust reposed in her, the husband's grateful recognition of a life devoted to him and to his. Time passes on, slowly or suddenly, as the case may be; the wife awakens to a clear perception of her position. Misery, for which there is not even a name, takes possession of

her heart, and corrodes her very life-springs. It is not jealousy, it is not heartlessness, it is not want of sisterly, maternal, or conjugal affection, for it grows out of her very love for her sister, her children, and her husband, and feeds upon the wrong done to her as a sister, a mother, and a wife.

"Then it is that those sad *dénouements* take place of which friends and acquaintances, and, in some cases, the whole world, become amazed and pitying spectators. If the temperament of the wife be fervid, her affections strong, endurance and silence become impossible. The world calls her jealous; the husband calls her unjust. He, through his feelings of justice and gratitude, upholds the object of that jealousy, heaping fuel on the fire, and can see nothing but ingratitude where so much gratitude is due. The home is broken up; family ties are severed; and who shall tell the amount of misery and suffering inflicted? That this is no overdrawn picture many will vouch for, who, in their own homes, or in the homes of others, have witnessed such a tragedy in its progression, and occasionally in its *dénouement*."

The writer (whose very name is unknown to me) goes on to wonder at the notion of mending matters by a law which is praised for facilitating the domestication of sisters; and I believe that every right-minded man and woman in the kingdom would be of her opinion, if they brought their minds and their experience properly to bear on the case. Husbands and wives who do their duty in their homes and in the world, and cheerfully make the sacrifices which all duty requires, have no needs which they cannot supply to each other, and have no room for any special feelings or fears in regard to sisters or other friends. The utmost friendship that conjugal attachment leaves room for is the privilege of sisters on both sides of the house, and of other old intimates; and the amazement with which any suggestion of jealousy of sisters would be received by ninety-nine English wives in a hundred would sufficiently condemn the law of 1834. In the hundredth case, the law is wholly useless while the wife lives. It can give her no consolation in her irreparable troubles, while it will be a snare to the weak, if they should survive her. The remedy clearly lies in that simple prudence which should mount guard over all the mutual relations entered into by fallible mortals;—that prudence which, in the conjugal case, should keep all friendships subordinate to the supreme bond,—all intercourse immeasurably below the open confidence and tenderness, and understood intimacy of the conjugal friendship. When husbands cease to be self-indulgent and exacting, and wives to be indolent and negligent, they will have nothing to fear from sisters; and till then, no law can secure the purity and peace of their homes. The writer of the description I have cited believes that if the women of England could be polled about the continuance or relaxation of the existing law, they would carry the relaxation by an overwhelming majority. I believe so too. In that case, we should have the suffrage of the unmarried women,—otherwise not often spontaneously declared. They wish to be sisters in their sisters' houses, without any talk, or any thoughts which cannot be spoken: and this would be the case if no law meddled with the relation. In all the cases they

have happened to know in which a widower wished to marry the nearest friend of the household, and the tenderest guardian of his children, they have wished that he could do it, and have felt resentment, disgust, and astonishment at the tyranny of the law which, in this nineteenth century, has tried afresh to prevent it.

Poll the women of England before any one is allowed to answer for them that they are in favour of promoting concubinage by means of an inapplicable precaution against adultery. The whole proposal is pedantic, stupid, rash, and against nature and experience at once. There will be no improvement in domestic morals, no return to

innocent unconsciousness till the law is repealed. As for the evils which are not law-bred, they lie within the domain of morals, and must be met by an improvement in the conscience and the practice of married people. However small may be the proportion of cases of even the slightest jealousy of sisters, in comparison with those in which sisters are truly sisterly, while most of us have known one or more such cases, we must take them into our estimate of actual life. If we do so wisely, they will animate our demand for a reversal of the law which is always disturbing more homes than it ever proposed to secure. The reversal is only a question of time.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE KING AT THE GATE.



A KING sat high on his ivory seat,
Girt with his sages and priests—each one;
Wrapped in his purple and gold he shone,
As the great sun shines when the day has begun.

His crown was crested with seven stars,
His sceptre blazed like a rod of fire,
In a flood of snow his grey beard fell :
“’Tis Zeus,” they cried, “the round world’s sire.”

That moment, through the jostling crowd
Of kneeling suitors, a god-like man
Strode,—where he moved there clove a way.
“A shipwrecked stranger!” the murmur ran.
He kissed the cheek of the beggar child;
He halved his fruit with the leper brood;
He spurned the parasite’s ready knee;
He frowned on the bad, and he smiled on the good.

Careless he passed through the royal gate,
Where the flute-players played their Lydian hymns.
He waited not where the Scythian slaves
Were oiling their scarred huge brawny limbs.
But he sought the green turf altar raised
To the Gods, in the pious days of old,
And he threw a garland upon the stone,
And knelt, with an offering of gold.

Then the king arose in his rage and wrath,
And tore, his robe, and stamped and cried,
“Ho! spearmen! seize this wandering man;
Is our royal throne to be thus defied?—
Shall all Greece kneel to the Basileus,
And not this poor barbarian slave?—
Ho! there, bring cords and rods to chide
This impious rogue, this cheat, this knave!”

That moment shuddering thunders broke
From out the old Rhodopian hills:
Blood-colour turned th’ eclipsing sun,
With blood flowed down the mountain rills.
Dread voices came from earth and sea,
The strong oaks groaned from east to west.
All knelt but one;—*there shone a light!*
“The God! the God!” he stood confessed.

Then the king arose and broke his staff,
Threw his gold crown on the gateway sand,
Tore fierce his purple, rent in twain
His royal robe, and raised his hand.
“Behold!” he cried, “great Zeus hath come!
Lead him, ye slaves, to my ivory throne;
Dropped from the clouds, or cast by the wave,
He hath come but to claim what is his own.”

Lo! the god had flown—they sought him not,
For the crowd soon turned to its foolish myth.
They said that it was but a dream—a trick—
A vision-witch sent to vex the earth,—
So that king’s pride grew to still greater pitch,
And his crimes increased, till a stripling lad
Smote him one day as he sat on his throne;
Then Thrace was freed, and Greece was glad.

WALTER THORNBURY.

A WINTER IN A TIPPERARY HOUSEHOLD FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

SOME fourteen years since circumstances, which it is not necessary to relate, conspired to make me a temporary member of the family of Mr. Howard, of Howardville; and I had not long resided beneath his roof ere I discovered that we lived in a state of siege which was anything but pleasant to a young and timid girl. Many causes concurred to make Mr. Howard obnoxious to the country people. In the first place, they regarded him as an upstart, and resented the pride of his wife and children; and in the next, he followed the example of his deceased father in attending the “church by law established” in preference to the chapel where his forefathers had all worshipped; but above all, he was a large land-

holder and a “hard, just man,” and could not see why he should not claim and receive his rents when they came due. As his tenants disagreed with him on this point, and for a series of years resisted all his peaceable attempts to obtain his just rights, he, in the spring of 18—, resolved to submit to no further cajolery; and, armed with the terrors of the law, ejected *en masse* the tenants of some moorland farms which lay at the base of the Tipperary mountains. The usual consequences (usual for the time and place) followed this proceeding: shots were heard at night round his house; windows were broken by bullets; threatening notices were pushed beneath the hall-door, or sent by post, and strange, suspicious-looking men were seen lurking in the neighbourhood; but to all these demonstrations of ill-will Mr. Howard seemed to give little heed. He had the finest horses in the county, rode habitually at racing speed, and rarely returned from fair or market by the same road he had followed in going, generally cutting across the country, especially if his absence extended into the twilight hours. His wife urged, his friends advised, that he should apply for protection to the Government; but being an obstinate as well as a brave man, he refused to do this, until a gunshot-wound, received in the shoulder as he one night rode up his own avenue, caused so long an interval of inaction and suffering as gave him time for reflection.

The result was an application for a guard, which was followed by the arrival of two members of the police force, whose office it was to accompany Mr. Howard wherever he chose to go, and for whose accommodation one of the outhouses was comfortably fitted up, divided into two apartments, and made to communicate by a door with the kitchen of the dwelling-house. The men were respectable and trustworthy, and as they always went fully armed, and, riding or driving, accompanied their charge on all excursions of business or pleasure, the family began to feel secure of the safety of their head, and the summer passed away without any renewed attack.

It was the middle of September when I came to Howardville, which I found to be a lonely house in a lonely district, and the household itself was characterised by that eminently untranslatable epithet “throughotherness” to such an extent, that I had been many weeks a member of it before I knew exactly how many individuals we really numbered.

Mrs. Howard had been the daughter of an impoverished, fox-hunting squire; and although her marriage was regarded as a *mésalliance*, and her female relatives looked coldly on her, restricting all intercourse to a formal interchange of bows when they chanced to meet, yet she had innumerable cousins of the sterner sex, who were glad enough to overlook the fact that three generations back the Howards had been but one degree above hired labourers of the soil, for the present head of the house was blessed with a lavish abundance of this world’s goods, and his house was ever open to those whom his wife delighted to honour. Thus there never wanted guests at Howardville. Now, it would be young Tom Bellew (Mrs. Howard’s second cousin’s eldest son) who brought

with him two or three friends for a fortnight's snipe-shooting. Again, it was his father, or his uncle, who took Howardville in the way to some fair or hunt, and remained for a few days. Now it was one, and now another, of a race whose name was "legion;" but the line was always well represented at the half-farmer's, half-gentleman's hospitable board; and, to please his wife, he even complied occasionally with the request for a loan of money, with which many of these visits terminated.

The kitchen was as well peopled as the parlour. Besides a crowd of servants, male and female, there was a number of ragged boys and girls who were always ready to run errands, and seemed to be in everybody's way. These *attachés*—who came regularly every day from the neighbouring village—appeared to thrive on their unsettled mode of life; and, still further, there came any number of old nurses, gardeners, ploughmen, and superannuated hangers-on of every description, formerly attached to the old squire's establishment at Bellew Hall, and these ate and drank and smoked and talked round the kitchen fire till they wearied of the monotony of comfort, and departed to give place to similar guests. Beggars, too, were continually finding their way by the back avenue to the house, and no one was sent empty away; but when night came the policemen entered, and expelled all who were not to sleep beneath the roof; the doors were locked, and the windows doubly barred, and no one was again admitted before morning.

At first my days and nights were haunted by terrors, but I gradually became accustomed to live in a fortress, and grew rather to like the constant excitement; and those around me seemed to enjoy life so thoroughly, that I often forgot there was any danger to dread. So the days wore on to the close of October.

Winter came early that year. We had nights of keen frost, and leafless trees, before the middle of the month; and now its last week was come, bringing with it the quarterly fair-day of a town some twelve miles off. We were but two days from the festival of Hallowe'en, and several persons were expected to assist in doing it honour. Mrs. Howard was in her element, for some of her only brother's family were to pay her their first visit; and she went from room to room, giving out linen to be aired, and preparing for the great event, to which an opportune loan of money from her husband to this hitherto resentful brother had smoothed the way.

Early on the morning of the twenty-eighth, Mr. Howard, with two or three friends who had stayed the night before in his house, rose before daybreak, and breakfasted by candle-light, that they might reach the fair early.

The lady of the house had made out a lengthy list of articles needed for the coming fête, and as her husband read it, he affected to be alarmed by the number of her commissions.

"I have enough to do here, Nelly, to keep me busy all day, if I am to be home by six," he said. "What is my business to do?"

"I am not afraid," she replied. "You never yet forgot anything I asked you to do, and you must mind and remember all to-day."

It was now time to leave; and as the guests were not to return with their host, they bade Mrs. Howard and me "good-bye;" and through the grey light of the frosty morning we watched them depart, Mr. Howard and one of the police occupying the front seat of a tax-cart, while the second guard mounted behind. The rest of the party were on horseback.

Presently the nurse brought news that the youngest child of the family—a pretty, spoiled boy of four years—had been feverish and restless all night, and now presented the marks of some eruptive disease. His mother was instantly alarmed, and we went to look at the child, finding him really ill with measles, as it seemed. A mounted messenger was sent for the nearest physician, who lived in a little town some two miles from us; and till he came, one might have thought that instant death threatened her favourite child, so violent and incessant were the mother's lamentations. The doctor laughed at her fears, but insisted that the child must be kept in bed, where the promising youth refused to remain, unless "mammy came too." Bribes and threats were alike unavailing; and, to my disgust, Mrs. Howard caused the child to be carefully removed to her own room, and, contentedly undressing herself, she obeyed the little tyrant, and retired to bed. As the time for her husband's return approached, she was anxious to rise, but every attempt to do so elicited loud shrieks from Master John (whom I earnestly desired to see well whipped), and the weak woman yielded at last without a struggle, promising the boy that she would not leave him.

The evening was glorious, with a hunter's moon and a host of stars; and somewhat before the expected hour, Mr. Howard returned, safe and sound, and in high spirits, for his sales had been more than usually advantageous, even for one remarkable for "luck," as he was. The table and sofa in the parlour were laden with parcels, when I entered the room; and on hearing from me the state of affairs above-stairs, the kindly-natured man chuckled over his wife's folly, and, loading himself, me, and the five children with packages, headed a procession to his bedroom.

"Well, Nelly, here I am back, you see, and I've come to ask if I have brought you all right. So, that scamp would have you go to bed?"

But the "scamp" seemed to have forgotten his illness at the sight of the heaps of parcels, and sitting up in his mother's arms, watched the ceremony of opening them. There were toys and sweetmeats for the children; groceries, and confectioners' masterpieces to any amount; and lastly, a most expensive and somewhat gaudy silk dress and velvet bonnet, presents to the dress-loving wife.

"You did not bargain for these," he said, "but I'll wager you take them kindly for all that."

She answered with a pleased laugh, and kiss of thanks, and pronouncing him to be the king of good husbands, asked if dinner were ready for him, and he for it.

"They are bringing up dinner, mamma,"

answered the eldest daughter. "Are you hungry, papa?"

"Indeed I am," he replied; "I was too busy to eat anything in town, and I am as tired as a horse."

"Well, then go down and have your dinner," said his wife, "and bring me up some when you have done. You know what I like."

Just then we were told that dinner was served; and, for the first time since I had been there, we partook of it without any strangers.

About eight o'clock the children went to bed, and as I returned to the parlour from seeing them safely bestowed for the night, I felt a draught of cold air from the passage leading to the back-door of the house, and, looking that way, saw that the door was wide open, and the broad moonlight streaming in on the flags of the lower hall. It was long past the time of locking up, and I felt nervous at this departure from the usual rules, so that I hastily entered the dining-room, where I found Mr. Howard enjoying his customary evening pipe and glass of punch.

"Do you know that the back door is still open?" I asked.

"Yes; I told the men not to fasten it. I have to go to John Leary's" (his head ploughman) "to tell him to begin the upper meadow by day-break to-morrow."

"Could you not send for Leary, Mr. Howard? It is very late for you to go out."

"My dear child, Leary has been snoring these two hours. I'll just steal out by the back door; it is not ten yards to his house, and I shall be in again before any one misses me."

He rose as he spoke.

"At least," I urged, "have the policemen with you."

"What is the use? they are tired out. There were lots of bad chaps watching me in the fair to-day, and the two poor devils kept close to me the whole time. I told them to go to the kitchen and get their dinner in comfort, and then to be off to bed. James, Mick, and I can fasten the door when I come in. You see, every other place is secured."

I knew him to be very obstinate; but I felt uneasy; and leaving the room, reached the kitchen before him. Two of the women servants and two men sat talking before a blazing turf-fire.

"Where are the policemen, Biddy?"

"Gone to bed, honey. They hadn't a fut to put under them. The masher sint them out a tumbler of punch apiece, an' they scarce staid awake till it was down. He says he and the b'ys can fasten the doore."

"I wish you would call up one of them. Your master is going down to Leary's, and it is not safe that he should go alone."

"Throe for ye, dear, Mike, alanna! will ye go to the doore there, an' tell John Green to get up an' put his coat on him?"

The lazy giant rose and obeyed, a sleepy voice answering from the next room.

I heard Mr. Howard in the upper hall, looking for his stick, and I hastened up a back staircase to his wife's room.

"Mrs. Howard, Mr. Howard is going down to Leary's."

"To Leary's at this hour!"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear, he would not stop for me; and then it is only at the lower gate, and of course the police are with him."

"No; they are in bed. I desired that one should be called up to go. I wish you would speak to Mr. Howard; he is in the hall still."

She sprang from the bed, and rushed into the passage, leaning over the railing of the stair-head—

"John! John! what are you about, to go out this time of night?"

"Oh, nonsense! What could happen to me between this and Leary's? I'll be back in three minutes."

"Don't go now; at least wait till you have the police with you."

"Oh, they're done up! It would be a pity to call them for nothing."

"Can't you leave Leary till morning?"

"No; that field must not wait another day, and if I don't tell him to-night, he will be off before day to the hill-farm. Go to bed, woman, and be sensible. I'll not even go into his house, but just tell some of them through the door or window."

With these words, he passed out into the yard, and we heard his heavy boots clank on the stones, as he walked towards the gate leading into the back avenue, at the end of which stood the ploughman's house.

Mrs. Howard was violently excited; so was I. With a fearful, irresistible foreboding of coming evil, she screamed to the cook, to ask if the policemen had got up.

"Yes, ma'am, dear; John Green is just goin' to folly the masher; he's gettin' his gun—"

The terrified wife ran to the window of the lobby, and thence saw Green hurrying out of the yard gate; then she rushed to a little dressing-closet opening from her room, whence she could see the short lane, dignified by the title of the "back avenue;" and the ploughman's house. I followed her; the night was splendid; and we could see Mr. Howard leisurely smoking his long pipe, as he walked along: a few yards behind him came Green. Leary's house showed a light through the open door; a low wall of loose stones fenced in the little garden at one end of it—the other was turned to the high road. Mr. Howard advanced to the open door, and we saw him stand for a moment in the red light which streamed from within. The next instant there was a flash, a report from the low wall, and I lost all perception of anything but the maddened agony of the bereaved wife, who had seen her husband fall; yes, he was shot down within sight of his own house. I shall never forget the horrors of that night: they brought in the powerful frame whence life had already departed; and wife, servants, and children, were gathered around it, wailing and shrieking: the shot had been well aimed, for the brain was pierced with several slugs. It appeared that Green had seen the assassin, as he rose from behind the wall to flee when his victim fell; and

the two policemen, having roused the little force which was stationed in the village, were off in pursuit of the murderer. They had a moral certainty that he was one of two men, brothers, and lawless desperadoes, who had been among those ejected by Mr. Howard, and who had repeatedly been heard to swear that they would have full revenge. These men, with their mother, a vicious old crone, now lived in a wretched hut, in the midst of the wide tract of bog which occupies a large surface of the country near Howardville. Towards this bog, it was evident that the fugitive was directing his course, and though the pursuers often lost sight of him, yet he always re-appeared again, betrayed by the clear moonlight, as he fled in too much haste to choose a circuitous route. At length they lost sight of him altogether, but still continued their way to the hut, which they reached about midnight. All seemed dark and silent within, and their noisy summons for admittance was twice repeated before it elicited any reply. At length the cracked voice of the old woman was heard, asking who was there; and as they threatened to break open the door, she came, half nude, and apparently in extreme astonishment and terror, to open it. In reply to their query whether her sons were at home, she answered that they were, and asleep since nightfall; and a rushlight having been kindled at the smouldering turf on the hearth, the police proceeded to examine into the truth of her loudly reiterated protestations. They found the two men in bed, and seemingly undisturbed by the clamour; but on drawing down the scanty covering which was laid over them, it was seen that one of the brothers was half dressed, and that his clothes were dripping with wet, and covered with the soft brown soil of the bog—he was panting heavily also, and bathed with perspiration.

“Get up, Scott!” cried Green, shaking him roughly; and finding further pretence of no avail, the ruffian opened his eyes. He explained the condition of his clothing by saying that in searching for a calf which had strayed away, he had fallen into a bog-hole, and had been too much tired on his return to undress; but had laid down beside his brother. The house was unsuccessfully searched for fire-arms, but the brothers were nevertheless arrested on suspicion, and safely lodged in the police station. The inquest elicited sufficient evidence to show that the Scotts had repeatedly threatened vengeance against Mr. Howard; but such was the terrible secret system of intimidation, such the horrid combination which then prevailed amongst the peasantry, that although many who had eaten of the murdered man’s bread, and lived by his bounty, could have sworn positively to the guilt of the accused, and given conclusive evidence to that effect, they had neither the daring, nor the will, by so doing to draw on themselves the vengeance of the dark tribunal, whose laws they dreaded far more than they did those which had been violated. However, the brothers were committed for trial; and although at the ensuing assizes one of them was discharged, and no convicting evidence could be brought actually home to the other, yet so strong was the presumptive proof against him,

that he was remanded till the next sitting of the judges. This was done on three several occasions, and just before his fourth appearance at the bar, a mightier power than any of earth interposed—the wretched creature was attacked by the worst type of jail fever, and knowing that he had no hope of life, made a full confession of his guilt.

COIN-COLLECTING.

II.—FORGERIES.

In a former paper* I endeavoured to show the real value and interest of coin-collections; in the present one I wish to make some suggestions as to their formation.

The first art the coin-collector should try to acquire is that of discriminating between true and false money. In common life we understand by a false coin an imitation intended to represent a true coin, in metal of lower value; and the fraud can therefore always be detected by specific gravity, generally by a glance at the badly-milled edge, or the “soapy” surface, or else by the weight. But a forgery of any piece not current has been made with a different object: the false sovereign is intended to be worth no more than a sovereign: the false Greek coin is meant to personate a great rarity. The former must be of base metal, the latter of pure gold or silver, as the small profit of adulteration would risk the large profit of imitation.

The learned and voluminous Sestini begins one of his works† with a dedication “To the Confusion of all Modern Falsifiers of Greek and Roman Medals” (“Alla Confusione di tutti i Moderni Falsificatori di Medaglie Greche e Romane”). When you know the confusion they have brought upon even the most learned numismatists, and still more, when, notwithstanding all your pains, first one and then another of your favourite coins is condemned by some one who has learnt better in a longer career of mistakes, you will indorse the Italian’s moderate ban. It must not be supposed that even the most practised collectors can decide in every case. There are in all great collections doubtful coins, such as the large gold pieces of the Kings of Syria, and the silver coin of Brutus, with the cap of Liberty and the daggers, which still perplex the wise, who can come to no general decision. Either they are of very high value, or they are forgeries: they are so well executed that no fraud can be detected: they have so much that is suspicious about them, that their genuineness cannot be proved: so they hang, as is fabled of Mohammed’s coffin, between heaven and earth, and probably will thus remain till the end of time, unless, indeed, some new development of civilisation should melt down all our ancient coins. These are, however, rare exceptions: the rule is, that forgeries can be detected.

There is but one test of all coins that are doubted—the style of their art. Accustom your eyes to the art of unquestionable coins, and you will soon begin to detect questionable ones among those that fall in your way. There is no difficulty in acquiring testing specimens. Begin with Greek

* See Vol. iii. p. 576.

† “Descrizione delle Medaglie Antiche Greche del Museo Hedervariano, per Domenico Sestini.”

coins: let the first be copper, and coated with thick polished green rust. These you can find of several cities of Italy and Sicily, as of Neapolis (Naples) and Syracuse. Go on carefully to silver, and be sure not to pay more than a little above the value of the metal, selecting specimens of different styles and ages, as an early coin of Athens, and another of Ægina, and later coins of Corinth, Tarentum, Metapontum, of the best age of art. When your eyes are thoroughly used to these pieces, you will find that they cannot be deceived by the long figures, the careful but inaccurate drawing, and the want of the ancient feeling, seen in the imitation, and by the soft surface and undecided outlines of the cast. Study is valuable, but no amount of study alone will enable you to see at the first glance if a coin be false. The faculty is only to be gained by the constant handling of ancient coins, which is a matter of no difficulty, as in collections formed with any judgment, such as those sold by the coin auctioneers, nineteen-twentieths of the specimens are true, and the rest rather doubtful than glaringly untrue. At the same time it is dangerous to leave a faculty in an undeveloped condition: all possible means must be used to mature it by careful study. I shall therefore more fully describe the different kinds of forgeries, contrasting their characteristics with those of true coins, and first warn you against false struck pieces.

Imaginary coins may be at once dismissed. There are such, purporting to have been issued by sovereigns who reigned centuries before either Phidon king of Argos, or the Lydians invented coinage. At the revival of learning, medals were struck for Priam and Dido, on a kind of retrospective plan, like that of the old book of heraldry, which gives the arms of the world before it was created, and the arms even of Chaos. Pieces like these cannot deceive the beginner.

Far more formidable are the careful imitations of ancient coins struck by modern artists of ability. Of these the most beautiful and nearest to the originals are those of Giovanni Cavino and Alessandro Bassiano, commonly called the Paduans, two artists who worked together in the middle of the sixteenth century. So excellent is their work, that a distinguished numismatist always argued that they executed these imitations in rivalry of the ancients, not for the purpose of fraud. This defence is overthrown by the closeness of the imitation, which has frequently led good judges astray, and by the number of pieces they struck, which, if avowed imitations, would have been less remunerative than the medals of their contemporaries, which they also executed. At that time the revived interest in the classics, especially the Latin, had aroused a great desire for ancient coins, and almost wholly for those of the Roman series. Petrarch had long since presented to the Emperor a cabinet of coins of the Roman Emperors. The Paduans therefore imitated the Roman coins, chiefly restricting themselves to the time at which art flourished most under the Empire. The main tests for knowing their works are the metal, the fabric, and the style. The metal is always bronze, intended to imitate the compound of the Roman sestertii, or "large brass" coins. The latter are of

a bright yellow bronze, of the same colour throughout. The forgeries are of a redder metal, often streaked with red lines. In size, the Paduan coins are generally larger than the sestertii, the dies having been intended to be used for a kind of medallions as well as sestertii. In the case of the medallions the test of size fails: the medallions imitated, however, are not properly such, but sestertii struck on a larger piece of metal than was usual: they are rare, but of no real interest or value, as they teach nothing. The false coins also show greater skill in the mechanical striking than the true ones. In style, there is a want of the free powerful drawing of antiquity, and in its place greater care, an exaggeration in the length of figures, too much portraiture in the heads, and, sometimes, variations from the originals in matters of detail. It must not be supposed that the works of the Paduans are worthless: as objects of art, they are of value; and as forgeries, it is well to be acquainted with their characteristics.*

The struck forgeries of Roman gold and silver pieces are of less importance than the Paduan series, chiefly because the coins imitated did not sell until lately at great prices. In both metals, but especially in the gold, radiation of the surface is an excellent test; and the style, which varies not only with different ages, but with each age, in different parts of the empire, should be most carefully studied.

Greek coins, happily, have hitherto found no such successful imitators as have the Roman coins in the Paduans. Their style is so various, and in every variety so difficult to copy, that no one need fear, after his first essays in collecting, to be deceived by struck copies. The most able, perhaps, of the forgers of Greek coins, was Becker, a German, who worked early in the present century, and is said to have been taken into the service of the Austrian Government, to keep him from doing further mischief. Excepting in the case of small gold coins, it is disgraceful to be deceived for a moment by one of his wretched imitations, which entirely lack the vigour and delicate execution of the originals. Of gold coins the collector must always beware. Gold coins are the most important of the coins of doubtful authenticity, already mentioned, on which no general verdict has been pronounced. The only test is style, and that is a very difficult one, on account of the small number of Greek gold coins, and the difference from silver ones, in their material and subjects, which renders comparison of less use than would be supposed. All the Greek gold coins in any collection of Europe, excepting of course the electrum money of Asia Minor, cannot amount to many hundreds. It is somewhat distressing that they owe their origin very much to bribery. The Persians circulated their daries among the cities and statesmen of Greece, which gave Agesilaus occasion to say, referring to the archer they bore, that myriads of archers had turned him out of Asia. Thus gold became

* There is an excellent account of the Paduans in an essay by M. de Montigny ("Des Faussaires Jean Cavino et Alex. Bassiano, Padouans") in the "Cabinet de l'Antiquaire et de l'Antiquaire," i., pp. 385 seqq., which I have found of much use for the present paper for this matter, and that of false coins generally: on the latter subject it refers rather to the Roman than to the Greek series.

more common, and the great cities attempted a gold currency. Still more was this the case when the fortunate Philip found the gold mine at Philippi, for there is no doubt that his free use of gold, after the Persian example, gave the material for gold currencies. The electrum, it should be remarked, consisted of three parts of gold, alloyed with a fourth part of silver: this gold being that which the Pactolus, and, doubtless, other streams, washed down in their sands. But this is a digression: let us return to the main subject.

Greek silver coins have many criteria of genuineness. First is the weight. If you carefully study this curious subject—which, dry as it is, has the merit of being comparatively a new one—you will find that it is not enough to acquaint yourself with the different talents which made the coins of the same name of a different weight in various cities, the drachm of Athens being lighter than that of Ægina, but heavier than that of Carthage, which again was heavier than that of Tyre; but that you must learn the fluctuations which caused the Attic drachm of Pericles to weigh more than that of the time of Demosthenes. It is, however, some consolation to know how much greater the confusion must have been in antiquity, when the coinage of four cities during fifty years, or what we may suppose to have been current at one time, in one country, must have comprised the same coin with eight different weights. If you carefully study these weights, you will find yourself in a superior position to the forger, who, with a knowledge of only the weights of famous coins, and no idea of the fluctuations, is constantly in error. The metal also is a guide. If it has a surface with an appearance of granulation, produced by the disintegration of the metal, or is covered with a thick black oxide, there can be no doubt of the antiquity of the coin. So, too, the method of striking. The moderns have not hit upon an exact imitation of the results of the want of machinery. Style as before is of great value.

Greek copper coins are best known by style, for the moderns have not found it worth while to imitate the extreme delicacy with which many of their designs are drawn, though rarely executed; but the rust, technically called patina, is also a valuable test of truth with them and Roman copper coins. There is a patina, already referred to, of deep green, sometimes almost blue, colour, surprisingly strong, and very smooth on its surface, produced in the volcanic region of Italy, which has defied all imitations, and often makes a coin scarcely less valuable or less beautiful than a gem. Other coins have a green patina, with red incrustations, a combination that is equally the despair of forgers. The ancient copper coins found in this country generally have a loose green patina that soon perishes by exposure to the air, and removes this test of genuineness; sometimes a smooth patina of a dark green colour, and often none whatever; and those found in Egypt have a thick powdery green incrustation that at once falls off.

The struck forgeries of mediæval and modern coins are less numerous and important than those of the Greek and Roman money, because, although

collectors are many, prices are comparatively low. Casts are therefore more common. There is, however, one very disagreeable kind of struck medal, which is a great snare to collectors. Old dies have been constantly used in times long after they were first made, especially in Italy. This was first done in the Roman dies of the Paduans, and afterwards in almost all the great groups of Italian medals. The fraud is shown by the want of sharpness in the impression.

Cast coins are more dangerous to the beginner than struck imitations, for they have the general appearance of their true originals, and can only be detected by a knowledge of the surfaces and edges of both, excepting indeed by specific gravity, which is a perfect test of cast metal, which loses in weight and gains in volume; though it would be necessary to allow for the effect of chemical agencies in the ancient coins. If the surface of a cast coin is carefully examined, it will be found to be full of small holes, soft and "soapy," the device and letters not standing out sharply with clean edges, but melting into the field; the deeper portions partly filled up; the portion that should be flat, beaten as if hammered; and, above all, the edge showing the line of the junction of the two moulds, or else the marks caused by the filing away of this line. Various means are adopted to remove these evidences of falseness. The Indian forgers, who are great adepts at this fraud, line their moulds with the finest muslin, so as to produce, instead of holes, a kind of granulation, like that of ancient silver, but to be detected by its regularity. Copper coins are burnt, to produce a red rust, and many false patinas are used, which generally can be washed off, or removed, by very weak solutions of acids. Having spoken of cleaning, I would not seem to recommend any but the most cautious use of this practice. In general, the only result of cleaning a true coin is to ruin it, by depriving it of the general aspect, and even some of the more definite evidences, of age. An old collector handed over his cabinet to the care of his butler, who periodically polished the silver coins with the rest of the plate, and this is the general habit of ignorant persons, who at last reduce the specimens to that desirable condition in which they can be described as "so old that nothing is to be seen on them." Without carrying the vice to such an extent, many collectors are for ever rubbing and scratching their coins, allowing them to be cast, and taking impressions of them in injurious ways, so as to deserve no greater respect, allowing for their greater knowledge, than the practical butler or the curious clod.

It may be interesting to end this paper with a notice of the most famous of those doubtful coins as to which no cautious numismatist will pronounce a positive opinion. This coin is a silver piece (denarius), bearing the name and head of Brutus, commemorating the death of Caesar. A specimen may be seen in the British Museum, presented by Mr. de Salis. It bears, on the one side, the head of Brutus, with his name and that of one of his officers; and, on the other side, a cap of Liberty between two daggers, with the inscription EID. MAR. "The Ides of March." The evidences

in favour of the authenticity of the coin are, that Dion Cassius says that Brutus struck a piece of this description; that we have undoubted Roman coins, bearing the head of Liberty, with the same reverse-type; and that a medal, also with the same reverse-type, commemorating the conspiracy of the Pazzi, is not sufficiently like that with the head of Brutus to make it probable that both were struck about the same time, as they must have been, if the latter be a forgery. On the other hand, there is this serious objection, that I cannot find any one who will declare unhesitatingly that his Brutus is true: the expression is always, "I think mine is quite satisfactory," not "It is true;" and I must add that I have never seen a specimen that has quite satisfied me. Is it that the conspirator's head is doomed to give a doubtful aspect to his coin? He would be consoled, could he know that nearly all the gold pieces bearing Cæsar's head, which are classed to him, are undoubted forgeries.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

MY SCHOOLFELLOW'S FRIEND.

"FRANK, old boy, who's your acquaintance? I never saw a stranger specimen of humanity, nor one more queerly attired, begging his pardon."

The person addressed, Frank Royston, was one of the oldest and staunchest friends I had in the world. Our mutual regard had commenced in the playing fields of Eton, when we were both fags of the smallest calibre, and years had not weakened the tie. Men, however, who have to shoulder their way through the world cannot always preserve their old intimacies, and so it fell out that for some years Frank and I had not met. We had encountered each other at Baden, during a pleasant summer holiday, and were heartily glad to be together again for a while, as formerly at school and college. We were tranquilly smoking our cigars in front of the "Restoration," which flanks one angle of the great Baden promenade, listening to the swelling music of the Austrian band, and watching the fashionable tide ebb and flow, when my companion suddenly started from his chair. The next moment I saw him, to my surprise, shaking hands with a tall, odd-looking man, whose shabby clothes and slovenly air contrasted singularly with the well-dressed multitude of idlers that sauntered over the bright gravel. The man himself was a remarkable looking person, with a bushy beard streaked with grey, and grizzled hair hanging in profusion from under the rim of his battered hat. He had a sunburnt, furrowed face, with melancholy dark eyes that seemed to belong neither to a young man nor an old one, but to one prematurely aged: he stooped much, but must have been a fine athletic figure once upon a time. Such as he was, he seemed glad to see Frank, grasped his hand with a sort of eager clutch, but almost immediately dropped it, exchanged but a very few words with my schoolfellow, and abruptly took leave of him, and hurried away. I watched him as he hastened with a quick stride through the lounging crowd of pleasure-seeking Russians, English, French, and Germans, who

turned to stare at the rough intruder who brushed so unceremoniously through their ranks. Then the queer figure disappeared under the boughs of the perfumed lindens, and was seen no more. It had been like a blot upon the scene, in the midst of all those laces and silks, those fringed scarfs, flowing burnouses, and fluttering feathers. But it was gone now. Frank came back to his seat, walking with a slow step and a thoughtful brow, and holding his extinguished cigar between his fingers.

"Frank, old boy, who is your acquaintance?"

Frank gave a little sigh.

"Oh, he, poor fellow, his name is Wilson. Jack, have you got another weed? This isn't worth relighting."

And my companion selected another delicate Havannah from the case I handed him, and very deliberately proceeded to ignite it.

"Wilson?" said I, "not a very uncommon name that. Is he one of the Carberry Wilsons?"

"Why, no," answered Frank, giving a preliminary puff at the fresh cigar.

"Then where on earth could you have picked him up?" said I, persistently; "I daresay it was among the archaeologists; he must be a gentleman of antiquarian tastes, to judge by the venerable age of his coat."

"Don't hit a chap when he's down," said Frank, quite energetically; "if you knew that poor fellow's story, by Jove, you would not laugh at him."

I was duly penitent, but rather inquisitive, and after a very little pressing I induced Frank, who is the kindest fellow alive, to tell me the following story.

You remember, I daresay, that I returned from South America three years ago, after spending two years in the country, and traversing miles enough to qualify me twice over for a member of the Travellers'. A mere tourist is a rarity in that uncomfortable continent, and my object in going so far was in some measure connected with business, with those wretched Bolivian silver mines that my old grandfather sunk his money in, at an age when he certainly should have known better. I didn't get much out of the mines, as you may guess, when I tell you that some of them contained a hundred fathoms of water, to pump out which would ruin Rothschild. But I got what was better, a store of new sensations and curious sights, and as I was lucky enough to escape yellow fever and knife-thrusts, I shall always look back with pleasure to my South American campaign. Well, to bring my yarn to a point, I will begin from the day when I rode up to Mr. Wilson's door one sultry evening in the short tropic twilight. I had been travelling on horseback across the plains of Columbia, accompanied only by a copper-skinned Creole fellow, who went with me half over the continent, who boiled my camp-kettle, saddled my horse and his own mule, waited on me in every and any fashion, and would, I believe, have stabbed me if I had called him a servant. *He* called himself a guide, and was really a good fellow for one of those peppery half breeds. The sun was going down with a dip and

a plunge, and the snow-tipped crests of the Andes were all blushing with rose-coloured light, when we caught the first glimpse of Wilson's hacienda. It was a pretty house of white stone, with portico and verandahs, and a flat morisco roof, and in front of it a green lawn, with fountain and flower garden. Close by were the numerous huts where the farm-labourers and herdsmen lived: these were built of light wood and thatched with cane. All the huts, as well as the stables, barns, and outbuildings, were surrounded by a strong stockade which also ran round the master's house, for fear of Indian attacks. Beyond was the huge corral, in which the cattle were penned, and where the horses were driven for security from wild beasts and savages. This corral was divided into four compartments, and was fenced in by a stout timber palisade. Everything was very neat and tasteful, and much more orderly than would have been the case had the farm belonged to a Spaniard: the house was shaded by great trees, and half smothered in roses and magnolias, and the sloping bank or hill that swelled up beyond it was covered with flowering shrubs, such as Chiswick and Kew never saw. It was a charming home altogether. Wilson, the owner, was a great cattle farmer. We had been passing for a long time through his herds of oxen, luxuriously browsing on the ocean of grass which the broad plains presented to the eastward. To the west, as I said before, lay the Andes, towering up into the very sky, and at a great distance I could see the gilt weathercock of the church of San Juan de los Llanos, a little town ten miles off. There was no other town near, and to the eastward the plains rolled away, unbroken, towards the remote Atlantic. I had heard from some muleteers that I should find an English settler hereabouts, and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of conversing again with a fellow-countryman. So I rode up to the house, through the open gate of the stockade, and presented myself as a guest, after the free and easy fashion of the wilderness. I need hardly say that there are no inns in the country, except in seaports, but I never found the poorest herdsman unwilling to set before me his parched corn and jerked beef, and to set aside for my use the snugest corner of his grass-thatched hovel. But whereas I had reckoned on nothing better at Wilson's hacienda than the rough and ready hospitality of a bachelor, I met with an agreeable surprise. Two English ladies, both young and pretty, came out into the porch to greet the stranger. They were the emigrant's wife and sister, and with them came two playful children, the loveliest little fairies I ever saw. As for the owner of the house himself, I never saw a finer or more manly young man, nor one that I was prouder to hail as a countryman. You must not judge from the wreck he is now. He has suffered cruelly, and all the more, I suspect, from the depth and energy of his nature. Just be patient a moment, Jack, as memory gives me a glimpse of that sweet picture I have tried to sketch in my clumsy way—the porch with its white pillars all matted with roses and creepers, the two fair Englishwomen, girls still, though one was a wife and mother; the bronzed, erect settler,

and those tiny rosebuds of children with their blue eyes and golden hair, exotics in such a climate. Well, it is a good thing that there is a thick veil between our eyes and the future. The last time I saw that group—but no hurry—I shall tell you all about it simply as it happened. I was received with the most genuine kindness. If I had been a dear old friend or a blood relation, the Wilsons could not have given me a heartier welcome. In those distant, half-savage lands, where the sound of a tongue whose accents are those of *home* has a magic charm over the feelings, every wanderer of the same country appears to be a kinsman somehow. I was pleased with the Wilsons: they, on their part, were glad to harbour me. It was quite a delicious sensation that which I experienced on exchanging the rude life of bivouacs and wigwags for the comforts and elegant neatness of their house,—not that I am much of a Sybarite, but that there was a home-look over everything, like the smile of a kind face. Plenty of smiles too. Wilson's sister was a pretty, gentle creature, and perhaps it was as well that I had left my heart behind me in England, or when the blow fell it might have crushed the spirit of more than one. I was not pressed for time; indeed I had done with the mines and all belonging to them, and I had leisure to linger where I would. Thus it fell out that I, who had ridden up to the hacienda meaning to ask and accept shelter for a single night, remained for two months the guest of that kindly household, who would not part with their visitor lightly. The time did not hang heavy on our hands. We were up at dawn, the most enjoyable time in that latitude, and had a thousand things to do until the blazing sun drove us in. Then a cool siesta in rooms darkened by heavy jealousies, and presently it would be evening, with the glow-worms sparkling over the grass like diamonds, or fire-flies flashing like so many winged lamps, and a moon and stars overhead like no moon and stars that ever shone on us here. I took a great interest in the country, and was fond of galloping about with my host, herding cattle, hunting, or exploring the prairie wherever a trace had been seen of wild Indians or prowling pumas. Wilson was a wonderful horseman, and as for the lasso, he had learned to throw it so skilfully that he actually surpassed his instructors, the Spanish vaqueros and peons, bred as they were to the art. Indeed, the oldest veterans of the Llanos, brown or white, admitted that the English heretic was a match with the *bolas*, or the loop, for the most renowned rider in Columbia, while in battle with the savages he had given a hundred proofs of courage. He told me his story, a simple one enough. He had come out to South America, rich in nothing but bodily strength and mother wit, and had made an honourable fortune by dint of sheer work. I believe his father had been a clergyman, and had died poor; but on this subject he said little. He was fond of telling of his early hardships as an emigrant, how he bought and sold, how he fought Indians and fevers, until he was wealthy enough to claim as his wife the girl whom he had left in her English home, far away, waiting faithfully for him to return and fetch her to the new dwelling

across the seas. Mrs. Wilson had not had to wait very long, after all, for the betrothed lover had been more fortunate than is always the case when there is a long engagement.

"But you see," said Wilson, modestly, "I was a fair judge of cattle and pastures, and so forth, and luckily I settled where I am. I may say that my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and my fortune, which consists almost wholly in live stock, has quintupled itself in six years."

So honest William Wilson had been able to go back within a reasonable time to England, to wed his wife and bring her to her transatlantic home, and with her had come his sister, for whose maintenance he had hitherto provided, even while struggling his hardest. The family were prosperous, and their prosperity was well deserved, for they were popular with even the most jealous of that heretic-hating population amongst whom they dwelt. The men employed about the farm were of every shade of colour, many of them being untutored half-breeds out of the deserts, whose earlier antecedents would not brook curious inquiry. But even among these copperskinned Centaurs, who set a low value on human life, and had a thorough contempt for statutes, Wilson's will was law; nay, they had a sincere reverence and liking for "Dona Carlotta," as they called Mrs. Wilson, with a Spanish rendering of her Christian name, and the children were perfect idols of the whole tawny settlement. There was not a wild herdsman there who would not cheerfully cross the Andes pass, or ride a hundred miles of prairie, to procure a toy or a ribbon for "Dona Lily, or little Lucy." Wilson was perfectly happy, and would not have changed places with a king. He laughed at my hints that, after all, Columbia was hardly a country adapted for the safe residence of delicate ladies and children.

"Safe! Why not?" he would ask. "O, the savages! Well, there's little to fear just at present from my old plagues, the *Indios bravos*. We haven't heard the war-whoop in real earnest since the year before I went over to be married. Now and then a few loping redskins *do* make a dash at the beasts, but we seldom lose more than a hoof or two of them."

I said something about the danger of over-security, adding:

"I don't wish to be an alarmist, Wilson, but even in my very limited experience of the Llanos I have seen something of the horrors of Indian warfare. If I were in your place—besides a natural anxiety for the safety of wife and sister—I should never look at the golden hair of those little cherubs that are hunting the butterfly yonder without seeing, in fancy, the scalping-knife of the ruthless savage glittering over them. Near the sea, now—"

"Confound it, man, don't croak in that way!" cried my host, with unusual abruptness, and an angry look. But he relaxed into a smile directly afterwards, and added: "I beg your pardon, Royston. I know your advice was most kind, and well intended, but I cannot accept it. Why should we move? As for revolutions, they only affect the cities and highroads, and we are out of the way of pronuncia-

mentos and military massacres. Earthquakes! There hasn't been a shake strong enough to break a wine-glass since I've been in the country. Plenty of little shudders Mother Earth gives. You remember how Mary laughed the other night, when the tiny shock came, as she was playing the piano, and spoiled the tune? Those shocks frightened the womankind at first, but now they care not a rush for them. So you perceive that in going coastwards we should actually run into danger, political and geological."

I was worsted, but not convinced.

"Still, health," said I, "health and freedom from Indian attacks, would be prizes worth a journey. Why, even at home in England, with your present means——"

I was interrupted again.

"England! Yes, I hope we shall all lay our bones there; but it will be time enough to make the start when my little girls are of an age for governesses and masters. I should like them, certainly, to be educated at home, and married at home. But there's plenty of time before us. And I own I've a fondness for this country, its sports, and its tropical luxuriance. It is dear to me, too, ay, and to Charlotte for my sake, because of the very privations I went through during my first years here. And as for health, we have never had fever in the house since we came to inhabit it. The mountain breeze and the height of the plateau keep us from sickness, while in the swampy bottoms further east the very natives drop under disease."

On another occasion, when there had been a slight nocturnal alarm—a mere dash, made by a party of mounted savages at the corral, which contained not only horned beasts, but a valuable *mañada* of horses and a string of mules—I ventured to hint to Wilson that such neighbours might some day prove an over-match for his precautions. My entertainer was coming back from a bloodless victory and fruitless pursuit. He was half-dressed and bare-headed, mounted on a horse without a saddle, just as he had started, rifle in hand, to lead half a dozen of his Spanish herdsmen against the marauders. He laughed good-humouredly at my forebodings.

"What a Cassandra you would have made, Royston!" said he, as he dropped to the ground from the back of his panting and heat-stained horse. "I haven't forgot my Virgil quite, you see. But, seriously, these affairs are child's play. The Indians have lost their old confidence. Ah! you should have seen the great raid they made upon us seven years back, before a stone of that house was reared, and when we had but a miserable timber barrack, the thatch of which they soon set on fire with their fire-tipped arrows. We had not that strong stockade, but merely a breastwork of turf and boughs, and round it swarmed five hundred of the painted yelling brutes, under their grand Cacique, White Eagle. Ah! he was a man, that chief! The *Cüyquas* will never get such another leader for their border forays. His son, Spotted Jaguar, who commands them now, isn't fit to stand in his shoes—though, to be sure, he never wore such superfluities."

"But how did you manage?" asked I, with

genuine interest. "Did the soldiers come to your help, or had you to fly to the town of San Juan?"

Wilson looked quite sheepish: he was one of those bold, bashful fellows who have an absolutely nervous dread of anything that could be construed into a boast. He merely said it was an old story, not worth telling, and strode off to go to bed again.

I found, however, on the next day, a more communicative narrator, in the person of José, the *saladéro*, or butcher of the farm—a man who boasted himself a pure Spaniard, Castilian, and "old Christian," by which he meant to disclaim the possession of any drop of Moorish or Hebrew blood. He was a tough, greyheaded old fellow, of sixty-five, about the oldest and most experienced *Llanero* of all the settlement, although a broken limb, ill set, had spoiled his riding for ever. Lame as he was, the old man had fought in many an Indian affray, and he had an almost exhaustless stock of stories. He was a very important member of the little commonwealth, since on the judicious use of his keen knife depended in a great measure the value of the hides exported. Every great cattle farm has its *salada*, presided over by an expert slaughterman, who kills numbers of oxen, not for meat alone, but for the sake of the hides and tallow, which South America so largely exports; and this hero of the poleaxe is called always "*saladéro*," to distinguish him from the town butcher, or "*carnero*."

I found the old man among his cherished piles of shaggy oxhides, and with very little trouble elicited from him a full account of the memorable foray in which the wild Indians had besieged the hacienda.

"Holy St. Jago!" he began, "that *was* a peril indeed. A thousand of the barbarians broke into the civilised territory, divided into two great bands, the most numerous of which was led by White Eagle, the terror of the frontiers. They came sweeping forward, burning and destroying, harming the land like a devouring fire, and leaving but blood and ashes where eight-and-twenty flourishing farms had stood. At last the White Eagle beset us here. Demonios! shall I ever forget the war-cry with which the savages came on, fringing the horizon with a long line of plumed heads and painted bodies, and long lances that had drunk the heart-drops of many whites? But Señor Wilson, our master—ah! what a man was he in the day of danger? The *Cid* could not have made a gallanter defence, I can tell you, Señor Inglese."

And then he proceeded to relate, in glowing language, the repeated and furious assaults, on horseback and on foot, the stratagems, the surprises, which took place in the course of a siege that lasted three days and nights. He drew a graphic picture of the flaming arrows which set the thatch on fire; of the bloodthirsty yells of the savages; their frenzy at being thus baffled by a handful of men ("We were but eight guns," said José, proudly), and the cool courage and Herculean strength which Wilson had displayed in repeated hand-to-hand encounters. At last the famous *Cacique* of the *Cüyquas*, White Eagle, at

whose belt hung seventeen fresh scalps, hideous trophies of that merciless war, had fallen by Wilson's hand, in a desperate effort to force the breastwork.

"And then they ran, Señor Inglese: the saints be with us, how they ran! They made but one bound, each man, to the back of the horse that was nearest him, and galloped away, leaving all the ground strewed with shields and bows, and plunder, and dead heathens. Santissima! the slain infidels made a mound that you may see to this day, all over turf and hemlocks, within the present stockade. And, Señor, the coward citizens of San Juan never stirred a finger to help us, though they saw the fire and heard our guns. I never go into their town, since, without snapping my fingers, in token of the contempt in which I hold them."

"And do you feel safe, now?" asked I.

"St. Michael! yes," answered the slayer of cattle. "We have tamed the pride of the heathens, so that they come now to pilfer, not to scalp and slay, and bear off captives, as of old. We have the stone-house, now, with lead over the roof, that no flaming arrows can set on fire. We have a stockade that defies the tomahawk, and a ditch that no horse can leap. Better than all, sir, we have eighteen guns, for eight we had at the great fight; and even when all the men are out at the distant huts, there are sure to be ten herdsmen at home, counting myself; and then there is our master, Don Wilson, brave as Ruy Diaz, and strong as the blessed St. Hercules."

So old José was quite comfortable as to the future.

We had some capital sport, once, hunting down two cougars that had torn some of the cattle. These creatures, which the herdsmen called "*lions*," made a fair race across the prairie, for a mile and a half, and finding the horses the swifter, stood to bay, growling and showing their strong white teeth, in a little thicket of thorny shrubs. I fired, and wounded one, while Wilson shot the other dead, and then wrapping his poncho round his left arm for a buckler, advanced upon the other infuriated brute, with no weapon but his sharp and heavy knife, and dispatched it without getting a scratch. He was indeed a famous hunter; the house was full of jaguar skins and other trophies of his skill; and he tried to teach me to throw a running noose over the horns of a wild bull, and to use the *bolos*, with its weighty leaden balls and tough cord. But I was a clumsy pupil in these exercises, though practice had made me a respectable rifle shot and a decent horseman.

There was plenty to do. One day I accompanied Wilson on a visit to his outposts, as he called them. These were the huts built on the distant pastures, each occupied by two men, who took their turn of guard. Here the *vagueros* were stationed in regular rotation, with their supply of dried slips of beef, their allowance of salt, corn, *aguardiente*, and gunpowder. Each hut had its corral, into which the cattle could be driven on any appearance of danger, and its miniature stockade and ditch. The hardy herdsmen who were on duty had no sinecure in their

month's sojourn, what with hunting up stray beasts, frightening wolves, slaughtering lame or sick oxen, and keeping up an incessant look-out against the red-skinned robbers of the wilderness. They had ample employment for themselves and their horses, when it became necessary to collect the herd in the strongly fenced corral, for branding or selection. I used to marvel at their address, as they wheeled and curvetted about on their well-trained steeds, flinging the lasso with unerring aim, avoiding the sharp horns of the maddened bulls, and dragging the bellowing brutes captive to the inclosure.

To visit these huts would be the work of one long day, a day of perhaps a dozen hours in the saddle. On the next we would perhaps have a picnic in some glen among the spurs of the Andes, where the ice-cold water of the brook that ran murmuring through the flowers at our feet had been cooled by the eternal snow on the peaks above.

"Don't yawn, old boy. I'm coming to more stirring topics, yes, and to a darker chapter, too. One thing more I must tell you. There came an alarm of war. The Indians were said to have assembled great clouds of armed warriors on the frontier, ready for a furious onslaught on the white colonists, and there was a rumour that the Cáyguas had allied themselves with other tribes still more ferocious and hostile. To meet this storm, a muster of the hacienberos and villagers took place: the Government sent a detachment of troops, who refused, however, to advance into the Llanos, and preferred to garrison the hill passes. But about two hundred volunteer horse, both Spaniards and half-breeds, came to encamp close to Wilson's house, and elected him as their commander. This body of fencibles was officered by about fifteen very rich Spanish proprietors, who had turned out with their servants, all well accoutred. They had guns, swords, lances, and pistols, enough to exterminate a whole tribe; but what surprised me most was, that all these gentlemen wore armour. It's a fact, I assure you. They had steel helmets, gauntlets, and a shirt of chain-mail, sparkling in the sunbeams, and made of very light links. This antique-looking panoply is worn, I am told, by all Columbian Spaniards who can afford it, in their wars against the savages. The whole set outweighs but seventeen pounds, and it is made in England, and chiefly by Wilkinson, of Pall Mall. The Spaniards did not get an opportunity of displaying their valour: they remained encamped for some time, presenting a chivalrous appearance, and we had constant festivities at Wilson's hacienda, where there were generally a score of well-dressed Dons twangling the guitar or twirling their moustachios, in the hope of bewitching the ladies. But a scouting party, which Wilson pushed right up to the Indian country, on the Río Negro, discovered that there was no threatening muster of Cáyguas at all; so this gallant assemblage broke up without gaining any glory. Very soon after the rumour of war died away, I saw Wilson's face grow uncommonly grave, whereas he had been bright and cheerful at the prospect of fighting. But it seems that drought was the thing he had feared above all others; and drought,

so fatal to the cattle-farmer, had begun. That is a rainless land—at least rain is very rare, so near the equator: the vapour condenses on the Andes as snow, but a shower is more of a rarity. Now the numberless rivers and streams,—some fed by the melting of the mountain snows, some dependent on the heavy rains that fall in the tropical regions further north and south,—keep the grass of the prairie succulent and green. But, for the first time since Wilson's occupation, stream after stream began to run dry; deep pools were changed into mere slimy pits; the grass grew withered and brown. Very soon the horses, mules, and cattle began to suffer, and next many of them died, or got so thin that they were obliged to be killed. Here was a calamity indeed; and daily it got worse. The emerald plains assumed a rusty and burned appearance, and water grew so scarce, that the cattle were obliged to be driven away, far off, to the banks of big rivers that would not readily run dry. Here, again, there was a new danger, for these remote pastures were exposed to the maraudings of the savages, and were full of jaguars, wolves, pumas, and other beasts of prey. To guard against these, most of the vagueros and peons were sent with the cattle, leaving but six men, besides Wilson, myself, and my man Diego, to look after the house. Ruin now stared the settler in the face; the complaints of the increasing drought were heard far and wide; my host's temper became less genial and joyous, and he began to pass his days in moody silence. I would have taken my leave, but for very shame's sake I could not. I had shared, you see, the prosperity of these hospitable folks, and it would never do to prove a mere fair-weather guest by deserting them in misfortune. Two rifles were a welcome addition to the garrison of the farm, now that so many men were away with the herds beside the rivers.

One day, as we were sitting and smoking, after supper, in the cool verandah, silent as usual, Wilson suddenly spoke.

"I'm becoming a sulky, inhospitable bear," said he, "and you are a good fellow, Royston, not to leave me in the lurch. But I'm afraid, downright afraid, of ruin. Not for my own sake; it's for the sake of my poor little ones, Lily and Lucy, that I flinch from loss as I do. I wanted them to be heiresses, you know, and to live happily and have enough, at home in England, when I'm no longer alive to care for their wants, poor pets—and now, if this lasts a month, I shall be almost a beggar."

In came a mulatto servant, Pedro by name, rolling his eyes, and showing every sign of perturbation.

"Señor Wilson," said the man, "the well is dry."

"Which well, booby?" asked his master, with a snappishness quite foreign to his habits; "and why do you stand glowering at me in that fashion?"

"Alas, noble sir, it is the old deep well that was sunk in the time of the infidel Incas of Peru. Never has it failed before to supply us with plentiful water, cool as the snow of Andes, but now——"

"Now it has stopped. Well! I suppose the brook yields water yet, and you must fill your buckets there, and be sure you get it above the place where it is muddy with the trampling of the horses."

The mulatto lingered, and wanted to say more, but Wilson abruptly dismissed him.

I had just settled my head comfortably on my pillow that night, and was dropping off into a doze, when I was disturbed by the entrance, on tiptoe, of my follower Diego, with a candle in his hand, and an expression of mysterious importance in his shrewd brown face.

"Señor Inglese," said he, "one word. Tomorrow morning permit me to saddle your

honour's horse, and my mule, and let us take our leave. Caramba! it will be high time."

I asked him what he meant.

"Diego does not like the drying up of that well, Señor. It is a portent. It means no good. Old José, who is the most knowing of all the vaqueros, says it never happened before, never but in 1827, when the great earthquake was."

"The deuce!" exclaimed I. "You don't surely mean to say it is a sign of a coming earthquake. Pshaw, man, Mr. Wilson assures me they are never worse hereabouts than those trifling shocks we have felt ourselves, mere fleabites."

Diego shook his head. He observed that Mr. Wilson was a foreigner, that the English were as



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obstinate as pigs, no offence to present company, that old José had seen the great convulsion of 1827, and that then, and then alone, had the "well of the Incas" run dry. Diego spoilt my night's repose, but when I spoke to Wilson in the morning, he had a hearty laugh at my follower's prognostications.

"Nonsense," said he; "the natives of this country are always haunted by fears of earthquakes and savages, and if I had listened to them I should have passed a delightful existence. I wish I could guarantee the cattle from thieves, fourfooted and biped, as easily as I can insure you against being swallowed up alive. Nevertheless, if you have any apprehensions——"

I assured him I had none. That day and the

next were awfully sultry and oppressive: not a breath of cool air from the Andes. The weight and stillness of the atmosphere were depressing to the spirits. The very hum of the buzzing insects had something melancholy in it. The children, usually so gay, lost all their buoyancy of spirit, and ceased to make the house ring with their merry laughter. We were all dull and stupid, and the servants went about with most hang-dog faces, while Diego looked reproachful and José didactic. On the second evening, little Lily Wilson, the eldest child, came running to call papa and mamma, Mr. Royston, Aunt Mary, everybody, to look at the beautiful fire in the sky. Out we went, and sure enough there was a fantastic belt of fire visible in the western sky,

over the white tops of the hoary Andes. Now it seemed to cling to the mountains like a burning girdle, now to soar above them and flutter like a pennon, and now to glide like a tremulous pillar of light between earth and heaven. The children clapped their little hands with delight.

"A meteor, no doubt," said Wilson; "and finer than any I ever saw before. I never did see one in this latitude. I wonder if it has a special meaning."

His wife hung trembling on his arm, and whispered something in his ear. He laughed—with rather a forced merriment, I thought,—and bade her dismiss idle fears. Just then, up came Old José, clanking in the great vaquero boots he always wore, though his lameness prevented his riding. The old fellow was pale, but resolute.

"Master, I leave you."

"Leave me! You, José!" Wilson spoke in profound surprise.

"Señor patron, I have eaten your bread a long time, but life is dearer than bread. I would not have turned my back in battle, Señor, as you know. But there is a worse foe than the bloody-minded Indian; a foe that even you, brave Englishman, cannot match. And from that enemy I flee at day dawn, master, across the mountains, where a cripple like myself must limp his way on foot. I have broken my engagement, and here," chinking down a bag of silver, "are the duros I owe you."

"I never thought," said Wilson, passionately clenching his fist, and drumming on the ground with his heavy foot, "that you, Old José, would have abandoned me in this cursed cowardly way."

The swarthy cheek of the old Spaniard reddened.

"Cowardly!" said he. "Señor, take back the word. Old José does not merit to be thus addressed. He fought by your side when the spears were thick as grass-blades by the river; he leaves you now that Heaven has blinded you. Señor!" he raised his voice, "in 1827 perished in this valley my whole kith and kin, father and mother, sister and brother—here, where I stand, they died all, and I escaped by the blessing of the Madonna alone. And then, two days before the earth gaped for human lives, there glared a fiery flag in the sky, as to-night. It is a warning. Heretics may mock if they will. It is a warning to Christian men."

He turned on his heel, cast a sad look at his employer, at the ladies, and especially at the golden-haired children he had so often dandled on his knee, hobbled out, and was gone. An hour after, while Wilson was chafing and striding about the room like a caged lion, the whole of the servants, all save two impassive Indians of the full-blood, came to give warning. We had a sad evening. But, ere I had finished undressing, Mrs. Wilson tapped at my door, and told me with irrepressible joy that she had persuaded her husband to take the whole family, as soon as possible, across the mountains to the comparatively safe country on the Pacific seaboard. There they could remain until the danger was past, or the signs had proved futile.

"Isn't it kind of William, anxious as he is

about the cattle away on the Negro?" said the pretty young matron, as she tripped away down the corridor. "Of course, Mr. Royston, you go with us? And my dear little ones! We shall sleep in peace."

I had ugly dreams that night. Dreams of anacondas and nameless mau-devouring monsters that glared at me with eyes as inscrutable as those of the Egyptian Sphynx. I woke feverish and languid. Wilson, to my surprise, seemed quite ashamed of his own compliance with the wishes of his wife.

"Going to the sea, like a parcel of poltroons," said he, "and all because of a set of stories any old woman might be ashamed of! Strange, too, to see that José so unmanned: I saw the old rogue with three strapping Indians upon him at once, and he faced them boldly, and brained two with his axe before I relieved him of the third. Well! women rule us all. So I've sent off one of the men to San Juan town, to see about litters and pack-mules, and we'll start to-morrow. You go with us, Royston, I hope? We'll have some shots at the condors west of the pass."

So it was settled that next day, when the equipages were ready, we should go, and the house should be shut up and left to take its chance of Indian assault. That was a dreadfully hot, still day—the air as heavy as lead. Everybody was gloomy, in spite of repeated efforts to be cheerful. And yet when the hour for the siesta came, nobody, not even the children, seemed to care for sleep. All were restless and ill at ease. Suddenly Wilson exclaimed:

"Royston, come out, will you? Hang the sun! I can't kick my heels in-doors any more. Let's get our nags, and have a gallop over the Llanos."

Before long we were mounted: I on my black horse from the south, Wilson on a splendid sorrel mustang, with very evident marks of the Arabian blood derived from the Spanish jennets. We had our rifles slung, and heavy Mexican knives in our belts—an indispensable precaution on those prairies. And Wilson had his lasso at his saddle-bow, as well as the *botas* which he always carried.

"There's a brindled bull astray," said he, "that has puzzled the vaqueros; perhaps I shall get a sight of him, and if I get the noose over his horns I'll forgive him if he gets off again. And then there's a flock of pronghorns, you know, our American antelopes, driven in by thirst. Shy as they are, we may get a crack at them. Come along!"

And he spurred out of the corral. I followed, and we were soon careering, side by side, over the boundless sea of grass. The brisk motion did us good and stimulated our nerves a bit, and my companion shot an antelope, and slung him behind his saddle, and we hit on the tracks of the lost bull. After a sharp gallop, we suddenly reined up. There lay the poor bull on the parched plain—dead, but still warm. It had died of thirst. A dozen ugly vultures rose screaming from the carcass. They had been pecking at the eyes and protruding tongue.

"Fah!" cried Wilson; "I hate the vulture's very name, but they are useful scavengers. Come

along. Poor brindle! we have come too late to save the truant."

We rode homewards. Once or twice Wilson saw some shadows, far off, against the extreme horizon, and pronounced them to be mounted Indians.

"The dogs are after no harm; most likely chasing game that is running for the rivers, mad for the want of water," said he.

At last we reined up our horses on the edge of the low hill, carpeted with blossomed shrubs, which overlooked the fair white house and sweet shady garden which formed Wilson's home.

"How pretty!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Can you wonder," said Wilson, "that I am anxious not to leave it to the torch of the savage? What on earth are you about?"

It was not I that was doing anything remarkable. It was my horse that began to shiver, and to snort and pant, and spread his nostrils to the air, and show every sign of distress. I sprang to the ground.

"What ails the brute?" cried Wilson. "By Heaven! mine is trembling, too, in every limb."

And he, too, dismounted. The horses, dark with heat drops, with flanks quivering, limbs shaking, showed every sign of extreme terror. They pressed, whinnying, close to us, and then trembled till they could hardly stand. What was that? A groan, deep and thrilling as if it came from the agony of Nature herself—a sound as of a tortured Titan on the rock—came moaning sullenly past. It deepened: it swelled into a roar. The horses were down, cowering like frightened spaniels. And then we felt the solid earth heave and swell like surging water beneath us, and a swift shiver made the ground reel, and we dropped to our hands and knees. The earthquake! It was come in its terrors. What was that in the valley beneath? A great fissure was gaping in the earth, like the mouth of some devouring monster, stretching, widening fast—fast—quicker than I can describe it. We saw the dark chasm yawn like huge jaws hungry for prey. Then another shock came: we were prostrate, sickened and giddy. The moans of the horses at our side were the only sounds audible. Crash! I saw the dust rise thickly where the huts of the herdsmen had fallen in. I saw the stout stockade give way like straws in a whirlwind, and the horses and the few cattle left, crouching huddled up together. But the house stood firm, with its fair white walls of hewn stone, though the trees around were snapping and breaking, the shrubs torn up, the ground bursting as if a mine had exploded. There were loud shrieks. I saw the fluttering garments of women, the fairy figures of the two children in the verandah, the outstretched arms, the wild gestures, and I heard the despairing cry for aid. But fast towards the house extended the dreadful chasm, yawning, widening, splitting asunder the firm earth with giant force: its huge jaws opened as if to devour the home and its inmates. The sight gave new strength to the husband and father. He sprang up, though his feet could hardly cling to the heaving ground. I caught his arm and held him fast.

"Let me go!" he cried; "they call me. Let me go, or——"

In his madness, in his bitter despair, he would have struck me with his hunting-knife, had I not released him. And, yet, by that momentary restraint I saved his life, worthless as the boon may have seemed to him, for in the next instant we were both flung helpless to the ground by a more violent shock. I glanced up; I saw the house quiver and reel; I saw the chasm open and swallow it up, with all its living inmates, and I pressed my hands upon my eyes to shut out the horrid sight. When the last shock passed away, I looked again. The fissure had closed, all but a narrow rift, nearly choked with broken fragments of the ruins. Trees, bushes, earth, and stones lay tossed about in confusion. Nothing was unaltered. A few instants had changed the face of all familiar objects. Wilson lay beside me, senseless and livid. The horses were still in their ague-fit of fear. Two men only were standing unharmed where the huts of the herdsmen had stood. They were my guide and the Indian peon. Poor Wilson! he lay long ill of a brain-fever at San Juan de los Llanos, and when he recovered he was a broken man. The bodies of the dear ones he had lost were never seen more by mortal eye. His despair has done the work of years upon him, has made him what you see. The band is wailing its last tune. Shall we walk? And, old fellow, just one more cigar!

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

I.

Now pipes the thrush, dear messenger of spring,
To the coy white-robed snow-drop whispering;

To the blue violet sweet-breathing near,
And primrose, "sweet pale" flower of Imogen,
Warbles his carol clear!

II.

The crocus, in her crown of glory bright,
Purple and gold, gleams blushing in the light,
And bashful courts the glances of the sun:
Nature smiles grand in simple majesty,
Her reign begun.

III.

Welcome again, first minstrel of the year,
Fair buds, our childhood's playmates, doubly dear,
And harbingers of soft sunshiny hours.
Oh, after winter, ever welcome spring,
First bird! first flowers!

IV.

But shall no parallel, no sweet life-scene,
Look fair as this? No allegory mean
These birds, these flowers of the infant year,
That sound the silver chord of Nature's harp,
So sweet, so clear?

V.

Yes, yes, to ye the tender heart-thought roams,
Golden-haired darlings of our English homes,
Our buds of promise, dearly, doubly ours,
The chirping child-voice and the baby rose,
Life's flowers! life's flowers!
ASLEY H. BALDWIN.

SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER II.

Was there ever a Reverend Mother so kind as the Lady Superior of the abbey at Stoke Holy Cross—the House of our Lady of the Seven Sorrows! Anna had not only no stranger to meet, in entering on her noviciate, but she was prepared to adore the holy woman to whom she was to be henceforth obedient without limitation. Before addressing a word to the parents, the Abbess opened her arms to the young creature who was quitting the world to live with her. Anna would rather have kneeled than kissed her: but the affable superior caught her to her bosom, and hugged her heartily, gaily assuring her that they should be so happy together as never was known: that, of all people in the world, nuns were the merriest, and that her house was the merriest she knew. They would keep their own counsel about their pleasures in the

presence of the uninitiated; and here she smiled round upon the train Anna had brought: but they knew what they could tell to persons who fancied a convent must be gloomy because it was the seat of peace. Anna resisted an instinct of displeasure at being treated like a child; and accepted all this as benevolence. She hoped her father would like the Lady Superior; she was sure her mother would be pleased, in any event; and her sisters would love her now second mother for being so anxious to make her happy.

Father and brother were committed to the gardener, to be shown the outside of the establishment;—the fruitful garden and orchard, the fish in the moat, and the storehouses of all sorts. The charm of the situation was great, as all the country knew: and now the establishment itself was found to correspond with it. The convent buildings were

clustered on a green level, which was sheltered behind by a considerable wood, covering a rising ground. In front, beyond the hedge which enclosed the green level, there was a heath stretching down to the sea. It was broken ground,—this heath,—showing hillocks of dry sand bound together by heath vegetation; and, again, sinking into rushy pools, where water-birds came in winter from the north. When the wind rose, it whistled through the wood in the rear: when the sea rose, its boom was heard in the innermost cell of the convent. The Abbess was wont to boast to the parents of novices that the view from the house and gardens was anything but dull. There were Dutch, and Flemish, and Norwegian ships often passing along the sea-line; and now and then fishing-vessels made for the shore, so that moving figures could be descried on the sands, and, when the wind was favourable, the song of the sailors could be heard. There was also nothing to be feared from such people being too near. The moat, which completely surrounded the convent buildings, had no boat left upon it, night or day; and the bridge was always raised except when actual traffic was going on. The bolts and bars were, in fact, enough; but, behind the moat, the sisters were as safe as they could be in the kingdom of Heaven.

The charm of the situation had certainly something to do with Anna's satisfaction in contemplating her destiny. It is true, she would not be able henceforth to stroll along the sands, or sit among the heather, or ramble in the wood; but sea and land would be still before her eyes; and no convent rules could shut out the breeze, or the coast sunrises, of which that eastern county made its boast. The gardens were a great privilege, there as in most convents. The high wall which completely enclosed them afforded space for so much fruit, that the sale brought in a considerable annual sum. There was a sale of herbs, too, the preparation of which would eventually be one of Anna's occupations. Meantime, she would have her own little garden while a novice; and the abbess condescended to show the way to it herself, after introducing Dame Atherstone to her daughter's cell, and showing its accommodations.

The cell did not look at all bare or comfortless. Anna's impression was, that it was too luxurious for her vocation; and she suspected that she was treated with some favour. The kind Abbess seemed to read her thoughts, for she observed to Dame Atherstone that it was a pity to be too rigid with youth; that it was time enough for severe self-denial when the tenderness of youth was past; that extremes were to be avoided at the age of enthusiasm; and so on, all which the dame repeated to all her friends for months afterwards, as proof of the qualities of the Reverend Mother to whom she had confided her holy child. The apartment in which the novices were to pursue their secular occupations during the day was more bare than the cell; but it had a shelf of pious books; and there were coloured drawings of sacred subjects on the walls, done by the novices, under the instruction of a sister who taught the use of the pencil.

"Where shall we hang your cage?" said the Abbess, with a winning smile. "I do not see

your bird; you must have a linnet, surely, or some pretty creature; and we will take such care of it!"

How could Anna be grateful enough? Her pet canary was to be sent for that very afternoon. Then it was pointed out where she would sit at her tasks, and where she might walk without intruding on the sisters, and where she would be exercised in the arts of confectionery and pharmacy, for which this house was famous. The last orchard fruits remained to be gathered, and the fun of climbing the trees for them was permitted to the dear children, as the Abbess called her novices.

Lastly, the novices themselves were shown. There were two, at present, and they were affectionately desired to bid their new companion welcome. They kissed Anna, and seemed really glad to see her. They had before been schoolfellows in the house, but were unaware till this moment that they were destined to spend their whole lives together. They were invited into the parlour, where they served and shared the refreshments with which the table was found covered. They were informed aloud by the Reverend Mother that nobody was going to be melancholy about any parting, for that she hoped to see Dame Atherstone and any of her family very often during Anna's year of probation.

The parents agreed, as they rode away, after the last wave of the handkerchief at the convent-gate, that they could not have placed their dear daughter more satisfactorily. She would have every indulgence that the position admitted. She was a happy young creature—free from care and hardship in this world, and sure of salvation in the next. By some association of ideas, however, each asked the other at the same moment whether Anna had seen Henry Fletcher riding in a by-road, or rather, waiting for their party to pass on their way to the convent. The dame believed Anna had seen him. He had bowed low, and she could not but have observed it.

Anna had seen him; and without surprise, for he would not take his farewell the evening before. He should see her again—many times—he had said; and, as soon as she found herself alone, she set herself to consider how many times he could possibly suppose he could see her. There was the passing greeting today; and there would be the ceremonial day of her taking the veil a year hence. Was there any other opportunity? Would her mother ever bring him with her in the visits she had promised? This was not to be hoped; and then Anna asked herself what she could mean by hoping or caring about the matter at all.

It seemed to be quite true that the Reverend Mother was the kindest mother in the world;—at least, to Anna. The eldest novice, Elizabeth, was less enthusiastic on the subject than Anna; but she was not of a happy temper, though a quiet one. She made no complaints; but she seemed to assume that her days must be few and evil, and that the best thing she could do was to get through them as quietly as possible. She was admirable in the discharge of the third of the obligations she was preparing to bind herself to—obedience. In mute obedience she was transcendent. Yet her superior did not seem to like her; at least, she

did not pretend to confide in her as she did in Anna.

Emilia, the intermediate novice, found obedience a difficult and almost doubtful virtue, while she was enthusiastic about the other two—poverty and chastity. She was made for a devotee; and her ambition was to sacrifice and suffer everything that could be devised to show her contempt of a less exalted life than she proposed to lead. The Reverend Mother's ways did not suit her notions at all.

One day the three young maidens were sitting at their table of study, silently bending over their work, which was illuminating each a page of a manuscript which was to be printed as a book. This was an occupation which Anna relished; and she was sufficiently absorbed in her study of the brilliant blue and red and gold colours that she was using not to wish to speak, if talk had been ever so much approved. The sister who instructed them criticised their work in the fewest words, leaving them in the intervals. They supposed she was returning when some one entered, but the vivacious voice of the Reverend Mother brought them all to their feet in an instant. She laughed, praised their diligence, and then doubted whether she ought to praise it, for it was too great. She must not have her children grow crooked over their paint-brushes. In one more quarter of an hour they must go to the swing in the orchard; or they might play at bowls on the green, if they preferred it. On their obedience, she charged them not to paint another stroke after the sands in the glass had run out. She perceived that Emilia's face was flushed already.

Emilia's face was flushed. She was vexed at being bidden to go and play when saintship was her object. She had now and then dropped a word of discontent before her companions, and had been checked for it: but now she was in a really rebellious mood. She intimated that the Reverend Mother's levity disgusted her; and that she found her heavenward path obstructed by the snares and temptations put in her way by the very guardian who should have saved her from them. To give them a fowl for supper yesterday when the rest of the world was fasting was an insult and an injury. Things had come to such a pass that one could not refuse fish, and fast altogether, without having flesh forced down one's throat. Even on fish days, as often as not, one had one's fish in savoury pies, rich with spices; and the vegetables sauced. Then, again, one found in one's mug, sweet, strong ales, on a cold winter day, at the very time when it was best for the soul to find the water with ice in it. This was not the way to rise in grace: this was not, in her opinion, the true reading of the vow of poverty.

Elizabeth reminded her that there was another vow—that of obedience. The Reverend Mother must be the judge, in all matters of discipline. This was indisputable; and Anna was glad to be reminded of it. She had felt a little uneasy at times at the favours lavished upon herself,—special favours, she apprehended. One evening she was forbidden to rise for the early morning service, under suspicion of having, or being about to have, a little cold. The chill chapel was not the

place for her—just warm out of her bed; she must lie still till a later bell sounded. One winter day she found a pan of charcoal in her cell; and on that occasion the Mother looked wise, and said it was a little secret between them and the sister who had put it there. She dreaded chilblains for her pet children; and when the snow prevented their exercise out of doors, there was no harm in a little pan of charcoal in a quiet way. Anna thought her bed too soft from the beginning; and as the winter advanced, it became softer and warmer. She had once or twice meditated a grateful remonstrance; but Elizabeth's truism, that obedience was due to the ordainer of the discipline, settled the matter. When mother or sister came to see her, she always had the same story to tell—of the Reverend Mother's tender care; and the Abbess always stroked her cheek, and called on all observers to bear witness to the health and bloom of the dear child. Parents and sister saw it with strong satisfaction. Anna was happy; there was no doubt of that: the Abbess declared there was no doubt of her honourable admission to the vows; and thus, all anxiety about her was over.

At times, Anna did wish that her year of probation was at an end. It was astonishing to her that the nuns could join so eagerly as they did in the amusements which were ordered ostensibly for the novices. She felt it rather humiliating to be amused with hot codlings and blind man's buff when prayers were over; but the sisters seemed really to like it. She would give up her turn to any one of them when she should be no longer a novice. In those days, the real purpose of her life would be more attended to. At present, her growth in grace seemed to be the last thing aimed at. In a few months it would be otherwise.

An important event had to happen first, however. Every two or three years a Miracle Play was acted at this house, which was somewhat distinguished for its appliances in that way. The spectacle charmed the country people, who were permitted a distant sight of it; and it sometimes conveyed some useful lessons to them. It advertised the convent and its attractions to the gentry; and it amused the novices at times when they might otherwise have been growing dull, and liable to some caprice about their destination. At the present time, there were further aims in view. The public had been seeing some scandalous and dangerous plays acted lately, on many a village stage: and the old-fashioned clergy were disposed to meet innovators on their own ground, when it could be conveniently done. They set their ablest heads to work to compose sacred dramas, in which old saints were honoured over again, and the fate of innovators, and the doom of heretics, were plainly exhibited. Anna and her companions were directed to learn certain parts, and consider how they should like to be dressed, for the Midsummer day when the Bishop would come to see their Miracle Play.

On this occasion, Elizabeth and Emilia seemed to have changed characters. Elizabeth's obedience evidently cost her a struggle, while Emilia's face became radiant as soon as she knew what her part was to be. She was to despise the pomps and vanities of the world; and Elizabeth was to make

great fight against the Devil in the shape of a reforming friar. Anna's part was easy enough; her anxiety was not at all about what the Mother and sisterhood would think of her performance; but about how many and who would be admitted within the court, on the occasion.

Possibly she obtained some light on the latter point before the day arrived, from some other quarter than the convent authorities. Reverend Mother, and divers reverend fathers—confessors and an instructing monk or two—said encouraging and facetious things about the pleasure of the day to the parents and sisters of the performers: but Anna had some notion of somebody else being there. One day she was taking her usual walk in the garden with Elizabeth, when they stopped, as was their daily practice, near the great range of beehives which stood under the north wall. This bee establishment was one of the chief features of the economy of the house. Much honey was requisite for the making of the conserves which had a high reputation in the market. There was always mead, also, in the cellars; and plain as was the cookery in the house, it involved some use of honey. The heath and the garden together could support a great number of bees; and they afforded a good reason for making the garden as gay and fragrant as it was. Everybody was to consider the bees; and the walk before their hives was not allowed to be frequented to their disturbance. The novices were permitted to have each a swarm, and to visit the hives once a day, at the hour of their exercise. Some of the sisters were afraid of the bees; others did not care about them; and some despised them as a frivolity. They were satisfied to see them from a distance; and the bee-keeper was satisfied to go at fixed hours to attend to her charge. Emilia declined her privilege of having a swarm of her own: and, being compelled to take exercise, chose to take it alone, that her mind might not be corrupted by the pleasures of conversation. Therefore it happened that Anna and Elizabeth were at the bee-stand every fine day by themselves. This was the only time when they felt secure of not being overheard; and this was therefore the hour when they exchanged such confidence as had yet grown up between them.

One morning they sauntered down the green walk, taking note of the rose-trees and climbing sweet-peas and spreading pinks, all which would be wanted for the beautypots on the day of the play. Elizabeth reached the bee-stand a moment before Anna, stooped, and then stepped back, turning away and gathering herbs, so as to leave Anna face to face with the bees. A letter lay on the ground beside the stand; and the initials showed for whom it was intended. In an instant it was lodged within Anna's dress, and she stood, with heightened colour, apparently watching her bees, till Elizabeth asked her whether she would prefer finishing her walk alone.

"I had much rather you would stay with me," said Anna. "I have often wished to ask you something, but I was afraid: I must ask it now."

"I do not promise to answer," said Elizabeth.

"Of course not; but I hope you will. I want to know what you think—whether you have heard

anything said—what you yourself feel about confessing."

"What about it? It is such a large subject!" replied Elizabeth.

"I believe I mean—whether you think it necessary to tell everything—all you know, and all you think and fancy—to your director."

"I am aware why you ask that question today," observed Elizabeth.

"But I have always meant to ask it some day. I am sure, from what they tell us here of the peril of the opinions that are abroad, that people are not so satisfied as they were with religion and the clergy; and I have heard my father ask my uncle the Bishop whether it was not true that a great many men do not confess at all, and say that confession is fit only for women. My uncle looked very grave upon it, and admitted that this was true."

"True that confession is fit only for women?"

"No: you know a Bishop could not say that. It was true that men spoke in that way."

"Well! what then?"

"Why, I have thought sometimes that you have heard more than any of us of such new notions."

"Perhaps I have."

"And that you may not like being a nun so much as I shall."

"You are sure that you shall like it?"

"No doubt. It is surely a blessed and honourable lot. Why do you look so in my face?"

"That I may understand how to speak; or, rather, whether to speak at all."

"O, yes: do say all you think."

"But I must know, then, what *you* think about confession."

"That is the thing that I am uncertain about. I have nothing to conceal about my own thoughts; but I know many people consider that we cannot be bound to reveal what is told to us in confidence."

"That is my opinion," said Elizabeth, frankly. "If, for instance, I discovered any secret by accident—if I saw the corner of a letter peeping out of any one's dress—I should regard that as a matter with which I have no concern, and would no more tell it to my director than any one else."

"Thank you!" said Anna. "But I spoke the truth when I said that I have never had anything to conceal."

"You may find it different, as time goes on. No woman can be sure that she will never feel it impossible to utter some things in her experience. Such an one will never be betrayed by me."

"Our director would say that is infringing our vow of obedience."

"And if we did not agree with him?"

"He would say that we cannot judge about right and wrong without his guidance: and what could we answer then?"

"We have, or can now have, the same direction that teaches him how to guide us. The Scriptures are, or may be, in the hands of all the people now."

"Have you seen the Bible?"

"Yes, I have."

"Where? How? I should so like to see the Bible!"

"Would you? Consider well whether you seriously mean this. If you find you do, you shall see the Bible."

"But I mean I should like to read it—to study it."

"Well: you shall."

"When?"

"Why, to-morrow or any day, if you will be cautious and discreet."

Anna looked so surprised that her companion observed:

"You have sometimes said I thought differently from you and others about religion and a religious life. What I wish you to understand is, that persons who do not approve of conventual vows may be as religious as those who do. Some of them may be more so."

"How can that be?"

"If the Bible shows them how they may keep their religion sacredly and silently in their hearts, and pray to God, and confess their sins, without any priest to come between, such persons may be more religious than others who leave everything to some man who may be unwise, or over-busy, or even a sinner himself. I do not want you, or any whom I know, to change any method which they are accustomed to. All I want is, that you should see that I am not necessarily irreligious if I do not make a good nun."

"But will you be a nun, if such are your thoughts?"

"I do not know. I am uncertain what I shall do. There are more than four months before us yet; and I wait to see what will happen."

"What can happen between this and November?"

"I do not know. All I know is, that there is a great stir in people's minds, and that some believe that there will not long be many nuns."

"Is it possible?"

"It is quite possible; and it is very natural that you should not have heard it yet. Our Reverend Mother is anxious to make us so happy here, that we shall not look beyond this wall. But there is much going on beyond that wall; and a little bird may at any time tell us something of it. In four months we may know more."

"But the disgrace!" exclaimed Anna. "Who could bear, after being looked up to during a noviciate, to make a confession of reluctance? Who could bear the contempt and severity of her director, or go against his counsel! Who could bear to become a discredit instead of an honour to her family, and to disappoint parents, and——"

"And an uncle who is a Bishop?" observed Elizabeth.

"No: I was not thinking of myself; for I am satisfied with my lot. It has been settled for me; and I suppose it is best. I was thinking of you."

"I cannot tell how I could bear it. It would be very terrible. But it is also very terrible to think of spending a whole life within these walls, unless one shared the thoughts and feelings of the place. To be obedient for life to a woman like——"

"Our Reverend Mother? I was certain you did not like her."

"I do not. But I have never seen any one at whose mercy I should like to be for life. And I do not see that I could make friends of any of the sisters. You would be my only real sister in this place."

"Then you could not sacrifice your own desires for the sake of religion?"

"I think I could, if I were certain that religion would be honoured by it: but that is the very point; and the more I read the Bible, the more doubtful I become about it."

"All this is very strange."

"I dare say it is,—to you. I am so accustomed to such thoughts, that I may have said more than I ought. The day may come when we shall regret this hour's walk."

"Never, if you mean that we shall betray each other. If our director asks no new questions, I think I shall not mind having a secret from him. And if he does——"

"But you have a secret already."

"Not that I know of," said Anna, with a look of sincerity which perplexed her companion. "I have never had a letter which did not come through our Reverend Mother's hands; and, perhaps, I may show her this one, when I have seen what it is."

"Pray read it first," said Elizabeth. "You do not know how it may involve somebody else. Shall I leave you now?"

"O, no! I cannot read it here. We do not know what eyes may be upon us."

The moment she was again in her cell, Anna sat down with her back against the door, to which there was no lock or bolt, and there she read her letter.

It was from Captain Fletcher. He would not have presumed to write if he could have found other means of communicating with her. He would not have disturbed her peace for the sake of his own. But much had happened since they parted which it was necessary for her to know, and which he was confident she did not know. She had probably not been informed of the King's increased irritation against Rome since his new marriage—

His new marriage! Was Queen Anne dead then? The letter fell from Anna's hand, but was soon snatched up, that she might learn more. The clergy and others who had hoped that the King's love for his Protestant Queen (such was the name by which the innovators were now becoming known) had led him into his rebellion against the Pope, and who had trusted that another marriage might bring him back, were already discovering their mistake. Queen Jane was at least as much in favour of the new doctrines as her predecessor had been; and great changes were looked for. Already the royal displeasure against the Benedictines had been manifested in a way which had alarmed the whole clergy. The King had caused an inquiry to be instituted into the establishments of that Order; and it was expected that some of their houses would be shut up. It was impossible to say what might not follow; and in such times it was not the same thing as formerly to embrace the

life of the cloister. There were scandals abroad which altered the character of that life. It was not so respected as it used to be—not so efficacious to religion—not so safe; and every novice ought to be fully aware of this while there was yet time for consideration. Therefore it was that Anna's friend ventured upon the serious risk of writing to her. He doubted whether she would hear the truth from any other quarter, and he could not leave her in ignorance of it.

This was not all the letter, however. He told her that he hoped to be a spectator of the *Miracle Play*, and thus to see her once more, though he was aware that her face would be hidden. He told how he had learned the right time to venture upon throwing his letter at her feet, and said that she would to-morrow, at the same hour, find a slight string hanging from the wall in the shadow of the bee-stand; and he trusted to find a letter fastened to it after her daily walk.

Anna had never in her life been so ruffled as this day. It was her habit to acquiesce in the doings of all persons to whom she owed respect, and she felt it sinful to question their wisdom or goodness; but now, for the first time, indignant and rebellious feelings stirred within her. Though a child of the convent, she was not a child in years or in mind. She was there as an aspirant for the life of the cloister; she was soon to take the vows of her own will and at her own peril; and she had a right to complain of any concealment by which she would be deprived of the means of judging how to act. As she thought of the Queen, whom she and her family knew so well, being in some way lost, and another Queen on the throne, without her having heard a word of it from parents, Superior, Bishop, or Director, she felt as if she was alone in the world, neglected or deceived; and again she half-doubted whether her information was good, and supposed the fault must be in the writer of the letter. She must consider what to do—how to answer him; and her heart was in such a flutter, that she feared she could not get through the day without betraying her discomposure.

It was less difficult than she had expected. Everybody was occupied; nobody was thinking of her—unless it was Elizabeth; and her good offices were a great help. By their mutual understanding the two novices obtained moments for speaking to each other before parting for the night; and Anna knew before she reached her cell that the Queen had been dead some weeks, and how she had died. She dared not weep; but she passed the night in more pain of heart than she had ever known.

In the course of that night she resolved what to do in regard to her correspondent. She must reply, because it was necessary to stop his sending letters over the wall. She would not for a moment admit the idea of corresponding with him; but she must write one note, to promise him one letter, which should contain all she had to say to him.

She secreted a scrap of paper at her painting next morning, and she wrote on it her directions to her friend over the wall. He was to write no more—that was positive. There was to be a sale

of the nuns' handiwork at the convent, after the *Miracle Play*, as usual; and, as usual, the greatest number of purchasers would be welcome. There would be a lavender cushion of Anna's work; and she described its colour, and a private mark in one corner by which it might be known. In that cushion a letter would be found,—a letter which must be written, but which must be the first and last.

Elizabeth was again busy among the roses opposite the bee-stand; and the scrap of paper was fastened to a string so well hidden that it would probably have remained unobserved all day; but it was gone the next time the friends came down the walk.

By the time the great holiday arrived, Anna had recovered her composure; and she took care that Elizabeth was assured of it, and of her having no intention to correspond with any one outside. She had finished her cushion, and seen a high price placed upon it by the Lady Superior, who little dreamed what it contained. Yet, if she had read the letter which lay in lavender within, she could have found little to object to in it. Anna thought and said that she wished she had been treated with more confidence by her family and the authorities to whom she owed obedience; but that perhaps it was not for her to decide what their course should be. She did not see that the circumstances were in any way changed, in regard to her destination to a religious life. If the vocation was less honoured and less secure than formerly, that was a reason for more devotedness, rather than for retreat from her purpose. She had not the holy zeal of her comrade Emilia, who was a true devotee; but she hoped she was not in so low a state of mind as to desert her vocation because it was becoming less praised and less safe and peaceful than hitherto. Her purpose was not changed; and she did not believe it would be.

Her affairs beyond the walls being thus settled, Anna could again look the Reverend Mother in the face, though certainly not with the grateful trust of former days. Aware of her method of treatment of her novices, she now saw through many devices which were rather humiliating. She concluded, however, that they were part of the system; and she supposed the system to be wise beyond her understanding. It was only for a little while, too. In a few weeks she would be a nun, and there would be no further need of such special management. Or, if the sisters also were kept uninformed of the world's doings, there was no ground of complaint for herself individually; and she must accept the life of the cloister as it was.

The festival day passed over favourably. The Reverend Mother was kinder than ever to everybody, and perfectly charming to the families of the novices. Emilia was extolled to her regretful widowed mother as a saint in training. Elizabeth's quiet resignation was declared to be no less saintly in its way. Anna's childlike confidence, frankness, and obedience gave her a charm at least as delightful as the holiest enthusiasm. The novices, on the other hand, were congratulated on having such distinguished and agreeable relatives. The Bishop and his clergy were made supremely com-

fortable: the gentry were feasted with refreshments, and the common people in the court and outer field with ale, bread and meat. The performance went off admirably. The masks worn by the performers gave them confidence; and the saints were vindicated, and heretics were burned, and Judas was exposed, and the Devil rebuked with complete poetical justice. The sisters saw all from behind their gratings, and could indulge in envious criticism of the youngsters who were being spoiled by the authorities, during the year which caused sad heart-burnings among those who were assumed to be too mature and too holy for indulgence. The nuns all agreed, that in their noviceate these plays were better acted, and produced a much stronger sensation among the spectators.

They were, perhaps, unaware of all the sensation that was excited. The burning of the heretic was not altogether so well taken as it used to be. Within the courtyard there were a few grave and gloomy faces among many exulting ones; and it was well-known afterwards that there had been some trouble in the outer field, when the narrative of the play was handed out, as it were, from the court, to those who could not see or hear. More than one fellow held forth to a small crowd of his own about what heresy was, and why it was punished. Some heard now for the first time that the King had proclaimed that it was no longer heresy to speak against the Pope and his decrees; and there was some consultation in one corner, whether it would not be well to force a way into the court, and rescue the heretic then at the stake. This was put down, however; and everybody within the gates declared that nothing could go off better than their Miracle Play.

Anna had seen all the faces she looked for; and she had spoken with Captain Fletcher himself. It was only for a minute, and in company with both her natural and her spiritual mother. It was permitted because Anna looked well in her novice-dress, and was self-possessed and cheerful in her manner. He could not contrive to pass anything into her hand. She gave him no opportunity; but he made himself master of the lavender cushion, without asking any questions about whose work it was, and with a joke as to what he should do with it.

When all were gone, and the gates were closed, and some of the inmates were weary, and others cross with the unwonted excitement or the lassitude it left behind, Anna was brighter and happier than in the morning. The sisters said it was because the Reverend Mother had set aside all the daintiest of the fragments to feast the novices with. The Abbess thought it was from complacency at the praise she had gained, and the honour and blessing of belonging to the convent. Emilia pitied her for it as for levity which must be scourged out of her by much penance. Elizabeth concluded she had exchanged some speech or letter with some friend outside. They were all wrong. Anna was herself unaware what made her so light-hearted this summer evening. It was the thought that Henry Fletcher would by that time be learning that she was satisfied to fulfil her destination, and better pleased to abide

by the life of the cloister for its being no longer the title to honour that it had been.

The Queen's death was spoken of openly that evening. It had been so loudly referred to in the crowd in the course of the day, that it was better to announce it, without mention of dates. Emilia was the only person taken by surprise; and she scarcely concealed her triumph at the end arrived at by so innovating, so irreverent, and so worldly a person as the Anne Boleyn so well known hereabouts. Elizabeth and Anna made little reply to the announcement, and naturally showed no sudden consternation. The Abbess reported the fact to the Bishop, and added that even she was surprised at their equanimity: but it was only another evidence of the chastening influence of the discipline of the house, and the love which she herself lavished on her young charge. The Bishop paid the expected compliment, but added that women do not naturally take an interest in public affairs.

By the Reverend Mother's permission, the novices received each a present from each other's relatives—the gifts passing through her own hands. Anna's was a footstool, just the same size and make as one that Elizabeth had been allowed to bring with her. The Abbess piously observed that it would be all the better for being sometimes used as a prie-Dieu, which would be a set-off against its being otherwise a sort of luxury. With this hint it was put into Anna's hands.

It was not till the next day that its possessor became aware of its real use and value. Elizabeth showed her that the under part was moveable, and that behind it there was an open book so fastened in that it could be read only by the stool being turned up on the knees. The leaves could be turned over and slipped under a strap, and, in case of alarm, a moment sufficed to put the stool underfoot. It was not even necessary to draw out the cover till it could be done in safety.

"But who gives me this?" asked Anna, in a glow of pleasure.

"I do. It has been a great blessing to me, and therefore I give it to you. No matter how I contrived it. I must give you one warning, however. You must find some other hiding-place, if you finally choose to remain here. Such a luxury as a footstool will not be allowed."

"You speak as if you were not to be here, too," said Anna, looking wistfully in her face. "Will you really go out into such a world?"

"I am still uncertain," Elizabeth replied. "Perhaps I shall not have virtue to make up my mind till I can delay no longer. Meantime, read this latter part," showing the New Testament, "and tell me what you then think of our position."

"But you are older and wiser than I," said Anna. "How should I say anything worth your hearing?"

"I wish to try, nevertheless. This book, too, gives wisdom. You are not afraid of it, are you?"

"No; not of the book, only of doing wrong. You do not think it wrong to read it, or you would not give it to me."

"Certainly. I do not; think it wrong to read

the most religious book in the world, which the King and the Primate permit to be read—not only in churches but in private. They restrain us from discussing it in public, that is all.”

“Then we need not mind the Bishop and the Reverend Mother.”

“If they and the higher authorities give contradictory orders, we must choose which to obey. So far I am clear.”

“I dare read it, and I dare justify the reading, then,” said Anna. “About the vow of obedience we must reflect well. The question is whom we are to obey?”

“That is the whole question for you, I see,” said Elizabeth.

As soon as Anna was alone she opened her treasure. She did not stop at any page, but turned over all—every one. There was no note—not the smallest scrap—from anybody between any two leaves. She sighed, felt very weary at last, and longed to be asleep.

(To be continued.)

A WINTER IN A TIPPERARY HOUSEHOLD FOURTEEN YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER II.

OUR winter was as dreary as might have been expected from the catastrophe which heralded it; the peasantry were becoming every day more wretched and famine-stricken, and consequently more discontented; and Mrs. Howard, actuated by a burning desire to revenge her husband's murder, spared not the innocent, while she took measures to punish the guilty. Never having been blessed with a strong or well-regulated mind, the tragedy which had made her a widow almost deprived her of reason; and she determined that since her husband, whose charity had been so widely diffused, was murdered, that charity should cease with his life. Henceforth all beggars were chased away by savage dogs, and her lawyer was ordered to eject some twenty families from their holdings. No remonstrances availed to change her resolution; she maintained (and with some reason) that the widely-spread conspiracy against the landlords was known, and either tacitly or actively joined in by all the country people of the poorer class. The trial had shown that hundreds could, if they would, have sworn to the identity of the murderer; various items of the evidence had gone to prove this, yet of all the witnesses summoned not one would give convicting evidence, as not one had given warning of the intended murder. They should suffer for it, she said, and accordingly, before Christmas came, some ninety individuals of all ages and sexes, from the grey-haired palsied man and woman, whose days seemed near their close—to the infant at the breast—were cast homeless to the bleak wintry winds. Their houses were pulled down, their land ploughed up, and the issue was that which might have been expected; curses loud and deep reached our ears, the threatening notices came with renewed frequency, and their tenor was that neither man, woman, nor child of the name of Howard should be left to exult in the ruin they had wrought.

We no longer dared to walk out even at noon-day without being followed by our guard; the

widow never ventured to visit the next town, where her law business now took her several times every week, without a like escort, their guns ready for service on the shortest notice, their bayonets fixed, and their eyes narrowly scanning the hedgerows and walls by which they were rapidly borne. Alarms were frequent, some of them well founded, and some the products of scheming brains, which knew the credulity of Mrs. Howard, and preyed on her funds, for she was always ready to reward liberally any one who tendered her secret information.

This unhealthy state of excitement told on us all. Mrs. Howard became gaunt and hollow-eyed, the children fretful and worn; but for myself, although I was in a constant state of terror, I am ashamed to confess that after a time I secretly liked the excitement—my youth and thoughtlessness must plead my excuse. By-and-bye, an elderly lady, a cousin of Mrs. Howard, came to assume that supervision of the household of which its mistress was now incapable. Miss Bellew was a cheerful, active, common-sense person, and under her influence, the black cloud which hung over us seemed to lose somewhat of its density. She received the visitors whom Mrs. Howard had (since her husband's murder) refused to see; and she encouraged such of the neighbouring gentlemen who were not afraid to venture out at night, to drop in unceremoniously in the evenings. In this she had a double aim; she wished to end the morbid seclusion in which we lived, and to give young Howard (a youth of nineteen, who had returned from college on his father's death) other companions than he could find in the house appropriated to the policemen, whither he was accustomed to resort as soon as the doors had been locked, and he had no chance of other society than the gloomy circle by the parlour-fire, where his mother wept or raved of vengeance, and the children cowered together spiritless and silent.

We gradually attained a more healthy condition of mind, and, though no precautions were relaxed, we began to feel they were less necessary than our fears had suggested. A few incidents of the ensuing months seem, however, worth recounting. One bleak Sunday in January, when the snow lay thickly on the ground, and the murky sky gave promise of more, Mrs. Howard declared her intention of going to church, as it was the day for the administration of the sacrament. I alone of the family stayed at home, and of the servants only a very young girl, who was to attend to the preparation of dinner, remained. I saw the laden car drive off, and as I still lingered listlessly at the window, watching the bleak prospect, time passed unheeded. Suddenly I saw two dark figures far off on the whitened road, and, great as was the distance, I recognised them as the two policemen who lived in the yard, two mounted men having replaced them in accompanying the family to church. I hurried to the kitchen, where the red-faced girl was busy.

“Are the police in the house?” I asked.

She looked confused, and hesitated, and, walking to the door of communication, I looked into the men's apartment, and found it vacant.

“Where are they?” I asked, excitedly. “It is very wrong of them to go and leave the house unprotected.”

“They’ll soon be back, miss,” she stammered; “they’re only gone to track hares in the upland field. Leary told them he saw their marks in the snow as he crossed from early mass this mornin’.”

Annoyed and frightened, I stood silent by the large table, my eyes fixed on the yard gate, which I could see through the kitchen window. As I so stood one of the ponderous leaves of this gate was pushed in, and a man entered the yard—a man with his face blackened, a shirt over his clothes, and a stout, short stick in his hand. I could not speak; to seize the girl’s arm, point him out to her, and drag her into the entry in which was the open back-door, was the work of a second. We pushed the door out, hoping to have it bolted before he could reach it, but unfortunately a sod of turf had fallen from a basketful which the girl had brought in some minutes previously, and, as our ill-fortune would have it, this unlucky sod got between the door and the jamb, so that, as we dared not open wider to push it away, there it stayed, and we felt our assailant’s strong shoulder opposed to our trembling, desperate efforts. I know not how or where I found voice to speak, but I called out:

“What do you want?”

“Just let me in, an’ I’ll tell you,” was the reply.

“You can’t get in here,” I replied. “We have nothing for you.”

“I’ll see that for myself,” he answered, and the answer was accompanied by a more vigorous push.

I felt my senses going, yet I knew that I *must* not give way. But, indeed, we could not have successfully resisted for a moment, but that close behind us was a flight of six stone steps leading from the kitchen entry to the passage leading to the upper hall. Against the lowest of these we had firmly planted our feet, and the whole force we possessed was directed against the upper part of the door, which, however, yielded at each effort made by the man. Danger often inspires the weakest with thoughts not their own: one such flashed through my mind at this moment.

“You had better go,” I said, making my voice as strong and resolute as I could; “I do not want to have blood spilt, but we are well protected if you persist.”

“Open the door at once, or it will be worse for you when I do get in,” he said, angrily.

I pretended to lower my voice, as if wishing him not to hear.

“Margaret,” I said, “we cannot help it, go up to the two policemen from the barrack, they are in the front parlour; tell one to bring his gun here and bid the other go to the back lobby window to fire down on this fellow.”

The girl stared. My heart gave such great leaps as almost to choke me; but I shouted at the top of my voice, “James! John! make haste here!”

I could scarcely believe my ears—rapidly and heavily the retreating footsteps of the desperado crunched on the snow. He was going, and the loud clash of the great gate told that he had passed through. We stood for a minute or two,

scarcely daring to breathe; but as all was still, we ventured to hope that we were safe, and Margaret ran to the kitchen to reconnoitre from the window. She saw no one, and, somewhat reassured, I opened the door, and she ran across the yard, putting up the bars and shooting the heavy bolts of the gate. I stood watching her till the barrier was secured, and then my strength gave way, a chill as of death came at my heart, and shuddered through my limbs, and I fell back, my head striking on the edge of one of the steps behind me. The wound thus produced probably kept me from quite losing all sensation. I could not move or speak or open my eyes, but I was dreamily conscious of the savage and frightened howls of Margaret as she bent over and tried to raise me. However, I soon recovered sufficiently to be able to rise, and although the strong iron spikes which surmounted the high walls of the yard as well as the gate might have given me a feeling of security, yet no language can tell the terrors I endured pending the return of the church-goers. It afterwards appeared that the man who drove the car had closed the gate behind him, thinking that, as usual, the police would fasten it within, *they* in their turn thought that young Howard had done so, he having gone out through the hall-door before which his horse stood ready, and when, ere starting on their hare-hunting expedition, they had carefully fastened up all modes of access to the front of the house, and taken their way through a little side-door in the yard, leading to the shrubbery (which door they had locked behind them), they believed they had done all that was necessary.

My head continued to be swollen and painful for a week or two, and it was much longer before I got over the mental effects of my fright, but we neither saw nor heard more of our unwelcome visitor. On another occasion, about the middle of February, a family residing at a place not more than half-a-mile from Howardville asked us all to dinner. Mrs. Howard would have refused for us, but was overruled in some measure by Miss Bellew, who declared she would herself go, as she had no intention of becoming a nun; she also insisted that I should accompany her, and that young Howard must be our escort. There was to be no party—our mourning need not exclude us from seeing the two or three friends who were to meet us at Brookside—and, in short, she would go; and, despite all objections, we three stole out like thieves, after dark, and took the road to the house of our hospitable entertainers. The moon was at the full, but had not yet risen, as we rapidly walked along the lonely way; no human being but ourselves was in sight, and in silence and safety we entered the avenue of Brookside. We might easily have driven, but Mrs. Howard feared that the car might have attracted attention where we should escape it, and as the night was fine, Miss Bellew conceded the point.

We found about a dozen guests awaiting us, and as I was fond of society, and it was the first time I had been at anything like a party since my coming to the Howards, I enjoyed the novel pleasure with all my heart. The evening fled happily away in various quiet amusements. No one thought of leaving till an officious old gentleman informed us

it was past one o'clock, and then every one prepared to go home. As for us, we awaited the arrival of our omnipresent policemen, who were to have been sent for us, and, as an inquiry from the servants elicited the information that the men had been for us, but hearing that the party had no present intention of breaking up, had gone again, leaving word that they would return in an hour, there seemed nothing for us but to await their coming, especially as the roads of none of the departing guests lay with ours further than the end of Brookside avenue. We were pressed to remain all night, but Miss Bellew was determined to go home. I would not let her go without me, and young Howard, of course, could not avow himself less brave than we, although events proved that that point was at least open to dispute. We waited in vain, having the comfortable consciousness that our hosts wished to go to bed, and as our guard came not, we at last resolved to venture without them. The moon was now very bright, our spirits were at the flood, and, with many "good nights," we started for home. The road lay between two deep dykes, now filled with water, and these were backed by grass-covered banks, topped with hawthorn hedges, high and close, though now leafless and bare. George Howard became taciturn so soon as we came out on the high road, and did not seem to enjoy the half-whispered fun of Miss Bellew, nor my stifled laughter. Now and then we two forgot ourselves, and our voices became less subdued, on which occasions George was downright rude, and used no ceremony in ordering us to be quiet. All was so still and deserted that we believed there was no danger; and half in the indulgence of our gaiety, half from a mischievous desire to provoke him, we still continued our merriment, he stalking sullenly between us at such a rapid pace that it needed our utmost pedestrian powers to keep alongside him. Miss Bellew was going over some ludicrous incident of the evening, I chuckling at her powers of mimicry, and George looking hastily behind him every five minutes, when he suddenly startled us both by coming to a dead stop, and clutching at a shoulder of each; we turned and looked in the direction in which his eyes were fixed, and our mirth was at an end, for on the top of the hill which we had just descended were the figures of four men, rapidly following us. Mr. George thought only of his precious self: it did not matter to him what became of us, for in a moment he had dashed waist-high into the dyke, and had forced a passage through the wall of thorns which topped the bank; we saw him running across the fields, and felt that, whatever was to come, we were left utterly defenceless.

"Let us run," I panted.

Miss Bellew clasped my hand.

"Not for your life, child, they have seen us; I heard them say, 'There they are.' No running could save us; let us walk steadily on, they may let us pass, since George is gone—we have not beggared them."

My head swam, and my limbs shook; but she held my hand, and kept walking quickly forward, and I went perforce. I could hear the pursuing

footsteps becoming more distinct, they quickened into a run, and the four men were around us. I clasped my arms round Miss Bellew, and hid my face against her breast—strong and resolute as she was, I felt her tremble.

"Let us pass on," she said. Then came a long sobbing kind of cry, that came from her very heart. "Oh! is it you?"

I looked up, and when the mist cleared from before my gaze I saw our policemen, with two of the men-servants. They had gone to the lodge at Brookside to await our passing. The lodgekeeper had a pretty daughter, whom the neighbouring swains held in high esteem; and as the party sat round the fire, songs and stories and love-making kept them so deeply engaged that we had gone by unheard. On going up once more to the "big house" for us, and finding that we had left, the men had hastened to overtake us, and so we had our fright for what it was worth.

We got home in due time, to find our recreant knight, sitting exhausted, breathless, and covered with mud from head to foot, in one of the half chairs. Never was knight in more deplorable guise. He had cast off his great coat to facilitate his flight, and his black dress-suit was literally in rags, while his face and hands streamed with blood from the briars and brambles through which he had torn his way. He had run

"Through bush, through brier,
Through mud, through mire,"

across the country, till he gained the yard-door, where, by yells and blows, he had made those within understand his position, and gained admittance. Miss Bellew did not spare her praises of his gallant defence of us till she had made him savage, when she mercifully desisted from further persecution.

One last reminiscence of that memorable winter and I have done. Mrs. Howard came to me one morning, and beckoned me from the parlour with every appearance of fear and secrecy. When she had got me into the drawing-room, and the door was safely shut, she produced a piece of paper, on which was a wretched scrawl, scarcely legible from the badness of the ink and writing, as well as the peculiar originality of the spelling. It purported to inform her that in two days an attack was to be made in a lonely part of a neighbouring road (which was particularly described), on a man who was in the employment of persons in the next town, and who would have, it was known, a large sum of money in his possession on that occasion. The paper had no signature, but further said that if the man made resistance he was to be murdered.

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"No matter; it was from some one who wishes us well,—a poor man John used to help; he is suspected and watched, and dare not be seen going near any magistrate or police-office, but he is well-disposed, and managed to give me this that I may put them on their guard. There's George away to the hill-farm with the police, and Lucy Bellew is off shopping, so I have no one but you to advise me. What shall I do?"

"Go at once and give warning of the intended attack."

"I dare not, I should be seen; that man has been watched coming here, and if I were seen going off directly after to town, they would suspect something, and he or I, probably both, would pay for it."

"Shall I go?"

"Oh, if you would! You shall have the little phaeton, and Mike to drive; just go out with the children, take the road to —, and go about amongst the shops there. After awhile, you can make some excuse, and go alone to Captain Briscoe's; he lives next the post-office, ask to see him, and give him that paper, but tell him I have sworn not to tell the name of the man who gave it to me; only beg him, for Heaven's sake, to lose no time about the business."

I was quite ready for the adventure; but whilst I dressed, and the phaeton was being brought round, I elicited the following particulars from Mrs. Howard.

In one of the largest towns of Tipperary, some eight miles from Howardville, was a firm which had contracts for supplying the military in one or two neighbouring towns with meat and bread. It had somehow been ascertained that on the day of the intended attack, a clerk was to accompany the driver of the large covered cart which was used for the conveyance of the provisions, and this clerk was to receive the money of his employers, thus promising a rich booty to the conspirators. The place selected for the attempt was well chosen: it lay about halfway between the two extreme points of the distance, at a spot where there were no houses save the deserted one of an absentee landlord, and from a breach in the hedge which divided a portion of this neglected park from the road, the assailants were to rush out, seize the horses' heads, and secure their prize. Feeling deeply the importance of my mission, I set out; and, when we had reached the town, I doubled like a hare, going from shop to shop, till I left the children in a confectioner's, telling them that I should soon be back for them. I hastened to the house of Captain Briscoe, the police inspector for the district, and found him in his office busied with piles of papers. My errand was soon told, and his acute grey eyes fired with interest as I proceeded.

"If this be not another hoax," he said, "it will probably enable us to lay hold on three or four notorious ruffians for whom we have been long looking out. Please tell Mrs. Howard that I shall take every necessary precaution, and—you will excuse an old man—but I have heard that young ladies *must* talk about anything they may know, especially if it is supposed to be a secret."

"You need not fear me, Captain Briscoe."

"I hope not, my dear young lady; talking—the merest hint—would in this case do incalculable mischief, for we are surrounded with spies. The country is going to the deuce, for I verily believe the sucking children are sworn into this hellish system which threatens to swamp us all. I am very busy just now, will you go into the parlour and see Mrs. Briscoe?"

"No, thank you, I must be turning towards home."

"Well, I daresay you are right. The days are still short, and it is neither safe nor pleasant to be out after dusk. Good morning."

Thus dismissed, I soon rejoined the children, and we drove rapidly home, where the two succeeding days passed in expectation. In the course of the third day the voice of public rumour brought us to the termination of our surprise. It appeared that in the deepening twilight of the preceding evening the large provision cart, drawn as usual by two stout horses, was nearing "Golden Hill" (the deserted place to which I have before alluded), and on the driving-box sat the driver and the confidential clerk of the firm of "— Brothers." The two men were laughing and talking loudly, and as they approached the hedge which screened the tangled plantations, a slight hill in the road caused the driver to slacken the pace of his horses. Scarcely had they reached the summit when a group of dark figures with blackened faces leaped into the road. Two of them seized the horses' heads, while two others, darting to either side of the van, demanded money, threatening the apparently terrified men with instant death in case of refusal.

"They are six to our two," said the driver. "It's best to give in at once, Mr. Hill; we can do nothing else; but, boys, this is bad work."

"None iv yer prachin! we've no time to lose; so jest out with the money, Hill," replied a stalwart ruffian; but ere another word could be said, or another gesture made, the group was augmented by nine policemen, armed to the teeth, who had noiselessly opened the door of the cart, and dropped out of the back, while the intending robbers were busied in front. The surprise was complete, and resistance vain. Yet a powerful attempt at it was made, which ended in the capture of the six "gentlemen of the road," who, securely handcuffed, were placed in the van, the door of which was then locked; and, mounting on the roof, the police (one of whom had received a stab in the shoulder from a knife wielded by one of the resisting party) triumphantly conducted their captives to town.

I have said that this was the last of the events which made that winter memorable to me, and it was in truth the last in which I had any share; but ere I left Howardville another outrage was committed in our vicinity, which I may as well add to my list of horrors.

A retired officer, Colonel P—, having obtained the office of paymaster to the troops stationed in Tipperary and the King's County, as well as to the pensioners there, had fixed his residence in a town in the latter county, whence, in the first week of every month, he repaired to the different towns on his list of stations. He was an old man with but one arm, and it was well known that he carried large sums of money on each of these occasions; but although he had now been for some years paymaster, he had as yet been unmolested, which circumstance may have been attributable to the presence of one or two soldiers, armed to the teeth, who always accompanied him on his business expeditions. One wild night in

the beginning of March I was startled from a sound sleep by the light of a candle passed before my face, as well as by some one shaking me violently. I was awake at once, and saw Mrs. Howard standing at my bedside, her whole frame trembling, and her wild eyes bloodshot and frenzied. At the same time I heard the storm shrieking round the house; and, knowing that since her bereavement any tumult of the elements excited her almost to madness, especially if it came in the night, I at once concluded that the tempest I now heard was the cause of her agitation. I tried to soothe her; and as she paced rapidly to and fro I arose, and, taking her hands, besought her to sit down with me by my still burning fire.

"It is not the storm," she said, when I urged her not to fear it, "it is a dream I have had—"

And then she related the dream or vision, which I was taught by after circumstances to regard as the strangest I had ever heard. She said she seemed to be standing in the front lobby, when she heard her husband's voice calling to her from the hall below; and as she leant over the stair-head to speak to him, she saw him at the foot of the staircase, appareled as he had been for the grave, and with his head bound up as it had been after the surgeons had opened it to extract the slugs. "There is mischief abroad," he said, or seemed to say; "I cannot rest in my grave: there will be more widows and orphans before to-morrow night." She implored him to explain his meaning; but he only told her to go to the front window, and look out. She obeyed, and saw that a place some two miles from the house, where four roads met, had replaced the lawn, and along the road leading from here rolled a car, on which sat three persons, the driver, Colonel P—, and a man in the garb of a soldier. Suddenly she heard a shot, and when the smoke cleared away the car was vacant; and she awoke, bathed in perspiration, and, hurrying on her dressing-gown, came to me, unable to bear her fears alone.

I must confess to being somewhat superstitious; but, aware of her state of mind, and her constant dwelling on the tragedy of October, I gave little heed to this dream, and reasoned vainly with her on the sin and folly of giving too great weight to such chimeras. She could not be appeased; and, replenishing the fire, we sat up all night. The next day, before noon, the whole country was ringing with the tidings that Colonel P— and a sergeant of the regiment stationed at B— had been shot at the cross-roads while on their way to pay the troops at another station. The story was true in part. At the identical spot seen in the dream, four men had fired from the hedge; two of the shots had taken effect on the poor sergeant, who fell dead from his seat; a third had wounded Colonel P—, and the fourth whistled harmlessly across the road. The brave old man shouted to some labourers in the field for help (it was about ten o'clock in the forenoon), and at the same time he discharged shot after shot from his pistols. The driver leaped from the car, and the murderers, cowed by unexpected resistance, took to flight across the very field in which several men were at

work; but not one of the latter raised his eyes from the ground he was digging, nor did they make any reply to the repeated cries of Colonel P—, till the villains were out of sight.

I make no comment on this dream, or the succeeding circumstances. I only know that the facts occurred as I have stated them, and I have neither added nor diminished aught in the recital. A few weeks after this murder I left Howardville, and have never seen it since; but, happily, the old order of things has been swept away, and it is to be hoped that the rising generation may never witness such a state of affairs as that which prevailed during my first and last "Winter in Tipperary."

SIR TRISTEM.

I.

SIR TRISTEM built a golden bark,
With snowy pinions like a bird,
And went afloat on waters dark,
Whose sobbing waves were blackly stirred;
And on those waters of the dead,
Along the moveless night he fled,
With shining mail around him,
And a white light that crowned him.

II.

Saying, "I go to realms unknown,
Upon a homeless quest to meet
The flower of kings, whose light has flown
And left the world in night complete:
Caparison'd in shining mail,
Across the self-same waves I sail,
Whereon his bright boat bore him,
With fairies beaming o'er him.

III.

"And setting on my quest divine,
Behind I leave all earthly things,
The lust of women and of wine,
And seek the lily white flower of kings;
In whose left court degenerate knights
Wanton like swine in gross delights,
Killing the heart's pure quiet
With petty rage and riot!"

IV.

He laid him, in his knightly strength,
Along the bottom of the boat,
And crossed his hands, and lay at length,
And closed his eyes, and went afloat;
And slowly, at their own strange will,
The magic sails began to fill,
And the boat, helmless wholly,
Like a bright bird, swam slowly.

V.

Sir Tristem slumbered quietly!
But on his forehead there was light,
And in a trance he seemed to see
The ghostly shores on left and right;
A cold wind murmured in his crest,
A weight like lead was on his breast,
He heard the waters sobbing,
Like his own pulses throbbing.

VI.

Past lonely kingdoms of the dead,
Dim-gleaming coves and shadowy bays,
Led by the radiance round his head,
Sir Tristem journeyed many days;

By ghostly shores without a name,
Whereon grim phantoms went and came :
He sailed 'mid alien noises,
But in his ears sweet voices.

VII.

Through twilight majesties of shade,
He sailed upon his sacred quest,
And where the falling waters made
A hollow murmur, seeking rest ;
Through swollen shadows of the rair,
Whose music tingled in his brain
Like blood, and where white fountains
Spilt light down sombre mountains.

VIII.

Then saw Sir Tristem, in his dream,
A stately figure hush'd in woe,
Who, leaning o'er a silver stream,
Was darkly calentured below ;
Her face, as passed that golden bark,
Flash'd like a jewel from the dark,
And in the distance shaded,
It, star-like, came and faded.

IX.

She said, " I am that Guinevere,
Upon whose mouth sin's self seemed sweet,
And, looking on my foulness here,
I penance do, till made complete,
To cut my heart from earthly things,
And join the lily white flower of kings,
Whose heart, once mine completely,
Now pleads my pardon sweetly.

X.

" Here, hid from eyes of living men,
I, seeing my woman's shame revealed,
Mind me of kingly Arthur when
His pity was a fountain sealed !"
Whereon Sir Tristem cried in tones
Hollow as waves 'mong pebble-stones,
" Where is the King, my master ?"
The boat sped onward faster.

XI.

" Sail onward yet—be strong and sure,
Till thy dark fantasies are gone,"
Murmured the voice, " and seek the pure
King in remote Avilion."
Whereat Sir Tristem's snowy swound
Deepened to loss of sight and sound,
And the white light that crowned him
Brightened the waves around him.

XII.

Past hills where yellow moonlight steamed,
Low shores where vapours dim did move,
He sailed, in pathless tracks, where gleamed
Stars with no fellows up above ;
Netted in cloud the winds reposed,
The golden valves of heaven were closed,
Like living things the enchanted
Waters fell calm and panted.

XIII.

Then, in his slumber, he was ware
Of a dark isle where calm was not,
And on whose banks a dome of air
Mimick'd the palace at Camelot ;
The dingy walls were sad and stern,
The courts were rusted o'er with fern,
Rank weeds and grasses many
Choked up each nook and cranny.

XIV.

And through the dark transparent wall
He saw a crew of knights carouse,
Within the centre of the hall,
With haggard beards and wine-flashed brows ;
And marked a sombre knight and tall,
Who stood upon the mcated wall,
And watched the dim and foamless
Waters with eyes most homeless.

XV.

Who, standing helmless, trembled not,
But leant upon a sheathless sword :
" I am that same Sir Lancelot
Who turned against his blameless lord ;
I, Tristem, am thy sometime friend,
Who here a weary way must wend,
Amid rude blows and broiling,
In heartache, shame, and toiling.

XVI.

" Thou journeyest on with quiet heart ;
While, bound in tears that find no pause,
I haunt the shadowy counterpart
Of the decay myself did cause ;
A devil gnaws me day and night,
While, guided by that stainless light,
Thou sailest to thy master."
The boat sped onward faster.

XVII.

Whereat Sir Tristem stirred in dream ;
And the light, brightening in his trail,
In fading, shed a ghastly gleam
Upon Sir Lancelot, grim and pale ;
And then Sir Tristem sank again
To mute oblivion of the brain,
And the white light that crowned him
Illumed the waters round him.

XVIII.

Past forests, netted in moonlit air,
Sir Tristem sailed for many an hour,
And under shade of mountains, where
The thyme fulfilled its purple flower ;
Until he reached a flowery land,
With night and day on either hand,
A land of endless bowers,
Languid with scent of flowers.

XIX.

No wind was here, the air was thick
With its own load, and under eaves
Of giant poppy it grew sick
With a deep breath of lotus leaves ;
The waters, impotent to cool
Parch'd lips, lay in a seething pool,
And made a burning summer
Around the bright new-comer.

XX.

And here abode, with mad acclaims
And frivolous songs and idle jests,
A troop of chattering knights and dames,
In flashing robes and gaudy crests ;
Some lay among the lotus bowers,
Some quaffed red wine on beds of flowers,
And some with gleaming faces
Lay clasped in soft embraces.

XXI.

Then to Sir Tristem came a voice :
" Go on in peace, thou stainless knight,
Here, for a time, we must rejoice,
Sick, satiate with our own delight ;

We are the wanton lords and knights,
Who lived lewd lives of soft delights,
And first brought thoughts unstable
Unto the good Round Table."

XXII.

Faster and faster sped the boat,
While spicy perfumes filled the sail,
And dumb Sir Tristem lay afloat,
Caparison'd in shining mail ;
And in his trance he saw afar
A twilight like the morning star,
Beyond the mirror'd shadows
Of cool green hills and meadows.

XXIII.

The murmuring waters closed behind,
The channel narrow'd on either side,
Making a current swift as wind,
To suck him onward. Far and wide

Lay pleasant hills of yellow and green,
With shady vales of hills between ;
And the white light that crowned him
Subdued the joy around him.

XXIV.

And on the summer hills around
Were happy shepherds and their flocks,
And the cool streamlets made a sound
As soft as tears down mossy rocks ;
And in the broad midmorn on high
Stars swung their censers from the sky,
Whence, in a pearly wonder,
Dews dropp'd and glimmered under.

XXV.

There was a busy hum of bees,
And bleating sheep on distant heights ;
And underneath the shade of trees
Walked snowy dames and arm'd knights.



Then good Sir Tristem opened eyes,
And heard a whispering voice, "Arise,"
And patient to his duty,
He stood erect in beauty.

XXVI.

Caparison'd from head to heel,
He stood erect and found no speech
To utter wonder, till the keel
Grazed softly on a silver beech ;
And a soft breeze, like the sweet south,
Beat balm upon his eyes and mouth,
And while his blood flushed brightly,
He to the shore leapt lightly.

XXVII.

Then, lifting up a mail'd head,
Hoary with honours past and gone,
He knelt upon the beach, and said :
"Here, surely, is Avilion ;
Here, after honourable blows,
A worthy knight may find repose,

Here the sweet vale makes bridal
With heaven, and nought seems idle.

XXVIII.

"Hither, to shade of quiet leaves,
I bring the mind no fortunes flout,
Which half confers and half perceives
The peace it sees around about ;
Here day and night at last unite
To make a very calm delight
Of beautiful romances,
Cool pulses, and pure fancies.

XXIX.

"Here Nature is her own sweet law,
Beauty completes her mission here !"
When, rising up his height, he saw
A train in white attire draw near !
And in the midst, in peaceful power,
He saw of kings the lily-white flower,
Prepared to be the donor
Of a white robe of honour.

WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

THE LATEST FROM SPIRIT LAND.

(Concluded from page 258.)

THE manuscript which Mr. Endor had left with me reposed quietly enough in my desk for several days. I have, unfortunately, a great many manuscripts sent to me, one's friends and acquaintances apparently entertaining the belief that one's sole mission in this world is to examine their compositions, and endeavour to get them printed. I hate to disoblige my friends and acquaintances, but I have a family to provide for, club-bills to pay, and a little to do on Epsom Downs, and therefore I cannot devote myself exclusively, as I could wish, to the duty of preparing other people's writings for the press, and quarrelling with editors who have their own friends and acquaintances to oblige, and therefore basely neglect mine. I find the best plan is, upon the receipt of a manuscript, instantly to acknowledge it, without the loss of a post, to undertake to read it at the first available moment, and then to take no further notice of the next twenty letters you may receive from the author, or indeed of any letter at all on the subject, until you get a stern notice from a solicitor, requiring the immediate remittance of the manuscript, and six-and-eightpence. Now, he cannot legally enforce payment of the six-and-eightpence, so that all that remains to be done is to send him the MS., with a brief note of astonishment at the author's impatience, discourtesy, and vanity. Then the business is over. *Probatum est.* It would, I sometimes fancy, save a good deal of incertitude on the part of amateur writers, if they could be made to comprehend that I have not patented my plan, and that it is in constant use by the majority of my literary brethren.

But I meant to read the Spirit MS., and see how Winny Blueton had got on in the other world; and besides, I was desirous to do my best for my American friend, for I know that it is Lord Palmerston's wish, and also Earl Russell's, that everything should be done to promote harmony between ourselves and the Americans. Somehow, however, Mrs. Kent, or else her respected mother, got upon the scent of the Medium, and I received a series of those infinitesimal hints, of which a frank, careless bachelor would take no note, but which are telegrammatical enough to a wedded man, that I was known to have had one of those profane quacks up at my house on the Sunday. Mrs. Kent was chilly in her manner, and marked her sense of injury by scrupulous and almost excessive attention to all my comforts, but at the same time by a silence a good deal more eloquent than words. I did not deem it necessary to resent this state of things, which has advantages, and is tolerable by way of a change, though such conjugal attention, blended with such conjugal silence, may not be the normal condition of wedded life. My mother-in-law, however, being less open to reprisals, indulged her dear old tongue rather freely, not to say viciously. She hinted that it was very desirable that, if I had no more sense of propriety than to degrade myself by mixing up with such persons as spirit-quacks myself, I should take care that the children knew nothing about it. Once or twice, when I intimated that I did not want to be disturbed by visitors on cer-

tain days, I was answered with "Christian visitors, I suppose?" and the children were constantly sent off to the nursery at short notice, my remonstrance being met by an expression of the most amiable surprise that I could wish for the society of anything so tame as a live child. Eventually, the worm turned, and went to Brighton without any special leave-taking, and it was in an exceedingly comfortable room at the Bedford, with a very excellent glass of claret before me—if the landlord paid less than 120 shillings for it, of course he would have charged me less than he did—that I had my first opportunity of reading Blueton's communication.

Dictated by the Ghost.

"You have managed to call me in, Mr. Endor, and you wont get rid of me until I have done with you. It is not of the least use your using that language, which you suppose to be excessively profane, but which is really the most harmless gibberish. I could tell you how to say something, but my friend, Billy Shakspeare, whom I met last night at my friend Charles Fechter's (and I'll tell you something about Billy by-and-by, and what he says of his commentators)—well, Billy, I say, had an inkling of the truth when he wrote about spirits being forbid to tell certain secrets. Forbid, yes, that is a mild way of putting it—excuse my shuddering.

"You are smart fellows, in a way, you Spirit Mediums, as you call yourselves, but you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I mean that you have done a few things, by sheer accident, and if you put this and that together, and reasoned from what that revealed, you would come upon truths that you don't even dream of. As long as the intellectual fellows only laugh at you, you will have a good innings with the fools, but as soon as the real heads condescend to take you in hand seriously, they will find out what I tell you, and you will all be sent to the right-about. In a few years from this time, my Yankee boy, and I am not allowed to tell how few, there will be a grand change in society, and things that are now thought much of will be sent a long way down the ladder, and this will come when the work that you quacks pretend to do shall be done in earnest by philosophers. There are five or six men now, in front places in politics and so on, who laugh this spirit business to scorn, and who in, never mind how few years, will be Spirit-Priests. Take your change out of that, Mr. Endor, and go on writing, if you please.

"It is a satisfaction to be in communication with mankind once more, and it was a lucky accident that made you hit upon the way to make me speak. You have no more idea how you did it than any of the fellows whom you were deluding, or you would not have blundered every other time you tried to produce an effect. Take up your pen again, stupid, do you think you can humbug me? Did not I see you in a rage because the elastic band round your knee was getting too slack to let you give the knocks neatly? Didn't I see you grow as white as your shirt-front—in fact, whiter—when you heard me give the real knocks, which you knew

were no work of yours? You'll be a wiser and a thinner man before I have done with you. Go a-head, my friend.

"You may show what I dictate to you just where you like. I should wish it taken to the Carnifex and read by the members, but you must go up and see Cecil Kent in the Regent's Park, and he'll put you in the way of getting my communication into the right quarter.

"I shall just tell you anything that occurs to me, as fast as I can, for I have too much to say to leave me time to think of putting it into any order. We have no Time in our sphere, a state of things that your parsons cannot comprehend, or they would not talk a good deal of the nonsense they do. I can see Cheops building a Pyramid, and Faraday inaugurating the Australian telegraph with a message from the Prince of Wales's baby. Don't look bewildered like that, you great stupid—write away, and don't splash the ink over the carpet; that carpet cost six and sixpence a yard.

"I don't mind the Carnifex fellows laughing at me. I have gone among them and heard them at it, and precious lies some of them have told of me in the smoking-room at night, because they knew I was dead, and could not answer. As for Jemmy Crammer's story about me and the Gruyère cheese, that makes them all roar, it's true enough, but he is an ungrateful brute to tell it, for only a fortnight before I died he came to me with a rignarole about his family being delicate, and his wanting a hundred pounds to go to Nice, and I lent it him on his bill at three months. Like a fool, I did not pay away the bill, and my executors, who are the most stupid and careless idiots that ever mismanaged a poor dead fellow's property have never found it, and Jemmy is not the man to tell them of it. But you shall, and we'll hear whether Mr. Crammer tells the cheese story any more.

"Tell Kent that all that scandal about little Mrs. Flowerdew was entirely false, and that she is as good a woman as ever lived. She is very fond of Flowerdew, which is not much to the credit of her head. But let Kent contradict all that story wherever he gets a chance. On the other hand, you may tell him that though they were all in such a precious hurry to acquit Major Lackerby, the poor club-waiter, James, whom they discharged, and who drowned himself in the Serpentine, spoke nothing but the truth, and if Kent will go up-stairs into the library, and look in the old pamphlet box on the top shelf but one, under Seneca, he will find the dice. Let him say he dreamed it, and take somebody with him as a witness. That poor James's family are starving, and something ought to be done for them, but not for the second lad, who is a thief, and was trained by Abimelech, the Jew, at the corner of Dalston Street.

"I did not much care to go home after I died; but once I thought I would, and went up to Hampstead in what you call the evening. A year of your time had passed. The house was pretty much as I had left it, except that my portrait, which Mrs. Blueton used to say smiled upon her, did not certainly smile from its old

place over the fire; and when I glided up-stairs I found it in one of the servants' bedrooms. Mrs. Blueton was coming down-stairs, and little thought she met a ghost by the drawing-room door, and that the ghost stood watching her, and making faces at her. The way she went on when that old humbug, Dr. Pulsely, told her to prepare for the worst (and it was time, for he had given me an awful dose of henbane in mistake, and on the whole thought he had better say nothing about it) was most touching. She was going to lose the husband of her love, the spouse of her youth, her friend, companion, adviser, and guide—what was this world to her?—the sooner it pleased Providence to let her rejoice him the better—meantime she would be a silent cherisher of a memory, and so on. As for her silence, when I, the ghost, met her on the stairs, she was humming Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and her thoughts were to match, for she had got herself up young, low neck and short sleeves, and very well her arms looked, and she is forty-seven on the 19th of September (I have been to the church and read the registry—how she did persist that she never was baptised!), and she had asked my lawyer, who is more rogue than fool, by the bye (though my will is a tangle) to dinner. Greediman, on his side, had dressed himself up too, so I saw what was going on, but I am not going to stand that, and I mean that Kent shall call upon the Earl of Deptford, and advise his lordship to make a few inquiries as to the custody of certain documents which ought to be in Greediman's strong room. Greedy will pay a visit to your beautiful country, my boy, very soon after that interview, and I hope he will give my kind regards to Mr. Edwin Jacobus, who has also left some skeins behind, which I can unravel if necessary. No, I will not have that kind of successor; and the way that Mr. Greediman spoke of me to my widow was most improper, and I wonder that she could listen to it. He told her that I might have left her far better off if I had liked; but instead of sticking in the City, and minding my business, I chose to come out early and cackle—yes, cackle was his word,—talking of the dead as if he were a duck, and cackle about among clubmen and the like. And Mrs. Blueton, who used to smile at my narratives, and say that nobody had such a flow of anecdote as her own Winny—Mrs. Blueton was good enough to say that certainly I talked a good deal of nonsense, but as she never listened to it, it did her no harm to make me think she liked it, and that I was very goodnatured if my vanity was flattered a little. Goodnatured, indeed, and as she spoke she put her fat hand on a diamond brooch that cost me seventy pounds, and the old rascally lawyer's eyes quite glistened at it, but unless Lord Deptford is a greater ass than I take him to be, that brooch will never belong to Mrs. Greediman. The villain! he did not like to hear her defend me, even in that contemptuous manner, and he told her that I could not help being a weak fool, and an idle chatterer, but that I could have helped forgetting that I was the husband of an admirable wife. I knew what he was going to let out, a rascal, whom I trusted in professional confidence, and how he would have exaggerated

a very venial bit of folly, but luckily somebody else came in, and the story was broken off. Lord Deptford shall prevent its being finished in that quarter. I have no malice against my widow. I suppose that she is like other women, but she ought not to hear me abused. I was a very good husband to her, as husbands go, and I left her everything I had in the world. And a woman who is forty-seven on the 19th September ought not to be thinking of marrying again; and if it were not understood among us that it is not the thing to be using any supernatural power to assist or prevent such trifles as the affairs of your world, I would open the curtains some night and show that woman a sight which would put most things out of her head, except her prayers. But I can answer my purpose by exporting Greediman.

"You are a humbug, Endor, but I do not know that you are a very bad humbug. What do you mean by telling the people here that in America you were a clergyman, and that you renounced your profession because your discoveries in the spirit-world had convinced you that you were leading your hearers astray. When you know that you were—"

"Write, sir, write. Pick up the pen, and record the interruption you were so rude as to cause."

"You were a waiter at an oyster place, and picked up a good deal of gossip, on the strength of which you began to exhibit. Then you were hired—write, I tell you—by a clair-voyant for a show, and you made a good many dollars there. If you had not run away with Mrs. Clare Voyant, (who was no more Mrs. Clare Voyant than I am, as you found when she ran away from you) I think you would have done pretty well, and the war would have helped you, for everybody wants to have news from the army. But you gay young fellows knock over your own fortunes before they are half built. However, I have taken a liking to you, as you have been the means of putting me in communication with the world I have left, and I will never leave you until I have done with you, and you will make a good thing, some day, by my revelations. But you must go on writing. I shall keep you at that for the next three or four of your years. Don't look sleepy, or I shall be obliged to wake you up by making you write the details of a certain little history in which Bennett, of the 'New York Herald,' and another gentleman, were concerned. Ah, you are wide awake now."

"Go and see Cecil Kent, and tell him what has happened. He is not the wisest man in the world, though he would be intensely contemptuous of any person who should tell him so. He is the most self-conceited man I know, though really—"

[A large glass of the Bedford claret was here necessary, and I doubted whether I did not owe it to myself to throw the MS. into the fire, and decline any further interference in the affairs of such an obtuse and ridiculous ghost. But I considered that he was only expressing opinion, and that though his opinion was utterly futile and worthless, I had no right to expect that it should have become more valuable by his disembodiment. If he could not appreciate true wit, true pathos, true poetry, when he was alive, what chance has

he had of cultivating his sense of such things since he died? So I took another glass and read on.]

"Though really I do not know what he has to be proud of. The best scene in his comedy of 'Out of the Way' is taken, almost word for word, from an old French play called 'Les Deux Portraits.'

[An utter falsehood.]

"His poems, which he calls 'Gemdrops of Morning Dew,' are pretty enough, but they were written by his pretty wife, not by himself.

[This is not the case.]

"And as for the novel which made him—'Blagsland of Bottomley'—the story is most touching, and it is not wonderful that he should be able to tell it, considering that—

[The next statement is so preposterous that, in tenderness for the memory of the departed block-head himself, I will not transcribe it.]"

End of Extract from Ghost Manuscript.

On further examination of the MS., I found that the deceased Blueton had entered into a variety of subjects on which his information appeared to be accurate enough, but it was clear to me that, as a man who has a family to provide for, and friends to keep, I could have nothing to do with publishing such revoltingly accurate details. He is quite wrong, as it happens, in reference to myself, of whom indeed he knew but little, but upon all other persons' affairs, he is singularly correct, and the exception, in my own case, may serve to prove the rule. I therefore resolved to cut out all else that was said about me, and to return the rest to Mr. Endor, simply fulfilling my engagement to him by enclosing this paper to the Editor of ONCE A WEEK. I hope that it will not draw upon that gentleman a torrent of correspondence like that which was let loose by a recent admirable article by a Mr. Helsham. If Mr. Endor likes to publish more of his Ghost's revelations, that is Mr. Endor's business and the Ghost's.

KENT.

FILEY AND ITS FISHERMEN.

THE troubles of home-tourists during last year's season were numberless, owing to lack of accommodation; in fact, at one popular sea-side watering-place, the visitors were compelled to find a partial refuge at night in bathing-machines or in the fields. Hotel-keepers turned customers away without a sigh, and railway officials were at their wits' end to start trains with any approach to regularity. Even the more remote coasts were crowded, and London must have been a desert, if we may judge by the lists of visitors published weekly in the several localities, and the increase in the number of the often ill-fated excursion trains. We have a tolerably large experience of the coasts of England, and the recommendations and drawbacks of the various towns and villages which yearly attract the summer and the autumn visitor; but to our mind there is not a pleasanter resort than bright, sunny, quiet, cheerful Filey. You need not dress smartly as at Scarborough, at Brighton, Hastings, or Dover; you are not inconvenienced by incursions of noisy

excursionists; and you may saunter along the cliffs or highways without interruption by an idle crowd, gaping and staring, and quizzing. There is a band which plays in the public gardens twice a-day; there is a first-class table-d'hôte at the chief hotel; and there is a spa, the water of which is said to be tonic *after* dinner. Mr. Thurton's entertainment is given twice in the season, but there are rarely balls, and no theatre. The sands, however, are magnificent, five miles in extent; the curious Brigg—a natural pier of rock—forms a delightful lounge; the cliffs are accessible and command a superb crescent-like bay reaching to Flamborough Head; and the sea is deprived of any monotony by a constant succession of steamers and sailing-vessels.

The headland called Filey Point was a Roman station; the botanist, the geologist, and the fisherman will here find ample scope for indulging their tastes; and the mere idler, if he feels dull, in half an hour can be transported to the gaiety of Scarborough, or loll luxuriously in a comfortable little carriage drawn by a rough pony, and driven by a red-coated postilion, in jockey-cap and long boots, along the smooth sands.

Well, indeed, does Filey deserve its name, which,

according to an enthusiastic local antiquary, is a modern corruption of the ancient Felix Sinus, or "Happy Bay." It is sheltered from twenty-six out of thirty-two points of the compass.

Every place has its characteristic, and that of Filey is its hardy race of fishermen, stout, broad-chested, wide-shouldered; blunt and honest in speech, but kindly-hearted and open to every advance of truthful interest on the part of strangers. In the matter of temperate habits they stand at an immeasurable superiority above those of their own class at Flamborough and Scarborough; tea is their strongest drink, and sweet-cakes are their favourite food. Their wives are as steady as their husbands and brothers, cleanly in their homes and picturesque in dress; their strength is almost equal; they carry the water-kegs upon their heads, and huge bales of nets up the steep cliff-paths with an ease akin to grace. No work is done on Sundays. With the high tide on Saturday morning the whole fleet of twenty-four yawls may be seen under easy sail making for the bay, and, in succession, beaching themselves upon the smooth fine sands on which they lie, while the fish are landed, the nets changed, and the men take their dinners. With the next flood-tide they get under sail again and run out to



Filey Brigg.

anchor inside the Brigg until Monday morning, when they again proceed to sea.

Each yawl, varying in tonnage from 23 to 45 tons, costs from 600*l.* to 650*l.*, and is divided into shares; of its earnings 3*s.* 6*d.* in the pound are paid to the owner or owners, 10*s.* are devoted to the current expenses, and the remainder is divided among the men who find the bait. When a new boat is required, several persons—gentlemen speculators, harbour-masters, &c., and boatmen—take certain shares of it which vary in amount from a half-quarter to a half of the cost; application is then made to a builder, sail-maker, anchor-maker and other tradesmen; and the vessel, in due time, is paid for, equipped, and given over to the owners. Each lugger-yawl carries two masts, and is provided with three sets of sails to suit various states of weather. The foresail contains 200 or 250 yards, the mizen 100, and the mizen-topsail 40 yards; the lesser sizes being severally of 100, 60, and 50 yards. The jib is very small. On the average the yawl is of 40 tons, and measures 51 feet keel, or 55 feet over all, and is of 17 or 18 feet beam; drawing 6½ feet water aft, and 5 feet forward. The amount of ballast varies from 20 to 30 tons. The yawl is provided with 120 nets, each of which costs 30*l.* Half of this number are left on shore

and changed at the end of every twelve weeks. The crew is composed of seven men and two boys. For instance, the Wear, commanded by Colling, a first-rate seaman, carries two others like himself, part-owners, four men receiving, besides their food, 1*l.*, and one boy at 18*s.*, and another at 11*s.* a-week; each fisherman, who is a net-owner, receives 24*s.* a-week. The expenses in wages and wear and tear are calculated at from 12*l.* to 15*l.* weekly. The herrings are valued at 2*l.* per 1000 on an average. Sometimes 23,000 fish are caught in a single haul, occasionally as many as 60,000, but 40,000 are considered a good catch. To remunerate the crew, 50*l.* or 60*l.* a-week ought to be obtained. Each net is 10 fathoms long, and is sunk 9 fathoms during the fishing, the upper part being floated by a long series of barrels, which are fitted at intervals of 15 fathoms. The warps used for laying out the nets in each vessel measure 2200 yards. Two men take up the nets, two empty the fish out of them, and one boy stows the nets while his fellow stows the warps, which are raised by a windlass worked by the men. Each net weighs about twenty-eight pounds. In order to preserve the nets and sails, it is necessary, at frequent intervals, to cover them with tanning, which is prepared in large coppers. These coppers cost 40*l.*

a-piece, and are banked up with bricks, a small out-house being attached to the rear of the fishermen's cottages for the purpose. In Old Filey, the roads are streaked with channels of a dull red colour, being the effect of the waste water of this boiling apparatus. Occasionally the losses of the fishermen are very great. On May 28, 1860, nine yawls were driven from their moorings and dashed to pieces against the white rocks in Specton Bay; there had been a fierce gale of wind from the north, which lasted from 2 A.M. until 6 A.M., when a sudden hurricane swept over the bay from the S.W., lashing up the sea into sheets of foam. The fishermen, who had clustered along the cliffs waiting for the lull, ran to their cobsles and gallantly launched out to save their yawls; owing to the driving spray, the sea was so dark that they could barely see the distance of a boat's length with the greatest difficulty, but at the most imminent risk, they scrambled into the yawls which lay nearest; and, with one or two crews crowding into single vessels, succeeded in saving the greater number; while one intrepid fellow actually got a little sail set, triumphantly rounded Flamborough Head, and carried his salvage into Bridlington. One coble is attached to each yawl, and is of peculiar shape, being flat-bottomed for half her length, and having a keel forward. This form enables the fishermen to berth the coble conveniently on the deck of the yawl, and the simple but ingenious device of an axle and a pair of wheels suffices to carry up the boat to a position on shore, safe from the reach of the tide. The cabin of the yawl is of comfortable dimensions, and fitted with four beds, each capable of holding two persons, one fisherman always being on deck at a time to keep watch, who wakes his mates in case of danger by giving three loud stamps upon the deck. At night a lantern is carried at a height of four feet above the deck. In front of the cabin are, successively, the warp-room and well-room, with wings capable of holding ten lasts of fish, the net-room with the salt-cribs on either side, and the cable-room. The salt is used for sprinkling the fish lightly, if fogs or bad weather detain the boats at sea. The chief ornaments in a fisherman's cottage are rolling-pins of china-ware grotesquely painted with ships and waves of prismatic colours, which are given by the dealers to the men, when they purchase coals at Shields.

Most of the nets are now made at Musselburgh, at the rate of 1000 a-day; they are made of cotton, as being lighter and more supple than hemp. The chief manufacturer in Scotland is Stuart. The sails are made at Hull. The nets are generally soaked in tan from Saturday night, on the return of the fishing-yawls, until Wednesday morning, when the women spread them out to dry upon the slope of the common-land under the north cliff of Old Filey. On the arrival of the yawls, the men may be seen carrying down large black tubs slung upon a pole, full of tan scalding hot, while their wives and daughters hurry along with kegs full of fresh water for the use of the boatmen in their next cruise. Two stone of beef and meal for dumplings, sea-pies, sweet cakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of bread, and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of tea, form the weekly provision for the commissariat. Each yawl carries from six to eight water-

kegs, besides a huge cask holding as much water again, which is refilled as occasion demands at Scarborough or Whitby. From the latter part of March to the early part of June the fishery for halibut, cod, ling, skate, and turbot continues at the Dogger Bank, which is about eight hours' sail from Flamborough Head, and consists of an enormous sand-bank reaching from the latitude of the coast off Newcastle to the Humber, with water from 35 to 40 fathoms deep round it. From July 15 to November 20 the yawls fish for herrings, following their migration southward between Hartlepool and Flamborough, until late in September, when they proceed to the Dogger Bank, which lies East by North, and while remaining at that point the herrings are salted, as the boats remain there for weeks at a time. Between November and March the fishermen catch cod, skate, and turbot off the coast, using their cobsles, or smaller boats, and lay up the yawls in Scarborough harbour during some ten or twelve weeks, at a cost of 1*l.* for first-class boats. In looking for herrings, the "spouting" of a whale, or "santal-lanant," as the fishermen of Filey call them, or, according to the Cromer boatmen, the "blow-fish," are certain indications of the presence of a shoal, or "skoal."

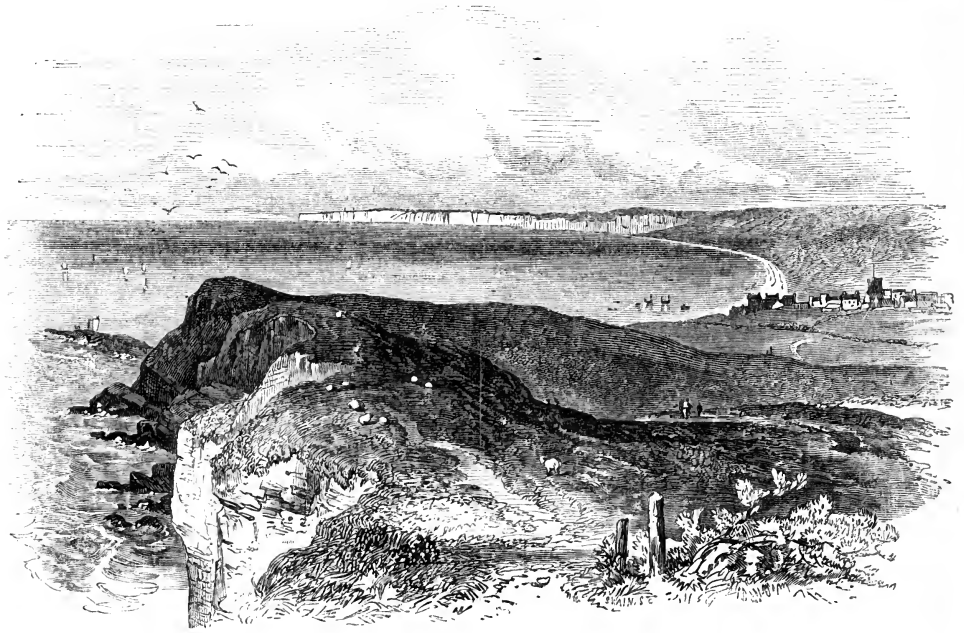
In recent times the fishermen occasionally frequented Bridlington harbour; but, as the authorities imposed a due of two shillings or half-a-crown on each visit, they have abandoned the port. While employed in herring-fishing the foremast is half lowered, the nets are shot over the side between 3 and 7 P.M., when supper is served, and the crew retire to their beds, except one man, who remains on deck, and between 2:30 and 4 A.M. wakes them up to take in the nets. The greatest enemy of the fisherman is the dog-fish, which will not only clear the net of its entire take, but makes great rents in it. The French fishermen are likewise a considerable annoyance, as they wantonly sail over and among the English nets, and in return have their own nets cut adrift. Their boats are of considerable size, carrying as many as thirty-three hands, and continuing at sea during two months at a time. As the steamer which, to protect our fisheries, may compel them to keep at a distance of three miles from the shore, is not visible at night, they can then, almost with impunity, inflict damage upon the English nets, if so inclined. About five years since, for the first time, a French fishing-boat was captured and taken into Shields, fined 30*l.*, and forbidden to fish for the season. The Englishmen's nets were found on board headed up in barrels, and stowed away as if they had been herrings. The Dutchmen have a better character; but a year or two ago they landed from sixty sail of fishing-vessels at the little village of Kilnsea, between Flamborough and Spurn Point, and actually carried off the entire provisions of the place. Unfortunately, the numbers of the boats were not taken, and no redress, in consequence, was obtainable. The French receive a bounty from their government, as their fishing-boats form a minor school of navigation, and they frequently purchase the herrings from the English boatmen, and rub the scales over their nets. The English fishermen partially salt their

herrings on board, and between 12:30 and 1 o'clock A.M., smoke them over fires of ashwood in the curing-houses, preparatory to sending them off by the morning trains to London, Leeds, Manchester, and York. The purchase of their "take" is made by fish-salesmen on the shore: when the tide is at flood the beach presents an animated scene, while the cobsles, laden with hampers of fish, are drawn close to the shore, and their freight is transferred into long, low carts and waggons drawn by four horses, and the rest of the crews not thus engaged take the nets to be changed on shore, or stagger along in groups of six under the weight of some heavy sail, which is to be tanned forthwith. The yawls carry a mizen and mizen-topsail, a foresail, and jib on their two masts, the three-masted luggers being no longer in use. They sail close by the wind, within five points, whereas ships

cannot lie closer than seven points, and thus handled they can make ten knots an hour. The large coble has only a small fore-castle deck, and carries a foresail, mizen, and jib, containing severally 70, 28, and 8 yards. About the middle of October their crews enter on board the yawls, and the strangers and landmen employed up to that time are discharged. The herrings caught in October are reckoned to be the finest fish.

Pilchards and mackarel are occasionally caught. The pilchard is easily distinguished from the herring, because, when lifted by the back fin, the tail droops, whereas the *head* of the herring, being heavier, is lowermost.

The herring-houses are occupied by speculators in the fish; their profits on their purchases from the fishermen depend upon the market value of the *last*, which in turn is affected by the amount



View of Filey and Bay, looking towards Flamborough Head.

of the catch. One of the principal herring-houses is held by a fisherman who lost his yawl during the terrible storm of May, 1860, and who forthwith determined to give up his old occupation. Fortunately, his wife inherited a small patch of land, and upon it he erected his herring-house. The building includes a large shed open to the rafters, which contains casks, boxes, washing-tubs, spits (long sharp-pointed pieces of hazel wood), and piles of herrings, and is used for washing and spitting the fish. Opening upon this shed is a long narrow room fitted with two tables; on one of these the fish are packed, on the other the packing-boxes have their covers nailed on. At the far end are piles of spitted herrings which the assistant hands to the packer, who strips the herrings off the spit, by twenties at a time, upon the table, and then rapidly places them by fifties in boxes, which a boy quickly covers. On the side next the only

window is a wall-ladder, leading into an upper room, where boys, who receive from 5s. to 7s. a-week, are employed in making little packing-cases, the boards for which are supplied ready-made from Sheffield. Upon the opposite side are two doors, each of which leads into a room open to the roof, higher than the shed, and capable of containing 12,000 herrings. Upon the floor several fires of oak and ash wood are burning and throwing up clouds of smoke; rude racks of wood line the walls on either side, and across these are laid the spits with the herrings strung upon them. The fish are usually salted for a fortnight, and smoked for various periods, varying from two hours to an entire night, to convert them into bloaters; and from a day and a half to weeks, to make them red, or as they are locally called, "soldier" herrings. Four girls, who commonly begin their work at three o'clock in the afternoon, can

spit at least 10,000 herrings in two hours upon their spits of hazel wood, at a payment of five shillings among them; and as each spit is covered with twenty fish, it is piled upon a rack. The scene is one of great animation at this hour: one man shovels the fish off the floor of the shed into baskets with open wicker sides, with a broad flat spade; while another transfers them into a larger willow or basket, which he immerses in a huge tub of cold water, and stirs with both hands to free the scales from salt. When perfectly clean, the fish are thrown into a long flat tub which is dry, and then quickly spitted by the nimble fingers of the girls, who relieve the monotony of their task by a vivacious and almost unbroken conversation, often interrupted by peals of hearty laughter. A last of herrings, according to the period of the season or the amount of supply, fetches from 10*l.* to 40*l.* Bloaters are sold to the salesmen in towns, at rates varying from 2*s.* to 5*s.* for the case of fifty. The herring-curers buy the herrings on the shore by the hundred of 31 warps, equal to 124 fish, and sell them by the true arithmetical hundred. From February to June the fish are called "shot-herrings;" in June "midsummer herrings," when they begin to fatten; in July they contain roe or milch, and in August and September they approach our coast, spawning in October or the beginning of November; they then resort to the deep water again.

The fishermen wear blue woollen frocks, blue trousers, long boots, and sou'wester-hats: the latter on Sundays are exchanged for fur-caps. In bad weather they put on cotton overalls, and coats painted, so as to be waterproof. A crimson neck-cloth is often adopted when on shore.

Place aux Dames—the fishermen marry young, for they require a helpmate to take charge of the gear, to dry and mend the nets, to sow on the head-seams, to collect "fithers," (a flat shell fish,) and other kinds of bait, and prepare the tan. The men put the corks upon the nets. The fishermen's cottages are models of cleanliness, for the "mistress" is a careful housewife, dressing simply in the quietest and most substantial materials, her only ornaments being a red and striped petticoat (shawls or cloaks never being used), and a pair of gilt earrings (purchased from some travelling pedlar), as a safeguard against sore eyes; the bonnet is worn drawn over the eyes, with the "curtain" lifted up behind like the expanded tail of a bird; and strings are unknown, although a gay-coloured ribbon is a usual adjunct. The cotton-nets, which have been about seven years in use, are found to outlast those of hemp, dry more easily, and are less liable to injury by the dogfish. All the Filey yawls carry the letters "S. H." (the abbreviation of Scarborough) on their bows. In the year 1786 a bounty of 4*s.* was given on each barrel of fish caught, in order to encourage the employment of apprentices; but in 1836 the sum was gradually reduced by 1*s.* a-year, until it finally ceased in 1839. The average value of fish taken in the year ranges from 20,000*l.* to 27,000*l.*: in some years as much as 2000*l.* have been paid to the N. E. Railway for its transport. The old men who are unable to go to sea catch crabs and lobsters on the N. side of the Brigg, and take out pleasure-parties at the rate of 2*s.* 6*d.*

an hour, or 15*s.* by the day. At the Brigg, billet, and occasionally salmon-trout, and in the bay, gurnet, haddock, whiting, and dabs, may be caught. Owing to the want of water at Scarborough, and of a landing pier at Filey, much time is lost in landing the fish and nets; the consequence is that on an average the boats do not fish more than three nights in the week. An easterly gale is a cause of extreme danger to the fishermen, and when the sea runs very high, fires are burned on the cliffs at Scarborough and Bridlington to warn off the boats, which in that case must find refuge at Yarmouth or in the Humber. A life-boat, rowed by 14 men, who receive 10*s.* each for their venture, was built in 1823; on one occasion it was the means of saving the crews of 10 out of 14 vessels which were stranded in the bay, in all 120 lives. It is a reproach to the government that along the entire east coast there is not a single harbour of refuge; the few harbours which intervene between the Humber and the Tweed are tidal. It is this part of the coast which should first be considered: within these hundred miles one fourth of all the wrecks of the kingdom take place. The commissioners appointed in 1857 to report upon the question, recommended Filey and Tees Bay as harbours of refuge; 900,000*l.* would suffice to render the former the Portland of the north-eastern coast, at once a station for men-of-war, and the means of saving hundreds of lives. At the present moment vessels off this coast, when overtaken by a sudden gale from the eastward, are unable to clear the land on either tack.

Filey lies between Flamborough and Whitby, the most dangerous headlands, and by its depth of water, its sheltered position, and its natural breakwater, the Brigg, it offers the most advantageous site for the construction of works which ought to be held indispensable by any government which desires to carry out its duty, by preserving the lives of the people entrusted to it. Upon a fine day in October a yawl was beached, but a sudden storm arising she drove, though two anchors were let down, and was brought up by a third anchor only after her deck had been raised three inches by the strain: and half a week was lost in having the necessary repairs made at Scarborough. Fishing-boats and merchant-ships, with their crews, are the antecedents of men-of-war and naval armaments, and are the nursery of those elements of our maritime defence. While we are fortifying our arsenals, and strengthening our dockyards anew in their structure and resources,—while no expense is spared in the strategic system which converts our southern seaboard into a line of military posts,—and while every precaution is taken against the possibility of an enemy landing upon our shores,—a duty as solemn, pressing, and patriotic is neglected in a time of perfect peace, that of affording shelter and protection to our fishermen and merchant seamen on the line of one of the greatest highways of our commerce. Impregnability is all but an impossibility; every front of approach or assault cannot be efficiently guarded; but it is alike impolitic and inhuman to resist the entreaties of the very class to which we should look to man our

vessels of war, if menaced by an enemy; and while we lavish our expenditure upon building batteries, we ought not to grudge what is necessary in order to preserve our coasts from those risks at sea which make the yearly wreck-chart a national reproach.

MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT.

THE COMMUNE OF THE MURDERER DUMOLLARD.

THE traveller, in pursuing the direct route from Paris to Geneva by Maçon, passes through a portion of the province of Ain, called "La Bresse," the capital town of which is Bourg, recently the scene of Dumollard's crimes. This province lies at the foot of the Jura, and formerly belonged to the house of Savoy, but was ceded to France in 1601. Bourg is first mentioned in history about the beginning of the tenth century, since which time it has been gradually increasing in size and importance. It has, however, but little commerce, and no manufactures. Here, on a market-day, are to be seen groups of peasants in the quaint and picturesque costume of the country.

The round, flat, black hat with small cylinder-like top, trimmed with gold twist, and long streamers of black worsted lace; the short-waisted gown, with pointed kerchief and black worsted lace mittens, are peculiar to the women of La Bresse. The men are habited in the ever-prevailing light blue blouse with red neckerchief, and both sexes wear the *sabots*, or wooden shoes.

The women stand in rows, with large baskets filled with the produce of their small homesteads. Grapes, apples, walnuts, cream, curds, *one fowl*, &c., are their stock in trade. At short distances from each other, in one of the main streets, we see small butchers' stalls, presided over also by women vending veal and pork, probably their own rearing.

At the base of the promenade called "the Bastion," is a statue in bronze of Bichat, an eminent physician, who completed his medical studies at Bourg. He is represented in a standing position, watching the movements of life in a child, and having at his feet a dissected corpse. This statue is considered a *chef d'œuvre* of David D'Angers.

The church of Brou, which is situated in a suburb of Bourg, is one of the most interesting in France, and the history of its foundation and completion is worthy of notice. In 1480, when the province of La Bresse was under the dominion of the house of Savoy, Duke Philip the Second had the misfortune to break his arm whilst hunting. His wife Margaret made a vow that if he were cured, she would build a church and monastery of the order of St. Benedict. She, however, died before she could accomplish her intention, but Margaret of Austria, who married her son, fulfilled the pious wishes of her relative. This lady summoned to Bourg the most celebrated architects of the time, but it is not certain which of them undertook the work. The church was begun in 1511, and completed in 1536. At the period of the revolution of 1793 it fell into the hands of *the people*, and was transformed into a magazine for forage, but in 1814 it was restored to its original use.

The principal curiosities in the church of Brou are the mausoleums in the choir. The first is a reclining statue in Carrara marble of Margaret of Bourbon, with her ducal mantle and crown, and a fine greyhound lying at her feet. The carving of the ornamentation of this tomb surpasses description.

The next to be observed is the mausoleum of Philibert le Beau, son of Margaret of Bourbon. He is represented dressed in armour, and his ducal mantle; his head resting on a pillow of the richest embroidery; his left foot upon a lion; his clasped hands turned towards his mother; his head towards Margaret of Austria, his wife.

The third mausoleum is that of the last-mentioned lady. At the foot are placed several small statues, admirably carved. Their half-open mouths display lovely teeth, and even the pupil of the eye is distinctly discernible.

The death of this princess was caused by a singular accident. A piece of broken glass having fallen into her slipper, cut her left foot so severely, that to save her life the physicians considered amputation of the leg necessary; and to spare her the pain of the operation, they administered a large dose of opium—a dose so effective that she never woke again. In the left foot of the statue the mark of the wound is to be seen.

Near these tombs is the Chapel of the Virgin, the tabernacle upon which is a mass of magnificent carving, representing the *mysteries* of a devotion to the Virgin called by Catholics the Rosary. At every angle in the choir and chapel are carved the letters P. M.—Philibert, Marguerite.

The painted windows of this church are not less remarkable than its sculpture. For colouring, breadth, and purity of design, they equal any of the continental cathedrals; and the artist, architect, or connoisseur who fails, whilst travelling through La Bresse, to visit "l'église de Brou," loses an intellectual treat which he would ever regret.

It is but a short time since the inhabitants of Bourg and its environs were roused into a state of excitement without parallel, by the trial before the tribunal there of the Dumollard above mentioned, who, under pretence of obtaining situations for young girls, had decoyed them into woods and vineyards, and there murdered, and afterwards robbed them of their money and clothes. It was proved that he committed six murders, robbed nine girls who escaped, and attempted the life of seven others. For the honour of France be it remarked, that Dumollard was not a Frenchman, but a Hungarian, whose father, a native of Prague, had been broken alive on the wheel, at Padua, by the Austrians, for similar crimes. Dumollard has now paid the penalty of his crimes, and his wife (who was an accomplice in them) is consigned to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour.

A MADMAN'S STORY.

PART I.

WILL any one ever read what I am about to write? I hope so. I have courage to speak out my thoughts, and my thoughts are no cowards. I should like the world to know what I think of it.

When the physician visits me in his daily rounds, and taps me on the shoulder with a harmless good-natured smile, saying,

"Ah! Waly, at the critics again? Give it 'em well," he little thinks, poor simple fool, that I read him through and through, as easily as I do my little deluded friend, Miss Jessie Masterton, who imagines that Martin Luther and Napoleon Bonaparte are fighting in mid-air for the possession of her hand.

Well so it is; so have I found it through life; so will others find it after me. We are all the dupes of each other. The social world is nothing but a pack of cards on a large scale, which gamble, gamble, cheat, cheat, all day long. Somehow, I never hear of cards, but I remember feeling once what it was to be a card. I remember, too, having been shuffled among the knaves far quicker than was agreeable, or salutary; but see, what an advantage this experience has given me over my neighbours! *they* are played with as mere cards all their days—I learned what I really was, and feel towards other men, as other men are supposed to feel towards the brute creation.

My life has been so crowded with circumstances that when I try to pick out the great ones, and leave the more indifferent, I find my task very difficult. The small, abject, unimportant events will crowd foremost to the utter obscuring of those that are marvellous and striking. This over-crowding of mind has always been my great bane. The rest of mankind suffer from a poverty of ideas—I from a superabundance. Music, literature, science, painting—all these are illuminated in my mind with such a blaze of light that I can only compare it to London on fire. On no subject could I be dogmatic, narrow, or a mannerist; but, alas! the more one thinks in advance of his fellows, the less they think with him. In jealousy and mistrust, lies the secret of all the injustice that has been heaped upon me.

But to return to my life. It is with reluctance that I confess the impossibility of clothing my vast theories and discoveries in science and art in such language, as would bring their meaning even within the compass of the higher intellects of the present age. I should be reviled—I should be lampooned—I should be stoned to death. For instance—if the teachers in authority at Oxford and Cambridge would join in a grammatical and Biblical league with the chiefs of the royal college of Jeddo, Scandinavian conservatism would be cured by Japanese conservatism on homœopathic principles, and we should have, what we really fancy we have, a great constitution and an improving morality. The Japanese take their baths at the front door, without troubling themselves with the false modesty which, if not checked, must ruin civilisation. Here, in London, more than Doctor Cumming knows of go unwashed, and the outward clean are not generally the inward pure. Our false delicacy and false morals are killing us inch by inch; yet when I recommended a system to Government of which every child must see the efficacy, it was coldly rejected. What an age to live in—I wash my hands of it!

Leaving, therefore, these nobler and more intri-

cate themes, I pass to the story of my life. It is not difficult for me to remember the time when I was a boy living at home with my father and mother. I was the only child of a late marriage, my father having spent his whole life in amassing wealth which would have gone to his brother's children but for an unlucky quarrel. The fruits of this quarrel were, that in his sixtieth year he married a very clever and very poor young lady, who rewarded him with the present of myself, after which event the two concentrated all interests and hopes upon their son, never caring much for each other, or indeed for any one, or anything else whatever. From the time that I was four years old they were constantly saying to me:!

"You must get very clever, Henry."

I ate to grow clever, I drank to grow clever, I was clothed to grow clever. My parents agreed only on this point; with regard to ways and means they were very Antipodes. My mother being an Anne Dacier herself, was all for Homer, Virgil, Euclid and Physics—my father who was common and illiterate, and had been ridiculed by one of his brother's friends on account of some ignorant pronunciation, esteemed only music, drawing, literature, dancing, and French politeness. The one wanted to make me a scholar—the other, a gentleman. Between two stools one does not always fall to the ground, and I worked so as to satisfy both parents. At fifteen, my Latin hexameters, my Bach's fugues, my algebraical problems, my water-colour drawings, my English essays, and my French conversation were renowned throughout our circle of acquaintances.

"See if my gentleman brother will laugh at the grazier's son!" cried my father with a terrible oath, and he showed me about, as his own prize oxen were showed at Smithfield. I was the cleverest boy to be found. I think they could almost have died of joy. I do not fancy that I slept very well in those days, for I remember how I used to lie awake night after night, and fancy my head was a pudding in which sevenths and fifths and base-notes, dactyls and trochees, factors and cube-roots, points of sight and burnt sienna, Azeolic fossils and Agamemnon's fleet were stirred up. Then the pudding would boil, and boil, and boil, but no one ever took it up. It was a queer dream, and I dreamt it often.

When I was eighteen, my parents introduced me to a very lovely young girl, whom they intended to be my wife. She had not only youth, accomplishments, and beauty, but a fortune also, and my father gloried in the idea that his clever son would be as rich as a Jew. This young lady was three years my senior, and I think it was owing to the high-handed way in which she treated me on that account, that I first disliked her. She was so pretty, too, and I so plain, that with all my acquirements I felt abashed before her. Indeed my learning seemed to be as much an objection to Beatrice, as her beauty had become to me.

"If you will talk only of books and painters, how can you wonder that I do not care for your society, Henry?" she said to me one day. "I hate clever boys."

"I hate pretty women," I retorted angrily,

and left her, vowing that Beatrice should never be my wife. Hitherto, I had been a meek obedient son, but when I reached home that day, I worked myself into a tremendous passion, and swore that I would die rather than marry a woman who despised me. My mother, poor soul, was frightened and wept. My father, pale with rage, declared that unless I married whom he liked, he would disinherit me to the uttermost farthing.

That night I left home, and secured a passage to New York, but was recalled at Southampton by the intelligence that my father had died in a fit. My poor mother did not weep for him much, but seemed extremely distressed at the very words I intended to comfort her. How this could be, I am still in ignorance. I only know that had we both sailed immediately to New York, as I proposed, she would have squared the circle, and I should never have fallen in the way of my sneering uncle.

About this time, I began to feel how incalculably stupid it is of people to spend so much time in mastering the theories of others, when their own would of necessity be more adapted to their wants. No sooner had I attained the knowledge of music, than I discovered that all musicians from Terpandor down to Brinley Richards were arrant blunderers in the simplest rules of harmony—no sooner could I paint, than it was revealed to me what a daubing the world had hitherto bent knee to—no sooner had I studied Virgil and Homer, than I found that they could have no tympanums to speak of, since, until the letter *e* is banished from the human alphabet, there can be no melody in the human language. I myself have written a daring epic without that transgressive letter, but the world is too greenly obstinate to take to it as yet. When the Spurgeons and Beecher Stoves, with other creatures of the day are forgotten, my name will be held up in honour. As to sociology, I found there not a leg to stand upon. I could not understand how rich ladies, with any conscience at all, could starve their governesses and cheat their tradesmen, whilst their names on charity lists showed them to be so liberal—I could not understand how they found any pleasure in going to church when they found no pleasure in anything pure, or elevating, or sincere at home. Then the horrible waste of life utterly confounded me. Why could not mothers nurse their own infants, and what of noble or sublime is there in the inscription "Killed by crinoline?" which must be written on the tombstone of many a wretched woman? But what seemed more terrible to me than everything, was to find that no one else could see with my own eyes. My mother argued with me, my friends scoffed at me, my uncle said nothing, but smiled superciliously. Once I heard him whisper in his son's ear:

"He is half-mad," and I laughed in bitterness to think that they were all deluded alike. All thought me mad, whilst I was in reality the only sane person.

Beatrice made me laugh the bitterest laugh of all. Beautiful though she was, as her lover the yoke had been hateful to me. I resolved never to

marry her unless driven to it by necessity. I could not bear to think that the world would pity so fair a Miranda, coupled to so uncouth a Caliban, and it was beyond mortal endurance that the knowledge which had cost me unremitting days of work, should be thrown in my teeth as a reproach. Our last quarrel, though it estranged us, did not alter our relations to each other; neither did my father's death. The marriage had been arranged between the latter and Beatrice's guardian, who was anxious to rid himself of his responsibility, no matter how, and when I grew to hate her or to think that I hated, I would not free her from the promise, but held it over her to wreak my vengeance.

One day my uncle came to see me with a very grave face, and having surveyed me curiously for some minutes, said:

"My dear Henry, you cannot be surprised to hear that you must relinquish all claim to the hand of Beatrice. Your conduct has been so unaccountable of late, that her guardian wishes me to inform you that his house will no longer be open to you. If you take the advice of a sincere friend, you will not make the poor girl more wretched than she is, by any attempts to force her to an interview—"

"Wretched than she is!—you don't know her, sir; Beatrice would not shed a tear to-morrow if she heard that I had cut my throat. Let her go. She will receive no molestation from me."

I said this to mislead him, but I was inwardly determined to see her. When he was gone my pent-up rage burst forth. An infernal desire to destroy seized me. I locked the door, and with my teeth set, destroyed every article of furniture, every book and picture in the room. The books, I piled in a heap and burned, for they were in some sort the enemies that had divided me from Beatrice.

I loved her, I knew then that I had loved her.

Do I love her still? Wait, and see.

When my passion was over, I went out, locking the door after me, and walked quickly towards that part of Kensington where Beatrice lived. I remember as I crossed by Holland House a strange sensation came over me. Something heavy fell on my head, sank into my brain, obscured my sight, and touch, and thoughts. I stopped, I knew not why, I said I knew not what, I was going I knew not whether; I only felt that I tried to get rid of this weight and could not. Once I addressed a little girl, and asked her if Beatrice were at home. A minute after I cursed my folly and went on. When I reached the door I paused and reflected a moment before knocking. Had I not felt perfect trust in myself, I should have retreated then; but I knew my powers of self-command, and was determined to put them to the test. Yesterday, our physician flew into a rage with a servant who had disobeyed him in a trifling matter; the day before that, I could tell directly he came in, that his wife had read him a lecture. He thinks me mad, yet I can conceal my anger and my thoughts better than he can. Once—only it is a secret—I secreted a knife for a week with intention to kill my servant, because he called to me, "Waly, leave your nonsensical writings and come to grub,"—I

hate to be treated disrespectfully by my inferiors, and I will not allow them to use vulgar language—but the fellow was so pleasant a political controversialist that I could not bring myself to get rid of him. No one found out that knife or that intention.

The door was opened to me as usual by the footman, who, I fancied received my enquiry if Miss Haverford was at home, with a knowing malicious grin: "She is not, sir," he said, with an assumption of importance that was new to him, "indeed, she has left London altogether."

I did not answer him; very quietly and cautiously I threw him aside, and made my way upstairs. Never shall I forget the scared looks of the housemaids I encountered half-way—I could have dashed out their brains in my rage, but did not think it would answer my purpose.

On the threshold of the drawing-room I paused and listened; then, hearing no sound, I entered softly. The furniture was all covered with chintz, and the candelabras were enveloped in yellow gauze; the centre table was denuded of all its ornaments, and I missed Beatrice's guitar and album. I could not doubt from these signs that the fellow had spoken the truth, but satisfied myself by searching every room in the house. Beatrice had certainly gone—perhaps fled from fear of me. This thought made me clench my hands at her portrait hanging on the wall, and afterwards dash it into a thousand pieces. I allowed my temper to have its own way then; could anything else have been expected of me?

When I returned home I did not tell my mother whither I had been, but without taking any supper hastened to my own room. I own when I unlocked the door and looked upon the devastated books and furniture I started. The destroying fiend had made way for one more terrible still. The weight upon my brain grew to be a terrible spirit of darkness. The image of Beatrice came before me, but it was black—her voice was black, every thing visible to my outer or intellectual senses was pitchy as a thunder cloud without lightning.

The darkness and the heaviness passed away, I know not how or when. I only know that they were followed by a lightness which I cannot describe better than by asking you to fancy yourself with no other corporeality but that of vision. Loudly as I shouted, my voice was so thin that I almost lost its sound; the atmosphere so white and glaring that it blurred out the individuality of everything and everybody. Then my brain seemed turned to a wheel of pale fire, which revolved, ten, twenty, fifty, aye, a thousand times a second, and I could not stop it. I was never mad in my life, in spite of what people say, but I was in a high state of excitement then.

My poor mother called in a parcel of half-witted doctors, my uncle and his son (a youth of my own age, with whom I had never been allowed to contract friendship) and all those of her friends who would venture into my presence. She could not have done anything worse, for every one was a devil to me.

I heard my uncle and the physicians whisper together.

"Acute mania—Bethlem, by all means. Phy-

sical strength entirely prostrated by over-pressure on the brain—padded room—perfect quiet and sound medical treatment required—"

Medical treatment, indeed!—I only wanted to kill Beatrice—was that a thing to put a man in Bedlam for?

I went, however; I do not know how long I staid there, it might have been a week, it might have been a lustrum. For some time I continued to be weighed down throughout the day by millions of tons of black nonentities, and at night to be taken bodiless, and turned like a wheel of fire round a measureless cycle of circles. After this, it was a pleasant change to move like other bipeds on *terra firma*, and to hold intercourse with the accomplished inmates of Bethlem. Painters, orators, poets, politicians, theologians—here was a republic among which I found myself welcome and appreciated.

No other consideration but that of finding Beatrice would have induced me to quit so agreeable a location, but duty being paramount to pleasure, I bade adieu to my friends, and in company with my mother, set out for Italy.

PART II.

WE travelled up the Rhine in the month of May, stopping at every place of interest as behoves all true believers in Mr. Murray. In company with us, and (in spite of all her asseverations to the contrary), I believe as my mother's suitor, travelled an old friend of ours, by name Dr. Dodge. What an insurmountable bar to my enjoyment was that Dodge! He pretended to take an interest in my sketching, though he could not draw; in Goethe, though he knew no more of him than I do of the Pope's great grandmother; in music, though he liked "A Good Time Coming" infinitely better than the "Moonlight Sonata." I knew he put on this interest in my pursuits in order to win my favour, and how I loved to plague him! I believe there was not a day or an hour but I pricked him with a thousand pins, yet the wretch would stick to us.

In Frankfort we staid some days, and I must mention particularly a circumstance that occurred to me whilst in that place, for it will serve to show that far from being short-witted or dull-headed, my senses were unusually clear and acute. Will people never learn to discriminate between the mad and the wise I wonder?

We had hired apartments in a pretty villa overlooking the Bochenheimer Aulagen on one side, and on the other, the Grüneburgweg and the church spires. Our garden at the back had a little summer-house which all the lodgers made use of: it was not large enough to accommodate more than six people, and we were generally joined by a German gentleman and his two sisters who lived on our floor. Sometimes when my mother and Dr. Dodge took a nap after dinner, I left them indoors, and then Professor Leib and myself would smoke a friendly cigar and talk over Kant, whilst the ladies knitted in silence. One day on entering the summer-house about two o'clock, I found not the Leibs there, but Beatrice and my cousin. They were sitting side by side, and Beatrice's right hand lay upon Merton's arm. Her other hand toyed

with a book upon the table that I had left there in the morning.

She looked very handsome. Her eyes had a softer, kinder expression than I had ever seen in them; her lips opened and shut again as if the words played hide-and-seek there; her face, her form, her whole attitude were all softness and ease, and grace. To my great surprise Merton hardly seemed to be admiring her, but spoke freely and carelessly as he would have done to my mother. My father had never allowed me to like my cousin Merton, partly because of the animosities between himself and my uncle, and partly that Merton in a boyish frolic had mimicked some provincial accent of his before I was born. For he was seven years my senior, and though by no means such a student as I had perforce become, everyone gave him the character of being a ready wit and a good fellow. My uncle, who was a clergyman in rather straitened circumstances, had given him all his heritage—a tolerable education, and with this he was turned into the world. He was my father's god-son, and would have been his heir but for the fraternal quarrel before mentioned, which occasioned my appearance in the world.

What path Merton had chosen in the world I never cared to learn. Indeed I hardly recollected the existence of such a person till I saw him before me.

They were conversing busily as I crossed the grass-plot and advanced towards them, and I caught the words, "my cousin Henry's money." When I reached the threshold of the summer-house, they still went on and paid no heed to my presence. Indeed when I spoke to them, and angrily demanded what right they had to talk of me or my money, they refused to acknowledge that I was before them.

"You are not here—you are not here—you are mad, and have no power to molest us," they said, and mockingly denied my own ability to identify myself.

I do not know anything more aggravating than to be flatly told to your face that you do not know where to find yourself. I got very angry. I believe I stamped with my feet and swore that I would murder all such disbelievers. At any rate, my mother and Dr. Dodge came running out, and persist to this day that I did not see Beatrice or Merton at all.

A little time after I found a letter which my mother had by accident left on the table, informing her of Merton's marriage to Beatrice. It was written by my uncle, and in conclusion he said:

"I am glad that poor Henry has recovered from that short relapse you told me of in your last. On no account let him hear of this marriage, for it might upset him terribly. You cannot tell how we all thought of him on the wedding-day; and I am sure no one has felt or feels more for him than dearest Beatrice."

I gnashed my teeth, and, replacing the letter, formed a plan in my own mind which chance gave me the opportunity of carrying out. I was determined to go to England. I knew well that my mother and Dr. Dodge were only bent upon keeping me abroad so that I could expect no assistance

from them. I resolved upon accomplishing my end alone.

I received a small weekly allowance of money that I had hitherto spent in cigars and ices, but by laying it up in secret for a few weeks, and adding to it such small sums as I could obtain by pawning my rings, pin, &c. (the watch and chain I was compelled to keep for the present, as I knew they would be missed), I found myself in possession of sufficient funds to proceed from Frankfort to Cologne. Once arrived there, the watch and chain could go, and were valuable enough to fetch at least fifteen pounds. So far then I was under no uneasiness.

Now came the most difficult part. Either my mother or Dr. Dodge always accompanied me in my walks. I had only contrived to pawn my jewellery by bribing one of the servants to let a Jew pedlar into my bedroom by the back way. But letting a Jew in and a (supposed) madman out, are different things, and I could not trust the servant to my great secret.

One day Dr. Dodge offered to take me to Homberg, and we set off by an early train, proposing to have a long day's pleasure. I heard my mother whispering to the Doctor before we started, and knew well that she was giving him an injunction about me. He nodded with a smile, and she shut the door contentedly. Poor dear soul, we did not meet again for a long time! I had pretended to so much quietness and gentleness during the last few weeks, that I think Dr. Dodge was under no fears. He chatted gaily in his imperfect German with our fellow-travellers, and paid little heed to me; whilst I, to feed his assurance, was very reserved, and when we arrived at our destination, kept close to his side. We made a hard morning's work of it, ascended the Taunus, heard the concert in the Kurhaus, walked round the town, finally arrived at our restaurant with very sharp appetites and tired feet.

After dinner, we asked for a private sitting-room, and each betaking himself to a sofa, prepared for a good nap. In five minutes I feigned to be sound asleep, and in less than ten, hardly a cannon ball would have awakened the doctor. I had taken off my boots, and holding them in my hands, crept out softly, locking the door after me. Below I met the landlord who looked at me inquisitively, for he knew that the dinner was not paid for. I was loath to reduce my purse but resolved to make any sacrifice rather than ruin my plot.

"I will settle with you now," I said, with the greatest assurance, "though we shall most probably have coffee and wine when I return. I am going to the Kurhaus for half an hour, but meantime, if my father wakes, and wants to come after me, don't pay any heed to him. He is a little wrong in the head, and gambles frightfully."

Dr. Dodge's bad German gave me additional confidence, and I stepped out boldly. Luckily I found a train just starting for Frankfort; arrived there the thought immediately struck me that I should be much safer by delaying my journey to England for a few days. Naturally the suspicions of my friends would first turn to that route, and by waiting till their search was concentrated elsewhere I should, be far more likely to avoid detec-

tion. Turning my face backwards, therefore, I took the Main-Neckar Railway to Heidelberg, which place I reached by eleven o'clock that night. Here I purchased a suit of clothes, like those worn by the students, and, calling myself Ernst Hirsch, personated a young German on his way to Switzerland. I remained one day at Heidelberg, and from that place took the steam-boat to Heilbronn, a dreary little town, with only one English family residing there. I felt perfectly safe now, and journeyed along, as fancy might direct me, on foot, making humble but hearty meals off green vegetables and rye bread.

A fortnight passed in this way, and so economically did I husband my money that as yet only ten shillings had vanished. It was only in towns and hotels that I passed as Ernst Hirsch; in villages and secluded places it was safe for me to pretend to be a young English artist making a pleasure tour. I was often entertained for a day and a night in the homely, hospitable house of some country clergyman, and very delighted would my hosts appear at an opportunity of chatting with me about English manners and English literature. I fancy my republican notions startled them a little, but all these tendencies they imputed to the European revolutionary struggle of 1848.

There was one charming family whom I should never have quitted but for Beatrice. It consisted of a father, mother, and two daughters, the elder of whom was named Sophie, and reminded me of Goldsmith's Sophy. She was very pretty. She coquetted, smiled, sang, dressed to please me. I grew to be almost what I seemed. I prayed to Heaven on my knees to keep me so.

She accepted my love, and we had a pretty festival in honour of the betrothal. All the friends and neighbours came to see us, either on foot or in rustic carriages, and, as each party came, Sophie had to receive some small gift and a *Glückwünschen*, which she did with many blushes. There followed an out-door collation of soup, fruit-cakes, and Neckar wine, and we touched glasses merrily, and afterwards danced in the shady orchard.

My God—what followed! Did I marry Sophie? Was I loved by her, or had I only laid down and dreamed a happy dream?

The despair that followed was no dream, but real horrible life. Oh! dark day on which I woke to feel that the sun shone not on me as on other men! Oh! dark night on which I cursed the day and hour of my birth—God in Heaven, forgive my blasphemy!

It was so hopeless, so fearful to feel the mad life rushing to your brain that you could not stop, to know that *something*, something hidden, unspeakable, unearthly, divided you from other men, to know that you could not *work*, that you could not *love*.

The weight fell upon my head then as it had fallen before. It crushed, stunned, conquered me. Where I remained whilst the Darkness lasted I cannot tell, but before it came on I had travelled miles away from Sophie. I awoke from the delirium of light that followed to find myself, worn to a skeleton, and with hardly the power of moving, in a rude vintager's hut, near Tübingen. The poor people had tended me to the best of their

means, and I gave them all my money excepting a few gulden.

Still, weak as I was, and poor as I was, I set my face stedfastly towards England. Sometimes I earned a dinner or a night's lodging by writing letters for the peasantry, or helping in the vineyards. Often they were given to me. I always found the poor open-handed and unsuspecting, and the rich parsimonious and inquisitive. So I made friends with those who had the least to give, and never stood in want of a meal.

Perhaps if I had contented myself with that simple peasant life I might have retained the calm health I enjoyed then. Who knows?—but I could never rest unless I felt myself getting nearer to Beatrice.

Forward—forward. A fiery hand was stretched out to me, and I could not release myself from its clutch. Everything else dwarfed to nothingness in comparison to that purpose.

I cannot remember all the artifices by which I procured food, and ultimately reached England. I only remember finding myself, one foggy morning, in London without a penny in my pocket, and turning over in my mind all sorts of places for obtaining money, was determined not to see Beatrice till I could be decently apparelled. It was easy for me to find Merton's residence through the London directory, and I learned from the tradesmen around that my mother had given me up as dead, and was living with him.

"Mr. Merton Waly may well take his ease and loll in his brougham," said one man to me, who had been discharged from his service. "When his aunt dies he will have all the property that should have been his cousin Henry's. They say he was queer in his head, and ran away. But he may come back now, and cheat Mr. Merton after all."

And the man chuckled in a queer malicious way which tickled me mightily. I don't know what I said to him, but I fancy he suspected me the next time we met, for he tried hard to persuade me to go home with him. I promised to go at eight o'clock that evening, and never went in his way again.

At last, having procured—(don't ask me how)—such clothes as would admit me into a lady's drawing-room, I set out to my cousin Merton's. My beard, which was now very thick and bushy, effectually disguised me from the Henry Waly of former times, and a pair of green spectacles further assisted this purpose.

I do not know why, but I thought less of Beatrice than of her husband as I neared the house. It seemed to me as if he were living on my money and murdering me in the eyes of the world. I had never lost my senses—I had not died—was it not my duty to bring him to punishment?

On the way I spent my last sixpence in a stationer's shop upon a sheet and envelope of cream-laid paper and the use of an inkstand. I wrote the following in German:

Herr Ludwig Fischer begs to acquaint Mr. and Mrs. Merton Waly that he has important news to communicate to them regarding their cousin, Henry Waly, who left his friends a few years since.

My letter procured me admission. Quietly and composedly I followed a footman into an elegant

morning room where Beatrice was seated, with two children playing at her feet. I had not arranged my story previously, and her self-possessed eager questions unnerved me. I twirled my hat in my fingers, stammered a few incoherent words, then rose and gazed at her fixedly.

She recognised me. I saw her cheek pale and her lips quiver as she met my eyes. I saw her look at her children much as a hen does when the hawk is near. But I would not take pity on her.

"I have come back, Beatrice," I said, "to murder you and Merton. It is my duty to do so."

* * * * *

A lady comes to see me sometimes who calls herself Beatrice, and pretends that she is an old friend of mine. She brings me books, drawings, fruit and new music, though I do not acknowledge

her acquaintance, and tell her again and again that I never cared for any one but my wife, Sophie, who lives in Germany. Sometimes this lady is accompanied by a gentleman who reminds me strongly of the uncle I was taught to hate. Sometimes she brings her children. I love children, and they are always delighted with the curious little wooden toys I carve for them. How many years it must be now, since I was a travelling Bursch in South Germany, and learned that simple art!

I carved a knitting-case for my wife, Sophie, then. Has she saved it for my sake? Are all the betrothal guests gone home yet? Shall we have a still better merry-making when the wedding comes?

Sophie, have patience. In spite of this cunning physician I will find thee yet. Make ready the house, dear, and gather the flowers for the wedding-feast.

"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."



I STAND again upon the beach
Where first I saw you,
I thought you were beyond my reach,
Yet did adore you.

I thought that ev'ry girl I'd seen
Was far below you;
I looked upon you as my queen,
And longed to know you.

Day after day passed by—then came
The introduction;
And then began your little game—
Right rare destruction!

I see you now—your eyes—your curls:
You were so pretty;
So different from other girls.
The more the pity.

That evening that you wept, because
You said "I'd grieved you,
I did not know what pain it was!"
And I believed you!

Ah, well! I'm older now. You know
"Experience teaches;"
And flirting now is all the go
On sea-side beaches.

I can but smile as now I think
On my past folly;
My madness then stood on the brink
Of melancholy.

I shall not quite forget you,—nay,
Shall think about you.
But, once for ever, hear me say,
Can do without you.

SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER III.

THERE was as much excitement, and almost as much demonstration and holiday-making about Anna's sacred espousals in the next October, as there had been about her sister's marriage in the last. At the Manor-house, and in the village, everybody was released from work to go to Stoke, and see Mistress Anna and Mistress Emilia take the veil. Up to the very morning the sempstresses were busy, under Dame Atherstone's direction, in preparing the entire bridal costume; and the cooks were preparing to feast the gentry in the hall, and the labourers and their families in the home-field. Eleanor and her husband arrived, with their infant and its nurse, in order that the little one might have the honour of being in the arms of its saintly aunt on the day of her consecration. Every vehicle, horse, mule, pillion was engaged; and those who could not ride were willing to trudge to

Stoke, rather than miss the spectacle. As the family coach, full inside and out, appeared at each turn of the road, everybody made way; and all heads were uncovered as the family passed. Little was said within the carriage. Eleanor was weeping, and her husband very grave. The Squire was already more moved than he had expected, and there were tears now and then on the Dame's face, though she declared herself the proudest and happiest of mothers.

"You hear, Bet," said the Squire to his youngest daughter. "Will you be a nun by-and-by? You see what it is to be a nun."

"No, I won't," replied Bet, positively.

"No, my love; one in a family is enough," said her mother.

Bet was well pleased to hear this; but it rather surprised her. If to be a nun was to be sure of heaven, would it not be a blessing

that all the daughters of every house should be nuns?

Then Hubert rode up to the window to tell what coaches and riders he saw approaching Stoke, and how the field-paths were full of country people, all making for the convent. When they came within sight of the beach, they saw that the boats were drawn up on the sands, that the fishermen and their families might see the sight. The Bishop intended to honour his niece by his presence, and by himself examining her as to her fitness for her profession. He had come over to his country house in the neighbourhood of Stoke, and he was closeted with Anna first, and then with Emilia, before the relatives of each arrived.

Elizabeth was not there. Anna had lost her only personal friend in that house: and the circumstance cast a gloom over the day, in spite of every effort to rejoice that Elizabeth had escaped the dreariest fate on earth—that of the reluctant nun. She feared to think what her friend's fate would be under the evil repute of refusing to be the spouse of Christ. She attempted a word of appeal to her uncle, that he would secure merciful treatment for one who was too upright to take vows with half a heart; but the Bishop coldly reminded her that her own affairs should engross her this day, and that he must judge for himself about dealing with persons of doubtful faith. Still, she ventured to petition her mother, and more hopefully, Eleanor. Eleanor was ready, in the softness of her heart, to promise more than she could be sure of performing; but the Dame answered, as it was inevitable that she should, that in such matters the family, and every member of it, must be guided by the Bishop. The worst of it was that the Reverend Mother was present all the time. It was her duty; nobody disputed that; but it did seem hard that even the last embrace on earth should be witnessed by a spiritual superior. Meetings at stated times would be permitted; but, if even father and brother were there, with a partition between; and never more could they exchange a word unheard by the Reverend Mother. It was above all things necessary that there should not be room for the slightest suspicion of the slightest levity in any intercourse held by the spouse of Christ with the world. The Reverend Mother must know all that she did and said, and her confessor all that she thought.

Yet her father whispered in her ear the question which the moment wrung from him. Was she quite certain of her vocation? He had sometimes thought lately that it had been too much taken for granted. If she had any doubt, or wished for more time, he would carry her through—even now, at the last moment. And convents were not altogether so well thought of as they were; people did say strange things about some of them. If his dear child would prefer another house to this, he would speak to the Bishop—he would—there was nothing he would not do at such a moment for his dear child. The two mothers, the natural and the spiritual, were evidently fidgety at the prolonged embrace. Anna said she desired no change; and the sigh of relief which she felt escaping from her father's breast, cheered her own heart.

She was fulfilling the expectations of her family,

and making her parents proud and happy. She was increasing the portions of her sisters, and thereby sustaining the position of the family. She was securing to herself safety from unknown snares and temptations, and contributing to the honour of religion. Everybody thought her right. Even Elizabeth did not cast a doubt upon that. She had always acquiesced in all orders and arrangements; and it seemed the only clear course now. So she said with sincerity that she desired no change in the plans of the day, and withdrew cheerfully with her mother and sisters, still countenanced by the presence of the Abbess, to dress for the service.

Emilia had been scarcely thought of, though she was present in the body. Her mother sat silently weeping in a corner, and an uncle stood, trying to look stern, but baffled by the radiance of Emilia's countenance. She was here in self-will, and in zeal for her own salvation. Her lonely mother dared not own to herself how much more gracious it would have appeared if Emilia had considered other people's welfare instead of her own; and now all that was left for motherly pride and tenderness, was to glory in the hardships which her beautiful child underwent of her own accord, and to wonder at a love of Christ which could absorb all the feelings of a young girl during the last minutes when she could put her arms about her in whose arms she had passed her infancy.

"I am no more to her to-day than any other widow from the village or the beach," said the poor mother to the Abbess.

"She is indeed a treasure to the Church, and an honour to our house," replied the Abbess. "She will be the brightest jewel in Our Lady's crown, which we are always striving to make up at Stoke Holy Cross. We are usually much attached to my younger daughters, our novices; but we all think that Emilia has more of the gracious signs of saintship than any votary since our blessed Sister Angelica. I see a strong resemblance indeed to Sister Angelica; but even she had hardly such merits as Emilia at so early an age. It is most happy for her that she is saved from the snare of such a person as Elizabeth, who left us yesterday."

And then the story of Elizabeth's withdrawal in disgrace was told. It interested the poor mother more than anything that had passed that day. She shook her head, and believed it was very shocking; but she felt a secret inclination to seek the outcast, and hear what she had to tell, and perhaps listen to praises of her own child,—loved not the less for being lost to her.

There had never been a finer or better-attended service on a similar occasion, in the chapel of Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows. Never had the haunting and the anthems been so sweet and moving,—so animating and triumphant. There was not an inch of space to spare in the chapel; and there were crowds outside listening to the singing, though disappointed of the sight.

It was a touching spectacle for all present. The two young maidens looked lovely in their bridal array, with countenances such as brides do not show in the world. Here the emotions needed no hiding. There was no sense of shame mingled

with them ; and the passion of divine love in the one, and the fervour of self-sacrifice in the other, filled their faces with a wonderful beauty. Anna saw one face in the crowd below which she would have been disappointed not to see : but it did not sink her heart, but made it beat high. She had set him free. She saw no way before him that was not full of trouble and danger, if she had withdrawn from her profession : and now she was honoured and sacred in his eyes. Thus she was sustained while she moved in her bridal robes from the altar to the Bishop, and from the Bishop to the altar, and when she withdrew after the first part of the service. When she re-appeared, in her nun's dress, with her head shorn, and her face framed in the hideous head-gear of the sisterhood, her first glance was to the spot where Henry Fletcher had stood ; but he was gone, and his place was occupied. Eagerly she looked again and again ; but he was not there. A chill seized her, such as the funereal strain when her burial to the world was celebrated, and the cutting off her hair, and the habit of her living grave had not caused. She felt now that she had indeed done with life.

Many hours of the day remained when the assemblage had dispersed, and the ploughmen were in the fields again, and the boats had gone out after the herrings. It was still something of a festival in the convent, for the sisters made the most of such opportunities of amusement as they had. They had a particularly good dinner ; and when the day's devotions were done, they had liberty to amuse themselves, and were eager for such Christmas games as their directors had pronounced harmless. It was as distasteful to Anna as to Emilia to spend the evening of such a day in playing hide-and-seek and hot codlings ; but there was no help for it. She had learned, within the last three months, some things which would be infinitely valuable now. The spare minutes and half-hours that she had given to study with the stool on her knees had shown her what it was to have a devotion in the heart quite independent of outward observance. She had not advanced far in her comprehension and practice of what her hidden book laid open to her : but she understood and felt that there was a silent worship which she might practice and repose on, without leave from any one, and without any one's knowledge. She had not yet found that this possession involved her in any shame of conscience ; and it sustained her amidst her confused or fluctuating impressions as to whether she had been altogether right in taking the vows.

The Reverend Mother's good-night struck her painfully, as having lost its wonted tenderness. But it must be so, she thought. The tenderness and indulgence were for children under probation. The spouses of the church were mature enough for a severe treatment, and ought indeed to resent in themselves any hankering after the milk for babes which the Reverend Mother kept for novices. Yet the hauteur, the coldness, the severity, seemed rather sudden, after the flatteries of the morning.

There was something about the cell which struck colder still upon the heart. Anna had

heard nothing about removing to-day ; and she had supposed that some time the next morning she would have directions to betake herself to a cell in another part of the house. On the way, however, the abbess met her at the entrance of a passage, and beckoned her to follow. The number on a door in the passage was shown her ; the door was opened, and then closed upon her, with the usual blessing of the night. By the glimmer of light from the lamp in the passage, which shone in through the little wicket, she saw how different this cell was from the last. There was no room for little handiworks ; the linnet was not there, nor any adornment on the walls. Her little pictures were all gone, except one of the Virgin which she found in the morning at her bed's head. These things, however, were trifles. Her footstool was gone. She searched every corner more than once before she slept : she rose to search again as soon as there was daylight enough. It did not take two minutes to satisfy herself that her treasure was not there : but still she looked for it once more.

It was a terrible blow : and she shed many bitter tears before she could see any comfort at all. But she was young : the world was, as more than one friend had assured her, full of change ; and it might be hoped that the Bible which King and Primate had by enactment permitted the people to read would be ere long admitted into convent cells. Elizabeth certainly thought that it could not be kept long out of the hands of the whole people. Meantime, Anna had learned some parts of it by heart, and had a strong remembrance of many more. There was no fear of anybody finding out at present what the stool contained ; for she had carefully replaced the bottom as usual. She would hope : she would take her troubles patiently ; and she must remember that she was so far better off than three months before, that she had studied and taken into her heart many parts of the book.

One treasure remained with her. It was not clear to her why it had been given to her, or what, in fact, it was. Elizabeth had conveyed into her cell, the day before she left, an earthenware phial, and had found opportunities to tell her of it, to desire her to secrete it with the utmost care, and not to open it till she should receive a letter, or letters, by the hands of the Reverend Mother. Then she was to apply a drop of the liquid in the bottle to the first sentence of the letter ; after which she would need no further instructions.

This phial had been on her person ever since ; and it was her chief thought when the nuns were dressing her in her convent habit : but she had saved it from observation. She could not sleep much for thinking how she should conceal it now that she had not an inch of space nor a thread of clothing that she could call her own ; nor the command of a moment of her time. Under her vows of poverty and obedience, how could she possess or conceal anything ? Tired with thinking, and sunk in strength and spirits, she fell asleep, to be roused by the bell for early service ;—a service which she must never again fail to attend, in foggy autumn or chill winter, more than in the summer dawn.

CHAPTER IV.

DAME ATHERSTONE wrote occasionally; and Anna daily counted the weeks or days that must pass before she might look for the next epistle. Yet she never failed to be disappointed when the letters came. She did not know why; all she knew was that she felt very lonely and depressed. The Abbess sent for her, on such occasions, to her own parlour, broke the seal, cut the silk fastenings, read the letter while Anna stood flushed and panting, and handed it to her, with an exhortation to be thankful for being blessed with such a pious and virtuous mother. Sometimes this praise was coupled with some sneering allusion to her father, which Anna did not understand, and to which she could not in any case reply. When she had escaped with her letter, she dreaded to read it. The letters were all much alike; and the chief thing in each was an assurance that her dear daughter was a happy girl—safe and peaceful as she was in a refuge—and so forth. One day, however, there was a line which set Anna thinking—a brief reference to the troubles of the time, and to the dangers which were to be apprehended. The next time Anna was summoned, she found the letter already opened and read; and, moreover, a passage cut out. No explanation was offered, and Anna dared not ask for any; but she was persuaded that public affairs were in a disturbed condition, and that the nuns were not to know it.

She was then a happy girl! She smothered a sigh as she read. It was, perhaps, her own fault, but she was very far from being a happy girl. She might have remembered that all people have faults; she might have been aware that, in coming among nuns, she was not coming among angels; but it had never occurred to her, and she had never been told, that some women were made nuns precisely on account of faults which rendered them unacceptable at home or in the world. She had supposed she was entering a home of peace and devoutness; but Sister Serena was always setting people by the ears together, and Sister Ignatia's gossip was really so coarse that it was an evil to have to walk with her; and she never would pay the least regard to the Reverend Mother's recommendation of silence while they took their exercise. It was impossible, too, to forget the disclosure she had made that Sister Catherine had been placed here by a profligate gentleman who had first tempted and then deserted her. If this was true, it was painful to know it; and what would all at home think if they were aware that their Anna was shut up for life with such a person! Then there was the Reverend Mother—she was the puzzle and the trouble of Anna's daily life. Sometimes—not often now—she was as kind as she had ever been; but in the intervals there was no telling what she meant or how to please her, she was so suspicious! And it was impossible to help believing that she sometimes had pleasure in hurting one's feelings. But to think such things was very wrong; and Anna read her letter over again, felt more depressed than if it had not come, and concluded that if she was not so happy as people supposed, she

must make the best of it, for it could not be helped now.

She had no idea what the phial was for. She had wetted the paper of her mother's letters, once or twice, and had found nothing; still, the pains that Elizabeth had taken about the matter, and the vague notion of some stir in public affairs which the nuns were not to hear of, kept up an obscure hope that something good would happen some day. She wished Elizabeth would write. It could be only what the Reverend Mother might read; but the emptiest letter might show where Elizabeth was, and whether she was thinking much of her friend.

After a time, Anna objected less to her walks in the garden with one or other Sister whom she would not have chosen for a companion. By degrees, her distaste gave way before curiosity; and perhaps it was in itself diminished. The talk did not exactly answer to some descriptions of pure discourse which she had found in the book she was studying in the summer; and it was a transgression that there was any talk at all; but she could only keep silence herself, and not prevent the Sister at her side from saying whatever she pleased; and, as an exchange from solitude—so new and wearing to her!—and as affording explanations of many small perplexities, the weakest gossip became gradually almost acceptable. She would have despised herself as going back, rather than growing in grace, but that her confessor viewed the matter differently. He appointed her very light penance for being glad that any Sister talked when she ought not, provided he could satisfy himself as to what the talkers had said.

There was not much to repeat or to suppress; yet it made an impression on Anna.

"So you will not talk," said Sister Serena, one day in spring, when even her little mind was exhilarated by the soft sea breezes, and the clear blue sky, and the fine show of tulips and hyacinths in the garden-beds. "Reverend Mother cannot expect us to hold our tongues always; and if she did, she cannot know what she is ordering, for she never tries to hold her tongue,—except when she is in a sulky fit; and then, I suppose, she likes it.—Well! if you won't talk, no matter. I shall; and you need not object to that, because you cannot help it. O yes,"—though Anna had not spoken,—"I shall have to do penance; but that is nothing when one is pent up and stifled with dulness as we are here. I want to tell you, my dear,—you do not look so well as when you came. Our horrid dinners, and the cold of the chapel, and several things might account for that; but I suspect you fret. Don't shake your head; because we know that everybody does fret, for half a year at least. The Reverend Mother is tired of being kind to the novices by the time their year is up; and then they find the difference, while she begins over again with new girls. But the Sisters do not like the youngest nuns very much. They remember the favours the poor young things have had, and all the trifles they have heaped up against them during the probation; and these have to be paid off. There is always a season of spite to be passed through

before the old ones get tired of paying off scores. You look as if this was news; but somebody must have told you what you had to expect. Reverend Mother will not be less severe,—why should she? but the Sisters will be less spiteful as time passes on. They are amused at present at her behaviour to you. I dare say you see through it, though you look so innocent. It would go hard with you but for the Bishop. She says shameful things of your father because he increased your sister's fortune out of yours. She says it barely answers to have you with such a pittance of a portion, and that your father has robbed the convent and Our Lady to make a good match for your sister. You can imagine what you would have to go through on this account but for the Bishop! Ah! you don't know what you owe to that uncle of yours. You must see for yourself when you have been here long enough. Bishops have mighty friendships sometimes, we all know, with these Reverend Mothers. You need not colour up so, however. I mean no offence to your uncle. He is not a man to flirt with. We all see that. Even *she* must see that; but she will never do anything to offend him; and that is why she is so indulgent to you at times. You may always know by that when she fancies he may be coming; and she hopes to have your good word. You need not laugh; we all see it: it is fine sport sometimes to watch the struggle between her longing to plague you and her fear of the Bishop finding out that—that—you are not very happy here. You think this is all fancy? Well! just remember what I say; and you will find out in time whether it is true. Next, I want to tell you another thing we have made out about Sister Catherine's story. It really ought to be known that such a person has been thrust upon us. She was—O! you will not hear it. You *are* young, to be sure, and are new to such things; but, my dear, what can it matter, now you are shut up here for life? Why should not you know—and indeed you ought to know—what sin there is in the world; and if you ask your director, he will tell you so. But I will not press that subject. There are plenty within these walls who will be eager enough to talk it over. Some of them say that several scandals of the sort have been made known lately, and that many of the monasteries are to be inquired into. Nobody will meddle with nuns, I should think; but the monks may have to give an account of themselves. I don't know how much is true; but I believe that if the monks are well looked after, the nuns can take care of themselves. Now, do not look so cross, my dear. You are the youngest, and you must show respect to us older ones, and suppose that we know what we are saying. Ah! if you rest upon your own particular piece of virtue, and pride yourself on not talking at all, you will get no credit for it. Our Lady is kinder hearted than Reverend Mother,—or you either. I know she pardons us for talking now and then. What would become of us without it, she knows. At least, we do not. Even now, the dash of the sea seems to me very mopish, though we are walking in the sunshine; and I declare to you, the roar and dash on a winter's night, all night through, and the moan of the wind in the wood,

make me so melancholy that I cry myself to sleep. I am sure Our Lady will let us take what comfort we can, whatever Reverend Mother may order."

Such was the outpouring of one day's walk in the garden. There was an endless succession of days, and some variety of speakers. Emilia was dumb, always; and there were others who said nothing beyond what circumstances required. There was one venerable Sister who had been long regarded as Abbess elect, but who had missed the appointment; and it was a blessing to walk with her sometimes. She had liberty of discourse; and she used it with the younger nuns, for their good in every way. She did not seek their confidence, for she was scrupulous in not interfering with the Reverend Mother's privileges; but she showed them the bright and serene view of their vocation; she made them better pleased with one another; and she entertained them much by her conversation about the world and life, of which she knew a great deal. There was nobody within the four walls who was not criticised and mocked by some of the Sisters; but Sister Perpetua enjoyed the outward respect of the whole sisterhood, and the sincere attachment of most of them. Somebody or other was constantly wishing that Sister Perpetua had been Reverend Mother; and somebody or other usually replied that it was better as it was—Reverend Mothers never were, or could be, much liked; and even she would not have been to the nuns what she was now.

Such sayings had Anna to wonder over in this house which she had supposed to be the abode of love, honour, and peace. Some of Sister Perpetua's conversation deepened the impression made by the flippant rattle of Sister Serena. There were times, the venerable Sister had said, when all devout persons must strengthen their souls to do and endure what should be laid upon them. It was an age of trouble and conflict for the Church; and all sincere servants of the Church should prepare to do and bear what they could on behalf of it. Their profession was ill-spoken of; their vows were mocked at; their property was taken from them; and what had happened to some might happen to any. Anna returned to her cell with no clear notion of what was going on in the world, but with noble aspirations glowing in her heart after the martyr temper which seemed to be the one great aim and object possible in this place.

Such revivals of hope and energy were few and transient; and when she had sunk into the apathy or depression which was growing upon her, she became very unhappy at her own deterioration in character. She was restless, humbled, and at times appalled at the thought of spending a whole lifetime in growing more and more discontented, and less and less religious. She hoped she should be burnt alive rather than live to old age as she was living now. She wished she could long as ardently for martyrdom as Emilia did, or lead such a life of self-denial as would make her as indifferent as Emilia was to the ways of the Sisters. She wished she knew what Elizabeth was doing; and oh! how she wished that Elizabeth would write to her.

One day she was summoned to the parlour, to hear a letter. The letter was from Elizabeth. It

must be disappointing in its contents, because Elizabeth had really nothing to say which she wished the Abbess to see; but it was a cruel disappointment to Anna that she was not allowed to possess the letter at all. She felt how much might be at stake; and never had she so longed to carry a letter to her cell; but the Reverend Mother, after reading the few lines with a tone of cold contempt, turned to the fireplace where the logs were blazing. Anna held out her hand eagerly; but the Abbess merely said, "You have heard the whole," and held the sheet to the flame. Anna was escaping to hide her tears when the image of the Bishop in an approaching *tête-à-tête* with his niece crossed the Reverend Mother's imagination, and she called Anna back and said, in her old voice of affection—which Anna now considered coaxing—that, as Elizabeth had departed under somewhat discreditable circumstances, it was undesirable that any relic of her should be visible, if any visitor should arrive.

"I would have burnt it myself——" said the sobbing Anna.

The Abbess held up her finger, to remind her of the duty of silent obedience; then adding, that if her dear daughter wished to reply to the note of her acquaintance, she would herself forward the letter.

Anna now knew what it was to have passion stirred within her. She passed that night in conflict of mind such as she had never known before. She had lost the opportunity for which Elizabeth had prepared so carefully. They (she did not take pains to make out whom she meant by "they") would be awaiting some answer from her; they would never know that she had not received a message which they would be certain had reached her; they would suppose that she was happy—that she despised their friendship—that she had forgotten them! The only comfort she could think of was that the letter was safe from examination and experiment. The Abbess had certainly no suspicion of the truth. But it might be many weeks before another letter would arrive, if the attempt was ever renewed, and the second would probably share the fate of the first. What *could* be done?

She tried to convey in her reply to Elizabeth that she had only *heard* the letter; but the Reverend Mother observed that this was a needless disclosure, so well as the rules of the house were known; and as Anna's letter was not long, she would perhaps not object to write it over again, with the omission of that little circumstance. Her vow of obedience left Anna no choice; or she would now have avoided writing at all, for the chance of her friends supposing that their letter had not reached her hands. When she saw her own approved and closed, she said to herself that there was no hope left. Yet there were times when she felt, in waking in the morning, that something might happen before night to break the dreary monotony of her prospect. She at times revolved desperate schemes. She planned to get hold of the footstool, and tear out the book it contained before anybody discovered her—a thing impossible, because she had now no access to the novices' room. She would find means of speaking to the Bishop—to her sister—to her father; but

all such schemes ended in a passion of self-abasement, for she could make out no case against any one but herself. She acquiesced while she had a choice; and she must not make her family unhappy now that she had simply found that she had overrated her own strength of mind and force of piety.

One fine May day she was told that her sister, with child and nurse, was in the visitors' parlour. She flew to the parlour; but the Reverend Mother was not to be outstripped. By a short cut she was there first. It was well: for Eleanor was evidently as innocent of all plot and concealment as her own child, and infinitely more deferential to the Abbess. She said no word that the most vigilant monastic prude could have objected to; and, indeed, the only fault the Reverend Mother found was that she seemed too cautious about speaking of her own domestic happiness, as if it were possible that such a topic could excite any other feeling than a condescending satisfaction in privileged persons who had accepted a higher vocation.

Eleanor had a message to deliver. There was a particularly elegant form of lappet worn at present, embroidered in the stitch in which Anna excelled, and by which she had brought both credit and money to the house. Elizabeth had sent a pattern of this lappet, cut in paper; and Eleanor was to explain certain points about the work. The Abbess drew near to look; Anna strove to still her heart enough to hear the instructions. When Eleanor would have delivered over the pattern to its proper owner, the Reverend Mother put out her hand for it; and Anna observed that her eye searched every part of it for writing. As it was wholly blank, she at length gave it up to Anna, with promises about obtaining the necessary thread from foreign parts.

The day had really come at last. At the first touch of the fluid, lines and words began to appear. Without a moment's loss of time, Anna cut a facsimile of the pattern from white paper, and creased it with folds, exactly resembling the original; and the copy lay on the bed ready for use, if she should be interrupted. Then she returned to her work of deciphering.

"We have heard nothing from you," were the first words. "You have not received our hidden message, or the phial has been taken from you. We try this once more. Time has been lost; and you must trust us, and do what we say. The kingdom is agitated, and great events must happen, affecting all monks and nuns. If you are happy, send an express message to Elizabeth that you are so. If you wish to speak to any friend, the way is open. You may observe that the toolhouse door, upon the moat, has the key always left in the lock. Open it in the night of next Tuesday, and a friend will be outside, on your side the moat, at twelve o'clock. A letter will be left with you, to save time. Say briefly what you have to tell, and there will be little or no danger."

"O no! I never—never can do it!" was Anna's first thought. It was an overwhelming idea,—that of any clandestine intercourse at all; and for a nun to go out at night—it was not to be thought of. She was even resentful towards her

friends, that they could propose such an act; but this led her back to their words. "Time has been lost; and you must trust us, and do what we say." It was clear that events were occurring which she knew nothing of; and that the judgment of her friends must be more enlightened than her own. Was she worthy of having friends, if she could not trust them in such a case? The conflict within her was severe, and it was renewed every day. She was very young; she was new to the conflict of passions and emotions with judgment and conscience; she was alone; and she was very unhappy. When she tended towards a decision at all, it was from desperation. Her present mode of life must not go on. She could not go on living in the practice of deception, in virtual breach of vows, in the celebration of rites which did not express her religious feelings, and in hypocrisy towards both her spiritual mother and her director. If she let this chance of guidance and relief go by, there was actually no prospect whatever before her. Therefore was she still undecided every morning, and changeable in her decisions every night, while Tuesday was approaching. It appeared that somebody was to visit her before that day, who could convey a message to Elizabeth. What should the message be? No one came on Friday; and this gave another day: and Saturday was also left to her. By Monday she began to be anxious, lest the chance should slip; and this revealed to her the strength of her own expectation from the opportunity. She looked out upon the moat more than she had ever done before, though it was a common amusement to the Sisters to watch the purveyor and his man taking the fish for the use of the house. The moat was well stocked with carp, tench and luce, like the ponds of all convents, whether near the sea or inland. The water was low in the moat, Anna observed; but how any one was to cross it at night she could not imagine. The bridge was always raised at sunset; and the punt was always secured under it, when not in use for fishing. She could do her part, if the toolhouse-key should be really left in the lock. There was no obstruction between the kitchen and the toolhouse; and all that part of the house was so well guarded by the moat,—there of considerable depth,—that no such watch was kept upon it as upon the approaches by the bridge, and on the garden side. She had but a little way to go from her cell,—a cell which was disliked, in fact, on account of the culinary smells to which it was liable, and which was therefore assigned to the youngest nun: but how was it possible that any one could be awaiting her outside? She longed to examine the countenance of the gardener, and of every servant; but she knew she could not meet an eye which should question hers. Her days of candour and fearlessness were gone. She sighed as the thought occurred: but she doubted whether she would have given up the chance that had presented itself for innocence without hope.

Eleanor came again on the Monday, for one more interview, as she said, before returning home. Again, the Reverend Mother was on the spot before Anna could reach it. Her vigilance of eye and ear was not rewarded by anything interesting;

unless it was a gratification to her to hear Elizabeth spoken of with compassion.

"Have you any message for Elizabeth?" inquired Eleanor: and the Abbess bent herself to hear the answer.

"No," replied Anna. "I have no message to send. Elizabeth knows how I feel towards her. But where is she now? You speak as if you were about to see her."

Eleanor explained that she could see her at pleasure, Elizabeth being now in a kind of service in a family in the next town. It was a loss of position, certainly; but she could not expect consideration after such a step as she had taken. As she herself admitted, she might be thankful to get honest bread.

"Does she say that?" asked the Abbess. "Her day of repentance has come, then."

"Does she repent?" Anna ventured to ask.

Eleanor could not undertake to say that she did. She really did not know. Elizabeth was so quiet, it was not easy to say whether she was satisfied or not.

"Then you have no message to her?" Eleanor finally inquired.

"No: not any."

"There is still a choice," Anna said to herself, when she was alone. "Somebody will be there; but it will be better to fail than to do what I may finally shrink from." So she sincerely believed: but her course was now, in reality, determined. Her mind must have been made up on Tuesday morning; for there was something in her countenance which made the Reverend Mother remark that she hoped her daughter Anna would look as well as now when the Bishop arrived. The little listlessness was gone, and the heavy look about the eyes. No doubt it was the interrupted rest that had tried her at first,—and perhaps the hard fare, after the indulgence of her noviciate. She had got over the seasoning; and now she would be a credit to the house in the eyes of the Bishop. Still, however, Anna said to herself, "there is a choice." She fancied it still while at her distasteful supper in the refectory, thinking of anything but the holy book which was read aloud by a Sister under penance. Perhaps she fancied it still as she lay on her little bed, watching the deepening of the twilight, on that summer night, and listening to the rising wind which came from the sea. It was the wind which gave her courage at last. At least she believed that she could hardly have ventured to move from her cell if all had been as still as midnight sometimes is. When the chapel clock began to strike, the thought of her condition, if she sacrificed the present chance, rendered her desperate. She looked out upon the passage, and saw and heard nothing. She took advantage of a rising blast to pass to the kitchen and through it; and of another to unlock and open the toolhouse door, which another hand seized and closed gently. Captain Fletcher was there.

He had believed she would come. He honoured her trust in her friends. He would not detain her, and had written what it was necessary for her to know. But what were her wishes? Did she desire release?

Anna said she was unhappy, but where was

the use of talking of release? She was unhappy, and she must bear it. But they had taken her Bible away.

In two minutes more she was safe. He had told her that strange things were happening, and that she might be released without sin or dishonour. He had promised her a Bible; and she had promised to meet him to receive it seven nights hence. He had thought of everything,—had given her oil to make the locks turn smoothly, and paper and pencils with which to write fully to Elizabeth. Elizabeth, and no one else, knew of this adventure; and it was she who had told him where to find a plank on which the moat could be crossed when the water was very low, and who had assured him that the key was always in the lock of the toolhouse door inside.

He had taken no advantage of the confidence reposed in him by Anna. He had kissed her hand with as much respect as he would her mother's. Yet, amidst the flutter of hope, delight, gratitude, all sorts of happy feelings, Anna was deeply troubled. She now found the value of self-respect by the loss of it.

Her letter—the longest letter she had ever seen—was full of wonders. It told of the troubles of the kingdom; but chiefly of the prospects of religious establishments. Commissioners were sent out to examine several monasteries; and they had made such disclosures of what they had found, that the people were becoming inflamed with rage against the monasteries; and some persons doubted whether convent life would not in course of time come to an end altogether. It could not be long before unwilling or repenting monks and nuns, and especially all who had been devoted to the cloister for family reasons, would be enabled to return to the world.

This was a prodigious secret for a young nun to bear about in her mind and heart. She could think of nothing else; and she would have been lost in thought but for her anxiety to know how many persons within those walls had any idea of the changes preparing for them. She would fain have whispered hope in the dreams of some who pined; but it must not be. The gravity of her director, and the increasing severity of the Reverend Mother she could understand, while the Sisters were on all safe occasions complaining of it, and wondering what tyranny the unchecked use of power would arrive at. Anna understood that it was probably the dread of losing that despotic power which so spoiled the exalted woman's temper that the presence and influence of the Bishop alone made her agreeable company. She complained that the Powers of Evil had by some means gained a foothold in her house; that her dear daughters were once attached to her, and confided to her all that went on in the house; whereas there was now no getting a word out of any one of them,—unless, indeed, to mislead her, which she was certain some of them did. To see through and comprehend such matters as these was a great burden to a young girl who had never had a secret to keep beyond the mysteries of birthday presents, and Christmas surprises, and the wooings of St. Valentine. This burden rendered it again impossible to reject the next week's

interview,—even if she had not been bribed by the promise of a copy of the Bible.

Tuesday night came in calm and still: but Anna had more courage this time. She ventured to stay out longer; and she heard more and more wonderful things of what the English world was learning to think of the Pope and the Saints. It was such a comfort to find that the coldness of which Anna complained as having grown upon her in regard to the daily services was not supposed by everybody to be the same thing as impiety! She had prayed to Our Lady of Seven Sorrows to be consoled under her griefs: it had brought her no consolation; and she had feared it was because she did not deserve it,—so far as she now was from being an exemplary nun.

"Let those bear the blame," said her companion, "who shut you up before you could know what the act of obedience imported. I respect you more for rebelling against your bonds than I could for submitting to them."

This was consoling. By her need of such assurances, Henry Fletcher saw how she was sunk since the days when he had revered her innocent confidence in herself and others: and he regarded her with tender pity as the victim of an abused and worn-out superstition. The Pope had not a more indignant recusant in all England than Captain Fletcher, as he and Anna sat listening to the nightingale in the wood, or strolled by the dim sea, in the nights of that midsummer.

There were several such nights. Nobody suspected them—no difficulty ever occurred. Anna's troubles were all of conscience; for the Reverend Mother was pleased with her for improved animation and her mending health, and the Sisters found her more companionable. Henry had early persuaded her to cross the moat on the plank; and when she had once enjoyed the free air and space of the seashore, and the heath, and the wood, she was as venturesous as her lover could wish. Her lover he now was, avowedly. He was as careful of her as a spiritual father could be, and as tender as a real father; as reverential as a stranger could be, and as sympathising as a brother: yet he was her lover. He soothed her conscience with his gentle sayings about the penalty of patience which they were paying,—the waiting which was imposed upon them till the time was ripe for repudiating dishonest and degrading vows, in order to take others which were really pure and sacred. By this time Anna could not have refused these interviews, though they filled her heart with trouble.

Her lover brought with him a cloak and a flapped hat like his own; and, thus disguised, Anna ventured where she saw things which she had supposed she should never see more;—the fishing village, as it lay asleep,—and from some shadowy lurking place, the starting of the boats for the fishing;—and, from the turn round the promontory, the beacon alight, casting its long yellow trail upon the heaving sea. The strolls grew longer, and still nothing went wrong. The two cloaked gentlemen, as they appeared, had no reason to suppose themselves observed. They crossed their plank swiftly and silently and confidently, knowing that no window overlooked that

part of the moat. At the toolhouse door Anna put off cloak and hat,—promised, as required, that she would expect confidently and cheerfully the release from her prison which was sure to arrive,—agreed to the next meeting, and stole in without a sound. Henry heard the lock slide, waited till assured that all was still, crossed the water, removed the plank, and disposed of his time as he best might till the next interview. He always brought fresh and important news: and his personal interest in the progress of the Reformation caused him to be more active, to have more knowledge, and exercise more influence in his own neighbourhood than most laymen of his day.

One night he had been giving Anna his reasons for thinking that the breaking-up of the monasteries would be complete, and was nearer at hand than the Popish clergy believed; and her spirits had risen accordingly. They had sat in the shadow of a sandbank at the edge of the heath, till the faint reflections of dawn from the sky upon the sea warned them that it was time to go home. They sauntered quietly towards the house, which lay dark and still: they crossed the moat before it was possible to see them from a distance: they spoke their farewell with a hand upon the latch of the door, without a thought of misgiving. But the door was fast.

There was no doubt of it. The door was fast. There was no other practicable entrance. There they stood aghast.

(To be continued.)

INSECT WARFARE.

WHEN Swift made Gulliver superintend the Lilliputian wars, and therein convey or kindle sarcastic thoughts about the events of his own day and the doings of his fellow men, he might have saved himself a severe strain on the inventive powers by looking into the insect world, the naturalised Lilliput. Every man has in his garden, or at least within half-a-mile of his house, a system of tactics and military operations in practice, not excluding the effect and influence of uniform and drill, which affords a minute but apt parallel to the "Army and Navy intelligence" column in the "Times." I refer to my friends the earwigs, beetles, &c., &c., of creation. "Go to the ant," said a great authority, "Go to the ant thou slug-gard, consider her ways and be wise." Now I cannot believe that this referred only to a selfish anticipation of necessities. I cannot believe that this was left to stand in apparent contradiction to other revered advice against being careful for the morrow. I believe that it involved a general, not specific, reference to the ways of the insect world. I believe that man may find himself more accurately reflected there than he is prepared to expect, and, for this time, I propose a short reflexion about "Insect Warfare."

When you smoke serenely in the garden on a summer's day, you are surrounded by a world of strife. How much size influences the effect of a quarrel! Could the myriads around you be suddenly magnified, you would swoon at the crowd of monsters gobbling, crunching, butting, stabbing, and generally making at, dodging, circumventing,

murdering, and eating one another. Every lawn is a battle-field; every flower-bed a grave; every shrub a barrack. But it is Lilliput, and you smoke the pipe of peace. Did you ever see a drop of water—they said it was water—by the help of the solar microscope at the Polytechnic, or elsewhere? I remember the sight when a little boy. A great circle of light suddenly appeared, about the size, apparently, of Astley's amphitheatre, wherein a parcel of little sprites were hopping about and sidling out of the way of two dragons, as big as bulls, who sullenly navigated the arena. All at once one of the dragons flew upon the other with open mouth, and ate him before the audience. How they wrestled and smacked their tails about; but one ate the other at last, growing perceptibly bigger as the victim expired and shrank to his skin! Had they been dogs it would have been a brutal exhibition, notwithstanding the delight they take in barking and biting. As it was, the cruel conqueror enjoyed himself without any cries of shame; indeed, I have no doubt the pair were confined in that drop in hopes of a resultant tussle. The exhibitor and audience were charmed. I know that I, as a little boy, had some precocious questionings within my Sunday waistcoat about the loveliness of nature. Since then I have come to the conclusion that we are not the most bloodthirsty and ferocious of living creatures; that it is all very pretty to say that "every prospect pleases, but only man is vile," but that the first clause of the sentence is questionable, to say the best of it. Nowhere will you find a more fierce, vindictive society, than among insects. Nowhere does it seem that natural appetite is indulged with more permitted pain. No animals are furnished (for their size) with more tormenting weapons of defence and attack. You have seen a big-bellied spider, who already looks as if he had had dinner enough to last a week, eat an inquisitive morning visitor of a fly, alive. I always feel for the fly; how it shrieks and writhes in the monster's clutch; how slowly its cries die out, how it wriggles and kicks! I feel quite glad when the glutton pounces on a wasp by mistake, and meets his match; how he, in his turn, skips out of the way of the bare dagger, and sometimes bolts back into his hole, leaving the angry visitor to demolish the premises in his retreat. I believe I have even put a bee in the web of some gluttonous tyrant, just to teach him fair play, and restore the balance of power for a minute; but I suppose it would hardly be right to turn Mr. Giblets, the butcher, into a paddock with a mad bull, for the same purpose. Butchers are bigger, and beef must be had. The bee generally wins, though at first surprised and emphatic in his demonstrations: the spider clambers about in a threatening business-like sort of way, but ends with sulks and retirement. Talking of insect retribution, you will be glad to know that there is a kind of bug which devours its familiar relation. It is known to Entomologists by the grand name of "Reduvius personatus." This classical gentleman is a dirty fellow to look at, but takes the side of man in the domestic battle-field, and deserves as fine a title as he pleases.

Insects do not rely entirely on the sting and

the jaw for the purposes of warfare. Some wear, as we know, armour; but it is supposed that others dazzle the eyes of their enemies or prey with the brilliancy of their colours; certainly, some scare away children and nursemaids by their ugliness. Others imitate death when touched, with such perfect success as to deceive both the collector and the bird. Others elude capture by the fitness of their colour to the place they live in, or to the peculiarity of their shape, which makes them resemble leaves, twigs, or pebbles. The dung-beetle will sham dead capitally. It is said that rooks will not eat them unless alive; the presence of mind of these insects is thus remarkable, which leads them to stick out their legs and stiffen themselves when their great black enemy hops up and investigates. But some beetles show fight, and struggle hard. Anyone who has caught a cockchafer knows how it fights and wrestles in the hand, and with what tremendous strength it will force itself out between the fingers. The earwig, too, makes a great display of the nippers at the end of his tail, but they are more formidable than effective, the nip from them being anything but severe, for an insect. But about beetles, commend me for military effect to the famous "Bombardier," as it is called, which defends itself with a report and little puff of smoke, banging away at its enemy like a gunboat, up to twenty rounds. It is true that there is "*vox et præterea nihil*," unless you except the smell of the engagement, for his piece is not shotted. A full account of this natural artillery is given in Kirby and Spence.

It is well known how poisonous are the wounds inflicted by some insects, some with the sting, others by biting, the latter mode being most familiarly exemplified by ants, the former by bees or wasps. These last are the most formidable and provoking. They seem to be conscious of their powers of insult. I cannot conceive anything more gratifying to the malice of a wasp than a congregation perforce restrained in their attempts at resistance or escape on a hot Sunday afternoon, when the church window is left open. The brute exults in keeping an aisle in terror, and evades the furtive blow of an hymn-book with agile vindictiveness. Sometimes, however, he falls before the sudden skill of an attentive treacherous schoolboy.

Bees, on the contrary, seldom seem to use their weapons except in retaliation. I never shall forget a scene I once witnessed in a parsonage garden. The rector had come out in spectacles to watch his servant take the honey from some patent hives, but had armed himself, as a precaution, with a battledore belonging to one of his children. The bees resented the robbery, and made at the divine. I was looking over the hedge, and must confess, boy like, enjoyed the scene amazingly. Had they known that he, good man, had introduced these hives for the express purpose of sparing their lives in the inevitable appropriation of their honey, perhaps they would not have charged him so fiercely. But so it is, we must all of us be prepared to miss appreciation, even when we do our best to save people an annoyance which others inflict without apology.

It has often struck me that bees defend themselves blindly: rushing at their intruders with more bravery than discrimination. They charge with the courage of the Light Brigade, and suffer as much. We know what the French general said, as he looked down from the heights on the gallant six hundred: "This is magnificent, but it is not war." So with insects which attack an animal immensely superior in strength and cunning. Instinct does not tell them when they have no chance, at least not always, nor how to use the opportunities they possess. I remember, when a boy, getting some twenty pounds of honey out of a space between two timbers in a lath-and-plaster house. We took no means to stupefy the bees; indeed, it would have been dangerous to burn anything under them. When therefore I opened a hole in the wall, out came the bees, highly choleric. Of course I knew that I was taking a liberty, and had tied a veil over my head, and put on thick gloves. But all the bees could think of was to fly at me full butt, though a little judicious crawling would have discovered some weak place, and gratified their resentment. Poor bees! they only took little tours in the air, as if they were appealing to the world, and then came back at me with all the malignancy of disappointment. I got twenty pounds of honey out of their hole, and we made mead of it, which all turned sour.

But whether bees are clever in warfare or not, there is one great lesson to be learnt from them—that little fellows will be treated with great respect if they are ready to defend themselves when attacked, though they may go about their business at other times with all the patience expected in a civilised community. H. J.

WORKING THE ORACLE.

IN these days of cheap books and almost universal education, it is somewhat startling to observe how large a leaven of superstition still lurks in the popular mind. One might reasonably expect that before the march of intellect, of which so much is said, all the witches would have taken flight on their broomsticks, and that "Guides to Fate" and "Oracles of Fortune" would have long ago passed out of print and credence. Not so, however; "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers;" and although the black art has decayed sadly in dignity and profit since the days of the renowned Mother Shipton, of whose life and prophecies an account was lately given in these pages,* it has numerous votaries to this hour, not only among the lonely cottars of Dartmoor, or in other remote, sequestered parts, but within hearing of Bow bells, and in the very centre of our civilisation. You have only to take up one of the weekly newspapers to find advertisements of mysterious wording and eccentric grammar, in which the modern seers invite a trial of their skill, and intimate where and how they may be consulted. Many of the old women who perambulate the town, pretending to buy old bottles and candle-ends, are adepts in the craft, and employ it to gain an influence over weak-minded servant-maids, and induce them to connive at the robbery of their masters.

* See Vol. v. p. 168.

Others are to be found in the cellars of Lambeth and St. Giles, where they give audience to many simpletons of low degree, if not, as is currently believed by the neighbours, to ladies of quality in the disguise of charwomen. There are men, also, in the profession, and I am told that if you knock at the door of a certain house in Southwark, bearing a large brass plate inscribed "Engineer," you will be introduced to a dirty old man with a long beard and a cutty pipe, who casts nativities and unveils the future on the most moderate terms, varying from 2s. to 5s., according to the presumed station of the visitor.

Since the gypsies were ousted from their favourite camping ground at Battersea, the fortune-tellers of that race have forsaken London, but they are still to be met with in unfrequented country lanes. The Spiritualists may also be reckoned among the modern false prophets. Although they find their dupes among the upper ten thousand, their quackery is as vulgar and generally more blasphemous than that of the sibyls of more humble life.

A curious illustration of the vulgar faith in the mysteries of astrology is found in the frequent requests which are addressed to the *savans* of Greenwich Observatory to afford some insight into the events of the future. Airy is supposed to be as expert as Nostradamus or Morin in the drawing of horoscopes. The officers of the Observatory have frequent calls from visitors (not always of humble station) requiring information of their future destiny. Letters have also been received inclosing Post-office orders, and desiring to have a nativity cast in return. The following is a specimen of these epistles:

SIR,—I have been informed that there are persons at this observatory who will, by inclosing a remittance and the time of my birth, give me to understand who is to be my wife. An early answer, stating all relative particulars, will greatly oblige.

Mr. Dunkin, one of the officers of that institution, informs us that he, on one occasion, received a visit from a well-dressed young woman, in great distress at the absence of a relative in the Pacific, who had not been heard of for several years. She left in tears, because the stars were not able to tell her whether he was alive.

The modern art of fortune-telling is not confined to the breasts of its professors. It boasts of a literature which yields large profits, and enjoys an extensive circulation, although it does not reach the public through the medium of the Fathers of the Row, or the regular booksellers. It issues from the presses of the Seven Dials, and must be sought for in shy quarters of the town, at obscure little shops, which combine hair-cutting or millinery with tobacco, confectionery and low-class periodicals. You will find it frequently associated with a peculiar sort of sweetstuff, distributed in blotches over greasy sheets of paper; brandy-balls fused into a lump with long exposure in the window; semi-fluid hardbake; venerable oranges, hard, brown, and brittle; farthing dolls; pigtail tobacco, and penny cigars. If you see a shop-window full of such publications as "Charley Wag, the London Thief" (Nos. 2, 3, and 4 given away with No. 1), "The Horrors of Mormonism,"

"Priests and their Victims," "The Mackney Warbler" (decorated with a flaming picture of that eminent delineator of negro character), or the "Aunt Sally Songster," you may be pretty sure the "Gipsy's Oracle" is to be procured within. You will also find it consorting with yellow, fly-blown Valentines; and I have myself seen the "Norwood Gipsy" ensconced between one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons and a tract on the "Bottomless Pit" by a reclaimed prize-fighter, the class of customers appealed to being much the same in each case.

A collection of the current books of fate which I have picked up in my rambles about town lies before me. There are the "Wheel of Fortune," reprinted from a scarce Egyptian Work, containing Valuable Secrets relating to Health, Wealth, Love, Courtship, Matrimony," &c.; "Mother Shipton's Fortune Teller;" the "Gipsy's Oracle" (also by Mother Shipton); the "Gipsy Fortune-Teller, containing the Art of telling Fortunes by Lines in the Hand, by Cards, by Grounds of Tea and Coffee, Signification of Moles, Judgments drawn from the Moor's Eye, how to discover Truth from Falsehood," &c.; the "Universal Book of Fate;" the "Dreamer's Guide;" "Napoleon's Book of Fate;" "Raphael's Chart of Destiny;" "Madame de Staël's Fortune-telling Manual, translated from the French Edition;" "Lady Blessington's Divination by the Magic Crystal," &c., &c. Some account of the contents of these curiosities of literature may, perhaps, be not uninteresting.

The editor of the "Universal Book of Fate" furnishes us with a brief history, very original in grammar and style, of the remarkable woman, the results of whose occult experience are therein set forth—"a person whose fame, though not recorded among the roll of those whose heroic actions have trumpeted them to the world, yet her discerning eye and knowledge in prescience render her not unknown to the generality of those who devote any attention to this interesting study." What was her proper name, in what age she flourished, or in what part of the world she lived when she was at home, the biographer forgets to tell. It appears, however, that she was vulgarly called Mrs. Bridget, and that she dwelt, "during her peregrination through life, in a kind of cave, or rather a hollow, formed by nature above ground, with the assistance of a little art, and comprising an exceeding warm shelter from the air." The child being father to the man (or mother to the woman, as the case may be), we need not be surprised to learn that Bridget "was gifted with an early propensity to prescience, which evinced she had it instincted in her by nature." As she grew older, her "second-sight" became wider and clearer, and attracted visitors of every grade to her dingy cell. "Not a farmer would put the seed in the ground without first asking the opinion of the Young Gipsy, for so they styled her, and following according to her dictates. Her fame became the topic of conversation of the politest circles, many of whom came in their equipages to consult her. She never asked for any particular sum, so the unbounded generosity of those who applied to her oracles, put her in possession of

more money than was sufficient to maintain her." A fondness for the society of animals marked Mrs. Bridget's declining years. Some people have declared that she had hundreds of these about her, and that she could call as many from the earth as she pleased; but "this is fabulous," says our author, who is very particular about his facts, "for I never saw more than ten at a time. Dogs and cats were the principal companions of her retirement, which, being of the smallest breed, would, as she sat, creep from different parts of her garments, and not a little surprise those who came to see her, and, indeed, frightened many." Mother Bridget's biographer, searching, no doubt, for her money, came upon a bundle of manuscripts, concealed in the thatch of her residence. This singular old lady, never having been to school, could neither read nor write, but, by the force of genius, "she had formed to herself a kind of hieroglyphical characters, in which she deciphered her observations, knowledge, and remarks." The *mémoires pour servir* which the historian of her life found, being written in these characters, it is not surprising that at first he could make, as he himself says, neither head nor tail of them; but, he adds, "I am rather of a studious turn, and I thought, as I had made it my business formerly to transcribe Egyptian hieroglyphics when they were as unintelligible to me as these, I might by perseverance get at the depth of this valuable manuscript, or at least it would serve to deposit in the British Museum." As far as I can discover, this priceless treasure is still wanting to the national collection; but it is some consolation to know that the editor succeeded in deciphering the hieroglyphics, and has published a translation in the "Universal Book of Fate," the low price of which places it within reach of the humblest.

There is not much variety in the devices for ascertaining the decrees of fate treated of in these little books. The Wheel of Fortune is the most simple. It consists of a circle surrounded with figures. The person whose fortune is to be told, must place the Wheel of Fortune face downwards, prick into a number (the eyes being blindfolded), and then refer to the explanation in the book, which stands at the corresponding number to that pricked. The art of discovering the future in the grounds of tea or coffee demands more skill. "The more fertile the fancy is of the person who inspects the cup," says Mother Shipton, with great candour, "the more he or she will discover in it."

That every man's fate is in his own hands few will dispute, but one would have thought that the time had passed when anybody expected to read it there. It seems, however, that there are still people who—

Think that God hath interlined

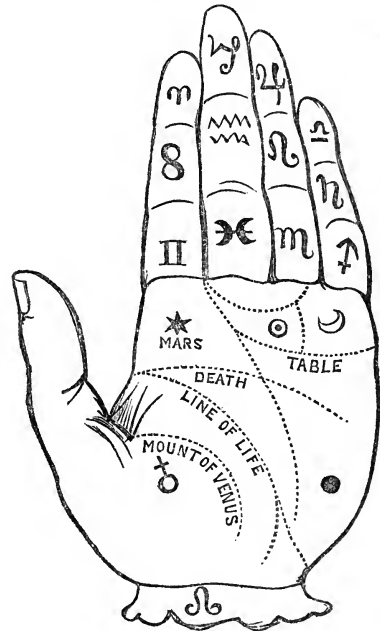
The human hand like some prophetic page,

And in the wrinkles of the palm defined,

As in a map, our mortal pilgrimage.

For the use of such the penny oracles supply the rules of palmistry. They are copied almost verbatim from the old writers, and the picture of the hand in Mother Shipton's "Fortune Teller" (1861) is almost identical with that in "The Delectable Introduction unto the Art of Chiro-mancy," by John Iudagine, Prieste (1558). Thus

the simpleton of to-day reads the same alphabet of palmistry which foretold to Launcelot Gobbo his "small trifle of fifteen wives," and "the peril of his life by the edge of a feather-bed." The



kindred sciences of physiognomy and the significance of moles and spots on the nails are also disclosed. Does any theatrical manager want a particularly vicious Cerberus to act as keeper of the stage-door?—let him note the following signs:—

AN ILL-NATURED PERSON.—The form of the body meagre and lean; the forehead cloudy, sullen, and wrinkled; the eye cast down and malicious; a nimble tongue; a short, quick, uneven gait; a murmuring to himself as he walks.

Would you like to know the sort of man of whom you may safely ask a favour, without fear of a rebuff? Look out for one of this stamp:—

A GENEROUS PERSON.—The forehead large, fleshy, plain, and smooth; the eye moist and shining; the countenance expressing joy and content; the voice pleasant; the motion of the body slow and regular.

The charms and ceremonies described in the books of fate are, for the most part, absurdly elaborate, and also very antiquated, as is shown by the references to bleeding, philtres, and saint-days. The following may serve as a specimen:—

CUPID'S NOSEGAY.—On the first night of the new moon in July, take a red rose, a white rose, a yellow flower, a blue one, a sprig of rue and rosemary, and nine blades of long grass, bind altogether with a lock of your own hair; kill a white pigeon, sprinkle the nosegay with the blood from the heart and some common salt. Wrap the flowers in a white handkerchief and lay it under your head, on the pillow, when you go to rest; and, before morning, you will see your fate as clear as if you had your nativity cast by the first astrologer in the kingdom; not only in respect to love,

lovers, or marriage, but in the other most important affairs of your life; storms in this dream foretel great trouble; and graves or cemeteries are fatal tokens, and so is climbing steep and dangerous places.

I have no doubt, however, that the next, which is much simpler, would also prove more effective, as it could not fail to attract at least a policeman:—

Any unmarried woman fasting on Midsummer-eve, and at midnight laying a clean cloth, with bread, cheese, and ale, and sitting down as if going to eat, the street door being left open, the person whom she is afterwards to marry will come into the room and drink to her, by bowing, and afterwards filling the glass, will leave it on the table, and, making another bow, retire.

It is to be feared the stranger would not leave empty-handed. If this charm is often practised, it is not difficult to account for many leaking casks, diminished joints, and missing spoons.

But by far the most popular systems of prognostication are those founded on dreams and cards. No book of fate is complete without a catalogue of the meanings attached to every card in the pack, and there are dream-dictionaries in profusion. In the case of dreams the approved method of interpretation appears to be to attribute to the object dreamed of a significance either natural and appropriate, or diametrically contrary to the obvious idea which it suggests. For instance, crutches denote sickness and misery, angels good fortune, and bagpipes vexation of spirit; while on the other hand, death is held to indicate happiness and long life; drowning, good fortune; and marriage, death. Sometimes the interpretation is whimsical, as that "to dream you are going to be hanged is a sign you will rise above your present condition by marriage;" "to dream of geese is good—expect to see soon a long absent friend." Others are simply absurd. Why should dreaming you wear a tail be a token of profit, a long nose of riches, boots of a sweetheart to the single, friends to the married, or carrots of profit in lawsuits? The meaning put upon the various cards in the pack is, of course, quite arbitrary. Considering the class of people who sit at the feet of the New Forest Gipsy, I should imagine that the following prediction is almost sure to be verified:—

KING OF SPADES.

The ladies of fashion this card who obtain,
In vain on the Court may attend;
Her Majesty's favours they never will gain,
Nor find at St. James's a friend.

Although the penny fortune-tellers still hold their ground, the prophetic almanacs are clearly going down. Francis Moore, Physician, has not yet been discarded by the Worshipful Company of Stationers, but between three rival editions of his almanac, one is puzzled to know which is the authentic *vox stellarum*. The best proof that the prophets have fallen upon evil days is their timid, hesitating, apologetic manner. Their old impudence and audacity have deserted them; they are fain to fill their pages with comments on the past rather than revelations of the future, and such phrases as "I trust," "I hope," "it is not improbable," are very different from the large utterances of the early seers. Old

Moore and Zadkiel concur in thinking that the Pope and the Sultan are both in a bad way, and that there will be a general election in England this year; but on other subjects they are discreetly vague and incomprehensible. The worthy Moore is indignant at being expected to disclose the intentions of the Emperor Napoleon. "When a man never seems to know his own mind," he justly observes, "how can other people divine it?" Junius Resurgam, Esq., has just issued a "Doomsday Oracle, or Seven Years' Prophetic Almanac, for the Eventful Cycle of the World's Destiny from 1862 to 1869," in which he denounces his rivals as shallow impostors. He is certainly more definite in his predictions than the others. "The signs of the heavens," he says, "are extraordinary, and portend alarming times. Uranus is malignantly transiting Gemini; the bodies of Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars are nearly in conjunction with Virgo in the second house, in quartile to Uranus." And so on. All which, being interpreted, means an European war, the death of Louis Napoleon, the ascendancy of the Whigs in England, the defeat of Russian aggression in Turkey, and the accomplishment of German unity. It is encouraging to know that none of the prophets have the slightest fear of a collision between John Bull and the Yankees.

In France the literature of fate and necromancy, which was strewn broad-cast over the land by the *colporteurs*, did not fail to attract the notice of a "paternal" government, and was summarily suppressed a few years ago. Le Petit Albert and Le Grand Grimoire are still smuggled through the provinces, where the peasants prize them all the more highly on account of their condemnation by the authorities; but, of course, the circulation of such works is very much restricted. The "Triple Liègeois" of Martin Loensberg now limits its predictions to the weather and the disposition of children born under the signs of the Zodiac. "The prognostication of the future," says the editor, "is best accomplished by a study of the past." And so, under the head of "Predictions for each Month," he gives only a selection of meagre anecdotes from the "Moniteur." In England, however, we may safely leave the extinction of such trash as the "Gipsy Oracle" and the "Prophetic Almanac" to the progress of education and the spread of cheap and wholesome literature. Before such potent influences the books of fate must vanish as surely as mists before the sun or ghosts at cockerow; and in the course of a few years we may expect to see the Sibyl of the Seven Dials burn her last volume from sheer default of a purchaser.

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

SOMETHING MORE ABOUT OBELISKS.

ANTIQUITY furnishes a remarkable parallel to the subject that now holds the first place in all our thoughts. It was in vain to search for an obelisk set up in the days of the Pharaohs in honour of the dead, at least from any feeling like that which requires a memorial. The Greek rule in Egypt, however, shows an example of the application of one of the old monoliths to a new pur-

pose, affording exactly the instruction we need, now that the public wish reverently bows to the royal will, discussing no longer what a memorial should or should not be, but resolved to carry out most worthily the desire of a monarch who has asked the sympathy of her people.

Ptolemy Philadelphus, mourning his beloved wife Arsinoë, built a temple to her memory. It was called the Arsinoëum, like the Mausoleum of king Mausolus. In it he set up an obelisk eighty cubits high. A native Egyptian king, probably of about a hundred years before, had cut it and left it uninscribed. It cost more labour to bring it from Syene to Alexandria, and to set it up, than it had done to hew it out at the quarry. Ptolemy placed it in the Arsinoëum as "a gift of love" to his dead queen (N. H., xxxvi., cap. ix., § 14). Here we have the case of an uninscribed Egyptian obelisk,—for Pliny, the narrator, would otherwise have qualified what he says of its having been left plain,—set up, not as a tombstone but as a memorial, by a royal husband lamenting his wife.*

The lesson is this. A Greek monarch, who was famous for his love of the arts, and lived while the recollection of Phidias was yet fresh, while the less worthy but still great successors of Phidias were scarcely dead, and the third school had but just begun to introduce false principles as a system, such a monarch must have had a standard of taste to which we may well appeal. He chose as his especial gift to the dead an Egyptian obelisk, doubtless of red granite, which was uninscribed, and he set it up in, or, perhaps, before the monumental edifice which he built in her honour. Let us adhere to the Egyptian material, or one very like it, to the Egyptian proportions, and to the plainness and combination with architecture that Ptolemy approved. Thus we can at least commemorate that excellent judgment in art with which the Prince we lament was endowed, and show that his example has not been lost, but that he has left this, with many other and nobler reflections of his excellencies, as a legacy to his adopted country.

Having said that Egyptian obelisks were not memorials, I may explain their first use. Excepting some few small ones that were sepulchral, bearing prayers for the dead, as an example in the Duke of Northumberland's Egyptian Museum at Alnwick Castle, all were dedicated to the gods, and stood before the temple-gateways with the well-known object of affording a contrast to their long horizontal lines. The material of all the large obelisks was red granite of Syene, the Syenite of the ancients. They generally bore a single central line of hieroglyphics, to which afterwards two lateral lines were often added. The apex was covered with gold plates, and the inscriptions appear to have been gilt, not painted, for these inscriptions tell us that the monoliths were "capped with gold," "inlaid with gold throughout their length," "gilt with pure gold." It had been long known that they were dedicated to the gods, but Mr. Birch has made the curious discovery that

they were worshipped. He thus reads a remarkable record: "The food and drink-offerings made to the four obelisks erected by his majesty . . . to his father Amon, 100 portions of bread, and four draughts of water, of which each of the obelisks had 25 loaves and one draught of water. His majesty added to the divine offerings of food and drink made to the statues." This record is of Thothmes III., who reigned about B.C. 1400.* It certainly does not tend to raise our ideas of the Egyptian religion, which, notwithstanding the noble doctrines of the future state which it must have owed to a patriarchal belief, is defaced by a low nature-worship like that of the negroes. The obelisks, therefore, were sacred stones. It may be observed that Nebuchadnezzar's "image of gold," which has puzzled all the commentators, had exactly the proportions of an Egyptian obelisk, if the breadth of six cubits was measured at the base, for then it is a tenth of the height; and that it seems to have been gilt or plated. We cannot suppose that it was wholly of gold, when its dimensions so greatly exceed those of the Australian obelisk to be shown in the Great Exhibition, which represents the quantity of gold found at the Antipodes since the first discovery.

We do not know at what cost of labour the Egyptian obelisks were made. The inscription on the base of the largest yet standing in the country, the greater obelisk of El-Karnak, which is 92 feet in height, tells us that it was a year and seven months in the making; but this can scarcely have included the cutting of the sculptures into its hard surface. The inscriptions of the still larger Lateran obelisk record that it was left for thirty-five years unfinished. Yet the number executed by single kings shows that one obelisk, with its minute sculptures, was not thought a formidable work.

The greatest Egyptian obelisk remaining, the Lateran, measured 108 feet. The inscriptions mention two 108 cubits high, and a papyrus tells of one 110 cubits, of which the other dimensions seem discordant. These two or three monoliths—for the Egyptians would not have built an obelisk—must have been nearly double the height of the greatest of their fellows which time has spared to our days. Let our monolith be of no smaller dimensions: something unrivalled in the past and in the future.

REGINALD STUART POOLE.

THE FAIRIES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH HEINE.)

The wavelets plash on the lonely strand,
In the light of the moon's mild beams;
A fair knight rests on the silvery sand,
Begirt with happy dreams.

The beautiful fairies, fairy-bedight,
Rise out of the great sea's deeps;
They softly draw near to the youthful knight,
And they think that he really sleeps.

Then, one with curious finger feels
The feathers that deck his bonnet;
Another close to his shoulder-knot steals,
And plays with the chain upon it.

* Two obelisks adorned the Mausoleum of Augustus at Rome, but the object with which they were placed there is not known.

* The curious reader will find all the information as to obelisks which their inscriptions afford in Mr. Birch's paper, "Notes upon Obelisks," Museum of Classical Antiquities, ii., 203, seq., and 309, 310.

A third one laughs, and with artful hand
Unsheaths the sword from his keeper,
And, leaning against the glittering brand,
She watches, well-pleas'd, the sleeper.

A fourth goes flutt'ring about and above,
And sighs from her little bosom :
" Ah, me ! that I were thy true, true love,
Thou beautiful human blossom ! "



A fifth the knight's fair fingers clasp'd,
Fill'd with love's longing blisses ;
A sixth plays coy for awhile, but at last
His lips and cheeks she kisses.

The knight is crafty, nor thinks he soon
To open his eyelids wary,
But lies quite still, to be kiss'd in the moon
By fairy after fairy. NEVILLE TEMPLE.

MR. PIERCE'S TEN THOUSAND CLIENTS.

It is not often that so interesting a document is presented to us as one which now lies before me. It is not often that so fresh a revelation is made of life and character, as this document affords. It is the Report to the Washington Government of one of the Commissioners sent down to the Carolina Islands to examine into the case of the negroes left on the plantations by the flight of their masters, and assembled there by their own escape from the mainland.

The author of the Report is Mr. Edward L. Pierce, a Massachusetts lawyer, chosen for the office for his business-like habit of mind, and his experience in affairs. All that he has written conveys a strong impression of anxious conscientiousness, sobriety of judgment, sagacity, and kindness, without prejudice or impetuosity. Other testimonies are joined with his own,—the conclusions of men no less conscientious, and equally qualified in their own way. Mr. Lee, Superintendent at Hilton Head, is one, with his assistant, Mr. M'Maths, from Pennsylvania. Dr. Peck, an aged clergyman, is another. He is a

scholar, and a venerated divine in the North ; and his long ministry has entitled him to repose in his latter days among his own people : but he was struck by the peril in which these negroes would be placed by the arrival of soldiers and sailors, and the spectacle of the manners of the camp, at the moment when they were forsaken by their masters and overseers ; and he went down among them without delay, affording them a truly apostolic presence in the crisis of their fate. The Reverend Mansfield French, a New York clergyman, soon followed, by government appointment ; and, before he had been a fortnight on the spot, he had forwarded an urgent suggestion to the North that a company of good housewives should be sent down, to help to establish neatness, order, and economy in the negro households, now to be established in the quarters where the slaves have hitherto lived as in styes. There are others, whose counsel and opinions are cited in this Report ; but I have said enough to show that it is a real business-like exposition that we are furnished with, and

no one-sided representation, or melodramatic fancy-piece.

Such an exposition could not have come at a better time. As might be expected, contradictory accounts are flying about, in regard to the emancipated negroes, so that one would not otherwise know what to believe or expect; and some of the rumours are exceedingly distressing. It is said that they are starving,—that they are in rags, and half-naked in wintry weather,—that they are brutally used by the Federal troops,—that they are sinking into the lowest vices from the contagion of the camps,—that they are cruelly over-worked,—and that they are longing to be under their owners again. Much of this kind of representation is very natural, as coming from Confederate sources, together with the popular Confederate notion of the Yankees, as being half-beast and half-devil: but it is also probable that there is more or less truth in every representation of the new snares, sins, and sorrows of the race which is now undergoing the greatest transition which its history can exhibit. There must always be much peril and suffering in passing over from a bad system to another,—even if it were the very best: and in this case, there has not only been no preparation, but the conditions are unfavourable in a high degree. The long existence of a severe form of slavery in the heart of the nation, the passions which have been gathered about the defence of it, and the intense hatred of race which has grown up throughout the whole Republic, have left the negroes little chance of rational and genial treatment from the ordinary society of any State. What the actual condition is we now learn from this Report, just when it seemed well nigh impossible to learn anything trustworthy at all. Now, then, to the facts.

The Report embraces the case of 200 plantations, supplying from 10,000 to 12,000 released slaves. Of plantation negroes, about one-half are field-hands; and the other is made up of house-servants, personal attendants, mechanics, and the preacher, the watchmen, and the old folks and children of the estate.

At the date of the Report, February 3rd to 7th, fourteen islands with plantations, and some others without, were under the exclusive protection of the Federal authorities; and others, as the populous Edisto Island, near Charleston, were partially so, but still visited by Confederate proprietors. The largest number of negroes on any plantation was at Coffin Point, in St. Helena Island, where there were 260 slaves. In the whole 14 islands, the average number on a plantation was 81: but this is about double the number which would be given by a wide area of average land. About 40 on a plantation is supposed to be a fair amount in Carolina. There was a great accession of numbers when the troops took possession of the islands; and more and more were arriving every day, across the lagoons. One troop of 48 from a single plantation far away, came in under the care of the driver,—organised for escape as hitherto for labour. Four days and nights they had been hiding in the swamps, and dodging in the woods; and a superior set they seem to have been,—clear and resolute in their view and aim,—and so far

unlike many of their comrades, who were overtaken by liberty, instead of making up their minds to seek it.

One fact which comes out distinctly from the general narrative is, that there are two grades of negroes, as distinct in their quality as the drivers are from the field-hands. The drivers are negroes; but they act the part of whites, and have much of the authority of overseers. They are the counterpart to the foreman who is found on a large farm in the Free States. They apportion the work, and see it done; and they keep the keys of the granary and the store-houses, and give out the rations. They are good judges of the conditions of the tillage, and often know more of the quality, produce and management of land than the owner himself. When such men lead their bands over to Federal protection, there is meaning in the movement; and an understanding with the new authorities is presently established. These drivers are not without their special troubles, however. The other negroes are jealous of them,—of their authority, their four suits of clothes a year, when the rest have only two; and their power of the lash. The lash, however, is the driver's supreme trouble; for he has to use it, when required, on his own wife and children, and may not refuse.

The two orders below these drivers consist of slaves who have their faculties exercised, and those who have not. On remote plantations, where the field hands know of nothing beyond the plough and hoe, and are never spoken to but by their fellows, they are as stupid as can well be imagined—believing anything that may on rare occasions be said to them, and having no ideas of their own. The brighter class consists of labourers in a more lively region, or under wiser management, which affords some scope for the exercise of their faculties. Those who have been accustomed to work which requires planning or perseverance, and those who have been allowed to do the most mechanical work in their own way, are now found to be the most hopeful subjects of the new authority. It is pretty clear that they are disproportionate in number just now on the islands, and that the representations in the Report must be unduly favourable, on the whole, for this reason. It is found that all the planters, without any exception thus far,—the most honourable gentlemen as well as the most unscrupulous ruffians,—have concurred in misleading their negroes as to their fate. They have all, for a long course of years and up to the last moment, assured their slaves that the Yankees wanted to sell them to Cuba, and pocket the money. The idea of the Yankee which they have endeavoured to plant deep in the negro mind is that of a ruffian robber who was coming to seize the negroes, and tear families to pieces, selling each member to his own best advantage, to Cuba, or, as some added, “down South,” which sounded no less dreadful to people who did not know what either meant. The abject class believed this of course: and a multitude of them have hidden themselves from the Federals, or have fled into the interior. The more intelligent were somewhat less credulous; and when an enterprising leader offered, they were more or less willing to see the Yankees for them-

selves. Still, they were so far dubious that, during the first week of his investigation, Mr. Pierce was far from certain whether they desired emancipation or not. The second week cleared up a good deal, and every succeeding day threw light upon the case. The poor fellows wanted to know what was to become of them, and of their families if they should bring them in. When once satisfied that Cuba had nothing to do with their case, they were prodigiously relieved; and no doubt the tidings have by this time spread as news does spread in slaveland.

This reminds me of an incident which is not told in this Report. These negroes have no idea of shutting themselves into their closet to pray in silence; and their prayers are easily overheard from without. One of the Federal strangers, passing a cabin, heard a negro praying that "the Lord would bless the damned Yankees." Some of the poor fellows, never having heard the name without the description, suppose the two together to be the title of the northern men. So far from understanding the stigma, they believe in the oddest incarnation heard of for many centuries,—that "the Lord has appeared in the form of a Yankee," and given forth a command that they should remain quietly on the plantations,—advice which savours strongly of Yankee good sense and kindness.

Mr. Pierce's testimony agrees with all other that has reached us as to the attachment of the negro to the cabin and the plantation. It is a thoroughly hopeful feature in their case, and that of the whites who are concerned with them. Mr. Lincoln's wild scheme of deporting the whole four millions to some strange place would be absurd for this reason, if there were no other; and the true method seems to be indicated by the fact that, not only are the drivers on the island plantations as careful of their keys, and as regular about the rations as if nothing had happened, but the labourers fidget because the work of the plantation is not going on. If the compost is not collected and spread in January, they are uneasy. On such a suggestion as is here afforded the Federal authorities may well proceed to an organisation of labour, on a system of wages, with every hope of success. But this belongs to the second division of the Report. At present we are looking at the actual condition of these poor people.

Their notions about being free vary, as might be expected, with their mental development, when once the idea of being sold to Cuba is left behind. Some appear to be very abject, saying that they are now the Yankees', to be done with as the Yankees please. Some only want a good master. Some would like to be free, but inquire after a while for some white man who should be "a protector." But all labourers understand wages: all families understand what it is not to be sold away from each other; and all, men, women and children, seem to have a passion for education. This was so early and clearly pronounced that, while the poor fugitives were huddling in the swamps by day, and creeping on through woods and lanes by night, good men and women in the northern cities have been spending their scarce dollars in buying up all sorts of alphabets and easy reading-books, and ciphering and copy-books, to be sent down to the

islands with the clothes and implements so urgently required. Education having been anxiously forbidden to the slaves, they regard it as a badge of human nobility; and the ambition for it is universal. Already the parents are willing to pay a certain amount out of their new wages to the schools where they send their children with glee. In the schools are seen children of all shades, from the pure African black to the blue-eyed and fair-complexioned offspring of the planter and his quadroon: the teachers are emancipated slaves; and after school hours, they beg some friendly white to hear *them* spell, and read their easy words. Some can read a hymn and a few scripture texts, having learned by stealth in slavery. It must be an interesting thing to preach to them. The Report gives an abstract of a discourse of Mr. Pierce's delivered to an audience of two hundred: and not often is a sermon so devoured in the hearing. Now, the negroes learn what the Bible really does say, and find that it gives both sides of the question which concerns them, there is no need to cite the texts which are the most interesting to them, and at the same time the most new. It is worthy of remark, however, that they receive with all docility the doctrine of Work. Their new protectors insist on this, on all occasions; and nobody seems to question it, though it was the grand theme in the time of slavery. When Mr. Pierce explained that, happen what might, they must work, the answer was "Yes, massa: we must work to live; that's the law."

We are told how they have worked hitherto, and how they are working now.

On some plantations there is a mansion for the owner to live in: but many planters live in Beaufort or Charleston, and leave their estates in charge of the overseer. The overseer's house is a rather poor cottage, near an orange or fig plantation, but not shaded by trees, for fear of mosquitoes. When an overseer has charge of more than one estate, the driver is the local authority; and his cottage is poorer than the overseer's. The slaves live a little way off, but within view, in cabins arranged in a row, or in opposite rows. It is an object now,—and a chief reason for sending for Northern women,—to civilise the domestic life of the negroes. They will crouch down anywhere with each his or her mess of potatoes, or molasses, like so many hungry dogs growling over a bone in a corner. It is a great object to train them to sit down to table together, in decent observance of rules. At present, they are not well enough clothed or provided, or accustomed to a regular hour for assembling at meals. They have never been allowed a regular hour for the purpose. The adults have had a peck of Indian corn a-head per week; at Christmas, and, on some estates, in June also, an allowance of meat,—generally or always bacon; and now and then some molasses. A few masters allow a meal of meat once a fortnight or month. This account applies to the locality under our notice; but I am confident that more bacon is allowed elsewhere; and Mr. Pierce considers the food he describes to be below the average quality. He mentions oysters also as abounding; but whether as actually allowed to the negroes, or only at command, is

not clear. They have plots of ground, about a quarter of an acre to each cabin, wherein to grow potatoes, and food for the pig and fowls, which they sell very cheap to the house, to get sugar, tobacco, and extra clothing for themselves. The cultivation is abundantly simple,—seven-twelfths of the land being in cotton, three in corn, and two in potatoes. The corn yields only 25 bushels per acre, and the cotton 135 lbs.; and five acres per hand is the average task of the negroes, with a small addition of work in the potato fields.

Mr. Pierce and his coadjutors have studied the facts of the tillage on these islands very carefully, in order, among other reasons, to test the truthfulness of the negroes, and their disposition as to work. Nothing could have been easier than to tell the strangers from the North false tales about the amount of work that should be required of a labourer, and of produce that he should be expected to raise. There has, however, been a satisfactory correspondence between the accounts given on the plantations and those supplied from other quarters. On the whole, there is less lying than was expected from people who had been slaves. When the facts to be related are of a distinct and circumscribed character, these people speak accurately; as in speaking of acres and bales and bushels, and the prices of things, and the distances of known places. Where imagination can enter, their reports are not to be trusted; as in regard to the number of troops and extent of forces, a planter's wealth, and what is doing in remote places. They are prone to flattery, in the form of saying what they suppose will be most liked: but their cunning is so simple that it is obviously superficial; and it is an inevitable consequence of their life of bondage. In conduct they have been faithful. The pilots have carried the Federal vessels safe among the shoals, and through the narrow passages; and the guides have never betrayed their trust. No party has been bogged in a swamp by them, nor led astray in the woods. They have certainly not played the spy yet in that quarter, as it was reported that some did elsewhere; but Mr. Pierce earnestly recommends that they should not be allowed to suffer want, lest the temptation to play the spy should become too strong.

Their thievery is also much less than was looked for. There has been very little known pilfering. Where there was a scarcity of clothing, some are said to have stolen garments; but the charges are not more than are constantly heard in camps, and other large assemblages of men. On the estates, they have been forbidden to appropriate unsuitable articles from their masters' houses; but it is wisely regarded as not being theft when they have helped themselves with soap and crockery, and the like. On estates where the people themselves are treated as property, there cannot be the same distinctions of yours and mine that free citizens are accustomed to: the stores are for everybody's use, without any buying and selling; and it would be absurd to expect the negroes to abstain from taking what they want out of the usual store places because the proprietors are not there to give them out. It is probable that minute honesty is one of the things

that will have to be taught and looked after, in the training of these people; but at present they are not found to sin more than other hap-hazard assemblages of some thousands of people.

Their industry can hardly be judged of yet, owing to the confusion of the time and scene. They profess to know and admit what their amount of labour should be, and that they must work to live; but routine is very necessary to them, or some urgent stimulus. They are at present put out of all their ways. The proper work of the season has been delayed; some fret at it, and some are gleeful. Most who have been set to clean and pack the cotton have worked well; but there is an unsettledness among the idle sort, during the interval between their old and their new life. There has also been a most ill-timed discouragement to industry in the dearth of small cash, which has prevented the punctual payment of wages. It is cruelly mortifying to the agents that at so critical a time there should have been failure on the part of the white employers; and work falls off as wages fall into arrear. Another misfortune occurs wherever troops are stationed. Not only is the corn taken for their camp from the estates, raising its price to all buyers, and leaving a prospect of dearth from February till next harvest, but the cattle of the estates are taken for food, and much of the tillage is rendered impossible. Amidst such drawbacks, no estimate can be formed of the industrial qualities of the negroes; but thus far they have been tolerably diligent at the cotton-gins, and have laboured at special tasks for pay as freemen are wont to do.

Much interest was felt about their way of encountering danger in this critical hour of their history. Their singular candour about their own cowardice looks like courage. "Black men," they say, "have been kept down so like dogs, that they run before white men." But they do not always run. The pilots have done their duty under fire for hours together; other negroes have asked for arms, and placed themselves as sentries on exposed ground of their own accord: and one band actually drove off a body of Confederate cavalry. Some have led the Federal soldiers straight up to the enemy; some have stood behind trees loading for the combatants; some have played the part of combatants very well, with any weapon they could lay hands on on land, and as gunners on shipboard. Thus they are not all cowards; and there is a regiment of 700 free blacks, lately in Kentucky, and now probably at Nashville, who fought so admirably in the recent battles as to prove that such cowardice as exists must be the consequence of slavery, and not of a black complexion.

No circumstance is more important than the absence of vindictiveness towards the dominant race. The negroes do not extensively impute cruelty, each to his own master, though in every neighbourhood there are some employers who have a bad name for rapacity and severity. Under their present guardianship there is no incitement to revenge; and nothing seems to be heard of any such idea. The people crave support against any attempt to reduce them to slavery again; they are

well understood to have prepared themselves to commit suicide, in considerable numbers, like so many Kroomen, rather than submit to the yoke any more; some of them have brought in their masters to the camps as prisoners of war; but there does not seem to have been a single instance known of outrage to slaveholders or their families. Yet the slaveholders have, with their own hands, shot many negroes in the woods and on the high-roads, for refusing to be driven with the cattle into the interior.

The strong religious tendency of the negroes has doubtless come in aid of their placable temper. Every possible use is made of it by the Commissioners to restrain their passions. They seem to take their religion very much to heart where they really understand its requirements. Thus, they swear very little, though their masters on the one hand, and the Federal soldiery on the other, sin terribly in that way. They seem fully disposed to be correct in their marriage relations, when once raised above the brutish conditions in which they have been involved by the constant endeavour to increase the human stock on the plantation. Their religion is certainly not all sentiment or passionate excitement. They have their "glory shout" at the close of their prayer meetings, when they join hands, and raise a cry which must be very like our harvest-home clamour: but at the same meetings they ask and learn what their duty is, with sincerity and zeal. It is a significant circumstance that in one place they held a general meeting, with all the forms, to discuss a point of right and wrong, and settled by vote that they ought to subscribe to pay for their own candles for their own prayer-meetings.

In this short sketch, we see something of the actual state of a considerable body of emancipated slaves. A few words will show what, in the opinion of the Commissioners, ought to follow.

Mr. Pierce is emphatic in his entreaty that whatever is done may be done at once. All will be lost if these negroes, in a season of irregular supplies and irregular employment, are exposed to the snares, or even admitted in the smallest degree to the spectacles of camp life. Painful rumours have reached the North, about the same time with this Report of Mr. Pierce, of much evil from the junction of the soldiery and the negroes,—the soldiers being dreadfully overbearing, and the negroes suffering under temptation and cruelty at once. If this is true, which seems too probable, it can implicate only a small proportion of the negroes in the islands: but then, there are the sailors; and they are understood to be even worse than the soldiers. To keep the negroes at home on the plantations is the first duty; and in order to do it, the Government must immediately compensate the estates for the stock and produce taken from them,—fill the granary which has been emptied for the soldiers, supply potatoes by sea, and make up the tale of cattle and mules and pigs, at every settlement which has been stripped of them. Agricultural implements must be sent too, and seed corn, and instructors in improved methods of tillage. Salaried superintendents should be put in charge of the whole cultivated area; and no estates should be leased out, because

in that case the negroes would be sacrificed as hitherto, whenever that collision of interests arose which has been created by slavery. The education of the negroes for the position of free labourers is an object which may be combined with an improved production of cotton and corn: but the lessee of a plantation is not to be trusted with it. The work and wages should be fixed under a sanction of rewards and punishments; and the rewards and punishments proposed are such as are suitable at once to the negro character and to an honourable training for the independence of personal freedom. The homes are to be regenerated, partly by instituting legal marriage, and partly by the training of the women by female influence. The cabins should be as good as the village dwellings of the North; and every one is to have its plot of ground, as hitherto. All parties seem to be eager alike about the schools; and this is the point on which there is least probability of difficulty or disagreement. Missionaries are called for to come and teach and guide: and they will come; for the United States have been wont to supply the greatest number of missionaries, of the highest and soundest quality, of any country in Christendom in the present century. Other points of the case involve greater difficulties. Mr. Pierce has, however, so impressed his views on the commanders in his neighbourhood as to induce such proclamations as that of General Sherman (of February 6), which shows a good beginning.

There is a sentence in the sermon of Mr. Pierce, referred to above, which it behoves every citizen in the Free States to remember, as a pledge to the negroes, which must be held inviolable. After telling them the advantages which they might obtain by good desert, Mr. Pierce declared that "by and by they would be as well off as the white people; and we would stand by them against their masters ever coming back to take them." These words were spoken a few weeks since; they are now no doubt known far and wide among the negroes; and they must be considered as binding as a treaty. Yet we hear already from many quarters, by every mail, that the Northern community and its Government will use its recent victories for the restoration of the Union on any terms which the Confederate Government will stand out for. I do not myself believe this, strong as is my impression of the corruption which pervades Northern politics, as a consequence of long hypocrisy and subservience under the Slave power. I do not believe that any people would so debase themselves before the eyes of Christendom as to sacrifice their professed morality, their character, and their reputation, for the sake of a Union which cannot be genuine and sincere, or made reconcilable with liberty. I do not believe that anybody will venture to exasperate the negroes by forsaking them, after all that has been done and engaged for. But while such rumours are afloat, the pledges offered to the negroes must be kept in full view and remembrance. The world now knows, and nobody in it must forget, that the nineteen millions of the North are pledged to the Southern negroes "to stand by them against their masters ever coming back to take them."

After a period of training of both parties, the masters may hire them: but never more may they hoist any of these ten thousand men, women, and children on the auction block for sale. This is a pledge to others than negroes. It is a pledge to all Christendom; and Christendom will keep watch over its redemption.

As I am closing, the American newspapers of March 3rd bring the reply of the Government to Mr. Pierce's report and proposals. The Government adopts the scheme, and undertakes the expense of conveying teachers, providing the means of education and industry, and of doing whatever may be desirable for the productiveness of the estates, and the improvement of the negroes of the region. This is equivalent to a declaration that slavery is at an end in these islands. Teachers and guardians are arriving in companies of forty or more, bringing clothes, implements, and school-apparatus; and Mr. Pierce's clients may now be fairly considered winners in their great cause.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

THE DOUBLE ROBBERY.

TOWARDS the close of the last century Northumberland and the border were terribly infested by those—to the bucolic mind—particularly obnoxious specimens of the *genus* thief known as “rievers” or “lifters” of cattle.

Almost all the rascals who followed this not un lucrative profession trusted chiefly to mere brute force to carry out successfully their nefarious schemes. There was, however, one exception to this rule to be found in the person of a celebrated freebooter, known as “Dickey of Kingswood.” This worthy openly expressed his disapprobation of his rivals' vulgar mode of following their profession, and repeatedly boasted that he could achieve twice as much by his cunning as they could by their brute force. Nor was this assertion of his mere empty boasting—far from it.

In a few years' time Dickey's name became the terror of the country side. No farmer felt secure when he retired to rest at night that his cattle might not have vanished ere morning. So cleverly, moreover, were all Dickey's enterprises conducted, that no man could ever succeed in making personal acquaintance with him. He openly set justice at defiance, and laughed at the futile efforts of the law to punish him. Perhaps, however, the best way to illustrate the adroitness and good luck which characterised all Dickey's proceedings will be for me to relate the story of one of his exploits.

It appears, then, that during the course of his peregrinations through Northumberland, one fine afternoon, Dickey's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a pair of fine oxen which were quietly grazing in a field near Denton Burn, a village distant three miles from Newcastle.

Determined to possess them, Dickey hung about the place till nightfall, watched where the animals were driven to, and—his usual good fortune assisting him—speedily secured his prize. He also contrived, by the exercise of his accustomed cunning, to leave such traces behind him as made the owner of the oxen certain that the freebooter had

made off towards the Tweed. Thither he accordingly proceeded in hot haste. In the interim, however, Dickey had lost no time in “making tracks” towards the west country, and so expeditious were his movements, that in a short time he reached Lanercost in Cumberland. Here he fell in with an old farmer on horseback, who, being delighted with the appearance of the oxen, forthwith purchased them.

Dickey was of course rejoiced at getting rid so pleasantly of a charge which could not fail to be troublesome—nay, possibly, dangerous—to him longer to retain. The farmer, moreover, was mounted upon a splendid mare, which Dickey, with his peculiar ideas on the subject of *meum* and *tuum*, at once resolved, by fair means or foul, to secure. He, therefore, willingly accepted the farmer's hospitable invitation to accompany him to his house in order that they might “crack” a bottle of wine in honour of their bargain. Presently Dickey inquired of the farmer if he would sell him his mare?

“Sell you my mare!” exclaimed his host, all aghast at this proposition. “Sell my mare! No, thank you! Why, there's not her equal in the whole north country!”

“I do not doubt it, Mr. Musgrave,” responded Dickey; “and from what I saw of her paces this morning, I am quite of your opinion that there's not her equal within a hundred miles of us; but,” added the obsequious Dick, “since you will not sell her, I can only wish you long life and good health to enjoy her.”

This sentiment was of course duly honoured in a bumper.

“I hope, Mr. Musgrave,” next observed Dickey, “that you keep a close look-out after your stable-door, because now, when that confounded rascal Dickey of Kingswood is allowed to be at liberty, a man cannot be sure but that any fine morning he may find his stable empty.”

“Stable! ha! ha!” chuckled the farmer. “I think,” he continued, “that Dickey of Kingswood would find it rather difficult to steal *my* mare out of *her* stable!”

“Indeed! where may her stable be situated?” inquired Dickey.

“Her stable! God bless you, sir!” answered Mr. Musgrave, “her stable is in my bedroom! I'm a bachelor, and so every night I fasten her to my bed-post. I have had a manger put up for her in the room, and no music is so pleasant to me as to hear her grinding her corn all night by my bedside.”

Dickey was astounded—as well he might be—at such unheard-of precautions; but, disguising his astonishment, he contented himself by simply expressing to the farmer his hearty approval of the means he adopted to secure the safety of his favourite.

“I suppose you have a good lock upon your bedroom door?” was Dickey's next “feeler.”

“Come with me, and I will show it you,” replied the unsuspecting farmer.

This was of course just what Dickey wanted. He examined the lock carefully, and soon satisfied himself that he could pick it without much difficulty. He, however, declared to Mr. Musgrave that

it was "just the right sort of lock;" "it couldn't have been better, in fact;" "it was quite non-pickable," &c., &c.

Again the loving cup passed round, and after draining a bumper to their "next merry meeting," Dickey departed.

The old farmer, after his guest's leave-taking had been completed, carefully went the rounds of his house, locking doors and closing windows with all due precaution. He then, as usual, tied his mare to her accustomed post, retired to bed, and was soon lulled to sleep by the sound of his favourite's grinding her corn.

So the night wore away. Presently, as the first gray streaks of day began to appear, Mr. Musgrave awoke, and feeling very cold and chilly, looked round to ascertain the cause. To his astonishment, he found that all the coverlets had been taken off his bed, and that his blankets had been spread out upon the floor. For what purpose? thought Mr. Musgrave. Was he the victim of some horrible nightmare, or was he really awake? Mechanically, his eye glanced to the spot where his mare should have been. She was not there! She was gone—stolen! During the night some daring thief had broken into the farmhouse, had picked the lock on the door of the bedroom, had spread the blankets over the floor, so that the hoofs of the mare should make no noise, and had thus triumphantly made off with his prize.

Of course Mr. Musgrave roused his household, and commenced a vigorous search after the thief. It was useless. The despoiler had left no traces behind him, and so Mr. Musgrave was obliged to return home disconsolate, and to content himself with venting curses—neither few nor far between—upon the thief.

In the meantime our friend Dickey—for his was the deed—was comfortably mounted upon Mr. Musgrave's favourite mare, and was every moment increasing the distance between her outraged owner and himself. So great was the speed of the mare, that by break of day Dickey felt himself secure from pursuit. He had directed his steps to the eastward, and whilst crossing Haltwhistle Fell, whom should he encounter but the veritable owner of the oxen he had stolen two or three days before, and had just sold to Mr. Musgrave!

Dickey knew the owner of the oxen well, but, luckily for the freebooter, that injured individual did not know *him*. He therefore accosted Dickey, and inquired if he had seen any oxen in the course of his travels, similar to those which he described himself to Dick as being in search of.

"Why to be sure I have!" replied Dickey; "with the very same marks as you describe, grazing in Mr. Musgrave's fields at Lanercost, only yesterday. I was rather struck," he continued, "by their appearance, and learnt, on inquiry, from one of his servants, that Mr. Musgrave had purchased them just yesterday. Undoubtedly the oxen are yours. I would advise you to go to Lanercost at once, and claim them."

"Certainly I will," replied the other. "But I am knocked up with walking, and it is a long way to Lanercost. I see you ride a good beast. Will you sell her?"

After some hard bargaining, terms were agreed

upon, the purchase money was paid down on the spot, and Dickey and the farmer separated: the former to seek his stolen oxen, actually from the very owner of the stolen mare he was himself riding; whilst Dickey proceeded, "where he listed."

The next day the farmer reached Lanercost, and, of course, at once recognised his own oxen grazing in the field. He forthwith rode up to an elderly man standing near, whom he judged to be the owner of the field, and exclaimed:

"I say, friend, those are my oxen in your field! How may you have come by them?"

"And I'll be d—d," replied the other (after taking a long, astonished look at the animal on which his questioner was mounted), "if that's not my mare you are riding! How may you have come by *her*, pray?"

Each of course described the person from whom they had respectively purchased the oxen and the mare; and when this was done, they discovered that they had indeed been "sold" by a rogue of no common order.

So laughable, however, did the joke appear—even to those who had to "pay the piper" in the affair—that neither party could prevent breaking into a peal of merriment when the particulars were fully disclosed.

It was now clear that the only way to settle the affair, was for each party to take back his own property. Mr. Musgrave was of course overjoyed at the recovery of his favourite mare; and the Denton Burn farmer, being equally delighted at the recovery of his favourite oxen,—it fell out that, in the general burst of rejoicing, Dickey was allowed to quietly pocket the sale money of both mare and oxen.

Whether Dickey ultimately came to an untimely end, or whether he reformed his ways, and died, duly "shrived," in his own bed, history telleth not.

Certain it is, however, that to this day his deeds are "household words" in many parts of Northumberland, and the mention of his name amongst the peasantry is considered synonymous with "cuteness." W. H. COOKE.

PER L'AMORE D'UNA DONNA.

"THE man that brings this piece of paper says he is to wait and see you—excuse me, sir, but he is very rough-looking, and I think he must be a foreigner, he looks so very brown and dirty. Shall I have a policeman handy?"

The question showed me that Luke had not brought me the paper without making himself acquainted with its purport. It was the lace-edged specimen of that material which it is customary to wrap round bouquets, and there was scrawled on it a few words in Italian, which ran thus:—

DEAR _____, —Our Italian friend begs me to ask you to see the bearer of this, and, if you can, to assist him. Ever yours,

"I must see him, Luke, but not till I have finished my dinner. In the meantime, you had better keep an eye on him."

I had my hand on the bell, and was in the act of pulling it, when a second note was brought to me from the same person.

DEAR ———, — Please pay particular attention to the man I sent to you this afternoon. I know nothing of him, but Angela evidently does. They caught sight of each other as she was stepping out of the carriage, and she was very near falling backwards under the wheels. The man said something very improper in Italian, and looked dangerous, but he seemed too weak to dare anything. However, as he persisted in asking Angela for her address, and she seemed so frightened at the sight of him, even after I had got her back in the carriage, that I proposed sending him to you to hear what he had to say, to which she very gladly assented.

P.S.—I am not at all inquisitive, but if you wish to say anything to me on the subject, I am always at home.

“Of course you know what is written on this piece of paper you brought me?” said I.

“Si, signor.”

“Well, I have just now received another note from the same person, in which I am asked to do what I can to assist you. Have you any objection to tell me what you want of the signora? Here, you may read the note, it will help you to make up your mind. I tore off the postscript, and put the rest in his hand. He read it, and then brought it and laid it on the table beside me, but did not speak. I looked in his face, it was working convulsively, as if he were trying his utmost to prevent himself from crying. I made him sit down, and offered him more wine, but he put it aside, and murmured, in a stifled voice :

“Páne, del páne.”

A man must have the heart of a workhouse porter, or a poor law commissioner, to look with an un pitying eye on a human being actually suffering from want of food, no matter how much he may deserve to be in such a destitute condition. I rang the bell, and before I asked him another question I let him devour his hunger to his heart's content. With the gratification of his appetite his confidence in me appeared to increase, and when he had finished eating I had only to look encouragingly at him to cause him to say :—

“If the Duke had lived, and the revolution had not broken out, I should never have been abased to this condition. I might have died by the hand of the assassin, but I should have been spared the humiliation of starvation, rags, and dirt. Si, signor, I will open my soul to you.

“Ten years ago I was a boy. I had then two brothers, a sister, and two cousins, girls, Caterina and Angela Guerazzi. My father was afflicted with paralysis of his lower limbs, and not being able to assist us in the cultivation of our little farm he, more for the sake of having something to do than because there was any necessity for it, opened a school. He had many scholars, for he had many books, and the priest said everywhere that my father knew a great deal more than he did, which was not much, perhaps, in your eyes, but a great deal in ours. As for me, when there was much to be done in the field I worked with my brothers, and took my lessons in the evening, along with several young men who came to be taught when their day's work was over. I liked this better than being in school all day among boys who were mostly younger than I; it pleased me to be allowed to associate with men, who

admitted me to their society chiefly, no doubt, because I was the son of the schoolmaster. My sister and cousins were almost always sitting on the top of a little hill near our house, which gave a view of the whole country as far as Colorno, when the lessons were over, and we used to join them there, and sing with them, or dance, and amuse ourselves in a hundred different ways; in short, we seemed as happy as though we were still in the garden of Eden. I used generally to find a seat near my youngest cousin, Angela. She was a little older than I, but she suffered me to love her, openly and without concealment. I remember, after reading a certain book, I felt as if I had something to fear from the open and unconcerned way in which she would suffer me to show my affection for her, but I never attempted to fathom the feeling, or to ascertain whence it rose, it was enough for me to know that I loved her with my whole soul. The future inspired neither hopes nor fears; I had no future, my life was wholly in the present. Ah, me! what happy days were those! How did my young heart rejoice when I was able to bring her a handful of fragrant wild flowers, which I had spent hours in finding. How her eyes would sparkle at the sight of the flowers, and how happy I felt at the sight of her happiness. The caress she pressed on my forehead was scarcely thought of, though I pressed my cheek to hers, and nestled closely to her; my reward was in seeing that what I had done had given her pleasure. Such is the pure love of boyhood.

“This high felicity lasted till after I had passed my sixteenth birthday. Naturally delicate, as indeed all our family were, the harmony which prevailed among us made us live in an atmosphere of such perfect happiness that we grew strong and healthful, and already I had attained the full proportions of a man, while in feelings and ideas I was unconscious of change from what I had always been. But soon after this the little worm began gnawing at the root of our happiness, and ended by destroying it for evermore. The curse of politics was unknown in our quiet home. True, we sometimes heard of men being taken to prison without knowing the reason wherefore, but such occurrences were rare.

“Among those who came in the evening to receive instruction from my father were two young men, named Francesco Brezzi and Paulo Pedrocchi, they were a year or two older than I, and lived in a village near Il Pizzo. They were more serious than most of us, and seemed more anxious to learn, but they seldom stayed after the lessons were over, owing to the distance they had to go, so that we really saw but little of them. They were very well liked by all of us, and we were not sorry when they joined us one evening, and told us that Francesco's uncle had left him a small estate near ours, and that Paulo's father had bought half of it for his son, at the earnest entreaty of the young men, who dreaded nothing so much as a separation at this period of their life. If our being together had depended on us we should scarcely have seen more of them in their new abode than we had previously, but now that they lived so near they no longer hastened

away at the close of the lessons, and we gradually became more and more intimate. It was at this time they began to talk more frequently of the powerful secret societies which had formerly existed in Italy, a subject which was interesting to all of us. Then from some source or other they were constantly hearing of fathers being dragged to prison, of sons being sent to the galleys, or exiled to foreign countries, and all for no cause; till at last we began to think we were cruelly oppressed, and my brothers, especially, were indignant that we should be governed by the police, men, for the most part, belonging to the lowest families of the towns. For my own part, though I shared in these conversations, I was too happy to sympathise with them in their indignation, and to me it seemed that Parma must be the happiest country on earth. One evening Brezzi and Pedrocchi brought with them a friend of theirs, named Antonio Barcadolo. He was older by ten years than either of them, a stern-visaged man, who looked capable of any deed, but who seemed to me to be as unstable as water in his opinion of men; one day speaking of a man in the highest terms, and the next, vilifying him an equal degree. This, of course, I did not perceive till I had seen him many times. At first he was silent and reserved, but when he found that we allowed him to indulge his humour without appearing to notice it, the innate vanity of the man forced him to speak, and drove him to strive to make that impression on us by means of his discourse which his tragic airs had failed to produce. Then, indeed, he could not fail to interest us. He told us of cities he had visited, of Paris, of London, but most interesting of all to us, of Rome. Angela took particular delight in listening to him, and I believe it was from this cause, more than any other, that I began to lose my prejudice against him, if that could be called prejudice which was simply a want of liking. The influence he had over Brezzi and Pedrocchi gradually extended to my brothers, they became more silent and less joyous, and very frequently they went with the three friends to their house, instead of remaining at home as formerly. Even Angela changed; she, too, grew quiet and thoughtful, and the things she once took so much delight in no longer interested her. She continued to ramble about the fields and woods, but if I could not go with her she no longer waited till I was ready, as she used to do, but went alone. Even when I went with her she spoke but little, unless answering me, and the direction in which we walked had come to be indifferent to her. She lost the appearance of health she used to have, and her movements became slow and languid. I spoke to my father about her health, but he said it was nothing, and she would soon be as well as ever. I believed him, because I loved her so much that at the mere thought of anything happening to her my blood ceased to circulate. I attributed her dulness to the change that had taken place in our habits, and begged my brothers to remain at home, that we might amuse our cousins and sister as we had used to do. For a time they did so, but Angela continued to care less and less for what we did, and the only time when she seemed to shake off her

melancholy a little was when we were joined by Brezzi and his two friends. For this reason nobody was more urgent than I in pressing them to remain after they had received the evening lesson from my father, for they continued to come to him to hear him lecture on the growth of plants, the substances of which they were formed, and the kind of manure which would best stimulate their growth, and it was seldom that any of us missed the opportunity of hearing my father speak of these things, especially as he would never talk of them except at the hour he had set apart for doing so. It was not an uncommon thing, when my father had finished, for us to find Antonio talking with my cousins and sister, and I was sometimes perplexed, if I chanced to look at my sister at these times, and notice the expression of her eyes as she regarded Angela. On such occasions, too, she would often leave her seat, and come and sit beside me, and was more affectionate than usual. Then came another phase in my cousin's treatment of me. For days at a time she would avoid me at every opportunity, never sitting beside me, never walking with me. It was in vain that I begged her to tell me what I had done to offend her, she would not tell me; then suddenly, and without any reason, she changed her behaviour entirely, and far from avoiding me, she sought me out whenever she could, seemed unhappy if I had to leave her for ever so short a time, and clung to me morally and physically, as if I were the only barrier between her and some great danger. This weakness in one to whom I had all my life been accustomed to defer alarmed me at first as much as it surprised me, still I could not help feeling a strange kind of pleasure at finding myself regarded by her as one capable of protecting her. I redoubled my efforts to add to her happiness, and was constantly watching for opportunities of procuring her some pleasure; when she would again change, suddenly, and without the least reason. This occurred so often that my health began to be affected by the state of feverish agitation in which I was kept.

“One morning, just at the beginning of the season for gathering grapes, we were sitting at breakfast, when my eldest brother asked me to go to a small field which was partly screened from the sun, being at the back of a small hill, and see how long it was likely to be before the grapes there would be fit for gathering. I did as he asked me, and while I was examining the bunches I was joined by my cousin Angela. She had been for some days previously in one of her unamiable moods, and as soon as I saw her I concluded that the fit had passed, and there was a period of unmixed happiness before me. She came up to me, and, with that familiarity which had existed between us from infancy, she placed her hands on my shoulders, and held up her face for the accustomed kiss. ‘*Mio carissimo fratello!*’ she murmured, in a low voice, as she nestled closer and closer to me. Heaven knows, there was not the shadow of an angry feeling in my heart against her on account of the suffering she had caused me. I kissed her forehead; I unfastened the thick black tresses, and let them fall as they would about her shoulders, and decorated them with

such flowers as I could find, just as I had done when we were little children. This I did in the hope that it might enliven her, but it was all of no effect; all she seemed to desire, was to be near me. She held one of my hands in hers, and I felt as though it lay between the heated vine-leaves at mid-day. I too grew silent and lost in meditation. Could she be ill, I thought, and yet afraid to tell us, lest it might give us pain. Presently she led me towards the spot from which we could see the houses of Colorno, and said:

“I want you to go to Colorno, and buy me these things. You know the *festa* of the Virgin is near, and Angela must not be less gaily ornamented than her sisters.”

“She paused an instant, and then she added:

“And now, Camillo, I must leave you. I am sorry, oh, very, very sorry, that I have made you unhappy;—you, so kind, and good, and gentle, will you forgive me, *mio caro*?—will you love me always?—Kiss me dear one—again—again—*fratello amatissimo!* * * * * * *Addio!*”

“I was so surprised at this sudden outburst, the passionate manner in which she clung round my neck, and the rapidity with which she quitted her hold and hastened away, that I had scarcely presence of mind left to ejaculate *Addio, bellissima Angela*, before she was out of hearing.

“Confused by new and strange sensations, doubting whether I ought to rejoice or grieve at this unusual display of affection on the part of my cousin, and wondering what it portended, I reached Colorno unconsciously, though I must have walked very slowly, for it was past noon when I entered the town. It took me a long time to get the things Angela wanted, some of them not being ready. I was standing at the shop door, talking to old Novello’s daughter, when Antonio Barcadolo came up to me and proposed that we should return home together. I felt a little flattered by the offer, as he was always dressed like a lord, while I had on only the rough clothes in which I worked on our farm. I accepted his offer, and his invitation to dine with him. If I had only known—

“When near our house we met Brezzi and Pedrocchi coming from there, whereupon Antonio said he should go back with them. I noticed that they did not treat him with their usual warmth, though they raised not the shadow of an objection to what he proposed, neither did they seem so free spoken with me as was customary, but I thought, considering the degree of intimacy which existed between the three, that this might arise from a feeling of something like jealousy at meeting us together. We wished each other good night, and went our several ways.

“When I got home I found only my sister and father there. My brothers were out, and there was no Caterina nor Angela to be seen. I asked for the latter, but instead of answering me, my sister threw her arms round me, and burst into tears. I trembled like one smitten with the ague. I entreated her to tell me the worst, but she only sobbed the more as she felt the tremulous movements of my body. I withdrew myself from her arms, and ran up to Angela’s room, fully expecting to find her lying in bed, ill, perhaps

sick unto death, but never anticipating what really had happened. To my surprise the room was empty. What, then, was the meaning of my sister’s tears? I rushed down again, and again I demanded of my sister what had become of Angela. She was still weeping, but she answered in broken accents:

“Do not ask for her again—let us not speak of her—she is unworthy of your love.”

“Though I did not clearly comprehend the meaning of her words, I felt that some terrible misfortune had happened. I felt the blood leaving my limbs, and slowly gathering about my heart, choking its action and leaving my body to become the prey of a sensation of such intense cold as no physical cause could excite. For a time I was not able to speak, but as soon as I could, I insisted on knowing what had become of our cousin, and at last my sister told me that she had gone out in the morning and had not been seen since. My brothers had been out looking for her several hours, and so had her sister Caterina; I, too, went in search, but could gain no trace of her, and when I returned home I found that my brothers had been equally unsuccessful. I went out again, and all that night I wandered about from place to place, where we had been together, and visited them all again after daybreak. My eldest brother found me, and insisted on my going home with him. I went, and my sister met us at the door, and then for the first time since she uttered them the words she had used came back to my mind: ‘She is unworthy of your love.’ It was long before I could make her explain her meaning, but at last she acknowledged that she believed Angela had gone away with Antonio Barcadolo. I was so completely astounded by her words that for a minute I could not speak. I exclaimed vehemently that this could not be, since Antonio had been with me from soon after mid-day till a few minutes before I came home the preceding evening. My brothers also declared in the most positive manner that they were sure my sister was mistaken. They were so energetic and positive in their denial that, distressed as I was at Angela’s disappearance, I felt surprised at the warmth with which they repudiated my sister’s suspicion. I did not know, then, that they had joined a secret society, under Barcadolo’s direction. They insisted on my lying down for a few hours, promising that they would in the meantime renew their search for our lost cousin. They returned without having found any trace of her, nobody had seen her, and all our efforts to discover her, which were continued through several successive days, failed as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up.

“Although almost hopeless of hearing anything of her in the capital, I could not rest at home, and determined on going there. As it was understood that I should not return home, my father and brothers consulted together as to the amount of money I was entitled to as my share of the estate; and this sum they gave to me. The pain of parting from my family, which would have been most acute under other circumstances, was scarcely felt by me, and I have often since then regretted bitterly the selfishness which induced

me to think only of my own suffering, and rendered me almost indifferent to theirs.

"On arriving in the capital, I found a lodging close to the church of the Madonna della Steccata. It was poor enough, but it did not prevent me from being found, within a few hours after I had taken up my abode therein, by a messenger sent by an officer of the Duke's household desiring me to call upon him. Astonished at receiving such a message, and fearing that it meant evil, I followed the messenger with a heavier heart than I entered the city with. All that I had heard of citizens being arrested, and imprisoned, or exiled, without the form of a trial, came into my mind as I walked along, and I dreaded that this was to be my fate, and that all hope of seeing Angela again was at an end. The man led me into the room where Captain Andreotti was sitting. To my great surprise he came towards me holding out his hand, and taking mine, which he held in his for some seconds, looking me steadily in the face the while, and then touching my cheek with his lips he loosened his hold and requested me to be seated. The cordiality with which he received me was not, as I at first supposed, the result of a mistake. He questioned me respecting the health of my family, touched slightly on our loss, and just mentioning that I had been warmly recommended to him, he finally proposed that I should assist him in his office for the present, and if I found that I did not like this occupation he would procure for me an appointment of a different kind.

"As in coming to the capital I had only thought of seeking for Angela there, and not of travelling further, it seemed to me at the moment that my acceptance of the offer would not interfere with this object; moreover, I was very young and inexperienced, and what with the surprise occasioned by the suddenness of the offer, and the flattering nature of the proposition, I was unable to ask time for reflection, and therefore accepted it on the spot, and entered upon its duties forthwith. These duties were onerous enough after a short time. They consisted in combining the pith of reports relative to the state of public feeling in various districts in one short paper, which I handed to Captain Andreotti, who disposed of it in some way of which I was not cognisant, but I believe it passed from him to the Duke eventually.

"The performance of this business occupied me several hours longer on some days than on others, but as soon as it was terminated I was free to go where I would, and I spent the remainder of the day in a weary search after my cousin. Month followed month, and though hope was almost dead within me, wherever I went the recollection of her was always uppermost in my thoughts, and if my regret for her loss became somewhat deadened by the lapse of time, it was revived as keenly as ever each time I went to my father's house. To months years succeeded, and I still retained my post, though the labour increased incessantly, as each report that came in was fuller than the last. Secret societies were springing up in all directions, some connected with one principal one at Turin, others, to all appearance, a mere aggregation of individuals without any definite object, and inspired merely by a kind of dramatic instinct.

The names of all these persons were perfectly well known to those who made the report, and I more than once made the suggestion to Andreotti that our informants might in some cases have organised the society themselves, with the view of giving themselves greater importance in the eyes of the government. Andreotti agreed with me; but there were no means of preventing it, and he regarded it as a matter of small importance as he assured me that no man was arrested merely because he belonged to one of these societies, unless he were a dangerous man, on account of his ability, his being in correspondence with a society outside the duchy, or of the violence of his character.

"Matters went on so smoothly in the office in which I was placed that it was no unfrequent thing for me to spend a day, or two days, with my family. At these times our chief conversation turned on the mysterious disappearance of Angela, and my brothers gradually adopted the opinion that she had been murdered and buried. As to my sister, she no longer asserted that Angela had gone away with Antonio, for the latter had remained with his friends Brezzi and Pedrocchi for several months afterwards, but she would never express any opinion on the subject. Thus the time passed along; the exciting nature of my occupation prevented it from hanging heavily on my hands during the day, and my mind was saved from the benumbing effects which would have resulted from an incessant contemplation of my own griefs by the necessity of studying in some of the hours at my disposal to fit myself the better for the exigencies of my position. Languages were my chief study, and I succeeded well with all of them except the English, that I never could pronounce, though I learnt to read it pretty fluently. All this time I made but few acquaintances. My stay in the palace was limited to business hours, and there nobody was permitted to enter our room, and Captain Andreotti may have had reasons for not wishing me to make the acquaintance of any of the officers of the household with which I was not acquainted then, for though we frequently dined together at his house, there were never any present, except occasionally an Englishman who was high in the confidence of the Duke.

"I will pass over intermediate events and come at once to that which caused me to abandon my position and become a vagabond, which has ended in making me what you see me.

"I was at work as usual in my room one morning when the Englishman I have already referred to came in and asked for Andreotti. He was a bold, outspoken man, who seemed to take a pride in making no secret of anything, and though I took care not to imitate him in this respect, I yet liked him very well, and not the less perhaps that I learned some strange things from his conversation. As he had several times visited Andreotti both in the company of the Duke and alone, I considered there could be no objection to my answering any of his questions as far as I might be able. On this occasion, after the ordinary salutations, he said:

"So Andreotti is laid up with an attack of neuralgia which has blinded him for the present, I hear."

“So he tells me in a note I found lying on my table when I came in this morning.’

“I hope we shall soon see him back again, but I dare say you can give me what I want, which is the address of that fellow of ours who is the head, or something like it, of those fools all through the duchy who have banded themselves together, as they say, for the promotion of human progress, and similar foolery.’

“I am afraid Captain Andreotti alone can give you the information you want—I do not at this moment remember the person to whom you allude.’

“No? Well just refer to your records, for I want the address for the Duke. The fellow I mean is he who ran away with that beautiful girl up at ——. He calls himself Barduloco, or something like it.’

“You would say Antonio Barcadolo, probably?’

“Ah, that is the name. The last time I heard anything of him he was at Florence, and from there he was going to Turin.’

“Then I am sorry to say that I can be of no assistance to you: his name has never come before me in the fulfilment of the duties of my office.’



(See page 388.)

“On hearing this he left me to call on Andreotti. I shall not attempt to describe what I felt at this sudden and unexpected confirmation of my sister’s suspicions. Andreotti’s reception of me, and the confidential post to which he had appointed me, was now explained. I saw but one course of action before me. I locked up my papers, put my keys into a parcel, which I sealed up, and wrote a note to Andreotti resigning my post. I did not visit him to attempt to get from him Barcadolo’s present address, because I knew that he was capable of causing me to be arrested if he thought, as he probably would, that what I was about to do would interfere with state policy.

The great thing was to get out of the duchy before anybody suspected my intention, therefore, instead of sending my resignation to him that evening, I put the note and the parcel into the hands of the proprietor of the house in which I lodged, with directions to take it to the palace and leave it there the following morning, which, as Andreotti was not likely to be there, would probably give me some hours’ additional start. Then telling him that I was going into the country for two or three days, I took all the money I had, which was a considerable sum, as I had never been extravagant, and speculation was but little known in Parma, and walked to a stable where I

kept my horse, and rode away as though I was merely going to take my usual ride.

"My position enabled me to provide myself with ample security against interference on the part of the police, unless they had received special instructions to arrest me, so that I journeyed all night without being delayed more than a few minutes at Sandonino, which I might have avoided if I had ridden straight through the town instead of trying to pass it without entering, by making a detour. On leaving Sandonino, I quitted the main road which would have taken me into the kingdom of Sardinia by way of Piacenza, and travelled by unfrequented roads and lanes to Nibbiano, and crossed the Sardinian frontier near that place late on the evening of the day succeeding that on which I had left Parma, sleeping at a little town called Canevino. I was now safe from pursuit, and I need say nothing more respecting my journey from that place to Turin.

"On reaching the Piedmontese capital, I was so impatient to begin my search, that within one hour after I had chosen my hotel, I was in the streets. The hope which had become almost dead was now revived in all its intensity. It never occurred to me to ask myself what good purpose it could serve to find my cousin, now that I knew she had fled from her home with a wretch whose whole life was one great treason. My mind was entirely absorbed in the desire to see her; what might follow from our interview was left unthought. It was impossible for anybody to have greater facilities for discovering a man living anywhere in Italy than I had. The names of the principal men connected with the political societies in most of the cities were well-known to me, and by an adroit use of the names of these men I might easily pass for one of the initiated. By such means as these I was soon able to ascertain that Antonio Barcadolo had left Turin for Cherasco. On arriving at this place I learnt that he had gone to Genoa, having several places to visit on his way. I followed him to Genoa, and there, with some difficulty, and after a delay of several days, I learnt that he had embarked for Marseilles, with the intention of going to Paris. At this latter city I had greater difficulty than before in learning anything of his movements. I visited several of those whose names were in my pocket-book, but they could tell me nothing about him, although his name was quite familiar to them. I almost began to despair of getting any further clue to his movements, and to fear that he might have returned to Parma, when one morning a note was brought to me from one of those of whom I had made inquiries, telling me that he thought an exchange-broker, whose name it is not necessary I should mention, living in the Palais Royal, could give me the information I wanted. I went there directly, and after a good deal of hesitation he admitted that a gentleman giving the name I mentioned had changed a considerable sum of Italian money for English banknotes, from which he concluded that he intended proceeding to England. My only idea of England was London. I knew that several of the greatest men connected with the revolutionist party lived there, and I felt assured that he must have gone there, and most

likely, with the intention of remaining there for a considerable time; that being the place from whence the orders were issued for movements on a large scale, and, consequently, where he could get the most important information. Not very many hours after I got the intelligence mentioned I was landed in this city, and drove straight to an hotel in Leicester Square, which had been recommended to me by the money-changer.

"I began my inquiries with the same eagerness as in other cities, but I met with difficulties in the way of getting information to which those I had encountered at Paris were as nothing. In this immense city men whose names were known all over the continent were utterly unknown; and even when the name was known, I could not find where they lived until I chanced to meet one night an Italian at the Opera, with whom I opened a conversation, and who, on hearing I had come from Turin, asked me if I was acquainted with different persons whose names he mentioned, who were precisely some of those whom I had visited for the purpose of obtaining information respecting Barcadolo. On hearing that I was, he placed his card in my hands, and politely expressed a hope that he might be allowed to cultivate my acquaintance. From him I learnt the addresses of several of those I had been seeking, and I lost no time in calling upon them; but I found a vast difference in their reception of me and that I had met with elsewhere. Whether it was the feeling of responsibility which the possession of power always engenders, or experience of past treachery which made them cautious, I do not know, but they were all very cold. I had no letter of introduction from any friend, and that, no doubt, may have made them suspicious. At all events, I could get no information from them respecting Antonio Barcadolo, though some of them admitted they knew his name well. I went everywhere where my countrymen were in the habit of assembling, trusting to the change in my appearance from the growth of my beard, and to an assumed name, to prevent me from being recognised by anybody who had seen me at Parma, and whenever I met with one of the initiated, I questioned him on the subject nearest my heart, for I have found by experience that the most important intelligence may often be gathered from the most obscure sources. This was usually the occupation of my evening; in the day I wandered about Regent Street and in the parks, thinking that there I might meet Angela, but always with the same wearying result, till at last hope again abandoned me. I might, perhaps, have been successful if I could have written to Parma for introductions, which would have procured for me admittance into good society in England, but I was precluded from doing this. More than once I crossed to Paris in the hope of hearing something respecting the man of whom I was in search, and though I heard nothing of him, I became aware that news had been received from Turin of attempts to be made shortly to excite a rising in the duchies, though not in favour of Victor Emmanuel. At last the newspapers announced that the revolution had broken out there, and, tired of my long stay in London, as well as dis-

heartened by the ill-success of my quest, I decided on returning to Parma. There were good reasons why Barcadolo should keep away from there, and I cannot explain why, but assuredly there was something like a conviction in my mind that it was in that city I should find him at last. I hardly like to acknowledge it now, still I ought to say that I had learnt by experience how little likely it was that a deed of violence would go unpunished, if committed in England, and therefore I felt a savage satisfaction in thinking that it was in Italy we should meet again, where I should hold his life in my hand, and had but to speak a word to ensure his destruction.

* * * * *

On reaching Parma I found everybody in a state of excitement. There was little need of caution in making inquiries, people were willing enough to speak of what was going on, and I very soon found that what I had been told in Turin with respect to the desire of the revolutionists at Parma to annex the duchy to Sardinia, was not by any means true; on the contrary, they were strongly in favour of Mazzini and a Republic; but here, as elsewhere, the early portion of the work was accomplished by the energetic few.

Though I had some fears that I might be recognised, notwithstanding the great alteration in my appearance since I left the capital, I lost no time in finding out and questioning such of the revolutionists as I knew to have been members of political societies with respect to Barcadolo's presence there, but to my surprise they all denied that they had ever seen him in their lives, though they readily acknowledged that his name was generally known among the fratelli. One day I was walking slowly along, my hands in my pockets, and my head bent down, pondering in my mind whether I should not at once go to my father's house, instead of remaining any longer in the city, when I heard the shouting and cries of a crowd of people. Such sights and sounds were too familiar to attract much attention, and had I not perceived that somebody was being attacked by the mob, I should have turned aside into another street till the rabble had passed; as it was, I crossed over to a *café*, where a man was at work, and by means of a small present induced him to come down the ladder he was using, that I might ascend it and get a better view of what was going forward.

"The spectacle was one which any person, however brutalised, might have felt something like a shudder at contemplating. There was a single individual in the midst of a rabble of ruffians, who kicked him, spat upon him, dashed the vilest filth upon him, and called him by all the beastliest names which the lowest wretches of an Italian city are capable of inventing. Now and again a stronger ruffian than the rest would strike a deliberate blow on the ear or neck of the miserable wretch, which sent him rolling in the dust, where he was kicked by everyone near enough to reach him, till he was able to get upon his feet again, and stagger blindly along in the little space left to him, without the slightest effort at retaliation. I looked about in an agony of rage for the guard, which might have saved him even then, but none

was visible. On they came, never for an instant relaxing their cruelties, though their victim was evidently getting weak and exhausted. I hastily descended the ladder, and entered the *café*, as much on account of my own safety as to avoid seeing any more of the brutal tragedy which was being enacted. To my horror, as well as to that of some ladies who were sitting there, the ruffians dragged the almost senseless wretch into the *café*, and stretching him on his back on the marble slab which formed one of the tables, they called for iced lemonade, which they poured into his mouth with bitter gibes and blasphemous mockeries. The sense of suffocation, or the refreshing effects of the cold liquid caused him to renew his struggles, and a cry then rose to kill him—to finish him. Upon this a ferocious-looking brute, pulled out a knife and waved it in the air. I shut my eyes, but the dead silence which suddenly prevailed in the shop prevented me from shutting my ears to a low gurgling sound, which lasted for some seconds, and was followed by an outburst of yells and execrations, in the midst of which a head was tossed into the street. Sickened and stupified by the scene, I followed the crowd into the open air, and was carried along with it till we came to an obelisk, upon which they placed the head, which they had been using as a football, and danced round it till they were tired. When once the mob had begun to disperse it melted away rapidly, and the last remnants disappeared as some men in uniform came up and removed the head. I was determined, at whatever risk, to give a description of the murderers as accurately as I could, and this I did; after which I went to look at the body of the murdered man. It was covered with a sheet, which I turned down. It had been cleansed from dirt and blood, but the features of the countenance were so battered and disfigured that, vividly as his likeness was impressed on my memory, it was long before I could satisfy myself that the face was the face of the man whom I had known as Antonio Barcadolo: his treachery had been discovered when the government documents fell into the hands of the revolutionists, and he had met with his reward.

On leaving the building I saw a small group of men outside, who examined me attentively, without speaking. I believe I am not a man who has any unusual dread of passing through the gate which opens to eternity, but the horror inspired by the scene I had witnessed had unstrung my nerves, and the dread, by no means unfounded, that I might be set upon and treated in a similar manner, caused me to leave Parma that very night, my departure being readily facilitated by those who had received my statement respecting the murderers."

* * * * *

"The story of my life is ended. I reached England in safety, but almost penniless. For weeks past I have lived, or rather starved, on the money I have obtained by selling my clothes. As for the woman through whom I was sent to you, I no longer desire to see her. It is true she is my cousin, but she is not the Angela I loved in my youthful days."

SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER V.

"COURAGE!" whispered the lover. "Do not speak. And," he added, seeing her gesture of despair, "you must not sink."

Once more, with a strong, steady hand, and noiselessly, he tried the door. It was in vain. He glanced over the blank wall of the building, and saw that there was no hope that way. He drew Anna towards their narrow and shaking bridge; and she longed to fall from it, and be drowned in the moat. She saw now what she had been doing, and she wished she was dead. Henry Fletcher, however, supported her quickly to the other bank, and to the shadow of the wood.

"We are lost!" was all she could say.

"Not without a struggle to save ourselves," said he.

"Put me into one of the fishing-boats," said she, "and I will never come back."

"I thought of our getting off to foreign parts," said he; "thought of it for one moment; but it would be disgrace and ruin, and perhaps death to you."

"I wish I was dead!"

"Better live for better times! We must cast ourselves upon the Bishop's favour. He is in the country. He came yesterday."

"My uncle! O, I dare not!" said Anna, sinking to the ground.

"Yes, you will, when you consider that he can and will save you for the sake of the family honour. My heart's treasure! you must be brave! For one hour you must be brave, for both our sakes, and we may be safe. There is not a moment to lose. I am going for my horse. Do not move from this place till I return. Summon your spirits to play the man for one hour, and all may be well."

While he was gone she wished he would never come back, and she would lie there and die. Yet it cheered her to hear his horse's tramp first, and then his own voice. He had brought with him the false beard so often worn in the dramatic shows of the village. This, somewhat trimmed away, served for a disguise, with the horseman's cloak and hat that Anna had on. She rode behind her lover for the two miles to the Bishop's house. The horse was then tied up to a tree, and the riders rang loudly at the door of the hall.

Captain Fletcher declared himself and comrade to be the bearers of important news, and they must see the Bishop instantly. The porter would refuse entrance at his peril. In two minutes the visitors were by the Bishop's bedside; and there they told their story; when Fletcher had made sure that there was no one listening at the door.

There was no use in giving way to anger now, the Bishop said to himself. That must be for hereafter. He summoned his body-servant, and ordered his coach and a posse of attendants on horseback to be ready by the time he should have put his clothes on, deposited his informants in his oratory while he dressed, and was ready in a shorter time than ever before, since he was a distinguished man.

The villagers were roused from sleep by the flare of the torches as the procession went by; and the two or three labourers who were abroad in the dawn stared to see how early my Lord Bishop was travelling; but when the cavalcade turned down the avenue to the house of Our Lady, strange reports sprang up all through the neighbourhood. At the breakfast-tables of all the gentry round, the news was told, and believed by some few alarmists, that the King had sent down orders to break up the establishment. This was absurd, of course,—the Bishop himself being the visitor.

This was, however, the Reverend Mother's apprehension when she was roused from her deepest sleep by knockings at the gate, the lowering of the bridge, and the tramp of horses in the court. The portress came to her door with the news that the Lord Bishop was in his coach below, demanding the keys of every place in and around the house, and ordering that no inmate, from the Reverend Mother to the scullion, should leave her cell.

"I will speak with his Reverence instantly," said the trembling Abbess. But she was forbidden to leave her room, or open her door. The Bishop had received information that some person was in the convent who had no business there; and it would be better for each inmate to be in her own cell while he made the search himself. Guards were posted all round the house, and the intruder could not escape: the Reverend Mother might be satisfied of that.

"Satisfied!" while she was overwhelmed with rage and shame! If the charge was true, what a position was hers with her nuns! If it was false, what an insult was this to receive from the Bishop, and in the face of her household and the village! There were people in the village who would declare it the most likely thing in the world, and would spread the rumour over the country, to be believed

wherever religious houses were in disgrace. The holy Abbess stood trembling with fear and passion within her own door, listening to the tread of strangers in the passages, and the opening and shutting of doors.

The Bishop's informants had travelled in his coach, and were desired to keep close to his person as he made his rounds. Some half-dozen or more attendants he posted in the corridors and offices and chapel, while he and one or two visited every cell. There was thus sufficient confusion about numbers to prevent remark when he issued from a passage with one attendant which he had entered with two, and there was opportunity for the lover to whisper words of hope. Anna's imprisonment should be brought to an end by some means. Would she promise to trust him? She did promise to trust him. The next minute Anna had been dropped in her cell, and the Bishop carried her disguise under his own ample cloak.

By the time the cavalcade had departed, it was close upon the hour for chapel. The Reverend Mother was too much agitated to appear; and amidst the excitement of the other frightened women Anna's face passed muster. She was now flushed and now pallid; but so were others; and she did not faint. The Bishop had caused the Reverend Mother to be informed that he had not discovered any intruder, but that there had been un pardonable carelessness in leaving a way of entrance open through the toolhouse. He could not say he was satisfied that he had been misinformed.

What household in England was now so wretched as this? and who in it was so wretched as Anna? How should she endure a whole life in such a place and society? Yet her uncle had frozen her spirits by saying, as he rudely thrust her into her cell, that her plots and pranks were over, and she would never more leave those walls. She knew Henry believed that she might; but her uncle might know best—must know best. And even that blank prospect was not the worst. Some hand must have turned that key. Whose was it? She never knew. Every one of the little minds about her, craving excitement and occupation, was full of suspicion, and busy in communicating it; and she was the cause of all the evil construction! Every day she was compelled to hear long reasonings to prove that Sister this or Sister that had some intrigue, and was the cause of the insult the holy house had received. As if this was not enough, she found that everybody's suspicions converged at last on the unhappy Sister Catherine, who, having been frail, or reported to be so, was now credited with this scandal. In vain she disputed each case in turn, and grew vehement in defence of the common victim. She did no good, and only provoked the question—what, then, did she believe had really happened? Could she not coax her uncle to tell her? He was so fond of her, he would tell her anything she asked.

She brought now to the chapel rites even less devotion than before; and the daily routine of the services became intolerably irksome. She had heard so much from Henry of the orders and counter-orders of the Pope and the King, of the

disputes about the services, of the discrediting of Saints, as well as of the religious houses, that all that she had ever learned seemed to be overthrown, and all that she had once supposed particularly holy was now declared false and impious. As she and Henry had agreed, there was nothing to trust to now but the Scriptures. Happily, she had them for comfort: and without them she felt that she must go mad: but they did not help her in the daily rites which had become a hypocrisy.

Miserable as she was, she did not go mad. When she hid her face in her pillow, dreading the long night of remorse and shame, words would arise in her memory which sent her to her knees, in gratitude and hope. "Come unto me" were the words; and the "weary and heavy-laden" one hopped in time to find rest.

She would willingly have borne all the shame; and would have been happier if allowed to tell the truth; but the Bishop told her she deserved no such relief, and must carry through the sacrifices he had made for the family honour. He had not saved her for her own sake. It was for her innocent family that he had spared her good name; and for the sake of religion as illustrated in his own rank and office. She could not be allowed to undo his work for her own satisfaction: and she must therefore receive her parents and sisters, when they visited her, with such cheerfulness as would satisfy them of her contentment with her vocation.

Was ever young creature so solitary? This was her groan when she could put off the mask of cheerfulness which she wore as penance. Henry was thinking of her: but she should never see him more. She could not now fling herself, as she once could, on the sympathy of the Lady of Sorrows; but she now knew that she might shut the door of her cell, and pray secretly, sure of being never forsaken.

So passed the weary summer, and the darkening autumn, and the howling winter,—without a letter from any quarter, or any incident to vary the heavy days, till there was another alarm which threw the whole house into consternation. It was in broad day this time, however.

Anna was gardening, one morning in March, with Sister Perpetua standing by, talking of the mezezon and the early tulips, and the violets which would soon be fit for perfume-bags, when they heard some shouts from the village. Anna rested on her hoe and listened. Sister Perpetua remarked on the difference between the roar of human voices and that of the sea, to which it is often compared.

"But what is it!" exclaimed Anna.

Here the dear daughters were summoned to the Reverend Mother, who was hysterical, "and in a dreadful temper," the messenger added. She was in much agitation, certainly,—at one moment saying she would gather her beloved children round her, and show all intruders what her position was, and defy their malice,—and presently calling herself the unhappy mother of undutiful children, who had no confidence in her, and tricked her, and compromised her good name and that of her house. In the midst of her outpouring she clasped Anna to her bosom, saying that this young

creature was her chief earthly comfort. Here was one who could never deceive her, and whose excellent relatives would afford her all the support that human friendship could yield. Amidst the sting of Anna's remorse, there was the comfort of knowing that her uncle had kept her secret from the person who could make her most unhappy by knowing it.

This time, however, the Bishop could help nobody. Commissioners under the royal warrant had arrived to investigate the condition of the House of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows. No notice had been given of their arrival; and though the Bishop set out from his palace in the city at the first rumour, and travelled as fast as his great coach would go, he found the Commissioners far advanced in their business, and not at all needing his assistance. They even recommended his going back: but he shut himself up in his country house, wrathful, disgusted, and somewhat alarmed: for there were people who took advantage of the presence of the King's Commissioners to express their feelings about convents in general, and this one in particular, and to hand about broadsheets which raised many a laugh at the alehouse; and to sing ballads which could not be even named to the Bishop.

The Commissioners, Dr. Pyke and Dr. London, with their secretaries, were now daily seated in the visitors' parlour, where they summoned in turn every individual of the household. It was a new thing to the Abbess to have her presence declined, however politely: but she could not convince the learned doctors that she could make many things clear by being present. It had not been allowed in any case, that the Superior should be present.

Many of the witnesses were certainly anything but clear. Some of the Sisters were in that house in virtue of their stupidity: and others had lost all alertness of thought and speech in the course of their seclusion of many years. Many confused answers were given; and some wonderful theories of monastic government were offered, together with criticisms on the Reverend Mother's ways. The doctors listened to everything, and asked a great many questions. Sister Perpetua was the most sensible witness of the whole company. She knew the income and the expenditure of the house, and declared it to the best of her knowledge, though requested by the Abbess to understate both, as she had herself done, in consideration of the rapacious character of all royal commissioners. Anna, being nearly the youngest, was one of the last examined, and what she had heard from others had reduced her fears to something so bearable that she might possibly have been disappointed if the great doctors had excused her from attendance. As the examination proceeded, she felt more and more free to speak, and found it such a blessing to be able to speak that it flashed upon her at length that Henry Fletcher had perhaps obtained for her the opportunity. She suspected it from the kindly temper and manners of the examiners; and from the bearing of their questions, and from their evident insight into the politics of the convent. Much of this last might be owing to what they had learned in the course of the week: but

they could hardly have inquired in so pertinent a way without some preparation. From the moment that it occurred to her that she might be speaking to friends of Henry Fletcher, she regarded them as friends of her own. She praised Sister Perpetua, expressed her admiration of Emilia's devoutness, and said no harm of anybody, unless pressed. Being asked whether she emulated Emilia's self-consecration, she frankly answered "Not now." Being asked whether that meant that she once had, she replied "Yes; and she admired it still." Then followed questions as to why she had changed, and what was now her view of a religious life: and she used no reserve in answering. She found that many wise peoples' minds had changed on matters which she had taken upon trust: she thought it a great blessing to have the Scriptures to rest upon in the midst of such disputes: she certainly did know the Scriptures, more or less, and did not find in them any instructions which could have made her a nun, if she had studied them earlier. She believed that men and women might lead holy lives in the cloister, and save their souls: but she thought it more likely to succeed in convents where there were tasks to be done for the benefit of the world. Yes; some work was done here: but it was only growing herbs and flowers, and making conserves and medicines, and fine needlework for sale. But such things could be as well done in the world; and here there was no teaching of the poor, or nursing them, nor any learned study, nor any useful occupation. Some of the nuns were happy, she believed, and some were not: but she supposed that was the case in all convents. If she was plainly asked whether she was happy, she could not say she was: but it was her own fault. She entered the convent willingly; and if she was disappointed, it was from her own ignorance of herself, and of the kind of life she had pledged herself to pass. Being again plainly asked, she answered that she would at any time release herself, if it could be done without guilt, and without disgrace to her family. Yes, she had heard of convents being broken up; and she certainly had meditated on the chance of the same thing happening to the House of Our Lady, in which she must otherwise end her days. It would certainly alter the case very much if the convent became a seat of education or of charity; but still—though she should be thankful for such a change—she could not say that she would not return to the world if she had a fair opportunity.

"My poor child! You are lost!" exclaimed the Bishop, when he had at length seen the Commissioners ride away with their secretaries, and could examine his niece as to what had taken place. "You are lost, my poor daughter! You have fallen into the snares of the emissaries of hell. You have said more than men and women have been burnt for, since you have entered this house."

"Burnt!" groaned Anna.

"Burned alive at the stake. You do not mean that you have not heard of such a thing?" said the pitiless priest. "You have mistaken these enemies of the Church for friends;—was it not so?"

"I thought they were very kind," said Anna, melting into tears.

"To be sure, to be sure! Nobody kinder, till the Evil One himself catches you. I fear you will soon see what the kindness comes to. Or perhaps not so very soon. They let their victims play a little sometimes; but they keep an eye upon them. No one ever escapes; and few give them such advantage as you have done."

Such was the Bishop's opinion, though he had heard much less than the whole of what Anna had poured out to Henry's supposed friends.

What was the truth? She would give up every pleasure she had—almost her Bible itself—to know. If these doctors were sent by Henry's means, some change must happen. If they were spies of the Church, of the King, or the Primate, about whose opinions there were the most confused reports abroad, she would have to die. She had no great recoil from that. She would be glad to die, rather than live for fifty years in that cell. But burning was such a fearful death! And the blame and disgrace! and the misery of her family! and Henry's horror! He would not permit her to die so. She would trust in Henry. He would do what could be done; and she would bear the rest.

This was her prevailing mood. Yet she grew so nervous about every sound from outside the walls that the Sisters all observed it; and their speculations gave them something new to talk about in the leisure hours when silence, and meditation on divine things were enjoined upon them.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE midsummer this House of Our Lady, theoretically the sanctuary of peace, was a nest of cabals and strifes. Half the Sisters threatened the other half that the King should know what some people thought of his three last marriages, and of the rival claims of King and Pope. There were two or three who could not be induced to say what they thought of the marriage of a former rector of the parish. These were informed against to the Bishop, and a confessor or two, as well as the Reverend Mother; and the result made the Sisters suppose that the world was at last coming to an end. The Bishop took no notice of the information; and the confessor was of opinion that, about the marriage of priests, there was much to be said on both sides. Both sides were, on this hint, discussed very amply; and this argument brought into question the monastic vow of celibacy; and then the other two vows. The Abbess believed the vow of obedience to be in such danger that she lodged a formal complaint against the Commissioners for corrupting her nuns. She could not allege any single act of theirs as an outrage on her authority: but, since the day of their appearance, all had gone wrong. Her dear daughters were no longer confiding and submissive. They presumed now to criticise and argue on dangerous subjects, and to obey such only of her commands as pleased them. The complaint reached the King; and his remark was the same that he was wont to make in reply to the groans of Superiors of Monasteries—that the corruption no doubt existed before, and was only made evident by the visits of his messengers. His other

remark was the usual one—that that establishment must be looked to.

Presently it began to be remarked among the Sisters that this or that article of Our Lady's property had not been seen for some days. Nobody had seen the best silver crucifix for a week; the best altar furniture was not forthcoming on a festival day; and each nun who came out of the Reverend Mother's parlour reported that some of her treasures had vanished.

What could it mean? The romantic were sure it foreboded flight, and wondered what adventures they would pass through. The clever ones had a notion that their Reverend Mother might be sending means abroad to bring over an army from Rome to restore the Pope to his full authority; but Sister Perpetua spoiled the grandeur of such dreams by saying that fines or rents were now levied on some convents, and that probably the Reverend Mother was reducing the showiness of the establishment from policy, or was preparing the means of paying any new charge. This was rather prosaic: but next there were night alarms which made up for all daylight explanations. Some Sister who had been wakeful had been aware of draughts in the passages—had heard a cautious opening and shutting of doors—had caught a glimpse of the Reverend Mother, completely dressed, and giving orders to two of the Sisters who should be nameless—had seen those Sisters deliver chests and parcels to men outside the garden-door; certainly men and not women, for their shadow was plain on the moonlit walk. Then other Sisters kept watch, in order to find out who were the two thus specially trusted. In the middle of one night the alarm-bell of the convent rang out,—was clanged so vehemently that everybody was roused for miles away. Then somebody fired the beacon on the hill; and the report flew round the country that the convent was on fire. The people at a mile off were told that a nun was burnt; at two miles off it was five nuns that were burnt; and at Anna's home the intelligence was that the whole establishment, with all its inhabitants, was destroyed. As the Squire dashed through the village, spurring his horse, he found the people already pouring out at their doors, or calling from the windows; and one of the things oftenest said was, that it was time such a house should be burned off the face of the earth; that it was a wonder that Heaven had had patience so long; and that its being fired by a flash of lightning at midnight showed the part that Heaven had had in the catastrophe.

It was rather perplexing to find the house still standing, and not even on fire. The beacon flared and sent up clouds of red smoke from the cliff, and cast a lurid light on the hovels and the boats and the heaving waves on the beach; but the convent was altogether dark. The bridge was up; and there was no sign of movement within. People were approaching from all quarters, and gattering on the edge of the moat; some shouted to the inmates of the convent; some whistled, screeched, sang; the gentry obtained a moment's silence, now and then, and respectfully hailed the household, inquiring what was the matter; but nobody got any reply.

This was, perhaps, the most prudent course, as it was the Reverend Mother's first object to keep out prying eyes, and avoid explanations. She had been dispatching her treasures by night,—some to be lodged in church vaults, and others to be buried in the wood. Emilia was her chief helper; and Emilia would be drowned in the moat or burned in the beacon before she would betray Our Lady's property to profane persons; but everybody had not Emilia's nerve or devotedness: she could not learn who had rung the bell, and the safest way was to keep the house obstinately dark and silent till the Bishop, or some other holy counsellor, should arrive to set everything straight.

Others came, however, before the Bishop could be summoned from the city;—others, to whom the bridge must be lowered, because they came in the King's name. They had been in the neighbourhood for some days,—as, by some instinct or otherwise, was known in the house; and now they proceeded in their work of breaking up the establishment.

That day became a prominent one in the traditions of Stoke Holy Cross. Before night, every jester and beggar in the country round was passing the bridge, and in and out as he pleased. The lads and lasses were dancing about in the chapel, dressed out in the holy vestments; and the good wives were carrying off the wax candles, while their husbands were filling sacks and baskets with apples and onions, and whatever else they could find in the storeclosets. The Abbess's parlour was thronged, and every one would sit a moment in her easy chair, and try her footstool. The first who entered exclaimed about the comfort of the pleasant room; but it was soon very bare. The nuns' cells were crowded, though there was nothing to see but the narrow, hard pallet, and the crucifix on the plain deal table. Each Sister had no doubt carried away any little picture which had been upon the wall.

It required some force to clear the house at dark. The King's messengers indulged popular curiosity till then, because the mood of the people was obviously a convenient one for the royal purposes; but the mead and ale in the cellars had been found too good, and the spirit of the occasion too exhilarating, to permit the risk of setting the house on fire. Everybody was turned out at last,—the last sweepings of lavender and rose-leaves being carried off from the last drawer, as memorials of the place and the day,—every man, woman, and child was chased over the bridge, and a guard of men was posted within, to protect the house for the King's use.

The King wanted the house for a barrack, in these troubled times. He wanted to improve the harbour of the next port, for trade with the Hollanders; and the convent revenues would provide the means. Whatever other influences were at work, these were sufficient; and the House of Our Lady at Stoke Holy Cross took its place in the list of suppressed convents.

It was a strange sight,—the dispersion of the property which had so lately seemed so sacred. The children enjoyed it mightily; but the people seemed to be all like children, on a sudden. There

was a cackle of laughter in the village street; and when one went to see why, there was a clown dressed up like a bishop, lifting up his little dog tied to cross sticks over a fellow who pretended to be dying. The most sacred chalice that had belonged to the chapel was carried to the ale-house, and used by everybody that evening. Nobody was ashamed or afraid; and everyone was anxious to be able to say hereafter that he had used it for what it was,—a common wooden cup, neither better nor worse than other wooden cups. There were coarse jests about the priests' bread and wine, and denials that Christ could ever have been born if there was a purgatory, and that he could be living now if hundreds of priests had eaten him a hundred times. It was strange and fearful to hear the arguments, the ballads, the stories about priests and nuns which went round the ale-house circle. On the green, there was a mock-auction of relics,—a sale of chicken bones, pigs' trotters, and hair from a cat's tail,—to mock friars who forthwith went about begging and stealing. There was a childish procession in the street, attending a baby Virgin and child; the sport being to knock over the Virgin in the dust, and pelt her with dirt. There was a confessional set up in the market-place, where the village wits went to confess in the ear of the multitude, accusing the Pope's Church of all imaginable sins, and a mock king setting the penance for each.

The innkeeper's wife was at her wits' end, between the bustle of the day and the confusion of her own mind. What to think, between the Pope and the King, she did not know; and there were terrible stories going of the convents; but it made her blood run cold to hear such things as were said this day. She could not stay at her post if somebody did not learn for her where her Mistress Anna was. At this moment she had an offer of a fine piece of silk for a doublet for her husband,—very cheap, if she would pay for it on the moment. She saw it was a cope from the chapel; but somebody would buy it if she did not; so she secured it, making the thirsty seller promise to learn for her what had become of her Mistress Anna. Then, somebody rode into the yard on a fine saddle cloth, which brought out the whole company to look at it. It was well enough understood to be a tunic from the same chest as the cope; and the hostess turned away; but she came back, for the chance of hearing if anything had been seen of her Mistress Anna.

A pedlar came in to learn whether any gentleman, wearing a dagger, wanted a case for it. There were few daggers worthy of such a sheath; for it was a reliquary, thick set with precious stones. Still, there was a hue and cry after certain massive silver taper stands, the great silver bell, and other chapel plate which nobody had seen that day. Some said they were stowed in the belfry of the church: some that they had been shipped off from the beach in the confusion; some that they were buried in the wood or in the sands. The argument at times grew hot as to which was the most probable; and then the hostess cast up her eyes in amazement that people should be so

eager about mere gold and silver when nobody had a word to tell of her Mistress Anna, who was worth more than the whole convent and everything in it. That little cell where she thought of her precious little lady, her holy young nun, as praying every night,—who was in it now? and where was she who had never expected to be turned out of that safe nest? The guests were talking about what a good thing it was that criminals would not any longer find sanctuary within that moat, and defy justice: and it might be a good thing to be able to catch your thieves, and make sure of them, instead of their for ever slipping through your fingers, as they did when there were those convent chapels to run to. But there might be worse thieves within that moat at that moment,—fellows who had driven the poor doves from their roost, and robbed them of their safe nest. There was that ballad again about the parsonages, with saints in the study and fair sinners in the kitchen: she did not like to hear it, though she was not clear whether the priests had not better marry than do worse: but she would give the best gold coin she had to any one who would sing or say, in ballad or in plain words, where her Mistress Anna was, or what she could do to find her. Her husband had told her twenty times that it was other folks' business to see after Mistress Anna: but it had been the prettiest work of her life to see after Mistress Anna, as the sweetest infant that ever went to sleep in her arms; and she would look after her to the world's end, if she thought Mistress Anna would ever go to sleep in her arms again. It was likely to be a wild night: the wind was rising, and there was a heavy moan along the beach. Till now weather was nothing to persons sheltered in Our Lady's great house; but Mistress Anna was not there to-night: and where was she?

Where, indeed, was Sister Anna, the now fugitive Nun?

(To be concluded in our next.)

A NIGHT WITH THE TRAWL-FISHERS.

So very few people are acquainted with the details of the extraordinary mechanism employed, and the enormous amount of labour involved, in procuring that universally popular article of metropolitan consumption—"fish," that perhaps a short account of one of the commonest methods of deep-sea fishing practised may not be devoid of interest for the inquisitive reader.

The method we allude to is commonly or vulgarly called "trawl" fishing, in contradistinction to that termed "drift" fishing, as employed for taking herring and mackerel. The "trawl" net drags along the ground, whereas in "drift" fishing, as the word implies, the nets are allowed to float with the tide. It is very obvious that for taking flat-fish, such as turbot, soles, &c., which fish invariably lie on a sandy bottom, in deep water, the "trawl" must be an invaluable contrivance; in fact, without this net we should altogether have to dispense with the sole, that most delicious inhabitant of the deep, as it is never taken in any other way. The "trawl" is

cannot, of course, be used on a *rocky* bottom, or the destruction of the nets would be the result.

The boats used for this fishery are luggers or yawls of from 15 to 30 tons burthen, each manned by about five men and a boy, the latter being employed to cook for the crew, and make himself otherwise useful, without being often actually engaged in fishing. Each boat for distinction carries a number, and the initial and final letters of her port, as for example: "Goodwill," 22, N.N. (Newhaven); "Resource," 61, R.E. (Rye). This plan, where the fishery is carried on to any extent, is almost a matter of necessity, as it prevents much confusion and dispute. "Trawl" fishing is generally pursued by night, but it *may* be carried on by day, though with nothing like equal success. The plan is exceedingly simple. From the stern of the vessel projects a strong beam, and to this, by ropes of sufficient length and texture, is attached the "trawl," fastened again by other ropes to another part of the boat, so as to afford a semi-circular "sweep." When at the bottom it forms, as it were, a "balloon," or semi-circle, gradually extending itself to a circle, and thus shutting in by degrees all the fish within its range. So lowered and propelled at a moderate rate by the progress of the boat through the water, the net drags on, or, to use a far more expressive term, "scoops" the ground, and it is utterly impossible for any fish—no matter however agile—that may be within the scope of this "trap" to escape. Immense quantities are thus taken and hauled in, in almost bewildering variety. The hauling is so simple that we shall not take up the time of our readers, or the space that may be occupied by more valuable matter, in describing it. It is, in brief, merely *raising the net*.

All being in readiness, the haul is made, and a very curious sight it is. Should the fishermen have any luck in their calling, the variety of fish taken is surprising. To commence with the best, there will be perhaps half-a-dozen fine turbot, together with numerous other flat-fish, such as plaice, dabs, soles, &c., &c. The prices obtained by the fishermen themselves for the turbot range from four to eight or ten shillings; but the wholesale buyers at Billingsgate sell these to the west-end fishmongers at much higher rates, and these latter in turn dispose of them to their customers at a still higher profit. From thirty shillings to two guineas is a not unusual price for a fine turbot. Very large and fine plaice are taken in the "trawl," and form a much sought-for article of food by the poor, at an exceedingly low price—sometimes two-pence and three half-pence. The great North Sea or "Dutch" plaice, when firm and sweet, are by no means to be despised, and sometimes find their way into high company. Ranking next after the turbot, and by some *preferred*, we should have placed the brill, which always finds a ready market. Soles in large numbers are taken in the "trawl;" and here we may remark that a sole is *never caught with a hook*, although almost all other flat-fish may readily be taken in that manner. Various conjectures have been hazarded touching this curious fact, for it is not a little singular that plaice, dabs, flounders, turbot,

&c., all with equally *small mouths*, are not only freely taken with hook and line, but sometimes with so large a bait that it is quite incredible how the captives could have swallowed it. It certainly is not that soles live by *suction*, as is often erroneously supposed. Every frequenter of the sea-side knows that shrimps and shell-fish are found in large numbers in the *crop* of the sole, proving that fish to be by no means indifferent to a good meal. Fine whiting are taken with the "trawl," although (from being, when entangled in the net, drawn so rapidly over the ground) they become bruised, and are by no means equal to what the dealers term "hook whiting." In addition to these, gurnets, grey and red, mullets (much prized), sea-bream, and a kind of bastard salmon called salmon-dace, are all taken in this most useful of nets, as well as conger-eels, sometimes of enormous size. One caught by the "trawling" boat "Eliza Ann," of Broadstairs, about seventeen years ago, measured six feet some odd inches, and weighed one hundred and thirty pounds. Even the cod-fish is occasionally caught in the "trawl;" and in fact, the herring and mackerel are the only two members of the piscine tribe exempted from liability to be captured in its toils, and that only from the fact that they both *swim in mid-water*, whereas the "trawl-net" drags the ground, and is entirely different to that used for taking the herring and the mackerel.

In conclusion, and not to exceed reasonable limits, the hauling of a "trawl-net" is a really curious and instructive affair, and, as on receipt of a small gratuity, the fishermen engaged in it are not only willing (honest fellows as they are) to permit a stranger to accompany them, but to afford him every explanation and civility—which the writer of this paper, by the way, has often experienced—we should strongly advise any readers of *ONE A WEEK* who may visit the sea-coast this ensuing summer, and who may possess that most desirable quality "a thirst for useful knowledge," to avail themselves of the opportunity offered them by passing "A night with the trawlfishers." We will venture to say, it will more than repay the outlay and inconvenience incurred.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE SAVAGES OF EUROPE.

THE other day, turning over the catalogue of a great library, my eye caught the title "Savages of Europe." My curiosity was at once aroused. Who were the savages? Were they the wild Cossacks of the Don, the brutal Croats, or those fierce marauders of Montenegro who add the fire of Europe to the fearless fatalism of the East? Were they the pirates of Greece or the bandits of Naples, the Cagots of Pyrennees or the Cretins of the Alps? The date of the volume was 1764. Perhaps the savages were the peasantry of France, of whom not very long before a French writer had drawn the following mournful picture:—"We behold throughout the country a set of ferocious-looking creatures, both male and female, dark, livid, scorched with the sun, mere chattels of the soil which they delve and drill with untiring zeal. Their voice has some resemblance to that of man,

and when they rise to their feet you can see that they have a human countenance. In fact, they are men. At night they slink away to dens, where they feed on black bread, water, and roots. Conjecture was idle, so I procured a sight of the book. I found that I was quite out in all my guesses. The "savages" dwelt nearer home than I fancied, being no other than the countrymen and contemporaries of my great-grandfather.

The "Savages of Europe" is a slender duodecimo, bearing date 1764, and professes to be a version of a French work which the translator picked up on a recent visit to the Continent, where it was accepted as a faithful reflection of the manners and customs of the English of the period. I have not been able to discover a copy of the original.

The opening chapter takes us on board the packet-boat between Calais and Dover. On deck are discovered the hero and heroine—a young Frenchman hight Delouville, and a young French lady named Cecilia. From the touching way in which they gaze into each other's eyes, and weave their arms round each other's waists, you instantly comprehend that they are lovers. Their friends in Paris have made game of their resolution to marry for love, and to escape their heartless and scoffing tormentors they are bound for England.

"Vive l'Angleterre!" cries Delouville; "it is the country of philosophy and sense."

"Give me London for honest love and true happiness," adds Cecilia.

They overhear a fat, square-faced old gentleman, who sits near them reading the "Travels of Tchim Kao," mutter to himself: "Ah, those savages! how shall I be able to civilise them?" This is the venerable Kin Foe, a Chinese manarin who has resigned his silk robes and crystal button to become a missionary. For years he has been propagating the gospel of Confucius among the savages of Africa and America; and he is now on his way to civilise the most hopeless of all barbarians—the people of England. The young French couple listen with some alarm to the description of that wretched country, which the ex-mandarin reads from the volume of the profound Tchim Kao, but are too sanguine to believe it.

The packet enters Dover harbour just as another vessel is discharging a cargo of French prisoners, clad in rags and tied back to back. These are no sooner flung on the muddy beach than the natives strip them of everything which is worth taking, and then maul them for fun. Delouville, unable to stifle his feelings for his countrymen, rushes to deliver them with drawn sword. In an instant he is felled to the ground, Cecilia loses her earrings and part of her ears, and Kin Foe has some of his teeth knocked down his throat. Thankful to escape with life, they proceed to London. They put up at an inn, the air of which is as gloomy as the countenances of the English who are regaling themselves within, after the fashion of their country—that is, by drinking a dark muddy liquor out of a jug, which they share in common, and devouring slices of half-raw beef. This disgusting sight and the dense fumes from the coal fire and tobacco pipes take away the appetite of the strangers. They eat very little,

and pay a great deal, and after a sleepless night set out very early to ramble through the streets of the metropolis.

They are caught in a great crowd, and swept irresistibly along till they are deposited, half-stiffed, before Tyburn Tree.

"Their eyes were now presented," says our author, "with the spectacle of a gallows, a pile of faggots, and scaffolds crowded with spectators, who were prepared to enjoy a bloody execution with all its horrors. The gloomy and silent air of the standers-by would have made one imagine that the punishment was intended for everyone of them; while, on the other hand, the criminals seemed, by their gaiety and easy behaviour, to think themselves on a party of pleasure. They played off jokes, and seemed to endeavour to amuse the people by their low buffoneries. One of them made a grave harangue, in which he applauded his own courage, and boasted of the many travellers whose purses and lives had been sacrificed to his gallantry. Another, less eloquent, accompanied his comrade with ridiculous gestures. A third malefactor took it into his head to prophesy: he predicted his own approaching death and denounced the ruin of England—'Unfortunate country!' cried he, with an emphasis; 'wretched city! What do I foresee? The sea vomits on thy shores an army of flat-bottomed boats! They kill man, woman, and child! The outlandish men beat the masters of the sea! Woe to old England! Woe to London! Woe to myself!' At this instant the fatal cord stopped the prophet's rhapsody. His worthy companions suffered the same fate. The standers-by immediately flung themselves upon them, hung to their legs, struck them on the breast, and took every method to despatch them. Not an Englishman present but eagerly endeavoured to perform the duty of the hangman—the very relations of the criminals assisted at the task with as much spirit as any!"

The French couple are horrified at this spectacle, and resign all faith in England. Kin Foe says it is nothing more than he expected. All savage nations are the same, and the Caribbees resemble the English in their indifference to death and delight in the sight of torture. They next venture into a public hall, where they witness a passage of arms between two notable ruffians, who hack each other frightfully, and besprinkle the spectators with their blood. In the hope of finding a more polite and less harrowing entertainment, they enter a theatre. The play is so "full of atrocities, with murders, ghosts, death's heads, scaffolds, wheels, gibbets, accompanied by a due number of executions," that they fancy themselves again at Tyburn. A dance which follows the play is much applauded, till it is whispered that the performers are French. Then the audience rush upon the stage, beat the poor dancers, and finally fall upon each other in a general *mêlée*.

These sad experiences give such a shock to poor Cecilia's delicate constitution, that she is confined to her room, while Delouville excites the admiration of a young Englishwoman. Partly from vanity, partly for the sake of pastime, and partly in the hope of civilising at least one of the savages, the Frenchman in an evil hour smiles in return.

Fanny Blickman, as our fair country woman is called, entices him into a house in a secluded part of the town. Here they meet a dirty, bloated fellow in a black gown, who gabbles some strange jargon out of a book, and gives Delouville a ring to place on the charmer's finger. A loud clamour is heard on the stairs, the door is broken down, and in rush the Blickman family, who pounce upon Fanny, assail her with reproaches and blows, and carry her off. The Frenchman escapes in the confusion, but is stupefied when Kin Foe tells him that he has been legally married to Fanny. Presently that resolute young woman appears to claim her husband, and engages in a terrific combat with Cecilia.

Delouville is taken before a magistrate and ordered to maintain his wife. To his great relief, however, her furious relatives again carry her off. But alas! during his absence from his lodgings, Cecilia has disappeared. In an agony of despair, he rushes madly through the streets, shrieking, "Cecilia! Cecilia! oh, where is my Cecilia?" Echo does not even answer "where." He stumbles over Kin Foe, who is lying drunk in the gutter.

"Where is my love, my life?"

"Just one glass more," hiccups the Chinese missionary.

Next morning Kin Foe, returning to sobriety, informs him that Blickman *père*, coming in search of his daughter Fanny, had found Cecilia, and had carried her off with him, in spite of her shrieks and struggles. The venerable Kin also accounts for his own inebriety. Finding he was making no progress in his efforts to civilise the lower orders, he had resolved to operate on the upper classes. He had been preaching the doctrines of Confucius to a party of young "bucks" of the Corinthian order, who, affecting to be impressed by his harangue, had insisted upon his joining them in a bumper to every great sentiment he enunciated. The result was as we have seen.

While Delouville is rushing about the town bewailing the loss of his Cecilia, that unfortunate young female is suffering martyrdom in the hands of the Blickmans. It is well known that "the love of a Briton is displayed in the same way as the hatred of other people," and hence Mr. Blickman, that truly national character, starves and thrashes his victim to induce her to return his passion. To aggravate her misery, the jealous Fanny discovers her rival, and tortures her till she is half dead. She preserves her life in order to hold it out to Delouville as the price of his affection.

Meanwhile a climax approaches in the affairs of the Blickmans. Disappointed in love, and in immediate expectation of a distraint for rent, Blickman, the patriarch, follows the fashion of the season, for it is that period of the waning year when fog and gloom reign paramount in *Land-n.*, and suicide is in everyone's mind. Let our author himself describe the English form of the "Happy Despatch:"

Blickman made his wife and children (not omitting Cecilia) follow him into a deep spacious vault, lighted only by the glimmering of a sepulchral lamp. It was beneath the lamp, which hung from the middle of the cellar's roof, that Blickman, with a poignard drawn in his hand, stopped short. His mournful family no longer doubted the purpose of their visiting the gloomy cave. Cecilia, scarcely alive through fear, fell at the

savage's feet; the rest of the family, as if they had waited for that signal, formed a kneeling circle around him; while he, untouched by their distress, by his haggard looks confirmed the worst of their apprehensions. When this dreadful silence, interrupted by nothing but the sobs of Cecilia, had lasted a few minutes, this tender parent, with a voice rendered more horrid by the echoes of the vault, spoke as follows:—

"It is now, my children, forty years that I have been teased by the repeated view of the same sun: I am sick of his beams. The more I see of life the more I detest it. The one half of it is spent in sleep, the other in trouble. Besides the plagues which one's own wants occasion, there are children to educate, wives to contend with, debts to be paid: then one must be tyrannised over by laws, by fashions, by fortune, and by appetites. I am disgusted with such an existence; nor ought any of you to be more attached to it than myself. What, indeed, should make you fond of it? Do you want to follow my example—to place your affections where you ought to point your most inveterate hatred? No, no, let us prevent such calamities; let us imitate those glorious ancestors, whose examples have shown us that contempt which a true Englishman should entertain for life. Your great-grandfather, tired of these absurdities, had recourse to poison to release him from them; and you may still cast your eyes up to that glorious halter which delivered your worthy grandmother from the plagues of mortality. It was this vault which they chose to honour with their deaths; and shall we not have the spirit to follow such gallant leaders? Let us at once baffle the hopes of creditors and physicians, leave the world to its misery, while we remain for ever in repose!" He cut the throats, first of Cecilia, and then of his children, with an old razor, stained with the blood of his ancestors. Finally he stabbed himself and expired in the arms of horror. The lamp burned out, and darkness fell upon the scene of butchery.

Cecilia turns out to have been only half killed, and coming to life again, is restored by the bailiffs (who find they are forestalled in putting an *execution* into the house) to the arms of her disconsolate Delouville. The lovers are so worn out with anxiety and ill-usage that they fall sick. A Roman Catholic priest ministers to their needs for a time, and then suddenly disappears. Kin Foe has also vanished. As soon as the invalids recover they set out in search of their friends, once more visit Tyburn, and recognise in the two culprits standing under the fatal beam, Kin Foe and the kind priest. They have been sentenced to death for being Romanist propagandists. The real priest, after praying for the mob and trying to convert his fellow sufferer, is worked off. Kin Foe makes a speech in favour of the light of nature, whereupon the mob insist that he must be an honest English parson, since he makes so light of revelation, and deliver him from Jack Ketch.

The last chapter restores the ill-fated trio to the deck of the packet boat, this time on its way to France, where the lovers are going to marry, in spite of the jokes of their countrymen, which, after all, break no bones, as does the practical English wit. Kin Foe returns to the Flowery Land, declaring that Kaffirs and Caribbees he could civilise with ease, but that the English are the absolute and immutable savages of nature, since they are insensible alike to the eloquence of Kin Foe and the philosophy of Confucius.

Absurd and extravagant as is this picture of

English life, there is some excuse for it, supposing it to be the production of a foreigner, in the slight intercourse which existed in those days between England and the Continent. It is marvellous, however, that even more flagrant misstatements should now be published by educated Frenchmen, such as MM. Mery and Larches. It was only last year that M. Larches wrote a description of English society, in which he declared that in fashionable life the ladies retired to the drawing-room to quaff bumpers of brandy, and recount their shop-lifting achievements during the day, while their lords and masters were intoxicating themselves with port in the dining-room! When shall we have a faithful French photograph of Perfidious Albion?

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

THERE is a small green board fixed to the pillars of a house not a day's journey from King Street, St. James's Square, on which, fluttering in the air, are several pages of printed matter, which to the casual observer might suggest a portion of some work newly printed, placed there to dry. On a closer inspection, however, it will be seen that the words "On View" are legibly inscribed over the said pages, and the pages themselves prove to be a catalogue of articles of a "costly and decorative character."

With such a tempting *ménu* of the feast of art within, my old friend Mr. Claverly Dunne, of Venetia Villa, Maida Hill, is tempted to enter, and wending his way along a passage and up a flight of stairs, he finds himself, and is found by others, in a large and lofty room, in which are arranged tables covered with green baize: on these tables are displayed German, French, and English porcelain of all ages,* antique jewellery, Byzantine metal-work, Flanders jugs and beakers, antique cases, snuff-boxes, delft-ware, Venetian and German glass, mediæval guns and pistols, miniatures, old watches, stained glass, and a variety of other articles which, to enumerate according to their several attractions, would be to repeat the eloquent epitome of the various *objets d'art*, as set forth in Messrs. Tristram and Shandy's neatly printed pages.

The idea crosses Mr. Dunne's mind that out of such a collection of pretty and curious articles, for which evidently the nethermost parts of the earth have been ransacked, one or two may be picked up a bargain, and he places a little cross in pencil against those objects in the catalogue which he most covets. The pictures with which the walls are lined, and the old furniture strewn about, he passes by with only a casual glance, for he is especially attracted by those curious and interesting relics of the early industry of the world, which the French term *bric-à-brac*. Not having been initiated into the mysteries and nice distinctions which separate the genuine from the counterfeit, and moreover not being in the habit of attending sales, it may naturally be supposed that

* The word "porcelain" is supposed to come from "porcellana," the Portuguese for cup or vessel. Dr. Johnson whimsically derives the name from "pour cent années;" the Chinese pretending they buried the substance with which they made their china for a hundred years.

Mr. Dunne's judgment as to the value of the articles displayed is of a very limited description; but having on one occasion seen some pretty vases knocked down in an auction-room in the City at sums varying from five to about thirty guineas, he turns over in his mind the important question of what he shall venture to give for those two he has set his affections upon, and which are described as follows. "A pair of beautiful vases, *rose du Barri*, each painted with two exquisite groups of Cupids in medallions, the curved-shaped lips forming handles, on ormolu plinths, beautifully chased, with friezes of figures—height, including plinths, 14½ inches."* Mr. Dunne reads and re-reads this description, examines with his glasses the little cherubs floating upon clouds, and thinking the ornaments will look extremely well on the mantel-piece of his somewhat over-furnished drawing room at Venetia Villa, arrives at the conclusion (guided no doubt by the sale-room prices in the City), that he will be extravagant enough to give as much as thirty guineas for the two. There are also several other articles which he would like, such as that pretty *jardinière*, and specially that oval plaque, with a copper back and a brilliant metallic surface. He thinks this latter would please his little daughter to hang as a picture in her Broddingnag doll's house, which she is just now busily engaged in furnishing—that is to say, if he can "pick it up," as he believes he can, for a few shillings.

With such views and such aspirations, Mr. Dunne pockets his catalogue, and makes up his mind to attend the sale, and to bid himself for the articles he requires, which will not only save his five per cent. commission to those "rascally brokers," but will afford him also a morning's amusement. On his return home he does not vouchsafe a word to his wife on the subject, as he anticipates great pleasure from surprising her with his bargains and the knowledge he possesses of "what is what."

The morrow arrives, and also the inevitable hour for the sale to commence; and, as Mr. Dunne enters the great room at a quarter to one o'clock, he is surprised to find it crowded to excess. The table leading from the auctioneer's rostrum is occupied chiefly by gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion, and he catches scraps of such phrases as—"S'help me gott, I won't givsh more than six hundred poundsh for de vashes;" "Vous êtes trompé, Monsieur, de covers are English, and de vases are vat you calls hard paste, —*pas à pôte tendre*." "Can I do anything for you, sir? better not bid for yourself, sir; the trade will run you up."

As for the physiognomy of the company present, Rembrandt, Denner, and Hogarth, might have found copies suited to their several styles; but the general odour produced by Hebrew effluvia and Gentle carbonic-acid gas, I do not believe even Rabelais or Coleridge could have described.

At the lower end of the table sits Mr. Shylock Moss, a gigantic, rough-headed, shaggy-bearded

* This, and the other catalogue descriptions which follow, together with the prices realised, are quoted from the catalogue of the Bernal Collection.

gentleman, with manners *en suite*, who lies in wait in his curiosity-shop, like a gigantic hairy specimen of the family Sedentes, ready to pounce upon and entangle any little fly-like customer who ventures too near his attractive web. Notwithstanding his rough and uncouth manners he has his moments of sweet urbanity; and then his expletives, usually robust and rotund, are softened and flattened, as it were; especially this is the case in his intercourse with any of the nobility with whom he is on speaking and selling terms; for, next to portable articles of value, he loves a duke, a marquis, or a lord, and regards their various supplementary titles as the facets on a diamond giving lustre and value. It is said, however, that, under a rough rind, he possesses the sweet kernel of a good heart, and that many an act of benevolence to Christians, as well as to his own kith, could be traced to his hand.

Sitting next to Mr. Shylock Moss is a *confrère* of the same *genre* as himself; but though a dwarf in comparison to his enormous comrade, nature very kindly made him broad-chested, so that he might sport a jeweller's shop on his scarf and waistcoat, and he is ready to dispose of any of the articles, as also of the sparkling rings on his fingers, for a sum much below their value. He will do you a bill, supply you with wine or coals, sell you a brooch or take your commission at an auction with an air and manner as if you had been on intimate terms with him and his family for years past.

Near to him, eager for the auction to begin, is Mr. Steelstyle, also a dealer in curiosities, who began life as the keeper of a small *bric-à-brac* shop in Ovid Row, wherein might be seen an incongruous collection of articles, quite unique in their way, such as a stringless guitar tied to a pair of boxing-gloves; a modern Parian figure lying in a mediæval gridiron; a mousetrap in a broken china bowl; fractional parts of painted windows, portmanteaus and a perambulator; bows and arrows, fishing-rods, Indian pickles, stuffed birds, old lace in tatters, and a new suit of fustian—smelling, as fustian always does smell—of a particular size, but warranted to fit any one. Owing to Mr. Steelstyle's business-like habits, industry and judgment, his dingy little shop has grown into the most extensive premises in London for the display of goods of a decorative character, and of articles of vertu, and he also employs more hands than any one else in manufacturing at the present day genuine antique articles of every description.

Then there is the well-known dealer, Mr. Blackleaf, of Warwick:—Mr. Gossamer of Bond Street, whose private house is like the *Hôtel de Cluny* in combination with an elegant home:—the Agent of the Marquis of Hertford, who carries locked up in his breast the secret which so many present would like to solve, as to the highest bidding for the *rose du Barri* vases his employer permits him to make; amateurs who come to buy, and others who attend sales as a pastime: all these meander through the rooms with various degrees of interest depicted in their countenances. But as the auctioneer is now in the rostrum, let us attend to his discourse.

Mr. Tristam, the senior partner of the firm,

possesses one peculiar and most important faculty, which you observe with feelings of admiration and respect—he has so tutored his voice, and so nicely hits the *juste milieu* between fact and hypothesis, between a sum stated and a sum suggested, that people are sometimes led to accept as a reality the suppositionary sum he begins with. There is a vast difference between a note of interrogation and a note of admiration; but nowhere more so than in the rostrum.

“Forty pounds for this exquisite cinque-cento gem!” dropping the voice, means one thing, but “Forty pounds for this exquisite cinque-cento gem?” keeping the end of the sentence up, means another: and Mr. Tristam manages to so inflect his voice that you are in doubt whether he begs the question, or states a truth. By this happy art a tyro is very often caught nodding at the apocryphal sum at which an article is put up, whereas if he had only waited, he would have found the real sum bid to be about a tenth.

The sale has now commenced, and all the goods having been removed to tables behind the rostrum, men are employed in taking them from their position, and exhibiting them to the crowd gathered immediately round the tables, between which they walk up and down in custody of the articles, looking as stolid and unconcerned as, on the contrary, the bidders are eager and excited. With what eloquence does Mr. Tristam enlarge upon the perfection of each specimen, while his redundant use of adjectives reminds one of Pope's Homer, and of English pentameters in general. Mr. Claverly Dunne is on the *qui vive*, and already looks upon the possession of his vases as far from impossible, inasmuch as the articles offered for competition in the early part of the sale do not usually fetch high prices, ranging between one and five guineas. The Limoges enamels follow soon after the introductory articles are sold, and Mr. Dunne's heart beats as the especial one he thought of buying for a few shillings is described.

“Lot 1544.—A large upright oval portrait of Catherine de Medicis, in colours: a letter L occurs on the right side near the sleeve—18 in. by 12 in.”

“What may I say for this exquisite specimen of early and rare enamel—300 guineas?”

Mr. Dunne looked aghast. Was the auctioneer joking? Did he mean 300 guineas were really bid, or was it an hypothetical sum? He felt some relief when Mr. Tristam continued *diminuendo*, 280, 250, 200—150, bid,—then *crescendo*, 155, 160, 165, and so on by fives, tens, and twenties, till it was knocked down to the Baron Gustave de Rothschild for 420 GUINEAS. Poor Mr. Dunne not only felt bewildered, but crestfallen, too, at the astonishing difference between his valuation of the article, and that of the Baron,* but he consoled himself, as he best could, by reflecting that at least he had made a good selection.

* The ignorance which people sometimes exhibit in sale-rooms passes belief. A gentleman, some few years since, bid what he imagined was 15s. for a candelabrum, and, delighted with his bargain, called the next day to pay for it. The bill presented was for £70, fifteen shillings being the bidding per ounce.

After the enamels, followed the Dresden china, fetching large prices, such, for instance, as 231*l.* for a pair of candelabra; but the excitement amongst the buyers and brokers reached its climax when the Sèvres articles came on in their turn for disposal; without following the results of the sale too minutely, suffice it to say that the pair of vases selected by our friend (one of which is shown in our illustration), after a competition



such as is seldom seen in a sale-room, were purchased for the Marquis of Hertford, and fetched the enormous sum of 1942*l.* 10*s.*!

The question which will naturally be asked is, was this almost fabulous sum beyond the intrinsic value of the vases? A difficult query to answer, notwithstanding the truism that the value of a thing is what it will fetch. As the Marquis of Hertford was opposed by Baron Rothschild and Mr. Addington, it may be supposed that amongst billionaires such a price *was* a correct one to give; but I should think only in reference to those whose exchequer, like the purse of Fortunatus, is filled as soon as empty.

It must not be imagined that at sales, generally, such prices are realised. Much depends upon the collector, and also whether he be dead or living. Posthumous effects are always most valuable, and the "buying in" of articles by executors and others is very often greatly detrimental to the entire auction. My strong advice is, never attempt to pick up bargains in a sale room. You may get things cheap, but most likely they will turn out rubbish, for the moment a really good article is put up, "the trade" will buy it at tolerably high prices. There is just now such a rage for *bric-à-brac*, that it is worth while for those who keep shops to sustain the prices of articles *de luxe*; and not unfrequently a private gentleman will purchase some article from a dealer, and ultimately at a public auction it will realise a far higher sum than he gave for it. Such was the case in several instances at the Bernal

sale; as an example of which fact I may mention that Lot 468, "a small kettle, in imitation of oriental gold japan, with Chinese figures in landscape," purchased of Mr. Dulacher, of Bond Street, for eight guineas, fetched thirty under the hammer.

Mr. Claverly Dunne did not wait till the other articles duly set forth in the catalogue came on to be knocked down, but returned to Venetia Villa a little chagrined at the result of his contemplated purchases, the ultimate effect being that he paid a visit to a certain mock-auction room under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, where a sale of pictures and china was advertised, and being the only real purchaser in the room, he was what is technically called "trotted up" by the crowd of seeming buyers around him, and at the termination of the sale he found himself the possessor of some half a dozen lots of modern French trumpery, at the small sum of 120 guineas. These gimcrack ornaments may now be seen displayed in Venetia Villa, and that which makes Mr. Dunne confident as to the cheapness of the lots, is the fact that after the sale was over, a broker asked him in confidential tones whether he would take a profit on the articles he had bought. O tempora, O mores! that unclean spirit was the auctioneer's brother, and the seeming bidders were his aides-de-camp, plenipotentiaries, and ministers of state.*

It must be confessed that Mr. Claverly Dunne's abode of domestic bliss at Maida Hill is furnished in a very redundant and ornate style, and that the godship of his various Lares and Penates is open to serious dispute. He eminently possesses the faculty—not an uncommon one—of making one article of decoration kill and destroy its neighbour. This is easily achieved by a confused notion as to the correct assortment of colour, and by the utter want of the faculty of arrangement. French varnish, papers with arabesque designs, gaudy carpets, pictures of Madonnas and Virgins, very teaboardy, but enclosed in glazed frames, with an elegant lock to suggest their great value; coarse china, imitation bronzes made of zinc and lacquer, abound everywhere; the while he fancies that he is an artist in regard to internal decoration, and that his taste, though expensive, is thoroughly refined.

"I bought that picture at the hammer, sir; only gave sixty guineas for it, and they tell me it is a real Carlo Dolce; I have been offered three hundred guineas, and refused it, sir.—[Painted A.D. 1850, by Jules Le Faible, Passage St. Honoré, No. 170.]—Just let me draw your attention to the effect of light upon the face of that old man, holding a candle, and shading it with his hand. I need scarcely tell you, sir, Rembrandt is the painter, and I must say that I do call that something like an effect.—[John Mastick, pinxit, Quadrant Studio, 1858. Mem.: Tenth Copy.]—

* If you will attend sales, be careful of those who insist upon entering into conversation with you, for much that is discreditable in public auctions is entirely connected with the "company" present. In most cases the auctioneer himself is above doing a tricky or a shabby thing, and if you resort to the "great rooms" of our Christies, Phillipses, and others of known respectability, you feel at least assured that they will do all in their power to exclude from the sale all those who make an auction-room an arena for "pigeoning" the unwary.

Can anything be more beautiful, sir, than those cherubs of Murillo? an undoubted original, from the collection of the Marquis of Alhambra. I confess, sir, I was a leetle extravagant in respect to that picture; but one must pay for good things."—[A vile copy, covered with brown varnish to give age, of Sir Joshua Reynold's well-known picture, "Four Angels," now in the Kensington Museum.]

As a relief to this abode of stucco externally, and—must I say it?—vulgar ornamentation internally, let us say a word or two in respect to that unpretending residence at Kensington Gore, the town house of Mrs. Sweetly Grant, to whom my friend Mr. Horatio Green referred in his Sketches at Brighton.

The dwelling outside is almost of too retiring a nature, and it is only when you pass the vestibule and enter the various apartments that the exquisite nature of its contents attracts your attention. There is nothing gorgeous or florid to be found anywhere, but a tone of perfect harmony pervades the entire place. The dining-room, though by no means sombre, is subdued, and the few choice pictures are not of that heavy, dirty description which, from some peculiar art-idiosyncrasy, the inhabitants of the duller streets in London delight to hang on their walls, persisting in telling you that they are originals by Salvator Rosa, Titian, or Tintoretto, admitting, however, that their beauties require a very strong light: but in this case clear, airy paintings by Zucarelli, Orizonti, or Moucheron, with their Italian and French landscapes, light the whole room with grace. Evidently, Mrs. Sweetly Grant does not consider it necessary to dine in a hall of Eblis. The bronzes, instead of those Brummagem things with constitutions of zinc and cuticle of lacquer—like those of Mr. Dunne—are sharp, crisp Florentine productions of a tolerably early period; and a couple of vases of porphyry, and a high tazza in rosso antiquo, grace the ebony buffet which is inlaid with plaques in relief of oxidised silver. An enormous salver, like the shield of Achilles, invites especial attention, for its bassi relievi were designed by Cellini, as also were the embossings of those silver beakers, manufactured at Nuremberg. But if the dining-room evince evidence of wealth, what will be said of the principal salon? Do not imagine those Sèvres vases are ordinary modern articles, with ruddy Cupids and ormolu mountings—for such, vide Venetia Villa;—look closely, and you will see that they are what is technically termed "*pâte tendre*," their colour *vert prè*, and the fineness of the pencilling by Morin beyond description. That old Fürstenburg *déjeuner* and Höchst figure of a Magdalene have a history of their own, and those cups of Dresden enamel, painted by Angelica Kauffman, are perfect specimens of the Marcolini period. The card-case, thrown on the table with a careless hand, is by the celebrated Neubert; and that beautiful seau, filled with flowers of old Sèvres, would have made the lips of a Pompadour or Du Barry to water. A few exquisite, cinque-cento jewels, by the great Florentine, lie scattered about, and some mosaics, by Depoletti, are a small fortune in themselves. A clock, by

Gouthier, on an old black buhl Therme, ticks off the hours in as graceful and flattering a manner as possible, just as if every beat of the pendule were retarding grey locks, smoothing out wrinkles, or perpetuating youth. That fine old *sécrétaire*, with cylinder tall; that *bonheur de jour*; those beautiful *encoigneurs*, all in the finest *marqueterie à fleurs*, attest the expenditure which has procured such articles *de luxe*, and the taste which has presided over their selection. A few pictures are placed in the centre of Louis the Fifteenth panels of white, pale lavender and gold, perfect gems in their way, by Dru d'Orsy, Made-moiselle Girard, Mignard, Rosalba, and André, to say nothing of sly, out-of-the-way bits by Boucher, Watteau, and Lancret. Portières of Aubusson tapestry, almost as fine as the old Gobelins, hang in not too heavy folds against the doors, partly concealing those beautiful *portessus* copied by Andrews in his early days from Italian Pastorals.

How different is this from the interiors which Lady Mary Wortley Montague describes in her "Town Eclogues of the Toilet," when nearly all the chief ornaments of a drawing-room consisted of grotesque monsters* from India, China, or Japan, and when looking-glasses were so valuable, that a little mirror, about two feet by two, was considered a luxury.

As the various ornaments which come under the term fictile productions, enter largely into the composition of the entire subject of *bric-à-brac*, it may be as well to give a brief outline of how the ceramic art came to arrive at its various culminating points of excellence; so let us commence by first of all realising the earliest possible discovery of clay. Immediately upon its capacities becoming known must have followed, even amongst the rudest nations, a desire to mould it into forms of use for every day requirements, such as drinking vessels, cooking utensils, &c.; and, as these became common, the next step was a rude attempt at ornamentation. This may be called the first epoch, and thus pottery in its primitive forms arose. In due course, both modelling and ornamentation improve, and a vitreous composition or enamel was discovered (possibly by the Phœnicians, probably much earlier) which gave an immense impulse to the hitherto crude art; this, with all its ramifications, may be termed the second epoch.† Then a finer clay, called argil,‡ is procured, and it becomes worth while to employ first-rate artists to finish

* Addison, in the "Spectator," says that no mansion was considered properly furnished without a vast quantity of grotesque china, or, as the ladies called it, "loves of monsters." Oriental china at that period was contraband, so, of course, people were more anxious to possess it.

† The Greek word *κίραμος*, whence comes the word "ceramic," comprehending the method of producing, as well as the material employed in the plastic art, and used in its various varieties, applies to every species of such manufacture. Thus it becomes an inclusive and generic term, for which we have no good synonym in English.

‡ The earliest classic writers speak with admiration of the various ceramic drinking cups and vessels, such as the Cotylus, Cymbum, Lacena, Cothon, and numerous others. Murrhine vases are mentioned by Pliny, and were first introduced into Rome by Pompey, when he brought to the Imperial City the treasure of Mithridates.

§ Argillaceous earth, or alumina, is the basis of porcelain, and with the addition of various proportions of other earths, and of some metallic oxides, forms the different variations of pottery, from the finest porcelain to the coarsest earthenware.

what the modeller moulds ; for not only is a beautiful plastic material placed at the artisan's disposal, but a varnish also, which protects his pictorial designs, and renders them, with the assistance of fire, almost imperishable. This may be termed the third epoch in the universal march of the art. After a while the secret of the Chinese, in regard to the clay called Kaolin, is discovered. A similar natural composition is found in Europe, and so valuable is the discovery, that it is sent in sealed barrels to the manufactory, guarded by soldiers, and the words "be secret unto death" are hung up everywhere in the Dresden laboratories. This may be called the fourth and culminating epoch, at which period the art spread through Germany and France, for the secret of the Kaolin could not be kept for more than a limited period. Out of these four phases or starting points for fresh improvements have sprung pottery and porcelain manufacture, one of the most beautiful arts that man ever devised, and one which in its progress from the roughly-formed pipe bowl, or drinking vessel, to the finish of the Dresden or Sèvres vase, marks the course of civilisation, and forms a record by which the art-history of the world is written. In the chronicles of Thebes, 4000 years old, a series of drawings have been discovered, exhibiting the potter's work as then practised, proving that even then a very advanced state of the art had been attained. Enamelled pottery was in the highest perfection at the time of the Pharaohs, and the Etruscan ware is traced back, with certainty, to 500 years before the Christian Era. The best antique examples of pottery, such as the Babylonian, Armenian, Arabic, South American, Mexican, and especially the Chinese, may be seen in the British Museum, at the India House, in the Geographical Museum, and in other collections. The discovery of glass, between which and pottery porcelain takes a middle place, led to the perfection of the ceramic productions, owing to the vitreous enamel before mentioned. The well-known story which Pliny tells may be true, as far as regards the discovery in Phœnicia and Egypt ; but the first steps in the art must have been made at a period of the world's history earlier than any record we possess.* Malleable glass is alluded to during the feast of Trimalchio, and I came upon the passage with surprise, for I had described such glass in a work I was then engaged upon,† believing I had hit upon an original idea. Verily, there is nothing new under the sun, nor in this case—in it.

Curiously enough, the ceramic art seems to culminate before the middle ages, though Venice had acquired, long before the fifteenth century, a reputation beyond all other nations for productions in glass work, and a considerable hiatus occurs till the time of Lucca del Robbia, as far back as the middle of the fourteenth century. The Majolica ware appears to have been first made at Faenza, and it is said that Raphael painted it ; but this, according to chronology, is simply impossible, although it is called Raphael ware, as well as Faenza and Majolica. Palissy ware was used in

France about the middle of the tenth century, and its discoverer, Bernard Palissy, after various vicissitudes, and a life of romantic attachment to his art, died in prison. Fish, shells, lizards, and frogs lying in the plate you are supposed to eat from, do not make a tempting or a dainty dish ; but the cognoscenti are justly proud of fine specimens of the Fayence of Palissy.

St. Cloud has the honour of having given rise to the renowned manufacture known under the generic name of Sèvres, as soft artificial paste* was first made there by an artist named Morin. Like the secret in the custody of Böttcher, in respect to the Dresden china, this paste eventually became known, and after leaking out with various results, it eventually took permanent root at Sèvres, in the reign of Louis XV., 1753. It was not, however, till fifteen years later that the true Kaolin was accidentally discovered at St. Yrieix, near Limoges, and from that period the manufactory at Sèvres continued to exceed all others in producing porcelain of a creamy and pearly softness, and of a finish generally unequalled by any fictile productions in the world.

English pottery of any note was long making itself known. In 1428, a list of articles in the Federa enumerates many objects shipped for the use of the King of Portugal, by which it appears that domestic utensils at that date were made of metal ; but there is little doubt that pottery was manufactured very early in Staffordshire.

Chelsea ware did not reach its perfection till about 1750 : fifteen years later, owing to the influx of foreign china, and the death of its director, Spremonk, the works and workmen were transferred to Derby, and there, afterwards, arose the so-called Chelsea-Derby manufacture, which flourished in 1777, and of which Dr. Johnson remarked that it was very beautiful, but dear as silver. The pure Chelsea fetched then, as now, large sums ; and Horace Walpole records the fact that in 1763, a service made for the Duke of Marlborough cost twelve hundred pounds.

The Worcester manufacture was established in 1751 by Dr. Wall, a physician and chemist, to whom the great merit is due of successfully copying the beautiful bleu de roi and salmon scale of the Sèvres porcelain, and the birds, flowers, and insects of the Dresden.

Wedgwood's first great successes commenced about the year 1760, and no name in connection with the beautiful art which he brought to perfection stands more conspicuously forth. In fact it ranks with those of Böttcher, Hanung, Morin, Lucca del Robbia, and Palissy. That the son of a poor potter at Burslem should become the head of a manufactory of porcelain unequalled in the world, proves what energy and determination may accomplish, if the labour involved be a labour of love. He was especially fortunate in finding in Flaxman a co-operator, as well as an accomplished artist ; and in Mr. Bentley a partner whose knowledge of foreign works and scientific men enabled

* The lover of old porcelain will constantly meet with the terms "soft" and "hard paste," and he ought to know that these qualities do not depend so much upon the hardness or softness of the clay, as upon its power to resist the action of fire. The enamel of soft paste can be scratched, and many doubtful specimens tested by this process.

† Window glass was first made in England in 1557, in Crutched Friars, and the first looking-glass plates were made by Venetian workmen, at Lambeth, in 1673.

† "Heliogabé, or Adventures in the Sun."

him to place in Wedgwood's hands copies and models from the antique.

Thus has dear Mother Earth, from the earliest ages to the present moment, been moulded, painted, varnished, glossed, and jewelled, and thereby science and art have united to produce comforts and luxuries, the expenditure upon which rivals all the sums lavished on the other arts of the world. Ingenuity and skill have been called into existence to an extent quite marvellous; and when we consider that out of a natural substance, originally of scarce any appreciable value, productions have emanated intrinsically worth more than if they had been formed of the precious metals, we may well conclude that a practical knowledge of, and a judicious taste for, the beautiful ceramic specimens which abound in the

world, is neither an unimportant nor a foolish result of civilisation.* We must pause, therefore, before we unduly ridicule the Collector of "ERIC-A-BRAC," or at least, pardon his predilection for that large portion of it which includes the products of the moulder's and the painter's skill, though the collection of things for the mere sake of their antiquity and dust-gathering qualities, without reference to design, form, colour, or beauty, is an occupation far from desirable when carried to an excess, especially in an age such as ours of enterprise, restless energy, and usefulness.

SYDNEY WHITING.

* It has been estimated that the value of the different sorts of earthenware of the potteries in England amounts in value to over 2,250,000*l.* a year! and this, too, is an estimate of some years ago.

A LEGEND OF CARLISLE: THE SCOTTISH GATE.



On Carlisle-Gate the moon shines clear,
Up-rising o'er the lea;
On Carlisle-Gate the sun burns red,
Slow sinking in the sea.

On Carlisle-Gate their rays light soft
A young man's blanching face,
Its long fair hair, its drooping lids—
On the neck a crimson trace.

By Carlisle-Gate a watcher sits,
Nor heeds each passer-by :
In lonely tryst, at prime and eve,
Close-veiled from every eye.

By Carlisle-Gate the stranger waits—
They know not whence she came—
They speak of Rizpah, as they mark
The Maid without a name.

By Carlisle-Gate on *Him* she looks
With eyes that cannot weep ;
They slew *Him* when Prince Charles had fled
From yonder Castle-keep.

By Carlisle-Gate the sundown saw
The Watcher and the Dead ;
By Carlisle-Gate no dawn beheld
The Maiden or the Head.

MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT.

THE CASE OF MR. KEMMIDGE.

ON a certain fine autumn morning, some eight or nine years ago, Mr. Kemmidge, an Englishman, who had been living in America for a dozen years back—a strongly-built but active man of middle age, with a breezy open-air flavour about him ; with short sandy hair, a fresh complexion, and mutton-chop whiskers—took his way leisurely down the platform of the Manchester station towards the London train, carrying in his hand a small brown leather travelling-case, and whistling a little air to himself as he went. He had just reached the door of the carriage when another individual came up from an opposite direction, in whom Mr. Kemmidge at once recognised an old acquaintance whom he had not seen since his departure from England. Mr. Kemmidge greeted the stranger with a poke in the ribs, and a hearty grasp of the hand, as Old Bob Wapshot ; and Old Bob, waking up slowly from a state of day dream which seemed habitual to him, reciprocated the squeeze of Mr. Kemmidge, while his round fat face wrinkled by degrees into a smile, which ended finally in a burst of inward laughter, and another shake of the hand.

As Bob also happened to be going to London that morning, he and Mr. Kemmidge got into the same carriage ; and to them, shortly afterwards, entered a third individual, a stranger—a tall thin man in a suit of rusty black, carrying carefully a faded gingham umbrella, as damp and unwholesome-looking as himself. He sat down with a meek air in the farthest corner of the carriage, and producing a dirty ragged newspaper, devoted himself industriously to its perusal ; his large nose—and it was certainly a very large one, thin, hooked, and purple as to its ridge—twitching nervously whenever he came to a more interesting paragraph than common. Mr. Kemmidge and Bob glanced casually at the man in black as he entered, and then resumed their conversation ; and before they had done making mutual inquiries as to one-another's health, and asking after old friends, they found themselves out in the country, and the grime and smoke of the big city left far behind. When they had pumped each other dry with personal questions, the conversation diverged to crops, on which point Old Bob was a great authority, he being a corn-merchant by profession ; and so the time sped pleasantly away.

They were close upon London when Bob, straightening a fat fore-finger, and pointing in the direction of Mr. Kemmidge's feet, asked wheezily :

“ Is that all your luggage, David ? ”

“ Bless you,—no,” replied Mr. Kemmidge. “ I've got a portmanteau in the van almost big enough to hold you. No, that's a small private travelling-case,” kicking it carelessly with his foot, “ and as it contains valuables,—I always keep it under my own eye. It's not a very smart chap to look at, being of back-settlement manufacture ; but it's useful, and answers my purpose very well. And that reminds me, Bob, that I'm going on to Brighton by the first train from London Bridge, to see a niece who lives down there, and I shan't be back in town for two days ; so what I want to know, old fellow, is whether you can recommend some quiet respectable hotel to me, where I can put up when I get back from Brighton ; and where I can, in the meantime, leave this travelling-case ; for I don't want to trail it about the country more than I can help, because, you see, it contains valuables, and I might get relieved of it by the way.”

The stranger with the cotton umbrella became at this point more absorbed than ever in the perusal of his ragged newspaper ; and the nervous twitching of his large nose went on at a surprising rate.

“ You look here, now,” replied Bob, slowly, after ruminating for a minute. “ What you want is a place to put your travelling-case in till you come back from Brighton—a safe place, that's what you want. Well, ain't there a cloak-room at the station, where you can pay twopence, and get a ticket, and leave your case till you come back ?—Safer than hotels?—Ah, a deal.”

When they quitted the train, the two friends proceeded up the platform to the cloak-room, where Mr. Kemmidge deposited his case, and paid his twopence, receiving in return a small yellow ticket with “ No. 398 ” printed on it, and the abbreviated words “ trvllng. case.” scrawled across it by the attendant porter, who at once gummed the counterpart of the ticket on to the case, and the ceremony was complete.

As Mr. Kemmidge and Bob turned away, they perceived close behind them their late travelling-companion, who was evidently desirous of entrusting his umbrella to the care of the railway company, and who, acting on this resolve, contrived to screw the necessary twopence out of some mysterious pocket, and received in return a yellow ticket “ No. 399,” with the words “ ettn. umbrlla.” written across its face ; with which ticket, crumpled up in his waistcoat-pocket, he at once took his departure.

Three hours later, another shabby individual, who in general mouldiness of appearance and unwholesomeness of aspect, might have been first cousin to the man with the large nose, made his appearance at the station with a small travelling-case, which he deposited in the cloak-room with the usual formalities.

At an early hour the following morning a cab drove up to the station, from which alighted a rather fashionably-dressed young man, who walk-

ing jauntily up to the cloak-room presented ticket No. 398, and had Mr. Kemmidge's case handed to him,—which was exactly what he had come for, and with which he immediately took his departure.

Two days later Mr. Kemmidge presented himself at the cloak-room, and producing his ticket, demanded his travelling-case; but the case was already gone; and, on investigation, it at once became apparent that the ticket produced by the young man who came in a cab was a forged one; but so close was the imitation that the cloak-room porter himself could with difficulty distinguish the writing on the counterfeit ticket from his own rude scrawl.

Inspector Prettyman, of the railway-police, was called upon to investigate the matter, and in the course of three days gave in his report, the pith of which was as follows:—The real thief was, without doubt, Mr. Kemmidge's travelling-companion, the man with a cotton umbrella.

Mr. Kemmidge having incautiously remarked that the case contained valuable property, and that it was his intention to deposit it in the cloak-room, and having acted on that intention, had been immediately followed by the shabby stranger with the deposition of an umbrella, such deposition having been made in order to obtain a genuine ticket from which to manufacture a forged one; and, further, for the purpose of ascertaining the exact number on the ticket given to Mr. Kemmidge, without which information all the forged tickets in the world would have been useless. Secondly, Mr. Inspector Prettyman, suspecting that the travelling-case deposited at a later hour of the same day was merely left for the purpose of obtaining an exact rendering of the abbreviated words necessary to be written on the ticket, caused the said case to be opened, and found that it contained nothing but a brick-end neatly tied up in straw and brown paper. Thirdly, Mr. Inspector Prettyman, in possession of information as above, and furnished, in addition, with personal descriptions of the parties concerned, had considerable hopes of being able, in co-operation with his friends of the metropolitan force, to bring the matter to a successful issue, and, perhaps, recover the whole, or some portion, of the stolen property.

So Mr. Kemmidge returned to his hotel, and there awaited in pensive expectation the receipt of some information from Mr. Inspector Prettyman. On the third day of his waiting he was hunted up by old Bob Wapshot, and over a chop and a bottle of sherry recounted to that friend the history of his loss.

“And what was there inside the case?” asked Bob.

“Why, beyond a few collars and such like, a pair of brushes, a razor, and a little case of old-fashioned jewellery—which my wife was sending across to her sister's girl, as having no use for them herself in Little Athens where we are located—I don't think that much would be found. But you must know, Bob, that the case contained a false bottom, and that between this false bottom and the real one were concealed some valuable documents—besides twenty pounds in notes, but I don't think much about that—which I brought

over from America to prove certain important points in the lawsuit of which I spoke to you as we were coming up; and without these documents the lawyers can't go on with the case; and, in short, if they are not found my wife will be diddled out of her legacy, and I shall go back to America a poorer man than I left it.”

“And the police have got the matter in hand, have they?”

“They have,” replied Mr. Kemmidge.

“Ah! then you'll never hear anything more of your travelling-case,” said old Bob, despondently.

What reasons Bob gave for the formation of this opinion need not be recorded here; but, by the time the sherry was finished, he had partly converted his friend to the same belief.

Mr. Kemmidge went to bed that night a sadder man than usual; not only did the recovery of his documents seem a doubtful matter, but there was on his mind a conviction that in the description of his travelling companion which he had furnished to the Inspector there was one important peculiarity which he had omitted to note, and which, he now felt sure, would have gone far towards the identification of the thief; and yet what this peculiarity was he could not, for the life of him, remember. Next day, and for many days afterwards, this omission of memory lay heavily on Mr. Kemmidge's mind; but, the more he tried to recollect the personal trait which had so curiously escaped him, the more cunningly it seemed to evade his grasp—till at length he gave up thinking about it altogether.

Having left home with the intention of giving himself a good long holiday, and finding himself, in the absence of his documents, with even more leisure time on his hands than he had anticipated, Mr. Kemmidge devoted the greater portion of each day to wandering up and down the streets of London, frequenting low neighbourhoods a great deal, and the thieves' quarters on both sides of the water; but nowhere did he come across the man he most wished to find.

Two months had elapsed since the loss of his travelling-case, and Mr. Kemmidge had received no tidings of it; indeed, on his last visit to Mr. Inspector Prettyman, that functionary solemnly shook his head, and even hinted, in a circumlocutory way, that the matter began to look rather unpromising; whereupon Mr. Kemmidge took his departure, having now fully come round to the opinion of Bob Wapshot as to the improbability of ever seeing his lost property again. That same evening Mr. Kemmidge went to the theatre—to the one theatre which he frequented two or three times a week, and where he was well known to the manager as an old friend who had rendered good service in other days in America; and where, consequently, there was always a nook in the stage-box at his service, together with an immense opera-glass, an article which he began by despising and ended by liking so well that he scarcely took it from his eyes during the whole performance. One use which Mr. Kemmidge made of his opera-glass was to scan with it the people in the pit, especially such as had brought with them baskets or parcels of provisions; and Mr. Kemmidge's practical mind always derived much amusement

from watching the hearty way in which such individuals devoted themselves to eating and drinking between the acts, fortifying themselves interiorly for a good laugh or a good cry when next the curtain should draw up, and equally ready to enjoy either one or the other.

Mr. Kemmidge, on the present occasion, having exhausted the pit, took a careless glance round the gallery, and there, sitting in the front row, composedly cracking nuts, and twitching his nose nervously as he cracked them, he beheld his late travelling companion—the man with the cotton umbrella. Mr. Kemmidge recognised him in a moment by the peculiar movement of his large nose; and the same instant it flashed into his mind that this very movement of the nose was the one point which had escaped his memory when giving his description of the man, and which he had so many times vainly endeavoured to recollect.

"I've got hold of you now, my buck," said Mr. Kemmidge to himself as he shut up the opera-glass, "and I'll take care you don't slip through my fingers this time."

Mr. Kemmidge was standing in the shadow of the gallery door when the performance ended; and, picking out his man, he followed him at a cautious distance, never losing sight of him for a moment; and keeping thus behind him, went through street after street, then across the river, and so far out into the suburbs that Mr. Kemmidge began to think the man intended to continue walking all night. But coming at last to a street of small houses, standing in little plots of garden ground, and surrounded by market-gardens, Mr. Kemmidge finally hunted the fellow down to No. 8 of this street, and then trudged back to his hotel, feeling more hopeful in his mind than he had done since the day on which he had lost his papers.

Early next morning Mr. Kemmidge went to his friend the theatrical manager, and telling him what he wanted, was by that gentleman placed in the hands of a subordinate, who, in the course of half-an-hour, turned him out so thoroughly disguised—such a black-looking villain, as Mr. Kemmidge himself expressed it—that if Mrs. K., then busy and well at Little Athens, had encountered her husband twenty times in the street, she would certainly have passed him without recognition.

Mr. Kemmidge having, with some difficulty, threaded over the way of the previous night, discovered on examination, and to his great satisfaction, that the house directly opposite the one to which he had tracked the man had, opportunely, apartments then vacant for a single gentleman. Mr. Kemmidge came to a settlement about the rooms in the course of a few minutes; and the same day had the greater portion of his luggage removed to his new home. Sitting over his tea on that first evening, he debated with himself whether it would not be well for him to go to Mr. Inspector Prettyman, and putting the clue into his hands, leave him to work out the affair in his own way, and trouble himself no further about it. Before doing so, however, he determined to ask the advice of old Bob Wapshot, who happened to be in town just then; and be guided

by the opinion of his friend, whatever it might be. Mr. Wapshot's advice, given that evening over a bottle of sherry, was as under.

"You follow it up yourself, my boy; and don't say anything to the p'lice about it. P'lice indeed! Yah! what good are they, I should like to know?"

This advice seemed to Mr. Kemmidge so judicious that he determined to abide by it.

Mr. Kemmidge commenced his observations the following morning, and continued them day and night, with only the necessary breaks for food and sleep, during the three ensuing weeks, at the end of which period he jotted down the following memoranda in his note-book:

"Mem. respecting Mr. Chudwink.

"The inhabitants of Tib Street are, generally speaking, either clerks, or small tradesmen who have places of business in the city. Mr. Chudwink is evidently nothing half so respectable, though what his occupation is, I cannot at present determine; he seems, indeed, to have no occupation in the common meaning of the word. He doesn't get up till ten or eleven in the forenoon, when he has coffee and hot rolls for breakfast; then a bottle of gin and a box of cigars are produced, and he proceeds to enjoy himself after a leisurely fashion, sometimes relieving his mind meanwhile by a little cursing, usually directed at his wife, but not unfrequently including himself. His pigeons have next to be attended to, for he is evidently a great man in that line of business. After devoting a couple of hours to his birds, he puts on his hat, and goes loafing off to various low public-houses where he is well known; and returns home towards nightfall, ready to receive company, or attend to his business, whatever that may be.

"I should like answers to the following queries:

"Why does Mrs. Chudwink never answer a knock at the door without having a double chain up, one at the top and one at the bottom?—And is the timidity of character for which she is notorious among her neighbours, and her fear of thieves, real or assumed?

"Why is Mr. Chudwink visited four nights a week by three men, who arrive singly, after dark; who all knock in a peculiar manner, and who are at once admitted without question into the house? Why do these men stay till three or four in the morning, when at half-past ten, or at the latest, eleven, all lights in the house are apparently put out, and everybody goes to bed? And why, when these mysterious visitors leave the house, do they leave it singly, with an interval of four or five minutes between each departure?

"For what purpose do Mr. Chudwink and his wife quit their house at half-past eight precisely every Monday evening, carrying with them a small leather case, so like my stolen case in size and general outline, that were this one not painted black, I should feel certain that it was really mine?—And why do they always go to one particular house in Westminster, where they never stay longer than half an hour; after which they return direct home without stopping anywhere?"

These questions were some of the results of Mr. Kemmidge's observations, and the longer his observations continued, the greater became his

desire to fathom, unassisted, the mystery which shrouded the ways of life of his friend over the way.

"Hunting down this cunning old coon," said Mr. Kemmidge to himself, "is much better sport than standing behind the counter of my store at Little Athens, measuring yards of cloth and weighing pounds of tea, and I'll enjoy it while I can."

The more Mr. Kemmidge thought about it, the more certain he became that the leather case carried by Mr. Chudwink every Monday evening, was in fact no other than his own lost case, though changed in complexion; and the perplexing problem now presented to him was, how to ascertain whether the law documents still remained in their hiding-place secure and undiscovered.

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, and not averse from the study of natural history in any of its branches; and, furthermore, feeling perfectly secure in the completeness of his disguise, Mr. Kemmidge took to going down of a forenoon, in the company of his meerschaum, into the little garden which fronted his lodgings, there to observe more closely the flights and gambols of Mr. Chudwink's pigeons, as directed by that gentleman in person. Chudwink, as master of the feathered ceremonies, generally took his stand in his own little garden; sometimes, however, he appeared with head and shoulders out of the skylight in the roof of his house, on which occasions Mr. Kemmidge was obliged to content himself with looking on from his sitting-room window; and thus, by degrees, a sort of rough acquaintanceship sprang up between them. Chudwink was very shy, and very rude for some time, and repelled all Mr. Kemmidge's advances in sullen silence; but the good nature of the latter was so genuine, and the interest he took in the pigeons seemed so hearty and spontaneous, and then his innocent remarks respecting them betrayed such terrible ignorance on such an all-important subject, that Chudwink was finally obliged to give way, and tacitly acquiesce in the presence and remarks of his new acquaintance; and even condescend, in his boorish way, to enlighten him in some measure as to the habits and capabilities of the pigeon species. So while Chudwink fluttered his doves, Mr. Kemmidge stood near at hand, smoking his meerschaum and passing his remarks.

"How much, now, for that pair of birds?" asked Mr. Kemmidge, one morning, pointing to a couple of pigeons which had just settled on the roof, after tumbling head over heels down an invisible flight of stairs.

"That pair?—ah!" said Mr. Chudwink; "I should say two guineas for the pair on 'em would be a very mild figure."

"Too much for me to pay, anyhow," replied Mr. Kemmidge. "Don't want them for myself, you know—for a friend. But I can't stand that price."

Nothing more was said that day, but next morning Mr. Chudwink himself began the discourse.

"Well, gov'nor, what do you say to one fifteen for the birds?"

"That's more reasonable, but still too much."

"You're too hard on a chap, that's what you are," remarked Mr. Chudwink.

"Not a bit of it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty-five shillings and a couple of orders for the pit at the Royal Blank Theatre."

"Never say die. I'm your man. My missis is fond of the theayter, and I like to go at odd times. I'll pack up the birds for you, and send 'em across in a few minutes."

The next house to Mr. Chudwink's, on the right side as you go down the street, was empty at that time; and on the afternoon following the negotiation concerning the pigeons, Mr. Kemmidge became possessed with a curious desire to look over this empty house, and examine it personally in detail. So his landlady obtained the key for him, and accompanied him while he took a leisurely survey of the premises, which he remarked, with a shake of the head as she re-locked the door, were not altogether the style of thing he had expected.

It was a winter evening, mild and moonless, when Mr. Chudwink and his wife took their departure, well freighted with comestibles, for the Royal Blank Theatre. Mr. Kemmidge was standing at the door of his apartments when they set off, and bade them a cheery good evening, to which Mr. Chudwink responded in a manner more gracious than usual.

About ten o'clock the same night Mr. Kemmidge let himself quietly out of the house; and after giving a preliminary glance round, although it was too dark to discern anything, proceeded at a rapid and stealthy pace down the street; and turning the corner of the last house, found himself in a narrow lane, with doors on one side opening into some market-gardens, and on the other side a low wall which bounded the back premises of some of the houses in Tib Street. Mr. Kemmidge was attired, as to his head and feet, in a travelling cap and a pair of carpet slippers; and carried a dark lantern in one pocket, the possession of which made him feel uncomfortably like a genuine burglar.

Proceeding noiselessly down the lane, and peering carefully on both sides as he went, Mr. Kemmidge at length halted at a point where a dilapidated clothes-post was lounging in a helpless way against the wall, as though it had been for a long time in want of employment. A spring, and a short scramble, placed Mr. Kemmidge on the other side of the wall. Making his way through the garden to the back of the house, he gently pushed open the kitchen window, and, leaping through, found himself in the empty house which he had examined so minutely on the preceding afternoon. Up one flight of stairs after another, very lightly in his carpet slippers, went Mr. Kemmidge, slowly feeling his way in the dark, till he reached a small attic close under the slates, lighted by a skylight in the slanting roof, against which a tall man standing upright might easily knock his head. Through this skylight Mr. Kemmidge proceeded to squeeze himself—an enterprise of considerable difficulty, he being a man whose waist had disappeared fourteen years before: indeed,

it was doubtful at one time whether he would not stick fast, and so swing there ignominiously till he could summon some one to his assistance. But he contrived, after a time, to scramble through; and found himself safely seated on the ridge of the roof, with what looked in the darkness like a yawning precipice on both sides of him.

"Ah," said Mr. Kemmidge to himself, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "this is Jack Shepparding with a vengeance! I wonder whether Baron Trenck felt like this when he was breaking out of prison! If Mary Jane could only see me now!—but it will be good fun to tell about when I get back to home."

After resting a short time, Mr. Kemmidge proceeded cautiously on his hands and knees along the ridge of the roof, and so round a stack of chimneys till he reached the skylight which opened out of the garret of Mr. Chudwink's house. Mr. Kemmidge tried his best to open the skylight, but concluding at last that it was fastened inside, he gave one of the panes a sharp tap with his elbow, making thereby a hole sufficiently large for the insertion of his hand; and feeling cautiously about, soon discovered the bolt by which the window was secured. Mr. Kemmidge paused for a minute to fortify his mind with the repetition of a few philosophic precepts, before allowing himself to drop into the yawning abyss, which, blacker than the blackness outside, opened grimly at his feet; but being a man not readily daunted, and having come so far already, he was determined to go through with his adventure to the end. So having first secured the skylight with a piece of twine to the stack of chimneys, he gradually lowered himself through the hole in the roof; but missing his hold with one hand, he finally slipped through more quickly than he had intended, and came down with a crash among the roosting pigeons.

A terrible uproar and confusion ensued among the frightened birds; some of them beating and dashing round Mr. Kemmidge's head and face; others making direct for the open skylight, and fluttering out on to the roof; while the more sedate birds simply shook their wings a little, and settled down into the corner farthest from Mr. Kemmidge. That gentleman himself stood motionless as a statue for some minutes, listening intently; but beyond the fluttering of the birds, nothing could be heard. When all was silent again, Mr. Kemmidge took his dark lantern out of his pocket, threw a slender gleam of light round the room, and having discovered the door, opened it, and went softly down stairs into the lower parts of the house, in search of his lost travelling-case. There were not many rooms to examine; and going, last of all, into a little kitchen at the back of the house, he there found his lost treasure hanging from a nail in the rafters, and half filled with clothes pegs, as though it were an article of small value. Yes, it was his old friend, without a doubt, but in a suit of black, and was the same case which he had seen Mr. Chudwink and his wife take with them on their weekly visits to the house in Westminster. Mr. Kemmidge's hands trembled a little as he took it down and emptied it. Taking from his pocket a

bunch of keys, he selected one from the lot—not the ordinary one which opened the lock, but another, which, fitting into the key-hole, acted on a hidden spring, causing the false bottom to open by means of a secret hinge, and so revealing the hiding-place below. A glance was sufficient. There they were, thank goodness! both documents and bank notes, intact, untouched, since he had placed them there, on the other side of the Atlantic, several months before. Having secured them carefully about his person, he refilled the case with the clothes pegs, and hung it up again where he had found it, and then proceeded upstairs on his way back to the skylight.

"Now what," said Mr. Kemmidge to himself, rubbing his nose reflectively, as he halted for a moment on the landing, "can be the mysterious occupation of Mr. Chudwink? Considering the way in which he has treated me it will not, perhaps, be thought too inquisitive on my part if I try to solve the problem before leaving these premises. So here goes."

An ordinary bed-room was the first place into which Mr. Kemmidge penetrated after coming to this resolution, and from which he retreated somewhat precipitately—the bed furniture looked so ghostlike by the light of his lantern. The second door which he tried was locked, but the key being in it, Mr. Kemmidge at once admitted himself, and the Chudwink secret lay revealed before him in all its ugly significance. In one corner was a small furnace; in another a heap of metal, some of it partially fused; scattered about on the floor, and on the rude table which occupied the middle of the room, lay moulds of various kinds and sizes; sundry utensils used in smelting; a quantity of plaster of Paris, together with a number of curious implements, having names known only to the initiated; while piled up on the window ledge, close to the thick wooden shutters, was a heap of very white and nice-looking shillings and half-crowns: all of which objects betrayed at once to the quick eyes of Mr. Kemmidge that Chudwink and his nightly visitors were neither more nor less than a gang of coiners.

After one long careful glance round, Mr. Kemmidge quitted the room, re-locked the door, and then made the best of his way back home; carefully fastening the skylight after him, so that the broken pane might seem to be the result of an accident.

"Only to think, now," said Mr. Kemmidge to himself, as he paused for a moment at the door to blow some fluff out of his latch-key, "that my dear old travelling-case has come at last to be used as a receptacle for base coin; and has been carried to Westminster on more Monday evenings than I can tell, with many nice little packets inside it, from which place they were doubtless distributed all over the country; and I shouldn't wonder if that bad half-crown which I took the other day came originally from the Chudwink mint!—I think it will be advisable for me to pay my friend Mr. Inspector Prettyman a visit to-morrow; and to-morrow, too, I will give up my apartments in Tib Street, and go back to my hotel."

A week later, Mr. Kemmidge, and his friend

Bob Wapshot, taking a walk arm-in-arm through Tib Street, did not fail to notice that Mr. Chudwink's house was in want of a tenant; and calling in at the nearest tavern for a little refreshment, were there edified by the garrulous landlord with a full, true, and particular account of a razzia made by the police two nights previously, in which a whole gang of coiners, who had lived unsuspected in the neighbourhood upwards of a year, were cleverly captured, and would, doubtless, meet with their deserts.

More need not be added,—except that Mr. Kemmidge, after winning his lawsuit, parted with regret from old Bob Wapshot; and then set his face hopefully towards Mary Jane and Little Athens. T. S.

FROM THE FIELD OF JENA.

It was on a sultry day in August, that we, a party of three,—two of whom were Frenchmen,—started from Weimar to walk to Dornburg-on-the-Saale, with the intention of passing the night there, and the next day following the river to Jena, and returning in a carriage by the post-road. The distance was some fifteen English miles, in a straight line, and by starting early in the afternoon, and taking it easily, we calculated that we should be at Dornburg by sunset. The post-road, on leaving Weimar, after mounting the hill crowned by the Webicht Wood, proceeds in a straight line for a considerable distance through two monotonous lines of trees up to the vanishing point. We determined to avoid this road, and struck across a rough country track to the left, intending to inquire our way from village to village till we arrived at Dornburg. Our route lay directly across the battle-field of Jena, rather to the left of the site of the hottest struggle, through the villages of Süssenborn, Schwabsdorf, Sulzbach, Schiten, Stobra and Zimmern. It was after refreshing ourselves in an inn-garden at Sulzbach, a pretty little place in a hollow, that we came on the evidences of the fight, stone crosses placed at intervals, considerably weather-worn from the softness of their materials, and marking the spots where soldiers had been buried according to their regiments; the crosses where cavalry had been interred being distinguished by a rudely sculptured sabre. The village Sulzbach approaches Apolda, which small manufacturing town is seen at the end of the gully to the left. It would seem as if considerable bodies of Prussian troops, after the defeat on the plateau, must have turned to the left, in order to fall back on the main body, under the Duke of Brunswick, which was advancing on Naumburg when the battle of Jena began, but was simultaneously defeated by Davoust in the action called the Battle of Anerstadt. The whole country seems exactly fitted for the deadly pursuit of a vanquished enemy. Its conformation is mostly that of a right-angled triangle, at the extremities of the right angle of which lies Jena, while Weimar and Dornburg lie at the other angles. The ascent from Weimar continues the whole way to Dornburg and Jena, so gradual as to be unappreciable except by the elevation gained, and the ever-rising height of the Ettersburg hill behind Weimar,

which, in reality, is about 1400 feet above the sea-level. This ascent is only broken by a succession of gullies or water-courses, mostly dry in summer, which open into the valley of the Ilm. In these gullies must have taken place the desperate stands and partial butcheries of the beaten army. The whole country, down to Weimar, lies open for cavalry. The French had the advantage of the slope, and mercilessly must they have used their sabres in the pursuit; nor would the artillery have been retarded at that time of year (October 14th) by the nature of the soil, which, in winter, is a deep clayey loam, but in the dry months has a hard consistency, with rather a dusty surface. We were favoured by the weather; the plain grew vaster and vaster as we walked on towards its topmost ridge, the Ettersburg loomed larger and larger, and the distant mountains on the Thuringian forest in the direction of Eisenach rose on the horizon. A thunder-cloud boiled and surged up to the north-west, and threatened to overshadow us, but it only rose so high as to screen us from the rays of the sun, and when the sun went down, it produced beautiful effects by suffering his rays to stream out between the horizon and its lower marge. Near one of the stone crosses we gathered some flowers of a bright blood colour, as a remembrance of the day. The sun was setting in glory as we arrived at Dornburg. We perceived then that the apparently *tilted* plain we had been traversing terminated at its upper side in a winding gorge with precipitous sides, within which the sparkling Saale held its serpentine course. Steep and almost inaccessible bluffs guarded the river on both sides, some of them crowned with castles in ruin, and most of them thickly wooded.

At Dornburg there is a summer palace or schloss belonging to the Grand Duke of Weimar, the gardens of which, in the month of June, are visited on account of the beauty and profusion of their roses. We saw the remains of these flowery splendours, and then walked along the heights above the course of the Saale in the direction of Jena. We came soon to a little knoll or mamelon commanding a thickly wooded gorge, which we were told was called "Die Schlucht du Franzosen," for that a body of the French had stolen up through that passage in the mist and fallen on the flank of the Prussian army. These could not have been the first party who took possession of the Landgrafenburg above Jena, but they must have been part of Soult's division, which was posted on the opposite bank.

Difficult enough the way must have been, even had there been no obstacle. We came down at this point from the heights, and after a little halt on the road, at which we drank some acid Saale wine, we made a straight cut from the main road into the town of Jena, and the back-yard of the Bear Inn, where we found an excellent table d'hôte in the garden, and students in their fantastic caps consuming great quantities of Bavarian beer and Lichtenhainer, and playing at nine-pins. The Lichtenhainer is brewed at a short distance from Jena, and is a not unpalatable liquid in summer. It is supposed to be brewed without hops, and would thus be, in all probability, the direct descendant of that German drink, somewhat dis-

respectfully spoken of by Tacitus, as a "beverage from barley, spoilt into a certain likeness to wine."

The country from Dornburg to Jena bears the vaunting name of the Weimarian Switzerland. The name is, of course, inappropriate, as it is in all cases but one, that of the Austrian Switzerland. It might be called with more justice the Weimarian Rhine-land, though the Saale scenery differs from that of the Rhine, in some respects. Seen from a height, the bluffs on each side of the Saale have a plain of varying width in the middle, which seems to be the bed of the river when it is flooded, the Saale itself meandering through this larger bed, apparently altering its course at will. The flat valley between the bluffs is thickly covered with underwood, or is broken into meadows of the most vivid green.

Jena, with its fine church-tower, stands in a sort of basin permeated by the Saale and its branches, which river here is made available for mills, and in consequence of the weirs is navigable for a short distance for pleasure-boats. The valley of the Saale is fine sketching ground for a landscape-painter; many castles crown the heights, and the trees grow in the warm climate, between the hills, to a great size. Wine is cultivated on the sunniest slopes, but the vineyards seem placed there more for effect than use, as the wine is much of the same quality as would be made of out-door grapes in England.

Further up the river is seen lying on the slope of a hill the vast palace of Rudolstadt, with its pretty little town under it, fringed with rows of poplars, reflected in the river. Rudolstadt is the quietest old place that it is possible to conceive, and likely to remain so until it is brought nearer to the lines of railroad somewhat higher up the Schwartza—a little limpid river, which runs into the Saale out of a long winding glen, black with pines, and splitting the mountains up to the crest of the Thuringian forest. At one small opening in this glen, standing on a knoll, with a deer-park at its feet, is the noble castle of Schwartzburg, a seat of the Prince of Schwartzburg Ruedstadt, remarkable for a collection of curious armour from the times of chivalry, and amongst other relics a morion of Gustavus Adolphus, indented by shot and weighing twenty pounds.

The Schwartza valley is singularly beautiful in its close scenery, and opens into that of the Saale by a kind of gate in the rocks, falling over a weir near a rough inn, called the Chrysophras. Beyond the junction of the river the Saale widens out and gives space for the basin, in which are seen the old towers of Saalfeld, famous in the campaign of Jena as the scene of the death of Prince Louis of Prussia.

The Saale would be more visited for its scenery, apart from its historic interest, if it did not lie out of all the great travelling currents. The Thuringian railway itself, which passes by Eisenach, Gotha, Weimar, and Leipzig, is only used by those attracted by the local interest of those spots. It lies apart from the direct current of travel which sets to Berlin and Dresden from England, which is itself a kind of offspring of the great gulf stream which sets up the Rhine, through Switzer-

land, especially the Bernese Oberland, and back by Paris, or *vice versa*.

To return to Jena. After passing the day in dining, bathing, boating and supping, we drove back to Weimar at night by the road, with the comet hanging over our heads in a clear starry heaven.

The trip to the battle-field suggested some reflections on the fortune of Napoleon, which seemed to depend as much on the errors of his adversaries as on his own genius. The campaign of Jena is full of moral meaning to all those who rely on courage or physical force for safety in times of war, and do not consider that when troops are nearly equally matched, as most European troops are, success is mainly an affair only of hours and minutes skilfully disposed of. Napoleon's one rule of conduct in war was that of overpowering the enemy by superior numbers, directed by skilful combinations to the right point at the right time, and of the successful application of this rule the campaign of Jena was a most brilliant illustration.

The French army having covered itself with the laurels of Austerlitz, gathered from a great humiliation of Austria and Russia, was quartered in the Palatinate and Bavaria, in the expectation of returning home at least for a season, when Prussia, in a fit of strange infatuation, rose in arms against the oppressor of Germany. It was like the explosion of a mine which had been delayed till its purpose was past, by a slow-burning fuse.

In 1805 Prussia might have had Austria, Russia, England, and other smaller powers, as allies; in 1806 she stood alone; Austria and Russia had been stunned by the defeat of Austerlitz, and England had actually declared war against her on account of the occupation of Hanover. Prussians had last fought against Frenchmen in 1792, and thus to the troops of Napoleon they were an untried enemy, said to be especially formidable in cavalry, and strong in the name of the great Frederic.

The absurdity, however, of the circumstances connected with Prussia taking up arms, must have convinced Napoleon that his enemy was not of the most formidable description, and that however brave he might be in the field, his valour would be nullified by weakness in council. The French were, in fact, almost on the spot. In a very short time Napoleon had established his head-quarters at Wurzburg in Bavaria, and whilst the Prussian generals were talking of attacking him there, and driving him on the Rhine, he was already marching towards Saxony. He made the invasion of Saxony by the Prussians the pretext of this war, as he had that of Bavaria by the Austrians and Russians of the last. He was not a general to wait to be attacked. The main Prussian army was at Magdeburg under the Duke of Brunswick; it was transported to Erfurt; and as the division of the Prince of Hohenlohe was at Dresden recruiting among the Saxons, it was also transferred to Weimar with its Saxon auxiliaries.

Thus the Prussian army lay behind that chain of mountains which, beginning at Eisenach, and taking a north-easterly direction, joins the Fran-

conian forest about Hof, and is called the Thuringian forest.

The Duke of Weimar, chiefly famous as the friend of Goëthe and Schiller, was detached with ten thousand light troops to form a corps of observation in the mountains. From the Thuringian forest to the Ural Mountains in Russia, is with little exception one vast plain, sandy and swampy, and full of lakes and rivers, comprising North Prussia, Poland, and Russia in Europe. The Hartz Mountains are a kind of island in this oceanic plain, lying to the north of the Thuringian forest. The Thuringian forest itself is a chain of mountains so defined and continuous that an old road, called the Rinusteg, runs along the summits from Eisenach to Hof, then it merges to the south, in the broken woody heights of Franconia, and, to the north, breaks up into the scattered hills and mounds and knolls of the upper country of Hessia.

The Thuringian forest, which formed the centre of that immense "sylvæ Hercynia" of ancient Germany of which the Black Forest was the southern and most mountainous development, presents even now a more considerable military barrier than the comparative height of its mountains would seem to indicate. It is so densely covered with pine in its higher regions that it would be difficult to find the way, were it not for the frequent directing posts; its summits are so seldom bare that it is difficult to get any good general view of the country, while its bases are thickly clothed with beech and birch woods, through which it is pleasant enough to wander in the heat of summer. Across this barrier, to arrive at the great northern plain of Germany in general, and that flat country between the Thuringian forest and the Hartz, where the bulk of the Prussian army lay, there are three principal routes from the country about the Rhine. The most westerly of these was the long *détour* from the Lower Rhine round the mountains of Westphalia and Hessia, and across the Weser into Saxony; the middle one was the route from Frankfort-on-the-Maine and Hanau by way of Fulda to Eisenach, passing between the Thuringian and Hessian hills by the valley of the Werra; the easternmost route was to be effected by the passes which lead from Franconia, across the Thuringian forest at its lower end, to the valley of the Saale, from Bayreuth to Hof, from Ceronach to Schleitz, and from Coburg to Saalfeld. The Saale, pointing at first due north from Hof, and pursuing a peculiarly tortuous course, makes a considerable bend to the west in the direction of Saalfeld and Rudolstadt, striking again into a northerly direction till it passes Jena and Naumburg, and falls into the Elbe not far from Magdeburg. Near Naumburg the Ilm—a stream insignificant in size, but which, as Schiller says, "has listened to many an immortal song"—flows into it.

Of the three routes across the Thuringian Wood, Napoleon chose the most easterly, partly because it was the most convenient for his head-quarters at Würzburg; partly because he hoped to cut off the Prussian army from Berlin and Dresden, and get between them and their resources. He anticipated having to fight a pitched battle with them, and he thought that, in that position, he could

drive them away from Berlin, instead of driving them upon it. It was for this reason that he attached so much importance to the defence of the defiles of Kösen and the possession of the bridge at Naumburg, and that, in sending Davoust to take possession of this position, he ordered him to defend it to the last man. However, with the object of keeping the enemy in perplexity, an object in which he entirely succeeded, he ordered Lannes and Augereau to make a strong feint on the Werra, as if they meant to pass by way of Eisenach, but in reality to pass through the Thuringian Wood and *débouche* through Gräfenenthal or Saalfeld. It was these troops which arrived just in time to catch Prince Louis of Prussia in a trap. Having sent on Davoust to Naumburg, and Bernadotte to support him over against Dornburg, Napoleon himself pushed on in the country at the right bank of the Saale. The Prussians were all this time uncertain whether to attack him in Franconia or to stand on the defensive, but before they had made up their minds he was among the advanced positions of Prince Hohenlohe's force: the consequences of this indecision were the unfortunate combats of Schleitz and Saalfeld, a useless expenditure of strength and loss of prestige on the part of the German army.

Murat, at the head of his cavalry, led the way into Saxony by Saalburg; at Schleitz he found General Tanzenien with about 8000 infantry and 2000 cavalry forming the advance guard of Prince Hohenlohe's army; a brisk fusillade and some cavalry charges in Murat's usual style soon forced this corps back in some confusion on the main body. The only object of exposing this force must have been to give the main body time to concentrate in the rear.

The combat of Schleitz was fought on the 9th of October. Prince Louis of Prussia was found in a similar position of useless exposure at Saalfeld, having followed probably only the dictates of his own courageous obstinacy. Lannes, arriving just in time to occupy the course of the Schwartzta, found Prince Louis drawn up in the basin of Saalfeld with 7000 foot and 2000 horse. His resistance was useless, and in a military point of view insane. He ought to have retired at once on Jena. The French were in possession of the wooded heights surrounding the basin; they opened a plunging fire of artillery, threw the masses of Prince Louis into confusion, and then charged them home with infantry and hussars. The Prussians and Saxons were dispersed in the marshy ground about the junction of the Schwartzta with the Saale, and were fain to escape as fast as they could down the valley of the Saale to Jena. But they had lost 20 guns, 400 men *hors de combat*, and 1000 prisoners, besides the brave but hot-headed Prince himself, who, after inflicting great damage on the French hussars by cavalry charges, was recognised by one of them in the flight as an officer of superior rank, and answering a summons to surrender by a stroke with his sabre, was run through the body. The fugitives naturally spread a panic terror in Jena,—a bad omen for the success of the campaign. At this juncture the whole of the Prussian army appears to have faced about to defend the Saale, the greater part of the troops of

Prince Hohenlohe being drawn up on the road from Weimar to Jena. Napoleon now directed Lannes and Augereau on Jena, and himself took up a position to the left of that town. He had sent Davoust to secure Naumburg with Bernadotte to support him, and he kept Ney and Soult with himself, in order to direct their divisions on the point where they might be most wanted, for hot work was expected on the part of the Prince Hohenlohe at Jena, and on the part of the main Prussian army under the Duke of Brunswick at Naumburg. There was now in position behind the Saale a German army of 134,000 men, divided between the Prince of Hohenlohe, the Duke of Brunswick, and General Ruchel, in reserve; for the 10,000 men with the Duke of Weimar were away watching the mountains. The available forces of the French appear to have been rather superior both in quality and number, and they were all held in a master's hand.

While the Duke of Brunswick was marching in the direction of the Elbe, to attempt to pass beyond the van of the French, the Prince of Hohenlohe took up his position on the plateau between Jena and Weimar, but it seems never to have entered his head that the French would climb the escarped bluffs of the Saale, and attack him there. He kept watch over the main road from Jena to Weimar, as if the French could only pass in that direction; and his idea, as well as that of the other German generals, seemed to be that Napoleon was now endeavouring, without fighting a pitched battle, to get with all speed to Dresden and Berlin. This may have been in reality Napoleon's intention, so far that he would not under ordinary circumstances have chosen Jena as his battle-ground, but would have preferred delivering a pitched battle with greater advantage of position somewhere about Naumburg. But arrived at Jena, Napoleon perceived to his surprise that Prince Hohenlohe had committed the singular mistake of leaving the heights commanding the left of that town unguarded. By one of his usual inspirations the thought struck him that he would take possession of these, and from them, as a basis, develop an area of action on the platform, and strike the army of Prince Hehenlohe a mortal blow while he least expected it, and before he could effect a junction with the Duke of Brunswick. A thick mist which spread itself over the heights favoured this design of the French emperor. He first got up by some ravines, then impassable to artillery, some bodies of the light troops of Lannes and Suchet on the tops of the hills, and took possession of the Landgrafenberg, now called Napoleon's Hill, which commands the town of Jena, and to the left of which winds the singular Mühlthal, the upper part of which is called the *Snaul*, from its spiral shape, and through which passes the post road to Weimar. On the top of the Landgrafenberg he found room for the corps of Lannes and the guard, and from thence he could perceive that the first villages on the plateau were occupied by General Tanenzien, forming the advanced post of Prince Hohenlohe's army. Here his first anxiety was to get up some artillery; and this must have been a critical period, for had the enemy been intelligent, he would

have been easily hurled off the Landgrafenberg, down on Jena, and into the Mühlthal. Napoleon stood over the engineers himself with a torch, while, in the night of the 13th of October, they were laboriously cutting a passage in the rock for the battery to be brought up. The Prince Hohenlohe still refused to believe in a serious movement of the French army, thinking he had only to do with the corps of Lannes and Augereau. Tanenzien was thoroughly beaten, and then at last Hohenlohe thought it was time to set his battle in array. But Napoleon had by this time gained space to display his army. He had directed a simultaneous attack up the gorge of the Mühlthal, and there are now to be seen a row of poplars where a line of French infantry are said to have received on their bayonets the beaten troops of Tanenzien, as they came tumbling from the heights. By the time Prince Hohenlohe was in force he was attacked in the front by Lannes, on one flank from the top of the Mühlthal by Augereau's troops, and on the other by Soult and Ney. This latter general, at the beginning of the second part of the action, was in some jeopardy, having passed into a forward position, and renewed the fight without orders. Napoleon was angry at first, but pacified and pleased on seeing him defending himself with two feeble squares against the whole of the Prussian cavalry. Ney was soon out of his difficulty, and on the offensive again, and the battle became general, the most fiercely contested point being the village of *Vierzehnheiligen*. The battle seems to have wavered here for a time, the Prince of Hohenlohe making many dashing charges, and disputing the ground fiercely; but he made a mistake in not pushing a temporary advantage, but waiting for Ruchel's reserve to join him, since the French were being reinforced every minute, and appearing in greater strength on his flanks. As soon as his flanks had sufficiently closed in, Napoleon gave a final push with his guard, and the battle was gained. Down went the Prussians and Saxons of all arms, broken, and flying, and reforming, broken and flying again, down that fatal slope which ends at Weimar. Prisoners were taken at every step in masses, and artillery was carried off by whole batteries at a time. Ruchel came up too late for aid, and his troops meeting the fugitives, were themselves thrown into disorder, and served but to swell the triumph and the disaster.

A sort of stand was made under the fringe of that pleasant wood, the *Webrickt*, which overhangs the valley of Weimar; but another actor now appeared on the scene terrible to a broken army: Murat with his cavalry. Murat came thundering up, threw the scattered battalions into Weimar, sabred them in the streets, and passed out on the other side to cut off the fugitives from Erfurt. Of 70,000 Prussians who had taken part in this fight not a single body remained entire, the men were dispersed in all directions. Jena had been set on fire; Weimar had been shelled; French officers and men were quartered in it, and the great *Göethe* was obliged to accord them a forced hospitality. His bearing protected him from personal insult, but they drank all the wine in his cellar.

The defeat at Jena was only half of the Prussian disaster. The fugitives thought, some of them, to escape to the army of the Duke of Brunswick, but they only met other fugitives. On the same fatal 14th of October the battle of Auerstadt was also won and lost, and Davoust, with very inferior forces, had defeated the great royal army at Naumburg, about four leagues from Jena. The same mistake had been committed by the Duke of Brunswick in overlooking the defiles at Kösen, which the Prince of Hohenlohe had committed at Jena, not thinking that he should be attacked through them by the French on the other side of the Saale. Davoust, a careful and astute general, did not neglect the opening the enemy gave him, and an action followed, which ended in the total defeat of the Prussians, including General Blucher, who distinguished himself throughout the action by the most chivalrous valour; the Duke of Brunswick himself being among the slain. Bernadotte, who ought to have succoured Davoust, omitted to do so through some selfish pique, and thus earned a sharp reproof from his imperial master; and it is surprising that he was continued in his command, as Davoust had apparently to fight 66,000 men with 26,000, in consequence of Bernadotte standing aloof at Dornburg. The serious part of the campaign was now over. The whole Prussian force was thoroughly disorganised, and its scattered remnants thrown back beyond Erfurt, in the direction of the Hartz. Napoleon was at Potsdam, quartered in the apartments of the Great Frederic, by the 25th of October. The people of Berlin were astonished by the quick arrival of the French army. Deschappelles, the famous chess-player, was complimented by a lady at a ball on the rapid march his people had made, and he remarked, "Yes, it was rapid, considering that we had an army of 200,000 men (speaking roundly) to upset on our way."

Never, we may suppose, in the annals of civilised nations, was a kingdom more quickly lost and won. In a few days from the first entrance of the French into Saxony the whole military force of Prussia, supported by the traditions of Frederic the Great, was scattered to the winds. Napoleon had the advantage of reigning over a people possessing in a high degree his two talents of organisation and promptitude. He could not have been what he was with other subjects than the French. The same courage was in the German camp, the same physical powers, the same discipline; but beyond this all was vacillation, hesitation, and division of counsels. The campaign of Jena is valuable as the most striking specimen of Napoleon's successes. The qualities which then ensured him his victory have since become traditional in the French army, but we may look in vain for any imitation of them among those against whom such an army would have to contend on the continent; and it seems extraordinary that the lessons of history should be read to so little effect. The "crowning mercy" of Leipzig, as Cromwell would have called it, is still commemorated by bonfires and torchlight-processions by the students of Jena. Even Napoleon's own hill has its bonfire. But Germany should never forget the previous sufferings by which she purchased that last

hardly-earned triumph, which was but a snatching of the laurel from brows exhausted with victory. "Remember Jena" should be the motto of the association for the promotion of German unity. Germany united would be more than a match for France in any future war, especially if her generals were instructed to pursue a Fabian policy, and exhaust the patience of the hot Gallic blood by a wary defence, watching the moment to strike a decisive blow. Had the Austrians retired before the French, in the campaign of 1859, to their vantage grounds in the Alps, the issue of the campaign of Solferino might have been different; but, unfortunately for them, their veteran Radetzky was no more.

While it is impossible not to admire the clever celerity of the first Napoleon's conquest of Prussia in the campaign of Jena, it is equally impossible not to reprobate his wars during the Empire, as some of the most useless and purposeless outrages on humanity that one ambitious individual has ever perpetrated. Other wars seemed to have some principle in them, or to have been conducted for some important object connected with the history of the human race. The victories of Napoleon Buonaparte seem to have been permitted by Providence only for the sake of showing the inherent hideousness of war itself.

G. C. SWAYNE.

CHINESE DINNERS AND MORNING CALLS.

A CHINAMAN, generally speaking, will eat everything that chance may offer to him; that is to say, everything capable of yielding nourishment. Dogs, cats, sea-slugs, cow-sinews, and horseflesh, are esteemed great dainties; but the great staff of life among the poor is rice. A large fat piece of pork, though a repulsive object to a Mohammedan or Hindoo, is a bait which no true citizen of the Celestial Empire can refuse. When invited to a dinner-party the expected guest receives at least two messages—one written, the other verbal. When he arrives he does not appear in full dress, neither is he clean. If he wears a pair of boots instead of the common clumsy shoes, he immediately becomes the object of universal attention. His costume, on the whole, cannot be called graceful, though it may be commodious. The ladies of the party have a suffocated expression, owing to the tightness of their collars.

The feast has many courses, and often lasts several hours. The host meets his guests at the threshold, and bows continually till they are served with tea in the dinner-room. The extraordinary politeness of the national character is well represented by a moving Chinese mandarin, or other officer, in a tea shop. After all the guests are assembled, the host advances to the head of the table, and solemnly lifts up his chopsticks, having previously extracted them from his pocket. On this signal being given, all the guests with one accord rush—such is their humility—to the lowest place at the table, and produce their chopsticks. The dinner commences with dessert, and ends with soup. Wine cups, when emptied, are reversed, for obvious reasons. To appear with the head uncovered, or without boots, would be an act of

intolerable rudeness; it is also necessary to receive the dishes with both hands. If any one of the invited guests is ill, his portion of the feast is despatched to his private residence. If he be seriously ill, a consultation is held whether he should be allowed to eat it. If the patient thinks he shall die, or, as the Chinese say, go to his ancestors, he is ready to barter the delicacies sent to him for ornamental work for his coffin. It is incumbent on each guest after he has returned home to send a letter of thanks to his entertainer for the fare which he has received.

When a mere call is contemplated, the visitor sends a sheet of paper, curiously folded, bearing his name and quality, which is his card. The person whom he visits knows by this card whether he should receive him at the gate, in the hall, or in his own room. Presents generally accompany the card. It is customary to pay visits before dining, in order that the fumes of wine may not disturb the person visited. If the latter does not wish to see his visitor, he does not say he is "not at home," but sends his servant to say that he will not give him the trouble of alighting from his chair. This message is equally polite with our own, and has the advantage of not being a direct contradiction of fact. After this, he sends his cards within three days, and the visiting acquaintance, in this charmingly simple and polite manner, is broken off for ever.

If, however, the visitor be received, the usual amount of bowing on both sides immediately succeeds. Having at length sat down, the visitor is not expected to cross his legs, or to look about him, neither may he lean back, or put his hands in his pockets; any one of these actions would be considered a gross eccentricity, if not an insanity, or breach of good manners.

Tea is then sipped simultaneously, the guest waiting anxiously for the signal from his entertainer, and being particularly careful not to be behindhand.

Nothing disgusts a Chinese so much as being disturbed at dinner. No amount of business or entreaty is able to tear him from the allurements of stuffed dog; nor can a sense of his own self-interest hereafter wean him from the present enjoyment of pork fat. A missionary, on one occasion, happening to besiege a Chinese concerning the salvation of his soul at this inauspicious moment, received no very encouraging reply.

"You," said the missionary, "are caring for your body" (the poor Chinese was eating of a dish of pickled cat), "but care not at all for your soul."

Upon this the Chinese, looking up from his repast with great disgust, observed that in his own opinion neither he nor the missionary possessed a soul; that the matter was at all events uncertain; and that consequently he thought it better to take care of his body, which he considered a certain possession. The answer of the maker of proselytes on this occasion is not recorded.

A dinner party is generally concluded with a dramatic entertainment. One, described by De Guipres, is of this nature. A number of Chinese enter upon the stage, bearing two long dragons with white scales, and lighted lamps inside them. These dragons having saluted the company

with great respect, move about with no definite object till a paper moon enters upon the scene. This raises the dragons to the highest pitch of fury; they rush upon her with open mouth, but when within a few paces, pause for the purpose of consideration. Finally, making up their minds that all hostile attempts are vain, they again bow to the company, and gracefully retire. The moon, also, having allowed time for admiration, eventually bows and retires. The whole is accompanied by the soft music of the kettledrums and cymbals.

CONFUTZAO.

NEGROPHOBIA.

IN my wanderings over the world I have seen much of negroes, bond and free, and of people of colour of all shades, from the Ethiop, shining black, to the faintly-bronzed Octoroon, in whom a tinge of the white of the eye, or a finger nail, is the only perceptible mark of the warm blood of Africa.

No one has satisfactorily accounted for the horror of the negro which exists in the free States of America. It is not a question of colour, for the shade makes no difference. The prejudice exists equally against the lightest mulatto, and the blackest negro. And it does not exist against other coloured races. Some of the Americans themselves are very dark and swarthy—darker than the mulattoes they despise. They have no feeling against a dark Spaniard, an East Indian, a Moor, or one of their own aborigines, as such. There are many Americans with an intermixture of Indian blood, who show it in their coarse and strait black hair, high cheek bones, and coppery tinge of the complexion; and they are rather proud of the savage alliance. It is no discredit to them with their fellow citizens. The first families of Virginia are proud of their descent from the Indian Princess, Pocahontas.

But let it be known that there is even one infinitesimal drop of the blood of Central Africa glowing in the veins of an American, and it were better for that man that he had never been born. Why? I will not construct a theory. It is better to give the facts. I will present a few, mostly from personal observation.

In some of the Northern States of the American Republic, a few negroes are allowed to vote. It is the only evidence of their citizenship; almost the only one of a popular recognition of their humanity. Who ever saw a coloured man on a jury; or elected to the lowest office; or "training" in a military company? In New York, the negro, of late years, is admitted to ride on some of the street railways. He never gets into an omnibus. It must be a low grog-shop into which he dares to enter, even with the money in his hand, to get a sherry-cobbler or a gin-cocktail. Dressed in all the splendour of apparel, in which he loves to indulge, he would be unceremoniously kicked out of any respectable oyster house he might choose to enter. There are a hundred hotels in New York, which can accommodate from fifty to a thousand guests, but there is not one of these at which a man of African blood could find a bed or a meal. His only place in any of these establishments is that of

cook or waiter. He may cook every meal; he cannot eat one out of the kitchen. He may stand behind the chair; he must not sit at the table.

Ten years ago, all the theatres of New York had boxes, pit, third tier and gallery. The negro, though he might come to the theatre in his private carriage, and have money enough in bank to buy the theatre, could not get admission to boxes, or pit, nor even to the third tier, set apart for fallen women. His only place was the gallery, and in many cases he was railed off, even in this, from the lowest class of the white population. To-day, most of the American theatres have but two places and prices, and there is no admission whatever for the negro. I have never seen one in any fashionable place of amusement in the Northern States, except as a menial, or with a marked separation from the respectable, and sometimes even the disreputable portion of the audience.

The popular feeling of caste is marked in curious ways. In New York, a favourite amusement of the men is a march out of town, behind a band of music, to fire at a target. These target excursions are not confined to military companies. Every company of firemen has its annual excursion, and the workmen of large manufacturing establishments, at least once a year, shoulder their muskets, borrowed for the occasion, and with a military band, often as numerous as themselves, march up or down Broadway, toward some convenient shooting-ground. After every company is carried the target they are expected to riddle with musket or rifle balls; and this target is invariably carried by the biggest, and blackest, and best looking negro who can be hired for the occasion. So, in a military funeral procession, the horse of the defunct hero is always led through the streets by a negro groom.

Notwithstanding the progress of abolition sentiment in the Northern States, the great majority of Americans shrink, as if by instinct, from personal contact, or social intercourse, with any person of the African race, or tinged with African blood. It is only within a few years that negroes have been permitted to sit in the common pews of Northern churches, and even now there are but few where they would dare take a conspicuous seat. It was, a few years ago, the universal custom in the New England churches, to confine the coloured people to pews, set apart for them, called the "nigger pews," in a far corner of the gallery, where "Ethiopia" might "stretch forth her hands to God," without disgusting her sensitive Anglo-Saxon neighbours. The first church in which I ever saw black and white kneeling side by side as equals before God, was the old Roman Catholic Cathedral in New Orleans.

In one of my visits to New York, some years ago, I chanced to see a curious instance of negro, not colour-phobia. It was a little drama, in which the noted, not to say notorious, Mr. P. T. Barnum was manager and chief performer. It was in the early part of his remarkable career. He had made money by the exhibition of a white boy, who danced in the negro fashion, with his face well blackened, and a woolly wig. But when Master Diamond, the name he was known by to the public, found that he was making a heap of

money for his manager, he concluded that he might as well make some for himself, and so, he danced away into the infinite distance.

Barnum, with the enterprise that has distinguished his whole career, on exploring the dance-houses of the Five Points, found a boy who could dance a better break-down than Master Diamond. It was easy to hire him; but he was a genuine negro, and not a counterfeit one, and there was not an audience in America that would not have resented, in a very energetic fashion, the insult of being asked to look at the dancing of a real negro.

To any man but the originator of Joyce Heth, the venerable negro-nurse of Washington, and the Manufacturer of the Fijii Mermaid, this would have been an insuperable obstacle. Barnum was equal to the occasion. Son of the State of White Oak Cheese and Wooden Nutmegs, he did not disgrace his lineage. He greased the little "nigger's" face and rubbed it over with a new blacking of burnt cork, painted his thick lips with vermilion, put on a woolly wig over his tight curled locks, and brought him out as the champion nigger-dancer of the world. Had it been suspected that the seeming counterfeit was the genuine article, the New York Vauxhall would have blazed with indignation.

Whatever may be the nature of this feeling—whatever its causes, it certainly exists, and was, a few years ago, almost universal in the Northern States. By great effort the more earnest and consistent Abolitionists have brought themselves to tolerate the negro in some positions of social equality; but I much doubt if there are a dozen Abolitionists in America who could contemplate the idea of having a son-in-law, with negro blood in his veins, without an emotion of horror.

Coloured persons in northern cities, suffering continually from this proscription of race, sometimes make efforts to evade it. I have often met in Wall Street, New York, a large speculator in stocks, who, by means of a well-made wig, passed himself off as a West Indian creole of Spanish descent. He even married a white American wife—I presume, by the same false pretence. He was, however, a genuine mulatto, and the fact could not be concealed from careful observers. I have seen five or six persons who have resorted more or less successfully to similar expedients.

It is notorious that the shrinking antipathy of the white to the black race does not exist in the same degree in the slave as in the free states. If there is a natural instinct, as some believe, intended to keep the two races from intermingling, it has been broken down at the South by early and continual associations. When the white boy is born he is received into the arms of a black nurse, who, in many cases, becomes his foster-mother. Negro children are the playmates of his childhood. Negro servants attend to his hourly wants, and nurse him in sickness. He is born, and lives and dies among them, and often his most faithful and cherished friend is a negro. If a natural antipathy can be supposed to exist, it dies out under these circumstances. The result is that not only the slaves but the free negroes are better treated in the South than in the North. They occupy positions in the Southern States, which the North,

largely abolitionized as it has been, has not yet learned to tolerate.

For example, I saw in Mobile, Alabama, a favourite company of the fire brigade, celebrating its anniversary with great ceremony, though the company was composed of, and officered entirely by, men of colour. In the same city I was present at the exhibition of a school of young misses

of colour, the like of which, I am satisfied, could not be found in the whole Northern States.

Negrophobia certainly exists over the whole northern portion of the American States. Several of them have passed laws, excluding free negroes from even a residence. All would gladly be rid of them. I give the phenomena, and leave to others their explanation.

MY LADY'S FAREWELL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."



Go forth, go forth, my dearest;
The world is wild and wide,
But 'tis not that thou fearest—
Not that can us divide.
I bless the cross upon thy breast,
I kiss thee—lip and brow:
Go forth upon thy saintly quest,
And keep thy knightly vow.

Go forth, my bravest, boldest—
My own, my heart's delight;
This tear that thou beholdest
Stains not thy armour bright:

The Christian armour, bright as strong,
In which I made thee dress,
The sword, to hew down mortal wrong,
The breastplate, righteousness.

Go forth, my best beloved!
And trust in God's dear grace,
That, every foe removed,
Thou'lt meet me, face to face;
But if He not that guerdon gives,
Die, as a good knight dies;
I, living as a true maid lives,
We'll meet in Paradise.

D. M. M.

SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION.

A STORY IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER VII.

THE Squire had had a pillion fastened on his horse when he started for the convent, as a precaution if he should find matters in desperate disorder there. The disorder was so desperate that his daughter sprang to his arms the moment his strong voice was heard in the din. In three minutes more they were on their way to the Manor-house. They met so many people that Anna longed to cover her face entirely with her hood; but then—if she should miss Henry Fletcher! Her heart was beating so that she could not speak,—not only from the agitations of the last few hours, but because Henry had not appeared. The one point she had been sure of, whenever she imagined the scene which he had assured her must happen some day, was that he would be waiting outside to receive her, and that his would be the first friendly face she would see. She was more than disappointed: she was humbled and terrified. If she had lost her own respect by her rebellion against her vows, she might well have lost his. Absence had enabled him to see her and her conduct in their true light; he despised her now, and she would never see him more. By the

time she reached home she was as miserable as if her release were not the event she had been longing and praying for above everything.

There was something exhilarating, however, in seeing the old place again, after years of assurance that she never would. Bet was so delighted, too, and hung about her so fondly! Dame Atherstone was rather formidable; so grave and cold that Anna fearfully asked herself whether it was possible that her mother could know the underplot of the strange story now passing before their eyes. The Dame received her daughter with a sort of deference which seemed to show that their natural relation was dissolved—the motherly love completely gone, while the woman of the world displayed her deference to the spouse of the Church. There would soon be an end of this—that was one comfort; and Anna and Bet presently escaped, to visit every room in the house, and greet all the servants. It was very pleasant to see the old faces and haunts again; and Anna began to think that Henry might be absent through some accident. He might appear at any time, and then all would be almost too happy.

For the present, however, there was to be

nothing but disappointment and most serious trouble. Of all disagreeable things, the Reverend Mother appeared in the course of the day—sure that an asylum would be granted her at the Manor-house till she was appointed to another convent. The Squire could not turn her away from his gate at such a time, and his Dame was only too glad to receive her. Everything in the establishment was arranged with a view to the seclusion of the Reverend Mother and her young nun. Anna found herself shut up in a remote apartment with her Superior, as if she had no relations in the house. She was kept to her service-book, and her convent observances, and the tasks she had become so weary of; and when allowed to walk in the shrubbery, she found she was never to be left alone with Bet—nor even with Eleanor, when Eleanor came. If this went on, everything would be lost. Her lover and she would be kept apart; she would be thrust back into her misery; and she must go mad or die with misery. She must take her part, and declare that she would be no longer a nun.

She found it quite as difficult to go through as she could have anticipated. It was some days before she found opportunity to declare her change of views; but the opportunity was one which she could not let pass. Her two mothers were talking of whether the decision would be in favour of a convent in Warwickshire or one in Essex; and the Abbess expatiated on the reputation and comforts of the Essex house, congratulating Anna on the prospect of a speedy opening for their admission. While she was unfolding a letter, and reading and explaining, Anna was making up her mind to speak the word which she could not but suppose was expected from her. She rose, and stood in her usual reverent attitude as she uttered her avowal of rebellion. She said she considered her bonds broken by the dissolution of the sisterhood of Our Lady, and it was not her desire to form a new one. She wished to follow the example of those nuns who had returned to the world on the breaking up of their retreats. By the way in which this was received, she felt assured that she had given the expected answer. The Abbess coldly replied that she was ignorant of her own case. She was bound for life by her vows of poverty, celibacy, and obedience to her, her spiritual mother. When she would have appealed to the actual emancipation of hundreds of nuns, she was commanded to be silent, and never to renew the subject. Her own mother then began, and she was the sterner of the two. She forbade Anna to think for a moment that she could be allowed to disgrace her family by falling away from her vows. It was painful enough that any daughter of that house should have so fallen away from purity and devotion as to yearn after a life in the world and forfeit her salvation; but if such depravity did exist, it must be hidden, for the sake of the family. It was in vain to protest against such a construction, or to point out that many daughters had been taken home, without disgrace or reluctance. She was told that she did not know what she was talking of, and that in every such case either the parents were wealthy or the family generally had lapsed into the irre-

ligious views of the times, speaking evil of spiritual dignities, and being unable to appreciate the beauty and the privilege of the conventual life. In time Anna became able to understand what this meant; that her father had paid down eight hundred pounds on her taking the veil, that this money was irrecoverable, and that he had already disposed of the rest of her portion in favour of her two sisters, so that she had nothing whatever to expect from him. It was a bitter experience; but, as the days passed on, she was compelled to admit the truth that she was unwelcome in her natural home.

She tried her father, when she could get a word with him, and at those moments she was in a temper of peculiar resentment against the Reverend Mother, whose diseased imagination saw evil in the simplest intercourse with father or brother. Anna used the short minutes she could snatch in putting it to her father whether he wished a child of his to be locked up for life with a Superior whom she must obey without esteeming, and with a set of women of various ages, tempers, and conditions—one at least of whom had been vile, while others were untruthful, ill-tempered, ignorant, or in some way or other disagreeable. Some two or three who were valuable and agreeable women were a great solace, but they must either deteriorate or remain for ever apart from the greater number. But, sufficient as these objections were, there was a greater. She herself did not now regard this mode of life as holy. She believed that, instead of securing salvation, it was an impediment to it. Her own temper and conscience were suffering under it, and she was not nearly so good now as before she was a nun. She was sure the whole system was a superstition—

She had gone too far. If she had stopped at the point of the hardship of being shut up for life with disagreeable companions, her father might have been won over. He showed that it made him very uneasy; but the heretical plea which followed spoiled everything. When he found that Anna had handled the Scriptures, and could quote them against the Church, he considered himself safe in taking ground against her. It was not very easy; for her face and her voice had power over him; but he told her, several times over, that he had paid her portion, and had nothing more to give her; that it was utter disgrace to a young woman to draw back from a purpose of celibacy; that she could not be allowed to dishonour her family, and so on. Struck by the expression of her face, he would have drawn her to him, and spoken tenderly; but the Reverend Mother was somehow within hearing, and appeared at the moment when she could have been best spared. Yet the kind-hearted father whispered—

“You will go back? You will make us all proud and happy?”

“Father, I cannot.”

“What an answer that is!”

“You do not know what you ask, my father. It is a thing which ought not to be asked of any one.”

“You said rightly,” he remarked, “that you are not so good now as before you were a nun. You must go back and be made better.”

Any appeal to his reason made him threaten to send for the Bishop. Anything but that! When the parents perceived that Anna's supreme dread was of her uncle, they found they had the power in their own hands. The Bishop was the bugbear used to subdue her.

The promise that Eleanor and she had exchanged on the wedding-day was much in Anna's mind—the promise to aid each other in any strait, at any time of their lives. She did write to Eleanor when they were apart; she did speak during the short and precarious confidences they were allowed during Eleanor's visits: but neither could she find any comfort here. Eleanor would have given her anything she had in the world—would have nursed her in illness, and toiled for her in difficulty; but she could not carry her through such an enterprise as this. Her husband was as proud as any prince, and his pride lay in the high repute of everybody belonging to him. It was plain that Eleanor had not ventured to tell him so much as that Anna wished to return to a secular life. If she could have gone to her sister for a time, Anna thought, things might have come round. No doubt it was in her mind, too, that there she should hear whatever could be known of Henry. But it was too plain that there was no welcome ready for her at her sister's home.

Hubert was at college. Bet, though much grown, and very fond of nestling to Anna, and of gazing at her when sitting opposite, was too young to be fully confided in. It would have been wrong to win her over at the risk of corrupting her mind, as the two mothers would have called it.

"Heaven help me!" wept Anna on her bed; "for I am very desolate!"

If she could get to church on Sunday, she would not only obtain some religious support and comfort, but might possibly discover some opening for action. She could not suppose that Henry would be there; but was it not just possible?

And now her next strong desire was to go to church. This, however, was pronounced impracticable. By degrees it came out that there were very sufficient reasons why, though her mother endeavoured to conceal from her what they were. The people of the parish had become discontented with the interior arrangements of the church, and had undertaken some repairs, as they called them, which compelled the removal of the images which had been a great distinction of the place from before living memory. It was strange, but every one of these images had been found so decayed as to fall into dust in the removing. So the workpeople said; and there was nothing left of them but heaps of dust. The tradespeople had offered to decorate the church afresh. The rector had left everything to the curate; and the curate had a very good understanding with the people now; and the consequence was that when the church was re-opened after the repairs, there were texts of Scripture painted up on the walls where the images had been. Many precious things were stripped away from the altar; and one new feature was added,—the reading-desk in the nave, with the Bible on it, and chained to it. Still, there seemed to be no

reason why the neighbouring families should not worship in the house where their fathers lay buried. The real reason was, that the curate had married Sister Agatha from Stoke Holy Cross. There had been an attachment of old, some people said. Others who would not hear of that were still not averse to the marriage. As for the wife,—there were many clergymen's wives now, and not a few taken from dispersed nunneries; so that there was little discredit in it. And as for the clergyman,—if he was to discharge his function of hospitality as was enjoined upon him, was it not much better that he should be married? A bachelor's hospitality must be wasteful and comfortless; and that was one reason why there were so many scandals about parsonages and their housekeeping. The curate and his wife were on the whole well received; but the Atherstone household could not, it was declared, appear at church, under the circumstances, while the Reverend Mother was their guest.

When her mind was free enough to attend to the interests of the moment, Anna was well-pleased to perceive how little prospect the Reverend Mother had of gathering her chickens again under her wing. It seemed doubtful at times whether any of her daughters would abide by her except Emilia. Where Emilia was nobody said; but, by the way in which she was extolled, Anna conjectured that she was engaged in some mission on behalf of the convent. As for the rest, one at least had married. Another, poor Sister Catherine, was daily denounced and gloated over as an illustration of the tendency of the times. She had put herself in the power of her profligate lover, who was said to have transferred her, in her helplessness, to another; and she was doubtless lost. The rest were said to be in trouble and poverty. Some had pressed urgently for the forty shillings allotted to the monks and nuns sent adrift; and some were a burden on their families. Considering what it was to be such a burden, according to the sage mothers who talked for the edification of young listeners, it was marvellous that so few seemed ready to enter another house with their Reverend Mother.

"What shall—what shall I do?" thought Anna, every day. "I will run away, and be a kitchen-maid, if I see no other way."

The day soon came. An elderly, sorrowful woman appeared at the door, requesting to be permitted to see the Abbess; and if not the Abbess, Sister Anna. It was Emilia's mother; and she was gladly welcomed. She afforded an excellent opportunity for the laudation of zeal, self-mortification, and all the forms of piety for which her daughter was distinguished. She listened, pleased perhaps to hear her child's praises, but impatient also. Where was Emilia, and how soon might she be expected under her mother's roof? Her little room was ready. She should have her own way in everything. Her presence was all that her mother desired: but, if the House at Stoke was really never to be a convent again,—and if so many of the Sisters were now with their relatives, and were supposed likely to remain, was it not possible —? No; it was not possible that her child should abide with her, or even see her.

The cold treatment which followed upon her question soon sent the poor mother away.

Anna would take no hints to the contrary, but accompanied the humbled guest to the gate. By that means, she heard of Elizabeth. For some days after her disgrace Elizabeth had found a home with Emilia's mother; but she would not stay to be a burden, as she called it. She was now a laundress in a great house in the next county.

"A laundress!" exclaimed Anna.

"Yes. She would go; and she said it was good fortune to find such a place: and that is true, in its way," said the widow. "Now there are so many nuns dispersed, and nobody liking to harbour them, it was a kind of happy chance. But Elizabeth never was a nun; and some may now like her the better for that. But you must not think too much of her being degraded."

"I! I only wish I was a laundress! You know, all works of that kind were well done in our convent. We really can get up laces and mend them, and do all fine works. I wish I had such an employment now."

"Shall I tell Elizabeth so?" asked the widow. "If I had not been thinking too much about myself, I might have brought a letter from Elizabeth to-day."

"Do bring me a letter,—I mean, send me a letter from her," cried Anna. "I want her advice. I am very unhappy——"

Here the tramp of horses' feet, and the jingle of harness, made both look out from the gate where the widow's horse was awaiting her. Anna did not even stay to assist her to mount behind the obliging neighbour who had brought her. The tramp and the jingle were from the Bishop's coach and outriders, coming round the next turn in the road. Anna could sooner have drowned herself than have met her uncle. She plunged into the shrubbery, and hid herself behind a woodstack, mortally afraid that the gamesome dogs, which always made part of the Bishop's train, would find her out, and drag her into view. They did not heed her; and she waited till the great coach re-appeared in front of the mansion. Then she had no time to lose; for she must be clear of the stables before the Bishop's grooms brought the horses down. She drew her hood forward, slipped out at a small side gate, and committed herself to the high road.

It was a desperate venture for a nun, at such a time: and so thought, it was clear, a kindly-looking man whom she presently met. He stopped, made his reverence, declared he remembered Mistress Anna; and that must excuse him for saying that she would not be safe in the village at present. Finding Anna bent on going, he took her to his wife, who dressed her in a long cloak and broad hat and muffler, such as market-women wore. The couple promised to keep her secret, and to trust her for the return of her disguise that night.

When she was in the publican's back parlour, she took off her hat and muffler; and the hostess was, in a moment, hugging her Mistress Anna to her breast. Anna made her understand that she came secretly, and begged for refuge here for a

time. The old nurse thought her arms were Mistress Anna's proper refuge; but why was this?

"I am so unhappy, Milly! And I cannot go back to be a nun."

"You cannot be a nun!" exclaimed the nurse, starting back.

"Ah! you are going to be like all the rest! But I never will, Milly; I never can!"

"You know best, my dear,—that is, holy Sister Anna. But it has been such a pride to us——"

"Ah! but I do know best, Milly: and we should not be proud. I will stay here if you will let me. I will cook for your customers, or take care of the children, or mend the clothes. I will do anything that is useful, if you will let me hide here."

"Hide, my dear young lady!"

"Yes: even the Squire's daughter must hide in such days as these. I will explain everything: only let me hide till the Bishop is gone."

Nurse Milly, as the hostess used to be called, beckoned her up the stairs in the rear, and seated her in her own chamber.

There she found that Anna was in earnest in desiring to find a safe refuge, and an honest service, in independence of her family. Nurse undertook that the Squire should be assured of her safety immediately, and entreated to ask no questions: and the perplexed father was not sorry to be relieved from coming to any decision on Anna's fate. For some days she met with no fresh trouble. Nobody inquired about her; she lived out of sight; and the hours passed endurably, while she made better confections and more dainty dishes for the host's customers than had ever appeared on the board before. There was fine laundry work to be done also,—ruffs to be starched and set, and the foreign laces of the time to be made like new: and when the guests admired the result, the hostess explained that there was no work like that of the nuns, whatever they undertook; and this brought on the observation, daily made everywhere, that there were plenty of nuns now glad to be employed in whatever they could do,—which indeed was not much.

The uppermost thought in Anna's mind in devising her present retreat was that it afforded the best chance of hearing something of Henry. The carpenter's wife, who was so proud of having been in the service of the Fletchers, lived close at hand; and in fact, Nurse Milly could have told, some weeks ago, that Captain Fletcher was gone to the wars,—sent to Ireland in great haste,—without so much as one day's notice.

"Gone to the wars!" thought Anna, all the day afterwards. The relief was welcome, though the anxiety was great. The Bishop had said something about the wars being the proper scene for young officers when nunneries were broken up; and this showed Anna how it was that Henry was absent at the moment when he would have sacrificed anything but honour to be by her side. She saw how it all was. Henry had procured the breaking up of the convent; and the Bishop in revenge had foiled his chief purpose.

Her lover was in peril among the wild Irish : but she was happier than she had been. He had not deserted her : and it was possible that he did not despise her, after all. If so, he would come again one day.

Elizabeth was of opinion that he would come again some day. She spent a few hours with Anna as soon as she learned how to reach her. They could speak more freely now than they had ever done before. Poor, forlorn, and without prospect, as these two young women were, scorned or grieved over by their nearest relations, slightly spoken of by one part of society and offensively lauded by the other, and dependent for bread on their own poor industry, they met in lightness of heart. They were bound by no vows which oppressed their consciences and galled their spirits : and they had exchanged a traditional superstition for personal religion. There was no end to what they had to say ; and every incident in the life of the convent, from Elizabeth's departure, was of inexhaustible interest. What Elizabeth had once seen had prepared her for all that followed : and she could not but be aware of the probable fate of the establishment when she perceived that Captain Fletcher had no idea of giving up his hopes of one of its inmates. Here was Anna, now free : and it was not to be doubted that he would reappear some day.

The two friends, in speaking cheerfully of their loss of position, and their poverty, speculated on the lot of all future released nuns. Everybody had dismal stories to tell of the vagrant monks who were wandering all over the country, finding actual destitution a very different thing from the conventual poverty they had taken on themselves by vow. Far-seeing men were saying that such a change as this,—at once putting an end to the relief of the poor at convent-gates, and thrusting down the monks themselves among the poor,—must cause the enactment of some law by which destitute people would be provided for, in return for work. Meantime, if the monks were in difficulties, how must it be with the nuns ? And it was indeed a fearful season for them.

"There must come a time when there will be no nuns," observed Anna.

"It will be very long first," replied Elizabeth. "Almost all religions have their celibates and recluses. It is a natural form of superstition, as the Chinese and the Arabs and the Persians show."

"But it will die out of Christendom soon, will it not ?" said Anna.

"Not very soon. There must come a time, however, when the evil of such a system will be admitted everywhere."

"Even at Rome ?"

"Yes ; in Spain and Italy, and even at Rome, no doubt."

"And thousands upon thousands will have to suffer as English monks and nuns are suffering to-day ! It is a dreadful thing to think of !"

"Before the end comes they must have ceased to suffer so much. There will be more knowledge abroad, and less passion, we must remember, as superstition declines. It will become less and less strange that men and women desire release

from hasty and ignorant vows. There will be more willingness and more power to help them. If even we, living at the time, think that our King Henry is too hasty and violent, may not future generations be more moderate, and future rulers more considerate ; yes, even within the dominion of Rome ? When the time comes for the convents of Italy itself to be overthrown, there may be laws made by which the cloistered monks and nuns may be enabled to live in seclusion still ; and the useful and benevolent houses preserved ; and all who must disperse will be provided with daily bread.

"Will they know, in those days, how eager we poor nuns are about our fortune of forty shillings ?" said Anna, smiling. "Those forty shillings are all the fortune I have to expect."

"I had not even that much," observed Elizabeth. "But these hands have provided bread, and must still. I will not eat the bread which Emilia may be glad of some day. I will watch over her mother, but I will not consume her substance."

It was not many weeks before a horseman rode into the inn-yard,—like the fulfilment of a dream. Captain Fletcher turned in first where he was most likely to hear the news of the neighbourhood : and at the end of an hour, the only thing which troubled him was that Anna should have fallen away more or less from her engagement to trust him through whatever might happen. Her doubt had however been, not of his faith, but of her own deserts. There must be no more risk now,—no more staking of their peace on the will and pleasure, the prejudices, pride and fear of others. The clergyman who had himself espoused one of the sisters from Stoke was ready to marry his friend to another ; and when Henry and Anna presented themselves at the Manor-house, it was as man and wife. The squire was not asked for any fortune ; for Captain Fletcher had now house and land in Ireland ; and they were on their way to it. The Abbess was gone to her new home,—with scarcely a daughter in her train ; and she was to be no longer supreme. Her most dignified days were over ; and her spirits and temper suffered accordingly. By a sort of re-action, Dame Atherstone was now disposed to be indulgent to Anna again ; and she was almost vexed that the young people had married so quietly, after all. Her chief discontent, however, was with herself for dealing as she did with Anna's persuasion on her sister's wedding-day that Henry Fletcher did care for her. Here was Anna married to Henry after all ; and meantime there had been coldness and strife, and some scandal, and the loss of 800*l.* which might as well have been thrown into the sea ; and, besides, the poor dear child had suffered a great deal, there could be no doubt. She herself would have been wiser to be a little more encouraging when Anna could and would have told why she believed that Henry Fletcher cared for her.

It would not take them three miles round, the young people agreed, to ride through Stoke Holy Cross, when they were mounted for their journey to Ireland. It was early morning ; and the sun was just emerging from the sea as they reached

the sands. Its rays touched first the tree-tops of the wood; and next the belfry of the old house of Our Lady. There were soldiers drawing fish from the moat; soldiers in the courtyard; and the armour of soldiers glittered from the roof, whence some were looking out. It was a great change. The fishermen's wives said that it was; and already they seemed to be making up traditions of the monastic days gone by. One and another could show, and did show on persuasion, some relic of the place as they had known it. One of these relics Henry and Anna bought at a high price,—a footstool which had been found in the Reverend Mother's own parlour. They carried it off, amidst the wonder of the neighbours: and they were soon hidden in the wood, their horses tied to trees, and they trying the old secret of the slide. The volume was there—untouched since Anna had read in it last. She showed what her last lesson had been: and then they took out their precious book, hiding away its four-legged case. They lived to have a handsome family Bible, in a place of honour in their own hall: but to the end of their days this was the Bible from which they read together.

(Conclusion.)

A LATE FEMALE FRENCH DRAMATIST AND RELIC OF THE ANCIEN RÉGIME.

THE recently expired year has not been more fatal to European Royalty than to foreign dramatic authors. Scribe, Mürger, Gil-y-Zarate, and Madame Bawr, ceased from writing, and have disappeared from the stage of life during its eventful course. The first died full of years and honours in his fancifully designed chalet, in the beautiful neighbourhood of Meudon, and his mortal remains were followed to the cemetery of Père la Chaise by a cortège that included all that was most distinguished and illustrious in the capital that gave him birth. Mürger, the goldsmith of Paris, the strongest type of the poor-devil author and luckless genius whom he so well painted in his Bohemian sketches, like poor Gilbert, breathed his last in the hospital, for want of a better place. In that refuge of the outcast and the dying, his latter days and nights were, as he touchingly complained, darkened by shadowy terrors that crushed his soul, and embittered with vain regrets that vented themselves in ill-repressed sighs, or despair too deep to find expression. Madame Bawr glided imperceptibly into another state of existence after she had gone through all that could diversify the longest space of human life. To use a figure of speech falling short of the thing it is meant to illustrate, she had, notwithstanding a thousand reverses which three revolutions brought home to her, tasted all the sweets as well as the bitters of existence during eighty-six years, and calmly bade farewell to this life, surrounded by friends and followed by the regrets that in general are not the fortunate lot of those who have passed the limits of threescore and ten. This lady was well designated as the last living expression of a century that is gone for ever; and nobody had a better right to be called the incarnate record of its most pleasing memories, as well as its most terrible recollections. So completely did she represent

both that she is, most especially of all the personages named in the opening of this brief sketch, first entitled to the honours of a biographical notice, were we even forgetful of the fine old motto, "*Place aux Dames.*" But in her character of a lady, who was once fair, and always bright and witty, of necessity these combined qualities which made her the ornament of French society throughout her chequered career, as well as illumined the more solid ones which enabled her to shine in literature, must be recorded while their fleeting charms yet remain; or rather, while the fading generation they impressed is still in existence, and able to tell about them.

Madame Bawr was the Mrs. Bethune Baliol of Parisian society. She was full of good sense and inclined to an intelligent garrulity, that graphically enlightened all her favourite visitors concerning the secret but marvellously little springs which set in motion the great events that astounded and electrified the world during her youth, or middle, and old age; as well as the motives which actuated the principal characters in the terrible dramas of which France, but especially Paris, was then the stage. To give a true idea of this lady's life and personal recollections, it is best to begin with the beginning of both. On the important subject of her education, while she yet lay in the cradle, her father consulted Jean Jacques Rousseau, but did not adopt the very severe régime and solitary training laid down by the Genevese philosopher. Mademoiselle Bawr had the privilege of being the first baby of quality who, for several centuries, was nursed by its own mother in obedience to the precepts set forth in "*Emile,*" and—fitting presage of the approaching political and social Revolution—was not, in accordance with the established custom, swathed up hand and foot from the day she appeared on this world's theatre till the twelfth month after. Scarcely had she ceased to toddle than the heroine of these pages was handed over to the care of Vestris, who, in French not current at the Academy, called himself the "god of dancing," and had previously boasted, and had his boast allowed, that there were only three great men in Europe—himself, Voltaire, and the King of Prussia. Such was the dancing-master who directed the first steps of Mademoiselle Sophie Alexandrine Gaury de Champgrand, and initiated her into the mysteries of the graceful courtesy and the mazes of the fashionable minuet, which he alone was pronounced capable of teaching. Gretry, Gluck's and Piccini's rival in *salon* and theatre, was employed by M. de Champgrand to instruct her in thorough bass; and it was upon her first harpsichord that he composed his last work, "*Lesbia and Anacreon.*" His last pupil retained to the latest hour of her long life many agreeable recollections of Gretry, and shortly before her death repeated the words and played the airs—for a gentleman wishing to write that composer's biography—in "*Lucile* and her speaking Picture;" "*Sylvan* and the two Misers;" and "*The Household Friend.*" In her eightieth year she remembered word for word *Zamire*, and *Richard Cœur de Lion*; and described with the greatest vivacity how her father brought her in her sixth year to the Opera Comique, where she saw her

famous musical preceptor listening to the *operetta* of his own composing, and bowing low to the audience when it was applauded. That audience included the Count d'Artois, then in all the freshness of youth and physical beauty, and overflowing with animal spirits; Philippe Egalité, equally handsome, equally gay, but infinitely more intelligent; Rivarol, the wittiest talker that ever lived, the perfect counterfeit of aristocratic manners, the hanger-on of the wealthy or influential nobleman, the low-born plebeian and the despiser of everything that bore the philosophic *cachet* of the eighteenth century. A year later Mademoiselle Sophie Alexandrine was conveyed to Rousseau's Hermitage, at Montmorency, there to sprinkle *eau bénite* on Gretry's coffin; and the day following the one on which she performed that ceremony was present at the office said for his soul's repose in the church of St. Roch, where the free-thinking friends of Mademoiselle Clairon on the same occasion, to their great astonishment, saw that actress fervently joining in the prayers for the dead musician.

But the young lady whose father and mother were determined upon developing into a feminine Crichton, was, if possible, more fortunate in her singing than her music master, being placed under the renowned Garat, to learn the *soffeggio*. She thus had the most learned theorist of her day to instruct her in the theory of the "divine art," and the most ignorant of its principles to teach her how to manage her voice agreeably. According to his accomplished pupil, this singer could at will produce the tones of the musical scale, and was at pleasure bass, barytone, tenor, or soprano. Totally uneducated, he had divined the true application of the science of sweet sounds, and was capable of inventing anew the art of music in its highest form, had past generations entirely lost it. The first lesson which he gave Mademoiselle Champgrand was *not* in the *soffeggio*, to the great consternation of her father, who, like a true Frenchman, loved to commence everything in the most elementary manner. Garat made her sing something from the then fashionable air of "Dido," but finding her pronunciation bad, and her voice shrill, grew quite out of patience, and flung about the music-books. However, he managed to calm down sufficiently to say, "That will never do; but the remedy for your irritating indistinctness is to dwell upon the consonants, and then everyone will understand you." This advice was practised with much profit; and if the traditions of Madame Bawr's *salons* are to be received, was frequently repeated, many years after Garat gave it, to young professional and *amateur* singers, such as Persiani and Mademoiselle Aglae du Clere.

Coming from the hands of such preceptors it was no wonder that M. Champgrand's daughter should have proved a *virtuosa*. She knew by heart all the good music of the gay court of Marie Antoinette, and of the Empire. Madame Viardot often confessed that she could not go through "Orpheus" with greater skill; and not more than eight months ago the relic of the eighteenth century, who thus rivalled that *prima donna*, sat down to sing a ballad, the music of which she, the same moment, improvised; Alfred De Musset, now also in

the world of shadows, having a few minutes before improvised the words on hearing his aged friend relate how a playmate of hers, who was also attached to the court of Marie Antoinette, was deserted by a lover under peculiarly painful circumstances, and died of the shock she received, on suddenly seeing him passing in a tumbrel to the guillotine on the *Place de la Revolution*.

But dancing, playing the harpischord, and singing *operettas*, were not the only accomplishments to be acquired immediately previous to the Revolution of '89. During the last years of the *ancien régime*, if a young lady wished to mix in the best society, to be at home at the chess and card table was indispensable. At Versailles, it was *de rigueur* for those wishing to arrive at the court standard of gaming or gambling excellence, to be instructed in billiards, whist, or lansquenet, by Phillidor or Deschappelles. Both these gentlemen were employed by the assiduous parent of Mademoiselle Sophie, who desired to add to his daughter's accomplishments a scientific knowledge of chess, and some skill in going through a rubber of whist. In a very short time that very accomplished young lady attained so great a proficiency in both, that one day Deschappelles received a message from the Duchess of Orleans, which obliged him to leave a game unfinished which he was playing with Ricard. But previous to obeying the mandate of the Duchess he sent for his *digne élève*, and asked her to play out his hand, at the same time assuring her that she had to deal with a finished gambler, and when he returned he found that she was the winner.

To say nothing of being handed over to jockeys, and taught to ride, jump, or trot a horse in English fashion, this might be called finishing a young lady with a vengeance. On one endowed with great vivacity of character, as well as very solid intellectual qualities, and with a heart which, if not thoroughly good-natured, was of the most amiable French type, such masters might be expected to accomplish prodigies in making a prodigy of accomplishments; and in a country where the aspirants to the best society were asked if their breeding was equal to their birth, it might also be expected that the acquirer of so many acquirements, backed by an old genealogy, and the possessor of beauty, taste, and talent cultivated to the highest pitch, such as Mademoiselle Champgrand, would find a welcome in the celebrated *salons*, where she became familiar with the manners and the faces of the most distinguished men and women of the day. With both she in later life made the frequenters of her select receptions thoroughly acquainted, as she took particular delight in chatting about days long passed away, and the characters associated with them. When a girl she conversed with Madame Balby, who was admired by the future Louis XVIII. above all the beauties of the court and capital for her brilliant conversation, and her pleasant smile, which lighted up a coarse and ill-formed visage. She enjoyed the privilege of calling at Madame Lebrun's studio when that lady was engaged in painting the fair and majestic-looking Queen; the severe but sweet-looking Princess de Lamballe; the childish-looking but intriguing Madame de

Polignac; and the beautiful shepherdesses and dairymaids who played, while the guillotine was being invented for them, at making hay and milking cows in the Swiss farm of the Trionon. A *bon mot* then uttered by this painter of crowned heads and high-born ladies was frequently repeated by her lately deceased contemporary. One day, while Madame Lebrun was engaged at the Queen's portrait, the Count d'Artois sat down to the harpsichord, and after singing out of tune a song from one of Rousseau's operas, in which he was the ensuing evening to perform with Marie Antoinette, asked the fair artist how he acquitted himself. "Like a prince, Monseigneur," was the laconic and equivocal reply. "And answered as only a woman could have done," said the grim composer, who that moment entered.

Madame Bawr distinctly recollected having seen, in all her beauty, Marie Antoinette receiving the foreign ambassadors in the *galerie des glaces* at Versailles, and dividing her smiles between Prince Poniatowski, Dashkoff, and Benjamin Franklin, and drunk with their unconcealed admiration. Not long after she witnessed the reverse of this picture, when the unfortunate widow of Louis XVI. was paraded in a tumbrel, amidst hooting multitudes, on a cold drizzling day, bearing on her discrowned and uncovered head the snows of concentrated sorrow, and in her patched and threadbare garments the indignities heaped upon her by brutal jailors and unshackled slaves; pale, but stupefied with the agonising cup she was doomed to swallow to the dregs before expiating the vices of her predecessors beneath the knife of the guillotine.

This companion of the refined, the high-born, the learned, and accomplished, immediately after the Queen's execution, was forced by stern necessity to associate with the scum of society that was thrown to the top by the revolutionary convulsions. But she took it, and her total loss of worldly gear, quite *en philosophe*; and submitted with the most cheerful grace of which a French woman is capable, to be *tu toied* by the *citoyennes* of the Faubourg St. Marcel and the *Dames des Halles*. One of the latter escaped the stigma that still remains on the *poissardes* of the Revolution, by hiding her from the emissaries of the Committee of Public Safety, on the sixth or seventh story of a tumble-down house in the Rue des Ours.

M. Bawr first met his captivating wife in that abode of fear and trembling; and found time and courage to pay her his addresses, while the wholesale butcheries were going on at La Force and the Abbaye; and while the legislators of the *Assemblée* were completing the very perfect decimal system now applied to French weights and measures. That gentleman was so completely eclipsed by the brilliant qualities of his better half, that nobody seemed to trouble himself with noticing him, beyond a casual remark that he was a capital fellow, and blessed with no inconsiderable share of *bonhomme*.

But with the reaction that succeeded the Reign of Terror, Madame Bawr, with a husband hanging on her apron-strings, once more showed herself to the world, and sought associates more congenial to her

tastes than were, with one important exception, to be found in her temporary abode in the Rue des Ours. She was the first invited to the *salons* of Madame Tallien and Madame Suard. The latter saw her friends in a little room about a dozen feet by a dozen and a half. In it the inflated writers who succeeded the Girondins were in the habit of meeting for the purpose of making each other yawn. There legislators, now consigned to oblivion, were wont to read to each other pompous essays, which on the day following they were prepared to spout in the National Assembly. But every other *salon* was not, fortunately, so tiresome. There was, contemporaneously with that of Madame Suard, that of Madame Brontin, who preserved throughout the revolutionary confiscations a large fortune inherited from a Farmer-General of Taxes. This lady, even throughout the Reign of Terror, invited her friends to play at charades and Chinese puzzles—amusements frequently provided once a week for her numerous circle of acquaintances, amongst whom was Josephine, till she assumed the Imperial purple.

In the same hotel with Madame Brontin lived Madame Pastoret, whose only fault as a brilliant talker was, that she took an undue pleasure in listening to herself, and had not the patience to listen to anybody else. Not far from the centre of this group was the apartment of Madame Houdet, to gain whose evening smiles Talleyrand made his happiest puns. At a later period, the subject of this story, of a thousand digressions, made the acquaintance, chatted with, and won the heart of Gerard, Napoleon's favourite painter; and subsequently fell into the friendliest relations with Cherubini, Guerin, Talma, Carnot, and, it is said, of the worthy biographer of the latter, Lord Brougham. Alexander Humboldt was also included in this list of personal friends, and was in the habit of talking sentimentally about the marvels of creation in a very small *salon* of the little lady who knew everybody, and was liked by all. The greater part of those brilliant Frenchmen and Frenchwomen that appeared contemporaneously with these personages, she knew as well, and talked about as freely as she did about the courtiers of Marie Antoinette; and told an endless quantity of anecdotes, full of point and humour. One was related during the Crimean war, when the fashion then so prevalent of learning English reminded Madame Bawr of a pun attempted by Madame Recamier, whose knowledge of our tongue was limited to the words "miss," "shall," and "will." This memorable *bon mot*—not a most successful one, it must be confessed—was spoken at a morning dancing entertainment given during the short peace of Amiens, by the mother of Madame Recamier to the Duchess of Richmond and her daughter, Lady Georgina Lennox, who on this occasion took part in a very new-fashioned dance, called *La Dap̄se du Châle*. Hortense Beauharnais and Eugene, Eliza and Pauline Bonaparte were also called upon to join in it, and displayed much grace and art in doing so. The Duchess of Richmond spoke French very badly, and complained to Madame Recamier that she could only pronounce with any kind of ease the word *châle*.

"Ah, vraiment," said the latter, then in her beauty's brightest bloom, "mais cela ne m'étonne pas; quand on est fait d'être obeit comme vous êtes, Madame la Duchesse, 'shall' sort tout naturellement de la bouche."

When Madame Recamier was reduced by the failure of her husband's bank, and her previous devotion to Madame de Staël, to a little drawing-room, instead of a suite of great ones, Madame Bawr was a frequenter of it, along with the Duchesse d'Abrantes, the Duc de Montmorency, Ballanche, and, a little later, Chateaubriand, the noblest type of the *ancienne noblesse*—the personification of the healthy plains, the pine-forests, the sublime and rock-bound shore, the traditions, and the religious veneration of his native Brittany.

At her *réunions*, Delille, the henpecked and unhappy poet, was in the habit of reading his latest poetic effusions, or rather elaborations, in a weak and crying voice, which did not, however, prevent his auditors complimenting him upon his delivery, as only the French can compliment. The connecting link of these rambling pages was present at the grand meeting of the Académie Française, convened for the purpose of deciding on the merits of Delille's "Fireside," before awarding the author a prize not only honourable, but of some pecuniary value. In that assembly there was an Academician who detested the ancient Greeks, or at least their servile lovers, venerated the "unconstitutional" priests, and had made up his mind to black-ball the expectant poet, because he was an imitator of the former, and had married when in holy orders. Madame Bawr, on learning the resolution adopted by the classic-hating and clergy-loving member of the Academy, edged her way to where he was sitting, looking stern, as one of the Plutonian judges, at the abbé, who forsook Mother Church for the endearments of a shrewish wife. It happened that Delille's prejudging judge was a misogynist, and in revealing to him the real picture of the poet's "Fireside," she touched a responsive chord; and when the poem was being read, which showed how different was the author's ideal from the harsh reality, he actually shed tears. And no wonder that he did; for Madame Delille had been just described to him, as she actually existed—that is to say, an incurable virago, as much harpy as fury; and was represented as being in the habit of tormenting her poor blind husband by flinging his own works at his head,—a proceeding that she seemed to regard as an agreeable pastime.

The fair pleader for the celebrator of "fireside joys," not long after she aided in obtaining for him the Academy's prize, along with many others who commiserated his unsatisfied longings for domestic bliss, met in the College of France, to pay a last tribute to his mortal remains, which lay there in state, crowned with laurels, and to hear the *discours d'usage* pronounced upon what were termed his "restes immortelles." All the unexiled men of letters then alive, and born on French soil, were described by one eye-witness of so many strange scenes in history, as duly sprinkling holy water on the body of the poet, and following it on foot from one end of Paris to its last resting place at the other.

The Restoration brought a new circle to Madame Bawr, who could never pardon that event, on account of it being the means of her friend Ney's execution, and because the authorities it raised to power with the view of pleasing the Duke of Wellington, the first evening that he went blazing in decorations to the Grand Opera, ordered Madame Grassini to sing "Rule Britannia," and "God save the King." But the burst of displeasure which thundered forth from all sides of the house might have reconciled the patriotic Frenchwoman to that period of her country's humiliation; and still more the loud acclamations which about the same time greeted Talma, when he came forward and said, in allusion to the reigning dynasty,

Better that all were in our graves
Than live in slavery to slaves.

An ancient intimacy was then revived with Madame de Staël, whose conversation was described by her antitype as being by turns an improvised history, elegy, poem, or philosophic declamation, sparkling with the most brilliant thoughts. The French Corinne was said by her to exercise a strange magnetic power on those who came into the region of her presence, were she never once to open her mouth, from which eloquence flowed in torrents. "I can now, about twelve months ago," were her words, "distinctly call to remembrance her proud, ugly, yet indescribably superb head; but more especially a pair of eyes, that sparkled like a pair of living coals."

The Restoration once more threw open the Tuileries to the lady whom Vestris taught more carefully than any of his other pupils; and the Duchesse d'Angoulême behaved more graciously than usual towards her. But the court of the returned Bourbons was a very dull one, and its inmates included hardly any medium between the extreme gallantry introduced by the Duchesse de Berri, and the somewhat severe piety of the "only man of her family." Louis XVIII., however, strove to divert his inclination to *ennui* by literature and philosophy, dinners, *petits soupers*, and conversations with the clever and avaricious Madame de Cayla. The King, several times, under his difficulties of a dull *entourage*, indicated his character as a wit; and on one occasion received a very witty and pertinent answer. The late living record of nearly two-thirds of the nineteenth, and a quarter of the eighteenth century, relates that one day, as M. de Corbières was working with the King in the arrangement of the budget, he placed his snuff-box on the table, and in a few minutes after a pocket book, which was followed by a handkerchief. "Monsieur," remarked his Majesty, "you seem determined upon emptying your pockets." "Sire," returned De Corbières, looking very hard at Prince Polignac, "it is better for a minister to do so, than to fill them."

Ducis, the poet, came in for a due share of notice, along with the celebrities of the Restoration. That worthy had, on account of his harmless manners, obtained the name of "*Le bonhomme Ducis*." He was a man of great genius, but too indolent to make use of it. However, he managed to

translate Shakspeare into French, at a time when Chateaubriand made it greatly the fashion to admire our great dramatist. Whatever the merits of this forgotten translation may have been, Ducis obtained for it sufficient to pay, during his lifetime, the rent of a wretched lodging, and to live in a corresponding style, and abandoned himself, in a manner worthy of Harold Skimpole, to delightful day-dreams, while he deluded himself into believing that he was sumptuously clothed, housed, and fed.

One day, Madame Bawr, shortly after he disposed of his translation, went to see him at his retreat, which was somewhere in Versailles. Meeting Ducis at the door of the house in which he lived, she announced her intention. "Ah," returned he, "you are about to see a second edition of the house of Lucullus." Not knowing that he was so completely in the region of hallucinations, she was wondering what style of magnificence a tumble-down staircase might lead to, until she entered the *mansarde* where her friend resided, which some months before had been used as a granary, and was entirely destitute of paint and paper, or even plaster. From the skylights were visible some roofs, but nothing more. That did not the less prevent the imaginative tenant being delighted with the prospect; for to him, poor fellow, the house-tops were as so many transparencies, through which the palace gardens and the pleasant woods of Satory were visible.

But Ducis was not the most extraordinary specimen of humanity on a long list of curious as well as illustrious acquaintances. There was the Baroness Montgolfier, who remembered the funeral of Louis Quatorze, and who took delight in relating the events of the beginning of the eighteenth century, as our heroine did of the nineteenth and the twenty years preceding it. One morning, after both had been amusing themselves comparing their personal recollections, one about the Spanish Infanta betrothed to Louis XV., brought up in the Louvre, and suddenly sent back to her brother by the Prince de Condé; and the other the closing days of the ancient monarchy, Madame Montgolfier, as was her habit, set out to take a walk in the gardens of the Luxembourg. Suddenly, that venerable lady, whose recollection of things that had occurred nearly a century ago, forgot her name and address; nor could she remember any of her friends, not even that of the one she had a few minutes before quitted. At last she addressed one of the numerous promenaders, who had that morning been introduced to her, and who led her home, where she was the same evening seized with a paralytic fit, which carried her away in the course of a few days.

Another relic of ancient history with whom Madame Bawr was acquainted throughout her long life, was the Duchesse de Richelieu. The last time she met her was at a dinner party at the Hôtel de Luynes, not many years ago. She sat on the opposite side of the table, and was no bad representation of the skeleton at Egyptian banquets. Crowned, as she was, with flowers, her wrinkled cheeks beplastered with rouge, her puckered neck displayed, and her whole costume in the gay style of the Regency, she naturally

attracted the attention of all those who had never previously seen her, as well as of those who had. When coffee was being served in the drawing-room, the conversation of the Duchesse de Richelieu, as was her wont, rambled back to things out of every mind but her own. She lamented sorely the black coat and very plain clothes which the Revolution permanently imposed upon gentlemen, instead of the frills, laces, ribbons, furbelows, and feathers worn by the gallants at Versailles. The absence of *robes fleuries à la Pompadour*, powder, hoops, and high-heeled shoes, excited her warmest indignation. Somebody had the audacity to intimate that good taste was on the side of modern fashions. But the ancient Duchess strove to silence any such radicalism, by quoting as an authority against it Le Grand Monarque, who one day, she said, told her husband that "feathers and high-heeled shoes gave dignity to a gentleman." "Louis Quatorze!" exclaimed several, as if their ears had deceived them; and the Duchesse de Luynes, taking advantage of the deafness of her very elderly guest, put a stop to further question by informing them that she married out of the nursery the Duc de Richelieu, when he was past eighty.

But Madame Bawr, as a literary woman, has not yet been displayed to the reader. It was after the Restoration, and a second reverse of fortune, that she first thought of the bookseller or the theatre as a resource, but she had for more than twenty years previously enjoyed the reputation of an agreeable letter writer, and had written very clever and amusing plays for the private theatricals of several of her friends, in which were displayed much sharp wit, and that *style tranchant* which obtained for nearly all of them an unparalleled success during several years. The first of her plays that came before the public appeared under an assumed name. It was that of M. François, the author of a little comedy written for an obscure theatre on the Boulevard du Crime, and afterwards performed in the Théâtre Picard. She on that occasion tried her fortune as an author unknown to her most intimate friends, and experienced that delight, superlative to a Frenchwoman, of finding that she was not, as she feared, hissed, but warmly applauded. The melodrama succeeded to the comedy, and to it the *vaudeville*. Mademoiselle Mars, the grand *tragedienne*, as well as *comédienne* of that day, performed in them, unasked, the principal parts, and the cleverness of Madame Bawr's plays, backed by the powerful aid of that celebrated actress, nightly drew crowded houses. The "Chevalier des Lions," which came out at the Ambigu Comique, was performed without intermission during the theatrical seasons for two years, and the change-loving Parisians never showed any sign of growing tired of it. The authoress was to the end of her life very proud of this triumph. On hearing that the lately famous "Tireuse de Cartes" was played, without intermission during six weeks, she shrugged her shoulders, and with a gesture of pity for the author, related all about the great popularity of "Le Chevalier des Lions" in days of yore. But candour was also a remarkable feature in the author of that favourite drama, and literary reverses were talked about and laughed

at, as well as literary triumphs. One evening a friend came into her *salon*, and related how a play of Octave Feuillet had been hissed the night before for at least half an hour. "Ah," said Madame Bawr, "you know nothing about hissing. To have any notion of what it is you should have been present when they attempted to act my 'Return of Berizale.' There you'd have heard hissing with a vengeance. They hissed when I left the theatre, they hissed when I got into my *voiture*, and I heard them hissing when I got out of it."

Notwithstanding such a terrible condemnation, the "Return of Berizale" displayed more literary ability than the "Chevalier des Lions," the melodrama being less the writer's forte than comedy. "The White Lie," "The Mistake," and "A Ball and its Consequences," were eminently successful. The last was the production of a woman long past her sixtieth year, and was hurriedly written in three or four mornings, to pay some pressing debts. The "Ball and its Consequences" teems with the keen and elegant wit of the *salons* of the olden time, their delicious railery, and that *moquerie Française*, rather than the broad farcical humour of what we are in the habit of calling comedy. The dialogue is animated, full of light irony that would do honour to M. About, and the plot rich in startling incidents and cross purposes, which keep alive the attention during five long acts. But they will hardly be handed down to posterity as deeply interesting, for they treat rather of manners and customs than men and women. Like the witty leaders of the "Saturday Review," many of these plays are but brilliant, many-coloured, airy bubbles, destined to produce but a momentary, though a dazzling, effect. Many of them were also, it must be confessed, greatly enhanced in their effect upon the French public on account of being first brought forward by Mademoiselle Mars. That celebrated actress was gifted with a beautiful person, and a physiognomy which seemed made expressly to act the part of wit's interpreter. Her acting was called the Atticism of the stage, and her smile was as capable of expressing the most varied shades of comedy or tragedy, as the Greek language was of giving utterance to the most subtle intricacies of human thought, or of painting the most vivid impressions on the mind. She had also, in an extraordinary measure, that quality indispensable in a good actress—the power of making her presence felt without an effort. In representing the principal rôles of Madame Bawr's plays she acted her best, and in return, the authoress wrote rather to suit the actress than to procure a durable reputation. A close friendship sprung up in consequence, which only terminated in the death of Mademoiselle Mars, and her death gave a severe blow to the fortune of her survivor as a dramatic writer. For several years after that event she laid aside her pen completely. But pecuniary difficulties obliged her to resume it, and a succession of interesting *feuilletons* and romances were the result. Their principal *cachet* is vivacity. The "Novice," and "Raoul and Flavie" are among the best. Both are unquestionably French in style and construction, and faithful photographs of that French

"nature" which is not, according to our ideas, more natural than the cascades in the Bois de Boulogne. So late as 1856 were published "The Shilling," "Rose and Theresa," and "Mother Maquart." In these productions of old age runs a vein of gay humour which distinguishes the earlier productions of the author. But that feature is also intermingled with a tone sadly tender, that is exquisitely touching. The above were the last that proceeded from her veteran pen, and procured a sum sufficient to carry with comfort, and even some degree of luxury, to the end of life, a woman who was brought up in the midst of the softness of the *ancien régime*, who laid down cheerfully her prescriptive privileges with the Revolution, maintained herself by the hardest industry at a time of life when people are generally unable to exert themselves, and delighted by her high breeding, her wit and versatile talents, sound sense and sympathising manners, throughout a long life, a circle that contained, in point of caste, grade, creed, and colour, the most discordant elements of Parisian society; who never made an enemy, or in the slightest degree offended anyone; and was to the day of her death universally sought after, and was followed to the grave by a greater number of sorrowing friends than generally falls to the lot of the childless when old age closes their existence.

E. J.

BORDER GIPSIES.

A NUMEROUS tribe of gypsies has been resident on the Borders for a long period of years—some centuries, at least—and, like all true gypsies, they have, during their long residence there, married and intermarried entirely among themselves; and notwithstanding this, it is remarkable that almost no imbecility has ever shown itself among the tribe. Once or twice a borderman, by following the tribe in their perigrinations and pursuits for a number of years, has been received as the son-in-law of some good-natured gipsy mother; but no male gypsies have been known to marry out of their order. The males in particular "live as their fathers lived," excepting that they cannot now be accused of more theft or bloodshed than the generality of illiterate British subjects. At fairs they no doubt do more than an average amount of fighting; but their conservative spirit is so strong that nearly all the pommeling is confined to their own circle.

At fairs the gipsy is in his glory. Here he exultingly exhibits his horse for sale or exchange. Mounted on its bare back, with a halter for a bridle, he gallops in all possible places; and, drunk or sober, he generally keeps his seat. Here, too, he and his family live at "heck and manger," as the Scotch say, by purchasing for a trifle the "broken meat" from the innkeepers' tents; and here he "ha'ds the fair" by repeated whisky-drinking, until about nightfall he enters with a will into single-handed or company combat.

At St. Boswell's Fair, where the tribe makes its most numerous muster, we once witnessed "a row in the camp," that ere the end turned out a general *mêlée*, in which vermilion noses became

abundant. The men, yelling and cursing, had been doing wholesale fist-work for a few minutes, when, with fierce screams, the wives in a body rushed into the fray; and as each wife struck the man opposed to her husband, and as the men were still manful enough not to strike the females, nothing was left for them but retreat, and they ran in all directions, a number of them minus their shirts. In this fray many—most, in fact—of the men were tipsy, or nearly so, but the women were sober, which, as a class, they generally are, as well as good-tempered.

The gipsies as a class are good-humoured, civil, and obliging, and are little given to drunkenness, unless at fairs or special merry-makings; and the younger portion of the men are especially charged with banter and broad humour; and as most of them have some well-known raw or short-coming, they seldom lack material for a joke; and the loud hearty laugh is ever ready. A joke passed by an outsider on any of them they also relish, especially if it have a grain of satire. In their humorous bickerings some wit occasionally flashes out, and the gipsies are famous among those who know them for the readiness of their speech when "under difficulties." We had the following from a farmer. He saw a gipsy, Walter Douglas, taking a "near cut" through one of his fields which had been newly ploughed, and he accosted him with, "Walter,

that's not a right road." Walter smiled, and said, "Faith, maister, it's no vera guid aye, but I'll just have to put up wi't for this time."

In summer they travel in families into the north of England and the south of Scotland, for trading purposes. They collect rags and bones, for which they exchange earthenwares; and they make and sell door-mats, baskets, and heather besoms, but almost none of them do anything in the tinker line. Their travelling equipage generally consists of an old horse and a cart, and a few donkeys; and some of the well-to-do have often a filly or colt following the retinue. The low-roofed tent that covers the cart is taken off at night; and

under this they sleep by dreary and unfrequented roadsides. They kindle a night-fire in front of the tent, the materials for which they drag from the woods; and here they chat freely and heartily with any wayfarer who may have courage to join them over a pipe—for they all smoke, women and men. Their night-haunts look extremely gloomy, for they are often by the side of lonely woods, but any person may pass their sombre habitations without fear of molestation. In winter they live in out-of-the-way villages, and their winter fare is often very poor. When times are hard, some of the young people occasionally work a-field for farmers in the neighbourhood of their villages.

Few of the tribe now try fortune-telling, although they once did a good stroke of business in that way. "A bit flesh for the bairns," however, is occasionally earned in this way off some gawky farm-kitchen wench, but "siller i' the loof" few gipsy fortune-tellers now think of asking. A number of the rising generation know a little of the alphabet and "Easy learner's" books, but their fathers and mothers, almost without exception, know nothing of education.

The Dutch call the gipsies *Heiden* (heathen); and, as regards religion, the tribe we write of in general acquiesce with the expressions made on the subject by any respectable-looking individual; and their own "walk and conversation" stands nearly at *nil*. A small number attend church, how-

ever, and some of the children attend the Sabbath-schools in their villages. But, as a whole, the children lie and beg as if by nature; and prettier, dark-haired, black-eyed children than some families consist of can nowhere be seen. The gipsies do not steal, however, as novelists and play-writers would have us believe they do, and farmers and others in the neighbourhood of their villages have no complaint to make against them on this score.

We recently visited Yetholm, the principal Border gipsy village, in which many hundreds reside. It is in two halves, each of which stands on a rising ground. They stand about half-a-mile



Esther Blyth, Queen of the Gipsies.

apart, and a fine brawling river, the Bowmont, runs between them. The part of the village north of the Bowmont is called Town Yetholm, the part on the south side Kirk Yetholm, and it is in this part that the gipsies, or, as they are locally called *muggers*, reside. A fine range of hills—the “Cheviot Mountains blue”—slopes southwards from the village, and upwards into the clouds; and these hills are much prettier than our poet makes them, for, instead of being “blue,” they are smoothly and beautifully green from top to bottom. On one of these hills we heard the croak of a raven, and looking up saw two sailing overhead. The village, with these hills “coming to the very door” (as an old woman remarked), is beautifully situated. It consists chiefly of a long, irregular row of low-roofed, straw-thatched houses, most of them gloomy-looking, and not a few in a state of “high art” dilapidation. We visited two or three of them, and found them very miserably furnished and untidy. An inquiry at any of the wives, as to how they fared generally, met with a doleful reply; but how far hypocritical we know not. We noticed, however, that although we more than once heard the children in high glee when entering their abode, they no sooner saw us than some of the four and five-year-olds began to whimper and ask their mothers for bread, looking the while as hungry and woe-begone as they could.

“O, sir,” said one mother, “they’re aye hungry, an’ we’ve maist naething to gie them;” but the children’s ruddy cheeks and plump arms and legs took the point from her speech. We came to a group of girls and boys playing; and taking out some coppers, we asked what they would do for them. “A race! a race!” was the immediate cry. Some girls cried for a “scramble,” and one or two of the bigger boys proposed wrestling. We decided on a race; and away bounded some twenty boys and girls, screaming and laughing as heartily as if they had each previously won the race.

We had the gratification of meeting with Esther Blyth, the Queen of the Gipsies, and being “presented” without ceremony by a friend. Esther I. began her reign some six months ago; and, as all the Borderers know, it has been anything but a reign of peace. When her majesty’s royal father, David II., died, her royal brother declined the throne, which she at once claimed. The late King, however, was desirous that the Princess Helen should, after his death, be proclaimed Queen in the event of his son refusing to reign. And although Helen was a younger sister, a number of the tribe was anxious to carry out the King’s wish; but Esther had also her loyal subjects, who fearlessly proclaimed and at last triumphantly crowned her; and the day of her coronation will long be remembered by the people in the district of Yetholm. Blood ran so high on both sides, that at one time Queen Esther had to leave the royal palace for personal safety, and the palace had to be barricaded. The sisters had one personal encounter, in which, we were told, the Princess Helen “got hersel’ weel licket.” At Faslen-even, a day on which gymnastics are held, and a foot-ball played in the village, a final struggle was expected to be made for the crown,

and even the aid of Queen Victoria’s subjects was solicited for that day by both parties. Queen Esther did the genteel, and called personally on most of the farmers in the district for their “best wishes” in her cause; and she succeeded so well in this way (for she is a respectable, well-doing woman), and gained so many from the opposite camp by her good sense and liberality, that the leaders of the Princess Helen’s army gave up their cause as hopeless.

The Queen we found shrewd, sensible, and good-humoured, and particularly proud of her position. She spoke in the Scotch tongue, and a ready and not ungraceful speech she has. She has an intelligent, well-formed face, of a dark olive complexion—the true gipsy olive—and her eyes are dark and sharp. She is of the full ordinary height, and her gait, though her years are somewhere about fifty-five, is free and erect, and her feet and ankles, like those of most gipsies, are particularly well-shaped. She has a family, and when we met with her she was accompanied by the Princess Royal, a blooming wench of about twenty summers. We remarked to the Queen that the Princess looked healthy—a vulgar thing, we are aware, to do to royalty. But her majesty very heartily said:

“Deed, sir, she has a guid *flesh coat* on her.”

When bidding her adieu we wished her a steady and prosperous reign, to which she returned a smiling, “Thank ye, sir; I think I’m a’ right now.” Her coffers, we were glad to learn, are not considered empty, and her family are steady and industrious.

J. S.

THE MERRIMAC AND THE MONITOR.

THE Board of Admiralty assuredly ought to send a handsome testimonial to the American Governments—North and South—for the experimental fight they have been making with iron-clad ships. By the description, the Monitor appears to be a flat-bottomed wooden tank, roofed over with an iron shell like a tortoise, some five inches in thickness, for the purpose of defence, and provided with a revolving tower mounting two guns, each carrying a wrought-iron shot of 170 lbs. weight for the purpose of offence. If we bear in mind what sort of a lump of iron a half hundred-weight is, as used for weighing, and imagine three of them formed into one shot, we get a good idea of it. The Monitor is a structure made by workmen after an engineering fashion more or less skilful; but the “Merry Mack,” as the sailors call her, is a far different affair, and pregnant with instruction. She is described as looking like the roof of a house on the water—a very puzzling description—and I was as much puzzled as other people, till an American gave me the cue. The Merrimac, as all the world knows, was a steam-frigate burnt to the water’s edge at the commencement of the civil war, and sunk. When raised by the rebels, or seceders, as the case may be, she was redecked and improved into an armoured ship.

In one of our old pantomimes of the days of the elder Drury, there is a distich how Harlequin, in rescue of Columbine,—

Turned the table to a boat,
And down the river they did float.

In the modern case, the authorities of the Norfolk Navy Yard—

Turned the railway to a ship,
And down the river they did slip.

The railroads, torn up to stop transit, furnished the iron to make the Merrimac impregnable, with an iron roof slanting either way from the central line of the vessel to below the water, the rails being interlocked together like the bricks in a wall. American rails are flat-footed, and, packed together with heads and feet alternating, they form a reedy surface analogous to thatch. Thus the vessel was thatched and not plated with iron.

American railroad iron is produced in Wales at about 4*l.* to 5*l.* 10*s.* per ton. Armour plates for English ships cost 40*l.* and upwards per ton. I once heard an American engineer talking with a Welsh iron-master, and complaining that it was tarnation poor iron that he had supplied to the "Big-squirrel and Buffalo link lines," which the iron-master did not deny, but alleged, in defence, that it was paid for in a "tarnation poor lot of bonds."

So bad are many of these rails, that it will not do to throw them down from a waggon on unloading, for they break like cast iron. Yet these rails stand the pounding of heavier shot than have been used in our Admiralty experiments, with scarcely a fracture. The only reason for their withstanding the blows of the shot was their slanting position, that prevented the shot striking at a right angle. Had these rails been applied wall-sided like the Warrior, they would have dropped off in fragments with every shot, like cast iron.

The Monitor had wrought-iron shot, and would therefore have destroyed the rails at a right angle. It was said that there was some damage done, but this was at the ports where an opening existed. The Monitor was not damaged at all; but it is said she had five inches of iron on her inch plates; and, moreover, the Merrimac had only cast shot.

There is a method yet untried of producing armour plates at a cost not exceeding that of the best rails—less than a fourth of the present cost per ton, and there is also an effective mode of fastening them without cracking them in bolting. It is quite clear also that wall sides will have to be dispensed with in favour of the "tumbling in," or house-roof system. The angular system, which was first promulgated in these pages, and which has now been verified by the Merrimac, will have to be resorted to—a slope of 25 degrees above and below the water line, to elude shot that may not be resisted, and this best form for eluding shot gives also the best angle for stability in the water.

But the problem of guns has yet to be solved—whether an available gun can be made that will pierce the heaviest armour capable of floating on a vessel moving at the greatest possible speed. The angulated vessel of great breadth of beam and little depth will be suitable to carry a tower whereon to place guns that can shoot downwards on to the roofed decks of her antagonist. When this can be done with heavy guns, it will probably be found that armour is as useless for ships as it was found to be for human bodies.

As regards running down, the Merrimac had no difficulty in cracking up her wooden antagonists; but being a wooden ship, she was useless on the

iron sides of her opponent, and only broke her beaks and damaged her own bows. With iron vessels strength enough can be obtained for this. But if two vessels equally angulated be in opposition in running down, it is difficult to see how they can inflict damage. Rightly constructed, they should be unsinkable.

But there are other considerations. First, the effectual ventilation of a close iron box; and, next, the power of locomotion. If guns can do no damage, then it is only a question of speed and time. The vessel with the largest supply of fuel will be the victor, for the other will be a log upon the water. And here the Americans have an advantage, though they have not yet applied it. The petroleum, or rock-oil, which is so dangerous in casks or warehouses, would not be dangerous in close iron tanks, and a larger amount of high steam producing power could thus be stowed away than in any other known fuel. The facility of taking it on board a close iron vessel would be far greater than with coal. The mode of using it in the boilers would be with a small fire of coke to serve as a wick, and then dropping the oil on the surface, to flash up into burning gas, coming in contact with all the water surface. It is evident that a steamer without fuel is more helpless than a sailing-vessel without wind. The wind may be supplied in the next hour by nature, but the fuel must be supplied by a consort vessel. For, formidable as those heavily-gunned armoured steamers are, we are still far from having worked out the problem in its entirety. If no other means be left, we shall have to capture and chain them, and asphyxiate them even, or pump water into them till they sink. It is quite evident that the Warrior is not to be the final specimen of marine architecture on our ocean empire. Well, it is a victory worth fighting for, labouring with heavy purse and intense mechanical skill and industry to achieve the final end of war by rendering it impossible. Our American cousins will scheme hard at this, if only their purses shall hold out. And we will scheme, too; and it shall go hard with our schemes, but we will better all instructors than our own. And so to your guns all ye who believe it practicable to drive an un-rifled shot in at one side of the Warrior and out at the other, making a yawning breach for the green tide of ocean to pour in, and perforce driving us to a more perfect structure. Only do not let us build more than one novelty at a time, lest the next should prove a waste like the last.

The gain so far is in favour of nations threatened with invasion by sea. With wooden ships and iron rails, it is quite clear that any amount of impregnable shore batteries might be improvised at a low cost, and at a week's notice; but not so with Channel transports. W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

A PARENT BY PROXY.

I THOUGHT my door-bell would have come down! How it resisted successfully that series of abrupt, nervous pulls I cannot even now understand. It startled me from a profound winter's slumber, and I rubbed my eyes and recalled myself to my senses with something of the vague uneasiness the

sleeping deer must feel when they are aroused from rest by the encouragement of the huntsman and answering bay of the hounds—miles distant though they be.

Who could be pulling my door-bell at that early hour of the winter morning? I thought at first it might be the petty wine-dealer near the Place de la Roquette, to whom I had given ten francs with a promise of as many more if he gave me seasonable notice of the next execution by the guillotine. This thought made me execrate French inhumanity that could send a fellow creature, bare-headed and in shirt-sleeves, out of doors in

such cold weather. I thought it might be some successor of Vidocq or Gisquet on scent of a terrible conspiracy, and about to arrest me for a suspicious character, because I was a foreigner. The police and shopkeepers all the world over have the ancients' opinion that foreigners are barbarians, and they think we only get our deserts if we be imprisoned and fleeced. I thought—

Saint Vitus himself seemed to have taken possession of the bell, for it danced more violently than ever. It was so furious in its convulsive twitches, anything like *thinking* was quite out of the question. I leaped from bed, lighted a match



(of course a Sisyphean labour: who ever saw a match that would light when one is in a hurry?), made a successful hunt after my slippers, and went to the door, dedicating to the infernal deities the unseasonable riser who took cock-crow for daybreak—an unpardonable mistake everywhere, and especially unpardonable in Paris, the city of clocks. I am afraid I growled rather than asked:

“Who is there?”

“Monsieur Biberon!” replied a politely-toned voice from the other side of the door.

I must confess my growl deepened as I inquired:

“Monsieur . . . who?”

The name of Biberon was unfamiliar to my ear, and I felt sure its bearer must be a blundering fellow who, having forgotten the itinerary traced him by the porter, was seeking his friend or enemy from floor to floor, without caring whose sleep he murdered.

“Monsieur Biberon. The husband of Madame Biberon, the midwife who lives in the Passage du Pont Neuf.”

“Ah! it is you,” said I, my voice now softening into a tone of good breeding.

In a moment I opened the door, and Monsieur Biberon entered, bowing and scraping like an

émigré marquis. Modes change slowly in the different social layers, as well as in different geographical regions; and as the country is at the height of last year's fashions twelve months after the town has thrown them aside, so the plebeian rejoices in manners the conscript fathers of society have long since discarded. Monsieur Biberon was, in point of manners, at the tip-top of the court fashion of 1817, this being the date when bowing and scraping went out of fashion at the Tuileries.

As soon as Monsieur Biberon was well in-doors he exclaimed:

"Your wife has a child, monsieur!—a fine boy!—the very image of you, monsieur!"

"Hein? Hein?" exclaimed I, starting back, for I felt somewhat stunned at receiving point blank and *such* news as that my wife had a fine boy who was the very image of me.

"Yes, monsieur! the dear little angel was born at twenty-three minutes past four! 'tis the very image of you, monsieur! My wife, and Pauline, and Augustine, all say there's no need asking who is the father of that child—it is written in every feature of the darling creature's face."

"Really, really," I replied, at last recovering my self-possession, "I am very much obliged for your kindness. We'll drink a glass of brandy together to the health and happiness of the mother and little stranger. Come, *un petit verre* will be of service to you; it is early in the morning and very cold."

"Monsieur is very kind."

He tossed off the brandy with great satisfaction, which was heightened to a beaming degree—what, I believe, diplomatists call "distinguished satisfaction," if they mean anything by the phrase—by a napoleon I slipped into his hand. Off he went, bearing my kindest wishes to the mother (I mean to "my wife and child"), and a promise to be with them as soon as the sun would allow me to do so. I crept back to bed, and, after arranging myself snugly under the great eider-down bag with which all French beds of aristocratic pretensions are adorned or disfigured (use which word you please), I drew the curtains and began to think over my strange position, for I certainly was in a strange position.

Good reader, I have never been married!

Yet, here I was suddenly possessed of a wife and a child so much like me, everybody sees my *Fecit* painted in every feature of its face. Don't put me in Coventry until I explain to you how I, though still unmarried, came into possession of these matrimonial estates.

Michael O'Fallen—or, as we always used to call him, Mike O'Fallen—was an old schoolmate, to whom I bore a deep attachment. I don't mean to say I would have played Damon to his Pythias (except on the stage of a Thespian Society, for in this age of steam and electricity any such sort of friendship has gone out of vogue); but I would have stood any modern test of devoted affection. I would have lent him money with unaffected pleasure. I would have indorsed his note for a moderate sum of money. I would have borrowed money from him without hating him for his kindness. If you know of any severer trials of friend-

ship in this age of bankers and brokers, challenge me with them. He was a fellow after my own heart: his generosity knew no bounds except his income; and whether his purse was empty or full, his heart was constantly "on the windy side of care," gaily, merrily, cheerily dancing on the top of every wave. Then he could sing an excellent song, knew no end to his stories, and could dress lobster-salad and brew hot whisky-punch better than any man I know. As you may easily imagine, it was with great delight I heard from him that he was coming to Paris to complete his medical education. I may, however, confess to you—but it must not go any further!—I could not repress a smile as I thought of Mike coming here to complete his medical education. I knew he was not the man to spring from his bed at six o'clock in winter, and at five in summer, to go to the different hospitals and "follow" eminent physicians around the beds of disease and pain; to spurn the innumerable attractions of Paris (which are so alluring to strangers), and to live laboriously with treatises on medicine and dirty *internes*, auscultating, percussing, and dissecting dirtier patients and subjects. Besides, Mike's knowledge of French went no further than *combien*; and if it be true the possession of this dissyllable and a large letter of credit enables one to travel throughout the continent, it certainly does not suffice for a long journey on the road which leads to medical knowledge in France. And Mike's stay in Paris, was not to exceed eighteen months, six months of which (as he said, in Ireland's favourite idiom) he intended to pass away in Italy. Had he inherited the mantle or the memory of the admirable Crichton, he could not have hoped to complete his medical education in eighteen months' time.

I received Mike with open arms: there is nothing like a home face after one has read for years but foreign countenances. I took him to the opera; gave him a dinner at the *Trois Frères* (which had not then been eclipsed by *Vachette's*); initiated him into all the economico-culinary mysteries of the Latin Quarter; and summoning to my aid all the gravity I could command, pointed out to him the way in which he should go, if he was ambitious to reach the eminence attained by Hunter and Cooper and Bright, ending my exhortation with as many sententious didactical reflections as I could remember or make. Mike received them with all the deference a raw Dublin medical student is in duty bound to pay to the superior knowledge of one who has been in Paris six years longer than himself. Homage of deference was due, too, for the dinner at the *Trois Frères*—the *Chambertin* was excellent; and for the entertainment at the opera, where the length of the dances and shortness of the petticoats are unequalled elsewhere in the Old and New World.

This was in the middle of October. With the first cool mornings of November, Mike ceased to go to the hospitals; and long before Christmas came he spent his mornings at *Cellarius'*, the afternoons in the *Bois de Boulogne*, and he was a subscriber to the *Prado*.

I knew it! I did not see any great harm in it.

Attrition of men is an education not many degrees inferior to that which is gained by attrition of books; and the former gives a polish which often-times makes brass shine with the lustre of gold.

Time ambled away with me as gently as if I had been a Latin-less monk, and brought round the anniversary of the day on which Mike reached Paris. We were to dine together at my chambers, for we had come to the conclusion it is a great deal more cosy to dine in this way than in the *cabinet* of a restaurant, where we were sure to be worried by the servant if we stayed longer than suited with his convenience. To be sure the dishes were not quite so hot as they would have been, had the trajectory described from kitchen to dinner table been less; but the wine was a great deal cheaper, and a great deal better;—to fellows with vigorous digestive powers and shallow purses, these considerations had a weight which was quite preponderant. I observed during the whole dinner that Mike was nervous and embarrassed, and looked at me askant, as if to keep me from discovering the thoughts which were floating on his brain. At last, after pouring down a considerable quantity of wine, he found himself able to "take his courage in both hands" (as the French idiom has it), and let me know he was going—to be married.

I looked blank enough. I was seriously alarmed lest Mike might have taken it into his head to be guilty of matrimony with some loose acquaintance of the other sex, for there are a plenty of these creatures at Paris who would filch an honest name for the mere pleasure of besmirching it with the mud in which they wallow. And—shall I confess it?—I am one of those narrow-minded fellows who think it true wisdom to marry within sight of one's chimney, to avoid the surprises to be found in marriages where husband and wife know only so much of family history and genealogy as their friends please to communicate. I have, too, always been averse to marriages with foreigners, for hearts cannot beat alike unless they have been trained alike. I'd have no Shibboleth my love could not utter. I'd have no song which stirred my blood float dull in her ear, leaving the soul unreached. The heart hath its accents as well as the tongue: see the exiled Swiss weep upon hearing the *Ranz des Vaches*, and deny it!

But Mike was going to be married; so there was an end to objection. I would as soon think to advise a chapter to act upon a *congé d'élire*, as if it actually invested the canons with the right of selection, as to think of accepting the challenge "to speak" the clergyman gives during the marriage service. Mike had gone quite as far as this irrevocable step; therefore all I had to do was to hold my peace.

The girl who had tangled Mike's eyes was a lace-maker. She was a charming creature. She possessed the inimitable graces of youth; she had a noble brow, and a chaste expression of countenance—both of which are rarely met in France; a dark eye, and a sweet, delicate mouth; and she was in high health, perhaps with an undesirable tendency to obesity, which might eventually transform her wasp-like waist into the dimensions and proportions of a hog'shead. She was not a

great beauty, neither had she much aristocratic style about her; she was not a "thorough-bred animal," but she was something which at home's hearth is better than all that—she was a *loveable* girl.

They were married. They had not been married long when the Crimean War commenced. Mike had an uncle in the Commissariat Department, on whom he had always looked as a sort of patron, for he was his godson and his heir-at-law, as the uncle, though long married, was childless and a widower. He told Mike he was anxious to have his godson as his secretary. His wishes were law to poor Mike, and my comrade made preparations for his departure to the East. He went with a heavy heart. He loved poor Cécile devotedly, and he felt it was something like desertion to quit her only a few months before she passed through the perils which encompass maternity. His uncle called, he dared not disobey. When parting day came, I took good care to keep away from the painful scene. I joined Mike at the railway-station. I shall never forget how he took my hands in his, and pressed them earnestly, and, with brimming eyes and quivering lips, conjured me to be as a brother to his wife, and to stand *in loco parentis* to the young and still distant stranger.

I made Cécile dine with me the day he left. Her eyes were still very red and very prodigal of tears. I exerted myself to entertain her, and at last succeeded in making her recover something of her wonted spirits. Time, "the physician of brutes," and man's best friend, did the rest. We soon became intimate friends, and at last she got to call me *mon gros chien* and *mon petit cochon*.

One day—months had passed away since poor Mike's departure—she begged me very hard to grant her a favour. This favour was to pass for her husband, and go with her to the midwife's to engage rooms and come to terms upon the professional charges. As I like to see life in all its phases, and, besides, as the poor child had no kindred in Paris, no one to whom she could appeal for aid and protection, being literally all alone in the great city, I at once agreed to be called Monsieur Michael O'Fallen, and to visit the midwife.

Madame Biberon, the midwife, lived in one of the four or five houses which tower six or seven stories high, at intervals, in the dim *passage*, or arcade, which runs between the Rue de Seine and the conjunction of the Rue Mazarine and Rue Guénégaud. A blue tin sign, a foot long by six inches wide, bearing a daub which, speaking with great charity, may be alleged to represent a woman walking with a child in her arms, and with this legend underneath:

Madame Biberon,
Sage Femme,
Reçoit des Pensionnaires,
Quarante Francs les Neuf Jours,

guided mothers *in petto* to the midwife's chambers.

Madame Biberon herself received us when we rang the door-bell. She was an enormously fat woman, on the terribly wrong side of fifty, looking well—that is, very badly her age. I scarcely ever saw a harder face. Torquemada must have had

just such cold, glassy, gray eyes as those which peered with mingled suspicion and inquisitiveness from under her dark eyebrows. Her short, fat fingers were covered with rings. She had long yellow ear-drops dangling from her dumpy ears, and a great big breast-pin, formed of one single diamond at least three times the size of the *kooh-i-noor*, protected her heart from all attacks. The chambers were like the mistress, adorned with vulgar and decayed tawdry. A rickety piano stood open in one corner of the room, cruelly burdened with *Czerney's Exercises*. The walls were hung with cheap engravings and coloured lithographs, in frames which may, perhaps, have been gilded once upon a time, but which were now so strangely changed by time and flies, it would have puzzled the master of an old curiosity shop to detect what they were. There was an old-fashioned, high-backed, hair-covered sofa, adorned with the contents of many a box of brass tacks, but none the less an invalid: one leg had been carried off in matutinal skirmishes with the housemaid, or during an advance with the furniture-van. It maintained its social position, however, aided by a pile of oakwood blocks, and by keeping an adroit attitude, which threw a good deal of its weight on the wall. A glaring gilt clock, under a glass case, ticked away the hours as fast as ever it could, and made an awful noise whenever it ended one of them. I was subsequently informed this noise was a selection of airs from *Rossini's operas*. Had I suspected it was music, I should have sworn it on *Verdi*.

A large round table was placed between the two windows, and covered with all sorts of kickshaws in porcelain and gilt bronze—the votive offerings of mothers, *Madame Biberon* informed us.

“They are so delighted with my house and my skill, they not only give me these mementos, but (she looked very significantly at me as she spoke) a purse of gold when they leave: and well they may, for they never lack anything here.”

She showed us the chambers for her *pensionnaires*, and told us that those who paid forty francs for the nine days they lived with her, were not starved to be sure—she could not find it in her heart to do so mean a thing: they had enough to eat, but could not expect to be served “as you, Monsieur, would like to see *your wife* served.”

Poor *Cécile* was confounded by this announcement, for she had reckoned upon paying forty francs, and receiving every attention. The astute midwife protested against “your wife” accepting such fare and such intermittent attentions as forty francs could command. None but laundresses, cooks, and housemaids, paid this price. Her charge for ladies was a hundred francs, and she made no money by them, or at most her house-*rent*. She knew what a person *comme il faut*, “like your wife, Monsieur,” would expect: a nice mutton chop one day, chicken another day, game another, and good wine every day. A hundred francs barely covered their expenses; but she did not care for money; she wanted her *pensionnaires* to live well.

I shrewdly suspected the effect of my appearance the moment *Cécile* asked me to go with her;

but she insisted so earnestly upon it, and declared so vehemently the midwife would not believe one word of her marriage, unless she had the foreign husband to exhibit, I did not object to her that my foreign accent, my dress, my general personal appearance, would prompt the wily midwife to make the most money out of *Cécile*. My only prayer was that no long bill, where item followed item, as in an apothecary's account, might startle us at the departing door when the last hour of the ninth day was heralded by the boisterous clock.

Cécile accepted the terms. She vowed to me as we came out of the house that she was determined to make the midwife's larder and wine-vault pass a great many disagreeable “quarters of an hour” while she was a *pensionnaire*. She called this visceral transmutation of money into flesh and blood, taking her revenge for the extortionate price charged.

Nothing would do now but I must attend her to one of those innumerable little shops, not much larger than dog-kennels, which fill the courtyard of the *Marché Saint Germain*. Here you may purchase everything from a needle to a suit of clothes (I do not warrant they are good for anything but to sell), and where, if the fallen angel of *Jewing* was driven forth from every spot in the world, he could find a safe harbour and a hospitable refuge. We went to purchase the wardrobe of the little stranger.

This morning's shopping decided my fate for life. I shall never marry. I am certain I can never afford to indulge in any such luxury as a baby of my own. That morning's experience dispelled all the charming dreams I had hitherto indulged of a home and family. I should give you the list of the articles *Cécile* purchased, were I a disciple of *Malthus* and opposed to an increase of population.

Cécile was as much delighted as I was alarmed and depressed. She twisted, she shook the miniature clothes; she ran her hand into the shirts, filled them as if a little body was already in them,—turned up the collar, tucked a ribbon around it, held it off before her, danced them in the air, prattling affectionate nonsense to them, and laughed gaily, merrily with her silvery, ringing laugh. She flung her arms around me, kissed me (twas intended for *Mike*), held up the little shirts again, and cocking a bonnet on her forefinger, placed it before the mirror, laughed again, and vowed the baby would be a love of a child. What disquisitions she rattled off about embroidered and laced and tamboured shirt-bosoms for the little stranger's Sunday wear! How patiently she turned over the contents of the boxes of two-*sou* bead bracelets, to select six pair for the little darling! At last—there is an end to everything!—she completed all the purchases and, as she paid for them, begged they might instantly be sent to her. As soon as the huge parcels came she opened them—twenty times compared bill and articles—examined every seam—made her hand a doll-baby—tried to put the tiny caps on her own head—giggled—kissed the little caps—kissed the little cloaks—strung the little bead-bracelets on her fingers—held them before the looking-glass—took

them to the window—looked through them bead by bead—counted each bead—rolled them in hand—tossed them in the air—giggled and danced, and danced and giggled, until I thought she would have gone mad from very joy. I never saw the baby clothes out of her hand, go to see her when I would, between the day we purchased them and the evening she took up her quarters at Madame Biberon's. There was always something to be done with them; they were to be marked, or stitched, or ironed.

I have told you how the arrival of the little stranger was announced to me. As soon as I breakfasted I went to see "my wife and child." Poor Cécile almost devoured me with kisses. She was so proud of herself, and so proud of the baby! She scolded me and pouted at me for at least two minutes, because I had not returned with Monsieur Biberon, and told me she had cried a whole hour when he came back without bringing me. Poor child! She was so glad to see some one who cared for her near her—to be cheered by other than mercenary smiles—to know that at this supreme hour of woman's life she was not uncared for, unpitied, all alone in the great wilderness of men—an overgrown capital. My heart sank within me as I thought, while I gazed upon her, so pale and so weak, with her still more helpless child sleeping on her bosom, how cruel a fate her's would have been, had she been indeed all alone, with no one near her save the rude-handed, callous-hearted attendants, and the boisterous, unfeeling circle of medical students that through the lying-in hospitals. Yet, such is the fate of many and many a poor girl. Ay, me! We men are sometimes cruel to our toys!

I was glad to be by her side; glad to be of service to her; glad to press her hand and assure her a friend was near to give her sympathy and assistance. Vouchsafe me, O God! for this hour's sake, that if at some moment of my life I too may greatly stand in need of sympathy, some kind hand and warm heart may be near me and whisper—Brother, be of good cheer!

The second day, while I was sitting at Cécile's bed-side, Madame Biberon entered the chamber, accompanied by a woman of some forty years old. She was evidently a peasant. She was tall and lean; and so sunburnt, her face and neck were as red as a boiled lobster. Fifteen or twenty bristles scattered over her chin and cheeks increased the unattractiveness of her appearance, for she was attired in the short frock, coarse woollen stockings, rough shoes, blue neckerchief, and stiffly starched high bonnet, which is the common attire of French peasant-women. Before I could say a word—almost before I could turn around—she jumped at me, threw her brawny arms around me and kissed me on each cheek with a *smack*, loud as the crack of a French whip, before the late ordinance of the police abolishing lashes. I suppose I must have looked extremely astonished at this sudden assault and battery of affection, for Cécile and Madame Biberon both together exclaimed: "It is the nurse!"

The French have a custom which is excellent in theory, and—like a great many other theories—execrable in practice. They send their children,

as soon as they are born, to the country, in charge of a wet-nurse. This habit spares the mother's constitution the drain nursing makes upon it, and it protects the father's nerves and sleep from all onslaught the croup, whooping-cough, and pleurisy may make upon them. It is currently reported in the Republic of Bachelorhood such nocturnal skirmishes are frequent.

Where parents enjoy some ease of fortune, it is not difficult to secure a perfect accord between practice and theory by exercising choice in the selection of a nurse, and a careful supervision of her conduct. This, of course, the poorer classes cannot dream of doing, nor can the Poor Board pretend to any such care of the unfortunate foundlings entrusted to them. The mortality in both of these classes is mournful. The mortality of children of the middle classes sent to the country is twenty-nine *per centum* in the first year, while fifty-five *per centum* of the foundlings die during the first year which follows their birth.* The poorer classes take the nurse selected by the midwife (who receives a premium for every nurse she takes); and when the nurse carries the child to her distant rural home, the parents never see it again until it is three or six years old—if, indeed, they ever do see it again.

The nurses are for the most part country girls of the lower class, who have gone astray, or poverty-stricken mothers who eke out their scanty earnings by taking "strange" children to nurse. They contrive to retain their capacity for wet-nursing four or five years, and but for the interference of the police (who "cut" the part when these women are disposed to play it too long) would perhaps extend it for even a longer period of time. They often have four or five children at a time, and as some of these must be fed by the bottle, the chances of mortality are greatly increased. These nurses are brought up to Paris by men who make a trade of it, called *meneurs*. They receive the monthly wages of the nurse, carry all packets destined to her, and visit nurse and child once every month, and report their condition. Of course this report, like the reports made to shareholders of some joint-stock companies, is rarely the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. All the business in Paris of the *meneurs* is transacted by agencies called *Bureaux des Nourrices*, where the nurses are lodged when in Paris, where the *meneur* may be found once a month, and where the wages are paid monthly. This *bureau* is responsible for *meneur*, nurse, and every object confided to them.

"I beez the nurse," said the peasant woman, in a broad provincial dialect, straightening herself to her full height, and looking on me in the most benignant and patronising manner. "I beez the nurse, and you beez the father, Monsieur; and a handsome father you beez, I's always heard tell: handsome father and pretty mother—beautiful child. And I has never know'd that saying fail."

She went to Cécile, and treating her as badly

* "Recherches sur les Loix de la Mortalité chez les Enfants," par le Docteur Bouchut. Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Sciences. 1861.

as she had treated me, took the child, and holding it to the light said :

"I know'd it! I could 'a told this was *your* child, Monsieur, among a hundred children—it beez just like you—more like you, if I might say so, than its mother (though it beez like her, too)—your nose, your eyes, your mouth—everything the very image of you."

"Isn't it?" echoed the midwife. "I told Monsieur it was the very image of him."

Poor Cécile blushed up to the roots of her hair, and buried herself more deeply than ever under the great pillow and bag of eiderdown, which lay on the bed.

I laughed and said, "I hope, then, you will take good care of the little fellow."

"*Mon Dieu!* Monsieur, don't you be having any fears 'bout that. I beez famous down our way for the healthy children I nurse."

She kissed and played with the child with as much heart as if she had been built by Maelzel, the man who made the Automaton Chess Player. She had nothing of her sex about her but her clothes.

"When is the dear darling to be baptised?" was almost the first query she made after taking her seat.

I suggested: "Had you not better have the baby 'sprinkled' here, Cécile, and let the nurse have it baptised when she reaches home? This arrangement will enable her to get home one day earlier, and will secure your quiet during the milk fever."

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Monsieur," fairly screamed the nurse, throwing up her hand and rolling up her eyes with an expression of holy horror. "The *curé* would not allow me to do any such thing; he would not allow me to show my face at church, were I to carry back an unbaptised child."

"Indeed! Oh! then we must have the child baptised!" I exclaimed, in a most ingenuous tone, for I was *then* far from suspecting the nurse was lying, and lying solely to get the presents the sponsors of the child were expected to make on the christening. One learns the innumerable deformities of human nature—no, I won't grow misanthropical. This is a very good world of ours, and full of noble souls, although there are grovelers, too, who never raise their heads above the purse-pocket, nor look beyond themselves.

"You must get the sponsors," said poor Cécile, in a tone half of entreaty and half of inquiry, looking at me with an anxious eye.

"Assuredly. We'll have the baby christened to-morrow. I will procure the godfather and godmother to-night."

"You had better have it baptised, Monsieur," whined the nurse, "for the *curé* of our parish is monstrous pertikler. I should be 'fraid to go back with an unbaptised baby, for the first thing he asks me for will be the certificate of baptism."

When I parted from Cécile that evening she whispered earnestly in my ear :

"You will invite *nice* people to be sponsors, won't you? You know we must respect ourselves, and make Madame Biberon think well of us."

"Oh, certainly!" said I, smiling at the exhi-

bition of woman's vanity. "The most distinguished-looking and handsomest people I can find in the city of Paris between this and to-morrow morning, even if I am on foot all night."

I was at first rather perplexed by this new duty Mike's trust entailed on me, for none of my English friends were eligible for sponsors—they being all of them heretical Protestants. After some thought, I remembered a young French medical student it seemed to me I might ask without impropriety to become godfather; I knew I could procure a godmother easily. A charming little mantua-maker lived on the floor above me, and I knew her well enough to feel assured she would be delighted to have an excuse to exhibit her handsome dresses and her charming new bonnets.

I went to the Hôtel du Grand Colbert, in the Rue de l' Ecole de Médecine, but there I found my medical friend had gone to Clamart. Here I discovered him busily engaged in a dissection. After making a great many excuses, I laid my request before him.

"No excuses! No excuses, my dear fellow. It is you who oblige me. Young men should rehearse the parts they will be called upon to play in society. Practice makes perfect; and I am anxious that when I play sponsor in society, I may bring down bravos and rounds of applause."

"I warn you I pay all expenses."

"So much the better! My heart then will be as light as my purse. But I hope the godmother is young and pretty?"

"You remember the little mantua-maker who lives over me?"

"The wicked-eyed blonde, so proud of her magnificent head of hair she never wears a cap if she can help it, eh?"

"At least I am going to ask her, and I scarcely think she will refuse me. Charity begins at home, and she is my next-door neighbour."

"Bravo!"

When I reached home I called on Mademoiselle Léontine, and begged her to honour me by becoming the godmother of the little stranger. She willingly consented. I gave her two napoleons to buy baptismal confectionery, and to fee the nurse, and we agreed upon eleven o'clock the next day for the baptism.

Madame Biberon ordered an excellent breakfast, at Mike's expense, for twelve o'clock. The sponsors were punctual. The baby was baptised at Saint Germain des Près Church. Breakfast was served in the mother's chamber. Cécile laughed and rolled her eyes—brighter than ever, for they were lighted now by fever's flame—full of pleasure. She whispered in my ear that I was a nice fellow for having chosen such "distinguished" sponsors—that Mike was a good fellow after all—that Mademoiselle Léontine was dressed beautifully—if she charged much for making dresses? The medical student winked, and blinked, and smiled on Mademoiselle Léontine, who rattled off in the gayest manner imaginable about theatres, and balls, and suppers, and dinners, and the dresses she had made for the Countess This and the Baroness That, in a way which made Cécile and Madame Biberon's daughters open their eyes

until I thought, sometimes, they must pop out of their heads. Madame Biberon and the nurse, being old stagers on the turnpike-road of life, were too experienced and too wise to lose any such precious time as meal-time in idle conversation. They led successful assaults upon the viands and wine with a courage and energy which did infinite honour to the vigour of the constitution and viscera. The breakfast ended, and the baptismal bonbons distributed, the medical student promised me to see Mademoiselle Léontine safe home, after they had received from Cécile and me our hearty thanks for their kindness.

And now preparations were made for the departure of the poor little baby.

I felt my heart sink within me when I thought the helpless child would soon be far away from everybody who cared for it, and committed to the charge of a miserable mercenary without a heart, without a mind—I had almost said, without a soul. A hireling, who would strip it of its pretty, comfortable clothes for her children, clothing it in their sordid rags; who would be deaf to that infinite variety of accents to which a mother's ear is so sensitive, and by which it expresses all its wants; who would never strive to delight it, nor teach its little heart the first throbs of love—gratitude to her who caressed it and fondled it, in her lap, and danced it on her knee, and replied to its inarticulate accents by inarticulate accents, encouraging it to renewed efforts of companionship; a mercenary, who would neglect that hourly education its own mother would have begun before its little eyes could wander around the room, that education of kisses and embraces, and cradle hymns and prayers, which continues in its waking hours the whispers angels breathe it in its slumbers.

Poor Cécile! She felt, although not a word had been said, the parting hour was come. She pressed her darling child close to her breast, and devoured it with almost frantic kisses, and called it by a thousand endearing names, as if she hoped to imprint MOTHER on its little heart and still slumbering brain.

I could scarcely repress my tears.

The little packet which contained all the baby's clothes had been arranged in the drawing-room. The nurse came in for the child. Poor Cécile's lip painfully quivered.

"Don't be after grieving, Madame," said the nurse. "I'll take good care of your child. You will see how fat and rosy-cheeked he'll be—for you will be down to see us, sure?"

Cécile attempted to reply; her lip quivered too much for articulation.

"Oh! madame. I beez a poor woman—and is got no friends in the world: you ain't a going to leave your child on my hands once I is gone—you ain't a going to abandon him, as so many Paris folks do, when once you have got rid of him?"

"Never! Never! Abandon you, my poor, dear child; my poor little baby; my poor darling love?" sobbed Cécile, pressing it still nearer her heart and bathing it in her tears. "Never, never will mother abandon her own little child?"

"Don't be angry with me, madame, for I means nothing what's out of the way. But I beez a poor woman, and Parisian folks have not got no heart, and don't care for nothing but themselves."

"Take care of the child," said I, "and you will not regret it. You will receive handsome presents if, when we go to see you, we find that great attention has been paid the child. Shan't she, Cécile?"

Cécile tried to look at me—tried to speak. She was blinded and choked by tears. She made earnest signs with her head to confirm my promise.

The nurse embraced me and embraced Cécile, and took the child in her arms. The door closed on nurse and child. They were gone! The poor mother pressed her head against my breast, and sobbed as though her heart was breaking. I embraced her tenderly and kissed her pale, fevered forehead; but I said nothing. Tears and prayers are as the Balm of Gilead to the bruised or o'er-fraught heart.

After the first burst of her grief had in a measure abated, I endeavoured to cheer her by representing the pleasure she would have when the baby grew to be a companion, and I promised to go with her to the country to see it, and that we would bring the nurse to Paris on a visit; and that we would send it to school and to college, and make a little doctor or a big lawyer of the baby by-and-bye.

None of these expectations were destined to be fulfilled. Six months after this period of time, the nurse wrote the child was sick. Cécile immediately took the railway and went to see it. It was dying when she reached the nurse's cottage. Cécile had but time to take it in her arms, and let its last breath expire on her breast. I joined her as soon as she acquainted me with her distress. We buried the poor baby in the village churchyard, and placed a cross at its head.

A twelvemonth passed away. One morning a large official-looking letter with a black seal came to me. It was from the Crimea. Cold, exposure, carelessness, and, I am afraid, brandy, had proved as fatal to my poor friend Mike as to many another gallant spirit, whose departure from this life is still mourned at innumerable English hearths. Cécile was deeply distressed by her bereavement. She loved Mike devotedly. He left all he had to her: it was no large sum of money; it was independence of fortune to her. I was made executor. At my instance, Cécile purchased an annuity of twelve hundred francs, and invested the remainder of the money in French Treas. Cécile became more beautiful than ever, for now her person assumed that matronly beauty which is so much nearer the ideal of loveliness than the unripened charms of youth. The bud was now a full-blown rose.

She recently married a second husband. He is a mathematical instrument maker, and a thriving, worthy fellow. I was at the wedding. I signed the marriage certificate as one of her "witnesses." I still visit them. Every Sunday there is a plate laid on their table for me. I am still her *gros chien* and *petit cochon*.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

ABOUT ten days before Easter, there is rowed on the river Thames (latterly in every year, and from Putney to Mortlake), the eight-oared match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; not for any material prize, but to ascertain which of the two blue ribands shall have the honour of being the Champion of the year. Shortly ere the race takes place the newspapers insert brief but exciting paragraphs about it, saying six for the one side and half-a-dozen for the other—polish and power are contrasted with style and speed—the west-end hosiers put cravats and rosettes of the rival colours in their windows, mention of the match edges into most general conversations, and so, in one way and another, even those who know and care but little about the Universities, and far less about aquatics, are warmed up to take some degree of interest in the issue. In truth, there is no sporting event throughout England so notable, or so satisfactory in all its bearings, as this great boat race.

And now, pray let not anybody who has flatteringly read thus far dread lest there is coming either a reflection how creditable it is for eighteen young men, born in comfortable positions of life, to undergo such voluntary hard work for honour's sake, while they have any number of easy, idle pleasures around them; nor else a speculation as to how much of England's greatness, or the character of Englishmen may be traced to this struggle, or, *vice versa*, this struggle to them: nor, finally, any favourable comparison of Oxonians and Cantabs with the frivolous students of a French Lycée, or with their beerdrinking, duelling German brethren. True as such remarks may be, they have, however, been capitally made on several previous occasions, and in a few days' time may probably be made again; so the less that ground is occupied the better. It is now simply proposed to speak in a gossiping way of the organization and training of the crews at head quarters; in the belief that of the thousands who admire their skill and endurance on the eventful day, a large proportion do not know, but still may care to hear, what great pains are taken to ensure excellence. Being best acquainted with the Cambridge boat, we have that more especially in our mind's eye while writing; but with a change of names, and perhaps of a few minor details, the description will serve equally well for the Oxford one, as the main line of action is the same at each University.

Rare old prints in the writer's possession, cuttings from that great authority, "Bell's Life in London," afford the following statistics concerning the University Match, "the most solemn and important event that is known in the rowing world. This, properly so called, is that race which takes place over the London course. It is distinguished from all others, such as those rowed at the Henley and Thames Regattas (though between picked crews also entitled to wear the coveted riband), more particularly by the length of the course and the individual attention which is paid to the formation of the crews, the whole energies of the Universities being directed to that alone; whereas at other casual meetings, such as

those above mentioned, many of the rowers are also engaged in other matches," and, moreover, after all, they may not have the race to themselves. In accordance with this definition, the following table shows

THE UNIVERSITY MATCHES (PROPER) SINCE THEIR COMMENCEMENT.

Year.	Place.	Winner.	Time.	Won by
1829	Henley (2m. 2fur.)	Oxford	14m. 30s.	Many lengths.
1836	Westminster to Putney (5m. 5fur.)	Cambridge	36m.	1 minute.
1839	"	Cambridge	31m.	1 min. 45 secs.
1840	"	Cambridge	29m. 30s.	2-3rds of length.
1841	"	Cambridge	32m. 30s.	1 min. 4 secs.
1842	"	Oxford	30m. 45s.	13 seconds.
1845	Putney to Mortlake (4m. 2fur.)	Cambridge	23m. 30s.	30 seconds.
1846*	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	21m. 5s.	2 lengths.
1849	Putney to Mortlake	Cambridge	22m.	Many lengths.
1849†	"	Oxford	(Foul)	
1852	"	Oxford	21m. 36s.	27 seconds.
1854	"	Oxford	25m. 29s.	11 strokes.
1856	Mortlake to Putney	Cambridge	25m. 50s.	Half a length.
1857	Putney to Mortlake	Oxford	22m. 50s.	35 seconds.
1858	"	Cambridge	21m. 23s.	22 seconds.
1859	"	Oxford	24m. 30s.	Cambridge sank.
1860	"	Oxford	26m.	1 length.
1861	"	Oxford	23m. 27s.	48 seconds.

Thus it will be seen that of the eighteen races Oxford has won eight and Cambridge ten. Since 1856 either University has been victorious alternately, as it should be; whenever Oxford has won it has done so in hollow style, while, on the other hand, the Cantabs can boast of having proved themselves the better men in the four severest races recorded—those of 1840, 1846, 1856, and 1860.

Supposing that a challenge has been duly sent and accepted, the Captain of the University Boat Club sets about the formation of his crew directly the Lent term is in working order. The race, by the way, necessarily comes off in the spring, because the Oxford long vacation does not commence until July, whereas the Cambridge begins three weeks sooner. And so one afternoon early in February it is reported that "the 'Varsity'" is going out for the first time. Let us walk down by the river, and have a look at it, and watch the "second division" eights practising for the term races, and wait at the railway bridge until it overtakes us. Presently there comes steadily round the bend a boat which a scrap of sky-blue riband in the bows proclaims to be "the 'Varsity.'" The Great Mentor of University crews is driven by an able lieutenant a few yards astern, and he narrowly

* This was the first race in outriggered eights.

† In December, instead of at Easter, 1850.

observes every movement. The appearance of the boat as a whole is very different to that which it will present at Putney six weeks hence. The ship is comparatively roomy, and of the old-fashioned sort, and the men are clad as gaily as a knot of jockeys. Here are the Lady Margaret scarlet "blazer," the twisted black and white ribands of Trinity Hall, the gray jersey of the Third Trinity (Eton and Westminster men), the dark blue of First Trinity (without exception the most renowned of all boat clubs), and one of the often changing uniforms of a small college. These are new hands being tried for the first time; the old ones are known by their faded light blue colours that denote they have borne their part in some past contest. When the Mentor has watched them for a mile or so, back he bowls again to take the measure of another crew (at Cambridge dubbed "the Duffers"), that practises along with the greater gun, in order to form a reserve, and to develop the powers of other likely men.

After a few days' work of this kind, the best oarsmen are selected; they do not seat themselves at hazard in the boat, but occupy certain places for definite reasons. "*On nait rôtisseur*," writes Brillat-Savarin, and the Latin proverb has it "*Poeta nascitur, non fit*;" very likely also, in order to properly fill many another berth unknown to our limited philosophy, one ought to come into the world with a pretty talent for it. However, we make bold to affirm that a man is not born a good stroke oar, he becomes one. Other things being equal to the task, practice tends most to its mastery; in part proof of the assertion, see the number of old Etonians and Westminsters, used to pulling from boyhood, who have been the best 'Varsity strokes. This No. 8 should unite many qualities in himself, and especially should be cool, good-tempered, able to row from first to last an equable stroke, and even in the most desperate struggle "to have a little left in him yet." He should be backed up by steady men at Nos. 6 and 7, old hands if possible; Nos. 4 and 5 ought to be the biggest men in the boat, and bow the lightest. The weight of the forward four should balance that of the four aft, and the weight and strength of the stroke, or port side, should respectively equalize that of the bow side. The lighter the coxswain, of course, the better; but as half the fortune of the event is dependent on him, a clear head, a steady hand, and a good heart, more than compensate for an extra stone or two in the stern sheets. The young ladies who, at the race, so gallantly wear colours that cannot be struck in the event of defeat (quite unlike the men, who furtively smuggle off rosettes), need not think that the brother, or—well, let us say—cousin, is necessarily fit to be one of the number, simply because he is "so fond of the water," or perhaps has brought home a neatly engraved pewter won in a "scratch four," any more than that their favourite curate necessarily understands Hebrew because he is a clergyman. For, to start with, nine such men are not found without difficulty even where rowers abound; and then, afterwards, long and careful must be the practice, and great the pains expended before they are moulded into a first-rate crew. However excellent the individual members

may be, however long and strong each may be able to pull, unless they pull altogether the crew cannot be an effective one: the rowing of each man must gradually be assimilated to his brother's, and of all to that of the stroke. This is solely achieved by long, steady journeys rowed every afternoon, say from Oxford to Nuneham, or Abingdon lasher, and back (about $8\frac{1}{2}m.$ or $14\frac{1}{2}m.$), or from Cambridge to Bottisham and back ($12m.$). Uninitiated as to the value of this system,—which has been styled "the magic crucible wherein crude angularities of uneven elements of work are fused together into one smooth metal of even texture throughout"—a spectator only bearing in mind the precision, dash, and speed of the race, might now be inclined to pooh-pooh our athletes plodding along with their swinging and well-defined, but not showy, 28 or 30 strokes per minute. But let him not be so fast. That admired precision cannot possibly be attained without this preparatory exercise, while neither dash nor speed are as yet attempted. All now required is that the catch hold of the water, the fall of the backs, and the finish of the stroke be simultaneous, and, in a word, that a careless stroke never be rowed.

And now we will leave them to paddle on thus for, perhaps, a fortnight, until the "crew is made," as the phrase goes, and will speak of the training which, of course, is necessary to enable them successfully to undergo their more than ordinary exertions. Now-a-days training is bereft of many of the horrors attendant upon it in former times. Men are not cruelly stinted of a fair quantity of wholesome drink, neither are they disgusted with meat that has been merely shown to the fire. The latter treatment, especially, may be in vogue in the preparation of Chickens, and Spiders, and Pets, for, according to one of their favoured treatises on the subject, they are recommended to partake of meats "rich and ruddy with the gravy in them"—mercy on us, gravy, indeed! But, then, these worthies cannot be very fastidious about what they put inside their bodies, judging from the indifference they display for the outsides, since those who fail in cleansing their skins with brown Windsor or old yellow are told in the same work "to resort to the banks of certain rivers for a soapy kind of mud that will effectually sweeten them." The training of University oarsmen consists of early hours, running, rowing, and a temperate use of the most nourishing food and drink. The same treatment cannot be prescribed for all constitutions, but the following seems to be about an average specimen of the way in which the month preceding the match is spent. All meet at 7 a.m., and run a couple of miles, at first gently, afterwards at a sharp burst; this is essential, as it is the only improver of the wind. After a tub and rub, they breakfast together in turn at one another's rooms, and have broiled steaks and chops, bread-and-butter, water-cresses, and tea in moderation. A little reading fills up the morning capitally, and keeps the mind quietly occupied; indeed, high classical attainments and good rowing often go hand in hand, and each University is able to point to many distinguished "double firsts." At 12:30 a biscuit and a glass of wine,

and at 2 p.m. down to the river to row the course. This over, they have a comfortable wash, and then dine together upon beef or mutton sufficiently roasted, broiled, or boiled, wholesome vegetables, plain jelly, water-cresses, lettuces, and a pint of sound, home-brewed ale. Pork, veal, salted meats, made dishes, pastry, cheese, condiments and smoking are forbidden. Those who are used to wine are allowed a glass or two after dinner. All ought to be in bed shortly after 10 o'clock; and, for those with whom it agrees, the best thing to take as supper is a basin of carefully made plain oatmeal water-gruel. But training is very ticklish work with many men; they are apt to get feverish, and nearly the same round of food day after day often palls. Again, about ten days after the system has been begun, a period of depression sometimes occurs; this, however, is a turning point, and once passed, the patients feel brighter and harder. The Mentor and the coxswain strive to keep the crew cheerful and good-tempered one with another, free from all sensations of staleness and over-training. If the cast of character includes a good low-comedy man, so much the better.

About three weeks before the day, the long, steady paddling will have done its duty, the crew is made; it is now time to begin hard work at a racing stroke taken 38, 39, or 40 times in the minute. This makes matters more interesting for lookers-on, and dozens of men in traps and on foot accompany the boat over a four-mile course, or at Cambridge, the nearest available approach to it. Opinions are freely given with that delicious confidence that usually distinguishes the amateur critic, and which may be always observed every year at the Royal Academy, when the works of other great masters are sweepingly extolled or condemned with astonishing assurance. Now we hear that "bow doesn't pull his own weight," that "7 is splendid all through," that "stroke is short," and so on, through a long list of remarks singularly attractive to lovers of "boating shop," but equally uninteresting to a general public. This is also about the period when horrid rumours are rife that "4 shuts up dead half-way," or that boils sorely afflict some of the willing slaves of the oar; possibly, too, a "duffer" is promoted from somebody's inefficiency, or failing health, and then anxiety is felt to know how this new comer, very likely not in the best training, will affect the welfare of the whole. But these and the like are the rufflings inseparable from any course of true love, and can only be met by a cheerful philosophy.

The next great excitement is to ascertain the merits of the new ship that has been built for the occasion; for though she may be on the most admired lines by a celebrated builder, there is no actual certainty that she will turn out a commensurate success. There are many opinions, sometimes even in the same crew, as to the qualities of a ship; there is some fashion, and perhaps there is some caprice in the choice of a builder; and, very often, a boat has more shortcomings scored to its discredit than are due. Notably so was this the case when the Cantabs were swamped in 1859, and everybody cried out with Géronte, "*Que diable allaient-ils faire dans cette galère?*"

But, in truth, the getting half-full of water in turning before the start, and the worst station on a remarkably tempestuous morning, which brought about the accident, were misfortunes of a special day, not faults of the boat. The old "ladder" (as she got nick-named), built by Matthew Taylor, was, however, big enough to carry the heavier 1858 crew first past the flag over the same course, and was also a fast boat as proved by that victory, and by one (with a pinch of luck), at Henley, over the London Rowing Club, then in the zenith of its fame. Oxford's last year's boat appeared a magnificent one both to travel, and, in finish, like most of Salter's build.

A racing-boat of the present day is a curious looking machine: its chief requirements seem to be (though builders differ), fine lines fore and aft, a flat mid-ship section and floor carried well forward, and a large keelson, or backbone, to keep it perfectly rigid and not liable to dip in the middle when pressed by the oarsmen. The one in which Cambridge won in 1860, built by Searle, with "no extreme views," and generally allowed to be a good, fast boat will serve as an illustration. Her length over-all is 57 feet 4 in., and greatest width, at No. 5's thwart, 2 feet 2 in. She is built of mahogany veneers, moulded over a few oak ribs to the proper lines by the aid of steam, and further strengthened by light iron tie rods; there is no keel, and consequently some degree of dexterity is required in sitting; when afloat the oars must be out and lying with their blades flat on the water, or she would most likely capsizes. The rowlocks are extended on iron outriggers, so that the narrowness of the boat does not take away from the leverage. The outside is beautifully French polished, and if possible, is treated to an extra coat for the race.

Well, let us suppose that the new boat is a success, that the crew have improved, and daily row the course in many seconds less than on each previous occasion. Perhaps by this time some old University oarsmen have come up to see how matters go on, and these Ancient Mariners in wondrously faded "blues," match themselves against the young ones. Bearing in mind the saying of "age before honesty," they start with a lead of several lengths; but, as may be imagined, they are eventually rowed down and passed.

On the last day of the crew, at head-quarters, let us watch them row the course, not the whole way, but from our former stand-point, the Railway Bridge. A dozen dog-carts and gigs, and a few score of pedestrians are already there waiting for them. Distant runners on Stourbridge Fair Green, announce their coming; a minute or two more and they'll be round the bend. Here they are! While they lie slightly athwart the view, notice the sharp clip downwards of all the shoulders at the same instant; and now that they are end on, the eight oars seem as one on either side, and cleave and leave the water with distinct slapping sounds. Out with a watch and count the strokes! Thirty-nine. "Easy all," cries the coxswain, and they glide through the narrow arch. Not an eye is off stroke's oar; every man looks bright and hearty, and though they have rowed nearly a mile and three-quarters, there are no signs of

distress. About three strokes have been lost in consequence of the hideous wooden nuisance; and at the sharp word "Row on," off they go full swing. In your mind's eye, good reader, catch hold of a friendly trap, and run a mile and a half to Bait's Bite; you now have them within a few yards of you, and can see them much better than you will at Putney; only take care of yourself in the scramble. Away they go down the Long Reach, now at forty strokes, or about ten miles an hour, through the nearly stagnant water. "Well rowed!" is heard every now and then from the banks, and indeed they deserve the praise. Though working their hardest, every movement is so smooth and uniform that rowing looks the easiest thing in the world.

Be lenient if in our enthusiasm we spend a little of our now precious breath in plaguing you to watch how straight and rigid their arms are at the commencement of the stroke,—how they all catch hold of the water at the same instant, and by the swing of the body and the pressure of the legs, as well as by the pull of the arms, they row the oar dashing through the water, parallel to its surface, and put all their strength into the first part of the stroke, and all their science into its clean, precise finish—and, finally, how they instantly launch their bodies forward again for a fresh pull. "Well steered!" is the recognition of the coxswain's skill, for he has kept his course as true as a die, and taken Grassy Corner, nearly a right angle, with the least possible amount of rudder. The Gut is passed; only half a mile more. Stroke rams 42 into the minute, but there is no short rowing; he is thoroughly backed up, all lay out in grand style, and outdo their former work.

"Look at fower! my word, how he dew row!" says a Barnwell Bargee on a gang hauled out of the way, and then adds reflectively, "and he's an old man, tew."

"Now," cries coxswain; and the men whom one would fancy must be more dead than alive, lift the boat for the last twenty strokes with such undying pluck and power that a hearty cheer rings from the crowd on the bank. Evidently the time is satisfactory to the crew, but much mystery is observed concerning it. After they have donned their new "blues" and straw hats, and have rested for a few minutes, they paddle gently home, but keep up some excitement by practising starts.

And here we say good-bye to them, since it was proposed to speak only of their preparation at head-quarters. They now go to London to pass, previously to the race, what one cannot help fearing will be a tedious, dreary week. For they will live in a river-side public-house, scarcely the pleasantest of places, in spite of the "most unremitting attention," which we know from print landlords invariably pay. The Thames, too, will appear to take particular pleasure in being at high water in the night, and at low water during the day, after the usual manner of tidal streams when you are staying by them. Apart from going to town to be photographed in a group, and to have their hair cut—from the visits of friends, when the same story will have to be told over and over again—and from the daily row over the

actual course, in which both crews will probably show improvement—apart from these, we fear that their main occupation will be nothing more enlivening than a mingled round of reading novels in a desultory way, of feverishly devouring every fragment of gossip and newspaper intelligence which may relate to the race, of attempting to smother a kind of wish that all the strain and excitement of mind and body were over, and of spending a shilling a day in halfpenny walks across Putney Bridge.

STAYS.

ALTHOUGH seldom, if ever, mentioned by writers on industrial topics, the Stay trade is one of considerable importance and magnitude, which, irrespective of the large amount of capital embarked in it, furnishes employment to a very great number of operatives, both male and female; while not a few of the enormous cotton mills in Lancashire are specially devoted to the production of textile fabrics, such as "jeans," "sateens," "coutils," &c., to meet the ordinary requirements of the stay manufacturers.

Stays differ considerably in size, appearance, and price. Those intended for sale in the southern counties are much lighter and more neatly finished than those which are made for localities north of the metropolis, especially in the manufacturing and mining districts, where *thickness* and *heaviness* generally form the principal desideratum, and to attain which, the staymakers are compelled to use many thousand yards of stout canvas, woven from Russian and other hemp, for which there exists a large and steadily increasing demand. Besides this, more than one-half of the total amount of whalebone imported into this country, is required for the stay trade; the remaining portion being used in the manufacture of whips, umbrellas, parasols, &c.; but of late years, the regular supply of whalebone has diminished to such an extent, that in some instances the price has risen from one penny per pound to *five shillings*.

This has been occasioned by several causes, such as the increasing shyness of whales, involving greater difficulties in their capture; the invention and general use of gas instead of oil; the substitution of palm-oil candles in place of the more expensive spermaceti; and the recent discovery of the oil wells in America; all of which have tended to lessen the demand for sperm oil, the high profits formerly arising from the sale of which constituted the principal inducement that led our hardy and adventurous mariners to undertake their perilous and daring voyages to the Northern Seas, in search of whales. Whalebone, by itself, is too bulky an article to remunerate the whaler; and was generally used to aid in ballasting his ship. The increased price of the commodity has consequently led to the attempted substitution of other substances, such as steel, gutta percha, cane, &c.; but they all fail to secure the peculiar softness and elasticity of whalebone. Many tons of metal eyelets are annually manufactured at Sheffield and Birmingham, for the stay trade, which also consumes several millions of wood, steel, and

other "busks;" a term familiar to female ears. The enormous extent of the traffic in stays will become more apparent by a reference to the census of 1861, which informs us that the female population of the kingdom amounts to 14,954,109 souls. Deducting 2,954,109 from those figures, we have 12,000,000 left to represent the total number of women, children, and infants wearing the much denounced but persistently worn article. This number might be largely increased by the addition of all the male children under five years of age; but omitting these, and assuming that each of the above-mentioned women, children, and infants require but one pair of stays annually, we shall find that twelve millions of stays are yearly made for British consumption alone, the total value of which cannot be less than 1,000,000*l.*; and to produce which, more than 36,000,000 yards of jean, canvas, and other materials are required, besides an incalculable number of pounds of sewing cotton. Stays are manufactured of every possible shape and price, from the infant's "band" at 2½*d.*, to the fashionable "corset" at 1*l.* 1*s.* Several thousands of cheap "corsets" are imported from France and Belgium; but a far larger number, of British make, are exported to America and the colonies. As to the highly important question respecting the alleged injuries resulting to the human frame from the continued use of stays by females, that is a disputed question, which must not be confounded with that of the effects arising from the foolish, dangerous, and unnecessary practice of *tight lacing*, a system which annually leads, according to the Registrar-General's returns, to the loss of many thousands of lives. No smallness of waist can ever compensate for the injury done to the vital organs by undue compression; neither will the delicate slimness, so highly prized by our young and fashionable sisters, ever rival the beautiful and exquisite contour of the *un-stayed* bust exhibited by the glorious model of the Venus de Medici.

The corsets worn by the majority of females amongst the wealthier classes, are made on comparatively commendable principles, as contrasted with those donned by the generality of their humbler sisters, who prefer an article which sets at defiance every hygienic rule and law; but even these are an improvement on those worn by our grandmothers in their maiden days, for the stays of that period contained almost as much whalebone as they did buckram and jean; and in many instances were made entirely of heavy, solid *shoe leather*, nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness! No wonder that the females of George the Third's time were a stiff-backed generation. But we have dwelt so long on the article, that we had well nigh forgotten the workers who produce it.

The pen of Mr. Henry Mayhew has familiarised us with the industrial characteristics peculiar to the riverside districts situated below London Bridge; but, although he has supplied us with copious details respecting the condition of the dock-labourers, ballast-heavers, lightermen, coalwhippers, &c., he has scarcely alluded to the principal occupations followed by their wives,

and other female relatives. These are slop, shirt, and stay manufacturing, of which the stay work is generally preferred, as being the easiest of execution. The female workers are classed respectively as "stitchers," "seamers," "cottoners," "tambourers," "trimmers," &c., and generally labour at their own abodes.

The stay-manufacturers of London may be said to employ about 10,000 workers in town and country, while the provincial firms may be estimated as employing about 25,000 more. Of these, about 8000 reside in the metropolis, chiefly about the eastern riverside districts; and the rest at the principal seaports and large towns.

About one male is employed for every twenty-five of the other sex, the labour of which is excessively unremunerative, few of the female workers obtaining more than five or six shillings per week, while many are compelled to be content with eightpence or two shillings; notwithstanding which, no lack of workers has ever been experienced, at least so far as the metropolis is concerned. But it must not be hastily assumed that the stay-workers have no other means of procuring a livelihood; because their work does not, in general, interfere with their domestic duties, and its proceeds form a welcome though slender addition to the family income. Yet instances of severe privation and distress are not uncommon, especially when the occurrence of a frost throws the male members of the family out of employment.

Moreover, so far as the stay-stitchers are concerned, the invention of the sewing-machine bids fair to revolutionise their position. It has been introduced into the stay-trade, and is beginning to produce a marked effect on the number of hand-workers. The females engaged on these machines are generally employed in factories, and obtain from 9*s.* to 18*s.* per week in London, and from 5*s.* to 13*s.* in the country; besides producing a far superior article—commercially speaking—at a less cost; so that it is not unlikely that in a few years the sewing-machine will have completely superseded the ill-paid and unhealthy hand-work. Machinery is likewise invading the trade in other departments, and already the shears are battling for existence with the steam-cutting machine; while the desultory system of home-work is giving way to the more economical subdivision of labour as practised in factories. Of the male workers, I have scarcely spoken; but, as a rule, they are poorly paid, especially in the provinces, where their wages are far below those received by their London brethren.

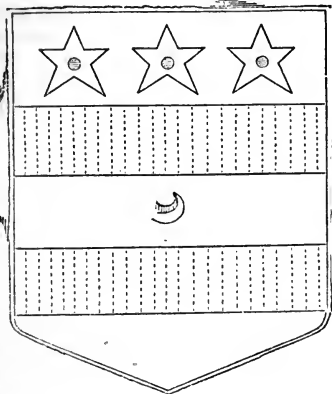
JOHN PLUMMER.

BRINGTON AND THE WASHINGTON FAMILY.

ABOUT seven miles from the busy town of Northampton is to be found the extremely picturesque village of Great Brington, which has long possessed a certain degree of interest from its proximity to Althorp Park, the magnificent seat of Earl Spencer, several of whose ancestors have sumptuous monuments yet remaining to their memory in Brington church. But of late years the village has become a shrine to which many a

pilgrimage has been made from the other side of the Atlantic ; for recent researches have afforded abundant proofs of the intimate connection of Brington with the honoured name of Washington.

It was in this simple, unpretending Northamptonshire village that the ancestors of George



Armorial Bearings of the Washingtons.

Washington once resided, and it was from here that *Sir John Washington*, the great-grandfather of the first American president, went forth towards the new Land of Promise, there to find the rest and repose which was denied to him at home, and to sow the seeds of that fame which afterwards culminated around the name of his great-grandson.

Brington church contains the identical tomb-slab of Lawrence Washington, the father of the emigrant, on which may yet be traced the family arms—argent, two bars gules ; in chief, three mullets of the second—from which in all probability originated an ensign, which has since acquired a fame and importance second only to that of Great Britain.

The unwearied and attentive labours of local historians and archaeologists have cleared away much of the doubt and uncertainty formerly existing with respect to the family ; and to the late George and Miss Baker, of Northampton ; the Rev.

Thomas James, of Theddingworth ; and to the Rev. J. N. Simpkinson, of Brington ; the thanks both of the American and British nations are

eminently due, for the light which they have shed on the early history of the Washingtons.

From their statements, which are now received as authorities by most American historians, it appears tolerably certain that the before-mentioned Lawrence Washington came from Sulgrave, (a village in the same county), to Brington ; and that this removal was partly occasioned by his relationship to the family of Lord Spencer. To understand this, it must be remembered that the Washington family were originally from Lancashire, and that Sir Thomas Kitson, one of the great merchants of that time (the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.) was not only uncle of the first Lawrence Washington but also the father of Lady Spencer, so that there was a blood relationship existing between the families of Spencer and Washington. According to the Rev. Thomas James, "A tomb in the church of Sulgrave still retains the arms and names of one of the family ; and within a few years the shield of the Washingtons was seen by Washington Irving—where it is to be seen no longer—in the kitchen-window."

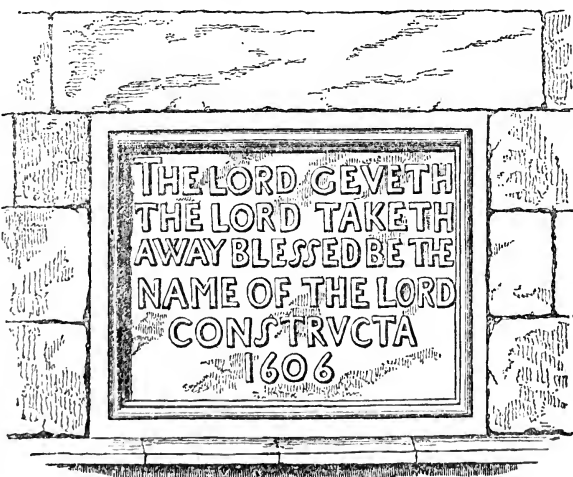
Mr. James adds, "By a singular coincidence, from the adjoining parish of Warden, sprung the family of Lord North, the great antagonist of Washington, and prime minister during the American war."

The Rev. J. N. Simpkinson furnishes many curious and interesting facts and details in support of his assertions respecting the social position of the Washingtons of Brington, from which we learn that they seem to have been on intimate terms with the Spencer family, and that they also became allied to that of the Villiers ; the eldest son of Lawrence Washington, and brother of the emigrant, having married the half-sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, so that the Republican leader of 1776 was connected by ties of relationship with two of the loftiest peerages of

that land, whose sway he so sternly repudiated, and whose martial power he so successfully opposed.

It has not been clearly ascertained what led *Sir John Washington* to leave his native land, but there can be little doubt of his implication in the Royalist plots and conspiracies of 1656, and that he was compelled to seek safety in flight. He had been knighted by James I. about 1623, and that his sympathies

were with the Court may be inferred from the fact that it was his brother, Sir Henry Washington, who so daringly headed the storm-



(See page 448.)

ing party at Bristol, and also defended Worcester for the king.

The tomb of his first wife is to be seen at Islip-on-the-Nen. Washington Irving, and other American writers have traced the history of the family of Sir John, or rather John Washington, for he appears to have dropped the title in his adopted home; and nothing remains to be added to their statements except that there are good reasons for believing that the house in which Lawrence, and, after him, John Washington, resided at Brington, is yet in existence.

A minute investigation of the parish register, the household books at Althorp, and other original sources of information, convinced Mr. Simpkinson that an ancient dwelling in the village was the house in question.

It is one of those habitations not uncommon in

Northamptonshire, wherein remain the vestiges of a former substantial state, sadly at variance with its present reduced and altered condition.

Over the doorway, facing the street, is an oblong stone tablet, on which is inscribed, after the fashion of the time:—

THE LORD GEVETH, THE LORD TAKETH AWAY.
BLESSED BE THE NAME OF THE LORD.
CONSTRVCTA, 1606.

Such pious and devout expressions were frequently employed in this way; for instance, in one of the chambers at Rockingham Castle, there appears the following appropriate sentence:

The : Howse : Shal : Be : Preserved : And : Never :
Wil : Decaye : Wheare : The : Almightye : God : Is :
Honored : And : Served : Daye : By : Daye.



House in Little Brington, supposed to have been occupied by the Washingtons.

but the Brington inscription apparently refers to some sad incident connected with the history of those who erected or resided in the house. Well, and we quote from Mr. Simpkinson—"we turn to the parish register: and there the only name which seems to answer our inquiry is the name of *Washington!* The Lord had both given them, and taken away, a child *in that very year in which the house was built.* Nor was this the only reason they had for dwelling emphatically on that passage of Scripture. They were bearing the weight of great reverses; they were full of anxiety for the future, and of sad recollections of the past, while settling down in a new home under a very marked change of circumstances."* And therefore what could be more natural than their selection of a passage in which faith, hope, and resignation were so touchingly blended? If this conclusion be the right one, and there exists no evidence to the contrary, then Northamptonshire may justly pride

itself, not only on being the county of the Franklins and the Washingtons, but also on possessing, in addition to other relics, the very home in which the Cavalier ancestors of the Republican President lived and died; thus adding a fresh bond of mutual sympathy and kindly feeling to those already subsisting between the people of these isles and their Transatlantic brethren.

Those who desire to investigate the subject at greater length, cannot do better than peruse the work of Mr. Simpkinson, which not only illustrates the peculiar characteristics of a remarkable period in our history, but likewise tends to elucidate the reality of those family traditions which had so large a share in forming the character of George Washington, and led him to temper his republican ardour with the recollection of how his ancestors had suffered for their fidelity to the cause of a fallen monarch, whose worst failings are effaced from our memory by the story of his sad misfortunes.

* "The Washingtons." By the Rev. John Nassau Simpkinson, M.A. Longmans and Co. 1860.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoyng in the gynnyn causeth mykel errour in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER I. GOOD ACCOMMODATION FOR MAN AND BEAST.

Would he live through the night? Would he die before his eldest son arrived? Could it be that the parent and the child, separated since so many years, were not to meet again on this side of the grave? How many times had the sun gone down upon their wrath, and risen again to find it yet turbulent and restless, and surging like a sea that would not be stayed! And *now* would not even Death bring penitence, and peace, and forgiveness?

Who could answer? Not pale Mr. Fuller, the surgeon of Grilling Abbots, the nearest town: not Dr. Barker, who had come over expressly summoned from the Mowle Infirmary: not Dr. Chillingworth, who had hurried down post-haste from London. They had met in serious conclave round the sick man's bed. They had held a solemn—almost a grim—consultation upon the case. They had retired to the library adjoining, and whispered each other, and compared notes. They talked so earnestly, yet in voices so subdued they were

inaudible a few yards off, while their heads approached together in so close a cluster that they seemed almost to pertain to one body, and looked like three apples growing on a single stalk. Pale Mr. Fuller went through a sort of friendly cross-examination as to the course of treatment he had pursued; he set forth his medicines and his motives in applying them: he stated his knowledge of the invalid, with particulars as to age, constitution, previous illnesses, predisposition to disease, &c. The doctor from Mowle patted the surgeon of Grilling Abbots familiarly, yet approvingly, on the shoulder. The physician from London patted both his professional brothers on the back, and nodded a great many times his approbation at all they had said and done. "Nothing could have been better—nothing, nothing," he said; and they had each a glass of Madeira and a biscuit. They could not answer, they said, for the poor sufferer's life: no, they agreed,—not from one moment to another.

Who could answer, then, if these could not? Certainly not that cosy group of guests round the

glorious red-fire in the large room of the George Inn, Grilling Abbots.

Would the old gentleman last through the night? Was old Mr. Hadfield of the Grange really going? So they asked each other in low, awful whispers. The question went buzzing round as though it had been part of a fireside forfeit game, and each man was bound to propose it to his neighbour, and to give to it an evasive answer when *his* turn came to be examined on the subject. Indeed, it might have been a game. It was the season of the year for forfeits, and such amusements. The day after Christmas Day. There was merriment enough and to spare at other places. There was a grand ball at Mowle, for instance; while up in London, very likely, there were thousands shrieking with laughter at the clown's first leap on to the stage—at his soiling his new clean motley in his first slip and tumble. There was little mirth, though, at Grilling Abbots. They were warm and snug, the fire glowing splendidly, the kettle always proffering boiling water, the mugs full, and the rummers emitting most deliciously inebriating perfume. But there was no mirth. This question about old Mr. Hadfield oppressed all terribly. Already there seemed to be a gloom as of crape covering and saddening them.

It was a small enough event from any other than a Grilling Abbots point of view, it must be admitted. It was like an explosion in a room—it would break the windows possibly, and make the children next door scream and clutch their mother's skirts; but out of a certain small radius it would be quite inaudible. Yes, they would hear it at Mowle; they would be moved by it at Mowle—not, of course, so much as at Grilling Abbots, but still considerably. You know *he* had sat for Mowle—in the old times before the Reform Bill. No, he never set foot in the House after the Bill. He swore he never would, and he kept his oath. There was no mistake about him. If he once said a thing, he kept to it through thick and thin,—aye, that he did. A true, staunch, stout old English gentleman—that he was. There was no mistake about him. They were all agreed upon that. Yes, they would feel his loss at Mowle. But in London? Those Cockney chaps would read it in the newspaper at breakfast over their eggs, their precious London milk and eggs: (how derisive the rural inhabitant is always on the state in which the town-dweller receives these dainties!) they would read in the paper a simple line or two—

On the 26th December, George Richard Saxon Carew Hadfield, of Hadfield Grange, Grilling Abbots, Uplandshire, in the 72nd year of his age, deeply lamented—

and think and care nothing about the matter, and never know how valued was the old man in the neighbourhood of his estate, how good a friend he had been to the poor of Grilling Abbots; how treasured was his name and his memory amongst them; how old a family he came of, and how many pages were devoted to the chronicles of his house in that interesting work, the "History of Uplandshire."

There must of course be limits to grief. The

bereavement which crushes one heart so cruelly is mere gossamer weight to another. The life to *that* man all in all is as nothing to *this*. Can we truly sorrow for one we have never heard of even, much less seen? Perhaps it is as well that we have some invulnerable places in our hearts. Were we to mourn each time that Death strikes down a victim, when should we joy?

"When did the Hadfields come into the county?" they were asking in the large room at the George. Was it in the time of the Henrys or the Edwards? They referred to the schoolmaster. He drew hard at his pipe. If the answer was worth having, it is presumable that it was worth waiting for. He appeared to be counting, as though he were obedient to that direction in music which requires you to wait so many bars before you come in again with your contribution to the harmony. But the schoolmaster waited too long, especially as the answer he was finally able to give was of so vague and incomplete a character. He wasn't sure, he said. You see, he'd only come into the county himself within the last twenty years. Woodlandshire, that was *his* native county. But he thought the Edwards. Yes, he was nearly sure about it—it *must* be the Edwards. Still, his uncertainty sent him down terribly—regarded as a man of general information—in the estimation of the assembly. For some considerable time afterwards he ruled very low—as the money-market people phrase it—and was indeed, I should say, quoted at quite a nominal price.

However, they were a very old family, the Hadfields, there was no doubt about that.

"A reverend thing," says Bacon, "to see an ancient castle or building not in decay, or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect. How much more to behold an ancient family, which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time!"

A very old family—the schoolmaster told no one news when he told *that*. They had been seated at a very early period in Uplandshire—that was no great news either. Surely all Grilling Abbots knew *that*. They had received territorial grants from Henry VIII. at the dissolution of the Monasteries—that was certain also. And there was a Richard Hadfield, barrister-at-law, Recorder of the city of Oldport, Serjeant-at-Law, and Queen's Serjeant (38th Elizabeth, 1596), who had purchased additional adjoining lands (the Broadmede estates, indeed, which had belonged originally to Broadmede Priory) of Henry, third Earl of Chevedale, the grantee at the dissolution. Sir Hugh Hadfield was sheriff of the county in the tenth year of James I., and received the honour of knighthood at the coronation of Charles I. He erected the family seat on the site of an ancient Grange of the old Abbey of Grilling. Sir Hugh's house was a noble building, in the form, it was said as regarded its ground-plan, of a **I**, in compliment to James I. Since that period, however, the house had undergone considerable alteration, and the idea of its founder had been greatly departed from. Part had been pulled down and rebuilt. A George Hadfield, in the reign of Anne, had embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and erected a chapel attached to the house. His son and grandson had reverted to the religion of their

forefathers, and had permitted the chapel to fall into hopeless decay. It must also be said of them that they combined to cut off the entail, destroyed the timber, sold great portion of the Broadmede property, and left heavy encumbrances upon the estates for their successors to struggle with and pay off. Part of the Hadfield lands had indeed been already lost to the family during the Civil War, in which the Hadfield family were devoted partisans of the Stuarts. At the Restoration, a Court of Claims re-established the family in a large share of their possessions; but before they could recover the whole, an order of the King in Council dissolved the Court. In 1682, Thomas, the younger son of Sir Hugh,—to carve out for himself a fortune, or to repair the disasters of his family,—had sailed for America, and settled in Maryland, marrying there. In a last letter received from him, many years later, he had stated that his wife was dead and also one of his two children, and that having acquired a large fortune and sold his lands for 40,000*l.*, he intended returning to England with all his money in specie, and his only surviving son, to introduce him to his relatives, and to be himself interred in the family mausoleum at Grilling Abbots. But nothing further had ever been heard of him, and it was supposed that he had been lost at sea with his son and all his property.

Carved over the park gateway and the porch on the terrace, but very worn now, and moss-grown, and with orange lichen patches over it, the crest of the Hadfields is still traceable. Let the history of the county state it heraldically:—“A dove, ar. beak and legs, gu. standing on a serpent rowed ppr. *Motto*, ‘Soyez sage et simple.’” And in that beautiful chamber—(it is used as a library now, and it is the room in which the medical gentlemen had their consultation and their Madeira)—wainscoted with carved oak of rich and elaborate pattern and most skilful workmanship, is to be seen in admirable preservation an almost unequalled specimen of the richly-decorated withdrawing-room of the time of James I. The chimney-piece is decorated with the Royal arms and the initials of James, while amidst the thick crust of ornamentation on either side are to be found the bearings of Sir Hugh, the builder, and of the family of his wife, one of the Saxons of Hillshire.

Not all this did the schoolmaster narrate to the guests of the George—yet something of it—they could not have borne it all. For they grew giddy with going so far back, just as people are dazzled by a great height. They wouldn't let go the present to trust themselves with the past. There was a sort of magnetic attraction about the business before them. They were held to it as by a chain—they would stretch out to the limits of their links, but they always returned to the original position. Would we live to see his son?

Who remembered Mr. Wilford? Nearly all in the room. Why, it was seven years ago that he went away. No, man—no, not so much. Yes, just seven years. Mrs. Joyce, the landlady of the George, fixed the time to a day—almost to an hour. It was the day her son Jeremiah—her fifth child—was born. She was in bed at the time, as

Dr. Fuller could certify, if he were there, which he wasn't. Jerry was born in November, at half-quarter-day. Nobody could gainsay evidence so circumstantial as this. The fact was generally accepted that Mr. Wilford had gone away little better than seven years ago. Lord, what a long time ago it seemed!

Why had he gone? Nobody liked this question. They shirked it; they shrugged their shoulders; they looked hard at the ceiling. They passed on the inquiry—they said: “Ah! why, indeed?” and each looked as though he expected some one else to answer. He was a fine young fellow; they were all agreed as to that. A very fine young fellow. A handsome boy, with a bright dark eye, and black hair, as thick as a horse's tail. Farmer Corbet had a story to tell about the young gentleman coming over the hedge, in among his oats, playing the devil and all with them, said the farmer. But he behaved well (he went on)—a lad of sperrit, and a gentleman, one of the old Hadfields, and as like as two peas to the picter up in the long room of the Grange of that one ever so long ago as went to Indy, and got lost. Amerikey, was it? Well, it was all the same. Poor young gentleman. Perhaps the old Squire was too hard with him, too quick and sharp. The old Squire could be at times, they all agreed. Mr. Wilford wasn't the one for that sort of treatment. He couldn't bear too much of it. He was of the old Hadfield blood, a fiery temper when he was once roused: and what a black frown came over his face! and he'd give back word for word, they agreed. Yes, *and blow for blow*, said some one; and then there was an awful silence.

They were like children playing at a game; they were growing gradually warmer, and soon warmer—warmer—hot—very hot—then the game was played out—they had reached the climax. They had touched the answer to the question. As they all knew, the story went that the separation of Mr. Hadfield and his eldest son was in this wise: Angry words had passed between them—the dispute raged violently. In his passion the father had struck his son, and the blow had been returned. They had never met since, and Wilford Hadfield had never since set foot in Grilling Abbots.

True or false, this story was the under-current explanation of the division between the Squire and his son. All knew it, though all shrunk from discussing it openly. It was one of the ghosts of Grilling Abbots, this narrative. To be alluded to very carefully, in whispers, with shut doors. True or false, it was a fact that, now on his death-bed, the Squire had sent for his son. Would Wilford Hadfield reach the Grange in time?—he was running a race with Death.

“Snawing fast,” said William ostler, coming into the room, to light a lanthorn or a pipe, or on some such specious errand. In truth, perhaps, to get a little warmth from the fire, or to carry away a slice or so of the conversation of the large room to amuse him with in the dreadful solitude and tedium of his life in the stable loft, or to be asked to take a draught from somebody's mug, or may-be a sip from somebody else's rummer.

"I said it was coming down," remarked the schoolmaster. But he did not improve in value much by the observation, for upon inquiry it seemed that every one in the room had ventured upon a similar prophecy—all had agreed that it would come down hard before morning; they had said so quite early in the day, by the look of the sky.

"Like a blanket. Can't hardly see before yer." What a time William ostler was lighting his pipe!—surely his eyes were roaming from mug to mug, rather enviously.

"Here, William," says Mrs. Joyce; "it must be bitter cold in stable." She hands him a jug of something smoking hot, and strong in flavour. A smile stars his face all over with lines and creases. He does not smile simply with his mouth; he brings his forehead, his cheeks, his eyebrows and eyes, even his shock head of hair, into the business. He stands in a curved attitude, with his head well out from his body, for fear any soiling drops should fall upon his chess-board patterned velvet waistcoat. He raises his shoulders and squares his elbows. The process of drinking seems with him to need nothing so much as free play of the arms. He waves the jug three times, perhaps as a sort of incantation to secure luck; perhaps, to mix well together its contents. He seems rather inclined to make a speech, or drink the health of the company; but he evidently does not quite see his way comfortably through either of these formulæ; so he abandons further ceremony, and empties the jug.

He draws a long breath. Tears are in his eyes. Tears of joy, of gratitude, not of sorrow; or perhaps it is the excessive heat of his libation that has acted as an irritant upon his lachrymal glands.

"Groom Frank's outside," he remarks, applying the back of his hand violently to his lips, as though to rub well into his skin the flavour of his drink. "Come down from Grange."

"What for? Why don't he come in?" says Mrs. Joyce; "he's never standing out in the cold?"

"No; he's under cover—brought horses down. Master Stephen bid him."

"To meet Mr. Wilford?"

William ostler nodded. The whole room was listening, and he seemed rather pleased at being so greatly an object of interest. It was a novel position for him, quite. Why, at that moment, Mr. and Mrs. Joyce were mere cyphers compared to William ostler; while the schoolmaster—bah! he was out of the question altogether. William went on:

"Old gentleman's very bad." It was the latest intelligence from the Grange, and was received with breathless interest.

"All say he's going fast as he can; but he's sensible, groom Frank says—so the housekeeper told 'em in the kitchen. He's asked again for Master Wilford—keeps on asking for him. So Master Stephen sends down groom Frank with horses to meet him, 'cause, if this snaw goes on, he'll have a job to get through Chingley Bottom; and as for going on to Grange with same horses, with that road what it is, and what I've known to be any

winter these last twelve years, why it's more than horseflesh can do—that's what it is. A horse can't do no more than a horse can, and if you goes for to try—" But he stopped short, listening attentively.

"Wheels!" he cried.

All the room listened. Some declared it was fancy; others, no such thing. They could hear them quite well. The schoolmaster said he could hear nothing, but then he was a little hard of hearing on one side; yet, he said, with an air of philosophy, that he had often noticed that when people particularly wanted to hear a particular sound, then they were always given to think that they *did* hear it. The remark was not thought much of, especially as the schoolmaster was wrong. The sound of wheels was now distinctly audible. William, ostler, ran out with a lanthorn. Somebody drew the red curtains from before the long low window of the George. The heat of the room had clouded the glass. Many were occupied in rubbing clear a diamond pane of glass here and there, so that they might look out at the night and see what happened, as through peep-holes.

"Lord! how it was snowing!" "Why, the ground was quite white—the snow an inch thick already!" "What a draught there was with that front-door open!" "O! how cold!" "Who was that man outside there, beyond the trough and the sign-post?" "Why, groom Frank, of course, with the change of horses."

"Yo-ho! Yo-ho! O! O!"

"Yo-ho! Yo-ho! O! O!"

The postilion from afar off echoes William ostler's cry. Now you can plainly hear the dull thumping of the wheels over the rough road muffled by the snow. You can see the red carriage-lights gleaming through the clouds of steam rising from the horses. The carriage makes slow progress in spite of all the whipping and spurring and the shrill threats and encouragement of the postboys. Indeed the horses are nearly dead-beat,—you can hear their pantings through all the noise. What a ghastly look about the carriage, white with snow on all one side where the wind has been blowing—a thick cake of snow on the roof, snow on the lamps even, half melting—snow on the harness, on the horses—on every slightest projection to which it can cling by any possibility. Snow, too, on the cap of the traveller—on his shoulders, on his flowing jet-black beard. He has been leaning out of the window, passionately urging on the postboys.

"Why are you stopping, d—n you!" he cries out savagely.

Groom Frank is at the window in a minute, touching his hat. "The horses are quite done up—there's no going on further with them to-night. He has brought down fresh from the Grange. They'll be put to in two minutes. There's a good fire in the large room of the George. They can start again in two minutes."

"Is he alive?" the traveller asks in a husky whisper.

"Yes, sir;" and groom Frank touches his hat, "but—"

"But what?"

"But very poorly—very poorly indeed."

He frowned almost fiercely—they could see that much from the window of the George—he gave the man—a sovereign, wasn't it? he came down from the carriage and strode into the house. A tall, pale, haggard man, with wild-looking eyes. He took no notice of anybody in the room. He kicked the snow from his boots, and was soon toasting his feet on the bars of the roaring red fire. There was a dead silence in the room. The company seemed quite paralysed by his presence; no one dared to move a limb, though each managed to glance at him stealthily.

"Give me some brandy."

Mr. Joyce himself obeyed the order, but he hesitated for a moment.

"With hot or cold water?"

"With neither!" Rather angrily spoken. He drained it off at once. How his thin, long white hand shook,—all in the room managed to notice that somehow; so it was discovered, when they began to compare notes afterwards. His hand shook as he took up the glass.

"You're Joyce?" he asked suddenly. The landlord bowed.

"Yes, I remember," he said with a faint smile. He passed out of the room again—he threw down some money in the bar.

"Now, then, make haste. Am I to wait all night?" And he stamped on the ground.

What a cloud round those poor wearied horses, panting with drooping heads and bent knees. The company had rubbed fresh peep-holes in the window-panes, again dim with the heat; they could see the traveller mount into his carriage again.

"Off with you!" he cried. And they whirled him at a furious pace along the road to the Grange, the snow falling thicker than ever.

"Please God he gets there in time," said good Mrs. Joyce fervently.

"It's *him*," she went on fervently, "I knew him directly. There's no mistaking those fierce black eyes of his, if you've once seen them. Yet, how he's changed—how old-looking—how thin, and white; perhaps that's the cold, though,—he's been travelling a long while, likely enough, and it's a bad night for travellers. We ought to be very thankful we're all in front of a good fire, and with a roof over our heads, such a night as this. Yes—he's changed—fifteen years older he looks; and what a long black beard—for all the world like a furriner!"

"Like a Frenchman, a'most," said Farmer Corbet. "I don't fancy an Englishman wearing mustarchies myself," and he rubbed his shaven chin meditatively. "It seems unnat'ral like to wear all that hair on one's face."

"How quick he swallowed that brandy. Wonderful I call it," remarked Mr. Joyce.

"Please God, the old gentleman lives to see him and to make it up with him. Why do people ever quarrel, I wonder! I'm sure this ought to be a warning to us."

The events of the evening had made the landlady thoughtful.

"Poor Mr. Wilford," she said, sighing; and she filled up the kettle, for all the rummers wanted replenishing.

CHAPTER II. MR. HADFIELD OF THE GRANGE.

MR. WILFORD was soon stopping in front of the porch over which was carved the crest of the Hadfields—the dove standing on the serpent; motto—"soyez sage et simple."

A young man, not unlike the traveller in face and figure, except that he was much smaller and slighter, and wore no beard, came hurrying out of the entrance-hall.

"Wilford!" he cried out.

"Steenie!" the traveller answered.

"I'm so glad you've come!" And their hands were clasped tightly.

"Does he live still?" asked Wilford in a strange hollow voice.

"Yes. It is all one can say of him. He is dreadfully feeble, very dreamy, and dazed. He is like one in a trance. Yet, he lives."

"Thank God!" said the elder brother, solemnly. "I hardly dared hope to see him alive. Lord, Steenie, how you've grown. Why, you were quite a boy when I went away!"

"You've been gone some time, remember, Wil;" and Steenie smiled rather sadly.

"Seven years. Yes, there has been time for change. And you've married, haven't you, Steenie? You've got a wife and children? God bless me, how time flies!"

"You shall see her to-morrow, and the children, too, if you like; they have all retired for the night. Indeed, it was so late, we almost despaired of your coming to-night. I thought you had perhaps stopped at Mowle."

"Indeed, I haven't stopped a minute, Steenie, on the road. The news reached me in Brussels,—I saw the advertisement in the newspaper. I knew it could only refer to me, and I started at once. I haven't slept or tasted food since. Can I see him, Steenie? Will he let me?—now?—at once?"

"I will go up and see. I will ask Mr. Fuller: he is going to stop the night through. He has been most kind. Wait in the library: they shall bring you some refreshment. Be sure you ask for anything you want. You are at home again, you know, Wil, now."

And Stephen Hadfield mounted quickly the wide oaken staircase, so black with age and so polished that it looked as though it were made of ebony.

"At home!" Wilford repeated mechanically, passing his nervous hand over his forehead. There was something of agony in the tone of his voice as he added: "It has been no home to me for seven long years. It can never be a home to me again."

He tottered to a chair, he sat down, leaning upon the table and burying his face in his hands. He started up suddenly, for a servant entered with the tray, and he felt ashamed of his emotion being too apparent. He poured some wine into a tumbler and emptied it at once. A footstep was heard at the door; another moment and Mr. Fuller stood before Wilford Hadfield.

"My dear boy," said the doctor, heartily, "how glad I am to see you here again! once more at the Grange, Wilford; that's how it should be, isn't it? Yet, how you've changed; how your hand

burns, too; you're dreadfully feverish, do you know that? It's the journey perhaps, as you say. I should hardly have known you with that great beard, and all that thick long hair."

Wilford smiled as he tossed back the matted locks from his forehead.

"That's more like you; I know that smile; I know that grand old action of the head to shake the hair from your forehead. There's something leonine about it. Many of the Hadfields have had it, especially old Uncle Hugh and my poor friend up-stairs. I don't trace it in Stephen so much; perhaps it's because I wasn't in attendance at his birth," and the doctor laughed at himself. "He was born in the south, if you remember. They tell me I always think the most of my own children, as I call them. Ah, Wilford, it doesn't seem so very long ago since all the place was rejoicing at your birth. How well I remember it! I was attending on poor Mrs. Hadfield! Lord! it seems only yesterday!"

So the kind-hearted doctor ran on. Was he really garrulous? or was he talking with an object. Doctors are very cunning. It might have been to give time to his patient up-stairs. It might have been to accustom Wilford a little more to his position—to calm down his excitement—before the interview between the father and the son should take place. Or did it arise from that prevalent English practice of keeping back the most important topic of conversation until much preliminary discussion has been disposed of? for it is not only ladies who defer to the postscript the vital object of their letters. People will approach the matter that most interests them, and to which they are burning to come, circuitously and under cover of all sorts of common-places, just as *Hamlet* and *Laertes* stamp and wave their foils and attitudinise, losing so much time before they set to the serious business of fighting, upon which both are bent.

The doctor would say very little of old Mr. Hadfield, dying upstairs. He parried all Wilford's eager inquiries.

"He is dozing, at present," he said. "Yes—it has been a bad attack—a very bad attack; and at his age even the best constitution—and his has been a very good one—all the Hadfields have had good constitutions—but at a certain age the best constitution in the world can't stand some attacks. He is very weak, but he fights on manfully—wonderful stamina. Each time I think he is sinking, I find that he rouses himself again in a quite surprising way. Yes, you shall see him, by and by, never fear; but the slightest inclination to sleep is valuable to him just now, and we mustn't trifle with him in his present state. By and by. By and by. Why, you look taller than ever. I really think you must have grown!"

How tiresome seems this sort of talk, in answer to the questions of the sick man's friends? Will he live? Will he survive the night? For how many hours is he safe? Will the morning's sun find him yet living, or will it be struggling to pierce through the chinks of closed shutters, and to gleam in thin lines and fitful patches on the bed where a corpse is stretched out, and the sheet covers a dead man's face? Ask these questions, as they

come surging up from a suffering heart, and receive in reply platitudes about stamina and constitution, and time, and quiet, care, and the best advice!

Yet what can the doctor do or say else? He is only a man after all, though a medical man. He is not one of the *Parcæ*. He is not *Atropos* the Unchangeable, ruling the end of life. And even supposing that he thinks the worst *has* come to the worst, as people say,—that Death's hand is already pressing on the patient's heart, staying its pulsation—is he really bound to tell his thoughts on the instant? Is he not entitled to use his discretion as to the when and where of his revelation? Don't we pay him to be discreet? So Mr. Fuller elected to talk rather of the living son than of the dying father. It may be that he had reasons for so doing; and it may be, moreover, that those reasons were good ones.

"Seven years ago, Wilford, since you went away. Yes, just seven years. Ah! a sad business—a very sad business indeed!"

"Don't speak of it now, good friend," said Wilford, turning away; "not just now, at any rate."

"I won't, my boy; I won't. But we've often thought of you—often—wondering what had become of you—what you were doing."

"And what have I done all the while?" the young man cried, bitterly. "What have I done? No good, you may be sure of that."

"Hush! hush! don't speak so now. All that's over now, you know. You're home again in your father's house. Bygones are to be bygones now. You were a mere boy when you went away. You are only a young man now. There's a long life before you—a happy one, very likely. Why not?"

Wilford shook his head mournfully.

"But there *is*," the doctor persisted. "I have great hopes of you. I always had great hopes of you. In the old times, don't you remember, you were quite a pet of mine? We used to have great games together. I could never keep you out of the surgery. You were always plaguing me to let you look at the skeleton locked up in the mahogany case. Do you remember that? And my poor wife, what a fright she was in when you got hold of that case of lancets! You were quite a baby then, in frocks; and she thought you'd cut your poor little hands all to pieces. But you didn't. There's a special providence watching over children, I do believe, or I'm sure a great many more would be blown up with gunpowder, or cut into little pieces with knives and sharp instruments, or be run over, or go tumbling out of window. The things children get doing! It's wonderful!"

So the doctor ran on—a small, spare man, nearly sixty years of age, perhaps, with a handsome, rather bald forehead, and quick, bright blue eyes. His smile was very pleasant, though peculiar, accompanied as it was by a certain declension of the eyebrows always, which imparted to it a piquancy and vivacity that were decidedly attractive. He toyed with his double eye-glass as he spoke, and his whole manner was very earnest. Perhaps the situation in which he was placed

made him seem almost restless during his conversation with Wilford.

"And your own children, doctor, are they well? Little sunny-headed things, how well I remember them, and the romps there used to be with them on the lawn at the back of your house. How I used to frighten them with telling them there were really live lions in Grilling Park, who would be sure to pounce upon them and eat them up, some day, at two mouthfuls. They declared it wasn't true, and yet they were always frightened, and took such tight hold of my hand. Such pretty children, too!"

"Thank you," said the doctor, looking very happy and pleased; "they are very well. But as for children! Time has been going on with you, and he hasn't been stopping with other people. I'm sure Vi wouldn't let you call her a child, and I don't think Madge would either; or perhaps I ought to say, rather, that I am sure Madge wouldn't, and I have grave doubts about Vi, for I believe it is always the youngest who are the most peremptory on these matters; and little Madge is now—let me see—she must be just fifteen—at least I think so; but you know that fathers never can remember their children's ages. But here I am talking, and keeping you from eating, and you must be as hungry as a hunter—quite faint, I should say rather, for want of food. You look very white. Always so? No, surely not; it must be the cold. The Grange is a dreadfully cold place. Gets worse and worse, I think, every winter. Perhaps it is that I feel it more and more, from growing older. Come close to the fire, and try and eat something, do. No, I wouldn't drink all that wine without eating something, if I were you. That's a very strong sherry—a good, sound wine; but I think some of this Madeira would be better for you. I'm not at all sure that the best thing you could do wouldn't be to go and get between the sheets at once, and try and have a good night's rest."

"I don't like his looks at all," he muttered to himself. Just then the housekeeper entered, making a profound curtsy to Mr. Wilford. He did not appear to notice her: he was gazing sternly into the fire, profoundly abstracted. She approached softly, and said something in a low voice to the doctor.

"Very well," he said, "I'll see to it," and she left the room. The doctor's manner changed. He abandoned the light, pleasant tone in which he had until then been speaking. He looked very serious now. He placed his hand upon Wilford's shoulder.

"Your father will see you," he said. Wilford rose up, trembling.

"One moment," said the doctor, staying him as he moved towards the door. "I will go in with you. But I should caution you: Mr. Hadfield is very weak, yet at times he is almost violent; his strength seems to return to him for the occasion, and he permits himself to be strangely moved and excited. These paroxysms, for so I may almost call them—are very bad for him. You know something of his temper, of old. Age and illness have not bettered it. Be temperate with him, my dear boy. Don't irritate

him. Say as little as possible. For your own sake, as well as his, don't offend him again—don't do that. Be careful, my dear boy. God prosper you."

The doctor shook hands with him affectionately.

"He is my father," said Wilford, in a husky voice. "I will remember that now, though I forgot it before. How my heart beats! Let us go to his room."

They ascended the staircase, and stopped before the door of a room on the first floor—the room in which old Mr. Hadfield, of the Grange, lay dying.

It was but dimly lighted by the fire burning rather low in the grate and a lamp on the table at the side of the invalid's bed, but placed so that his eyes should not be offended by its glare, and so that the shadow of the curtains should fall upon his face. Between the bed and the fireplace Stephen Hadfield was seated on a low chair with a large book in his hands, open at a particular place, as though he had been reading to his father.

The housekeeper was at the door to admit the visitors; another woman who had been acting as nurse was bending drowsily over the fire. The room was very large, with carved ceiling and heavy cornices. Every now and then, as a flame flickered in the grate, you could trace the dim outlines of a large allegorical painting, much dimmed and clouded by years, amongst the raised ornaments of the ceiling. But the colours were not very strong now, the drawing in places was quite undefinable, and much of the gilding of the portions in relief was very dull and black.

On a high, carved, four-post bedstead, with heavy, dull crimson hangings, old Mr. Hadfield was stretched at length, breathing heavily. He had been a tall man you could see at once, and handsome, too; his son Wilford's resemblance to him was remarkable; but he looked very gaunt and grim and grisly now, he was so wasted by age and illness. He had the fierce black eyes of Wilford, and falling on his forehead the same thick hair, save that it was perfectly white in his case. His cheeks were dreadfully sunken, while there was something unnatural about the brilliancy of his eyes, flashing from such hollow sockets. He stared steadily at his son, scrutinising him as he entered with the doctor. The poor old man was painfully weak, it could be seen at a glance; once he tried to raise himself up in the bed, but he sank back after an ineffectual effort. Wilford for the first few moments, unaccustomed to the low light of the room, could not clearly perceive his father, shadowed by the curtains of the bed. As yet, neither had spoken. The room was very still; you could hear the tickings of the watch in the pocket over the old man's head, above even his heavy breathing—above the trembling of the embers on the hearth—above the gasping which Wilford experienced consequent upon the terribly quick beating of his heart. He was about to address his father, but the doctor's hand on his arm checked him. The eyes of the old man turned from his first to his second son.

"Go on, Steenie," he said, in a low hoarse voice. "Begin where I told you."

And Stephen Hadfield, much moved and in rather broken tones, commenced to read:

— "*gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance in riotous living.*"

He was reading from the New Testament—the story of the Prodigal Son. He continued for some verses further.

"Stop!" said the old man. Then he turned to Wilford, and cried, almost savagely: "Now, Prodigal! what have you to say?"

Wilford came to the side of the bed. There was a look of deep suffering in his face. He sank upon his knees with a piteous moan.

"Forgive me, father!" and he tried to take the old man's hand. It was drawn away abruptly.

Mr. Hadfield, however, glanced at his second son, Stephen. There seemed to be an understanding between them as to what was next to be done. Stephen laid down the Book on the bed, placed a hand-bell within his father's reach, and then, motioning all to leave the room, quitted it himself, closing the door upon old Mr. Hadfield and his eldest son.

(To be continued.)

THE WILD FLOWERS OF SPRING.

SPRING taps at your casement, cousin,
In her delicate robe of green!
And full of delight at the coming May,
The village children are pointing the way,
Where under the hedges, and on the damp ground,
And mid grassy meads, where they love to be found,
Are the wild, wild flowerets seen!

Don't you remember, my cousin,
When we went, as blithely as they,
Into the dell where the snowdrop grows,
And the fragrant violet early blows;
Or where, on the sandbank so wild and high,
The starry primrose saluteth the sky,
With the daffodils bold and gay?

Yes, you remember, my cousin;
With a trembling lip and a sigh,
You are murmuring, *Times have changed*, since we
These spots went roaming, with some such glee
As that merry urchin's who runs to tell
He has found a haunt, where the bright bluebell
Is trying to rival the sky!

I, too, am sighing, my cousin;
It is not the *times* that have changed!
But I, who have made myself *grey* and *old*,
Nought in life's lottery winning but gold,—
And you, who fondle a child on your lap,
With your tresses hid 'neath a widow's cap,
And who look at me now estranged!

But still remember, dear cousin,
That *if* winter flouts us awhile,
And withers our hopes with its stormy skies—
The snows will melt and fresh verdure arise,
And the icy shadows its tempests fling
Will hurry away, when awakening Spring
Comes chasing them hence, with her smile.

And as over the past we linger,
Its pleasures we yet may renew!
Ay, give me your hand, my cousin; we know
By life's narrow pathway will always grow
Some cheerful blossoms, which we may find
If we do but seek with contented mind,
And hearts that accept with grateful praise
Their tiniest buds to garland our days,
And keep spring-time the whole year through.

LOUISA CROW.

WHERE THE FLAG, THERE THE FAMILY.

I HAVE been hailed and beckoned to from many parts lately, to look and see what the working men and women are doing in those parts; and what I have observed has impressed me so strongly, that I cannot but ask some of the most practical-minded of my readers to come up my mountain, and take a seat beside me on my sofa of moss, and gaze abroad over land and sea, and consult together as to whether there is anything that we can do in a matter of pressing urgency.

We will take the nearer scenes first. Almost under our feet there are smoke clouds hanging; but they are not so dense as usual, for the Lancashire mills are not all at work. From many of the tall chimneys there is no smoke at all: for there is no cotton to spin. The same thing is the case over yonder, where those slim spires rise, not very far off. At Coventry there is plenty of silk to be had; but the lack is of demand for ribbons. As Peeping Tom pries round the corner there, through his inquisitive-looking spectacles, let us too see what the neighbours are doing.

In both the cotton and silk districts many of the work-people's dwellings are empty. The landlord detains the loom, and has turned the key, and put it in his pocket. The late residents are in the workhouse. They held on at home as long as they could; but the hunger and cold became too pinching; and they are warming themselves at the workhouse fires. In others of these dwellings the people are at home. Some are rubbing up their furniture,—having nothing else to do; and the women are not cooking; for there is no fire in the grate, and no food in the cupboard. Here is one patching clothes, to look decent to the last. There is another, trying to get a place, however humble, for her growing girl, that the child may get fed if she cannot earn wages: but the market of domestic service is just now overstocked; ill-qualified maidens cannot expect to get into a gentleman's house; and the shopkeepers are turning away their maids of all work, till trade revives. So mothers and daughters go home again, hungry and hopeless. Every day they sell one more article which they had considered indispensable, or don't sell it because there is nobody to buy. I need not describe further. I will only just observe that the women thus hankering after work and food in the manufacturing districts are scores of thousands.

We will see what is doing in the workhouses before we turn in another direction. It is not a pleasant sight,—that of the young women and girls. They do not, on the whole, answer to the usual description of English maidenhood. Some new-comers are modest, and intent upon their work; but there is a boldness, a carelessness, an

indifference about the faces and manners of the habitual inmates which forbids much sympathy. Some are going out—some are returning; and the fact is, they are like buckets in a well,—the best of them. They do not stay in service; for they consider service “bondage,” and their mistresses can do nothing with girls spoiled by workhouse licence,—that licence of recklessness which no rules can control. But are they all like these? No; if we look a little further, into that school building in the country, we shall learn how workhouse girls may be made just like other girls who have been well trained. In Union schools where the children are separated from the adult paupers, the girls may be made just what there is sense and feeling and experience in the managers to make them. What will their destiny be? To work, in one way or another. The demand will show what. Then we may understand that here will be a class of young women ready for employment, if a special call for their services should arise? Yes, if the work is such as they can do. Well, then, we will make a note of that fact before we look further.

In every provincial town, and everywhere in London, and wherever the houses of gentle and simple are scattered over the country, there are parents consulting earnestly about their daughters; or, if widowed, shutting up anxious thoughts in their own breasts. Either the daughters have not enough to do, or they have too much. The Bishop of Oxford says a multitude of them occupy themselves with lapdogs. So they do; or with the equivalents of lapdogs. Look at them,—not only the few who are riding to the hunt, or wisely strengthening their health, and freshening their minds by exercise, but the many more who would die of *ennui* but for their morning calls, their embroidery, their letters of gossip, or their hopeless pursuit of music or drawing. Some of them are reading “a book,”—no matter what book, or for what reason; it passes the time; so they borrow “a book.” These are they who have not enough to do. How is it with those who have too much?

We must not mind a little pain of heart if we are to seek the answer to this question. Out of three millions of Englishwomen of fitting years for work, two millions are at work for their living. We need not lament this, if the work were of the right kind, and properly distributed. But a large proportion of the working-women are over-worked, and they are under the hardship of having a very small range of choice as to their occupation. It is no wonder that parents—widowed mothers and infirm fathers—are troubled at the fate of daughters who are wearing out their strength as day-governesses, or their eyes as milliners’ journey-women, or their very hearts as sempstresses at home. And they have no prospect. What working-women have any prospect? We may read that truth in some other incidents that we may overlook from our mountain. There is the maid-servant, stealing out at the backdoor, in crinoline and artificial flowers. She lays by no money because it will answer better to her to catch a husband than to devote herself to save, while her utmost economy cannot provide an independence for her latter years. As for the needlewomen of all

orders, their virtue is a marvel in the eyes of all who know anything of the weakness of human nature, and the pressure upon it of human society. But, many as there are who can endure anything for the sake of innocence and self-respect, there cannot but be many who accept sin for the sake of its attendant comforts. The parents of those who have too much to do see them half-starved if they are worthy, or in incessant hazard of fatal fall if they cannot bear being half-starved. We all read in the newspapers, the other day, that a street mob was likely to deal roughly with a young woman who had worn men’s clothes, and kept her secret for six years, in order to earn half-a-crown a-day instead of a shilling. Was the trick so very unnatural? Will any one say so who understands what it is to live on five or six shillings a-week, for the best years of one’s life, without any ulterior prospect whatever?

Looking intently enough, we see that young woman, with her strength of limb and resoluteness of will, remanded to her shilling a-day at the best. We see, moreover, a group of devoted ladies in London, appealing to the public for congratulation that, by their intervention, they have obtained, for a party of needlewomen, the power of earning six shillings a-week, instead of four, or less. This is done by these ladies superseding the middleman, and saving his profits. They have made a contract with Government, and are thankful; and they call for congratulation. They have done well,—have done the best they could: but what a result of such zeal and courage it is!—power for a few working-women to earn six shillings a-week without reduction!

Elsewhere we look in upon a grave and sad household in a London square, or a provincial market-place,—a group of gentlewomen, careworn and meanly dressed, stitching away from morning till night, to pay for the shelter and the food which they once little thought ever to want. Elsewhere we see an office, thronged by such poor gentlewomen, who live somewhere else, in some corner of a lodging-house, or some high garret, and who come here for work to take home, or for medical advice, or for some relief, in food or money, for the invalid who can work no more. The qualifying income of each must be under £10 a-year. Out of 186 ladies aided from such an office, I remember that 124 were unmarried daughters of professional men.

To cheer our spirits, we may glance into the offices where educated women are at work under happier circumstances; the law-copying offices, now multiplying, where duly qualified women are supporting themselves in a frugal mode of life without exhausting toil; the printing-office, where the American example is followed of employing women as compositors; and the book-binding warehouses, where female folders, stitchers, and artists in ornamental bindings are collected in hundreds. These sights are cheering; and so is that of a really well-managed factory village; and so is that of the body of certificated school-mistresses, teaching “common things” throughout the length and breadth of the land. But these sights are not all: and we must not turn away altogether from that which fills a large

space in the area of social life, in every old European country. The least said the better: but we must notice that there is another stage for the over-tempted and fallen work-woman to go through. If only by a glance we must recognise that there is a great multitude of the lost,—some few revelling, but many hungering; some hardened, but many humbled; some worldly wise, planning for personal or family advancement; but many more the victims of rash affections, as well as passion and sheer weakness. Some are every moment disappearing, drowned in river or canal, carried out dead from hospitals, or crawling into cellars, or workhouse infirmaries, to die: but more and more appear to take their places. Even the well-meant endeavours to reclaim some infinitesimal proportion of them act as an opening of the way for others to enter the same path. Is there no hope, then? Is there nothing to be done to mend such a state of things as our survey thus far has shown us?

O yes; there is much that may be done: but it is not to be done by intercepting the profits of the middleman, in the needlewomen's world, nor by seeing one fallen woman in ten thousand safe into a penitentiary; nor even by showing how many departments of industry may be filled by women. All these may be good;—and the last is excellent: but more and other methods will be necessary as long as there are 600,000 more women than men in England, and marriage continues to be as far from general as it has now been for more than a whole generation. What else, then, is there that can be done? To answer this we must look abroad again from our hill-top: and this time we must look very far abroad indeed.

Those New Zealand "Runs" are fine airy places. There are the settlers' houses, miles apart, with as much material comfort thrown away as would warm the hearts of many of the London poor. The owners are rough-and-ready men,—grown ready by their mode of life, but grown very rough too. If some are merry and handy, others are gruff and careless,—tired of the sameness and coarseness of their food, and of their own company, or that of a mate,—a partner in the "run." But there is one home which looks different—well it may! The young settler came over in love, and never rested till his love was his wife. And who now so happy and so proud as he! His brothers live with them; and they have escaped the prevalent roughness; and even the partner who was sent out because he drank unbearably at home, is compelled to be decent here. The wife was supported by her husband in breaking the only whisky bottle that had appeared; and if the poor sinner must drink, he cannot stay here. But he will think twice before he goes. One woman cannot do everything in so wild a home: but when the young men come in to meals the cloth is laid; and the mutton is hot, and the beefsteak tender; and there are so many ways of dressing eggs! And their clothes are in order for Sundays; and they keep Sunday now, as far as they can. There is somebody at home to inform and consult, and consider. Altogether, the whole aspect of the life is improved where there is a wife. Why is there not

a wife in every settler's house? Because the men preponderate there as the women do at home.

If we look from the "run" to the nearest "diggings," we get very much disgusted. It is bad enough for stock-keepers on the Australian plains to grow savage by living in the wilds, without society and without domestic comfort: but the tumult of men at the "diggings" is ten times worse. It is disagreeable to think of the two or three exiles who see no faces but each others' for months together, who are galloping all day after their cattle, or going to sleep beside their sheep, and who grow sick of the eternal "damper," beefsteak, and tea that they live on at every meal: but it is far more painful to know what life is at the gold-fields, where there are hundreds or thousands of men assembled before a woman appears on the scene. I need not describe such a life as it is,—its rudeness, and even ferocity, the selfishness where all are scrambling for gold, the mutual suspicion, the strong excitement out of doors, and the dull, dead discomfort within the tent or hut: and, above all, the utter barbarism and horrible vice which run riot where the restraint of woman's presence is absent. I will rather point to some other "diggings," halfway between these last and home,—diggings lying east of that New Zealand home and west of ourselves. High up in the wilds of California, among the platforms and ravines under the mountains what vast settlements of tents and huts there are! There seem to be men of almost every nation under heaven: and there seem to be men of every range of quality. Some look like mere ruffians, who would shoot any stranger, or perhaps any acquaintance, for his gold. Many are gambling in their tents, when it is too dark to pursue the gambling of their dirt-holes. See how many are swallowing raw spirits, and you will not wonder at the sickly faces, and broken-down frames, and horrors of delirium tremens that are so common there. But why is one of those settlements so unlike the rest? There is no noise of brawling: the people are supping comfortably after their day's toil; and when they go to rest, why do those three or four men take up their watch before one particular tent, like a King's body-guard? The readers of ONCE A WEEK may guess why if they remember the story once told there of how Miss Pellett went alone among the Californian gold-seekers, to persuade them to forswear intoxicating drink. Within that tent is the lady, taking her rest after *her* day of labour, feeling as secure as she ever did in her native town. She has succeeded marvellously, thus far; but what can ever she hope as long as these men have no real home,—hardly a wife or child within a dozen miles? She has proved their softness of heart, and openness to impressions. If other women were here to carry on her work, and lessen the force of false excitements, she would hope everything. Some few wives there are, as well as some few who are not wives, and would be better away. Of the wives, some are sensible and handy, and womanly in their domestic ability; some are awkward, some are timid, some are fretful: but, among these honest wives, there is not one who is not a blessing to the whole neighbourhood, by the

mere fact of her bringing a woman's presence into the wilds. The sensible, self-respecting, skilful housewife is adored, far and near. She is truly like an angel in the wilderness, come to open up a well-spring of happiness. If every man worthy of the blessing had a wife from among the hardy-pinched women who are struggling through life in the New England States, sewing for sixpence a day in the cities, or looking hungrily about for scholars in the villages, what a change would come over the Californian "diggings!" Then the men would take some leisure for playing with their children, and reading to their wives. Then there would be the comfortable meal at table instead of the drinking bout at the grog-shop. Then there would be clean clothes on Sundays, and whole garments every day. Then there would be the easy conscience, and the open heart, and the hopeful spirit at home, instead of the shut-up affections and the discontented and pining moods of the exile from society, and, too probably, the restlessness and misery of vicious habits. In America there is something of the same mischief as with us. In the Eastern States there are said to be permanently 200,000 more women than men; while, in the raw new States, not one man in ten can get a wife. But, not very far off that Californian gold-field where Miss Pellett went on her mission to that bachelor population of her countrymen, there is some British territory which offers a more promising study, though one of the same general character.

In British Columbia the quality of the settlers is, at present, of a higher order than is at all common in new colonies. Even in the "diggings" the men are, on the whole, orderly and peaceable, honest and law-abiding. All the testimony we have confirms this impression. If those men had wives, there is nothing that might not be hoped from their young, vigorous, well-governed, and well-taught society, ministered to by an active mission, and ruled by a most admirable Governor. But, if they cannot have wives, what can be expected of these tens of thousands of adventurers, visited by Indians who parade their squaws, and teased by Americans from over the frontier, who will be well pleased to irritate them into border warfare! What chance is there for purity of morals and soberness of manners in such a case? We know what is thought of the prospect by the best judges on the spot. One of the clergymen there writes:

"There is one thing which you may make public; nay, even proclaim upon the house-tops. It is this—the cure for what, if let alone, will ultimately ruin religion and morals in this fine country:—I mean, an emigration of white women from Great Britain. . . . Think of the 600,000 more women at home than there are men, and then think what society must be here!"

We must indeed think; and we must do more than think.

Everybody agrees that the Family in its home is the root from which our civilisation grows. Look, then, at the baulking of family life in England for the women because there are not husbands for nearly all; and at the same evil in the colony for the men, because there are scarcely any wives at all. What can be plainer than the lesson what to

do? The only barrier between these suffering classes and happiness is the sea, with the expens of crossing it. How much of an obstacle need this be? The climate in British Columbia is one of the finest, healthiest, and most pleasant to English people in the whole world. The English language is spoken there: the laws and government, and the social habits of the country are English: the church is English, and when there are children, there will be schools in which the best traits of English life will be preserved and honoured. There is no more hunger, or fear of hunger there. A little half-bred nurse-girl of twelve years old gets 2*l.* a month wages; and domestic servants might soon lay by a little fortune, if they were not sure to marry presently. What would it not be to our best Coventry or Lancashire workwomen, at this moment trying to make their clothes hold together by one more patching, or sitting with their hands before them, pining for something to do and something to eat; what would it be to them, or to the weary, dazed, sinking London needlewoman to be invited to go where everybody would bid for their services, where they would "obtain, without an hour's delay," as one of the clergymen writes, "sixty, seventy, and even eighty pounds per annum wages, together with innumerable offers and promises of marriage?" It would be nothing to them that prices are high, and the cost of living great (which accounts for the enormous rate of wages); for they would be maintained by their employers first, and their husbands if they chose to marry. In every street, in every country house they would be welcomed, and implored to stay, on any terms,—the housewives so sorely needing help: and they might exchange this service for a home in which they, in their turn, would beg and pray any new-comer to stay and be their help, on any terms. There lies the colony, with its wealth and its fine climate, and its beauty, and its host of enterprising and cheerful Englishmen: and here sit, hungry and hopeless, the hundred thousand Englishwomen who ought to be there. Again, I ask,—what follows? And I must further ask—what hinders?

As for this last question,—next to the general ignorance of the need, there is an obstacle in the common reluctance—usually very just—to tamper with the great natural laws which work out the destinies of society. When great changes take place, it is supposed that they will work out their own conditions and consequences; and any meddling of ours will be mere fiddle-faddle or worse. This is so true that it would be a vast blessing to society if it were generally perceived; for then a prodigious waste of effort, and expectation, and precious time would be prevented: but we must look to the proper application of the truth. In the present case, I must take leave to remark that the real tampering with the operation of laws of change is in those who would relieve Coventry distress by inducing princesses and other ladies to buy ribbons that they do not want, and who save a hundred pence to a hundred women by doing the work of the middleman, or who discountenance the sewing-machine lest it should throw the needle out of employment.

These are the little nibblings at an overwhelming destiny which can do no good, and always do some harm. On the other hand, if it looks like an unnatural proceeding (as it certainly does), to carry hundreds of single women to another hemisphere to meet husbands, we must remember that the real unnaturalness existed before in the assemblage of men without women all along the rivers and shores of British Columbia. We must remember that if our efforts cannot overrule a mighty social change like that of which the new colony is the symbol, we are in each case of emigration deferring to a deeper and stronger natural law than any in political economy which may seem to be at variance with it. We may not be able by our fathoming, and pumping, and draining, to adjust the deranged levels in social matters; but we are obeying Nature when we help any good man to a good wife, and any solitary and suffering woman, pining in poverty, to a home of comfort, and the support of a helpmate. If we could do ever so little, in short, that little is excellent as far as it goes. Every Englishwoman established there may be but one where a hundred thousand are wanted; but that one makes possible a new family, and a train of blessings extending through generations to come.

Now it appears why I have called to those who would hear me to come up beside me, and see what was to be seen. Is there anybody who cannot do something to help? The Bishop of Oxford says that he knows of ladies who would themselves cross and recross between the colony and home, to conduct parties of emigrants. If so, surely there must be many who would take the trouble of managing matters at home,—of thinking over the young women they know who would be likely to emigrate with advantage, and would wish to do so,—of inquiring, and corresponding, and advising, and assisting. On the other side, there is a safe reception arranged by the Bishop. The colony would willingly furnish the funds, if enough should not be forthcoming here. An Emigration Society is actually founded, with the Bishops of London and Oxford at the head of the list of patrons; and the Hudson's Bay Company, some London bankers, and some wealthy citizens have subscribed their hundreds of pounds with all promptitude. Anybody who wishes to help may learn all particulars at the office of the Columbian Emigration Society, at 54, Charing Cross, London, S.W. That office will be but too much thronged by the poor women who would fain get away to a land of plenty. The thing to be desired is that there should be also a good proportion of the kind friends and true citizens who can help them over.

How many can we send this season?

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

ROME ON THE PINCIAN.

It must not be supposed that all Rome could get upon the Pincian if it were so minded, for the public part of it is but a corner of the hill anciently so called, and we imagine there would not be ample standing-room for all who could scramble up to it in half an hour. It looks like

one of the least ambitious places of recreation for intramural loungers afforded by any of the great capitals of the world, yet the specimens of humanity that may be seen there at the right time in fine weather have an interest to most observers which they will scarcely find elsewhere. Following carriages and pedestrians up the steep zigzags that economise the ascent from the Piazza del Popolo, and finding little in the occasional groups of statuary to exhaust admiration, we indulge a glowing anticipation of the reward that is to indemnify fatigue at the top. Once there, however, one feels more heat about the shirt-collar than the imagination; for it appears that the range of promenade hardly exceeds that of a London square, and is arranged much like one. There is a drive of five minutes all round; the few walks carried here and there through the dyspeptic-looking grass are rough and dreary enough, and nothing, besides a few palms and plants that with us would not do well out of doors, seems to enjoy situation or climate. But the visitors seldom appear to care about wandering far away from the one spot, where, for a couple of hours in the evening, they can have the double enjoyment of listening to a capital French band and watching the occupants of the carriages which draw up under the trees close by. Amongst the early arrivals is one equipage which rivets the eyes of many beholders, and elicits from some a complimentary doffing of the hat which is punctiliously, if not gratefully, acknowledged. Behind a pair of bays—which form an exception to the almost universal use of fine black horses by the local grandees, the friend or enemy knows that he may expect to see once again the dark countenance of the ex-king of Naples, and the conspicuous “bravery,” especially in costume and general appearance, of his consort. The hero of Gaëta will sometimes relieve the *ennui* of waiting for a fresh tune by alighting and wandering away, cigar in hand, to some other carriage, where he probably finds congenial members of the family, suggesting to curious people that the lot would not fetch much by their looks or lineaments. The Queen seldom appears to exchange more than a bow with any but her own party, while he seems, of the two, much the more ready to forget Naples and Garibaldi. In scanning the countenances of the Romans, as they mutter their discussions in view of Francis II. and his bolt-upright partner, one becomes a little aware of the excitement that really underlies the calm exterior of men who seem to care for nothing but eccentricity about hat and beard. It is well that the *musique Française* should be there to dispel their brooding thoughts about the royal exiles, and about the less agreeable points of the French occupation. They cannot refuse to acknowledge that the Gauls now mounting guard in their streets are very unlike those of Brennus, and that they give a cheerful security and, as it were, a freshness to the old capital which the Italian army itself would hardly restore, and which the scarecrow pontificals in any greater number would certainly make hideous. Political theorists and earnest well-wishers to the Italian cause must needs lament over the anomalous presence of the “*Culottes Rouges*,” but

travellers, at least, can foresee that, selfishly speaking, they will be the losers whenever the Imperial forces are withdrawn. Wherever, in street or promenade, the French private turns up, he has always the look of being on the best terms with himself and with everybody else, and is as quiet and well-conducted as it is possible for such an individual to be. Up on the Pincian, next to the different branches of the French service which always muster there in force, and form a separate class from the unkempt Papal musketeers and solitary ruminants of the foreign brigade, the ecclesiastics do most in the way of costume to vary the scene. Even the gaunt Capuchin condescends to scuffle up thither, and to become infinitesimally less ugly and gloomy amidst the green and the flowers than he always is in his haunts down below. He is generally accompanied by a brother half or twice his own height; but the short, thick-set Carmelite is pretty sure to be alone, and appears to be getting as much asceticism as he can out of the half-hour for which he throws himself into the unsanctified world around him. The other orders of regulars and grades of seculars are less distinctive or worth particularising, but the unfledged priesthood of the seminaries press themselves upon the sphere of observation. In divers colours, and caskocked to the heels, they emerge, two and two, from the less frequented paths of the "Collis Hortulorum," and set an example of lugubrious three-cornered-hatism which the small boys in their way must find it difficult to avoid burlesquing. Add to these a sprinkling of the national costume of the lower classes of Roman women, with its indescribable yellow or red saddle and gaudy colours—add again the mixture of native and foreigner, gentle and simple, which such a resort is full sure to display, and you will then have in the gathering on the Pincian one of the most motley, and withal most interesting, assemblages that can easily be met with. After a peep down into the deep fosse of the walls of Aurelian, a glance at the Arcadia of the Borghese grounds, and another thoughtful survey of the conspicuous edifices of modern Rome, among which the creamy richness of the travertine of St. Peter's furnishes quite an oasis of colour, you follow the French band and the crowd down into the Corso. There, in a thoroughfare to which Holborn offers an imposing contrast, those who have not yet had enough show for the evening, contrive to insert their equipages into the string of vehicles that parade up and down at a foot's pace. It makes them happy to gain another look at themselves and their made-up children, where carriages have no independence of movement, and pedestrians no option about kicking or being kicked in the heels.

M.

THE DEAD BRIDE.

THE banners curl and flutter,
The scarfs flow crimson billowing out,
The silver trumpet's sounding loud,
The people cheer with hearty shout :
Beneath the gilded canopy,
In mournful beauty and in pride,
Followed by lords and ladies,
Paces the royal bride.

In gardens, sweet but lonely,
The sea-god holds his trident up.
Fast from his horn the bright drops pour,
Like silver pieces from a cup.
The goddess of the place is gone,
She heads that royal train to-day,
The fruit may fall in sun and shade,
The flowers may bloom for whom they may.

Hang tapestry from every roof,
Bring out the silver plate and gold,
In every room the tables set,
With jeweled cups for young and old.
The conduit's running red with wine,
The minster bells are mad for joy,
Yet not a maiden seems to smile,
Nor laughs one single merry boy.

Not once the grim king looks at her,
A thunder-cloud is on his brow,
As now beneath the city gates
Again the silver clarions blow.
How like a conqueror he walks
Living above the crowd, apart,
More like the burner of a town
Than he who wins a woman's heart.

They say he's cruel, grim, and cold,
A fierce oppressor of the poor,
A man relentless, hard, and bad,
Who grinds the pale face of the poor.
They say that she was sold to him,
Torn like a wild dove from its nest ;
They say she fades, like April snow,
'Tis a hard fate—but God knows best.

Yet all without the city walls
Is white with flowering May,
The sunshine paves the road with gold
This radiant holiday.
The little birds their ceaseless hymns
Are singing in the sky,
Only one cloud is rolling white
Through the blue sea on high.

And now they come to where the steeds
With curtained litter wait,
And watchful spearmen guarding stand
Outside the western gate.
There in that little silken nest
The bride is on ward borne,
With clang of steel and clash of brass,
And merry-sounding horn.

O had her clothing been a shroud,
No paler were the bride ;
It seems as if it were a vault
In which she deigns to ride.
In vain the grim king whispers
Rude warnings in her ear,
She greets his jesting with a sigh,
His soothing with a tear.

Sweet waters, pages, sprinkled
Before the bridal train,
White May-flowers frolic horsemen
Over the lady rain.
Fair boys, with angels' voices,
Sang hymns to love and spring,
Glad thousands shouted welcomes
That make the green woods ring.

There were basses deep and lusty,
And tenors silvery shrill
Singing, and all together,
As the train wound over the hill.

But whether it was hill or moor,
Or whether it was dale,
The bride was ever silent,
The bride was ever pale.

“Ho!” cried a page who stopped the band,
“What mean ye thus to ride
With a golden glare and a trumpet blare,
And all for a dead cold bride?”

The horsemen stopped in anger,
And crowded to the front,
The bridegroom looked still sterner
Even than he was wont.

The trumpets ceased, the voices failed,
The banners were furl'd down,
The rear ranks thought the vanguard
Had reached the royal town.



The ranks were broke—they draw apart
The curtains gold and red,
Beneath the canopy there lay
The young bride pale and dead.

The page put ring upon her hand,
And knelt by her dead side;

“Thou, Death, hast wedded her to me,”
He in his anguish cried.

“Kill him!” a hundred voices
Shouted, and in a breath
He seized the cold hand of the corpse,
And with her welcomed Death.

WALTER THORNBURY.

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

I do not for a moment mean to affirm that to any of the remarkable but true occurrences which I am about to record, can with propriety be applied the term Supernatural. And yet, were the word to fall from my pen, could the philosopher, vainest of visionaries, deny my right to appropriate it? Empty babblers! have they fixed the limits between the Real and the Ideal, the Actual and the Possible, the Material and the Spiritual, the Tangible and the Æthereal? Has their so-called science established a firmament to divide the world of facts into those lying within the scope of Nature and those soaring above it? A thousand times—No! Widen the processes of induction,* so that psychical and physiological

* Induction, as the philosophical reader is well aware, was

phenomena—hitherto disregarded, because falling without the narrow limits you have set yourselves—may assume their proper places for scientific observation, and the result will be, not the triumph of a system—poisoner of the well-springs of knowledge—but of that majestic Entity, the *Veritas* of the Roman Enquirer, the *Ἀληθές* of the pure-minded Greek, white-robed, unspotted God-revealed TRUTH.

My name is Higgins—surely a name not in itself suggestive of the Romantic or the Preternatural—and in the year 18— I exercised the calling of a

the mainspring of the system reared by our illustrious countryman, Bacon. Dr. Whewell (the learned and amiable master of Trinity College, Cambridge), in his “History of the Inductive Sciences,” and Mr. J. Stuart Mill, in his “System of Logic,” have, among the moderns, greatly elucidated this important subject.

mercator and haberdasher in a midland town, which I shall call P——. Yet, mean as my calling might appear to some, I boasted of a pedigree which many a mushroom earl might have envied. For my ancestors had fought at Poitiers and Agincourt, and in the form of my nose and the manner in which the black hair curled negligently over the forehead might be traced the unmistakable signs of the Norman blood which flowed, almost unpolluted, through our veins. I was tolerably well-to-do in business, and could therefore permit myself the luxury—if luxury it can be called—of falling in love.

The object which soon came to engross my affections and to absorb my being in her own, was the only daughter of a neighbouring pork-butcher, called Elfrida Winterbottom. Strange as this conjunction of names may appear, there was some reason for it: her blood, though derived from a different source, was as gentle as my own. Her ancestors had fought against the Dane, in the suite of Alfred,—had filled the brilliant courts of Edwy and Egbert, and Ethelwulf,—had perished nobly at Hastings where mine had as nobly triumphed. There was a certain grace and delicacy about her, as she weighed out the sausages, which, to the rare observer, would at once have revealed the purity of her Saxon descent.

We were engaged. On the night immediately following that which saw her consent given, we were wandering along the old town walls and beneath the shadow of the majestic abbey, when the sky, which had before been bright and star-illuminated, came all at once to be overspread by dark clouds, and the rain pelted down, in a somewhat slanting direction, upon our heads, unprotected by umbrellas. Elfrida screamed as though stung by a serpent, lifted up her dress, and ran for protection to the nearest doorway. As we reached it, dripping with wet, it seemed to me that a chill—something which Ignorance would have attributed to Presentiment, and Philosophy, equally ignorant, would have set down to the mere operation of the elements—had fallen upon me.

“So it is ever in mortal life, dearest Elfrida,” I exclaimed. “To Joy succeeds Pain, to Pleasure Satiety, and winter as surely sheds her cold snows over the ground once laughing with golden corn-stalks, as yonder dark cloud has in a moment obscured the fair face of heaven which looked down upon our loves.”

“Yes, but in life *Immortal*,” replied Elfrida, “the mind of man soaring from the Real to the Ideal—”

We were here interrupted by an event which by one less determined than myself to record a narrative of mere facts, less determined to abstain from every artifice to work upon the feelings of my reader, might have been suppressed as savouring too much of the Actual and the Common-place. It was the arrival of Sarah, Mr. Winterbottom's maid-of-all-work, carrying a pair of cotton umbrellas.

CHAPTER II.

Two-days after this adventure, looking across the way from my shop-window, I saw the opposite wall placarded with advertisements of various colours and very considerable size. They announced

that Mr. Lafayette Snooks, the celebrated mesmerist and spiritual medium, was about to give a *séance* in the Town Hall. I had always entertained the profoundest contempt for these so-called experiences, founding my convictions upon the doctrines of Locke and Bacon, and had gone so far as to quarrel with a former shopman, a German (for we had “Hier sprecht mann Deutsch” in the window) who professed an enthusiastic reverence for Hegel. It was therefore with little satisfaction that I learned that same evening, on taking tea with my beloved, of a projected visit of the family to the Town Hall. Firmly, but politely, I declined to be of the party.

It was with still deeper annoyance that I heard the next night from my Elfrida's lips of the results witnessed in the course of the exhibition,—and the effects which they had produced upon the audience. Spirits had rapped out answers, astonishing to those who received them; tables and other heavy articles of furniture had danced about the room with the agility of a Vestris or Cerito; instruments played with no performer near them; on one occasion Snooks himself had been wafted up to the ceiling with such force that his head broke one of the panes of the skylight. My Elfrida, amongst others, had sat for a short time with a circular piece of metal in her hand, and had fallen completely under the dominion of the lecturer. She was reduced to dumbness—she forgot her own name—she saw her dress without flounces and without crinoline, according to the dictation of Mr. Snooks. To all these and other marvels (though confirmed by the matter-of-fact Mr. Winterbottom) my philosophy compelled me to turn a deaf ear. I repudiated such extravagances with warmth, and the first symptom of a quarrel between Elfrida and myself was produced by our difference of opinion.

The next day I was summoned to the Town Hall, in my character of common-councilman, to assist in settling a dispute which had arisen between the Medium and the Corporation as to the terms on which the room had been engaged. The precise details of the question are unimportant, but the point in issue was whether Snooks, after all expenses paid, was entitled to receive one pound or five pounds. I somewhat hastily voted for the smaller sum, without perhaps sufficiently examining the terms of the agreement. But my abhorrence for what I conceived to be imposture, was sufficient to warp my judgment.

“Such impostors,” I exclaimed aloud, “should be whipt at the cart's-tail, if I had my way. Summoning spirits, indeed, and reading letters with the backs of their heads! Yet gypsies are sent to prison for telling a fortune, while the grander rogue receives the favourable notice of Emperors and ‘Times’ newspapers.”

That same evening as my shop-boy, Charles, was putting up the shutters, and I sat in my back-parlour, with a glass of toddy, looking over accounts, a stranger was announced. He took a chair, without being bidden, and throwing aside the cloak which enveloped him, revealed to my eyes the most remarkable countenance

on which I have ever gazed. The form of the head, and the cheek-bones, presented the characteristics of the North American Indian, and the long black hair flowed down, almost to the shoulders, on both sides of the face. But what was singular, and even startling, about the face was, that it was impossible to derive from its aspect an idea of his age. He might have been twenty or a hundred, emerging into the dawn of manhood, or hastening to Nature's repose. Next to this singular circumstance was the character of his eye; it was dark and inexpressibly penetrating, so that its glance, if I may so speak, seemed to pierce through your head, and come out on the other side, as if able to read the destructive passions seated at the back, at the same time with those which mirror themselves on the forehead.* With all my material philosophy, I could not repress a vague feeling of distrust.

"Stranger!" he exclaimed, in a voice of extraordinary grandeur, though coming through the nose, or rather indeed deriving from that channel its singular and never-to-be-forgotten rhythm,— "stranger, my name is Snooks. I am he whom you have insulted, robbed of his due,—whose art you have traduced at the Town Hall to day. Vain pretender, who cry out that truth is profaned when your dogmas are questioned. Empty, shallow-pated fool, who think to have meted out the dominion of nature, and where your eye halts its vision, cry, 'There nature must close.' Verily retribution shall await you. Hist! I see them already! The phantoms are gathering round you!"

He paused for a moment, as I stared at him astonished.

"One word more," he continued, "see, here is the sovereign which you were the means of my receiving," and he pressed it upon my unwilling palm. "Look at it!" As I looked at it, I felt a strange vapour stealing upwards to my brain, and a sense of lassitude seemed to chain my limbs to my chair. "Ha!" he exclaimed, "you already feel the yoke of powers which you have denied. And now, from yonder glittering heap on the table, I shall take what I conceive myself entitled to, without your having it in your power to cry out 'Police!' or to move so much as a little finger to prevent me!"

He suited the action to the word, snatched up a five-pound note, which was lying with some coppers and shillings before me, drank off a full tumbler of brandy-punch, which I had made for myself and set on the table, lighted one of my cigars, bowed mockingly to me, and took his departure unmolested.

Full half-an-hour elapsed before I was fully awakened from the kind of coma which enveloped me. A fatal waking!

CHAPTER III.

Four-and-twenty hours' reflection on this strange occurrence, though it did not entirely reassure me, yet lessened the impression at first created. I began to attribute my inability to move or speak to some physical seizure, probably the effect of

* By Gall, Spurzheim, and all subsequent phrenologists, the *destructive* organs have been classed as lying at the back of the head.

the wetting three days before. At the same time I took active steps to have the robber (for such I considered him) arrested, but without result.

Elfrida and I met as often as ever, but I could not but observe that our love itself had taken a slight chill from the difference of opinion on the subject of the Medium which I have mentioned above. A singular thing began to happen about this time which very much perplexed me. Whenever I addressed her in particularly impassioned terms, looking earnestly into her eyes as a lover naturally would do under such circumstances, I observed that she immediately fell into a dozing state. And I must confess that *her* speeches and glances not unfrequently produced the same effect upon me. This, by rendering our love rather a one-sided affair for each of us, could not but be set down as one of the causes which probably led to the diminution of our ardour.

One day (a memorable day to me) was like to have been ushered in by a serious quarrel. Mr. Winterbottom had gone to some distance to attend a pig-market, and was not expected back till the following week. In his absence I generally took my meals with Elfrida, the only surviving member of his immediate family, with the exception of a son in the merchant service. On the occasion to which I refer we were at breakfast: I was about to commence upon some cold roast fowl to which I had just helped myself, when suddenly the table by some unseen movement was turned round, so that Elfrida's plate and cover came before me, while by the same rotatory movement my plate and its contents were placed at her disposal.

"What made you push the table in that way, Elfrida?" I asked, somewhat angrily.

"I did not *push* it, silly boy," she replied. "I caused it to turn, that was all. Don't you see that—no doubt in a fit of absence—you have helped yourself to the wing, and given me the drumstick. Now, I think it more natural that the drumstick should fall to the gentleman's share and the wing be the appanage of the lady."

"But you must have given the table a shove to accomplish this?"

"Not a bit of it. The lightest touch, the mere imposition of my fingers, was sufficient to produce the effect you have seen. Do you know that ever since Mr. Lafayette-Snooks has been here, I have been trying my hand at his exploits, and I find that I am what is termed a Medium. I can produce raps and move furniture almost as well as he can; so perhaps could you, if you were only to try."

"Elfrida!" I exclaimed, fixing my eyes earnestly upon her. "Never let me hear again such absurdities fall from your lips. That the illiterate should be imposed upon by such juggleries I admit, while I deplore the fact. But that you, who with an almost masculine understanding have been nurtured on the philosophy of Bacon and Locke, have studied the principles of induction and deduction—"

I ceased, for she was asleep. My anger at the whole affair was such, that I could hardly get through the drumstick, whose proximity to me was sought to be attributed to a process, the offspring of a spurious philosophy. All at once

Elfrida raised herself in her chair; and, throwing out her arms, cried loudly, her eyes still closed:

"I see him—I see him coming—he turns the corner, and passes the Italian warehouse. Now he is at the door, and is about to ring. It is my cousin Henry."

Immediately afterwards a ring was heard at the side-door, steps sounded on the floor, and cousin Henry entered the room. Without so much as wishing him good-morning, I seized my hat and dashed past him down the stairs.

CHAPTER IV.

COUSIN HENRY was a young man of about five-and-twenty, extremely well-favoured as regards personal appearance, but of what are termed scampish propensities. After trying his hand at various occupations, he was at the present time engaged as pianoforte teacher at the county town of S—. His performances, especially of the "Battle of Prague," had called forth—and indeed merited—the praise of competent critics. He had been brought up with Elfrida, and a kind of retrospective jealousy induced me to suppose that certain love passages had taken place between them in former days. His drains upon my purse, in the way of loans, had been so frequent, and his acts of misconduct so numerous, that I had been compelled to break off the acquaintance, and Elfrida had given me her solemn promise to hold no further communication with him. How then explain his presence in Mr. Winterbottom's house, and with her knowledge, for her exclamation proved that she was aware of his coming? This question so harassed me, that I spent a distracted and profitless day. The mind of the tradesman should be ever fixed upon the business which he conducts, and the disposal of a bale of goods, or even the sale of a ribbon, requires an energy, less grand in its scope, but similar in its degree, to that which guides the helm of the state, or adds imperishable pages to the amusement and instruction of mankind.

Late at night (for I had not been near Elfrida since breakfast), an indescribable restlessness seized me, and sallying forth, I strolled within sight of the well-known parlour window. To my surprise, a light was burning within, and—oh, horror!—the sounds of a pianoforte were distinctly to be heard. The tune was the "Battle of Prague." No more doubt: Henry was with her, and the hour twenty minutes to twelve! All was over, and the future lay before me a dreary and cheerless tract from whose sterile soil not even a flower of hope might be expected to spring.

I returned to my bedroom adjoining our warehouse, and after having recruited my spirits with a slight cordial, proceeded to gaze sorrowfully at her photograph which hung over the mantelpiece. While engaged in this act, I was leaning with both arms upon a large empty chest near the door, which had served to convey to me some Manchester goods and cheap-printed calicoes, and had only been unpacked that day. How long I may have remained in this position I know not; but after awhile I became conscious of a distinct motion in the chest; at first of a slightly vibrating kind, like that of a ship going through smooth water;

then a rocking to and fro; finally, a movement upwards, accompanied by several loud raps on the under side of the upper lid. At first I conceived myself to be the victim of a hallucination, for, as I have before said, the stern system of logic to which I had wedded myself forbade the belief in so much as the possibility of so-called spiritual manifestations. But by degrees the still sterner logic of facts began to appal me. As if by some mysterious sympathy with the chest, I could see all the packing cases in the warehouse shifting uneasily in their places. Before long, rolls of calico danced upon the ground in company with costly silk dresses, while yards upon yards of sarsnet ribbon unfolded themselves spontaneously upon the floor.

It may be supposed that I was startled; still I clung firmly to my principles, and refused to abandon the vantage ground of natural causes. I felt that I had with me not only Bacon and Locke, but the whole body of modern philosophers, the acute Leibnitz, the fanciful Condillac, Kant, with his pure reason; Hegel, the dreaming seer of science; not to speak of Reid, Dugald Stewart, and Hamilton, among our own countrymen. But here was an opportunity, it might be, of adding a fresh page to the chapter of induction, and no true philosopher should shrink from the crucial test of a tentative process.

With pen and pencil I hastily constructed an alphabet such as I have heard are used on these occasions, and by its help proceeded to interrogate the supposed spirit.

To my first question, whether Henry had left Elfrida, the answer was "Yes." The following intelligence was communicated in reply to further queries, the queries themselves it being unnecessary to give. "She was at that moment sitting in the front parlour looking out on the street, before going to bed. She held in her hand a note which had just been given to her, and which she hesitated about opening. After a while she put it on the mantelpiece, determined not to break the seal till the following morning. The letter was in a man's handwriting."

In less than two minutes I was standing at Mr. Winterbottom's door, for my ardour was such that I longed to possess, without a moment's delay, the verification or refutation of what I had heard. And now occurred to me for the first time the difficulty of obtaining access at that undue hour. While I was revolving in my mind various manœuvres derived from my recollections of Lope di Vega and the intrigues of Spanish comedy, I suddenly found myself lifted from the ground, as if by some unseen personage who was grasping my legs at about the top of my Wellington boots. I rose in this way (too much astonished to utter a syllable) until I reached the bow-window of the first-floor parlour, where I stopped; and, thinking it inadvisable to remain out all night in the open air, under circumstances likely to expose me to the suspicions of the local constabulary, I lifted the sash and stepped in. The first object which struck my eyes, by the light of the remains of a feeble candle which had been left burning, was the dreadful letter!

I glanced hastily at the superscription. A

single look served to show me that it was *not* in her father's handwriting; nor indeed was it in that of her uncle, an apothecary of some local eminence, and who had always greatly favoured our union. She was acquainted with no other men but her cousin Henry and myself. I was about to break open the seal, when it occurred to me that such a course of conduct would ill befit the descendant of those who had bled at Agincourt and Poitiers. I put my hands behind my head, which seemed to be bursting, and threw myself despairingly into a seat, with my elbows on the table. During this time my fingers still unconsciously grasped the fatal missive, which they rumpled and crumpled in their fever.

Suddenly I felt a shooting pain at the back of my head, as if the seat of sensation so variously shifted by physiologists had all at once taken up its place at the base of the occiput. Clearly and distinctly—as clearly and distinctly as I now trace these lines—I was able to read, through the red sealing-wax, through the closed envelope, through the folded Bath note-paper, the words :

Dearest, let us settle the matter once for all. Come to me on Thursday, at S—. Don't let your father know. We shall soon, I hope, meet to part no more. Higgins is *such* an ass!

Darkness stole over my soul—that *divine particula aurea* of the ancients, of which perhaps when we have termed it Soul, we can add nothing more—and for a time I lay unconscious. Real and Ideal, Actual and Possible, had faded from the memory of that strange compound which we call MAN.

(To be continued.)

A DAY'S DREDGING.

How many of our readers we wonder have any conception of the ideas these three words are capable of producing in the initiated mind? and who of them are practically acquainted with the intoxicating sense of pleasure they can recall, or the boundless anticipations they can create? What skating is to sliding, and hunting to both; what Moselle is to malt, or love to loneliness, that is dredging to shore collecting—it is the "open sesame" to nature's darkest marine mysteries, the revelation of her most secluded beauties, the Ultima Thule of a naturalist's hopes and wishes. We thrill with compassion while we reflect that there are people to whom the very name of dredge is unfamiliar, and a gentle pity stirs us for those who, knowing its use, have never been inducted into that wonderful repertory of life which can be approached only through its narrow iron doorway. For their benefit we will sketch, however imperfectly, some of the scenes which the dredge reveals; and then, without dwelling too long upon the details of a picture whose minutest touches would bear a lifelong scrutiny, proceed to outline the boundaries of those great submarine dominions of animal life into which the dredge has taught us the ocean may be divided, describing, as we go, the general character of the natural laws by which these unseen kingdoms and their inhabitants are regulated.

First of all, however, for the instrument itself.

The dredge, in its commonest form, is an insignificant looking tool enough, a compound of rusty iron and frayed net, in shape something like one of those old-fashioned purses once so common among the mothers of this generation, consisting of a little netted bag, secured at the mouth to a hinged rim of steel. Now, by opening the metal jaws of the purse to their widest extent, and removing the hinge altogether, then fashioning one lip of the frame into a sharp scraping edge, and providing the other with a means of attachment to a rope, we get a roughly correct illustration of the primitive-looking machine which the non-naturalising sea-side visitor has probably passed times out of number with the half-patronising, half-contemptuous glance that highly civilised and enlightened cockneydom bestows on the rude gear and tackle of the professional fisherman. It will be readily understood that the dredge or purse prepared in the way we have described would not only rake any ground over which it might be dragged, but collect everything lying in its course within the meshes of its net; hence it is the naturalist's best friend, and the mollusc's worst foe, enabling the former to penetrate recesses which no ebbs uncover, and dragging the most retiring organisms from their otherwise inaccessible hiding places.

On a fine day, and over productive ground, we know of few pleasures that will bear comparison with dredging. It is difficult to describe the charm of sitting with a pleasant companion in the stern sheets of a trim boat, gliding before the summer breeze through rippling water bluer than the blue sky above, the neighbouring coast affording ever-changing peeps of picturesque or rugged beauty, but oh! how tenfold keener this enjoyment becomes when, with hand resting on the dredge line, bottles, jars, and lenses all in readiness for action, we wait in delicious anticipation the right moment to haul our deep-sea treasures to the surface. And when they come at last, and we have tumbled the confused mass of stones, animals, mud, and weeds upon the board placed athwart our gunwale to receive it, how eagerly we set to work to disentangle every living thing from the oozy chaos spread out before our hungry eyes. And what a wealth of strange organisations the heap presents! Why, this one tiny spoonful, gathered in a quarter of an hour, contains more creatures than a week's diligent work among the rocks would furnish, and nine-tenths of them are species such as no low-tide searching could possibly discover. First in numbers, activity, and certainly in self-assertion, are the crabs; not the familiar crustacean of Hungerford market, but relatives of all sizes and every conceivable form. Here are flat, fat, comfortable crabs, well fed, contented with things as they are, manifest marine tories, differing utterly in appearance and habits from other truculent revolutionary fellows with ungainly limbs, malicious eyes, and absolutely blood-thirsty aspect. Then there are spiny crabs, the porcupines of the sea, squinting with horrible persistence; tiny delicate crabs, smaller than a silver threepence; and, strangest of all, the slender Arachnide, ocean spiders, with legs of threadlike thinness and astounding length, and

eyes set curiously on long footstalks, pointing, fingerlike, in all directions. Next come fierce Paguri, or soldier-crabs, snugly housed as to their hinder parts in the shells of defunct whelks and trochi, their ruling passion for warfare strong even in the dredge, fighting here beneath our very eyes each for the possession of a neighbour's more desirable habitation. Then there are the starfishes, with long rosy arms twining over everything, alarmed brittle stars strewing the heap with suicidal fragments, neat Cribellas, charmingly marked Ophiocomas, and here and there the beautiful Palmipes. Less conspicuous, but more lovely than either of these two families, come the mollusca and their brilliant representatives, Eolis and Doris of the waving plumes, majestic Aplysia, and the emerald Acteon, accompanied by their testaceous relatives spiry Turritellas, ribbed cowries, murderous whelks, the gem-eyed Pecten, "butterfly of the sea," and the pearly earshell. As for zoophytes, their name is legion. All the finer species of Actinia are represented, and Sertularia, Laomedea, and Campanularia crowd the stones, weeds, and pebbles, till every portion of their several surfaces is alive with the beautiful atomies. Dwarf corals and Lepraliæ meet us at every turn, and now and then we may detect, half hidden in the mud, the tube of an Edwardsia, or perhaps even the brilliantly spotted covering of the rare cloak anemone. Then there are the worms, not only Serpula and Sabella, the pride of all aquarian naturalists, but Phyllodoce, Nais, and the strange rainbow-hued sea-mouse (Aphrodite). Nereides of all forms and dimensions, some brilliantly phosphorescent, others of a comeliness needing no such enhancement, and last, not least, the rarer Auricomada. Let us get all our treasures as speedily as may be into their respective prisons—happy for us if we have been wise enough to come prepared with plenty of jars and bottles—and then for another haul. Time and space would utterly fail us did we attempt to give the merest biographical sketch of only one or two among the most interesting of the organisms we have indicated by name, while volumes would need to be ransacked, and not a few wholly new life-histories written, to exhaust the long array of zoologic wonders with which this one haul has filled our swarming receptacles. Putting, therefore, all consideration of details on one side, let us occupy the time during which our dredge is gathering a fresh supply in briefly generalising the facts we owe to the assistance of this instrument, and briefly stating the great natural laws whose character and application a long and careful study of its lessons has demonstrated.

Little as the general public is aware of the fact, the dredge has been systematically used during many years past for definite scientific purposes; thousands of hauls have been made in different parts of the world under able superintendence the conditions of latitude, season, temperature, &c., being duly registered and collated. Certain results have been deduced from the data afforded by these researches, all of which are interesting, and many of them highly important in their relation to more than one branch of physical science. In the hands of the late lamented Professor Edward Forbes the

dredge became an instrument of almost equal value both to the student of the invertebrata, the comparative anatomist, and the physiologist specially dealing with the phenomena of human life, while it furnished the geologist, more than either, with an ally whose usefulness is yet only partially developed. Under these circumstances we owe scant apology to the pretty creatures whose acquaintance we recently made, if we treat their beauties with a little temporary neglect, while describing some of the vital laws which they all obey.

We are accustomed to look upon the sea and its inhabitants with eyes somewhat blinded by our want of knowledge, conceiving of it, for the most part, as one great kingdom, inhabited by various tribes, differing in their several characteristics but little one from another, save under some strongly marked diversity of circumstances, such, for example, as would attend a change from tropical to temperate or frigid waters. This notion, however, represents the true state of the case very roughly indeed, and the dredge has now proved that the distribution of terrestrial life into specific provinces whose limits are determined by definite and readily recognisable natural conditions, is reproduced with a similarly minute attention to details in the submarine world, where, as on the land, certain districts are peopled with particular genera and species, so that it would be as useless to look for a cockle at 300 fathoms or an anemone upon a sandbank, as to beat the New Forest for flamingoes or stalk the Scotch hills for the gorilla. The parallel will bear carrying even further than this. Not only has nature set inflexible though invisible boundaries of circumstance, alike in sea and land, beyond which particular forms of life are forbidden to stray, but just as new conditions, whether naturally or artificially induced, affect the habitats of terrestrial creatures, so also do the slow changes going on from age to age throughout the ocean influence the character and distribution of its inhabitants. The work of separating into and defining the provinces of modern European seas fell to the lot of the gifted naturalist to whom we have already alluded, and no description of the results which he and his coadjutors obtained in the course of many years' devoted labour would be complete without a passing tribute to the genius, skill, and energy which Edward Forbes brought to the discharge of his task. Patient as a collector, wonderfully original as a combiner of isolated facts, perhaps no naturalist of our day more richly deserved the fame and honours which he so slowly won. Cut off, too, just at the moment when his reputation seemed culminating; comparatively young, and with the widest field of usefulness opening before him, his was one of those seemingly inopportune deaths to which the world can resign itself only by a strong and unwilling effort. Returning from this digression to the matter in hand, we shall assist our elucidation of Professor Forbes' researches by first of all examining the narrow slip of shore comprised between tide marks, and permitting the distinctions which we shall there discover to stand for a moment as illustrations on a small scale of those greater oceanic divisions that will presently occupy our attention.

In the British seas, we find on every coast where the influence of the tidal wave is felt, several well-marked zones of animal and vegetable life succeeding each other between the respective levels of high and low water, all developed with equal clearness, but varying extent, whether the sea rises four or forty feet. The uppermost of these occupies that portion of the shore forming the extreme limit of high water, being distinguished by the common wrack (*Fucus canaliculatus*) and always well colonised with that little yellow univalve (*litorina*), so familiar to purchasers of the funny little baskets and pincushions all shells and glue, forming the chief stock in trade of the distressed widows who make the sands their shop. Below this first zone stretches a second, marked by a narrowish strip of dark weed (*Lichina*), with barnacles, mussels, and small periwinkles for tenants; and at half-tide we come upon a third subdivision, differing widely from the former in the presence of bladder wrack (*Fucus nodosus*), and *F. articulatus*: this is the region of limpets, edible periwinkles, and prettily striped "tops," or *Trochi*, and here too we first meet the common forms of *Actinæ*, such as *A. mesembryanthemum*, *Anthea*, and the "strawberry," all names suggestive of a very necessary hint to enthusiastic anemone hunters, and especially wanted in the case of lady collectors, on the absolute uselessness of searching for the rarer forms, save at the lower levels which we now approach. The fourth zone carries us to the verge of ordinary low water, its distinguishing plants being *Fucus serratus*, and its animal life consisting chiefly of rock whelks and *Trochi* of various species, but gradually becoming more populous as it approaches the fifth, or lowest and richest of all the belts, accessible only for a short time during the highest spring tides. In this, the most prolific of the zones, are found a number of the beautiful red weeds which adorn marine herbaria, snugly hidden beneath great waving forests of "tangle" (*Laminaria*), while covering every stem and stone are minute zoophytes of the most various and lovely forms, together with sponges, polyzoa, small star-fishes, occasional sea urchins, and the more beautiful of the anemones; the little pools are tenanted by active gobies and blennies, with ghost-like prawns and queer little cray fish, fitting hither and thither among them. Under the loose stones there are colonies of worms, both free and tubicolous; here and there we meet a great crab, and on the southern parts of our coast may find those exquisite corals, the *Caryophylliæ* and *Balanophylliæ*.

Such are the littoral zones of the English seas described in general terms. Local differences occur in similar members of the five groups separated from one another by a sensible difference of latitude, and this cause, in which we shall presently recognise one of the most active of all distributive influences, produces a further discrepancy between the kinds and abundance of animal life fostered by the tidal zones of our own and other shores. Every coast like that of England possesses its regular belts, answering in general character, though not in specific particulars, to those we have just noticed; and thus, had we made Norway our illustration in place of the

British Isles, we should have found its shores parcelled out on a similar principle, only every subdivision would be peopled by another class of creatures.

In treating the subject on its wider oceanic basis, all these littoral zones form at best only the minuter varieties in larger groups of fauna, whose local habitation is determined by the laws and conditions which we now proceed to examine. Already it is obvious that the sea's depth performs a most important function in regard to the character of its animal life, and indeed the dredge teaches us that just as we divided the strip of coast within tide marks into several independent zones, so we may also separate the whole extent of accessible sea-floor into four bathymetrical districts named respectively the littoral (a division comprising the whole of the tidal belts under one head), the laminarian, the coralline, and the deep-sea coral zones. These four regions, which being represented in every latitude may be considered as constants, owe their differentiation entirely to the depth of water overlying each of them; but here, as in the case of the littoral belts, while the bathymetrical distinctions are rigidly preserved, the whole series is subject to perpetual modification from the effects of temperature. Thus, in the Arctic as in the British seas, four bands of animal life are distinctly recognisable, but none of them is tenanted by the same races as are found in their more southerly representatives. Hence we get a second subdivision of fauna, in addition to that already so fully described, directly dependent, for the most part, upon latitude, but subject to innumerable modifications from several collateral causes, chief among which we may specify the geological nature of the sea-floor and shore, the outline of a coast, and the local composition of sea-water. Omitting for a moment all consideration of the aberrations these causes are capable of producing, and confining our attention to the influence of temperature alone, we find that the European seas, of which we are now specially treating, may be separated into six districts or "provinces," each distinguished by groups of organisms peculiar to itself, and all sharing in the common bathymetrical subdivisions. These six provinces have been respectively named as follows:—1. Arctic; 2. Boreal; 3. Celtic; 4. Lusitanian; 5. Mediterranean; and 6. Caspian. The first, or Arctic, comprises within its boundaries the islands of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, the northern coast of Russia and Finmark, together with all the land lying within the Arctic circle. The Boreal province includes the southernmost portions of Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, and the whole eastern coast of Norway and Sweden, very singularly leaving the Baltic, which reaches a latitude almost equally high with that of the Arctic division, to form a portion of the third or Celtic province. This, as Professor Forbes prettily expresses it, is our "home circuit," embracing the whole of the British isles, the northern coasts of France, the shores of Holland and the Baltic Sea. Next in order comes the Lusitanian district, stretching from Cape Verde islands along the shores of Western Africa, and almost meeting the fifth or

Mediterranean province, whose name sufficiently bespeaks its range, from the straits of Gibraltar to the Black Sea; and lastly the Caspian, an altogether isolated and peculiar district, specially confined to the locality after which it has been christened.

The geographical limits of all these provinces may be readily traced on a map, and will be found to follow, with tolerable accuracy, the lines of the nearest parallels of latitude, the Celtic division only forming any important exception to this rule. That this is the case in the Baltic we have already seen, but the British islands themselves possess a no less exceptional fauna than the margins of this inland sea. The parallel of Labrador intersects this country, and the same group of organisations found within the Boreal boundaries would also be ours, but for the effects of that beneficent gulf-stream to which we owe a climate of far higher temperature than we have any geographical right to expect.

Space and the reader's patience alike would fail us in any attempt to indicate by name the typical forms of life which characterise each of the six districts. Without, therefore, repeating a string of long Latin titles, we would only state generally the chief effects of these two great influences—temperature and depth—upon the character of the creatures whom they control. Cold and great depth possess a similar though not equally active power in diminishing the variety, wealth, and especially the brilliance of animal and vegetable life; and moderate warmth and comparative shallowness are needful for the production either of bright colour or abundance in denizens of the submarine world. Thus the inhabitants of Arctic seas lack the beauty of their southern representatives, while their species are vastly less numerous. An improvement takes place in the latter respect on entering the Boreal province, but the Celtic districts must be reached before any notable increase in variety of organisation is perceptible, while even in our own comparatively warm waters sad-coloured garments are the rule, and brightly-tinted raiment the exception. It is only when we arrive at the sunnier climes of the Lusitanian and Mediterranean regions that we encounter a fauna whose brilliance and abundance are both equally astonishing.

We have already indicated several local causes which occasionally operate in producing a break or change in the character of any particular fauna. All animals demand, in addition to definite bathymetrical and climatic conditions, certain other natural advantages of a less general but equally important kind; thus there are tribes whose existence depends on the presence of a particular kind of vegetation, while others need a special material in the sea-floor where they flourish. Many families thrive well only in rough and broken water, and others demand a comparatively still sea for their proper development. Stretches of sand or shingle again are so unfavourable to life as to create a hiatus even in the most prolific districts; and since clear water is vitally necessary to many families, the whole organisations of a coast are liable to considerable modification

from the nature of the rocks which form its cliffs and ledges. None of these influences, however, produce much effect, in the long run, upon the general distribution of marine life; they simply succeed in depopulating certain districts, or forming groups of animals here and there of an exceptional character, but they exercise no influence at all comparable with that of the fundamental laws which we have endeavoured to illustrate.

These are some of the deductions, rapidly sketched, with which a patient attention to the lessons of the dredge has supplied us. Summing them up, for the sake of distinctness, we find that the whole of the European seas are divided into six great provinces, whose limits and areas are directly dependent upon climatal conditions, all of these provinces being again divisible into four other well-marked districts called bathymetrical, from their relation to the depth of water in which they occur. We have confined ourselves to five in our enumeration of the zones, although they might really be subdivided into a much larger number, for it must be remembered that the gradual change which takes place both in temperature and depth of the sea is represented in its fauna by similarly imperceptible alterations; hence no absolutely definite line can be drawn between any two regions of life, the inhabitants of each being so shaded off one into the other without any appearance of violent contrast, that in actual fact the numbers of provinces depend altogether upon the minuteness with which the artificial distinctions are drawn.

But there is still another most important fact demonstrated by these researches to which we have not yet alluded, although it carries our parallel between the distribution of marine and terrestrial life to its greatest length. Most of our readers are probably aware that as regards the latter a law universally obtains that "parallels of latitude are equivalent to regions of elevation," or, in other words, the fauna and flora of northern climates will be represented with considerable accuracy in neighbouring but more southerly countries, at heights where the temperature of the first prevails. An analogous phenomenon takes place in the sea, only that here the case is reversed, and parallels of latitude represent not height of land, but depth of water. Not less interesting, also, is the further discovery "that those species which have the greatest vertical range are likewise those which extend over the widest areas of sea, and hence that the range of a species is commensurate with its geographical distribution." This is the reason why the greatest variety of animals is to be found by dredging the comparatively shallow waters of different countries—a most encouraging fact for those amateur naturalists who may feel disposed to act on our advice, and leave the low-tide ledges and rock-pools for the nobler sport we recommend.

Here we might very well close our short ramble in a wide field of inquiry, but for one little circumstance. Up to the time when recent researches (undertaken in connection with ocean telegraphy) proved that highly organised creatures exist in the profounder depths of the Atlantic, it was very generally held that animal life became extinct in

water of a certain depth. Professor Forbes himself conjectured that this zero would be reached at about 300 fathoms, being led to this belief by a comparison of his numerous observations, all of which showed an universal decrease in the amount of vitality, regularly proportioned to the increase of depth. Dr. Wallich, however, has exploded this once popular theory, by bringing up living star-fishes from a sea-floor covered by nearly two miles of water; and in doing so, has not only reclaimed a hitherto inaccessible province from the limbo of a hypothetical unproductiveness, but given us room and verge enough to speculate on the number and kind of the districts which might be added to our present list over the enormous tracts lying between the comparatively shallow regions within reach of our instruments, and those grand oceanic abysses with whose sparser populations we can never hope to become thoroughly acquainted.

Coming back once more to accessible ground, there is still much to be done even in our own well-worked seas before the subject is exhausted. When we consider how many years and how many men have been spent in ascertaining our present confessedly incomplete stock of knowledge on kindred points in terrestrial zoology, we need not fear that half a dozen earnest students, whose activity has been limited to the last decade or two, have left us nothing to discover. On the contrary, the great sea is still full of wonders waiting their turn to be called like spirits from the vasty deep; so we will haul our dredge once more, good reader, strong in the hope that among its stones and weeds, crabs and star-fishes, we may find one more new fact to rescue from the domain of the unknown,—another good grain of information worthy of sowing in that great field of scientific labour, of whose fruits the world has already eaten so largely, but the fulness of whose harvest is yet to come. D. P.

MALE AND FEMALE EGGS.

I HAVE recently observed a statement in ONCE A WEEK* of Dec. 29, 1860, treating of birds' eggs, and the singularity of the difference in the shape of those containing the male and female young ones, which I can confirm from many years' experience. I bred canaries regularly for several summers, and I had observed frequently to my fellow-amateurs in this amusing pastime that the eggs which were almost as broad at one end as at the other, invariably produced *hen* birds, whilst those tapering to a point as regularly produced *cocks*. I should like to offer an explanation, which appears to me to be the correct one, of such a curious fact, and I think that most naturalists will admit the probability of it. After watching the hatching of very many nests of birds (for most of my sitting hen-canaries were so tame I could push them on and off the nest at pleasure, without fear of their forsaking their charge), I observed that the broad, or tail part of the young bird was always at the broader part of the egg. Now, as it is well-known to all who study natural history that the hen bird is, and *must* of necessity be broader than the cock

at the base of her body, owing, of course, to room for the "ovary" being required, would not that naturally suggest that the end of the egg containing such a bird *must* be broader where the broad part of the body is lodged, than in that containing a male bird, whose body *always* tapers to a point? After watching for six or seven summers all my young birds as they were hatched, and finding this rule always hold good, I can come to no other conclusion than that the above is a correct solution of a singular fact that has puzzled many observing lovers of ornithology. I should, however, be glad to be set right if I am in error. Nevertheless, the rule itself is so simple, so self-evident, and, in my experience, so *confirmed*, that I hardly imagine it likely to be the result of mere chance or a freak of nature.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

TWO MONTHS IN UPPER AUSTRIA.

MY DEAR * * *
* * * * *

WE procured a carriage at L— station to convey us to Schloss Almbegg. The indigenous droschky is certainly a wonderful machine. Poor C— had suffered so much from the heat, that we ordered the vehicle to be closed, to shelter us from the burning sun of August. After some considerable delay in arranging the numerous packages (and you know by lamentable experience how numerous C—'s travelling accompaniments are), we got off. The sound of the postboy's horn, and the cracking of his long whip, announced to the world that we were in motion. All went well at first. We had nearly gained the ascent of a long hill, when a Dombian effort on the part of one of the horses caused the rope-harness to snap, and our fate seemed likely to resemble that of Sisyphus, for the whole machine began a retrograde motion. After a few oaths in the patois of the country, we got ourselves righted, and proceeded with renewed confidence.

"Five quarters of an hour," as the Germans say, brought us to our destination. Schloss Almbegg is a veritable structure of the fifteenth century; some portions have even an older date. It stands on the escarpment of a rock which overlooks the valley where meet the rivers Traun and Alm. The green meadows on their margin terminated in plantations of fir, or "needlewood," as it is called. In the middle ground rose the grand old Traunstein, and in the distance appeared the Salzburg Alps. The Dachstein, with its cradled glacier, was a conspicuous object in the range.

We enjoyed this fine view as we neared the castle; but, as it was noon, we had not that contrast of light and shade which makes up a picture. After many concussions and divers threatened dislocations, our droschky rolled heavily through the arched entrance, and deposited us in the courtyard of the castle, where we were gracefully received by our host and hostess. As you are aware, I was personally a stranger to Herr von —, but the perfect cordiality of our reception assured us that their cousin's friends were welcome. The courtyard, which is quite enclosed

* Vol. iv., p. 24.

by high buildings, is flanked on one side by the picturesque ruin of an old chapel, which dates back as far as the eleventh century. The habitable sides of the court are composed of open corridors, communicating with the various apartments. Those on the lower range are mostly domestic offices; the upper *étage* pertains to the family. The clematis and vine hung in rich profusion round many of the latticed windows, and beneath the chapel wall there was a parterre of flowers of the most brilliant hue. It was the custom, we found, for the family to spend their summer mornings out of doors, and on looking round I saw the children in a shady corner, grouped near a rustic table.

Shortly after our arrival we retired to prepare for dinner, which was at the accustomed hour of two o'clock.

Rooms, as well as people, have a physiognomy. Directly I entered my sleeping apartment, I felt at home. The room was spacious, with chocolate-coloured walls, adorned with engravings of "Deer-stalking in the Highlands," after Landseer. The floor was of polished oak, without carpets, but some four or five chamois skins were placed conveniently as substitutes. After I had learnt the geography of the place, I discovered that my room was in the western turret. Besides two windows of ordinary size, there were two much smaller, deep set, and of that kind which "exclude the



Exterior of Schloss Albmegg.

light." Near those portholes was a mysterious carved oak door, which my curiosity immediately led me to open. At the end of a narrow passage of some six feet (which constituted, in fact, the thickness of the wall), I found another door, which yielded easily to my hand, and I stepped out on a small balcony, situated immediately over the deep *fosse* of the castle, and overlooking a charming extent of sunny landscape.

The dinner-bell summoned me in good time to the saloon, where I found quite a party assembled. All the guests were new arrivals, except Col. D——, an old Austrian officer, who had anticipated us by some days. In compliment to the "Britishers," everybody spoke English, and spoke it admirably well, though I believe not one of the Germans

present had ever visited England. Baron W—— is so perfectly conversant with our language, that he often illustrated what he had to say by quotations from Dickens and other popular authors. It amused us infinitely to hear the slang of our native island appreciated in Upper Austria. It is a fact that our light literature is immensely read throughout Germany.

The conversation turned upon national dissimilarities: each party believed that he avoided his neighbour's faults, while he boasted some distinguishing virtues of his own. There was a great deal of mutual *plaisanterie*. Baron W——, who has the gift of satire to an alarming extent, amused us by relating anecdotes of some English tourists whom he had lately met, Murray in hand.

But laugh who likes, it is the English who have discovered their lakes and mountains; it is the restless, sight-seeing, note-taking Englishman who has made their beauties famous, and built their hotels. It is sufficiently droll, I confess, to hear a Britisher who has strayed out of the direct route, struggling between his ignorance of the language, and his craving for information. In such a case, our compatriot, when he has elicited an answer by dumb signs, and of course fails to comprehend its purport, exclaims, "These country people are such fools: there's no understanding them." Col. D—— told a story of an Englishman who joined the Austrian army some few years since, without knowing one word of German. After some time, his Colonel remarked to him that he must really acquire the language. The young officer replied, with *naïveté*, that he found German very difficult, and that he thought it would be easier for the privates of his regiment to learn English. He was actually marched into Italy in this state of persevering ignorance, "but," added Col. D——, "he became eventually an excellent officer." Englishmen appear to have been very popular in the Austrian service, but they have ceased to join it now, as they cannot do so without becoming naturalised subjects.

The Austrians need be linguists, for my host told me that in his regiment no less than nine languages were spoken.

I was a good deal surprised at the freedom with which religion and politics were discussed at table. Herr —— had just come from Vienna: he is a very sanguine partizan of Schmerling. Baron W—— and Count H—— spoke with strong Bavarian tendencies; and Herr von —— and his brother-in-law had their own peculiar stand-point. The latter, a member of the *Landtag*, or local parliament, is a great admirer of the English Constitution, and has tried to infuse something of the same spirit into the body of which he is a member. As the discussion grew warm, the disputants relapsed into their native tongue, and, as usual with Southern Germans, they all spoke at once. I confess I could no longer follow the conversation; but I drew this conclusion, that if eight or ten people at the dinner-table of a common friend held such diverse opinions, the abstract idea of German unity must be a long way from practical realisation. My next neighbour, seeing that I was no longer a listener, kindly addressed me in English. He amused me with anecdotes of old King Ludwig. My friend had been in Munich during what is called the Lola Montes winter. The moral sense of the Bavarians was rightly expressed at that time, but the past is in a great measure buried in oblivion, and now the ex-king is the most popular man in the country. The people cannot forget that he created Munich. Truly, the First Napoleon was right, when he called him "*un fou rempli d'esprit*."

Immediately dinner was over, every one rose, each gentleman offering his arm to reconduct the lady to the saloon. Here the whole party resealed themselves, coffee was handed round, and Turkish pipes produced. You will have gathered that the party was *sans cérémonie*. We were all guests

staying in the castle, and, with the exception of C—— and myself, were connections of our host. In deference to English prejudices the gentlemen hesitated to light their pipes, but C—— gave them the permission, and soon narcotic clouds formed in dense volumes round us.

I must try to describe the principal rooms at Albmegg. The interior of the castle has been recently restored with admirable taste; the furniture and decorations are simple but picturesque. The dining-room is not large; the roof is arched, as are the doors and windows. Truly their gothic lines are an intense relief after the angularities of our domestic architecture. The windows had, of course, no hangings, but the bareness was relieved by fresco-arabesques, surmounted by antique gilt mouldings. The saloon into which this room opens has a richly-carved oak ceiling; the walls are hung with gilt leather, which had formerly done duty in a chapel, but had become secularised to the excellent adornment of this pleasant room. Picture to yourself a Turkish divan, turkey carpets, antique-carved oak cabinets and chairs, a quaint rococo china stove, and you will have a catalogue of some of our principal surroundings. Leading out of this saloon is another drawing-room, furnished in a more modern style. The boudoir of Madame is on the other side of the castle, where she can overlook her maidens; it is a lady's bower. Herr von ——'s own room is a veritable curiosity-shop, where guns, relics of the chace, pipes, old armour, casts from the antique, photographs from Kaulbach and Cornelius, and books in all languages, are heaped together without much regard to "heaven's first law."

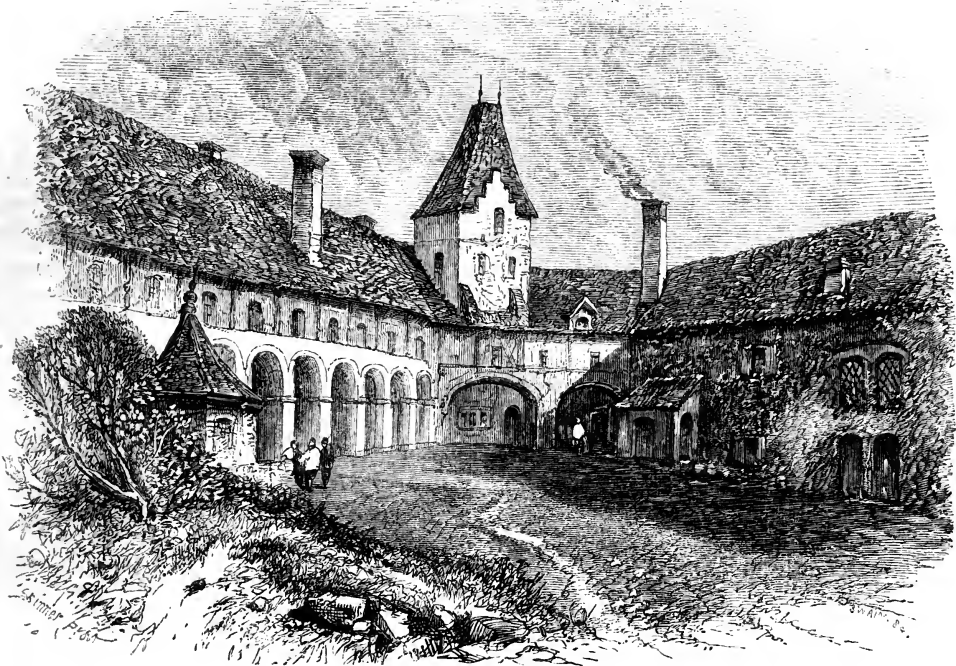
The excessive heat of the afternoon kept us within doors till about six o'clock. We then adjourned to the garden, and were fortunate in being spectators of that beautiful effect of the setting sun locally called "the burning of the alps." The view from the terrace commands a long range of mountains—the Traunstein, Dachstein, Schafberg, and Untersberg. The Dachstein is upwards of ten thousand feet in height, and though the other summits are not of equal altitude, they look no less imposing. I shall never forget this particular evening—the intense colouring, the alternations of light upon those mountains were fascinating beyond description. First we had fiery crimson, which changed to glowing rose, then to pale red and golden yellow; and lastly, when the final blush departed, and the cold grey of evening succeeded, we still saw the fields of glacial snow, pale yet distinct in the keen twilight!

We were requested to remain *en permanence* at Albmegg; the other guests had mostly departed. Nothing could be so favourable for the restoration of C——'s health as the mountain air and quietude of this place; of this fact our hostess was aware, and, with true hospitality, insisted on a prolonged visit.

We soon fell into the ways and habits of the house. We met for breakfast at nine, a simple meal of "tea and toast," not like your luxurious Scotch breakfasts. The dinner hour was at two. I may describe our ordinary bill of fare without

indiscretion. Soup we always had, and of a far better quality than the water bewitched that you groaned over last year in the German hotels. Usually there was fish—excellent trout or grayling—sometimes *krebs* (*ecrevisse*, in French); the eating of these miniature lobsters is quite an episode in the history of the dinner. This affair concluded, and one's fingers washed in salt and water, we are ready to proceed with the next course. Large flat dishes are then handed round, with slices of roast meat arranged in the centre, flanked on one side by minced vegetables, on the other by *schmaru* or *nocheren*, which things appear to belong to the genus macaroni. So fond is the German of the *schmaru*, that the Jäger takes with him materials for making it during the chamois hunts. Occasionally at Albmegg we had an extra course, con-

sisting of *rebbock* or *hirsch*. To this succeeded a dish of sweets, which requires a far abler pen than mine to describe. I only know that C—— positively asserts that during the seven weeks we were at the Château we had different kinds of sweets each day. A little fruit concluded our repast. Red and white German wines were on the table, and sherry was handed round in liqueur glasses. After dinner we generally took our coffee in the garden, and in the cool of the evening we drove or walked out. At eight o'clock we again assembled in the *salle-à-manger* for tea. This is a serious meal, and is often so protracted, that one feels it may last "till it be morrow." Hare, chicken, or pheasant, as it may be, is handed round; with this you drink wine or beer as at dinner, and later you regale yourself with cake and tea.



Interior of Schloss Albmegg.

The *ménage* I have described is very simple, though elegant. Many households are more luxurious, but I must say one word about German hospitality. Be the style of living what it may, you see it as it is; there is no pretension, no ostentation; except that dishes are duplicated to suit the number of their guests, there is very little change made for "company"—that ruinous word in English households. How many of the costly viands produced at table in England are provided for pure love of her guests, I leave to the conscience of the lady-housekeeper, who groans over the necessity she is under of asking "Brown, Jones, and Robinson" to dinner. The claims of friendship and family intimacies are much thought of in Germany: there lingers a great deal of what we in England call old-fashioned

hospitality and kindness. The German replaces your feeling of "clanship" by another sentiment. If he has been an officer, any one of the same regiment has a claim upon his support and assistance, if they meet in another hemisphere. Students of the same corps at the universities retain to the end of their lives the freemasonry which bound them together in the happy days of youth and liberty. On one occasion I expressed some surprise at the great kindness shown by one person to another. The rejoinder was, "but they are friends."

After the lapse of three weeks, C—— was so much recovered that it was proposed we should make some excursions. We had been specially invited by a friend of our host, the Prelate of Kremsmünster, to pass a day at that well-known

monastery. Accordingly, we set off one morning, and after a drive of two hours behind the fleet Hungarian horses, we arrived at the convent. It is a vast building, erected in the thirteenth century, and situated most beautifully at the opening of a wide valley. Our carriages rolled through a handsome gateway, and we found ourselves in an immense court. We alighted at the steps of the principal entrance, and were conducted up the spacious staircase by a lay brother, who told us he would inform his Grace of our arrival. When the Prelate joined us, he shook hands affectionately with Herr von —, and bowed to the rest of the party. His appearance is very dignified, his countenance calm, benign, and full of intelligence. I was interested afterwards to learn something of his history. He is the son of a peasant, and worked his way in life with self-denying perseverance, till he became Professor of Astronomy at Kremsmünster. He has distinguished himself in his favourite science, and is known to its followers both in England and on the Continent. For many years he lived with the utmost simplicity in his astronomical tower; but last year the late Prelate died, and Augustine R—— found himself elected to the vacant office by the almost unanimous votes of his fellow-monks. It is said he accepted the office with reluctance, though, as simple Professor of Astronomy, he had not a single kreutzer of personal property, and he is now called upon to exercise almost sovereign power and to dispense a princely income. A Henry VIII. might utilise these vast resources in a new channel!

The Prelate took us to see the library, which contains 50,000 volumes, and some curious MSS. From thence we passed through a suite of apartments, some of which are used as picture galleries, others are appropriated to archaeological curiosities. After visiting the principal rooms, we went to the chapel, and were shown the church furniture. Some of the vestments had been worked and given by Maria Theresa; they were splendidly embroidered with the precious metals. Some of the church plate was interesting from its great antiquity—all was gorgeous in the extreme. This anti-apostolic display of “silver and gold” concluded, we repaired to the Observatory. The Astronomical Tower, as it is called, is a building of eight storeys in height. Each *étage* is appropriated to collections illustrative of the several sciences, namely, zoology, palæontology, botany, chemistry, and electricity. It was curious enough to see Rumkoff's Induction Coil and Grove's Battery handled by the Benedictine monks. On one of the tables we saw several presentation copies of books and pamphlets, with the familiar autographs of Airy and Sabine, &c. The Prelate had arranged that the several professors should accompany us to explain the arrangements of their respective departments. We found them exceedingly intelligent men, delighted to talk over the last news in science, and anxious to learn what they could of our English *savants*. The fathers were quite *en rapport* with all that is going on in London in respect to physical science, and spoke with much interest and enthusiasm of the discoveries of our day. At Kremsmünster they are

carrying on daily observations on terrestrial magnetism. We were much interested in being shown the manner in which these experiments are conducted. At length we reached the Observatory, where the Prelate again joined us. His countenance brightened as he handled the beautiful instrument which had so often revealed to him the heavens “and all the glory thereof.” He kindly arranged the telescope, and C—— for the first time saw a star by daylight. It was Venus, who deigned to show herself to cleric and laic admirers. The view from the platform is very fine; the same intense colouring delights one everywhere in the vicinity of the mountains, but I certainly thought I had never before looked upon such green pastures and blue skies. Immediately beneath us we saw the convent gardens and the playground of the boys. There are about 250 youths educated here.

Before returning to the Prelate's apartments we visited the fish preserves. The fish are brought by night from the Almsee and other mountain lakes pertaining to the monastery. By this time we were very hungry, and not a little rejoiced when the Prelate led the way to the refectory. He had invited three or four professorial fathers to join us at table. We drank the convent wine and eat the convent fruit with satisfaction, and at length, after much pleasant talk, bade adieu to our courteous host—reaching home just as the sky was “silver pale at even.”

Our next expedition was to the Almsee, a mountain lake, about six hours from Albmegg. Our party, reinforced by some new guests, left the château at ten o'clock. We were to be absent for two days. At first we passed through, what a critical friend of mine calls, “respectable scenery.” About midway we dined and lingered at a way-side inn. We had simple but good fare, and clean table-linen, which latter one always meets with at the humblest *gasthaus*. When we resumed our route we found the scenery something more than respectable—it became even ostentatious in the display of its latent beauties. The sparkling of the affluent waters, the flood of sunshine, made the whole scene jubilant. I thought of those lines of Wordsworth:

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains' throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity.

The road became at every turn more romantic and more beautiful. One of our party, curious in statistics, reckoned that we passed over forty-five bridges. The flashing waters were a perpetual delight: their beautiful colouring revealed their glacial origin.

The larger of these streams were freighted with rafts on their way to the Danube. The whole process of wood-felling and cutting is a pleasant adjunct to the scene, the occupation is so eminently picturesque. As we drove on we got more and more amongst the mountains, and the scene grew wilder. After passing through a dark

wood of gigantic firs we emerged upon the shore of the lake. Already the shadow of the mountain wall had thrown its sombre colouring on the waters, the scene was lonely and desolate in the extreme.

I was walking considerably in advance of the carriages, and was alone. The effect of this mountain solitude, in the waning light of evening, impressed me with a deep and sudden melancholy. I shuddered, but not from cold. Though perfectly dissimilar, the scene recalled to my mind Landseer's picture of "The Challenge." There was not a ripple upon the water—not a breath of wind stirring—the scene was grey, cold, stony. The mountains rise like a horse-shoe round the Almsee, shutting out the rest of the world; "tall pines dwindled as to shrubs" fringe the heights from whence a plummet might be cast into the lake, and far aloft the jagged rocks were darkly outlined against the clear sky. As I gazed the gloomy mountains seemed to close upon me, the brief twilight faded into darkness, and I actually felt the density of the growing shadow. At this moment a light flashed in the distant obscurity, its reflection making a pathway on the waters.

"Ah! there is our beacon," said Herr von ——. "That is a light in the hunting schloss, where we are to pass the night."

Eine viertel stunde brought us to the house—our postboy announced our arrival by blowing a loud blast with his horn; a weird echo answered us hoarsely from mid-air, and then the sounds fled far away amongst the mountain heights, as though it were the voice of some scared demon of the solitude. As the Jäger opened the door for us, lantern in hand, the light fell artistically upon his picturesque figure, clad in Tyrolean green. He led the way into the principal apartment, a large low room hung round with memorials of the chase.

This mountain schloss is an ancient place belonging to the monastery of Kremsmünster; the walls of the apartment were covered with quaint old pictures of prelates and other manner of saints.

While the evening meal was being prepared we went into the kitchen to see the arrangements. The fire consisted of wood piled on a sort of stone sarcophagus. The cooking utensils were placed round the burning mass; pieces of chamois flesh and the saibling (*Salmo alpinus*) of the lake were being cooked in some inconceivable manner. I know the result was very good. Instead of candles pieces of split pine-wood were fastened into a primitive iron machine. These flaming lights throw into bold relief the witch-like forms of the peasant-women, as they moved about in the arched recesses of the monks' kitchen. In the state apartment we were favoured with candles made of chamois fat. If a visitor arrives unexpectedly they utilise these candles for the emergency, by making them into soup.

We passed the night comfortably enough. I rose soon after dawn, curious to examine the environment which had seemed so mysterious the evening before.

An opaque white mist rested on the lake, and clouds still veiled the mountain summits. Soon a light wind arose which swept the mist into nothingness, and revealed the amphitheatre of

mountains bare, rugged, and vast. It was a grey, cold scene—grand, but not beautiful. The feeling of its stern sublimity had hardly taken the form of words when the beams of morning stole over lake and mountains, woods and rocks. This blush of life came as colour comes to the face of one who revives from a faint, the ashy hue of death has passed away, and

Thus from their deep recesses beaming
Springs light and life and joy to bless.

I shall never forget day-break at the Almsee!

While at breakfast the Jäger summoned us in haste to look through his telescope at a chamois. We, who were not chamois-hunters, were right glad to have caught a sight of the live animal in his native haunts.

* * * * *

After returning from our expedition to the Almsee, we passed some days at Schloss Almbegg, pleasantly doing nothing—an occupation the South German understands to perfection. We drove out every day, talked about the British Constitution, and watched the sun-sets. One evening, returning from a drive, we stopped at a picturesque *Bier Keller*. People of different ranks and various costumes were grouped round the tables. We were attracted by the delicate but highly musical sounds of a *zither*, played by a peasant. The instrument is small, somewhat like an Eolian harp, but of greater compass and power. It is played by hand and requires great skill and a perfectly correct ear. At our request the peasant played several national airs, and he also gave us some of the Tyrolean songs so popular amongst the mountaineers. Amongst the party at the *Keller* were some six or eight Kremsmünster monks, returning to the monastery after a few weeks' tour. They gave our host a lively description of their visit to Trieste, now bristling with cannon. They were full of the prospects of the Austrian Navy: it is becoming a very popular service, and it is the present policy to raise it in general estimation and importance.

As we drove back to the Château, my host stopped the carriage to show me a wayside chapel, which was being built by a peasant woman, a neighbour of his. Herr von — is an amateur of architecture, and he had given his services in drawing the design for the building. The result is excellent. It was unfinished, and though late in the evening, the workmen were still there. The labour for these votive chapels is gratuitous, and is generally done before or after work-hours. We entered to examine the windows more closely, but on turning round we found our exit barred by two masons, who held a cord across the door: one of them rapidly repeated a set speech, the purport of which was to say that they belonged to the old and honourable company of masons, who held their own against King and Kaiser. A *trunkgeld* was gratefully accepted as due acknowledgment of their ancient rights.

As we approached the castle, I observed several peasants in single file parading round a field; their hands were folded, and their step was slow.

"They are returning thanks for the harvest

which has just been gathered in," observed my host, in answer to my look of inquiry.

With respect to the religion of the masses in Austria, it might be characterised as superstitious rather than bigoted. A gentleman, who is himself a Catholic, and a native of South Germany, once observed to me, that if the active influence of the priesthood was withdrawn, and the laws which support Catholicism were suffered to fall into abeyance, the whole of Austria, he believed, would be Protestant in five-and-twenty years. In the Tyrol the population are intensely bigoted: not so in the district I have been describing. Catholic and Protestant servants live together amicably in one household, as at Schloss Albmegg; and the two communities often inhabit the same villages. It must be observed, the Evangelical Church is not given to proselytism, and the minority of their numbers secures them from persecution. But it has not always been so. It is not to be forgotten that as late as 1727, the Archbishop of Salzburg drove as many as thirty thousand Protestants from their native land with merciless barbarity.

In the peasant class the influence of the priesthood is of course strongest with the women: the men since '48 are rising in intelligence. It must be remembered that the peasants answer nearly to our yeomen. They are not labourers as we understand the word: it is true they work the land, but the land, or a portion of it, is their own. A large family is wealth to a man, as much as live stock. As soon as the eldest son is likely to marry, the father builds another house, to which he retires, and then he works for his son. This sometimes produces much domestic discord; but it is the custom, and is not likely to be changed. It does not lie in the character of the South German to desire change. What his father was before him, he wishes to be—neither richer nor better. This species of contentment, however favourable for individual happiness, does not advance a nation's prosperity. It is vain to speculate whether or not this deep-rooted characteristic will yield to the influence of future events.

Hospitable invitations reached us from Châteaux R— and W—, but as we had arranged a tour of the Salzkammergut, we found time would not serve for more than a passing visit to Wartenburg, near Vöcklabruck. This place was built by the Count St. Julien for the reception of the Emperor Charles the VI. It is decorated and furnished in the rococo style. The hall, which has a dome-shaped roof, is very handsome; it opens on one side to the portico, on the other upon a charming English garden. A beautiful little chapel opens out of the principal saloon: this arrangement you will find in most of the castles in Austria. The interior of all these old country places is generally more picturesque than the exterior. The castles are mostly square, flanked at each corner by a tower, surrounded by a moat; in the centre of the building there is a quadrangular court with open corridors. Our own Tudor edifices are more picturesque, but not so imposing. Schloss Albmegg and others of that date are exceptional as they were generally built in a more irregular form, and had extensive outworks for pur-

poses of defence. In 1626, Schloss Albmegg was held by Stephanfadinger, the leader in the Peasant war, and was placed by him in a state of readiness to receive the attack of Pappenheim; but the expected encounter took place at Gmunden, where four thousand peasants were killed.

We left Albmegg at the end of September, sorry not to have had time for a visit to Schloss K—. It is, I hear, an excellent type of a German country house of the more modern kind. Herr von — has extensive woods, and a good *chasse*. He keeps between twenty and thirty Jägers, to manage the woods and the game. Great changes have taken place in the incomes of landed proprietors since the year '48. Indeed, everything, both of good and evil, seems to date from that *annus mirabilis*. The depreciation of the paper currency tells fearfully against those who draw their incomes from Austria, and spend it elsewhere. At present the exchange on paper money involves a loss of about thirty-five per cent., varying of course according to the *agio*.

But I promised to tell you something of the Salzkammergut. We saw the Traun-falls *en route* to Gmunden. I cannot echo Sir Humphry Davy's enthusiasm about this waterfall, but it is worth seeing. We were charmed with Gmunden the evening we arrived, got fearfully tired of it by the next day, twelve o'clock, and started off for Ischl. Here we settled ourselves at the "Kaiserinn Elizabeth." The English, always excepting the enterprising members of the Alpine Club, like to enjoy fine scenery from the shelter of comfortable quarters. When you make your anticipated tour to this part of the world next autumn, do not omit seeing Hallstad. It is, I think, the most beautiful of all the lakes of this district; however, I will make an exception in favour of the Koenigsee, nearly Salzburg, which we visited last year. If your object is nature—not human nature—you will soon leave Ischl. It has become fashionable, and is literally crammed in the season. Most of the sixty-three arch-dukes and arch-duchesses which Austria has the supreme felicity of possessing, are also to be found here. The Emperor has a villa at Ischl, which, according to "Murray," is remarkable only for its bad taste. I do not wish to disturb the verdict. The garden is very pretty, and is open to the public. I could not but notice the intense colouring of the dahlias, verbenas, salvias, &c. The same flowers which we cultivate in our gardens, here glow with additional lustre. Though beautiful, sweet-scented flowers have very little perfume here:

'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.

In short, our much-abused climate is not so bad after all, and I am sure it is the best preservative of youth. I heard a German lady say she should like to reside in England in later life, for it is the only country where you can grow old gracefully, and without being obliged to apologise for your existence.

While at Ischl we went to the Altersee. The drive is beautiful—in fact, everything is beautiful. Every lake has its own charm; but I have only now space to add that we reached Salzburg, *via* St. Wolfgang, St. Gilgen, and Mundsee. Our adventures *en route* might amuse you, but of this anon!

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

A lytel misgoying in the gynging causeth mykel errour in the end.—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER III. THE PRODIGAL SON.

THE old man shook very much, yet it seemed that he did so almost as much from anger as from age or illness. Indeed he appeared to have acquired a sudden accession of force to enable him to play the part he had probably proposed to himself in the interview with his son. The paroxysms of temper in which, as Mr. Fuller had hinted, the invalid occasionally permitted himself to indulge during his illness, might be taken as so many evidences of strength—purchased, however, at the cost of much subsequent prostration and exhaustion. But he had now nerved himself for an encounter which he had looked forward to as likely to be one of violence and passion; he was prepared to meet a son who had treated him with, as he conceived, the most rebellious defiance, and he appeared determined to re-assert his authority, and punish a

grievous and shameful offence with all the severity that was possible, without regard to the sufferings his exertions might subsequently entail upon himself.

"Don't come whining to me like a dog that's been kicked," he said, in a hard, jeering voice.

Wilford drew himself up, with a pained look in his face and his lips quivering; he lowered his eyes, and drew back a step or two. While evidently hurt and surprised at his father's manner, he seemed anxious, as far as possible, to give no further cause of offence.

"Why have you come?" Mr. Hadfield asked, sternly, bringing his clenched hand down with a thump upon the book Stephen had left upon the bed.

"Did you not send for me?"

"I bade them tell you that I was very ill, and

that if you would see me again alive, you had best come soon."

He spoke loudly and angrily.

"Therefore I have come, father."

He seemed bewildered at the old man's words and manner.

"For no other reason?"

"Forgive me!" And he came again to the bed, and tried to take his father's hand. It was again snatched from him. "Father! have some pity," he went on. "What am I to do or say? Tell me—only tell me! Indeed, indeed, I would do all you would have me!"

Mr. Hadfield glared upon him with fierce, wild eyes.

"Don't whine," he said. "Be true to your nature. You were bold enough years back; there was no hypocrisy then—no canting nor shamming, but open, shameless speaking. It was bad enough, but it was better than lying. Do you remember it?"

"I do, father."

"Seven years ago! Open that Bible—look at the beginning of it—turn to the fly-leaves—an old, old book that has been years and years in this family—that contains many, many entries of the births and marriages and deaths of the Hadfields. Stop there at that blotted page—there! That was blotted out by me, with this right hand, seven years ago, one fine November morning when you turned your back upon your father's house. See, there is a date affixed to it and my signature. Your name was written there and the date of your birth—'Wilford George Saxon Carew Hadfield,' born so and so. Not a letter is now traceable; I blotted it out when I cast you off as a son of mine; I placed my hand upon the book, and I cursed you with all my heart and soul; I kissed the book, and prayed to Heaven that my curse might be brought to pass. Do you hear, sir?"

Wilford hid his death white face in his hands. Mr. Hadfield paused for breath a few minutes, and then resumed:

"Seven years have passed, and you have come back again—to see me, it may be, for the last time. I am an old man. If I recover from this sickness—and the doctors hint that it is likely to go hard with me—but if I recover now, I can expect to live in any case but a short time longer. The Hadfields have been a long-lived race, but I feel that I am very old and weak and broken. I am not the man I have been, I am not long for this world—I know it, and I don't shrink from the knowledge. Well, you are here—come back like the Prodigal of whom Steenie read to us to-night. Have you come back now as *he* did? Are you penitent as he was? Have you suffered as he had?"

"Father, I am very, very sorry——"

"Bah!"

"Tell me what you would have me do or say."

"Tell me how these seven years have been passed. In sorrow? in suffering? or in the most shameful profligacy and sin?"

Wilford cowered and turned away.

"Seven years! A long apprenticeship to serve with the Devil. You may well be tired of the service—glad to come back to England, to Grilling

Abbotts, for a change. Perhaps, too, your money has run out—your poor mother's money. She had power to will it to you, and she did will it to you. I could not have stayed it, or I would. It was yours when you were twenty-one. You have had it—yes—and spent it. Has it all gone?"

"It has."

The old man gave a wild shriek of laughter.

"I knew it." And then he added, with a triumphant air of discovery, "Another reason for coming back. Your money spent, you were pressed to come back home to try and get more—to wring it from me by whining, or to borrow it of Steenie. Borrow?—another word for robbing the poor lad's wife and children. Wasn't this so?"

"Father," said Wilford, solemnly, "I came back because I learnt that you were very ill—because there was a fear that if I was ever to receive your pardon, it could only be now. I am penitent, and pained, and very, very sorry. Do I deserve the harsh treatment I still receive at your hands? Granted that I have deserved punishment for the past, is it to be without end? For years I have been severed from my home. Is *that* to count for nothing? If I come back like the Prodigal, am I received as he was? Was *his* penitence spurned? Was a deaf ear turned to *his* prayer? There is a duty owing from the child to the parent: is there none from the parent to the child?"

"I like this better than whining," the old man said, in calmer tones. "There is a flavour about this of the old insolence, and daring, and shamelessness. It is infamous, but it is truthful, it is real. The hypocrite doesn't suit you. You don't play the part well. The frank scoundrel is more adapted to your kind of ability. And it requires so very little talent; it is so very easy to do. But I thank you for throwing off the mask."

"These are very cruel words, father. Heaven knows I never thought to hear such from you again."

"Or you'd not have come back? No, you looked to be fêted, and caressed, for the church bells to be set ringing, and tar barrels lighted, and oxen roasted whole. That was the plan you had laid out for yourself. To each of us you had assigned our parts of homage and affection and regard for you. We were to welcome with acclamations one who had brought shame and dishonour upon our race."

Wilford darted a strange glance of suspicion at his father. He bit his lips till the blood came, but he said nothing.

"To be greeted like the Prodigal on his return, you must have suffered like the Prodigal. Have you been in want? Have you been compelled to toil for your bread? Have you herded with swine, and been fain to eat of their husks? Have you been like to perish with hunger? Is it for these reasons you come home, poor and penitent, to be as a hired servant, and to have bread enough and to spare? No! You have lived proudly and defiantly enough—the first part of the Prodigal's career, not the second. You have wasted your substance, you have rioted, you have spared yourself no enjoyment, your life has been a list of pleasures. Profligate, gambler, yes, and—I see

it now, I did not know it before, I own—*drunkard!*”

Wilford hid his trembling hands in his bosom. With his eyes bent on the ground he spoke in a low, falt'ring voice.

“I desire to make no excuse for myself. It may be that my life has been thoughtless, wasteful, wicked. I will urge no apologies for my conduct, though perhaps some could be found, and valid ones. Let me only say that when I learnt of your illness, it was my first impulse to return to England, with deep sorrow in my heart, with great contrition for the past, with earnest desire to amend in the future, and to deserve that pardon which I did hope you would be prevailed upon to extend to me. It seems good to you to believe that the seven years, the years of my separation from home, have been happily spent by me. Pray be undeceived. I have been most miserable; more truly wretched than I at one time believed was possible for man to be. If I have thus been driven again to madness, and folly, and sin, it has been indeed in a futile quest of forgetfulness. It seems to me that there are things even harder to bear than want of bread, that some pangs are more painful than even the pangs of hunger. Father, if you ever believed me, believe me now; if you ever cared for me, for God's sake open your heart to me now—pity and forgive me.”

There was something very plaintive about the tone of his voice as he said these words, and sank on his knees at the bedside. The old man was visibly moved by them, almost in spite of himself; and yet he seemed to be possessed by a craving for some further acts of conciliation and humiliation on the young man's part. How he had pampered, and humoured, and indulged in every way his eldest son as a child! How cold, and harsh, and cruel he was to him as a man! How he seemed to enjoy keeping him at arm's length, torturing him with taunts and accusations. Perhaps he knew that something of his own nature was in the heart of his son—the same proneness to violence and passion, the same unbending pride and fatal obstinacy. He had summoned the young man to his bed-side, he it said, with the full intention of ultimately pardoning him, and restoring him to favour, and to his place in the household as the next inheritor of the Hadfield estates. Yet he had determined that before this should be, a severe lesson should be read to him, his imperious temper should be humbled, his obstinacy should be conquered. A man of strong affection really, he had yet succeeded in making this entirely subservient to his pride, and to his resolution to assert himself as the head of his family. He was bent upon subduing utterly his son. Much Wilford had already done—more, perhaps, than he was himself aware of—towards pacifying his father's wrath, towards winning back his favour. But the more the old man was able to exact, the more a love of exaction seemed to grow upon him. He could fix no limit to his desire for the conquest of his son. The more he felt his power, the more he was inclined to exert it. Each time the thought came to him that now, surely, he might stay his hand, and extend his forgiveness, came a

half crazy longing for further dominion over, for further concession on the part of his rebellious son. His conduct was very wanton, and cruelly vindictive. His excuse must be that in the end he had pre-arranged to yield, and was only waiting for what he imagined would be the ripe moment for his so doing.

“When I blotted your name out of that book, when I cursed you heart and soul, and prayed that you might feel my curse, and that these eyes might never look upon your face again, I made a new will. These estates are not entailed, as you know; if you have raised funds, therefore, expecting after my death to get money to pay back what you have borrowed, you have aided indirectly in a fraud. Money of mine will never find its way into the pockets of your creditors. I made a new will, by which I bequeathed all the property I have in the world to my second son, Stephen, and his children. On my death a small annuity will become payable to you under your mother's settlement,—my interest in it ceases with my life,—but no halfpenny of mine will accrue to you. Stephen will become the owner of the Grange, and of all the Hadfield estates. As he never has brought, so I am sure he never will bring dishonour upon my name; his children will inherit after him, and his children's children. To you, and to child of yours, no single acre of this land will ever belong. As your name is blotted out of that Bible, so is it blotted out of my will. So it will die out of men's recollection, and be as though it had never been. You have lived disgracefully, you will die obscurely and forgotten. So much as to my will and its provisions. But now you have come back—you are here—penitent, you say, and suffering; a *roué*, a gambler, but still penitent and suffering. Let me ask you, then, what you have done during your long absence from home that I should remove my curse, that I should rewrite your name in that book, that I should reinvest you in your position as my eldest son and lawful heir, that I should make a new will? I am still strong enough—a few words on a scrap of paper would do it. Tell me, what have you done?”

Wilford moved uneasily. He grew very hopeless and wretched. He seemed quite crushed by the unexpected obduracy of his father. He had looked for a different reception. Whatever wrong he had done in the past, he had hurried home full of affection for his father—very sad and broken, and yet reliant upon a few kind words to heal the animosity which had existed between them for so long, and to enable them to part with softened feelings, though it might be on the brink of the grave. Dreadfully weak and fatigued, with nerves all unstrung, his brain in a whirl, and the tears starting on the instant to his eyes, he had been admitted to the presence of the invalid. Seeking for pity, and tenderness, and pardon, he was entirely unprepared for the reception he encountered. He found his father stern, ironic, almost savage, full of taunts and charges, irritating, heartless, unbearable. He struggled as long as he could. He had bent before his father. He had humbled himself genuinely. He had asked for pardon with deep penitence and sincerity. He had done

more than at one time he would have deemed possible. He felt broken and crushed. And yet his father showed no sign of relenting.

"Tell me, what have you done?"

There was no hint of softening or conciliation in the tone in which the words were spoken. There seemed rather to lurk in the question some new disregard of his feelings—some new desire to wound and humble him further. With every wish to restrain himself, it seemed to him at last to be useless, hopeless, further to prolong a scene so eminently painful. He thought that he had done all that was possible for son to do: that he would now go his way; for indeed he could bear to stay no longer.

"Tell me what have you done, that I should do all this?" the old man repeated.

"Nothing," answered the son, hoarsely.

"Nothing?" the old man repeated, angrily.

"Father," he said, with some abruptness, "let the estates go. Let Steenie have them. Let him be your heir, and take his place as head of the house. Let his children come after him, and still be preferred to me. It will matter little enough; there will never be child of mine to inherit anything," he went on, bitterly. "Let the money go too. It was not *that* brought me home. It was not care for such things sent me on my knees just now. I asked your pardon, humbly, honestly. You withhold it from me. Be it so. Let God's will be done. I would have it otherwise, if I could. For curses, they are acts of Heaven, not words of man. Had I been censured more when I was a child, and less when I became a man, perhaps things would have turned out better, and I should not have had to sue here for pardon, or have had it harshly withheld from me. Indeed, father, you have done me wrong, not crediting me when I confessed my sin and implored you to forgive me. Can I do more? I come to you with my heart in my hands, and you fling it far away from you, and will have none of it. At least it will be something—not much, but something—to know that I arrived in time to see you—that I knelt to you—though all was in vain. I never thought to be speaking thus; but there seems to be now no help for it."

The old man raised himself in his bed, trembling violently. Unconsciously, Wilford had undone all the good his previous demeanour had wrought on his behalf.

"So you defy me, then!" cried Mr. Hadfield, passionately. "I may do my worst, may I? Curse or no curse. You care little. Will or no will. I thank you for this. I like openness and outspokening. I am glad you have thrown off all disguise. You are the same shameless, unfilial Wilford Hadfield, who went away from here seven years ago; but worse, because you are older. I have to thank you for letting me know this in good time—in time to prevent me doing an act of gross folly and injustice. See here, sir," and the old man opened the Bible, and took from it a sheet of paper, "I *had* made a new will. I *had* purposed to restore to you the position to which you were born. I *had* again made you my heir—the next owner of the Hadfield lands. You have spoken in time. You have shown yourself in your real

colours in time. Thus I send you back again to beggary, then; thus I cancel my will—thus—thus," and as he spoke, with trembling hands he tore the paper to shreds. "Thus I make Stephen my heir, and bequeath all to him. Now, sir, go forth—stranger, outcast, beggar: let me never set eyes on you again. Let me—"

He flung the crumpled fragments of paper into the face of his son; he whirled his thin, withered arms in the air, as though endeavouring to invoke some new curse upon his firstborn child; but his voice failed him: his passion prevented what he said from being either articulate or audible. He seized the hand-bell at his side, and rang it furiously. He sank back on his pillows, panting for breath.

Wilford hurried from the room. In the corridor he encountered his brother and the doctor.

"Go in at once, for God's sake," he said. "My father is very ill. He needs assistance, and at once."

Mr. Fuller entered the sick room.

"He has forgiven you? All has ended well?" Stephen asked.

"No," answered Wilford, with anguish. "He has not forgiven me. He will never forgive me now. Perhaps it had been better if I had never come back. Heaven knows I did it for the best."

"But he will change again, Wilford, soon. This illness affects him, makes him wild and angry, mad almost at times. By and by he will see you again."

"He will never see me again: he has cursed me anew. I am no more his son. I am nothing to him more. By and by? He will be dead, and he will not have forgiven me."

He tottered back: but for the support of the wall, he would have fallen.

"Let me get hence," he said, "into the open air. I cannot breathe in this house. How weak I am!"

His limbs trembling beneath him, he passed down the staircase, and went forth into the night, bitterly cold, and ghostly white from the snow thick upon the ground.

Stephen joined the doctor in his father's room.

CHAPTER IV. THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTERS.

IT is to be presumed that Grilling Abbots ranked as a town rather than a village, for the reason that every Wednesday throughout the year about three old women took it into their heads to assemble with their fruit-stalls in what was called the High Street—apparently because there was no other street of any kind whatever—and there hold what they chose to term a market. Considered as a select and limited open air, daylight conversazione, no doubt this weekly meeting was as pleasant to the few concerned in it, as it was certainly harmless to the rest of the world; but viewed in the light of an affair attended with financial results of any importance whatever, it must be pronounced a decided failure. Nevertheless the fact of this pseudo weekly market being held at Grilling Abbots was duly registered in almanacks and chronicled in gazetteers, and all the inhabitants clung to it as an ancient and honourable institution that somehow, though pre-

cisely in what way no one could finally settle, enhanced the value of and gave consequence to their town. A rather wide street of straggling houses, some of the fine old red tone of years and years ago, others of new and pale brick, in colour like the crust of a slack-baked loaf: an old Norman church some hundred yards in the rear of the High Street, its walls of the rugged crumbly texture of the rind of a full-ripe Stilton cheese, and wonderfully freckled and variegated with alternate patches of moss and lichen: in the churchyard, shading quite a large group of graves, a yew tree, so dense that it looked quite black in the distance, and its straight, wide spreading branches drew broad, dark, opaque streaks across the view of the church: the George Inn, "with good accommodation," &c., where Mr. Wilford Hadfield paused while the horses were changed on his journey to the Grange: the new Gothic school-house, built on part of the site of the old White Hart hotel, which had been closed for so long—(the last proprietor committed suicide on the day the last stage-coach went through the town for the last time; Grilling Abbots had been a famous place, and the White Hart its most noted hostel in the old pre-railroad times, when a score of coaches rattled daily along the High Street)—the Rectory, completely covered with ivy, like an old warrior coated with chain mail; the pump, the butcher's, the baker's, the blacksmith's: sum up these items, and you have Grilling Abbots, save that there has to be noted, in addition, a small white house—a little aloof from the town—standing in its own garden grounds, on the road to the Grange, and being the residence of Mr. Fuller, surgeon, &c.

There was no name to the house apparently: it was not known as Prospect, or Woodbine, or Clematis Cottage or Villa. Yet not a soul in the town but could point out the Doctor's, the pretty white building at the end of the town—where Mr. Fuller had lived, man and boy, these ever so many years.

A very pretty house—or cottage rather; the Doctor always called it a cottage; and, certainly, as its tenant, he ought to have known, if anybody ought, what to call it—with a thickly thatched roof—Uplandshire is a great county for thatched roofs—the thatch packed very even and tight, and cut off so sharply at the ends, that it looked like an agriculturist's closely clipped locks, the sharp line the roof took over each window resembling very much the curve of Hodge's hair over his ears; a pretty garden, too, daintily kept in summer time, with a lawn like a velvet-pile carpet, standard roses thickly studded with buds, neat sharp-edged beds brilliant with thickly growing verbena, and a honeysuckle trailing itself over the porch, clinging with languid gracefulness to the neat lattice-work. But this is the summer view of the place: we have winter now. The lawn is covered with snow, which paints white lines on every tree-bough, and sprinkles every hedge with crystal powder. Snow everywhere. The earth so bright with it that the sky looks quite a dull leaden grey by contrast, and the tree-trunks jet-black. The low-roofed rooms in the Doctor's cottage are quite lit up by the snow outside, which mounts upon the window-sills and clings to the sashes, till they look as though

they were wadded with swan's-down to keep the cold out.

The house is more commodious than might at a first view be supposed. The drawing-room, though the ceiling is low, is quite a spacious apartment, and is built out at the back with a bow window, hung now with warm curtains, replacing the white muslin draperies of summer. Singing and flapping his wings furiously every now and then to keep himself warm probably, and pecking at his sugar as though he were really fighting with it on the ground of some long-standing animosity—a pretty bird, but blessed with a temper notwithstanding the good-natured looks of his black beads of eyes, Miss Madge Fuller's canary, dwells in an ornamental wire cage, something of a pagoda pattern (a mistake in costume as it were, for the bird didn't come from China), decorating the window. His mistress—whose affection is a little boisterous at times, and rather terrifies its object—has considerably supplied him with tepid water for his bath during the cold season. He has really a comfortable time of it, that bird, supposing him to have no strong notions on the subject of liberty, and that he holds that lacquered wires do not after all make a cage, for he is earnestly cared for and tended by the whole household; his appetite and tastes are considered, he has not to go foraging about like the vagabond birds outside, he has his food in regularly from his own greengrocer's, he sees plenty of society, he is often covered with kisses from the red lips of pretty Miss Madge (perhaps she does a little overdo this, so far as comfort is concerned), and in return, it is only expected of him that he will not sing too violently when company are in the room, nor fling about too many of his seeds on the drawing-room carpet—both which expectations, however, it may be said, he is continually disappointing.

A comfortable fire burns in the grate. Before it Miss Violet Fuller sits very busy indeed, sewing. It looks very much as though she were engaged on one of a new set of shirts for the Doctor, and bent upon putting the most minute work that ever was seen into his wristbands. Miss Violet is the housekeeper of the establishment, and has filled that position admirably, as every one in Grilling Abbots will certify, ever since the death of the Doctor's wife, many years ago.

Miss Violet is rather above the middle height; a slight lithe figure; very graceful in movement, and with a certain charming repose about her manner. She has large, grey, luminous eyes, beautifully shadowed and intensified in hue by their long overhanging lashes, a complexion radiantly fair, features delicately formed, and profuse coils of chestnut hair. Those intent upon the smaller traits of beauty would delight to note the exquisite lines of her mouth, and chin, and neck. As a rule, I think people are apt to overlook how really important are these matters in their bearing upon general perfectness of form. Indeed it seems to be sufficient for a woman to have big eyes, a respectable nose, and to make her hair shine with bear's-grease, for her to be adored as a beauty by a sufficiently large circle of admirers. In any discussion concerning the daughters of

Doctor Fuller amongst the dwellers in Grilling Abbots, it may be mentioned that Miss Violet was always distinguished as the "pretty Miss Fuller," a distinction creditable to the perceptions of the Grilling Abbots people, although a decided slight appeared to be conveyed by it to the not trifling attractions of Miss Madge, the younger sister.

It is true that Miss Madge was only just emerging from that rather trying period of life, so far as beauty is concerned, when there is a decided inclination about the arms, and legs, and the extremities, to develop themselves greatly and independently, regardless of symmetry, or the general proportions of the body. I have heard rude young men define this state by the term "leggy," and the appellation is apposite, perhaps, though certainly unrefined. Miss Madge had been suffering from the economy of growth, and was only just recovering from this transitional stage of life. A certain angularity still clung to her form; her feet—but the appearance of feet, after all, is a matter that rests very much with the bootmaker—were not small, while her hands were decidedly large and not white. She was little more than fifteen, and perhaps it would be premature to say that she had already attained her full height. Yet it must be admitted that Madge had a very fair share of personal charms, and these quite apart from the witchery of her perpetual merriment; and her laugh, if a little loud, was yet most perfectly musical; it was a laugh with the loud pedal down, but it was as irresistible as it was harmonious. Her features were irregular; so much could be seen at a glance. But after all, beauty is not a mere matter of lines and angles, to be demonstrated like a mathematical proposition; it is the expression of a face that charms, not the accuracy of its drawing. Surely then the best beauty is expression, and here Madge had a triumph: for it was not possible to withstand the allurements of that good, glad, frank expression, brilliant in its health and heart. After this there can be no harm in conceding that her nose was distinctly of a turn-up pattern; not that such a form of nose is in any way unprepossessing, or has by any means had justice done to it; but it is a nose under a kind of ban of generally recognised disapproval; it is a nose with a bad name, in fact. I am afraid that much the same sort of view must be taken in regard to Madge's hair, which was of that glorious red hue—decidedly red, mind; no evasion under the name of yellow, or tawny, or auburn; but of that uncompromising red the world has been somehow coerced to agree that it does not like. But then those large wide-open eyes, so superbly blue, quite like the finest jewels in hue and brightness, though they could melt, and glow, and vary as no jewel can; those grand arching eyebrows, those ripe-red lips, that pearly set of teeth, and that transparent complexion; how white her neck, what a mottled rosin upon her cheeks! She might not be the pretty Miss Fuller, but I should like to see the creature equal to the criminal audacity of describing her as the ugly one. Let us be content with saying that, conventionally considered, she was less beautiful than Violet—that's all: we will make

no further concessions to the disadvantage of our Madge.

Is it to be marvelled at that Mr. Fuller was very proud and very fond of the two charming daughters his dead wife had bequeathed to his love and care? We may go, indeed, further. Was it strange that the whole of Grilling Abbots was proud and fond of the Miss Fullers—of Violet and Madge!

Madge is busy drawing from a lithographed landscape—shall we say by dexterous Mr. Harding? Madge has not great art-talent, though she fancies she has, and her good father—who, honestly, knows no more about drawing and painting than about whale-fishing—heartily backs the opinion of his younger child. Violet has considerable taste and skill. Those framed chalk heads (after Julien) on the wall of the drawing-room are from her hand; so also is that portrait of Madge, taken five years ago—you may note that her eyes were not much smaller then; and a tolerable likeness of the doctor—his cravat and collars limned, perhaps, with superfluous accuracy—sketched about the same time; he was not quite so bald then, and his face perhaps a little fuller. But these works are highly creditable specimens of amateur talent, especially when it is borne in mind that the opportunities of obtaining art instruction in the heart of Uplandshire are not too numerous. And what does Grilling Abbots know concerning the Fine Arts? Why, bless the place! it has hardly ever even set eyes on a painting (except the sign-board of the George) or a painter either. It is true a travelling photographer, in a cheap-jack sort of van, once stopped a whole week in the place—in the paddock at the back of the blacksmith's, and left behind him reminiscences of his sojourn in the shape of scientific caricatures of the inhabitants (collodion on glass) of the most fearful character that ever were seen. But he, like some brothers of his craft whom I and some others have met, was not an artist—emphatically not.

Madge was a very expeditious draughtswoman; she did not pause to put too much thought into her work; she plied her pencil at a furious pace; she used her india-rubber every now and then determinedly, with a strong wrist, as though she would quite as soon as not work her way through the shiny cardboard and come out on the other side; she was prone to strong effects produced by the free use of a BB pencil; perhaps much of her "handling," as the painters call it, was as remarkable for its *abandon* as for any artistic quality; certainly her vigour and dash almost supplied the place of knowledge and genuine worth. Fairly speaking, however, the works of Miss Madge Fuller, with all their defects of scribble and smudge, had merits which would have received unequivocal homage in numerous family circles. I have known many worse productions pronounced to be "wonderfully clever" by most reputable people, particularly when the works in question happened to be achieved by any of the offspring of those reputable people.

The younger Miss Fuller talked when she worked—in fact, she talked when she played, too,—she was always talking.

I say, Vi, I wonder how much longer papa will be? He promised me faithfully last night that he would come in very soon after breakfast—very soon, he said—and you know it's past twelve now. I'm sure it is, because I feel so hungry. I wish lunch would come in, don't you, Vi? Oh, you're never hungry! How cold my hands are, I can hardly hold my pencil. But I'm getting on capably with this drawing; I shall finish it this morning [scribble, scribble, scribble]. I'm putting in the water now, Vi. Oh, lor'! I've left no room for the boat, the darling little boat, with the tiny little man in it [rub, rub, rub] Oh, how I've smudged it! What do you think he's doing in the boat, Vi? Fishing? Ah! I suppose he is. Do you know I think it's quite a shame those people at the Grange keeping papa all this time? It's so selfish and inconsiderate. Don't you think so, Vi? Oh! you never will abuse people properly—you won't! you always make excuses for them. I do wish papa would come home. Oh! then, now, I've broken my pencil. Where's my knife [cut, cut, cut]?"

You know, Madge, poor old Mr. Hadfield is very ill indeed, and of course papa felt bound to stay with him. The family were so anxious that he should, and they've been always such good, kind friends of ours. What could papa do?"

"Oh! but they'll tire the poor dear man to death; besides I want him to help me make a slide in the garden. He said he would, if the frost lasted. What a splendid slide that was in the garden last Christmas! Do you remember it, Vi?"

"I am afraid, Madge, your slide will tire papa even more than his sitting up with poor Mr. Hadfield."

"Lor', so it will! Do you know I should never have thought of that, Vi! I wish I had your brass."

"I wish papa would come home: he's been sent for twice this morning to see old Mrs. Gardiner, who had another fit."

"Then he'll have to go out again directly he comes in. What a shame! What does that stupid old woman mean by falling ill again? I declare she's always having fits."

"Or shame, Madge! You forget the damson-cheese the old woman gave you a little while ago."

"Ah! bless the dear old soul, weren't they nice? Oh, Vi! I wish you'd come and do some of this tree for me. Do, there's a darling! You do trees so splendidly, Vi, and this is such a horrid hard one. What's it meant for? A willow, isn't it? I thought it was. I wish I could draw like you, Vi—you've got such a neat sort of way with you—you make the drawing exactly like the copy—somehow, I never can. Oh! how I've blacked my fingers—just look! Thank you, you darling duck of a Vi!"

As Miss Madge threw her arms round her sister and kissed her vehemently. Violet released herself, laughing, from this outburst of affection and gratitude.

"What a rough creature you are, Madge! There's my hair down, and my collar crumpled—you are one like a bear."

"Ah, Vi! you're such a calm, sedate duck, I

can't help it. I suppose I am rough. I think I ought to have been a boy. Do you know I should like nothing better than to go out now and have a game of snow balls, only" (and Madge twists her red lips about in a droll way) "I suppose it wouldn't be quite lady-like and proper, would it?"

"Well, perhaps, not quite," says Miss Violet, laughing; "though I daresay, if you put on your bonnet and go round to the Laurels, you'll find Tommy Eastwood very happy to play at snow-balls with you as long as you like."

Madge blushes a superb crimson. How it sets off her brilliant blue eyes!

"Oh, you wicked girl! How dare you talk in that way? I declare you're as bad as papa! He's always teasing me about that wretched little Tommy Eastwood. I won't have it! What do I care about him, I should like to know?"

"Well, Madge, you know you've been taking all those pains with that drawing entirely on his account."

"I haven't! As it happens, I'm going to give this drawing to Aunt Mary. I have long promised it to her—so there you're wrong for once, Vi."

"Why, Madge, I heard you promise it to Tommy Eastwood!"

"Oh, you wicked story-teller! He asked me for it, but I didn't say that I'd give it to him, did I? What do I care for him? Why, my dear Vi, he's a schoolboy—he wears jackets, and he's so short for his age."

"Well, Madge, he'll grow, you know," and Violet seems to enjoy teasing Miss Madge, "and love will soon make you forget his jackets. Then, think what a beautiful work-box he gave you—a most useful present, I must say, considering the enormous amount of work you get through."

"What a tease you are, Vi. I didn't think you could be so spiteful. As if I cared for a Tommy Eastwood! My dear, you make a great mistake. When I love, it shall be a darling at least six feet high, with such pets of mustachios, and sweet black eyes, and lovely curly dark hair."

"Like the figure in the hairdresser's shop at Mowle."

"Yes," says Madge, quite simply; "only handsomer if possible. Hark at that duck of a canary-bird—how he always chimes in when we begin to talk. Sweet! sweet! sweet! Yes; my own darling dickerie duckie canary cherub!"

And the young lady rattled off into a long oration greatly affectionate, and purely nonsensical, addressed to her bird. Suddenly she starts up.

"Here comes my darling papa!"

"How are you, Vi?—[kiss, kiss]—How are you, Baby Madge?—[Kiss, kiss, kiss, and many more too numerous to set out. It seemed as though she would never let him go.]—How cold, isn't it? Mind and keep up good fires. Madge, darling, run and fetch a handkerchief from my room."

Madge darted off on the errand. Then Mr. Fuller's manner changed; he turned to Vi, and said in a solemn voice:

"It's all over. The poor old man died quite painlessly at nine o'clock this morning."

(To be continued.)

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

AS THEY ARE, AND AS THEY ARE REPRESENTED.
BY ONE OF THEM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of years that had elapsed since India became, to use the common stilted phrase, the brightest jewel in the crown of England, and notwithstanding the astounding amount of oriental knowledge displayed at times by honourable members during debates, that country with its varied inhabitants is still, to all intents and purposes, a terra incognita to the majority of Englishmen. The constitutional, skinny Frenchman, attenuated to the last degree by his diet of *soup maigre* and frogs, but still full of dancing jerking life, and compounded of shrugs and grimaces, has almost deserted the stage, but the conventional yellow nabob, with "half a heart, and little more than half a liver," is still typical to no small portion of our countrymen of their brothers and cousins in India. Occasionally we are portrayed in darker colours, as when a popular play-writer represents systematic seduction and wide-spread immorality as the main features of Anglo-Indian society. This ignorance and misrepresentation is not likely to be removed by the attempts of recent travellers to describe things as they are in India. Indeed, Mr. Minturn's book "New York to Delhi," is almost the only lately published work of the kind that can be recommended as containing at all a fair or trustworthy account. For the most part other writers seem to have gone to India with fixed ideas and prejudices, that influenced—perhaps unconsciously—the point of view from which they regarded what went on around them. Such men have no idea of the amount of harm they do, and the pain they give by their careless misrepresentations.

The popular idea of Anglo-Indians, partly gleaned from various books of travel, partly the result of traditions dating from the time of Warren Hastings' trial, and in a great measure the result of recollections of the Arabian Nights, is that they live in Bungalows (generally supposed to be palaces), surrounded by all the accessories of oriental splendour. Fountains with pleasing murmur scatter cooling spray over the marble pavement, while troops of dusky white-clad servants stand near with watchful regard awaiting the nod of their master, who, buried in a pile of yielding cushions, gently breathes forth the fumes of perfumed tobacco from a jewelled hookah. At a sign from him cool sherbet and "the weepings of the Shiraz vine" are brought by the ready attendants, and when in the evening he issues forth, gilded palanquins and a proud array of noble Arabian horses await his languid choice. Some such idea as this, though never perhaps expressed in so many words, have numbers of people at home formed of the mode of life of their countrymen whose lot it is to pass their lives in India. Let us in the interests of truth and reality describe a subaltern's bungalow as it really is, and let those whom our picture offends by its pre-Raphaelite ugliness, reconcile themselves to it by the reflection that it is faithful as a general typical representation.

Imagine then a low two-roomed cottage, with a verandah in front, in which in an American chair, with his legs resting on the arms, sits a gen-

tleman placidly smoking a cheroot and reading. If you go inside you find in the first room a table littered over with magazines, books, writing materials, cheroot cases, and a Hindustani dictionary. Two chairs and a hard sofa complete the furniture of the room, unless a gun in the corner and some deer or tiger skins on the matted floor may also be comprehended under that designation. On entering the other room you see some three or four boxes arranged along the wall, a low bedstead in the middle, a large copper basin in the corner on a triangular stand, and a chest of drawers "contrived a double debt to pay," the top of which has been ingeniously converted into a toilet table, and support a small looking-glass and a pair of brushes.

Around these wonders as you cast a look

you are probably astonished by a shout from the verandah of "Bo—o—o—oy," which is again and again repeated with startling energy. On going out to see what the matter is, you find that the owner of the palatial residence just described wants a light for his cheroot, or perhaps a bottle of soda-water, and is endeavouring to rouse up a servant. As all the domestics are fast asleep in small huts at some distance from the bungalow, with doors and windows tight shut, this is a task of no little difficulty, and cannot be accomplished without a considerable expenditure of breath. Perseverance is however rewarded at length, and a very sleepy-looking servant comes up with his turban all awry, and brings what is required, on which his master returns to his former occupation with unruffled composure.

The chief divisions of Anglo-Indian society are two, the official and non-official classes. The latter find their position now very different from what it was in the days when John Company was a first-class trader, as well as prince, and was more jealous of his monopoly than of his seigniorial rights. No longer scouted and hunted down as "interlopers," merchants and other gentlemen unconnected with the government service take their proper place in society, on which they are beginning to exercise a good deal of influence, though petty jealousy is not yet quite extinct. There will be no small debt of gratitude due to them, if, by their instrumentality, the spirit of *officialism* (if we may use such a word) is shattered; for that spirit has hitherto been the bane of Indian society. Where the majority are in one particular service they naturally endeavour to make the members of that service the aristocracy, and to consider rank in it as giving a claim to equal rank in society, just as in "Pickwick," Lady Clubber, whose husband was, as commissioner, head of the dock-yard, took telescopic views of the inferior officials' families through her eye-glass, while they in their turn "stared at Mrs. Somebody else, whose husband was not in the dock yard at all." This feeling has been carried to a most absurd extent in India, especially by the fair sex. It will hardly be believed that we have heard of one lady deliberately cutting another in government house, though she knew her well, and was ready to meet her on intimate terms elsewhere; but in the sacred precincts of the Gubernatorial

residence rank has its duties, which must be performed at any cost, and conversation with the wife of a gentleman of lower (official) rank would, in the eyes of this *grande dame*, lower her position! Such a lady, after queening it in Indian society, must experience an awful change when she goes home and finds herself looked on as plain Mrs. —, whom hardly anyone knows, and among people in whom her husband's title of collector merely excites a vague reminiscence of a not very respectable-looking individual, who gives single knocks at doors, and demands income-tax, or water-rate! A good deal of bickering and heart-burning is often created by this petty spirit, especially where rival claims come in contact, and she who arrogates to herself the dignity of being the head of the society in some station finds a rival contesting her right to the proud position.

But to see the Anglo-Indian society flourishing in all its purity, it is necessary to go up country to some station where the English inhabitants are confined to the civil, military, and uncovenanted. In such a place the virtues and defects of the several classes may readily be perceived by even an ordinary observer. Continually thrown into contact, as all the denizens of the place are, they get to know each other intimately, and the foibles of each are known and discussed. It is impossible to deny that an extreme love of gossip and scandal prevails, and is by no means confined to the weaker sex. Each station has its "Scandal Point," where almost every one assembles on those evenings when there is no band. At such meetings even grave elderly gentlemen are not ashamed to indulge in the veriest tittle-tattle; and comments on dress, character, and actions are freely bandied about. But while acknowledging and deploring the prevalence of such a contemptible habit, we must confess that there are many circumstances which may be adduced in extenuation. Shut out from communication with the outer world, except when the anxiously expected mails bring a budget of English news and letters from home, the inhabitants of a distant up-country station have really very few topics to talk about, if they avoid personalities. In the daytime all have work of various kinds. Civilians their cutcherry, and military men parades, regimental work, courts martial, and committees (and in this last word is comprised a large amount of heterogeneous labour); the Indian papers rarely contain any news of much interest; and to crown all, from constant interchange of ideas, each knows the other's opinion on almost every subject. It is simply human nature, as Sam Slick would say, that under such circumstances men should seek to render conversation interesting and exciting by a slight admixture of scandal. Love of gossip has ever been considered an essential characteristic of provincial society, and surely life in an up-country station in India is, *Hibernis ipsis Hibernior*, still more devoid of topics of interest than the smallest village community in England, where every-day news is received from all parts of the world, and the newest books, pamphlets, and periodicals can be obtained almost as soon as published. It must not be supposed, however, that conversation is invariably of this trivial nature. Most men in

India are well acquainted with the literature of the day, and many go much higher. At messes and elsewhere it is no uncommon thing to hear discussions on literary and scientific questions, in which considerable knowledge of the subject discussed, and much general information, are displayed. In such a conversation every one almost joins in the interest, for there are few who do not read more or less. The history of the country too, and the customs of the natives, attract no little attention, and the old Company's officer is characterised by a profound acquaintance with, and ardent desire to learn more of, these subjects. The languages of the country, too, are very generally studied; and all these pursuits prevent men from being entirely dependent on "gu," (as gossip is called in Anglo-Indian slang) for topics of conversation.

Old officers, whose memory reaches back forty or fifty years, bear witness to the great improvement that has taken place in the tone of Indian society since steam, the telegraph, and the overland route have brought England so much nearer. In the old days a white woman was rarely seen out of the Presidency towns, and few even there. Now, wherever there is a station, no matter how remote, ladies are found, humanising all within their influence, and preventing that degeneration from courtesy and delicacy of feeling that would infallibly ensue without their presence. To them we all owe much; and who that has read the narrative of the siege of Lucknow, and other episodes in the dark drama of the mutiny, will dare assert that ladies in India fall behind their sisters in any other part of the world, in generous courage and unselfish devotion? But besides the wonder-working presence of women, to the constant and rapid intercourse with home, we owe the breaking up of that mental stagnation and moral degradation that at one time was settling on so many Englishmen in India. Men in those days, on leaving the shores of Britain, severed all the ties that bound them to their country, and made up their minds to live and die in that land in which their lot was cast. When it took upwards of a year to get an answer from one's friends, none cared much to write. Twice a year the fleet used to arrive with English stores and news, but the latter possessed little interest for men who were thoroughly Indianised. So they went on, working well indeed, but morally sinking lower and lower, till at last death, of whose approach they were reckless, mercifully took them away.* It is painful to think of the lives such men led, devoid of hope, without any ambition that would lead them to aim at higher things, and who were finally laid in an obscure grave by men of the same stamp, or else by natives whose religion they had adopted. To turn from such a past to the consideration of the present is indeed a relief. Once a week in Bengal and Madras, and twice a month in Bombay, the Peninsular and Oriental steamers arrive with a load of passengers freshly imbued with English ideas, and divested of old prejudices and narrow-mindedness, by intercourse

* This refers more to the last century than to this, though the traces of European demoralisation were plainly visible thirty years ago.

with men of a different stamp from themselves ; or depart, taking with them men and women worn out by the tropical climate, and pining for the fresh breezes of their native land, and who will return invigorated and improved, not only bodily but mentally.

Ah ! people at home little know the greatness of the blessings they enjoy ! A few years' exile would make them see in a new light what they now regard with the indifference produced by familiarity. Those who look on the Anglo-Indian as a being who has but few thoughts apart from the country in which he is doomed to spend the greater part of his life, little imagine with what ardent yearning he looks towards home, and how precious is everything that reminds him of its pleasures. How often does one of those passages that crop out so frequently in our literature, breathing a rural sweetness and domestic tenderness, so peculiarly English, recall to mind happy days spent in our "ain countrie," when life seemed a bright vista, and we were surrounded by all we loved. None but those who have experienced it can tell what delight a description of Nature in her most charming aspect, as beheld in some country parts at home, gives to those who never see her but in extremes, either ended with a brilliant gorgeousness that palls from its very splendour, or presenting a dreary monotony that inevitably saddens a mind at all susceptible of her influence. Those at home see the defects as well as the beauties of those scenes we recall so fondly ; we have no such drawbacks, for memory tinged by imagination leaves in the background all that would detract from, and brings into strong relief all that enhances, our enjoyment. Often has the writer of these pages sat in his tent in the midst of a jungle spreading apparently illimitably around, with an *Idyll of Tennyson's*, a hawthorn breathing poem of Herrick's, an essay by Kingsley, or the "Country Parson," open before him, bringing before his mental vision the verdant fields and heather covered hills of his own green island, and recalling vividly to his mind the beauty of those "summer days" concerning which one of the above-mentioned authors discourses so charmingly—one of those days when there is an exquisite, ineffable happiness in the mere sense of existence, when the birds sing their blithest lays, and the skies look their brightest. Often has he been awakened from such a reverie—

That sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind,

by the howl of the jackal or the mournful *boom* * of the monkey. Never did he realise so thoroughly the exquisite beauty of that sweet poem of Marlowe's—

Come live with me, and be my love,

as when in the midst of forests whose hills were the habitation of bears, and in whose thickets lurked the snake and the wolf, the hyena and the tiger. Not that the poem and the works alluded to would not delight at any time, but in the

* This is perhaps the best word that can be used to convey an idea of the cry of the monkey in its wild state. The cry consists of a single note, repeated at intervals, and somewhat resembles the sound produced by striking sonorous wood.

position described the sharp contrast between the ideal and actual scenery lent a new beauty to the former, whilst the reminiscences excited of "days that are no more" gave a pleasure with which pain was strangely intermingled. Just as the untravelled heart of the Indian exile is ever turning towards home, and even those who are supposed to be most devoted to the country and its pleasures (such as they are) never cease to look forward with impatient longing to the day when they may sit at the fondly-remembered hearth with those whom absence has but made dearer.

The views of politics taken in India are generally broader and more liberal than those one hears in England. Here we stand at a distance from the scene of conflict, and can discern the faults and merits of both sides far more clearly than those who are mixed up in the scuffle. An uncompromising advocate of any particular party is very rarely found in this country ; for as there is no inducement to gain one side in preference to another, an independent stand is taken, and a measure is never condemned out of sheer opposition to the party in power. General politics are thus surveyed with a calmness that almost wears the appearance of indifference, though, in fact, it is far removed from it ; but every measure relating to India, and every word spoken about that country in Parliament, is discussed and commented upon with the utmost keenness. Indeed the tendency is to judge of a Ministry by the Secretary of State for India. If he is popular and respected, the Ministry is thought much of ; but if he is disliked, its speedy downfall is longed for. Great will be the exultation when Lord Palmerston's Government falls, for a more unpopular minister than the present Secretary of State for India never held a portfolio.* His name is never mentioned without an execration, and all classes unite in looking on him as the deadly enemy of themselves and the country. Even the natives on this point agree cordially with the Europeans.

A notice of the character of the English in India would be incomplete without some reference to their relations with the natives, with regard to which there has been an immense amount of misrepresentation. As a rule, Anglo-Indians (we speak more particularly of those in the service of Government) are kind to their servants and to those natives with whom they are thrown into contact. Intimacy there cannot be: the difference of race, colour, religion, character, and last, not least, the omnipresent system of caste forbid that. Even where Europeans make advances, the natives for the most part draw back, partly from innate dislike, and partly perhaps from a vague suspicion, which is widely spread, that we wish to destroy their caste by underhand means. Add to this the fact, that it is impossible for an ordinary native to understand the motives and springs of action of an English gentleman, and it will be seen how impossible it is for the two to be on intimate friendly relations. We acknowledge candidly that the manner of Europeans towards

* We have no wish to animadvert upon the conduct of Sir C. Wood. We are simply stating a fact to illustrate our position.

their dusky fellow-subjects is often not very conciliatory; but we can hardly wonder at it when we see so many natives displaying the very vices and failings that are calculated to excite the disgust of an Englishman. We see men continually indulging in gross debauchery of the vilest kind, ill-treating women, and yet crying like children themselves for the least hurt, cringing to and fawning upon their immediate superiors, but insolent to all others, and utterly regardless of the claims of honour, truth, and gratitude, and we cannot be surprised that those who hold such weaknesses and such vices in peculiar contempt and abhorrence, should allow their sentiments to be seen in their conduct.

We by no means, however, mean to assert that all natives are as described above, but it is a melancholy truth that no small portion of those who come most into contact with Europeans are thus, more or less, morally disfigured; and it is but natural that the gulf, before existing, should be widened by the mutiny and its attendant horrors. Many of the accusations brought against Anglo-Indians by travellers who scamper through the country, are manifestly absurd, as when (*ex uno disce omnes*) they are censured for not saying, "if you please," and "thank you," to their servants—expressions which it would be impossible to translate into Hindustani, so as to convey any definite idea to any but a highly-educated native. It is true, the heinous crime of talking of "niggers" is not infrequently committed, but that Europeans in India do not systematically hate and ill-treat the natives is proved by the conduct of those officers who, during the mutiny, in spite of warning and even evidence, refused to believe in the treachery of their men, and fell victims to their trust," and to this may be added the testimony of many high in power, who enjoy opportunities of forming a judgment on the subject, not possessed by those flippant tourists who are so anxious to prove the rule by the exception. The conduct of such writers is the more open to censure, inasmuch as the dissemination of slanders is but a poor return for the kind treatment they are sure to have received; for hospitality, like that practised at home in the good old days, is one of the most conspicuous virtues of the English in India.

On arrival at a place, if the traveller has a slight acquaintance with any resident, or bears a letter from a common friend, and often indeed without any such claim, he is sure of a warm reception. No matter how small the bungalow, or how limited his entertainer's means, room is made for him. His host gives him of his best while he remains, and "speeds the parting guest" on his way, laden with provisions for the journey. The whole proceeding is marked by a freedom from restraint, and an innate politeness, more characteristic, according to received notions, of a Frenchman than of a Briton. There is very little of that cold formalism for which Englishmen are proverbial in India. Men are thrown together more, and when one meets another hundreds of miles, perhaps, from any place inhabited by Europeans, he is only too glad of a companion, to be restrained from intercourse by the consideration that there has been no introduction. There is no fear, as at home, that the

casual acquaintance, with whom you have struck up an intimacy, may turn out a travelling tailor or bootmaker, for, at a distance from the Presidency, one rarely meets with any but members of the different branches of the Government service.* This common bond of interest naturally binds people together, and makes them more friendly than they would be otherwise. Every man's social position is known, and he has only to "call" on arrival at a new place to be received at every house. Society—especially at a small station—is so free from the restraints of formality, that a stranger would be almost inclined to think all around him mutually related; and, we believe, it is a misunderstanding of this natural intimacy that has caused so much scandal and misrepresentation. Indian society is considered at home most lax, and even immoral. Seduction and elopement are considered to be every-day occurrences, and some go so far as to look on Indian ladies as hardly "proper." A most unfair view this, and one which there are no grounds for adopting. Anglo-Indian society, as far as regards morality, will bear comparison with English society, and the comparison may even prove in favour of the former. Levity and flirting may, and undoubtedly do, prevail to a great extent, while now and then a great *esclandre* in the shape of an elopement or crim. con. case takes place (though happily such cases are rare now-a-days), but it must be recollected that in a limited society every such instance is universally known and commented upon, while in a more extensive society it would perhaps remain hidden, or at least known to a few only. The revelations made in Sir Cresswell Cresswell's court, leave our friends at home little to boast of. In India our faults and vices cannot remain concealed, and the worst of us is known to all—while in England, on the other hand, such vices often lie hid under the garb of severe propriety, festering and cankering at the very heart of society. We do not pharisaically profess to be better than our neighbours, we simply deny that we are so very much worse than they, and demand, what is our due, an impartial and unbiassed judgment. "*Audi alteram partem*" is a motto often quoted, but seldom acted on.

But we have said enough, for Indian topics are apt to weary Englishmen. It will be ample reward for us if this slight sketch causes even one at home to think more kindly and more justly of their exiled friends and relations. Every year, for the last half century, has been drawing India nearer to Great Britain, yet the people of the latter country hardly know more of the former than they did fifty years ago, and, apparently, care just as much about it as they did then. "What will they say in England?" is the mental ejaculation of every one out here when anything noteworthy takes place. Too often the answer is that given by the learned world to George Primrose's paradoxes—just nothing, and we find that what has been exciting us, and filling our minds for months, is scarcely considered worthy of a cursory notice in a corner of the "Jupiter." But we do not protest

* A few years ago this rule was without exception, almost. Now the various railways have brought a number of engineers and others into the country, who turn up everywhere.

on the misapprehension and indifference that prevails on the subject of India, for sentimental reasons alone, though they are, we think, sufficiently cogent, but we take our stand on other grounds also.

When India was transferred to the direct government of the crown, the people of England promised, by their representatives in parliament, to attend to the interests of the country, and to see that it was governed constitutionally. They were warned at the time that they would soon get weary of the task they had undertaken, but they indignantly repudiated the suggestion, and took the irrevocable step. Since then, how has the promise—inferred if not directly given—been fulfilled? Have the members of the House of Commons studied India, and tried to make up by zeal and attention for their want of knowledge of the subject? Have they been guided by the advice of experienced men, of whom there were numbers available? Has a proper check been kept on the proceedings of the Secretary of State for India? Unless the parliamentary reports given in the papers are false, none of these things have been done. Sir C. Wood is, to all intents and purposes, an arbitrary despot, and the mention of the word India, in the house, acts as a dinner-bell to all except a few members whom conscientious motives or a sense of duty induce to remain. Every one is believed but those most worthy of credence, and fictions obtain the credit due to fact. Surely we have a right to complain of such a state of affairs. It is not our part to discuss the best mode of obviating the failures that take place and overcoming the difficulties that arise. We have pointed out the disease, the remedy is in the hands of every one.

THE ADVENTURES OF PRINCE LULU.

PRINCE LULU was the only son of King Gratanfulish, a mighty monarch in his own estimation, but whose noble deeds ungrateful history has forgotten to record. The negligence or ignorance of geographers has likewise left us unacquainted with the site of his kingdom—Big-but-poor. The last syllable, however, of its name seems to show that it was somewhere in the south of Asia. The son of this great king was brought up in a manner befitting his station. A renowned preceptor—Fatanlazez—who had at an early age acquired the highest distinctions of learning, and had ever since spent about four-fifths of his time in eating, drinking, and sleeping, was appointed his chief instructor. Withal, Prince Lulu was melancholy and discontented.

"I am sick of this life," he said to his tutor; "I would see the rest of the world. You have often told me that you are the greatest logician in the world, you shall therefore persuade my father to let me travel."

Fatanlazez grew pale on hearing these words.

"Your royal father," said he, "is more in the habit of chopping off heads than chopping logic when he finds any one who ventures to differ from his own royal opinion."

Prince Lulu frowned.

"My father may behead you," said he, "if you

do what I tell you to do, but I certainly will if you don't."

Fatanlazez, after revolving for some time in his mind these alternatives, at last came to the conclusion that it was better to incur simply the risk than the certainty of being put to death. He therefore, accompanied by the prince, went to the king and made known to him his son's desire.

The monarch was astounded and angry when he heard of the indiscreet wish of Lulu.

"What could have put so ignoble a desire into your heart?" he said to him. "And how could you proceed in life unguided by the advice which I daily take the trouble to pour into your ear?"

The remembrance of this advice was too much for the prince, who incontinently yawned. Never had this indecorous act been committed in the royal presence before, save once, when a courtier interrupted the king in an oration he was making on his own clemency by a most undeniable yawn. The king had then finished his speech on clemency, and stopped the courtier's propensity for yawning by having him instantly decapitated. He was, however, loth to inflict this punishment on his son, though by no means inclined to be so forbearing towards his son's preceptor. Fatanlazez now saw himself in danger of undergoing the fate he had anticipated, when the prince, taking pity on him, calmed his father's wrath by retracting his request for permission to travel, and by asseverating that what had been mistaken for a yawn was only a gape of wonder caused by recollection of his father's wisdom.

But, although the prince had openly renounced his design, he still resolved to effect it secretly. He had a young attendant, named Ahmed, to whom he was much attached, and to him he communicated his scheme of flight, proposing that Ahmed should accompany him.

"My prince," said Ahmed, "I can well understand that you, who have never seen the world, and do not know how detestable it is, should wish to make this expedition, but I who have experienced the storms of life am by no means anxious to leave the only quiet haven I have found."

"That may be, Ahmed," replied the prince. "The question, however, is not whether you shall leave it—no, but whether you shall benignominiously expelled for ever from it, or leave it now and return to it hereafter. If you refuse to accompany me, I will have you disgraced; but if you go with me you shall, if it ever lies in my power, be rewarded for your devotion to me."

The prince persuaded Ahmed as easily as he had persuaded Fatanlazez. They both disguised themselves, and, having concealed about their persons as many valuables as they could conveniently carry, they stole out of the palace. They travelled about from country to country for some time until the prince, who was tired of being only an observer, expressed a wish to become an actor in life.

"What occupation," said he to Ahmed, "is most beneficial to mankind?"

"Least injurious, I suppose you mean?" replied Ahmed, who was by no means in a philanthropic mood, or inclined to give other men credit for feelings which he did not himself possess. "The

chief object of man seems to be to do as much good to himself and as much harm to others as he can. Priests threaten others with horrible evils which they don't apprehend for themselves, and, whilst they don't permit themselves to fight, excite the worst quarrels known in the world. Lawyers ruin all that come into their clutches, and enrich themselves. Doctors physic all they can except themselves, and convey people very expeditiously out of the world, though they themselves are rather long-lived. Merchants, to benefit themselves, cheat their neighbours. Soldiers murder—but, as they also run the risk of being murdered, perhaps theirs is the honestest vocation of all, except that of husbandmen, who do good and no harm."

"We will then become soldiers," rejoined Lulu; "and when we are tired of that occupation we will till the ground."

"A good choice," said Ahmed. "We can ride and use the sword, so we are tolerably fitted to be soldiers; and as for husbandry, it seems to me a very simple employment, and to consist chiefly in putting seed into the ground, and waiting till it comes up again."

They accordingly purchased horses and arms, and enlisted themselves under a commander who had contracted with the king of the country to raise a body of men for his service, in consideration of being allowed to collect and appropriate to his own use a certain portion of the public revenue. As, however, this commander used his soldiers more in his own service than the king's, and chiefly employed them in enforcing the payment of the taxes due to him, the prince speedily became disgusted with military service.

"Let us desert!" he said to Ahmed.

"We shall be shot," said Ahmed, "if we are not successful."

"What does it matter if we are?" yawned the prince.

His follower seemed to have formed a different opinion as to the importance of such an event. He however consented to join in the act, and the desertion was effected in safety. They now determined to become agriculturists. They sold their horses and arms, rented land, purchased implements, put corn into the ground, and sat down to wait for its re-appearance. They had passed a very short time in this last occupation when an event happened that diverted their attention, and put a stop to the prince's career as an agriculturist. The princess Lolah, daughter of the king of the country in which they then were, passed, unveiled in her litter along the road. Their tenement bordered upon the road, so that they had an opportunity of beholding this charming princess. As soon as the prince saw her he discovered that he could not live without her, and began to consult with Ahmed as to the way by which he might obtain this necessity of his existence. Ahmed advised him to sue in the form of a prince, and not in that of a pauper; but the prince determined to attempt gaining her affections under his assumed character. As he had acquired so much experience in agriculture, he naturally thought of obtaining access to the princess by procuring the situation of under-gardener. There happened to

be a vacancy amongst the under-gardeners, and, as every office from that of the prime minister downwards was to be bought, Prince Lulu had no difficulty in obtaining the situation. He soon also found an opportunity of commencing his suit. The princess was in the habit of walking in the garden, and passed by Prince Lulu as he was employed in some of the duties of his new occupation. He determined to profit by the occasion, and shot at her one of those amorous glances which he had found very efficacious when he had directed them against the ladies of his father's court; but the mode of courtship employed by a prince towards dependants may not be equally successful when made use of by a dependant towards a princess.

"Insolent slave," she said, "how dare you look at me? But I will cure you of your impertinence."

Then, clapping her hands, she bade an eunuch, who appeared, to cut off the head of the prince. Lulu, astounded at this unexpected recoil of his shot, stammered out:

"Beware what you do—I am the son of the King of Big-but-poor."

The princess no sooner heard this but she burst out into a fit of laughter. When she had recovered she said to the prince:

"Slave, you have amused me by your audacious lie. I will therefore change your punishment: you shall either receive fifty strokes with the bastinado, or a hundred with a slipper. Choose which you will."

The prince made election of what he considered the lighter punishment, namely, that of the bastinado. But he was grievously mistaken, and when he had received thirty strokes on the soles of the feet he cried out, and prayed that the punishment might be commuted for that of the slipper. He accordingly received a hundred blows with the slipper, and was turned out of the garden.

"I would risk my life to obtain her," he groaned, as he crawled away, "but I will not incur the chance of being bastinadoed."

He returned to Ahmed, whom he found moodily overlooking his field.

"I have been bastinadoed," exclaimed the prince.

"I cannot see any sign of my corn," said Ahmed.

"Let us go back to Big-but-poor," said Lulu.

And they went back accordingly.

Their return was opportune. They found that the king had been dead for about three months; that the people had, in that time, tried and become disgusted with three different forms of government, and were at a loss to discover another variety. In this dilemma they readily received Prince Lulu as heir to the old king.

Lulu was no sooner safely enthroned than he sent Ahmed to the father of the Princess Lolah to demand for him the hand of his daughter. That monarch was much perplexed by the proposal, and not being himself able to decide, took the unusual course of consulting the wishes of his daughter. She, however, relieved him from all embarrassment by promptly declining the honour. Lulu, nothing

daunted, levied a large army and invaded the kingdom of Lolah's father. He defeated his opponent's army, besieged his capital, and demanded his daughter in marriage a second time.

"King," said the father of Lolah, "you have, since you first demanded my daughter, shown your devotion to her by the most heroic deeds. You have ravaged my kingdom, and with the loss of five thousand of your subjects have slain ten thousand of mine. I can no longer refuse."

Whether the old King was moved by the heroism

of Lulu, or the necessity of his situation, is a question into which the writer will not enter. Suffice it to say that he yielded with a very good grace, but his daughter with a very bad one. She returned with King Lulu to Big-but-poor with the determination, however, to avoid marriage with him if possible. Ahmed, who was a handsome young fellow and had been raised to great honours by his master, was admitted freely to her society; and she quickly established a flirtation with him.



"Ahmed," she said to him, "I do not love your master, but I do love you. Let us fly together."

"Queen of my desires," said Ahmed, "if King Lulu should recapture us, he would assuredly put me to death."

"You are wonderfully prudent," said Lolah, with scorn, "but a woman's wrath is more to be feared than a man's, and if you do not accede to my wish I will find means to have you impaled."

"Delight of my eyes," replied Ahmed, "I prefer eloping with you."

Next morning Lulu could see neither Ahmed nor Lolah, but he received two letters which fully explained the cause of their absence.

One was from Ahmed, and was as follows :

KING LULU,—I had thought to repay your favours to me with gratitude and devotion; but my fate has determined otherwise.

The other was from Lolah :

You thought to marry me, though it was evident that I had no inclination for you; but I have balked you, and revenged myself the more on you by fleeing with your servant.

This was the first stroke of real adversity that the King had received, and it did him good, as it does most men. He had lost his friend and his mistress at one fell swoop, and, resolving with pride and manliness to overcome his mortification, he applied himself with ardour to state affairs, and found in continued occupation a happiness he had never before felt.

WHAT MAY COME OF THE EXHIBITION, 1862.

BEFORE the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, we were told to expect a prodigious amelioration of the inconveniences of life, domestic and social, from the co-operation of the wits of the world in mechanical matters. There were some considerable results certainly; but, on the whole, the impression seems to be, that the improvements which such an Exhibition can establish are of the minor sort, domestic and mechanical; while the great discoveries and inventions which will constitute epochs in social history take place in the interval between one Exhibition and another, and perhaps in entire independence of the event.

Between 1851 and 1862, some vast additions have been made to the machinery of our civilization,—any one of which fills a larger space in our minds and our lives than any practical result of the Exhibition. All the devices together that have issued from the great glass-house look small beside the phenomenon of our Queen and the American President having spoken to each other by telegraph from their respective seats of government. It is true, this was done only once; and the chorus of rejoicing expired with that piteous last word of the telegraph when, after weeks of silence, it unexpectedly said "Henley," and never spoke again. Still the thing *was* done. Leaving the whole subject of the new ships and guns till there is more certainty of what may be expected, and what ought to be done, I may point to an improvement which deeply concerns all maritime populations,—the notice given, by means of the telegraph, to everybody round the coast of probable storms or fine weather. We now see an end to that dreary chapter of accidents,—the loss of nearly all the fishermen of a village, or the wreck of half a fleet of colliers, from sudden storms. Never was the weathercock more important than the Admiralty drum now is, wherever it is set up. It will teach with even more precision by-and-by; and seamen will understand better its meaning and its worth: but already it must have saved hundreds of lives in the course of a few months. I need not look further in this direction: for one or two instances are as good as a dozen to show what I mean. We shall all agree that, important as is the application of glass and iron to the construction of edifices, and manifold as are the improvements in the arts of life, in consequence of the Exhibition of 1851, they cannot compare, individually or collectively, with some achievements which would have taken place at all events, simply because the time was ripe.

In this way arises the suggestion whether there are not two methods by which our inconveniences are extinguished, and our convenience promoted; in one of which these great Exhibitions cannot but assist, while they may have no concern with the other.

If there is some action of our daily life which is complicated, laborious, and expensive in time and trouble, it is very probable that some amelioration may arise through the display of inventions in the Exhibition, or the suggestions which ingenious people may derive from what they see there. There will probably be some simplification of old methods, saving time and trouble, without forsaking the old principle.

But the discoverer, who works without any regard to Exhibitions, annihilates the old way by introducing a substitute—a something quite new, and infinitely superior. If there had been such an Exhibition a generation or two earlier, we might have owed to it a great improvement in the construction of street lamps—in the size and form of the wick, the application of the oil, and the construction of the glass case. But it was a higher order of achievement to set us burning gas. Sir Humphry Davy said publicly that when we could bring down the moon to light our streets, we might use gas for the purpose: and while he talked so, our fathers went on adding threads to their wicks, and trying different shapes for lamps: but the whole method was swept away when the gas was got well in hand, and conducted where it was wanted. In the electric light we have again another principle which may do as much good to another generation, as gas-lighting has to ours.

One such case enables us to understand how others may occur. When we find ourselves constantly inconvenienced by some necessary and universal process and method, we call it a barbarism, and confidently reckon on its being first amended, and at length superseded, as society advances. In analogy with our lighting there is our warming. What a cumbrous process it is! There are tens of thousands of men hewing coal down dark pits. Perhaps they should not count, because there must probably be some other mineral supply, for the creation of heat, if we gave up coal. All the rest of the method is mere coarse, barbarous consumption. We simply burn the coal, and have a large proportion of useless and troublesome stuff with it, to convey to our firesides first, and to carry off afterwards. Look at the bulk of shipping and cartage thus required, and at the number of horses and men, from the first cleavage in the mine to the emptying of the sacks into a London cellar! Look at the disfigurement of the coal country, and at the blacks for ever raining upon the garden shrubs, and in at the windows of our manufacturing towns; and at the hue of Saint Paul's, and all the statues, once white, in the squares of London! Look at the furniture and the pictures in town houses, and at the complexion of those who live in them! Look at the cook's stove-box, and say whether it is not as barbarous as the housemaid's candle-box in the old days of moulds and dips! Look at the perils from coals flying out and pinafores lying in; from linen-horses left before the fire; from choked flues,

from overloaded chimneys, from any burning of papers below, and the charring of some ill placed beam above! A method of warming ourselves so barbarous as this cannot go on for ever. What is likely to happen?

An Exhibition like the past and the proximate is just the machinery for ameliorating the evil. A great deal has been done for many years past. Before Prince Albert was born, the invention of hotwater pipes was applied to conservatories and a few noblemen's mansions; and we have since heard a great deal about economical stoves, and a cleanly consumption of smoke, and hot air, and hot water, and prepared fuel, and cooking by gas, &c., &c. Still, we go on burning the raw mineral, either to warm ourselves, or to heat something which is to warm us. We may have been enriched, a few weeks hence, by fresh suggestions about dealing with the inconveniences; but do we not all believe that some future generation will be warmed without any use of coal at all?—without the burning of any raw material at all? Some of us know that there is a discovery, actually existing among us, of a way of producing and administering heat by means of—Well, I will not specify the method, which it should be left to qualified persons to describe. Suffice it that the requisites are iron and rapid motion, without any fire or fuel at all. The discovery waits for the invention of a method of application more economical than the use of coal. That invention cannot be far off: if it is indeed the only thing wanted: and then, when we have got rid of dirt, smoke, danger, and waste of time, space, and labour, we shall recognise a change in our warming system analogous to that in our lighting.

In connection with the Exhibition, then, we may anticipate any advance which belongs to the lower of the two methods; whereas the higher occurs in the ripeness of time and of men's wits, in complete independence of Exhibitions, and usually of any kind of consultation or demonstration.

Thus learning to confine our expectations within obvious limits, we may fairly speculate on some benefits of convenience likely to arise from the Exhibition. We may consider what are the inconveniences which vex us most; and we shall do well to remember that the way in which amelioration proceeds is usually by simplifying what is complicated and cumbrous.

Almost all improvement in the arts of life has followed this course. Barbaric people have no other idea than of doing everything themselves; whereas the civilised set the agencies of Nature to work for them. From the desperate hard work of kindling fire by twirling a stick in a hole, men got on to the tinder-box, or the burning-glass, and at last to the lucifer-match. The marines of ancient potentates voyaged in ships impelled by the muscular force of scores of rowers, whose oars and other appliances cost a world of trouble and toil; and in time the hoisting and management of a sail enabled three or four men to carry a company of soldiers faster and further than as many score of rowers. The two most conspicuous and familiar instances of this kind of advance are printing and spinning. I need not dwell on the

contrast between the monks and other scribes of past centuries, painting every stroke of every letter with a hair-pencil, or drawing it with a pen, and the pressmen in Printing-House Square, who supply copies millions of times faster than could have been imagined a thousand years ago. Travellers who have seen the Alpine women busy with their distaffs at every turn of the road, or the veiled Arab girls in the yellow desert, spinning the single thread of black wool for ever, and never getting enough, can tell what our Lancashire and Yorkshire mills are as a token of civilisation, and a help to more. Of late we have all been struck by an instance which at present naturally seems to us the most wonderful of all. In the tombs at Thebes, and in the rock temples of India, and in ancient Chinese paintings, we see what a world of pains any representation of objects occasioned to the artist. The little squares into which the Egyptian painter divided his surface show what the merest approach to proportion cost him. In course of ages the art of engraving, by which copies were multiplied, seemed the highest triumph that the case admitted of. Yet the painter went on with stroke upon stroke, and the engraver with line upon line, spending years on, not only the imaginative, but the mechanical part of the work. Now we make the sun our artist; and he does the work in a second of time.

Thus we see in what direction to look for the remedy for our inconveniences.

We make an enormous waste of time and effort every day of our lives in going through details, if indeed it is the function of Nature's forces to do that kind of business for us. It is not long since nearly all the women of every nation, and a great number of the men spent hours of every day in plying the needle; in threading it, in pushing it through and pulling it out, by an effort which engaged most of the muscles of the frame, and which is peculiarly wearing to certain sets of nerves. A few years since, a portion of this labour was saved by machinery which shaped some of our garments, and which finished them at the edges. This was a boon, as far as it went; but now we have the sewing machine, by which the human use of the needle is superseded, and all the injuriousness of the employment abolished. An easy treadle does it all, with the help of such ingenuity and care as all useful employment requires.

What further do we most need in the same direction?

The cumbrousness of our method of writing no doubt strikes us all at times. In our mechanical age it is wonderful that no further advance has yet been made towards simplicity. What an apparatus is this of pen, ink and paper! The invention of steel pens goes but a little way towards improvement. There is some saving of time in buying our pens ready made; and a trifle of cost: but the use of metal pens instead of the elastic quill is a severe penalty on the saving. School ushers and counting-house clerks may be glad to be saved the old drudgery of pen making and mending; but authors and domestic correspondents prefer nibbing their pens while collecting their ideas to scratching their paper with metal

points. As to paper, there is nothing to be objected till some great discovery supersedes the complication of writing by some undreamed-of way of communicating our thoughts with somewhat of the ease and rapidity of speech. But what a nuisance is ink! It is a barbarism altogether. We see this by the incessant efforts made to relieve us. We have inks of many colours and various consistence; and there is no end to the invention of inkstands: but all does not do. Every ink stains indelibly in the spilling; and where is the house in which there has never been any spilling of ink, in study, drawing-room, boudoir, or kitchen? Look at counting-house desks and school-room tables! Look at the dusty, brown, thick fluid in the vestry inkstand and the small shop! Look at the troubles of the traveller who would keep a journal in a far country! He might be living in Jack Cade's time by the ink-horn at his button,—still the least inconvenient way, by the testimony of travellers. In this direction we may hope for something from the Exhibition. We do not want more varieties of ingenious ink-glasses which, if they do not let the fluid escape, get clogged with it, or will not let it out when and as wanted. We want a new implement which requires no ink at all. Reporters in the galleries or pews of parliament, the courts, or churches do not use ink: but their pencils are a sad trouble; and the writing in their case need not be so black and so indelible as is requisite for books, deeds and letters. Can we not have, from some practical chemist, a kind of pencil which shall make black and indelible marks without being heavy, without needing cutting, and without using up too fast? Till some magical method is flashed upon the world, whereby ideas may be recorded as the sunlight records form and shadow, we must demand more convenient implements.

Phonetic writers and short-hand writers expose with entire truth the complication of the ordinary method, with its vast apparatus of the alphabet and its million of combinations, arbitrary and burdensome accordingly; but the substituted methods they propose are not, and never will be, widely adopted. I need not go into the reasons of this. They have never commanded assent, as a great discovery always does; and their advocates will go on arguing as they do now, and with much the same result, till the hour arrives when some bright discovery shall enable us to record our thoughts by an act of the mind, without the slow mechanical labour of the hand. Then inkstands will become relics of antiquity, and no more will be heard of the great rag controversy; and the great steel-pen factories at Birmingham will be occupied for some purpose as little imagined as ship-armour and sewing-machines were at the opening of the century.

The complication of our dress is another barbarism. If it is true, as I have read and heard confirmed by those who should know, that the most moderate middle-class female wardrobe consists of not less than 167 separate articles (not counting pins individually), the absurdity is apparent enough. So it is when we consider the hardship to the new-born infant of being plagued with half-a-dozen garments, one on the top of

another. Some people have a notion that such complication is a refinement: but they would not think so if they had witnessed the toilettes of any three or four savage nations. Even where these people wear little clothing, they save no time or thought by it. The girls in Nubia, who wear only fringes of leather, spend an infinity of time in twiddling their hair-braids, and soaking every single hair in castor oil. The Red Indian beau spends days in painting his person, as the New Zealander does in tattooing his skin. I need not point out the resemblance between the English and the African or Polynesian belle in the matter of ornament. When rows of shining articles are hung round the neck and arms, it matters little whether they are stones or shells, pearls or fish-bones, beads or sharks' teeth. When the flesh is pierced to hang ornaments in, it is of little consequence whether it is the flap of the ear or the lip, or the nose. The whole practice is essentially barbarous. What I more particularly refer to, however, is the heaping of a series of coverings on the body, to the embarrassment of its movements, and the waste of an infinity of precious hours to all the world. I remember that in 1851 a strong hope was repeatedly and widely expressed that one effect of the Exhibition would be the discrediting for ever of the hideous and irrational head-gear of Englishmen—the hat, which nobody defends; but why stop at any one article when there are so many which might be superseded at a stroke by some inspiration of good sense and taste? Any sensible man or intelligent woman could presently suggest a costume, consisting of a tithe of the present number of articles, which should be more convenient in the wearing than the present English dress, more suitable to the climate of any country, less costly in time and means, and incomparably more graceful. Such a change will not be wrought in a day, now or hereafter: but each Exhibition may prepare the way to it by suggesting a consolidation of articles, and simplifying the requisites of clothing.

Here we have glanced at most of the departments of our daily life—our dress, our writing and printing, our warming and lighting. Our housewives tell us of great simplification of the household offices within their experience. As the lucifer-match is to the tinder-box, so is the modern laundry apparatus to the ancient. Washing, drying, and smoothing are now done by machinery, and are superintended by skilled labour. Cookery is already much lightened. The chopping is done by the mincing-machine, far better than by knife and board. Squeezing, paring, mixing, kneading, rolling, cutting—everything will soon be done by the cook's head instead of her strong arms; and, on the housemaid's behalf, we need not despair of the beds making themselves, and the dust taking itself off by word of command, as the sewage of house, street, and city is learning to do. But what of our habitations themselves?

Some centuries hence, it will probably be cited, as proof of the barbarism of our age, that it was still a common practice to construct dwellings as coral edifices are constructed, by an aggregation of particles,—the process requiring an immensity of time and effort. The coral insects cannot help

themselves,—nor the silk-worm,—nor the bee, because they have to secrete their own building material, and must be content to use just what they can produce. Men, however, do not create their own building material, but can help themselves to a great variety of it, from various departments of Nature; yet they go on making little cubes of kneaded clay, burning them, and laying them one upon another by millions. If living in damp or windy caves is one kind of barbarism, surely this is another. It might be suitable to the builders of the Babel tower; but it is hardly becoming to the men of a great mechanical age. Without enlarging upon this, or admitting that a brickmaking machinery alters the case while the bricks are laid by hand, I may just point out that the present diversity of construction looks like a promise of progress. We may study the various kinds of houses without particularly liking any, and yet without denying that they afford good suggestion. The most comfortable known dwelling is understood to be the well-constructed log-house, which is built in a week, is free from damp, easily kept clean, cool in summer, and warm in winter, stable and unreverberating, and more durable than the generality of brick dwellings. We cannot have log-houses; but we may take hints from their points of advantage. I am myself far from despising the African and South American houses which are built of clay (we will dismiss the mud) filled into a framework which is removed as the substance dries. We are told that the wooden abodes of Vancouver's Island are fit to live in in a fortnight. The corrugated iron houses which we send out to Australia may be slept in the first night; and they cannot be accused of consisting of too large a number of pieces. They are ugly, however. At present, our greatest advance is building up blocks of stone; and we might rest awhile upon this if there were stone enough cheap enough for everybody. As there is not, we hear with deep interest of inventions by which stone, and even marble, is manufactured. It is no small matter that a great deal of carving of wood and marble is superseded by moulding and casting, whereby much house decoration is brought within the means of others than the wealthy; but it is far more exciting to see how a new generation may discard the barbarism of brick construction, and lodge its humblest members in dwellings which the old world would have classed in the order of palaces.

Every one of these advances will cause a cry on behalf of some working class or another: and on each occasion there will arise fresh proof that civilisation improves the working man's lot more certainly and substantially than any other. Instead of arguing here a matter which always settles itself, I will merely point to the conspicuous instance of agricultural improvement. As the Carolina negro now works the soil with his hoe, and his rude stick of a plough, the British labourer once worked in the field where at present every process is done by machinery. Where every clod was knocked about by the hoe, and every weed pulled up by the hand, and every bean dropped into its hole by human fingers, newly invented implements now do the whole. If the entire process had been foreseen at once, what a clamour there

would have been about the fate of the hoe-men and the weeders and the bean setters! Yet, where agriculture is most advanced, the additional labourers required are from two per acre upwards. Instead of surplus labour, we hear now of insufficient numbers and rising wages, as well as of an incessant rise in the quality of the labour. Thus it will be in every department of the arts of life; for new occupation is always created by economy of a lower sort of work. If our Exhibition gives a start to our old civilisation, it will at the same time afford a fresh stimulus to the demand for brains and hands to work our new resources.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

ICHNEUMON FLIES AND THEIR PREDATORY LARVÆ.

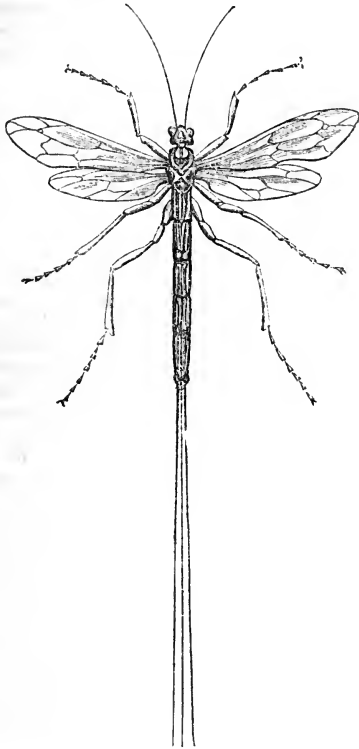
THE entomological family Ichneumonidæ, to which belongs the race of four-winged flies whose larvæ prey upon the larvæ of other insects, has received its name from that of the little ferret-like animal, common in Egypt, which is said to feed upon the eggs of the crocodile. Just as the Egyptian Ichneumon destroys the crocodile in embryo by attacking the egg, so the larvæ of this race of flies destroy vast numbers of insects in their preparatory stages, by consuming the living caterpillar as their natural food, and hence the adoption of the term "Ichneumon" for one of the genera, and "Ichneumonidæ" for the entomological group which includes this family of insects.

These parasitic flies deposit their eggs on the bodies of caterpillars, piercing the soft skin with a sharp ovipositing instrument with which they are furnished. The tribe of true Ichneumon flies have been popularly termed by French entomologists *mouches vibrantes*, on account of the continual and rapid vibration of their antennæ, and also *mouches triples*, from the three hair-like appendages or triple tail with which they are furnished, and which is, in fact, the lancing instrument by means of which the skin of caterpillars and the shells of the eggs of certain insects are pierced. The engraving on the next page, which represents one of the largest of the family *Ephialtes manifestator*, will serve to show the appearance of the triple tail.

These Ichneumons which, in the early stage of their existence, feed upon the flesh of other insects, and which when they attain to their perfect state take only such innocent and delicate food as the honeyed syrup furnished by the nectaries of flowers, belong chiefly to the extensive order Hymenoptera, to which also belong the bee family and a great number of other insects having two pairs of transparent wings; but there is a certain other family of predatory flies, belonging to the order Diptera (comprising two-winged insects), which, though not termed Ichneumons, have yet the same instinct of depositing their ova on the bodies of insects, which those ova, when hatched, are destined to devour. Among these are several Syrphidæ, which deposit eggs on the larvæ of certain bees.

The true Ichneumons, as I have stated above, deposit their eggs on the caterpillars of certain butterflies and moths, and even on the eggs of some of the larger insects of that order, being

furnished with the means of delicately perforating the shell, without injuring the contents, of the egg, so as to deposit within it their own minute ova. Almost every class of insect is infested with an ichneumon enemy of this kind, which appears to be a natural law for preventing the extraordinary increase of some species which might otherwise occur. This law is, indeed, carried still further, there being cases where parasites are, in their turn,



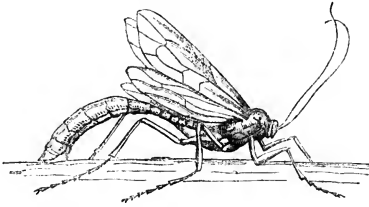
infested by other parasites. The true Ichneumons, with their close relatives the Chalcidians and Proctotrupians, generally pierce the skin of the caterpillar destined to become the food of their young, and deposit the egg in the outer fleshy coating of the body, the parasitic egg being rapidly hatched by the warmth of the body which it is destined to destroy. All these parasitic larvæ are maggot-formed—that is, without legs—and they are probably blind. They have, however, rather robust mandibles, by means of which they help themselves to the flesh of the caterpillar whose fearful bodily inmate they have become. Their instinct, however, teaches them not to consume any of the vital organs of the devoted caterpillar, as, should they unfortunately destroy the life upon which they are living before they have attained the maturity of their own larva state they would inevitably perish; having no means of locomotion, and therefore no power of going forth to seek the body of another living caterpillar, which, could they reach, they would have no power of entering; that feat having been performed for them by the lancing apparatus of their parent.

The life of the caterpillar is therefore spared till the parasitic larva has attained its full growth and feels that it is about to enter upon the dormant state in which its transformation to the winged form takes place. It then greedily devours the remaining internal portions of its victim, and prepares, by spinning cocoons' or otherwise, for undergoing its own change within the skin of the caterpillar, which forms a comfortable home and shelter for it. In some cases, however, the parasites break through the skin, when they have attained their full growth, and form their cocoons on the outside of the remains of their victim. In other cases, again, probably when the caterpillar has been very near his own epoch of change before receiving the charge of his unnatural nurslings, he changes to the chrysalis stage before his final destruction takes place, and then the seemingly extraordinary appearance of a Hymenopterous insect emerging from the chrysalis of a butterfly may be witnessed. Some of the early modern naturalists who were fortunate enough, as they deemed themselves, to become eye-witnesses of this supernatural phenomenon—this seemingly more than mere *lusus nature*—gave most extraordinary accounts of the event they had witnessed, and offered still more extraordinary explanations of the mystery, in which, as they deemed, the "powers of darkness," thwarting the course of nature, often played a part; an explanation to which the suspicious-looking tails of the Ichneumons seemed to lend a singular and striking testimony. The various speculations of these early naturalists were indeed often very ingenious and poetical; always marvellous, and sometimes deeply scientific; but, unfortunately, never true. An interesting chapter might, in fact, be written concerning them, but this is not the place to say more upon the subject.

The rapid and agile flight of the Ichneumon is one of its marked peculiarities, while hovering about some devoted caterpillar, who is to receive a succession of lancements—sometimes twenty or more—each incision marking the deposition of an egg beneath his skin. The movements of the operation are magically rapid, and the blow so swift and keen, that the caterpillar scarcely feels it, only slightly wincing, and proceeding quietly with the consumption of the food upon which he is engaged; fortunately quite unaware of the results likely to accrue from the little succession of annoyances which appear too slight to attract his serious notice.

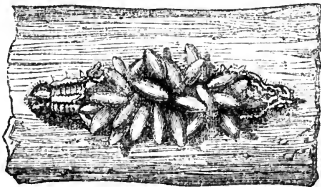
The most extraordinary instinct of the Ichneumon is, however, exhibited in those cases in which with unerring certainty it detects the presence of certain kinds of larvæ which feed *within* the branches of plants, and which one would deem quite secure from the attacks of this agile and dangerous enemy. They are, however, no safer than their apparently more exposed brethren. The Ichneumon requiring that species of larva for the food of its young, at once distinguishes the branches that contain it, and through some accidental crevice, through some pore—some softer part, or, through the solid substance of the branch, the sharp ovipositor, with needle-like power and keenness, pierces its passage, reaches the

larvæ within its tunnel, cuts its way through the external skin, and deposits the fatal egg in the body, thus destined to become the living nutriment of the infant Ichneumon. The engraving below shows an Ichneumon in the act of piercing a stem containing a caterpillar.



The smallest of the Ichneumon tribe are the Braconites, which appear to be more especially parasitic upon beetles, and to exist within them in their perfect state, if deposited on the larva at a late period of its growth, or on the soft pupa while in its dormant state; as the perfect Ichneumon has been seen to issue from the body of the perfect beetle. The pretty little coleopterous insect, the common ladybird, is subject to the attacks of an Ichneumon after this manner, while even certain spiders are said to have parasitic enemies of the same class.

The most familiar instance that can be cited as a general illustration of the habits of the Ichneumon in preying on the larvæ of lepidoptera is that of the little Ichneumon of the genus *microgaster*, which preys upon the caterpillars of the large white butterfly *Pieris brassicæ*. A young collector knowing this caterpillar, and taking a few large ones for the purpose of rearing fine fresh specimens of the butterfly, would, if unacquainted with the history of Ichneumons, after seeing the caterpillar suspend itself for its change, and undergo the usual shortening and thickening which precedes the throwing off of the skin, and the exposure of the chrysalis formed within it, be very much surprised to see, at the parting of the skin, instead of the expected chrysalis, twenty or thirty little silken cocoons, such as one might imagine the work of a Lilliputian race of silk worms, of the appearance of which the engraving below will convey a good general idea.



His astonishment would not abate on seeing emerge from each cocoon a small four-winged fly, of a kind which he had probably never known before. Yet, far from such an occurrence being rare, it is on the contrary extremely common, especially in seasons when the larvæ of the butterfly in question are unusually plentiful. It is stated by a French naturalist, that out of 200 caterpillars of the cabbage butterfly taken before full grown, in

a particular season, only three produced perfect butterflies, the enormous proportion of 197 having been attacked by *microgaster*. Another Ichneumon, *Rhilogaster Irrorator*, is nearly as fatal to the larvæ of a very pretty moth, *Acronycta Psi*.

In conclusion, it may be observed that the numbers of the Ichneumon family, as well as those of certain insect tribes, increase with the march of civilisation, which, while it nearly exterminates the mosquito and a host of two-winged flies of various kinds, by the effects of drainage, and the removal of forests, actually affords facilities for the increase of insects of other classes. This arises from the planting of vast tracts of land with the same vegetable, thus affording an enormous artificial supply of the food which certain insects would otherwise only find in very limited quantities. Let us imagine, for instance, the case of the common cabbage butterfly, *Pieris brassicæ*. In a tract of country in its natural state, the wild plant *Brassica oleracea*, which is the parent of the cultivated cabbage, is only found in small quantities and in particular situations, as on sea-side rocks, &c. In that state of things, the amount of food (supposing the larvæ of that insect only to feed on the cabbage), would be insufficient to allow of a permanent increase of its numbers; but only imagine the country inhabited and civilised, and the wild cabbage transformed into a rich, juicy vegetable, and thousands of acres planted with it, and then, what a chance for the increase in numbers of the butterfly in question; what a supply of food for its truly voracious larvæ. The same might be shown of many other phytophagous, or leaf-devouring insects, the larvæ of which feed upon the vegetables that serve as the great staples of human food. The contemplation of these facts, connected with the vast increase of certain classes of insects, would be alarming, but for the accompanying fact that the Ichneumons, which prey upon them, multiply in still greater numbers.

H. NOEL HUMPHREYS.

A VERY STRANGE STORY.

IN NINE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER V.

WHEN I returned to consciousness, it was to find myself in my own bed chamber, and by my side stood the kind-hearted apothecary, Hippocrates Brown, whom I have already spoken of as a pathologist of no common eminence. Beckoning to him to draw nearer, I told him all; all of which the substance is herein written. After remaining thoughtful for a few moments, the distinguished man replied thus:

"To say that causes are followed by effects, and that effects are produced by causes, is to use a language which to one of your philosophical training will present no difficulties. We must therefore, in the first place, humbly but reverently seek to trace the causes of those phenomena which you have witnessed, or suppose you have witnessed. For it is in this way that a sane philosophy contents herself for awhile modestly to dig the foundations, before raising induction upon induction to rear the superstructure."

"Well."

"Well, in your case are there not such causes,

and natural ones? Listen. You are out walking with my niece Elfrida late at night in the rain, and you catch a chill. Chill begets fever, and fever is the parent of hallucination. Shortly afterwards, you are annoyed at hearing reports of spirit-rapping, of which you have hitherto been one of the staunchest opponents. You quarrel with your betrothed, you hasten off to the town-hall, and there, without examining his claim, you raise your voice for awarding to the performer a smaller meed than he was possibly entitled to. A sense of the injustice which you may have done, coupled with other circumstances, preys upon your mind. At dinner, as well as before and after the meal, you drink copiously of brandy-and-water. You have always, I have observed, been partial to that fluid, and its effects in enervating the frame, and stimulating the imagination, are not only matters of public experience, but have received the far higher impress of scientific attestation. You will find the works of all our physiologists, from Hunter to Watson, full of curious illustrations of the point to which I refer. Neither had it escaped the attention of the ancients, those child-like dwellers in the early twilight of the world. Well, when under these influences, you are suddenly visited by the so-called Professor of Magic. His appearance becomes distorted by your imagination into something floating between the demigod and the demon. Not being a man of strong scruples on pecuniary matters—coming indeed from a country where such scruples are not supposed to be rigorously entertained—and seeing the state of mingled awe and trepidation in which you are plunged, he quietly helps himself from off your desk or table to the five-pound note to which he considers himself entitled, and takes his departure, leaving you helpless in your chair. I see nothing in this so far unsusceptible of explanation, or which tends to controvert Goethe's famous remark, 'Mysteries are not always miracles.'

"Well, but the events of the next evening?"

"I am coming to them. The next day an incident at my brother-in-law's house serves still further to discompose you. Whether the table was playfully pushed by Elfrida (this, however, she, who is the very mirror of truth, firmly denies), or whether some occult and magnetic influence not yet marked out on the imperfect chart of science may have been involuntarily called into play by one or both of you, to supplant the drumstick by a wing, and *pari motu* the wing by a drumstick: on this point there may be doubt, but even should the latter prove the true solution, you must still bear in mind the difference between the Mysterious and the Marvellous, the Unexplained and the Inexplicable. What is quite certain is, that the arrival of my nephew Henry finished to upset you. Tormented by jealousy for the rest of the day, you probably again had recourse to the same lethal fluid of which I have before spoken, or it may be to whiskey or gin, which produce results precisely analogous, if not scientifically identical. As to what happened in the evening, I can only offer conjecture. It is probable that you fancied you saw, *nay, that you actually saw*, the objects in your warehouse dancing to-

gether; that under the influence of excitement you rushed off to Mr. Winterbottom's, where you found the door unlocked (by a neglect of the servant-maid's, as it would appear), and rushing up-stairs to the first-floor parlour, you found a letter on the mantel-piece, which you tore open and read by the light of a candle which had been accidentally left burning in the room. Upon this you returned home, where you were discovered this morning lying on your bed, with your boots on, your hand clasping a soda-water bottle, in the act of opening which you had no doubt become insensible."

"Here?" I exclaimed; "why it was at Mr. Winterbottom's that I lost my senses."

"It was here that you were found," replied the great pathologist, with a smile. "What confirms me in the foregoing view," he proceeded, "is the fact that a letter, supposed to be addressed to my niece, was found lying, with the seal broken, on the floor of the parlour this morning. The servant-maid, too, found the hall-door wide open when she got up, and both she and Elfrida testify to having heard the footsteps of some one going up and down the stairs in the middle of the night, but they were too much frightened to move."

This solution entirely failed to satisfy me.

"There are many points," I said, "still unexplained. How do you account for the 'Battle of Prague,' which I heard played in the room, late at night, when I first went out?"

"That," replied Brown, "I should have been inclined to attribute, together with the other phenomena, to your imagination. But Elfrida admits the fact; only she affirms (and who could disbelieve her?) that she was alone at the time. The tune was produced by what she terms 'the Spirits,' or by what may perhaps be conjectured to be a magnetic influence issuing from the individual—and of which Elfrida affirms herself to be a strongly refracting medium—communicating to musical instruments the power of playing apparently by themselves. Do not attempt, Higgins, to ridicule what lies without the base of your narrow structure of Induction. There are thousands of sensible men in England and America who can testify to having heard musical instruments play alone."

"Well, but the letter in Henry's hand-writing, is not that conclusive?"

"That," replied Brown, "the dear girl affirms to be traced by the 'Spirits,' and to represent a note which her cousin Henry was at the same time addressing to a young lady at S—, with whom he was desirous of eloping. Should this appear to you an illusion on sweet Elfrida's part, there is another explanation, well calculated to satisfy the philosopher who holds with the illustrious Newton, that the easiest and simplest solution to a problem should always be chosen by the dispassionate inquirer in preference to the more difficult. Henry had no doubt talked over his love affair, and communicated his intentions to his cousin. This is doubtless the identical note which he purposed sending to his beloved, and which he enclosed under cover to Elfrida, to learn whether it met with her approval. Women, my dear Higgins, are on

these subjects so much more clever than that other biped, man!"

"They are, indeed! But now I think of it, was not Elfrida, once upon a time, engaged to Henry? Was not the match broken off by her father? How did she know that he was coming yesterday, if they are not in the habit of corresponding? Why did she throw herself back in her chair, after our little dispute, and exclaim, 'Henry is coming to-day?'"

"My dear Higgins," said Brown, "it is affirmed (and with our limited knowledge, why should we deny what we are unable to explain?) that in a mesmeric or hypno-magical state—"

"My dear Brown," I interrupted, "would you kindly leave me to my thoughts awhile?"

The eminent apothecary pressed my hand and withdrew.

CHAPTER VI.

THESE chapters have not been written with the view of inculcating any new and startling theories through the medium of a fiction. I am therefore bound to confess that, sitting in judgment upon the case of any other person but myself, I should have accepted the explanations of Hippocrates Brown as the true ones. To me, however, the phenomena which I had witnessed had been too palpable and real to be smuggled by a kind of mental legerdemain into the character of mere phantasms. As regarded Elfrida, my first fit of jealousy over, I was too conscious of her deep innocence and purity not to feel convinced that her hallucinations were the effect of no other deceit but self-deceit. were intended to cover no design, to shield no base intrigue.

On one thing, however, I was determined, and that was to discover the mysterious individual who had robbed me, to whose occult influence I could not but attribute the sort of Demoniacal Possession which enthralled my faculties. Snooks himself, Lafayette Snooks, despite all the powers which he wielded, might be made amenable to the majesty of the law. Full of this idea, that same evening, after dinner (for I was sufficiently well to rise in the course of the day), I again consulted the communicative packing case. Its raps and its answers were clear and distinct. Snooks was in the county town of S—, where he was about to perform at the Assembly Rooms, for three consecutive evenings.

The next morning, on walking down the High Street, I perceived that an announcement at the bottom of the huge bills, which still decorated the red brick walls, confirmed the truth of this statement, and proved in a manner which almost startled me the veracity of the "spirits." I took an affectionate leave of Elfrida, pretexting a visit to Manchester, for the purpose of inspecting some new wares, for it entered into my purpose to let no one know whither I was bent. The same day, at about twelve o'clock, the steam-engine, that modern Titan, deposited me safely at the town of S—.

I sauntered about its streets for some time, meditating on the course to be pursued. After an hour or two of this desultory wandering, I was turning into the Rainbow Commercial Hotel and I osting-house, when what was my surprise

on stumbling against Elfrida, whom I had supposed safe at her father's house at P—, walking down the street arm-in-arm with her cousin Henry!

Or perhaps I am wrong in using the term "surprise." The events of the past few days had so far unhinged me, scattered so far apart the landmarks of former beliefs, that I was prepared for almost any phenomenon, however startling to the eye of sense. Calmly I awaited an explanation.

It was soon given. Immediately after my departure she had fallen into one of her trances, and while in this state a kind of image or *sin-lœca* of the necromancer had impressed itself upon her mind. Its influence was such that she felt powerless to resist or disobey it. Still under this influence, she had arrayed herself in her best satin dress, clothed her fair locks in her Sunday bonnet, concealed her features under a thick veil, hurried off to the railway station, and taken a first-class return ticket to S— by the next train to that which had brought me a second-class passenger. Arrived in the main street of S— she was all at once awoke to consciousness and the exercise of free-will by the voice of her cousin Henry, who happened to be passing, and who was now conducting her back to the station on her return to P—.

Only two days before, such an explanation would have appeared to me impossible. Grovelling minds, "whose shallow presumption," to use the words of the immortal Bulwer-Lytton, "has meted the dominions of nature," may think so even now. But I was far too deeply involved in mysteries not to recognise the possibility of what I had once so arrogantly denied. I assisted to see Elfrida safe in the train, more than ever determined on a speedy interview with Lafayette Snooks.

It was not, however, till after a late dinner, and—shall I scruple to confess it—an extra tumbler, that I could screw my courage to the point where Volition clothes itself in the garb of Action. Then, furnished with Snooks's address, I hastened to his lodging in an obscure street, and knocked at the door.

The shades of twilight deepened around me as my hand grasped the knocker and my tremulous fingers closed on the wire of the bell. And now, face to face, soul to soul, intelligence to intelligence, I stood pledged to a meeting with that strange being whom I could not but look upon as the joint tormentor of Elfrida and myself, that inexplicable and sphinx-like enigma who sat like a nightmare upon the repose of our lives.

CHAPTER VII.

THE door was opened by a negro of the darkest hue, one of that race whom Providence would seem to have destined for enjoyment; but man has doomed to a state of servitude. His broad lips appeared to me to distend themselves into a grin when he heard my message. He left me for some time, and then, returning, ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was of small dimensions, and strongly impregnated with the odour of some herb or unguent, not wholly dissi-

milar to the British onion.* In conjunction with this, there floated the narcotic fumes of tobacco, gift of the unfortunate Raleigh to the still more unfortunate hemisphere which received it from her son. Lafayette Snooks sat at a table with a pot of porter and a pack of cards before him. His face still bore that majestic expression which had so much impressed me, but in its lines I could mark traces of depression, and even of apprehension, which gave him the appearance of a fallen archangel.

"Trifler, what would you!" he exclaimed with what I could not help thinking a somewhat swaggering air. "Have the powers, whose existence you derided, at length made themselves manifest to you? Seek you to know the secrets of the future? Yours, methinks, would be no difficult horoscope to draw. Or, to speak more plainly, Mr. Higgins, are you desirous of any information as to the Present? Do you know, for instance, that your betrothed, Miss Winterbottom, has been seen here to-day with her Cousin Henry?"

"Peace, tempter!" I replied, "my object in seeking you is, in the first place, purely mundane. I ask you to restore the five-pound note of which you have bereft me. See, here is a roll of notes," I continued, producing them from my pocket almost mechanically, for the fumes in the room had by this time begun to act upon my senses, "numbers 4000 to 4009, inclusive, just received in payment from Sheffield; 4010 was the one accidentally lying on the table, and of which, contrary to all the laws of MEUM and TUUM, from Draco to Justinian, from Justinian to Westbury, you have unfairly possessed yourself. You see that I have had cause to mark it and to take its number. Unless restitution be made, to-morrow's sun will see which is the stronger, the Law, the wisdom of ages wielded by the arm of the State, or your so-called Magic."

I could not help noticing that his eyes had somewhat glistened at the sight of the bank-notes which, it may be not without a slight degree of imprudence, I had produced before him. For even the enthusiast in science or necromancy is not thereby elevated to a sphere above all worldly considerations; and that this was the case was proved by the very circumstances which had brought me to his lodgings. After a pause, I continued:

"There is one condition, however, on which I will hold you harmless—nay, consent to deliver to you another five-pound note from those which constitute this store. You know, or rather you do not know my principles. They are founded on the system of our own immortal Bacon and Locke, the system first faintly guessed at by Aristotle, and carried to its highest, perhaps its most extravagant, development by Comte. The Supernatural has hitherto been excluded from my speculations, as a dream of the schoolmen and an idle fancy of the vulgar. But in the presence of the events of the last few days, I unbend so far as to ask you to free me from the phantasms or phantasmagoria which have oppressed my betrothed and myself, and the terms which I have mentioned are your own."

For a few moments he appeared to be buried in deep reflection.

"Higgins!" he exclaimed at length, jumping up and grasping me by the hand, "you shall be free! In a moment of pique I wrought you a gross injustice. Your own noble nature, drawing its intellectual sap from the richest mould of induction, will be sufficiently ready to find me an excuse. You shall be free, but have you sufficient strength for the ordeal?"

"Fear nothing," I replied. "The true philosopher, as Socrates (or Plato, speaking perhaps through the mouth of Socrates) has observed—"

"Drink, by way of stimulus, some of this cordial," he interrupted, "it is of Indian manufacture, from the land of Obi, the three-fingered, and the great magicians of the western gulf."

I drained the glass at his request. The liquor bore a resemblance to nothing so much as to rum.

"And now, Sambo, Sambo," he exclaimed, "let the rites be prepared. Spirits of the past and present, spirits of men, spirits of beliefs, spirits of everything animate and inanimate, I invoke you; Bacon and Locke; Induction and Deduction; the Real and the Ideal. You shall be free—you shall be free!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE black entered, and his master whispered some words in his ear. "But won't there be some danger, massa?" I heard him inquire. "Very little," was the reply, "they cannot be here for some hours, and he is such a fool." Of what spirit or supposed spirit, powerful for evil, yet to be rendered powerless by his incantations, was he now speaking?

They then conversed for a while in an unknown tongue, probably of Eastern origin. "Fogle—dousing the glim—Sacking the blunt," were the only words which I could catch of this mysterious dialect of Oriental man.

On the ground Snooks traced a wide circle with a piece of chalk, and decorated its borders with interlaced triangles, quincunces, Maltese crosses, and other mystic symbols. In the centre of this circle he placed a huge bowl marked with what appeared to be Chinese hieroglyphics of a blue colour. Among these the most prominent were a pair of swallows in the air, and the figure of a man going over a bridge. Into the bowl he poured a dark brown liquid, and then set fire to it with a lighted piece of paper. The flames rose, casting a lurid glare over the apartment. And now the magic symbols on the floor began to assume fresh shapes and to dance before my bewildered eyes.

"Drink!" he exclaimed, handing me a goblet of the liquid, "drink, you who would master the secrets of nature, and march all-conquering to a conflict with the Powers of the Air. This is the elixir of life, long the puzzle of alchemists, the enigma vainly sought for in retort and crucible, now for the first time revealed to the eye of Faith, patiently directed to the secrets of Nature!"

Again I drank, and again the same resemblance of the fluid to Jamaica rum struck me. An earthquake now seemed to sweep through the apartment, as if the mysterious armies of the air were gathering for fatal conflict. The forms of Snooks

* Abu Aliph Bey, the celebrated Arabian physician, mentions a herb of this kind much used in Eastern magic. Its effect, when applied to the eyes, was to cause a violent outburst of grief.

and the negro swayed to and fro like reeds oscillating before the blast of the whirlwind.

"And, now," cried the former, drawing me within the circle, "for the grand, the final experiment. Have you cast aside fear, to stand undaunted in view of the Invisible? Does your pulse beat steadily? Does your heart (all honour to the immortal Harvey!) propel the life-blood temperately through the veins?" He put his hand under my great coat and on to the place where my roll of bank notes were reposing in a side-pocket. "It is well. And now, Sambo, extinguish the candles."

And about this time I saw distinctly in the distance a vast nose!—a nose of Roman form!* It drew nearer and nearer, seeming to move from the ground at the height of some lofty giant. My blood curdled in my veins as I saw a huge hand suddenly unfolding its fingers and directing the tip of the thumb to the extremity of the feature. By the moonlight struggling in, I could see the gigantic fingers apparently thrusting Snooks nearer and nearer to the window, which, in his horror, he threw open. The next moment an immense leg and foot—the latter clad in heavily-nailed high-lows—appeared behind him.

At the same instant a loud noise of voices was heard at the door: in a trice it was burst open and gave to my astonished view a couple of policemen. "Snooks—for forgery!" were the only words which I heard during the second of time that my attention had thus been called to an opposite quarter. The next, I looked round and Snooks was gone! But was it the dream-like deceit of my reeling senses, or did I see that giant leg and foot suddenly draw themselves back, and with a well-applied blow to the seat of honour, kick Snooks slap out of window?

CHAPTER IX.

My task is nearly ended. There are those who will see in what I have written nothing but the hallucinations of fancy, or, with Hippocrates Brown, a record of events susceptible of a natural explanation. To these, Lafayette Snooks will be simply an artful scamp, who robbed me of my roll of notes (which, by the way, were never found again), and who, hearing the police approaching to arrest him for some former offence, jumped into the street, and so escaped the myrmidons of the law.

I leave this interpretation unassailed. It is the most probable, yet it is one which I have never been able to bring myself to accept.

Snooks, to this day, has never been heard of again. Sambo, the negro (being released for want of evidence), I at once threw into an electro-biological state, and in this condition of passive subservience to my will, conveyed him to Liverpool, where I procured him a free passage as ship's cook to the Republic of Liberia.

Elfrida and I are married. We have neither of us, since the mysterious disappearance of the Medium, experienced any return of spirit manifestations. The word "Spirits" reminds me that,

* This was, in all probability, the nose belonging to the huge F.Y.R. seen by Allan Fenwick, in Sir B. Lytton's incomparable Romance.—Ed. O. A. W.

disgusted with the resemblance born by the elixir to the fluids which pass under that name in common life, I have abjured them, and have recently been elected a provincial master of the teetotal Band of Hope.

Cousin Henry is quite reformed, and my jealousy has long since departed. He lives with me now in the character of my foreman. His spare time he devotes to teaching Elfrida the piano, and is a great favourite with our children, whom he loves as if they were his own.

And so the billows rise and fall, the tides ebb and flow, the flowers bloom and decay, and—mysterious phenomenon, to which these and other of Nature's operations are but as the type and the symbol—the course of human life rising in the cradle flows onwards to the grave!

"Yes, and to immortality, dearest!" exclaims Elfrida, who now comes in with a home-made sausage for my supper—the same delightful sausages that I remember in the days of our early love.

URN BURIAL.

BRITISH AND CELTIC SEPULCHRES.

SINCE Sir Thomas Browne wrote his *Hydrioptaphia*, antiquarian knowledge has made much progress, and "those treasures of time, urns, coins, and monuments, many of them scarcely below the roots of vegetables," have given us revelations of ancient communities, their manners, customs, and modes of existence, as well as many other important facts, upon which history has been wholly silent.

We propose to give a sketch of urn burial, more particularly as applied to this country, and the modes of interment practised by the Celtic tribes, under which general term we would include the earliest inhabitants of Gaul and Britain, of whom we have any authentic records.

Their pottery for the most part is rude and inelegant: yet though commonly made of sun-burnt clay, or clay to which little artificial heat has been applied, it sometimes exhibits a knowledge of the potter's wheel. Frequently ornamented by dots, curves, and various indentations, we are led to believe that these patterns were produced merely by a flint or stick, although the marks of wicker work upon the soft clay of some of the vessels, seem to have been caused by the use of plaited bonds of withies, which adopted in the first instance, perhaps, for the purpose of carrying them about, suggested afterwards to the potter a mechanical mode of producing certain kinds of ornament.

These rude urns have been discovered under almost every condition of sepulchral practice: now simply deposited in the open plain, beneath a raised mound, frequently entirely obliterated in the course of time, or now fenced in beneath huge slabs of stone, with the additional protection of a tumulus above.

On the Dorsetshire and Wiltshire downs, on Salisbury Plain, and other localities, the eye wanders along an horizon continually undulating with these sepulchral formations.

In the "Cairn," which we define as a sepulchral heap covering a chamber of a grave; or in the crom-

lech, which we describe as two or more stones supporting horizontal slabs of the same material; the coarse made pottery is also found.

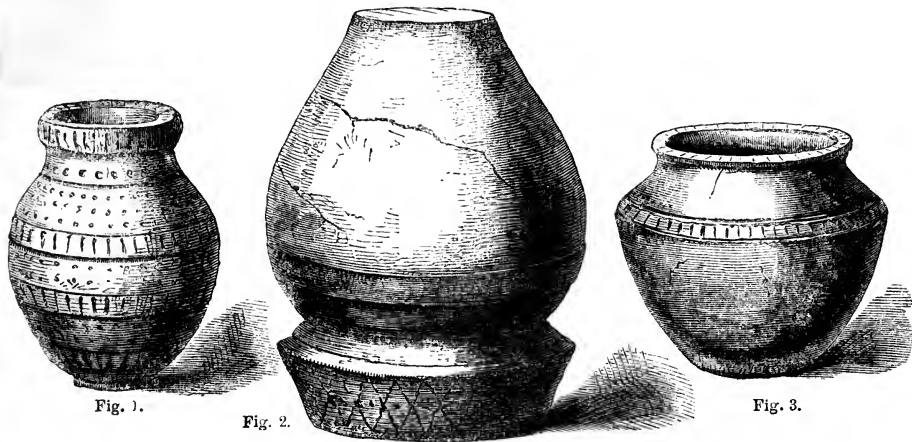
Sometimes the urns are inverted over the bones of the dead; at other times, filled with charred human remains, they are supplied with a lid, or have an urn-like vessel over them. Among the British, as among the Roman and Anglo-Saxon communities, the practice of burning or burying the dead prevailed in some cases contemporaneously. The fictile vessels, however, connected with both of these practices, differed somewhat in character. With inhumation, they were placed beside the corpse, and were formed to hold food, or liquors, or, as according to the practice of the Romans, sometimes they contained unguents, and incense, and likewise wine, prepared for libations to the gods of the Manes.

In the British cemeteries, many examples of which may be found in the Channel Islands, the urns were often placed in "Cists," that is in a species of stone inclosures, which sometimes stood apart, sometimes were attached like vaults to the cromlech, and which, in some few instances, exhibited in the interior two or three raised layers, like steps, upon which, by the removal of the cap stone from above, interments took place from time

to time, after the custom adopted in church vaults. In these receptacles were found urns with burnt bones; urns by the side of entire skeletons; or, as in an instance mentioned by Dr. Lukis, occurring in the Isle of Helm, urns, with skulls only.

One of the most extensive examples of a Celtic sepulchre is the Great Cromlech, near the plain of L'Ancrese, Guernsey (see Fig. D). Its length is forty-five feet, breadth fifteen feet, and its height sufficient to permit a man of more than ordinary stature to walk erect within it. Some of the blocks of granite which compose it, especially the roofing stones, if we may use such expression, are computed to weigh from twenty to thirty tons. The floor consists of two layers; and when this vast grave-vault of a primitive people, buried beneath the drift-sand of the neighbourhood until 1837, was laid open to view, its contents were found to be human bones, urns of red and black clay, bone pins, flint flakes, amulets, and beads.

This cromlech exhibited a remarkable instance of the contemporaneous practice—at least we may deem so—of inhumation and cremation; for whilst each end of the floor was strewed with unburnt bones, the centre of the vault was allotted to those which had been submitted to the action of fire. Did this indicate difference of



Ancient British Urns. (A).

grades in the deceased occupants? or was this a sepulchre in common to two different tribes, each adhering to their peculiar funeral rites?

Dr. Lukis, to whose description we are indebted for some of these particulars, informs us "that the urns were remarkably rude, and of coarse material." The bones of the skeletons were piled together, each heap being surrounded by a small ring of round, flat pebbles, the pottery being placed within, or close beside, the circle.

Nearly one hundred and fifty urns were found in this sepulchre, which afforded one of the most complete and interesting examples of Celtic remains on a grand scale. The urns, however, did not appear to have been used for the purpose of containing the bone-ashes, but were probably filled with liquor or food, and perhaps even replenished from time to time, as some new deposit was placed within the vault."

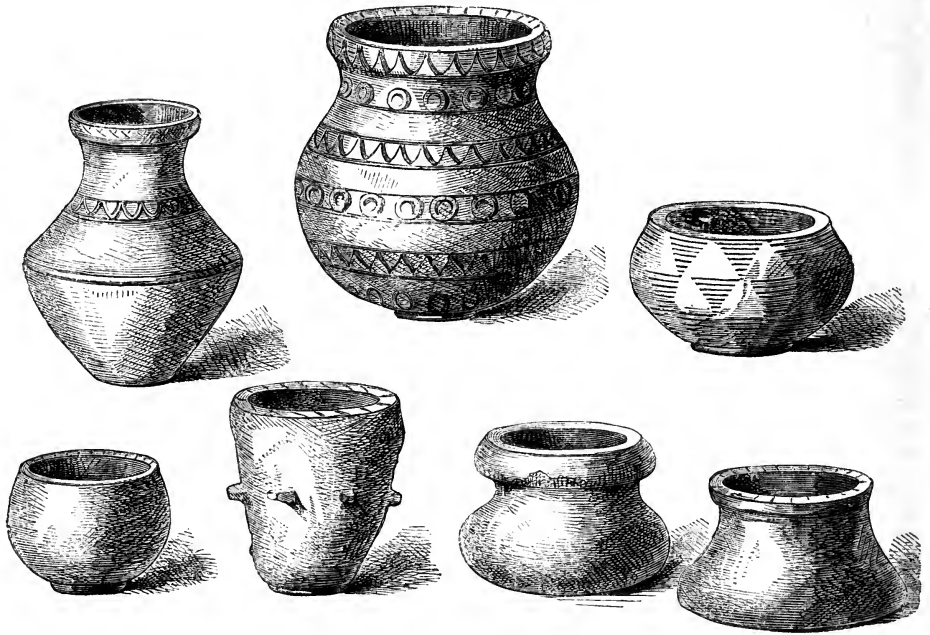
Brittany, Cornwall, Wales, and the Orkneys contain many remarkable examples of the so-called "Megalithic Architecture." In a southern county of England, Stonehenge must ever be a source of deepest interest to the antiquary. Without raising the question whether or not this structure consists of two separate erections, the latter being an avenue or colonnade of stone for astronomical, or for religious purposes, around a still more ancient sepulchral cromlech, the remains, such as they are, in their mystery and loneliness, constitute one of the most wonderful records to be found of the mechanical knowledge of an unknown people.

Kit's Koty House, in Kent, belongs to a class closely allied with the Dolmen.

The British urns vary considerably in form, being straight-sided, concave, convex, or bell-shaped. The first two shapes are generally of the rudest manufacture. The patterns upon them vary

also, yet possess a general character. The colours of the urns are light brick red, yellow, and black. Some have knobs, used as handles, or for ornament.

Sir R. C. Hoare, in his "Ancient Wiltshire," has sought to classify the tumuli of that county by the terms Druid, Pond, Twin, Cone, Long,



Urn from the Channel Islands. (B).

Broad, Barrow, &c.; but although these mounds present a distinctive difference, we are hardly in a position to judge of their exact shapes, after the lapse of so many years. We have given an example of British urns, two of them being from the Barrows of Wiltshire (Figs. 1 and 3, A).

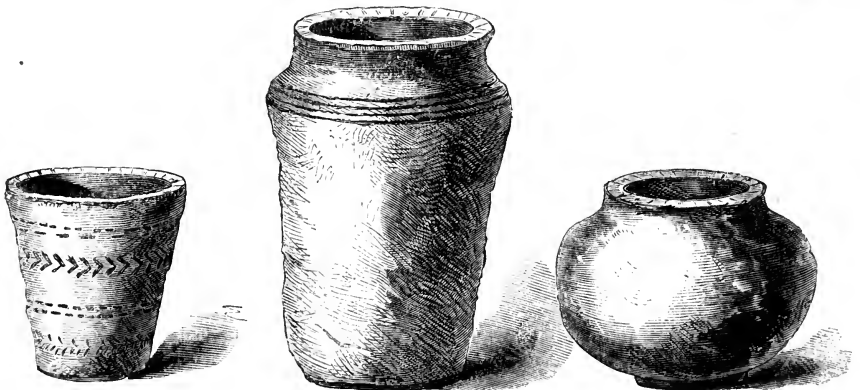
Those from the cromlechs and interments of the Channel Islands exhibit forms as under.

The knobs on some of the Guernsey pottery were generally perforated with vertical holes, as if for suspension. The personal ornaments found with these urns consisted of bone rings, beads

of various forms and colours, discs of stone, perforated, jet bracelets, and clay beads. Stone implements, such as hammer heads, weights, grinding-stones, Celts, spear-points, knives and saws of flint, hatchet-heads and flint-flakes were likewise exhumed.

The urns described as under, "C," are of shape similar to those found by Mr. Akermann in trenched rings at Stanlake in Oxfordshire.

The trenches varied in diameter from six to fifteen feet, sloping down to depths respectively of six to four feet. Some were even shallower.



Ancient Urns, Stanlake, Oxon. (C).

The pottery was of the coarsest material—evidences of burning were seen in the dark black mould, and the calcined bones; amongst the con-

tents of one of the urns, which had been shattered by the workmen, was a spiral bronze finger-ring.

The barrows of Derbyshire, as described by

Mr. T. Bateman, exhibited considerable variety of interment. A very simple form was the deposit of the body in some natural cleft of a rock, unaccompanied with any remains but the bones of animals. Another form exhibited interments in cists artificially made, being sometimes merely a few large stones placed edgewise. In such graves were found flint-flakes, or a ball of sandstone, for slinging.

In a more elaborately constructed grave, besides flint implements, were placed bronze celts, and sometimes a vase, or drinking cup. The graves where cremation was practised, exhibited urns, pottery, flint spear, or arrow-heads; stags' antlers, and implements of bone. The urns containing the calcined bones were secured over their mouths by skins fastened by metal pins.

A still higher class of interments was found, of a more recent and civilised people than the ancient British population. In these graves were fibulæ, umbones of shields, swords, knives, variegated glass pendants, crystal balls, brazen vessels, glass drinking-cups, wooden combs, and implements of wood or ivory.

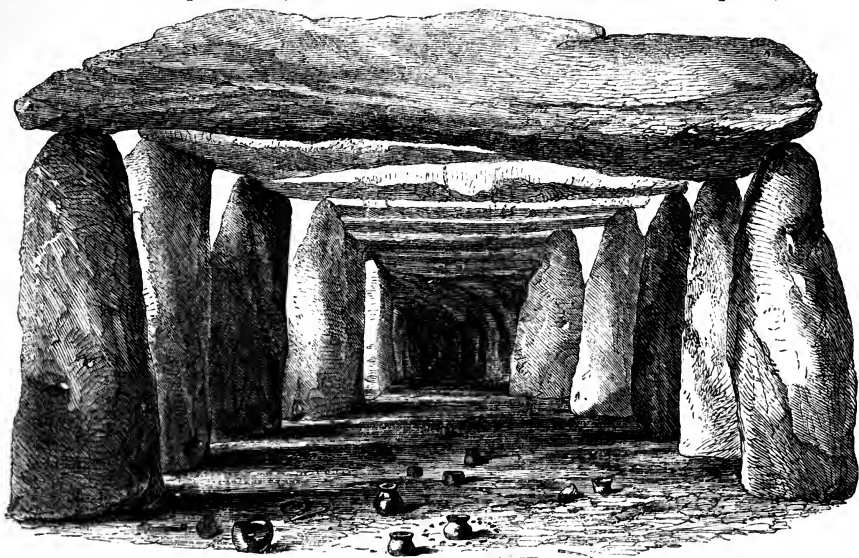
Worsaae, in his "Primeval Antiquities," informs us that the cromlechs, a term which he applies not only to stone chambers, but to the whole monumental heap, still exist in Denmark in considerable numbers, particularly on the north

and west coast of Iceland; on the shores of Funen, and on the east coasts of Jutland, Holstein, and Schleswig. He divides them into two kinds, long and round cromlechs, some of the former being from sixty to one hundred feet in length.

The Giants' Chamber, a term given by the lower classes, probably from the notion that the enormous blocks of stone which often compose these structures could only be raised by persons of more than ordinary strength, are large cromlechs, mostly round or oval. The first are from five to eight feet in diameter; whilst the oval cromlechs are often sixteen or eighteen feet broad.

In these structures are found unburnt skeletons, together with implements and weapons of bone and flint, pottery, and pieces of amber.

The "Ship Barrows" are another variety of sepulchre. On some lone hill, often overhanging the sea, has been observed in Gothland and Oeland an oblong inclosure of stones, with an upright stone at each end, in rude imitation of the stem and stern of a ship; or sometimes a single pillar in the middle represents the mast. These collections differ in size considerably, some being but eight, others sixty paces in length. They are generally considered to be the sepulchral resting-places of the old Sea Kings. Sometimes, however, these ancient chiefs or captains, when dead,



Great Cromlech, L'Anresse, Guernsey. (D).

were grandly entombed in their ships themselves, as the vessel, set on fire, was launched again into the ocean and abandoned to the winds and waves; and thus was the old sea-robber believed to pass to the abode of the warrior-loving Odin. We have, however, gone somewhat out of our way in alluding to these Scandinavian antiquities.

It is necessary in any investigations which we may make, that we should well understand the characteristic differences between the so-called Celtic urns and those of a later period.

Besides exhibiting a certain irregularity and

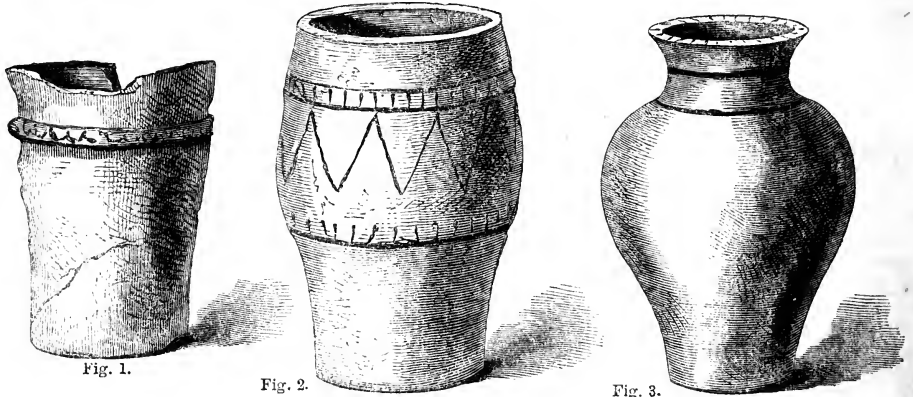
rudeness of form, in contrast to the finer material and more elegant shapes of Roman pottery, the British urns are generally thicker, but much more fragile. They are very slackly baked, if hardened at all by artificial heat, and the ornaments they exhibit consist mostly of net-work, zig-zags, and ovals, with the wicker-work patterns before alluded to.

The latter form reminds us of the wicker-work boats, covered with skins, used by the Britons, and the wicker-work frames in which they are said to have immolated the captives taken in war.

Another peculiarity of the British urn is, that it is often found with the mouth placed downwards, whilst the curious arrangement of the bones around the urns where cremation has not been practised, in one or two remarkable instances, awakens a belief that the body could not always have been deposited entire.

Mr. Bateman found in some of the Derbyshire barrows a deposit of burnt bones placed by the

head of the skeleton, indicating, as he considered, the sacrifice of the wife or the slave at the time of interment. Dr. Thurham, in his account of the "Long Barrow" at West Kennett, Wiltshire, speaks of the marks of violence exhibited on the skulls of several skeletons, probably slaves or dependents, deposited round their chief, and he cites the authority of Cæsar, that the Gauls indulged in similar sacrifices.



Various Funeral Urns. (E.)

The Wendish women, we are informed, were accustomed to slay themselves at their husbands' obsequies, and certain German tribes buried their prisoners and their slain in the same graves.

The Scythian immolated the living to the manes of his dead chief, and the Thracian wife—her departed husband's best beloved—was put to death on his sepulchral mound.

Of the prevalence of this custom, from Central India to the western shores of Europe, we have

accumulated proofs; and if we need a classical example we have but to turn to Homer's description of the obsequies of Patroclus; therein may we note the twelve captives, one by one yielding up their lives around the funeral pyre—the locks of hair, as offerings, cast by each friend upon the body—the fire, the smoke, the sacrifice; then the wine poured upon the yet reeking ashes—the urn of gold produced to hold them, till, lastly, as if to hide and to consummate all, the mighty mound rises slowly upon the plains of Troy.

LOOKING BACK.

As a lone pilgrim, travel-worn and weary,
With bleeding feet, and garments that the thorn
Has rent in shreds that flutter in the wind,
Clings to a crag upon the bleak hill top,
And sees, far off, the track he *might* have trod,
So smooth, so soft, so decked with fruit and flowers!
Thus I, Life's journey scarcely half performed,
Heart-bruised, soul-weary, sadly turn and see,—
Through vistas full of trouble and regret,
The path I might have trodden to the end,
So straight, so happy! sink me down and muse
On what I am, and what I might have been.
Too late, too late! I cannot now return.
Too late, too late! I may not now retrace.
Beyond extends the mountain's swift descent,
And the wild ocean where the sun goes down.

Yet I must pause, and see with other eyes,
In other shapes, the pleasures of my youth.
For sad experience, like the angel's spear
Has touched what once appeared as fairy forms,
And troops of jibing devils fill the air.

There is the pool where, lulled in noxious rest,
I ate the lotos-fruit of idleness.
And there the little hill, from which I turned
Half clomb, to seek—in vain—a smoother track.

Oh, fool, fool, fool! another manful stride,
And the broad plains of honour were in view!
There are the friends who cheered my quick relapse,
And helped to chase each good resolve away;
But each one carries, crumpled, in his hand,
The mask that once I fancied was his face.
What angel form is that, with saddened eyes?
What hag is this, with scorn upon her brow?
The loving maid whose faithful heart I broke,
The painted wanton who betrayed my soul.

On every side I see a thousand snares
Set plainly under the bright eye of day,
Baited with noisome weeds, that well I know
Will seem rare fruits to such as I have been.
They come. They laugh; the blind insensate crew;
They kiss the trap, they hug the filthy lure.
"Back, on your lives!" Alas, they hear me not!
Heed not the jesture or the warning voice,
Or mock me as a dreamer for my pain.
No power have I to break th' accursed spell.
Each must go on, on his appointed way.
Stand where I stand, and see the things I see.
Too late, too late! they must not then return.
Too late, too late! they cannot then retrace.
Beyond will be the mountain's steep descent,
And the wild ocean where the sun goes down. A. F.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &C.

"A lytel misgoyng in the gynnyng causeth mykel error in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER V. THE PASSING-BELL.

"AND his son? Mr. Wilford arrived in time? All was made up between them?" Violet asked, with anxiety.

The doctor shook his head mournfully.

"Poor Mr. Wilford!" she went on. "How sad this will make him. Surely he deserved to be forgiven. Surely his long absence from home was sufficient atonement for all his early faults and misdeeds. But perhaps he did not arrive in time?"

"They met," said Mr. Fuller; "it may be that it would have been better if they had not. I never thought the old man would have been so hard with him. I really believed, in spite of all he said beforehand, that he would relent when he saw his son. I am sure the sight of him was enough to soften anyone. Poor Wilford!"

"Has he changed much since he went away? Is he ill?"

"I never saw any man so altered. You recollect how gay, and handsome, and frank he was, seven years ago? You were quite a child, Vi, then, but still I think you must remember him. I know he was very good and kind to you children—very fond of you—always ready to romp with you; why he gave Madge almost her first doll,

you remember. Poor fellow! what trouble he took about it, sending up to London expressly for it. Now, he looks years and years older, so thin and gaunt, all his old bright manner gone. Such a worn, white face, such wild-looking eyes, such long, tangled hair and beard. Poor Wilford! I never saw anyone so wrecked, and broken, and wretched."

"He was always a favourite of yours, father."

"He is so still, Vi. I can't help it. I did all I could for him in that dreadful business years ago. I never understood it clearly, but I take for granted that the current story about his quarrel with his father was the true one. The old man was furious then, and he remained unforgiving to the last. Yet I am certain the poor boy must have had deep and cruel provocation. He was always violent and headstrong, and very passionate. Both father and mother spoilt him so when he was a child. Yet I am sure he is of a kind and affectionate nature—I am sure he had in his heart great sorrow, great love for his father."

"Was the old man sensible when they met? Did he know his son?"

"Yes, they were a long time together, holding quite a long conversation; I was in hopes that all was going well between them. Then suddenly

Wilford came out of the room, trembling very much, and said his father was taken seriously ill, and that I had better go in to him. I found him scarcely sensible. He had been over-exerting himself, evidently; he was gasping for breath, half-fainting, with a painful palsy upon every limb. God knows what had passed between them! I fear there must have been a terrible scene. I cannot conceive how the father could have hardened his heart against his son. I feel sure that, intentionally, Wilford could have said nothing to give new offence. Yet something must have made the father very angry. He had intended to relent it seemed; he had made a new will, much more favourable, I imagine, to his eldest son than the will he has left, and which must of course be acted upon. But he cancelled the new disposition of his property in Wilford's presence: tore it into shreds, and flung it about the room. All chance of reconciliation was then over for ever—indeed, I hardly thought the old man would have lived five minutes; but he has certainly a wonderful constitution. They are a fine family, the Hadfields. Poor old Colonel Hugh was just such another as this one. He rallied again, and then dozed for some time, but in a very feverish, restless way. I did not like his looks again at all when he woke; he was terribly changed. I was then sure that the worst must be very, very near. Yet he was sensible; with just a slight indication to the contrary when he said to me, in a low voice, 'Somehow I can't rouse my mind, doctor; do I wander when I talk? If I stop, repeat my last word to me, that I may remember what I want to say.' A grand old man! It seemed to me that he was holding his intellects together by mere force of will, as it were. And when he stopped, hesitating, I believe it was quite as much from difficulty of articulation as loss of memory. But he grew weaker; I could see that every minute told upon him. 'Has he gone?' he asked; 'has he gone?' And he seized my arm. 'Mr. Wilford?' said. 'Hush! don't name him,' he whispered, frowning angrily. Once I thought he was relenting, he was muttering 'Poor boy! poor boy!' but he never mentioned his son's name, and seemed at last to dismiss all thought of him for ever from his mind. It was getting on for dawn now; his pulse was hardly perceptible. He turned to Stephen, and said, 'Steenie, my *only* son,' laying stress upon his words; 'bring them in—Gertrude and the children, it's time I said good-by to them.' Poor Stephen went out, crying dreadfully—he has been a good son to him, has Stephen—and he brought in his wife, and the children, little Agnes and Saxon. But the poor old man was past further speaking; his lips moved, but there was no sound audible. He kissed his daughter-in-law affectionately, and his grandchildren. Poor little things! They were lifted up to kiss the dying man, and were dreadfully scared and puzzled at the whole business; such looks of wonder in their pretty round eyes! A very sad leave-taking. Then Stephen brought Wilford again into the room. It was a last chance. He could scarcely stand, he was so weak and so painfully moved. Once I thought the old man, as his eyes wandered round the room, recognised his eldest son, but I

couldn't be sure. I had my hand on his wrist all the while; the pulse grew faint, very faint, then ceased altogether. His other hand was round Stephen's neck. So he left us—a smile upon his lips, and a kind look in his eyes. Seventy-two years of age. It was more like going to sleep than dying. He looked so grand and handsome, it was difficult to believe that he died cruel, and relentless, and unforgiving."

"Poor Mr. Wilford!" Violet repeated, her beautiful eyes dim with tears.

"Poor fellow! It is indeed sad for him; and he's terribly shaken by it. He looks very ill, and he seems utterly careless of himself. I fear he has been living rather wildly and recklessly during his long absence. There is much to be said for him, however; he was very young when he went away. I never can bring myself to the belief that he was other than hardly treated. This has been a terrible trial for him. I hope it may be for his good. I hope that he may be able to bear it—at present, I have my fears. I don't like his looks at all, in fact."

"Do you think he is ill?—dangerously ill?"

"He's in a very bad state of health. I doubt if he has sufficient strength, either of mind or body, to support the shock this must be to him. He is, as it were, stunned by the blow. He moves about like a man in a dream. It is quite pitiful to see him. The great, strong, strapping fellow he was! Now he trembles as he walks; he is bent like an old man; his limbs yield under him; he stares when you address him as though he could not grasp your words; and the tears come into his eyes when he attempts to speak; he eats nothing—I am afraid he has been in the habit of supporting himself too much by recourse to stimulants; he sits shivering by the fire, so close as almost to burn his clothes. And it seems he fainted last night—once out in the garden, after his interview with his father; Stephen found him on the ground, half-covered with snow—and again this morning, when he became conscious that the old man was indeed dead. I don't like his looks at all."

"Poor Mr. Wilford!"

A quick footstep outside, and Madge hurried into the room.

"Oh, papa, here's your handkerchief; I quite forgot to give it you. I've been out in the garden; it's such fun. The snow is quite over one's boots, and there's an icicle, O, ever so long, hanging from the pump. Oh, and papa, I want you to come with me into the fowl-house; I *do* think that poor old speckled hen whom I always called the Lady Mayoress, because she was such a pompous, strutting old thing, you know, I *do* think she's—why, Vi, why what *is* the matter? Why, you've been crying—O, I'm sure you have. What is the matter? And papa, why, how solemn *you* look."

"Hush, my dear," said the doctor; "not so much noise. A very solemn thing has happened. Poor old Mr. Hadfield, of the Grange, is dead. Yes, it's very sad; and I think, Vi, you had better draw down all the blinds. It will only be a proper mark of respect to the bereaved family. I am sure all the shutters in Grilling Abbots will be closed when the sad news becomes known. The poor old man, whatever his faults, has been

very kind to all about his estate, and many a poor fellow hereabouts has lost a good friend by his death. Was that some one ringing the surgery-bell? I'll go and see myself. Don't keep your boots on, Madge, if they're wet; and there'll be hardly any more going out to day."

"Don't cry, Vi, dear," and kind Madge kisses her sister. Not boisterously this time, but with much quiet tenderness. "How dreadful death is, isn't it, Vi?" And then poor Madge cannot help crying too.

The news had soon reached Grilling Abbots. The butcher, calling for orders early in the morning, had learnt of poor Mr. Hadfield's death from the housekeeper. He was the first to bring the mournful intelligence into the town. He beat William Ostler—who heard of it from Groom Frank—out with his horses for a morning exercise—he beat William Ostler by about ten minutes. Of course the butcher, hurrying back, yet found time to stop everyone he met, and jerk out of himself—he was not a conversationalist, and speech was always with him rather a matter of effort—the simple announcement, "Poor old gen'leman's gone." But the few words were sufficient for the occasion. So far as Grilling Abbots was concerned there was but one poor old gen'leman who could go. Everybody said that it was only to be expected, and that no one ought to be surprised; and yet somehow all looked as though they had not expected it, and were surprised. The old sexton—what a shrivelled mummy of a man he was, in his wide-rimmed hat and long-skirted rusty great coat! his granddaughters (it was thoughtful of them, for the morning was bitterly cold) had wound a comforter of great length many times round his neck, so that little of his face was visible—the old sexton was seen wending his way to the church, swinging the keys in his hand. "I didn't think I should have to toll for him, and he a good six years older nor me; I thought the Colonel would have been the last of the Hadfields I should ever have tolled for. I suppose we'll have funeral sermon next Sunday; most likely; I warrant Parson won't leave a dry eye in town afore he's done with 'em. Poor old gen'leman! And only seventy-two—quite a young man one may say, little better nor in his prime."

Within an hour and a half it was known at Mowle. Old Mr. Bartlett—(firm of Parkinson, Bartlett, & Co.; but old Mr. Parkinson has been dead some years, and his son, who nominally represents the head of the firm, is not thought much of as a lawyer, though highly esteemed by all Mowle as a cricketer; indeed he is one of the Uplandshire eleven gentlemen-players),—Old Mr. Bartlett seemed quite startled by the news; he said, "God bless me!" three times over, as his manner was when much disturbed, and fell to pondering which of the two wills he had prepared for the late Mr. Hadfield would be carried into execution. The long will made some years before, twelve foolscap sheets, settled by Mr. Spinbury (Equity Draughtsman and Conveyancer, 34, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, called to the bar in '19); or the short will of a very little while ago, when the testator had asked so many questions as to the effect of cancelling wills, &c. Some-

how Mr. Bartlett seemed to desire that the long will should be the one to be carried out; it was an admirable will, beautifully drawn, quite a work of art in its way, and on twelve foolscap sides; what a pity to make waste paper of such a will as that! Well, yes, perhaps, as a will, it was hard upon the elder son; perhaps it was *that*, and Mr. Bartlett prepared himself for a summons to the Grange. At the undertaker's, too, Mr. Tressell's, there was some excitement. Mr. Tressell knew that his services would be required; he was the only undertaker for miles round, and already he commenced to busy himself amongst his sable properties and paraphernalia. Would it be a grand funeral? Perhaps very much on the plan of Colonel Hugh's. Simple, but substantial, merely the family at the Grange as mourners, with the addition, of course, of the doctor and the lawyer. Perhaps two mourning coaches would be sufficient, with four horses, of course; though he should have preferred three, if not four, coaches. The more the better. What funerals always wanted was length. Give them *length*, and the effect was certain; and soon, and involuntarily, he commenced rubbing up the brass tips of his baton. A highly respectable man, and a good and moral in his way. Yet, somehow, one has a sort of shrinking from a trade that makes all its money out of mortality, that lives by death: I don't think I should ever like a child of mine to be a coffin-maker. What is he to know of the awe of the grave, who cannot but identify it with such details as bronze nails, white satin lining, silver handles and plate, &c.? And the old rector, too, the Reverend Edward Mainstone, was he to feel nothing at the loss of his old parishioner—had he no duties to perform on the sad occasion? The dead man had been his very good friend for many long years; there had been one or two quarrels between them; both were a little hot, and obstinate, and proud; "high and mighty" was the Grilling Abbots description of the chronic state of mind of the two old gentlemen; but these disagreements had not been very lasting. If the rector could charge some faults to the debit of old Mr. Hadfield, he could bring many good qualities to his credit. How could he regard reproachfully for any long time, one who was so persistently kind to the poor on his estates, who rebuilt cottages, who distributed coals and blankets so liberally in the winter, who repaired the church, including the chancel, entirely at his own cost? The rector lamented the death of his old friend deeply. Indeed the old feel always the loss of their contemporaries very much. In youth, perhaps, we can afford to waste and lose both our friends and our money; in age we needs must be economical with regard to both. We are past making new friendships or earning more money. The Reverend Edward Mainstone, too, had a duty to perform.

"They will expect me to mention it on Sunday," he said. "I'd rather not. I feel my heart will hardly let me speak upon the subject. Yet, I suppose, I must. One thing," he added, with a sad smile, "any common-place will do. The poor souls will only be too ready with their tears. They loved, though they feared him, while he

lived. They will only love him now. My dear old friend!"

And the rector's eyes were very dim just then. "Let me see," he said. "What did I say when the poor Colonel was taken from us? Let me look out that sermon."

There was only one drawback to the general grief of the neighbourhood at the death of Mr. Hadfield of the Grange. It soon began to be bruited about that Mr. Wilford, the eldest son, was disinherited. It would be vain to ask how this fact became known, even before the funeral and the formal reading of the will by the family solicitor. But the world must be, by this time, pretty well aware that the occurrences of the drawing-room and parlour do not take place without the cognisance of the butler's pantry and the kitchen. When we begin to have servants we leave off possessing secrets. We live in glass houses; we throw ourselves open to public inspection, like so many picture galleries. You have only to get a ticket from Thomas or James, and you can walk round and examine us as though we belonged to you. It is a servant's privilege to have the most notable circumstances in his employer's biography at his fingers' ends, and to be able to comment upon them boldly and freely. Does the Oriental plan answer? Do the mute servitors refrain from revealing by gesticulations and the dumb alphabet the secrets of their employers? I doubt it. Certainly the occidental servants use their tongues enough, and if those organs were removed, I believe they would yet manage—perhaps with their toes—to narrate of their masters, and to canvass their conduct. Say that the servants of the Grange knew all about their late master's will, and then there will be no wonder that all the good folks of Grilling Abbots were well acquainted with it, too. And, be it told, they disapproved the testator's disposition of his property. Conservatism was very strong in Grilling Abbots. They had entirely orthodox views concerning the rights of primogeniture. They deemed it only right that estates should descend from father to son in one uninterrupted line. They could not understand this cutting off the lawful heir. And they sympathised with Mr. Wilford, and were very sorry for him. He might have been a bit wild, they admitted; but what then? A good many of the Hadfields had been a bit wild in their youth, and what harm had come of it, after all? Nothing to speak of. And he was much more like the old Hadfields—the living image of the picture in the long room at the Grange, of the Hadfield as went to Indy—they *would* call it Indy,—much more like the old Hadfields than Mr. Stephen, who was a nice civil-spoken gentleman to be sure, they all admitted; but not so much of a Hadfield as Mr. Wilford—no—and not the eldest son, neither.

Before a roaring fire in the library Mr. Wilford sat scorching his thin white face. Mr. Tressell was up-stairs. He was consulting with, and taking instructions from Stephen as to the funeral. Stephen had endeavoured to interest his elder brother in these proceedings; indeed, had appeared anxious to cede to him the chief place in

the household. But Wilford had declined all intervention.

"Do what you think best, Steenie. I am sure what you do will be right. I cannot counsel you. Indeed I am useless here. But you are the master of the Grange. I cannot think or speak. My head is so heavy, and I cannot get warm. Would I were dead! Let them bring me some more wine."

He had not spoken so much since the death of the old man. Stephen led Gertrude to him.

"Say something to him, Gertrude," he whispered to her. "Try and rouse him from this torpor he has fallen into. Try and comfort him."

A calm, handsome, blonde woman, with long flowing skirts, Gertrude Hadfield, approached her brother-in-law. She was very elegant and refined. Perhaps these qualities necessitate a certain reticence, if not an absence of feeling. Yet in her impassive way she was deeply attached to her husband and her children, and she had been a favourite with the late Mr. Hadfield. She brought her children with her, and stooped before Wilford.

"Be comforted, brother," she said to him in a soft voice. He looked at her with a wan smile.

"Steenie's wife," he murmured, "and his children. How old this makes one seem!"

"Go, Saxon," she said to her baby son, "go and kiss your uncle."

"I don't like to," cried the boy. "I'm afraid."

"What? Why I am quite ashamed of you. What will be thought of you? Not kiss poor Uncle Wilford?"

"Don't," said Wilford, with a dark frown, "don't teach them *that*. Don't teach them what they'll have to unlearn in a week. They mustn't call *me* uncle. Never, never. I am no more a Hadfield!"

The poor lady, rather terrified, shrunk back with her children.

"What does he mean?" she asked herself. "Is he mad?"

"Mamma," said one of the children, "why is the room so dark?—why mayn't we open the shutters?—why mayn't we play at horses?"

"Hush, Agnes: don't ask such questions, or I must ring for nurse. Come away."

CHAPTER VI. CRAPE.

THE passing bell ceased to toll. The family vault of the Hadfields in the old Norman church of Grilling Abbots was opened and closed again. The Rev. Edward Mainstone preached a funeral sermon—only half audible though—for every now and then his words were merged and lost in his genuine sobs and emotion; but still sufficient was heard to move his whole congregation to tears. Perhaps [very little was needed to do that. A neat tablet was erected in the church—white marble bordered with black, like a sheet of deep mourning note-paper, with an inscription, "*Sacred to the memory of George Richard Saxon Carew Hadfield, late of this parish, who departed this life,*" and so on. The old sexton would stand contemplating this tablet for hours. People now

began to tap their foreheads, and raise their eyebrows, and nod mysteriously when they spoke of the sexton. Mr. Joyce of the George had even ventured to say that, in his opinion, the sexton "had gone downright cracked!" but this was in a free moment, late in the evening, after the rummers had been filled up rather frequently; and he was reproved, if not punished, by his wife for so strong and unwarrantable an assertion. "*Aged seventy-two*," the sexton would mumble over and over again. "A mere boy—a mere boy. To think that I should live to see his funeral—to see that put up here. I thought the old colonel had been the last. *Late of this parish*—don't it say? My eyesight ain't what it was. Yes, *of this parish*, and a deal of good he's done for it in his time, as I can bear witness. A good old gentleman. God bless him for it! God bless him!" And he turned away, the keys jingling in his trembling hand. Mr. Tressell had been quite satisfied with the funeral. "Very nice and gentlemanly," he said, as he rewrapped the baton, with the brass tips, in silver-paper. "Very nice indeed. But you may always trust the county families for that," he went on; "they understand burying. You may always tell a gentleman by his funeral. Well, perhaps it would have been better if the chief mourner had clean shaved. A beard at a burying *was* out of place, strictly speaking. It gave a furrin air to the thing. Still it was nice and gentlemanly on the whole." Others beside Mr. Tressell had commented upon the appearance of the late Mr. Hadfield's elder son. "*That Mr. Wilford?*" they said. "How old looking!—only eight-and-twenty? Why he looks forty, at least! And how white that dreadful crape makes his face look! Poor young man! He must be very ill—very much cut up—very disappointed perhaps,—ah! most likely that was it." So Grilling Abbots commented; and old Mr. Bartlett (of the firm of Parkinson, Bartlett, & Co.) was reassured. The short will had been destroyed—the long will was left in force. He was sorry for the elder son, of course. Still it would have been a thousand pities to have thrown away, to have made waste paper, absolutely waste paper, of a will so perfectly, so beautifully drawn as that had been, and settled by Mr. Spinbury, of Old Square. And Mr. Bartlett rubbed his plump white hands together until his mourning rings glittered like diamonds.

At the Grange the shutters were thrown open again, and the clear winter light once more poured in at the windows. Stephen's children, in deep mourning, were permitted to resume their games at horses; but with a proviso that they did not make too much noise, or in any way annoy their Uncle Wilford.

"Mamma, is he really our uncle?" lisped little Agnes.

"Yes, yes, of course he is," answers mamma, rather frightened lest the question should have been overheard.

"Then why doesn't he give us things like our other uncles? Why doesn't he kiss us more, and play with us, and tell us fairy stories?"

"Hush, Agnes,—because Uncle Wilford's not well, because he's very sad and sorry. By-and-by

he'll be better, I daresay, and then he'll play with you as long as you like."

"Ah!" remarks the young lady with a premature wisdom, "if he's ill he oughtn't to drink so much wine, and nurse thinks so too."

"Be quiet, Agnes; you must never say such rude things."

"Oh, mamma, do look at Saxon—what a mess he's made his new crape in!"

The family had assembled in the large drawing-room after the funeral to hear the will read. The children, marvelling what could be the meaning of this unusual conclave, disturbed its peace by intermittent kicking at the door, greatly to Mrs. Stephen's displeasure, who inveighed loudly against the ceaseless negligence of modern nurses.

"Jeffries, *do* keep the children up-stairs and quiet for half an hour," she said, in tones, for her, almost peremptory.

"Saxon, *you* don't know where grandpapa's gone to—I do," Miss Agnes remarks, with an air of wisdom.

"Where then, miss? You don't know," answers little Saxon, offended at this assumption of superior information.

"Up there—in the skies, higher than ever I can throw my ball. See,"—and she suits the action to the word.

"Will *he* come down again?" asks the little boy, as he sees the ball fall.

The subject is too vast for his early intelligence to cover, and Miss Agnes can render him no assistance. She dismisses the topic, or moves, perhaps, the previous question with the words—

"Be my horse, Sax," and soon there is a sound of little feet tramping in the hall.

Mr. Bartlett reads the will, rather pompously, holding up his gold-rimmed double eye-glasses. It is a tiresome business. Mrs. Stephen quite loses her way in it before the first page has been turned. Stephen looks bewildered. Wilford leans his head on his hands, and crouches by the fire: he seems abstracted, and very cold. He shivers now and then, when his teeth quite chatter. Mrs. Stephen has soon given up the thing as hopeless. She passes the time in listening to the children, and endeavouring to guess at their proceedings. They are very quiet now. How she trusts that they are at no mischief! They are noisy again now—how noisy! She can barely hear Mr. Bartlett's voice. She grows quite hot and uncomfortable. What a noise! How fast they are running! Oh, if Agnes should hurt herself! Oh, if Saxon were to fall down! Is there to be no end to the will—and what does it all mean?

Mr. Bartlett glanced at Wilford when the reading was finished.

"He takes it very quietly," said the lawyer to himself. "Does he understand it? 'Cut off with a shilling;' that I suppose would be the popular description of the eldest son's position. It seems cruel, but of course a man has a right to do what he likes with his own, or else what would be the use of will-making? Still there's almost a case for him. He might try to upset the will—its provisions do seem to be a little unnatural. Was the testator sane when he executed it? The date some

years back—sane? As sane as any man in the county—no evidence to go to the jury—eccentric perhaps—a little, now and then. But I don't think it would be possible to colour that into madness. Yet he might try. If I were in his shoes I should. The judges don't like upsetting wills, but we needn't go so far as that. We might settle the case out of court. If I were he, I should attempt a compromise, and commence legal proceedings—that of course. They have a wonderful effect sometimes, have legal proceedings, especially in families; all the women get up *en masse*. Oh, don't let it go into the newspapers! Divide the money—anything! Yes, if he were well advised he might get very good terms—very good indeed—an exceedingly nice slice of the Hadfield property. But, of course, it isn't for Parkinson, Bartlett & Co. to make any stir in the matter. *They* indeed would probably be engaged on the other side—on behalf of the family—in support of the will."

And Mr. Bartlett smilingly contemplated a long and charming vista of legal proceedings, paved with bills of costs, the Lord Chancellor in the extreme distance giving judgment on an appeal to the House of Lords in the suit of Hadfield and Hadfield. What a beautiful tree of litigation and entanglement he pictured to himself growing out of the long will settled by Mr. Spinbury of Old Square! But he had to snap off his day-dream quite short, for it was growing dark—a glass of sherry and a biscuit to refresh himself after his long labours, and then to be driven back to Mowle in his hired fly. Again he glanced at Wilford, but he made no sign.

"He'll think it over, and I dare say I shall hear something definite in a few days. When he wakes up to-morrow and finds himself a beggar, why he won't like it—and—and he'll act accordingly."

The remark was cautious, if vague. Mr. Bartlett muttered on his way homewards. He was meditating an item in his attendance-book.

"Let me see. 3rd January. To long attendance reading over the will of the late G. R. S. C. Hadfield to the family, and explaining the different points thereof, when we pointed out the immediate effect of the provisions of the will and the various contingencies arising therefrom, and long conference thereupon. Engaged 4½ hours, about, let us say, 5; 2 guineas? I think I might say 3. There's plenty of money in the case. Ah! and add—hire of fly to the Grange and back, what will that be? Eight and six, perhaps,—well, we'll say a guinea. No one can complain of that."

Mr. Bartlett gone, Mrs. Stephen with a thankful heart hurried to her children. She found Saxon with his face puckered up, from a strong inclination to cry, and his knees very red from a recent fall. But there was no material harm done.

Stephen advanced to his brother.

"You heard the will?" he asked. Wilford nodded.

"I regret the terms of it very much," said Stephen, "for I feel that an injustice has been done to you. But indeed this need make no difference, really. The Grange is yours, if you will have it.

During our lives it shall be the home of both of us, as it was, years ago, in our boyhood. All that the will gives me shall be quite as much yours as mine, brother. There has been no difference between us—ever. Let there be none now."

"You are very generous, Stephen, but—"

"Had there been no will, brother, you would have welcomed me, I'm sure. You would have opened your doors to me—you would have bade me make your house my home. There is alteration in words, but there is little change in fact—only it is for me, now, to do what you would have done then. Come, Wilford, look up—be consoled—make the Grange your home—look upon the Hadfield lands as your own—they shall be as much yours as mine, and if there is need for form in the matter, why we'll have a lawyer in, and make the matter secure with parchment and sealing-wax."

"You are very kind, Stephen, but indeed this must not be. The estates are yours—honestly yours—"

"Then may I not do what I will with them," Stephen interrupted. "May I not share them with you, Wil?"

"No, Stephen. There's a duty to be considered in the matter. Are we not bound to obey our father's will? If he pleased to leave his property with the express view of my receiving no benefit from it, are we justified in seeking to evade his determination? No. I was disobedient enough while he lived, let me at least obey him now that he is dead."

"But it was a mere freak, Wilford—an impulse of passion against you which, had he lived, he would have sorely repented of, and made you amends for."

"I cannot think so, Steenie," the elder brother said sorrowfully. "The will was made deliberately enough, years ago. Had he no opportunity of altering its provisions, do you think, in all that time? Well, he had, and he did alter them. He made a new will, restoring me to my position as his eldest son. He saw me—Heaven knows what new wrong there was to him in my presence, or what he wished me to say or do more than I said and did. But he cast me off anew—he destroyed the new will before my face; he told me that not one halfpenny of his money should I ever touch; he forbade me to look upon myself as his son. Let it be so. Let me never receive a fraction of benefit from his property—let me no more be accounted his son or your brother."

Wilford spoke almost fiercely at last, and his manner rather alarmed Stephen.

"What will you do, Wilford?"

"Leave here at once—to-day—to-morrow—as soon as I feel a little better and stronger. I don't know how it is, but I am strangely shattered and broken of late. I am so weak that I can barely stand, and I tremble all over. My throat is so parched and burning, and such strange things dance before my eyes, that I feel at times quite giddy, as though my brain were going. But this will wear off. Then I quit this place for ever."

"Where will you go?"

"God knows. It will matter little. I will turn my back upon Grilling Abbots for ever. They

shall never write up my name in the church—never hear more of me. Far away where I drop down there let them bury me—a stranger. Don't fear that I will bring further shame upon the name; for, indeed, I will cease to bear it any longer. Let it go with the estates. Why should I rob you and your children? What right have I to plunder them of their portions—honestly and lawfully theirs. It must not be. I will go from here very shortly, a stranger, never to return. Your children need never know that such a person has ever lived. They will soon forget me, and more need never be told them. Indeed, there will be nothing more to tell. I shall have gone away like that old ancestor of ours,—never to come back—never to be heard of more."

"But how will you live?"

"For that matter there will be money enough under our mother's will, Steenie, to keep body and soul together, and perhaps the sooner they part company the better. I shall not starve. How cold I am. Put another log on, Steenie. This dreadful thirst! Let them bring me something to drink—water—anything."

"What has he been saying?" asked Gertrude, anxiously, as she encountered her husband on his quitting Wilford.

"He talks in a strange way; insists upon leaving the Grange at once—for ever, he says."

Gertrude could hardly suppress an exclamation of the relief she felt. Indeed, she was fairly frightened at Wilford's gloomy manner and wild looks, both on the children's account and her own.

"Is he sane, Ste, do you think?" she inquired.

Stephen mused over this question.

"I have sometimes thought," he said, after a pause, "that his mind was rather affected with all that has passed. Certainly he has a strange look now and then. Yet there was nothing like insanity in what he said. It must be owned though," in a lower tone, "that he drinks much more than he should. He will kill himself if he goes on in this way, and I'm afraid the servants will get talking about him down in the village. Give orders for my horse to be brought round."

"Where are you going, Ste?"

"I'll have a talk with old Fuller about him."

"Take care how you go. The road is very slippery."

"I'll ride the bay; he's very sure-footed. Never fear, Gertrude."

And Stephen set off. His wife determining that, during his absence, she would be careful to prevent the children going too near their Uncle Wilford. For she had made up her mind that he was clearly out of his mind, and perhaps dangerous—people out of their minds often were.

Vi and Madge, at work in the snug front parlour of Mr. Fuller's pretty white cottage, perceived a horseman advancing along the road which led from the Grange. Of course they began to speculate, after the manner of dwellers in the country, as to who this could be coming along, and what he could possibly want.

"A man all in black on a bay horse; why, it must be one of the Hadfield people," said Madge. "How slowly he comes along. The road is like

glass just there. Do you see, the poor horse can hardly keep his feet."

"It's Stephen Hadfield. Why, he's coming here."

"Don't you think he's very handsome, Vi?"

"Pretty well. They're a handsome family, the Hadfields, and Stephen is good and gentlemanly-looking; but yet, somehow, a little *tame*, I think. He has not the marked features of the others. I don't think he's so handsome as his father was; or, indeed, as his brother is."

"His brother? What, Vi, do you admire that strange, wild creature, with the long, straggling beard? What taste! What taste! Why, he quite frightens me. He looks like a Vampire, or something odd out of the Arabian Nights."

"Ah, Madge, you like smug people, don't you? with smoothly brushed hair and ribston pippin cheeks; let us say, like Tommy Eastwood."

"Be quiet Vi. You know I don't care a bit about Tommy Eastwood, but I *do* prefer apple cheeks to lantern jaws and hollow eyes. There now. You may make the most of that, and tease me about it, as papa does. I see what it is though. You're one of those sly, quiet girls, who love a bit of romance all the same. I do believe you'd like that awful creature, Wilford Hadfield, to come down to the cottage in chain mail, armed to the teeth, brandishing a battle axe, and carry you off on a coal black steed. Wouldn't you like it, Vi? I'm sure you would; nothing would please you better, for all you're sitting there so demure and mum, mending your stockings, than to be Mrs. Brian de Bois Gilbert, or some awful person of that sort. I know you, Miss Vi, better than you think."

"Be quiet, Madge," Vi interposes, laughing.

"Yes, you're romantic. I'm practical. You like novels with lots of sentiment in them, and that sort of stuff. I like funny stories that make one die of laughing. Hallo! Vi. Stephen Hadfield's coming here. Will he come into this room, do you think? Isn't my dress awfully untidy—and isn't this collar crumpled? And my hair feels as though it had all tumbled down at the back. Has it, Vi? I wish I could look so neat and trim as you always do; but I never shall, I know. Oh, it's all right. He's gone into the surgery."

"I hope there's no one ill at the Grange."

Stephen Hadfield consulted for some time with Mr. Fuller in his surgery. The doctor was informed of Wilford's plans for the future, so far as they had been unfolded. Something also was said of the symptoms of ill-health that Wilford had manifested.

"I didn't at all like his looks at the funeral," said Mr. Fuller, reflectively.

"Come up to the Grange, and see him and talk to him. He is very fond of you. I know no one who has more influence over him. Try and persuade him to abandon this project of quitting us. Doubtless he is much hurt and grieved at my father's will, which is unquestionably very cruel to him in its provisions; but it shall be my care to soften these so far as he is concerned. He shall never feel that any real difference has been made between us. He shall be master of the Grange if he will."

"That's right, Stephen," said the doctor, heartily, "I'm glad to hear you speak like that. The poor lad has been hardly dealt with. He'll be better by-and-by, mind and body. We'll take care of both. We'll bring him to think differently of all these matters. I'll come up to the Grange to-night and have a talk with him."

True to his word, the doctor visited the Grange in the evening, and had a long discussion with Wilford. He was always more open in his conversation with the doctor than with anyone else.

"This place sickens me—I cannot bear to look around me.—On every side I see something that reminds me of the day I went away—of the night I came back. I hear *his* voice in every room. The story of the Prodigal is always ringing in my ears. I perpetually see him tearing up the new will or pointing to the blotted lines in the Bible. Let me only get away from here."

"Where will you go?"

"To London, I will lose myself there," he said, grimly, "the place is big enough. I will change my name—my nature too, if I can. Let me live and die uncared for—unknown. I ask no more."

The doctor contemplated him for some moments as though weighing his words and identifying him with them.

"How like his father," muttered Mr. Fuller; "and obstinate, like all the Hadfields;" and the doctor took Wilford's hand abruptly, almost mechanically it seemed, gazing into his face the while. He let go his wrist with a start.

"What a pulse! do you know that you are very feverish—very ill?"

"I fear so. No matter. I must go. I'll get help in London."

"You'll drop down and die on the road before you've gone half a mile from the place."

His words seemed to carry conviction to the mind of Wilford.

"What shall I do?" he asked sadly, his eyes wandering and his limbs falling listlessly.

"I'll tell you," Mr. Fuller answered. "You shall leave here." Wilford brightened. "You shall come to my cottage. I'll watch you till you're quite yourself again. Then you shall leave us, not before. You shall live as quietly and retired as you please; shall see no one. No one shall know of your presence there. You shall be called by what name you choose. You shall have your own way in every thing. Will you come?"

He reflected for a few minutes.

"I may leave when I please?"

"If you are well, mind; not unless."

"You will not seek to change my plans?"

"I will never again allude to them, if you prefer that I should not do so."

"I'll come," said Wilford.

"To-morrow, mind; early. Let them drive you over in the covered carriage."

And the doctor sought out Stephen, and informed him of what had passed.

"We must humour him," said the doctor. "Be satisfied he shall come back here safe and well, in a few weeks; only, if we oppose him now, we drive these strange notions of his about the Grange into confirmed mania: already they grow upon him fearfully; they prey upon him in all sorts of

ways. With returning health will come a happier frame of mind. He shall be a new creature soon."

"Let it be as you wish, doctor," said Stephen, and Mr. Fuller returned to his cottage.

He was muttering to himself all the way home.

"Chilliness and shivering," he said; it was almost as though he were quoting from medical notes, "succeeded by heat, restlessness, thirst, and fever. Very bad; very bad. That boy—I can't help calling him so—one thing—he'll always be a boy to me—that boy, mark my words" (he was forgetful apparently of the fact that there was no one present who could do anything of the kind), "that boy will be prostrate in a few days, and I shall have my work cut out for me to set him up again. It will be as much as they'll do to get him round to the cottage to-morrow—acute pains in the knees, wrists, shoulders; shifting pains, which you never know where to expect next, then absolute helplessness. A nice programme for a patient. Very bad, very bad! And then pleurisy, perhaps, or endocarditis, or pericarditis. Yes, and then another job for Mr. Tressell, of Mowle, and another tablet in Grilling Abbots church. And all that comes of improper diet, and disordered blood, and undue exposure to cold. Why won't people be more careful? But they won't, and so it's no use talking. Perhaps it would be worse for doctors if they were to be more careful. Blood-letting? No. I don't think we can afford blood-letting in this case. We'll try iodide of potassium, or perhaps the alkalies and alkaline carbonates with calomel and opium. I've great faith in the alkalies, myself. I remember in that important case at Mowle"—And the doctor wandered into medical reminiscences.

"Have the spare bedroom ready for to-morrow, Vi," he said, entering his cottage, "and everything well-aired. We're going to have a visitor."

"Who, papa dear?" asks Miss Madge; "do tell me!"

"I heard you this morning, Madge. You talk loud enough. Who? why *The Vampire!*"

(To be continued.)

TURIN AND ITS "CHAMBER."

CONSTITUTIONAL Italy presents many a gladdening contrast to the bygone era of despotic strait-waistcoatism, but nowhere is the alteration more conspicuous than in the streets of pugnacious little Turin. The place is pretty, but its beauty is not of a fascinating order, being too much like that of some very correct Greek faces, whose regular features convey the impression of something rather strong-minded than sympathetic. Some three years ago it was easy for the stranger to catch the gloom of brooding mischief which hung about the aspect of scanty passers-by in the great thoroughfares, and the Alpine snow that looked down upon him in every odd street seemed in chilling unison with all around. When he had communed with the past in the capital Egyptian Museum, and taken in the mountainous panorama from the Superga, or the less distant eminence of the Monte of the Capuchins, he was content to depart with a growing conviction that the long

rows of washerwomen on the banks of the Po were, for practical purposes, the most active portion of the inhabitants in mind or body. The Carignano Palace would be visited for its quaint devices of external brickwork; but, though in the heart of the business quarter, it was possible to go away from it with the idea that only a few chosen spirits were aware of its locality. Now-a-days, during the session, the state of things thereabouts will be found very different. Long before the time for opening the parliamentary proceedings of the day groups of fine, well-dressed men, with powerful frames, majestic beards, and unmistakably earnest countenances, may be noticed gathering under the tricolor, which is always unfurled when the sitting is a public one. Some of them are forthwith recognised when they glide noiselessly in by the side entrances to their seats in that graduated semicircular part of the House which corresponds to the position of the "equites" in the old Roman theatre. The "gallery" for the public is in its proper place above the "boxes," which, in a general way, do not contain many aristocratic visitors, while the "gods" muster plentifully, reeking with patriotism and redolent of desavouary peculiarities. The most prominent object in the *coup d'œil* from the gallery is the large, staring, solitary picture of the "Re Galantuomo" on the opposite wall. In front of it on the "stage" is the table for the secretaries, then comes the chair and apparatus of the President, close before which is a little "bridge," to which we shall allude again presently. A row of chairs and a long table are occupied by the ministers in place of the footlights, where they can be seen and heard most conveniently by the whole assemblage. It is the fashion to say that the Italian Parliament has borrowed much from our example; but in one respect, at least, honourable members must rather luxuriate in a difference of arrangement which tells for their convenience. If they wish to take notes, or to make any more private use of their pens, or to read their newspapers at ease, which is a sort of legislative work to which many of them seem to take very kindly, the nation has provided them with separate desks, or ledges, which can be turned back on their hinges when the occupant wishes to make a speech, while at other times they form at least a normal place of deposit for anything which might incommode the hands. Punctuality is not apparently one of the virtues for which the deputies aspire to be celebrated, and when the President opens the sitting he has not many to feel his authority, but gradually and mysteriously the fresh arrivals swell up into what we should call a full house. After a few preliminaries, the long process of calling over hundreds of names commences and the stranger is perhaps the only person present who is not, at least for the first time, bored with it, for it seems to refresh his memory about the historical character of those famous men of the era who have done so much to enable the Chamber at Turin to receive "Italian" representatives at all—Garibaldi, Cialdini, Bixio, Crispi, Gallenga, &c., are names easily caught, and remembered with crowding associations of ideas. In time the debate opens, and though the building is as per-

fect, acoustically, as it is possible for anything of its size to be, one must suppose the English visitor in the gallery to be rather looking on than, with his limited knowledge of Italian, understanding the speeches as they are delivered. With a wish to be present at a variety of declamation rather than any discussion of solid importance he is slyly gratified to find that the orators are, like fiery steeds, too impetuous to last out long. In the end, after enjoying many fresh tones of voice and divers kinds of gesticulation, he observes that the addresses are, on the average, very short, unless some unlucky minister is kept on his legs by the gravity of the occasion or the number of interpellations. He hears signs of approbation or the reverse expressed in a way to denote earnest attention to the proceedings on the part of the whole house, but not beyond the control of the tinkling bell of the President, who, if he be a gentle but firm one like Torreaarsa, has no insuperable trouble in keeping order. Anywise the listener conceives the impression that the Italian language, grandly adapted as it is for the slow utterance of a Capuchin preacher, loses much of its charm when submitted to the rapid volubility of Deputy-eloquence. If our stranger happens to be present when a division takes place he will notice that, besides the resemblance to the old Roman theatre in the house itself, the mode of voting is partially a renewal of that of the "Comitia Majora" of the Republican times. Perhaps with an eye to again passing laws in or near the Campus Martius of history, the Italians have their "Pons" to pass over, and their black and white balls supplied to them by "yellow plush" *diribitores* at the side from which they start. On their left hand are two urns, one at each end of the "Pons," for the pro or con balls respectively, and the ballot seems to involve the putting the hand into each to conceal what is done for either, with a sly peep now and then into the depths of the receptacle to see how the favoured cause is prospering.

GUNS AND ARMOUR.

A SHORT time back I expressed in these pages my conviction that shot from a smooth bore would make a breach in the Warrior's side. It has now been accomplished by a gun produced by Sir William Armstrong. It comes to the result, long foreseen by those who really thought on the matter, that it is simply a question of a gun that cannot be burst. Given a sufficient mass of powder to be used efficiently, no vessel that can float can resist the effect of a point-blank shot from such guns as are within the range of possibility, though the problem is not yet worked out as to what may be done to deflect or elude the shot.

What Sir William Armstrong has done, is to produce in wrought iron a gun similar in all other respects to the ordinary 68-pounder service gun, with all its defects. It is more of a "Carronade" than a "Long Tom," being about 14 diameters in length, smooth bored, and muzzle loading. The gun originally known as the Armstrong gun, was 25 diameters in length, breech loading, and rifled, while that of Whitworth was 35 diameters in length, breech loading, and

rifled. If these guns were correct in their proportions, it follows that the reduced length must be incorrect, so far as regards ranges. We should never think of mounting a fort with carronades, or of using them as chase-guns, and therefore we must regard this last gun of Sir William as simply a machine for battering iron-sided ships yard-arm and yard-arm.

But long and accurate range originally sought for by Sir William, and now treated lightly, is an important element of success, both in action at sea and for the purpose of land forts. It is quite clear that a ten-mile range, with accurate and effective striking from a land fort, would keep any bombarding squadron at a sufficient distance from Portsmouth dockyard, which is very doubtful with the present gun of Sir William. What it has achieved is as a smooth bore, with a cast shot of 150 lbs. at 200 yards. What it will achieve when rifled, with a 300 lbs. elongated shot, remains to be proved.

There is no doubt that rifling a gun weakens it very considerably by providing a number of twisting angles, and if the rifling could be dispensed with, a great gain would be achieved in many ways. What is the object of rifling? Simply to correct the defects in flight of a badly-proportioned shot. If a spherical shot be of cast metal, the chances are that the centre of gravity does not correspond to the centre of force, in which case if the weighted side be accurately in front at the time of discharge, accurate flight may be obtained; but if the weighted side be behind or on one side, erratic and uncertain flight will be obtained. To correct this evil, rifling was invented to spin the shot as a boy spins his top, whirling action keeping the irregular form in balance. And if we come to the elongated shot, originally resorted to for the purpose of increasing the weight without increasing the diameter and atmospheric resistance, we should find that if discharged from a smooth bore, their improperly adjusted centre of gravity would induce them to turn over in flight, with entire uncertainty where they would go to.

But if the figure of the shot were so adjusted that it would preserve an even and direct course without spinning, a great gain would be achieved. The gun would be much stronger to resist the strain of the powder, and a waste of force in friction would be avoided. For this reason the writer has from the first endeavoured to impress on the public mind the probability that rifling is a fallacy, seeking to correct the evils of a bad shot by the construction of a faulty gun.

But there is more than this. The great comparative range of rifled cannon has been obtained not by the rifling process, but in spite of it. Expending power in spinning a shot in no way tends to increase its velocity, as proved by the experiments on targets—but the contrary. The reason for the greater range is found in the diminished area of the shot giving a diminished atmospheric resistance. But, other things being equal, the velocity is determined by the area of powder surface, and while diminishing the resisting area of the shot, the small bores resorted to have diminished the propelling power.

For this reason the writer was the first to enunciate the true principle of procedure, viz. :—*To use an elongated missile of reduced diameter, capable of maintaining a straight course through the atmosphere, and to propel it by a gun of increased diameter, thus, reducing the area of atmospheric resistance, and increasing the area of propelling power, with any desirable weight of missile; the gun being in all cases of sufficient length to consume without wasting the largest quantity of powder that it will burn without bursting.*

Such a gun would be equally adapted to throw a round shot at close quarters, or an elongated bolt at long range.

In the discharge of elongated shot it is essential to accuracy that the bore should be sufficiently long to expend the powder before the shot escapes, and that the axis of the shot should be maintained centrally to the axis of the bore. With a shot of the same diameter as the bore, this takes place; but with a shot of reduced diameter, a carrier must be resorted to which will, at the same time, receive the impact of the powder, and transmit it to the shot while closing the windage.

In constructing shot we have to consider, first, accurate flight; secondly, range; thirdly, power of penetration. In range and penetration, spinning a shot is disadvantageous, for force is expended partially laterally, instead of entirely forwardly; and this it is which gives great advantage to the direct smooth bore, and a shot with a rounded end, or a blunt cone, will have little penetration save by great power. If we want to disable a mischievous bull, we put round balls on the ends of his horns, and so we do with small swords when we wish to prevent penetration. A rifle-ball from an Enfield would strike through two or three men, and stop in a fourth, inflicting ghastly, rugged wounds. A sharp-pointed shot would probably go through twenty, inflicting disabling wounds or death wounds, without cruel wounds. Again, a sharp-pointed shot against stone walls would act like a crow-bar, penetrating deeply, and dislodging stones, instead of merely battering the surface, and if provided with bursting charges they would be the most fatal of all to masonry. There is an apparent objection to the use of internal carriers for elongated shot, as they must be left behind at the muzzle, and may damage troops, but for ship-guns and trenching-guns there is no difficulty, and for field-guns the carrier may be formed on the shot itself, and go with it. In any case the fit of the shot in the gun should be elastic, without involving useless friction.

There are four modes of constructing great guns—first, the method of casting entire and forging out; secondly, the method of putting on coils round a built gun, and adopted by Sir William Armstrong with the addition of an inner tube; thirdly, the method of Captain Blakely, of shrinking rings over rings on an inner tube, with increasing tension; and, fourthly, the method of Mr. Longridge, of winding an endless skein of wire over a tube, also with increasing tension. The power of resistance to make an unburstable gun will probably be found in the wire, as well as the greatest rapidity of production. The process of

welding must ever be an uncertain one when small pieces are welded into a large mass; and it seems that Sir William Armstrong has taken some twelve months to produce his first large gun.

But the new gun must be a breech-loader. And

if a large gun is to be made sufficiently long for range, it will be difficult to make it a muzzle-loader. It would take a small mast of timber for a ramrod. It is probable that guns of fifty tons weight will be needed, and that they will be

IMPROVED SHOTS FOR SMOOTH-BORE GUN, EIGHT-INCH CALIBRE.

Spherical 68lbs.
Area 8-in.

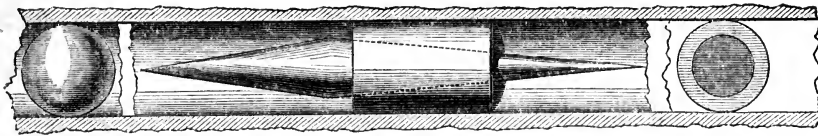


Fig. 1.—Double Cone with Papier Mâché Carrier, 114 lbs.—Area 5-in.

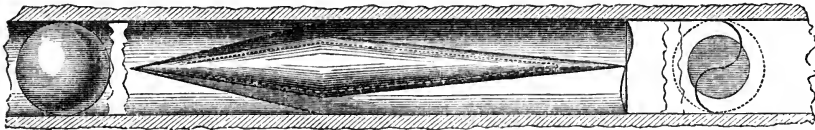


Fig. 2.—Double Cone with Curved Metal Wings, 128 lbs.—Area 5-in.

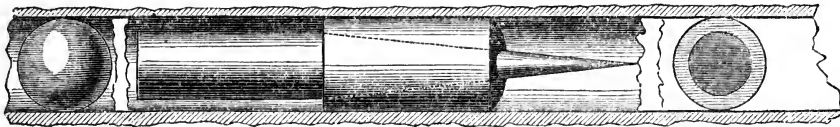


Fig. 3.—Cylinder and Single Cone, Flat Bevel, Papier Mâché Carrier, 152 lbs.—Area 5-in.

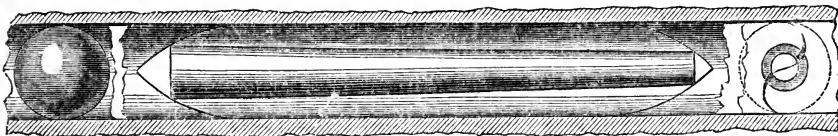


Fig. 4.—Single Cone with Curved Metal Wings, 112 lbs.—Area 4-in.

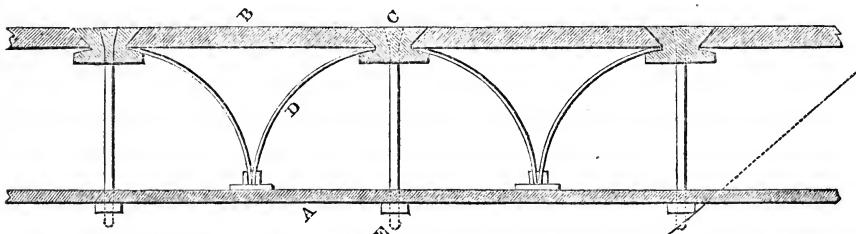


Fig. 5.—W. BRIDGES ADAMS' SPRING-ARMOUR FOR SHIPS.

- A—Ship's side.
- B—Armour plates held in recesses of.
- C—Ribs to strengthen the joint and receive the spring ends.
- D—Springs of tempered sheet-steel abutting on the ship's side.
- E—Bolts sliding in stuffing boxes in the ship's side.

mounted in towers or cupolas. If so, they will be made to form a portion of the iron rampart, with a hinge to move vertically—if on a revolving cupola, or if on a ship's side, with a ball and socket joint. In this mode the port-hole might be com-

pletely stopped, and the sound of the report excluded from the interior, the elevation or depression of the gun being accomplished by a hydraulic ram. Weight in the gun to prevent all recoil, and so to expend all the force of the powder in

the shot will, be a matter of necessity, and in that case there would be no shaking of the vessel.

There is nothing extraordinary in the last gun or result of Sir William Armstrong, beyond the fact of the length of time it has taken to make it. The Mersey gun did just as much, and Mr. Long-ridge long ago stated that he would pledge his reputation to produce a wire-bound gun rapidly, which should drive a shot in at one side of the Warrior and out at the other. Sir William has not yet achieved this.

The qualities required in the gun are :—First, rapidity of production; secondly, impossibility of bursting; thirdly, greatest possible size of bore; fourthly, great length, to consume a large amount of powder, and give extreme range and force of penetration.

The diagrams given above indicate a new class of shot adapted for the ordinary smooth-bore 68-lb. gun, the bore being 8 inches in diameter. Fig. 1 shows a double-coned shot resembling in section a fast steamer. The extreme diameter is 5 inches, being about two-fifths the area of the round shot of 8 inches. To keep it concentric to the gun while discharging, it is placed in a papier mâché cylinder or carrier, which fits the bore, with a conical hole through the centre. On the end of this cylinder the force of the powder impinges and fills the bore by wedging it along the cone. The carrier leaves the cone at the mouth of the gun, and the shot with diminished area flies forward, keeping in a straight line, by reason that the centre of gravity is in advance of the centre of length. Thus the full force of propulsion is attained, and the power of atmospheric resistance is diminished.

Fig. 2 shows a similar shot, cast on curved plates of spring steel, which fits the bore elastically and keeps the shot concentric to the bore. A papier mâché wad in two halves, indicated by the dotted line, can be used to stop windage.

Fig. 3 is a cylindrical-pointed shot, with a conical tail, and a papier mâché carrier. As the weight is more than double that of the spherical shot, and the velocity much greater, it is probable that it will pierce iron plates much more effectually than the round shot.

Fig. 4 is a long shot with elastic metal wings filling the bore, the windage being stopped by wads of papier mâché. As the weight is nearly double that of the spherical shot, and the sectional area is only one-fourth, the range will be great, and the penetrating power into wood or stone great also. All these shots may be used as hollow missiles, and may be made either of rolled metal or of cast metal.

So far as we have gone, the victory of ships' guns over defences is established. The guns have prevailed against the present armour; but all has not yet been done that may be done to make the armour effectual. If we want to punch metal, we use a solid block, and nothing can be imagined more solid than the Warrior's sides. The rails that covered the Merrimac were not solid, but yielding. Hudibras tells us of

Feather bed twixt castle wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball,

and herein lies a truth. If the four-and-a-half

inch plates were reduced to three inches, and placed at an angle, a three-eighth thickness of tempered steel might be applied in the form of springs between the armour and the ship's side, permitting a recoil of from four to six inches. The probability is that such an arrangement would elude the shot. The diagram (Fig. 5) will explain this arrangement. The plates are not bolted, but arranged in ribs, forming hinges, to allow free movement when the springs yield to shock.

The object of the writer of this paper is to draw the attention of the public, both rulers and ruled, to the fact that the resources of art are not yet exhausted either in guns or armour, and to indicate a course of yet untried experiments, to which philosophical theory points as based on known principles. It may be asked, why not lay the plans before the authorities? Our answer is, that the authorities are probably overwhelmed with applications and propositions; and the writer does not wish to enter the arena of what doubtless is anathematised by them as "boredom." Public agitation is the most legitimate method of sifting novelties that are beyond private means of experimenting; and in these days of publicity, locking up a secret known to all the world in a box at the Patent Office, is a farcical absurdity. No man of good feeling would willingly carry plans of attack and defence across the Channel—the *English* Channel; but neither, on the other hand, would he desire to imitate the ostrich.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

THE CUCKOO.

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sounds of music sweet,
From birds among the bowers.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

WE are indebted to Dr. Edward Jenner for many curious and interesting facts in the natural history of the Cuckoo, but still more indebted to him for introducing the cow-pox inoculation, by which thousands, or rather millions of lives have been saved. A better hearted and kinder man never lived. He resided chiefly at Cheltenham, where he satisfactorily ascertained that those persons who were in the habit of milking cows were never found to be attacked by small-pox. He pursued his experiments, and made them known to the world. At first he met with great opposition, but truth prevailed, and at last he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been the means of checking small-pox—not only in this country and in our Eastern and Western Colonies, but also in the European nations of Russia, France, Prussia, Austria, Sweden and Holland. Dr. Jenner was a great admirer of the works of nature, and a close observer of them. But let us turn to the cuckoo.

In the spring, its monotonous cry is one of those sounds which are peculiarly pleasing to every lover

of the country at this period of the year. It proclaims joyously that the winter is past, and summer is coming. Cowslips and primroses then ornament our fields, and numerous birds chaunt their songs of love. The cuckoo is not one of these, but is an extraordinary bird, unlike any other, in its habits and mode of life. Unlike any other, also, it has no mate, and the female flies about a solitary individual, seeking for some nest in which she may deposit one of her eggs. She has therefore no conjugal cares, but leaves her young to be brought up by other birds. There can be no doubt but that this peculiar instinct has been implanted in this species of birds; for not only in this country, but on the continent of Europe and in America, the same habit is found to prevail.

Another very extraordinary instinct in this bird is that she invariably deposits her eggs in the nests of those birds which feed their young on food which is most necessary for the well-being of her vagrant foundling when it is hatched. The nests selected are generally those of the hedge sparrow, robin-redbreast, or water-wagtail. We will suppose that the cuckoo drops an egg into the nest of a hedge-sparrow. This bird lays five small blue eggs, and it might be supposed that the cuckoo, which is about six or seven times as large as the hedge-sparrow, would have an egg in proportion to its size; but this is not the case. If it was, the last-mentioned birds would not sit on eggs so much larger than their own. But the fact is, that the cuckoo's egg is very little larger than that of a house-sparrow. The consequence is, that the hedge-sparrow sits on all these eggs, and eventually hatches them. Now comes one of the extraordinary instincts of the young cuckoo. It would be impossible for two little birds, with all the indefatigable industry I have frequently observed them to use, to provide food for so many young ones, the young cuckoo especially being a very hungry and greedy bird, and with no idea of being starved. What, then, does he do to avoid this hard fate? He is provided with a hollow in his back, which fills up as he grows older, and he then wriggles and wriggles till he has got one of the young hedge-sparrows into it; he then, young and feeble as he is, by means of the stumps of his wings, contrives to throw his companion out of the nest, and it soon perishes. In this way he proceeds with the rest, till he is left sole inmate of the nest. He thus receives the whole of the nourishment the foster parents are able to collect. They cover him with their wings at night, and impart all the warmth to him he requires. At early dawn the affectionate foster parents go in search of flies and other insects, but as the cuckoo increases in size, his voracious appetite calls for more substantial food, and in order to satisfy it, they bring him slugs, beetles, and probably small worms, none of which would have been the natural food of the young hedge-sparrow. When the young cuckoo is able to leave the nest, the old birds contrive to feed it. I have witnessed this with considerable interest and curiosity on my lawn, and have seen the greediness of the foster bird, and the industry of its foster parents to find it food. But what is its return for all

this? In the month of July it takes its flight to warmer and more genial climates, with no gratitude for all the cares bestowed upon it.

Long before it is able to quit the nest, the young cuckoo is a very pugnacious bird. When I have touched it, it assumes the manner of a bird of prey, looks very ferocious, throws itself back, and pecks at anything presented to it, often at the same time making a chuckling noise like a young hawk. Sometimes it will make a kind of hissing noise, accompanied by a heaving motion of the whole body. Its growth is very rapid.

In some instances, when the young cuckoo has been born before the eggs of the parent bird have been hatched, the interloper, feeble as he is, immediately proceeds to throw them all out of the nest, so strongly is this instinct implanted in him. In cases where eggs have been put back into the nest, in a minute or two the whole of them were thrown out again.

This fact has been repeatedly observed by those who have made it their chief study to observe the habits of the animal creation, as I can myself bear testimony.

In one recorded instance, and one only, the circumstance occurred of two cuckoos' eggs being found in the same nest. It was that of a hedge-sparrow, who had laid some of her own eggs. They were hatched at the same time, except one of the small eggs, and then began a curious battle between the two young cuckoos for the possession of the nest. This continued undecided until the next afternoon, when one of them, which was rather superior in size, turned out the other, and also the young hedge-sparrows and the unhatched egg.

Dr. Jenner, who witnessed it, says that the contest was very remarkable. The combatants appeared alternately to have the advantage, as each carried the other several times nearly to the top of the nest, and then sank down again oppressed by the weight of its burden, until at length, after numerous efforts, the strongest prevailed, and was afterwards brought up by the hedge-sparrows.

The following curious circumstance I had an opportunity of witnessing myself. A robin had built its nest in a hole in my garden wall occasioned by a decayed brick, and the entrance was merely large enough to admit the birds. Notwithstanding the smallness of the entrance, a cuckoo had contrived to deposit an egg in the nest. Now the question is how it contrived to introduce the egg. It must have been done either by means of the foot or the mouth of the bird. In either case the egg was, in all probability, first dropped on the ground, and then, the cuckoo adhering to the wall with one foot, conveyed the egg into the nest either with the other or with the mouth. In fact the mouth of the bird is sufficiently large to enable her to do this, and the same may be said of the foot. The instinct which led to this proceeding must have been a very powerful one.

There is no instance on record of little feeble birds refusing to feed the voracious interloper of their nests. On the contrary, there appears to be a peculiar sympathy in creatures of another

species, even in the absence of a breeding impulse, to show kindness and compassion to a poor suffering bird. For instance, a young cuckoo has been taken from the nest of its foster-parents and placed in a cage, when birds, who could never have seen such a fledgling before, have fed it with loving zeal and untiring perseverance.

The young cuckoo displays a strong development of energetic action soon after it quits the nest. It has never associated with the parent

cuckoo, or accompanied it in its flights, and yet, so unerring is its migratory impulse, that it invariably goes in the right direction, sometimes to the borders of Palestine, and sometimes to the chilly regions of Lapland. Yet it is one of the stupidest of winged creatures.

The cuckoo, as I have remarked before, is a favourite bird, for it proclaims fine weather and the arrival of spring. Many of the counties in England have their peculiar sayings or legends con-



nected with it. I always listen to them with pleasure and regret that I am unable to remember all I have heard. The following is one of them, and Norfolk may have the credit of it :

THE CUCKOO.

In April—come he will.
 In May—he sings all day.
 In June—he changes his tune.
 In July—he prepares to fly.
 In August—go he must.

Again, in the oldest English song extant, with

reference to the month of June and the cuckoo, we may read as follows :

Summer is yeomen in,
 Loud sing cuckoo ;
 Groweth seed,
 And bloweth mead,
 And springeth the weed new.

In the North a vulgar superstition long prevailed respecting the cuckoo. It was thought very unlucky to have no money about one's person on hearing this bird the first time during the season.

EDWARD JESSE.

A SEERESS AT FAULT.

"WILL you come out with me to-night?" said Dr. Clay. "There is a seeress come to Chasinglea, and I am going to have a look at her."

Dr. Clay was a college friend of mine, then about five-and-twenty. I was "on leave" from my professional avocations in London, and had gone down to spend a few days at Chasinglea, where he had recently begun to practise, hoping to forget, if possible, the existence of the printer's devil. It was my second night there, and a wet one; I had settled myself down to a cigar and a book, which I was not going to review, and therefore could enjoy: for to amateurs a bad book is bearable; to a reviewer even a good book is a burden, and the better the book, not unfrequently, the heavier the burden. From such unwonted luxury I was loth to be roused even by Dr. Clay, though he was a delightful companion, as young physicians of first-rate ability usually are. So I answered indignantly:

"Nonsense! You do not mean to say that you intend to get wet through and spend half-a-crown in order to see a set of conjuring tricks badly played. Stay here, and I will show you half-a-dozen, quite as good, with a pack of cards."

"I don't know," said Clay, "I always take interest in conjuring-tricks till I know how they are done. Now, though I grant you that some of these *clairvoyantes*, mesmerists, table-turners, and modern magicians of all kinds are the veriest quacks alive, and their jugglery as transparent as the liquefaction of St. Januarius' blood, I have seen things shown and done, my friend, which, if you can explain or reveal, you may make a reputation and a fortune. I have seen excision of the breast performed by a mesmerist, the patient remaining perfectly unconscious the while. Not only did she not scream or speak, but the face gave no sign of pain. I have known more than one case of life preserved by a mysterious warning given in dream or waking to persons with no previous notion of impending danger, and I once was witness to a most extraordinary case of *clairvoyant* revelation, which made a lasting impression on my mind, from the perfect impossibility of any trick or collusion—which, indeed, no one could have suspected who watched the dreamer's face. And the most extraordinary part of the matter is," he added, reflectively, "that the whole story was *false from beginning to end.*"

"That," rejoined I, "appears to me the most natural and intelligible result. It will be the same to-night. Do stay quietly by the fire."

"No, I really must go," said my friend, obstinately. "I cannot miss even a chance of getting at some fact which may help to confirm or destroy the embryo theory I have formed on the subject of *clairvoyance*. So I am going to get wet, and spend five shillings, and you had better come too."

So I put down my book, and went out, when the rain speedily deprived me of my cigar. We got drenched, and the Seeress proved as very a quack as I in my impatience had predicted. Dr. Clay put two questions—one within his own knowledge, and one to be speedily ascertained, viz., "What is

my friend's age?" and "What letters have come for me since I left home an hour ago?" Both were answered glibly, and *both wrong*. The Seeress added twelve years to my age, and informed Dr. Clay that two letters had come for him—both from ladies—whereat one or two of the little audience simpered, for Dr. Clay is a general favourite, but not exactly a "lady's man," still less a lady's doctor. He got up and walked out, and I with him.

"Well!" I said.

"This is the third mere impostor I have seen in a year," remarked Dr. Clay, quietly; "but I had rather see ten such, than miss one opportunity of witnessing a case of real *clairvoyance*."

"Is there such a thing?" I demanded, sceptically, "for my credulity goes no further than a firm belief in a fiend with inky fingers, unwashed face, and incessant craving for 'copy.'"

"When you have heard my first experience on the subject," replied he, "I think you will ask that question in a somewhat different tone. Will you come round by my lodgings to see if there are any messages for me? and then we will smoke a pipe at your rooms, and you shall hear the history."

There was one note for the Doctor, from an old farmer, queerly spelled and oddly expressed; but my friend did not think it worth while to go eight miles into the country that night to attend to an attack of gout, so we adjourned to my rooms, where, amid exhalations of smoke, I heard the following tale:

It was (said the Doctor) about four years ago. I had just passed my first examination, and one or two answers of mine had been fortunate enough to attract the attention of old Vane, among whose other peculiarities is a strong *penchant* towards the investigation of mysteries. He took some notice of me, and I ventured to ask him some questions about a *clairvoyante* who just then attracted considerable curiosity. She was a young and very pretty girl; the mesmerist who had discovered her power or disease, whichever it should be called, was a gentleman—which few of them are—a man of sense, honour, and considerable reputation as a naturalist. Vane answered me, and promised me an introduction to her. I asked him what his experience of her art had been—whether it was a reality or a sham, and whether it seemed capable of being applied to any practical use.

"It is no sham," he said. "The girl herself *does not know* that she possesses these powers. Arnold never allows *clairvoyance* to be named in her presence when she is awake. He himself is above suspicion. As to any practical result, I am very doubtful. Hitherto, Ellen has never told us anything previously unknown. She answers correctly regarding things certainly unknown to *her*, and places she has never seen; but she does not answer, except reluctantly and uncertainly, any questions concerning which *no one else* has any knowledge. She has told me the exact place of every article in my study, and even the contents of my table-drawers, though she never entered my house—nor did Arnold—and we were six miles away from it at the time. But she broke down

entirely in trying to tell us what was at that moment going on in the House of Commons, in the 'Times' printing-office, and in Windsor Park,—all three easier to guess, and at least as easy to know, one would think. But you shall see her yourself."

A few days after this, a friend of my brother, Cleveland by name, returned from a tour he had taken for the benefit of his health, in Edward's company. We had not heard from Edward for some ten days, or more; and it happened that I wished to write to him on business. So, hearing that Cleveland had returned unexpectedly, I sought him out, and inquired where my brother was. He started, and seemed uncomfortable, and then answered:

"We did not agree very well: I was in a hurry, and he preferred to travel slowly; so he left me at the Aigischorn, and I came home at once through France."

The answer, and Cleveland's manner, were a little peculiar. Why did Edward "leave him," rather than he Edward; seeing that it was he who wished to travel fast? And why did he seem agitated on seeing me? But I was not much surprised or disturbed. Probably Cleveland had behaved ill, and driven Edward to leave him in disgust, and was now ashamed of himself. For he had the reputation of being quarrelsome in the extreme, and was certainly shy, nervous, restless, and uncomfortable to an extraordinary degree. Edward, than whom no more kindly and patient friend ever lived, had always taken his part: had affirmed that Cleveland was a man of genius, and thoroughly good at heart, and had chosen him, much to my surprise, as his companion, in the hope that travel, change of scene, and rest from anxiety and over-study might bring him better health and spirits. Certainly the experiment had been a complete failure. Cleveland was pale, thin, sallow, and careworn; his habitual restlessness greater than ever; the unmistakable expression of nervous suffering on his face more marked than I had yet seen it. His eyes moved incessantly, never steady for an instant in their gaze, but never meeting mine. His left hand, constantly trembling, was occupied with a paper-knife; his right fumbled continually at the handle of his table-drawer, which he did not open. I was touched by his evident illness, and turned from a subject which seemed painful to him. I talked about the college examinations; told him of my success: and finally, of the *clairvoyante*, for whose *levée* of that evening I had received two cards of admission.

"Let me go with you," he said, sharply and suddenly.

"With pleasure," said I. "Only we have little time to lose; I must be there by seven, it is now twenty minutes after six, and you have your toilet to make."

For, though dressed with faultless neatness when he appeared out of doors, Cleveland always spent his days in his room in a curious undress; his naked feet thrust into a pair of worked slippers, his arms and throat bare, his short curled hair covered with a Turkish fez, and his upper garment consisting of a sort of sack of red flannel,

falling to the knees, and with two holes cut in it for the free play of his muscular arms. It certainly seemed as if some time would be needed to transform this strange figure into a London dandy. But it was done in five minutes. He turned the key in the table drawer, laid down the paper-knife, passed into his bedroom, and returned in an incredibly short time, in plain black evening dress, his small hands nervously drawing on a pair of white kid gloves. I, who never wear a "tail-coat" if I can help it, was almost ashamed of my own attire. We started, however, arm in arm; he walking at a pace with which I could scarcely keep up. The *séance* had not begun when we arrived; and the room into which we were ushered was a dark one.

"Bring a light, please," said Cleveland, abruptly, giving half-a-crown to the servant. And he remained in the entrance-hall till the light was brought, and we entered the room together, "I hate darkness," he observed, impatiently. "I always think of death."

Other visitors arrived; we were admitted to the operating room, where we sat in a semi-circle, some twelve of us, surrounding the couch on which the patient sat, already in a deep mesmeric sleep. Mr. Arnold stood behind her. She looked exceedingly beautiful, I must say; and what you would call extremely fragile. I felt sure, as I saw her, that she was doomed; and I was inclined to accuse the mesmerist of her murder. He did not think, of course, that he was injuring her; I did; and I think so still. A few passes, and she was roused into that undefined and uncomprehended state of the nervous system which is peculiar to the subjects of mesmerism, and which I can neither describe nor explain. Mr. Arnold gave permission to us each in turn to put a question to her. Several were asked; I only remember the three last. After all the others had been answered to the satisfaction of the querists, Vane inquired:

"What is there on the table in my study to-day?"

The girl paused a moment—said:

"I have been there before . . . Oh!" with a shudder of disgust; "it is a hand—a woman's hand—oh, horrible, horrible!"

Vane whispered across Cleveland, who sat between us:

"She never was there; but she described it all perfectly last time I saw her. To-day I brought a specimen, preserved in spirits, of frightful disease of the hand. She would not, if she saw it, know it for a woman's."

Cleveland's turn was next. He was very pale, and his ungloved right hand was clasped on his heart. The glove had fallen to the ground, and he was absently crushing it with the restless motion of his foot.

"How shall I die?" was his question, in a deep, tremulous, husky tone, that made us all start with sudden horror.

Its effect on the seeress was still more marked. She sprang into a sitting posture, and trembled from head to foot, seeming unable to speak. The question was repeated.

"I—don't—know," she slowly replied: then

suddenly. "Oh, no! no! NO!" the last word rising to a shriek.

Cleveland's face was ghastly beyond description or conception. There was a pause: Mr. Arnold exerted himself to calm the girl; and presently called on me for a final question.

"What has become of my brother?"

A moment's hesitating silence: a strange look of surprise, information, horror unspeakable, succeeding one another on her pale, delicate face; and then a fearful, unearthly scream, which froze the very blood in our veins. I never knew before what "spiritual terror" meant. Assuredly, I would rather meet any bodily danger than hear that scream, and see that face again. Even Arnold was appalled, or I think he would have interposed before the answer came in words: at first low, tremulous, uncertain; then clear, rapid, agitated, while the girl's whole frame quivered with terrible excitement.

"I see—a mountain of snow, a precipice on one side, a narrow road winding along the edge. Down, down—at the bottom of that precipice, in a dry bed of a stream—there is a body, covered with blood—oh, horrible! I cannot bear to look. It has been thrown there—thrown down from the road. Wait a moment, and I will tell you how. There are two men—they come out of a house, and they are walking up the snow-mountain, along the road, close to the edge of the precipice. One of them turns—he will not go on—he will go back. The other laughs at him; he speaks—I do not hear what they say—he speaks kindly to him. But the pale man is angry, he strikes his friend—oh, God! he has flung him over the precipice, he has murdered him!"

I was horror-struck; I could not rouse myself to think or speak. The girl's look and tone carried conviction, as strong as if the scene she described in these broken sentences had been actually passing before her eyes. Vane's voice it was I heard next:

"What is the murderer like?"

"He is tall, strong, pale—" She sprang suddenly from her seat. "He is HERE!" she screamed, and laying her hand on Cleveland's shoulder, she exclaimed, with a shriek which rang through the room, "THOU ART THE MAN!"

I need not attempt to portray the scene that followed. Indeed, I could scarcely see or hear. I only knew that Cleveland had sprung from his seat, dashed aside the arms that were stretched out to seize him, and was gone. The girl had fallen back upon her couch in violent convulsions; and the mesmerist, himself trembling in every limb, was trying to awaken her from the unnatural sleep which had been visited with so fearful a vision.

Vane got me out of the room, I do not recollect how; and when I became fully conscious of what was passing, we were on our way to Cleveland's lodgings. Arrived there, Vane inquired if he was in, and was answered—"Yes, sir; he is just gone upstairs. We were quite frightened about him, he looked so ill." We ran up to the sitting-room, which was on the first floor. The table-drawer was open; in it my eye caught sight of some papers, tied in a bundle, and directed in

Cleveland's bold but irregular hand to me. Beside these was the silver-mounted ivory butt of a small pistol. Cleveland's hat and gloves lay on the table! the owner was not there. My hand was on the latch of the bedroom door, and I had just become aware that it was locked, when the report of a pistol rang in my ear. I felt as if it had been fired close to my head. In another moment Vane sprang at the door, burst it open with his weight, and we entered the bedroom.

Cleveland lay on the bed—his white shirt-front soaked with blood. The still smoking pistol—fellow to that left in the drawer—had fallen from his right hand, which hung by his side. Vane tore open his dress, and we saw a small hole, just above the heart, in the scorched vest and shirt, from which the blood had sprung over the clothes. Life was already extinct, of course.

* * * * *

The papers directed to me were produced at the inquest. They contained an account, incoherent but circumstantial, of the murder of my unhappy brother, committed, said the writer, in a moment of passion, utterly unpremeditated, and bitterly repented. The paper closed with some strange and incomprehensible passages, expressive of gratitude and affection for the murdered man. Vane's evidence induced the jury to return a verdict of insanity, and Cleveland's remains received Christian burial.

It was not till the third night after his death that I was able to sleep. Then my slumber was deep and profound; and it was with difficulty that my landlady roused me at nine the next morning, to receive "a large foreign letter, which she thought might—might be of consequence." I jumped out of bed mechanically, and received it at the door.

Good heaven! it was Edward's handwriting—bore, too, a postmark only five days old. It must have been posted after his death by some one who had taken possession of his papers. I tore it open. More astonishing still, it bore date the same day on which it was posted. A passage in which Cleveland's name occurred, at once attracted my eye. It ran as follows:

My unlucky *compagnon de voyage* has left me. I was forced to let him go; for he quarreled with me, and would have struck me, on a precipitous path, with a sheer descent of a hundred feet on one side, and an equally steep ascent on the other, where one false step would have cost one or both of us our lives. He had been moody and restless all morning, and, finally, as we reached the most dangerous part of the road, stopped, refused to go any further, and declared that he must immediately return to England. I was surprised, and when I noticed the expression of his eyes, a little alarmed. I tried, however, to laugh him out of his sudden fancy, but had no success; he grew angry, and, when I persisted, struck at me with his alpenstock. I warded the blow; and he instantly turned, and ran down the hill as if the furies pursued him. I waited till he was out of sight, and then retraced my steps, hoping to find him at the hotel. But he had been too rapid in his movements; had paid the bill, and was gone, an hour before I arrived, nor could I follow him, for no vehicle or horse was left in the place. If he gets safe back to England, my dear fellow, pray look after him; for—though you must keep it to yourself, or only

hint it to Dr. Vane—I am firmly convinced that Cleveland is, or soon will be, *INSANE!*

Insane! here was the solution of the terrible mystery. Edward was safe and well; and the whole story of the murder was the creation of a diseased brain, of which all who heard it had been the dupes, and of which the deluded author was the wretched victim. The vision of the *clairvoyante*, coinciding as it did with the story previously written out by the self-imagined murderer was a mere reflection of his delusion, which hastened his end before Edward's return could dispel the horrible fancy. The event gave such a shock to Arnold that he never ventured to practise the art again.

"And has it not had the same effect on you?" I inquired. "I should have thought it would have caused you to shrink from all such mysteries and mummeries for the future."

"Far from it," returned Clay, seriously. "It seemed to throw a certain light on a difficult and abstruse part of physical science; for I need hardly say that I regard the phenomena of mesmerism and *clairvoyance* as purely physical, however abnormal; and I intend to follow out the clue, at least till I have learned whether or no all these phenomena may be traced to one cause—which we know to be operative in mesmerism—the influence of one human mind upon another, as metaphysicians would say; or, more properly speaking, of the brain of one human being on the nervous system of another artificially excited and peculiarly susceptible. If it be true, as I suspect, that no *clairvoyante* ever has told us or ever can tell us anything that has not already passed through the mind of some living and present mortal—that they all are mere receptive mirrors of other minds—such evidence as I shall collect will go far to establish the truth, and to set men's minds at rest about the mystery; perhaps to teach them that, while on the stage of life, we are to be indulged with no real glimpses behind the curtain. You have let your pipe go out; mine is smoked to an end; good-night."

I did not sleep well that night, I confess.

PERCY GREG.

NEW ORLEANS.

WHOEVER has visited New Orleans, must think of her now, her foreign commerce destroyed, her long line of "levee" bare of ships and merchandise, cannon planted to guard every approach, and fifty thousand armed men ready to defend her from invasion. Her great storehouses are turned into barracks; her hotels, once marvels of luxurious living, are military hospitals.

A hundred miles from the mouths of the Mississippi, and close by the Lake Ponchartrain, lies this old—for that country—Spanish, French, and American city. The Spanish portion is small; the French is nearly half; the rest is Yankee, Irish, and German. These slowly intermingle; but the Creole French will but rarely unite with the Yankee interlopers. You may walk three miles in New Orleans, in a thoroughly American city; then you cross a wide street, and find your-

self in a thoroughly French one, in buildings, manners, customs, and speech. The bar-room has given place to the café. Churches, convents, theatres, shops, are all French. It is as if only the width of a street divided Dover from Calais; or as if one could, with a hop, skip, and a jump, step out of New York and into Havre.

Some great philosopher has pointed out the providential circumstance that large rivers so frequently run past great cities. New Orleans is highly favoured in this particular. The Mississippi drains a country of fifteen hundred by two thousand miles area. It is four thousand miles from its mouth to its sources in the Rocky Mountains. Many of its branches are more than a thousand miles in length. For its last five hundred miles, the Mississippi is more than a mile in width, and has a depth of from twenty to thirty fathoms. For hundreds of miles the country through which it runs is a great plain of cotton fields, swamps, and forests. The banks of the river are higher than the country on either side, so that when the melting snows of the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains pour down their million torrents through the Ohio and Missouri, the Mississippi overflows her low banks, and the whole country is a lake, in places from fifty to a hundred miles in width. To guard against these annual or more frequent floods, dykes of mud, called *levees*, are raised along the banks for hundreds of miles. Such a levee, in some places ten or twelve feet high, protects New Orleans. I have seen the great river-flood even with, and at some points running over the top of this levee, and down the gutters from the river into the swamp, or Lake Ponchartrain, which is on the same level as the Gulf of Mexico, and several feet below that of the neighbouring river, even at its lowest stage. The downward slope of all lands from the river is the peculiarity of New Orleans, and the whole country on the Mississippi, up to the bluffs, hundreds of miles above.

And what a place to build a city! There is scarcely a mile between the river and the swamp. New Orleans, some six miles long, built around a bend of the river, is therefore hardly a mile in width, and the highest land is the bank of the river, and the levee raised upon it. Here, in prosperous days, lay miles of shipping, ocean steamers, and river steamers. The city, with all its massive buildings, rests upon a plain of soft alluvium of unknown depth. Dig a hole the depth of a spade, and it immediately fills with water. Drive down a pile, and the farther it goes the easier it can be driven, until it sinks down by its own weight and disappears. Of course there are no cellars, and the only foundations of the largest buildings—granite edifices, five or six storeys high,—are some planks laid upon the surface, and built upon. The streets have been paved by laying down brush as a substratum for stone. The cisterns are all above ground. The very graves are built up above the surface. They are tombs of masonry, generally brick covered with stucco, but often faced with marble, and the coffin is placed in an oven, as it is called, which opens at the end. The remains of mortality are sealed up, flowers bloom around,

and in the French cemeteries there are garlands and crosses of *immortelles*, and on Sundays and festivals groups of mourners wander among the pretty and tasteful tombs, as at Père la Chaise. In a year a place may be wanted for another coffin. Death is often active in New Orleans. In no other city—save for some great public calamity, as of late in England—did we ever see so many women in mourning. But there is no need to build another tomb. The door is opened, and corpse and coffin are gone. Only a handful of dust remains. The sun, so near the tropic, is very hot, and even marble is too porous to retain the elements of our frail mortality.

Where life is generally short, and more than usually uncertain, people try to crowd much enjoyment into a brief space. New Orleans is—or was—the gayest city in America. In the winter, when there is no fear of yellow fever, when the cotton, and sugar, and tobacco crops come pouring in, and business is brisk and money plentiful, thousands of planters and traders come down the rivers to New Orleans. A great floating population from Boston and New York, and all the West gathered for business and pleasure. The great hotels were crowded, the theatres were crammed; the city, whose permanent population is not more than 150,000, rose to 300,000 souls.

New Orleans—French and Catholic before it was invaded by Protestant Americans—kept Sunday in the Continental fashion, as a religious holiday. The Creoles have not changed their ancient customs. They go to mass, and also go to market, which, on Sunday morning, is more crowded, more noisy, and fuller of Creole and negro gaiety than on any week day. There are also military parades on Sunday morning, and the theatres are open in the evening as at Paris. When the Yankees first went to New Orleans, with their Puritan ideas and habits, they were shocked at this desecration of the Sabbath; but they did not fail to imitate and exceed it; so that the American side of the city is now far noisier on Sunday than the French. As the Yankees go to extremes in everything, when they do break the Sabbath, they break it into very small pieces.

This tendency to extremes is shown in the fact that Northerners, from New England or New York, when they emigrate to the South, become the most Southern of the Southerners, and the most ultra of pro-slavery men. As masters they are noted for their severity to their slaves. As a rule, the Southerners are easy and indulgent; but Yankee adventurers, who have made or married plantations in the South, are hard and exacting masters. They make more bales of cotton and more hogsheds of sugar to the acre than others; and, of course, their negroes must perform more labour.

Not a few men of Northern birth are now taking an active part in the formation of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Yancey and Mr. Slidell, for example, were both from New York. A gentleman of New Orleans whose hospitality the writer has often enjoyed, and who had a Creole wife and a lovely family of children, was a Yankee from Massachusetts, and is a brigadier-general in the Confederate army, now commanding a brigade in North Carolina. The Southern

cities are full of Northern men, and there are none more earnestly devoted to the cause of Southern independence.

There is a charm in the life and society of New Orleans, difficult to understand, and impossible to describe. "No place like New Orleans," is the verdict of all who have lived there long enough to know what it is; and this in spite of the river that threatens to drown you, and the swamp filled with moschetoës and alligators: in spite of the yellow fever every three years, and months of every year with the thermometer above ninety degrees. "I had rather be a nigger in New Orleans, than own New York and live there," would not be considered a very extravagant assertion in the former city. Whatever may be the cause of the feeling, there is no doubt about the fact. The people are eminently social, generous, genial, and impulsive. The climate during eight months of the year is also indescribably delicious. Roses bloom, bananas ripen, and ripe oranges cover the trees in January.

There are little traits of character which may give a stranger some idea of the character of the people. The smallest coin in circulation is the picayune, or five-cent piece. Pennies, or cents, when brought from the North, are used by the boys for pitch and toss, but are of no use in making purchases. Ask a market man if his eggs are fresh, and he will immediately break one to show you, and then throw it into the gutter. A bar-room in New Orleans will hold a thousand people. I have seen one with a dome nearly as large and fine as that of the reading-room of the British Museum. Men drink a great deal—they say the climate makes it necessary—but they also drink magnificently. In such a bar-room there will be set out every day, free to all comers, a free lunch composed of soups, fish, roast joints, fowls, and salads, with bread and cheese. You eat as much as you desire, and the dime, or the picayune (five pence, or two pence halfpenny), which you give for the mint-julep or sherry-cobbler, pays for all.

These great bar-rooms serve the purposes of commercial exchanges. They have news bulletins, and the latest telegrams, as well as the daily newspapers. Men meet here to do business, and cargoes of sugar and tobacco, corn and cotton, change owners over glasses of "Old Bourbon," or "Monongahela." Here, too, are held auctions for the sale of stocks, ships, steamboats, real estate, and negroes. The people think no more of the transfer of one than of the other, as this legal transfer does not change the condition. The negro was a slave before the sale, and he is a slave after it. The laws of Louisiana prohibit the separation of families, and the change is as likely to be for the better as for the worse. We have seen many such sales, and never one in which the negroes sold did not seem more interested in the price they brought, as evidence of the good opinion formed of them, than in any other consideration. That a man should be a slave, may undoubtedly be a hardship; but, being a slave, the transfer of his service from one master to another is no more, perhaps, than the transfer of a tenantry, when an English estate changes owners.

Whatever may be the condition of the slaves in

New Orleans, there is no doubt that free negroes are treated with more consideration than in any northern city. Many of them are rich, and the owners of slaves. We can well believe what we hear of their being banded together for the defence of the city, and of their having made large contributions for the Confederate cause. The survivors of a corps of negroes who helped to defend New Orleans, under General Jackson, have had a post of honour in every eighth of January celebration for half a century. The sons and grandsons of these free men of colour will no doubt be found in the ranks, fighting for their beautiful city, whenever it shall be threatened by the far more hated northern invader.

WIDOW HOUET.

In the Rue des Mathurins in Paris, in the year 1821, there lived an old widow lady, called Madame Houet. She had two children; an idiot son, and a daughter married to one Robert, a petty wine merchant. Her brother, Lebrun by name, had left the old bourgeoisie a comfortable independence. She enjoyed an income of 6000 francs a-year, principally from her brother's bounty. Lebrun had also provided a portion for his niece on the occasion of her marriage. Robert and his mother-in-law were always quarreling; and so great was the ill-will subsisting between them, that the widow had been heard to say that she expected nothing less than death at the hands of her hated son-in-law. On the 13th September, 1821, Robert appeared at the Rue des Mathurins as early as six in the morning, and invited Madame Houet to breakfast. The old lady was compelled to wait till seven for the arrival of her servant. At that hour she scolded her attendant for appearing later than usual, put on her shawl, and hurried out of the house. She was seen by several passers by. Her hands, they said, were hidden in her dress. She seemed disturbed in mind, and talked to herself as she went along; she was observed in the Rue de la Harpe, close to the house inhabited by Robert and his wife, and was never seen alive again. At eleven o'clock Madame Robert appeared at the house in the Rue des Mathurins to inquire after her mother. They had waited breakfast, and could not understand the absence of their guest. At mid-day she came again, and said then she must give up all hope of seeing her mother.

Next morning Robert was informed that Madame Houet had not returned home at all.

"Do not tell my wife," he said, "it would distress her. I will tell her myself on Sunday."

In the course of two or three days after this mysterious disappearance, the widow's servant received a letter posted in Paris, and purporting to come from her mistress, in which it was stated that Madame Houet had gone for a short trip with a friend into the country, and expressly forbade her domestic to mention her departure to any one. One Vincent, the tenant of one of two houses at Versailles, owned by Madame Houet, received also a letter stamped Saint Germain-en-Laye, professing to be written by his landlady, and hinting that by the time it reached its destination, she would have put an end to her existence with her

own hands. It was suspected even then that the letters were forgeries. The signature was imitated; but the manner of expression was widely different from that of their pretended author. The local authorities were desirous of examining the premises of the widow at once, but they were opposed by Robert. It was clear, he argued, that his mother-in-law was not lying dead in her own house. They waited for some time, but on the 1st of October they insisted on making an official search. Little light was thrown on the tragedy by their proceedings. In the room of the widow were found six bank-notes each for 1000 francs, as well as more than 700 francs in gold and silver. It appeared, therefore, that Madame Houet had not been murdered for her money. But though it was clear that no stranger had robbed the old lady, it was by no means clear that Robert had not made away with his relative in the hope of succeeding to her little wealth. He was generally suspected. He was known to have failed in trade, to be himself improvident and poor, and, at the time of his mother-in-law's disappearance, to have little else to depend on than some property of his wife's, worth about 200 francs.

After the disappearance of the widow, he obtained a charge on her property to the amount of 1500 francs. Here, then, was a motive for crime. Robert had manifestly gained by the removal of his mother. And it was now remembered that on the morning of the 13th September, Robert had been seen lurking about the Porte Cochère of his house as though watching for somebody, and it was remarked as singular that, on his being told that his expected guest had not returned to her own home, he had shown no eagerness to search for her, but had at once indicated his belief that her disappearance was not temporary, but for ever, by stating his intention of breaking the calamity gradually to his wife. There would be nothing so very terrible to communicate if Madame Houet's whereabouts had not been known merely for a few hours. Proceedings were commenced against Robert, but with no result. There was no evidence to throw any light on the widow's disappearance. Robert was suspected, but nothing could be proved. Three years afterwards an anonymous letter reached the Procureur du Roi, accusing Robert, and a companion of Robert's, by name Bastien. The inquiry was renewed, but the decision arrived at was that there were no grounds on which to proceed against Bastien, and none at present against Robert.

It was not till the end of 1832 that the authorities heard any more of the widow Houet. In France proceedings cannot be renewed against a criminal after the lapse of ten years. There was not much time wanting to complete the ten years that had expired since Bastien and Robert had got off by a verdict similar to the Scotch "not proven." In 1832 Bastien declared to the police that he knew the whole secret of the tragedy which had been covered by ten long years, and accused Robert of having assassinated the widow. The authorities wisely arrested Bastien on the spot, and issued orders for the apprehension of Robert and his wife. Bastien was searched, and on his person was found a pocket-book containing memo-

randa of great significance. One of these was to the following effect :

June, 1821.—M. Robert. Hired a cellar in the Rue des Deux-Portes, Rue de Vaugirard, "Maison Bourgeoise," with a good garden for fruit.

July.—Taken. About 700f. Lease in my name. Afterwards, money received for buying spade, pick, watering-pot.

Same day.—Bought near the "Grève" a half-measure of lime."

On the back of the scrap of paper containing the above, was written :

Plan for making away with the Widow Houet, for Robert and his wife. Reason for hiring the cellar and the house in the Rue de Vaugirard.

In 1824, a memorandum, at that time hopelessly unintelligible, had been found on Bastien, to the following effect :

Rue des Deux-Portes, 31. Rue de Vaugirard, 81. Mde. Veuve Blanchard, M. Poisson, M. Roussel, M. Véron, M. Robert, at Dannemoine, near Tonnerre.

This was explained by the new discovery. From the same tell-tale pocket-book were taken several rough copies of letters, among which occurred the following sentences :

Wretched Robert ! is it then fated that you will never escape punishment for your crime, as you have told the men whom you have compromised ? Have you forgotten that spot in the Rue de Vaugirard where your victim lies buried ? Do not think yourself safe. *Neither time nor the corpse is destroyed.* You and your wife are murderers. Don't you remember the cellar in the Rue des Deux-Portes ? And the house in the Rue de Vaugirard—have you forgotten it ? And the disappearance of your mother on Sept. 13, 1821 ? You coward ! you fancy your crime is atoned for ! But you stand very near the scaffold. Your idiot brother will have the fortune, and you—nothing but to repent. I mean to look after you, and give information against you, villain that you are !

Annexed to the foregoing extract was a plan of the garden attached to the house in the Rue de Vaugirard. In one corner a red cross called special attention to a particular spot. Another entry was as follows :

The authorities decided, as far as Bastien was concerned, that there were no grounds for further proceedings. In the case of Robert, *none at present.* This sentence is irreversible towards Bastien, who, according to the maxim *non bis in idem*, is secure. Even if he were to confess himself guilty, he need be under no alarm. The matter is decided.

Bastien appears to have written these letters on purpose that they might be discovered. They are evidently intended to inculcate Robert, and excuse himself. Rendered insolent in the mistaken idea that he cannot be indicted again, he is utterly reckless in all that he does. Providence is at last bringing down on him the punishment which has so long been imminent, and "quem vult perdere, prius dementat." It appears indeed madness on the part of Bastien to have carried about with him a document so damning as the first of those quoted. Acting on the clue it furnished, the authorities proceeded to make inquiries as to old tenants of the house in the Rue de Vaugirard. It was dis-

covered that the tenement in question had been let to Bastien by a widow Blanchard, in July, 1821. Bastien had given out that he was a countryman, whose wife was anxious to settle in Paris, in order to educate her children. To a woman of the name of Saintin he had stated that he had hired the house for an acquaintance called Sanze. Both tales were false. At the end of a month a gardener, one Victor Jean, was employed by Bastien in the garden, but the house remained unoccupied. The landlady grew disquiet at the fact of her house remaining unfurnished and uninhabited, and was informed that, notwithstanding its deserted condition, people and lights had been noticed in her garden at strange hours of the night. At the end of three months she obtained the permission of the police to break open the doors. Next day Bastien re-appeared, and paid his rent.

Robert and his wife were arrested almost immediately at Bourbonne les Bains, but, at the preliminary investigation, it was declared that there were no grounds for the detention of the wife. Bastien and Robert only were detained, and committed to trial.

It was now felt evident that the secret lay buried in the garden of the Rue de Vaugirard. Thither was turned the attention of every one interested in the case, and thither, on the 26th April, 1833, proceeded the judicial authorities, accompanied by such savans as they deemed necessary for the elucidation of the mystery. Bastien and Robert were also conveyed in close custody to the supposed scene of their crime. In a room in the fate-fraught house assembled the Procureur du Roi, Orfila the physician, accompanied by a colleague named Dumoutier, a Garde municipal, and two stout men to take charge of Bastien and Robert. They advanced without delay into the garden, where workmen were waiting with tools, and where was prepared a table with pen, ink, and paper, ready for the transcription of any necessary report. The Procureur du Roi examined the plan which he had brought with him, and rapidly compared the ground with the sketch. The place indicated by the red cross was manifest. It was under an apricot-tree. "Dig there !" he cried, pointing to the suspected place, and the workmen began to ply spade and pick briskly. Not a sound was to be heard, except the grating of the spade against the soil, and the dull thud of the falling clods. The spectators stood round in breathless silence. The Procureur du Roi was probably as little doubtful of the result as the two prisoners. Presently one of the workmen felt his pick sink into the soil without resistance. They had reached some underground opening. Bastien started in spite of himself, and the police grasped his arm with a tighter hold. A moment more, and the guilty would meet the dead whom they thought for ever buried out of their sight. They must often have pictured to their disquiet consciences such a scene as was being transacted. It had come in stern reality now. "Take the greatest care how you go on now," cried the Procureur de Roi, "and mind you break nothing." The workmen threw down their tools, and proceeded with their hands. They dug away in the hole the pick

had made, and found that it had broken into a kind of vault, formed by incrusted lime. The top was removed, and at the bottom lay a skeleton. The teeth and hair were in good preservation. Round the neck was a cord. A ring glittered on one fleshless finger. "The corpse," said Orfila, "has evidently been covered with quick lime. But they forgot the water. The lime, therefore, instead of consuming the body—which was probably the object of the depositors—has preserved it. The bones are complete."

"Gentlemen," said the Procureur du Roi, turning to Orfila and his colleague, and to two other members of the faculty who had in the mean time arrived, "you must perform a miracle for me; you must rebuild that body, and tell me all about it. You must tell me whether these scattered bones belong to one person, or to several. You must tell me the sex, and the age of that skeleton, and how many years it has been buried in that pit."

The bones were conveyed to the dining-room of the house, and the doctors began their examination. The shape and smallness of the bones, the thin tapering figure, as well as the shape of the head, indicated that the skeleton was that of a woman. They belonged to a person four feet eight inches high. The condition of the skull and some of the vertebrae suggested that the woman had been advanced in years. The hair was of a yellowish white, and very short. The teeth were very long. The nails, undestroyed by time, showed no signs of having ever been worn away by manual labour. The hands appeared to have been singularly small. The Procureur seemed perfectly satisfied as each of these particulars was in time determined. At the conclusion of the investigation he begged for one other item of intelligence. The medical committee fixed the probable age of the deceased at the time of her death at about seventy years. But could they affirm how long she had been lying dead? Not decisively, they replied; but they thought about ten or twelve years. As to the cause of death there could be little doubt. Round the vertebrae of the neck were still twisted the six-fold turns of a rope; and the direction of the rope, winding downwards instead of upwards, corroborated the supposition that it had not been so twined by the deceased herself. It was, moreover, remarked that, as the bones lay in the pit, the head was lower than the limbs, and that the legs were bent. It was clear that Madame Houet had been strangled, and that her body had been stowed away under the lime within a short time after the murder, and before the limbs had grown rigid in death. It is said that when the inquisition had thus nearly ended, M. Dumoutier, an ardent believer in the then comparatively modern doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim, took the skull in his hands, and, as he felt its conformation, said:

"The woman whose head I hold in my hand was miserly, jealous, and suspicious. She was alike timid and passionate."

This last blow to the safety of the secret which the two prisoners had so long deemed sure, for a moment shook the impassibility of one of them. Robert trembled, and seized the arm of Bastien

for support. But the touch of his companion recalled his composure. He made a gesture of abhorrence at the momentary contact, and relapsed into his previous insensibility.

On the 12th August, 1833, the trial commenced, under the presidency of M. Hardouin. The case had excited much attention, and the court was crammed with the curious. The principal witness was in her place even before the Judge. On a table before the bench lay the skeleton of the murdered woman. Bastien and Robert were summoned to the bar, and appeared—the former in the ordinary guise of a respectable artisan, his eyes hidden under huge green spectacles; the latter, a man of between sixty and seventy years, lank and spare in figure, in a great grey coat. Bastien was first examined;* and at once disclosed the tactics of his campaign. He had made profit by a crime in which he had no share.

"Were you aware of the disappearance of the widow Houet?"

"I learned it three or four days after from Robert."

"After her disappearance, did you receive from Robert 250 francs?"

"After I knew of the murder, I made him give me money."

"How were you connected with Robert?"

"I agreed to hire a cellar in the Rue des Deux Portes for him, to store wine in. Robert afterwards wished me to hire a house in the Rue de Vaugirard for the reception of smuggled goods. I agreed in good faith and paid a portion of the rent to Madame Blanchard."

"In March, 1823, did you not make Robert sign promissory notes to the amount of 30,000 francs?"

"It was rather earlier."

"In October, 1823, did you not write to Véron a letter threatening Robert, in which you said, 'Robert will sign anything I wish him?'"

"I do not remember. It may be so."

Bastien then proceeded to confess, with perfect composure, that in 1824 he had received from Robert three sums amounting to 160 francs; that in 1826 he had extorted from him bills to the amount of 17,000 francs; that in 1827 and 1832 he had endeavoured still further to bleed his wretched victim. The only means he confessed to employing was his knowledge that Robert was an assassin.

The President told him that the reason of his unreserve was his belief that the former verdict in his case was irrevocable.

He continued:

"When I said that I had nothing to fear, I meant that I had nothing to reproach myself with."

"Did you hire the house in the Rue de Vaugirard in your own name?"

"Yes; but Robert was with me. He stayed outside in the street."

"The landlady says she saw no one but you."

"Very likely, monsieur. At the same time, I

* It must be remembered that French trials almost always commence by the examination of the accused by the President of the Court.

was, as always, only the puppet. Robert was pulling the strings behind the curtain."

"You received the key?"

"To give it to Robert."

"But you went frequently to the house?"

"Sometimes, but only while the fruit lasted—to gather plums and apricots!"

(And by his own confession he knew what was lying under the gnarled roots of those apricot-trees!)

The President remarked on the improbability of Bastien having hired the house on Robert's behalf for smuggling purposes, and afterwards making no remark on the fact that Robert never came near it. Bastien stammered out an incoherent reply. M. Hardouin continued:

"You bought a spade and a pick: why? Had the gardener no tools?"

"The gardener had been dismissed. Therefore Robert sent me to the Temple to buy tools."

"You bought lime on the Place de Grève—for what?"

"Robert told me it was to whitewash the kitchen. I asked no further questions."

The President remarked that the tools were bought soon after the house was taken. The gardener was not dismissed for a month.

M. Barruel, a chemist, deposed, that the quantity of lime found on the skeleton amounted just to two "décalitres," the common half-measure of the markets of Paris.

The President demanded of Bastien how he knew that the widow Houet had been strangled, before the discovery of the body.

Bastien replied that, one day in the September of 1821, he was talking to Robert in the Rue de Vaugirard Garden, that they had some words together, and that, pointing to some mould which had been newly turned, he had said:

"Are you the murderer of your mother-in-law? *What have you sown there?*" And he turned over the soil with his foot. Robert, in deadly terror, fell at his feet, and cried: 'Monsieur Bastien, forgive me! Do not be my ruin! I will give you all you ask—my fortune is yours!' And so it has been," added Bastien. "*Ma foi!* I've bled him ever since!"

"Where did he make this avowal?"

"On the very spot."

"Did he tell you how he had done the deed?"

"No."

"Then how did you know that Madame Houet had been strangled?"

"He must have told me; but I forgot."

"You told a different tale when you were arrested. You said you seized Robert by the throat behind the Luxembourg, and threatened him into telling you then."

"I kept back the truth for the trial."

"When you were put on your trial in 1824, why did you not tell this story in your own defence?"

"All my intent was the other way. If I ruined Robert, I lost the bills I held in his name. He was my milch cow."

Bastien's examination was considerably longer, but the abridgment above contains the most important passages. Robert was questioned next. He either was, or pretended to be, of very weak understanding. His replies were confused, and at

times unintelligible. He failed in contradicting the alleged ill-will said to have subsisted between himself and the deceased. He affirmed that the large sums of money he had paid to Bastien were extorted from him by the terror in which he held his comrade, not as "particeps criminis," but simply as a bad man of strong will. Bastien declared that he had won 20,000 francs of him in a wager, and threatened to wring his neck if he did not pay. He believed that Bastien was a member of Vidocq's gang, an additional reason for his dread.

Many witnesses were called to prove the constant extortion exercised by Bastien on Robert; their frequent quarrels, and their mutual recriminations. It appeared that they were generally shunned by their acquaintance, as being soiled with the infamy of some foul deed. Robert exclaimed at this portion of the case, that Bastien threatened among other things, to burn his house down, if he refused to pay further sums.

The President asked:

"He threatened you, you say. Did he ever strike you? Bastien, did you ever strike him?"

Bastien. "I never struck a child even. I had but to say 'Remember the Rue de Vaugirard,' and he would do anything I asked. He was ready to do anything to avoid what—what has come now."

Robert. "Ah! If he had said that, I would have resisted, for I was confident in my innocence."

Bastien (violently). "Hold your tongue! You are a wretch! a villain! a villain!"

Robert. "He pressed me; I was always cheated; I didn't know what he meant; I was afraid of him; they got me to put my name—I had goods—wines—liqueurs—"

M. Hardouin. "But come to the point! This is all foreign to the real question!"

But that was beyond the power of the accused. He wandered further. To anyone accustomed to the strict decorum of an English court of justice, these disorderly discussions will seem very much out of place. The next witness of importance was one Gouvernant, a pettifogger of the law, to whom Bastien had denounced Robert.

"In 1824," he said, "I was in correspondence with both these persons. Robert made certain communications to me, asked my advice, and showed memoranda of which I could make nothing. Bastien read them, and finding that they spoke injuriously of him, said, 'Robert must be a great scoundrel, but I shall know how to make him pay for it.' Accordingly he extorted money from him. While the search was being made, Bastien said, 'I know all about the murder and who did it: it was Robert. But I have his bill for 17,000 francs. Will it be cancelled?' I said 'Yes.' Bastien said, 'If they get to the right place in the garden, I will tell all. If they don't "burn," I shall say nothing.' Bastien was in a state of great excitement during the search. In 1827, I met Bastien again. He said he had been unfortunate, and complained of Robert. He proposed to go to Villeneuve-le-Roi, to threaten Robert, and I consented. He said we should want proofs, so that there might be no doubt, and sketched me a plan on which the place where the body lay was marked by a red cross. I went to

Robert and said, 'Did you murder her—yes or no?' He showed great sang-froid, and said, 'I don't know what you mean.' 'You soon will,' I said, and then showed him the plan. A woman, apparently agitated, came to the door, and said, 'M. Robert, you are wanted.' He went out; but was back directly. 'What shall I do?' he said. 'Did you murder your mother-in-law?' 'Bastien's a vagabond.' 'Did you murder your mother-in-law?' 'Bastien is a vagabond; he has got all I have; how am I to know that he won't denounce me and get my head off for me?' 'You need not fear,' I said. 'When he has sucked the last drop, he will leave you alone.' Robert asked an hour to decide. I found a crowd outside the door, and Bastien shouting, 'Robert is a murderer.' 'What,' cried the crowd, 'A man who has private property! A man of position! Good God! is it possible?' 'Well,' said Bastien, 'he demands an hour.' 'An hour! very well!' And then he chalked on the door, 'Robert murdered his mother-in-law, September 13, 1821.'

Gouvernant then related Bastien's inquiries as to whether he was still liable, and it would seem that on this point, Gouvernant had given his client very dangerous counsel. At the same time he declared that he had said: "Take care. You compromise yourself by compromising Robert."

Gouvernant continued.

"I should like," he said, 'to denounce him to the heirs.' 'What would be the use, if the wife is innocent?' 'They are both guilty. It would be as easy to make their heads drop, as to drink a glass of water.' 'But,' said I, 'perhaps nothing will be found; the bones may have been destroyed.' 'In that case,' said Bastien, '*I undertake to find a ring.*'"

Here the auditory were much excited.

The President. "Bastien, how did you know that there was a ring in the pit? You said Robert told you nothing of it."

Bastien. "Probably he did, though. Anyhow, is it surprising that a lady should have a ring on her finger?"

Gouvernant. "I asked Bastien to give me details of the crime. He said, 'You don't know Robert. He is a man of extraordinary sang-froid. The woman was probably strangled or smothered.'"

The President. "Bastien! What made you talk of strangling or smothering before the discovery of the corpse?"

Bastien. "Robert must have told me. When I took him in the garden and threatened him with the police, he wept and groaned, and confessed that he had murdered his mother-in-law, and buried her directly afterwards. He said he pretended to introduce her to a money-lender."

"In the morning?"

"Yes."

"On foot?"

"Yes."

"Was any one with him?"

"I do not know."

"Did he say he had strangled her himself?"

"Yes."

"When did he make the pit?"

"The night before." (Sensation.)

"And this is the first time you have alluded to all this?"

"I should not have let the trial conclude without speaking."

After this, other witnesses were examined. Robert made a long, incoherent statement. The advocates on both sides addressed the Court, and M. Hardouin summed up. But to give the further proceedings in detail would throw no new light on the mysterious case. Against Robert the only material evidence was that of Bastien. Against Bastien there was little but his own words. His knowledge of the ring and the strangling,—his hiring the house and buying the lime,—were strongly in his disfavour. But even these facts are not wholly irreconcilable with a possible hypothesis. It is difficult to believe that both the prisoners were not morally guilty; but whether they were legally so, is not so easy to perceive. The verdict of the jury is not the least singular part of the whole proceedings. They deliberated for an hour and a half, during which interval the ladies in the court prayed for permission to enter the ante-room, whither the skeleton of the murdered woman had been conveyed. Their verdict was, that Bastien was guilty of having committed the crime with premeditation; Robert of having employed him to commit the murder by bribes and promises. They were both condemned to the *Travaux Forcés* for life. Bastien attempted suicide with a chisel in the van which conveyed him from the court to the *Conciergerie*. But the wound was slight. That the two condemned had done the deed between them seems indubitable; but what was the share of each,—who was the employer, and who the tool,—or whether they were both engaged in the actual deed of violence, is apparently uncertain. The jury found them guilty, with "extenuating circumstances!"—a too common verdict when the jury are doubtful whether prisoners are guilty at all. But the logic of jurymen transcends all the ordinary laws of thought.

The late verdict of an *English* jury on the murderer of the student at Chichester, is a proof (among a thousand others) that crassness of mind is not confined to *French* juries.

RAGS FOR THE RAGGED.

It is a curious phenomenon to find society at a loss for rags, yet such is actually the case. At this moment the shreds and tatters which compose the fluttering livery, the "looped and windowed raggedness" of beggary constitute one of our chief national wants. The rags which have grown too old and rotten any longer to cover the nakedness of Lazarus, are coveted for the use of Dives, to whom they will, after having undergone a certain transformation, become the ministers of the highest intellectual enjoyment.

This is a very striking illustration of the great truth that dirt is only matter in a wrong place. In days of yore rags were a nuisance of the worst kind. They were not only without use but full of mischief. They bred disease and harboured vermin,—they were in everybody's way, and were only harmless when they had been reduced to

ashes. No sooner, however, had the paper-maker discovered the precious secret of converting rags into one of the most beautiful of manufactured articles, than what was formerly a noxious refuse was recognised as an important element in the wealth of the world, stimulating industry, extending commerce, and accelerating civilisation.

Although various fibrous substances have been made available in the manufacture of the coarser qualities of paper, rags are still reckoned indispensable to the production of really good white paper. The supply of this raw material is limited, and for many years past has been found quite inadequate to the requirements of the mills. One reason of this is, that rags are now worked up again into cloth in the shape of shoddy, mungo, devil's dust, and other textures of which the shrewd folk of Dewsbury best know the secret. The chief cause, however, is that the consumption of paper has increased much more rapidly than the use of clothes and the consequent formation of rags. Curiously enough, in this and other respects crinoline has been of some service to literature. The extensive skirts, which have been fashionable of late years, getting worn out in the course of time, necessarily yield a larger quantity of rags than the scanty dresses of the old style. Then, again, the penmakers having found additional employment for their rolling-machines in preparing steel ribbons for hoops, can afford to sell their pens at a cheaper rate. This is a singular proof of the complex relations of things in these latter days.

The wearing of clothes into tatters has not, like the colouring of pipes, risen into a profession, but the collection of rags is an occupation from which, throughout Europe, many thousands derive a livelihood.

In France, for example, the work is prosecuted much more thoroughly and systematically than with us. Across the Channel the *chiffonnier* forms one of the most picturesque institutions of the social system, and is a stock character in all dramas and romances. The most superficial student of French literature cannot fail to have been introduced to these wild men and women, equipped with basket on shoulder and sharp-pointed stick in hand, who pick up a living among the refuse of the streets. There are, it is calculated, between 4000 and 5000 *chiffonniers* in Paris, and their average daily earnings amount to from 7½*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* per head. There is also a nomad branch of the same profession; and in sequestered rural districts one may hear the hoarse melancholy cry of the *pillawer*, wandering from farm to farm in quest of *chiffons*. So minute and extensive is the search for rags in France, that there is scarcely a house in the length and breadth of the land which is not visited at least once or twice in the course of the year by the indefatigable collectors. The value of the rags gathered annually throughout the land is estimated at about 400,000*l.*

In England the collection of rags is conducted by the marine store-dealers—so called, apparently, because they deal in everything, save what could, by the remotest chance, be required as marine-

stores. The black doll with the white smock which used to be the sign of the rag-shop has almost entirely disappeared, but the latter is generally rendered conspicuous by large and violently coloured cartoons which point a moral and adorn the wall. In these remarkable works of art we have portrayed the astonishment of Mr. Brown on seeing his wife arrayed in the height of fashion, and on learning that she procured her gorgeous raiment by selling the contents of the household rag-bag at the "Original old Dolly-Shop,"—the delight of the Muggins' family over a miraculously large goose and a monster plum-pudding, derived from the same source—together with other domestic incidents of a similar touching character, all illustrating the same useful moral, which is set forth in doggerel stanzas underneath, lest any one should miss it.

These shops, for the most part, bear a very bad character, being, in too many cases, only disguised receiving houses for stolen property, and respectable people naturally dislike to countenance them. Moreover the dealers rarely take an active part in collecting rags, although they buy all that is brought to them. Hence, while cast-off and cast-out materials, rags of all kinds, office-waste (envelopes, old letters, &c.), worn and broken metal, bones, and other kitchen refuse are becoming every day more and more important as elements in our national industry, the present provision for collecting them is not only very inadequate but does not command public confidence.

In the streets, too, other kind of refuse, infinitely more precious, is also running to waste from sheer neglect—the refuse of our population, the offspring of our social Pariahs, the wretched young Arabs of the great city. It is not long since there occurred to a number of benevolent persons the happy idea of rendering the utilisation of the material refuse subservient to the redemption of the moral waste.

The Shoe-Black Brigade, which was established in 1851, has done good service to the cause of juvenile reformation. Large numbers of the young outcasts of the streets have been drafted into its ranks, and have exchanged a life of sin and misery for a career of honest industry and comfort. But then there are limits to the blacking of boots. One cannot be always submitting to that operation in the midst of an admiring circle of gaping boys, although there is one benevolent old gentleman, of my acquaintance, with a very warm heart and a crop of very aggravating corns, who suffers a daily—sometimes hourly—martyrdom from his inability to resist the touching appeals of little red-jacket to "Have yer boots shined,"—no matter whether they shine already like Valentine's shield or Miranda's mirror. Some additional outlet is required for the overflowing energy of these brave little lads, and this the Ragged School Association is now ready to provide. "We purpose," says Mr. J. H. Lloyd, the honorary Secretary, "to form a brigade of carefully chosen boys, under the title of 'the Rag Collecting Brigade of the London Ragged Schools,' who, under proper superintendence, will be employed in calling periodically at our houses and offices to purchase,

according to a regulated tariff of market rates, the refuse material we have to offer them. They will be clothed in a suitable uniform, and will be provided with covered trucks, scales, and receipt books, and pay ready money for their purchases. During the first few months each party will be under the care of an adult superintendent, for the better satisfaction of the householder and for the instruction of the boys in their duties. Store-rooms will be obtained, where, under skilled management, the stuff will be sorted for sale. This might provide suitable employment for girls. It need hardly be pointed out (if the scheme attains any magnitude) how advantageous the collection of this waste will be to the paper and other staple manufacturing trades. It is calculated that efficiently to work London alone, by periodical visits, upwards of 1000 trucks and 5000 boys might be remuneratively employed. We propose to start with ten trucks and thirty boys, for which, in providing uniforms, trucks, trading capital, and fitting suitable premises, &c., 400*l.* or 500*l.* would be required to be raised by benevolent contributions; beyond this it is expected the brigade will not only be self-supporting but provide for its gradual extension, and further, form a fund for the permanent assistance of the boys themselves."

The history of the Shoe-Black Brigade encourages us to anticipate a great success for this new scheme. Since it was established, the London shoe-blacks have earned 11,955*l.*; and the united earnings for the last financial year amounted to 4548*l.*, a sum which represents the polishing of no less than 1,119,320, pair of boots. In the collection of rags and other refuse there is a wide and valuable field of industry, and both paper-makers and philanthropists have the deepest interest in the prosperity of this new Ragman's Roll.

J. HAMILTON FYFE.

A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF KLEINUNDENGREICH.

THE Prince of Kleinundengreich was holding a council, the importance of whose deliberations was marked by the fact that his Serene Highness had already smoked six pipes, and yet the council had not broken up. The prince commenced his seventh pipe, and the Count Fuchsenhaupt, who united in his own person the various offices of Prime Minister, Lord Treasurer, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and President of the Council, continued his statement of the financial difficulties of the Government.

"The road which intersects your Highness's dominions is so out of repair as to prevent all ingress and egress. Consequently trade is almost at a standstill. The army is in a state bordering upon mutiny, partly in consequence of their not having received their pay, partly in consequence of the damaged state of their pantaloons, which they allege makes them both uncomfortable and ridiculous. The Exchequer is dry."

So, seemingly, was the speaker; for, as he concluded, he took a long pull at the beer with which the council habitually moistened their deliberations.

"Hundert Teufel!" exclaimed the prince, who, always preserving a proper sense of his own dignity, never deigned to invoke less than a *hundred* satanic agencies.

All the members of the council were emphatic in their several degrees.

Baron Hartkopf, throwing back his head in despair, brought it in violent contact with the wall behind him, and turned round anxiously to discover whether he had increased the expenses of Government by seriously injuring the walls of the council chamber. As the bringing of flint and steel into contact with each other will elicit a spark from the former, so did an idea seem to be struck from the head of the Baron by its collision with the plaster. The idea is worthy of notice, as the only one that had ever been known to come from the baron.

"Repair the road and the pantaloons," he said.

"The suggestion of the noble baron," replied Count Fuchsenhaupt, "would have been well worthy of consideration, had not such a proceeding as he proposes been impracticable. We have not the money, and, therefore, not the means of mending the road; and the pantaloons are too far gone to admit of any repair."

As no other suggestion was hazarded, the council moodily broke up.

"What can have become of the Baron Storgammer?" said Count Fuchsenhaupt. "The Lord Chamberlain is generally a regular attendant at council."

Baron Hartkopf, to whom this remark was addressed, scratched his head, which, however, was not capable of giving birth to another suggestion.

At this moment the Lord Chamberlain appeared.

"An accident," he said, addressing the prince, "has prevented me from attending to-day the council of your Serene Highness. I had heard that the audacious plebeian, Max Bauerman, who was banished by your Serene Highness for the treasonable act of kissing your daughter, the Princess Amalia within the very precincts of your princely residence, was in the habit of daily traversing your principality. As I was riding this morning, I beheld him at no great distance from this place—"

"Tausend Teufel!" ejaculated the prince.

"I attempted to arrest the shameless intruder, but, as he avoided my grasp, I fell from my horse, and broke my—"

"What?" interrupted Dr. Blasenplaster, the court physician, proceeding rapidly and skilfully to make an examination of the injured nobleman.

"Pipe," groaned the baron.

The prince—his equanimity much disturbed by the financial statement of Count Fuchsenhaupt, and the news of the Baron Storgammer, attempted to restore himself by a walk on the terrace in front of his palace. His daughter was also on the terrace, and it seemed to him that as he appeared the form of a man suddenly vanished from the side of his daughter. Not being able to account for this phenomenon, he retired to consult Dr.

Blasenpflaster as to whether he might not have been subject to a spectral illusion. No sooner had he departed than the same form (that of Max Bauerman) reappeared on the terrace.

"Go away, Max!" cried the princess, "my father will be here again immediately."

"I will go, if you will only consent to fly with me."

"It will be so very wrong, and I ought not to leave my father."

"Your father can do without you. I cannot. Therefore, in common charity, you ought to come with me."

The princess at once felt herself very charitably inclined.

"We will fly together," continued Max, "to

the end of the world—to Hong-Kong—or, as that place has got rather a bad character, we will say to Canada, a country where the earth gives spontaneously everything that man can desire. There raspberry bushes grow so thickly that the difficulty is to prevent them from growing. There sugar can be extracted from trees. I will cut down a tree a-day—so we shall have plenty of firewood. At the end of the year I shall have cleared a large tract of ground. We shall be as happy as possible—"

"Living on love and raspberry jam," added the lady, somewhat discontented at the prospect.

"Why not?"

"Hundert tausend Teufel!"

It is not to be supposed that this emphatic ex-



clamation proceeded from the lips of the fair Amalia.

The prince had not gone far before he repented of his dangerous plan of putting himself into the hands of Dr. Blasenpflaster, and determined to make another effort to discover whether the figure he had seen was substantial or not. He half suspected that it was Max, and, in the hope of surprising him, had taken off his boots, and softly approached the lovers. It was his angry ejaculation that had so rudely disturbed them. The first impulse of the prince was to eject Max from the terrace by a kick so bestowed as to inflict the utmost ignominy on its recipient; but remembering that, as he then was, his kick would be as bootless as his leg, he hastily retired in order that he might put on his boots, and thus prepare him-

self the better for the assault. Max did not wait for his return, but, after repeating the treasonable act for which he had been banished, jumped from the terrace, and set off with a speed which promised to bear him out of Kleinundengreich in less than a quarter of an hour. The prince, on his return, perceiving that Max had escaped, was resolved that his daughter should not do likewise. He therefore imprisoned her in a wing of the palace, under the guardianship of the Fräulein von Steifschuren, who, from the fact that nobody had ever dreamt, or was likely to dream of, running away with *her*, might well be supposed one of the last persons in the world to do anything in the world to promote the elopement of two lovers.

That evening, the princess was sitting in a melancholy mood over the fire in a chamber of her

prison, and the Fraulein was in the enjoyment of a deep slumber (as was her wont) after a hearty supper, when the princess heard the following pathetic ditty sung from beneath her window :

Love's opportunity is ripe,
And I to catch it now am here ;
The "Herr Papa" he smokes his pipe,
Your guards are fuddled all with beer.

I nothing want but your consent,
And we'll be off this very night ;
Since last we met, the hours I've spent
In making ready for our flight.

I cannot enter at the door,
But I can to the window climb ;
I hear your fat old guardian snore,
So let us, dearest, lose no time."

This was sung in a low tone, but the self-satisfied singer could not help giving vent to a flourish at the end of it, which had the effect of awakening the Fraulein.

"What horrible screeching is that?" she ejaculated.

"Screeching!" replied the princess, indignantly. "You have no ear for music, Fraulein."

"If you call that music," rejoined the other, "I know who is the musician. It is Max Bauerman."

"And, if it is," said the princess, "will you not leave the room, and let me speak a few words to him in private? You know that he is on the ground, and I am up here."

"I will do nothing of the kind," answered the Fraulein, with firmness.

"Very well!" said the princess, calmly, at the same time putting the poker into the fire.

"What are you going to do now?" exclaimed the Fraulein.

"The means of death are never denied to the wretched," the princess solemnly replied. "This poker, when red-hot, will terminate my miserable existence."

The Fraulein was horrified, knowing that the princess was a determined young lady, and believing her capable of any rash act.

"There is a fire in the next room, and a comfortable arm-chair," said the princess.

"Well, I will go there for five minutes."

Now the princess well knew that the Fraulein would take in that arm-chair the rest of her interrupted nap. The Fraulein slept, and a ladder was softly raised to the window by Max. A modern heroine might find some difficulty in eloping from anything less than a bay-window; but the princess wore not crinoline, and succeeded in making her escape.

The Fraulein awoke some time after, and found that her charge had disappeared. Aware that she had been guilty of gross neglect of duty, she set about framing some story which might exculpate her. But not being remarkable for ingenuity, she invented the somewhat improbable fiction that Max Bauerman, mounted on a fiery dragon, had flown through the window, had cast her into a deep slumber by waving a wand which he held in his hand, and that when she awoke she found the princess had gone. Her explanation was received most contemptuously by the prince, who

told her plainly that she, the decorous Fraulein, had been drinking. But as he did not consider intoxication an excuse, and as she was the only object left on which he could well vent his wrath, he lighted his pipe and began to devise brave punishments for the unfortunate dame. His meditations were, however, disagreeably interrupted by the intelligence that his subjects had revolted, and that a mob, which his army had joined, and which exhibited as a standard a pair of tattered military pantaloons, was besieging his palace.

The prince and his few adherents hastily prepared for defence. Observing the eye of a rebel reconnoitering the palace through the key-hole of the door, the prince launched from his pipe, which he had not yet relinquished, a volume of tobacco smoke at the spy, which much discomfited him. This temporary success, however, was of little avail. The door was burst open, and one of the most athletic of the rebels actually succeeded in breaking Baron Hartkopf's very thick head. The prince and his party were so panic-stricken by this astounding feat, that they immediately abdicated. The prince escaped from his dominions, and finally found his way to Canada, to Mr. and Mrs. Bauerman, with whom he is now spending the remainder of his days in tranquillity. A number of German princes, equally august and intelligent, are preparing to imitate his example on the first opportunity.

LOVE v. BEAUTY.

VERDICT FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

LOVE, perched one day
On an orange-spray,
Saw Beauty wiling
The time away,
In a bower of his own red roses.
Ah! chuckles he,
"Here's work for me!"
As he lies where the maid reposes.

"How dare you stare,"
Quoth the lady fair,
"Strutting, and bridling,
And ogling there?
None of your pranks on me!
I'm up to your tricks and your plots, sir, now!
And I won't believe your strongest vow,
So let *by-gones by-gones be.*"

"Oh!" whimpered he,
"But you used to be,
To my sacred rites,
Such a devotee,
To all my lures a friend."
"Well, well," said she;
Yes, that may be,
But it's '*never too late to mend.*'"

Then aloft he flew,
And his bright bow drew,
And the silver arrow
Went whistling true
To the roguish maiden's breast;
While she, blushing, laughed, with a well-feigned sigh,
"Come, it's no use fighting with *Destiny,*
And '*second thoughts are best!*'"

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoying in the gynnyn causeth mykel error in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER VII. AN INVALID.

THE doctor's predictions were verified.

It was with difficulty that Wilford Hadfield was moved from the Grange to the cottage. Symptoms of illness increased to an alarming extent; the acute painfulness of his disorder was intensified. He was soon in a state of entire helplessness, prostrate on the bed in Mr. Fuller's spare room. A violent attack of rheumatic fever had deprived him of the use of his limbs. He was destined to be for many weeks a prisoner in the doctor's cottage—a prey to a very painful malady.

The attentions of the doctor and his family were unremitting. The poor sufferer could hardly have been better, more tenderly cared for. Daily Stephen Hadfield rode over from the Grange to inquire after the welfare of his brother. At the worst stage of his illness Dr. Barker had been brought from the Mowle Infirmary to see the patient, while there had been some thought at one time of summoning Dr. Chillingworth again from London. But Dr. Barker had assured the family that the invalid was in no danger; cer-

tainly, unless he was very much mistaken, in no immediate danger, while it was not possible for him to be in better hands than in those of Dr. Barker's very good friend, Mr. Fuller. All concerned were then convinced that everything was being ordered for the best; the more so that it shortly became evident that the patient's state of health was improving. Even Mrs. Stephen was at length brought round to this view of the case. It had been her first impulse to send for medical aid from London. In fact she was a London lady, and prone to the opinion that skill and science could hardly be looked for out of her favourite metropolis. But she could not fail to appreciate the care and cleverness of Mr. Fuller. To do her justice she had now conquered the fears she had certainly at one time entertained in regard to her brother-in-law. Once aware that he was really ill, having perhaps taken the precaution of ascertaining that his disorder was of no infectious character, and in no way threatened the safety of her children, she entered the sick-room confidently, with the full intention of aiding the invalid

and sharing in his nursing to the utmost of her ability. With much natural and constitutional timidity, and an absence of all force of character, Mrs. Stephen was, nevertheless, not so entirely the water-colour sort of woman she might at first glance have been accounted. A little wanting in certainty of expression, with an air of refinement and culture that seemed to negative the possession of feelings, although the effect was in reality only to restrict their demonstration, and a particularity in dress, especially in regard to the minutiae of the toilet, Mrs. Stephen Hadfield, notwithstanding these fashion-book characteristics, was genuinely kind and tender-hearted, with all feminine sympathy for suffering, and with abundance of the emotions that prompt self-sacrifice, had occasion ever demanded of her conduct of so high an order. Wilford, well, there was a strangeness about him which startled her whose respect for convention was inclined to be exaggerated; but her husband's brother, ill, helpless, in an agony of pain—dying, perhaps, all the noblest feelings of her heart had been excited on his behalf, and she would have toiled herself to death to benefit him in any, the slightest way. On the whole, Stephen Hadfield had reason to be proud of his wife. The woman had not been sacrificed to the lady—perhaps at one time there had been a danger of this—but Gertrude Hadfield had passed scatheless through the trial. Unlike some of her neighbours she had cleverness enough to perceive that although society requires from its members placidity and repose, by these are not necessarily implied either petrification of feeling or ossification of heart.

Have not sickness and suffering some kind of fascination for women? Is there not in these truly an "open sesame" to their hearts? But I fancy—may I so state without being deemed rude?—that women are always partial to anomalies, and that the combination of sovereignty and servitude involved in the act of nursing somehow particularly recommends it to their not too logical minds. Is a male writer to discuss such a question? But to rule in the sick room the slave of the sick man—is, it seems to me, a favourite position with women. There is a recognition of their power in it—while there is room for their tenderness—which, from its nature, must obey and serve rather than command and sway. Be well, healthy, vigorous in body and mind, and a woman finds something defiant in such a state—something antagonistic to herself, especially if she admit with M. Michelet, that she herself is "always an invalid,"—and her heart does not turn to you; your love will be too hard for her; you will rule and possess her, too, absolutely; she will be without a chance of governing ever so little in her turn, in her own peculiar way. Sink at her feet, pale, suffering, imploring her aid, and she will bend down with tears in her eyes, lavishing upon you the utmost treasure of her love, slaving for you as only women can slave, and she will be yours for ever, for will it not be your own fault if you permit her heart, once yours, to quit you when your health returns?

Gertrude, Vi, and Madge were indefatigable in their attendance upon Wilford Hadfield. If Mrs. Stephen was inclined to relieve the Miss Fullers of their share of nursing, the good doctor interfered

on their behalf. As a doctor's daughters, he said if they did not understand nursing who did? And had not Vi nursed so and so, and so and so, on such and such an occasion, and wasn't her name, as a nurse, famous all through Grilling Abbots? So Mrs. Stephen was compelled to withdraw her opposition to the labours of the doctor's daughters, and especially her proposition that the housekeeper from the Grange should be sent to render assistance. The whole household of the doctor's cottage, including Hester the cook and Hannah the housemaid, were at the disposal of the invalid, and what more could he or any one possibly require?

Wilford bore his sufferings very patiently. With deep gratitude he watched the kind labours of his nurses on his account. He was terribly weak and thin, and there were now perceptible threads of gray in his long tangled hair. He spoke very little, but he was evidently emerging from that state of lethargy and listlessness into which he had fallen prior to his illness, possibly as a symptom of its approach. There was an animation in his large black eyes they had not known for some time.

"He will be all the better for this illness," said Mr. Fuller to Stephen, "when we once get him fairly through it. He will start afresh, as it were, on a new road; he will leave old habits of life, and thoughts, and plans a long way behind him."

"Has he spoke of his future proceedings? Do you think he has changed his views at all?" Stephen asked.

"He never mentions the subject, and I am careful not to do so. But I take it for granted he thinks very differently *now*. I shall conclude that he does so until I learn from his own lips the contrary. His getting well, now, is simply a matter of time. Pain has left him, or nearly so; he has now to regain his strength, and we mustn't hurry him. A man doesn't recover in a day from an illness like that."

For the patient, the tedium of convalescence seems to be only a few degrees less insufferable than the tedium of illness. How the eyes of the sick man fasten upon all the details of the room, and thoroughly exhaust them! That is a dreadful moment when you feel that you have quite done with the paper on the wall, and that by no possibility can further interest even unconsciously be drawn from it. Wilford knew all the rose-buds by heart—he knew exactly where they would spring out of the scroll-work, and where they would disappear behind it; he knew the place in the pattern where, by some accident in the printing, the colour of one particular rose was some half inch from its outline. He knew each join in the paper. He had studied every pleat in the dainty white bed-hangings; he had traced human faces in the lines of the curtains till further variety seemed impossible; he knew every stroke in the chalk-drawing (from Carlo Dolce—by Violet Fuller) hanging over the mantelpiece, until the expression of the face, reverential but inane, quite wearied and oppressed him. He knew all the panes in the lattice by heart, especially those diamonds of glass of different hue to their

fellows, with a suspicion of green in them or a tendency to blue. What a relief—heaven, what a relief!—when Madge, kind Madge, brought in her canary-bird for the amusement of the patient, who was to be sure and ring the bell—the rope rested on his pillow—if Dicky became too noisy or troublesome. What a temptation for a sick man: ringing would certainly bring Madge back—not ringing—he had her pet-bird to contemplate, with yet the sure prospect of its mistress coming to fetch it in the course of a short time. He determined to wait and make what he could of the bird, still looking forward to another glimpse of kind Madge very soon.

The bird was inclined to be shrill sometimes, undoubtedly. There was a very ear-piercing quality about his note. Yet what a change and a relief to hear his glad, careless, triumphant *forituri*—to see him spring from perch to perch—sometimes a soft warm yellow ball, anon his plumage bristling out spread fan-wise in the air,—now sharpening his beak upon his sugar like a knife upon a steel; now tossing his rape-seed over his head like a conjuror playing with his cups and balls! It was a great comfort to the invalid to watch the bird, and the bird exhausted was there not the cage to turn to? its reticulations to count and examine, with the view of detecting crooked wires or uneven spaces?

It was known in Grilling Abbots that Mr. Wilford Hadfield was a visitor at Dr. Fuller's cottage. But the circumstances of the case carried explanation with them, and the fact was little commented on. Disinherited and dangerously ill it was not unnatural that Mr. Wilford should seek aid at the hands of his old friend the doctor, and Grilling Abbots had no objection to make to such a proceeding.

For many weeks was the sick man a prisoner in the spare room. When first he entered it the snow of winter mantled the ground: when he was able first to quit it there was the glory of the early spring abroad. The month that comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb was on the wane. The March winds had dried up the country soaked by the February rains. At sunrise swarms of rooks swept across the skies seeking their morning meal, battling with the breeze and circling and tacking to avoid it till they looked like leaves eddying at the fall. There was some warmth in the sunrays now, and the languor of coming summer in the air. The woods and lanes were scented with the buds. The hedges were losing their black, skeleton look; they were now purple and gold with renovated blossoms. The honeysuckle on the porch was already in leaf; the firs and alders were in flower, and green tufts, crimson-pointed, decked the larch. Time, which thus brought beauty to the year, carried convalescence to the sick chamber in Mr. Fuller's cottage. Be sure the early offerings of spring-time adorned the room and solaced the wearied eyes of the sufferer. Be sure Madge hurried to place in his wasted hands the first violets she could gather; how she had hunted under the fallen tree-trunks in the park—under the moss-coated palings, how she had wet her feet and soiled her dress in her search! Yet she returned triumphant, with

quite a bouquet—with snow-drops, too, and a first primrose—while placid Vi had joined in the quest, adding a pansy-bud gathered with some effort from the sunny top of the garden-wall. The doctor's daughters had toiled heart and soul for their father's patient. Much of his history they did not know, but it was enough for them that Wilford Hadfield was now poor and suffering—all the care and tenderness of their pure kind hearts was his again and again.

"Do you know, Vi," confessed Madge, "I was quite frightened at him when he first came. I thought him so grim and fierce-looking. I did not dare to say a word to him. But I've quite got over that now."

"There wasn't much to be frightened at, Madge."

"No, indeed, not, and he so sick and weak. Poor creature! I never saw any one look so bad as he did. I've become now quite accustomed to him. I begin to think he's quite handsome."

"Better-looking than Stephen, even?"

Madge mused, while Violet contemplated her rather closely it would seem.

"Yes, I think even handsomer than Stephen."

"Yet he's very worn and wasted, Madge; he looks much older than he really is, and how hollow his eyes are!"

"But they're no longer wild and savage now. When I took him those flowers he hardly said anything, but do you know, Vi, I think there were almost tears in his eyes. I think, Vi, you gave me the idea of gathering those flowers for him."

"No, Madge, indeed I did not." And Miss Violet turned away, perhaps to conceal a blush that was rising in her cheek. Heaven knows why.

He was very weak still, but on fine days he was able to leave his bed and sit at the window of the spare room looking into the garden.

"My nurses," he said, smiling faintly as he observed Vi and Madge below.

"Yes," said Mr. Fuller, "your old playfellows, years ago, Wilford. It seems a long while, now, since you were romping on the grass-plot with little Violet and baby Madge with the red locks. There have been changes since then."

"There have indeed." And the convalescent covered his eyes with his thin hands.

"Shall I read to you?" said the doctor, "or shall I send up Vi to read to you? I think she's a better hand at it than I am."

"No," answered Wilford, after a pause, "I'm busy—thinking," he added, with a smile.

"Yes," and the doctor patted him gently on the shoulder, "and that's the very thing I don't want you to do. Your body is not strong enough for you to be using your mind yet. You mustn't think—unless it be of the future—of getting well. Not of the past." And the doctor quitted him.

"No, not of the past,—not of that," said Wilford with a shudder.

He took listlessly a book, one of a pile on the table. He opened it mechanically at the title-page. His eye fell upon the name written on the fly-leaf—"Violet Fuller." He stopped at this with his eyes fixed upon the writing, and twice he

read the name aloud—deeply he seemed to ponder over it. Perhaps in that process of vacant meditation of Elaine's father—

As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why.

Perhaps in more pregnant reflection. At last he shut the book with a start, to snatch himself from a reverie that was only partly pleasurable.

The cottage drawing-room closely curtained for the night was lighted only by the red fire glowing in the grate. Violet Fuller was at her piano, now singing snatches of songs—now playing from memory fragments of tunes. Madge was in the surgery, helping—or making believe to help—her father in the business of compounding his medicines. There were the sounds of much laughter proceeding from that quarter of the house, and of much talking and merriment generally. Indeed, noise and merriment seemed to go hand-in-hand with Madge.

Violet Fuller had an exquisite voice. It was low-pitched and of silvery quality when she spoke—raising it in singing it was full-toned and glowing with the most noble music. Although she had received little instruction her tones were admirably under command, for her ear was perfect, and her power of execution, though acquired with little effort, was considerable. Music was with her a natural gift. She seemed to sing and play quite as matters of course. A contrast in this respect to her sister Madge, who studied music (in obedience to the prevalent opinion that it is the bounden duty of every Englishwoman to learn to play on the piano and sing "a little"), but whose natural aptitude for the study was limited—whose voice, though pleasant in quality, was often out of tune, and in whose playing wrong notes were frequently to be detected by a musical by-stander, although they were never remarked by the performer, who was only inharmonious unconsciously.

New and fashionable songs, in which weak words are wedded to weak music, and sentimentality is bought at the price of sickness, did not often reach Grilling Abbots. The sort of music politeness compels us often to hear in our friends' drawing-rooms, when a sylphide with a compressed waist rising from profuse tarlatan gasps out with husky timidity a feeble ballad of most conventional pattern, with a florid lithograph on its cover,—music of this sort would have found no favour with Vi Fuller, even if she had been able to obtain it. In this as in some other matters Grilling Abbots was a little behind the rest of the world. But an old well-worn book—it had belonged formerly to the late Mrs. Fuller—containing a selection of songs by Mozart furnished her favourite music. She would sit for hours at the piano singing through this book, and her love for the art—or should I say science?—was very great. She would sing all the same whether she had an audience or not; perhaps—but the sylphide with the wasp waist, who regards song as a means to an end, as an accomplishment enhancing her prospects in the marriage market, will hardly credit it—she even preferred to be

without an audience, when she could surrender herself wholly to the entrancement of her melody. She loved music for its own sake, and she sang Mozart's songs with all her love and heart and soul in her voice.

Most charming of composers! Let us listen for pomp and passion and solid grandeur to Beethoven; for religion to Handel; for weirdness and mystery to Weber and Meyerbeer; for orchestral epilepsies or tortured tunes let us search in the spasmodic scores of modern Italy; but for the poetry of tenderness, for the heart's own sentiment, shall we ever find these in greater perfectness than in the music of Mozart?

It was genuine unaffected singing, very delightful to hear. Her soft white hands floated over the keyboard, the taper fingers finding as it were their own way to the notes, for there was not much light in the room near the piano; her silver voice throbbing through the great master's melodies. And very charming to behold, too, was Vi Fuller seated before her instrument, her liquid grey eyes full of expression and feeling, and the red lips parted to let the heart-laden song stream forth; she was too admirable a vocalist to distort her face as she sung, though some admirable vocalists are distressingly prone to this defect; and she would sing till sometimes tears stood in her eyes, or her voice threatened to break into sobs; till the song awoke some potent echo in her heart, or music yielded to contemplation, and she wandered unconsciously and silently into strange labyrinths of thought. What was she singing now? *Voi che sapete*, say, or perhaps Zerlina's charming *Vedrai carino*.

She stopped at last, quite suddenly—she became conscious of the presence of some one else in the room—she could hear some one breathing behind her, could feel her hair swaying gently under the influence of the breath. She turned quickly, rather frightened.

Pale and gaunt, trembling, supporting himself by a chair, up and dressed, stood Wilford Hadfield, a strangely moved expression in his face. Vi exclaimed in her surprise.

"Forgive me," he said in a low voice, "I fear I have startled you."

"Are you not imprudent? How did you manage to come down?" Vi asked, hurriedly.

"Your singing," he said, "it seems to me, would bring back the dead; do not wonder that it charmed me down from my sick room, weak as I am—weaker even than I thought—I had to cling by the bannisters a good deal, yet I managed to enter here quietly. Pray forgive me, and continue to sing."

"But this is very imprudent; the doctor will scold you when he knows of it. You may catch cold again. You may retard your recovery terribly by this over-exertion!"

"No matter; I have heard you sing. It has been a balm to my pains and troubles. Pray sing again."

This appeal was so urgent, so weighted by tone and glance, that Violet could not but comply. She sang a few bars, but somehow a strange feeling possessed and awed her; her voice trembled.

"No," she said, with a slight agitation; "I

can sing no more to-night," and she closed the piano.

"Thank you! you have an angel's voice, Violet. God bless you!"

He took one of her delicate hands into his, pressed it tenderly, raised it to his lips. Then, with a start, he let it fall, trembled violently, and but for Violet's aid would have fallen. The tears stood in Violet's eyes, and her heart beat with painful quickness. A new emotion—marvellous, half painful,—seemed to be restless in her heart. What could it mean?

With some difficulty the invalid regained his room.

CHAPTER VIII. MADGE.

THE sisters occupied one bedroom.

Long after Madge had drifted into a deep sleep—she had kept awake to the last moment, talking upon all sorts of subjects with customary volubility; one or two of her more recent observations had indeed been in regard to topics well understood probably in dreamland, but slightly vague and meaningless in more material regions—long after this Violet Fuller's deep grey eyes were full open, painfully open, with a feeling that rest would not come to them; that a whirl of thoughts oppressed her brain, dazing and fevering; that there was a trouble within her that warred against and hindered repose. How she envied the perfect slumber of her sister—Madge of the large heart, with room in it for an universal affection, with her love not yet individualised and concentrated and brought to a focus; not yet in its immaturity appreciating the whole felicity of which it was capable, but still free from one single throb of pain, one suspicion of uneasiness! Madge, deep asleep, unconscious, beautiful, happy, and Violet, the calm, the placid, the apparently impassive, whence had gone that charm of perfect repose, soothing as soft music, which had been formerly one of her especial characteristics? Why that hectic colour in her cheeks? Why that new brilliance in her eyes? She raised her hands to smooth her hair from her forehead, and was startled to find how fiercely it burned, how violently beat the pulsings of her temple. She could no longer evade the question that seemed to present itself to her on every side with the persistence of persecution. *Did she love?*

Yesterday there had been no thought of such a matter. The rich stores of her heart were hidden from all; she was content with her life, had no wish unfulfilled, no ambition to satisfy. Through what agency was it that light from without had now stolen to those latent treasures and betrayed their value and beauty to herself, to the world? for so it seemed now, what was so clear to herself must be as apparent to others. She loved furtively, screened as she thought by her serenity, yet it needed but a glance from *his* eyes, a pressure from *his* hand, to reveal the whole secret, to tear away her mask. A sense of shame came over her at being discovered, a sense of unworthiness; with her reputation for good sense and propriety of demeanour, (some of the Grilling Abbots ladies had even accused her of prudery!) the head of her father's household, filling a mother's part to her younger sister, ought she to

have gone down in this effortless way, at the first hint? The tears rushed into her eyes, and she sobbed audibly. It was quite as well that Madge was a sound sleeper.

Her compassion had betrayed her into love; her pity for the sufferer—her sympathy—had brought about this cruel result, for it *was* cruel; she had never before in her whole life felt so truly miserable, and but for that overt act of homage that night during her singing her secret had been kept, she should never have known the state of her heart, all would have been well. She wished that she had never learned how to sing, that her voice had gone—at least for that night—that she had never thought of opening the piano. What mad freak prompted her to do so? She had not for a very long while done such a thing. But for *that* she had been safe and happy, and Wilford would have got well and left them, and she had never dreamed of loving him. *Left them?* She had never contemplated *that* before. Would he leave them? *Leave her?* Now that—yes!—now that she loved him? For she could not help it, and she owned she loved him. Would he go away from the cottage for ever? Oh, heaven! she would sooner die than such a thing should happen. Never to see him more! It would be death!

And then, of course, more tears.

This was in the first turbulence of her new discovery. By and by came calmer thoughts. *Did he love her?* And her cheeks crimsoned. What happiness if he did! What to her were all the stories about his past life? Did she not know him in the present? Had he not borne the pains of his malady with the patience of a saint? Yes; he loved her! She had read it in his eyes—eyes glowing with truth—eyes that could not lie. He loved her—perhaps—very likely—certainly—Oh, he must!—there could be no doubt about it! And with that solacing thought hugged tight to her heart Violet Fuller at last fell happily asleep.

How habit masters emotion! It would have needed a very close observer indeed to have remarked any change in Violet Fuller's manner as on the morrow she pursued her wonted domestic duties. To all appearance her demeanour was the same as usual—simple and calm as ever. Perhaps, on closer study, a certain under-current of restlessness might have been detected; but its manifestations were but slight, the surface was singularly unruffled. Doctor Fuller perceived no change, nor did sister Madge—if Wilford Hadfield noticed it, he held his peace upon the matter.

Words are hardly necessary to lovers; certainly they are not needed at the commencement of love; it is at later stages that oral evidence is wanted by way of confirmation to remove all doubts and satisfy bystanders. But at first, eyes are sufficiently eloquent, and manner tells the story pretty plainly. Perhaps it is better that happiness should come to us at first in not too unqualified a way; it is better to begin not so much "with a little aversion" as with a little uncertainty as to the issue. Violet looked into Wilford's eyes and doubted; Wilford read Violet's glances and trembled—yet each saw enough to make them both very

happy. For there is not so much unhappiness in uncertainty as some people would have us believe.

As time went on Wilford regained health and strength. He was still very pale and gaunt, but it was evident that his illness had wrought a great change in him. He looked much older, and he had acquired a certain air of sedateness—an attribute of middle life—which was new to him. Before, he had been reckless, listless; as a young man he had been rash, hot-headed, impulsive, with yet occasional fits of vacillation. His resoluteness had not been lasting; the opinions he took up strenuously one day he relinquished carelessly the next, unless some unexpected opposition brought into prominent action the obstinacy which was said to be a family characteristic of the Hadfields—an hereditary possession. Perhaps it is the nature of such a trait as this to strengthen with age. Certainly the lines about his mouth had deepened of late, evidencing an increased determination, a growth of power of will, while yet his large dark eyes were comparatively quenched; they no longer sparkled with that fierceness which had first alarmed Madge, and excited the attention of the company at the George Inn. Were they softened and liquified by love?

It was some weeks after Violet had made the discovery—which other ladies, be it said, have often enough made before her—that her heart was of combustible material, and that fire had been brought dangerously near it, or that it was itself capable of generating flame on the least admission to it of influence from without. No further words bringing revelation with them had escaped from Wilford; yet much was signified, so it seemed to Violet, by that mute homage, that air of deference, that delicacy of conduct a man cannot resist exhibiting towards the woman he loves, and in which Wilford did not fail. Perhaps she was tempted to lay exaggerated stress upon all the trivialities of daily life which were ceaselessly bringing Wilford near to her. Did it not seem, indeed, that he had made it a study to anticipate her slightest wish? For it was his turn now to wait upon her. It was for him, now, to gather at all risks the flowers she loved, to take interest in all the pursuits of her life, to assist her in her drawing and painting, to turn the leaves of her music, and laud in a low voice the beauty of her singing. How small such things seem to all but those immediately concerned in them, but how great, enhanced, and gilded, and glorified by love, to the actors in the scene! The chronicles of the small beer of love are matters of extreme moment to lovers, and justice has hardly been done to them by the rest of the world, nor patience nor forbearance sufficiently shown. What very simple words and phrases seem to be italicised and large-typed by love; what poor matters are enriched by it; what slight actions magnified; until a world of affection is conveyed in a glance, the devotion of a life in the handing of a chair, or an eternal tenderness in the lifting of a teacup! How large an affection seems to live in that "little language" Jonathan Swift prattled in his journal to poor Stella! And it is the same in all love's doings to the end of the chapter. There is great passion in small, very small proceedings. Love is the apotheosis of petty things; and Cupid turns

the world upside down, and makes the rich poor, and the poor rich. Soft accents become of more value than bank-notes—sighs than sovereigns; words are more precious than gold, and moonshine is a legal tender. A very insane state of things indeed!

"I must leave you very soon, now, doctor."

"Leave us? *Must?* Why?"

"I have been here too long already," answered Wilford, looking down.

"Don't talk nonsense," quoth the doctor, bluntly.

"But I am well now. I trespass upon your hospitality. I overtask your kindness. I have no right—"

"My dear boy, I'll tell you when we've had enough of you; and be sure it won't be for some time yet. Or is it that you tire of the cottage? that our simple mode of life here wearies you?"

"No, indeed, doctor, it is not so," Wilford said, with almost superfluous fervour. "I have been—am—very happy here."

"Then why go?"

"Some time or other I must quit you," and he took the doctor's hand, pressing it, "but never without a deep sense of the gratitude I owe you. You have been indeed a friend to me."

"Pooh!—stuff! And that's the reason you wish to run away from me as quickly as possible? That's why you contradict me, and upset all my plans?"

"No, doctor, indeed not; but I, too, have plans to carry out, and now that I am well again—"

"Not too much of that, Master Wilford. I hope you have not left off your quinine mixture in reliance on this fancied strength. It's madness to talk of running away yet. You must wait some months, at least. Besides, where will you go? To the Grange?"

"Never!" Wilford answered, firmly.

"Where then?" asked the doctor, rather anxiously.

"To London."

"What will you do there? I see you are tired of our dull rural life. You want gayer society. The racket and whirl and desperate brilliancy of London."

"No. For my part I could be content to remain here for ever. But that, you know, doctor, cannot be."

"But the Grange—"

"Is not mine. Have I a right to tax Steenie—to be a perpetual burthen to him? If it were even right that I should do so, still I have some pride left. Could I bear to live as his dependant? However kindness might veil it, the fact would be unchanged—tenant of a house not my own, in sight of lands lost to me by my own folly—yes, and sin. Is that the position you would ask me to accept? Is it one I ought to accept? Put my father's will out of the question—though some thought might be given to that, to its spirit and to its letter—ask yourself if it would become me, still young, gaining strength day by day—of mind, let us hope, as well as body—to become dependant upon my younger brother, and take toll, as it were, of property fairly his, and his children's after him. Could I do this honourably—honestly?"

The doctor evaded the question.

"What do you propose to do?" he asked, in a low voice.

"I will resign the name of Hadfield, lest—lest I bring further shame upon it. I will leave here for London; I will work for my living: I will try to win a good name for myself, and to make that name respected; I will toil heart and soul—with my intellect if I can—with this right arm should that fail me."

"Why these are the strange schemes you entertained before your illness," exclaimed the doctor, gravely.

"Yes, the same."

"I thought to have cured all that."

"Do you think that, during my long suffering upstairs, I have not thought of these things over and over again? Do you fancy I was lying there mindless—a mere log? Do you think I have not thoroughly worked out these plans in my mind? If they were founded on error surely I had time and opportunity then to detect it. They have been thoroughly winnowed, trust me. Had they been wholly worthless you should have heard no more of them—indeed, there would have been no more to tell of them. But they are right and true. You know it, good friend."

"No, no, I know nothing of the kind; I think them all stuff and nonsense, and egregious folly, and I'm sorry the medicine I have given you hasn't done you more good. I thought it would have cleared your brain of these mad cobwebs. I little thought while you were safe in bed upstairs that you were damaging your mind by turning over all these absurdities in it."

"Was I to learn nothing from the past, or the present? But," he added, with a strange nervousness, and the colour flushing his face, "if there should be another reason, a most powerful reason, for my leaving you—"

"I'll hear no more," said the doctor, running away, "or by heaven the boy will convince me against my will! Why, he's as obstinate as all the Hadfields put together. He's the worst of the lot—the Hadfields? Bah! as the old gentleman himself added to the sum of them."

"If he knew that I loved his daughter!" cried Wilford passionately; "would he not rather drive me from his door than press me to remain? And I do love her! How good, how pure, how beautiful she is! Violet! dear Violet!" Then, after a pause, "And she—does she love me? Can it be? Oh, how unworthy I am of such happiness. Love me? Oh, God, if I thought that—but I must go, at once, and for ever. I must never see her more," and he buried his face in his hands, trembling very much.

Madge burst noisily, breathlessly, into the drawing-room, where Violet was busily at work with her needle.

"Oh, Vi! what do you think is going to happen? I was passing the parlour-door, and I couldn't help hearing. No, I wasn't listening on purpose, indeed I wasn't; only, of course, I ran off when papa came out, for I thought he might think I had been."

"What's the matter, Madge?"

"Wait a moment, I'm rather out of breath. But Wilford—"

"What of him?" asked Violet, in an eager voice.

"I heard him say that—"

"Make haste, Madge dear."

"Well, then, he's going away, going to leave us!"

"To leave us?" Vi almost screamed.

"Yes. Oh, isn't it a shame!"

"But when—when?"

"Immediately—as soon as he can—as soon as papa will let him. Why, what's the matter, Vi? Don't look like that! Speak, Vi, say something! Oh, how white she is!"

Violet had dropped her work to place her hands upon her heart, there was a strange look of suffering in her face, the colour quitted her cheeks—her lips; half fainting, she was supported by her sister.

"Oh, Madge, if he should go!" she moaned in a very troubled voice.

Poor Madge was terribly puzzled at all this. She had never dreamt of her news, important although she had judged it, creating effects so marvellous. Vi moved in this way; Vi, her elder sister, so little susceptible of emotion as she had deemed her, who always checked demonstration of feeling as much as possible; who, as a rule, received her younger sister's important communications with a calmness that had been only too provoking; Vi quivering like a lily in a tempest, and clutching Madge's arm to save herself from falling! Why, it was like a dream—quite like a dream, and Madge was almost frightened at it!

"What is the matter, Vi dear?" she cried, as she assumed the rôle of protectress, playing it with much grace and with great heartiness, it must be admitted, hugging her elder sister closely and kissing her impetuously, as though to bring the colour back to her pallid face.

"If he should leave me!" poor Violet continued to falter.

A new light seemed to shine upon bewildered Madge. Her child-heart seemed to be possessed of a new intelligence. It was as though she had by chance made a new and great discovery. Could it be really what she thought it was—what she had read of in books, and heard of from others, and sometimes pictured hazily and wondering to herself? Was this really what she fancied it must be? It was like—and yet it was quite different! How strange! And Madge felt herself indeed a woman, as she put her red lips to Violet's ear—her heart beating terribly the while; her face a bright crimson—and murmured in soft, fond accents:

"Oh, Vi, you love him!"

And Violet buried her face on her sister's shoulder; and then, how silly, how absurd, how tender, how feminine, why then of course the two dear creatures cried copiously, their arms twined tightly round each other!

They indulged with abandonment in that female panacea for a troubled state of the nerves and the sensibilities, "a good cry," and emerged from it, a little tumbled it may be, with a decided crimson upon their eyelids, and yet a hint of it—it seems harsh

to mention the fact with public opinion what it is in regard to it—and after all it didn't detract a mite from their beauty—with just a tinge of the same colour about the regions of their noses; and their hair, down, of course—and ruffled, till Madge's was like a furze bush in the shine of sunset.

But soon Violet recovered herself, smoothing her tresses and wiping away the tear streaks on her cheeks; fanning herself with her handkerchief to cool her flushed face. Something of her customary calmness returned, while to it was added an earnestness that was new to her.

"Mind, Madge, dearest, you must never reveal a syllable of this to anyone."

"No, Vi, I never will. I solemnly promise."

"Not to anyone; not even papa—certainly not to Wilford. I would not have him know it for the world."

"I'll be very careful, Vi."

"Thank you, Madge. Are my eyes very red? Do I look as though I'd been crying? I'll go upstairs and bathe my face. Take great care, Madge, darling, what you say and do."

"I will; I will."

And Madge sauntered into the garden. Indeed there hardly seemed to be room for her in the house—she had grown so much taller during the last half-hour—such a sense of importance had come upon her. She was the depository of so tremendous a secret; she had passed from childhood to womanhood at one bound. She was a woman quite now—the confidant of another woman, and the other woman in love; and the other woman Vi, her elder sister; and she, Madge, had discovered her sister's secret unassisted, all by herself, entirely of her own superior sagacity. She quite glowed with pleasure at this evidence of her cleverness. Vi in love! How strange—how nice—for all the world like a story-book—really in love—a romance in three volumes carrying on in the cottage, and she, Madge, a character in it—a sharer in the plot—an important person in the novel—the sister of the heroine—it was almost as good as being the heroine herself.

"And how will it end?" Madge asked herself.

"Oh, in the proper way, of course. If Vi loves him, why of course he must love Vi. How can he help it, and she so nice-looking and clever as she is? I'm sure there isn't a prettier girl about here for miles than my sister Vi, bless her. Why, there's Wilford in the garden! He's certainly handsome, though he is so thin. Well, I almost think that if Vi hadn't fallen in love with him, I should have."

What is the fascination about risk? Why do people love to skate on dangerous ice; to hover near the brink of precipices? Why did Madge, full of her sister's secret, long to prattle to Wilford Hadfield, and hover in her converse so close upon the confines of the secret? Yet there was an extraordinary charm for her in this. There was a consciousness of power and importance in thus talking with a man concerning whom she was in possession of information so important. It was unwise sport. Because the sense of her position was so new to her, it made her quite giddy; the secret was effervescing terribly; it was difficult to

stop babbling. She was like a bottle of sparkling Moselle with the wire off; the cork might fly out at any moment; her red lips might part, and the secret might be bubbling all over the place in no time.

She looked at Wilford and thought that he really ought to love sister Vi; and then came a tangle of thoughts. What relation would he be to her, Madge, supposing he married Vi? Oh, yes; why, brother-in-law, of course. And where would they live? and who would perform the ceremony? Oh, Mr. Mainstone of course, at Grilling Abbots church. And how many bridesmaids ought there to be?—and would the bride wear a veil, or a watered silk bonnet and orange blossoms—how pretty! and so on.

"You're not going to leave us, Mr. Wilford?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss Madge, I am."

"I heard you say so in the parlour, but I don't believe a word of it. Papa won't let you go, and I won't let you go; and I'm quite sure that V——" and then she stopped suddenly, and turned down her eyes, for Wilford's were fixed upon her rather curiously.

"Quite sure of what, Madge?"

"Nothing, only that you shan't go away" (and she thought she had recovered from her trip rather cunningly), "why should you? you're not well yet, for one thing; you're not half strong enough yet."

"But I cannot stay here for ever, you know, Madge."

"Why not? Ain't you happy here? Can we do more to make you comfortable? Can I? can—" she stopped, blushing terribly.

"What does the child mean?" Wilford asked himself; "does she suspect me?"

"Should you miss me, Madge, if I were to go?"

"You know I should."

"And be sorry?"

"Very sorry. But you'd come back, wouldn't you, come back very soon?" Wilford shook his head.

"Never, Madge," he said.

"Never! You don't mean that? *Never?* Oh, how shameful, how cruel, how unkind," and the tears glistened in her great, blue eyes. "You'll leave us for ever? Oh, don't say that—don't say that—no—" and Madge forgot all caution—"no, not to Vi—not to Vi. Why, it would kill her. You cruel man."

"Not to Violet? Again Violet," Wilford murmured, and he grasped Madge's hands and drew her towards him. "Why not to Violet?" he asked eagerly, trying to look into her face, which she hung down, burying her chin in her neck.

"Tell me, Madge, quick."

"Don't ask me, please don't. Oh, what have I said? and let go my hands; and let me go, do, there's a good, kind Mr. Wilford."

"Tell me, Madge. No, I won't let you go, till you tell me."

"Oh, I mustn't—I mustn't."

"Would Violet be sorry?"

"Please don't ask me; please don't."

"Would Violet be sorry? quick, quick."

"Yes, I—I think she would."

"More so than you—than any one?"

"Y—e—s."

"She has told you so—she has said this herself?"

"Y—e—s—O! O! O! Let me go." And she bounded away—free—frightened—crying.

"How angry Violet will be; how cruel of him to make me tell him! What a little silly I've been!" and Madge began to think she had better have relied less on the strength of her newly-discovered womanhood; better have been still a child, even if she had gone that afternoon birds-nesting with Tommy Eastwood, as had been at one time proposed and settled between them.

"She loves me—she loves me!" And Wilford passed his hand across his damp forehead.

Another moment and with a radiant face he had passed into the house—into the drawing-room, where Violet, with partially-recovered placidity was sitting trying to work.

(To be continued.)

DINNERS.

SOME little time ago there appeared in the "Times" some leaders, pointing out the lamentable want of ingenuity and invention in our native cookery, and suggesting the advisability of people's attention being turned to the due consideration of these by no means unimportant matters. Whereupon some letters were written in the columns of that journal, in which the writer appeared (at least to me) to wholly misunderstand the drift of the above articles, inasmuch as his culinary suggestions were only applicable to the tables of the wealthy, whereas (if I mistake not) the aforesaid leaders pointed only to the tables of those of moderate but comfortable means, in the hope that some benevolent individuals of this calibre, who had made this noble art their study, would kindly enlighten their fellow "incomists" how to avoid the monotony of that eternal saddle of mutton and those couple of chickens, separated *Creswellianly* by (that root of all separation) a tongue, by pointing out to them the numbers of snug little dishes, most excellent and piquante of their kind, and within the capability of the most moderate incomes—(some of them even made from the remnants of the British joint)—which they might with certain success place one at a time, "hot and hot," before even a fastidious conclave, not exceeding in number eight.

What is wanted, in the first instance, is a little boldness, and recreant must be he or she who would not show a bold front in bringing about so great and so desirable a reform. Oh, mature matrons! oh, young and aspiring housewives! fear not. Let not the "malignant and turban'd" spinster turn you from your purpose, nor heed the comments of the narrow-minded; but, like reforming Russell, stick to your bill of fare!

The skill requisite to produce this effect must be twofold—suggestive and executive;—the former supplied by yourself, the latter by a middle-aged female at 25 to 30 guineas per annum. (An extra 5% or 10%, believe me, gentle consumer, in the matter of wages, will, in this instance, be economically expended.) Choose

either a kitchen-maid from under a good cook, or a clever plain cook, for whom you must be always on the look-out for useful hints; but by all means, previous to testing your cook's capabilities before your friends, I would strongly recommend your having private rehearsals in a variety of culinary arts, and amongst those I consider of the most importance, I would mention the roasting of game, the making of bread sauce, melted butter, pastry, jellies, omelettes aux fines herbes, the cooking of macaroni, the art of flavouring sauces (avoiding in this almost entirely the use of spices), the cooking of vegetables, especially that much-neglected one, the potato; and last, not least, always attending to the *vis visis*, or strength of the stock-pot. One very important item in a dinner I have not named—a salad (when lettuce is in season), as this should be the work of your own hands—but of this anon.

If the size and shape of your room admits it, I prefer a round table. Yet this I do not insist on, but I do insist that your number at dinner should never (including selves) exceed eight. I do not think even Belgravian or Grosvenorian banquets should exceed twelve, as, without considering the sociable, but merely the sensual part of the question, I hold it to be a rule, that the merits of a dinner retrograde in proportion as you increase the number of your guests, and for the most obvious of reasons, every dish (excepting, of course, cold ones) being in a state of declension from the time it leaves the cook's hands. The very rich, with their retinue of servants, may obviate this by duplicate dishes, which I think even a dinner for a dozen demands at their hands. But my remarks do not point in that direction, but to humbler, though not less satisfactory gatherings.

And now, having thrown out the foregoing suggestions, above all, in giving your dinner, do not lose sight of the following maxim—*The Eye requires to be fed as well as the Palate*. This is full half the battle. Many a time have I left the table of my host, and said to myself, "What a capital dinner he gave us," and on thinking over (as one often does) what were its component parts, have been astonished to find that they were few in number, and simple (though of course excellent) in quality. Then how is it that I have been impressed with the notion that I had dined as well, if not better, than the daintiest Roman Emperor, and have gone on my way rejoicing? Simply because two senses have been called into play—my eye has been pleased and my palate gratified.

So on this head let me say a few words. Your room must be well lighted, but not with gas; there must not be a crease in your table-cloths,—I speak in the plural, for there must be two, or what some people use instead, "slips," which cover that portion of the table-cloth immediately in front of the people, which (whether it be the "slips," or the upper table-cloth), on being removed when dinner is over, and dessert put on the table, leaves a pure and unstained cloth underneath—a monstrous march this, as well in civilization as in economy; for not only may your table-top (as it generally is now) be made of deal,

but it almost saves a man half a day's work, as the old polished mahogany took as much cleaning as a coach-horse.

Assuming the dinner to be in number eight, there should be on the table between every two persons a small, neatly-arranged depôt of Cayenne pepper, black ditto, and mustard. That (by me) much respected authority, "Walker's Original," tells us one of the main comforts of dining depends upon the proximity of adjuncts: and when fish is on the table, instead of No. 8 waiting for melted butter and any of the bottled tribe of sauces he may fancy till seven other people are helped, let there be placed upon the table—and not handed round by servants—duplicate boats of melted butter (clear melted, if you please, instead of the usual bill-sticker's paste), and duplicate little silver (or electro-plate) baskets containing sauces in bottles. This removes the grievance under which No. 8 would otherwise be unjustly suffering. I have often been No. 8, and felt the hardship of my fate deeply: fish cold with sauce, or hot without, being the cruel but inevitable alternative.

I would advise that there should never be more than one dish on table at a time, not even soup and fish, but soup first, and then fish; as in addition to thus securing the proper amount of heat in each dish, it gives you room to place in the middle of your table some silver or china ornament, either Sèvres or Dresden, or something of Minton's manufacture (which is just as good), that will hold a choice plant. Nothing so pretty as some of the delicate fern tribe (maiden's hair, for instance, or rare heath). I hold a table crowded with anything, no matter what, dishes or anything else, to be an abomination, and maintain this to be a much better arrangement than (as one sees in a "dîner à la Russe") a mass of lollipops, and fruit and cakes, which I object to look at when eating savoury compounds.

Glass is a most important item; and I think in this matter the eye may be largely gratified. Nothing is more beautiful, or I think so beautiful, or adds more to the gratification of the eye, than well selected glasses and decanters. Designs and patterns in glasses must be left to the manifold tastes of individuals; but I think all are pretty well agreed that a drinking glass should be very thin, and somewhat of a cup shape, and large, that is, holding nearly double as much as those old abominations used to hold;—don't you remember them, reader? about as thick as a halfcrown, and going down to a peak at the bottom, in which was for ever deposited a caked lump of dirt, impossible to extract.

Each person should have two glasses, one larger than the other—the larger for Champagne or light wines, the smaller for sherry, also a glass bowl of water to dip his glass into: and in speaking of light wines, it reminds me to entreat you never to let such a thing be seen on your table, under any pretence whatever, as a *coloured* glass; and no one but a person lately returned from a life-long residence in Timbuctoo, or any such "diggings," would think of putting those old, long glasses for Champagne before civilised people—they are, happily, utterly exploded. Of course I could not

be so presumptuous as to attempt to lay down any *rule* about patterns or designs; but I may say thus much, that I think the two prettiest designs I know (and as they are both classical, you cannot well go wrong in selecting them) are what is termed in the trade the *key* pattern and the *lotus leaf* pattern: but whatever you may select, I do not think that it should cover the glass too much; the foot of the glass also should be ornamented with some slight, beading or scroll, and the stem should be tolerably long. For a claret jug I decidedly hold to the double-handed one (*αμφικυπελλον*); and I once saw and admired at the table of a friend of mine (remarkable for his good taste in all things, and the super-excellence of his dinners) sherry in little pint decanters with handles put upon the table.

I am decidedly for having *the wine on the table*, including Champagne (which should be decanted into long white bottles), so that people can help themselves when and how they like. I hate a servant coming round to you with wine; he always comes at the wrong time, and interrupts you when you are saying something remarkably clever to your neighbour or to the company generally, or he fills your glass too full, or if you are deep in conversation, fills it when you don't want it; in fact, it is a bore, and it is much more jolly to help yourself; and as there is never more than one dish on the table, and no lollipops *à la Russe*, there is plenty of room for the wine: besides, John and Coachee (if you have one), or the man round the corner with Berlin gloves (the thumb-ends of which, by the way, often get into your gravy), have quite enough to do to see to the changing of plates and heating of the same (except for iced pudding), and the "exits and entrances" of dishes.

But to conclude on the matter of glass, you will see the most beautiful designs, in vast variety, at Messrs. Dobson's, late Brumby's, in St. James's Street.

And now, having said much about the gratification of the eye, I will enter upon that of the palate: but, understand me, I am not writing a cookery book (though I will finish by giving you a few recipes); I am merely suggesting the *sort* of dinner which a person of moderate means may give for the same cost or thereabouts, or even less, than he expends on the old-established flesh-and-fowl dinner to which he has hitherto doomed his friends; and in pursuing such style of dinner-giving he will open out for himself a vast field for the exercise of a laudable ingenuity.

I know no better method of conveying my meaning than by illustrating it in the shape of a couple of bills of fare: they can (as the intelligent reader will readily perceive) be varied almost *ad infinitum*—it is the *style* of which I speak.

We will suppose your room well lighted, and your table laid as I have before described; your number eight, or under.

Let each person have half-a-dozen or nine oysters placed in his plate (a dozen is too many). Now, as the merit of an oyster depends mainly on its being eaten as soon as opened, and not allowed to get sodden (as all will testify who have eaten them in Wilton's shop in Great Ryder Street), a

slight *douceur* to your fishmonger will bring you, with the oysters, a boy to open them, which can be done immediately before your guests are summoned to dinner. One bottle of Chablis afterwards gives each a glass.

Then, pursuing the plan of one dish only at a time on the table, comes the *soup*—Cressy, strong clear soup, hare (without meat), green pea, soup à la bonne femme, soupe maigre, clear ox or calves' tail, &c., &c.

Fish. Soles aux gratin, or filets à la maître d'hôtel, and other piscatorial productions of that ilk, sound very grand and Grosvenorian, but they are perfectly within the compass of a thirty-pounder, and they form a pleasing variety to the plain fried or boiled; if you have salmon, please to have fennel sauce; and when you have melted butter for fish, to which sauces are added at the taste of the individual, you will recollect my injunction about the duplicate boats and clear butter. In long frosts, I hold a cod (crisp and curdy) to be about the best fish that comes to market; and I despise—nay, positively dislike a turbot or a brill, and look upon them both to be as great impostors as Barnum. If you have boiled or fried, never let it be served on a napkin, but on the plain strainer, as the flavour of soap is not, in my opinion, an improvement; and if you can teach a cook to make water *souché well*, I should be much obliged if you would, when you ask me to dinner, give me one of river perch in good season.

Soup and fish being over, produce oyster patties (see receipt), made in the same shape as very small mince-pies, about three inches in diameter. I have cautioned you about private rehearsals in pastry, therefore be very particular about your crust. Then let there appear a good-sized, deep silver dish, with spirit-lamp underneath, filled with hashed mutton, not with a thick but a strong sauce, with which should be mixed (but with great judgment) a little pickle, and this dish cooked as I have tasted it, is a thing not to be forgotten!

Now, old Noodle, don't look at me in that way. I know you are about to exclaim, "What! ask a parcel of people to dine with you, and give them hashed mutton! Why, it is what a man and his wife eat from what remains of the joint the day after a party. You *must* have a handsome joint on the table!" But I won't, you old cannibal! I had the handsome joint, as you call it, roasted yesterday, and not cut to keep the gravy in, on purpose to hash it to-day, and what's left I shall hash or mince, and eat by myself before the week is out; and if you dine with me to-day, I'll bet you two to one you're helped twice.

As each guest is helped to this most delectable dish, let there be handed to him in a wooden bowl, neatly tipped with a little rim of silver, potatoes "like balls of flour,"—a thing you will always find in a farmhouse, and by no means unfrequently in your own servant's hall; but alas! alas! seldom or ever seen at a gentleman's table. Oh, how I have lamented the loss of this root at dinner! for what is generally put before you—even at otherwise good tables—pigs would reject. Now, this *is* a simple matter, and, by constant agitation, you will eventually succeed;

but it requires a double-Dan power, I can assure you, to bring it about: and here let me observe in this course, which I would call the "Course of Resistance," there should be an exception to the general rule of only one dish at a time, as your guests should have a choice in this the main part of their dinner, and I would put on the table at the same time game, if in season, if not, we will say a dish of "pulled and grilled" fowl or turkey, and a cold, or perchance a hot ham (hereinafter alluded to), you will find on the sideboard, should you like to add a slice to this dish.

Then a roast. In this matter you have an immense variety to select from, the only one (according to my taste) I beg to expunge being a larded anything. Then an omelette aux fines herbes. Then a course of sweet things: four dishes, all of which I think should be cold, and they may therefore be all put on the table at once. Say an opaque orange jelly, well flavoured with the orange; a fruit tart (without crust I prefer it, in a large bowl or dish), an iced pudding, and flat narrow pastry and jam or marmalade sandwiches placed on the dish like planks in a sawyer's yard.

Then cheese cut in small squares. Let there be plenty of hot dry toast put on the table in a large round china or silver dish, and a dish of bloaters; and if you like a slice of the very best Yorkshire ham you ever ate, there is one on the sideboard. You have no idea how good the last glass of champagne tastes after it.

I have not forgotten the salad, which you will make yourself before dinner, this wise. Let no leaf but lettuce look at your bowl, each selected and thoroughly dried in a cloth; break—not cut—the leaves in large pieces, one leaf into about two bits; take in your left hand a table-spoon, put in it a very little mustard, some salt, some pepper, then nearly fill the spoon with vinegar; beat this well up with a fork, pour it on the salad, then add five spoonfuls of the very best oil (everything depends on this): stir the whole thoroughly for some time, till every leaf is saturated; also let each person stir the salad up before helping himself.

Then for dessert. Four dishes of glass or china: in the selection of their contents you must be guided by seasons and circumstances: only I stipulate always that one should be thin, plain, unsweetened biscuits, heated and crisp.

After you have done your drinking, let there be brought in,—in very small china cups,—coffee, which must be positively an essence, black as ink, strong as Hercules, and hot as—any simile you please. After which let there be brought to each a *chasse* of either dry Curaçoa or French brandy.

Then, if your liquor has been good, your champagne well iced, and your claret mellow, as you smoke your cigar when homeward or clubward bound, if you say not you have dined, I must pronounce you hard to please.

Yet, to sum up, what have you had?—Oysters, soup, fish, patties, hashed mutton; game, or pulled and grilled fowl, a roast, an omelette; pastry and sweet things, cheese, bloaters, ham, &c.—not forgetting the salad.

There is nothing here beyond the limits of the

fowl-and-flesh class of dinner-giver, but by boldness, ingenuity, and some trouble, a very different effect is produced. Moreover, I am inclined to think the above bill of fare will not entail a larger—or perhaps so large—an outlay as would the time-hallowed meal of great woolly turbot, with bill-sticker's paste and lumps of lobster in it, tallowy, half-cold mutton, fowls boiled to rags, and ill-cooked, greasy, uninviting cutlets, sent in, in all probability, from Tartlet's, the pastrycook, round the corner.

One other bill of fare I will briefly set before you, by way of illustration.

When in season, always oysters, as before.

1st, soup; 2nd, fish. These according to taste.

3rd. Lobster risolles, with plenty of fried parsley, or veal or lamb tendons.—(See receipt.)

4th. Being course of resistance, let there be at one end of the table either filets de bœuf, from the under part of the sirloin, served in sauce à la minute, or some other sauce (not a thick one), in silver dish, with spirit lamp underneath; or bubble-and-sneak, cut from the cold aitch-bone of beef, served not on cabbage, but mixed up in thale cannon, or, as some call it, col cannon (for which see recipe), or mutton or lamb cutlets à la minute, aux points d'Asperges, aux petits pois, à la Soubise, sauce tomate, sauce piquante, à la reform, or many other ways too numerous to mention; or, one of the best things in the world, an "Irish stew," and on the table at same time with one of the above at the other end. Game, or fricasseed fowl, or poulet aux cressons (with which eat salad), or a large round or oval sort of vol-au-vent, or open patty of chicken and ham, or veal and ham, either of which you may have, if you fancy it, flavoured with mushrooms.

5th. A roast.

6th. Maccaroni à l'Italienne.

7th. Four sweet things, one of which, for variety, may be a hot one—say either pancakes or baked apple-pudding (see receipt); or lemon pudding (see receipt); or gauffres (see receipt); the latter baked in a peculiarly shaped tin—square, with cells in it, impossible to describe, but which any first-class cook will show you, as it is well known; or apple-fritters, or a cabinet pudding, or any of the endless list of puddings which you may fancy; and three cold dishes put on table at the same time as one of the above hot ones—say an iced pudding, stewed pears, and a jelly.

Then, sthly, cheese, bloaters, &c., and ham on sideboard, as before; then dessert, coffee and chaise.

In having made the above remarks, pray let me not be understood to condemn the joint roast or boiled: it is much too good a thing to condemn; on the contrary, I have the greatest possible respect for it; and many a time, and oft, if good of its kind and properly cooked, not raw, or on the other hand done to rags, but with the gravy left in the joint, instead of having been allowed to escape up the chimney, prefer it to a compound. My only object has been to help to uproot the dull, heavy, sullen sameness of nine-tenths of the dinners we are asked to eat, and, by substituting the obviously rational method of one dish at a time, annihilate, I hope, the crowded, cooling

process hitherto adopted of covering your table with dishes supposed to be eaten hot half-an-hour before you want them, such of them as rejoice in sauces presenting, on being uncovered, the same appearance as a puddle in process of freezing.

S. W.

N.B.—According to promise I subjoin a few receipts.

Oyster Patties.—Take of oysters sufficient for the patties you may want, strain the liquor and return it to them, mix them with very fine bread-crumbs until they are of a proper thickness, add a little scalded cream, and season the whole with pepper, salt and cayenne pepper, warm it in a saucepan till it begins to simmer, when cold put it in the paste, and bake it in the shape of small mince pies, three inches in diameter. The beards and horny part should be cut off, and the oysters cut into two or three pieces.

Veal or Lamb Tendons.—When the tendons are cut, they are to be braised in good broth three or four hours, with a slice of bacon above and below each. Then make a rich purée sauce of asparagus, peas, or anything you choose to rub through a sieve; glaze the tendons, and lay them round the dish, the sauce in the middle. Peas stewed in a rich sauce are equally good, or you may serve them on spinach.

Thale Cannon or Col Cannon.—Steam the potatoes in very little water, then mash them with a fork, in the same saucepan have ready some greens boiled and chopped very fine, and some finely chopped onions raw, mix them in the saucepan with the mashed potatoes, add a little pepper and salt, and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut: mix well, heat over the fire, and dish.

Baked Apple Pudding.—Two ounces of butter, quarter pound pounded white sugar, quarter pound boiled apples, the yolks of three eggs, the whites of two eggs, the rind and juice of one lemon: mix the whole well together, and bake it in a puff paste one hour.

Lemon Pudding.—(From a receipt of the poet Samuel Rogers.)—Take two or three Savoy biscuits, put half a tea-cup of boiled cream over them, quarter pound butter, quarter pound loaf sugar dissolved in half a tea-cup of water, the yolk of four eggs, and the whites of two eggs well beaten, grate the rind of two small lemons, and add the juice of one lemon, then put a puff paste round the dish and bake.

Gauffres.—Take two ounces of butter, one egg and a half, two ounces of flour, one gill of cream, one teaspoonful of yeast mixed about an hour before it is used, then bake in square tins as above described. S. W.

THE MAY-FLY.

Who does not hail the month of May, especially the whole tribe of honest anglers? What a charming time it is for the enjoyment of the country. While anglers are preparing their rods, lines, and flies for their anticipated sport, let us walk out this beautiful May evening, calm and peaceful as it is, and view the moonbeams glittering on the winding stream—see the trouts rise on its surface, and let us inhale the perfume of the

fresh mown grass, and the sweet scent of the hawthorn bushes. Let us also listen to the responsive songs of the nightingales as they warble in yonder "bosky bourn."

The evening shines in May's luxuriant pride,
And all the sunny hills at distance glow,
And all the brooks that through the valley flow
Seem liquid gold,

So enchanting are the sunsets at this time of the year. But it is now evening, and amongst the objects to be noticed one of the most interesting is the glowworm. Examine it. How it sparkles even in the moonlight, and looks, as one of our poets called it, like a "moving diamond." The morning sun will, however, extinguish its lamp. In the meanwhile—

The glowworm, with its tiny lamp,
Illumes the rivulet's border damp,

and thus exposes itself to be preyed upon by the nightingale.

But it is now the May-fly season, and an adjoining river is celebrated for the vast numbers of these insects which at this period of the year pour forth from its waters. It is noon, and the sun is shining in all its splendour. The stream is so calm that the waters scarcely seem to move. Now the May-fly begins to make its appearance, and what a sight it is to witness! Myriads of these ephemera pour out from the river (but not in a perfect state), following each other in rapid succession. They attach themselves by the legs to some object. Its skin then opens at the back—the insect emerges and flies. But it has not yet reached its last state. In about twenty minutes it settles again, casts another most beautiful and delicate skin, and then attains its perfect state. During this process the insects become a prey to swallows, wagtails, and other insectivorous birds. Those that escape them settle on the water, and begin dropping their eggs into it, which sink to the bottom and in due time become future flies, thus finally proclaiming, as an amiable naturalist observes, the greatness of Him whose will shapes the whole into perfection.

This sloughing or changing of the skin of the May-fly on two several occasions is a curious and striking fact, and one which has been considered anomalous and unaccountable. Something similar to it, however, has been observed to take place with the prawn, which divests itself of its slough or skin sometimes twice in the year.

We have stated that the May-fly settles on the water in order to drop its eggs. This is the rich harvest of the trout. Trout feed upon and gorge themselves with them to a degree which anglers know when they have examined the maw of one of these fish in the May-fly season. Nor is there cruelty in this, as the insect dies as soon as its eggs are dropped. These eggs in process of time undergo very striking metamorphoses. They change first into the pupa state, then into chrysalides, and in about three hours emerge into a perfect state, with the exception of the skins which have been referred to. The chrysalis differs from the larva by having on its back cases containing rudimentary wings, but both have on

their sides small fringes of hair, which, when put in motion, serve them as fins. The larvæ scoop themselves dwellings in the banks of rivers, and these are small tubes made like syphons, one end serving for an entrance, the other for an outlet. Should the river get low, they dig fresh holes into the banks so as to have the benefit of water.

Such is a short account of this interesting insect. Those who have fished on the banks of the river Colne near Uxbridge, especially at Denham, during the beginning of the May-fly season, may have witnessed a sight such as few rivers can exhibit. It is a curious fact that some rivers which formerly abounded with May-flies have now few or none; and why some rivers should abound with them, and others be without any, is not easy to be accounted for. Where they are to be found trout are generally very abundant and of a large size.

But let us turn for an instant to those anglers who are throwing their artificial flies into a rapid below that weir where the trout have been rising. Such is the glut of the real fly that the fish show but little inclination to take the imitation of them. They will rise at but refuse them. Towards evening the anglers may hope for better success. Let them invoke Mercury and Cupid, who have been called the tutelary deities of fishermen—it is difficult to say for what reason.

How many of our poets delighted in river scenery. Spenser refers to it on several occasions, and, amongst others, mentions objects he had witnessed—

I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the Lee,
So purely white they were
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bad his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soyl their fair plumes with water not so fair.

With this charming quotation we conclude.

EDWARD JESSE.

THE CRUSADER'S WIFE.

(LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE BRETON.)

Faouët is a village about two leagues from Quimperlé, the Lords of which were a younger branch of the ancient Breton family of Goulenn. The Crusade here referred to, must have been the first of 1096, as the Breton Crusaders are described as wearing the red cross. On the later ones each nation had the cross of its own colour, black being that of Brittany. The Breton Crusaders were really absent five years, and not eleven.

"UNTO our Lord his war I'm bound, the call brooks no delay—

Where shall I give my gentle dame in charge while I'm away?"

"Give her to me, fair brother-in-law, an' if it please you well,

In bower, among my maidens, with seemly state to dwell.

"In bower, with fair attendance, among my maidens all,

Or, if it better please her, beside my dame in hall,

In the same vessels for them both cooks shall dress
the meat,
And at the self-same board with them she shall sit
down to eat."

And soon a stately sight it was that youthful dame to
see,
In the castle-court of Faouet, among the gentlirie,
Each a red cross on his shoulder, great horse and
pennoncel,
To gather for the Holy War with the lord that loved
her well.

He had not ridden many a mile beyond the castle wall,
When sullen speech and scornful that dame must
brook in hall.

"Do off thy robe of grain, and don a peasant's gown of
grey,
And up, and out to tend the sheep, lest on the heath
they stray."

"Gramercy, gentle brother, what evil have I done?
How shall I tend the sheep that in my life tent never
none?"

"If sheep thou never tended, 'tis time that thou
begin,
Or with my lance right sharply I'll lesson thee
therein."

For the space of seven long years she wept, a mournful
thing,
At the end of seven long years she set herself to sing,



When a young knight, from the Holy War, that home-
ward chanced to ride,
He heard a sweet voice singing upon the mountain
side.

"Light down, light down, my little page, and hold my
bridle-rein,

Up yonder, on the hill-side, I hear a silver strain,—
A little voice like silver upon the hill I hear,
The last time that I heard that voice was this day
seven year.

"Good morning, pretty maiden, well have you dined
to-day,
That here, upon the hill-side, you sing so glad and
gay."

"Oh! yes, fair sir, I well have dined, now thanks to
God therefor,
All with a sweet dry crust of bread, out here upon the
moor."

"Now tell me, pretty maiden, who guard'st the silly
sheep,

If I may find a lodging in yonder castle keep?"
"Yes, of a sooth, good gentleman, within that castle hall
You'll find fair lodging for yourself, and for your steed
a stall.

"And soft and warm the feather bed spread for your
rest will be,
Such as I had in days gone by, when a husband cared for
me.

"Twas not in fold, among the sheep, that then I slept for need ;
I ate not then from out the trough wherein the dogs do feed."

"But tell me, tell me, pretty one, where now thy lord may be,
For methinks upon thy finger a wedding ring I see."

"Unto the Holy War, sweet sir, went this dear lord of mine,
Oh ! long and fair his golden hair hung down, as fair as thine."

"If long and fair hung down his hair, like mine, look well on me,

If I am not thy very lord, that went away from thee."

"Oh, yes ! oh, yes ! and I'm your love, your wedded wife am I,

The lady of Faouët I was called in days gone by."

"Now leave thy sheep, my gentle love, upon the hills to stray,

And ride we to the manor ; my wrath brooks no delay."

"Now welcome, gentle brother, now welcome frank and fair."

"How goes it with my lady, that I trusted to thy care ?"

"Sit, brother, sit ; brave rid'st thou back that brave didst ride away :

Thy lady, with the castle dames, hath ridden to Quimperlé,

To Quimperlé they rode this morn, for a wedding-feast is there ;

When they come back, thou'lt find thy dame all blithe and debonair."

"Thou liest in thy throat, foul thief, in beggar-maid's array

Thou sent'st her forth to tend the sheep, lest on the hill they stray.

By thy two eyes, thou liest, for my lady she is here—
E'en now, behind the portal, her sobs are in thine ear !

"Hence, thy foul shame to bury ! accurséd mote thou be !

Thy heart is full of evil, and steeped in felonîe.

Were not this house my father's house, wherein my mother died,

Thy blood were reeking on the blade that hangs against my side !"

TOM TAYLOR.

WANTED A PARTNER.

"CAPITAL stuff this," observed Hopper, holding a glassful of thick clammy fluid up to the candle. And *stuff* was the right word, for what it was I do not know, though I am certain it was not port wine.

"Glad you like it," I replied ; "I confess that it suits me well enough."

"Fruity," said he, tasting the molasses.

"Good body," rejoined I, as the strong British brandy scorched my throat.

"Here is your health, old fellow," pursued Hopper, filling up his glass, "and many happy returns of the day ; and may you be able to digest such a dinner as we have had to-day for years and years to come."

An expressive benediction : we were undergraduates of tender years and gastronomic tendencies, well meaning but ignorant, and the birthday feast to which I had bidden my friend

consisted of stewed eels, stewed kidneys, broiled kidneys, broiled mushrooms, kidney pudding, with oysters and truffles in it, mince pies, toasted cheese, filberts, a brown poison we called sherry, a black poison we called port, and plenty of good strong college ale. That, in spite of our twenty years and out-door habits, we felt no ill effects from such a meal, I attribute to the ale : imagination shudders at the thought of the loss the world might have sustained had the St. Agatha's brew in the year 18— been of inferior quality.

"What are we going to do to-night ?" asked Hopper, after eating a pound of nuts. "Do you mean to read ?"

"Emphatically, no !"

"Shall we get up a rubber ?"

"Whist is only one degree better than reading."

"Loo, Van John ?"

"I hate round games ; men lose their tempers so confoundedly."

"Pool ?"

"Well, that is best, perhaps. I know what I should like, though, what we would have, if we were keeping my birthday at home,—a dance."

"Gad, that *would* be jolly. By-the-bye, there is a county ball to-night, at Fishingdon."

A long pause, during which a hecatomb of filberts and several libations of blacking were offered on the altar of Thought.

"It would be great fun to go—how far is it ?"

"Not twelve miles ; your mare would take us over in a little more than an hour."

"Well, suppose you go and get the Dean's leave while I order the trap."

We were spinning along the road at an exhilarating pace, and had already made about five miles, when an idea came down upon me like the released torrent of a shower-bath, causing me to exclaim :

"I say, Hopper, what fools we are !"

"Speak for yourself," he rejoined.

"Do you know any one family in the whole of this county ?" I pursued.

"Not I."

"Or a single inhabitant of the town of Fishingdon ?"

"No."

"And whom do you expect to dance with ? I fear we shall be bracketed together when the asses' list comes out."

Hopper, who was driving, checked the mare until she dropped nearly into a walk, and then suddenly applied the whip, crying :

"Pooh ! one always meets someone one knows in a public ball-room ; there are certain people who seem to go to all balls everywhere. We shall get on somehow."

Away we spun again, and soon came to the little town of Fishingdon, ordinarily so quiet, to night so rudely scared from its propriety by the rumbling of carriages, the glare of lights, the shouts of the coachmen and grooms, and the cheers of the small boys, and passed under a broad archway into the courtyard of the Blue Boar. The Blue Boar was neither a hotel nor an inn, it was a hostelry, in a large room belonging to which the ball was being held ; so that we had only to give over our trap to an ostler, get our tickets at

the bar, and pass up an old-fashioned oak staircase to the cloak-room, where we removed our wraps, settled our neckties, combed our hair with our fingers, sighed over the scanty appearance of our whiskers, inveigled our hands into their white kid coverings, and entered upon the scene of action; or rather endeavoured to do so, for the room was filled with bacchante couples, raging round in a waltz, and to penetrate that human whirlpool was not a feat of easy accomplishment; so we remained near the door in the midst of a knot of other unmated males, who were lounging about in various attitudes, trying to look used up. Presently, however, the music ceased, and we were able to circulate through the rooms, and draw in long draughts of intoxication; for the blaze of light, the murmur of voices, the heavy perfume of exotic flowers sent up from a hundred bruised bouquets, the pretty dresses, the gleaming shoulders, the soft cheeks, the artistically arranged hair, the bright eyes sparkling with excitement, all had the effect of champagne upon us in those days.

On recovering a little we commenced our investigations, wandering along the sides of the room and examining the array of turbaned ladies, who sat like a line of Turks drawn up to defend the walls of some beleaguered Saracenic city; mixing with the couples who promenaded about, whispering platitudes about the weather and the heat of the room with so languishing an air that an inexperienced bystander would think them exchanging vows of eternal constancy; pausing opposite the raised platform where the aristocracy of the county sat enthroned; plunging into the refreshment room, where a struggle for ices, negus, and tea was going on, hot enough to have carried any moderate breach; in vain.

"See any one you know?" was the ever recurring cry.

"Not yet," the invariable answer.

A prelude from the orchestra produced the effect of a tap on a beehive; all the promenaders, eaters, drinkers and sippers, started off in different directions; the girls to find their chaperons, the men, with little programmes in their hands, to discover their carded, or deposit their dis-carded partners.

We began to grow impatient.

For we were both very fond of dancing; Hopper because he did it very well and gracefully, I inasmuch as it gave me pleasure to go tearing along in time to the music in the company of a young lady. To derive delight from such gymnastic performances seems to many persons very irrational, and so it may be; but when a wise man finds a pleasure, he enjoys it first, and reasons upon it afterwards. Now that my old friend and myself have reached that time of life when the world cannot offer a pleasure that it is worth while laying down your cigar after dinner to accept, we can smile at the puerilities of the ball-room sagely enough; but in those days we were wild about dancing, and would keep it up hour after hour, night after night, with an eagerness which seemed to be insatiable. Judge then what our sensations were when a regular tarantula of a polka burst from the orchestra.

"Tiddle iddle um tum; I tell you what, Tom, I cannot stand this any longer!" sang Hopper, the time and tune impregnating his voice as well as his body and head, which kept jiggling as though he had been a monk of the order of Saint Vitus. "The sufferings of—what's-his-name, the fellow who invented bob-cherry."

"Tantalus?"

"Of Tantalus were nothing to mine. I shall go and ask that young lady to dance."

"And she will say, 'I don't know where I have had the pleasure of meeting you,' and you will look like a fool. 'No!' cried I, as a sudden inspiration flashed through my brain, 'I will introduce you.'

"You! Do you know her?"

"Not the least in the world."

"Then it seems to me that it is much the same as if I introduced myself."

"Does it! Why, don't you see, you old bat, that if you go and ask her to dance without ceremony, she will immediately begin thinking whether she knows you or not? whereas if I introduce you, her attention will not rest upon me, the man claiming her acquaintance, for a moment, but will be immediately diverted to you, the acknowledged stranger. Besides, the very impudence of the trick will carry it off, and if she wants to explain that there is a mistake, I shall be at the other end of the room. After this dance, you shall introduce me in turn to that beauty with the lilies-of-the-valley in her hair."

"What! that large girl who is going so fast?"

"Who would go pretty fast for a polka, if her partner would let her, but he is one of your elegant dancers; you will see how she will go with me in a galop!"

"If your plan succeeds."

"It must: come on."

We wriggled through the crowd of panting couples who lined the brink of the whirlpool, recovering their breath for another round; and stood before the young lady who had been indicated by my companion.

"Will you allow me, Miss Mumblewumble, to introduce my friend HOPPER OF ST. AGATHA," said I, pronouncing name and college alone in an audible tone of voice; and I turned and fled. A young lady, an entire stranger, could perhaps be hardly expected to care much what college had the honour of classing my friend amongst its members; and that style of introduction, though insisted upon by Proctors desirous of forming the acquaintance of multi-dressed, pugilistic, or tandem-driving under-graduates, was perhaps misplaced on the present occasion; but, in truth, I was so ashamed of the friendless condition in which we found ourselves, that I caught at the only plank of respectability within reach at the moment. If she absorbed the idea that he was a member of the University, she would not so much fear compromising herself by dancing with him. However, Hopper did not give her a long time to reflect on the matter; I had not gone a dozen paces before they came flitting by like a parti-coloured boomerang, and I breathed freely. Once let our cause be entrusted to my friend's legs, and let those legs get a fair chance of pleading, and all

was right. First he spun one way, then with a sudden yet jerkless turn he reversed the motion, and spun round the other way; threading in and out of the crowd without a single collision; never hot, never breathless, having his partner as perfectly in hand as Fordham has a horse. Already I saw the eyes of several of the more enthusiastic *danseuses* glance towards him with an expression which said plainly enough:

"He is worth dancing with, now," or words to that effect.

The polka over, Hopper rejoined me, and we proceeded to search for the young lady whose speed and dash had excited my covetous admiration; whom having found in the refreshment-room, he repeated, on my behalf, the manoeuvre which had proved so successful in his own case.

"Smith of St. Agatha!" shouted he, after a preliminary mumble, and vanished.

"May I have the pleasure of the next dance?" said I.

"Certainly, if you are ready at the proper time to claim me," she replied; "but I must warn you that I keep no card, and never wait for a partner."

"Admirable!" cried I, "I wish your system might become fashionable; if these programmes are troublesome to a lady, guess what a nuisance they must be to a man!"

"Indeed!" she said, looking up at me with a puzzled conscious expression, as if she suspected that I was quizzing her, "I thought gentlemen liked the system."

"Then they must have clearer heads and better memories than I have," said I. "You are introduced to a lady whose name you imperfectly catch, and whose face you never saw before; she is engaged for six dances, you claim the seventh; and about two hours afterwards you have to pick her out from a crowd as Monsieur Robin or a learned pig does a card; but it is not everybody who has the talents of those gifted performers."

"Do you know," she said, laughing, "that your remarks are not very complimentary to the lady who is so hard to remember?"

"Well," replied I, "it is, of course, open to us to assist our memories by falling in love at first sight, but the difficulty recurs sometimes seven or eight times in an evening; and however susceptible one may be, one's heart cannot quite take off impressions at that rate."

"Well, but I suppose you manage somehow?"

"Yes, I have a *memoria technica*; I take note of the lady's dress and wreath, and instead of her name—which I don't know—write down on my card, 'No. 12 waltz—white, blue sash, acorns.'"

"Ha! ha! and how do you manage when you get into a clump of sisters all dressed alike—all of the same height—with similar complexions, eyes and hair?"

"I have a resource for such an emergency."

"And that is—"

"A secret which I dare not divulge. But there goes the preliminary scrape on the fiddles."

"A quadrille!" cried she, "we must go and form our set at once; it is an important piece of

business the making up of a quadrille here, I can tell you."

"There," said I, as we entered the ball-room, "is a gentleman with a lady on his arm looking about him; I will ask him to be our *vis-à-vis*."

"For gracious goodness sake," cried my companion, "do not compromise me in that way! why that man's father's uncle kept a linendraper's shop in this very town!"

I apologised and turned to another couple, but they differed from my partner's family in politics, as a third, equally ineligible, did in religion.

I proposed a fourth.

"Well," said she, "I had sooner they asked us. That is Mr. Hampton, one of the best county families, quite in Lord Bouncer's set. We visit them, but still they like to notice us—not be noticed by us—you understand."

"Oh, dear!" sighed I, "I wish we were two yards of pump water!"

"What for?" said she, looking up surprised.

"To find our level without all this trouble."

My partner laughed, and so ended my perplexity, for the sound attracted the attention of Mr. Hampton, who came up and spoke to her; and so we got placed for the quadrille just as the music struck up.

That little difficulty being settled, I had time to look about me, and was much struck by the boisterous behaviour of a party close by; they laughed, they shouted, they pushed back upon bordering quadrilles to get more space for their own movements; and when it was discovered that a pair of their friends who were to have formed one of the side couples, were not present, a fine, handsome buxom girl, who seemed to direct and order all the others, drew a silver whistle from her bosom and blew a clear shrill note, which soon brought the stragglers to their places. But their dancing astonished me most; the British quadrille is a solemn, not to say a dreary ceremony, to treat which with levity seems like whistling in church or punning at a dinner-party, but the performance of the young ladies before me was of a violent and demonstrative nature which quite took my breath away. An ill-natured observer might have been reminded of the Jardin Mabille!

"I don't wonder, now, at your exclusiveness," said I to my partner, "it would indeed be unpleasant to find yourself in the same quadrille with people of that stamp. What impudence for them to come to a ball where there are ladies!"

"What are you talking about? Why, that is Lord Bouncer's party."

"Oh, you mistake me," said I, "I mean that—person in pink, dancing now and working her shoulders in that eccentric fashion."

"Well, that is Lady Augusta Bouncer, the great beauty. She is rather fast, you know. But the whole party always come here for a good romp; all the other people in the room are too far beneath them for them to care what they do."

What a thing it is to possess the key; I now perceived that what I had taken for vulgarity was a playful ebullition of spirits, the

ease of manner which always distinguishes real rank, the—the anything but what my blundering ignorance had taken it for.

Having once broken the ice, Hopper and I swam on easily, for our original partners introduced us to their sisters, cousins and acquaintances, and my friend finally danced himself into the very highest circle in the room, being indeed so far honoured as to waltz with the fair Lady Augusta Bouncer herself; and though I myself did not attain to any such distinction as that, I found a partner of some sort for every dance up to four o'clock, when "God save the Queen" was played to a room that was nearly empty. Our stomachs being in much the same condition, we got some supper at the bar, and then drove back to college, where we arrived in good time for morning chapel, at which we were not much more drowsy than the rest of the attendants.

L. HOUGH.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

THE notion is by no means out of date that a new or a full moon brings certain changes of weather. We meet with it, not only in the depth of some rural district, where the farmer cannot get his men to begin sowing on a Friday, but in the heart of towns, and among people who read in Institute libraries, and even attend astronomical lectures. When a picnic of factory hands is to be arranged, and the pleasure-vans have to be bespoken, somebody is pretty sure to consult the almanack,—not only to see whether there will be early moonlight, but to ascertain the time of the moon's so-called "change," with a view to the weather. There is more show of reason for this "vulgar error" than for many superstitions. There is nothing absurd, on the face of it, in the question whether, as the moon regulates the tides of the sea, it may not affect the state of the atmosphere. But a decisive reply is given by facts; and never did stronger facts bear upon the case than this spring. The weather has been as different in different parts of our small island since February as it could well be in any two different years. It has been a remarkable spring in many ways: and when it is spoken of hereafter, we must hope that it will not be forgotten that directly opposite accounts of the months of March and April were given in districts only 300 miles apart.

About February we were all agreed. It was not to be called "February Fillydyke." Some say so dry a February never was known by living people. Among our mountains we had twenty-two days of fair weather,—most of them splendid,—to six of damp, wet, and uncomfortable cold: and of those six, three were the first three of the month. The birds were noisy in the thickets long before St. Valentine's Day. The honey-suckles on the farmhouse porches, and the roses on south walls, and the wild currant in the hedges were full of sprouts: mezeleon and violets scented the gardens, and aconite and daisies appeared in the woods. Several days were warm enough for the anglers, and boys came to our back doors with fish to sell, as if it had been April. All over the country, old-fashioned farmers were studying the

sky and the almanack, and tapping their weather-glasses, seeing that everything was favourable for sowing, but fearing to be laughed at if they broke through rules so far as to sow in almost the middle of winter. Many did, saying that if frost did come afterwards, it would do no great harm because the ground was so dry. Between the promising breadths of autumn-sown wheat, and the neat and clean aspect of the fields just left by the harrow, whole districts looked charming under the mellow sunshine. The cattle had almost a May aspect,—they were so well fed; for last year's roots kept well, and were therefore abundant; and they were freely given, because there was every prospect of an early bite of grass. We all said, "Well, whatever may come afterwards, let us never forget what a February we have had." The shepherds everywhere nodded assent to this. They had never known a better lambing season. In many large flocks there were half as many lambs again as there were ewes; and one shepherd boasted of three ewes having given him nine lambs in one day. Much of the success is no doubt owing to improved care in management. An account being kept of the dates when the ewes are to bring forth, they are brought in batches into comfortable quarters, kept warm, sheltered and specially fed. It is not so everywhere, as I can testify by what I see from my own perch on the mountain. In the meadows below I see, scattered about in the hoarfrost and the east wind, the lambs that have been dropped in the night,—one now and then stiff and stark with the cold, and many weak and trembling before the lazy farmer comes lounging along with the morning hay or roots for the flock: but, generally speaking, last February was a grand month for the flock-masters of the country.

In March the scene changed, and the national spirits sank lower and lower till some way into April. I have heard from many friends in London and elsewhere that the sun was scarcely, if at all, seen for six weeks. Yet there were districts—and my own for one—where the skies were almost as gracious as in February. I do not remember ever seeing so forward a spring in the valley below me. The levels had a distinct tinge of green by the middle of March, contrasting strongly with the dull hay-colour of the fells. Before the end of the month, the larch plantations made green patches on the uplands, and the sycamores were powdered with grey buds. From dawn to dark all the farm-horses in the valley are lain in wait for, and seized upon, to ridge plots for sowing, and roll the springing grass in the pastures, and cart the manure into the fields. The streams were too low and too clear for much fishing, and the dust was somewhat too strong for high road walks: but nothing could be more charming than the hill rambles. There were large breadths of daffodils in the airy spaces; and primrose tufts in the copses, and among the tree roots in the banks above the streams. The winter game came to an end with the last couple of sea-snipes brought to the door: but the profusion of eggs of all domestic fowls was almost unexampled, and there were young broods picking about in

the sunny March mornings. I must not dwell longer on this aspect of the month, nor describe the charm of the gardens, and the promise of the orchards; for it would be no description of the country at large.

In most districts it was raining—raining—day after day; and by the middle of the month there was that dreary state of things on the farm when everything remains to be done, and everybody is waiting to do it. Happy now were those who had had courage to sow long ago! Other farmers fretted—saw it would be a very late sowing—saw at last that it was too late to sow as they had intended. They must put in barley for wheat, if indeed they might hope for any crop at all. All the eyes in the neighbourhood were fixed on any field operations which were possible on an airy and well-drained hill-side; for on level ground the soil was too wet for treading by horses. The 15th was a dry day in some parts of the country, with a good wind, and it was surprising how much was done on that day. The labourers were out in the wet every day, carting manure to the fields, and earth from the ditches, and metal to the roads; corn that was sold was delivered; the women were set to dig up docks and other wicked weeds; and the boys cut quantities of roots and straw for the live stock; but still there were many hands idle while work was accumulating hour by hour. Labourers were glad to mend hedges and ditches, and to pick over the heaps of mangolds, and remove the best roots nearer to the stock, to make them last longer, and carry dry litter to the sheep folded in the fields—to do anything rather than sit idle at home during the month of March. Soon there was foot-rot among the sheep; and it was piteous to see some of them shuffling about on their knees, and the unhappy shepherds trying all the remedies recommended from far and near. Many lambs died off; but we are told that the number left when fine weather came at last was still above the average. In the low-lying parts of the country the now annual plague of floods was very severe. From the higher dwellings of Nottingham the citizens looked abroad over a fresh-water sea where their meadows, so lately all purple with crocuses, usually stretch like a velvet carpet to the shining and shoaly Trent. In Yorkshire whole valleys were made into lakes, the growing wheat buried under rubbish, and cattle and the remains of winter stacks carried away. In the Fens, the waters rose in the sluggish rivers and brimmed over, turbid and heavy; and when they had spread enough to mingle with other streams they changed their character, and went down towards the sea with a rush, making breaches in dykes, and swamping miles of country. In the eastern counties the marshes were watched from hour to hour with keen anxiety; the cattle were drawn off to the higher lands, and scouts were set to give notice of the rise or decline of the waters. The impression left by the disasters of the month is, that we have not advanced much in the most important work which presses upon us as a people—the creation of a due and sufficient arterial drainage. Last year we got an Act under which a great deal might be done; but it seems to have been scarcely put to use yet. It has grave defects, and

our people are not yet fully acquainted with it, or with the pressing need of it which every year will teach them to understand. Such a spring as we have experienced ought, as one of its effects, to stimulate our rural communities to get the Act made adequate to its purpose; and, as another effect, to convince all communities, in towns as well as the country, of the incalculable importance to our welfare of setting up a stout resistance to the invasion of the waters, far more to be dreaded than any sort of invasion of which we talk much more.

There is an invasion of our food supplies about which much ignorance and carelessness exists. Is there ever a year in which we do not read in the newspapers of “ravages of the wireworm,” and of several other “insect pests?” We hear of fields of many acres laid waste as terribly as by hares and pheasants. What do we proceed to do? We discuss, privately and publicly, the virtues of various dressings of the soil; we try remedies, some expensive, some absurd, and all as yet ineffectual; and all the while we allow eager boys to spoil birds’-nests, and booby men to shoot or poison the birds whose natural food is the very vermin we suffer under. My readers have seen what an agitation has been stirred up in France against the destruction of field-birds for food, to which no small portion of the agricultural adversity of France is owing. There is not much taste for such food in England, except that London aldermen eat lark-puddings, and rural cottagers a rook-pie now and then, when they can get leave to shoot a few young rooks; but far too many birds are killed for sport, or with the idea of warding off mischief from the fruit and the corn. In France, the government has this spring issued an injunction to all the provincial authorities to cause the schoolmasters, clergy, parents, and guardians to stop the practice of bird-nesting first, and all war against small birds afterwards. In our country there is not the scarcity of small birds with which persecution has afflicted France, and our war against them is less inveterate; but still there is much to be done in every rural neighbourhood. Our rustics shoot owls and bats, and then complain of mice, moths, and night insects—of rats in the stack and dormice in the woods. They crave credit for the scores of sparrows, wagtails, yellow-hammers, and wrens that they destroy, and then are ready to cry over the ravages of worms, weevils, cockroaches, caterpillars, and other plagues. Of late we have heard a good deal of the spreading practice of destroying so-called “vermin” (not the insects but the birds) by poisoned wheat. I wish such devices could often meet with the punishment which I remember seeing candidly narrated in a newspaper some years ago. The writer of the confession wanted to save a row of peas from the sparrows. He was struck with remorse when he saw a bird or two staggering on the top of the wall, as if drunk, and falling off; but scarcely any died, and the peas were not saved, while the staggering birds on the wall pushed the poisoned grain off among an establishment of pet fowls of great value—every one of which died.

As I write I hear with concern of a new branch

of industry actually proposed, this very month, in an agricultural district of the eastern counties. Some rural boobies have appeared at a fair—where they might hope to meet with other boobies of a somewhat higher order—actually adorned with strings of dead birds, as a Red Indian with leather and hair fringes. These birds were finches, red-breasts, tomitts, larks, and thrushes—the good friends of the farmer, and the delight of the whole neighbourhood—and they were all poisoned! The savages who paraded their finery did it as an advertisement that they were ready to stop the music of the fields and groves by poison for certain pay. I trust some clergyman or other resident will take any pains that may be needful to discredit these fellows and their occupation, showing that cruelty to men follows upon this cruelty to birds, and that the real producers of dearth are not the birds but those who destroy them. We should teach our rustic neighbours how to employ the birds as vermin-killers, while using our ingenuity to keep them out of mischief. If we once show a boy (or man) the number of wireworms or larvæ in the crop of a crow or a blackbird, we prevent his ever taking credit again for shooting those birds; and if we encourage his spirit of opposition to circumvent the birds, he soon finds means of protecting his seeds and bulbs, his blossoms and fruit, his peas and his corn. Bats and owls will take care of the mice who ate his crocus-roots last year. He covers his rows of peas with thorns till the shoots are high enough to be safe from little birds' beaks. He winds white yarn threads round his gooseberry-bushes, and all about his cherry-trees, till the bloom is off, and the fruit well set. The corn is a harder matter; but at worst, nothing that the small birds can eat—even wood-pigeons—can compare in value with what is lost by insect vermin where there are not birds enough to keep them in check.

While the raid against nests and broods has been going on, all the country people have been listening for the cuckoo. We are told that one was heard in a southern county early in April: and we heard one on the 27th. The labours of the season have on the whole been early in other departments than agriculture. The spring fleet of traders from our eastern ports went forth in gallant show, on the first bright day of April. In our new infant schools for fish there was vast provision made for future increase of food. We read of such hatching of ova that thirty thousand young trout are supplied to a single river in one season. Meantime, the herring fleets are going out and returning, providing food for home, and trade in food for foreign parts. Our prospects of fruit seem to be considered good. Never were the orchards and gardens more full of bloom; the frosts were not late enough (though one was very late) to do much harm; and the birds are not quite so mischievous after such a February as after a severer season. On the Continent, the case of the fruit is bad. When the grass was knee deep, and the country was snowy with bloom, and the vineyards promised a year of prosperity at last, the east wind and frost swooped down upon the scene, and left barrenness behind, in many a fertile district.

What harvest may be looked for after so peculiar a seedtime as that of 1862?

The reply is various, according to the temperament of those who give any answer,—which many decline altogether to do. Most agree that the harvest is likely to be very late,—and that is a serious matter in a year when the stocks of corn in the granaries are unusually low. But there is also a peculiar check on the consumption of what we have,—a dreary check,—in the distress of our largest factory population, and the comparative adversity of all the rest. When the crops are reaped, they will not be of the kind intended up to a few weeks ago. When wheat sowing was prevented, cultivators were obliged to sow what there was still time for. As good weather arrived before it was necessary to sow for roots, and as a large breadth of soil remained for that tillage, and as it is a capital season, so far, for grass, it seems probable that we shall have an abundance of meat and dairy food, but shall have, at best, to buy more than the average proportion of grain. As money spent in buying foreign food is unproductive, these misfortunes of weather affect everybody's fortunes. Every branch of industry feels the difference between the nation paying its usual twenty millions of pounds sterling for foreign grain, and the sixty millions we had to pay in consequence of the rains of 1860. The year in which we are suffering in our cotton manufacture is one in which we shall be keenly sensible of the evil of having to pay ten, fifteen, or twenty millions more than usual for foreign grain. Fine weather between this time and harvest may partly save us from the necessity; but thin crops, as well as late ones, are at present anticipated in many districts. On the whole, it may be the wisest way to make up our minds cheerfully to a year of, at best, only moderate prosperity, and perhaps considerable hardship.

It is quite needless to insist upon the duty of preparing to help one another all round. In the case of the cotton difficulty we have all felt that the whole burden must not rest on Lancashire and Cheshire, on Glasgow and Belfast. As a nation, we are blameworthy for not having long ago provided ourselves with cotton from various parts of the world,—certain as every reasonable man was that the American slave system must arrive at a catastrophe within an assignable time: and the whole nation must now share with the manufacturers the consequences of the neglect. In the same way we must try how far we can equalise the evils of a short harvest, if we have that misfortune to bear. But there is another duty involved in the case.

We must keep our own and our neighbours' minds open to the great fact that, in regard to the supply of food, we are in a state of transition which will hereafter be conspicuous in history. Up to a very recent time, and indeed up to this hour, we have been using for wheat-growing, lands which could not naturally be made to answer for that crop. By degrees, such soils have been turned over to root-growing, or to pasture; and we have had more meat and dairy produce, buying more wheat from abroad. But now we see another change before us. Our live stock will continue to increase, because there are excellent reasons why it should:

but also we shall grow far more wheat and other grain than ever before. Every day somebody will remark in the Exhibition that steam cultivation has actually grown up since 1851. It has; and it opens to us the prospect of a doubled produce when it has extended, as it certainly will. If, before another Exhibition, we accomplish the other great task, of bringing our rivers under control, we may expect to see our production of food approaching,—then equalling,—then exceeding the home demand, and commanding a foreign trade in corn. The amount of steam tillage is as yet so small as to leave us very dependent on weather,—not as against hunger, but in regard to the cost of food, and the prosperity of our manufactures. Yet the benefit of such a method of cultivation is so manifest as to open a clear and bright prospect of years to come, when the seedtime will not be such a season of trembling as it is now, because science and agricultural art will have given us a much freer command over the harvest. Whether we have to suffer or rejoice this year, let us remember that it brings one step nearer the time when knowledge and industry will ensure a sufficiency of subsistence for every individual of the nation.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MRS. MOORE'S MANUSCRIPT.

"OH! Mr. Slaney, do tell me if all this is true about Mrs. Moore! Is it possible that she has been so foolish as to refuse such a very advantageous offer for her child? I always thought her proud and strange; but now, she is absurd."

"My dear Miss Adams," said Mr. Slaney, a venerable old clergyman, with a benevolent and thoughtful face. "All this may be true; for I do not even know to what you allude. I have heard of nothing foolish or absurd that Mrs. Moore has done, nor do I believe her capable of such doings. I saw her to-day, and she looked, spoke, and seemed just her usual grave, sensible, interesting self. You must please to enlighten my ignorance."

"Oh! I know what a great favourite Mrs. Moore is with you, Mr. Slaney," said Miss Adams, who was an old maid, and a terrible gossip; "but still, even you must feel that she is wrong now. Lady Raimond has offered to educate little Annie Moore with her own two girls, Lady Teresa and Alice, provided Mrs. Moore will teach her girls music. Lady Raimond said that Annie should have the same masters, the same advantages in every way, that her own girls have. The coachman was to take the pony carriage for her every morning, and she was to be sent back in the same way every evening. Why, Mr. Slaney, not one mother in a thousand would have refused such an offer; and I really do think it is quite absurd in Mrs. Moore giving herself such airs; we all know she did teach music before she was married, and I say she ought to do it again for the sake of her child."

"You have got the whole story very pat, Miss Adams; but I feel quite sure that Mrs. Moore has some good reason for refusing Lady Raimond's offer. I know that she is much attached to Lady Raimond and those two little girls, and

I believe she would do anything for them; it is not pride that makes her act in this way, I feel certain. You know, of course, that as a friend she is giving lessons in music to three little girls in the village whose parents cannot afford masters. I must see her, and learn the truth of this matter from her own lips."

"And tell her from me, if you please, Mr. Slaney, that it is just like a fool to act in this way. With such a delicate husband, and so little money as they have between them, it is too bad."

"I shall tell her no such thing, Miss Adams—you have no right to call any one a fool—far less one whose character is such as Mrs. Moore's always has been. You would never hear that word from her, as applied to any one."

This little dialogue took place at an evening party, given by Mr. Slaney to his parishioners. He was very much loved in his parish, and he deserved to be so, as he was a father to the young, a counsellor to the inexperienced, and a friend to all; but he had more sympathy with Mrs. Moore than with any one else in the neighbourhood. She was a thoroughly interesting woman, gifted, well educated, kind, and sensible. She had come to reside in the village of Eckerton a few years before the period at which our story commences; her husband held some local legal appointment in the county; he was in very poor health, and was just now travelling in Norway, in the hopes of returning home stronger for his work. They had one little girl, about nine years old—their darling and their treasure.

The day after Mr. Slaney's conversation with Miss Adams, he had some business to transact with Lord Raimond, which obliged him to call at Eckerton Hall. His Lordship was not at home, but he saw Lady Raimond, and during his visit she said to him:

"I am so sorry that I cannot persuade Mrs. Moore to let me have her little girl educated with my two. I proposed it to her; and also proposed that she should give the children lessons in music twice in the week. I did this, because I wished her to feel that we should both be gainers by this arrangement, and that she would confer quite as great an obligation upon me by teaching my children music as I could upon her by what I proposed for Annie; but she refused at once, and so decidedly, that I dropped the subject. I asked her to think over the matter; but she only said: 'No second thoughts could make her determine otherwise.' 'She felt my kindness,' she added, 'much; but it could not be.' Do you know, Mr. Slaney, that she was herself educated something in the way I wished to educate her little girl. My uncle, the Duke of Lethersdale, was very fond of her father, and Mrs. Moore spent a great deal of her early life with my cousins. I have often heard them speak of her."

"Indeed," said Mr. Slaney. "I never knew this before; I wonder she has not mentioned this fact to me; she has been singularly reserved for one generally so open upon the subject of her childhood and youth. I will speak to her myself, Lady Raimond, and try and find out why she has said nay."

"I wish you would; and if you can persuade

her to change her mind, I shall really be very glad. All my children, girls and boys, are fond of little Annie, and a good education may be a great help to her some day, for the poor child will not inherit much wealth, I fear, from father or mother; and the more Mrs. Moore is with my children, and indeed with myself, the better pleased I shall be, for I greatly respect and admire her, and as for her music, I never heard any one play better; every note seems to come from her heart."

That very evening Mr. Slaney met Mrs. Moore at a friend's house, and spoke to her upon the subject that was uppermost in his mind. She drew back and said very little. She was unprepared to find that any one knew what had passed between Lady Raimond and herself—she certainly had named it to no one. Mr. Slaney perceived her reluctance to have the matter discussed, and this increased the suspicion that had arisen in his own mind since his interview with Lady Raimond, that some painful thoughts and remembrances were linked to the history of her early life, and in this lay the solution of her present conduct. Before the close of the evening Mrs. Moore apologised to Mr. Slaney for the abrupt manner in which she had cut him short, and asked him to call upon her in her own house the following day. Mr. Slaney did so accordingly, and Mrs. Moore began by saying:

"I see you are astonished at me for refusing Lady Raimond's offer for my little Annie. I am sure you will believe me when I say it is not pride which has made me decline it. I would gladly give my child every advantage, for I know that she may have to earn her own bread, as her mother once had, and I love those two little girls and their mother much. But, Mr. Slaney, in my own case—for I was educated as Lady Raimond wishes Annie to be—the experiment failed. I reaped bitter pain, trouble, and distress of mind. For many years my peace was wrecked—my happiness was gone; I never will subject my child to the misery I went through. Can you believe me when I tell you that the other day, when I heard the young Lord Edwin say to my child, in reply to some request she had made, 'You little beautiful fairy, I can't deny you anything,' a pang went to my heart, a veil seemed to fall from my eyes, and I resolved to send my child away? Those attentions, those words of flattery, are dangerous even to a child. I had drained the Circean cup to the dregs once, and I knew all the sweetness and all the bitterness that that cup contained, and never, if I can prevent it, shall it be held to Annie's lips. Some years ago I wrote a little outline of my former life. I was ill at ease in mind, and the occupation was good for me. Will you read this history, Mr. Slaney, and then you will not press me to send Annie to Eckerton Hall."

Mr. Slaney took the manuscript home with him, and many hours had not elapsed before he had read and re-read it; it interested him much, and he found in it, as he had expected, the solution to all that seemed strange in Mrs. Moore's conduct. He learned from this manuscript that she was an only child—her mother died in giving her birth. Her father was the vicar of a small parish upon

the sea-shore, somewhere in the south of England; he was a man with a refined and cultivated mind, a scholar and a bookworm, and his days were spent chiefly by himself in his study. Every one pitied him greatly when he lost his wife, to whom he was strongly attached, and much kindness was felt and shown for the wee motherless babe. The Duke of Lethersdale was the principal proprietor in Mr. Munroe's parish, and Netherwood, the Duke's grand old mansion, was scarcely a quarter of a mile from the humble but pretty vicarage. The Duchess, a very kind and feeling woman, used to go constantly and inquire after the baby; her little children were sent down with flowers and fruit for the father, and robes and caps for the child; the Duchess stood sponsor, and herself held the little girl in her arms during the whole baptismal service. The child's name was Maude, for such had been her mother's. Lady Constance, the Duke's only daughter, was a good deal older than Maude; but a cousin's child had been adopted by the kind Duchess, who was just her age, and on the day of the christening the sorrowing father's heart was cheered by the promise that his baby, if her life was spared, should be educated with the Duchess's little cousin. And the child's life was spared. She grew up healthy, happy, and fair. The greater part of each day for the first fourteen years of that life was spent at Netherwood; she was quite as much at home and at ease in the grand, large-roomed, marble-columned house, as in her father's quiet and small dwelling, and she was equally happy in both. She was very fond of the Duchess, and of Lady Constance. The Duchess had two sons: the elder, Lord Newton, Maude never liked, she always dreaded him; he teased her when she was little, and was rude to her as she grew older; and he was the only member of the family who made her ever feel uncomfortable, or brought the tear to her eye. The other son, Lord Henry, was some eight years older than Maude, and was very kind and gentle to her, and to every one; he had been but little at home, however, for many years—first Eton, and then college, had kept him absent; he was now in the army. When Maude was just fourteen, Lady Constance married. Maude was one of the bridesmaids, and the little girl was quite unconscious of the fact that she was the only untitled one of the group; she did not yet know how great a chasm the world would say lay between her natural position in life and that of the fair creatures with whom she had mingled from her childhood.

Lady Constance's two brothers were present at her wedding. On the afternoon of that day Maude had thrown herself down upon the sofa in the room which was used for the young lady's study. She was very sorry to part with Lady Constance, and she was crying—but the scene which follows shall be copied from the manuscript:

"Whilst I lay there, feeling tired and sad, the door opened, and Lord Newton came in. He saw me, and saw my tears, and began to tease me as usual. I got up and meant to go out of the room, but Lord Newton had brought in with him a vicious little terrier, which flew at me; I was a timid child about dogs, and this terrier always

frightened me. Lord Newton knew this, and kept urging the dog on. I entreated him to let me go, and to take the dog away, but he only said, 'You must kiss me, miss haughty, and then I will.' I never would kiss him,—I disliked him too much; he was always plaguing me about it, but I was very resolute. Now, however, he knew I was in his power. How a man of four-and-twenty could find pleasure in thus tormenting a child, I cannot understand. I leaned against the back of a large arm-chair, and tried to defend myself both from

the dog and its master. My cheek was flushed—I felt angry, hot, and indignant; when, to my great joy, Lord Henry rushed into the room. He stopped short, looked first at me, then at his brother, and said:

"Charles, what does this mean? You never can be frightening the child with that dog. Come, Maude, come out of your prison; I will take care of you."

"She shall not come till she has kissed me," said Lord Newton.



"But I was bolder now. I knew my deliverer would not fail me, so I answered:

"And I never will do so, Lord Newton; nor will I ever enter this house again."

"I pushed the chair away and ran to the door, the dog flew at me, but Lord Henry seized it and flung it out of the window. I did not wait to hear or see more, but fled, like a startled deer, across the lawn and down the lane in my white dress and satin shoes, and never drew breath or stopped till I was in our own little drawing-room; then I burst into tears, and cried bitterly for some time.

"I was scarcely recovered from the trembling my fright and anger had brought on, before I heard a step in the garden, and saw Lord Henry peeping in through the venetian blinds. He came in and said:

"My little girl, I am so sorry Charles frightened you so much—he won't do it again; and as for the dog, my mother has told him that she will not have it brought into the house, and you know no one ever disobeys her; so you must come back with me; we are going to have a grand dance, and I shall want you for a partner."

“Lord Henry was very kind; he made nurse get me some tea, and as he saw I looked still weary and heated, he told me to go and lie on the bed for an hour, and that nurse should walk up to the house with me when I was more rested. That evening was a very pleasant one. Before the dancing commenced, the Duchess took me into her own room, and clasped round my neck a beautiful gold chain, to which was suspended a locket containing some of Lady Constance’s hair. She kissed me very affectionately, and said :

“You must always tell me if any one is rude or disagreeable to you. I won’t have my god-child made unhappy in my house; remember, dear, what I have now said to you, and be sure you enjoy yourself and dance away this evening.”

“I greatly enjoyed that ball. Lord Henry danced several times with me, and with my fellow pupil, his cousin, Catherine Morsley. His kindness made a very deep and too lasting an impression on my mind.”

Mr. Slaney learnt from the narrative that Maude’s studies were resumed the next day as usual; and that Lord Henry now joined the two girls in their German and Italian lessons, as he did not choose, he said, to be beaten in modern languages by every school-girl he met. He also undertook to give them both the benefit of his superior knowledge of the art of riding, and day by day did these three young creatures scamper over the country, horses and riders vying with one another in speed and spirit.

“That year,” said Mrs. Moore, “was the one of the most brilliant happiness I have known in life.”

At its close a very great change came over her. Catherine Morsley’s father was a distinguished officer in the Indian army, and just as she had attained her fifteenth year, he was raised to the peerage; and coming rather unexpectedly about the same time into a considerable fortune, he retired from service, and came home to spend the remainder of his days in his native land of Ireland. Catherine was his only child, and he wished her to leave Netherwood and come to live with him.

The Duchess, though very sorry to lose her, thought it only right that she should take her true position in her own father’s house. As an earl’s daughter, and heir to a very large fortune, she would become, as a matter of course, a young lady of some importance.

Mr. Slaney gathered from the little Mrs. Moore said of Lady Catherine that she was of a calm, thoughtful nature, veiled in a sort of grey light that might, as her character grew in strength and power, become transfused with a clear brilliancy: we shall hear more of her anon. She was very sorry to leave her kind aunt and Lord Henry, who loved and treated her just like a young sister. She wept much at bidding Maude good-bye, and Maude’s tears flowed freely also. The governess who had had the charge of the two girls for so many years went to Ireland with Lady Catherine. Maude’s studies were thus suddenly brought to an end. She could have no more German and Italian lessons; no more pleasant rides; no more sharp and learned discussions with her former companions on all questions of historical interest; and also she could no longer indulge her great natural

love for music by playing hour after hour upon the splendid organ which stood in the great hall of Netherwood, or on the grand piano which had been in their school-room. The Duchess, however, was not going to have her little god-child uncared for in this dilemma. She arranged that she should still continue to have lessons in music, languages, &c., though at the vicarage and no longer at the great house; but she was to continue to come and go as freely as she liked, the library and the organ were both as open to her as before, and the Duchess said she should now consider her as her own private secretary and reader. A few days after Lady Catherine’s departure, Maude returned home from a long walk; she went into the sitting room, and there, to her wonder and delight, she saw a pianoforte. She opened it, and a paper was lying on the white keys with these words: “For my good and dear god-child, Maude Munroe, that she may charm her father and cheer herself by the sweet tones she knows how to evoke.”

There was no one to participate in her joy, for her father was out; and, true to her impulsive nature, she ran full speed to Netherwood, mounted the great staircase, and went straight to the Duchess’s room, whom she covered with kisses, and overwhelmed with thanks. Lord Henry came in just as she was going; he said to her :

“I have been seeking for you, Maude. Mother, you must spare her to me, I want her now,” and he took her back to the Vicarage himself, opened the gate which led into a small paddock, and she saw the beautiful brown pony which she had always ridden when her days were spent at Netherwood.

“That is my parting gift to you, my dear little Maude,” said her companion, “and I shall expect to hear that you ride it every day, and pray don’t give it a chance of spoiling its beauty by growing fat.”

“Oh! Lord Henry, how very, very kind. But are you going away? What shall I do without you all? Oh! it will be sad,” and the tears began to run very quickly down her cheek.

“Come, cheer up! You will have plenty to do. You must be very busy. I shall find you such a learned lady when I come back, that I shall be frightened to speak to you; and how grandly you will sing. I know I shall be obliged then to stop my ears, lest the drum should snap with delight; and you will have both Constance’s and my garden to take care of, and my mother to see too, and your own father. I doubt if you will ever have any time to sleep. And, now, good-bye, ‘cara sorella;’” he took her hands, he kissed her forehead, and returned home, leaving her to feel very sadly troubled and cast down. The following day he joined his regiment which was ordered to Spain, and they did not meet again for some years.

Maude found full occupation for her time; her education went on vigorously under the kind superintendence of the Duchess; she was still a great deal at Netherwood, she made herself very useful there, and was a general favourite. She sang beautifully,—few could equal her; and that gift of itself brought her much into notice.

Nearly four years had elapsed, and still Lord Henry did not return; during those years Maude

had grown out of the young girl into a woman ; and, as Mr. Slaney thought within himself, judging from what she is now, she must then have been a most lovely and fascinating creature. She shall now again speak for herself :

"There was to be a large party at Netherwood, to which I was as usual invited. When I was dressed, I went in to see the Duchess, who always liked me to do so. She smiled as she looked upon me, and said in her own kind way :

"My sweet and good Maude, you look very comely to-night. I wish I could give you into the care of one worthy of you before I die."

"During the evening I was requested to sing. It was a very great pleasure to me then to sing ; it was the living voice through which I gave utterance to the otherwise silent feelings within ; it was the gushing stream through which the many springs fed from the heart found a vent. I loved to seize the meaning of the compositions I studied, and then sang them to express that meaning in a form animated by one's own individuality of character. That night!—I can remember now how absorbed I had been in my song. I thought not of the present company, they were nothing to me compared to the beauty of the music. I had finished, and was rising from the organ, when I heard my name spoken by a well-remembered voice. I turned and saw Lord Henry and another gentleman standing by me, and both scanning me intently. They had entered unseen by me a few minutes before.

"You are indeed changed, Maude,—I beg your pardon, Miss Munroe," said Lord Henry. "I shall soon teach my lips good manners," he continued with a smile. "I scarcely knew you at first ; I wonder if four years have altered me as much as they have you ; I suppose not, for had I been growing at the same ratio, I should have reached ten feet high before now."

"All this time his eye was resting on me with so kind and pleased an expression, that I felt the colour deepening in my cheek, and I knew he could not help reading the look of happiness which his unexpected appearance had caused.

"He stood by me for some minutes, and then asked me to sing again ; 'For,' he said, 'I am more passionately fond of music than ever, and now I know one who can fully gratify that taste.'

"Whilst he had been talking to me, the other gentleman's eyes were upon me. He looked amazed and dissatisfied ; at last he spoke :

"Lord Henry, I suppose you have forgotten my existence in this interesting interview, and that I am waiting to be introduced to my niece."

"Well, indeed I believe I did, my dear Major ; but now allow me to present Miss Munroe to her uncle, Major Forbes."

"Miss Munroe looks as much astonished as though she had never heard that she had such an uncle," said the Major. "I beg to say that I am your mother's only brother. I am just returned to England after nearly twenty years' absence, which may account for my never having been introduced to you ere now. I believe your name is Maude ?"

"It is," I answered.

"He went on. 'You are very like your

mother ; she was a beautiful girl when I left England ; she was then engaged to your father. Ah me ! She is dead, and I am a scared and broken man.'

"There was some touch of feeling in these last words ; but that touch soon melted away, and he looked again very stern and cold. There was no play about the muscles of his mouth, there was no fire in his eye but the fire of scorn ; and I knew I never could love him.

"Come, Miss Munroe," said Lord Henry, "the Major shall not cheat me out of my song ; and let it be your favourite and your best."

"The different expression of my face that came with these kind words struck my uncle, and he almost scowled at me as he muttered, 'Yes, sing away, deluded girl.' I blushed crimson, and my voice faltered so that I almost feared I should break down, but a gentle 'Courage ; don't mind that bear,' whispered in my ear, nerved me again, and I sang—as I could not but sing with such a beating heart—feelingly.

"Thank you, a thousand times and more," said Lord Henry. "How often you will have to sing that song to me again ; but now I shall cease to tax you."

"He left me, and the Major said, 'Does not your father come with you to these parties ? Are you alone ?'

"My dear uncle, this house is the same to me as my home, and has been so all my life. I have a room which is always ready for me, and half my days are spent here."

"To the neglect of your father, I suppose."

"Uncle, you do not know my father's habits, or you would not have pronounced such a harsh judgment—he is a recluse, his pleasure is in solitude and reading. I am with him quite as much as he cares for me to be."

"Well, Miss Maude, I am not going away again ; I intend to settle in this neighbourhood, and I shall use my own eyes, and see into the truth of all these matters. I will not detain you longer from your gay friends."

"He turned away ; I had no wish to make him stay. I felt chafed and angry. The greater part of that night was spent in chewing the cud of sweet and bitter thoughts ; hope was very much alive within me, and I did not turn from all she whispered in my ear. I got up very early ; the morning was truly enchanting—the dewy freshness was yet resting upon every leaf and shrub when I went out. I wandered about ; there was not a flower, not a tree, one could pass without a greeting of delight both from eye and mind. But my walk did not end in solitude, for Lord Henry joined me.

"Miss Munroe, I am glad to see you have not forgotten your old love of the morning air ; perhaps I shall find out more little traits by which I can link the young Maude to the tall and stately lady with whom I have now the pleasure of conversing ; and may be, after all, I shall find you are not so very much changed—only improvement, and not change. Will this be so, do you think ?"

"I don't feel changed, Lord Henry."

"How is your father, is he well ? I must go and see him by-and-by."

“He is well, and just as great a reader as ever. I think, sometimes, he forgets he has a daughter.”

“I cannot understand that forgetfulness in this case; but let me say, whilst I have the opportunity, how deeply obliged I feel to you for your tender care of my mother. She spoke to me about you last night, with tears of affection and gratitude. Dear Maude, may heaven’s blessing rest upon you.”

“Oh, Lord Henry, don’t speak to me in this way, all the gratitude is due on my side, and I hope I feel that it is so; to be with her, to tend her, is my greatest happiness. I love her as though she were indeed the mother she has been to me. You could not pain me more than by thanking me for anything I could do or have done for her, for my heart is always thanking her for what she has done for me.”

“Then I never will pain you again; but I cannot say I feel easy about her, she looks to me sadly changed; she is so thin and pale, and last night looked quite jaded and ill.”

“She has not been well of late; but I trust she will soon be better.”

“I hope so, indeed,” he said, with a sigh; and then went on more cheerfully: “Is the pony quite well? You are much too tall and dignified to mount him now, I suppose?”

“Tall, and dignified, and changed, and all that as I am, I rode him yesterday, and he trotted away most merrily.”

“I am very glad to hear it, and I must go and see my old friend to-day. Perhaps, Miss Munroe, we may have some more rides together.”

“We were just entering the house as he said these last words, and on the steps stood my uncle, watching us; there was a dark scowl on his face, and as I saw the hissing urn being carried into the breakfast-room, I only gave him a nod of recognition, and ran upstairs. After breakfast he came up to me, and began saying:

“Good morning, Miss Maude; you have time to walk, it appears, with the gay young lord; you have words and smiles in abundance for him, and you have one cold nod for your uncle, and no more. I believe I am your only relation; do you intend always to treat me so?”

“Why, my dear uncle, I was really in a hurry this morning; I will be more gracious another time.”

“Gracious! you are over gracious, girl! Why are you here, playing the fine lady, and acting the part of—I know not what—to that cold and self-indulgent Duchess?”

“Cold and self-indulgent, uncle? There is no truth in this accusation—warm and self-forgetting she is, if you like. I would gladly be her slave, but she treats me as her child.”

“Child, indeed! I know a little too much of life to believe in this story.”

“And I know too little to disbelieve it,” I answered. And with eyes full of tears and a heart full of anger I left him.

“But I must not not allow myself to dwell upon the scenes of those days—they come crowding back upon my memory as I write. I must content my-

self by saying that, in spite of all Major Forbes’ dark hints and bitter sneers, I continued to be as much as ever at Netherwood. I do not know how the duchess could have done without me, for she became more and more delicate; she wanted me to read to her—she wanted me to write for her, and to wait upon her was my greatest pleasure. Lord Henry was very often in his mother’s room, he was extremely attached to her, and she loved him far better than she had ever loved her eldest son.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PORTABLE FIRE-ARMS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE use of gunpowder as an agent of projection became general throughout Europe early in the fourteenth century, for we find an ordinance of Florence, dated 1326, which directs the manufacture of “Canones de Metallo” in that city; and again, in 1338, in the enumeration of implements and stores, supposed to have been collected for a French attack upon Southampton, a list preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris recites, amongst others, “un pot de fer à traire garros à feu, xlviij garros ferrés et empanez en deux cassez, une livre de salpêtre, et demie livre de souffre vif pour faire poudre pour traire les-diz garros.”* Moreover, guns are said to have been used at Algeiras, by the Moors, in 1342, and by Edward III. at the Battle of Crécy in 1346.

Thus, without discussing the question of the date of the origin of gunpowder—without inquiring whether it was invented by the Chinese, the Arabs, or the monks; whether it is, or is not, a descendant of “Greek Fire;” or whether it can only claim a descent from the ninth century, and not, as some allege, from the time of Moses—we certainly do find it adapted to warlike purposes by the Moors of Spain and our own countrymen in the middle of the fourteenth century, and hence we may say that it was in general use throughout Europe at that time.

The first implements to use gunpowder as an agent of projection were probably of a medium size, mechanical art being at the time insufficient either to reduce them efficiently to a small scale or to put together the enormous guns we find mentioned at a later period. Moreover the dread of holding in the hand a novel instrument of destruction of whose powers exaggerated notions were entertained, would at first prevent the use of the hand-gun. As this fear wore off, and men became accustomed to the loud explosion and flame, and more skilled in the use of the new weapon, the advantage of using it by the hand would become evident, and they would be adapted accordingly.

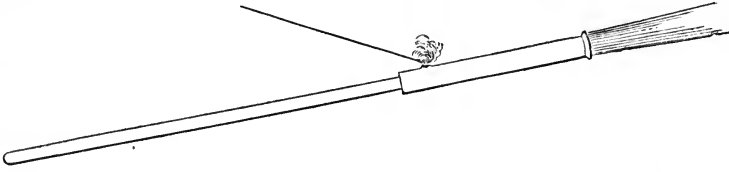
It is much to be regretted that while armour, swords, and other offensive and defensive weapons of dates much anterior to the introduction of the hand-gun have been preserved, we are obliged to depend upon drawings for an idea of the weapon which, in an improved condition, eventually produced such immense changes in warfare, which gave civilisation so great a superiority over the

* Hewitt, “Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe.” Vol. ii., p. 287.

savage, and by means of which Spaniard and Englishman have carried the flag of their country from Peru to Peking.

Hewitt, in his "Ancient Armour and Weapons in Europe," gives the figure of a hand-gunner from the Burney MS., who appears to be holding

with his right hand and arm a simple iron tube fastened to a pole, whilst he fires the charge by means of a match held in his left hand. This appears to be the earliest form of "hande-gonne" on record, and will probably be of the end of the fourteenth, or beginning of the fifteenth century.



No fastenings to attach the tube to the stock appear in the picture, but we may reasonably con-

clude that they were held together by rude iron bands, thus—



The touch-hole was placed at the top, the priming exposed to rain and wind, and from the way it was held; viz., the pole or stock under the arm, no correct aim could be taken.

The next appears a decided improvement, as it is regularly stocked, although but rudely; still its

general form is not unlike that of its modern descendant. The stock is, however, straight, and therefore difficult to aim with, although the holder appears to be aiming, and he, curiously enough, has both his arms in tolerably correct position, according to the "School of Musketry."

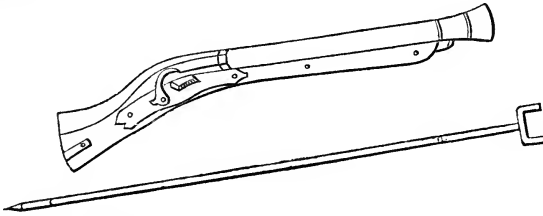


Still there is no attempt at a lock, and the touch-hole is on the top of the barrel.

The step which followed was simply to place the touchhole at the side, as a slight protection to the priming.

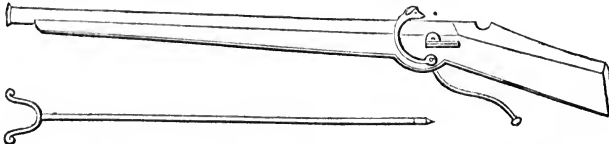
It seems that the arm remained in this rude condition about one hundred years, and that then an attempt was made to produce ignition

by means of a lock, called the "Serpentine," at the same time that the stock was bent for the purpose of aiming more easily, and fitted the shoulder better. There were also at this time two kinds of hand-gun, now called "Harquebus,"—one fired from the shoulder, the other from a rest; of the latter Hewitt gives the following drawing—



The sketch gives no trigger, and there is a rudeness about the serpentine lock which seems incompatible with the fact that, at the beginning of the sixteenth century the wheel-lock, a complicated piece of machinery, hereafter described, was invented in Germany. It is therefore probable that

this form of harquebus was of rather earlier date than that usually assigned—probably the last quarter of the fifteenth century. At this time the charge was ignited by means of a rope lighted at the end, and called the match, and which was held in the mouth of the serpentine.



The next step is clearly shown by Hewitt in the sketch of "A Muskater," which he takes from the "Roll of the Funeral Procession of Sir Philip Sydney," in 1586; but the fire-arms in this

case also may probably be antedated to the middle of the sixteenth century.

We here see the first trigger, which is well worth a comparison with the hair-trigger of the present

day. Grasped by the whole hand, with the thumb having a firm hold by means of the circular cut upon the stock, a strong pressure brought back the cock to the priming. This arm was also fired from a rest, which, in fact, continued in use up to the time of James II., the weight of muskets being usually from fourteen to twenty pounds. At the same period a smaller weapon, called a "Caliver," or "Arquebuse de Calibre," from all being made the same bore, so that the same bullet would fit them, came into use, and was an important step in the right direction. This arm differed only from the "Muskett" just given in size, and in being fired without a rest: the mode of ignition was the same.

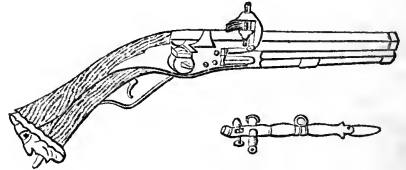
In the early part of the sixteenth century, another way of firing was invented, namely, the wheel-lock. Its mechanism is so well described in a note to Grose's "History of the English Army," vol. xiii. p. 154, that I quote it at length. "It is," he says, "by Father Daniel, who had collected various particulars about different sorts of arms:—

"It was a little solid wheel of steel, fixed against the plate of the lock of the harquebuzer or pistol; it had an axis that pierced it in its centre; at the interior end of this axis, which went into the lock, a chain was fastened, which twisted round it on the wheel being turned, and bent the spring by which it was held: to bend this spring a key was made use of, into which the exterior end of the axis was inserted. By turning this key from left to right the wheel was made to revolve, and, by this movement, a little slider of copper, which covered the pan with the priming, retired from over it; and, by the same movement, the

cock, armed with a flint, was in a state to be discharged on pulling the 'tricker' with the finger, as in ordinary pistols; the cock then falling on the wheel, produced fire, and communicated it to the priming."

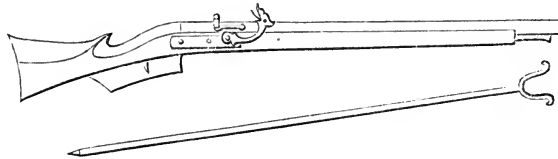
The sketch here given is taken from a pistol in the possession of Mr. Townley Parker, Cuerden Hall, Lancashire: the key of which Father Daniel speaks, is called the spanner; it would also act as a turnscrew, and, being hollow, contained the priming-powder.

The wheel-lock being the immediate predecessor of the flint-lock, so well-known to us, and only discontinued in the English army in 1840, is well worth careful study.

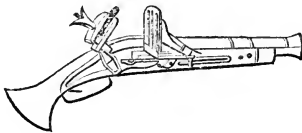


It appears, however, that the wheel-lock easily got out of order, and was difficult to repair in the field; hence their use was not general, and we find the match-lock still the usual mode of firing in the seventeenth century.

In Grose's "English Army" there are figures of the manual exercise of the Musketeers at the end of the seventeenth century, showing but little improvement upon the harquebus or caliver of the previous one; the trigger, indeed, is improved, and covered by a trigger-guard, but the rest—the match and the musket—are almost the same.



An invention which doubled the use of the musket now was introduced. To Germany we owe the flint-lock, as well as the wheel-lock. Rude and clumsy indeed at first, with its upright steel, the "Schnapp-hahn," or literally snap-cock, when it once gained a footing, drove the match-lock completely out of the field, and held its ground for upwards of 150 years.



The drawing is from Hewitt, and he says "it is of German manufacture, and has the Nuremberg stamp on the barrel: its date about 1640."

The improvement of causing the steel to cover the priming, and to fly open by the striking of the cock against it, was soon made; and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the flint-lock was in general use in the English army, and differed but little from that with which our troops

were armed up to 1840: it was a little heavier, and a little clumsier, perhaps, but that was all the difference, considered only as a fire-arm. It was not till the latter year that English soldiers of the line were armed with a percussion-musket, which, however, only held its place for about a dozen years, when the advance of science and the better arms of our neighbours compelled us to replace it; first, partially by the Minié, and afterwards entirely by the Enfield.

Our subject, however, ends with the introduction of the flint-lock: the subsequent improvements belong to modern times.

The various theories of gunnery introduced by Tartaglia, Leonardo da Vinci, Robbins, and others, and more recently developed by Delvigne, Minié, and Whitworth, are deeply interesting to a nation of Rifle-men; and when the watchword of our rifle-makers and rifle-users seems to be "Forward and onward," a fuller study of the several steps from the rude "hande-gonne" of the fourteenth century to the Whitworth of to-day cannot fail to be amusing and instructive to all who love the rifle.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoyng in the gynnyn causeth mykel error in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER IX. WILFORD'S WOOING.

"It is a very poor thing I offer you, Violet—the love of a ruined man; but, at least, that love is true, and whole, and earnest. Indeed, I never felt my ruin before; and if I wish for wealth now, it is only that I may lay it at your feet. I know how poor my claim is. I know how little I have done to merit your love. I know that my debt of gratitude to you is already more, far more, than I can ever hope to repay. And yet, Violet, I am here—at your feet—to proffer you my heart, and to ask for yours. Give it to me. Give me a motive for life; give me something to make the future precious to me; not because of any deserving of mine, but out of your great goodness and pity. Do I pain you, Violet, talking like this? But indeed I can no more be silent; for I love you, Violet, and that love *will* find its way into words. It is my only claim; besides that, I have nothing. A broken, wearied man, just escaped from a wreck in which all fortune has gone down. With a mis-spent past, shattered in health, disinherited, fortuneless, there seems a madness and a wrong-doing about my quest. How can I dare to raise my hopes so high as you are, Violet? I cannot justify myself. I cannot reason on the subject. I can only tell you that my love is

honest and true. I swear to you that it is. I can only assure you that all man can do to make you happy, dear Violet, I will do. Bid me not despair wholly of winning you. Let me think that you will forget the past, that you will treat it as dead to both of us, and that in the future there may be yet some hope of happiness; that you will permit my journey through life to commence anew from now, with you, Violet, by my side. How light it will seem! How full of joy! Never to look back, to efface all memory of the past by the new life of the future! May this be so, Violet? Oh, say that it may!"

In some such hurried sentences, broken by emotion, impressive from the feverish earnestness with which they were uttered, Wilford Hadfield told the story of his love.

"Madge has betrayed me," thought Violet, as he began, and she was hurt at first—then appeased—then, as he went on, and his words and fervid tones stirred up strange echoes amongst the depths of her own heart, and the consciousness of her own love for him grew upon her more and more, what could she do but yield to the entrancement of his confession, and with her heart beating tumultuously, steal a soft white hand into his, and fall at last upon his shoulder, tearful,

sobbing, crimson with blushes, in a half-swoon of happiness?

"You love me, Violet?" he cried.

He had set such a value upon her love, he could scarcely credit it could be his so readily. It had seemed to be so far from him—at least he had so fancied it—that now, when it came quite near to him—was within his arm's length, as it were—he almost shrunk back, sceptical, paralysed, by a happiness he had thought too great to be real, to be other than imaginary: just as in dreams of great joy, however real they may seem, the dreamer finds himself suspending his belief with the question: "Are not these things too glorious to be true?" Indeed great happiness, like great misery, is dazing, bewildering, stupefying. We cannot receive either on the instant wholly into our intelligences; we must take them piecemeal, and so at last get the entirety through the bars of our minds.

"You love me, Violet?" he repeated.

Was it necessary to ask the question? Was he not sufficiently answered by those dark grey eyes, and the tears glistening upon their lashes, like the morning dew upon the flowers? Was there not reply enough in the trembling parted lips, although no sound came from them?

"You will ignore the past?"

"Always."

"And think only of the future?"

"Yes, Wilford."

She was heard at last. Such a soft, timid voice.

A white scared face looked in for a moment at the door, and a pair of large blue eyes opened very wide indeed at what they beheld.

"Perhaps I'd better keep out in the garden," Madge Fuller murmured to herself. "Perhaps I have not done so very wrong after all," and then she concluded with the fearful proposition contained in the words "perhaps it's as well to be indiscreet now and then."

Soon after Wilford passed into Mr. Fuller's surgery.

"Doctor," he began, in a firm voice. "I told you just now that there was yet another reason why I should quit you."

"Are you going to worry me again about this matter, you obstinate boy?"

"You must hear me."

"Am I not safe even in my own surgery?"

"Doctor," Wilford went on seriously. "It would be wrong to conceal this thing from you for one moment longer than absolutely necessary." The doctor looked at his patient, and perceived that he was decidedly in earnest.

"What do you mean, Wilford? Is there anything the matter?"

"This. I love your daughter, Violet."

"What!" cried the doctor, amazed.

"I love your daughter. I believe that love to be returned. I am here to ask your consent to our union."

The doctor turned quite pale.

"You don't mean this," he said. "You're jesting, surely. No—you're not, though. There's no jesting in your face. But *can* this be? You love Violet?"

"Indeed I do. Is it not a reason why you should wish me hence? For I know how unworthy I am of her. But, oh! let it be a reason for my return—for my coming back here to make her mine!"

"I never dreamt of such a thing as this."

"Indeed I will endeavour to deserve her. Indeed I will devote my whole life to her happiness. Don't think of me as I have been. I am as a new creature henceforward. Indeed, doctor, I am changed."

"But you, old Mr. Hadfield's son, to marry the daughter of a country doctor! What will be thought of such a thing? What will they say at the Grange?"

"What will it matter what they say? Besides, don't think of me as Mr. Hadfield's son; think of me as I am: no more the heir to the Grange and the Hadfield lands; but cast-off, poor, penitent, and yet with a deep love in my heart for Violet! I regret my lost position only because I cannot ask her to share it. If I could ask her to be mistress of the Grange!"

"No, no; that could never have been! Bad enough as it is! quite bad enough. What will they say throughout Grilling Abbots?" and the doctor wiped his forehead. "In what a situation you have placed me. Why all the old women in the town will rise against me. The tea-tables will be up *en masse*."

"Doctor, O thank you. I see you are relenting."

"I'm not indeed! I'm all in a fever. What I shall be charged with! They will say I brought you here on purpose. That I set a trap for the old Squire's son. By heavens! it is not to be borne. No, Wilford, you must go, I see that plain enough; but as for coming back again—"

"Yet, consider, doctor, for Violet's sake—if she loves me—"

"Does she love you? and Mr. Fuller rubbed his chin meditatively.

"She does."

"You're sure? You look so. O Violet! I didn't believe you'd do such a thing!"

"But, Mr. Fuller—"

"There—there—don't talk to me. I must think it all over; it requires consideration; a very great deal of consideration. By-and-by I'll tell you more about it. I'll speak to you again. Now, go, leave me, there's a good fellow, let me have some peace. I've a heap of things to do, all sorts of medicines to make up. There—there—go." And Wilford was gently pushed out of the room.

The doctor paced up and down with long strides and unusual rapidity, crumpling up in his excitement a large, many-hued silk handkerchief to quite a ball in his hand.

"I've been an ass," he said, "and that's the simple truth. I ought to have foreseen all this. I ought to have known that some such thing as this was likely to happen. And yet I never gave it a thought; and to see him so sad and ill and broken down as he was when he first came here, who would have expected him to fall in love with Violet? My dear, dear daughter Violet—so like her mother, too. I'm sure I can

never part with her. It would quite break my heart. And yet,—if she loves him, as he says she does! It's my fault—it's all my fault for bringing him into the house. But I was so fond of him; I took to him quite as a boy somehow. I never had a son of my own; and he was such a bright, noble, handsome boy. Well, suppose he *did* quarrel with his father, the old man would be provoking enough when he chose, and irritating enough as I very well know; and if he *did* leave home, and go a little wrong, and wild, and madcap, whose fault was it I should like to know? hardly all his own, hardly that. And he's poor now; people can't well say—yet they will, I feel sure—that he's much of a match for Violet, or any very great catch for her. Can I consent? Shall I give him my dear, good daughter—the little rogue—so quiet, and demure, and delicate, and in love all the while with this great, grim-looking man? Can I give her to him? Does he deserve it? Is he worthy of her? Well, well. Perhaps no man ever is quite worthy of a woman so pure and good as Violet is; at least I have never met such a one. It's very hard to know what to do. And if it should offend the people at the Grange! O! we must be very careful about that. I must talk to Mrs. Stephen about it. I must be sure to ask her opinion upon the subject."

There was a tap at the door.

"May I come in?"

"Who's there?" And Violet entered.

"What's all this about, Vi? Is it true? I see it is. You love him? O Violet!" She could only throw her arms round his neck, and kiss him impetuously.

"But we must do nothing without Mrs. Stephen, Violet. Her consent is even more important than mine."

"She is in the drawing-room, and she knows all," whispered Violet.

There was the rustle of silk skirts, and Mrs. Stephen entered, bringing Madge with her.

"Dear me! what a crowd in the surgery!—for heaven's sake take care of the bottles!"

"O Mr. Fuller, I'm so delighted at what I have heard! You can't think how pleased I am. My dear Violet—my dear Madge." And thereupon the three ladies embraced each other affectionately, as the manner of their sex is in such cases. Men celebrate festive occasions with bottles of wine—women, with numberless kisses.

"You give your consent, Mr. Fuller?"

"I don't know what to say about it."

"Oh, but you must. They love each other. Never was there a marriage that promised to be happier."

"But it comes upon me so suddenly! I've had no time to think about it at all. And Violet's very young. And Wilford's little better than an invalid. There can be no hurry. Yes; they must wait."

"Wait?" repeated Wilford, joining the group.

"Yes, a year; they must wait a year," the doctor said, determinedly.

"A year!" And Wilford glanced suspiciously round him, as though he dreaded that an intention existed to cheat him of his happiness.

"A year will soon fly away," Mrs. Stephen suggested, smilingly.

"Be it so," Wilford said, suddenly. "Yes, be it so; perhaps it will be better."

Had Violet looked to him to resist that postponement? If so, she acquiesced very soon in the arrangement. She came quite close to him.

"And if you *must* go, Wilford, if you *must* leave us for the present, you will write to me—you will be sure to—you will write very often?"

"I will be sure to, Violet."

The doctor looked almost scared at what he had done. He still seemed to cling to the *status quo*, like a timid bather afraid to let go the rope.

"But we must have Stephen's consent, remember, his unqualified consent."

"I'll answer for Stephen," said Gertrude Hadfield; and she whispered to the doctor, "Do you know, doctor, we were not unprepared for this? Steenie and I have often talked it over, hoping that it might come about. I thought of it directly I found Wilford recovering."

"The deuce you did," muttered Mr. Fuller. "Why it seems that everybody was prepared for it, and thought of it, excepting myself; I begin to think I grow thick-headed as I get older."

Madge thought her father looked rather melancholy. She went up and kissed him.

"You know, papa, I shall be left at home to take care of you, and attend to the house, and make tea and keep the keys of the store-room."

"Yes, Madge, and eat the jam in it," and Mr. Fuller shook his head in half-comical despair.

"Oh, but I shall be a year older," said Madge, with a blush, "and perhaps I shan't be so fond of jam then as I am now."

"Yes, there's a year to come—that's some comfort," groaned the doctor.

Mrs. Stephen drove back to the Grange in her pony-carriage. She soon apprised her husband of all that had happened at the cottage.

"I'm sure it's a very happy thing," Mrs. Stephen commented; "Wilford ought to marry—of course he ought. Men ought all to marry. I'm sure it would be much better for them, and they would be a great deal happier, and it would keep them out of harm's way. I'm sure there wouldn't be half so much mischief, and irregularity, and wickedness in the world if there were more marriages." (Mrs. Stephen had tried the specific and found it answer in her own case.) "Wilford ought to consider himself very fortunate in having secured such a charming girl as Vi Fuller. Perhaps it would have been different if your father's will hadn't been what it was; of course *then*—"

"Hush, my dear, don't say anything about that—it should not have altered the case."

"I mean that *then* he might have looked higher. But she'll make him an admirable wife, and he'll forget all his troubles, and leave off moping and being miserable, and the rest of it. Was that one of the children crying?"

"No, my dear; besides, if it was, Nurse can see to it. I hope you have not over-exerted yourself," &c., &c.

"A year will soon go," said Wilford, as, some days later, he turned his back upon Grilling Abbots. "And she has promised to write very often. Then, a new name, a new life, and Violet mine, there will yet be chance of happiness in the future!"

And he journeyed towards London.

CHAPTER X. TIME FLIES.

THERE is a certain well-understood though unexpressed convention, by virtue of which the world is bound to laugh at specific subjects. Jokes upon these are constantly "kept standing" as the printers call it, conveniently for the immediate use of the jester never slow to avail himself of the advantage; for as necessary as air to ordinary and unjocose people, is laughter to the jester and he prefers to obtain it surely by an old and well-trod road, rather than risk missing it on a path but newly discovered, however pleasant and inviting otherwise. There is often a doubt about the bran new coin—a golden egg, if I may so say, fresh laid by the Mint—it is suspicious-looking, it may be bad, it is so much brighter than usual; the thin, well-thumbed, dull-shining sovereign, years in circulation, is infinitely preferred. And it is the same with jests: the old are honoured with the established laughter; the new are questioned, and their payment in grins frequently refused.

It seems to me (though of course it is too late in the day to say so now with a view to any alteration), that some of these subjects are rather ill-chosen; are not really so provocative of honest mirth as the jesters would have us believe; have a serious and sometimes painful side, which might fairly exempt them in a great measure from the incessant sallies and rallies of the facetious. Let me mention a few of the topics in respect to which the gentlemen with the caps and bells rely for the bringing down of the mirth and applause of their audience.

Widows—Bishops—Impecuniosity—Love-letters.

These four will do: though of course there are many more on behalf of which and in deprecation of eachinnation much might be urged; and even for all these I do not feel absolutely bound to enter the lists. I am not a Widow, nor am I a Bishop. Perhaps I should only damage the cause of either by defending it; perhaps they are both strong enough to take care of themselves. For the Widow I will only say that I have found, as a rule, her situation to be more forlorn than facetious; while for the Bishop, I could never for the life of me discover from a lay point of view any particular funniness about him—a comfortable and respectable dignitary, no doubt; but what does the community see to laugh at in that fact? I know not. Yet turn to the comic books: how many jokes have been cracked upon the venerable heads of the spiritual lords? It is past all counting. For Impecuniosity, let me confess that on occasions when I have found my banker's account to be at a very low figure, and perhaps the balance on the wrong side of the pass-book—for my credit is good, and I have been permitted to overdraw once or twice—when this has been so, let me hasten to state that I have derived distress and annoyance from the circum-

stance, and clearly not mirth and amusement. For Love-letters I may have something to urge. Perhaps in my time I may have written such things. Who hasn't? A long time ago.—Oh, yes, that of course!

Read over the last great love-case in the law reports, and you'll surely find that shrieks of laughter followed the putting in evidence of the letters of the poor wretches concerned. They were treated as quite new and exceptional matters, purely funny; it was as though nobody in court had ever heard before of such intensely comic things as love-letters; as though they were brilliant conundrums, or laughable verses from the last burlesque; as though the judge on the bench hadn't written such things himself in days gone by, or the counsel on either side, or the witnesses, or the jury, over and over again—everybody in court, down even to the lawyer's clerks leering in the gulf between the bar and the judgment seat, not very loving or loveable-looking: they are not handsome men, as a rule, are lawyer's clerks, any more than are low-church curates. Are those poor love-letters, then, really such fit subjects for jesting? Granted that they are faded and crumpled and shabby-looking now, the passion that gave them preciousness and vitality clean gone from them, that they are as graceless and unattractive as a balloon with the gas out of it, as illumination lamps blown out at daybreak, as a bottle of hock a week without its cork, "stale, flat, unprofitable," but may we not reverence things typically—not for what they are, but for what they represent—for their past value, not their present? The love may be gone, but at least it was good and true while it lasted; let us gather up its relics with respectful hands, and lock them up safely, not toss them about with a snigger, nor hand them to Betty for the dustbin or the fire-place, or to wrap her curls in at bedtime.

I know that it is the fashion to sneer at Love-now-a-days, and the stress the fiction-writer has often laid upon it. For certainly he has been prone to think that often in a man's life there has been a time when such an event as a strong mastering passion has given to his career permanent warp and change and colour; an important fact to look back at and date from in after years, like the Deluge in the world's history. But this is not so, it seems, and the novelist was wrong. "There are no more grand passions, now," says old Fitznoddy, of the Narcissus Club, Pall Mall, "any more than there is good port wine—they went out together." And he represents a general opinion. You mustn't look to Fitznoddy for individuality. Henceforward, then, there should be a list of errata added to all books. You must now, for every time *amour* occurs read *amourette*. Cupid is no more the one plump, glorious, mottled, rosy god whom it was a joy to hug tight to one's heart; he is split up into a squad of miserable, tiny, pauper children, very skeleton-like, all sharp corners and hard edges, whom one holds comfortlessly in one's arms—and with difficulty too—like a bundle of firewood with the string cut. The heart is a mere musical instrument—woman turns the handle, and it plays its airs punctually, like a barrel-organ. And these are always the same:

there is no variety of emotion. And we court Chloe at forty, to the same tune with which we deluded Daphne at twenty.

Can this be so? Has the old, great, strong, insensate passion of youth really past away? Well, it may be, for youth has gone, too. Life takes great strides now. There is but one step from childhood to middle age, which begins now, I fancy, at eighteen, while senility sets in probably at thirty. The age loves suddenness—it has suppressed transitional periods; the world would abolish twilight if it could. One day we are in the nursery, and the next ordering hair-dye or being measured for wigs. The pace is tremendous. Last week there were some children prattling on my knee: this week, to hear them talk, makes me feel quite an old man—ay! old and foolish.

It will excite little surprise, then, after this, when I say that I adhere very much to the old story-telling creed: that I believe very much in the love, one and indivisible. It may be a dream—let me have it. It may be that the hero of the novelists is not quite so white as he has been painted. Turn to the courageous master romancist. May there not be true love for beautiful Sophy Western, even though there has been—before, or after, or the while—some dalliance with naughty Molly Seagrim? "All men are beasts!" says a single lady of great age whom it is my privilege to know. The criticism is severe: but, at least, men are mortal—the leaven of fallibility is very strong in them; they may come down now and then from the pedestals on which they are often mounted in books; but there is good in them, too, and virtue and bravery and truth. We need not be always pointing to the blue vein in the marble; we need not insist that all coats should be worn with the seamy side out; let us believe in heroes and heroines, though they eat muttunchops like other people, and in their loves and their love-letters, though perhaps the love has passed from these last, like the scent from the paper, and the hands that penned them may be churchyard dust. Do we admire lovely woman the less for knowing that she wears frisettes in her hair and crinoline? No. Perhaps the more for these evidences of her mortality. We should be frightened at her very likely if she were really an angel, all our talk to her on the subject to the contrary notwithstanding.

I have digressed. I know it. This chapter is much by way of *entr'acte*. For there is a lapse of time here in the story, and the months are fleeting as I write. A convenient opportunity seemed to offer for pause and a word or two upon the present view of sentiment, especially as this is not quite in accordance with certain notions contained in this story and set forth in a measure by its characters. They, be it said, believe in love, as did the world, I think, before perhaps matrimony, the climax of love, was, to use a vulgarism, "blown upon" by the Divorce Court. And I wanted to set out here two letters, out of many that about this time passed between Wilford Hadfield and Violet Fuller; and it seemed to me, regard being had to the prevalence of certain opinions, that it behoved me to prepare the mind of the reader for the reception of these documents. I

wanted, in fact, to avoid the accustomed roar when love-letters are tendered as evidence in a case.

The letters are very simple, yet full, as it seems to me, of a great affection, of a deep tenderness; there is no effort in them, no desire to attitudinise in them on the part of the writers, and so delude each other after the manner of people who don't love. I select them hap-hazard out of a heap. They are not written in the first burst of the discovery of passion, but later in the day, when they had taken that for granted and between them had established a firm substratum of love and faith to which it was hardly necessary for them further to refer.

Plowden Buildings, Temple.

"MY DEAREST VIOLET,

"What a relief it is to turn from my books and once more write to you! I look forward all through the day to this moment, and the harder I have toiled the better seems my claim to send you a long letter. Does not this act of letter-writing really bring us nearer together? I am sure I feel that the space between us is now, by some miles, less than what it was this morning. I seem to have travelled through my work, and so brought myself closer to you. Perhaps it is that I may now permit myself to think wholly and exclusively of you, and that my thoughts circle round you and draw you to me as I write. I hear your voice, I know its every charming accent. I look up and see your kind eyes. I stretch out my arms, and I fancy there is little to prevent my grasping your soft white hands. I almost think that if I were to pronounce your name aloud—'Violet!'—I should somehow hear your dear voice answer me. My heart beats quite noisily at the idea of such a thing. How I wish this were all so in reality! How I long to learn yet once more from your own lips that you love me! I can never tire of hearing you say those words. They can never seem monotonous to me—but always new, and beautiful, and magical. I am almost angry with each of your letters that does not contain them explicitly—implication is not sufficient. I should like the precise words written large at the beginning of each letter, and again large at the end. I think that would satisfy me. Oh! if you knew how happy the thought of your love makes me, Violet—what value it gives to my future—how great a change it has made in me in every way! I sometimes pause, wondering if all can be true. Is there this leaven of doubt about all joy? Do those who are happy always stop to question their position and plague themselves with inquiries? 'Is it real?—is it true? Will it last?' But I have been so well acquainted with misery I have, perhaps, bought a right to be incredulous about happiness.

"Do I weary you with all this? Pray forgive me if I do. Indeed I try to conquer all my doubts and misgivings. I try to forget. I try to look forward simply and trustingly. Yet in all my letters I feel there are many lines like those I have written above—made up of self-examinations and forebodings, which must give you pain to combat over and over again. But you always triumph, Violet—at any rate, for a long time—

and I hope that the enemy is growing weaker, less frequent in his attacks, and that in the end you will vanquish him altogether.

"Do not all my letters commence something in this way? Do you not rely for certain upon a particular number of lines of wildness and absurdity and unreason before you get to more serious and sober matters? But in beginning to write to you a sort of tumult of emotion seems to carry me out of myself. I cannot instantly concentrate my ideas. I feel dizzy and unnerved with thoughts of you. It would be the same if I were now to see you here—at a moment's notice. The joy would be too much for me almost. I should be dumb for some minutes. I should feel everything to be swimming round me, and I should fall at your feet overwhelmed by the wondrous magic of your presence. So, in writing to you, my hand quite trembles, and my heart is terribly restless; the love surges up in me till I feel half mad with it, and I have to wait a little till I grow more accustomed to its violence.

"Very extravagant all this, isn't it, Violet? And I fancy those charming deep grey eyes looking mildly reproachful, and a smile that would be critical if it wasn't so tender stealing along the lines of your lips. I ought to be calm. I ought to study to conceal emotion more. I ought not to surrender myself to these paroxysms of feeling. Quite right. The more so because you, I know, dear one, believe rather in quietude, which is not always earnestness, though the one sometimes represents the other; but perhaps it is difficult to believe that fever and excitement may be anything more than effervescence after all.

"There: I am still now, my hand shakes no more. Don't you perceive a difference in the writing? I can bear now calmly to contemplate my happiness, and to think of you placidly, Violet. I remember that I am a gentleman very near middle-life (I am, Vi, though you persist in contradicting me!), with a great many grey hairs (I have them, though you are so wilfully blind on the subject, and will ignore them!), living up a good many pairs of stairs in the Temple, studying law. I ought to conduct myself soberly if anybody ought.

"I have given up my lodgings in Bury Street. They were a useless extravagance. We agreed upon that, did we not? and economy is to be the order of the day henceforward. My old friend, George Martin, of whom I have written to you before, and whom I have begged you to like when you see him, if only for my sake—but I am sure you will like him for his own—has been kinder than ever. He has insisted upon my taking up my abode with him, has made room for me in his chambers, and will have it that for some time to come I shall have no want of any other lodgings or rooms of whatever kind. What could I do but comply with an offer so generous? You must like him! He is so genial and frank, and yet so calm and self-contained, withal. Isn't that a recommendation, Vi? He is a little older than I am—handsome, with marked features—a high bald forehead—he declares he lost his hair at twenty-three—and a wonderful smile. He has been called to the bar some years, but he does not

practise; he is engaged in literary pursuits, and is a highly accomplished and most worthy gentleman. He writes constantly in the — and — Journals, and has been most kind in obtaining work for me. It was through his introduction that my paper appeared in the — Magazine; the paper you admired so kindly (you don't know what an incentive to work your admiration is, Vi), and which Madge thought a little heavy. She likes 'funnier kind of things,' does she? I am afraid I cannot manage to be very comical; but I'll try, if it be only for her sake, and she shall be at liberty to laugh quite as much at as with me. Can I do more to please her? I am sorry that I found it necessary to speak unfavourably of the new comic novel she admired so much. Tell her, if she likes, she shall herself review the author's next work.

"Will you take Martin's evidence in my favour? He says there is no reason why I should not take high literary rank, or attach to my name a most creditable share of literary fame. I try to believe this. Do you, Vi? How happy it would make me to seem in any way more worthy of you! The disparity between us is too fearful at present. But, there, I will say no more. I know you have already expressed strong disapprobation at what you call my absurd system of undue exaltation of you and depreciation of myself.

"Good-night, Violet, and good-bye. I looked out of window at the calm moon, and wonder whether it is shining into your face as it is into mine, and what you are doing and saying. But, probably, you are in bed long ago, and fast asleep. Has your last thought to-night been of me as mine will be of you? A lovely night. I see the Thames from my window reflecting the stars, and the lamps on the bridge. A lovely night; and in its hush and beauty—with my mind full of thoughts of you—I seem to be nearer to you than ever, and to love you more; but that is hardly possible. Good-night! God preserve and bless you, and make you love me, and me worthy of your love. Good-night, again, my own dearest Violet!

"Yours ever,

"WILFORD."

Grilling Abbots.

"DEAREST WILFORD,

"*I love you!* Will that do, you restless, impatient man? Or am I to write the words over and over again, beginning and ending every line with them? But if you will not, as you say, though I doubt the fact,—if you will not tire of reading them, don't you think I shall of writing them? When will you give over these doubtings and misgivings? I was in hopes from your former letter that you had quite got rid of your old melancholy. Why did you let it come back to plague you? You frighten me sometimes by the way in which you write to me. Why should you fear that I should cease to love you? Why should I change? What is there in me or in my words that should make you think that I do not know my own mind—that I am feeble, uncertain—that some time or other I shall cease to love you? No, dear Wilford, that will never be. Pray believe it, now and for ever. I have given you my heart

past all taking back again; still more, past all giving to another. *I love you!* There, *Monsieur*, be content. I have written the words again, and they are true words,—indeed, indeed they are.

“I did not intend to write this sort of letter, I wanted to be quiet and composed;—yes, sir, and perhaps prosy. It is your fault that I fall away from my good intentions. But I read over again your impetuous sentences. I find your trouble and emotion to be contagious. I, too, find my cheeks glowing and my hand trembling. You see what mischief you occasion; you disturb not merely yourself but me also, and what have I done that I should be treated in such a way? But I forgive you. Is not that magnanimous? There—and I have kissed the paper just where I write; you kiss there, too, and consider yourself pardoned, provided that you never offend any more in the same way.

“I have no news, except that we all liked your paper in the —. Even Madge, who still thinks you might be *lighter*, was pleased; and papa, though he did not say much, took the paper into the surgery, and, I'm sure, read it over many times quietly and enjoyed it immensely. I feel so happy when I hear you praised. Can you account for that in any way? I like to think that the world is beginning to open its eyes to your great merits; but for heaven's sake, Wilford, don't be tempted to overwork yourself. I am quite sure that you are not too well yet, for all your talk to the contrary. Be careful, mind. I'm certain I shall like Mr. Martin, your friend, and especially if he does not tempt you to sit up too late or to fatigue yourself unnecessarily!

“I am rather tired to-day, for we went last night to a party at the Eastwoods. Madge desires me to say that it was *quite* a grown-up party, and almost a ball. Tommy Eastwood wore a tail-coat, and blushed superbly when he asked Madge to dance. But he's such a nice boy—it's quite a shame to laugh at him, and we're all going to mend in that respect. Madge looked so pretty—you don't know how proud of her I felt. She wore a white rose from your favourite tree, I may tell you, in her hair, which I think—and so do you, don't you?—to be beautiful in colour, though the people here (except, perhaps, *T. Eastwood, Esq.*) do not appreciate it. Round her neck was that grand gold chain you were so good as to give her. I love you very much, sir, for loving my darling Madge. You can't think how nice she looked. Her dress was white tarratan, very full, of course (don't laugh, sir), without trimming of any kind. The whole effect was charming, and you should have seen her eyes—so beautifully blue—so sparkling with happiness! I think I have never seen any one so pretty as my Sister Madge; and she's as good as she's pretty, as you very well know, and T. E. ought to consider himself very happy; but there, I quite forgot, there is to be no more joking on that subject.

“And how was I dressed? I suppose you will be sufficiently interested to inquire. Well, then, I did not have a new dress—economy is the order of the day as you very well remark, and I wore my pink *glacé* silk, which looked very well, and I did not dance much, but played for the young

people—was not that right?—and I sung all my best songs, and I enjoyed myself tolerably, wishing very much that you had been one of the party.

“Mrs. Stephen calls constantly and is most kind. She brought over the baby to see us only this morning. It is such a lovely child, and so good—it never cries—and it has quite the Hadfield expression. Are you determined that it shall not be called after you? Do you know that Gertrude is very angry about that? and she scolds me! as if I was anybody or could do anything. I am very fond of Gertrude—the more I see of her the more I like her; you may think her a little cold at first, but that notion wears off, and indeed it is not founded upon truth. Stephen is teaching Madge to ride—she looks so well upon the white pony—but I think she is really rather frightened, although she would rather die, I believe, than admit it.

“Agnes and Saxon are growing quite tall; they are coming to see us to-morrow; they are nice children, but just a trifle spoiled. Agnes is learning her notes under my tuition; her ear is wonderfully good, and I think she will in time be able to play very nicely. On Friday we are going to tea at Mr. Mainstone's, and papa will accompany us. I'm sure it will do him good. He keeps on saying that he grows too old to go out in the evening unless he is quite obliged, but I know he will enjoy a gossip with dear old Mr. Mainstone. Shall you feel jealous if I tell you I think the old clergyman a very charming person indeed?

“There, I have exhausted quite my stock of news, and tried your patience, very likely; yet—no, I don't really think that. I am sure that what interests me will interest you also in a great measure. Yet these small events in Grilling Abbots must look smaller than ever to you in London, where everything seems to be on such a colossal scale. Surely there are only *masses* in town—never individuals. How far you are from us! But don't look at our occurrences through the small end of your telescope—magnify them, and you will be nearer to us—well, then, to me! I believe you prefer that I should say that. Adieu, dearest. Madge sends her love—she says, *respects*,—but she does not mean that. Papa sends all sorts of kind messages. He declares if you won't say anything about your health that he will send up all sorts of physic on the chance of your needing it. Adieu. And I—well—*I love you!* Will that do?

“Dearest Wilford, yours ever,

“VIOLET FULLER.”

These samples of the lovers' letters will suffice; there were plenty more of them, however.

Wilford worked hard in London—seldom leaving it—taking few holidays. He was in Paris for three days, but the visit was on business for the most part.

A year after his wooing he went down to Grilling Abbots and wedded—a most quiet wedding—early in the morning at Mr. Mainstone's church. The whole business was over and the happy pair had almost left the place before Grilling Abbots became conscious of what had happened.

“My dear sister, for you are *now* really my

sister," said Mrs. Stephen as she kissed the blushing bride, "be sure that you bring Wilford back to the Grange."

They left Grilling Abbots behind. The doctor threw the old shoe after them for luck with most boisterous merriment; but he sobered and saddened suddenly, locking himself up for some hours in the surgery, after the departure of his darling daughter, Violet.

Madge dried the tears which were dimming her blue eyes.

"How dreadfully dull the house will be without them," she said. Then she assumed her new office. She rattled her keys as though to remind herself of the authority now vested in her, and she determined to visit the store-room just to count the jam-pots, and for no other reason, certainly not.

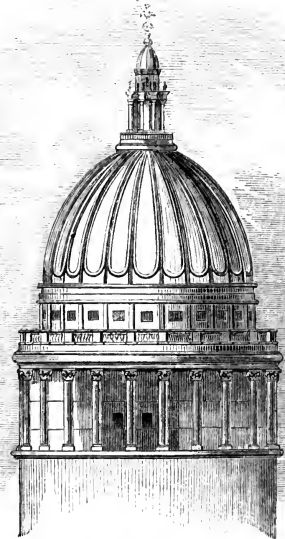
(To be continued.)

JOHN HORNER, ESQUIRE, ON THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AND ITS OPENING.

FOR a just impression of the enormous building, covering the twenty-four acres of ground, which this time last year was a thriving orchard, we must ask the very important question, Is it to be considered as a permanent casket, or a rough packing-case,—a structure reared with the utmost art that Britain possesses, in which we shall hold future international tournaments, or is it a mere temporary affair, doomed to disappear at the end of the season, like the mushroom growth, the International bazaar, which lies in its shadow? If we are to believe the reports which are everywhere current, and if we examine the main details of the building, we must conclude that those domes which shine afar, and which cannot be discovered within 200 yards of the building itself, never will come down again. Moreover, there seems to be no necessity that it should suffer either the translation or destruction to which its predecessor was destined, in consequence of its being an intruder upon the park. It stands upon the land of the Commissioners of the old building, and once having secured the ground, we do not believe that, considering the ever increasing difficulty of getting a west-end site, it will be deemed expedient to displace it. Moreover, it is valued at 430,000*l.*, a sum which would decline to a very insignificant figure if represented by the proceeds of old iron and timber carted away at second-hand. If these facts will not permit us to look upon Captain Fowke's building as a packing-case, what shall we say of it as a casket, as a jewel-case prepared to receive, for perhaps a century to come, the decennial congregations of the wealth of the globe? When the secret power presiding at the South Kensington Museum undertook to create this structure destined to be the cynosure of foreign eyes, and when the behest went forth from the very cradle of art design in this country, the world anticipated some triumph of artistic skill. In 1851 a palace sprang from the scrawl upon a blotting-book, and the Commissioners were justified by the world in their unanimous selection of a gardener's design, in preference to those of the professed architects who sent in drawings. Apparently a distrust of professional aid has become ingrained with the Com-

missioners; at all events, such assistance was not even sought, and lo! a captain of Engineers by some occult influence suddenly found himself standing in the shoes that Sir Joseph Paxton once filled so well. As far as we know, this gentleman had never done anything of an architectural kind before he designed the south arcades of the Horticultural Gardens, but his star at once placed him in possession of possibly the most valuable uncovered piece of ground in Europe, and the country placed in his hands half a million of money to cover it with a fitting place of meeting for the civilised world to stand in open fight for the palm of the victory of peace. We are afraid the unanimous verdict of the public will agree with those who have a right to give an opinion upon the matter, that England will not present to the world a favourable specimen of her architectural ability. Supreme ugliness is stamped upon every inch of it; not only is the general design monstrous, but all the details are worked out in such a manner as to insure adverse criticism.

The site is, we confess, unfavourable to a fair view of the building. On three sides it is bounded by roads lined with houses, which will only permit the visitor to catch a glimpse of its façades by straining his eyes upwards. The only place that is open is that fronting the Horticultural Garden, a private ground to which the public has no access. The Picture Gallery, a rather heavy structure of brick, is to be hereafter enriched with mosaic work and wall-pictures by our first artists; the Society of Arts, to whom the gallery is leased for ninety-nine years, agreeing to spend £50,000 on this part of the building alone, provided the profits of the Exhibition will permit of the outlay. Strictly speaking, the Picture Gallery is the only architectural feature of the building, the remainder being nothing more than a series of railway



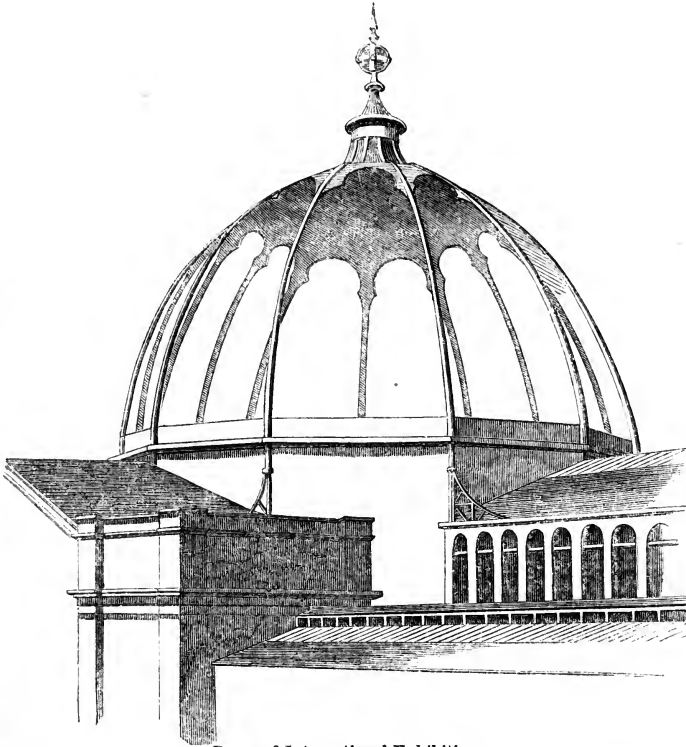
Dome of St. Paul's.

sheds, greatly inferior in design to those of the Great Western and Great Northern Termini.

We are told, indeed, in a spirit of brag, strangely American in its taste, that the two domes are the largest in Europe, as though a work of art were to be estimated by its size, like some Yankee panorama. If Captain Fowke has succeeded in raising the largest dome yet erected, we cannot congratulate him on his work. It is generally considered a triumph of art to increase the apparent size of a building, but it is certain that the domes of the Great Exhibition, by a want of artistic arrangement, are so dwarfed as to lose their claim to height. Let us for a moment compare them with the work of Wren. The dome of St. Paul's is much smaller, but it absolutely looks a mountain to the

transparent structures, which appear like two Nassau balloons rising over the buildings of the South Kensington Museum. The reason is obvious: the form is a little better than half a sphere, instead of the elliptical curve which greets the eye of the delighted spectator as he goes up Ludgate Hill.

What are we to say, again, to the miserable base of painted boards from which the dome springs?—a straight line, so poverty-stricken in look, that we cannot help comparing the whole structure to an egg and its cup. Wren added to the height of his dome, by placing it on an enriched pedestal, which added to the grandeur of its form; and the dome of the Radcliffe Library at Oxford



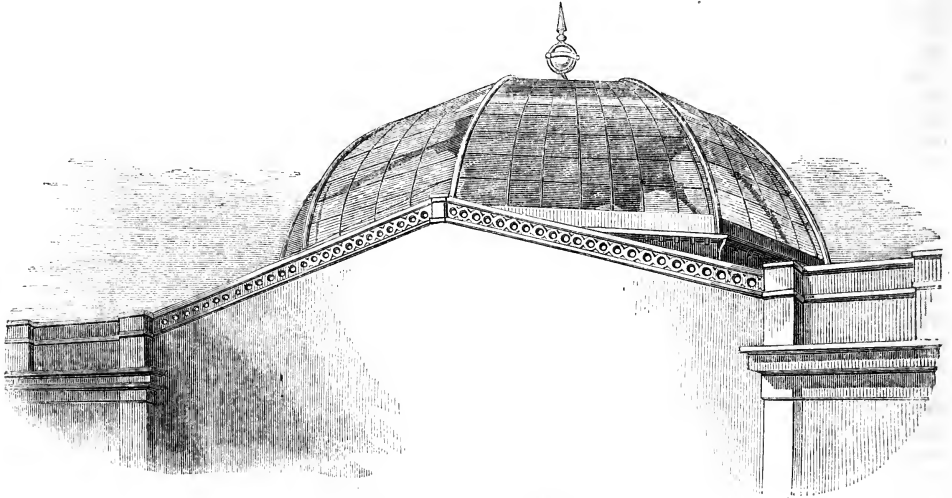
Dome of International Exhibition.

was buttressed with scrolls with the like impressive result.

But we must object *in toto* to the introduction of glass domes as a feature of architecture—at least when viewed from the exterior. Their transparency entirely deprives them of the preponderating size which solid domes exhibit, and which always forms a grand feature—generally the leading one—in the public buildings of Europe so enriched. Moreover, the form itself, however beautiful its outline may be when of glass, is entirely cut up by the manner in which the supporting ribs cut each other. If we judge of them from the inside less is to be said against them; but our praise even here can only be negative, as without doubt they let in a vast deal more light than is necessary, whilst they utterly fail to transmit light to the tunnel-like nave. We confess we would much rather have seen such a dome as that covering the

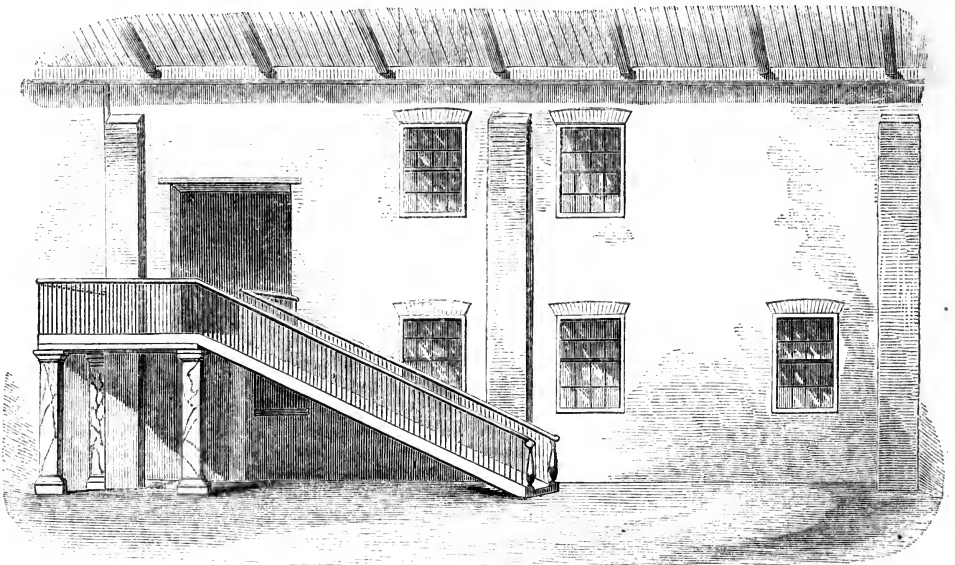
reading-room of the British Museum, where there is light enough in all conscience, notwithstanding the massiveness of its exterior. But the truly ludicrous appearance of the dome of the Great Exhibition, as seen from the only part the public can approach it on the eastern side, is fairly given in the following sketch which was made from the Exhibition road opposite to the eastern entrance, and at the utmost distance the artist could get from the object. Here it puts on the appearance of one of those umbrellas used to protect the vegetables in Covent Garden Market. Viewed from the Horticultural Gardens, the best view can perhaps be had of those enormous wens upon the ugly body of the building, but we conceive that as the two are brought into view from this point, the faults of the building are thereby only doubled. It will be unnecessary to dilate upon the poverty-stricken look of the great wheel win-

dows over the eastern and western entrances. Of the interior of the building not much is to be said, except that it entirely lacks that unity of design which characterised the Crystal Palace of 1851. On every hand we are hemmed in by walls of uncouth brickwork, and where a beautiful effect



Umbrella Aspect of Dome from Eastern Entrance.

was possible, such as openings towards the north, giving occasional peeps of the Horticultural Gardens which lie in the arms of the building, the dull brick-wall rises and shuts us out. From the upper gallery of the nave a charming vista might thus have been produced; but the inherent sense of the ugly, which manifestly oppresses Captain Fowke, leads him instead to the following composition



Factory Façade of Dining-rooms.

of window and stairs, which cannot be matched for hideousness, we venture to say, by any Birmingham manufactory.

The building has certain points about it which renders it, on the whole, a better *packing-case* for holding the riches it contains than the building of 1851. To begin: it is larger than its predecessor, the covered space in that Exhibition

occupying seven hundred and ninety-nine thousand feet, and the present building nine hundred and eighty-eight thousand feet. If we consider the area of covered space it contains, it is also larger than the Paris Exhibition of 1855. It has this advantage also over the last building,—the machinery-department is contained in the western annexe, instead of in the

building itself, thereby avoiding the not very odorous smells that sometimes pervaded the old building. If we admit that the structure is a more commodious packing-case, we must also admit that it is a thousand times less elegant than the crystal casket which shone like a diamond on the verdant sward of the park, and which now flashes in renewed splendour on the summit of the Surrey Hill side. When that casket was emptied of its contents it still remained a thing of beauty, which Englishmen would not willingly let die, and its translation to a nobler site was hailed with delight by all classes.

Captain Fowke's packing-case, we trust, will be pulled down to the last girder. The contract with Messrs. Kelk and Lucas provides that they shall receive for its use a rent of 200,000*l.* to be increased to 300,000*l.* if the receipts exceed 400,000*l.* the contractors agreeing to leave to the Society of Arts the Picture Gallery, running along the Cromwell Road. If the Commissioners of 1862 agree to take the building, they are to pay a further sum of 130,000*l.*, making a total of 430,000*l.*, which we should say would be the largest sum ever paid for an ungainly packing-case,



The Cart-wheel Window.

and we should feel half inclined to hope that the receipts may not warrant the purchase of the building, were we not really anxious for the success of the Exhibition itself. At all events, the building in its present ugly integrity cannot be allowed to stand, as it would be a blot upon the very heart of the future fashionable quarter of the town. Strangely enough, the Commissioners make a boast of the cheapness of the erection; the ground has been covered at the cost of 12,000*l.* per acre, a rate, we are informed, considerably below that at which ordinary houses are built. This may be a very fair remark if the building were intended for a workhouse; but surely it is a very poor reason to urge in favour of a structure which, with malice aforethought, it is intended shall be a permanent high-art building.

We can compare the appearance of the interior of the Exhibition on Tuesday night to nothing better than a veiled statue. To the last moment of that day it seemed absolutely impossible that it

could be ever decently prepared for the opening on Thursday. One day and night, however, was sufficient to drop the drapery, and to display the statue in all its beauty, as far as it is yet completed. Neither is this wonderful when we consider the infinite division of labour employed in the setting forth of the Exhibition. If the Commissioners had exerted themselves with half the sincere solicitude on behalf of the public invited to witness the opening ceremony, the day would have been a complete triumph; but we must confess, those who were not present on that occasion lost nothing, for a more ill-managed ceremony we have never witnessed. To invite between 30,000 and 40,000 season-ticket holders to witness a ceremony and to make no manner of preparation for their witnessing it, was no doubt a good practical joke, much enjoyed by those fortunate persons who by some back-door influence were secured the possession of the gallery seats, and every coign of vantage, but which, unfortunately the exhibitors had to pay for, as the public most ruthlessly made standing places of any elevation, whether glass cases or polished woodwork, which commanded a view of the proceedings. The Armstrong guns were loaded with ladies, and afforded that emblem of peace "Punch" pictured in his last number. The guns' backs, however, were strong enough to bear the burthen; not so the delicate workmanship of cabinet furniture we saw so fearfully trampled upon.

If the Commissioners had erected a few raised seats on either side of the line of procession, all this might have been avoided. The procession seemed heartily ashamed of itself; penned in as it was, the celebrities could only walk three abreast; and we must confess that these looked out of their element, and there was an evident attempt on their part to look about and admire the building in order to hide the miserable position in which they were placed.

Again, had the Commissioners learned anything by the experience afforded by the musical displays at the Crystal Palace, they would not have invited the greatest musical composer in Europe to write an overture for them which could not be heard by a twentieth portion of the persons present. We were not ourselves a hundred yards from the orchestra in the middle of the nave, and we can safely say, that not only the delicate shadings of the instrumentation were entirely lost, but whole bursts of music never reached the spot in which we, with thousands of others, stood. A sounding-board over the orchestra would have obviated all this; as it was, the light textile fabric suspended at a height of a hundred feet, only dulled the sound. We must make an exception, however, as far as the choral music is concerned. The Poet Laureate's words, set to the majestic music of Bennett, told admirably, and the huge bank of singers—piled in the orchestra to a height of eighty feet, in the midst of which the ladies were happily ranged in the form of a cross, shining out with the sheen of an opal—gave forth a volume of sound which overcame the bad acoustic qualities of the building. In the same manner the Hallelujah Chorus, and the National Anthem were pealed forth through the great dome, and

the spectators outside the building caught it up, and re-echoed the strain. When the shrill trumpet which followed the declaration of the opening of the building by the Duke of Cambridge, the multitude forsook the glass cases, jumped off the pianofortes, and left off wiping their feet on the damask furniture for the pleasure of spreading through the building.

We who remember the old building and the glorious view down the nave, felt a sad sense of disappointment on Thursday, at the crowded confusion of the trophies in the English department thereof, which, as far as we can see, have been taken possession of by a set of tradesmen merely to advertise their goods. The jumbled condition of these trophies, and the hideous nature of them, are a disgrace to those who had the laying-out and management of spaces given to exhibitors. In 1851, every trophy was properly placed by Owen Jones. He was answerable for the propriety of the decorations, saw that they were placed in happy juxtaposition, and rigorously forbade overcrowding. Now, every man seems to have shot his show case where he listed, and the consequence is, that a more hideous jumble than is here witnessed never before was seen. Regent Street toy-sellers and furriers have emptied their shops of their ordinary goods, and piled them upon gigantic dumb-waiters, which are dignified with the name of trophies; the mast of a light-ship jostles Elkington's silver work, and the great equatorial telescope nearly pokes out the eye of a bronze statue. It will be remembered that in the building of 1851 the rarest articles of manufacture and of art were alone exhibited; in the nave of 1862 only the rubbish is collected, with a few exceptions. Thank Heaven, many of them are to be banished! To find out the real merit of the Exhibition, and to measure the growth of English industry and art with that of the foreigner, since the last Exhibition, we must penetrate into the various Courts, and here the rival growth of the mind universal is obvious enough, and the value of the position we hold with respect to our neighbours is quite unmistakable.

In succeeding papers we shall endeavour to pick out the plums in this huge pudding, and enjoy them at our leisure with the reader.

RUSSIAN POPULAR TALES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.

THE STORY OF YVASHKA WITH THE BEAR'S EAR.

THE tale of "Yvashka with the Bear's Ear," though not so popular in Russia as that of "Emelian the Fool," is yet a great favourite. Its main interest depends not so much on him of the bear's ear, or even his comrade Usünia, who angles for trout with his moustaches, as on Baba Yagá. This personage is the grand mythological demon of the Russians, and frequently makes her appearance in their popular tales; but perhaps in none plays so remarkable a part as in the story of Yvashka. A little information with respect to her will perhaps not be unacceptable to the reader before entering upon the story. She is said to be a huge female, who goes driving about the steppes in a mortar, which she forces onward by pounding lustily with a pestle, though, of course, being in

the mortar, she cannot wield the pestle without hurting herself. As she hurries along, she draws with her tongue—which is, at least, three yards long—a mark upon the dust, and with it seizes every living thing coming within her reach, which she swallows for the gratification of her ever-raging appetite. She has several young and handsome daughters, whom she keeps in a deep well beneath her izbushka, or cabin, which has neither door nor window, and stands upon the wildest part of the steppe, upon hen's feet, and is continually turning round. Whenever Baba Yagá meets a person, she is in the habit of screaming out:

"Oho! Oho!

I ne'er saw Russian wight till now;

But now the flesh of a Russian wight

I smell with nose and see with sight."

Such is the Russian tradition about Baba Yagá, who is unlike, in every respect, any of the goblins and mythological monsters of western Europe, except, perhaps, in her cry, which puts one in mind of the exclamation of the giant in the English nursery tale of "Jack the Giant-Killer":

Fi, fee, fo, fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

In the demon lore of the Turks, however, there is a ghostly being with which she seems to have considerable affinity. This goblin is called Kara Conjulos. The Kara Conjulos is a female, and lives at the bottom of a well, in a certain part of Constantinople, from which she emerges every night, and drives about the city in a cart drawn by two buffaloes. She is much in the habit of stopping at caravansaries, going into the stables and breeding a confusion and a panic amongst the horses. She has several daughters, who occasionally accompany her on her expeditions, and assist her in the commission of her pranks. A certain learned Efendy, in a most curious Turkish book which he wrote about Constantinople, has a great deal to say concerning this goblin and her daughters, and, amongst other things, gives an account of a very bad night which he passed in a caravansary at some little distance from the city owing to the intrusion of the Kara Conjulos and her bevy. Now for the story of Yvashka!

In a certain kingdom, in a certain government, there lived a mujik, whose wife bore him a son who had the ear of a bear, on which account he was called Yvashka with the Bear's Ear. Now when Yvashka with the Bear's Ear was beginning to attain his full growth he used to go about the streets and play with the children; but he played so roughly that if he seized a child by the hand he was sure to tear its hand off, and if he seized one by the head he was sure to tear its head off. The other peasants, not being able to put up with such outrages, told Yvashka's father that he must either make his son mend his manners or not let him go out into the street to play with the children. The father for a long time endeavoured to reform Yvashka, but, perceiving that his son did not improve, he determined to turn him out of doors, and said to him:

"Depart from me, and go wheresoever you please. I will keep you no longer in my house,

for I dread lest some misfortune should befall me on your account."

So Yvashka with the Bear's Ear took leave of his father and mother, and departed on his way. After journeying for a long time he arrived at a forest, where he saw a man cutting oaken billets. He went up to him, and said :

" Good fellow ! what may be your name ? "

" Dubiinia," (Oakman), replied the other.

Whereupon they became sworn brothers, and went on together. Arriving at a rocky mountain, they saw a man hewing the rock, to whom they said :

" God help you, honest lad ! what may your name be ? "

" Gorúnia," (Rockman), he replied.

Whereupon they called him their brother, and proposed to him to leave off hewing the mountain and to go along with them. He agreed to their proposal, and all three forthwith proceeded on their way, and journeyed for some time. Arriving at the bank of a river, they saw a man sitting, who had a pair of enormous moustachios, with which he angled for fish in order to support himself. They all three said to him :

" God speed you, brother, in your fishing ! "

" Thank you kindly, brothers," he replied.

" What may your name be ? " they inquired.

" Ustúnia," (Moustachio), he answered.

Whereupon they called him their brother also, and invited him to join their company, and he agreed to do so.

So these four journeyed on, and whether their journey was long or short, far or near, my tale will soon be told, though their adventures were not soon over. At last they arrived at a forest, where they saw an izbushka, or cabin, standing on hen's feet, which kept turning here and there. They went up to it, and said :

" Izbushka, izbushka ! stand with your rear to the wood, and your front to us."

The izbushka instantly obeyed : and, going into it, they began to consult how they should contrive to live there. After a little time they all went into the forest, killed some game, and prepared food for themselves. On the second day they left Oakman at home to cook the dinner, whilst they themselves went into the forest to hunt. Oakman having got ready the dinner, took his seat by the window and awaited the return of his brethren. At that moment came Baba Yagá, riding in an iron mortar which she urged on with the pestle, whilst with her tongue lolling out of her mouth she drew a mark on the earth as she went. Entering into the cabin, she said :

" Oho ! Oho !

I've ne'er seen Russian wight till now ;

But now the flesh of a Russian wight

I've smelt with nose and seen with sight."

Then, turning to Oakman, she inquired :

" Wherefore did you come hither, Oakman ? "

And without waiting for his answer, she began to beat him, and continued belabouring him until he was half dead ; after which she devoured all the food which had been got ready, and then rode away.

Upon the return of Oakman's comrades from

the chase they asked him for their dinner, and he, without informing them that Baba Yagá had been there, said that he had fallen into a swoon, and had got nothing ready.

In the very same manner did Baba Yagá beat Rockman and Moustachio, who, however, told their comrades of the matter.

At last it came to the turn of Yvashka with the Bear's Ear to remain at home whilst the others went forth in pursuit of game. Jack cooked and roasted everything, and having found in Baba Yagá's cabin a pot of honey, he split a post which stood by the petsch at the top, and thrust in a wedge to keep it open, pouring out the honey into the fissure and about it. He then sat down on the petsch, and prepared three iron rods. After a little time Baba Yagá arrived, screaming out :

" Oho ! oho !

I've ne'er seen Russian wight till now ;

But now the flesh of a Russian wight

I've smelt with nose and seen with sight."

" Wherefore hast thou come hither, Yvashka with the Bear's Ear, and wherefore dost thou waste my property ? "

Thereupon she began to lick with her tongue about the post, and no sooner did her tongue arrive at the fissure than Yvashka snatched the wedge out of the post, and having thus entrapped her tongue, he leaped up from the petsch and scoured her with the iron rods till she begged him to let her go, promising to let him be in peace, and never more to come to him.

Yvashka consented to her prayer, and having set her tongue at liberty he placed Baba Yagá in a nook and took his seat by the window, awaiting his companions. They soon returned, making quite sure that Baba Yagá had dealt with him in the same manner as with themselves, and were not a little astonished when they perceived that he had the food all ready prepared. After dinner he related how he had served Baba Yagá, and laughed at them for not being able to manage her. At last, wishing to show them how he had drubbed and beaten Baba Yagá, he led them to the nook, but she was no longer there ; so they resolved to go in pursuit of her, and presently finding a stone slab, they lifted it up and perceived a deep abyss, into which they thought of descending ; but as none of his companions had courage enough to do so, Yvashka with the Bear's ear consented to go, so they began to twist a rope, and having made a canoe for him to sit in, they let him down into the gulf. Meanwhile Yvashka commanded them to wait for him a whole week, and provided they received no intelligence of him during that time to wait no longer.

" When I pull the rope," said he, " draw up the canoe, provided it be light ; but if it be heavy, cut the rope, in order that you may not draw up Baba Yagá instead of me."

Then bidding them farewell, he descended into the deep subterranean abyss.

He proceeded there for a long time. At length he arrived at a cabin, and entering it he beheld three beautiful damsels sitting at their needles and embroidering with gold. These were the

daughters of Baba Yagá. As soon as they perceived Yvashka with the Bear's Ear, they said :

"Good youth, what has brought you hither? Here lives Baba Yagá, our mother, and as soon as she comes home you are a dead man, for she will certainly kill you. However, if you will deliver us from this place we will inform you how you may save your life."

On his promising to conduct them out of that abyss, they said to him :

"As soon as our mother arrives, she will rush at you and begin to fight you ; but after a while she will desist and will run into the cellar, where she has two pitchers standing filled with water ; in the blue pitcher is the water of strength, and in the white that of weakness."

Scarcely had the daughters of Baba Yagá concluded their discourse when they told Yvashka that they heard their mother coming ; and presently she appeared riding in the iron mortar, driving with the pestle, whilst with her tongue lolling out of her mouth she drew a mark as she went. Baba Yagá on arriving screamed out :

"What's this? Oho!

I've ne'er smelt Russian flesh till now ;

But now the flesh of a Russian wight

I smell with nose and see with sight.

"For what are you come hither, Yvashka with the Bear's Ear? Do you think to disturb me here also?"

Then, casting herself suddenly upon him, she began to fight. They fought together for a considerable time, and at length they fell upon the earth. Baba Yagá, after lying for some time, jumped up and ran into the cellar, and Yvashka rushed after her. Baba Yagá, without examination, seized the white pitcher, and Yvashka the blue one. Both having drunk, they left the cellar and renewed their combat. Yvashka, however, presently overpowered Baba Yagá. He then seized her by the hair and beat her with her own pestle till she entreated him to take pity upon her, promising never to do him any injury, and to leave the place that very moment. Whereupon Yvashka with the Bear's Ear took pity on Baba Yagá, and left off beating her.

As soon as she was gone he went to her daughters, thanked them for the information they had given him, and told them to prepare to leave the place. Whilst they were packing up their things he went to the rope, and having pulled it his comrades instantly let down the canoe, in which he placed the eldest sister, and by her sent word to them to draw them all up. Yvashka's comrades having drawn up the damsel were much astonished at the sight of her, but having learnt from her the whole affair, they hoisted up her other sisters. At last they let down the canoe for Yvashka, but he having this time stowed into the canoe many clothes and a great deal of money, as well as put himself therein, his comrades, feeling the weight, imagined that Baba Yagá must have got into the canoe, so they cut the rope, and left poor Yvashka in the abyss. They then agreed to marry the damsels, and lost no time in doing so.

Meanwhile Yvashka with the Bear's Ear walked for a long time about the abyss seeking for an

outlet. At last by good fortune he found an iron door in that gloomy place, and having broken it open, he proceeded for a long time in the same darkness ; he then beheld a light in the distance, and directing his course straight towards it, he emerged from the cavern. He then determined to seek his comrades, whom he soon found, but not until all three were married. On seeing them he began to ask why they had left him in the hole. His comrades, in great terror, told him that Moustachio had cut the rope ; whereupon Yvashka immediately slew him, and took his wife to be his own. They then all lived together in the greatest comfort and prosperity. GEORGE BORROW.

MADE TO ORDER.

FROM a given point to draw a straight line equal to a given straight line—let A—. Exactly. We know all about that. Problems of that kind are not so very difficult. But what do you say to a problem of this kind? Upon two lent wigs, a pair of spurs, several Indian shawls, and a few other articles, to prepare a play ready to be acted upon a given night. That might require some little ingenuity, I think. And yet Bob did it. Bob was equal to the occasion. He had assistance, certainly. His cousin Polly helped him. But Polly is such an uncommonly pretty girl, that it is difficult for a fellow to keep his eyes off her. In fact, to compose yourself is hard enough in her presence ; but to compose a play must be almost impossible, I should have thought. But, as I said before, Bob was equal to the occasion. You see it was all because of Polly's godmother. Polly's godmother's will is law in the household at Smalley Back. And quite right that it should be so. Things are coming to a pretty pass : society is going to the dogs, indeed, if the Dowager Lady Bitters's wishes are to be considered no more than if her name was plain Jones. What is the good of being able to trace back to William Rufus, and of having red hair to this day, in proof of that high descent, if people are to treat you with no more respect than they treat other people? Has society no laws? Of course it has. Well, then! Is no reverence to be paid to rank? Of course there is. Well! then of course the Dowager Lady Bitters's will was law in the household at Smalley Back. So when Polly told her godmamma that they were going to have some private theatricals at Christmas, Lady Bitters (dear, kind old lady) said she would send them from the Grange some dresses, and things of that sort, which they would find very useful.

"Oh! thank you, godmamma," said Polly ; "but Bob comes down on Monday with the play, and he will manage all those things. Bob understands theatricals splendidly."

"I don't think that Mr. Bob will refuse any assistance that I may please to render you," replied Lady Bitters, rather loftily. "I have too good an opinion of him to suppose so for an instant."

"Oh! no, godmamma," said Polly, earnestly—(for very particular reasons, Polly wished her godmamma to like Bob)—"I'm sure he would not refuse anything."

And so the matter hung.

Well! On Monday, in due course, down came Bob, and the next day, with all the manager beaming in his face, he was introduced to his company, inspected the arrangements, approved the place for the stage, decided on the beam from which the curtain was to hang, set the prospective heavy father and the walking gentleman to prepare the beam for the curtain, and three young ladies with rings (not wedding rings) to prepare the curtain for the beam (for Bob's idea of amateur theatricals is that they should be really amateur. He does not get some Jew down from London, with half his tribe, and leave to him the arrangement of stage and dresses. Not he! Bob goes in for real amateur theatricals),

and then calling Polly into the drawing-room and assuming the author, he produced a manuscript.

"The Play?" cried Polly, clapping her hands.

"The Play!" said Bob, with unction.

"Now Bob," said Polly, in a most responsible tone of voice, "now Bob, we've no time to lose, you know. Tell me all about it. What is the plot? What am I to do? What dresses shall I want—shall we want, that's to say? The invitations are out for this day fortnight, and there's nothing ready except the rouge."

"And the Play," said Bob, bowing.

"Oh! the Play, of course," answered Polly.

"Come, now, be quick. Tell me all about it."

"The great dramatic work before you," said



Bob, spreading the manuscript out on the sofa, "is in two acts, and is entitled 'Call again.'"

"What a capital name!" exclaimed Polly. "Well! what dresses shall we want? 'Call again!' It will look beautiful on a play bill."

"It is a modern drama," explained Bob; "so the dresses will be all in the present style. Walking dresses for the first act, and evening dresses for the second, will be about the thing. Then you know we shall not have to spend half an hour in dressing after the play's over. That half hour is always a great bore, for the enthusiasm of the audience has had time to cool before we re-appear, and they are dancing away their impressions as hard as they can."

"I understand," cried Polly; "yes! that will

be a beautiful arrangement, only I am afraid the actors, or at any rate the actresses, will be rather disappointed at not having to dress. Would the play admit of a train, Bob?"

"Quite out of the question, my dear," replied the author.

"Don't you think you could manage a sword, though?"

"Impossible," answered Bob.

"Or a dagger, perhaps?"

"Worse still," said Bob.

"If you could only introduce a pair of buckles,"

Polly timidly suggested.

"Well, my dear cousin," said Bob, laughing, and shutting the manuscript; "we must have another play, then, for mine won't wear them."

"Oh, no! no! Bob, we must have your play. I don't care about the dresses myself in the least; only I know that amateur actors generally think such a great deal about them. Some of our company have brought things, I believe, in case we should need them. Mr. Grimble, I know, has got something, and I am afraid he will be very much disgusted if he mayn't use it."

"What has he brought?" asked Bob.

"Well! I can't say for certain," replied Polly; "but I've a very strong suspicion, Bob, that it's a beard."

"Oh! but this will never do," cried Bob, jumping up. "Why, hang it! Polly, he has got to take a clergyman."

"I think we had better tell him at once, then. I'll call him."

The gentleman who answered to the name of Grimble was either a young man that looked old, or an old man that looked young. It was difficult to say which. When you get wrinkles, and no whiskers, curly yellow hair and a bald place at the crown, what are you to think? He was a problem, was Mr. Grimble, and the great idea in his head was whiskers.

"Anything I can do for you?" he said, running into the room. "Make use of me, I beg. I am entirely at your service."

"We wanted to tell you what character you are to take," said Polly.

"Oh! Exactly! Of course. Yes!" said Mr. Grimble. "Something in the military way would suit me, I think."

"Unfortunately," said Bob, "we have nothing in the military way for you, Mr. Grimble. I want you to take the Rev. Jabez Lute, a clergyman."

"The Rev. Jabez Lute!" replied Mr. Grimble. "A parson! Me take a parson! I could not do a parson, Mr. Bob: I haven't got a turn that way. I don't look well in bands, I assure you."

"But, my dear sir," urged Bob, "you will disturb our arrangements dreadfully, if you don't consent to take this. The character's made for you. It will suit you exactly. Besides, you won't have to wear bands."

"Oh! do take it, Mr. Grimble," said Polly.

"I'd rather not. I'd much rather not," said Mr. Grimble. "But sooner than inconvenience you, I'll consent, on one condition."

"What's that?" asked Bob.

"Why, you see, I brought a property down with me. I must make use of that property."

"What is your property?" inquired the manager.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Grimble, slightly embarrassed, "it's a beard. That's what it is. A beard."

"But just consider," said Bob; "a clergyman in a beard!"

"Well," returned Mr. Grimble; "and I've seen one. And very well he looked too. Suited the surplice uncommonly."

"It won't do," answered Bob. "Cousin, I think we must choose another play."

"No, no," said Grimble. "I'll sacrifice myself sooner than that. But it's rather hard upon a fellow, not allowing him to wear a property that he has been at all the trouble to bring down.

What's the good of having a property, if you mayn't make use of it?"

"But consider," said Bob. "How could any theatricals go on, if each of the company were to decline acting unless they might dress as they pleased? What would be the good of my writing a play to bring down here, if you had determined to wear a beard, and Polly there had set her heart upon a riding-habit; if Miss Taylor had elected a dress of the time of Queen Anne, and her brother a hussar uniform; if Mr. Mawley had resolved to dress like Noah, and Mr. Nagley like Oliver Cromwell? Impossible, you know."

"Well, yes!" answered Grimble; "there's some truth in that. But still," he continued, meditatively, rubbing his smooth cheeks, "still it's rather hard upon a fellow to whom Nature has denied whiskers in a regular way, if he mayn't wear 'em now and then as a property. Hang it! It is hard."

"Another time I'll keep your wish in mind; but you consent to take this character, don't you?" asked Bob.

"Yes!" said Mr. Grimble. "But at the same time I must say that when a man has a property—"

"If you please, Miss," said the servant, entering, "here's John from the Grange, with Lady Bitters's love, and she's sent the things she mentioned."

"Oh! my goodness, Bob," said Polly, "what shall we do now?"

"What's the matter?" asked Bob.

"Why godmamma said she would send us some things to help us in our theatricals, and we don't want anything, you know. But here they're come, and she'll be dreadfully offended if we don't make use of them. What are we to do? Papa is so particular about never contradicting godmamma, that we shall be obliged to show these dresses, or whatever it is that she is sending us."

"I understand," said Bob; "leave it to me. I'll manage it. There will be a slightly antique dress or two, I dare say; and a pair of high-heeled shoes, perhaps. It will be all right. Leave it to me. Shall we have them up here? Ask the servant to bring them up here, Emma, will you?"

Down went Emma to fetch the servant, and poor Polly waited breathlessly for her return with Lady Bitters's unwelcome messenger. The door opened and Emma came in, carrying two band-boxes; close behind her came John, with a large basket.

"What on earth is in that basket?" thought Bob.

"Good morning, miss," said John—"Good morning, sir; 'ope you're pretty well, Mr. Robert. Lady Bitters's love, and she's sent a few things for the play."

"My love to Lady Bitters," said Bob, affably; "and we're extremely obliged to her for her kindness. The dresses she has sent will be, I dare say, of the greatest service."

"Her ladyship 'opes that if there is anythink else that she can lend you, sir, you will let her know, and she will send it down."

"Intensely obliged to her, I'm sure; very

likely there may be, and if so we won't scruple to ask for it," said Bob. "What have you brought us now, John, eh?"

John opened a band-box, and took therefrom a tremendous wig.

"Wig of the time of Looquitorze," said he, looking round upon the company with a smile of pride.

"Oh! my goodness!" said Polly, dropping into a seat.

"Ha!" remarked Bob, sitting across a chair, with his arms on the back, and regarding the article through an eye-glass. "Ha! Louis quatorze, eh?"

"Yes, sir; and this 'ere's a negro's wig, brought from the coast of Africa—what a difference between 'em! It's pleasin' to see how different fashions are in different countries; ain't it, sir?"

"Very much so," replied Bob; "though," he added to himself, "not by any means so pleasing when you have to get them both into one play. Well, any other article this morning, John?"

"Plenty more of them, sir," answered John.

"That's right," said Bob, glancing at the basket with a shudder.

"Two antic Roman swords of the period of Romulus and Remus," continued John, in the style of a showman; "found on Marston Moor."

"How on earth were Roman swords found there?" said Bob, thinking aloud.

"Found by a man diggin' turnips, sir," John replied, in a satisfied voice.

"Oh! that accounts for it admirably," returned Bob. "Well, what next?"

"Pair of spurs, likewise found on Marston Moor," John went on.

"A relic of the same gentleman that dropped his sword, do you think?" asked Bob.

"Most probably, sir," answered John, making another dive into the bandbox.

"I think we shall have to put our play back a few centuries," said Bob to Polly.

"Some Indian shawls, sir, which her ladyship values very much," said John, laying them tenderly upon a chair.

"I don't know what we shall do, I am sure," sighed Polly.

"Don't despair," said Bob, encouragingly. "We shall be able to manage it, I dare say. He's coming to the basket at last. What are we to have now? Lumbar Vertebra of a Mastodon, likewise found on Marston Moor, by a man digging turnips, perhaps. Well! shiver my timbers, this is awful."

This nautical expression was occasioned by the production of the contents of the basket.

"Complete suit of armour of a knight of the time of Richard the First; 'elmet, gorgit, breast-plate, back-plate, et cetera. The 'orse armour her ladyship will send down, if required. This suit was worn by Sir Ginan Bitters at the siege of Haker—and that's all, sir."

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Bob.

"Yes, sir; but if there's hany think else that you think you will require, her ladyship will lend it you with pleasure."

"Much obliged to Lady Bitters," answered

Bob; "but I think that what she has already sent will do our business effectually."

"Be sure to give my love to godmamma, and thank her for all these things, and we will take great care of them—and now, Bob," said Polly, when John had retired, "whatever are we to do?"

"Set up a museum, I think," replied Bob, who was lying on his back on the sofa, "and get John there to act as showman."

"What I want to know," said Mr. Grimble, suddenly—he had been quite silent all this time—"what I want to know is this. If you can get all these properties into your play, why can't you get my property in as well?"

"Oh!" said Bob, jumping up; "you shall have your property; certainly you shall. How many whiskers did you say you wished to wear?"

"Pardon me!" explained Grimble. "A beard—I said a beard—that includes whiskers, of course."

"Oh! of course," answered Bob, laughing hoarsely; "that includes whiskers. Is there anything else that you've a weakness for? You were talking about a military character just now. You may take your pick as to period—anything, from a Roman soldier to a volunteer rifle—it's all the same to me. I wonder at what time the next train goes to town."

But here Polly began to cry, and that restored Bob to his senses, and put him on his mettle. He dashed "Call Again" under the sofa; pushed past Mr. Grimble with such violence that that gentleman came with a clanking sound upon the harness of the late Sir Ginan Bitters; and rushing up to Polly entreated her to be comforted and take courage, as he was ready for anything. He would re-arrange "Call Again;" he would knock up some charades; he would write a new play. The thing should go off as well as ever, notwithstanding all difficulties, if she would only dry her eyes and help him. They had a fortnight before them. That was lots of time. Here, somebody, get him a pen and a quire of paper. Let him have a quiet room where no one was to enter but Polly. Let him have permission to smoke, and let beer be brought to him at intervals, and he would answer for it that all should end happily. What was the use of despairing? It was rather an advantage than otherwise having these things to found his play upon; for he would write a new play—a farce to finish with. He saw how to do it. He would work out an idea that he had had in his head for some time. Look here! His hero was a man with a wooden leg, who—

"Oh! but Bob," interrupted Polly; "I think we must have nothing about wooden legs, for Mr. Brumsey's coming, and he's got one."

A wooden leg coming was there? Ah! then they must make it something else; something of that kind it must be, for that was the key-stone of his plot—an arm would do nearly as well. It would not be quite so effective, certainly, for there was something taking in the very sound of a wooden leg. But that could not be helped. Well, his hero was a man with one arm, who—

"I'm very sorry, Bob," said Polly, "and it's very provoking, but Captain Poundem is invited, and he lost his arm at Trafalgar."

Really—but it didn't matter. He didn't know whether gout would not be more effective than the arm, after all. His hero, then, was dreadfully afflicted with gout, and—

"Now, Bob, you must not be angry," said Polly, coaxingly, for I can't help it, you know; but there are five old gentlemen coming and one lady who are martyrs to gout."

Oh! hang it! Very unfortunate—confoundedly unfortunate. But he didn't know—perhaps this would do as well. Yes! Ha! ha! He rather thought this would do as well, or better—decidedly better. His hero, they must understand, then, was not quite sane. Not a raving madman. No! but a little cracked.

"Oh, Bob!" said Polly, hastily, "that will never do, I'm sure; for godmamma's cousin—Lady Bitters's cousin—is just in that way."

This was rather trying for the best of tempers, and Bob naturally felt provoked, but after walking up and down the room once or twice, and muttering something about inviting hospitals and lunatic asylums, he regained his equanimity and resumed his chair.

Well, if they could not have his farce, they must have something else. What could they have? He knew—he would—yes! he would write a burlesque to finish with—an extravaganza, rather. What should his extravaganza be about? Why that depended upon Lady Bitters. What had her ladyship been good enough to send them? Some Indian shawls; the very things; the very things of all others that they wanted. They would have a prince—a swell prince—Prince Poppy. Two many shawls for one prince, eh? All right. He was not particular. They should have two princes. The other should be Prince Nightshade; called by his godfathers and godmothers Deadly—Prince Deadly Nightshade. There they were. He considered that they were getting on capitally. The Rival Princes. Splendid name for an extravaganza. Rivals for what? Why, for the hand of a princess, of course. He saw it all—a blue-stocking princess—capital idea, wasn't it? Prince Poppy, charming but illiterate. Prince Nightshade, well-read but otherwise objectionable.

"But then these Roman swords, Bob?" murmured Polly.

Well, there was no difficulty about them. The princes would want swords, and it was one of the beauties of extravaganza that the characters might be armed and dressed as the author pleased—the more out of keeping in nature, the more in keeping in burlesque. The mirror that burlesque held up to nature was one of those queer looking-glasses that distorted everything reflected in it. Then the spurs. Well, Prince Poppy should wear the spurs. He should have ridden over to see the princess, whereas Nightshade should have come by train. Oh, there was nothing like having a number of properties forced upon one. The ideas they gave rise to were wonderful. What came next? Oh, the wigs, of course. The princess would want a Lord High Steward, or some gorgeous officer of that kind. He should wear the Louis quatorze wig. The other, the negro's wig. Ah! Just so. Yes, he saw it. The princess would require a

slave. The slave should be a negro. A black slave would have a glorious effect, and it would give an opportunity of referring to America. Always have hits at popular subjects in extravaganza. Let him see. What characters had he got? A princess, two princes, an officer, and a slave. Good.

"That won't use all the shawls, Bob," said Polly.

All right—he felt equal to the occasion. Two ladies of honour for the princess. By the way, what should he call the princess? What was a good name for a literary princess? It must be something blue.

"Bluebeard," suggested Mr. Grimble.

"Blue-bas," said Polly.

Bluebeard would never do. Blue-bas was better. Wait a minute. No! yes! He would call her Bloterina. Good again. Well, two ladies of honour for the princess, Aminta and— and Magnesia. They should play, and sing, and wear all the shawls that were not wanted for other people. The further he got, the more convinced he felt of the great advantage it was to be obliged to introduce certain properties. It helped you to a plot astonishingly. Well! Now they came to the—oh! yes, to the armour. Ah! just so—yes, the armour. H'm. That was more difficult, but, pooh!— It did not require much ingenuity to—Of course. No! The armour certainly was more puzzling, but—He had it. No! That would not do either.

"There is only one way with that armour, Bob," said Polly.

Well, what was that? He should like to hear her idea of it; or Mr. Grimble's ideas, if he had any.

"We must have a ghost, Bob," said Polly, very solemnly.

Capital! Of course! The very thing! Bless her! What a splendid idea! Exactly. Nightshade should be a villain, and his uncle should be a ghost, and appear to him just in time to prevent the accomplishment of his designs. A ghost, of course.

"I'll be the prince," said Polly; "I'll be Prince Poppy."

"And I'll be the ghost," said Mr. Grimble; "and wear a beard."

Hurrah! It was all settled, then. Polly should be Prince Poppy. He (Bob) would be Prince Nightshade; and Mr. Grimble should be the Ghost, and wear a beard.

All honour to that brave, persevering Bob. The way he worked in that little room, and the quantities of tobacco he smoked! When Polly came out, after a consultation with him, she used to go about the house smelling of tobacco in the most surprising manner. And the bustle there was; and the laughing there was about the dresses; for of course Lady Bitters's properties necessitated a great many more properties. And what capital fun the rehearsals were; and how everybody laughed at Grimble, who would have perished sooner than rehearse a line without his beard, and who at last took to wearing it all day, to accustom himself to the property, as he said, though it was evident to everybody that it tickled

him dreadfully. There was a report that he slept in it the night before the play, but I can't guarantee the truth of that story. There is no doubt, though—for I have it on the testimony of the whole company—that he dined in it on the eventful day. That must have been an extraordinary dinner, if you are to believe Bob. A most disreputable dinner—quite a disgrace to the family of steady, respectable dinners. Each of the company had his or her part on the table, close to the bread; and the conversation—dear me! there was no conversation. There were rehearsals going on all round the table. Such extraordinary table-talk surely never went round Mr. Hayland's hospitable board before or since.

MR. HAYLAND. Have you had sufficient leisure for a glance at the "Times" to-day, Robert?

BOB. No, sir, not a second. Go on, Polly: "bloodthirsty" is your cue—Sherry.

POLLY. "Stay, Raymond, Stay! Oh, reflect before you venture on such a fearful step. He is a desperate man—"

BOB. No, no! You've missed out all that about his wild life in Mexico having embrutalised his nature.

POLLY. Oh, dear me! I hope I shall not forget it all when the time comes.

MRS. HAYLAND. You are eating nothing, Polly.

POLLY. No, mamma. I am so nervous. I am not in the least hungry.

MR. GRIMBLE (from the pit of his stomach). "See ye not the bloody hand—the bloody—" (Dips his beard into the soup).

MISS TAYLOR. Oh, yes, my cold is quite gone to-day, thank you, Mrs. Hayland. (To Mr. Mawley) "Hence, perjured man, hence—" Now break in quick.

MR. MAWLEY. "Perjured, say you?"

MISS TAYLOR (to servant). No! I said Turbot.

MR. MAWLEY. "Had any man said so to me, he should have eaten his words; ay! eaten his words with—"

BOB. Lobster-sauce; thank you.

MISS TAYLOR. "I doubt your valour."

MR. MAWLEY. "Doubt my—"

MRS. HAYLAND. Grandmother, on the father's side, once acted in some amateur theatricals, at which were present the King, the Queen, the—

MISS TAYLOR. "Whereabouts in France does your property lie, Captain Sanspère?" Take care, Mr. Grimble; you are dipping your beard into Polly's wine.

MR. TAYLOR. "In de wine country, miladi."

BOB. So does Mr. Grimble's property.

MR. TAYLOR. "In de pleasant land of Champagne, where de grapes hang in bunches; where de sun shines all de day, and all de rest—"

MISS TAYLOR. Well! why don't you go on, Charlie? "The rest" is not the cue.

MR. TAYLOR. Why, bless me! (feeling in all his pockets) I do believe I've mislaid my eye-brows.

BOB. No, no! They're quite safe. I saw them in the Green-room, sticking to Poppy's turban.

MR. NAGLEY (in a sepulchral tone). I say, who's to prompt?

This remark attracted universal attention.

Well! The important hour arrived, and with it came Lady Bitters, and the rest of the audience. And Lady Bitters took some tea, and so did the rest of the audience. And then Mr. Hayland led Lady Bitters into the theatre, and the rest of the audience followed. The agitation in the green-room at this juncture was tremendous. Mr. Grimble, with his head just outside the door—(he had got off acting in the first piece, and was therefore clad in a full suit of mail, but wearing his beaver up)—watched the audience as they passed from the drawing-room to the theatre.

"Lady Bitters is gone in," said Mr. Grimble, in a voice that struggled to be firm. "'See ye not the bloody—' There go the Snufftupples' girls, all five of them. No! Where's the one that squints? Oh! there she goes with Mrs. S. I say, Mr. Bob, if you want another turban, send and borrow Mrs. Snufftupples'. It's just gorgeous. That's Brumsey coming, I'm sure; I can hear his fairy footstep. I said so. 'See ye not the bloody hand?' Well!" (turning round to the actors with a mortified look) "That young Pangles has grown a moustache. Ridiculous in a boy of his age. It don't suit his face a bit; that's one comfort. Mr. and Mrs. Blaggerton. Ah! would you?" (Drawing back so rapidly as to leave his beard in the hall, and dropping his truncheon upon Polly's toes.) "They nearly saw me," (recovering his properties) "but I was too sharp for them. There's the Captain. There go your amiable relatives, Nagley." (To that gentleman, who, in an agony of nervousness, was sitting with the book before him, forgetting his part.) "One—two—three—yes, six." (Aside to Polly.) "An ugly set; not one of them with any hair worth speaking of." (Aloud to Mr. Nagley.) "Then, as the poet says, you are seven, eh! It's my belief, Nagley" (as if struck with the look of despair on that unhappy man's face), "that if you were asked what your name is, you would not know."

"Throw away that book, Nagley," said Bob, who, unlike some managers that I wot of, took a cheerful view of things. "You'll only make yourself more nervous by staring at it in that way. What is the good of being nervous at all? You know your part very well. Everything will go off prosperously, I'm certain. Look at Polly, how calm she is." (Polly was trembling from head to foot.) Look at me: I'm composed enough." (So he was, externally.) "Look at Mr. Grimble. Merry as a cricket, and cool as a cucumber."

"There!" said the cucumber, turning round with a shiver, probably occasioned by his being so very cool. "There! that's the last. They're all in now. 'See ye not the—the—what is it?'"

"The bloody hand!" said Bob, sharply.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Grimble. "Didn't I say so?"

Bob was right, of course. The first piece was a great success. There were one or two little mistakes, certainly; there always are, you know, in private theatricals. For instance, Mr. Nagley left out two pages and a half of important dialogue. But the audience did not perceive the omission, and it had the effect of rendering what followed more unexpected and startling. Then, when the prompter's services were required, he

had almost invariably lost his place : but as this was occasioned by his intense interest in what was going on, to which he testified by the loudest laughter and the most enthusiastic applause, what actor, with the feelings of a man, could quarrel with him ? Perhaps the most serious error occurred in the middle of the second act, when the spectators were rather astonished by the sudden appearance at R. of a mailed form, which was as suddenly withdrawn, and its withdrawal was followed by the clang of falling metal. The fact was that Mr. Grimble, who had been getting gradually more and more nervous, hearing the word "brimstone," which was the cue for him to come on in the Extravaganza, pushed past the prompter, and made a pace upon the stage, where for a moment he stood, making spectral motions with his truncheon, till Bob, who was fortunately at hand, with great presence of mind, laid the ghost (on its back), and the piece proceeded. This was trying, certainly ; but when the curtain fell, a storm of plaudits dispersed any feelings of irritation that may have been occasioned by these accidents, and the various members of the company hurried off to dress for the Extravaganza.

Let us go before the curtain, and see it. The first scene is the Exterior of the Castle of the Princess Bloterina. Mr. Nagley, who has quite got over his nervousness by this time, comes on as a black slave, wearing Lady Bitters's negro's wig, and carrying several thick books. He sets them down, sits upon them, and soliloquises as follows :

There's little fear my blood will cease to flow
Through want of exercise ; for to and fro
Betwixt the library and here I speed ;
A circulating library 'tis indeed.
These books—I wish they never left their shelves—
Make my poor life as heavy as themselves.
Hour after hour, our Princess, wise and fair,
Reads at these books I bear and yet can't bear.
Oh ! had my lot, like hers, been thus to study,
My brains, so full of Mudie, would get muddy.
But, lor ! for days and days, and nights and nights,
The Princess reads and reads, and writes and writes.
And I these tomes must carry day by day ;
Oh ! would I were at 'ome and booked to stay—
Would that these leaves were burning in the flames :
This reading all—at Reading-upon-Thames ;
These letters all dead letters : o'er the sea
This binding bound full sail for Owwhyee.
But I must in, for though my thoughts appear
To carry me away, my load's still here ;
And as they're my excuse, these volumes stout,
I'll bear them in, and they must bear me out. (*Going*).
Stay ! here's Prince Nightshade. How absorbed he
looks,
Reading away, as usual, at his books ;
Silent as if he kept his tongue in fetters ;
It's very curious that a man of letters
Should be a man of so few words.

Prince Nightshade enters accordingly, and holds a short conversation with the slave, who can make nothing of him, and who goes off after gently hinting that he thinks the Prince is mad. Nightshade then comes forward, and explains his character with that candour that is so common on the stage, and so uncommon off it. Having finished his confession, he sings a song—for that's the regular course, you know—and then the slave

re-enters with proof-sheets. While he is examining them, Prince Poppy enters, and after conversing for a few minutes with the slave, the Prince turns and addresses Nightshade, but finds him apparently so absorbed in the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid, that he can get nothing out of him but A, B, C, and B, C, D. Poppy, after saying that Nightshade is either a fool or a knave, and if the latter, that he had better take care, is conducted by the slave into the castle. Nightshade follows after a short interval, and the scene changes to the interior of the castle, where the Princess is dictating to two amanuenses. She begins with an utterly unintelligible philosophical essay, but while she is dictating this, she is suddenly inspired by the Genius of Romance, and, rising from her seat, she exclaims :

Fair Fiction's hand, far over tower and town,
Now takes me up ; so, Hassan, take me down ;

and proceeds with a novel. After five minutes of this, she suddenly collapses, declares herself fatigued, and—using the simile of a boy outgrowing his clothes—laments that her mind is gradually wearing out her body. Hearing this, Magnesia, one of her ladies, says :

What is this Mind, I gladly would be taught,
That's always doing what it didn't ought ?

To whom the Princess, reproachfully :

What ! is it so ? and do I really find
One in my court who knows not what is mind ?
I'm quite ashamed to hear such senseless chatter.
You ask me what's the mind—now what's the
matter ?

to the slave who enters to announce Prince Poppy. The Princess, hearing that he is the son of Tulipus the Twenty-fifth, surnamed the Sage, King of Pewterland, an old friend of her sire's, gives orders for the Prince's admission. He enters. Bloterina receives him very graciously, and inquires after the health of his royal father. The Prince, in answer, gives what out of burlesque would be considered a most lamentable account of it, but which seems to satisfy everybody, and then presents his letter of introduction. Before reading it, the Princess calls his attention to the splendour of her apartment, remarking :

While this letter I peruse,
Aminta and Magnesia will amuse
Your Royal Highness. See our spacious halls,—
The gorgeous paper that adorns our walls ;
Our looking-glass, with frame of gilt, 'tis true ;
Our timepiece of the richest ormolu ;
Our window-blinds, that cast a grateful shade ;
Our statues, of the choicest plaster made ;
No flounced and bodiced forms your sight to vex,
But the strong-minded glories of our sex ;
Statues that fit a lady's court, you know ;
De Stael, Zenobia, Mrs. Beecher Stowe ;
Our portraits, of ourself, by masters able ;
You'll find our carte de visite on the table,
By Mayall done, of whom you've doubtless heard ;
Our carpet, real Turkey, 'pon my word.
Our seats, so rich they make one's breath forsake one ;
Our chairs—I beg your pardon, won't you take one ?

and goes to the front to read the letter, while Prince Poppy, who I am afraid is a sad reprobate,

goes to the back to flirt with the ladies. Bloterina, after trying vainly to decipher the letter of the King of Pewterland, surnamed the Sage, begs Poppy's assistance. That young gentleman hastens to afford it, but finds himself almost as much puzzled as the Princess. However, his constitutional impudence helps him out, and what he cannot read he extemporises. The King begins, of course, with a protracted salutation, and the compliments of the season, and then goes on to mention that he incloses for the Princess's acceptance,

"Some sausages, a turkey, and our son.

In our own poultry-yard 'twas bred—

PRIN. One word!

Does the King mean your highness or the bird?"

POP. The turkey.

PRIN. Oh! pray pardon me; proceed.

POP. He's well brought up; can cipher, write, and read;

His conversation's clever, full of glee—

PRIN. What a peculiar turkey!

POP. No! that's me.

PRIN. Indeed! the letter's rather intricate.

POP. All gout, your highness. He proceeds to state—

Let's see. Oh! here—"was bred"—yes!—

"bred with care;

Slept softly; was kept clean; his daily fare

Took from our hand, grew up beneath our eye,

And gradually fattened in his sty."

PRIN. He means your highness?

POP. No! your pardon, please.

Not me. The pig that made the sausages.

PRIN. Oh! pardon me.

POP. (*Aside.*) How far now had I got?

(*Aloud.*) Don't mention it, I beg. (*Aside.*) Another blot!

(*Aloud.*) "We feel convinced," the King goes on to state,

"That you will find him very delicate.

Well-dressed we're sure he is, and young and tender;

In fact, we think you'd better far surrender

Your maiden state, and wed him. He'll adore you!"

PRIN. The pig! the pig!

POP. The Prince who kneels before you.

At this critical point Nightshade enters, and then comes the tug of war. Both Princes lay desperate siege to the Princess, but adopt different modes of attack. Nightshade thinks that a Princess of such a literary turn of mind ought to be wooed in a literary way, and therefore he quotes the poets, talks philosophy and mathematics, and exposes Poppy's ignorance. Poppy, on the other hand, sticks to the old style of love-making: sighs, praises, vows, and at intervals banter Nightshade. It soon becomes plain that the old way of wooing is the way to win. Poppy is so decidedly taking the lead, that Nightshade finds he must alter his mode of attack without delay. At a hint from Aminta, he offers to sing. His offer is eagerly accepted. If any of my readers have ever heard the popular melody of "Bob Ridley" played in the minor, they will quite bear me out when I say, that nothing more awfully melancholy ever tormented human ears, and the agony of the whole court, when the Prince breaks out with, "I'm Deadly Nightshade, oh!" may be at once imagined. As soon as his frightful strains have ceased, Bloterina exclaims:

Hence, sir! nor make our room your place of sport;
This court of ours is not a racket-court.

My ears still tingle from each dreadful bawl;
This house of ours is not a house of call.
Retire! retire! "Silence that dreadful bell"—ow.
So Fechter says it when he takes Othello.
Oh! I have heard the avalanche descending,
And trees majestic from their roots upending:
I've heard that uproar fell, and few are feller,
When coalmen shoot the coals into the cellar:
I've heard the mighty river rising fast,
Pass check on check, and break the bank at last:
That fearful sound has roused me as I slept,
That tells that next-door's chimney's being swept:
I've heard the house-dog baying in the night;
I've heard an earthquake; heard an Irish fight;
But never heard a sound so wild and deadly,
As that vile parody on "Old Bob Ridley."

Nightshade sees that his case is almost hopeless, but determined not to strike his flag as long as his ship swims, he formally proposes for the Princess. Bloterina indignantly rejects him. The villain Prince then throws off all disguise, vows all manner of vengeance, draws his sword, swears he will have a lunacy commission on her, and continues tearing passion to rags, till he is suddenly brought up by the appearance of a very nervous ghost. This spectre, though loudly prompted from behind, utters never a word, except a few agitated whispers of "what? eh? I can't hear," which do not appear to be addressed to Nightshade, and contents itself with waving its truncheon, and pointing off, like the ghost of Hamlet's Father; finally backs out, followed by the terrified and crest-fallen Prince. Poppy seems now to have it all his own way, but the Genius of Extravaganza, who has heard Bloterina's cry for help, appears at back, and addresses the Princess:

Gentle maiden, you appear
To need my aid, and I am here.
Your cry for help a kingcup caught;
An oxlip told it quick as thought;
A warning bluebell rang and I
Leapt on a zephyr loitering by,
Ere echo could repeat your cry,
And over land and ocean flew,
Over rivers not a few,
Over mountains, capped with snow,
Over valleys, green and low,
Over forest, over glen,
Over cities, thronged with men,
And in my rapid course this long way,
Turned five weather-cocks the wrong way;
Over all I've come, fair maid,
Prompt to comfort, prompt to aid.

She then explains in the most candid way, that Poppy is a fool, and concludes by imposing sleep upon the whole court, till the true Prince arrives. The rest is dumb-show. All the actors sink down in various attitudes—soft music—another Prince enters—expresses surprise—examines each sleeper—at last comes to the Princess—starts back astonished at her beauty—kneels, kisses her hand, and all rise, come forward, and sing the final song.

Bob, who ever since his exit has been upbraiding Mr. Grumble for omitting his speech, now, delighted at the loud applause, hits the penitent ghost a violent blow on the corset, with "Never mind, old fellow; it's all right," and the curtain

rising for the last time, the actors, without changing their dresses, join the company.

"I like your cousin Robert better every time I see him, Polly," said Lady Bitters.

"So do I, godmamma," Polly was very nearly saying, but she didn't. She stopped herself just in time, and only said that he had been very kind about the play.

Bob at this moment came up.

"How fortunate it was, Robert, that I knew of your intended theatricals," said Lady Bitters; "for if I had not helped you, what should you have done for dresses? What should you have done for a ghost without me?"

"If it had not been for you, Lady Bitters," answered Bob, "I feel quite certain that this Extravaganza would never have been acted at all."

SOME FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

OUR inducement for re-opening this subject—apart from its permanent interest—is the circumstance that we have received a description from an eye-witness, coupled with a sketch of the engagement taken on the spot, which, as far as we know, is the only authentic representation of it which has hitherto reached the English public.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Fortress Monroe as follows, dated March 9 :—

The feats of the Merrimac iron-clad steamer have been most terrible in reality, and had it not been for the timely aid of the Federal iron-clad steamer Monitor, Hampton Roads would have been blockaded by a marine monster against which a whole navy of wooden frigates would have been of no avail.

The fight took place on Saturday, when the Merrimac made her appearance, coming out from Elizabeth River about noon. As soon as she was made out by the Federal frigates Cumberland and Congress, both at anchor, they prepared for battle, determined to make a most desperate resistance. The Merrimac made straight on, going about eight miles an hour. As she passed the mouth of the Nausemond River, the Congress fired the first shot at her, which the Merrimac immediately replied to. The Merrimac now passed the Congress and discharged a broadside at her, one shell from which killed or wounded every man at No. 10 gun; and she kept towards the Cumberland, which laid further up at the mouth of James's River. She approached the Cumberland at full speed, striking her on her port side, near her bow, her stem knocking two ports into one, whilst her *ram* cut into the Cumberland under water. Almost at the same moment of collision the Merrimac discharged her forward gun, an eleven-inch shell; this shell raked the whole gun-deck of the Cumberland, killing ten men at gun No. 1, among whom was a master's mate, and cutting off both arms and legs of a quarter-gunner. The water rushed in from the hole below, and in five minutes the ship began to sink by the head.

Shell and shot from the Cumberland were rained upon the Merrimac as she passed ahead,

but the most glanced off from her iron-plated roof; though some shots which struck her at a more favourable range caused splinters of iron to fly.

As the Merrimac rounded to and came up, she again raked the Cumberland with a heavy fire. At this fire sixteen men at No. 10 gun were killed or wounded, and were all subsequently carried down in the sinking ship. Advancing with an increased momentum, the Merrimac now struck the Cumberland on the starboard side, smashing her upper works and making another hole below the water-line. The ship now began to settle rapidly, and the scene became most horrible; the cockpit was filled with the wounded, whom it was impossible to bring up. The crew worked desperately and unremittingly, and amidst the din and horror of the conflict, gave cheers for their flag and the Union, which were joined in by the wounded. The decks were slippery with blood, and arms and legs and *chunks* of flesh were strewn about. The Merrimac lay off at easy point-blank range, discharging her broadsides alternately at the Cumberland and the Congress.

The water by this time had reached the after magazine of the Cumberland: the men, however, kept at work, and several cases of powder were passed up, and the guns kept in play. Several men lingered too long in the after shell-room, and were drowned.

All these incidents of the fight, which we briefly detail, occupied about an hour and a half, from the time of the first attack upon the Cumberland until she finally sunk.

When the order was given to cease firing on board the Cumberland, the men were directed to save themselves in the best way possible. Numbers scampered through the port-holes, whilst others reached the spar-deck by the companion ladders. Some were incapable of getting out by either of these means, and were carried down in the sinking ship. Of those who reached the upper deck, some swam off to the tugs that came out from Newport News; some kept afloat by seizing some fragments of the wreck; others escaped in the rigging and masts; and still others sank never to rise again.

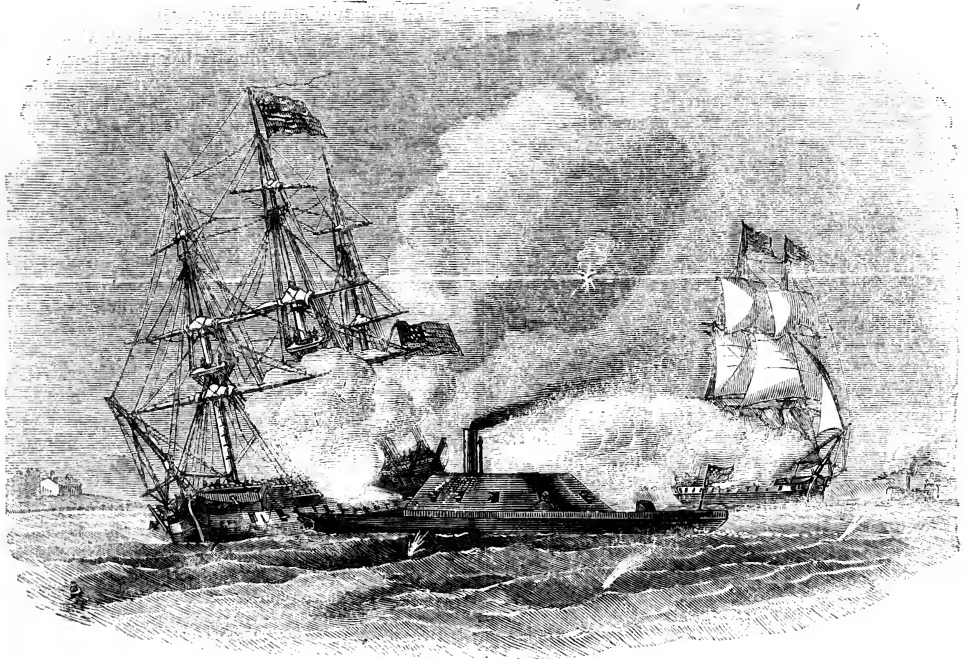
The Cumberland sank in water nearly to her cross-trees, and lies with a heavy list to port, with her flag still flying from the mast above the waters that overwhelmed her, a memento of the bravest, most daring, and yet most hopeless defence that has ever been made by any vessel belonging to any navy in the world. The whole number lost of the Cumberland's crew was 120, of which number about 30 were drowned.

The Cumberland being now thoroughly demolished, the Merrimac left her, and proceeded to attack the Congress. The officers of the Congress, seeing the fate of the Cumberland, and aware that they would also be sunk if they remained within reach of the iron beak of the Merrimac, had got sail on the ship with the intention of running her on shore. The tug-boat Zouave came out, and making fast to the Cumberland, assisted in towing her ashore. The Merrimac then ranged up, gave the Congress a broadside, receiving one in return,

and getting astern, raked the ship fore and aft. This fire was terribly destructive, a shell killing every man save one at one of the guns. Coming again broadside to the Congress, the Merrimac ranged slowly backwards and forwards at less than 100 yards distance, and fired broadside after broadside into the Congress. The latter vessel replied manfully and obstinately, every gun being discharged rapidly, but with little effect upon the iron monster. Some of the balls striking at a favourable angle, caused splinters of iron to fly from her mailed roof, and one shot, entering a port-hole, is supposed to have dismounted a gun, as there was no further firing from that port. Thus slowly drifting down with the current and again steaming up, the Merrimac continued for an hour to fire upon her opponent. Several times the Congress was on fire, but the flames were kept down.

Finally the ship was on fire in so many places, and the flames gathering such force, that it became evident that it was hopeless and suicidal to keep up the defence any longer. The national flag was sorrowfully hauled down, and a white one hoisted instead. A small rebel tug then came alongside of the Congress, and a young officer, gaining the gun-deck through a port-hole, announced that he had come on board to take command, and ordered the officers on board the tug. The officers refused to go on board, hoping from the nearness to the shore that they would be able to reach it.

The Merrimac and the Yorktown, Jamestown rebel steamers, with a small tug, now went off in the direction of the Federal frigate, Minnesota, which was aground off Pigs Point. The officers of the Congress, finding themselves unmolested, at once



The Merrimac running into the Cumberland.

turned their attention to getting the crew and wounded on shore. The wounded, nearly all mortally so, were carefully brought up, and lowered over the side. Twenty-two were thus carried ashore, of whom not more than four or five had any chance of recovering. The flames were gathering such headway, that it was impossible to remove the dead, whose remains in every form of mutilation strewed the decks. The rest of the crew got on shore in the best way they could. By the time all were ashore, which was late in the evening, the Congress was in a bright sheet of flame fore and aft. She continued to burn till 12 o'clock at night, when the fire reached her magazines, and with a tremendous concussion, her charred remains blew up. About twenty thousand dollars in gold were left on board in the paymaster's

safe. The loss of life on board the Congress is not over 120.

The attack upon the Minnesota by the Merrimac, though she did serious injury, killing and wounding many men, did not succeed in destroying so large a frigate. When about nightfall, satisfied with her afternoon's work of death and destruction, she steamed in under Sowell's Point, after destroying two frigates, and nearly a third.

The day closed most dismally on the Union side, and with the most gloomy apprehensions of what would occur the next day. The Minnesota was at the mercy of the Merrimac, and there was no reason why the iron monster might not clear the roads of our wooden fleet; destroy all the stores and warehouses, and drive our troops into the fortress; but the providential appearance of the Ericsson iron

battery, the Monitor, the next day, prevented her from carrying out any further destruction.

Saturday was a terribly dismal night at Fortress Monroe.

MRS. MOORE'S MANUSCRIPT.

(Concluded.)

"I may as well mention here that Lord Newton had been very little at home for the last three years. Netherwood was too quiet for him; his father, the duke, was a silent, dull man, and one who did not care for society; he hated trouble, and to be put out of his usual routine; and therefore, except at times, they lived a very monotonous life at Netherwood. Lord Newton's delight was in betting, racing, &c., and he lived between London and Paris. To me he was a most disagreeable man, and I never willingly spoke to him. Nor do I willingly write of him. But of his brother I could write much, only I will not. He was once again almost as much my companion as he had been in our younger days; he would make me leave his mother's room, and come out for a ride with him; he would take the book from me when I had been reading for some time, and go on with it himself; he never seemed to forget me. When I returned home in the evening to my father, I used to find our small room fragrant with the most delicious and choice flowers from the greenhouse; new pictures oft-times adorned its walls, and new books lay on my table. I knew from whom all these gifts came, and am I to be blamed if I suffered my hopes to run wild, and cradled my weak love, until it became a strong and mighty feeling.

"One day I came in rather later than usual: a magnificent bouquet of flowers greeted my eyes on entering our drawing-room. My father was still out, but my uncle sat by the fire. He saw the look of pleasure with which I saluted my flowers; his look soured at me, and he said:

"How long is this nonsense to go on, Maude? How do you suppose this intimacy with your young lord will end? Don't deceive yourself, girl,—he never will marry you. His mother knows it, and so do I. But you are so absurd and infatuated that I see how it will be. You will throw away every chance of a respectable marriage; you will cling to him till he neglects you for some fine titled lady, or till, in very shame, you know you must leave him or be an outcast in society."

"'Uncle,' I said, 'never again speak to me in that way; to be insulted by you, in my father's house, is what I will not bear. You know—or you ought to know—first what Lord Henry is in himself, and next, all the circumstances which have made us like brother and sister from my birth.'

"'Brother and sister? This trash is for ever sounding in my ears. Even your father is blind. Pray, Miss Maude, how would you like this brother to be married? Would you very meekly and very willingly say, "I congratulate you, my dear brother, and hope you will soon introduce me to your wife." Hey, young lady?'

"I knew that I was very pale, and I knew that he saw it; but he did not see my heart

beating; he did not see how much it cost me to answer him.

"'Uncle, for once and all, I say, taunt me—speak to me as you may, I never will give you any answer upon these subjects. You are unjust to me; you are a spy upon me; you are no guide or counsellor to a motherless girl. If my way was ever so dark and complicated, I would turn to any one sooner than to you for help. You bid me give up my only friends, and what do you offer me instead?'

"My words touched him; he looked steadily at me and then said:

"Maude, you have not relations enough to quarrel with your only uncle. I may have been harsh to you, I grant it; but, hear me, I will speak to you more openly than I have spoken to any one for years, for I believe you are a good girl at heart, but infatuated. Maude, I hate young noblemen, and I will tell you why: I was once young, and I once had a heart—a warm heart, too. I loved a beautiful girl, and I thought she loved me; we were engaged; she was lured from me by one of Lord Henry's kind—handsome, fascinating, depraved. He never married her—she was ruined. And so was I, for I became morose, cold, and misanthropical. When I returned home I thought to find you like your mother—the gentle light of your own home. It was not so. You were a brilliant light round which your destroyer was hovering. I knew all that first morning when I saw you and Lord Henry meet. Be warned in time, Maude, and remember if you lose either your honour or your happiness, you will never find them again."

"He got up when he had said these words; he came to me and kissed me, and left the house. I saw that he was agitated and pale, and I pitied him. It was a week before I saw him again.

"The impression left upon my mind by my uncle's words was a very painful one. I hardly knew what he could mean. Lord Henry was so thoroughly upright and honourable that a shadow of doubt or mistrust had never crossed my mind. He was the same to me in his mother's and my father's presence as when we were alone. I thought and cried all night, and rose up in the morning fully resolved to heed nothing my uncle had said to me; for he did not understand either Lord Henry or me. I knew and felt all was right between us, and I determined to trust my impressions and not his. It was not likely that I, young and inexperienced as I was, should take the same view of my position as he, a grey haired man, and used to the ways of the world, did—especially when the power of judging fairly had, as it seems, been prevented by the circumstances of his early life.

"The next morning I went as usual to Netherwood, but I felt wearied and sad from the uneasy night I had passed. Lord Henry was watching for me; he met me at the door, and said:

"You are not well; what's the matter with you? You did not look in this way when we were riding, yesterday. I am afraid the confinement in my mother's room is too much for you, and I hardly know whether I ought to say what I had meant to do before I saw your pale face.'

“My pale face has been caused by a sleepless night, a thing of rare occurrence to me, and so, I suppose, more telling.”

“What gave you that sleepless night? I wish I had time to make you tell me, but I am sorry to say I have not, for the post has just brought me a letter saying, that Newton has had a bad accident in Malta, where he has been for the last month. They feared it would be necessary to have his leg taken off, and my father and mother wish me to start at once and see after him, and bring him home when he can come. I must be off in an hour. Now there will be no one when I am gone to look after you, and I know you will stay all day long in that hot room and read yourself ill, and therefore you don't enter the house again till you have promised me that every day you will take a long walk or a ride, also that you keep yourself in good voice, and have the kindness to fathom the mysteries of a large packet of music which has just arrived from London. Promise, Maude, and then I shall charge your own conscience with the keeping of the promise.”

“Well, we settled the matter between us, and he went away. The house was very different to me when he was gone. His pleasant greeting, his kindly care, the thousand ways in which he made me feel that my presence was cheering and grateful to him, all that was over now. I had not the heart to open the great packet of music for some days. I was so glad my uncle was gone from home; I did not want his scrutinising eye upon me, I knew he would see that I was listless and unstrung, I knew he would see that my eyes did often fill with unbidden tears. And yet through all this gush of temporary sorrow there ran a line of golden hope. Not a leaf as yet had dropped from the green chaplet that encircled my brow. No one saw it, but there it was; and each leaf as it lightly pressed the forehead sent a thrill of new life through my veins.

“The accounts of Lord Newton were not good, and his brother's absence from Netherwood was consequently prolonged. In the meantime, my good and true friend the duchess was wearing slowly away; she was confined to her bed. I scarcely ever left her. My uncle had taken up his abode in our house, and as he seemed to suit my father much better than I had ever done, I was free to be much at Netherwood, where I was really wanted. It was winter, cold and dreary; the day had gone slowly and sadly, for the life-blood of her over whom I watched was ebbing fast away—her sons were expected, but they had not arrived. Weary and exhausted, I sat beside a fire in a little ante-room to where the dying one lay. She had sent me from her, wishing to be alone with her husband. As I sat there I fell asleep—into a deep and heavy sleep; when I awoke the hall-clock was striking twelve, the fire blazed brightly, there was a shawl around me, a stool under my feet, a hot glass of wine and water by my side, and Lord Henry, a little way off, looking at me. I started up; he smiled faintly, and, putting his finger to his lip, pointed to the open door of the bedroom. In a moment, however, he rose gently and whispered to me :

“Drink that, you want it. Maude, this is a terrible return!”

“He did not say more—he hid his face in his hands and turned away. She died. The week that followed her death was one of heartfelt sorrow to me. It did not take me by surprise, but I doubt if the certainty that a sorrow will come makes that sorrow less when it does come. I do not think that any anticipation can blunt the keen edge of the grief that you know to be irreparable—the actual present feeling is so different to the imagined one, either of joy or sorrow—keener, more life-like far. At least, this is my experience. I went with my father to the funeral; both Lord Newton and Lord Henry were present, the former looking pale and haggard from illness, the latter from grief. Lady Constance was at Netherwood; she had been exceedingly kind to me, and said that she hoped her home would henceforth be to me what Netherwood had been. But how could that be? No; there was one now lying in the silent gloomy vault whose kindness had been the daily sunshine of my life. My own father, too, was ageing fast, and I saw that I should not be able to leave him as much as I had hitherto done.

“To my great relief, my uncle returned to his own cottage as soon as I was again able to come back to my home. Sad as I then was, I could not have borne his presence. Every movement, word, and look was constrained before him. I hardly knew myself, or my own feelings when he was nigh.

“The day after the funeral had been spent by me alone: a weight hung round me, and I shrank from my dreary thoughts, and from the dreary weather. In the evening, the fire blazed brightly. I had the lamp lighted, to make the room look as cheerful as possible, and to see if thus I could get to feel more cheerful. There was a little tap at the door, it opened, and Lord Henry came in.

“I am come to see how you are to-day, Maude. I should have been here sooner, but Newton has been ill all day, and my father too; and I was wanted. Constance has left us, and the house feels the very home of gloom; this cheerful little room does me good.”

“He stayed a long time; we had a great deal to say to each other; he gave me a beautiful bracelet of his mother's hair, and he left me, saying that he should call for me the following day for a ride. I saw him every day for the next three weeks. My father was beginning to get a little uneasy about our great intimacy. He said to me one day, ‘My dear child, I think it would be much better if Lord Henry did not come here quite so often; is he going to stay much longer at home? I shall be very sorry if he takes my child's heart or happiness away with him when he goes; and I could forgive any maiden for loving him. Your uncle has been speaking seriously to me upon the subject.’

“My dear father, say to me what you like for yourself, but don't listen to my uncle, and don't let him poison you against Lord Henry. He is going away soon, he told me so to-day; his leave of absence has expired, and he must again join his regiment.”

“I am glad he is going away, for your sake, dear Maude: you must not get too fond of him, he thinks of you as a sister. The family are ambitious, and your friend is not free from this feeling; if he marries, it won't be my little girl.”

“I dare say it was good for me to hear these things said, but it was very trying.

“Lord Henry did not leave Netherwood as he had purposed, he did not join his regiment, his brother became so ill that he remained, and Lady Constance was sent for. In a very few weeks after the vault had been opened to receive the remains of the Duchess, it was opened again to receive those of her eldest son.

“Alas! I fear he went to his grave,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

“About this time, I began to feel that Lady Constance's manner was changed towards me. There was nothing I could complain of, for one can feel many a change of which one cannot complain: she was more shy to me, and rather distant: I found that they were all going to leave Netherwood, and the house was to be shut up. The day before they left, Lady Constance called to wish me good-bye. She had sat a long time with me, and had asked me to come and pay her a visit as soon as she was again settled at her home. Just as she was leaving, her brother came in; she tried to persuade him to accompany her back to Netherwood, but he would not.

“I must have a talk with Maude,” he said; and we had a long talk.

“I know you will miss us all, Maude, very much when we are gone. Did Constance tell you that the doctors seem to think my father ought to travel about for some months? He is greatly shaken by all that has happened to us lately. I am going with him, and Constance is to join us at Paris for a short time. I wish you could come, too, but I fear you would not leave your father.”

“No, indeed, I could not. How long shall you be away?”

“I think that very uncertain; but probably for some months: we shall see how my father is; but when Constance returns, she tells me she has asked you to pay her a visit, and I hope you will do so, Maude. I am going to leave the key of the organ and of the library with you, that you may use them both as freely as you like. I have ordered a daily supply of flowers and fruit for you, and our old coachman is to drive you out whenever you wish it, and to ride with you. Tell me, dear Maude, can I do anything more to cheer your solitude?”

“Oh! nothing, thank you;” I said, for I could scarcely speak. He went on.

“I hope we may all meet again at Netherwood, and have pleasant days there once more; though, alas! we shall feel the beauty of those lines when we do meet:

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.”

“On the morrow's noon-day, the old house was deserted, and I felt deserted too; the shadows of

my changing life were lengthening; darkness had not as yet fallen upon me—hope, if not as brilliant as she once had been, was still active enough to chase reason and common sense away. I was quite young, and of a very elastic nature, and so I soon became used to my solitude, and fond of it. My father was no longer equal to the duties of the parish, and he was obliged to have a curate. Mr. Moore, the curate, was a married man; and in him and in his wife I found great pleasure. They both were many years older than I was; soon from my father, my uncle, and unconsciously from myself, they gathered up fragments enough of my former life to divine my secret hope and love; and they knew that I was cherishing the destroyers of my peace in this very hope and love. They never spoke to me of Lord Henry, but they conversed freely about him. I heard him spoken of. I heard his future prospects discussed; I was getting to know that the elder son of a duke was considered as entitled to seek a wife from the first ladies in the land. I was beginning to feel that my true position in society was very different to his: and at times, I almost thought that a wrong had been done to me in taking me so entirely out of my own sphere, if it were to end in my being violently thrust back again. I could not be totally insensible to the words my uncle and father had spoken, and the ideas every one so freely expressed about Lord Henry, or Lord Newton, as he was now; but I hid my own feelings. I kept my own counsel, and secretly I cherished my beloved hope. Mr. Moore had a younger brother who was often with him: he was just called to the bar: he was very intellectual, and I had great pleasure in his society; but, alas! he asked of me more than I could give him, and thus placed a bar to our continued intercourse.

“Lady Constance was true to her word, and repeated her invitation to me when she returned from the Continent, which was some six months after Netherwood was deserted. I enjoyed my visit to her much; she was kind again with the kindness of former days, and when I left to return home, it was with the prospect before me of another visit to her in the following summer. There was no talk of her father's and brother's speedy return to England; the Duke was in very bad health, and paralysis was feared. I have very little to say about my home life, it was so quiet and monotonous; but calm and pleasant enough, and I felt happy and cheerful. In the following summer, I again paid Lady Constance a visit: eighteen months had elapsed since her brother's death; and now there was every reason to suppose that the travellers would return home. The Duke was better, and longed for the repose of Netherwood. Just before I left Lady Constance, she received a letter from Lord Newton, which she (purposely) read aloud to me.

“Oh, that letter! how much it cost me. He said:

“Last night I was re-introduced (for such is the right term, I think, for the occasion) to Catharine. She is now in Paris with her father; and is strangely altered to the shy, quiet girl she was when she left Netherwood—six years ago.

She is still quiet ; but so very interesting-looking, and with so much simple cordiality of manner, that I was quite delighted to see her again. She asked much about you and Maude ; who, by the way, I am glad to hear, is with you, and well, and happy. I shall see Catharine again to-day, and shall hope to persuade her father to return by Netherwood : indeed, last night, he half-promised me to do so, and you must come and meet them there, if I prevail. She may be more common-place than she looks, and my curiosity respecting her may soon be satisfied ; so my dear Constance, plot not, plan not, dream not, don't mistake my pleasure for rapture, my interest for love, and don't think that you know who your future sister-in-law will be—for I don't.'

"So ran the letter. Could Lord Newton have seen me as I sat alone in the carriage on my homeward way, he would not have said I looked well and happy. A cloud was on my brow, a fear was on my heart ; a presentiment of coming events hung over me. I did not wish any longer that the deserted house should be inhabited again ; my cry was for the days which were past, not for those which were to come.

"Every one saw me pale and sad, but no one knew the cause—they could look on the face, they could not look on the heart. My love lay there, surrounded by dying hopes, by living fears, by restless disappointment, and a bleak future.

"Oh, how exquisitely bright was that September day which welcomed the duke and his son back ! How blue was the calm sleeping sea ! How clear the air ! How beauty touched everything, and rested everywhere. I saw the carriage drive up ; and in the morning I heard they were all come—the duke, Lord Newton, Lady Constance and her children, and a large party was expected on the morrow. Oh, that morrow ! Lord Henry called, bringing me a note from his sister, who was not well, and asking me to join their dinner-party on the next day. Oh, how did old times, and I may add with truth, old feelings seem to come back upon me as we talked together ; he saw immediately that I was paler and thinner than when he had last seen me, and he attributed this change to my loneliness.

"'You shall be lonely no longer,' he said ; 'what rides you and I will have together ! Do you know your old companion and schoolfellow is coming to Netherwood ; she and her father were to have arrived to-day, but they have put off their visit for another week. Will you sing to me before I go ? I quite long to hear your voice again.'

"That evening I felt once more glad and hopeful ; yes, my hope was a too clinging one to be parted with in a moment, and so did it again look up and smile. The next day I dined at Netherwood. Every hour Lord Newton's manner increased in kindness—I think I might say in more than kindness—and Lady Constance's in coldness. Again and again I was asked to sing. We rode together the following morning, we walked and talked as of old. How did all this end ? You shall hear. Lady Catharine and her father arrived ; she came down to renew her acquaintance with me. I

watched her ; she was a fair, gentle, thoughtful-looking creature ; there was a hidden power in her eye, and an unconscious grace of manner which fascinated and maddened me. I knew she would be my rival. The next time I saw her she was walking with Lord Newton, her transparent cheek was glowing with the pleasure caused by returning to the old haunts and scenes of her childhood. I turned away with a bitterness of feeling which cannot be told ; I said, within myself, 'Fair as you are, Lady Catharine, rich and charming as you are, had I been an earl's daughter, and not merely Maude Munroe, the vicar's child, I should not have feared you. Am I not fair, too ? Have I not gifts, too ? Do not I know and understand him to whom you are now talking, far better than you do ? You do not love him—and I do.'

"I cannot help thinking that much had been said to Lord Newton about his manner to me ; I know that it had been loudly talked about. I don't want to be told what he thought of me ; I know more of my own history than anyone else does, and very sure I am that had I been in his own rank of life he never would have called me only sister. But now this beautiful girl, fresh, simple, and attractive, was presented to him. Every one said, 'She is just the match for you, Lord Newton, so rich, so accomplished, so highly born.' Lady Constance told him that it had been his mother's earnest wish that her gentle Catharine should be his wife. No one spoke of me ; no one said, 'Do you love her, have you made her love you ?' No ! Maude Munroe was too insignificant to be thought of. Maude Munroe must smother her feelings—must submit to be cast off ; she will marry some clergyman, and make him an excellent wife. Ah ! so do people talk.

"I was not asked to Netherwood for ten days, and then I refused to go. Lord Newton stepped back just in time to save himself from the disgrace of marrying 'a nobody ;' another week of the intercourse we had had before Lady Catharine arrived, and she would have come in vain. I cannot help, even now, writing bitterly. If anyone understood the feelings of my heart at that time, Lord Newton did ; he alone could have no surprise that I kept aloof from the companion of my earlier days. He never brought her down to see me ; he never rode with her past our gate : he did not wish me to see them together. He knew I was no creature of cold heart and luke-warm feelings : and so, having made up his mind that he was on the wrong tack, he veered straight round, and did not seek to weave the thread of his past life with the thread of his present one. This sudden, marked, and abrupt finish to our friendship, love—or whatever it was—this high wall built up in a day, was better, oh ! far better, than a vain endeavour to persuade me I had mistaken him, and that he had always counted me a sister. I had not mistaken him, and I did not mistake him now, nor did he me.

"Oh ! I needed all my strength to bear this final crushing of my hope ; it never looked up and smiled again. Mr. and Mrs. Moore saw more than they wished me to know that they did see. I thought that I was calm, I tried to be so ; I thought no one could see that I was suffering ; I

did not ask or seek for sympathy, though heaven alone knew how I needed it. But it is not possible that the heart can be violently torn from its resting-place, uprooted, cast aside, and the cheek yet wear its bloom, the eye its lustre, and the voice its soft and gentle tone. No, all strong feelings have their own language, and in my case this language was heard more distinctly than I either willed or knew. My friends the Moores were going to the lakes for a month, and they urged me to go with them. I consented with an impatient consent, and knew not one moment's peace till we were gone. 'Anywhere, anywhere rather than here, my heart kept crying out.' I do not know what went on during my absence, I never wished to know; I saw the end in the beginning, and what signified all the details; the incision had been deep, sure, and rapid, done once and done for ever. I was absent at that time from my home for nearly three months; I dreaded the return, and the reality made me feel I had not dreaded it in vain. Netherwood was again a deserted house. The play had been played out which had stamp'd the course of the earthly career for Lord Newton, Lady Catharine, and myself. My father died about a year ago, and then I left the neighbourhood of Netherwood for ever. I have no wish to see it again."

When Mr. Slaney returned the manuscript to her she said :

"Are you still surprised at my decision about little Annie?"

"Not at all," he replied, "I do not see how you could have done otherwise, remembering your own childhood and youth. Have you any objection to tell me how your life was spent in those years which intervened from the ending of this manuscript till you came to live in my parish. Knowing so much, I should like to know still more."

"There is not much to tell," said Mrs. Moore, with a deepened colour; "and though one can write when stimulated by exciting feelings, as I was when I wrote those pages, it is not easy or pleasant to speak of oneself, and of the trials through which one has had to pass. But I will, if you really wish it."

"Indeed I do," said Mr. Slaney. "With whom did you live after your father's death? You were not by yourself?"

"No; I lived with my true and kind friends, the Moores; they would not part from me."

"I suppose the Mr. and Mrs. Moore, of whom you speak, are your husband's eldest brother and his wife."

"Yes, they are, and at their house I met my husband; he knew the cause which had made me refuse him years ago, and when I saw him again he did not press attentions upon me which could not have been acceptable. He knew that I needed time to recover from the disappointment of my youth. I was very restless and unsettled for some years after that event which so aggrieved and wounded me. It was not necessity which made me give lessons in music, for my kind and dear friend, the duchess, had settled two hundred a-year on me for my life; it was that I craved for occupation and dreaded idleness and inaction. The

Moores encouraged me in this feeling, and were only too glad to see that I had no wish to sit down to weep and brood."

"Have you seen Lady Constance or her brother since those by-gone days?"

"No, Mr. Slaney, I have not. Lady Constance asked me twice, some years back, to pay her a visit, but I refused so bluntly and so determinately that I suppose she thought I did indeed feel myself aggrieved. She ceased asking me, and I have purposely avoided those opportunities when we might have met. I never could feel again to them, or with them, as of old, and so I prefer not seeing them at all. Her father died about the time of my marriage, which was six years after her brother married. I never had had a single token of remembrance from him all that time. I have no doubt that he felt, as I did, the separation must be total. But shortly after I became a wife, I received a large and carefully-packed box; on opening it I found those two pictures, Mr. Slaney, which now adorn this room,—pictures, about which I have evidently seen you curious more than once."

"No, not curious, Mrs. Moore, say rather surprised, and then you will be right; for I have often wondered how you came to possess two such gems as those are."

"The duke sent them to me, and also that clock—those vases, and this lovely little table. No one but himself could have culled my especial favourites from among the beautiful treasures that Netherwood contains. There was a note with these words and these only: 'For Mrs. Moore, with every true wish that a friend can wish for her.'"

Mrs. Moore said but little else to Mr. Slaney; she knew he would feel all that she said was sacred. The next time he saw Lady Raimond he told her that Mrs. Moore would not change her mind about her little girl; "and indeed," he added, "I cannot but feel that in this she is right; she does not wish her child to be accustomed to the more easy and luxurious mode of life which belongs to the fair daughters of Eckerton Hall, but which does not belong to little Annie Moore."

Lady Raimond could only say that she was very sorry, but she knew Mrs. Moore quite well enough to be sure she judged and acted as her own conscience told her she ought. And so the matter ended.

Lady Raimond continued quite as much Mrs. Moore's friend as she had been before this subject was mooted; Mr. Slaney much more.

Not long after Mr. Moore's return from Norway he was presented to some easy lucrative office, just such a one as a friend who knew how delicate and poor he was would have given him if he could. The hand which gave the gift was unseen, but Mrs. Moore knew that it was the hand which, years and years ago, had always been conferring gifts upon her.

She rejoiced on her husband's account, and she rejoiced, too, to know that prosperity had not acted as a withering blight upon one whom she had long ceased to love, but never ceased to remember.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoying in the gynning causeth mykel error in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER XI. A GALLERY OF PICTURES.

IN this country the infant mind at an early stage of its development is made acquainted with two important propositions: one being that Idleness is the root of all Evil; the other, that the English are naturally an Industrious People. These are impressed upon the youthful student by that system of iteration which seems to be the great secret of education. He daily writes the one in his copy-book, and reads the other from his Guy's Geography, until he is generally supposed to be impregnated with them, and as a result to believe in both most fully and potently. It should be rather said, however, not so much that he accepts as that he does not refuse these axioms, or, at most, that he receives them with that intellectual lethargy and languid unquestioning, that suspension of mental activity which forms a large part of faith and conviction, or what passes for such, all over the world. For it appears to be held that men have a vital belief, and they are so credited, provided they have not already

debited themselves with a lively proclaimed Pyrrhonism.

A consequence of this state of things is that there are no recognised drones in Great Britain's hive. Though all are not equally industrious, all affect to be equally busy, and so the respectability of the thing is apparently well maintained. If you are determined to be lazy, you must be so behind a screen. Be idle if you will, only don't profess idleness. The nation does not object to compromise the matter. Indeed, as a rule the popular notion of virtue in general is that it is a fair subject for compromise. Like legal gin, virtue is not required by society to be above, while there is no limitation as to how much it may be under, a certain proof. A little adulteration is rather desirable; in its integrity the article might almost be recommended by a shopkeeper, as "well adapted for mixing purposes." Few take it "neat;" it so unfits them for the business of life: and some are satisfied with a very considerable dilution. Be idle, but have an excuse. Eat your

dinners and call yourself a barrister, or enter the army for some two months, or engage a studio and pretend you follow the fine arts; or, if you live in the country, become a J.P., and maintain your respectability by twice a year damning a peasant as a poacher. Wear a mask; you need not mind how thin it is; hide your head in the sand like the ostrich, and the world, more obliging than the bird's foes, will concede that your whole body is admirably concealed. Shams are now and then abused, but they are dearly loved for all that; and they are indispensable to civilisation. Look at a prince affecting to be a bricklayer, and laying a first stone; how he messes about with the silver trowel, and how the public applauds him—how it glories in the scene! Certainly shams are great institutions! Are all great institutions shams?

But it is not only in the higher circles that people pretend to be busy as an excuse for doing nothing. Royalty plays at soldiering and sailing; our nobility follow the pursuit of legislation—there are certainly some very unbusiness-like senators; gentlemen of fortune bob their heads for one day in the law courts, and are burthened with a wig box and the title of barrister for the remainder of their natural lives (what would some of these do—how angry they would be—supposing anybody were to send them a brief!); very superior creatures have entered the army for the express purpose of retiring from it; there have been even clergymen who don't preach, and can't cure souls; perhaps doctors who heal for love and not for fees. And it is the same through all the strata of society. The analogy fits to every rundle of the ladder. There are plenty of persons, for instance, who keep shops by way of becomingly doing nothing. I have heard of crossing-sweepers whose avocation was a mere pretence—men of fortune, they held the broom from no regard for halfpence; simply because it behoved them to assume the semblance of industry; because they had heard the statements that Idleness was the root of all Evil, and that the English were an Industrious People and knew that as citizens they must act accordingly.

It cannot be supposed that all the shops in London are remunerative. Of course not. Many of them are tradesmen's follies in disguise, excuses for idleness; sometimes even expensive hobbies. As he cannot do nothing as a non-practising advocate or parson, or a retired soldier, the shop-keeper with a taste for idleness does nothing as a shop-keeper. I am about to introduce the reader to a shop and shopkeeper of this kind.

Soho Square had not been wholly handed over to trade, and many neighbouring streets had been only partially disfigured by shops. But the neighbourhood was steadily on the decline. Private houses were emptying—were in decided decadence. As a symbol of fall there were here and there tablets affixed between the parlour windows, inscribed with trade announcements: it was as though the houses had been marked out for destruction. By-and-by, parlour windows were abolished; the front was taken off the lower part of the house; for a day or two it remained like that—a ghastly object with an open wound; then came the inevitable, unmistakable shop win-

dow. Gentility was gone for ever: Commerce reigned in its stead.

On a door of one of the houses in Freer Street, on the right-hand side going from Soho Square, was the name of "J. Phillimore." No mention of a trade followed this name, nor had the ground floor windows been blended into a shop front. Yet it was evident that some kind of business was supposed to be carried on in the house; decidedly some such impression was intended to be conveyed. For in one of the windows was a very black oil painting, of small size and without a frame, that looked as though it had been steeped in treacle. In the other window stood a carved frame, black with age, but without a picture; and it was not large enough for the picture in the window first mentioned. There was a background of green baize to these properties. What trade was carried on by Mr. Phillimore? If you had asked his neighbours they would have informed you that Mr. Phillimore was a picture dealer, and they would have considered that such an answer afforded you ample instruction on the subject.

It hardly did that. Mr. Phillimore kept a shop for the express purpose of doing nothing in it. He had not dealt in pictures for very many years; he never intended to deal in pictures again. He no more contemplated selling the picture and the frame in his windows, symbolising his supposititious trade, than a gold-beater reckons upon an offer to purchase the gilded arm and hammer projecting from his first-floor. There were one or two more pictures in the front room, which was not fitted up in the least like a shop; these also were rather treacly in hue, and quite French polished in surface, but were no more for sale than the ordinary fittings of the parlour of a private family. Mr. Phillimore lived on the premises. He was rich enough to retire from business, perhaps, but not rich enough to retire from his shop. So he resided in Freer Street, doing nothing but in compliance with social requirements previously alluded to: affecting to be a tradesman—pretending to deal in pictures.

It was a comfortable room, with a turkey carpet, a red flock paper, a bronze chandelier, antique chairs, and a mirror set in carved oak over the fire-place. The room at the back was its counterpart, only that it was smaller. Mr. Phillimore occupied the back room as a matter of preference. It was less cheerful than the other. It looked on to a water-butt and had a fine prospect of slated roofs and out-buildings and kitchen chimneys. But perhaps he had never been able to divest himself altogether of the notion that the front room was after all, strictly speaking, a shop; while no such impeachment could in any way attach to the back-parlour. And he became the room, did Mr. Phillimore; for he too was comfortable-looking—a prosperous man leading a cosy, methodical, enjoyable life; a bachelor, without the slightest intention of ever changing his condition. A bald-headed man, with yet a half-chaplet of rather long grey hair, and sometimes a jaunty velvet cap to hide his baldness, for he considered and cultivated his appearance. Round rosy features, a twinkling black eye, dark eye-brows, a portly figure, carefully dressed. He always wore black,

a complete suit, with a dress coat, a stiff, white neckerchief, a frilled shirt adorned with a large brooch. A man came regularly to shave him early in the morning, after which he breakfasted in a superb brocaded dressing-gown; then he read the paper scrupulously; at mid-day he assumed the whitest cravat, and thrust his neat feet into the brightest boots that could be seen for miles round. He was then dressed for the day. He took most delicious snuff from a grand gold box; he smoked occasionally very fragrant tobacco from a gorgeous pipe, silver mounted and with a china bowl, exquisitely painted. He had in his cellar some of the nicest port wine (in pints) that ever was tasted. Mr. Phillimore led altogether a very snug, sybaritic life in the back-parlour behind his counterfeit shop.

He was walking up and down the front room in a reflective sort of way, to the music of his massive watch key and seals rattling before him, and the money jingling in his pockets. He hummed an air of an operatic character now and then for his own amusement. He had a prosperous *abandon* about him altogether that was indeed charming.

A knock at the street door.

Mr. Phillimore peeped furtively over the green baize screen, the background of the picture in the window.

"I thought as much," he said. And he went out into the passage. "Never mind, Sally," he cried over the kitchen stairs; "I'll open the door."

"Good morning, sir," he said, in a frank, cordial way, to a gentleman who stood on the doorstep. "Pray walk in. He's not come home yet, but I expect him every minute. Step in," and Mr. Phillimore led the way into his front room. The gentleman, tall, handsome, with a pleasant smile, evidently amused, followed him.

"Do you know, sir," Mr. Phillimore began.

"Do you know, sir—Mr.—Martin, I think?"

"Yes, Martin."

"Do you know, Mr. Martin, that you are singularly like a Lawrence?"

"Indeed," said Mr. Martin with a puzzled expression.

"Yes. I've seen a great many of Sir Thomas's heads that were very much less in his own manner, and very much less worthy of him than yours is. Quite the Lawrence eye—bright and piercing, and the Lawrence lips, beautifully drawn, with a dimple at each end of them. Yes, you're undoubtedly a very fine example of Sir Thomas, in very nice preservation. My remarks astonish you, perhaps?"

"Well: they strike me as a little unusual."

"But they're not rude, believe me, and they are distinctly true—they have that merit. You see, in the course of a career of some length as a picture-dealer, a great number of works have passed through my hands; in fact, I think, I have almost seen as many painted semblances of my fellow creatures, as I've seen real human beings, and I cannot resist classifying them. My trade instincts get the better of me, and I refer them all to their proper schools. For myself, now,"—and Mr. Phillimore inspected his plump face in the glass over the fire-place—"I am Dutch,

decidedly—quite in the Flemish manner. I might be a Von Tilberg, or an Ostade, or a Brauwer. Portrait of a Burgomaster. I should look very well like that in a catalogue; a little change of dress, a velvet cloak with a fur collar, a gold chain or so, and I should be perfect. And Sally! You've seen our servant Sally here. Well, old Sally is a perfect Rembrandt—a delicious example—she ought never to be touched, much less cleaned; just a little dusting now and then with a silk handkerchief, that would be quite sufficient. They've taken to spoiling her up-stairs under the notion of smartening her up. They mean well, but it's a great mistake. She's worth any money as she is. She's got the right snuffy sort of shadow under her nose, and all her wrinkles are in the most superb *impasto* you ever set eyes upon. And our friend up-stairs, mind you, is a very respectable Velasquez, very respectable indeed, fit for any gallery, or," and Mr. Phillimore mused a little, "he might almost be Zurburan. With a particular kind of glazing, he'd even be taken for a Spagnoletto, and by no means a bad specimen of the master."

"And the lady?"

"Ah! the lady's charming: Raphaellesque, isn't she? beautiful I call her. If she's not a genuine Raphael,—there *are* very few genuine Raphaels,—she's a fine production of the school of Raphael. She's the lovely brow and liquid grey eyes, with the beautiful high light in them. Not raw paint, mind; but the most tender demi-tint—exquisite! She was too much for me—quite too much for me. I gave in at once. You see, you don't often have a real Raphael—even an approach to one—knocking at your street door. What could I do? My lodgers had all been single men before. I thought I preferred single men. I thought my Rembrandt in the kitchen preferred single men; but when *she* wanted to take the apartments what could I do, but let them to her? I never thought to have had so splendid a specimen of the Italian School so near me. And that's two years ago—and she's as good as ever, the colour hasn't gone down a bit. That's the thing with the old masters—they're so sound—no mistake about them—last beautiful for ever! Almost improve with keeping, like good wine. You wouldn't care to take port before your dinner, or I think I could give you a nice glass. None of your tawny, dry, thin stuff, but old, with a grand body and a heavenly bouquet. That's the port wine I like. We must have a bottle together some day, I know you'll like it. You don't get such wine as that every day. No one does. Yes," and Mr. Phillimore resumed the thread of his discourse. "I feel with these people in my house that my collection is almost unique. I don't really know where it could possibly be matched. And then, last year, they had a friend to stop with them, a friend from the country, a young lady—"

"A sister?"

"A sister of Raphael's Madonna, I believe she was, Madge they called her. Exceedingly charming. I had great difficulty in classing her. Sometimes I thought she was a Lancret, and there were moments when I even regarded her as a Greuze. The woman is very beautiful who carries

into womanhood the beauty of infancy. You see that often in Greuze, though he often spoils it with his Frenchness; he will sometimes make his child-women *conscious*—a cruel mistake. She was very delightful was the sister of Raphael's Madonna."

Mr. Martin bowed his acquiescence. He was amused and yet puzzled with the picture-dealer. He found it difficult to conceive that it was only for this he had been drawn into the ground-floor room. But he entered thoroughly into the spirit of his new friend's humour.

"And the baby?" he asked with a smile.

"Well, the baby." And Mr. Phillimore paused as though the baby were a very serious subject indeed. "Who'd have thought of a baby being born in this house! I wonder the authorities didn't refuse to register the birth. By Jove! they'd have been almost justified; upon a *primâ facie* view the thing might well seem impossible. But when you once break through a rule, when you once give up a sworn determination to have only single men lodgers, you must be prepared to take the consequences, even though they should assume the form of babies! And do you know a baby isn't, after all, so black as it's painted; the idea is, after all, frequently worse than the actuality. I am a bachelor—I intend to remain so—there's no fear of my altering my mind in that respect—don't mistake me. I have brought myself up in the bachelor creed that a baby was a bore, a nuisance, a horror; and that its cries were distressing, agonising, maddening. There's been exaggeration in the matter. I don't mind the baby up-stairs, bless you! not a bit. I don't like its crying, I confess; but I don't mind it. It's nothing to what I thought it would be; and then its chuckle and crowing are certainly pleasant. I don't think Infancy has ever had credit sufficient given to it in those respects. To think of the Rembrandt down-stairs taking to the baby as she has! It's wonderful. Somehow women seem to me to get intoxicated with babies, just as if they were so much grog. They pretend they don't care for them at first, and would rather not, and then they begin to sip; and, finally, go regularly mad about them. You should hear my Rembrandt talking nonsense to the baby for hours together, and dancing it about, and rocking it till she must be tired to death; but she'd rather go on till she dropped, than give way to any body else, bless you! It's extraordinary what an influence a baby has in a house; rules it, quite. Why, do you know, that one day when the baby was ill, or they thought it was (I think, myself, that babies often pretend to be ill just to assert themselves, and test their authority), well, they thought the child had a croop-cough, or something of that sort; and I could not get Sally to clean my boots; no, not for any money, I couldn't. She was too busy with the baby; and what's more, I submitted to it. I did, upon my word. I wore dirty boots all that day, for the first time in my life."

"Ah! Mr. Phillimore, you ought to have been a married man, and a father," said Mr. Martin, laughing.

"Do you think so?" and the picture-dealer

mused over the observation. "Somehow it never occurred to me to be so."

"But the baby considered as a work of art—"

"Flemish, at present. Oh! very Flemish. Between you and me" (Mr. Phillimore lowered his voice), "it isn't very pretty just now; though I wouldn't for the world hint such a thing, up-stairs. It isn't nice in point of colour; the flesh tones are particularly hot and overdone; it's wanting in expression, too, and repose; and I'm not at all sure that it's quite the right thing in point of drawing. But it's not to be looked upon as a finished work at present, it's a mere sketch; and it's in very good hands, and I've no doubt they'll make something of it. Perhaps a Fiamingo modelled for Rubens; or if it should ultimately develop into a Study of a Child by Sir Joshua! a companion to Infancy—say—what a prize it would be, what a glorious thing! God bless me! only to think of it!" and the dealer grew so warm with his enthusiasm that he had to rub his bald head with a large red and green silk handkerchief, quite laboriously.

"I thought the baby very pretty; but, perhaps, that was because I was godfather," remarked Mr. Martin.

"Well, I'm bound to say that it looks remarkably well from certain points of view. Very much depends upon the *pose*. But in a particular *pose* every body's good-looking almost. Sometimes the baby is a very nice object indeed. Only the other day, I was going up-stairs, past the front drawing-room; it was partly open, I couldn't help peeping in, just a very little. I was not noticed, and my curiosity harmed no one. But, near the fire-place, there was one of the loveliest compositions I think I ever beheld. It would have fetched any money at a sale. A perfect *riposa*. The father, in shadow, was by no means a bad St. Joseph, while the Madonna and child were of course delicious, worthy of the best days of Italian art. I never felt so proud of my lodgers before."

There was a knock at the door.

"That's St. Joseph," said the dealer. "I know his knock. Don't go away. The Rembrandt will open the door. Dear me, how I've been wasting time! I had something I particularly desired to say to you, but here have I been carried away by my foolish fancies about the Fine Arts, and my old picture-dealing habits. But look here. How shall I begin? Bless my soul how stupid I am!"

He walked up and down the room hurriedly, with an evidently embarrassed air. Then he stopped suddenly.

"They tell me," he said, with some solemnity, "that St. Joseph on the first floor is what's called an author—a writer—a literary gentleman. Is that so?"

"Yes. Mr. Wilford is the author of one or two books of some fame."

"Is he indeed, now? Well, so I was informed. Dear me! to think of that." Then, after a pause, he asked abruptly. "Is he poor?"

"Poor?"

"There—there. You're astonished, you're offended. I've said what I oughtn't to; and it's all no business of mine, and so on, and so on.

But my motive is not impertinent—it's all right and proper. I do assure you it is.

"Doesn't he pay his rent?" asked Mr. Martin, laughing.

"Yes, yes, he pays his rent—regular—to the day. I've not a word of complaint to make on that or on any other score. I may be doing wrong, though I don't mean it. I'm only a tradesman, and I don't know much out of my own line of business, perhaps, if you come to press me on that point. But I once knew a writer—a literary man if you prefer it—who wasn't rich, not by any means, who on the contrary, if I may say so, was deuced poor—uncommon, infernally. He lived in a garret not far from here, and was a good deal in debt, and wasn't often flush of money, and didn't dress very well—and in fact was about as shabby a looking beggar as you ever set eyes on, and wasn't over clean, and not often sober—I never knew a fellow take so kindly to gin as he did. Well, they found him one day almost starving in his back attic, and I and some others helped to put him on his legs again; and you don't know how comfortable it made me feel doing that; for he was a clever fellow, no doubt of it—he wrote all the poetry for the big blacking establishment in the Strand, and I have heard say that he sometimes did verses for Catnach! A wonderfully clever fellow, and very good company when he was sober. In fact, I may say, while I am on the subject, that I know him now, and that he comes to see me now and then, just to say how d'ye do, and borrow half-a-crown or so, and see if there is anything to drink anywhere about the premises. His name is Loafe, one of the Loafes of Cow Cross, I believe. However, that's neither here nor there. What I want to come to is this. I heard that my lodger, St. Joseph, was a writer, and then the thought came to me whether, for all his punctuality about his rent—for he is deuced proud, I know that—whether, for all that, he mightn't be poor too—not so bad as the other chap I was telling you about—Loafe—but still poor, hard up, you know, sometimes. And I wanted to say that if he'd rather wait as to paying his rent, or if he'd rather not pay it at all, or if he'd like me ever to lend him some money, or—by George—if he'd like me to give it him, he should have it, as much as he liked, as long as he liked, or for ever, if he chose.

"I am sure, Mr. Phillimore, this is most kind—really generous, but—"

"Now don't be in a hurry. Though I live here I'm well off—as well off as many tradesmen that have left their shops for good and all, and gone to villas at Brixton. My wants are not many, and in fact, I don't spend my income. A nice glass of port—not every day, mind you, or I shouldn't value it so much—first-rate washing for my neckties, and the best blacking for my boots. Those are my only extravagances; all the rest are simply necessaries, and cost a mere trifle. I go half-price to the play now and then, but what's that? If my lodgers want help, or anything that money can buy, they shall have it—by Jove they shall—or my name isn't Isaac Phillimore.

"But, my dear sir, they want nothing. Mr. Wilford is a steadily rising man; he's doing well—

very well indeed. I should say he was making money fast. Authors are not what they were. Authors are not all like—like the gentleman—Mr. Loafe, I think you said—your friend, who composed the blacking acrostics in the back attic. Nowadays, literary gentlemen eat and drink of the best—in moderation—and ride in carriages, and don't wear shabby clothes, nor write verses for Catnach—at least not all of us. For I must tell you, Mr. Phillimore—I, also, am an author."

"You an author? You, Mr. Martin? A superb Sir Thomas Lawrence! Can such things be? Say no more, I am convinced. Authors are changed indeed. An author a Sir Thomas Lawrence! I pictured him a tatterdemalion by Callot! Pray forgive me. And not a word to St. Joseph—I wouldn't offend him for the world. And it's all arisen from my love for my lodgers. I won't detain you a moment longer. I dare say the dinner up-stairs is waiting for you."

The Sir Thomas Lawrence, his smile stretching to a hearty laugh, made his way to the drawing-room.

He was heartily greeted by Mr. Phillimore's lodgers.

"Hullo! here's George at last. We thought you'd forgotten us. How are you?" cried Wilford.

"How are you, Wil?—how do you do, Mrs. Wilford?—how's baby?"

"Now, Vi, let's have dinner. I think Martin's hungry, and I know I am."

Wilford Hadfield and his wife were residing on Mr. Phillimore's first floor. They were called Mr. and Mrs. Wilford.

"What a mistake," quoth the picture-dealer. "What injustice I've done the *riposa*. I feel the Raphael would be very angry if she knew, and the Velasquez would turn to a Spagnoletto in expression. I should like to be of use to them. They're a charming group. But I've made a wrong start. I think I must put on another cravat, my emotion has crumpled this; and perhaps have just a glass or two of the port, to steady my nerves; perhaps go half-price to the play, to amuse myself, for there'll be a tremendous reaction after all this excitement!"

CHAPTER XII.—MR. PHILLIMORE'S FIRST FLOOR.

NEARLY two years have passed since Mr. Fuller's daughter Violet left Grilling Abbots church the wife of Wilford Hadfield. Time has very little changed her. If possible, her beauty has been enhanced by her new position. A wife and a mother, she now possesses claims for admiration even more remarkable than those of pretty Miss Fuller of Grilling Abbots. And Mr. Phillimore's judgment was perfectly correct, and one to which it is believed the reader would give unqualified assent, provided the same opportunities for arriving at an opinion were available—the young mother bending over her baby son formed a very charming composition indeed, in every way Raphaellesque and beautiful. Wilford, the St. Joseph of the group according to the picture-dealer, is still pale and gaunt-looking, but his dejected manner has gone; the grey has made no further advance in his locks and beard; his eyes

are brighter ; he may be said, altogether, to look younger than when, two years back, he was recovering slowly from his nervous illness. He is alert, active, industrious, for his life has now colour, and object, and worth. He is a hard-working man of letters, who has achieved respectable literary fame ; he toils earnestly for the support of his wife and child, for he has been true to his old resolutions. He has declined all aid from his brother, or to receive any share in the Hadfield property. He has permitted to be carried out in their strict integrity the terms of his father's will. Still the brothers are good friends, and correspond occasionally. But the letter-writing is conducted as a rule with greater punctuality by the ladies of the two families. To Violet, Gertrude addresses very long narratives concerning her children, the doings at the Grange, and the latest Grilling Abbots news ; while Violet returns equally interesting despatches, written closely on several sheets of note-paper—and the writing crossed as only women cross writing—containing full particulars of her little boy, especially in regard to the colour of his eyes and hair, with certain digressions as to teething and gums, and other infant distresses ; and information also as to Wilford's health and doings, and literary progress. Stephen has been once or twice in town, when he has visited his brother and sister-in-law residing on Mr. Phillimore's first floor, and been cordially received. Wilford, in spite of much fervid invitation and solicitation, has steadily refused to revisit the Grange—at all events, for the present, for so he has qualified his refusals, whether with any idea of availing himself of that qualification must remain a secret known only to himself. So it may be noted that Violet and Gertrude have, between themselves, two or three little grievances, upon which they occasionally harp and comment and interchange opinions in their correspondence. Amongst these subjects of regret and complaint should be stated Wilford's steady renunciation of the name of Hadfield (his first book—a collection of essays, very fairly successful—was published under the name of George Wilford, by which, indeed, he is generally known to the world) ; and further in his declining to return for ever so little to Grilling Abbots, in his hesitation to be acknowledged as the uncle of his brother's children, and worse than all in the slight offered to Gertrude's last baby by his refusal to stand as sponsor, or to give his name to the child. (N.B. This is the second baby since the one referred to in Violet's letter, set out in a former chapter, and about which a similar cause of offence had arisen. Gertrude had been persistent in her endeavours to draw her brother-in-law as closely as possible to the family at the Grange ; it says much for her and her efforts in this respect that she had even forgiven these uncomplimentary proceedings in regard to her offspring.)

George Martin, of Plowden Buildings, frequently visited Mr. Phillimore's first-floor lodgers. In the first place, he had been known as an old friend of Wilford's in days gone by ; he was now his literary ally, they had been *collaborateurs* on various employments, they had many sympathies, entertained many opinions in common, and were greatly

attached to each other. But their pursuits were rather approximate than identical. Martin's literary achievements were mostly of a critical nature—he was allied as a reviewer to more than one journal of importance. Wilford had of late ventured more into the realms of imaginative literature ; he began to be recognised as a writer of fiction, and he had a novel of full length on the eve of publication.

Violet had at once perceived that Martin was in every way worthy of being her husband's friend, and always welcomed him with pleasure to their home. George Martin not slowly won the appreciation of Mrs. Wilford. His regard for her husband would have been almost sufficient recommendation, but it must be added to this that Martin was, in the language of the picture-dealer, "a very fine specimen of Sir Thomas Lawrence"—that is to say, a man of refined and agreeable mien, handsome, intellectual, and with singularly attractive manners. And this—to Mr. Phillimore's amazement—notwithstanding that he gained his living by literary occupation.

George Martin was therefore often a guest at the table of the Wilfords. No very special arrangements were made on his account. The dinner was always sufficient yet simple. He was not converted into an excuse for unusual stateliness or pretentious discomfort. He was paid the compliment of being supposed willing to be contented with the ordinary habits of the family. Violet was too good a housewife ever to provide ill-conditioned meals. Dinner parties were not given by the Wilfords ; nevertheless, George Martin was always sure of good cheer and a pleasant evening, when invited to the first-floor in Freer Street. The dining together of three people who are intimate friends is really a very pleasant thing.

The Rembrandt rendered inefficient service at the dinner-table—but three diners can generally manage with very little attendance. The cloth removed, a bottle was produced which, if it did not reach the choiceness of quality of Mr. Phillimore's port (in pints), was nevertheless pronounced, by all interested, to be of a highly creditable vintage.

George Martin took great pleasure in these little dinners in Freer Street. A hard-working Temple bachelor, he seldom "went into society," as the phrase is. He could not often devote time sufficient to such a proceeding, and gradually he had confined himself more and more to the retirement of his rooms, content to lead a life quiet, if sombre, which permitted to him the full enjoyment of his literary tastes, and made no calls upon his leisure for the accomplishment of inconvenient etiquette. For society is exacting. You are required incessantly to render homage and swear fealty, and acknowledge your vassalage, or you are accounted contumacious and unworthy, and your privileges are denied to you. Your time and your smiles and your best *mots* ; your white neckcloth, varnished boots, and gloves of exquisite fabric, must always be ready, producible at the very shortest notice ; hesitate, and like a martinet officer, society pounces upon you, and dismisses you from her ranks. It was not from the churlishness which often chains men to dull, dismal lives in obscure dwellings and

by-paths of the world, that George Martin shrunk from social intercourse with his contemporaries. He was in every way fitted to shine where culture and cleverness and polished manners were esteemed. And he would probably have liked to have earned distinction in this way; but somehow he had turned his life into different channels. Indolence and industry had combined to effect this. He could not sufficiently apply himself to the wooing of society's smiles and caresses; he followed with too great an avidity contrary pursuits. But in the society of his friends in Freer Street, he found considerations for his tastes in both directions. There was an elegance and refinement and repose about Violet it would have been hard anywhere to match. He felt that to earn her regard was a fair exercise of all his powers of pleasing. While her husband was his valued fellow-workman, whose presence was a warrant for his adherence to professional considerations.

"Don't you think, Mr. Martin, that Wilford is looking very much too pale and thin?" Violet asked.

"This is Violet's constant crotchet, you must know, Martin. I believe we are all said to be slightly insane on certain topics. This is Violet's weak point—my state of health; my paleness and thinness. I really ought to be a skeleton by this time, considering the shocking way in which I've been going on, or going off, I should rather say, during the last two years, according to Vi's account."

"Yes, you always try to laugh off the question," said Violet; "but I shall still ask Mr. Martin to give me his opinion."

"Well, say Martin; do I look very pale and thin?" asked Wilford.

"Yes, I think you do. I've been thinking so for some time past," answered his friend.

"I was sure Mr. Martin would agree with me," exclaimed Violet.

"Yes, Vi, but it's only to agree with you that he says so."

"No; my opinion is perfectly unprejudiced. You ought really to take a holiday. I am sure you have earned one; you have been working very hard indeed of late."

"No holiday for me, just at present. I must see my book safely through the press, first; then we can, perhaps, begin to think about holiday-making. Do you know, Martin, it's rather cruel and tiring, and desponding work, correcting one's proofs. They come dropping in, day after day, a sheet at a time. One gets to have at last such a minced notion of one's book; at least so I find it. I grow so giddy over the fragments, I can't put them together at all at last, and fail to have any idea as to what the thing is really like and worth as a whole."

"I see you've been torturing yourself dreadfully. You really ought to have a change; or you'll get much worse if you've taken to thinking in this way. Let me prescribe for you," said Martin. "Go to Paris for a week."

"Thank you, Mr. Martin," said Violet, gaily, "that is precisely my advice. He needs change very much, and I am sure a week at Paris would be a great benefit to him."

"No, no," said her husband, rather seriously, "that would never do; besides," he added, "I hate Paris."

"You hate Paris! You heretic!" cried Martin, laughing. "But I forgot, everyone does not think as I do, though that is not a reason why I should be wrong. But I am not an imaginative writer, I don't deal in fiction—I criticise, I don't create; and it seems to me that there are only two places worth living in—London and Paris. I would divide my time equally between them if I could; but I am obliged to remain in London the greater part of the year; when I do get a holiday I go to Paris; the holiday over, I return to London."

"You do not care, then, for the country, nor the seaside?" Violet asked.

"I prefer people to places; I would sooner have crowds of faces round me than be alone in the midst of magnificent scenery. A mountain is very superb, but can one look at it honestly for more than five minutes? Is it not exhausted and done with at the end of that time, especially if one is neither a poet nor a painter? And the sea is very grand, and I enjoy it immensely for a quarter of an hour; I watch it bend down and turn summersaults and tumble into foam; I watch the repetition of this feat again and again, till at last I think I know all about it, I begin to yawn a little, I grow decidedly weary; I think I know all the sea can do; disrespectfully I throw a stone at it and turn from the beach to see about the Paris or the London trains. A dreadful confession, is it not, Mrs. Wilford?"

"Yes; and I can only half believe it. But the country—do you not find it a great relief after hard work in town?"

"It's too great a relief. The violent change upsets me. The absence of noise, for instance; the awful quiet of the country makes me feel somehow not that there is no noise, but that I am suddenly deaf and can't hear it—not a comfortable sensation. And country fare is too good for me, it makes me ill—I miss my metropolitan adulterations—and then I so miss the crowd; I want the streets and shops and houses, the swarms of men and women."

"But the scenery?"

"Very wonderful and charming, but it never keeps my attention long. I have nothing in common with it, so it seems to me. There is a want of human interest in it. Do you care for reading poetry that is all landscape and colour, flowers and water and sky, and hasn't one fellow-creature breathing through it? I confess it tires me dreadfully. I am frightfully practical. I have lived so long in towns that I have lost my taste perhaps for the country, just as captives become so accustomed to their prisons that they quit them with regret. And there is no real solitude and retirement in the country; where there are so very few people every one becomes as it were the public property of the rest. For real isolation and quiet, London, after all, is the only place."

"And especially a top room in the Temple, London."

"Yes. One is there snug and uncared for—

alone and private—and yet only a few steps to reach a struggling crowd, all new faces which one will never see again. There is a fine field for contemplation! There is variety! It is more comfortable to be one of a million than one of a dozen. And I don't like country people over much; they are friendly but bumptious, kind but conceited, and they hold little Peddlington to be the garden of the world!"

"I am quite shocked at your opinions," said Violet; "and the way in which you talk of the country and of country people I account as a personal affront. I only wish Madge could have heard you."

"I shouldn't have dared to speak so openly had your sister been present."

"Madge would have gone exploding about the room like a firework," said Wilford, laughing.

"And you call this assisting me, Mr. Martin, to persuade Wilford to go out of town! Thanks for your aid! You are a most dangerous ally—you overpower those you profess to help. I shall leave you now to persuade Wilford by yourself. Perhaps you want to enjoy exclusively the credit of bringing him round to my opinion. I must go, for I think I hear baby calling."

Violet quitted the room. The two friends drew their chairs more nearly together.

"Jesting apart," said Martin, "I agree with Mrs. Wilford. You are really not looking very well, and a little change would do you a great deal of good."

"You are right," said Wilford, after a slight pause. "I am not well, but I would not confess so much to Violet; it would only occasion her uneasiness and alarm. Let me push forward with my book, for that must be attended to now, and I'll take a holiday—a good one—and recruit thoroughly. Yet I hardly know why I should be ill."

"You have worked very hard of late. Does your head pain you?"

"At times. But my sleep is very broken, and I dream terribly when I do sleep. I am nervous somehow. Small things distract me—the sudden opening of a door, a slight noise in the street, anything happening unexpectedly, sets my heart beating quite painfully. I tease myself with all sorts of anxieties about my book and career. I have all sorts of presentiments about Violet and my child. I look forward to the future with a sort of dread of I know not what. Even while I speak of these things I am seized with a nervous trembling I am totally unable to control. Have you ever felt like this?"

"Once or twice. Something like it."

"And what have you done?"

"I have brought myself to believe thoroughly in the realities of life. I have gone by the express to Paris and dined sumptuously at the Trois Frères. I have left off work and enjoyed myself, and I have found my nervous system to recover rapidly under such a course of treatment. Try it in your case."

"I think that mine requires rather more serious remedies. But something I must do shortly, for the thing grows upon me. I seem to have a difficulty at least in severing what is

fact from what is mere matter of fancy and fore-boding."

He stopped for a few minutes, and then asked in an agitated tone:

"Did you ever feel as though you were followed in the street—continually followed by some one whom you did not know, could not see, go where you would? Tell me, Martin?"

"Never. But do you imagine that you have been so followed?"

"It seems to me so, and I am not sure that it is simply imagination."

"You think you have been *really* followed?"

"Sometimes I feel quite sure of it."

"But the fact can be easily ascertained."

"Not so easily. Go where I will I hear footsteps behind me; turn when I will to discover who follows me, and I can see no one. May one not grow nervous in such a case?"

"Bah! Wilford, the nervousness occasions this fancy—is not occasioned by it. I have heard of some literary men being frequently followed," said Martin, laughing, "but it was for debt. That is not your case, I know. Besides, the sheriff's-officer is not a phantom, he can be seen and felt, on the shoulder especially."

"Hush! Not a word more of this, Violet returns."

A cup of tea, one or two of Violet's favourite songs—Wilford's favourites, too—from the Mozart book,—the voice of the singer has lost nothing of its old exquisite beauty and music,—and George Martin, delighted with the melody, and though it is yet early, rises to depart.

"Indeed I must go," he says, pressing the hand of Mr. Wilford, "I have an hour or two's work to-night that may not be postponed. What am I to say to the printer when he comes to-morrow for copy, if I stay longer now? Good-night."

"One moment, Martin. I'll walk part of your way. I've hardly been out all day."

They were in the hall putting on their hats.

"A letter, sir," cried the Rembrandt from the kitchen-stairs.

"You're so abrupt, Sally, you quite frighten one," said Wilford.

"It's a bill, Wilford; the precursor of the bailiff," and Martin laughed.

"It was left by a boy, sir, just this moment," Sally stated.

A gentleman in the front parlour overheard this conversation. It seemed that he had not gone half-price to the play.

"A boy!" said Mr. Phillimore to himself, "yes, but a very bad specimen—not at all a nice head. I saw him. There are faces like his in some of Hogarth's works; especially in the *Idle Apprentice* and the *Progress of Cruelty*."

"Take care of the letter till I come back, Sally; or—stay, you may be gone to bed,—I'll put it in my pocket."

And the two friends went out. They passed down Freer Street on their way towards the Temple. They had failed to perceive that a boy, of small stature, leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the way, had watched their departure from Mr. Phillimore's, and was now stealthily following them, though at some distance. A boy

thin and active, with long, thick, dark, straight hair, cut sharply and forming a sort of rectangular block at the back of his head. His cap was of the kepi pattern in use at certain French schools; but there were no pretensions of a military or at least a uniform character about the rest of his dress which was ordinary enough. He had a yellow-complexioned brazen face with a cunning expression and small restless green eyes. For some streets the boy succeeded in following Wilford and George Martin. Suddenly his progress was arrested—a large hand pressed heavily upon his shoulder. He started, but recollected himself, stooped down, twisted himself, and would have escaped but that the hand moved to his collar, and held him with a firm grip it was hopeless to struggle against.

"*Arrêtez donc, cher enfant!*" said a calm but rather grating voice.

"You let me go! You let me go! You hurt me! What have I done?" whined the boy in English, but with a strong French accent.

"You follow gentlemen in the street, is it not so, you little fox? I have seen you. You know me?"

"No, I don't know you—I don't know you! Let me go! You let me go!"

"Be quiet, will you," said the voice, and the hand released the boy's collar and grasped his over-large ear. "*Silence, petit tapageur!* You know me?"

"No," answered the boy, sulkily.

"*Regardez donc!*"—and the boy felt his ear pulled round so that he was compelled to look into the face of a tall man in a glossy hat, with a dainty white neckerchief and gold spectacles. He had jet-black eyebrows and short scraps of black whiskers on his cheeks. He was otherwise scrupulously shaven. His appearance gave one rather the idea of a foreigner trying to look like an Englishman.

"You know me now—is it not so?"

"I have seen you before."

"I think so. Ah! little thief,—would you dare?" The boy had stealthily drawn a small knife from his pocket and unclasped it. The action was perceived at once—an iron grip round his wrist, perhaps, too, the painful pressure of a hard knuckle upon the back of his hand made him open his fingers and drop the knife with a gasp of pain.

"Take care what you do," and his ear was pulled sharply. "I have had my eye upon you for some days—upon you and your estimable family, and the excellent *Mère Pichot*. You will go straight home, if you please, little one. We will have no more following of English gentlemen in the streets. You will present to *Madame Pichot* the assurance of my high consideration. Make to her my compliments. Do you understand, my charming boy? and let her know that I am on a visit to London."

"What shall I tell her? What name am I to say?"

The gentleman laughed heartily at this.

"Tell her that *Monsieur Chose* is staying in town. I think she will know who is meant."

He changed his tone to one of fierceness.

"And let her take care—let her take care; I

am not a fool. I will not permit everything. The law has been kind to her as yet, but the times may change; and you, little one, take you care, worthy child of *Père Dominique*. Do you wish to follow the steps of your admirable and amiable father? He is well; but he is not happy. He complains of confinement, and that he cannot see his friends: and he will not see them—not for twenty years. Where do you live?"

"Over the bridge Waterloo," answered the boy, instantly.

"Little liar! You are too quick. You are promising; if it was not that you are really much older than you look.—I know where you live—I know where to find you. Go, then, and above all take care. You are no match for *Monsieur Chose*—remember that—nor is *Mère Pichot*, neither. Good-night, *Monsieur Alexis*."

He released the boy's ear. The boy stooped as though to avoid a parting blow; but *Monsieur Chose* had, it seems, no further offensive intentions in regard to him. The boy recovered his knife and darted off quickly; but in a different direction to that taken by Wilford and his friend.

"Little devil!" said *Monsieur Chose*, dusting his strong white fingers as though to dismiss an unpleasant subject. He then lighted a cigar, drew his coat closely round him, took off his hat to bid a courteous good-night to a passing policeman, and went his way with an elastic step, humming a favourite air from the opera of *La Dame Blanche*.

(To be continued.)

THE DOLOURS OF A DINNER-TABLE.

A LETTER CONFIDENTIALLY ADDRESSED TO
ALDERMAN ASTERISK.

"MY DEAR ALDERMAN,

"As you have ever been a good friend to our family, and in our turn we have always done our best to make you comfortable whenever you have come to us, I think I may appeal to you for sympathy and succour in my present wretched plight.

"I am a good old-fashioned dinner-table, solid and substantial as the roast beef and plum pudding, and other good old English dishes it has been my pride to groan under, in the days when men gave hospitable, hearty English dinners, and not those shabby makeshifts they call *diners à la Russe*. Although I came into the world some sixty years ago, there is not a crack or crevice in my face. My legs are still as strong as when they were first made, and I can bear the heaviest joints without a quiver or a creak. Cheap furniture was unknown in the days when I was born. It was reserved for a later and a (so-called) more enlightened age to see tables glued together like the playthings of a child, and made with leaves that fall as surely to the ground as autumn leaves. There is nothing sham or shabby about me. Some of my younger brethren, I am shocked to hear it said, are made with legs of rosewood and a top of common deal. But I am formed throughout of one well-seasoned costly wood. The mahogany of Spain, and not the fir of Norway, I am proud to tell you, is my family tree. Nor, if you were to see me, even now in my old age, could you say I do discredit to my parent stem. For although I am

not rubbed up quite so often as I ought to be, I am still a table of considerable polish, and unlike many people, while smooth upon the surface I am sound, and honest, and hearty to the core.

"You may then faintly fancy what are now my daily feelings, when instead of being carefully uncovered after dinner, so as to show my handsome face to the guests who sit around me, I have to stand throughout the evening with a white table-cloth upon me, just as though I had been guilty of some horrible enormity, and in penalty were ordered to do penance in a sheet. What have I done, I ask, that this be my desert? Wrapped up as I am, I can smell no longer the fragrance of the orange, or inhale the pleasant perfume of the grape. The *bouquet* of the claret is no more a bliss for me. 'The glasses sparkle' on the table-cloth, and not upon the board: and I no more can joy in seeing that 'the wine is ruby bright.' Ah! how I loved in olden time, when the parson had said grace, and the cloth had been removed, to see the happy Christmas faces reflected in my own, that seemed to lend an added lustre to their brightly beaming looks! How the wax-lights (there was no nasty gas invented then)—how the wax-lights made me wink at the bright eyes as they glanced at me, and how I joyed to hear myself admired by pretty lips! The wit that crackled round me while the bottles went their round oft 'set the table in a roar,' as well as those who sat at it: and I have sometimes laughed so heartily that I have heard it wondered what it could have been that had so made me creak and shake.

"But now the 'pleasures of the table,' alas! are not for me. I have no share now in the delights of the dessert. Swaddled up in linen—which, I shudder as I think of it, is very often damp—I stand in ghastly silence, like a sheeted ghost, and have no share in the mirth and merriment about me. Every sense is dulled and deadened by the shroud that covers me. I no more feel the soft pressure of lovely woman's hand, or see the becks and wreathed smiles wherewith she wages her flirtations. Her ringing laughter reaches me, alas! in muffled peals. No longer am I gladdened by the perfume of her scented hair, or the glimpses I once stole of her brightly beaming face. I can no more reflect the smiles of the old friends who surround me: or hear, as I was wont to do, the secrets of their circle, in confidence breathed forth in the freemasonry of wine. The wit, if there be any (which I am disposed to doubt), falls flat upon the fluffy swathe-cloth which enwraps me. In short, for all the pleasure I receive now from a dinner-party, I might as well be placed upon the Table Mountain, or be floating like mere drift-wood on the waves of Table Bay.

"Nor does my grief end here. It was my pride in the old time to feel the weighty sirloins, and the mighty rounds of beef, the Brobdignag-bred turkeys and the big plum-puddings with which I was quite certain every Christmas to be loaded, and the scarcely less substantial and solid English fare that was heaped on my broad back at other seasons of the year. I gloried to display to appreciative eyes such proofs of hospitality and hearty English welcome, and to be the means of

showing to advantage the produce of fair homesteads, poultry yards and fields. But now that my young master follows the new fashion, and gives banquets à la Russe, I am decked out during dinner with artificial flowers, and bear nothing more substantial than a trifle of confectionery, and a dish or two of fruit. Moreover, even this is put there very often to look at, not to eat; it being defended, as the French say, in very many families to destroy by touch profane the arrangement of the table, and disturb the grouping of the make-believe dessert. The 'festive board' is now not the table, but the sideboard. It is there the butler officiates as carver, and performs the delicate work that used in former times to be done always by the host. But now a host has nought to do with the well-feeding of his guests, and attending with his own hand to their comfort and enjoyment. Dear! how my old master would delight in carving special tit-bits for old friends, whose peculiar likings he had learnt by heart! How kindly would he cry out, 'Brown, my boy, I've kept for you a lovely bit of knuckle!' or, 'Tomkins, my dear fellow, do just let me send you the backbone of this fowl!' It is surely a high compliment to recollect these little weaknesses, and a noble act of sacrifice to send your friend the *bonne-bouche* that you most affect yourself. I can imagine nothing finer as a proof of friendship than the tendering to Pythias of the two thighs of a woodcock, when Damon's cook has served but one bird for them both. Alas! there is no chance of such noble actions now. Host Damon sits as idle as any of his guests, while his butler at the sideboard carves, unthinking of their wants, and reserves for his own supper, doubtless, most of the tit-bits. A dish of early ducks, or a two-guinea spring salmon, is whisked away ere it has been two minutes in the room; and Pythias, poor fellow! however much his mouth may have watered for it, may whistle for the chance of getting any second slice.

"All this, you will own, is bad enough to bear; but, as the play says, 'still worse remains behind.' For my young master being a fashionable man, and having, alack! wedded a fashionable wife, is addicted to a few of the fashionable follies which are prevalent just now in the circles of high life. Among other silly pastimes, that of spirit-rapping has attracted his attention, and I am pained to say that he forgets himself so far as now and then to hold a spirit-séance at his house, and subject me to the impostures of the Medium he employs. Nearly every week I am expected to assist in playing the old farce of *Turning the Tables*. Oh, how I feel degraded by being made the instrument for such small, silly tricks as those which this bad conjurer performs upon my surface, and more often underneath! How I long to tell the company what goes on between my legs, how the raps are really done, and the so-called spirit-writing actually worked! How I pant to show them that the 'twiddling fingers' simply are a trick of sleight-of-hand, quite clumsy in comparison with a hundred that Herr Frikell could any day effect. But that my moving might perhaps be viewed as spirit work, I would give vent to my feelings of virtuous indignation, and upset the whole arrangements by

one resistless heave. The tremblings which some fools have fancied they observed in me are the signs of the emotion which I naturally feel in having to assist in a fraudulent foul sham, by which pretended intercourse is kept up with the dead, and the holiest of feelings are outraged and abused.

"Such then are a few of the sorrows I now suffer, and although they have not yet affected my good looks (thanks to my fine constitution, and to the elbow-grease bestowed upon me daily by my excellent old friend and benefactor, John), I feel my face ere long will show the traces of affliction, and that, in spite of John, its brightness will be sadly dulled and dimmed. I should wish, before this happens, to retire from public service, and be removed to the obscurity of some old-furniture asylum, where I might join my elder brothers in conversing of old times. I feel I have outlived the age that I was born to serve in and to suit. A plank or two of deal, placed upon some tressels, would serve to spread a cloth on every whit as well as I can do; and as men now drink no wine, and directly dinner is over mostly go off to their smoking-dens to whiff their odious weeds, the table might be cleared away as soon as they have had their cheese, and the ladies might deposit their dessert plates on their laps. This would simply be reviving the old classic custom of removing the table when hunger was appeased,* and so the room would be left clear for the expansion of the petticoats, which so smother me at times that I can hardly breathe.

"Much thanking you for letting me thus make my sorrows public—really it is almost worth getting a grievance, if only for the luxury of giving it full vent—

"I remain, sir,

"Your much put-upon, but still most faithful servant,
AN OLD MAHOGANY."

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THE District of Columbia is the reserve of land, ten miles square, which is appropriated to Federal occupation, and is under Federal government exclusively. Slavery there once *was* a national institution: whereas everywhere else it *is* a State institution. While it existed there, the whole power and influence of the general government was at the service of the slaveholding portion of the nation; and now that it is extinguished there, the slaveholders must take charge of their own "domestic institution," as they are fond of calling it. There are no two opinions anywhere, I believe, as to the inability of slavery to sustain itself in the hands of only a quarter of a million of proprietors, who have no longer the support of the national government, but must sustain themselves against the jealousy of four times their own number of their own non-slaveholding neighbours, and the public opinion of the rest of the nation. Time will show whether the attempt will be made to preserve the institution against such odds. Meanwhile its foundation is rooted up; there is no longer any controversy on this subject involved in the inter-

national relations of the Republic; and the African race has turned the corner of its fate. American statesmen have for many years looked forward to this event as that which would be the doom of Cuban slavery. When their government should at length be at liberty to join ours in inducing Spain to unite with the rest of Christendom in repudiating slavery, there could be no doubt of its speedy disappearance from the black list of national crimes. These statesmen have been so ready to avail themselves of their new freedom and their long desired credit, that they entered upon negotiations with our minister at Washington to stop the slave-trade before the act of their own government was completed.

The first overt act of promise was the incident which I noticed four months ago,—the prayer for the slave offered by the chaplain at the opening of the session of Congress in December last. Though all understood the portent, few perhaps expected that within four months the prayer would be exchanged for the rejoicing words, "We thank thee that our soil is now free from slavery, and that this air is now free air, and so shall remain for ever." Yet this was the thanksgiving uttered in the Capitol on the 17th of April. The next portent was the execution of Captain Gordon, the slave-trader, on whom the President allowed the law to take its course, in spite of the most vehement remonstrances from the pro-slavery interest. The man was as fit a subject for the halter as society could produce,—a ruffian notoriously guilty of a long course of murders: but he would not have suffered death under the rule of any President but one resolved to put down the crime. We all knew what must be coming then: but we were hardly prepared for an intermediate step.

It appears that it must have been in March that Mr. Lincoln commissioned his Secretary of State to propose to our Minister a new Treaty for the repression of the Slave-trade; in which all terms should be granted which were necessary to the effectual accomplishment of the object. Mr. Seward made the proposal to Lord Lyons, who "responded warmly." None of the old difficulties were revived; no obstacles arose; and the treaty was signed by the two ministers on the 7th of April. There is an end now to the shabby evasions and the quarrelsome of which we have had so much reason to complain from pro-slavery administrations at Washington. There is an end to the blocking-up of the shallows and river mouths of the African coast by large American ships which caught no slaves, and allowed no smaller vessels to enter for the purpose. There is an end to the holiday-making of the American officers at the Azores for many months of the year, during which they claimed a right of watching long reaches of the coast which they left open to the slave-traders. Moreover, the Right of Search is allowed, and in consequence there is an end at once to the impunity of traffic in negroes under the American flag, and to the danger of international quarrels which has perpetually arisen from the denial of the Right of Search in a case in which it was indispensable to the prosecution of the objects of the treaty.

* Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensaque remota.—VIRGIL.

By the new treaty, the world was given a share in the great boon before it was legally assured to the American people themselves. Not many days, however, had the nation to wait.

It had been supposed that the Emancipation Bill would become law on the anniversary of the attack on Fort Sumter; but the Senate did not sit on Saturday the 12th. On the Sunday morning, the whole coloured population of the District appeared in the streets and roads, dressed in their best, wearing different countenances from those they were known by; for they were in high excitement, quiet as was their demeanour. They repaired to their churches, of which they have seventeen in the District, served by clergymen of their own colour. The churches were thronged; and the scene was one never to be forgotten by the white people who were present. The prayers and sermons were special, and Moses was, naturally, the patron saint of the celebration. There is no knowing or conjecturing what proportion of the people had any misgivings about what might happen between that hour and the moment of complete deliverance. Throughout the day, everything seemed bright and joyful. But it was a night of woe. The kidnapers had everything ready; and, as soon as the whites were safe in bed, they began their devilish work. They seized the strongest and best-looking of the men and women, and carried them by force into Maryland, parting parents and children, husbands and wives, with the ruthlessness which is an attribute of the slave-trader. Cries, groans and tears sounded through the whole District: and we may hope that the members of the Senate will feel bound to search out and restore the poor wretches who were disappointed of liberty by their failure to sit on the Saturday, as was expected of them. It is to be hoped that the new bondage will soon be at an end; for Maryland must follow the example already set by Delaware, of preparing to abolish slavery as a State institution. The kidnapping was done for the mere difference between the 300 dollars per head voted by Congress and the price which might be got in the Maryland market. The choicest were carried off; but, in the present state of the slave-markets, it cannot be long before the new owners will be glad to set them free. I need not say that, if all but the old, sickly, and stupid had been carried off, the event would still have been a call upon all human society to rejoice; for the continued slavery of a few hundred negroes is not for a moment to be weighed against the blessing of the territory being free ground for ever, and the national government released from the sin and disgrace of sanctioning slaveholding.

In a few hours more, the emancipation was secured, as far as Congress was concerned. It only remained for the pro-slavery party to work upon the President, to induce him to veto the Bill. The pressure was very great: so great that many believed that no elective magistrate could withstand it; but Mr. Lincoln is a man of strong determination. On the one hand, heavy bets were offered that he would veto the Bill: on the other, the citizens remembered some remarkable words of his, recently uttered, and believed that he would remain unshaken. The words were: "I

am entirely satisfied that no slave who becomes for the time free within the American lines will ever be re-enslaved. Rather than have it so, I would give up and abdicate." To remand the slaves in the District to the yoke after Congress had removed it, would be as cruel as to send Carolina slaves back to their bondage; and the man who uttered those words would not do such an act. This was true: and on the 16th, the President's signature made the Emancipation Bill law.

Throughout the Free States, there was an anxious watching for the news; and as soon as the telegrams were given out from the offices, such rejoicings began as had never before been witnessed, because no such cause of rejoicing had occurred within living memory. Among the New England homesteads there are thousands of families who cannot celebrate with joy a bloody victory: and in the towns and villages, consideration for the mourners who abound in them checks, more or less, every kind of noisy demonstration. At that time, it was told everywhere that all Illinois was in mourning, after the battle of Pittsburg Landing; and multitudes had refused to celebrate the victory, which was then supposed to be much greater than it was. But the event of the 16th of April was not only harmless, but, in the eyes of all good citizens, a national blessing without drawback: and the echoes of the northern hills were roused by salutes of a hundred guns: all along the valleys the inhabitants were brought out into the roads by the clang of all the church-bells within hearing. Presently, all work was thrown over for the day; and the people, in their Sunday best, were thronging to their churches and public halls, to hold meetings, pass resolutions, hear congratulatory speeches, or join in thanksgiving, and shout their most joyful psalms. The old people shed happy tears that they had lived to see the day; and the children, if they live a hundred years, will never forget it. There must have been a rush of thoughts in the minds of the middle-aged people. When they were young, the right of petition to Congress had been lost for a time through the attempt to obtain this very enactment. It had always been clear enough to everybody that the abolition of slavery in the District was the turning point of the destiny of the institution, and of the fate of the Republic which it imperilled; and, like innocent people, who supposed their government to be the popular system which it professed to be, the citizens of a quarter of a century ago applied themselves to government, by petition to Congress, to get rid of slavery in the District. They were put off, ridiculed, rebuked, insulted, and especially in the person of the representative who had courage to present their petitions,—the venerable ex-President Adams. One way in which they were put off must have been recalled to the minds of the survivors by a repetition of the same attempt on Mr. Lincoln, at the last moment. It was proposed to refer the matter to the inhabitants of the District. The northern citizens did not destroy their chance of success by a refusal, but insisted that, if the will of the inhabitants of the District was to decide the case, every adult inhabitant,

black and white, must have a vote upon it. If it was a question whether one portion of society should or should not buy and sell the other, the vote of one party was not to the point. In 1836, the proposal was dropped, and the petitioners were silenced. In April, 1862, the proposal is overridden by the President's contempt, after Congress had put the requisite power into his hands. He signed the Bill, and the matter is settled.

It is satisfactory to perceive how great and evident the relief is to some of the slaveholders of the District. Several refused to take any measures for selling their negroes while there was yet time, saying that they preferred taking any price for them that government might fix, and then knowing that they were free, to receiving a larger sum with the consciousness that they were still in slavery. There can be no doubt that the same feeling would be found everywhere in the Slave States, where a large proportion of the proprietors would make any reasonable sacrifice to be rid of their share in the institution which involves so much loss and disgrace. The State laws render emancipation impracticable; and a way out of the position of man-owner is all that is wanted by many thousands who, even if they were not in debt, could not rid themselves of their burden by selling their servants to any chance trader who travels to supply the markets. These metropolitan proprietors, willing and pleased to cease to be slave-owners, open a cheering prospect in other quarters.

The number of negroes released will become known, no doubt, when the Commissioners report. At present, it is mere guesswork how many have been removed in anticipation of the act. I see that 4,000 freed by the act is somebody's estimate; but I do not know what it is worth.

We can form a better judgment of what they will be like as free men and women; for we are in possession, not only of the returns of the Census of 1860, as to the condition of the free blacks in the District, but of a schedule of their property, furnished at so late a date as the 17th of last March.

Though the slavish condition of any considerable proportion of any race or class in society is incalculably depressing to the free members of that race or class, the rise in numbers and position of the free negroes of America between the Census of 1850 and that of 1860 is so great as to be pregnant with significance. In that interval, the increase of numbers was 52,454. Yet more remarkable is the improvement in their position, though any such elevation might have been thought impossible.

For many years there had been colleges in various parts of the Free States where students of that race, and of both sexes, could obtain a capital education. No doubt, the constant issue from those institutions of professional men, and of women trained as governesses and schoolmistresses, must have long operated in raising the spirit of their class; but it was after the Census of 1850 that the most impressive evidences appeared. One demonstration, which is even more important now than it was ten years ago, was against all plans for deporting the people of colour. At annual

conventions of their class, strong resolutions were passed against leaving their country on any pretence whatever. They were Americans, and in America they would remain. They did not choose either to impair the chances of their enslaved brethren by leaving them without champions of their own colour, or to be carried to a barbarous country like Africa after being brought up Americans. At the same time, the strongest exhortations were addressed to their free brethren to resist all pressure which should confine them to a low order of occupations, and to qualify themselves for every calling which the law allowed them. While such was the turn their judgment and feelings were taking, the common schools of Massachusetts were thrown open to them,—about seven years ago. It was a terrible doubt with them whether to break up their own schools or hold by what they possessed; but, under due encouragement, they made the venture; and they have had every reason to rejoice that they did so. From that day to this their children have grown up with white men's children, equal in all respects within the school enclosure, and of course in a much improved position beyond it. In the first University in the Republic, Harvard University, near Boston, students of all complexions pursue their education on equal terms; and the black and mulatto gentry issue forth to occupy the pulpit, to practise medicine and law, and to become school-masters, engineers, merchants, or whatever suits them, while the immigrant Irish are digging the canals and making the railways, and Germans and Dutch fill the menial offices and low employments which were once supposed the only field for the free blacks. If the schedule of the property holders of other districts than the metropolitan one were published, it would show how negro owners of hundreds of thousands of dollars obtain and employ their wealth, under legal disabilities which would discourage most of us. They remind one strongly of the Jews of the middle ages in their ambitious use of such means as they have. If deprived of political privileges by law in one State, and custom in another, they obtain power by association and *esprit de corps*. If obstructed in holding land, they lend capital to landholders. If they may not command merchantmen, they own shipping. If confined to their own race for society, they provide dwellings for the proud whites. It does not appear that they either make a secret of their material successes, like the Jews of old, or brag of them, as the vanity of the debased portion of their own race would lead observers to expect. They buy handsome furniture and good pictures, and cultivate music, for their own pleasure, and from a regard to the opinion of their own people: and again, they give a plain answer when interrogated, for government purposes, about their possessions. The latest published inquiry of this kind bears date the 17th of last March. It relates to the District of Columbia, and it is therefore no rule whatever for the condition of the free people of colour anywhere north of the frontier of slavery. The lowest and poorest of the class are found in the presence of slavery, for obvious reasons; for the intelligent, respectable, and refined, while refusing to abandon their enslaved

brethren by leaving the country, remove as far as possible from the spectacle of a bondage which they cannot endure to see, because they can do nothing to relieve it. Yet, under the most discouraging circumstances, and in a district where no staple industry exists, there were, last March, 508 owners of real property, averaging 1205 dollars each. There were 1175 owners of property,—the number of males over twenty years of age being 2487. Their possessions ranged from 500 dollars to over 7000. If such are the fruits of the industry of these people in their lowest position, it is easy to believe that the wealth existing among them in the Atlantic ports is what we are told. In Philadelphia there are several black citizens who are worth several hundred thousand dollars each. As for their total numbers, they were (before this Act of Emancipation) 222,745 in the Free States, and 259,078 in the Slave States. As I have already said, their increase between the last Census and the preceding was returned as 52,454, but it was in fact much greater. We all remember the persecution of their class in 1859, when they were driven out by wholesale from most of the Slave States; or rather, the old and young were driven out, and too many of the able-bodied were seized on various pretences, and sold in the market. If those who fled to Canada and elsewhere, because they were utterly adrift, could be reckoned with the increase which remained, the sum would be much larger. We must add to it, also, the considerable emigration to Hayti, under the protection of the agency organised in concert with President Geffrard, and in prospect of the new demand for cotton, which the free coloured people have long foreseen. All these facts indicate a vigorous condition for a race so depressed, and an ascertained capability to take care of themselves.

Those who know them best are least afraid of their being a burden on the North, whenever the whole five millions become free. They will not emigrate to any considerable extent; and they will not settle in the North while there is an opening for them in the South,—which there always will be. In the South they are at present indispensable; and there is every prospect of their continuing to be so: and they love the climate. I have not space to describe the various free settlements now already prospering under the superintendence of white guardians, commissioners, and teachers; nor the military training which large numbers are receiving for garrison duty in the South. It must suffice at present that there is plenty for everybody to do; and that there is a general understanding that the schemes of deportation talked of are mere tubs to occupy the pro-slavery whale for a time. If the Colonisation Society has not deported in half a century the increase of one single year, though founded and sustained by the whole power of the slaveholders, it needs no proving that five millions cannot be removed. If they would go (which they will not), the Southern gentry could not spare them. The whole project, whether discussed by whites or blacks, is a mere convenience for gaining time, while the citizens are tending

towards an agreement. Meanwhile, the national institution of slavery is at an end; Delaware, Missouri, and Western Virginia are in full preparation for a similar deliverance; and General Hunter has effected complete emancipation over a portion of Georgia.

If it should be asked how the event of the 16th of April can be greater than that of serf emancipation in Russia (supposing the latter completed), the answer is plain. Russian serfage is not nearly so low an order of bondage as negro-slavery: it involves no slave trade, with the barbaric wars which feed that trade in Africa: and, above all, it is not an anomaly, like chattel-slavery in a democratic republic. However necessary its abolition may be to the social progress of the Russians, it has not undermined any existing liberties, nor corrupted a once high national character, as American slavery has done. There has been more mischief in five millions of American slaves than in fifty millions of Russian serfs: and, when the end of each bondage shall have arrived, the Russian people will have only to advance in their civilisation, while the Americans have to recover a fearful extent of lost ground.

The great step is taken: and they and we are now side by side as Christian nations, instead of having a bottomless gulf between us. It was a great day which closed that gulf.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

NIPS DAIMON.

MONTREAL is a wonderful place, unique in fact upon this continent, contrasting the ancient with the modern as no other American city can pretend to do, and showing buildings, dresses and habits, two centuries old, in picturesque juxtaposition with the extreme fashions and improvements of the present day. The grey and black robes of the nuns rub against hoops that are greatly beyond the gauge of the city sidewalks. Portly priests, or humbler *frères chrétiens* dispute the pavement with red-coated soldiers, and merchants whose credit is as solid as their granite stores. Convents jostle the counting-rooms of firms of world-wide reputation. A church, that counts its years by hundreds stands at the side of a market-house, much finer than any our city can show; while near them from the barracks issue in splendid array a little army of soldiers, whose march is like the moving of waters, and their drill a wonder and a school.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that every summer brings to Montreal a host of tourists to marvel and admire, in whose train follow the inevitable travelling correspondents, who fill the columns of our newspapers with their little collections of thrice-told facts. We "stay-at-homes" expect annually to be informed by the different journals that the towers of the French church are higher than the monument on Bunker Hill, and that the *Enfans Trouvés* of the *Sœurs Grises* have clean faces, but bad bumps. The nuns themselves, it seems, are not so pretty as they might be; while the smallest children in the streets talk French with fluency—a fact which I

wish you to note as an evidence of their surprising precocity.

One special point no correspondent neglects. The Haunted House furnishes a paragraph to the whole tribe of nomadic scribblers.

Sometimes it is stated that the builder of this ghost-ridden mansion hung himself from a beam in its cellar, on discovering—what any sensible man would have expected—that his architect's estimate covered less than half of the required outlay. Again, we are told that he died from the

effect of a cup of "cold poison," swallowed in humble imitation of the sad example of the illustrious Dinah. I remember one correspondent who struck out an original path, and declared that the devil carried him off bodily—though with what purpose or for what crime, this inventive writer unfortunately omitted to specify.

But, however they differ regarding the exit of the troubled spirit, all agree upon its occasional return.

Haunted the house is,—and deserted,—the very



See pages 607 and 608.

picture of desolation, standing alone, upon as fine a site as fancy can conceive, having behind it the broad green belt of lofty trees that garters the foot of the mountain, and in front a wide slope, which stretches its lawn-like expanse in regular descent from the great doorway of the mansion to within a short distance from the public street.

This hill affords summer-pasturage for hundreds of cows which lounge among the fruit trees at its base, or dot its surface with their forms. But in winter it is put to a livelier use, for which it is

admirably fitted by its length, and height, and the evenness of the declination.

To wit—as a slide for toboggans.

"A what?" you ask; "in the name of euphony, what is a toboggan?"

Let me tell you. I must premise that the orthography of this word belongs to the important unsettled questions of the world. Authorities differ; usage affords no guide; and its etymology is lost in the dim ages of aboriginal tradition. The way I write it comes as near the sound as

can be, and pleases me accordingly. But any reader who feels dissatisfied has perfect liberty to spell it as he thinks proper.

All I know about toboganing was learned nine years ago. Understand *that*. Many changes may, nay *must*, have come since then. The hill may offer no longer an unbroken slope. The practice itself may have grown unfashionable. But in my time, everybody toboganed, and the slide was the glory of the town.

Tobogans—to resume them—are Indian sleighs, perfectly flat, without runners, supporting themselves above the lightest snow, on the same principle as the snow-shoe, by offering a large surface to its resistance. They are about eight feet long, and sufficiently broad to leave a margin of a few inches on each side of the sitter. They curve upwards in front, like the runner of a sleigh. Light poles, tied along the sides, support the occupants while going over “the jumps,” which are holes worn by the constant ploughing of the curved fronts in their rapid rush down the steep incline.

Indian sleighs are often very neatly painted, and almost always christened by appropriate names,—such as the “Dart,” the “Snow Wreath,” and the “Bird on the wing.” Their bottoms, by long use, grow wonderfully smooth. When the snow is a little beaten, or has a light crust, through which our New England sleds would crash in a moment, the tobogans glide along as easily as a ship passing through the water, and as swiftly as an arrow just loosened from the bow.

I spent a winter in Montreal, during the height of the furore, and visited the ground many times in company with as pleasant a set of gentlemen as I have ever been privileged to know.

One of these, whom I shall call Roy—Eugene Roy—for this most excellent reason, that it does not sound at all like the real name, was almost always the leader of our party to the hill. He was a young man, quite dark enough to justify the suspicion that he had Indian blood in his veins,—a strange, quiet fellow, who said very little to any one, who steered magnificently, and appeared to love sliding as he loved nothing else in the world.

No wonder. He owned the fastest sleigh on the field. It was a narrow tobogan, painted blue, carrying its name, the “Indian Chief,” in wide gold letters upon the front. Its bottom was seamed with countless cracks, and worn so thin in many places as to be almost transparent. But it flashed down the hill as no other tobogan could be coaxed to do, darting out from a flight of its most formidable rivals, like a hawk sweeping past a cluster of slow-winged crows.

No hand save his own ever steered this sleigh, for, though Eugene was free as air with whatever else he possessed, he steadily refused to lend the “Chief,” even for an occasional slide, to his most intimate friend.

He and I had some rooms in the same house, we always walked home from the hill together, and, indeed, soon became as intimate as his peculiar disposition allowed.

It is not surprising that the sliders, who spent so many evenings in the vicinity of the Haunted

House came to feel, in time, a thorough contempt for its terrors, and passed, as regards the existence of its Ghost, in rapid progression from doubt to scepticism and positive unbelief. Many a shout from strong-lunged scoffers has rung through the rafters of that unfinished building, challenging all the spirits who dwelt therein to come forth and try their wings in a race along the hill. But I noticed that the boldness of the call invariably bore a nice proportion to the number of the party, and that, when no more than two or three sliders remained near the mansion, its reputed tenants were treated with the most respectful consideration by all. For there was something so utterly lonesome about this deserted dwelling, standing with bleak boarded windows, white in the moonlight, the tomb of the pride of its builder, that its contemplation often chilled the boldest hearts and stayed the noisiest laughter.

We all spoke of it lightly, however, when distance had dissolved its spell; and at the suppers, which occasionally followed our return from toboganing, the spectral occupant of the desolate mansion was a frequent toast with the lads of the hill. One excepted, Eugene Roy, never emptied glass to that health, never smiled at the jokes, nor joined in the boasts that allusion to his ghostship had a tendency to call forth; nay, when pressed by our banter regarding his reserve, he always answered—that there were things he thought it ill to jest about, and that, perhaps, we would not find the devil so black as he had been painted; a supposition involving a corollary not very complimentary to the company.

One evening some person inquired of him if he “dare race his ‘Indian Chief’ with any other tobogan in Canada?”

We all felt interested on this point, as there had been talk of bringing up a famous sleigh from Quebec, and matching it against his for a medal. The supper drew towards its end when the question was asked. Roy had been drinking pretty freely. He looked up from his glass quite hastily, and replied with an oath that—“the winner of the race he had run one Saturday night need fear no wood that ever skimmed snow-drift.”

All at the table laughed. They had never before found Eugene influenced by his liquor. I reflected; and that evening on our homeward walk renewed the subject which we discussed rather warmly, till at last I taxed him with knowing more about the tenant of the “Haunted House,” than he appeared willing to admit.

On this he turned round upon me sharply.

“Do you believe in ghosts, in bodied or disembodied spirits?”

“Pooh!” I blew the answer out like a bullet, for I considered his question a reflection upon my good sense.

He stopped suddenly, and pointed towards the building, which from its commanding situation was visible at a great distance.

“So you have no faith in haunted houses?”

“Haunted they may be,” I laughed, “by rats, or owls, at the farthest by nothing more formidable than a skulking mountain fox.”

He caught my arm.

“Suppose I told you that I, myself, am the

ghost, the devil, *the thing* whose accursed presence heightens the horror of those lonely walls?"

His voice and the light in his eyes were unnatural. Shaking myself from his grasp, I jumped into the middle of the road, but came back ashamed enough when I heard his mocking laugh.

"Again, as ever," Eugene cried. "You are like the rest of mankind. Liars and cowards all of you—in matters supernatural," he added calmly. "You scoff at ghosts. That goes without telling. '*Brave comme un lapin*,' says the proverb, and *you* jumped from my side like a rabbit, because I spoke a few wild words in a deeper tone. Well, be not afraid. No matter what *does* haunt that old house; *I don't*. Only take this advice from a friend. Till you get stronger nerves, never stay on the hill alone after midnight; and of all evenings of the week, choose Saturday least for solitary sliding!"

Of course, after such a speech, there were no means of resisting my eager curiosity. He told me his story that night, as we sat in my room together, while the flashes from the fire-light flickered about the chamber, till the shuddering darkness of the winter night overshadowed the room like a pall.

Impossible to give it in his words; needless my interrupting queries. You have it here, as I remember it, *plus* the many imperfections of a bad narrator, and *minus* more of the charms derived from his quaint expressions and peculiar manner, than I am at all willing you should realize.

"One Saturday night," he commenced, "about four weeks ago, the tracks, you will perhaps remember, were in a terrible condition. There had been good sliding for a week, on snow deep enough even to cover the big rocks at the foot, and all the world had gone mad about tobogans. With Friday came a dash of rain, followed by severe weather, till on Saturday the whole hill was a sheet of glare ice, so thick that our sticks could not break through it, and so smooth that our hands found little hold to steer.

Few cared to go on it that afternoon. Those who did left early. For the sleighs shot down like arrows. To guide them was all but impossible. One boy went off with a broken arm; another, who had cut his ankle, was carried home on his tobogan.

It was towards ten o'clock in the evening when the moon got up, heartily cheered by half a dozen of us who were waiting, impatient at the hill. Little cared we for ice or danger; a moonlit slide at such a pace was cheaply bought by any risk. Good steerers all of us, you may be sure, and our tobogans the best of the town. George had the old 'Hawk's Eye' cut down to half her original size, but with a bottom smoother than the ice itself. Mark brought a new sleigh which he had selected out of a hundred in Lorette. Frank, too, was with us; large-hearted Frank, whose name describes his nature, as good at cricket as at steering—deservedly a favourite with girls and men; and Andrew with the 'Arrow,' and Arthur's 'Falling Star.'

We had a glorious time. The speed was greater

than I had ever before known. We did not slide; we flew,—dancing over "the jumps," and flashing past the stone-heads, each steering as carefully as if there were a dozen ladies on board—for a mistake would have been no laughing matter. We tried all the runs, even the unusual one which, passing obliquely behind the college buildings, leads towards a bridge that crosses the little brook.

Near twelve o'clock, tired of our sport, and bed-weary, we ranged our sleighs at the door of the Haunted House for our last slide.

It was Frank who proposed that we should try the track on the extreme right, which as yet we had not attempted; and George who suggested that we should go far back among the trees, shoot through the fence which separates the inclosed ground from the rough foot of the mountain, and thus sweep along the right-hand track with all the advantage which our unusual start would give. By so doing we would nearly double the length of our slide. The track on this side was entirely free from obstruction till you approached the bottom of the hill, where the difficulties increased—rocks being in great plenty, and the trees inconveniently close together.

No one dissenting, we dragged our tobogans up the mountain, till we reached the ledge off which we purposed pushing; some of us, whose moccasins were travel-worn, finding it no easy task to scale the slippery ascent.

At the top, all tarried a moment, spell-bound by the beauty of the night. Not a cloud soiled the sky. No breath of air rustled through the leafless branches above us. The moonlight seemed unnaturally bright, even for that latitude, showing the towers of the French church on guard over the sleeping city below us, and beyond, blue in the distance, the crossed summit of Beloeil. Behind us rose the Monument, girt by a high wall of stone. We could see its shaft white among the tree-trunks, marking where rests the builder of the house in, as many believe, his troubled and terrible repose. But none of us thought of the monument or its tenant while we marshalled our tobogans along the edge of the incline—of nothing, in fact, but the track before us, and the wild scamper over it that we were about to take.

"Now then! The first to the bottom of the hill," cried George.

"Give us to the fence, Roy, if you want an even race."

"To the house you mean," two or three called out; "at less than that for a start, 'the chief' will be up with us before we reach the bend of the hill."

"Hadn't you better say half way down at once?" I answered. "You are a plucky set to have a race with. I would not take an inch from the devil himself."

"Then stay, and try with him," they shouted; and all, pushing off at once, dashed over the ice down the hill, darting in and out among the trees, shooting through the fence at different openings, and emerging in a body upon the clear field beyond. They were so well matched that it seemed as if a blanket would have covered them, and swept out of sight round the house in a moment,

cheering and daring each other on like the fine brave fellows they were.

I sat quietly, a hand down on each side, ready to shove forward, waiting till they had reached the bottom of the hill. My patience was not tried; their halloo, coming through half a mile of that clear air as distinctly as if uttered ten yards off, told me that the track was clear for my run.

With this halloo came to my ears, from the steeples of the city, the sound of the bells ringing midnight; and I listened to distinguish the clear tones that bounded out of the belfry of Saint Patrick's from the heavier clang of the Cathedral and the gentle music of the Seminary chimes.

Those twelve strokes, ringing above the sleep-bound city, were wonderfully subdued, and blended by the distance into so soft a peal, that I thought they sounded like the tongues of angels, proclaiming, with the advent of the Sabbath, a season of rest and tranquillity to men. 'Twas a devil's blast succeeded them—a summons flung among the shuddering trees to chill my heart with horror.

"Arrête un peu, mon ami. Est-ce que c'est la mode maintenant de toboganer tout seul?"

The tone crisped my nerves like a musket-ball. I turned, and saw behind me a tall man, dressed in a blanket-coat, who carried snow-shoes at his back, and dragged behind him a tobogan unpainted, but so dark with age that it looked as if it had been varnished. His coat was buttoned to the throat, and tied about the waist with a silk sash, not red like mine, but of a peculiar shade resembling clotted blood. His leggings were ornamented along the seams by a fringe of long hair; a small fur-cap, adorned with the usual fox's tail, partially covered the wealth of straight black locks that fell down towards his shoulders; while his feet, at which I glanced instinctively, were protected by moccasins, beautifully worked in beads, and coloured hair. No foot is handsome in a moccasin; his, as far as I could judge, seemed small for his size—*voilà tout*. His features, though marked, were far from disagreeable. He had the nose of an eagle, the eye of a falcon, a brown complexion, and a figure so slender as to be almost waspish. But long arms swung from his well-set shoulders, and it was plain that he possessed strength, combined with activity, in an uncommon degree. He moved, in fact, like a tiger, noiselessly, easily; in every motion the play of muscles seemed capable of sending him yards through the air at your throat any moment.

"It is the fashion now to leave a question unanswered?" he said with a sneering emphasis.

The smile, more than his words, recalled me to myself; for pride came to the rescue of my courage—the shame of cowering thus before a stranger, odd, but not bad-looking, at all events decidedly gentlemanlike in carriage and address, who had spoken to me twice civilly enough, and remained now waiting for my replies with politeness which must be changing very rapidly into contempt.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I was greatly surprised by seeing any person on the mountain at so late an hour."

"Not half so much as I," he cried. "It is

generally lonely enough up here long before midnight."

"Do you come, then, often after twelve o'clock?" I inquired, astonished.

"Often," he answered. "Does not my sleigh look as if it had been used? This is the best time for a slide. The tracks are not covered with shouting fools, who could hardly steer clear of a haystack, if one stood in the middle of the hill."

He glanced at my "Indian Chief"—the glance of a connoisseur, appreciating all its merits, and discovering every defect.

"That is a pretty piece of wood you have there. Hardly heavy enough in front, and too wide for a night like this, though I dare say it does very well on a light snow."

"You may say so," I interrupted, with some warmth. "Drift or ice-flake matters little, for on neither have I found its equal."

He drew his sleigh toward him, and placed it alongside of mine, which looked three inches broader.

"My own is narrow"—he continued, speaking no longer in a defiantly-sarcastic tone, but low and very sadly, till his voice thrilled through me like the wail of a winter wind—"too narrow, indeed. It hurts me, and I am weary of it. I would gladly change it for your painted 'Indian Chief.' Ah me! I have seen many chiefs, painted after a different fashion. The smoke of their wigwams is with yesterday's clouds, and the track of their tobogans on last year's snow. Come," he added, more cheerfully, "I will make a bargain with you. Have you heart enough to race me one slide along the hill?"

"Why not?" I answered. "I will beat you if I can with all the pleasure in the world."

I felt so ashamed of my late cowardice that, if he had asked me to follow him over the mountain, I believe I would not have refused; and, besides, *il faut quelque fois payer d'audace*.

"Then let us start," he said. "If you are the victor, you may keep your tobogan as long as wood and deerskin hold together. But if I conquer, I warn you that I shall want your sleigh and that you *must* use mine."

"A moment," I answered. "This is a strange bargain—'tis heads I win, tails you lose. I am to keep the swiftest in any event—mine, if it beat yours, yours if better than my own."

"You agree, then?"

"I should be a fool to refuse."

"That is not my affair. *Eh bien, c'est connu*. Touch there, my friend."

He stretched out his hand, which I touched at first as you would handle hot coals, but more heartily when I saw the sneer starting over his face once. How brave we are—afraid even of being afraid.

The stranger slipped his snow-shoes from his back, and flung them against a tree, remarking that he would pick them up on his return.

"Are you coming up the hill again to-night?" I inquired with surprise.

"It is not night now, but morning," he answered; "the morning of the Sabbath."

"And will you slide on Sunday?" I asked.

"You should have remembered *that* ten minutes

ago," he replied, in his old sarcastic tone. "Think no more of it. Think of nothing but the stakes in the race before us. All other considerations are now *too late.*"

We got off together, but parted company from the very outset, for he shoved to the left at once and steered toward a gap in the fence directly behind where a break in the wall of the Haunted House gave access to the cellars beneath—an old doorway, in fact, which pilferers had plundered of its boarding, and the mountain winds of its stones, till an irregular opening had been formed large enough to admit a loaded waggon.

At first, as the stranger headed in the direction of this door, I thought that he had mistaken his course, or that his tobogan had become unmanageable. But the skill with which he handled it dismissed this last supposition. His sleigh bounded from knoll to knoll, obeying a touch of his finger, scraping the trees as it flew past them, and taking advantage of every bend in the ground, till it sprang straight at a hole in the fence not much wider than itself, and shot through, as the thread goes through the needle when guided by a woman's hand. I never saw such steering before or since. After what followed, you may believe that I hope never to look upon its like again.

I had got abreast of the fence myself by this time, running down it towards an opening farther to the right. The pace was awful. My tobogan sheered along the ice so that I could hardly keep it upon the track, and I came within an inch of missing the gap altogether. When I reached the other side, the stranger was just flashing into the gloom of the opening that led downwards to the cellars of the Haunted House.

I screamed. But my voice was drowned in a peal of infernal laughter, and the clapping of countless hands, which rattled from every story of that fiend-ridden building.

Straight in front of me I stared—not a side-look for a million. On my head each separate hair crawled upward, snake-like, and my breath went and came pantingly, as that of a man who struggles body to body with a mortal foe. My tobogan bounded on with redoubled speed. It seemed to share my terror.

'Twas not without an effort that, as I passed the end of the mansion, I mustered courage for a Parthian glance.

What I saw will live before my eyes till they close on this earth and its terrors for ever; a vision of horror ineffable—beyond belief or bearing—compared with which all I had before imagined of ghastly, soul-subduing phantoms, became mere babble of old nurses to frighten timid children.

Out of the darkness into which my companion had plunged came forth a skeleton bearing in its skinless arms a coffin of unusual size. Its knees rattled as it strode forward staggering under the terrible burden. Nothing of life about it save its eyes; not earthly, even these. From the browless holes beneath its bony forehead looked out two balls of fire, the same that had glared on me a moment before, as I was looking up in the stranger's face. To look at them now threatened madness. I felt it, and shut my own, pressing

my hands over them to keep out the hateful sight.

So I *saw* nothing more. But I *heard* the thud of the coffin upon the ice, and the clatter of the skeleton's bones, as it bounded into its sepulchral vehicle; then the grit of the frozen snow beneath the rush of that devil's tobogan!

This last sound chased irresolution. I knew what a struggle lay before me. With strength gained from despair I nerved myself to meet the danger, feeling that human skill and courage must be strained to distance my demon pursuer.

If I failed, what then? I shuddered to think of it. New light had been flung upon the strange conditions of our race, and well I understood their meaning. No marvel that he found his tobogan too narrow. No wonder that he wearied of it, and would change it for my "Indian Chief." In the coffin, which thundered behind me, I was to make the next skeleton. Had he not said that I *must* use it, unless I conquered in this hopeless race?

Thus, life and death on its issue, I bent myself to the contest, losing not an inch that all I knew of steering and the hill could give me.

I have said before that the right-hand track was singularly free from obstructions till you approach the foot of the hill. The descent was much more even than on either of the other slides, so that, at first, dexterity and practice availed but little, the utmost any one could do being to keep the sleigh headed straight toward a stump near the bottom, round which the track bent at an angle unpleasantly acute. On a line with this stump—not quite two yards to the right of it—the sharp black top of a rock peeped out above the ice-crust.

The passage between this Scylla and Charybdis was not easy to hit on such a night, when a wrong touch of the finger would have sent the sleigh twenty yards from its course. But a greater danger lay beyond. Three or four yards further on, facing the centre of the passage, the trunk of a large tree, with wide-spread roots, completely barred the way in front, leaving only a narrow gap upon the left, into which the steerer had to turn so sharply and suddenly, that, even at ordinary speed, this bend was considered the most difficult piece of sliding on the hill. Of course the difficulty, as well as the danger, increased proportionally with the pace. That night both reached their maximum. A tobogan striking against any obstacle with the frightful impetus with which mine was bowling down the ice, would be knocked to pieces in a moment, and its rider be very fortunate if he escaped with a broken limb.

But I thought little of the perils before me. It was the danger behind that engrossed my attention.

I stretched myself at full length upon the "Chief," bringing my weight to bear along its centre as evenly as possible; for the Indian sleigh never gives its best speed to the rider who sits upright. Thus, on my back, looking towards the stars, and listening to the grating of the ice-crust under the heavy coffin that followed me, I passed a moment of as intense agony as, I think, ever fell to the lot of mortal. Cold as was the night, the

perspiration rolled in clammy drops down my forehead, while my teeth closed so firmly together that they ached under the pressure.

Judging as well as I could by hearing alone, I concluded that my pursuer followed not directly in my rear, but a little on the left of my course. An instant afterwards the noise grew more distinct, and my heart sank; for I felt that he was gaining on me. Then the noise changed to my right, from which I presumed that he had crossed behind me and taken an inside position, partly because the ground, being there somewhat steeper, favoured the weight of his ponderous conveyance, and partly because—if he could get alongside of my sleigh in this position—it would be easy for him to force me out of the path against the stump that guarded the left of the narrow strait toward which both were rushing.

Having now the advantage of the ground, and even, as was evident, the heels of me in an equal race, he overhauled me very rapidly.

Nearer and nearer came the sweep of his infernal tobogan. It followed—it approached—it closed upon me. I glanced a-head—the trees were yet a hundred yards away—then around. The front of the coffin was level with the end of my tobogan.

Another second. It was up with my shoulder, looking ever so black and hideous against the purity of the frozen snow.

In that breath a thought came to me; not so much a thought as an inspiration.

I carried on my watch-chain a small gold crucifix, a present from my mother the night before she died. I remembered well, at that moment, what in my heedlessness I had long forgotten that this crucifix, which had remained in our family many years, was valued as possessing more than ordinary sanctity. It was of admirable workmanship. It had been blessed by a bishop, and, report said, worn once by the Superior of a convent, a lady of singular piety, whom, after death, for her good works the church had canonised. My mother, when confiding it to my care, made me promise that I would carry it constantly about my person—a promise kept neglectfully enough by attaching it as a charm to my chain.

One vigorous pull tore open my coat, another broke the clasp which secured the crucifix. I held it high above my head, neither expecting or daring to hope for help, but clinging to the cross with the same strong, despairing grasp which drowning men fasten upon a straw.

With that, close to my right hand, I heard a clatter, as of boards falling in on one another, while a yell of rage disappointed, and terror indescribable, swept in the direction of the "Haunted House," where it was taken up by an infernal chorus which seemed to send its echoes into the very heart of the mountain.

Then my sleigh rubbed with a sudden shock against some obstacle, and, overturning at once, hurled me many yards along the ice-crust, spun helplessly into insensibility.

When perception returned, I found myself surrounded by friends, who, in their anxious care, had placed me upon my tobogan, and were

occupied in forcing some very good brandy down a throat not usually so reluctant to receive it.

My face was bleeding from a cut or two. One of my hands had been badly bruised in my scramble over the snow. These, physically, were all the injuries I sustained from my race with the devil down that terrible hill. Mentally, however, mischief had been done not so easy of cure.

To this hour Saturday midnight finds a nervous coward, terrified by every noise, alarmed by every shadow, imagining through each open doorway the approach of a flame-eyed skeleton, and hearing in each creak upon the stair-case the foot-fall of the lonely slider who stables his tobogan in the cellars of the "Haunted House—"

Hic finit Eugene's story, told toward its end to a listener who was buried under blankets.

"Very well," you ask. "Now, is this true or false?"

One test of its truth I might readily have applied. Nothing easier than to go upon the hill on Saturday evening, and stay there alone till twelve o'clock.

This idea did not occur to me that night. But the thought and purpose to execute it forthwith came next morning. Unfortunately it happened, throughout the rest of the season, that I had some pressing engagement every Saturday evening, which either prevented me from going on the hill at all, or brought me off it, with the crowd, long before midnight.

But be comforted. It is not unlikely that the hill and the house remain still intact. Should you happen to be in Montreal next winter, try the experiment for yourself. I can promise you a magnificent slide. If the spectre catches you, *tant pis pour vous*.
C. E. BOCKUS.

THE ALPINE AND POLAR PLANT WORLD.

It has been said that the climate and plants within the Arctic circle are like that of Alpine regions,—with this difference, that in the Arctic circle the Alpine flora and temperature begin on the plain—for the snow-line at the poles is depressed to the ocean surface, whereas in the Temperate zones the Alpine climate and flora commence several thousand feet above that surface, and at a still loftier altitude in the tropics.

The following table gives the elevation of the snow-line, in feet, for the different latitudes from the equator to the poles:—

Lat.	Height of the Snow Line.	Lat.	Height of the Snow Line.
0	15,207	50	6,334
5	15,395	55	5,034
10	14,764	60	3,818
15	14,220	65	2,722
20	13,278	70	1,778
25	12,557	75	1,016
30	11,484	80	457
35	10,287	85	117
40	9,001	90	0
45	7,671		

Now the above proposition that Alpine and Polar plants resemble each other holds good only within certain limits. When the summit of a

tropical mountain becomes so elevated that the ice and snow which surmount it, remain unmelted all the year round, it may be said that the top of the mountain has reached a polar climate, and we should naturally expect to find there the plants of the Polar regions. But the truth is that the Alpine and Polar plants are by no means the same. There may be the same natural orders, and in many instances the same genera, and even species, yet certain genera, such as *Parrya* and *Phippisia*, which grow within the Polar circle, have never been found amid the snows on the mountain summits within the Temperate and Tropical zones. In the majority of instances, Alpine and Polar plants are closely allied, but not identical species. And this rests on the fact that both are developed under conditions somewhat dissimilar.

On the mountains within the tropics, where the snow-line, or line of perpetual congelation, rises to a height of from 15,000 to 16,000 feet, there is a diminished pressure of the air, which does not exist at the poles, where the snow-line is on a level with the surface of the ocean. The plants also at these mountain elevations develop under different conditions as to light, to those which surround the polar plants; the former are exposed to alternations of light and darkness, the latter to continuous sun-light.

These causes cannot but tend to modify the plants of mountain regions, and make them somewhat dissimilar to Polar plants, yet nevertheless their similarity is truly wonderful.

The idea of a night six months long awakens our aversion to a Polar climate, but when the facts are known, our feelings are greatly moderated. In the darkest winter's night the Pole is not altogether deprived of sunlight; for at midnight the sun approaches to within $13\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ off the horizon, and tinges the Polar heavens with a kind of evening ray, producing a twilight which lasts for two hours, and during which time the finest print may be easily read. The northern lights, which are very brilliant in these high latitudes, shed down on the landscape their beneficent influences, and the clear light of the moon on the snow-clad fields shows the surrounding cliffs for miles round, so that their contour or outline is distinctly brought out.

The warmest month within the Arctic circle is July, and this is only one degree warmer than our March. There are in fact only two seasons in circumpolar countries, winter and summer, which without any interposition quickly follow one another.

Winter begins about the middle of October. All life seems to expire. The heavens are cloudless, the atmosphere tranquil, and the animals which during the long summer days fed on the scanty herbage of the moss-desert, have wandered to more Southern regions to seek that nourishment which the Polar countries now refuse them. For nearly nine months the water is covered with ice, and the land with snow, and the temperature sometimes sinks so low, that spirits of wine and even quicksilver are frozen when exposed to the air. The air is so pure that two men at a distance of two English miles can converse together, and

even the lightest whisper is audible. With the setting in of winter, the days become shorter. In November, their duration is only a few hours, and in December the sun is no more visible above the horizon. Winter now develops itself to its fullest extent. A death-like stillness prevails far and near. It is the sleep of Nature! Stars, moon, snow, and ice-fields, are the only visible objects. In vain the traveller listens for a friendly tone. No ringing of bells, barking of dogs, crowing of cocks, signify the neighbourhood of a world with inhabitants. His own breathing and heart-beat is all that is perceptible to his ear. In such moments the solitude of Polar countries is oppressive and overpowering.

At length the sun comes back again, and it grows day. With the increase of light the temperature rises. The ice breaks up at the end of June, and the snow-covering is stripped from the earth. Summer suddenly breaks forth. The landscape in a few days is clothed in living green. Flocks of ducks and geese come from the South. Lapwings, snipes, and other birds, enliven the scene, and the murmur of little brooks, and the hum of insects, prove that summer has commenced. The sun is now visible for weeks above the horizon. His rays, falling uninterruptedly on the earth, prevent the temperature from sinking, as is always the case when they are withdrawn; and thus, notwithstanding the small elevation of the solar disc above the horizon, a degree of heat is called forth which under other circumstances would be impossible. Plants now germinate and flower and fruit follow in rapid succession.

The plants consist of a variety of low-growing perennial herbs, remarkable for the large size and bright colour of their flowers. Anemones and different species of Saxifrage are found here growing side by side as on the Alpine summit. So also the melting snows reveal in sheltered situations the yellow *Geum glaciale*, a plant allied to the *Potentilla anserina*, or common goose-grass, the purple red *Claytonia sarmentosa*, a relation of *Claytonia Virginia*, the American spring beauty; there are also several species of *Draba*, *Ranunculi*, *Stellaria*, *Cerastium*, and the yellow Arctic Poppy, *Papaver nudicaule*, deservedly admired as the most showy and hardy plant of the Polar regions, resisting the first frosts and remaining the last in flower. Then there is the *Dryas octopetala*, or Mountain avens, with its large white flowers and feathery styles, some pretty kinds of *Eriophorum*, or Cotton grass, the *Luzula campestris*, or Field rush, and several Gramineæ belonging to the genera *Poa*, *Festuca*, *Agrostis*, and *Alopecurus*.

But the most interesting plants of all are the little Willows, *Salix polaris* and *Salix herbacea*, with their trailing branches covered with little catkins, the whole tree being about six inches in height, and overspreading a surface of about the circumference of a large dinner-plate. There are also plenty of dwarf Birches, *Betula nana*, and the Polar Blackberry, *Rubus arcticus*. Trees which in the Temperate zones are quite lofty, here sink down to the condition of prostrate shrubs, with a peculiarly tortuous habit of growth. In fact, the trees of the Polar world are so dwarfed and stunted in their growth, as to be buried beneath

the snow in winter, and the traveller in his sledge passes over the Polar forest wholly unconscious of its existence.

The most favourable soil for plants within the Arctic circle is sandstone. The snow-water readily penetrates its porous surface, leaving the soil dry and exposed to the full influence of the Arctic sun. Hence it is that *Melville Island* and the Western coast of Greenland possess a far richer flora than Cornwallis Island, which with its clayey, marly soil retains the water, and is over-spread by very extensive morasses.

Another feature of Polar countries is the extensive tracts of rocky barren land, which are wholly covered with moss and lichen. The lichens have frequently saved the lives of Arctic explorers. One of these, called *Tripe de Roche*, a species of the genus *Umbilicaria*, was for a long time the only food that could be procured by Franklin and Richardson whilst exploring the Polar regions. I have found two species of *Umbilicaria* quite abundant on the rocks in the Alleghany Mountains, Pennsylvania.

HARLAND COULTAS.

A DAY AMONG THE SHAKERS.

IN all my travels—and they have extended over many degrees of latitude and longitude—I have never seen a more remarkable people than the American Shakers, or, as they are sometimes called, Shaking Quakers.

It was a few years after the American Revolution, when religious excitement had taken the place of political, in New England, that Mother Ann Lee declared herself to be the second Incarnation, or the female Messiah. As always happens to enthusiasts, she found followers and believers, earnest in proportion to the wildness and absurdity of her mystical revelations.

She thought that in her was the second coming. The church she formed was the millennial church. It was to come out from the world and be separate. She abolished marriage, and established celibacy as the unvarying rule for every member of her society. She revived, moreover, the apostolic rule of a community of worldly goods. Her society grew and flourished, not rapidly, indeed, but with a slow and steady progress until there are now, scattered over the American States, some twelve or fifteen Shaker villages or communities of the disciples, followers, and worshippers of Mother Ann Lee.

Spending a few days, some years ago, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, I, one day, came into contact with a Shaking Quaker. He was dressed in the extreme fashion of the society of Friends—a broad-brimmed hat, a shad-bellied coat of a bluish-gray homespun cloth, his hair cropped short before and falling into the neck behind. His conversation was simple and formal, with the scripture quaintness of “yea” and “nay.” He conversed freely on the doctrines and polity of the society, and gave me a cordial invitation to pay them a visit at the Shaker village of Lebanon, only twenty miles distant. I need not say that I eagerly accepted the invitation.

The wisdom of the ruling elders could scarcely have selected a finer spot for the domain of a com-

munity. The land in this portion of the Western States is of a wonderful fertility. In the valley of the great and little Miami there are lands where the same crops have grown for fifty successive years without an ounce of manure, where the stalks of Indian corn grow twenty feet high, and the ears cannot be reached without a step-ladder.

I drove, after leaving the railway, through a rich and well-cultivated country; still, the domain of the Shakers, from its outmost boundary, was marked by striking peculiarities. The fences were higher and stronger than those on the adjacent farms, though they showed the benefit of a good example. The woods were cleared of underbrush; the tillage was of extraordinary neatness; the horses, cattle, and sheep were of the best breeds, and gave evidence of intelligence and care on the part of their breeders.

I soon came in sight of the buildings which form the Shaker village. There are no taverns or shops, but large, plainly built dwelling-houses, barns, workshops, and an edifice for meetings or religious exercises. Simple utility is the only rule of architecture. There is not, in the whole village, one line of ornament. The brown paint is used only to protect the woodwork of the buildings. I did not see so much as an ornamental shrub or flower in the whole domain.

One house in the village is set apart for the entertainment of strangers, who receive attention, food, and lodgings as long as they choose to remain. The brethren and sisters in charge, who are appointed to fulfil the duties of hospitality, neither demand nor refuse payment.

The women, old and young, ugly and pretty, dress in the same quaint and most unfashionable attire. There are no bright colours; no ruffles or flounces, or frills; no embroidering or laces; no ribbons or ornaments of any kind. The hair is combed smoothly back under a plain cap; a three-cornered kerchief of sober brown covers the bosom, and the narrow gored skirt has no room for crinoline beneath it.

The rooms and furniture are as plain and homely as the external architecture. There is not a moulding or coloured paper; not a picture or print adorns the walls, nor is there a vase or statue. The only books are a few of their own religious treatises, collections of hymns, and works of education, science, and utility.

But there is everywhere the perfection of order and neatness. The floors shine like mirrors. Every visible thing is bright and clean. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. This order and neatness is carried out in the workshops, the farm-yards, and even the pigsties.

A community of two or three hundred persons, all devoted to an orderly industry, and engaged in agriculture and profitable manufactures, with no rents, light taxes, and producing for themselves all the necessaries of life, cannot fail to grow rich. I found this community living in comfort and abundance, surrounded with a great wealth of houses and lands, flocks and herds, and, as I was told, with large sums invested in the best securities. Men, women, and children all work. There are no idlers, and no time is lost. As the honesty

of the Shakers is proverbial, they have the command of the best markets for their wooden wares, agricultural implements, brooms, garden seeds, preserved fruits and vegetables, and the surplus of their cloth, leather, &c. There is nothing, therefore, to hinder them from accumulating property to an immense extent.

As there is no marriage—as all the men and women live together like brothers and sisters—their only increase is by the accession of new members from the world, or by taking orphan and destitute children. People with whom the world has dealt hardly, widows or deserted wives, with families of children, often go to the Shakers. They are never turned away. So long as they choose to remain, and comply with the rules of the society, they have the full enjoyment of all its material and spiritual goods. So the Shakers slowly increase, and new domains are purchased, and brought under cultivation.

Curiously enough, while everything like art and beauty is ignored in the secular life of the Shaker, music and dancing make a part of their religious observances. But their singing is of the rudest character, and without any instrumental accompaniment. They have no musical instruments—not even a fife, or drum, or jews-harp. Their pious songs in praise of their Divine Mother, who makes for them a fourth person in the god-head, are sung in rude choruses, which have little melody, and no attempt at harmony. The dancing is as rude as the singing: it is merely a violent exercise, wholly destitute of corporeal grace, whatever may be its spiritual influences.

In this strange community I was received with a simple and hearty kindness; my questions were frankly answered; even my objections to the religious doctrines and social practices of the community were replied to in a kindly spirit. I found the dispensers of Shaker hospitalities, male and female, well up in their Scripture, and as ready as other sectarians to secure a convert to their faith.

At dinner time I was served at a private table, with a homely but most substantial repast. Everything was of the best quality. The bread was of the whitest, the butter of the sweetest, the fruit of the finest, the honey delicious. One might travel far in any country to get so good a meal.

The community-eat at common tables, but each sex has its own. They enter the large dining-rooms in a certain order, and kneel down by the table while asking a blessing; then rise and eat in silence. A similar order pervades all their movements.

They made upon my mind the impression of great honesty and earnestness in their religious views; and from all I saw or could learn of them, I have no reason to believe that there is any frequent violation of the ascetic rule of the society. They are fanatical: I saw no evidence of hypocrisy. In a few instances, persons have proved unfaithful to pecuniary trusts; and I have heard of one or two cases in which male and female Shakers have left the society together to get married. I have no reason to believe that any of them live in the community while violating its rule of life, which is that of entire chastity.

The history of the Shakers is full of suggestions to the social reformer. It is certain that they have made an industrial community a material success. They show us a whole society living in peace, plenty, and worldly prosperity. But how far are their religious system and ascetic life necessary to this success? Might not the Shakers change their faith, enjoy the sweets of domestic life, have music, pictures, and flowers, and still carry on their works of useful industry, and increase and enjoy their stores of worldly wealth? This is a question which we will leave to Sociologists to answer.

THE ANGLER IN MAY.

THE beautiful month of May is hailed by all honest anglers with pleasure. As they wander along the banks of a sparkling stream, the sun is casting his first beams on the water, while swallows skim over its surface, and the thrush sings its song of love in yonder thorny brake. As evening approaches, the moonbeams play upon the water, and make it appear like floating quicksilver. In the meantime, the anglers pursue their sport, invoking those tutelary deities of fishermen, Mercury and Cupid: now and then they pull out the slippery prey; but the sun shines brightly and they adjourn to the cool shade of some neighbouring elms to partake of an angler's fare, and discuss their prospects of sport in the evening.

In the meantime they listen to the song of the lark as he soars high in the heavens, pouring forth his melodious strains, or watch the dragon-fly settling on the waving rushes of the river, as the water bends them in its course. Later in the evening the glow-worm, with his tiny lamp, illumines the damp border of the stream, the moon-hen leaves her sedgy retreat and jerks her tail as she wanders about in search of worms and insects, and the heron silently settles on the river's bank patiently to watch for a water-rat or a frog, or perchance for some incautious fish.

Such are some of the scenes which anglers can enjoy, as they hear the adjoining stream rush over a rocky bottom, and then subside into a calm pool where they hope to enjoy a good evening's sport. Some old writer has said that rivers and the inhabitants of the watery element were created for wise men to contemplate, and fools to pass without consideration. There is great truth in this remark, for the mere taking of fish is but a small part of an angler's enjoyment. There are the soft balmy breezes—the perfume of the hawthorn bushes—the variety of beautiful flowers which adorn the banks and meadows, blushing like a lovely maiden, with all their fragrance. And then, towards the evening, rooks are returning to roost on yonder high elms, of which they have been the sable tenants for many a year. As they utter their harsh, but, to a lover of the country, their pleasing notes, they are accompanied by a host of loquacious jackdaws, who make themselves heard in the general chorus.

Later in the month of May, the angler is greeted with the perfume of the newly-mown grass. He sees lads and lasses turning it over or raking it

together (a charming scene), and hears their joyous laugh. It must have been some such scenes that Sir Henry Wotton enjoyed so much, and who said that he had rather live five May months than forty Decembers. It is indeed remarkable how much angling, and the delights of the country, have been at all times a favourite pleasure with men of a contemplative turn of mind. Sir Henry Wotton said, that the hours he passed in angling he considered his idle time not idly spent; and Dr. Paley has shown his attachment to this diversion, by having had his portrait taken with an angling rod in his hand. In fact, the angler enjoys the benefit of fresh air, bodily and mental recreation, without precluding social converse. He may exclaim:

Fair Test! that lov'st thy winding stream to lead
Through meads bedeck'd with many a varied flow'r,
Along thy banks at evetide's sober hour,
Sweet contemplation wooing, oft I tread.

While referring to the Test, it may be mentioned that few rivers in England afford an angler better sport.

The willow-pollards which flourish by the sides of streams offer many picturesque objects for a painter. Sometimes they are covered with verdant ivy, and sometimes pretty mosses may be found on them. The waterlily, with its gorgeous white blossom, seems to flourish best under their sheds, and that is the spot where the ravenous pike generally resort. But we must bring our description of river scenery to an end, and we appeal to all honest anglers whether it is not taken from nature. From the time of Dame Juliana Berners (1496) to the present time, the number of works published on angling would fill a small volume, and yet, with the exception of good old Izaak Walton, scarcely one of them has described river scenery. But the mention of Dame Juliana Berners calls to mind what she has said of angling in her book of "St. Albans," copied from a manuscript of her own, which is in our possession, and which is the more valuable as we believe there is only one perfect copy of her book of "St. Albans" in existence. She begins her instructions to anglers as follows:

"Solomon in his parables saith, that a glad spirit maketh a flourishing age, that is to say a fair age and a long, and sith it is so, I ask the question which be the means and cause to reduce a man to a merry spirit. Truly unto my simple discretion it seemeth to be good and honest disports and games in which a man's heart joyeth without any repentance."

She then proceeds to show that angling is one of those honest disports, and she is right.

Izaak Walton's beautiful pastoral has produced, probably, more anglers than all the other works on angling put together. He certainly knew but little of the science—for he was a float-fisher—as his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, said of him:

There stood my friend, with patient skill,
Attending to his trembling quill.

but his beautiful apostrophe to the nightingale will be perused with pleasure as long as the

English language lasts, and his descriptions of river scenery, are enough to tempt any one to wander along the banks of the sylvan streams he refers to. His ale-houses are pictures of enjoyment, cleanliness, and good cheer, and would seem to have been the models of those which are now to be found in every fishing-station frequented by anglers.

We will conclude by inserting some lines, written by one nearly connected with the author of this notice, and supposed to have been written by Sir Henry Wotton to his friend, Izaak Walton:

Good Izaak, let us stay and rest us here;
Old friends, when near,
Should talk together oft, and not lose time
In silly rhyme,
That only addles men's good brains to write,
While those who read bless God they don't indite.
There is a tree close by the river's side—
There let's abide,
And only hear far off the world's loud din,
Where all is sin;
While we our peaceful rods shall busy ply
When fish spring upward to the dancing fly.
Our sports and life full oft contemned are
By men that spare
No cost of time, wealth, life, to gain their end,
And often spend
Them all in hopes some happiness to see
In what they are not, but they mean to be.
We will not search for that we may not find,
But dearly bind
Our hearts, Friend Izaak, in a tighter knot,
And this our lot
Here long to live together in repose
'Till death for us the peaceful scene shall close.

EDWARD JESSE.

JACQUES DE CAUMONT.

ON the memorable 14th May, 1610, when Henry IVth of France was assassinated by Ravaillac, there was seated in the carriage opposite the king, the Governor of Béarn, a man whose life was one of the most remarkable tissues of peril and adventure on record. Jacques Nompar de la Force, afterwards Marshal of France, belonged to one of the oldest of French noble families, which had been for some time identified with the Huguenot faction, and had suffered severely in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

On that fearful eve, the death of the Admiral Coligny had been the signal for the butchery of all the Huguenots in Paris. It happened that a horse-dealer, with whom the family of La Force dealt, lived near the hôtel of the Admiral, and, on learning what had taken place, he resolved on warning his employer. M. de la Force, the father of the subject of our memoir, lived on the further side of the Seine, and the dealer was much put out by finding that all boats and ferries had been withdrawn from the river, to prevent the escape of the Huguenots.

The horse-dealer, after a vain search for means whereby he might cross the stream, and fearful of a further delay, plunged into the Seine and swam across. In another moment he stood dripping in

the court of the hôtel La Force. The Count on learning the terrible news sent for his brother, M. de Caumont, and both hastened to the houses of other gentry of the same party residing in that quarter of the city. A consultation was held, and on the proposition of M. de Caumont, that they should go to the King, and inform him of what had taken place,—believing that it had occurred without his knowledge,—the whole party walked down the Rue de la Seine to the usual ferry. On finding that all passage-boats had disappeared, they, with one accord, concluded that the case was more serious than they had at first supposed, and that the most advisable course to be followed was, that each should seek his safety by flight. Day dawned before M. de la Force was ready, and then the Seine was covered with boats filled with armed men. The Count was on horseback, and might have escaped, had not his children been still within, and unprepared. He at once dismounted, closed his gates, and the shutters of his windows, determined on selling his life dearly.

A moment afterwards the street was thronged with soldiers, and a glance from a loophole satisfied the Count that resistance was hopeless. Violent blows were discharged at his gates, and when they flew open his court was filled instantaneously. The house-doors were broken open at once, and passages and rooms crowded with men who, sword in hand, rushed on shrieking:

“Kill, kill !”

M. de la Force had assembled all his retinue in one room, and the captain of the Royalist soldiery, a man called Martin, disarmed them, saying :

“Pray, if you choose, for in another instant I shall send you all into eternity.”

“Sir,” calmly replied La Force, “as you please ; I am ready to meet death ; but, of your charity, spare my children, whose death can profit you nothing, and who have done nothing to merit it. Spare them, and a seemly ransom shall be paid.”

These words appeased the villains, who turned their attention to the sack of the house. They found the chests, but were unable to open them, as the servant who had the keys was not there ; they consequently flung them from the windows, and stove them in with hatchets, when they reached the court. Gold, precious stones, plate, and magnificent dresses, rolled over the pavement. These were rapaciously seized, and collected into heaps ; then with renewed yells of “Death, death ! Kill, kill !” the fiends rushed upon the unarmed prisoners.

However, the earnest solicitations of M. de la Force, and the promise of a ransom of 2000 francs, soothed them, and the captain Martin undertook to preserve their lives. Acting upon his advice, they knotted their handkerchiefs in the form of a cross, and fastened them to their caps, then turned up their right sleeves—the badge by which the Royalists were known.

Martin conducted his captives to the river, and they traversed it, opposite the Louvre. They were five in number ; being, M. de la Force and his two sons, the valet de chambre, Gast, and

the page, La Vigorie. As they mounted the quay before the Louvre, a mob of wretches poured down it, pursuing several hapless Huguenots, whom they cut down and flung into the river ; then, dripping with blood, they turned in search of fresh prey. The badges saved the captives : they picked their way over the still palpitating corpses, which littered the pavement, and finally reached the house of Martin without further molestation.

As the Captain wished to return to his execrable duties, he put the Count on parole, not to leave the house till his return, nor suffer the others to escape.

Then, leaving two soldiers to guard them, he departed. M. de la Force immediately sent Gast to the arsenal, where resided his sister-in-law, Madame de Brisembourg, to inform her of his situation, and intreat her to send his ransom. Gast returned with the message, that the money would be sent in a day or two ; but Madame de Brisembourg warned her brother-in-law, that the King was aware that he had been captured : and, if he knew of his place of concealment, would certainly send and have him put to death. Gast intreated the Count to fly, and the two soldiers promised to facilitate his escape : but to all solicitations, M. de la Force turned a deaf ear.

“I have promised,” he said. “God’s will be done !”

On the following evening a violent knocking at the door alarmed the captives, and on the gate being opened, the Count de Coconas, with fifty men-at-arms, entered the lobby and ascended the stairs.

“I have come,” said the count, “to conduct you before his Royal Highness the Duke d’Anjou, who, having learned the place of your retreat, wishes to speak with you.”

“I am ready,” was the sole reply.

The hands of the prisoners were bandaged, their cloaks and caps removed, and they were conducted into the street.

M. de la Force knew whom he had to deal with. Coconas was a villain of the deepest dye, an adulterer, and a cruel soldier : he boasted, after St. Bartholomew’s day, that he had made thirty trembling Huguenots renounce their faith, on promise of life, and had then butchered them all. Gast had escaped to the attics ; but when Coconas found that he had but four in his hands, he returned to the house, and, after a vigorous search, discovered the frightened valet.

All five were now conducted into the Rue des Petits-Champs, at the extremity of which the soldiers turned on them, and crying “Death ! death !” cut down the eldest lad.

“Ah ! God, I die !” he exclaimed, and dropped lifeless on the soil.

At the same moment his father fell, wounded mortally in several places ; whilst the youngest child screamed “I die !” and fell between his brother and father, drenched in their blood, though himself unwounded. Several blows were dealt to the other two, after they were on the ground, but the youngest did not receive the slightest scratch ; and, although the murderers

stripped their victims of all their clothes, they did not notice that he remained unwounded.

Gast and La Vigorie had been spared. The wretches retired, after having accomplished their brutal work, leaving the naked carcasses in the street.

Jacques, the youngest, aged thirteen, lay perfectly still. Presently a young man, who was passing, came up, and seeing that there remained a stocking on the foot of the youngest, he pulled it off, and whilst doing this muttered—

“Poor little innocent! What harm can he have done?”

Hearing this, the child raised his head, and whispered—

“I am not dead: of your mercy, save me!”

“Hush, little one!” interrupted the man, putting his hand on his mouth. “People are about; do not stir.”

The young man left him, but remained in the neighbourhood till he saw his opportunity, when he returned, flung his mantle over the little



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boy's shoulders, as he was quite naked, and said:

“Now, chick! all are gone; jump up, and follow me.”

The lad obeyed.

“Halloo! who have you got with you, Pierre?” asked a neighbour, as they turned down a back lane.

“That little scamp of a nephew. I wish you would give me a good stick to thrash the young jackanapes; he has been serving me a fine trick!” And they passed on.

The man conducted his protégé to the miserable attic in which he lived, and there they passed the night.

Next morning, Jacques asked his preserver to conduct him to the Louvre, where he had a sister, who was in the Queen's service; but the young man assured him of the madness of such a proceeding, which must infallibly lead to his detection. Young De Caumont (that was the family name) next suggested that he should go to the Arsenal, where lived his aunt, Madame de Brisembourg.

Dressed in some of the rags which his guardian could spare, he followed his preserver along the ramparts, which they found to be nearly deserted, and reached the Arsenal in safety. None could have recognised the child in his tatters and red cap adorned with a leaden cross, as the surviving scion of a famous noble house. Jacques de Caumont promised to return the clothes, and send thirty écus to the youth, and left him at the corner of the Rue de l'Arsenal.

For some time he remained trembling at the gate, fearing to be detected if he knocked and was asked his name; but as some one opened the gate and left, he slipped in without being perceived, and ran across the court to the lodgings of his aunt. At the door he ran against La Vigorie, his page, who did not at first recognise him. The child took him by the arm, whispered his name, and begged to be conducted to M. de Beaulieu, one of his father's esquires. M. de Beaulieu was astonished to find him alive, for La Vigorie had told him he had seen all murdered; and he promised to do all in his power to keep him in safety. He accordingly led him into the apartments of Madame de Brisembourg, and gave him into his aunt's charge.

The lady was delighted at seeing her nephew, and embraced him tenderly, shedding tears in profusion. At the child's request, the promised money and the rags were sent to his preserver by a page; and then the boy lay down to rest in a little bed, which was placed in his aunt's dressing-room. As soon as he had sufficiently reposed, he was dressed in the livery of the Baron Armand de Biron, Grand Master of the Artillery, whose daughter Jacques afterwards married.

Two quiet days passed, and the baroness hoped that her nephew was perfectly secure, when, on the third day, M. de Biron heard that the King was aware of several Huguenots being concealed in the Arsenal, and was determined on having it thoroughly searched. Little De Caumont had just time to escape into the bedroom of the baron's daughter, to slip between two beds, and to be covered with a pile of ladies' dresses, before the soldiers occupied the Arsenal. There he remained for three or four hours. At midnight he was withdrawn, and brought back into the cabinet of the baron.

Fresh news had reached his aunt's ears which redoubled her uneasiness. When the corpses of the murdered Huguenots had been examined and identified, that of little De Caumont was missing, and the report gained ground that he was alive, and was still in concealment at the Arsenal. Madame de Brisembourg consulted the Baron de Biron, and both resolved that the child must be removed expeditiously to some safer quarter. M. de Biron accordingly came at daybreak to the child, gave him his breakfast in his closet, and brought him to his director of artillery, called Guillon, and advised him to give himself out as a lad Beaupuy, son of one of Biron's lieutenants. He warned him on no account to leave Guillon's house, nor to do or say anything which might betray him.

"You are my friend," said the Baron to Guillon; "do me the favour of taking charge of this lad,

who is a friend of my relations, and son of M. de Beaupuy."

The Director consented, and, though not informed of the real name and title of his guest, he suspected that there was more behind the scenes than Biron wished him to know. Guillon was a man who might have been trusted; he was attached to the interests of the Grand-Master, and his personal friend; besides, he was a man of penetration and talent. He took greater precautions for the safety of his charge than he would have done, had he simply regarded him as a prospective page of the Baron. His duties required his absence from home, but before leaving he renewed injunctions to the child on no account to speak with anyone who might call. Caumont heard a tap at the street-door on the eighth day after this, just towards midday, when Guillon was wont to return from the Arsenal to dinner. Thinking that the knock was that of the owner of the house, the boy ran to the door and opened it. A stranger stood on the step, whereupon the lad shut the wicket in his face.

"Fear nothing, my child," whispered the man through the loophole in the wicket; "I come from Madame de Brisembourg, your aunt, to learn whether you are quite well."

"Tell her that I am quite well and safe," answered Jacques; and the stranger left.

A few minutes later Guillon came home for his dinner, and asked as usual whether anyone had been there during his absence. The boy told him what had happened. Guillon started up uneasily, and, leaving his dinner, ran back to the Arsenal to see M. de Biron, to whom he related the circumstance. The latter at once went to Madame de Brisembourg, and asked her whether she had sent to inquire after the health of her nephew.

She had sent no one.

Not a moment was to be lost: the retreat of the child was now well known to his enemies, and nothing but immediate flight could save him. Biron sent for one of his gentlemen, M. de Fraisse, and confided to him all the circumstances, and the imminent danger of young Caumont.

"I have got a passport signed by his Majesty for my *maitre d'hôtel* and a page, as conveying orders for a company of my gendarmes to come to Paris directly. Will you avail yourself of this, and save young La Force?"

"Most willingly," answered the gentleman.

Horses were ordered, and the three rode at once to Guillon's lodging. Here the Baron and Guillon dismounted, they hurried up-stairs, made the boy pull on his boots, and mount Guillon's horse. Biron, Caumont, and Fraisse trotted off, hoping soon to be clear of the city. But a turn of the road brought them in face of a procession, which was moving on with songs and bells. The lad's horse plunged and refused to pass; rearing and kicking, it threw the procession into disorder, and drew attention to the rider, so that his companions were in momentary fear of the child being recognised. De Fraisse sprang off his horse and took the bridle of the restive steed and led it forwards. In a few minutes they were all at the city gate. The Baron de Biron showed his passport and they left the walls.

The Grand-Master accompanied them but a short distance, and then, affectionately wringing Jacques' hand, and commending him earnestly to the charge of M. de Fraisse, cantered back into Paris.

"Now we are free, whither will you lead me?" asked young Caumont.

"Please God, into the country!"

"The country!" exclaimed the child. "Pray God, I may see green fields once more in peace."

After riding for two consecutive days, they fell in with a gentleman who had a retinue of six horsemen, and whose whole conversation turned on the extirpation of the Huguenots. This fellow was with them all one day, and on reaching an inn where they purposed sleeping the night, he flung his cloak aside, and Caumont saw that he wore his brother's velvet doublet still dabbled with his blood.

There was no avoiding this unpleasant companion. He sat and drank with M. de Fraisse and others that evening, narrated his deeds of barbarity in the late slaughter with revolting glee, lamented that he missed killing M. de Caumont, the brother of M. de la Force, who had escaped by a postern, and was supposed to be hidden somewhere in the country, but declared that he had had the satisfaction of seeing M. de la Force and his two sons killed in the Rue des Petits-Champs, and had assisted in pillaging their corpses.

"I have the doublet of one of them on me now," quoth he. "Do you see this gash? I made that with my misericorde; the young man's limbs were still quivering when I pulled the dress off."

Little De Caumont listened to every word in a nook of the room, where the shadows of the chimney concealed his features.

"Boy," said De Fraisse, when the lights were brought in, "go and lie down; we must start by daybreak, and you will require a good night's rest."

Jacques stole off to bed, and the gentleman continued his hideous stories till drunkenness overcame him, and he fell asleep with his head on the table. Before dawn Caumont and his guide had started, glad enough to escape such disagreeable society.

Two days later fresh dangers threatened. They lodged the night at a hostelry, in company with three or four individuals, with whom M. de Fraisse got into an altercation on the subject of the massacres at Paris, which he denounced as perfidious and cruel. These remarks, elicited in the heat of argument, made an impression on the soldiers, and De Fraisse would willingly have recalled them had it been possible. He could perceive that they watched him and consulted in whispers, casting furtive glances first at him and then at the child. After an uneasy night he started with his little companion, but had not ridden far before they came upon their comrades of the preceding night, waiting at the door of a small tavern, with pistols in their hands. They passed, however, but had not gone a quarter of a league before they heard the sound of hoofs behind them at a gallop. Fraisse and Caumont

spurred their horses as they were hidden by a grove, and reached a large town before their pursuers could overtake them. There they halted before an inn, and directly afterwards the soldiers rode up. M. de Fraisse walked to them and nodded; then drew them into the public-house and treated them to some wine. Whilst quaffing their draught, M. de Fraisse confided to them that he was charged by M. de Biron to bring his company of gendarmes to Paris, for which purpose he bore a passport, signed by the King himself, the intention of his majesty being to collect a large army to complete the extermination of the Huguenots in France.

Having finished their glasses, M. de Fraisse and the boy mounted their horses and continued their journey. Happily, the words of Fraisse had satisfied the soldiers, whose intentions were unmistakable, as they rode back directly in the direction whence they had come. The rest of the journey was performed without any incident worthy of record; and on the eighth day after leaving the gates of Paris, they rode into the courtyard of the Château Castelnau des Mirandes, where M. de Caumont, the child's uncle, lived.

This excellent man took charge of his nephew, and educated him to the best of his power, but died fourteen months afterwards, and the lad was again left to his own resources. Young de Caumont, or rather De la Force—for he inherited his father's title—was naturally energetic, intrepid, and endowed with calm forethought, so that he was well qualified to fight his own way through the world.

When Henry IV. came to the throne, he soon rose into favour, and was a gallant soldier. He was present at the siege of Angers; and defended Marans against his father-in-law, the same Baron de Biron who had sheltered him as a child, and who was now a marshal of France. Henry IV. created him Governor of Béarn, where he was engaged in secret negotiations with the Moriscos of Spain.

In the following reign, the wars of religion broke out again; and in 1612 M. de la Force signed the Act of Union in the Huguenot Synod, held at Paris in May. In 1615 he headed an insurrection in Béarn. In 1622 he submitted and was made marshal; and though he lost his government of Béarn, he received an indemnity in money.

Having now attached himself to the Royal party, he showed himself worthy of confidence.

In 1630 he defeated the Spaniards at Carignan, having previously captured Pignerol. In 1632 he defeated the usurper Gaston d'Orléans; and in 1634 took Lunéville, and conquered all Lorraine.

During the wars when the Cardinal the infantina Ferdinand invaded Picardy, in 1634, he was joined with Châtillon and the Duke d'Orléans, as commanders-in-chief of the army, which united at Compiègne. In 1635 he captured Spire; then, retiring from active life, he spent the remainder of his years in the country, paying occasional visits to Paris, and died at an advanced age, in 1652.

S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoyng in the gynning causeth mykel errour in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER XIII. NIGHT.

QUITE unconscious of the scene of which they had been the occasion, the two friends walked on.

When men's conversation touches upon the subjects in which they are most interested, such as their career in life, their professional pursuits, their daily avocations, the world, I believe, which has rather a contempt for things simply natural and of course, designates the proceeding "talking shop," and recommends us to avoid such discussion, by all means. For the world while it does not approve of idleness is still not indisposed oftentimes to regard us all as gentlemen at large, whose only ostensible objects in life are to visit our clubs daily, dress decently, pick our teeth and read the papers punctually, and then, after a certain number of years, to die and get buried as quietly and respectably as possible in, of course, a Protestant graveyard. We have no right, therefore, by our converse to reveal continually the circumstance or obtrude the fact that in truth we work for our bread, and are considerably interested in getting

it. That is assumed at starting—we are English—we are industrious somehow; the particulars are not required; the fact once admitted is not to be further alluded to, or we shall be guilty of the impropriety of "talking shop." Certainly society's sentiments in this respect are a little set at defiance. For wherever you perceive a knot of men engaged in particularly pleasant discourse, you may be sure they are "talking shop;" and enjoying their evasion and contravention of duty just as people take pleasure in the flavour of contraband cigars or the scent of smuggled *eau de Cologne*; and indeed, waiving its impropriety socially considered, "talking shop" is really an amusing if not an edifying occupation.

Wilford and Martin talked shop greatly as they marched Temple-wards. They spoke copiously of this paper of Wilford's, of that review of Martin's, of Such-a-one's last, of So-and-so's next book, of plans for the future, of suggestions for work, of their positions—the one as a novelist, the other as a critic. Undoubtedly the conver-

sation was very shabby; yet it interested them amazingly. They were quite busy with it when they arrived at the Temple.

"Don't hurry off," said Martin, seizing Wilford's arm; "it's not late. Come in for half-an-hour. I've a lot more to say. Come in, and smoke a cigar. I shan't go to work immediately; you won't be the least in my way. You can correct some proof for me if you like, while I see if there are any messages or letters. Come along; indeed it's not late."

So they mounted many stairs, and reached at last George Martin's chambers. These were not large, but were comfortable, and well, even handsomely furnished. One or two pictures of very creditable execution adorned walls that were in other respects nearly hidden by bookshelves. Anybody who entered the rooms, expecting to find the litter and untidiness, and discomfort, which are universally attributed to bachelors, would have been disappointed. With the exception of the writing-table in the corner, which was certainly rather in confusion, crowded with open books, and scattered sheets of paper, and which looked rather as though it had been out without an umbrella in a shower of quill pens—the room was in good order. The furniture was good and massive, and the fittings in excellent taste. "My laundress is a treasure," George would sometimes say, "with the bump of order strongly developed, and a decided passion for cleanliness. She is indulged in that particular, always with the proviso that my writing-table is to remain intact, and its papers undisturbed, no matter into what habits of *deshabille* they may appear to have fallen—untouched by brush or duster. It's a subject of great distress to Mrs. Cobb, I can assure you—quite a grievance—but I am peremptory on the subject. I am a peaceful man on most occasions, but I should make this a *casus belli*. My table touched, I should unmask my batteries, and favour Mrs. Cobb with a broadside which would, I think, rather startle her. She is aware of the fact, and, I am happy to say, conducts herself accordingly. I know where to find things while my papers are in confusion. Once put them to rights, and I'm a lost man." It was a pleasant room by daylight, looking on to the river and the gardens; and at all times—while not too much like an office on the one hand, or too nearly resembling a drawing-room on the other—asserted itself as the appropriate home of a hard-working gentleman of the Temple.

"What were we talking about?" asked Martin, reverting to some conversation that had preceded their arrival at his chambers. "O, I remember, about myself and critics generally. Well, you know the old notion isn't quite exploded. The public have a liking for well-worn ideas; they cling to them as to old clothes that fit beautifully, and it's hard to part with, though they are in tatters. The popular notion of a critic—and I am bound to say that some authors still back the opinion heavily—the popular notion has it, that the critic is still a sort of Blunderbore creature, always crying 'Fee! fo! fum!!' and smelling the blood of an author. They prefer that picture to the thought of a gentleman of respectable intelligence

sitting down calmly to read the book through, and then writing deliberately his opinion upon it, impartially arrived at. I allow that there's less colour and force about *that* view, but I submit there's more truth: or do you prefer to hold that the reviewer cuts the leaves, smells the paper-knife as Hood suggested, sells the book to buy a pint of brandy, and then proceeds to abuse the author with all the savageness possible—and not the author only, but his father and his mother, and his sister and his brother? No; those tomahawking times are over, and I don't think critics now-a-days are any fonder of brandy than churchwardens. By the way, let us have a little while we're on the subject. Hot or cold? It won't hurt you—only half a glass? Not any? Pick out a good cigar from that bundle—smoke at least. No, a critic isn't always what people think him. They must give up the idea that he is a literary Malay intoxicated with intellectual bang, running a-muck among the books, and cutting and slashing at every author in his path."

"All this is to prepare my mind for your 'letting down' my book when it comes to you for review," said Wilford, laughing.

"No, indeed," answered Martin, "there was no such stuff in my thoughts. Besides, your book won't be let down. I look upon it as quite safe—safe, I mean, for a certain measure of success. Beyond that, accident must determine—the state of the public mind—the other new books in the market—the temper of the time. It's not very difficult to beat the ruck; getting a good place in the race is another thing. But don't be depressed. I believe in the book. I'm sure it will do. I know it's honestly done; and about the ability there's no question. What does this note say? An invitation to dine with the Magazine people. I must go, I suppose—though dinners interfere with the morrow's work. Dear me! here's a load of proof. But I must begin with a cigar."

He lighted one.

"Stop," cried Wilford, "don't throw away the light." But he had not spoken in time; Martin had flung the lighted spill into the grate.

"I beg your pardon," said Martin, "but we'll soon find a scrap of paper. Not that though—that's MS., and this? By Jove, no, that will *not* do! A cheque."

"Thank you. I have a light now." He had drawn some papers from his pocket.

"The envelope of this letter will do." He twisted it up, and set fire to it.

"By the by, what *is* this letter?" he said. He opened it. It was the letter he had put into his pocket on leaving Freer Street. He gave a glance at the rather unsteady writing—the pale ink—a few brief lines only. He had hardly had time to complete his perusal, when a violent trembling seized him, and his cigar fell from his lips.

Martin was turned away, searching among his papers.

"I wanted to show you a note I had from the publisher of the ——. O, here it is! But, good heavens! what's the matter? You're as white as a sheet, man! What is it? Are you ill? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing," Wilford answered, with evident effort. His shaking hands crumpled up the letter, and thrust it into his breast-pocket.

"But there *is* something," Martin persisted.

"A man doesn't look like that for nothing."

"No. No. A sudden faintness—that's all."

"Was there bad news in that letter?"

"No, it is not the letter. Indeed it is not—anything but that. The letter is only—only a bill. Nothing more than a bill—quite a trifle. I'm not well—not very well, as I told you."

"I fear not. Are you in pain? What shall I give you—some brandy? Try some brandy."

"A little—a very little. Thank you, I feel better already. I'm sorry, Martin, to have to trouble you like this."

"Trouble, my dear fellow! You mustn't think of that."

"Where did I put my hat? I'll go now, while I am well."

"No. You must not go yet. Wait till you recover more. Shall I send for a doctor?"

"Not on my account. I do assure you I am better now."

"I never saw you like this before. Indeed, Wil, you must take care of yourself, or you may be in for another serious illness, such as you had some years back. I really think you had better not go—not yet, at any rate. The best thing you can do, would be to go to bed here at once. I could easily send word to Mrs. Wilford, to let her know what had happened."

"No; not on any account; it would alarm her too much."

"Perhaps you are right; but rest a little longer, at any rate; I'll see you safely home."

"No, Martin, it will not be necessary. You see I am quite well again now, and the fresh air will be the best thing for me. I can't think of taking you out. Indeed I cannot."

"You'll get a cab. Promise me that."

"Yes, I will. I promise."

"I shall come round to-morrow morning, to see how you are—"

"Not unless I don't appear here before twelve o'clock, as I fully intend to. Good night."

"Good night. Take care of yourself. Do take care of yourself. Have some more brandy? No? Well, good night, my dear Wilford. Good night."

"Good-bye until to-morrow morning."

He had in a great measure recovered himself. Still he breathed very quickly, was much excited, and as he passed down the stairs he placed his hand on his forehead to find his hair quite wet. He went out through the wicket at the top of Temple Lane, and hurried towards the Strand. He did not take a cab as he had promised he would, but he set off walking at a pace which at times nearly quickened into a run.

"That man's in a queer state of health," said Martin, alone in his chambers: "he'll have to take care what he's about. He's nervous, excitable, anxious: he's been poring over his papers until, turning his eyes from them, he finds himself quite giddy, and purblind, and confused. I know what it is to suffer like that, and I know too many men who, suffering like that, have succumbed and for ever. It's very dreadful, that oppression

on the brain—on the heart—that struggle with the mind, as it were,—that inability to direct our thoughts upon other than the work in hand; the waning of memory, and the terrible consciousness that it is waning; the loss of the names of men and things of the commonest nature; the awful tangle of ideas that seems to be seething in one's head; the broken sleep—the ghastly dreams at night; the painful exhaustion by day; the extreme sensitiveness of the nerves, when the slightest shock seems to result in agony the most acute. I have felt all that once—I fervently trust I never may again. It is the student's malady. Poor friend Wilford! Who would have thought of his suffering so! What changes time brings! He is a different creature to what he was years ago when we were boys—schoolfellows—together. How long ago! A long, long time it seems now. Well, well, let's hope for the best. He'll go home and take a holiday, and return quite well. His wife will nurse him. Surely she will cure him. A wife like that—"

George Martin stopped suddenly with a strange expression on his face. It was as though he did not wish to be unexpectedly launched into meditation upon such a subject. Then he seemed to smile, faintly at his own hesitation. After a slight pause, he continued.

"Violet!" he said gently, with an air that was almost devotional. "Is there another woman in the world so wholly good, and pure, and true as she is? How beautiful, how tender, how loveable! If it had ever been my fate to have met such a one, how differently would my life have been ordered. What other hopes, views, ambitions, I should have formed. But that's all past thinking about. And if I had met her, would she have heard my prayer—would she have even looked down upon me, giving glances as good as alms to a beggar, or healing to the sick? Would she not have passed on, never heeding, never dreaming of the love of one so every way unworthy of her. But this is miserable folly. I am fixed in my *pose* in life. I can no more move than a beetle in a museum pinned to his cork. I am stranded on the rocks, out of the reach of the water, it may be, yet past all chance of any ship coming to pick me off. I must live in the best way I can, tilling the profitless flinty soil, hardworking for every mouthful, a Crusoe in the midst of civilisation, wrecked in a Temple garret. Well, well, why should I repine? And I never have repined until I met *her*, and I felt my heart yearning towards her as I never felt it before. Is love the absurdity, the nonsense, the idiocy that men declare it to be? Can that be despicable which arouses all the self-sacrificing and generosity of which nature is capable? It seems to me that love takes men back to all the poetry and chivalry of the grand past. I would give my life to that woman. And I love her with all my soul. Yet, heaven knows," he went on, the colour glowing in his face, "that there is no shame in my love! No wrong for her, for Wilford, for myself. I love; but it is my heart's secret—it will never be known to living soul. It may be madness, but it is not sin. I would not harm my friend even in thought, much

less in deed. I love hopelessly—it is my own affair. I am resigned to that hopelessness. I am strong enough, I believe, to bear even that burden. And now—to work. My cigar is smoked out. Enough of this sentimentalism of a baldheaded, middle-aged man up three pair of stairs. For poor Wilford, he will recover, thanks to her care. Even if he sinks, she will be at his side to the last" (his voice softened and trembled) "to close his eyes, to pray for him, to weep for him, as only a loving wife can. Good Heaven! what has he ever done to deserve such happiness!"

He trimmed his lamp and turned to his work. And at the time he did so Wilford, with a look of agony in his face, was moaning forth the plaint—

"O God, what have I done that I should be so wretched!"

He was on Waterloo Bridge, leaning on the balustrade. A feeling of faintness had again come over him. He had torn open his neckerchief and shirt collar, it seemed to him that they hindered his breathing.

"Let me get out of the street—let me go where there is a chance of air." And he had quitted the Strand, and passed on to Waterloo Bridge.

He was panting for breath, his hand pressing on his heart, his white face turned towards the star-crowded heavens. For some moments he remained so.

"I thought the past dead," he murmured, in very troubled tones, "stone dead. I never dreamt it could rise up against me like this. And the future? What am I to do? God knows. I cannot—I dare not think! And Violet!"

He hid his face in his hands.

Some one approached—a tall man humming an operatic air. He passed Wilford, apparently not noticing him. He went on for some yards and then stopped—as people will do on bridges—to look down at the water or up at the sky or round at the prospect. He was smoking a cigarette; he was evidently a man of varied accomplishments; he smoked and hummed contemporaneously; he was well-dressed, in a black loose overcoat, a shiny hat, and a delicately white neckerchief. Black eyebrows formed almost parallel curves to his gold-rimmed spectacles, which glazed a pair of very sharp grey eyes. On his large white hand glistened a massive ring—a serpent with diamond eyes winding round and gnawing a blood-red carbuncle. He communed with himself.

"A fine night. It is pleasant here. One gets out of the frightful noise of those streets there. I like my evening promenade on the bridge. It is exclusive. What a difference a *sou* makes! It is well worth that to be alone and quiet. The Bridge Waterloo! But I am above little prejudices. Why should I not aid its funds with my *sou* each evening? The bridge which those drolls of English built to celebrate the victory of Herr Blucher! Well, well, what is it to me? It was before my time, perhaps. What does the past ever signify?—nothing."

And he sang in a pleasant barytone voice a fragment of a French *chanson*, while he rolled up adroitly and rapidly another cigarette.

"It is pleasant looking from this bridge. It is pretty—all those little rows of lights of the other

bridges. It was here that poor M. Nourrit walked up and down thinking to kill himself, but he could not make up his mind. There are many would kill themselves if they could only make up their minds. Suicide would spread but for that little difficulty, and the want of a steady hand. Yes, that also,—it needs that. Poor dear M. Nourrit! How well he used to sing, '*Des chevaliers de ma patrie!*' Ah!" (and he turned his eyes upon Wilford) "we have company! Who is that person there? What! a suicide—or what you call, a swell? Is not that it? Bah! what is it to me, suicide or swell? What care I! I am not of the police English. Let him be suicide if he will. Why should the police obstruct the suicides? What harm do they do? Ah, I forget. They have no Morgue in London! That is why! What savages—no Morgue! The sight the most amusing of Paris—always new—always full of charm, and crowded, above all, with those drolls of English who have no Morgue in their dog of a country! Where, then, here do they make exposition of bodies? La! la! oup la! oup la! O la!" (And the gentleman resumed his singing.) "No, he will not suicide to-night. Bravo! my friend, you have reason." (Wilford had turned from the parapet, and was now walking slowly towards the Middlesex end of the bridge.) "You are tall; you are strong. Why should you jump to the water? He has black beard. Ah! I am not of the English police. But, let me see, then, the face of the suicide—of the swell. Which is it? Behold! this is interesting. I will follow him."

"I will write to her!" Wilford exclaimed. He quickened his pace—he left the bridge. Not far from it he perceived that a coffee-shop was still open. It was on the other side of the road. He crossed to it and entered. It was almost deserted.

"A cup of coffee," he said; "and bring me a sheet of paper, pen and ink."

"It grows late, sir," remarked the woman in the shop; "we were about to close."

"I will detain you only a very few minutes."

Another guest had entered the room. The woman bestirred herself to bring what was required. Wilford did not drink his coffee, but he commenced writing.

"*My dearest Violet,*" he wrote. Then he paused. Subsequently he made two or three attempts to proceed with the letter. But he could not satisfy himself. He leant his head upon his hands, lost in doubt for some moments. Then suddenly he roused himself.

"No," he muttered, "I cannot write to her—I cannot leave her like that. I must see her—speak to her, even though it should be for the last time." He tore the paper into strips.

He paid the small sum due for the coffee he had not tasted, and the paper he had torn, and quitted the shop.

The other guest changed his seat. He collected the scraps of paper Wilford had left,—some on the table, some scattered on the floor.

"A good rule," he said, "never to lose a clue. And I am interested in spite of myself. So then; I

recognise him; this is the *Monsieur* whom *le petit Pichot* was following. And why? He is not a pick-pocket" (he divided the words scrupulously) "this young Alexis? Who knows? And what share has la Mère Pichot in this matter? We shall see." He went out into the street.

Not far from the shop a gentleman was getting into a cab.

"Freer Street, Soho," he said to the cabman.

"Is it worth while to follow? or have I made myself to know enough for the present?" Monsieur Chose asked himself, smiling blandly the while.

CHAPTER XIV. A PARTING.

WILFORD HADFIELD re-entered the house in Freer Street. He had with him the key of the street door, so that he was able to return without noise. But he saw by the light in the first-floor windows that Violet had not yet retired for the night; she was probably sitting up, expecting his coming back; and in the hall he encountered Sally the Rembrandt.

"Lawks! it's you, is it!" she cried out. She was never ceremonious in her greetings, nor indeed in her speech generally. "How you frighten one coming in so quiet, for all the world like a thief."

"I thought you'd have been in bed by this time, Sally!" said Wilford, apologetically.

"Lawks, no!" Sally retorted, "it's little I care about going to bed. It seems to me it's hardly worth while going to bed at all; life ain't long enough for such waste of time; and all the trouble of putting one's things off and on, and washing and that; I think one could get on just as well without it all."

Certainly the Rembrandt seemed to be inclined to carry out her own views in this respect as fully as possible. She was always very late retiring for the night, and was fond of entering upon lengthy occupations at most unseasonable hours. She had been known more than once to be busy washing the door-steps or cleaning the windows at midnight; while the sounds of boot and knife polishing had frequently been heard at one o'clock in the morning; she was certainly the earliest riser in the house, and to be found groping about on pitch-dark winter mornings, wakeful and active, when the other residents at Mr. Phillimore's were probably in the enjoyment of their first sleep. A strange, ugly, not clean-looking, rude-mannered, hard-working, kindly old woman, very valuable to Mr. Phillimore's household, and that quite apart from her pictorial qualifications. Was she conscious of these? Anyhow, she was always putting herself into advantageous positions—considering her as a work in the Rembrandt manner—"fetching out her chiar' oscuro" effects, Mr. Phillimore termed it. A most picturesque bundle, eminently Flemish in style, she was fond, it seemed, of crouching over her kitchen fire—the red light gleaming on her shrivelled, corrugated face in a wonderful way; and she was prone to hold a swaling, flaring candle high above her head as she moved about the house, her eyes thrown by such means into dense warm brown fog, while her knotted projecting nose cast down

a deep shadow that nearly hid her lips. Contemplating her gnarled visage under these aspects, the picture-dealer grew quite warm with satisfaction at his possession of such a treasure, and could only, by the exercise of the most extraordinary self-restraint, be stayed from doubling her wages on the spot, or insuring her life instantly, for an enormous amount.

"Lawks, how pale the man is!" cried Sally, her eye falling on Wilford's white face. "Are you cold? Ain't you well? Lawks me! I never saw nothing like it. What's the matter?"

"Hush, Sally; there's nothing the matter. Stay. Who left that letter you gave me as I went out a little while ago?" The question was rather nervously asked.

"That letter? Why, I told you—a boy."

"What sort of boy?"

"What sort of boy? Ain't they all alike? Imperent warmints!—throwing stones, and calling names, and dirting the door-steps, and flinging muck down the airies. I'd pay 'em out well, I would, if I was their mothers, which thank God I ain't, and never will be."

"Was he English?"

"Well, now you mention it, I don't know as he was. But, bless you! he was off afore you could wink a'most—shoves the letter into my hand bold as brass, and off goes my lord. No, I don't think he were English, from what I could see of him, which wasn't much. Leastways, there was a queer look about him, and he had a funny-shaped cap on. I shouldn't wonder now but what he was one of them furriners!"

Wilford mounted the stairs quickly, and entered the drawing-room.

He was much excited, but it was evident that he was doing all that he possibly could to command himself. It seemed as though he had determined upon a certain line of conduct, and that with the determination strength had come to him to carry it out thoroughly. He had concentrated all his energies to play out the part he had prescribed to himself. Thus he managed to place a restraint upon his feelings, and to suppress a nervous agitation which, however natural, would have interfered with his plans.

"My dearest Violet," he said, advancing to his wife. Some strangeness in his voice must have struck her: she started up.

"Has anything happened?"

"What *should* happen?" and he looked at her for a moment suspiciously.

"Your hand quite trembles, Wil," she said.

"Are you well? Is anything wrong with you?"

He released his hand from her grasp, with an effort at a laugh that was not very successful.

"Listen, wife mine," he said, still with a feeble attempt at mirth. "Sit down quietly, and I'll tell you all."

She obeyed him at once, with assumed calmness, for there was something in his manner that alarmed her—she knew not why.

"How curiously things fall out sometimes," he said. "Do you remember what you were saying at dinner-time, when Martin was here, that you wished me to desist from work for a little—to leave London—to take a holiday?"

"Yes, I remember that," she said faintly, a sense of fear coming over her.

"Well, the opportunity has arrived, strangely enough, this very night." He turned away his eyes, and spoke very quickly. "I went back with Martin to his chambers. He found there a letter from—a man whose name you would not know if I were to mention it to you, but who is of some fame in the literary world, and is indeed commonly regarded as the representative of an important daily newspaper. Well, it seems a confidential person is required in the interests of the newspaper to proceed forthwith to Paris, as correspondent there. The gentleman who has hitherto filled that office has been taken suddenly and alarmingly ill—the news has only just come to-night by the telegraph. Somebody must go at once, or they will be without their usual Paris letter—an extraordinary loss in these times—must start at once to act on behalf of the paper for a few days, until their present correspondent recovers, or until some one is permanently appointed in his stead. Martin has been offered the post, but he has refused it; in fact, he is at present so tied to London by his engagements, that he could hardly be expected to accept it, but he has strongly urged me to go in his stead."

"And you will?"

"Yes; after some hesitation I accepted the offer. The work will not be severe. The change will be of service to me, and the chance of establishing a connection with an influential newspaper like that is one I ought not to slight. Has not all this happened fortunately?"

"And you are going—when, Wilford?"

"At once, dearest."

"I may go with you? Why do you shake your head? Why may I not?"

She was rather scared by the thought of this unexpected journey, and there were evidences almost of terror in her voice.

"No, Vi, it is not possible."

"But why not?"

"Dearest!" he said, rather troubled, "I should wish for nothing better than to be able to take you with me; but consider the haste of the thing, the discomfort, the uncertainty! I may not be gone more than three or four days. Why should you be subjected to all this inconvenience?"

"Wilford, you know I should not heed that—only let me be by your side. I am frightened by this hurry and suddenness. I cannot bear that we should be parted thus. You are not well now. You are not strong enough for all this turmoil. Oh, why did you consent to go? How could you think of leaving me? Write, and say that upon reflection you cannot: tell them—anything! Only do not leave me, Wilford. You may fall ill on the road. You may die, Wilford, and I shall never see you more."

The tears started to her eyes at the thought, and she circled him with her soft arms, and kissed him.

"Dearest Vi, is this reasonable?" he said, gently. "I have accepted the offer made to me. Am I not bound in honour—"

"Enough, Wilford. You must go, I see. But may I not go with you?"

"You forget, Vi, the baby. You cannot leave baby; and we cannot expose the little one to all the fatigues of this journey."

"True," she said, rather sorrowfully. "I was not thinking of what I said. Forgive me, husband dear; but at the mention of our first separation—" Her voice failed her.

Fondly he drew her to his heart, and she hid her face and her tears on his breast.

"A few days only, Vi, and I shall come back again, well and strong,—think of that!"

"It will not be more than that?"

"Oh, no. I only accept it on those conditions. I wouldn't have the permanent appointment on any terms. But the opportunity of the change—of obliging Martin—of making friends with an influential organ—"

"Yes, I see; you must go. What time to-morrow shall you start?"

"To-morrow?—I go to-night—at once. I have come home simply for a carpet-bag, and, what is more important, for a kiss from my wife and child before I start."

"But there is no train to-night?"

"No, but there is an early one in the morning. The intervening hours I spend with the editor in the city—closely closeted—receiving my instructions."

"Oh, Wil, this is dreadful—I cannot let you go."

"Come, Vi, dearest, take courage—the thing is not really dreadful. Pack a few things for me, there's my darling wife. I shall be back with you again before you've had time to miss me."

She shook her head with a sad smile as she quitted the room to fulfil his request.

He seemed to breathe more freely in her absence. But he was very restless: he strode about ceaselessly with shaking hands.

"God forgive me!" he said at length, deeply pained, "it is the first time I have lied to her. My own dear Violet!"

She came back presently. She had made all necessary preparations for his departure, but the tears were still in her eyes.

"I did not think myself so weak," she said. "Forgive me, Wilford! I ought to have more sense, ought I not, than to be crying because you are leaving me for only a day or so? I don't know how it is—of course it's very foolish—but I have a sort of dread about this journey. Perhaps because the news of it came to me so suddenly. I have all sorts of foolish thoughts and doubts about it. I do wish you were not going. Still it's all simple and natural enough, is it not? Say that it is. And you'll write immediately on your arrival, and you'll come back very, very soon to me and baby, won't you, Wilford? I do wish it were all over, and you safe again home. Good-bye, dearest Wilford!"

"Good-bye, my own wife!" and he strained her to his heart. He was greatly troubled, and trembled very much; he was nearly giving way under the pain of that parting. "For you are mine, are you not, Violet? And you will love me always, whatever happens? We are husband and wife, for better and for worse, and our love shall last through weal and woe, through

good report and evil report. You will love me always, promise me that!"

"What are you saying?" she asked, softly, smiling through her tears.

"Nay, I hardly know. I have caught something of your doubts and forebodings, I think. It is our first parting, Violet, as you say. Perhaps that is the cause. Again, good-bye! Keep your heart up, there's my brave Violet! Love me and trust in me always. Good-bye!"

One last hurried kiss, and he was gone. She heard the noise of the cab bearing him away; she listened until the sound quite died off. Then a sense of loneliness came dreadfully upon her, and the tears streamed down her face. Had Mr. Phillimore seen her then, he would have cried aloud in his admiration at the exquisite semblance of Raffaele's Mater Dolorosa that she presented.

"I have never doubted him," she said. "Let me not doubt him now. And yet there was something new and strange in his voice as he spoke of that newspaper business. And then this sudden departure. No! no!" and she interrupted herself passionately, "he is my own good true husband! I wrong him by one moment's doubt of him."

And Violet dried her eyes and passed up-stairs, to kneel before the cradle in the front room, to kiss tenderly the rosy little child curled up closely and fast asleep: to weep anew, and pray for her husband and the father of her child.

"If I were never to see her more!" murmured Wilford, as the cab bore him rapidly away. The thought seemed to be to him agony the most acute.

The cab did not go into the city—drew up at no newspaper office. It stopped at the door of an hotel near Covent Garden Market. The night-porter was roused, and the cab dismissed. Wilford was shown into a bedroom. He flung down his carpet-bag.

"At least I have now time to think; I have gained that much," and he drew his hand nervously across his forehead. "Let me read this infernal letter again." And he took it, a crumpled ball of paper, from his pocket, and smoothed it on the dressing-table in the room. As he did this he caught sight of himself in the glass. "Heaven!" he exclaimed, involuntarily, "how white I am!"

He rested his head upon his hands, and remained so for a long time, bent over the letter. It contained but a few short lines, yet he sat brooding over these, reading them again and again, as though he were learning them by heart. At last he seemed to be staring in a dazed, vacant way, as though his eyes really took no cognizance of the writing before him, and his thoughts were miles and miles away. With an effort he brought himself back to consciousness of surrounding circumstances. Once more he read the letter.

"I shall remember the name," he said at last in a hollow voice, "and the address: '*Boisfleury—second floor—67, Stowe Street, Strand*.'—I shall not forget that. For this—" He stood for a long time irresolutely, folding it up, winding it round his fingers, twisting it into all sorts of shapes. "Yes, it had better be burnt!"

He lighted it at the candle, thrust the flaming paper into the empty grate, and watched it slowly

consume. He waited until the last spark had flown from it. A few flakes of tinder only remained of the letter which had disturbed him so strangely.

"So far so well," he said; "what next?"

And he shuddered.

He looked round nervously at the gaunt-looking bedroom. It could hardly be comfortable; it struck him as so new and unaccustomed, and the heavy furniture of the room quite absorbed and oppressed the light. The place seemed very dim and dreary, and full of dense shadows huddling closely in the corners. He had never felt so sad and desolate before.

Slowly he undressed and went to bed—hardly to sleep, however.

(To be continued.)

JOHN HORNER, ESQUIRE, ON BRITISH PICTURES AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

As the present occasion is the first on which British Art may be said to have come out before Europe, there has necessarily been some little anxiety as to the result. That the nation of shopkeepers should pretend to such a luxury as Art, is doubtless a matter of ridicule to those gentlemen who have been for this fortnight past denouncing us in the Paris papers. Nevertheless, we suspect that the connoisseurs in Art will be a little surprised at the radiant beauty we have to show in our half of the Fine Art Gallery. We can go back no further than Hogarth, it is true, and the whole period over which painting has become a product of our national mind is compassed in the last hundred years; but it must be admitted that English Art was a vigorous infant even at its birth; indeed there is little doubt that no country in Europe could count as many artists of first-rate genius as England possessed in the middle and towards the latter end of the last century. We are all familiar with the Hudibras of painting by his *Marriage à la Mode* in the National Collection, but only the few who have penetrated into that close-packed raree-show, Sir J. Soane's Museum, have seen the series of four pictures, termed the *Election*, and the larger series constituting the *Rake's Progress*. After the lapse of more than a hundred years, they look as fresh as ever. We confess, however, that much as we gather from this great painter of life, we turn gladly to those stately ladies that smile from the canvasses of Gainsborough and Reynolds. Possibly our two great portrait-painters are not quite so well represented here as they were at the Manchester Exhibition; at least, Reynolds does not show in such force. Where is the *Strawberry Girl*? Where the lovely, smiling, bewitching Nelly O'Brien? We have, it is true, a portrait of this beauty by his hand; but it is "as moonlight is to sunlight—as water is to wine" (however sweet in expression), when compared with that winning face that smiled upon us from underneath the shadow of her hat in the Manchester Gallery. We can understand, however, the difficulty which the Commissioners must have encountered in inducing the possessors of pictures of this and other old English masters to contribute their favourite

heirlooms even to the Great Exhibition. During these last ten years there have been so many calls upon them, that their walls have been rarely filled. The old portraits have suddenly taken to see the world, and have long played truant from their places of honour in old family mansions. In the course of their travels some of them have come to grief. For instance, Gainsborough's Blue Boy got thoroughly wet in the back in the great storm which made its way into the Manchester Gallery. We are glad to see, however, that this noble youth, the very type of an English boy, seems to have taken no permanent harm from the occurrence, as he smiles at us again from these walls, attired in his cerulean splendour. Has the type of English female beauty degenerated, or has the English artistic mind lost its sense of grandeur and sweetness, since this glorious trio departed this life? Where can we see the noble matrons and the stately young girls whom Reynolds always apparently had for his sitters? Where the tender sentiment and the exquisite sensibility Gainsborough always reproduced with his delicate pencil? How lovely the two sisters Mrs. Tickell and Mrs. Sheridan look, and how they seem to people the whole gallery as you look at them, their luminous eyes searching into the spectator's very heart! Well, as they look here, however, they are not seen to so much advantage as in their own drawing-room gallery at Dulwich. It is necessary to have huge galleries, we suppose, for national exhibitions, but good portraits, like "taking people," never look so well among fine company as when at home. The visitors to this gallery will make friends with a great painter with whose works they have been familiar only through engravings, and the one picture of the Death of Chatham in the House of Lords. They will now see the incomparably finer work, the Death of Major Pierson at Jersey, in 1780. The struggle of a hard fight and the sweeping tide of victory were never rendered in a truer manner, than in this little episode of the Channel Islands. The artist will, however, be more struck with the power of Copley as a portrait painter. Let every lover of the art study No. 51, Family Portraits, as we question if, in any quality of good painting, splendid drawing, or composition, it is surpassed by the best efforts of either Sir Joshua or Gainsborough. Here the three generations of the Copleys are to be found, the youngest child romping in its mother's lap, being the very Nestor of the Upper House, Lord Lyndhurst himself. This picture was painted more than eighty years ago, and one of its sitters still adorns our senate. What ages of advance England has made in material greatness and in power—alas! how she has retrograded in the power of the portrait painter's art within the compass of his life! Of the second-rate men who flourished towards the latter period of the prime of these great painters, the gallery affords but very few examples. Opie, Barry, Romney, and Hoppner, do not shine upon these walls. Some excellent work was executed by each of these painters, and the Commissioners would have done well to have sought them out, as the public rarely see the works they have contributed to British Art. Neither can we say that Wilson or Morland

show as well as they might have done: this is unpardonable, as examples of these masters are not difficult to obtain. Why, again, we may ask, is Turner so poorly represented here, when such treasures from his hand are stowed away a hundred yards off in the Museum? Foreigners surely will not understand our extravagant praise of this painter, if they see nothing more of his work than is to be found on these walls. The Guard Ship at the Nore is a noble specimen of his first, and as we believe—Ruskin notwithstanding—his best manner; but why in this duel with the foreigner should we omit to place foremost the Calais Packet Boat, the Wreck of the Minotaur, or the Building of Carthage, all of them incomparably finer works than any to be found here? If it was not thought necessary to disturb the Turner Gallery which is so near at hand, there might at least have been a reference to it in the Catalogue. If the oil-colour pictures of this great master are but poorly represented, however, he has his revenge in the water-colour department, where the number, variety, and astounding beauty of his works will astonish even those who have been accustomed to read and swear by everything that Ruskin has ever written to his honour and glory. Those accustomed to the small nude figures with which Etty supplied the Royal Academy, will, perhaps, be surprised to see how well he could fill large canvasses when he had an opportunity. The five pictures painted for the Scottish Academy, notwithstanding a certain bombastic air which runs through them, are noble works, and are sufficient proofs that he could work on large as well as on the small canvasses which have so long charmed the world. The three subjects for the History of Judith and Holofernes possess both a grandeur of composition, and a splendour of colour, which cannot fail to strike our French critics, who believe our artists dare not venture into the higher regions of art; whilst his mastery of flesh-tints, and indeed of every form of sensuous beauty, is triumphant in his Cleopatra in her Barge. The court portrait painter of George the Fourth's period, Sir Thomas Lawrence, is represented by half-a-dozen flimsy portraits, which are quite enough, however, to show to what a low point the art of portrait painting had descended when he reigned supreme in the great houses. His portrait of Pope Pius the Seventh is perhaps the best thing he ever did, and it almost touches the confines of the highest art; the drawing is delicate, and the colour bright and glittering, but it is the glitter of a watery brush, and far indeed from possessing the strength and the fervour of Vandyck, which has evidently been aimed at in this picture.

There is one old painter whose works stand grandly on these walls—we mean Crome, of Norfolk. There is one landscape—a Heath Scene (No. 137)—which, for fidelity to nature and simplicity of treatment, has not, we believe, ever been surpassed. It shows us how few features are sufficient in the hands of a master of his art to produce a great result. Here we have nothing but a wide down, falling into a hollow in the middle distance, with three or four footpaths traced by the villagers descending into the dip, and reappearing on the wide-spreading common

on the other side. It would be impossible to give less detail; and still the breadth and the living nature of the whole scene was never yet better given within the four corners of a canvass.

To British connoisseurs in art the period represented by the painters of the last century and the first third of the present one, possess the most interest, inasmuch as they afford us specimens of masters whom we are not in the habit of seeing often, Sir Joshua and Gainsborough always excepted. After this period, it will be found that the majority of the works exhibited have been already seen by the public within these last five-and-twenty years, on the walls of the Academy and the various Art-galleries of the Metropolis. There is one name, now almost forgotten, some specimens of whose grand powers in landscape should be noticed on these walls; we allude to the works of the late William Müller, who was undoubtedly the best landscape painter we had after Turner. Look, good reader, at No. 386, Salmon-trap in the Llade, and S. Giorgio, Venice, a perfect marvel of light and purity. Landseer, like Turner, is perhaps better represented in the water-colour department, if we except the famous Sanctuary picture, in which the dripping red-deer is landing among the sedges of the island. Towards the end of the noble gallery which shows the march of English Art, as we all of us have seen it in our exhibitions, the great works of Watts, Hunt, Browne, and Millais, give forth perfect marvels of painting in its most noble and intense form, showing a standpoint from which we believe painting in this country will soar on a still higher flight than it has ever yet done. The vista of water-colour pictures still beckons us on and on; but we have only time to note the birth of this new and entirely English art as we catch a glance at the early efforts of Cozens, Girtin, and Paul Sandby, in the right-hand corner of the first room. These men worked in the new medium nearly a hundred years ago, and it is noteworthy how far Girtin progressed in the true path of his art. Some of his later works fulfil nearly every condition of water-colour painting, and show a breadth of effect and a power of execution truly wonderful. We have done great things in this style of art since, but we question if we are not carrying it out of its true sphere, and that materials are getting into use, and methods of manipulation are being employed, which will lead to the decadence of the true art of water-colour painting. Our foreign critics—and especially the French—complain that English art is chaotic, and that it is quite refreshing to pass into their own gallery after ours. But we need not fear comparison, and the chaos they complain of is nothing but a healthy development of that freedom of opinion and independence of thought which obtains so much among our artists as among our politicians; and long may it flourish.

DOWN IN DONEGAL.

THE summer is approaching, the leaves are fast changing from russet to vivid green, the evenings are becoming longer and warmer, and I am sitting by my open window thinking over my

last year's holiday, and wishing it were time for the next to come round. I did not spend my last with the Alpine Club, climbing the Finster Aarhorn, or in Iceland with the Oxonian, or at the ruins of Carthage; for I cannot afford such distant excursions, which, as far as I am concerned, are generally confined to the home counties; and oh! my fellow holiday-makers, you who do not know the beauties of our British counties have a deal to learn. Last autumn, however, in company with a friend, I ventured on a new beat, and spent my time amongst the Errigal mountains; and having made this announcement, I would not mind waging the price of a season excursion-ticket that nine-tenths of my readers never heard of the Errigals, and could not tell, if put on an examination, whether they were offshoots of the Altai or Oural mountains. To speak the truth, neither of us had ever heard of them before we made up our minds to go there, and the way that we determined was in this wise. We got a map of Great Britain, and tried to discover a spot as yet undisturbed by tourists and unwritten by guide-books.

As far as we could make out, the north-west coast of Donegal offered both these advantages, and so we concluded to go there. Having successfully accomplished the sea voyage, with many mutual congratulations, we were surprised to find that the good folks in Dublin knew as little about the north-west as we did at home; and from the way that they talked of going down to Donegal, they evidently regarded the journey as one not to be lightly taken. We started, as all tourists to the west of Ireland should, well provided with leggings and macintoshes, having been told by everybody that we should get plenty of "smirr," by which is designated a peculiar mixture of drizzle, rain, fog, hail and wind, which always prevails in Donegal.

Our line of route having been satisfactorily settled, we steered direct for Enniskillen, that prettiest of water-girt towns, which rises with such grace from the bosom of Lough Erne. But we had no time to spare for the island-spangled beauties of the lake or the melancholy ruins of Devenish Island; but with an admiring recollection of the sturdy Protestantism of the Enniskilleners, we hastened northward, through a country dreary enough to make us very glad that we were viewing it at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. It is curious, by the way, how much of the Irish scenery has to be approached through miles of desolate bog, as if nature was determined to make one admire its beauties the more from the contrast.

Strabane, flax-producing, odoriferous and dirty, was the point at which we diverged from the railway, and committed ourselves to the unknown evils of Donegal travelling; not that we got into Donegal all at once, for we had first to traverse Tyrone, which we entered by a long picturesque bridge spanning the Foyle, which here becomes a stately stream from its junction with the Mourne. Terrible foes to the dwellers in the plains are these rivers after a rainy season, inundating the whole country with water, and making the towns for the time being quite Venetian in character. Our first

stage from Lifford (the county town, entirely made up of court-house and gaol) does not prepossess one's sense of the beautiful or the refined. It is true that the way lies over breezy uplands, which every now and then allow us a peep of the mountain ranges ahead of us; but just as we are getting enthusiastic over the subject—whew! such a whiff of rotten flax comes drifting across the road, that we are glad to bury our sentiment in our pocket-handkerchiefs. Every field is strewn with flax, which is laid out to dry in systematic rows, and every little stream is continually dammed up, so as to enable it to be well soaked; so what with drying, soaking, and gathering, there is scarcely any cessation of smell for the whole way to Letterkenny, a nice little clean town on the side of a hill, with one long street leading up to the market-place from the river, and another long street leading down from the market-place to the river, a fine union-house, which gives, in the distance, as it does to most Irish towns, a very imposing appearance, a graceful-spired church, a clock nearly finished, and, what we cared most about, an extremely comfortable inn, with an equally comfortable landlord, of the name of Hegarty.

Next morning we started for Gweedore, pleased to find that the flax-fields became scarcer, while the ranges of hills gradually assumed a rugged and indented outline, as we came near enough to distinguish their individuality. We left the last tokens of civilisation at Kilmaecrenan, a pretty village in a hollow, watered by two rivers, which came leaping down their rocky beds, as if determined to have a final burst before losing themselves in the sea, but a few miles distant. On a craggy knoll overlooking the river is the tower of the old abbey founded by St. Columb, of whom, in this northern part of Ireland, we hear considerably more than we do of St. Patrick; for he seems to have hovered between Iona and Donegal, building a chapel here, an oratory there, and a bed everywhere, if we are to believe half the stories that we hear of him.

However, while we are discussing the point, we have left Kilmaecrenan, and are on the broad desolate moor, and, of course, it is beginning to smirr. Out with the waterproofs, on with the leggings, were our first proceedings, congratulating ourselves on the triumph we should have over the rain, although somewhat damped by the reflection that we were coming to the finest part of the scenery, which, as far as we were likely to profit by it, might have been in America. But as we arrived at the summit of a particularly long and tedious hill, with the rain and wind well in our faces, we came upon a view which amply repaid us—a distant mountain valley, filled up by a lake of brilliant blue, upon which the sun was shining as placidly as though there was no such thing as smirr in the world.

On our right was a splendid block of blue mountain, from which a curtain of mist was slowly lifting upwards, impressing the mind with a notion of greater height than was really warranted. The gullies and dips of brown moor stretching in every direction, hills rising sharply up, their sides glistening with patches of quartz rock, the road every now and then lost to the

eye as it dipt into the hollows and reappeared half a mile off, the black peaty streamlets that ran gurgling down from the slopes, the groups of shaggy ponies herded together, made up a true Highland picture, which only wanted a few red deer to be perfect; and even these, we are told, are not yet extinct, but are occasionally seen amongst the northern mountains. Presently we came to a police-barrack, looking strangely out of place—for where was the population? and how could eight or ten constables employ themselves in such a wild? Alas! we soon found that we had arrived at Derryveagh, where, according to some, ribandism and secret outrage have their stronghold, though others as strongly deny that any evil is rampant here but intolerance and injustice.

The evictions recently made by the resident landlord, Mr. Adair, among his tenantry, are matters of history, since they were the subject of a parliamentary inquiry during last session. Whether he is right in his practical dealing out of justice, or whether he is narrow-minded and unfair, it is not our province to inquire: one thing is certain, that from the advertised statements made by the Protestant rector and the Catholic priest of the parish, more than a hundred poor families were homeless and houseless, unprovided for the terrors of the winter. We were not political economists, and could not pretend to solve the question which has puzzled so many able heads; but the knowledge that such things were so, gave a peculiarly sad and almost solemn interest to this beautiful highland lake that lay flashing in the sun, and those grand Derryveagh mountains that rose so abruptly from its bank. To think that crime and evil passions should be so largely stirred up in this remote and simple county—that the name of Derryveagh, a spot which seemed to us quiet and lonely enough to have suited St. Columb himself, should be bandied about as a party word, and regarded by so many with hatred and execration.

But so it is, and it is only one of Ireland's many social problems. Quitting the pass and lake, which called forth so many mixed feelings, we wound round the base of Kingaroo, and entered a fine mountain valley, guarded at one end by Muckish, the shape of whose enormous mass procured it its euphonious name, signifying the "pig's back." At the opposite end, some five miles off, is Errigal, peering above the watershed with a mysterious beauty, imparted by the symmetrical cone of its summit, so different in form to those of the other hills. As we rounded the corner, our driver informed us that we were at the halfway house where he always baited his horse: so we dismounted, and walked with some curiosity into the Muckish Inn. It was a fine example of dirty wretchedness, and we soon discovered by smell and touch that the best part of the chamber was filled with horses, what remained being appropriated to the inferior animal—man. It was just such another abode as Spenser speaks of: "Rotten swyne-styes than houses is the chiefest causes of his so beastly manner of life and savage condition, lying and living with his beast in one home, in one room, in one bed, that is,

cleane strawe, or rather a foul dunghill." One look and one breath was enough for us, and with a hasty salutation the Sassenach turned and fled, preferring to walk on in the rain to making this his abiding-place. Our way lay up hill for miles by the side of a peaty, black burn, the diminishing size of which was a good index of our increasing altitude. At last it disappeared, and we were at the top of the watershed, enjoying the grandest view that we had seen for a long time. On our right was Errigal, with conical head and escarped sides, the base of one of which was washed by a dark, savage lough many many feet below us; while in front, at an equal depth, lay the glen of Dunlewy, which, contrasted with the monotonous moor that we had been traversing, looked perfectly fairy-like. It lay in an amphitheatre of mountains, on one side of which rose the graceful Errigal, with its summit glittering with quartz seams; on the other, a confused mass of hills piled one upon another, until the whole was crowned by the rounded boss of Slieve Snaght. Far in their recesses the eye traced the course of the Poisoned Glen running up into a *cul de sac*, and bounded by steep precipices down which leapt the silver threads of a waterfall. The bed of the valley was almost entirely filled up by two beautiful sheets of water; at the head of one of which was Dunlewy House, in a situation which was the very perfection of beauty—a beauty only marred by the hand of man, who, in the shape of the owner of the property, had built an unfortunately plain house, as if to show how much he could do to spoil it all. It is only fair to add, however, that another, and we trust a more tasteful residence, is intended to be built, the first instalment—the stables—being already up, so we hope that, in these days, when Nature and Art are made to work hand in hand, Dunlewy House will soon add to, instead of detract from, the general loveliness of this favoured spot.

Our road henceforward wound along the slope of Errigal, and we soon rattled down to the level of the lake and along the banks of the Clady to the Gweedore Hotel, for which the traveller has to thank Lord George Hill, the benefactor and improver of this district. About 1838 his lordship bought here 23,000 acres, actuated partly by the desire to remedy the distress and poverty that he saw around him, and partly because he detected many capabilities hitherto undeveloped. Indeed, the want in this parish of Tullaghobegly was so great, that the people were represented as actually starving—a state of things which caused a parliamentary inquiry, when it was found that, however bad things were, there had been a great deal of exaggeration and misstatement. But it had the effect of drawing attention to this hitherto *terra ignota*, and to Lord George Hill's praiseworthy efforts to improve it, which became still better known by a little pamphlet headed "Facts from Gweedore." From this we learn that most of the want and wretchedness arose, directly or indirectly, from the extraordinary and complicated system of Rundale—a system so wonderfully ingenious, that it could only have been devised by a person who spent his life in inventing puzzles. By this tenure, an acre,

or more of land was divided and subdivided into twenty, thirty, or forty different holdings, which, to make matters worse, were distributed amongst the tenants in as many different places; an arrangement which almost precluded the possibility of any proper attention being paid to the crops, and led to constant disputes as to the real ownership of such and such a parcel. Not only to land did this rule apply, but even to more portable property, such as animals; and a very amusing case is brought forward in which three men were part proprietors of a horse, and disputed amongst themselves as to who should shoe the fourth foot. They had each shod their proper foot, but in consequence of ignoring the claims of the fourth, the poor beast was rendered perfectly useless. It may easily be imagined that the difficulties which the Rundale system threw in the way of the tenants acted equally injuriously with the landlord, who, from one cause or another, seldom obtained his rent. To Lord George Hill belongs the merit of altering this state of things, and converting a wretched and miserable parish into a well-ordered estate, though not without meeting much ignorant and factious opposition, and spending a very large amount of money and time. Probably there is now no estate in Ireland which possesses more advantages—such as good roads, a church, schools, a harbour and store at Bunbeg, and, lastly, the very comfortable hotel which calls forth the traveller's gratitude.

It may be mentioned, that the first tangible application for relief of the distress was made by the schoolmaster, who set forth the wants of the parish in such an amusing form, that it is worth while to give his inventory of what the people possessed, as well as what they did not possess. Amongst other items, he mentions that there was but—

1 cart.	6 cowhouses.
No wheel car.	1 national school.
No coach or any other vehicle.	1 priest.
1 plough.	No resident gentlemen.
16 harrows.	No bonnet.
8 saddles.	No clock.
2 pillions.	3 watches.
11 bridles.	8 brass candlesticks.
20 shovels.	No looking-glasses worth more than 3s.
32 rakes.	No boots.
7 table-forks.	No spurs.
93 chairs.	No fruit-trees.
243 stools.	No parsnips.
10 grates.	No turnips.
No swine, hogs, or pigs.	No carrots.
27 geese.	No clover.
8 turkeys.	Not more than 10 square feet of glass in the whole parish.
2 feather-beds.	
8 chaffs-beds.	
2 stables.	

The coast-scenery in the neighbourhood, though exhibiting numberless creeks and indentations, is not of the high order that it assumes a little further south, though the cliffs of Arran Island, which must not be confounded with those of the same name at Galway, are certainly very fine, especially when the heaving surf of an Atlantic sea is dashing against them. At Mollaghaderg, in this same parish, is a rock known as Spanish Rock,

so called from the wreck of a vessel belonging to the Spanish Armada, which is said to have taken place there. And that this is not merely a legend is proved by the fact, that within the memory of living inhabitants several splendidly-finished brass guns were fished out of the water, and proved a rich harvest to the travelling tinkers, who cunningly instructed the people how to surround them with turf, and break them up, and finally to dispose of the metal at ever so much profit to the buyers. From Gweedore our way lay through one of the wildest countries that it was ever our lot to traverse. It was not very hilly, for the mountain chains had been to a certain extent left behind, but it was a vast expanse of grey rocky moorland, broken up by numberless little ravines, terminated by a land-locked creek, the quiet waters of which contrasted forcibly with the heavy thud of the breakers that every now and then broke in upon the ear. Sometimes a sudden turn or rise brought us in full view of the line of surf, which one could see for miles, leaping angrily up the rocks amid showers of spray. And yet the country is by no means thinly populated, for every now and then was a yellow plot of oats, betokening the presence of a cabin, which, from the sad colour of the stones, and the very primitive masonry, might frequently have escaped observation.

At last we arrived at Dunglow, a stony-looking village, overlooking a vast expanse of moor, sea, and freshwater lough, very monotonous and dispiriting, and especially if it happens to be one of those dull, leaden-coloured days which are so frequent in these parts. One can scarcely believe that Dunglow was nearly becoming a large and fashionable town, owing to the establishment on Rutland Island, which lies just off the coast, of a large barrack, fort, store, and general emporium. About 30,000*l.* was spent on this pet scheme by the Duke of Rutland, who was Lord Lieutenant in 1785, and if ever 30,000*l.* was thrown away, it was here. For some reason, the scheme did not answer, and by the ceaseless drifting of the sands, the buildings which had cost so much, soon became a second Tadmor in the wilderness, what was left above ground speedily disappearing under the attentions of the native population. We were not sorry to leave Dunglow, although very sorry to exchange the comfortable car that had brought us from Gweedore for a rusty little contrivance drawn by an equally rusty old horse, and a still rustier old driver. As he was the owner, however, and conscious that his was the only vehicle in the place, he maintained a deportment of grave sulkiness, which was highly amusing, and which served to divert our attention when we were tired of looking at the never-varying brown moor. And so we jogged on to Doocharry Bridge, which, as far as situation goes, was equal to anything we had seen. A stream that runs from Lough Veagh through a magnificent Alpine pass, empties itself into the sea at this point, the tide coming up as far as the bridge, where the river, or rather estuary, takes the name of the Gweebarra. The only habitations were a house belonging to a salmon-fishery and the inevitable police-barrack, in the yard of which we saw a number of stalwart

young fellows, soldiers in everything but name, playing at "fives." The rest of our drive to Glenties and Ardara was a repetition of the mountain scenery that we had seen before; but from the latter place to Carrick, the whole of the coast is grand to a degree not surpassed in Great Britain; and, indeed, is considered by some to rival the cliffs of Norway. And yet scarce a tourist, out of the crowds who daily leave England to see scenery, is aware of the beauties so near home, or of the interest attached to this isolated district. It is nearly all included in the parishes of Killybegs, Kilcar, and Glen, or Glen-Columbkille, the chosen residence and retreat of the most holy eremite, St. Columb. The latter village is fortunate in possessing a resident clergyman, whose enthusiasm for the beauties of his parish is only equalled by his knowledge of antiquarian lore, and his readiness to impart it to others; and it must be owned that the kindly reception we met with, is not the least pleasant recollection that we carried away from Donegal.

St. Columb had a house, a bed, and a well in Glen, and the latter is still held in such estimation, that pilgrims come from incredible distances to perform their orisons, and to add one to the heap of stones, which is now so large as to be seventy-five paces in circumference. Not far off is the bed, an uncomfortable arrangement of smooth flag-stones surrounded by a low wall, within which is kept a conical stone of about three pounds in weight. This is carried about the parish, in order that persons suffering from eye-diseases might derive benefit from its magical virtues, which it owes to the fact that St. Columb, who was blind of one eye, used to put this stone on his sound eye, preparatory to going to sleep, in order that the weight might prevent his slumbering too long.

A still more interesting tradition exists in Glen, interesting from the facts of the incident belonging more to our own time, and from the extreme air of probability which surrounds it. It is that Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender, was for a considerable time an inhabitant of this sequestered hamlet previously to his leaving British shores; and a headland at the entrance of the Bay is pointed out as the scene of his constant walk, from which he could survey the waste of waters, and signal any vessel which might have been sent to take him off the coast.

The cliff scenery between Glen and Ardara is wonderfully fine and broken, particularly about a couple of miles from the village at Glen Head, where you suddenly come upon a single rock 800 feet in height, with a face so sharp and precipitous that a straight-edge may be traced from the top to the bottom. At intervals on the face of the rock, there are little tufts of sweet herbage held in such estimation, that the inhabitants think nothing of scaling the cliff to cut and bring it away. Still more fantastic are the cliffs of Tor-more, which jut in and out and are thrown on top of each other with the most startling effect, just as if the giants of Olympus had been pelting each other with rocks, and left them where they fell. But it is so impossible to describe the repeated

freaks of these bold headlands, that all we can do is to urge the pedestrian to come and see for himself.

Very unpretending, though comfortable quarters can be procured, both in the village of Glen, and at the hamlet of Malinmore, a little further south, while at Carrick there is as pleasant a little inn as ever tourist need stop at. Carrick is just at the foot of Slieve Liagh, or, as it is commonly called, Slieve League, a mountain wanting but a few feet of 2000 in height, the sea-front being a grand mural cliff, from the summit of which you can drop a stone into the sea. There is certainly no precipice in the British Isles to match this, and we question whether, taking it all together, it has a rival in Europe. The line of cliffs, fortunately, curve round a little, and thus give an opportunity of observing the sea-front, which one would otherwise lose.

During our stay at Carrick, we made two excursions up to this spot, which is called Bun-glas, or beautiful view, and saw the Slieve under two aspects—under a dark, lowering sky, with the mists eddying round the summit, and an angry, breaking sea, and again when the day was cloudless and the sun bright, and certainly never was there such a rare combination of colouring. Every variety of hue, from great blotches of ochre-brown iron-staining, to streaks of green and gold, relieve the neutral tints of the rock in alternation with gleaming white quartz and patches of mica, all still more brilliantly brought out by a wonderfully blue sea and still bluer sky. There is no difficulty about the ascent of Slieve League, though the narrow path demands careful walking and a tolerably steady head, particularly at a spot called the One Man's Path, which is flanked on one side by the sea-cliff, and on the other by a very steep slope, so steep that a person would have great difficulty in stopping himself if he once began to roll; but, after all, there is not half so much danger here as there is on the Striding-edge of Helvellyn or the Clawdd Coch of Snowdon. There are a few antiquarian remains on the summit in the shape of an ancient oratory, or chapel, but we fancy that the view will be the greatest attraction, embracing as it does miles and miles of the opposite coast of Sligo and Erris, together with the greater part of the Donegal mountains, amongst which we recognised several ridges which by this time had become familiar to us.

The remainder of our route homeward lay along the southern coast, past the mountain village of Kilcar, and the wooded bay of Fintragh to Killybegs, which, for all its funny name, is as charming a little watering-place as is to be met with in a long summer's day—at least by those who seek for the advantages of a sea-bathing place without the gaieties and expenses of one. And as we here rejoined civilisation in the shape of a long car, which plied between Killybegs and Donegal, we felt that a magnificent country was, as far as the British tourist is concerned, comparatively unknown and unexplored, and we trust that even this slight sketch will induce a few pedestrians to ramble into Donegal.

G. P. BEVAN.

THE CHASE OF THE SIREN.

A DORIC LEGEND.

AGES past a Doric village
 Heard at night a spirit summons,
 Sounding over wood and commons,
 Over fallow, rock, and tillage,
 Waking all the rustic sleepers,
 Weary with the toil of tillage.

For that music shook the branches,
 From their clay nests woke the thrushes;
 Where the brook thro' fern leaves gushes—
 Brook that summer scarcely stanches;
 Woke the bird whose endless sorrow
 Rest, nor years, nor absence stanches.

Watchmen by the gate's barred portal
 Woke and heard the spirit calling,
 As the chill night dew was falling.
 "Lo!" they said, "'tis an Immortal
 Come to bless our new-built temple—
 Now the moonbeam strikes its portal."

Dusky faces, over doorways,
 Peered into the moonshine quiet,
 Thinking it some rustic riot
 Of god Pan, who often plays
 To the Bacchants in the midnight,
 All dark through, so they but praise.

Hark! it rises and it hovers
 Where the dew, so fresh and gleaming,
 Like a diamond treasure beaming,
 Studs the rose-flowers, dear to lovers.
 Can it be a wandering Siren
 Luring Dryads from their lovers?

Now a bird returning seaward,
 Then it moaneth like the dying;
 Now it clamours like the flying
 Of a host fierce driven seaward;
 Then there comes a sound of pinions
 As of creatures winging seaward.

Floats through ilex boughs that tangle,
 Where moss-banks the violets cover,
 Where the amorous night-moths hover,
 By the brooks that playful wrangle,
 Washing round the roots of beeches,
 Where the water-courses jangle.

Now it seems a Pæan holy
 Keeping cadence to the beating
 Of the wild Fauns' golden cymbals,
 When their blood the wine is heating,
 When the lambs burn on the turf,
 And the worshippers are meeting.

Hearing it, the green-mailed adder
 From the bramble wood came creeping,
 Then the tortoise from its sleeping
 Slowly woke, and loud and madder
 Howled the wolf, as if tormented
 By those sounds that cheered all other—
 Sounds that Echo answered sadder.

Now it passes to'ards the village,
 In between the wattled houses,
 And each drowsy shepherd rouses.
 Faces stare out on the tillage,
 Thinking that some god were coming,
 Or the light-armed hot for pillage.

Then the young men of the shepherds,
Hearing it, leapt from their pallets—
Rose from hovel, loft, and garrets.
Swift and strong as angry leopards,
Out into the moonlit forest,
Hurried all the enchanted shepherds.

How their strong limbs shone like marble
In the moonshine—silver burning ;
Never thought they of returning—
(Why should I the fable garble ?)—
Bold they ran, and lithe and sturdy,
With their broad chests white as marble.

Past the little Doric temple,
Past the grotto of the Nymph,
Where so crystal dripped the lymph,
O'er the plain so broad and ample,
Ran each madman lured to ruin
By his fellow fool's example.

Such a strain of back and shoulder,
Such a flood of eager faces,
Throwing by his crook each races ;
Sinew strung with courage bolder,
Every pliant muscle straining—
Garments blowing from each shoulder.



In the silver rolling river,
Fierce they breast the angry billows,
Where drop all the mournful willows,
Where old aspens shake and quiver ;
Still beyond them ran the music,
Luring them across the river.

All the maidens knelt, still praying
From afar for those their lovers—
Then still sweeter far it hovers—
Comes the music to them praying ;
Vain the wailing supplication,
Not one runner is delaying.

For the madmen run but faster—
Evil led and evil seeking—
Caring not for wife or maiden,
Caring not for child or master.
All their hope is on the Siren,
Could they struggle on but faster.

Down a blue gorge of the mountain
All that wild chase swept and vanished—
Slowly the last runner vanished.
Then arose, high as a fountain,
Such a scream of hopeless anguish
That it seemed to rend the mountain.

Ne'er returned those spirit-seekers—
 They were sought by wood and hollow,
 Where the goat's foot scarce could follow;
 Wine was poured from golden beakers,
 Incense burnt and fatlings offered,
 But in vain—lost spirit-seekers !

Some said that it was a Siren
 Who had left her emerald hollow
 To lure such as these to follow,
 Through all dangers that environ,
 To her home amidst the surges,
 For she hates man—does the Siren.

WALTER THORNBURY.

OPHELIA.

FEW people, I suppose, who go to a play care to think, as they lounge comfortably in their box or their stalls, of the trouble and the labour which have been expended on the getting-up of the piece. Leaving the parturition-pains of the author out of the question, what an immense amount of work has to be done, when his part of the business is finished ! Scenery and costumes and machinery, distribution of characters, studying of parts, rehearsals—what concentration of the labour of many heads and hands, before the spectacle which whiles away an idle hour can be set before us in its simple completeness ! The orchestra plays a fit overture ; the low, tremulous music that floats over the stage as the spectre rises, and the “dying fall,” the very “food of love,” which accompanies the whispers of the lovers, are rightly chosen and timed. The scenes work into their proper places as if by magic. The actors enter, each at the precise moment, group themselves effectively, and speak what is “set down for them,” expressing by their intonations and their gestures certain formulæ of passions and affections, sufficiently to be understood “if imagination amend them.” So the play unfolds itself till the close, tragic or comic ; the heroine dies to the best of her simple skill, or the funny man comes forward and delivers his laughter-provoking tag to the open-mouthed audience. We go away, scarcely thinking of the play itself, far less of those who played it—that world behind the footlights.

The actors might be the mere puppets of a motion for all we care about them. So long as they are put through their paces with tolerable skill, it is enough. Pack them away in their box when the show is over.

And yet, I think, we might sometimes derive more interest from speculations about the actors than from that languid listening to the play. I like, as I sit in the brilliant, crowded theatre, to lose the perfected representation exhibited before me, and to replace it by a fancied picture of the rehearsal. Dangle, Puff, and Sneer, and the actors with their buskins but loosely shuffled on, and their real faces peering from behind the painted masks, come upon the scene. The heart-burnings and jealousies, the friendships, the flirtations, mingle strangely with the simulated emotions. Damon and Pythias hate each other ; Isabella and Angelo have a secret understanding—the struggling contrarieties are numerous. Or,

leaving that debateable land of rehearsal, I put aside the stage altogether, and follow the actors into their private life. Serlo and his troop come to my remembrance, especially Philina and her charming little shoes : her mice of feet are walking the stage at this moment, and I follow the prints of them into queer places. Melina and his wife, the sad Aurelia, Laertes, the lost Mariana—I see them all in their habits as they lived and live. That supper after the play of Hamlet is much more interesting to me than the play itself. I fancy that Serlo's imitation of fireworks is more amusing than his rendering of Polonius.

This chance mention of Hamlet leads me without further prosing to my story. I am given to prosing, as my readers will find ; but nevertheless I really have a story to tell. It is not only through Goethe that I have some acquaintance with actors. Many years ago a friend of mine was the manager of a theatre. I will not mention his name here : I will call him Serlo. The theatre I will suppose to be Drury Lane, which has changed hands so often that the list of its proprietors is endless, and so there will be no risk of real people, dead or alive, being fixed upon as the people of my story.

Serlo, then, my friend was, quite towards the beginning of this century, the manager of Drury Lane Theatre. His company was but a poor one. One or two only of his troop rose above the level of a low mediocrity. His actresses retained their engagements rather by their charms of person than their histrionic capabilities. His actors knew the stage-business, and could walk through their parts, but nothing more.

His troubles and perplexities with his company I can well remember. The foremost difficulty was to find a piece which such mediocre actors could perform creditably. The piece chosen, a thousand difficulties arose in the distribution of parts. Of course everybody wanted to be hero or heroine. Nobody would willingly enact the lesser characters. And not only did each stand upon his own punctilio, but upon that of his friends also. Hamlet chosen would decline to play unless some friend of his, to whom the part of Rinaldo had been assigned, were to enact Horatio. The King would choose for his Gertrude the weakest voiced and most insipid of the women. Matters are managed better now, I suppose ; but I can remember Serlo driven half-mad by such perplexities. And beyond the leagues, offensive and defensive, among the actors themselves, there were other leagues between them and the outer world. The actresses had other engagements besides their theatrical ones. Miss Euphrosyne, when her “quips, and cranks, and wreathed smiles” were especially wanted on the stage, sometimes carried them off elsewhere for exhibition to a more select audience. Miss Aglaia, exasperated by some private wrong—the desertion of a lover, the success of a dear friend and rival—would refuse to do anything but strong hysterics. The actors, too, had their patrons. A young fellow like Laertes, witty and gentlemanlike, was sure to have private friends, to whom he looked for advancement more hopefully than to Serlo and the boards of Drury Lane. So Laertes, while the scant occupants of the theatre were given to

understand that he was tucked-up in bed suffering severely from an acute attack of bronchitis, or whatever the fashionable ailment then might be, was carousing in chambers or tavern. Once, as I remember, not friends, but the bailiffs, detained him.

This knowledge of my friend Serlo's difficulties no doubt gave me that inclination to pry into the hidden mechanism of the dramatic show, which I have mentioned above. While I appreciate more than most people the labour spent and the success achieved, I have lost the enjoyment which others have in the simple effect. When the sorrowing heroine does her sorrow like the life, I am not in the least affected to tears by her clever use of the pocket-handkerchief; I only feel pleasure in the art she exhibits. The ghost does not make my flesh creep; I know that he comes not from the portal of another world, but up through the trap-door; but I can appreciate his ghostly get-up, and can pronounce with critical calmness that all the accessories are arranged as well as possible for the end in view—the end of inspiring the spectators with a sense of awe and terror and mystery. I wonder which the actors covet most and feel as the greater compliment, the critic's praise, or the tears and the white cheeks and wide eyes of the uncritical. Does Zeuxis feel the greater throb of triumph when the birds peck at his painted grapes, or when Parrhasius claps him on the shoulder?

However, to bring myself back to Manager Serlo and his company. When matters were at the worst; when Aglaia's hysteria had become chronic, and Euphrosyne's private engagements so frequent as to render attention to her professional ones an impossibility; when the bronchitis of Laertes had settled into an incurable malady, and the broad comedian of the troop had fallen into such a melancholy by reason of the elopement of his wife, that he made the whole house dismal with his laugh; when matters were at the worst, and Serlo was on the point of throwing up the management, a Star rose on the horizon, herald of better times. This Star was none other than a tragedian, of name and fame, unattached, who, after a long series of provincial wanderings, returned to the metropolis. Serlo, somewhat desperate, made a bold venture, and ratified a sudden engagement of this tragedian.

The great name (Roscius, we will say) appearing in very large letters in the bills caught my attention, as doubtless it was intended to catch and did catch the attention of many people. I went to see Serlo, and to congratulate him. Instead of finding him in that state of calm triumph which besemed the present proprietor of Roscius, I found Serlo in greater perplexity even than his wont. In his haste to secure this star of the first magnitude, he had little considered how its brilliancy would harmonise with the faint luminosity of his own company—a milky-way of fragmentary particles, mere waifs and strays of shattered systems. Roscius stooped to nothing beneath Shakspeare, and such plays as "Venice Preserved," "Isabella," "The Revenge," and the like, which were then looked upon as entering into the same category with Shakspeare. But Serlo's

company were utterly unequal to such plays. "Othello" had been proposed; but from whence was to come Iago, from whence Desdemona? Jacques, in "As You Like It," was a favourite study of Roscius; but where was Rosalind to be found? At last "Hamlet" had been fixed upon. In that play the one character so predominates over the rest, so stands distinct and sharply defined in the foreground, while the rest retreat into a grey middle-distance, that it had been mutually agreed upon by Serlo and Roscius as the piece most fitting to the limited capabilities of the troop.

When I entered Serlo's little room, he had just returned from rehearsal. The prospects were not very bright. The presence of the great tragedian had indeed given a fillip to the flagging histrionic zeal of the actors. They behaved better among themselves. They did not squabble about the assignment of parts, and mouth forth grand tragic speeches of punctilio on that subject. Even their private engagements ceased to be paramount. Euphrosyne wrote three-cornered billets instead of absenting herself. Aglaia's hysterics ceased. Laertes left off drinking in the forenoon, and his bronchitis was miraculously cured. The pathetic laugh of the broad comedian was found to go well with the character of the gravedigger. Everybody for once did their best—that was certain; but the misfortune was that this best was so intolerably stale, flat, and unprofitable. Francisco and Bernardo, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, were perhaps equal to their parts; Osrick out-caricatured his in a manner that would be meat and drink to the gods; but Claudius was very wooden, and his voice refused to take on it the slightest intonation, and the Gertrude of Aglaia was simply abominable.

"But this is not the worst," Serlo continued; "Claudius and Gertrude are so wicked that the audience, with an intuitive sense of poetic justice, relish their being made ridiculous. It is like the old Vice or the false nose of the Jew. But the grand climax of misfortune is that we have no Ophelia. What is to be done, I cannot tell."

"The play of Hamlet with the character of the Prince of Denmark omitted by particular desire, has been heard of," I said; "the cutting out of Ophelia, I think, has not been tried. It would be new, and might take."

"She is of no use in the play," Serlo said, who was no critic, "but the mad scene and the back hair let down and the songs couldn't possibly be left out. People would not stand it. Besides, Roscius, unfortunately, is most unnecessarily particular about his Ophelia. Euphrosyne was to have acted that part, and she has just gone through it at rehearsal. Roscius came to me after the mad scene and said emphatically, 'this will not do.' I asked 'why?' and he said her way of singing the songs was absolutely disgraceful, that it degraded the whole play. Euphrosyne, you know, has no voice—her high notes are vile—but she enunciates clearly, and she can make as much out of a cleverly-worded ballad with a spice of double-entendre in it as anybody. Well, I will give the little girl credit for doing her best. She gave the utmost expression to 'To-morrow is

Saint Valentine's day.' Everybody but Roscius laughed; I could not help it myself."

Serlo saw as plainly as Roscius that an actress who would make an audience laugh in that most pathetic scene was unfitted for the part. Euphrosyne had magnificent fair hair, and a pretty face, and the delicatest hands and feet—but that was scarcely all that was necessary to the impersonation of Ophelia. Roscius would not agree to the changing of the songs, which Serlo had proposed even while he confessed that Euphrosyne's singing of other than arch songs was worth nothing. Roscius, doubtless, had penetrated to the meaning of that seeming incongruity, and found in that scene of a mad maiden—"casta inceste"—singing unmaidenly ballads, a key to Ophelia's character not to be lightly dispensed with.

While we were still talking of Euphrosyne, Roscius entered.

"I have found you an Ophelia," he said.

Then he proceeded to explain who the Ophelia was. An actress who, years back, had enacted that character to Roscius's Hamlet, but who had for a long interim retired from the stage, happened to be at this time again open to professional engagements. Mrs. Wyburd (let that name represent her) had been famed for her Ophelia when quite a girl. It was still referred to by the dramatic-critics as par excellence the Ophelia, as a standard at which aspirants were to aim, but which there was no hope of seeing equalled in those degenerate days. The present is invariably degenerate under every point of view. While still quite young she had retired from the stage, under the protection of a nobleman well-known for his theatrical tastes. Now she suddenly returned to her profession. It is not my business to discover and relate why this change of life took place, any more than it is my business to pry into that past life. It is sufficient to state that Roscius brought word to Serlo that Mrs. Wyburd, in a condition of pseudo-widowhood, lay open at this juncture to an engagement.

"No one as yet knows," said Roscius, "of her return to the profession. You may thank me for this private information. Before the end of the week every manager in London will be trying to engage her. You must make her yours at once."

Serlo's first delight and eagerness faded into cautiousness. Mrs. Wyburd was a girl no longer. Suppose that her beauty had faded; suppose that her voice, of old so exquisitely pathetic in its simple purity, had become cracked and hard. Then her long absence from the stage was still more against her. It was almost as bad as trying a *débutante*. Serlo even began to depreciate her old successes, and professed to doubt whether her name would be remembered by the public.

In the middle of the conversation I left. As I threaded my way back into the Strand my thoughts dwelt upon Mrs. Wyburd. I remembered seeing her in this very character of Ophelia before her retirement from the stage. I remembered how I had been, as a boy, affected by the pathos of her voice, how difficult it had been for me to restrain my tears, how I had felt that tingling pallor, which accompanies strong emotion,

creeping over me. I could imagine Euphrosyne's acting of Ophelia, and easily picture the scene at the rehearsal described by Serlo. I compared the two Ophelias—Euphrosyne's dainty little tripping footsteps, her treble incisive utterance, the demure glances of her blue eyes, her absorbing self-consciousness; Mrs. Wyburd's gliding goddess-like motion, her deep low voice stirred by all passion, the abstraction of her wide liquid eyes. This sight of Mrs. Wyburd long ago had seized upon my fancy; it was one of the landmarks of my memory. We all have such isolated remembrances, which are always present with us, which we never lose. That which is between drops away, while we retain these mile-stones of the past in all their distinct vividity—often the most trivial accidents, the expression of a voice, a face in the crowd, half-a-dozen notes of music, a passage from a book, a gleam of sunshine on a hill. Of Mrs. Wyburd I had held such a distinct remembrance, and Roscius's mention of her set my thoughts busily to work about this phantom. I imagined the difference likely to be between her past and her present self. This chasm between her retirement and her reappearance—how would it affect her? I fancied what the critics would write, with what decisive acuteness they would pronounce that her acting was either better or worse, that her art was either matured or lost. For myself I thought not so much of the Ophelia of that time and of this as of the actress behind the mask of Ophelia, at that time a girl with all the golden secrets of the future stretching before her, now a woman who had unlocked those secrets, who had plucked and eaten of the tree of knowledge, who came back to the scenes of that triumphant, hopeful girlhood cured of her *fata morgana* illusions.

Serlo took the advice of Roscius and secured the services of Mrs. Wyburd on the spur of the moment. The next day her name appeared in the bills in letters little smaller than those which announced the great tragedian.

So, the Drury Lane company was looking up. The old members of the troop held their heads higher and became impressed with a renewed sense of the dignity of their art. They acted better in the small pieces, which continued to run until the two Stars were to make their first appearance. Euphrosyne, who had the sweetest of tempers, after one ebullition irrepressible of wounded vanity, gave in to her deposition with perfect content. Ophelia was an intensely stupid part, although it gave one the opportunity of exhibiting the length and luxuriance of one's back-hair. Euphrosyne was rewarded by the rôle of a ravishing little marquise in the comedietta that was to follow the tragedy.

Serlo, in the midst of his bright prospects, had yet some causes of uneasiness.

"She is very ill," he said to me one day; "she is very ill. Though she has nerves of iron and commands herself as no other woman could, I doubt whether she will not give in at the last moment."

He spoke of Mrs. Wyburd. Very ill she certainly was, if her face was to be taken as an indication. I saw her one day in the green-room. Her

face was perfectly bloodless. When she stood motionless, as she had a habit of doing—falling unconsciously into statuesque attitudes, her face, with its down-drooped eyelids, was like a marble mask. Still her tread was firm and elastic, her voice without tremor, and her manner cool and determined.

“I hope you are better to-day,” Serlo, entering with me, said to her.

“Better?” she answered with a laugh. “Will you never understand that I cannot be better than I am. You could not show a more affectionate parental anxiety if you were really my father, Mr. Polonius.”

She would confess to no indisposition. Still her doctor visited her daily, and it was known that she had recourse to stimulating restoratives.

I, who held so strong a remembrance of her, was much struck with her appearance. The change in her was great. Maturity had increased the delicacy of her youthful figure. In one class of women maturity destroys the girlish delicacy—the youthful roundness of outline exaggerates into corpulence, the bloom of the cheek deepens into rubicundity, the waxen transparency of the complexion becomes sallow and opaque, the limpid brilliancy of the eye dissolves into a watery dulness, the easy voluptuous grace of motion changes into a feeble, unwieldy, circuitous gait. Ten years from the time of which I write, Euphrosyne had, without doubt, developed into such a woman. But there is another class of women on whom maturity works in a precisely converse manner. The prodigal roundness of youth decreases instead of increasing; the laxly defined contours draw in, as it were, and tighten; the face refines into its perfect proportions, just as the pencilled sketch of a face receives at the hand of the artist its clear, accurate outlines *within* those hasty strokes which at first roughly represented it. In like manner the face of a statue subsides—refines into completeness, by loss of the superfluous, not by growth. And as the contours thus contract into their perfect beauty, the colour often fades from the cheek, and the complexion becomes more transparent—not marble in its paleness, but alabaster—retaining, not reflecting, light. The eye, too, instead of overflowing into wateriness, becomes less humid; the superficial brilliancy which came from without gives place to an inward light. The careless ease of girlish motion settles into quieter forms of pure and statuesque grace.

There is a cause for everything—no form or change of form that does not express a definite meaning. I am sorely tempted to interpret. But Mrs. Wyburd stands there in her statuesque attitude, summoning me back from the abstract to the concrete.

What a contrast between little Euphrosyne, half-seated, half-reclining on that *fauteuil*, palpitating through all her small round person, hands and feet and eyes and blushes giving out the same restless signals; what a contrast between her and Mrs. Wyburd! Cast a veil over the two figures, and let only a hand of each remain visible. The least expert in chiromancy will read sufficient symbols there. Euphrosyne's hand is half the size of the other, unformed, still reminiscent of

babyhood, soft and sub-humid as a rose-leaf—the prettiest plaything in the world: but study the longer hand—its clear sharp outline, the contour of its wrist, and the perfecting touches of its finger-ends, the position into which it droops and falls. Or take away the hands also, and judge by the voices only. A word gives you the key-note of all the music of which each of those hidden instruments is capable.

The change in Mrs. Wyburd since I had last seen her, a girl, upon the stage, was that change of refining, of crystallising (if I may use that word in a limited sense), which I have spoken of above. Superadded were the unmistakable signs of mortal illness. Even disease has its physiognomical meanings. The person swollen with dropsy cannot change maladies with him who is parched and dried up with febrile siccity. The sickness of Mrs. Wyburd showed the clearest symptoms of a mental organ. The calyx bore no wound; only by its pallor and tension was the canker at the heart betrayed. A sickness working outward from within, to which no physician can minister, for which Nature has no remedies—

Nature too unkind,
That made no medicine for a troubled mind.

Never such would be the maladies of Euphrosyne.

Although her illness was patent to everyone who saw her, Mrs. Wyburd would never confess that she was suffering. Just as the outer leaves of the bud tighten round the cankered core, and give no sign until the decay eats through, so with a stronger and stronger determination the dying actress kept command over her body. Her walk had an exaggerated masculine firmness; the pressure of her hand had a grip, as of death, in it; her voice took deeper tones and more marked intonations; she bore with and joined in the light laughter of Euphrosyne; she had ghastly smiles for idle the male creatures who haunted behind the scenes; energetically she threw herself into her part. On the morning when I first saw her I heard her go through a fragment of the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia; she travestied the part; she penetrated to the meaning of the words and went beyond, commenting on it from a higher sterile point of bitter derision.

And with them words of so sweet breath composed,
As made the things more rich.

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows.

O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Such passages she delivered with a satiric energy that was to me appalling. She had got beyond that stage of sorrow, and, looking back, criticised upon it from the other side.

Serlo's anxiety was great. “It is like living over a gunpowder magazine,” he said. “Happy is my rival at the marionnette theatre; his wooden troop give him no uneasiness; if his first lady falls ill, a little glue and wire will mend her in an hour, a brushful of paint will renew her bloom at any time, and when her limbs fail of their wonted sprightly jerkiness of motion nothing is wanted but a modicum of oil.”

He privately consulted Mrs. Wyburd's doctor. Even through his professional reserve the doctor's opinion manifested itself to the increase of Serlo's fears.

"No specific disease, the doctor says," Serlo reported to me; "that is the very worst of it. If it were gout, or typhus fever, or Asiatic cholera, one would know what to do. Strong nervous excitement he talks of—mental trouble. Reaction must come, as a matter of course, at some time, he confesses—when is uncertain. Flesh and blood can't hold out in that way for ever. After all," Serlo resumed after a pause, "I am, perhaps, troubling myself for nothing. She declares there is nothing the matter with her—she must know best. No one could go through her stage-business better and with more self-possession than she does. Perhaps that desperate paleness and rigidity are only her nature, just as hysterics are Aglaia's nature. Anybody who heard Aglaia scream and choke for the first time would think she was dying. How warm it is! What do you say to a bottle of cool claret?"

* * * * *

So the day for the first performance of "Hamlet" at length arrived.

Looking in at Serlo in his little room that morning, as I so often did, I found him and Euphrosyne closeted together.

"I am busy," Serlo said, with a hurried shake of the hand. "Go away, now, there's a good fellow! It is all over! She has given in at last. The doctor has just left me. He says, unless she rallies, she can't live the day out."

"Mrs. Wyburd?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"Yes," answered the manager. "Euphrosyne is going to play Ophelia. Good-bye! There is no time to lose. Go on, Euphrosyne—'He raised a sigh so piteous and profound'—that is where we were."

Euphrosyne was seated, with the air of a good child, in a high-backed chair by the manager's desk. She looked up silently with solemn eyes as I entered, just as a child disturbed at its lessons might have done. Her little feet from that high seat could not reach the ground, and swung to and fro listlessly. The prettiness of the figure struck me all the more forcibly by contrast with Serlo's awful news.

I left the room and stood for a moment outside the door, as a man does stand, bewildered, upon hearing suddenly of some calamity. Euphrosyne's treble intonations came to my ear, a painfully insufficient and discordant setting to my thoughts. A requiem set to a song-tune. All day long those shrill, weak, passionless tones haunted me, associating with my sorrow as bubbles glide on with the rush of a strong wild stream.

Hardly knowing why, I took my way towards Mrs. Wyburd's lodging. Serlo's account was confirmed. The poor lady was dying. Suddenly struck down that morning. Heart disease—the rupture of a blood-vessel. Had never spoken since. The account given by the servant was vague but decisive.

* * * * *

In the evening I went to the theatre. I saw Serlo for a moment before I took my seat. The

latest news he had heard of Mrs. Wyburd was, that she was sinking fast, that she lay in a death-like stupor, that it was impossible for her to rally again.

"Roscius," said Serlo, "is desperately surly; he refused to act at first. They would have pulled the house about our ears. As it is, we shall have work enough to get through the evening. Hark! they are at it already."

The people had just been let into the pit and gallery. Bills announcing the severe indisposition of the famous *tragédienne* awaited them there. A murmur, threatening in its volume, came to us—a sound not unlike that from a flock of sheep upon the move.

Euphrosyne was half frightened. It required all the paternal petting that the manager could administer to keep up the spoiled child's spirits. No one could be more free from diffidence when she knew that she should meet with applause; but the merest supposition that she might be hissed, might be shrieked at and stormed at by the gods, frightened back all her self-confidence and conceit—her childish audacity changed into childish panic.

When I took my seat the house was full. There were murmurs of disapproval everywhere. Of course no one believed for a moment that the "severe indisposition" was a fact. The stale cry of "wolf!" is quite understood by the knowing ones.

"That Serlo is the meanest of skinflints," said some one behind me; "he grinds down every one of his actors to the lowest farthing. It is some question of salary, you may depend. Why, Mrs. Wyburd, in old times, never used to act under a hundred guineas a night—I know it for a fact. Fancy Serlo giving a hundred guineas!"

Poor Serlo was, in truth, the most liberal of men.

"It is not Serlo's fault at all," said another. "I happen to know that the quarrel in a certain quarter has been made up. I need mention no names. A noble lord has changed his mind. Did you not see the paragraph in the 'Morning Post' of to-day, 'We are requested to state that the rumour of a marriage on the *tapis* between — and — is totally without foundation?' Mrs. Wyburd will not re-appear upon the stage. I knew she would not perform before I entered the theatre."

"Severe indisposition!" proclaimed a fat man in the next box, "that's all humbug, you know!"

A gentleman, who sat next to me, turned round to the fat man, and said quietly:

"Sir, it is *not* humbug. Mrs. Wyburd's illness was only too much a fact. Mrs. Wyburd is *dead*!"

"Good God! you don't say so!" ejaculated the fat man.

"Have you authority for saying so?" I asked.

"Yes," answered the gentleman, "I know Laertes. I saw him just now, and he told me that Mrs. Wyburd died at six o'clock."

The music of the orchestra came to a sudden end. The curtain drew up, and showed the moonlit platform. Horatio and the rest said their say, with a gentlemanlike absence of emotion

at sight of the ghost. The ghost stalked in and out with due emphasis of stride.

Roscius in the next scene was received with tumultuous applause. He entered rather hurriedly, at the last moment, to speak the line :

A little more than kin and less than kind.

—in fact, the king had to wait, and look over his shoulder anxiously towards the wing, before he could address “my cousin Hamlet.” However, the entrance of the well-known figure, and the sound of the well-known voice, satisfied the audience.

Dare I confess that the acting of Roscius was never to my taste. His notion of Hamlet was of a person constitutionally loud of speech and violent of gesture. He had a strange trick of pulling and dragging at the bosom of his dress, even to the laying bare of the skin, when, for expression of the deepest passion, voice and ordinary gesture could do no more. Undoubtedly he had carefully studied Hamlet, and had formed for himself a definite idea of the character. He was a man of wide culture, and an earnest lover of Shakspeare. That his Hamlet was always to me a painful burlesque and profaning of *my* Hamlet is no proof that he was not in the right. The interpretation of that play is a matter between each man and his conscience. Every critic fixes on a different passage as the key-note.

His particular points, markedly rendered, well-known, and rapturously received, came one after the other. Very clever as separate bits, showing a wonderful subtlety of appreciation of dormant meaning, and a masterly histrionic power of realising the same to his audience; but helping little, if at all, to fill in the outline of the character. Roscius's face was against him, and his voice. His features were not noble; he had no power of facial expression. His voice was naturally harsh and rough, and he overtasked it into hoarseness. In pathetic passages it took on a metallic hardness which but ill served as a vehicle for his really deep and true feeling.

On this night he was, I fancied, more “robustious” than usual. The anger and vexation of Roscius, forced to act with the odious Euphrosyne, found their way into the accents of Hamlet. The *courtesy* of that prince, so insisted on by Shakspeare, nowhere manifested itself. In his scene with Ophelia, his raving frightened that young person into a state of rigid and almost dumb obstinacy. It was his custom to seize the lady by the arm in this scene, for which action he found warrant in a previous passage of the play. I fear that poor Euphrosyne's wrist suffered to-night. She certainly screwed up her lips into a *moue* of pain, real or affected; and after his exit she delivered her little bit of soliloquy in a tone as if she were about to cry.

Euphrosyne did not shine to-night. Fear of the audience and of Roscius, together with sorrow, I have no doubt, for Mrs. Wyburd, deprived her of any small histrionic power which she might possess. Once, and once only, she gained a slight applause. It was in a scene with Polonius. Serlo had (as I interpreted) been prompting her. Her answering smile of thanks—the upturned face,

and the gratitude of the blue eyes—struck the audience as being pretty and daughterlike, so a momentary clapping of hands greeted the accident.

I remember wondering at the remarks of some people behind me on Euphrosyne's acting. They praised every word and gesture. Her lack of all purpose and energy was to them—repose. Her mincing gait, hurried and irregular to-night by reason of her uneasiness, they praised for its grace. They discovered the most marvellous meanings in her seranuel-pipe of a voice, which was to me always so miserably empty of all meaning—mere sound and nothing more. I found, after a time, that they were labouring under a mistake. How they could have overlooked the announcements of the *tragédienne's* illness in hand-bills and upon the walls, or have been deaf to the comments of their neighbours, I cannot understand, but their firm impression was that Euphrosyne was Mrs. Wyburd. They were a lady and gentleman beyond middle age, and old-fashioned in their dress and manners. They were not unacquainted with the story of Hamlet—perhaps they had been reading it for this occasion; but it was clear from their talk and from their all-absorbing interest in the play that this visit to the theatre was an unusual and extraordinary pleasure. The gentleman referred all theatrical matters as to a standard to the time of a famous actor, who had retired from the stage before Roscius had yet risen into notice.

I have a clear remembrance of all the slight occurrences of that night, and cannot resist jotting down some of them here, though, I suspect, they will seem incongruous with what comes after. I felt a deep and true sorrow for Mrs. Wyburd. That pre-occupied me, and the performance of the play went on without exciting any real interest in my mind. Still I was conscious of everything that took place. Pre-occupation of the mind by emotion does have this effect. The watcher by a death-bed finds his senses strangely vigilant to common outward sights and sounds—the ticking of the clock, the patterns on wall and floor, the movements of light from the shaded lamp, the chill dying of the night into dawn. Never do details of common things impress themselves so strongly upon the mind as at such times. Thus I was conscious of everything taking place around me, whether on or off the stage. I could reason about these matters on the surface, while my deeper train of sorrowful thought rolled on undisturbed. More especially, anything that tended to the ludicrous fixed my surface-attention. It might be by contrast with the sorrow beneath; or, more probably, it was because things other than ludicrous—the mimic grief entering into the composition of the drama, the feigned emotion of the actors—struck too faintly upon a mind possessed by real sorrow. Shadow makes no mark upon an already shaded ground; a faint tint of a colour becomes white and colourless when laid upon that colour in its intensity.

The play went on. Act after act came to its end, and the orchestra, at each pause, struck up gay dance-music, as if rejoicing over so much of the evening's task completed. The audience bore their disappointment with exemplary patience.

They could not applaud Roscius sufficiently, they even cut up his soliloquies into fragments by irrepressible bursts of enthusiasm. That exaggeration of "robustiousness," which I observed in him to-night, gratified the public palate by its keener pungency. The gods expressed their overflowing pleasure in outcries that rivalled the thunders of Roscius below.

It must have been about half-past ten o'clock when that took place which I am about to relate.

The play wore on to the scene of the madness of Ophelia. I had been thinking all along, in that upper-current of my thoughts, how this great scene of the drama was to be managed—how Euphrosyne was to get through it—what curtainments would be made.

The time came. At the moment of Ophelia's entrance my attention was momentarily directed away from the stage. A voice recalled me by a sudden shock.

It was *Mrs. Wyburd's voice!* Deep, clear, and sweet, the first words—

Where is the beautiful majesty of Denmark?

floated from the stage into the body of the theatre. No such ear-filling sound had been heard there that night. Even before the shock of the strangeness of the thing came upon me, my ear acknowledged the satisfaction, the gratefulness of those tones.

I turned. Mrs. Wyburd was upon the stage. A white figure—the loose, long drapery not whiter than the face and arms—no colour about it save in the darkness of the hair and eyes.

There was a stir among the audience, in sound not unlike a long-drawn sigh, and then absolute silence.

The first of the snatches of song succeeded to that prelude of spoken music. I have no power to describe the sweetness and the pathos of it. It was music like Ariel's, impersonal, that seemed to be born of the air only. As it "crept by," the tremor of it lingered and penetrated. It was like some dumb longing of the soul suddenly made manifest in sound. All knowledge of whence the music came was lost in the hearing of it. It seemed to be some harmony of one's own nature, breathing out from the soul, not brought to it by the senses—so subtly did it touch into vibration the universal chord that exists dormant in all breasts.

The white figure glided to and fro upon the stage, the white face smiled and grew sad by turns, the white arms wound and unwound themselves in many gestures. And the fragments of incoherent talk, and the snatches of ballads—now sorrowful, now gay—came from the white lips. Every whisper was perfectly distinct, each sigh trembled through the house. The rustle of the drapery and the light fall of the feet were clearly audible.

The audience sat as still and silent as death. Not a face of all those turned towards the white figure but had become pale; all eyes were fixed on that one point, every breath was held in suspense. The other actors seemed as if they were going through their parts in a dream. All people, on and off the stage, were under the spell of the awful white presence. That, and that only, filled

every eye, occupied every thought—seemed to inform the very air.

How long the scene lasted I cannot tell. It was like a dream—without the bounds of time. But at length it was over. Mrs. Wyburd disappeared.

For some moments the audience still sat motionless. The spell retained its power even after her disappearance. Then there was the awakening—a release of the pent breath, a surging of heads to and fro, a whisper gradually increasing into a murmur of many voices. There was no applause. It came into no one's head to clap hands or to stamp feet at that moment.

There was a pause. The actors, after an attempt to continue their speeches, broke off and stood irresolutely, looking now at each other, now at the audience. The whisper had increased into a tumult of voices, each questioning the other. No actor, not even Roscius, could have been heard in that confusion of tongues.

At length the curtain fell.

I left my seat and hurried round to see Serlo behind the scenes. What had been my own thoughts during this scene I cannot distinctly tell. The announcement of the gentleman in the seat next me that "Mrs. Wyburd had died at six o'clock," though it had struck me with a shock at the moment, had not strongly impressed me afterwards. I had heard tidings of Mrs. Wyburd from Serlo just before I took my place, and Serlo's information was at least as likely to be correct as that of the stranger. Besides, whether she were dying or dead, my sorrow would remain much the same. I was convinced that she could not live many hours, that I should never see her again—to me she was already dead. This announcement of her death had not impressed me strongly.

During her appearance on the stage, I think I made no attempt to account for that strange incident. I was spell-bound like the rest. My previous knowledge of her dying state scarcely made my feelings different from theirs. There was no room for thought of the past, or for reasoning about the present; the awful white figure with its unearthly sweetness of voice was the sole image that my mind took in.

Now, aroused from that dream, I began to think. My first feeling was anger against Serlo. I took for granted the only explanation that offered itself. Mrs. Wyburd had come to the theatre, and Serlo had suffered her to act. I pictured to myself the state of the actress—the momentary flickering up of the vital powers—the last energy of life in the grasp of death. And Serlo had suffered this dying woman to come upon the stage! With my head full of this confused thought, I hastened to see Serlo. I expected to find Mrs. Wyburd dead or dying behind the scenes.

The actors were in a state of commotion. They were all talking together—all seeming to assert different things. It was with difficulty I drew Serlo aside from the midst of them.

"Where is that poor lady?" I asked.

"Gone!" said Serlo. "She slipped through our fingers. By heaven, I believe Euphrosyne is right, and that it was her ghost!"

There was a sound as of a long peal of thunder.

The audience had recovered themselves, and were venting their long-stifled feelings in a round of continuous applause.

Serlo hastened away. The play had to be continued.

I learned from his broken and hurried explanations only this. Just at the moment of the beginning of the mad scene, when Euphrosyne was in the act of entering on to the stage, Mrs. Wyburd had suddenly appeared, no one knew whence, and, without a word of recognition to any, had put aside the other Ophelia and taken her place. Her part over, she had slipped through the actors and disappeared, where or in what manner Serlo did not seem accurately to know.

The accounts of the other actors were equally strange and unsatisfactory. No two told the circumstances precisely alike. Laertes declared that Mrs. Wyburd had passed him as he entered through the stage-door from the street. The regular keeper of that door happened to be absent, and the boy in whose charge he had left it was too stupid to give any further account of the matter. Euphrosyne, on whose shoulder Mrs. Wyburd had laid a detaining hand, affirmed that the touch had no substantiality in it, but was ice-cold. Another actor said, in opposition to Laertes, that he had been standing in the passage that led from the street door at the very time in question, and that no lady had passed him. Aglaia declared that Mrs. Wyburd had rudely pushed by her, and was so substantial as to have almost thrown her down. Roscius affirmed that on her leaving the stage he had followed her into the passage that led to the street, but that her pace was too rapid for him to come up with her; further, that he had seen her from the distance go out through this door. The boy door-keeper solemnly asseverated that the door had remained closed.

The accounts were thoroughly contradictory. Strange as this appeared to me at the time, in my eagerness to learn the truth as to Mrs. Wyburd's appearance, yet I acknowledge it now to have been nothing unusual. Scarcely ever will you get two eye-witnesses of an occurrence to agree exactly in their account of the details of it. Raleigh's story of the dog-fight is by no means a new story.

I left the theatre and took my way to Mrs. Wyburd's lodgings.

The doctor's carriage was at the door. He was coming out of the house as I arrived there.

"She is dead," he said, in answer to my question. "I found her dead when I came."

He turned back with me into the house. It was now half-past eleven o'clock, perhaps a little more. I saw the poor dead lady. She lay on a couch, dressed in that same long white drapery which she had worn upon the stage.

Her servant was present, weeping obtrusive tears.

"I was here last at six," the doctor said to me. "Then she lay in stupor."

"She never woke up from it, sir," the maid said. "I watched by her till the last breath. She died an hour ago, at half-past ten by the clock on the mantel-piece."

"Quietly and easily?" asked the doctor, "please God. She has suffered enough."

"Like a lamb," said the maid.

I put a reverent hand upon the white forehead. Not yet had the warmth of life departed.

* * * * *

The announcement of Mrs. Wyburd's death, the day after her re-appearance in that single scene of Hamlet, created a nine days' wonder. Probably not a soul now remembers that theatrical incident, but to those who knew the whole story, the mystery remained a mystery. It has never been cleared up.

One fact I discovered, that the actress's maid was certainly absent from her at some time between the visit of the doctor at six and my visit at half-past eleven. Probably, therefore, Mrs. Wyburd was during a part of that night left alone. I pretend to offer no explanation. I have simply related the facts as they occurred.

J. A.

A SPRING SALAD.

WHEN the wintry wind is howling and moaning around our doors, and the snow still lies in patches upon the ground (as it often does, now-a-days, at Easter), how anxiously we look for the approach of spring, the first-born child of the year.

Amongst its first agreeable intimations, to a sense that is perhaps of more importance than even that of sight, is that of the early salad. How grateful to the taste is this fresh mixture of vernal esculents; how particularly welcome it is to us, who have rung the changes upon potatoes till we have grown tired of them! Boiled and roast, in their jackets and out of their jackets, mashed and fried, yet they still remain potatoes. *Pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel* even are potatoes in a mask. Added to this, they get frost-bitten literally, and become sweet; and this contradiction in their nature makes us long for a change of vegetables.

"The summer brings roses," is an old saying; let us console ourselves that spring brings new vegetation. How we rejoice in the blessed return of spring, with its lap overcharged with the variety, the charm, and luxury of fresh vegetables!

But stay, we want to talk of a spring salad. Mustard and cress, radishes, endive, lettuces, and tender green onions, these are the principal ingredients for an early salad. And first, it occurs to reflect how many persons sit down to their dinner of lamb and salad, who do not think, who do not know, how much labour and care this salad has cost, how many plantings and transplantings the endives and lettuces have undergone, and the diurnal trials to which they have been subject, from the attacks of frost and slugs. Behold the skill of the cultivator, in spite of his adversities, has prevailed! Nature has done her work perfectly, and here is the spring salad before us, ready for our graminivorous indulgence.

Let us, however, more closely analyse the ingredients. There are nineteen species of mustard; the ordinary kind grown in gardens being the white, or, as Gerrard calls it, "the tame mustard."

He actually mentions three varieties of mustard as growing wild on the banks, about the back of Old Street, and in the way to Islington. Ten days, mind you, after sowing, mustard will be ready to eat.

Where banks be amended or newly upcast
Sow mustard-seed after a shower be past.

The cresses, too, are almost as numerous as the varieties of mustard. This useful little plant is one of our earliest vegetables. It was brought from Persia, about the middle of the sixteenth century, and has been largely cultivated ever since that time.

"There be sundry sorts of radish," says our old author, "whereof some be long and white, others long and black, some round and white, others round, or in the form of a pear, and black of colour." This is a root much grown, and one that is highly prized; by the Greeks it was esteemed above all other roots, and presented at the shrine of Apollo at Delphos in beaten gold. Pliny states the radishes of Egypt were better and sweeter than any other, and accounts for this because they were watered with brackish water. We are satisfied with such as our soil will produce, and add them gladly to our salad.

Endive is also a most valuable addition. It appears to have been introduced into England in 1548. Whilst the leaf remains young and tender, it is delicious; but when it grows large, it is bitter. The endives of Smyrna are, however, not open to this objection, being always and entirely free from acidity and bitterness.

The lettuce is, after all, the leaf most pleasing to the taste, and the most desirable product to predominate in the salad. It is grown in large quantities in all localities, and always meets with a ready sale. Gerrard mentions eight kinds as being cultivated in the year of grace 1596. Some thirty varieties are now grown. The cos and the cabbage are the most familiar to us, each having its own merits. This vegetable used to be served up at the beginning of supper, and eaten before any other meat, "in order to stir up appetite, and after supper to keep away drunkenness."

Tell me why lettuce, which our grandsires first did
eat,
Is now of late become to be the last of meat.

Last, but not least, in our brief yet compendious summary, comes the onion, which forms such a piquant addition to our salad. We must confess we are not of the number of those who look upon its aromatic and pungent flavour with aversion. We never could understand the fastidiousness of those insipid palates which try to avoid, rather than seek after, so dainty a relish. It would be tedious to enumerate the varieties of this useful esculent: those best known to us are the leek, garlic, and *Allium Cepa*, or the common onion.

In the days of King Arthur, St. David won a victory over the Saxons, having ordered each of his soldiers to place a leek in his cap for the sake of distinction. In memory of this, the Welsh wear a leek on the 1st of March. An old manuscript in the British Museum contains the following lines:

I like the leeke above all herbs and flowers,
When first we wore the same the field was ours;
The leeke is white and greene, whereby is ment
That Britaines are both stout and eminent:
Next to the Lion and the Unicorn
The Leeke the fairest emblin that is worn.

Shakspeare, as we all remember, in his play of "Henry V.," refers to the leek; and Gower asks Fluellen: "But why wear your leek to-day, St. Davy's day is past?" Fluellen desires Pistol to eat it, although he complains and says: "I am qualmish at the smell of leek." The Emperor Nero, we can assure Signor Mario, ate them in large quantities to improve his voice. The Egyptians use them as sauce with roast meat, or for breakfast with bread. We read in the book of Numbers of the Israelites murmuring for the onions, leeks, and garlic of the Egyptians during their sojourn in the Desert.

Garlick was most esteemed by the ancients. The Romans and Greeks gave it to their soldiers to excite their courage, and to their labourers to strengthen them under their toil.

Though they are so sharp, and "move tears" by their smell, the onion tribe has never been beneath the notice of the truly great. Napoleon Bonaparte devoured them greedily. One of his most favourite dishes was a leg of mutton, stuffed with sage and onions; on one occasion he ate so voraciously of it, that he was seized with a violent fit of indigestion, and unequal to attend to his military duties. The conqueror of Marengo stayed by sage and onions! Here's food for moralising.

This brings us to the conclusion of the vegetable part of our salad. However, as a piece of seasonable advice, we recommend that the following compound should be added to the vegetables assembled for a salad. A little salt, cayenne pepper, and mustard; a large spoonful of Tarragon vinegar, with two table-spoonfuls of oil (we recommend this latter from the little Island of Paxo, in preference to any from our other Septinsular possessions, though Florence or Lucca usually sends the supply). To this combination add one spoonful of cream, mix the whole thoroughly together.

When we autumnised at the Baths of Lucca, we remember the salad simply consisted of a lettuce moistened by the pellucid oil pressed from the olives of that picturesque district. The wise men of that district added none other flavouring than that afforded by strips of the Gorgona.

Those, however, who prefer a metrical receipt, can use the annexed effusion from a well-known witty pen:

Two large potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Of mordent mustard add a single spoon,—
Distrust the condiment which bites too soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town,
True flavour needs it, and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole;
And, lastly, on the flavoured compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.

O, great and glorious, O, herbacious meat,
 'Twould tempt the dying Anchorite to eat.
 Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul,
 And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl.

C. A. COLE.

HOW TO MAKE A FERNERY.

WHEN visiting one of our best nursery gardens the other day, I was told that the sale of ferns had considerably increased of late, owing in a great measure, it was supposed, to the interest which people now take in searching for those growing in their immediate neighbourhood. Having obtained these, they almost invariably increase their collections by specimens found in other places, and remarkable for rarity and beauty. I have myself observed the growing taste for this class of plants, and it has therefore struck me that a very simple account of the classification of British ferns, the localities in which some are found, and the inexpensive way in which a Fernery may be made, either in the country or in town, might be of some interest to those who have not already studied the subject.

The number of British ferns is now very large, many varieties of the different genera having been produced naturally or by cultivation; but in a slight sketch, like the present, I cannot attempt to describe them in detail. Ferns are cryptogamic (that is to say, flowerless) plants, consisting of a root, a stem, and fronds or leaves. The appearance of the stem differs greatly in the various genera; in the *King of Ferns*, the largest and most beautiful of British ferns, it grows frequently to a height of one or two feet, whereas in the common *Polypody* it spreads widely in a lateral direction. With the exception of one small group, the *Adder's tongue*, the fronds are coiled inwardly when young, like the head of a crozier, gradually unfolding as they become developed. If not in spikes or clusters at the top of the plant, as in the *King of Ferns*, the spores or seeds of ferns are situated on the blade or margin of the fronds, and enclosed in little cases called *thecae*, formed under the outer covering of the leaf. This is forced up during their development, and shrivels or falls away, when they come to maturity and burst.

There are three principal groups or orders of British ferns, and these are again subdivided by naturalists into eighteen different genera. In the first group—the *Polypodiaceæ*—are found most of those ferns which must be so familiar to the eye of an observer of nature; the common *Brake*, so great an ornament to many parks; the *Hart's tongue*, distinguished by its long strap-shaped bright green leaves, to be seen growing in banks or ravines almost in every county; and the still more common *Polypody*; the *Male fern*, growing so beautifully erect in a vase-like form; and the delicate and graceful *Lady fern*, which is generally to be found in banks facing the north, or in wet places in woods: I have been told, however, that it grows in a dwarfish form, without any shelter, on the Malvern Hills—an interesting fact, showing that this class of plants, like very many others, may grow, but will not attain any height, in unsuitable situations. I must not forget to mention

the beautiful little *Tunbridge fern*, remarkable for a fragility of form and texture, which is almost exclusively characteristic of the smaller tropical ferns, and which renders it very difficult to cultivate. It is useless to attempt to transplant it to an artificial fernery, unless protected by a bell-glass.

To the second of the three principal groups—the *Osmundaceæ*—belongs the *King of Ferns*, which certainly deserves the distinguished name it bears, on account of the magnificence of its growth, when in a favourable situation. In a wood in Essex, it takes possession of the stump of an alder, surrounded by water, and attains a height of seven or eight feet.

In the third group—the *Ophioglossaceæ*—we find the common *Adder's tongue*, which grows like a weed in some meadows, and may readily be distinguished by its slight resemblance to the *Arum*, a plant which, under the name of *Lords and Ladies*, has been, and ever will be, the delight of children.

It would be beyond my scope to attempt a description of the distinctive character of each genus; nor would such a description tend to advance the object which I have in view. It is not to pursue a scientific investigation, but to point out to those who have little time or inclination for the more abstruse mysteries of horticulture, with how small an expenditure of time and money they can construct a beautiful ornament for their pleasure grounds, and, more valuable still, for their staircases and drawing-rooms in London. Here are British plants, thanks be to Him who ordained "the boundless prodigality of nature," growing in almost every hedge side, and in the tangles of every copse, more beautiful than many varieties brought from the tropics to lead a sickly existence in hothouses where you can hardly breathe. These often unnoticed plants are capable, by management and selection, of imparting new beauty to any garden; and if any of my fair readers shall be induced to establish a Fernery in London, they will find how delightful to the eye, wearied with brick and stucco (to say nothing of the colours that flaunt into sight at the close of a general mourning), is the fresh green of nature—a green too, not laden, as our pretty ribbons are, with the swift messengers of death. And here, too, is a fresh amusement, and an innocent one; for a Fernery must be tended as other plants are, and it is obviously impossible that fathers or brothers can be expected to possess the requisite patience or taste for details, however pleased they may, and surely will, be with the result.

To establish a successful fernery in London, a stand must be procured with a glass shade. The stand must be of tin, and perforated underneath, as no ferns will thrive without drainage. At the present moment I have two cases of ferns before me. One has a tin stand; in it the ferns are growing most luxuriantly, and almost to the top of the bell-shaped glass. The other is a glass stand; and in this the plants are brown, and so dwarfed, that after watching them for nearly four months, I am convinced all further care is useless until the stand is changed. The mould must be a mixture

of peat and sand, with a foundation of small pieces of brick or little stones, and any fern, British or foreign, will grow luxuriantly. It is, however, well to choose some of the smaller species, as the larger ones would so soon fill up the glass: and the beautiful *Lycopodiums* will be found to add greatly to the beauty of the Fernery. I ought to say that the glass should never be taken off unless the plants require water, which will not be the case as long as there is any vapour on the inside of the glass.

With respect to the easy mode of making a Fernery in the open air, I should merely suggest the selection of the most sheltered spot, both with respect to sun and wind. The aspect ought to be north; but if this be impossible, it is better east than west of north. The materials best adapted are the tops of pollard trees, or roots; these piled together, making a back-ground, and gradually sloped down, filled up with any kind of rubbish; then a layer of stones some inches thick, for the sake of drainage, to be covered with four or five inches of leaf-mould, or any light soil. Thus a Fernery may be completed in a day, capable of receiving the fifteen or twenty different varieties that may be found in any one locality, and enlarged to receive other rare sorts that can only be obtained in other districts, either by the help of friends or your own purse. I believe wood to be preferable to rock, as the material to be used; wood retains moisture so much longer; and it must never be forgotten, that though every fern requires moisture, drainage is indispensable: therefore, in planting a fern in any log or block of wood, care must be taken that there is a hole in it, or some means of allowing the water to escape.

To exemplify the above, I would state that in two days, last autumn, a rough fernery was formed in East Kent, and filled with seventeen specimens found within a mile of it, in banks or blind lanes, without the necessity of having recourse to any neighbouring woods.

TEACHING OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

THE homely proverb which gives a title to this paper is very old, but the spirit which gave rise to the proverb is older still. The desire to teach our elders to suck eggs is not the birth of an age, but of all time. It came in with human nature—that most ancient of conquerors—and it will probably go out only with the light of the world.

This time-honoured desire to teach everybody their business, especially in this country, shows no signs of decay. If anything, it is a little too full of life. It has cropped up in a governmental shape, and has given itself the title of Social Reform. It has cropped up in an official shape, and sits snugly in museums and departments to encourage commerce, manufactures, and the arts. It has cropped up in a philanthropic shape, and would like to board, lodge, and educate, in a peculiar way, nine-tenths of the whole human race.

If the governmental passion for teaching everybody their business could be fully gratified, we

should have inspectors of everything at every street corner, and no man would be required to think for himself. There would be an inspector of shirts, whose duty it would be to see that all the buttons were in their places, and that the fronts were properly starched. There would an inspector of shaving-water, an inspector of slippers, and another inspector to see that the bed-room candlesticks were in proper order. Barriers, with comfortable official dwelling-houses attached, would be built at the end of every street, and no person or thing would be allowed to pass these barriers without examination and an official order. Every man's pulse would be felt and tongue examined every morning by travelling doctors, before he was allowed to go to business, or to start on a journey. Every city would be turned into a huge barrack, and every man in it would be treated as a soldier on duty. The food for breakfast would be fixed by official order; and also the hour and dishes for dinner and supper. The complaint about cold mutton would be no longer a table-squabble between man and wife, but a thing to be filled in on an official form, and sent in to a particular department. Sheets of folio foolscap with a margin would be in demand at every turn of existence, for without them no protest could be officially brought before the constituted authorities. The hour for going to bed and putting out the light would be fixed as it was in the curfew days, or as it is fixed now on board ship in the docks. Producers and consumers would not be allowed to trade together on their own terms, but as it is now between cab-drivers and cab-hirers, water-sellers and water-buyers, gas-sellers and gas-buyers, the price which one should give and the other should take would be settled by an army of inspectors. The area-bell, the street-door scraper, the knocker, the chimney-pots, and the letter-box, would all be under the charge of a staff of sub-inspectors. No bread, nor wine, nor beer, would be eaten or drunk before it was tested, and perhaps analysed by a government officer. Births, deaths, and marriages, would all be regulated by a state department, and no child would be allowed to come into the world, or go out of it, without giving three days' clear notice to the managing secretary.

All this over-government would be carried on under a professed wish for the people's good, and there would not be wanting believers in the perfection of the system. It is astonishing how much management—how much curbing and reining—some people can bear. We need not go to a despotic state for supporters of officialism: they give a sanction to the encroachments of the few on the many in places where liberty is supposed to have made its home.

The popular mind can hardly complain that it is occasionally taught to suck eggs, for it is just as ready to act the teacher whenever it can get a chance. Take half the letters written to newspapers, which get into print during the parliamentary recess, and they will all be found trying to teach many of us something we have already learnt. We may even pick out a large number of leaders, published during the "dull season," which strive to do the same work in a much loftier way.

There is that question about hotel charges—sometimes called the hotel nuisance, for the sake of variety, which is always raised at this stagnant period. A particular line of business is taken; its price lists are criticised, its arrangements are examined, and its conductors are called up to be lectured by amateurs. One amateur tutor settles the price which ought to be charged for food; another explains the terms upon which all kinds of wine should be served to the public; another fixes the price of bed-chambers and sitting-rooms; another lays out a plan for the management of the servants, and another turns his attention to the subject of wax-lights. Some of the tutors make no suggestions for improving the business under discussion, but only object to the manner in which they find it conducted. One man relates his experiences, then another does the same, and then a third comes forward to prove that he has been the worst treated of all. One traveller complains that he could not have peacock's tongues in all places, at the price of pickled whelks. Another orders prawns when they are out of season, in a town many hundred miles from the sea, and is surprised to find that they are a shilling a-piece. Another man expects strawberries as large as pincushions to follow him wherever he goes, at a cost much below the current charges of Covent Garden Market.

All these facts and wishes are brought before the silent hotel-keepers, who never trouble themselves to answer. Their silence is looked upon as a proof of guilt. A new universal scale of prices is accordingly drawn up for their guidance, in which everything is to be supplied at very low fixed charges, regardless of seasons and differences of position. A broad average is struck between all the taverns, inns, and hotels in the country, and they are all expected to subscribe to the same rules. It is almost needless to say that they pay no heed to these lessons and suggestions, but conduct their old business in their old way. Those who look through a file of newspaper correspondence on this subject, signed "Viator," "Bonâ Fide Traveller," or "Mungo Park," as the case may be, will see the same old hotels abused in 1862, as were abused in 1851, and abused on the very same grounds. Where they have improved, the great increase of travellers has been the chief cause, enabling them to accommodate numbers at a decreased cost. The letter writers have had nothing to do with the improvement, although they may fancy they have, for prices are not regulated by pens, ink, and paper. If any man is dissatisfied with the charges of a trading neighbour, his course is very simple. Instead of teaching his neighbour to suck the particular egg, let him act as if no such egg were in existence.

The passion for teaching everybody their business has taken an eastern direction since the American war has dammed-up the flow of cotton. This is a remarkable instance of an attempt to instruct our grandmothers. Here is a country loudly exhorted to grow cotton which has been growing it for three or four thousand years. Deputations from Manchester cotton-consumers—a class who are popularly supposed to know what

free-trade means—are sent out to Indian cotton-growers to stimulate production. This is on a par with the proceedings of some of those official organisations whose professed object is to encourage manufactures, commerce, and the arts. The seller is thought to be no true judge of his own interests, and is therefore lectured on this head by the buyer. The order of nature is reversed,—the world is moving backwards,—the blood is flowing the wrong way; the buyer is running after the seller, and not the seller after the buyer. The producer is told how he ought to grow the plant, how he ought to gather it, how he ought to clean it and prepare it for the market. The buyer tells him all this, and travels many thousands of miles to teach him. There is only one difficulty in the way of the well-meant lesson—the producer has been taught before. His ingenuity has been stimulated by the hope of gain, and his resources taxed to the utmost, almost before the new teacher was born. India had its position fixed in the cotton-market more than a quarter of a century ago, and no deputations from Manchester mill-owners—temporarily forgetful of the laws of trade—are likely to advance this position one jot. The most singular part of the whole business is, that the deputation goes to the dearest market, but not to buy. It talks, but it makes no offer to ship. The cotton bales are stored up in the Indian warehouses, but the teacher has no instructions to move them. He wants cotton—at least, he believes so—but not *that* cotton. He tells the Indian how he may grow a better material—at least, he believes that he tells him; but the pupil knows he is listening to nothing that he has not heard before. The cotton produced is the best Indian cotton; there is no real prospect of producing a better article; the best Indian cotton will not do for Manchester until the mills are completely starved out of their American supply, and so the Indian bales remain lodged as before in the Indian warehouses, and the deputation, after leaving many instructions with its grandmother, slowly withdraws.

While the consumer is thus teaching the producer his business, officialism is tenderly watching over both. Trade has always been the favourite child of government departments—a precious treasure to be watched over, dandled, coddled, and spoilt; to be always kept in leading strings, as if it had never shown any power to run alone. The child is made to pay pretty heavily, too, for all this unnecessary nursing, for Government is not so charitable as many people suppose. It can give nothing, because it possesses nothing; and what it distributes with the right hand, it must first have taken with the left.

Officialism has seldom shown itself more watchful and encroaching than in connection with what are called industrial exhibitions. After the great international display of 1851, it believed itself ordained to perform a great work. It first persuaded itself, and then it tried to persuade the public, that all our commerce, fair as it seemed to the eye, was rotten at the core. We were told that the art of designing had never fallen to such a pitch of vulgarity and coarseness; that there

was no taste, properly so called, throughout the country; and that unless some great efforts were made, we should lose our position in the markets of the world. The engineering skill and enterprise which had spanned broad rivers and pierced high mountains; the manufacturing energy which had given employment to millions, and had changed swampy villages, like Manchester, into huge toiling cities; the artistic feeling and conscientiousness which had given us such manufacturers as Wedgwood; and all the qualities which yearly provided the statistical wonders for the Board of Trade; were to perish miserably, unless officialism were allowed to take the reins. The fly on the chariot-wheel thought that the coach could only be moved by its puny force, and it warned the sleeping passengers in time. Artizans, manufacturers, merchants, and traders, however, paid little heed to the warning, and went on much as they did before officialism taught them how to suck their eggs. If they were successful, they were rewarded with profits; if they were unsuccessful, they were punished with loss. Self-interest kept them in the way they should go, without the help and assistance of half-instructed guides.

Officialism, having thoroughly satisfied itself, however, that commerce could not walk alone, and having secured the Exhibition surplus of something like two hundred thousand pounds, prepared an elaborate scheme for a great Industrial University. It prevailed upon the government of the day to join in the scheme, and to provide an amount of money from the public purse almost equal to the Exhibition surplus. Never, perhaps, was molly-coddling proposed on such a gigantic scale, or a less scrupulous attempt made to rob a neighbour of his business. The Society of Arts was the originator of the Exhibition, the creator of the surplus, and the earliest existing society formed for teaching our grandmothers to suck their eggs. In the middle of the last century it had done all that the Manchester men of to-day are trying to do in "stimulating production." It had sent out commercial missionaries to the West Indies, and had scolded children for destroying acorns, and so stinting the supply of oaks. There was scarcely a branch of trade to which it had not made unpractical suggestions in carrying out its plan of encouraging commerce, manufactures, and the arts. Of course, amidst a heap of folly, it contrived to do a little good, for no institution, however false may be its basis, or weak its management, can be wholly bad. It struggled on year after year, with varying success, and was not as robust in 1849 as it was at its birth. The Exhibition of 1851 saved it from death, and so far may be said to have repaid its father; but still the Society had as much claim to the surplus as the Royal Commissioners had, though it was not in a legal position to secure its rights. To increase its annoyance, the rival body, which had retained the money, proposed to apply it in starting an opposition business, and the Society was only saved from this additional insult by a change in the plans of Government. The British Parliament refused to sanction the removal of the National Gallery of Pictures from Charing Cross

to South Kensington, and so destroyed the only object which the Government had in view when they agreed to a partnership with the Exhibition Commissioners. The official union was at once dissolved after this parliamentary decision, the Government taking the South Kensington Museum as their share of the capital, and the Commissioners taking the Kensington Gore estate as theirs. The great university scheme for teaching our trading grandmothers was given up, and the Commissioners turned their attention, like sensible men, to the improvement of their land, but not before their ridiculous pretensions had done as much harm to industrial exhibitions as the greatest enemies of those displays could desire.

Officialism is not in the habit of hiding its light under a bushel, and therefore when it has done anything which it thinks tolerably successful, its friends soon spread the news of the triumph.

As much stir is made about a petty museum, a loan of a few casts or models to a provincial school of design, or the opening of a feeble exhibition of art in the suburbs, as if officialism had discovered the Philosopher's Stone, or the Elixir of Life. We hear of these triumphs in a variety of ways, but generally through complacent official reports, drawn up by believers in the divine right of coddling, and printed upon public paper at the public expense.

When trading enterprise makes its mark in the same field—which it does every day and every hour—it must not look to official pens to record its praises.

Officialism has no sympathy or connection with any other shop. It looks coldly upon any traveller going along the same road. There is a place in London which is a creation amongst Art exhibitions, and yet officialism has probably never heard of it. I allude to the Canterbury Music Hall in Lambeth Marsh. It has been worthily patted on the back by several admiring journalists, and one has called it the "Royal Academy over the Water." It was built in 1851, as the leader of a new school of music-halls, designed to supplant the old tavern concert-rooms and the public-house "harmonic meetings." The building was framed with some architectural pretensions; sculpture was used as part of the decorations; the ventilating arrangements were well planned, and the comfort of the visitors was secured in every way. The music performed included many popular songs—both comic and sentimental—some of them being those classical lyrics which the world will never let die; but the chief feature of the evening was a selection from an opera, rendered by a very efficient company of singers, with a chorus and instrumental accompaniments. Under this head some of the best works of the best masters were given, night after night; and so energetic were the conductors in getting opera-scores from France, Germany, and Italy, that the quiet, orderly working men and women who formed the chief visitors of the Canterbury Hall, heard many works of foreign musical composers long before they were brought out at the Italian Opera Houses.

After some few years of successful management in this way, the proprietors added a side-hall to their building, and this they fitted up as a gallery

of modern pictures. Well lighted, well supplied with works by many of the leading Royal Academicians, and with a printed catalogue of the paintings, this gallery was a great and refining attraction to the visitors. The Exhibition, for its size, was as good as any average May display at the Royal Academy, with the additional advantage of being open at a time when working-men could go and see it. The admission charge to the hall, concert, and picture-gallery, was sixpence.

Such was the Canterbury Hall, Lambeth; and such, I am happy to say, it is now, with its glory and success undiminished. Those who know the neighbourhood in which it has sprung up—the “gaffs” and coarse, greasy theatres of the “New Cut”—will rejoice to see such wholesome amuse-

ment provided for the factory-workmen and their wives, who form three-fourths of the local population. The educational influence of such a place can hardly be overrated, although it is created by mere trading enterprise, acting in an obscure corner of London. If officialism had been the father of this music-hall and picture-gallery, we should have been called upon to bow down and worship the whole scheme, including a long line of official managers with enormous salaries. Every blue or green covered official report would have alluded to the place as a great instrument for regenerating the masses. As it is, the temple of social improvement is left to announce its own attractions, and we find it, as we wish to find everything, without an official guide.

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.



ROUND, round my life she wove a spell,
My head went whirling round as well,
And at a rate alarming;
My captured heart went “pit-a-pat,”
With a loud double “rat-tat-tat,”
Ah, well, but it was charming!

As in my easy-chair I sit
(I’m getting old and bent a bit),
I think how Ella sly was;
Of all the pranks she used to play,
To wheedle my poor heart away,
And what a “silly” I was.

Can it be *she*, who, in a doze,
Sits opposite with nodding nose?
And by her side—Enough!
My “fire-dreams” are all dispelled,
That nose has “sniffed,” those fingers held,
A pinch of double snuff!

Well, so it is, that in our life,
We dream of some bewitching wife,
And set our hearts on beauty—
Nay, nay, I’m *wrong*, though snuff is there,
A charm dwells round that easy-chair—
The wife has done her duty!

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoyng in the gynnynge causoth mykel errour in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER XV. A MEETING.

STOWE STREET is one of those numerous parallel "no thoroughfares" which pierce the Strand crosswise, and leading down to the banks of the river, arrive at a sudden termination of close iron railings. Passing along the Strand, glimpses of the Thames are every now and then to be caught by means of these streets as through crannies in a wall. One might almost fancy that a colossal panorama of the river had been cut into transverse slips, and pasted up here and there to break the monotonous line of houses. A slight dash of water and sky crossing pleasantly, now and then, an endless warp of bricks and mortar—a savoury morsel of an unwieldy and disproportioned sandwich—soothing to the eye, though the heaven may be lead-coloured and the wavelets opaque, and the freight they float no better than shapeless barges with brown patched sails, carried up by the tide, or gross blunt-edged lighters "zedding" along, careless what they bump against, like strong drunken men; or lively little steamers, that dart about like tadpoles, and make so much noise and carry so many, and all for so small a charge.

London is more thoroughly partitioned into *quarters* than is demonstrable by maps; or than many people imagine. These purblind defiles,

hemmed in between a silent and a particularly loud highway, may be said to be set apart for the open-air performances of barrel-organs, Punch and Judy, the street conjuror, the versatile monkey who plays the fiddle and goes through the musketry exercise with equal ability, the acrobats: and for the residence of many lodgers of semi-respectable and not expensive habits. The neighbourhood is thickly populated: it contains few shops, but several offices, in which vague professions are carried on. The tenants generally are inclined to be mysterious as to their occupation; they all carry street-door keys, are partial to late suppers of a shell-fish character, never clean their windows, and invariably evade the income-tax collector.

It was noon when Wilford knocked at the door of No. 67, Stowe Street. It seemed almost as though such a proceeding were quite out of rule. He was detained some time on the step; yet he could plainly hear the noise of persons moving about in the passage. Windows were thrown up and heads projected, and he was probably inspected by the residents in different parts of the house. The door was at length opened by a short, broad servant—"servant gal" perhaps conveys the most complete notion of her—warm, moist, and not clean looking, always busy holding on to her

rough head a whitey-brown cap, which seemed to be endowed with some volatile attribute, and was constantly flying behind or soaring above away from her; with muscular red chapped arms, and a dirty lilac print dress, the seams of which had parted in various places subjected to special tension, and (of course) black stockings, open at the heels, casing legs of substance and ankles of power rather than grace. She had always a scared wild way with her. She tacked and tumbled along a good deal, leaving in her progress the marks of black hands upon walls and doors, and banisters; and when asked questions, had a way of lowering her head menacingly, as though she were about to butt at or to toss her questioner. These qualities allowed for, she was a hard-working, industrious, good-natured and useful domestic, very valuable to No. 67, Stowe Street, and the dwellers therein. Her manner of fetching the beer from the public-house at the corner, it may be particularly noted (and she was frequently out on such a mission, for her employers had a habit of requiring refreshment at almost impossible hours, and so to say, running the Acts of Parliament very fine indeed), was one of the most gallant and intrepid, as it was unquestionably one of the most rapid feats on record.

"Was Madame Boisfleury at home?"

The servant stared at Wilford through the half-opened door, lowering her head with doubtful intentions. She seemed to regard the inquiry as an innovation for which she was totally unprepared, and a reply to it as decidedly out of her range of duties, and to conquer with difficulty a strong impulse prompting her to slam to the door and hurry from the scene. Finally, she admitted the visitor to the door-mat—leaving him there stranded, as it were, on a desert island, "to go and see." She was sometime gone; meanwhile the visitor, quite unconsciously was the subject of considerable curiosity and contemplation on the part of several spectators resident in the house, who hung over the staircase in almost dangerous attitudes the better to view him. Finally the servant returned. Much talking and hurrying about, and banging of doors, had been heard in her absence. As in her ascent, so in her descent, she manifested an unchariness connected with the display of her hose, that, considering its want of repair, was decidedly remarkable.

"Madame was at home, on the second-floor—would he walk up?" He would—and he did. The servant thereupon left him to his own resources, and forthwith precipitated herself down the kitchen stairs with singular recklessness. But she laid stress on speed; and as she had found by experience that people often got down stairs more quickly by falling than by a more gradual and safer method, she elected as a rule the former procedure. It is true that to a bystander it looked a little like suicide; but if speed was gained, pray what did that matter?

The door of the front room on the second floor being open, Wilford entered there. He found himself alone. The room was so respectably furnished that one might have wondered, at a first glance, how it was the general effect was yet so shabby and comfortless. But a very little will

give an awry look. The failing here was general untidiness; crooked blinds, tumbled curtains, dragged table-cover, littered mantelpiece, unswept hearth, dull grate, powdered with white ashes, nothing "put away," and every chair occupied by some book, or paper, or parcel, or article of dress; and one over-riding notion as to how much better it would be if the windows could be left open for ever so short a time, and a little fresh air admitted into the place.

There was the rustling of a dress; a tall woman swept into the room.

Old and wrinkled evidently, in spite of her paint (white and red), her glossy false hair, kept in its place by a jewelled fillet, her pencilled eyebrows, her thousand-and-one toilette frauds upon Nature and Time. What a strange sinister look there was in the eyes of this woman!—so restless, yet so weak and mabid, glittering out of a tangle of wrinkles with the sort of ferret-red brilliance of sham-jewels. What hard ugly lines were carved round her features—not ill-formed, but ill-combined—resulting in an expression of treachery and cunning and cruelty! The mouth especially, hard and coarse, and the teeth—greatly revealed when she spoke—large and ill-shapen, and especially bad in hue, thanks, perhaps, to the contrast with the vivid artificial bloom in their neighbourhood. She was attired in greasy black satin, with a handsome India shawl huddled upon her shoulders, probably to conceal the fact that the dress had been hastily assumed, and had not indeed been effectually fastened at the back. She made a low curtsy to her visitor as she closed the door after her, and advanced into the room. Her sly eyes passed rapidly over Wilford. She seemed to prolong her salutation for the express purpose of gaining time and thoroughly examining his looks and bearing, and satisfying herself thereupon. And she was evidently a little unnerved. Her hand shook as she stretched it forth; it was more decorated by jewellery than cleanliness; and her rings had a suspicious look about them. But this might be purely fancy. There are some hands upon which the best of gold appears like brass, and the purest diamond no better than paste.

"Oh! Mr. Hadfield, this *is* kind," she said, in a hollow, drawing, carying tone of voice.

Either he did not really see or he purposely disregarded her outstretched hand. Certainly he did not take it, and she calmly withdrew it, but with no air of being offended. For some moments he was silent. He glanced at her, and then averted his eyes. He spoke at last in a low, constrained voice, with evident effort.

"Madame Pichot," he began.

"Boisfleury," she interrupted, holding up her hands with an imploring gesture, "will you oblige me so far? Boisfleury. There are reasons for the change. Not Pichot, thank you—Boisfleury. Will you bear that in mind?"

"The name matters little. Boisfleury, if you will. I have received your letter. You wished to see me. I am here."

"But why this tone?" she asked, affectedly, her head on one side, and a dreadful smile upon her lips; "why so severe—so abrupt? This is not the Wilford Hadfield I remember years back.

What a change! To think that we should meet like this!" She dabbed her eyes with a crumpled, soiled lace pocket-handkerchief.

"I think you forget how we parted," he said, coldly.

"But are we not friends?"

"Friends!" he repeated, scornfully.

"You are not kind to one you have known so long. You don't appear glad to see me." There was something sickening about her fawning, false manner.

"I am not glad to see you."

"You don't ask me how I am." She passed over his look of contempt for her, and added, "You don't ask after Regine—no, nor Alexis; he has grown quite a man, has Alexis. You don't know how useful he is to me. Perhaps I should not have seen you now but for Alexis."

"And your husband?" She trembled a little—the blood rushed to her face and heightened her rouge.

"Dominique is in Paris. He is not well; he is confined to his room; he is no longer so young as he has been. He is often ill now, and unable to go out, or he would be here now."

"And now, tell me—you have found me—I am here in consequence of your request,—What is your wish?"

"We are not to be friends, then? You seek to quarrel with me."

"What is it you want?" he said, harshly. Her manner changed—it became more brusque and abrupt. They had been standing hitherto.

"Let us sit down," she said. "Perhaps our conversation may be of some length. You desire to know why I sent to you?" He signified assent. "Well, it will not be hard to explain that to you—it would not be difficult for you, perhaps, to discover the reason without any explanation. Look around you—you see where we are living—you see the sort of neighbourhood—the position we occupy—our manner of life. Is it the sort of sphere in which I ought to move, or Regine, or Alexis?"

"I have known you in a humbler one," he remarked. The words angered her. "You were not always Madame Boisfleury nor even Pichot. You are English born—of obscure parents. Years ago, when you were—"

"Enough!" she cried, almost fiercely. "Is it a fit position for Alexis—for Regine? Do you know what she is doing to earn her livelihood? Do you know to what an occupation she has been compelled to stoop?"

She tossed over a thin printed paper which she took from the mantel-shelf. He glanced at the paper, then folded it, and put it in his pocket.

"I am glad it is even so honest as this," he said, calmly; "for, after all, this *may* be honest."

His quiet manner, whether genuine or affected, ruffled the woman.

"If you will not gather my object from what I have said already, if you will not guess it by the aid of your memory as to what has happened in the past, I will tell you my meaning in plain words." She struck the table smartly with her closed hand. "*I want money.*"

"I imagined as much."

"And I *will* have it."

"You will NOT. For a sufficient reason—I have none. Years ago I gave all I had. You may remember the conditions—my presence here, at your request, is a breach of them."

"You have been unmolested for a long while; application would not be made to you now were it not inevitable. I am in debt. I am much in want of money. I am speaking only in my own name, but I might comprise others in my remarks—money must be had. To whom should I apply for it, if not to you?"

"You misunderstand my position. You are unacquainted with the plain facts of the case."

"Pardon me, that is not so."

"The situation of the Wilford Hadfield whom you knew years ago, and of the man who now stands before you, are widely different."

"Pardon me, I say again. Perhaps I am better acquainted with the real facts of the case than you think. Your father is dead. He died nearly three years ago. I saw the notice in the newspapers. By his death—"

"By his death I was not—am not—one sou the richer."

"I know it, Mr. Wilford; he bequeathed the whole of his property to his younger son, and cast you off. Why,—*you* best know."

"Then with these facts before you—though how you became acquainted with them I know not—"

"Bah!" she interrupted, rudely, "there need be no mystery in the matter on my part. Wills can be read at Doctors' Commons for a shilling; and to make sure, I travelled down to Grilling Abbots."

"You did?" he cried, frowning.

"I did. Why should I not? Is not the place free to all the world? There are no passports in this country. What was to hinder my going there—with Alexis, my son—to stop at the George Inn, for a little holiday and change of air? Who was to recognise me? I was not there as Madame Pichot; nor Madame Boisfleury neither, for that matter. Why should I not go to see all the show places in the neighbourhood—the castle at Mowle, the druidical remains at Chingley, the Norman church at Grilling Abbots—yes, and the picture-gallery at the Grange?"

What a hateful sneer was on her face as she ran through this list!

"You went to the Grange?"

"Yes. Why not? Mr. Stephen Hadfield is liberal; he throws open his house for inspection two days in the week, the visitor producing his card, or procuring a ticket from Mr. Joyce of the George Inn. Why should I not go over the Grange? Though I knew every inch of it years ago; many years now. Well, the people talk in that neighbourhood just as much as they used to talk in the old time. The servants talk at the Grange, the frequenters of the George talk, all Grilling Abbots talks. I soon learnt that you had been disinherited."

"Well, did not that satisfy you?"

But she did not heed the question.

"And I learnt that Mr. Stephen was master of the Grange, and I saw him often about the place, with his wife and children—quite a family party."

A nice, amiable-looking gentleman, and every one said that he was as good, and nice, and amiable as he looked; and that he was very sorry that his brother had quitted the Grange; that he would have given him anything to remain, would give him anything now—no matter what; that there was no quarrel between the brothers; and that Mr. Wilford might still have half the estates, even, if he chose."

"They told you this?"

"Yes."

"Did they tell you, also, that I had refused these things a dozen times—that I had determined that the will should be carried out in its integrity—and that not one halfpenny of my father's money should find its way into my pocket? Did they tell you that also?"

"They did."

"Well?"

"And I did not believe it."

"Why not?"

"Because I knew the time might arrive when you would be glad to dip your hand into your brother's purse, willingly proffered. And I was right. The time has arrived now. If you have not the money we need, you will obtain it from Mr. Stephen Hadfield of the Grange, your younger brother."

"You are wrong."

He rose with a determined air, as though to end the interview. He took his hat.

"You are wrong, Madame Boisfleury. As I said at first, I have no money. I am a poor man; I work for my bread; I am quite unable to assist you, if I were even willing so to do, and I am not."

"This is hasty conduct, Mr. Wilford; you will think better of it."

"Undeceive yourself."

There was a slight pause. Then the woman resumed:

"I heard other things at Grilling Abbots—strange things they were, too, and very new to me—very new indeed. You were ill at one time, it seems; so ill that you were quite given over; no one expected that you would ever recover. Meanwhile you were a visitor beneath the roof of the doctor at Grilling Abbots—Mr. Fuller, who resides in the pretty white cottage at the end of the town."

She stopped, looking at him with a strange meaning in her red, restless eyes.

"Well?" Wilford said, rather faintly.

"You recovered, thanks to the care of the doctor, and the nursing of his daughters."

He trembled visibly, looking askance as she said this.

"You were very grateful for his and their zeal, were you not? It was necessary to do something in proof of your gratitude, was it not? So perhaps, for that reason, you made love to the eldest daughter—offered her your hand in marriage, made her your wife. Was that the reason?"

He made no answer; he was breathing heavily, his hands shaking as with palsy, his face pale as death.

"Violet Fuller," the woman went on. "I saw her name in the register of marriages in Grilling Abbots Church. I asked to see the book, and they

showed it to me. I saw her signature—'Violet Fuller'—and yours—'Wilford Hadfield'—written boldly and plainly enough; and her father and her sister—they too signed the book—the witnesses, I suppose. Oh, it was very complete; and very interesting."

She stopped again, glancing at him as though she expected him to speak. But he made no attempt to do so; he kept his eyes steadily turned from her.

"Is not all this true?"

"It is true," he answered, in a low voice.

"Have you nothing to say about it?"

"Nothing," he replied, with a gasp.

"Perhaps you thought this would never come to my ears: that the whole thing would be kept secret and hushed up. You did not manage very well. You should not have had the wedding at Grilling Abbots; that was a mistake—a decided oversight. I give you credit for the way you have hid yourself in London. Yet an assumed name is an easy matter, and London is a very large place. I could not get your address at Grilling Abbots, nobody would tell me; probably, nobody knew, except the members of your own family, and I could not well ask them. But Alexis is very clever if he once gets a clue. Give him a scent, and he'll follow it like a bloodhound. I learnt that you had been publishing books—quite a celebrated author, I declare. I fancy Alexis found you out by tracking you from your publisher's to your lodgings in Freer Street. Is not that where you live? He has been on your heels for some days, following you like a dog. Oh, he is a faithful creature—a good boy is Alexis."

Still Wilford said nothing; he looked dazed and confused, like a man in a dream.

"I have not been to Freer Street myself; I have not yet called upon your wife."

"You will not go!" he cried, in a tone of acute suffering.

She paid no attention to him.

"Is she pretty, this wife of yours? this doctor's daughter? this Violet Fuller?—charming name, so romantic. And there's a baby, too, isn't there? a son and heir! Dear me! how interesting."

"Woman," he said, "be silent. You will drive me mad."

She abandoned the air of banter she had assumed, and said in coarse, blunt tones:

"You will give me this money, then?"

"How much do you want?" he asked, feebly.

"A mere trifle—and when it is paid—"

"You will demand a further and a further sum; what security can I have that this demand will not be repeated?"

"What security can you have? I will give you my word."

"Bah!"

"I will take an oath."

"Your oath!"

"You can but have a promise. I will sign what papers you will; I will pledge myself to molest you no more."

"You pledged yourself to the same effect years ago. How have you kept your promise?"

"There has been no help for it. I have been in great trouble."

"Say what amount will satisfy you."

"Five thousand pounds."

"Five thousand pounds! It is not possible that I can give you such an amount."

"It is a mere trifle. I might have demanded double. Your brother is your banker. You have but to ask for the money to obtain it."

"I am not well," said Wilford, faintly. "I grow giddy with all this talking. My head seems in a whirl. Give me time to think!"

"Certainly you shall have time to think. I am not ungenerous, nor unkind, nor forgetful of the past. I have no desire to quarrel. Will you take my hand now? It will be far better that we should remain friends as of old."

Again she stretched out her hand, while a smile full of malice and cruelty disturbed the rigid lines of her face. With an effort Wilford conquered a feeling of intense repugnance, and took her hand into his, holding it for a moment, and then dropping it.

"Yes, let us be friends," he said, in a low voice.

"And when will you let me know your decision? When will you come and see me again?" She varied her inquiry with something of a return to her old fawning manner. "Shall we say to-morrow—at the same hour?"

"To-morrow. Be it so. I will be here." He stopped for a few moments, and then went on with an air of greater determination than he had evinced for some time during the interview. "But remember, if I pay this money—I say *if*—for at present I am undecided—"

She smiled grimly, bowing her head.

"You will understand that I do so because I desire that certain facts known to us only should not be revealed; because to learn of these things might be annoying and painful to others—not because I have any fears as to what the result of a revelation might be so far as I personally am concerned; I fear a disclosure only on account of its effects upon others. You understand me?"

"It is hardly necessary, I think," she answered, quietly, "for us to enter upon a question of this nature."

"And," he said, suddenly, "I have a condition to impose."

"A condition!" the woman repeated, frowning.

"I will do nothing until I have seen Regine."

"Certainly. You shall see Regine; not now, however—indeed, she is not here now."

"But to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, if you desire it."

Without another word he passed out, pale, perplexed, lost in thought. Almost mechanically he walked along the Strand, blind and deaf to all surrounding sights and sounds, in the direction of the Temple.

Madame Boisfleury stood for some moments with an air of reflection. Then she smiled, rubbing her hands. There was quite a metallic sound about the last-named proceeding, from the clinking together of her rings. She looked at her old, furrowed, painted face in the glass with an air of intense satisfaction, adjusting the folds of her soiled blonde cap, rectifying the tangled, shrivelled,

artificial flowers. Then she went out, and knocked at the door of the adjoining apartment.

"Who's there?" said a woman's voice, loud, but not displeasing, with a slightly foreign accent.

"Regine," answered Madame Boisfleury, in a low tone, "it's only *me*. Let me in. I've seen him. I think all will go well. I have much to tell you."

"Don't trouble yourself. My car was at the keyhole. I heard all!"

"Open the door, at any rate," said Madame Boisfleury, rather angrily. "I want my dress hooked."

CHAP. XVI. PUTTING A CASE.

WILFORD hurriedly entered Martin's chambers in the Temple.

"Well, old friend," cried Martin, in a cheerful tone. "You're better this morning. Let me hear you say so, first of all. Tell me you've slept soundly, have got over all faintness and giddiness, and are now yourself again."

Wilford seemed not to hear his friend's inquiries. He flung himself into a chair, wiping his forehead and gazing round him abstractedly.

"Thank God!" he said, hoarsely, "I am here again! I can breathe freely now. I feel as though I had been poisoned: inhaling infected air. I have been half-stifled, I believe—half-mad, perhaps. There's warrant for that even!" and he laughed wildly.

"What is the matter, Wil?" asked Martin, looking at him curiously, suspiciously. Wilford made no answer; he was rolling his head from side to side in the easy chair, swaying about restlessly, his fingers fidgetting, twisting together. A thought occurred to Martin.

"You're not followed?" he said.

"Followed!" Wilford repeated with a start. "I never thought of that! Yet the thing *may* be; nay, is likely enough—more than likely. They may have set a watch upon me again. He may have tracked me here, even. Heaven! They may come to *you*, Martin."

"One moment. We'll take care of that."

Martin left the room. He closed the outer door of his chambers. There was a strange expression upon his face as he did this. "How dreadful!" he muttered, "if he should be going mad!" and he turned quite pale. Speedily, however, he regained command of himself. He had full possession of his old, calm, pleasant manner when he re-entered his room, and said with a laugh—

"Now our foes may do their worst! We are closed in here, against the world. A man's house is his castle. We'll make the same rule apply to chambers. Now, Wil, make yourself at-home: rest yourself, get on to that sofa, and lie full-length if you like; it is not long enough, I grant, that sofa; but we can annex a chair, and adapt the thing to your lordship's grand proportions. Compose yourself, and take a cigar; a smoke in the morning is wonderfully soothing, only the tobacco shouldn't be too strong, and you shouldn't smoke too much of it; these cigars are just the thing, beautifully mild, and yet with a good flavour. Have one: that's right, there's a dear old boy; and don't be in a hurry to talk. We've got the whole

day before us, and the night, too, for that matter. You'll be all the better for being quiet a little. I can see that."

Martin's pleasant-toned voice, and quiet, winning way—half-playful, half-serious—had all the tranquillising effects he contemplated they should have upon his friend. Wilford was soon stretched upon the sofa, holding a lighted cigar to his lips. He had yielded to the plan which treated him almost as an invalid. Indeed, Martin's tone, while it was undoubtedly considerate and tender, had yet in it an authority and decision which did not admit of denial, and Wilford was hardly conscious himself how immediately he had given way to Martin's will.

"I am afraid I trouble you greatly, Martin, coming in here at this hour of the day, lounging and smoking, and making both of us idle."

"Don't talk of such a thing. Do you fancy that idleness isn't pleasant? Do you think one isn't very glad of an excuse for doing nothing? You're not inconveniencing me. For publishers and printers I don't feel called upon to answer. And why should I trouble myself about their affairs? They don't give me a share in their profits. I wish they did."

"But I am really keeping you from work."

"And I am really grateful to you for doing so. There, have I said enough? In truth I am in no humour for work to-day. I got up with a positive loathing for pens, ink, and paper, and I was nearly invoking a curse upon Caxton for inventing printing. Unreasonable, of course, since I get my living by it. But I can't work this morning. I'm like King Richard, 'not in the vein,' especially as you have dropped in for a chat."

"I feel that you are only saying all this out of kindness for me, Martin."

"Well, and suppose that is so," said Martin, laughing, "you ought to be polite enough not to see it! Are you going about inquiring into the reality and soundness of men's virtues and good qualities generally? Are you going to return a verdict that mine are all hollow and sham? Let us say that I was going to be busy this morning; do you account me such a curmudgeon of my time that I cannot give some of it up—all if need be—to you, or any friend that may make a call upon it? Nonsense, Wil. Business may go—where it likes. You've come for a long talk, and I'm very glad of it; the longer the better; my time's yours, and always shall be. There are very few things I've got to give away, but I have *that*. And now—by degrees, mind, and without the slightest hurry—for indeed there's no occasion for it—you shall tell me all about yourself, and how *you* are, and how Mrs. Wilford is, and how little Master Wilford is, and what may be the latest nursery revelation with regard to him. Now, Sir, that's the programme. Smoke your cigar, gently and cosily, and begin when and where you like."

"You don't know how much good it does me to hear you talk like this, Martin."

"I intend it to do you some good."

"For, indeed, I have need of kindness. I am placed in a position of extreme pain. I hardly know which way to turn; what to do. I have

every need of kindness and support, consideration and good counsel."

"Is this sanity?" Martin asked himself.

"I have been suffering torture of late. While I have much, I know, to thank myself for, I yet seem to be the victim of a conspiracy—of, indeed, absolute persecution on the part of others."

"Surely this is monomania!" Martin murmured.

"I have much to tell you, and yet I have a difficulty in beginning."

"The difficulty has been felt by others—it is always difficult to begin. But the difficulty is half imaginary. It doesn't really matter; begin anywhere; take up what thread you will of the story, we'll weave all into shape and meaning afterwards."

Wilford paused a few moments, lost in thought. "Martin," he said at length, "a man is guilty of many follies in the course of his life."

"I have not a word to say against that proposition."

"Especially in his youth."

"Especially in his youth," Martin assented.

"Follies—sins—"

"The terms are almost convertible."

"Which he would not wish to be known to the rest of the world."

"Few biographies can afford to be really, wholly truthful. We can't print everything as it stands in the original manuscript. There must always be editing and revising, which mean altering and suppressing, if only on the public's account."

"Probably, Martin, you would not wish that the whole of *your* life should be known to all?"

"Certainly, Wil, I should not; though it may be that I am no worse than my neighbours. But I concede that I am not an angel, and that the whole of my life has not been conducted upon angelic principles. It is only to say that I am a man, to signify that I have been and am, for that matter, periodically a fool. We can only hope to grow wiser and better as we grow older. Most men of our age can cordially acquiesce in the axiom, that at twenty-one we were all decided fools: it would be a matter of congratulation if we could be quite sure that we are less foolish now than we were then. But to what is this philosophical inquiry to lead us?"

"And the reason for this desire for concealment," Wilford went on, without remark upon the question, "is it not because disclosure would make one seem less worthy in the eyes of others? Because one would by it forfeit much of the esteem and regard of one's family and friends?"

"Certainly those are good motives for concealment."

"And especially of the concealment of—"

Wilford paused, as though in search of a word.

"Let us say 'indiscretions,'" suggested Martin.

"The word is a mild one, but society has agreed that it shall, if need be, bear a strong and wide significance."

"Of the concealment of indiscretions from the knowledge of one's wife."

Martin started a little at this. He abandoned the tone of banter in which he had been inclined

to treat the conversation as far as it had hitherto gone.

"It seems to me, Wil," he said, seriously, "that the fewer things one conceals from the knowledge of one's wife, the better."

He waited for a moment or two, and then resumed, rather sadly.

"I can only offer you bachelor counsel, my friend. It is possible that I may be wrong—unworldly and unwise. It is difficult for the unmarried to set up their idealities against the realities of the married. It has not been given to me to know the happiness of marriage—possibly it never will be given to me. I can only base my judgment, therefore, upon fancy. It seems to me that if Heaven had been pleased to give me a wife, I should not seek to appear to her other than I really am. I should not care to be perpetually playing a part before her. I should like her to know me thoroughly, and both the good and evil that may be in me. Certainly, I would hide little from her. Yet I should hope, upon the whole, to merit her love and to win it, not by a trick or a concealment, but by truth and honesty. I should hope that, after allowance was made for the bad, a residuum of good would yet remain, sufficient to justify her affection in the past and in the present, as I know that my whole conduct should be framed to deserve and hold her love and her trust in the future. But this may be folly. A man cannot give practical advice upon subjects with which he has no practical acquaintance. So again, I ask, why are we drifting into these new topics?"

Wilford did not answer. He moved about uneasily. He drew hard at his cigar; but it had gone out, and he flung it into the grate. He passed his hand across his forehead.

"Let us put a case," he said.

"Certainly," Martin answered, adding, in a low voice, "'putting a case' sounds less committing than 'making a confession,' but it amounts to much the same thing. Yet a veil is a veil, no matter how flimsy it may be. Let us hear your case, Wil," he said aloud.

Wilford rose from the sofa, and walked up and down the room several times with a very disturbed air. He stopped short, suddenly.

"Let us put, then," he said, "the case of a man who"—but he was unable to continue. He walked to the window. "No, Martin," he resumed at length, "I can't talk to you in that sham way. The case I want to put is my own. Let me say so plainly. I have a story to tell—a very painful one. Let me ask, in beginning it, your forbearance, your sympathy, your pity."

"Surely, Wil," said Martin, kindly.

"I ask this, because I fear that in my conduct you may find much to condemn. I must tell you this story, Martin; and yet I dread lest, having told it, I shall forfeit your esteem—lest I should incur your censure. You don't know how hard that would be to bear. You cannot think, Martin, how cruelly the loss of such a good, proved friend as you have been, would fall upon me now."

"But you exaggerate, Wil. You know—you must be sure—that what you dread is barely possible."

"Listen, then. We parted as schoolboys, to meet again as men. A long interval was thus passed, in which we were unknown to each other—an interval of many years, and not the least important years of life. We have given to each other the broad outline of the manner of our lives during that time. With that general account we have been satisfied; indeed the matter seemed to be hardly worth deep inquiry, or dwelling upon, or returning to. Perhaps we have been too busy with the present and the future to interest ourselves very greatly in the past. A brief sketch of the interval, and we were both ready enough to resume our old friendship, and place it on a basis not less strong, and true, and sure than it was years ago.

"This, however, you *did* know. That many of the years passed by you at the university had been spent by me out of England. That my absence resulted in a great measure from a serious disagreement with my father. That I returned home at last upon the receipt of intelligence that he was dangerously ill. That I arrived in time to see him—but unavailingly. I was denounced as a prodigal son; I was unforgiven—disinherited. The estates were left to my brother. In due time I came to London—relinquished my name—found you in the Temple—married. So far my history to the present time, as it is known to you. But it is important that I should take it up at a much earlier date."

After a slight pause, he resumed.

"You have heard me speak of my uncle, Colonel Hugh Hadfield?"

"I remember to have heard you mention his name. I have little recollection of anything else concerning him."

"He was my father's junior by some few years. He had passed a considerable portion of his life in India. He retired from the service possessed of a large fortune. The brothers had seen very little of each other, and were not particularly good friends; indeed, that was hardly to be wondered at, they had lived apart for so long. But some few months of the year my uncle always spent at the Grange. He occupied, too, a handsome town house in Harley Street. During the winter he resided generally at Paris. He was something of an invalid. His constitution had been much tried by the climate, I fancy, and probably by other causes. He had nothing of that robust appearance my father retained almost to the last; he looked much older, was very thin and bent. I first recollect him—and I must have been then quite a child—walking about the grounds of the Grange in the summer time, dressed in very light-coloured clothes; on his head a large straw hat, bound round with muslin many times folded. I know his appearance used to strike me as very strange—his skin was so yellow, his eyes so fierce and rolling, his eyebrows so jet-black, although his crumpled hair was as white as snow. He was incessantly smoking; drinking cold brandy-and-water; very imperious and violent in his manner; with a habit of swearing hard at everything and everybody. Yet he was kind too, in his way, to my brother and myself. I believe I was especially a favourite of his; possibly because I was the

eldest son. He was always making us presents: now, of all sorts of Indian toys; now, of costly articles of jewellery; now, he would stand us in the corners of the room while he flung guineas to us. We were to keep all we could catch, and he would swear at us, and threaten to thrash us well, if we missed any. He was well known at Grilling Abbots, and popular there—and no wonder; his purse was at everybody's service; and although his manner was formidable, he did many kindnesses to the people about, and they couldn't help liking him even while they feared him. Indeed, he died during one of his visits to the Grange, and was buried in the family mausoleum—unfeignedly regretted, I do believe.

“You may remember of old that I had the reputation of being a spoilt child—and there was good reason for it—I was over-indulged; my slightest whims were humoured. My father and my uncle joined in this; and especially if my inclination took the form of a precocious manliness. My first ten-pound note was earned by my taking my pony over a gate in very reckless fashion, nearly breaking my neck and the pony's too. But the two old gentlemen were loud in their applause; my uncle especially. I was encouraged to be daring, madcap, domineering. They only laughed at me when my temper, upon some petty provocation, broke all bounds, and left me storming with passion. I was never checked, never prompted to place restraint upon myself. You may remember what trouble this brought upon me at school—the incessant squabbles and difficulties and fights I was ever in. Of course all this would have been ordered otherwise had my mother's life been spared; but, as you know, she was taken from us not long after Stephen's birth.

“Though upon this subject my father and my uncle were agreed, there were others upon which they differed greatly. My uncle's visits to the Grange, though they were renewed year by year, generally terminated abruptly and unpleasantly. Some trivial difference of opinion would at last grow into an open quarrel, and the Colonel would suddenly take his departure, vowing that he would never again set foot within the Grange. This happened frequently; but he returned at a stated period to pay another visit. In fact, the brothers agreed better at a distance; they had been too long apart to know really much of each other; they knew not how to make allowance for each other's peculiarities of disposition and frame of mind and habits of thought. Their intimacy had no better foundation than the fact of their relationship; it was not made real and natural by the existence of friendship between them. They met because they were brothers—but for that fact there was nothing to bring them together; and it was not sufficient to form a ground for permanent union, especially as it was backed up by no kind of liking or sympathy. Probably each thought the other unreasonably prejudiced and overbearing and angry upon small provocation, and my father, as the head of the house, may have been inclined to claim a recognition of his position to a greater extent than the Colonel, who had achieved his own fortune in his own way, owing little to his family, was disposed to allow. So they only

tolerated each other; their fraternity hardly merited a more flattering description.

“One day—I forget the reason, if indeed I ever knew it—their periodical quarrel was more than usually violent and prolonged. My uncle left the Grange in a furious rage. I was accustomed to his angry departures, but I never remember one so stormy as this had been. And he took a long time to soften. The period for his return to us approached, but he showed little symptom of yielding. At last my father wrote formally to him requesting his usual visit. The Colonel replied courteously but firmly. He regretted that he should be compelled for the present to deny himself the pleasure of visiting his relations at the Grange; circumstances over which unfortunately he had no control demanded his presence in London. My father was seriously annoyed at this; however, he commanded himself sufficiently to enable him to write again to the Colonel, pressing him in the kindest way to return to the Grange. The Colonel again made answer in terms something similar to his first letter, but concluding with a request that, in his inability to visit the country, my father would permit that I should spend some weeks in Harley Street. With this evidence of his brother's good-will my father was obliged to be content. The terms of the compromise were accepted. I visited London in lieu of my uncle's return to the Grange.

“Looking back upon one's life, how many causes for regret there are arising out of circumstances apparently of a wholly accidental character! How many times I have sorrowed over that chance visit to London, that residence of some months in my uncle's house in Harley Street! For to that I seem to have cause to attribute all the troubles of my existence.

“You may conceive that my uncle was not a very well chosen monitor for a young man on his entrance into life. He had lived abroad very much; had acquired habits of thought much at variance with convention: had a contempt for the usages of society, especially if they came in contact at all with his manner of life, his tastes, and pursuits; and, worse than this, he entertained certain convictions which came down to him possibly from a past age, from a less refined system of civilisation. He clung to old-world ideas upon knowledge of the world; comprehending in that, as an important part, knowledge of sin. Many before him have held a like opinion. He thought it desirable that youth should study both good and evil. That virtue, if it was to be attained at all, should be attained by wading through vice; as if it were necessary to drain wickedness to the dregs in order to know the taste of it. I feel a sort of shame in seeming to find an excuse for myself in blaming an old man who is dead, and who, whatever his faults, was certainly in intention kind to me. He never knew, I believe, the harm he was doing me; he never guessed the terrible harvest it would be mine to reap for all the seed he was then sowing. Let me dismiss the subject as briefly as I may. My visits to London—then commenced and frequently repeated afterwards—were of great misfortune to me, if only because they aggravated all

the bad points of my character. Judge yourself what was likely to be the result of educating to such views of life a high-spirited country-bred boy with ready-developed tendencies to mischief; of encouraging him to such knowledge of the world as I have hinted at; of applauding him when, with his young, crimson, earnest face, he bent over the gaming-table and tried not to pale when his money was swept away from him, it being a gentleman's duty not to flinch at such dispensations of Fortune, or when he never missed the wine in its circuit of the table, and, staggering and noisy, was, as a consequence, led away at last, to bed by the servants.

"You may think that I have no pleasure in this relation, Martin, but it is necessary that you should be informed in some detail of the manner in which the interval of our separation was passed.

"My uncle's household was a curious one—ill-regulated as his own habits. To the usual mismanagement of a bachelor's house was superadded complication arising from the fact of his long residence abroad. On his first arrival in England he had been accompanied by several native servants. These, however, he had one by one sent back to India, with one exception. He still retained in his service, fulfilling the duties of valet, a half-caste, who had been many years with him. This man, born at Pondicherry—his father a Frenchman—was very useful to my uncle—knew all his ways, accompanied him wherever he went, assisted him to dress, wrote letters for him, even cooked for him appetising Indian dishes,—when his health failed him, and no other efforts could satisfy his palate. So, when the other servants were dismissed, Dominique Pichot was still retained. A docile, faithful, attached creature, as my uncle was of opinion until the last; a subtle, treacherous scoundrel, as I have good reason to know.

"The housekeeper was an Englishwoman, a Mrs. Corder. She, also, had been many years in my uncle's service—the widow, I fancy, of a soldier of his regiment who had been for some time his servant in India, and had died there. But of this I am not certain. She was a woman of low origin, who had compensated for her want of education by a certain quickness and cunning. She had no sort of scruple, was very grasping and ambitious, and by some means had acquired considerable influence over my uncle. She was very vain, though she must have been nearly fifty when I first saw her; but by artificial means she contrived to look considerably younger. She was very fond of dress, was selfish, avaricious, mean, wily, altogether despicable, but that her manner had about it something I then thought winning, and that her power in the household was almost absolute. She affected to welcome me cordially to my uncle's house, urged the frequent repetition of my visits, while yet I believe she entertained great fears lest my uncle's friendship for me should extend to his constituting me the sole heir to his fortune. It was soon evident to me that a certain understanding existed between this Mrs. Corder and Pichot, but the nature or object of this was not at the time intelligible to me.

"It is not to be supposed that, boy as I was,

my uncle cared for me to be continually with him during my residence in Harley Street. He had frequent engagements, was often at the club, or in the society of his friends—for the most part retired officers whom he had known in India. I was thus left much alone. It was some relief from the dullness of that large empty house to seek the company of Pichot or of the housekeeper. They were only too happy to be of use to me. Let it be understood that I was likely to unlearn none of my uncle's lessons from these associates. They were utterly depraved. I blush now to think of the gross adulations they lavished upon me, the coarse compliments which then gave me pleasure, and won for these creatures my regard. They were only too happy to aid me in my search after knowledge of the world. Sin could hardly have had more accomplished coadjutors. They vied with each other in flattering and pampering me,—in seeking to serve me in any way, no matter how shameful.

"One object of their servility at length became known to me. It appeared that they had been long secretly married; that during one of my uncle's absences from London a child had been born of their union—a boy, who was already some years old, and whom they had christened Alexis. Pichot had always accompanied my uncle on his visits to the Grange, but it was not until his last visit that Mrs. Corder had also gone with him. His health was then very feeble, and he required a constant nurse, and during his last illness, and a short time previous to his death at the Grange, the housekeeper—then known as Madame Pichot—was sent for to attend to her master.

"I undertook, by their desire, to reveal to my uncle the fact of this marriage, to intercede for them, and to obtain his forgiveness. The task was not an easy one. My uncle, himself a bachelor, had been prone to make matrimony ever a special subject for railery and satire (perhaps after the habit of the unmarried). When informed of the fact he was furious, vowed he would never see either of them again, that they should both quit the house instantly, and abused me roundly for undertaking to advocate their cause. Calmly these people appeared to bow to his orders; they prepared to depart, with yet I believe a full intention to remain. I was afraid I had injured their position by my unsuccessful eloquence. They only laughed when I expressed these fears. Probably they knew my uncle better than I did. The housekeeper availed herself of an opportunity to see him. They had a long and violent conversation. It seemed to me that a sort of compact had been concluded between them.

"Madame Pichot informed me that, with her husband, she was to continue in my uncle's service. More than this, that the child was to be permitted to reside in my uncle's house, provided it never made its presence known, either to his eyes or his ears. Further, she informed me that the marriage was at an earlier date than I had imagined, and that there existed a child some years older than Alexis, a girl—very nearly of my own age—whose name was Regine Stephanie Pichot, and that *she*, also, would shortly appear at the house in Harley Street."

A loud thump on the outer door of Martin's chambers here disturbed Wilford in his narrative.

(To be continued.)

NIGHT AND THE "LUCCIOLE."

THERE are scenes of night to be witnessed or felt in Italy which realise far more completely than the haze or glare of day the difference of latitude in which they occur. A good place for enjoying them is on the margin of some vast lake, like the broad part of Maggiore off Baveno, and there, while listening to the placid ripple of the waters, one's own "particular star" may be observed not only in the ascendant, but, what for once we like as well, in the descendant also. As if using a permission to gladden the stranger and pilgrim upon earth without leaving its exalted orbit in the heavens, it sends in our direction a transverse flood of silvery light over the drowsy expanse that separates us from the looming mountains of Laveno on the opposite shore. Turning our eyes upwards, we seem to have more visitors from celestial regions than the fabled Endymion, and a sudden consciousness comes over us that, almost imperceptible specks as we are, we do indeed form, as astronomers say, part of that to us illimitable galaxy which closer home appears so distant. But the poets have not omitted to notice that there may be myriads of mimic stars beneath our eyes here below to remind us sensibly of the circling spheres so far above us. And the soberest consideration of realities about a June evening in the South will suffice to raise enthusiastic admiration without drawing over-much on the resources of imagination, for the fire-flies are astir in their graceful country-dance, with vigour unabated by toiling through the burden and heat of the day, and they dart forth from their coverts to triumph over the jaded forms of their wingless human neighbours. Small dark insects at other times, and only developing their brightest qualities when they are in activity and happiness, they awake to their sprightly revelry when darkness shrouds more vulgar beauties, and thread the mazes of their fantastic curves with delicate scintillations of the palest blue or green. Unlike the lady glow-worm, from whom wings are withheld by nature like the use of the foot by the stern law of Chinese barbarity, the female of the *Lampyrus Italica*—as naturalists call our little favourite—disports herself on equal terms with her cavalier, sometimes rivalling him in untaught gambols round the upper branches of the trees, sometimes flitting away in expeditions to some well-known wheat-ear, or paying visits at the fashionable hour of the community. Perhaps few things are better adapted to rebuke a carelessness about what is going on at all times beyond the sight than, after kicking drearly over the piles of dust which attract the pedestrian's foot by some irresistible fascination, and looking vacantly by day at the motionless growth of ordinary crops, to return by the same road after nightfall with a commanding position in the banquettes of the conveyance. Then a change comes o'er the spirit of our philosophy, and we observe that all we thought of in

the field is as nothing to the teeming growth and life that really belongs to it. Beings are crowding there like the lights of a populous city suddenly revealed to us from the brow of some neighbouring hill, or like the splendours of a theatre or ball-room as they appear before the eyes of one who has been walking in darkness and solitude. Some are more sedately spangling the lowlier class of herbs, but innumerable hosts of them are on the wing—dashing, wheeling, quaintly curvetting about the leaves of the festooned vine, or wantonly pretending to fly away from the earth which soon charms their pretty vagrancy back again to its bosom. The little coleopters seem coquettishly to take their different ranges for exhibition, and worthily act the part of torch-bearers to represent the inconceivable multitude of other animated creatures which hold as high a rank in the realm of science as they do without being conspicuous after their precise fashion. Their luminous beauty has gained them amongst the inhabitants the congenial name of "Lucciole," and they are by many held to prognosticate changes of weather with valuable accuracy. But superstition has contrived in some places to invest them with a supernatural and rather formidable character, as though they were emissaries from the grave, and might therefore be, as they are said to be at Genoa, justly held in abhorrence. A story is told of some foreigners who, finding them fly into their houses, as they will sometimes do even in the midst of cities, put their whole establishment into mourning, under an idea that they must needs be the disturbed souls of certain relatives come back unexpectedly to earth again. This unfounded notion, however, might ensure their being treated with respect, and enlists more sympathy than what we hear of the doings in tropical climates, where the brightest species of the *Lampyrus* are found. There the ladies make head-dress ornaments of them; surely too bold and unscrupulous use of a phenomenon which has excited the deepest interest in naturalists and observers from the earliest ages. Far better that they should dance and glimmer out their little lives with the brevet-rank of elves, and please the eyes of all, instead of ministering to the vanity of a few. It is said that the concentrated light of three or four of the fire-flies would make a small object clearly visible, so that if the eye has not seen, the mind has some data for imagining the effect of passing through their busy multitudes, all contemptuously independent of the roads or gauges to which the traveller is limited. The description of these flying diamonds, quoted from the great Linnaeus, is to this effect:—" *Lampyrus Italica*. Black; thorax transverse, with the legs rufous; abdomen clear white at the tip." There seems reason to believe that they are found in most places, at the proper season, in the south of Europe, and as far north as the Mediterranean provinces of France.

THE FENS AND THEIR FICKLENESS.

AS our literature spreads over the civilised world, some of its imagery reads very strangely to inhabitants of countries under other conditions. For instance, the people of New England are

amazed at our love of the month of May,—that month being cold and damp in New England, and one of the least pleasant in the year. In the Far West, English references to corn-fields are unintelligible, because “corn” in that region means maize, the growth of which is no more like that of our corn-crops than a copse is like a pasture. In the same way, the Neapolitans and the Peruvians, and the people of Asia Minor, will remark, for an age after English literature has become familiar to them, on our making the earth a symbol of immutability. To them, the ground is never certainly stable; sometimes it undulates like the sea; and sometimes it rocks like a cradle. In their literature we shall never find anything called “firm as the ground we tread.” We consider this point when our attention is drawn to it: but we seldom think of the fact that, if we take a view which is comprehensive enough, we shall find that we have no more right to speak of the unalterable features of our soil and scenery than the inhabitants of a country subject to earthquakes. I am not thinking at this moment of the changes which we learn by Geology have altered the aspect of every country in the world, in course of ages. I am thinking of periods within the compass of the history of our own country;—a period so short that Geology would scarcely condescend to notice it; and the reason why I am speaking on the subject to-day is, that a grave accident has drawn all eyes to a part of England which could hardly have been more mutable in its character and aspect if it had been subject to earthquakes.

Looking back no further than our own era, we see nearly all England covered with forest. Among other parts there was thick wood overhanging the sea where the Wash divides Lincolnshire from Norfolk. There were lakes here and there which let light into the dim woodland, and awoke sound in the silence; for waterfowl bred there plentifully. As for the rest of the space, it had none of the cheerfulness of a modern British forest, where the sun finds its way in everywhere, and some birds or other make music all the year round. The grunt of the wild boar was heard when the Britons took shelter in the thickets from the Romans; and the bison gave out his bellow, and the stags sent their shrill cry through the glades when they brightened with their spring foliage. When there was dread of Roman scouts, and the natives lay close, there was, in autumn and winter, nothing to startle the ear but the rustle of the hare in the fern, and the squirrels racing over the dead leaves, and the fall of the nut or the acorn. There did the Britons long hold their independence, such as it was, living on the game in the forest, and on the fish which they fetched in a stealthy way from the Wash, by creeping out in coracles, in the shadow of the woods. They would not eat hares, we are told, nor any kind of poultry; but they had pork and venison, and fish and herbs,—whatever may be true about their eating acorns. They had skins and feathers with which to clothe and adorn themselves, and had plenty of material for their wattled dwellings.

They must have expected the enemy to pounce upon them, sooner or later; for their forest region, large as it was, was commanded by a circle of hills,

everywhere but towards the sea. On those hills at length the Roman watch-fires burned oftener and more numerously; and as there were fewer trees on those uplands, there were more glittering spears in the morning sun. Military music came floating over the woods when the wind was in the quarter of the camp, so that the deer were startled in their covert, and the men might well think that great changes were coming. In a little while, the distant blows of the axe and the thundering fall of trees were heard; and the Romans came on, shaking the forest with their tread, and their music, and the great clearance that they made. As fast as they caught any Britons they set them to work; and before many days there was light let into the covert from the hills to the sea. The winds came to stir the heavy air; and, once there, the winds played many pranks. Wherever they found a large tree growing in a shallow or loose soil,—a tree which had never felt a breeze, because it was so surrounded by thicket, they rooted it up and laid it low. Sometimes there was a long row of such fallen trees, when the wind blew strong and straight; and sometimes there was a circular space so cleared where the winds had eddied, or suddenly changed their course. In either case these winds brought up waters from underground; that is, wherever a tree fell root upwards, a pool formed in the hole; and wherever the vegetation ceased to absorb the springs, the moisture spread in the soil, and mosses grew, and the firm earth melted down, and there was a swamp.

The Romans said this destruction must be stopped; but it was a thing sooner said than done when the trees were once down. The swine and deer disappeared; instead of the hare there was the otter; and instead of squirrels there were water-snakes. The old oaks and beeches were drowned and gone; and over them silvery fish glittered in meres which grew broader every winter. Myriads of waterfowl screamed and splashed where the ringdove had scarcely dared to break the solemn silence. The soil for fifty miles from the Wash would not bear the weight of a marching company; and once more, a few of the natives found a refuge in the inaccessible places of their own region. It was not for long; for the Romans were accustomed to contend with natural difficulties. They laid out a track of twenty-five miles long, which they compelled the Britons to make into a raised causeway, straight through the great swamp which now occupied the whole space within the circuit of hills. Where the water was salt, they caused embankments to be made, to keep out the sea, and to confine the streams in channels. Above its solid foundation, the causeway had three feet of gravel; and there it was, ready for traffic all the year round.

This was the beginning of a second great change. When the causeway was laid, the sea had so eaten out the land that England was scarcely broader between the Fens and the Severn than it is now between Berwick and the Solway. The sea occupied parts of six counties which are now a compact mass of dry territory. If we fancy the south of Lincolnshire, the west of Norfolk, and even a portion of Suffolk, nearly

all Cambridgeshire, and part of Huntingdon and Northampton shires, swamped at every flow of the tide, we shall see how much smaller England was then than now, and what a work it was that the Romans undertook.

As years wore on the embankments grew, and more salt water was kept out: but the fresh water does not seem to have been got rid of to any considerable extent. It was better managed, however. It was drawn off where it stood a foot or two deep, and confined to certain channels. Rising grounds still stood like islands in the waters; but there were more and more such islands; and, when the higher grounds had become beautiful with a cathedral here, a monastery there, and a church elsewhere, each settlement showing green pastures and yellow cornfields, and vineyards, and blossoming orchards, the newly risen islands began to display vegetation of one kind or another. Some could show pasture to which it was worth while to bring cattle. Others produced thickets of alders and willows; and at worst, there were reeds and sedges for shelter for the wildfowl. For hundreds of years the area of sixty miles by forty remained a watery region, in some weathers sunny and charming, with fruitful islands rising out of clear blue waters, and everywhere a picture of thickets reflected in bright pools, or casting deep shadows over narrow channels; and in other weathers brooded over by dense fogs, under which the fishers and fowlers and husbandmen were shaking in ague or groaning in rheumatism. The most swampy parts were always tenanted more or less, they afforded such convenient hiding-places! When a foreign invader came, everybody, far and near, who could not get into the camp or the next monastery, retired into the Fen, and dodged pursuers with ease. So did native criminals, and persecuted people. The district was like a vast sanctuary; and thus it became the interest of the strong part of society to reclaim and clear it, and of the weaker to keep it in its swamped condition. History affords us a glimpse or two of the scene during the period when the region was a group of islands, and a maze of mudbanks. In the history of Ely there is a fragment of a ballad by no less a person than King Canute himself, which shows us what he was doing in the Fen country one night or morning when the service of the monastery was performing.

Merrily sang the monks within Ely,
When Canute king rowed thereby,—
Row, my knights, row near the land,
And hear we these monks' song.

Thus did music float over the waters in quiet times. In troubled days, when invaders hunted the inhabitants into the lakes, and shallows, and thickets, like so many deer, the picture is far less engaging.

A fierce Norman baron had pillaged the monks of Croyland of their crops and their cattle, and had struck down their tenants and servants, while the Conqueror was fighting with refugee Saxons in the northern moors, and overwhelmed with snow-drifts in the Lake country. All the abbots of the Fen country joined in encouraging the people to

hold the swamps against the foreigners; and we all know something of the Camp of Refuge formed, in the Fens, and the disasters which overtook the Normans, when every alder-clump concealed an archer, and the fowlers who were accustomed to stalk ducks took to stalking men. We have all read of the blockade which William found the only means of bringing out the Saxons from their coverts; and of the road of two miles long and its bridges which he could never get completed, because somebody was always coming up from the waters to spoil it; and of the sorceress who was set up on high to charm the work against the supposed Devil who hindered it; and how a fierce fire came spreading before the wind, and caught the wooden tower, and burned the sorceress, and the bridge and the causeway. We have all been wrathful in our time at the miserable Ely monks who shrank before milder sufferings than the people bore, and who showed the Norman a way into and through the Fen, on condition that their precious selves should take no hurt. We have all been duly in a passion at reading of the maimings and blindings, and executions and imprisonments, that were inflicted when the Camp had been thus betrayed, while the monks were chaunting their services, and brewing their mead and wine, and plucking their fruit in security. While more faithful brethren in other monasteries were turned out into the fogs, to make room for successors from Normandy, these traitors hugged themselves in their comfort and luxury.

When Normans and Saxons had become one people in England, the Fen district presented a changed aspect once more. The swamps and innumerable channels and mudbanks had, for the most part, disappeared; and the waters were gathered into lakes and rivers of sufficient depth to render the intervening soil solid and dry. In the time of Stephen and Henry II. the beauty of the region was extolled. There were pastures and cornfields as well as lakes, and woods with lofty trees. There were not only blossoming orchards, but no waste lands anywhere: and, as for the settlements in the reclaimed lands, each one had a church so beautiful that that part of our island became famous for them. If we, in our day, are proud of the Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire and Norfolk churches,—so large and noble, with their crocketed spires or finely proportioned steeples,—what must our forefathers have been eight centuries ago? They gloried in their Fen country; and not without reason.

A day of disaster came, however,—eight days of disaster, which seemed like a doom in rebuke of pride. On the morrow of St. Martin, 1236, there was a gale which seemed as if it never would subside. The longer it blew, the higher rose the sea, till the population was all on the watch to see where it would break in first. It rolled in a long way before it made a breach; and then it surged over into Wisbeach, and on and on, till there was no escape for many of the people, or for their cattle. Bodies of men, women and children, floated to and fro, amidst the carcasses of oxen and horses; and boats were driven hither and thither, out of reach when most wanted. For eight days and nights the gale continued;

and when wind and water calmed down, the people were ruined. Great efforts were made to repair the breaches and drain the lands; and all seemed safe again when, in 1253, the same misfortune happened again. The king then commanded that the repairs should be well executed; and it is probable that the inhabitants did as well as anybody then knew how; but the case of the shifting soil, the peat, now swelling and now sinking, the incalculable pressure of the water when changes were made, far or near, was too hard for the knowledge and skill of the time and the people. For centuries there was a succession of inundations, at very unequal intervals, and invariably a new settlement between, with fresh hopes that the embankments were at last secure. There were strifes also among the inhabitants when, from time to time, some great man threw water over upon a neighbour's land, to drain his own. The Courts decided, now for one side and now for the other; and there was a pulling down of dykes, and obliteration of new channels and restoration of old ones. Any resident of our own day in a valley among mountains is aware of the troubles that arise whenever the smallest stream alters its own course, or is in the smallest degree interfered with by straightening or bending its channel. Some bit of meadow is sure to turn swampy,—some drain to be rendered useless,—somebody made angry on the one hand, while benefit is derived on the other. If it is so in a valley of a mile long, where there is a good sound soil upon a rocky bottom, what must have been the perplexities in so large an area as the Fens occupied, where the soil was, on the whole, a shaking bog, below the level of the sea, and in an age when the people could not account for the freaks of water when it did anything but run to the sea in the channels proposed to it! We have plenty of evidence of the mischief done, and of the wonderful energy of the people in returning to live on lands so often drowned. In digging, we find here the floor of a house, there trunks of large trees; and again, a churchyard, or a stack-yard, or a bit of paved street or causeway, or a group of boats, sunk in the silt. A smith's forge has been found in one place, and a line of tanpits in another; and a cart-wheel, and articles of human dress, distinctive of several reigns.

Every sovereign seems to have been anxious about the Fens, and to have encouraged attempts to make them secure. The first comprehensive endeavour to unite embankment and drainage for the whole morass, without partiality towards separate interests, was a century after the Martinmas gale I have spoken of. The works, costly and extensive, were swept away within a year of their being finished; and many then advised that the whole thing should be given up as hopeless. In the reign of Henry VII., Bishop Moreton made a new cut, which is now a part of the river Nene: but the banks crumbled down. So did other banks in the time of Elizabeth, and of James I. In the next reign, the enterprise was begun which introduced a new period in the history of the Fens.

The Earl of Bedford, in the reign of Charles I., was grieved to see Thorney Abbey on its hillock,

surrounded by shallow waters over the space of 18,000 acres. He induced some speculators to join him in an effort to reclaim the whole region. His particular aim was to retrieve his own lordship of Thorney; but his partners must have their inducements also. The demand was that they should have among them 95,000 acres of reclaimed land, in return for their expense and risk. They spent 100,000*l.* in three years, and accomplished a great number of works which crumbled down almost as soon as they were finished. During the Civil Wars of the period, it was a common practice for either party to cut the dykes when they could hurt their enemies thereby; and during the Commonwealth the whole tract lay as desolate as ever.

At length, the son of that Earl of Bedford took up the project again, on the same terms that had been granted to his father. He and his partners succeeded so far as to obtain their 95,000 acres; but they had spent more meantime than the land was worth. The most conspicuous sign of progress was that an organisation was now formed for the preservation of the works. By a charter of Charles II.'s granting, a corporation of conservators of the Bedford Level was appointed, and endowed with due powers,—the king appropriating for himself 12,000 acres of the 95,000. For more than a century and a half there were small successes, and occasional great disasters, owing chiefly to the mistake of making a great number of small channels, where there was not slope enough for little streams to flow away, instead of a few large channels, where the force of gathered waters would compensate for a scanty incline. At last, within the memory of the existing generation, the true principles of effectual drainage were proposed and acted upon; and the retrieval of the Fen country has been a matter of pride to the whole kingdom for thirty years. The series of Acts called the Eau Brink Acts were the bore of the day when some of us were young. The advertisements stared us in the face whenever we opened a newspaper: we skipped the discussion of them in reading the debates; and we never dreamed of living to revert with interest to the passing of those Acts, as we are doing now.

We have not, however, waited for a catastrophe to become sensible of the operation of the Acts of 1827-1829. Few of us have been utter strangers, probably, to the whole Fen district for thirty years past: and we cannot have looked abroad over those plains, in any season of the year, without marvelling at the treasure which has been won from the salt sea. A day's travel through the southernmost part of Lincolnshire, or the northernmost of Cambridgeshire, is an event to be remembered by anyone who carries in his head the history of the region. The substantial homesteads, the full stackyards, the thick and wholesome pasture, the sleek cattle, the golden corn-fields in August, the splendid root-crops in autumn, the clean seed-fields in spring; the capital roads, the clear ditches, and the strong embankments and canal works; and at intervals the thriving villages with their gardens and orchards, and the tidy towns with their commercial navigation,—these

features present a contrast with ancient days most interesting and exhilarating to an observer who knows enough to understand what he sees. He is aware that the Ouse and the Nene, and four or five smaller rivers, bring down the drainage of an area five times as large as the levels through which they flow: and, when all goes well, the work accomplished is therefore nothing less than carrying across a nearly level space of from thirty to forty miles, six times the quantity of water proper to the area. There is scarcely any slope; and outside the embankment there is a sleepless enemy, for ever trying to get an entrance, and spread ruin as far as the hills on the horizon.

On the 4th of May last the enemy got in. Outside the sluices the embankments are made stronger than within, because within the sluices there is only tranquil fresh water running away in its channel; whereas outside there are turbulent sea waves leaping up against the walls and gates. When, therefore, the salt water forces a way to the wrong side of the gates, it has to deal with banks never intended to resist its force. The danger is of their giving way one after another, and falling like card-houses. Soon after the waters had blown up the great sluice, four miles from Lynn, on that Sunday which will be memorable in the Fens, holes began to appear in the western bank of the channel. Men and boys set to work as Fen people know how, and stopped several of these holes: but there was one which defied their force—a chasm in the bank, nearly four miles above the spot where the injury began. Before anything could be done, the salt tide was pouring through upon the levels below; and in thirty-six hours the chasm was forty yards wide. By Tuesday night we heard of 15,000 acres being under water, and the mischief was spreading with every tide. I need not describe the scene which has been presented in print and by engravings from the date of the disaster till now. We can all fancy the hurry and bustle—the emptying of the barns as the water began to flow into the farm-yards—the boats passing from homestead to homestead, to carry persons and property to the higher lands; the terror of the cattle as the waters came up round them; the grief of the farmers over their drowned fields, and of their wives and daughters when their poultry-yards were turned into ponds, and the salt sea came into their dairies; and I may add, the irritation of the townsmen and countrymen alike at the delays and unskilfulness with which the misfortune was met. We have all seen in description how thousands of sacks of earth have been washed out to sea, and how barges have been swept from bank and mid-stream, and how everything seemed to break and fail in the hands of the many hundreds of people who were doing their best. Time and events will show whether more could and should have been done to restrain the mischief, and how far the damage will be found to extend. What was certain from the moment when the flood began pouring down upon the level below the chasm was, that the crops of this year must be destroyed over many thousand acres; that the cost of retrieval must be very great; that it could not be effected till after next winter; and that, mean-

time, ruin must overwhelm many families which never dreamed; when May came in, that they should need the compassion and aid of friends or society. The accident is a piece of national adversity, like the bad season of 1860 and the cotton dearth of 1862; but no doubt it will be bravely borne, as adversity is wont to be in England, and surmounted as soon as energy and resoluteness clearly understand how to go to work upon it.

Meantime, those of us who cannot wield the spade, and fill sacks, and drive piles, and chain barges together, or gauge the waters, or even keep an eye on the levels in their gradations, and issue warnings when the descent of the upland waters is becoming formidable, may indulge in our own contemplations of such an institution as the Bedford Level and Marshland. We see our eastern coast crumbling away in some parts, while the sea recedes at others. We see Yarmouth left inland, with a broad area of sand between the town and the sea; while, so near as Cromer, we find a modern lighthouse so perilously near the edge of the cliff that it must soon be moved back a second time, and the fine old church evidently doomed to topple over into the sea, where so large a mass of cliffs has melted into mud. We may look abroad with the eyes of the Pastons, whose bones lie in the churches near, and see how the landscape has changed since they had to make long rides to the beach, and to pass through fishing hamlets in which live fish are now swimming. We may think of the days when there was forest, and then swamp, and then sea, and then islands and straits, and then, after many fluctuations, the most fertile agricultural district in England, on the spot where the sea tides are now pouring in and making a lake of miles in extent; and, while thus contemplating our Fen country, we may well consider whether we have more reason than any other nation to regard the earth as the one immutable thing on which we can lay our grasp. In volcanic regions the earth rocks; in sea-girt regions the ocean tumbles over it. In the one as in the other it is necessary to the peace of our minds to be superior to the fear of change—stedfast in soul, because there is no other stedfastness.

If any reader thinks this an over-solemn conclusion of my subject, he has never seen the sea roll over the land while homeless hundreds stand looking on, astonished and aghast.

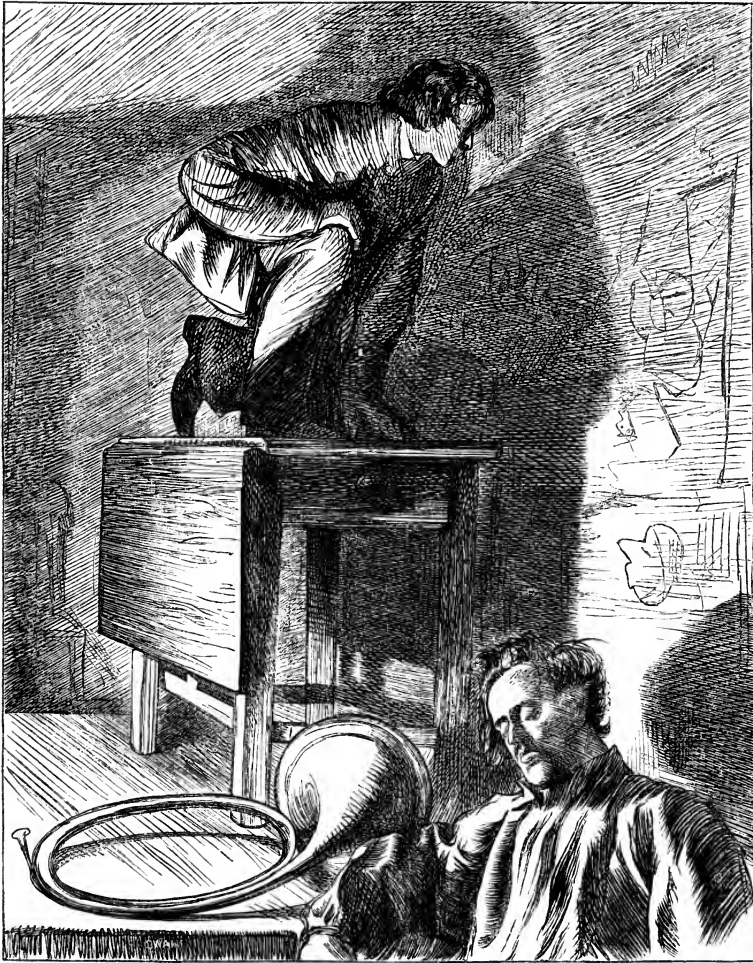
FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

A MYSTERIOUS SUPPER-PARTY.

“WHEN I first left Oxford, gentlemen,” began my Uncle, “I was a terribly harum-scarum young chap, I can promise you. It wanted just three months of the time when I was to subside into the gloom of the Inner Temple, and for awhile I was very much puzzled as to the best way of spending this intervening period, before finally giving myself up to—the Law. You would never guess the strange project which came all at once into our heads—meaning the head of an old college chum, whom I shall call Marsden, and my own. I don’t hold it forth as a perfectly original one; indeed, it was the narrative of its performance by some one else—given at a supper-party one evening—that

first suggested the idea to us. We were, you must know, great players upon the French horn, and enliveners of the quadrangle at all hours—though, by the way, the term I have just used does not seem very applicable to one of our supposed performances, for it was currently reported that we had played an old Senior Fellow to death. If that were so, we made ample amends by playing three or four of the Juniors into matrimony. Well, it was suggested by Marsden that we should pass the three months as ‘Wandering Minstrels,’ or,

in other words, as itinerant musicians, blowing our way—and of course earning our expenses—across the country. Whether from the mere exuberance of our spirits, or owing to the stimulus of divers heavy bets which had been laid against us, I can’t say; but certain it is that the idea did not evaporate with next morning’s soda-water. On the contrary, two days later saw us trudging out of Oxford, side by side, clad in light blouses and canvas trousers, with the formidable French horns grasped firmly in our hands. What is more, we



fully carried out our programme, not returning to Oxford till the three months were duly completed, and having throughout the whole of that time literally supported ourselves by the breath of our lungs, blown through the tubes of the horns aforesaid. You will doubtless believe me when I tell you that I still look back at this vagabond period as among the most agreeable pages in life's volume. Our earnings were good, generally averaging six shillings a-day for the pair; but this was no doubt in some part attributable to the impression we

everywhere created of having ‘seen better days.’ As a matter of course, we witnessed some strange scenes, and got mixed up now and then with rather queer company; but of this you shall judge by the adventure which I am about to relate, and to which you will please to consider what has preceded, as merely by way of a necessary preface or introduction.

“Late one autumn evening we found ourselves entering upon a lonely, desolate tract of country on the borders of Leicestershire and Northamp-

tonshire. Our journey that day had been particularly long, and our 'takings' correspondingly good, so that it did not need the additional stimulus of a sudden shower of rain to decide us upon putting up for the night at the first ale-house to be met with on our way. As luck would have it, a sharp turn, almost immediately afterwards, brought to our view a signboard with the swinging effigy of a Red Lion, or Dragon, or a Royal George. Whichever it was, the monster pointed straight across the road to a house whereon was legibly written, though not perhaps correctly spelt, the announcement—"Good accommodation for man and horse."

"It was not exactly the sort of place which I should select now-a-days for a night's lodging. The walls were discoloured by damp, the broken glass at many points replaced by rags and paper, with the tiles and slates blown down by past winds, still sticking in the deep mud in front of the door. Add to this its situation on the verge of a lonely common, with no other habitation in view, and I have said enough to show you the dreary appearance of the house. But our occupation and supposed station in life rendered us not over-particular on these points: the rain was increasing, and our strength failing us, and as for one fear which might have beset you in a like case—the fear of being robbed—I need not tell you that we had especial reasons for feelingly perfectly easy on *that* score.

"We entered accordingly and found the landlord smoking his pipe in the bar, a dingy-looking closet at the end of the front passage. He was a square-built muscular fellow, with a round bullet-shaped head, and that peculiar cast of features and flatness of nose which—whether produced by art or nature I have never, for my part, been able to ascertain—call up instantly to the mind the idea of a retired prize-fighter. To our inquiry whether we could have beds, he replied in a surly tone, that the house was full. There was no outhouse or other building where he could allow us to sleep; for we were not, as I have before said, over-nice in respect to accommodation. As for supper, all the meat in the house had been eaten up by a party which had unexpectedly dropped in, in the course of the day. The landlord's manner, as well as his replies, somewhat surprised us, for in the humble places of entertainment at which we had hitherto put up, we had been received with uniform consideration. There was, however, no help for it.

"'We'll trouble you for two brandies hot,' said Marsden, 'and wait till the shower is over. And as you seem to have no other room handy, we'll take them in here with a crust of bread and cheese.'

"The landlord acquiesced, though with evident unwillingness—perhaps something in the tone of Marsden, at variance with his humble appearance, had its effect. At any rate, we were served, our host, while the meal lasted, sitting opposite and eyeing us with a strange look of suspicion. After a while he broke the silence by asking us several questions: who we were?—what line of country we had been travelling?—what town was our next day's destination? and so on. Our

answers to these inquiries did not seem, for some reason or other, to satisfy him. And every now and then, I could not help noticing, during a pause, that his head was turned eagerly towards the door, as if in the act of listening for some noise, or the arrival of some expected person outside.

"He had repeated this motion for about the twentieth time, when I plainly distinguished the sound of wheels approaching the house in an opposite direction to that by which we had travelled. It was clear that his ears had caught it at the same time as my own, for a shade of vexation passed over his face, and he glanced at our glasses, still half-full, as if angry and impatient at our remaining so long. After a moment's hesitation, he snatched a candle from the table and bade us accompany him into another room, adding that the bar in which we sat would shortly be occupied by a party of gentlemen who were coming on business. We accordingly followed his lead down a dark passage and a short flight of steps into a kind of cellar or tap-room, furnished with rude wooden benches and tables, and the walls decorated with a variety of designs drawn in coal and charcoal, among which the figure of the landlord himself, dangling from a gibbet, was, as usual, the most prominent. Here, laying down the candle and our two unfinished glasses, he left us to ourselves, shutting the door with an oath. And, I confess, I was not best pleased to hear him turn the key on the outside.

"'There is some villany going on here, you may take your oath of it,' said Marsden, as soon as we found ourselves alone.

"'It certainly looks suspicious,' I replied. 'Why were we not shown in here at once? What is the meaning of locking the door? And, hark!' For, at this moment, the noise of a vehicle drawing up at the door, followed almost immediately by the sound of several voices in the front passage, could be heard plainly where we sat.

"'As far as a man, half asleep, may pronounce an opinion,' said Marsden, very coolly, 'I should say that a discussion is about to be held on the subject of a projected burglary; or it might be a highway robbery; or perhaps a bit of incendiarism; or, most likely of all, a poaching expedition. Lord C——'s preserves are in the neighbourhood. That's it, depend on it. But whatever it is, it does not affect us. *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*, you know. So if you are wise, my dear fellow, you'll imitate me, and take a snooze,—at least till such time as it shall please Boniface to release us.'

"The words had not been many seconds out of his mouth before Marsden, by a loud snoring, gave practical evidence of his conformity to his own precepts. For my own part, being of a less equable disposition, and, perhaps, not so much fatigued by our day's journey, I could not close my eyes, but sat reflecting, with some disquiet, on the strangeness of our position. This disquiet was much increased—though I scarcely knew why—by a sound of voices in loud conversation, which suddenly broke out in the room immediately adjoining that in which we were. It was evidently the new-comers who, after a short visit to

the bar, must have adjourned thither. I tried the door by which we had been shown in : it was, as I expected, firmly secured on the outside. There was no door of communication between us and the next room ; and, judging from the indistinctness of the voices which reached me, the wall intervening was of considerable thickness. But on holding the candle aloft on that side, I noticed a small square plate with round holes (or ventilator) close to the ceiling. It occurred to me, that by piling one table on another, and taking my stand on the topmost, I might manage to peep through this orifice, and so gain a view, and perhaps a distinct hearing, of what was going on on the other side. This I happily accomplished with as little noise as possible, and found my expectations so far realised that I could command unseen all the proceedings that were taking place there. Whether these were, or were not, of a nature to astonish me, you will not be long in hearing.

"The room was of fair dimensions, and better furnished than I should have expected to see any apartment behind such an exterior. It was brilliantly lit up by gas, at that time, if I remember rightly, a rare commodity to meet with in so out-of-the-way a place. In the centre was a table laid for six people, and—alas ! for the landlord's veracity—bearing a roast goose at one end, while the other was flanked by a juicy leg of mutton. The guests had not yet taken their seats, and I was able to examine them attentively. Five of the number were evidently countrymen, and bore that nondescript appearance which betokens the small tenant farmer, gamekeeper, or bailiff ; and five more villanous countenances, it occurred to me, had seldom met my eyes out of a felon's dock. This was, however, in all probability, to some extent the result of fancy. But the sixth was a person of a different stamp, and presented some rudiments of the gentleman, as might be gathered from his dress—a complete suit of black—and the tones of his voice, which contrasted strongly with the rustic utterance of those around him. That he was the leading personage present, and perhaps the giver of the feast, was clear from his saying with considerable authority—

" 'We will now, if you please, take our seats. Jonas takes the chair, and remember, all of you, that I sit to his left, on the side nearest the window.'

"The person summoned as Jonas (a stout, bandy-legged fellow in velveteen shorts), having moved to the head of the table, addressed his neighbour, the last speaker, and, as I thought, in a very civil tone.

" 'Will you allow me, Mr. Haines,—'

"Here he was interrupted by a shout from the whole party : 'There you are again !' 'A fine, a fine !' were among the exclamations which floated in shriller notes to the top of the general chorus.

" 'Yes, a fine of glasses all round for you after supper, Jonas, my boy !' said the black-coated gentleman, making a pencil entry on a piece of paper which lay beside him. How often am I to tell you the same thing ? Mind you, it is of the deepest importance. There is no Mr. Haines here. There is no Mr. Haines in existence as far

as we are concerned now, or, if there is, he is at Leicester. Just think, if you were to let slip that name, it would ruin us all. My name is Ben Brass. Ben Brass I am, Ben Brass I must be called. And as for you,' he continued, addressing the others, 'if any one should make the mistake again, don't let the rest kick up such a row. It would confuse your recollections, and perhaps do immense mischief.'

"For several minutes after this, the party continued their meal in silence, as if something of a chill had fallen on them. The chief must have made the same observation, for he suddenly exclaimed :

" 'Talk ! talk ! laugh, will you ! Tell stories, sing songs, or do something. Two of you get up a fight, and pummel each other. Anything to take this out of the humdrum way of proceeding. Why, you'll have nothing to recollect when you go home.'

"Certainly, thought I, here are a strange host and strange guests.

" 'I say, Ben, Ben,' said one of the company in a tone which showed him half-frightened at his own familiarity, 'did you see that Jim Gaylor was committed by the mayor this afternoon, just afore we left, upon *our* business, and it's like to be a case of lagging, at the least.'

" 'Hulloa !' burst out the individual designated as 'Ben.' 'What is that ? What do I hear ? Is this, or is this not, the 15th of September, I should like to know ?'

"The question seemed fairly open to a reply in the negative ; for, according to the almanack, we certainly stood at that moment at the 9th day of October. But no one volunteered an answer.

" 'Very well, then, how the deuce can I know anything about what won't take place for another month ? A fine of glasses all round, Conkey. Change the subject.'

"After a long pause, 'Wettish ride we shall have home to-night,' put in another of the party, timidly.

" 'O Lord, O Lord !' broke out Ben, rising from his chair, with a look of fury, 'O Lord, I shall give this job up. I'll have nothing to do with it. The one particular thing I warned you of ! A wettish night, indeed ! Why, it is a lovely moonlight night, without a cloud in the sky, without a breath of air stirring. It is the most remarkably fine night that I have seen for months and months. And to think that life and death should depend on such fellows as these !'

"A faint glimmering of what seemed the truth now began to dawn upon my mind. It was clear to me that the last speaker was insane : it was equally clear that he was a person of superior station to those around him : he appeared to be the giver of the feast : his guests were no doubt tenants or dependants of his, willing to humour their master in some of his wild fancies. And the anxiety of the landlord not to have us in the house at such a moment admitted, on this surmise, of an easy explanation.

"By this time supper was concluded, and spirits-and-water and pipes being produced, the constraint which had hitherto hung over the company began to disappear. With successive

glasses the jollity became complete, only that the president (as I must name him) would still at times start from his chair and indulge in one of his lunatic outbreaks. Thus, a distant peal of bells being heard, and one of the company remarking on it, he was vociferous in denying the fact.

"Recollect, you *don't* hear a bell. How do you know there is a bell? It is most unlikely that one should be rung at this time of night."

"He came, however, to be less and less attended to as the evening wore on. Before long, one of the party volunteered a song. He had hardly commenced it when, to my horror, I found myself slipping down with a crash from my post of observation; a leg of the ricketty table which supported me had given way under my weight. The fall was not great on to the table beneath, and I sustained no injury; but the noise, I thought, must necessarily alarm the mysterious occupants of the next room. So indeed it turned out, for my friend Marsden had barely time to rouse himself, and call out to ask 'What the devil I was at?' when the door was unclosed, and the gentleman in black (I don't mean the one Marsden was alluding to, but the eccentric stranger), accompanied by the landlord, presented himself before us.

"It was not very comfortable, gentlemen, to be brought under these circumstances face to face with a personage whom I could not but look upon as a raving madman, and the landlord's terrified expression was not exactly calculated to reassure me. If, however, my visitor was indeed mad, he certainly possessed the power of putting on an appearance of sanity—nay, even of very considerable acuteness. Nothing could offer a greater contrast to his late extraordinary conduct than the keen, scrutinising glance which he directed full upon me: nothing could be more collected than his manner, more to the point than the questions which he put to us.

"He began by asking me (for Marsden, the coolest hand under the sun in any difficulty, had by this time nearly fallen off to sleep again) who we were, where we came from, what we were doing, and so on. To these questions I returned our usual cut-and-dried answers, but they evidently did not satisfy him.

"Your appearance and manners show clearly," said he, "that you are *not* itinerant musicians by trade. Come, you had better be frank with me. There are those in the next room from whom you may not perhaps experience such gentle treatment."

"I don't know what impulse induced me to comply with this requisition, and to tell him our real names and the nature and origin of our freak, just as I have set it before you at the beginning of my story. The fact was, I began to doubt his being a lunatic, and a certain instinct prompted me that, under the circumstances, our best chance of safety lay in telling the truth; for it was undeniable that we had got among strange company. At the conclusion of my tale 'I believe you, young man,' said he: 'I see you are telling the truth. Jacobs, the landlord here, has two comfortable beds for you, and I think it is time that you

should be off to rest. But before you go, I have two promises to ask of you, and I shall be content with your word of honour, *as gentlemen.*'

"We were naturally anxious—(Marsden was, by this time, wide-awake)—to know what they were.

"The first is, that you will not breathe a syllable of what *you*, sir, freely admit you have seen and heard from your spying-place—at any rate, not for some time to come, and till you are out of this part of the country. Let us say, not until your tour is concluded. After all, whatever you may have witnessed, you have certainly neither heard nor seen anything that could be called criminal or wrong. And if you *did* observe certain eccentricities which you could not quite make out, you can readily imagine that we may have reasons of our own for wishing them kept secret: and as you can have no possible motive for revealing them, I feel sure you will give me the required promise—and, as a matter of course, keep it."

"We readily complied, Marsden adding that he could with a most pure conscience undertake never to reveal what *he* had seen.

"The next is, that you will not return to the town of Leicester during your present tour."

"We were there only two days ago, and have not the remotest intention of going back on that beat."

"Very good. Then before you go up to bed, do you mind playing us *one* tune in the bar, so that we may hear it where we are sitting?"

"I think we played them half-a-dozen, but this I know, that during one of our *entractes* we fell asleep from mingled exhaustion and rum-punch. The latter may have been drugged, for it was broad daylight when we woke, and all traces of guests and supper-party had disappeared. The landlord set an excellent breakfast before us, and what struck us as rather curious, declined any payment for our bill. It had been discharged over night, he said. A few minutes more saw us clear of the house; and what is more, from that day to this I have never set eyes on it; nor for twenty years afterwards can I say that I ever saw or heard of any one of the persons composing the mysterious supper-party."

"Then, is there no sequel to your story?" I asked.

"You shall see," resumed my uncle. "Just twenty years afterwards I happened to be called to the assizes at Leicester, on a special retainer. A short undefended cause was tried before the one in which I was engaged, and during its progress (having already mastered my own brief) my eyes, like those of other idle people, wandered about the court. You know, or perhaps you don't know, the tormenting sensation produced by the sight of a face which you remember perfectly to have seen before, and under peculiar circumstances, but where, or when, you strive in vain to recall. Precisely this sensation was caused in my mind by the view of an aged white-haired man who sat among the attorneys under the bench, paying great attention to what was going on, but not appearing to be engaged in any business of his own. His eyes met mine without any symptom of recognition on his part: except that when I first

rose and my name fell from the lips of the judge, I noticed or fancied that he looked at me with a somewhat curious expression. Directly afterwards, he left the court. I was too much occupied during the rest of the afternoon to give another thought to the matter, nor perhaps would it have recurred to me in the evening, if it had not been for an observation which fell from Serjeant W., the leader of the circuit, at the bar mess.

“‘Old Haines was there again to-day,’ he observed. ‘I thought the old rogue had given up business. He must have feathered his nest pretty well.’

“‘He *has* given up business for years,’ put in another, ‘only, like certain ghosts, he is irresistibly attracted to the scene of his former villainies.’

“‘Who is old Haines?’ I asked.

“‘An attorney. White-haired old man with twinkling eyes, sitting just under the Judge.’

“‘Dear me, that is the man that I was puzzling myself about all through the case of Trimmer and Hodge. Where could I have seen or met him?’

“‘Oh, he has been seen and met by a good many people in the course of his life. He is a remarkable person of his kind, I can tell you. I remember a case in which I was engaged some twenty years ago against him, and in which he was attorney for the prisoner. Scarlett was my leader, coming down special, and he always declared that it was the only case of the kind in which he had been fairly beaten. But you all know the story.’

“‘With the exception of myself,’ I put in.

“‘Well, it was a trial arising from the Luddite riots. You may recollect that they were riots caused by the introduction of stocking-machines. The unemployed workmen rose at Leicester and Nottingham, breaking frames and machinery. So limited was the diffusion of political economy in those days, that considerable sympathy was felt on their behalf, even among educated persons. Two or three skirmishes with the military took place, and in the particular case to which I refer, and in which the prisoner, one Ben Brass, had been the ringleader, a constable lost his life. At the conclusion of the case for the prosecution, nothing could be clearer than the guilt of the prisoner. From the address of his counsel we learnt, for the first time, that an alibi would be set up. Five men were prepared to swear that they had spent the evening of the alleged crime in the prisoner’s company, at a distance of fifteen miles from Leicester. From the character of Haines, his attorney, we knew pretty well what that amounted to, and that the thing would be at any rate cleverly got up. But if ever there was a man at the bar capable of breaking down a fictitious defence of this sort, by his cross-examination, that man was undoubtedly Scarlett. He of course at once obtained from the Court that the witnesses should be introduced separately. The evidence of the first called among them was to the effect that on the evening in question, he had driven out with the prisoner and four others to an inn about fifteen miles from Leicester, that they had supped there and

not returned to their homes till the next morning. Then Scarlett rose to cross-examine. With matchless skill he elicited, in his easy way, every detail and particular of the supposed excursion; the start, the road, the pace, the arrival at the inn, the minutest incidents of the supper down to the dishes eaten, the songs sung, the place occupied by each guest, nothing escaped him: and of course every answer was carefully taken down by me. “That will do for a beginning, I think,” he said to me, as he resumed his seat. You know how next to impossible it is for trumped-up evidence to stand this kind of searching ordeal. Some breach *must* be established in the best-constructed story. Great was our surprise then when the second witness, after a severe cross-examination, corroborated in all its main points the evidence of the first. The same was the case with the remainder, only such slight discrepancies occurring as seemed to prove the truth of what the men affirmed. Nothing could be elicited damaging to the character of the witnesses, who all appeared to be honest workmen, friends of the prisoner. The landlord of the inn corroborated much that had gone before, with one rather singular addition. When asked how, in the absence of books (which he did not appear to keep), he could swear positively to the date of the supper party, he replied that it had been stamped on his mind by a particular occurrence. On that evening, he said, two young men in the dress of itinerant musicians and with French horns in their hands had come in to refresh themselves; that he judged at once from their manner and other signs that they were gentlemen, who had disguised themselves for a freak, and that one of them had afterwards admitted the fact in his hearing. This he had thought sufficiently strange to make a note of. A country gentleman sitting on the bench ventured to interrupt the proceedings at this point with the remark that he had seen in Leicester some few days before a couple of young men exactly corresponding with the landlord’s description. No doubt, they must have been, for some time about those parts. This, which the jury seemed to look upon as a wonderful confirmation of the truth, put the finishing stroke to our case, which was stopped before the summing-up by a verdict of ‘Not Guilty.’ As we walked home, Scarlett could not conceal his vexation. ‘How that fellow Haines has managed to do us,’ said he, ‘I can’t for the life of me conjecture.’

“‘I think I could explain the whole matter,’ said I, and in answer to the incredulous looks cast at me, related to them the adventure you have just heard.

“‘Capital! Capital!’ cried Serjeant W——, at the conclusion. ‘Holding a real supper-party to represent the fictitious one, so that everything which they swore to as having happened on the night of the crime really *did* happen—exactly a month after the prisoner was committed. Change the day, and be sure of one or two minor points, such as the weather and so on, and there you have a recipe for an alibi, as simple as Columbus and his egg. Well, I really never should have thought of it. Haines deserves the greatest credit. He could not have done it in every case, however. It was

only the great sympathy felt for the Luddites which enabled him to procure five *respectable* perjurers. I shall tell the story to Lord Abinger the moment I return to town.'"

IRISH CONVICT SYSTEM.

IV.—FEMALE PRISONS.

THE right treatment of female convicts is one of the most perplexing problems of our day.

It is a fact well known to all whose experience enables them to pronounce a judgment, that persons of the female sex, when debased by crime and tainted with immorality, are infinitely more difficult to deal with, and give far less hope of ultimate reformation, than men. The young girl, when brought to a Reformatory as a juvenile delinquent, requires more peculiar management, and, if bad, has a nature more thoroughly corrupt than the generality of boys; and the woman, who, having been several times before the magistrates, is at last sentenced to a long term of incarceration in a convict prison, or who is sent there for a gross outrage on society, is in a more wretched moral and spiritual condition even than a hardened male convict. All that should be the special characteristic of her sex, is generally lost; her more delicate organisation has, from its very susceptibility, become more thoroughly perverted. We will not here inquire how this is, or bring witnesses to prove that it is so, but assume it to be a fact, a mournful fact, and one calling for the earnest attention of society.

It is always a painful sight to see degraded women; but, on our recent visit to Dublin, we determined at once to encounter it, and our first visit in the capital of our Sister Isle was to the Mountjoy Female Convict Prison.

It was the Sabbath, and it was an appropriate employment of the day consecrated to Him who came to seek and to save the lost, to worship with the prisoners. There are three distinct places of worship in Mountjoy prison. The largest is for the Roman Catholics, adapted for the performance of the rites of their religion. A very plain, simple apartment is occupied by those attending the ministry of the Presbyterians, and a large chapel is simply arranged for worship conducted according to the custom of the Church of England.

In many prisons the convicts are arranged at public worship each in a separate cell or partition, so as to see and be seen by the minister only,—as if even in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and engaged in His worship, the prison idea must still pervade the service, and everything social be banished. In other gaols, where there is not this separation, but all worship God together, as an absolute separation between the two sexes is necessary, the women are out of sight in a gallery. Thus have we worshipped under the ministry of the late lamented Rev. John Clay, whose services in the Preston Gaol were most impressive, and who carried with him to the Throne of Grace the hearts of all his hearers. Here, however, the women were alone in the chapel with the clergyman and female officers, without any apparent formality or restraint. A painful history might be read on many of the countenances before us;—vice dreadfully disfigures the features of a woman, and no one

could have been here without having gone through a long course of crime. But all were joining with apparent devotion and interest, every one who could do so following the service in the prayer books; the earnest practical exhortations which were addressed to them in the sermon were received apparently with self-application and intelligent interest.

The service concluded, the lady superintendent of the whole prison (who had not been present; being a Roman Catholic, showed us the general arrangements of the establishment, though of course we were obliged to defer our observation of the ordinary working of it to a week day. One feature of it struck us particularly. In England the difficulties seem inseparable to the admission into gaols, workhouses, and even infirmaries of benevolent lady visitors of different religious denominations. In Ireland, where parties run high, we anticipated still greater difficulties; yet here—in this convict prison—the grand problem is solved, for not only are the female officers of different religious denominations, all working harmoniously together—but Catholic, Church of England, and Presbyterian ladies all visit the prisoners, with excellent effect, and no interference with each other interrupts the harmony of the establishment. All there are engaged in one great work, and sympathise with each other in it; judicious regulations being laid down, which no one attempts to interfere with. Each prisoner on entrance states her religious profession, and is expected to keep to it; and the ladies of each denomination visit only those of the same religion: they meet them in class, and as occasion presents itself gain such knowledge of them as enables them in future to lend a helping hand to convicts when discharged. A great good is thus obtained: there is no proselytism; the motives of the ladies cannot be questioned by the prisoners—they come only to fulfil the Christian duty; and these wretched women, who are cut off from society through their own crimes, here can feel that there are those who care for their souls, and who are desirous of giving them Christian sympathy. None but those who personally know it, can comprehend the deep import of the words, "I was in prison, and ye visited me."

We had been told to be sure to see the Infant School in the gaol! We were startled and shocked at the bare idea. Are there even infants round whom the prison walls are closed? Had not our Reformatory and Industrial Schools been successful in preserving young children from such an unnatural condition?—And then we remembered a dreadful sight which we had once witnessed. In an associated gaol we had been taken to a large room appropriated to nursing mothers with their infants! The room was full, and the spectacle awful! The faces of those mothers can never be forgotten, for they exhibited every species of hideous vice and degradation. And these were to give the first impressions to the young immortal beings who were unhappily their children, and who were imbibing from them the tainted streams of life. And not only from its own mother would each child derive its early impressions,—her face might perchance be softened

by a smile of maternal love,—but all around there were other wicked mothers whose looks and voices would be bad and even fiendlike at times: and the poor little child would catch its first notions of life from the worst specimens of humanity. A convict mother must entail misery on her offspring, and we found that in Mountjoy prison an attempt was being made to mitigate the evil. All women are by law allowed to have with them very young children in the prison; if the sentence is long, the poor child may have dreary years to spend in this abode;—for what mercy would it be to it to send it forth into the world uncared for, unprovided for? Hence this Infant School, to which we were now conducted. It was not indeed as cheerful and happy a looking place as we should like to see young children in;—we could not but notice strong thick walls outside the school-room, which spoke clearly to us the dreadful word “prison.” But they told us that these poor little things were not conscious of their peculiar position, and did not consider that they were in gaol, but in “Mrs. Lidwell’s workhouse,” as they called it. They looked cheerful, happy, healthy, and clean, in their Sunday pinafores; and their teacher seemed fond of them, and so did the worthy superintendent, Mrs. Lidwell; and they certainly looked better and more cared for than did the poor children we afterwards saw in one of the Dublin workhouses. We were told, and readily believed it, that it produced an excellent effect on the mothers, who were unhappily there as convicts, to know that their children were within reach, and that if their conduct was good they would be allowed the Sabbath privilege of having their young ones under their own care for a time;—perhaps there they first began to think of their solemn responsibilities as mothers. Under existing circumstances, this Infant School in a convict prison is good and beneficial,—the best thing that can be done for the child: but surely it ought not to be so. Surely no young child should enter on life’s training under such a stigma as having been bred in a gaol?—surely society should take care that its young members should be properly educated somewhere, when the parent is removed by the arm of the law;—surely a workhouse school should be a more appropriate and happy home than one in a gaol! It is not so at present! May it be so ere long!

We next visited Mountjoy on a week day. This prison contains both the first and the second stages of the female convicts. In consideration of the greater susceptibility of women, the time of entire separation is four months instead of eight months, conditional of course on good conduct and industry; if these are not satisfactory, the time is extended. The general arrangements and system are similar to those of the men, and through all is there the same individual watchfulness and care, combined with strict regulations; a sense of justice blending with all in the mind of the prisoners. We visited the second stage, the associated work-room, where a large number of women were engaged in needlework, under superintendence. It was well for them to have this occupation to draw off their thoughts from themselves. One hour in

every day they receive a lesson in the school-room. There we found intelligent school-mistresses engaged closely, each with classes which they received in rotation. It was a strange sight to see elderly women in spectacles standing in class, spelling out the Irish lesson books which are so familiar to our children. But we were much astonished at the proficiency which some, even of these, had made. We know the extreme difficulty which is experienced by young persons, who have been early neglected, in overcoming the mysterious combinations of letters into syllables, and the connection between these forms and the corresponding sounds. It was, therefore, a remarkable and significant fact, that only one hour a day, well and actively employed with real goodwill to learn, should have produced such results. The women greatly appreciate this hour’s instruction; faculties before dormant are excited and exercised; and thoughts are opened to them which excite new ideas and aspirations. Some of the classes had attained considerable proficiency, and their teachers were evidently proud of them. More advanced stages of the women were engaged in various kinds of house work and cooking, and a number in washing and ironing. These occupations seemed more calculated than the needlework to rouse their energies in a right direction, and to draw off their thoughts from themselves; consequently their countenances looked better, and indeed as the stages advanced it was easy to trace an improvement in expression. Hard work is a most important element of training, and a great aid in subduing bad passions. One woman of stalwart appearance was working with great zeal at a washing machine: she had been guilty of manslaughter! One shuddered to think of what she must have been capable when her passions were wild and unregulated. But though the faces of many were bad, yet we could perceive, as we advanced, a great softening of expression, and in none did we observe that sullen, dogged, and rebellious look, which indicates that the governed and the governing party are not working harmoniously. The most advanced at Mountjoy are placed in a “preparatory class.”

Now the establishment of an “intermediate stage” for women, corresponding to the Lusk and Smithfield for men, was long a difficult and perplexing problem. Yet it was necessary to solve it. Why are the public unwilling to take into their employment persons who have come straight from prison, however good those prisons may be? Simply because they do not believe in the reformation of the prisoners, and with justice; for, where the will is absolutely enthralled, it is impossible to tell how an individual will act when the restraint is removed. It is one of the grand secrets of the success of the Irish Convict Prisons, which is acknowledged by all who personally study the subject, that this principle is understood and acted on. But the women could not with safety be allowed the same liberty as the men. Not only would the difference in character to which we have alluded prevent this, but the dangers of the streets to females, especially of this class, would render such liberty most unsuitable. Under these perplexities, the directors availed

themselves of the voluntary zeal and devotion which offered to take charge of the women who should be considered worthy of the privilege of an intermediate stage. The nuns of Goldenbridge, who had already considerable experience in the care of a penitentiary, undertook the charge of such Catholic convict women as should be sent to them. They are there still under their sentence of detention, and subject, as at Lusk and Smithfield, to be sent back to Mountjoy should their conduct prove unsatisfactory, and they are under the constant inspection of the directors; but in other respects they are under the management of the nuns. There we saw them, and remarked a most favourable change in their appearance and deportment; indeed, had we not been aware that they were convicts, we should not have imagined it from anything we observed. The women were chiefly engaged in laundry-work, cheerfully and actively. We conversed with several of them, and found them all anxious to lead a new life, and preparing for it. Goldenbridge has large grounds connected with it, which afford to the women the salutary influences of out-door occupation; there are the garden and potato-ground to be cultivated, and the pigs and poultry to be attended to; the care of animals is generally beneficial, and intercourse with nature always is so. These, combined with the religious and moral influence exercised by the nuns, and their Christian interest in them, afford an excellent preparation for future life. There is also a Protestant institution of a similar kind in Heytesbury Street, superintended by ladies; the number here is small, but the same object is in view; and here, as at Goldenbridge, the ladies who undertake the charge keep a friendly watchfulness over the women when they go out into the world. The plan has answered admirably. The women fully appreciate the kindness which is shown them, and the efforts which are made for their good, and they go forth again to the world in a very different position from what they could have done from any prison. The public, too, place confidence in the characters which they receive from the ladies who have the management of these institutions, and know to what influences they have been subjected. Hence they are not unwilling to receive these women into domestic service; and many are satisfactorily placed out, while others emigrate. This plan has not been in operation as long as the intermediate prison for men, but hitherto it has answered admirably and gives good promise. The same principle is in operation here as at Lusk, and produces the same results.

"Individualisation," says Captain Crofton,* "is the ruling principle in these establishments. The result of the self-discipline effected by the attainment of marks is here to be tested before the liberation of the convict. The training is special, and the position of the convict made as natural as possible; no more restraint being exercised than would be necessary to maintain order in any well-regulated establishment. *The convict is co-operat-*

ing in his own amendment." Most satisfactory is it that Captain Crofton has been able to add (p. 21): "After nearly six years' experience, it has been found that the public are satisfied with the tests afforded by the modification of prison life evinced in these refuges, and are well disposed to co-operate with the managers and sisterhoods in their kind and charitable work."

These simple and unofficial visits to the Irish convict prisons have been followed by others of magistrates and other official gentlemen who have made the treatment of criminals their study. The closer the scrutiny, the deeper has been the conviction formed, that the "Irish Convict System" has solved the grand and difficult problem of combining the reformation with the punishment of the offender. The most striking statistics have proved the wonderful diminution of crime since that system has been adopted, and the public have borne their testimony to it, by receiving the convict again among them, and treating him as one really reformed, who is beginning a new life. May the time not be far distant when the same admirable system shall be established in England.

M. C.

FURTHER NOTES ABOUT THE "CUCKOO."

IN a short paper entitled "The Cuckoo," in No. 149 of ONCE A WEEK,* mention is made by Mr. E. Jesse of his having seen the egg of one of those birds in the nest of a redbreast, the entrance to which nest was so small as to admit only of room for the owner to pass in and out, and he suggests that this was accomplished probably by the *foot* or the *mouth* of the cuckoo. Perhaps I may be allowed to mention an instance which came under my own observation, and which would induce the opinion that this apparently impossible feat of the Cuckoo is performed by means of the *mouth*.

Several summers ago, and when I first became deeply interested in the thousand and one curious facts connected with the habits and instincts of the feathered tribe, towards the end of May I was taking a country walk in the neighbourhood of Barnet, and strolled as far as Hadley Wood. My attention was attracted to a very close thicket of mingled blackthorn and brambles, such as we frequently see in a wooded country, and from which there issued sounds as of a little bird in distress. On investigation, I discovered the nest of some small bird (which afterwards proved to be that of a hedge-sparrow), on the edge of which, or rather by the side of which was a Cuckoo, apparently half-choked by some half-swallowed substance. My first impression was that she was sucking the eggs of the hedge-sparrow, but I cannot express my surprise when after a moment's interval, she deposited from her mouth *one of her own eggs*. I state this as a positive fact, for I witnessed it, although at first I confess I was unable to believe my own eyesight. On examination I found that so closely were the brambles twined round the nest in question, that the cuckoo could not possibly get to it, and therefore she adopted the plan of clinging by her feet to the thickest briars, and inserting her head, with the egg in her mouth,

* See page 516.

* Vide "A Brief Description of the Irish Convict System." By Captain W. Crofton. Printed and published by E. F. Atterly & Co., Victoria Press.

through the very narrow entrance to the poor sparrow's domicile. It would seem that she must first have deposited the egg on the grass, and then taken it into her throat, for which there was ample room, as all will bear witness who have examined a cuckoo's mouth; and moreover, the egg of that bird in comparison with its size, is very small. It always struck me (whether correctly or not I shall not pretend to say) that the egg had slipped further down the bird's throat than she intended, that she had, in fact, nearly swallowed it, and hence the choking noise. The cries I had heard proceeded from the owner of the nest, who witnessed in person this impudent intrusion on her privacy, and to all appearance was in the greatest perplexity and distress. I should mention that I was obliged to have a portion of the brambles cut away—so closely was the nest surrounded with them—before I could examine it. It contained two hedge-sparrow's eggs and the newly laid cuckoo's. I endeavoured by a bribe to the boy who cut away the brambles to persuade him to leave the nest unmolested, being very curious to wait the result of the hedge-sparrow's incubation, but whether after I was gone the boy's love of bird's-nesting prevailed over his scruples, and caused him to break faith with me, or whether the now more exposed situation of the nest betrayed its presence to other sharp eyes I know not: I only know, to my chagrin, that on visiting the spot ten days afterwards not only the eggs but the nest itself was gone.

I might, I think, venture to say that the probability on such occasions is that the cuckoo always uses its *mouth* rather than its *foot*; firstly, because I have, as above related, seen it use the former; and secondly, because it is not at all likely that a bird would cling with one foot and use the other as a *hand*. Such a posture would be in itself unnatural, if not impossible, and I myself, though I have the highest respect for the experience of the writer to whom I have alluded, most emphatically say that it would be impossible. As a farther confirmation of the correctness of my assertion, let me state that a gentleman with whom I was formerly intimately acquainted, on two occasions shot a cuckoo, finding in one case a newly laid egg on the grass, which certainly *might* have been laid in the bird's death agony, and in the other a broken egg *in the bird's throat*.

This latter case would tend to show that it is not unusual for the hen cuckoo first to lay her egg and then convey it in her mouth to such nest as may appear to her convenient. The supposition is again strengthened by the fact that, the cuckoo being a wandering bird, may not always, when the egg has arrived at maturity for laying, be sufficiently close to the nest of a bird of that tribe in which her instincts teach her to deposit it, consequently it is but natural to suppose that, having laid it, *probably on the grass*, she would set about finding a more suitable resting-place for it. I have written this short paper, thinking it likely what I have stated may be as interesting to others as it was to me, although so much has yet to be discovered concerning the habits of this very curious bird, that it remains for naturalists themselves to seek further information. ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

A SHADOWED LIFE.

A QUIET, pale-faced orphan girl,
My maiden hours were spent
With kinsmen, who the burden bore
In sullen discontent.

One came who saw me taunted—crossed—
Yet willing to obey:
I yearned for change, *he* sought a *drudge*,
I would not say him *ay*.

None asking how or why I went
Uncared for all my life,
I left the house miscalled my home
To play the part of Wife.

To come when called, to go if told;
Another's, not my own:
Bound by the ties of earth and heaven,
Yet treading earth—alone.

Had I a heart? Affections strong?
Of these I gave no sign,
Or dreamed how deeply I could feel
Till infant lips pressed mine.

Then, as my smiles met answering smiles,
With glad but rev'rent brow,
I thanked that Hand these gifts bestowed,
That some one loved me *now*.

My husband to his hearth at eve
With quiet footsteps came;
The children clung about *my* neck;
Perhaps I was to blame.

If selfish in my new-known joy,
I oft forgot that *he*,
An equal claim upon them had,
A claim on them and *me*.

One morn the neighbours whisp'ring stood,
With faces awed and pale,
Of *fever* creeping near they told
A strange and fearful tale.

That hour I joined my children's sports,
At night I wept o'er one;
Another and another day—
And then—whom had I?—*none!*

Ah! wearying days of cureless pain!
Long nights of blank despair!
When voices summon me from sleep
Which, waking, are not there!

The hush of Death was on my soul,
Its silent awe profound
Pursued me through the house, where still
Their busy feet resound!

Long, lonely hours! in which I strove
My lost ones to forget,
With eyes that still were seeking theirs—
Arms that enclasped them yet!

Or, on my pillow in the dark
A baby still caress,
The most dependent on my care,
Missed most, and loved the best.

Who can take note how time creeps by
When sunk in listless grief?
Days came—and went—I took no heed,
Nor sought from change relief.

I knew not all my husband felt,
Nor how *he* bore this blow ;
He never told his thoughts to me,
Nor dared I seek to know.

One night, too deeply moved for tears,
I lay in sad unrest,
Exhausted with th' unspoken pangs
My bursting heart opprest ;

When in my startled ear a voice,
My husband's, gently said—
" Oh, wife ! beloved wife, 'tis *here*
Should rest thy aching head !

" Unthinkingly I made you *mine*,
Too careless then to glean
The hopes and wishes hid beneath
Thy calm and serious mien.

" But, lavished on our early lost—
Thy *love* I learned to prize,
And see my quiet, earnest wife
With changed and kinder eyes.

" Too late, I longed to see her turn,
When *my* foot crossed the floor,
The wistful, tender, love-fraught look
She for those dear ones wore.

" And Wife ! when Death unlooked-for came
And robbed us day by day,
I learned to dread a greater void,
Shouldst *thou* be snatched away.

" I nor deserve, nor dare to ask
What *should* have been mine own,
And brightened with its trusting faith
The years now sadly flown ;

But for the sake of those we weep
Be mine in *heart*, in *will* ;
Our grief for them in closer links
Shall bind our future still ! "

Now weeping on his breast I lay—
No more the cold, sad wife ;
Those whispered words that hour had raised
The shadow from my life.

LOUISA CROW.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

OUR cavalcade, consisting of six carts and six mounted tourists, set out from Tientsin on a fine frosty morning for the Great Wall of China. Some rain had fallen a few days previously, and we entertained considerable misgivings as to the feasibility of proceeding on our allotted marches in the time originally determined upon : the distance from Tientsin to Sunwha (the base of operations) was rather more than 100 miles, and it had been deemed expedient to accomplish the journey in four days. Our progress at starting was not very encouraging, neither were the subsequent mishaps of the first stage ; the carts were carefully loaded, particularly those devoted to the commissariat ; and, bestriding Tartar horses, we had sallied on our way rejoicing. On arriving, however, at the bridge of boats connecting with the French side of the river, it happened that our passage was peculiarly ill-timed, as, the tide being out, there was a steep and slippery incline, up which it seemed difficult to urge our transport.

Innumerable Chinamen, too, in utter contempt of our piteous appeals to " man-man," would persist in crowding the bridge with wheelbarrows containing all kinds of miscellaneous merchandise. There was nothing for it but to unharness the animals ; and, by dint of almost superhuman strength of voice and limb, they were half-pushed, half-hauled up the incline ; occasionally in the most tantalising manner, scrambling close to the top ; and after a few violent though unsuccessful efforts, slid unresistingly to the bottom again. A dozen or two stout coolies were then enlisted for the carts, and with many " eye yaws " they followed the mules. Devoutly praying that the jolting might not have caused many breakages in the carefully-packed barrels of beer, we once more started, and without further trouble got away from Tientsin.

The country for a considerable distance presents no features of interest, the eye resting on nothing but an interminable plain covered with millet stumps, whilst bunches of brown spots, representing villages, are seen far away on the horizon. These villages are all of the same type, the ascent steep, and with barricades of millet stalk answering the double purpose of screening the dwellings from the cold winter blasts and from the intrusive eyes of travellers. A very long plain was traversed before reaching Panchuanzer, our first night's halting-place, which must bear the same unenviable reputation as did Hounslow Heath of yore. For about half a mile from each extremity is fixed a long poll, with a basket containing a man's head on the top ; these ornaments were placed, we understood, as a warning to the inhabitants of surrounding hamlets, to keep them from lightening their fellow-countrymen of their burdens whilst crossing this waste. We arrived at Panchuanzer rather late, experiencing some difficulty in consequence in getting put up for the night. Chinese inns present no great variety : for the most part they possess spacious courtyards, plentifully garnished with feeding-troughs, whilst the interior accommodation is of the rudest kind. Every room is fitted with a kang, or sleeping-place, in appearance very similar to the raised portion of an English guardroom, and commonly termed the guard-bed. Chinamen, however, being chilly mortals, delight in heating their apartments to the veriest extent of human endurance ; and, accordingly, each of these kang is traversed throughout by a flue communicating with a small receptacle for fuel, usually situated in the centre just above the floor, though at times placed outside the building. In the latter case ludicrous annoyances are of frequent occurrence to European travellers, who, in their ignorance of celestial habits, retire to rest, unconscious of these super-heating appliances, and find themselves awakened in the dead of night by the overpowering heat engendered. It is a pity that the Chinese do not better comprehend the superiority of glass to paper in the construction of windows : almost the entire front of all their houses consists of a large paper window, which circumstance enables the natives to indulge their curiosity by gazing on the barbarians feeding, and they are wont so to do by gently pressing the forefinger against the

fragile screen until it yields, when an eye is instantly applied to the aperture. It becomes rather a bore at last to the individuals favoured with so flattering a mark of regard, especially when the conviction steals upon one that the numerous peepholes, which satisfy the inquisitiveness of our long-tailed acquaintances, will, if not speedily repared, afford entrance to some very chilly gusts during the night; an inconvenience to be avoided, if possible, when the thermometer stands below freezing point, and you have not a superfluity of bedding.

Whilst passing through villages it was amusing to listen to the unsophisticated remarks which our coming elicited, the inhabitants being at a loss to pronounce whether we were proceeding northwards from motives of pleasure or profit. Arguments were also frequently overheard between controversial villagers, the subject being the station in European society occupied by our unworthy selves—one side espousing the opinion that we were noble officers, and the other that we were nothing but merchants.

As we lengthened our distance from Tientsin, the aspect of the country gradually changed, and though even bearing the appearance of hopeless sterility, there was much to admire in the ever-varying character of the surrounding scenery.

The second day's halt brought us to Fung-Tai, which seemed to be a very rising town, the "Reztang No," or, as designated in the vernacular, "the Old Grain-bearing River," being previously crossed at a ferry. An inferior kind of mandarin called shortly after our arrival to inquire what business had brought us there, and having been kept in conversation for a few minutes by one of the party, departed, with a promise to call again as soon as we were settled; which promise, however, much to our satisfaction, he neglected to fulfil. Fung-Tai possesses very good shops, and we noticed in several, pictures of the English and French, which must, of course, have been procured from Tientsin. The inhabitants stared more at us here than at any other place, and would follow in crowds, almost tripping one another up in their anxiety to get a good look at the barbarians. Our interpreter was troubled with a chronic wakefulness, which led him on the morning of departure from Fung-Tai to arouse every one at about three o'clock in the morning, under a firm conviction that it was time to start; nor could he be appeased until we had all given unwilling evidence that the bright moonlight had been mistaken by him for dawn.

The third day saw us at Leang-chea-tien, a favourite halting-place on the Peking road, where the accommodation was superior to any that we had yet experienced. At our noon rest on this day there happened to be a fair at a village close by, and hundreds of natives embraced the opportunity of gazing at the foreigners devouring their luncheon, getting closer and closer to us, they became at last an intolerable nuisance, till the innkeeper, brandishing a long whip, and being by no means sparing in its application, at length drove the mob to a reasonable distance, walking round and round, like a keeper at a wild-beast show.

Mountains now loomed in sight, and were very gratifying to the eye after resting so long on the flat expanse of country near Tientsin.

The fourth day's march led us through some most interesting gorges and mountain passes, the character of the adjoining country differing entirely from any we had hitherto come to; trees became more plentiful, and we noticed many of descriptions quite unknown further south. Altogether the scenery was extremely variegated, and one could turn from a contemplation of the sombre beauties of the numerous firs, so plentifully adorning the surrounding hillsides, to a nearer view of stately poplars which, in wild luxuriance, were grouped in natural avenues. The dark black mud, of clay-like consistency, gave place to a red sandstone, at once more pleasing to the eye and easier for the carts to traverse. Houses in many cases were built with stone walls, instead of the invariable brick common to the parts in which we had been stationed.

The inhabitants of the places we passed through presented signs of the most abject poverty—their subsistence must be from hand to mouth.

We crossed a running stream clear as crystal, which ought to abound with fish, though a very cursory inspection from its banks did not lead us to suppose that followers of Izaak Walton would meet with much sport.

Several large bluffs were passed about six or seven miles from Sunwha, on the tops of which joss-houses have been erected; but it may be fairly doubted whether the piety of those upon whom these buildings look down, is sufficiently marked to induce its possessors to clamber such giddy heights from devotional motives. Here we sighted the Great Wall, at a distance from us of about ten or twelve miles, stretching its sinuous course over a chain of small hills to our left, with towers at irregular intervals scattered along its line. On arrival at Sunwha, our first act was to send to the mandarin, announcing the reason of our visit; and the doing so brought his steward, with whom we arranged the next day's programme. Our visitor in the course of the evening tried a cigar; which, however, did not seem to meet with his approbation, for it was speedily dropped on the ground; some cherry-brandy and brandy were more to his liking, whilst a cup of preserved cocoa and milk was simply tasted and set aside with symptoms of disgust. The following day we called in state upon the prefect, a mandarin of the blue button, presenting a letter of introduction from a similar authority at Tientsin, and showing our passports. Our reception was most friendly, and our host, attired in a long silk dress lined with fur, and wearing over it a cloak of unborn camel's skin with sable cuffs and collar, appeared anxious to do the honours of his yamun in the most gracious manner; chairs were set out, and everybody being provided with a cup of tea, a desultory conversation ensued. The old gentleman admired particularly a gold watch and chain worn by one of the party; asking whether that, or anything of the kind, was for sale, and what had been the price in England: on being informed that we were neither buyers nor sellers, he seemed slightly disappointed; but soon

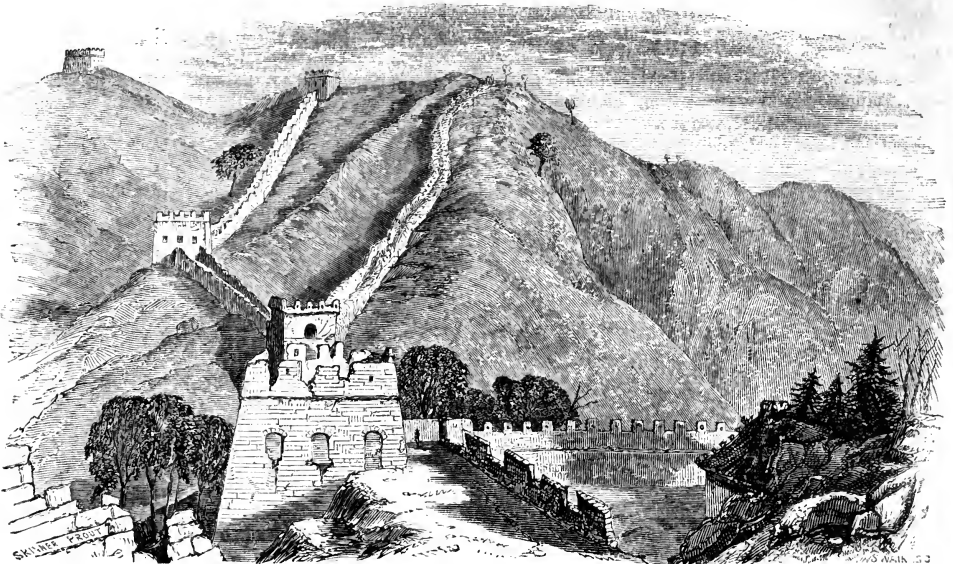
regaining his equanimity, started another topic. Shortly afterwards, mutual expressions of esteem and gratification at meeting having been ex-



Guard-house, Lo-wan Eu.

changed, we made our adieus, and on reaching the inn found that the mandarin had come to pay

his return visit; the breakfast things being laid out, his coming was rather a bore, though we endeavoured to be as civil as possible, and after fingering all the knives, forks, spoons, plates, &c., he departed, being presented, on leaving the apartment, with sundry bottles of cherry-brandy, and packets of composite candles, boxes of wax matehes, and bundles of cheroots, which articles, though they would be considered strange presents to a civic dignitary in Great Britain, appeared to delight their Chinese recipient beyond measure. In return he sent us a sheep and a quantity of fruit, also telling off his steward to guide us to the pass of Lo-wan. This pass is situate twenty-one lee from Sunwha, and carts can proceed no nearer than within three lee.* Lo-wan Eu is a compact little town, for though of diminutive size, the term of village is scarcely applicable to it; off-shoots strike out at right angles from the Great Wall and completely encircle it, though the cordon is in many places impaired by age. This place is said to have been peopled by the descendants of the many Tartar guards in course of time here stationed, and the present inhabitants seem to have made a compromise between Tartar and Chinese customs; the women's feet especially justified this conviction; as, without being altogether left in a state of nature, they were by no means so horribly mutilated as amongst persons of purely Chinese descent. The road, which was in a sad state of repair, led us through a variety of tortuous windings before we arrived at the pass itself, where a small Tartar guard, with



The Great Wall of China, at Lo-wan Eu.

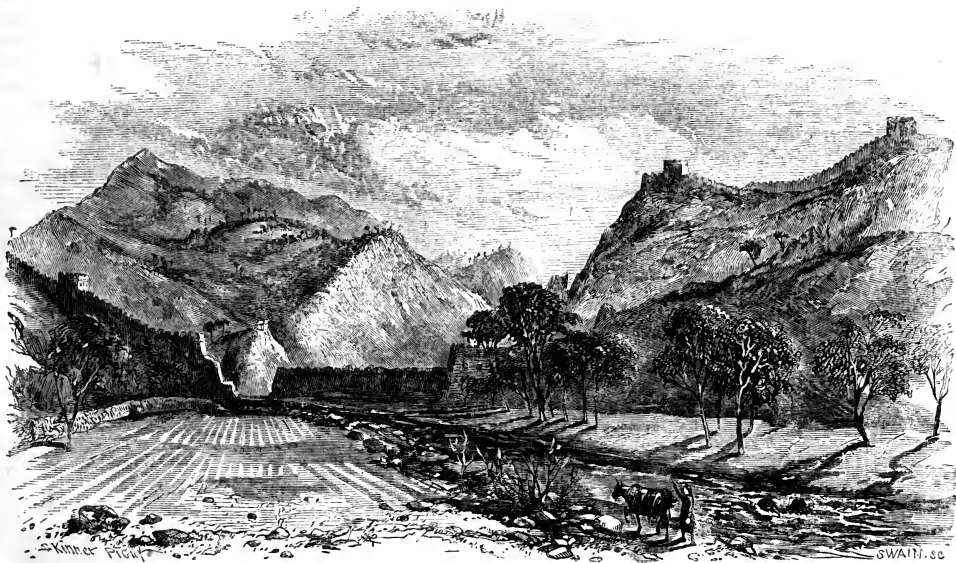
spears ostentatiously displayed in a rack outside, is always located; in former times, a bridge must have connected the portions of the wall, though scarcely a vestige of it now remains. We picketed our animals to trees and scrambled up the wall, which near the pass is in a very dilapidated condition. The sight was at once picturesque and

amazing, for as far as the range of vision extended this wonderful structure was seen stretching along the mountain sides and tops, with little towers, at intervals varying between two and three hundred yards, breaking the otherwise monotony of the view. For a short distance either side of the pass

* Three lee are equivalent to an English mile.

the wall is constructed of brick with rubble in the centre; but further away it is composed almost wholly of stone: in fact, whatever materials were closest at hand would appear to have been made use of; thus, as at the spots we visited granite abounded in greatest profusion, so in the construction of the wall was it made the principal ingredient, and for miles the wall consists of large, shapeless masses of granite smoothed only on the outside. We observed but one tower built entirely of stone, they being, with this exception, composed of brick, with foundations of hewn stone. The height of the wall from the top of the parapet is about seventeen feet ten inches at most parts, though occasionally, where the parapet is highest, it measures eighteen feet six inches; its breadth is thirteen feet, and the height of the parapet five feet four inches. The towers are thirty-one feet three inches high, and twenty-

eight feet one inch broad. The parapet is both crenelated and loopholed, and the towers are pierced for the discharge of some projectile. From any elevated site the scenery well repays one for the trouble of ascent: clear streams are seen meandering down the passes, whilst on every side, and looming far in the distance, are a succession of brown hill-tops, with small patches only under cultivation. Droves of pack-asses are seen going and returning, the former unladen, and the latter bringing a small kind of brushwood, which the borderers burn instead of the millet-stalk in use on the plains, whilst in wild abundance are scattered innumerable ash, poplar, and fir trees. The proceedings of our artist were productive of infinite astonishment and delight in the Chinese mind, and it was with extreme difficulty that, hemmed in on all sides, we succeeded in transferring to paper views of surrounding objects. A



Chapow, from the Mongolian side.

kind of compromise was at length entered into, by which the crowd were bound to refrain from peering over the front of the drawings, being recompensed for this forbearance by permission to gaze from behind.

Offshoots branch out from the wall in occasional places. For their construction it is difficult in every case to assign a reason; the little town of Lo-wan Eu is completely encircled by one, and on the opposite side (*vide sketch*), a double wall winds upwards, with the portions in nearly parallel lines. The contemplation of our party at their unpretending refection afforded the natives the greatest possible amusement, and not without great vigilance were they restrained from touching every article of the canteen. On such an occasion, it will readily be imagined, her Most Gracious Majesty's health was not forgotten, though we, her loyal subjects, from circumstances of unforeseen calamity (such as the fearful jolting

experienced by the carts on the wretched road between Sunwha to the pass, which resulted in a general breakage of glass and crockery), were compelled to drink the toast singly and consecutively, from a small silver cup, fortunately possessed by one of our number.

A visit the following day to the pass of Chapow, distant about twenty-one lee from that of Lo Wan, confirmed our surmise that in the erection of the wall, the contractors, if such there were, availed themselves to any extent of the building materials closest at hand. We noticed several guns, most of which were partially imbedded in the earth or rubble forming the centre of the wall: one bore an inscription, recording that it was cast in the reign of Wan Lee, the last Emperor but one of the Ming dynasty; it must therefore have been upwards of 260 years old, and was evidently fashioned after a European model. A great many of the towers were in a decayed state, and the

interiors of some of them, having been cleared of *débris*, were converted into gardens and granaries. One of our party, whilst scrambling along, disturbed a fine fox, who, frightened by the sudden apparition of a strangely clothed barbarian, after gazing for a moment at the intruder, made off at full speed on the top of the wall.

The Great Wall of China was constructed during the Sin dynasty, and concluded in the reign of the Emperor Chin Chee Kwong, who flourished about 250 years before the Christian era; consequently the edifice is more than 2100 years old.

The Chinese speak of the wonderful structure as the 10,000 lee old wall, and appear to consider it extremely natural that strangers should desire to visit it: the sight amply repays one for the troubles and difficulties of the journey: and when the fact is realised that for thousands of miles this extraordinary product of masonic art pursues its serpentine course, all other so-called wonders of the world fade by comparison with this lasting memento of a despot's folly and the involuntary labour of a submissive people.

We were unfortunate as regarded the weather, on the occasion of visiting the Chapow Pass; and, even in the midst of sketching, our artist frequently cast aside his drawing materials to indulge in a variety of calisthenic exercises as a promoter to the circulation; whilst a pair of Celestials, busily engaged at chess on the summit of a tower, when the welcome checkmate was given, fairly raced to the nearest dwelling to thaw their frozen limbs.

The town of Sunwha, whence our daily excursions took place, is about 400 lee from Peking, and 300 from the sea; but little trade appears to be carried on there, and the inhabitants seem to pass their time in a dreary kind of abstraction. The wall is in a very good state of repair, much better than at Tientsin, probably from the reason that what in the one case is considered merely an ordinary city boundary, is in the other deemed a necessary precaution against the raids which might otherwise be indulged in by the lawless tribes residing on the borders of the old Empire. This wall, according to the inscriptions noticed on innumerable bricks, is about 250 years old, and some guns in position were placed there twenty or thirty years subsequently. There were the invariable four gates at the cardinal points of the compass; and it may be worthy of mention that the southern one is always closed at dusk, from a superstition that the Evil Spirit will otherwise effect his entry.

On the 2nd December we started again for the Lo Wan Pass, intending to push through for some miles, and ascertain whether there was any game in the neighbourhood; the prefect's steward, wearied it was supposed by the, to him, unwonted exercise of riding, provided us with a substitute guide, though our new conductor, who acted fully up to the old maxim of keeping his spirits up by pouring spirits down, proved rather an incumbrance than an assistance. On reaching the Great Wall, and just as the foremost of the party was passing through the gap, we were electrified by a great hullabaloo in rear.

The Tartar guard had turned out and, with innumerable villagers, were gesticulating and shouting in the most incomprehensible manner: their spokesman, an individual, if possible, even more inebriated than our own attendant, harangued us for several minutes with a volubility and unintelligibility that baffles description: our guide, of course, retorted on him, until at last, judging from the flushed faces and bloodshot eyes of the disputants, a tolerable number of compliments must have been interchanged. Luckily, at this juncture, an infinitely more respectable inhabitant than had yet joined the crowd, put in an appearance, and explained that the guard merely desired us to comply with the custom of the locality, which was to dismount and walk through the gap in the wall, adding, that even Chinese officials were not exempt from the operation of this rule. Of course we immediately alighted, and did as we were requested; though it was evident that, had our companion of the two previous days been with us, instead of his drunken and disreputable delegate, no opposition to our proceeding anywhere or in any manner we preferred would have been offered, for on the occasion of our former visit the whole party, preceded by the prefect's steward, rode through without the faintest show of objection.

Shortly after this we overtook two Chinamen proceeding in search of game, armed with a superior kind of matchlock, but they could not be induced to pilot us to a likely spot for our own projected amusement. We walked about nine lee from the wall, and availing ourselves of the proffered hospitality of a buxom matron, who was keeping house in the absence of her lord and master, we tied up our animals, and organised the shooting party, which terminated, however, in great fatigue and barren results. Two members of the expedition, who had meantime proceeded five or six miles along the road, reported, on their return, having come to an exceedingly pretty spot, where there was a river from twenty-five to thirty yards in width, called the Sa-Ho; they were told that thirty miles nearer Mongolia the country was very well wooded, which justified the conclusion that thence comes the charcoal so plentifully imported into the enclosed part of the empire. There was a universal desire to journey thither, but time did not permit, and we were compelled the next day to commence our homeward march, which was accomplished on the 6th December. It is almost superfluous to add that we returned to Tientsin, highly gratified with the experiences of the past twelve days.

Two peculiarities of these dwellers amongst the hills cannot fail to attract the attention of even the least observant traveller; the one is a fondness for strong liquors, and the other a tendency to *gottre*. The former is all the more strange, as in other parts of the country the natives are generally patterns of sobriety. The frequency of cases of *gottre* is attributed by the Chinese themselves to the coldness of the water which they drink. However, neither age, sex, nor station is exempt from its ravages, and fully twenty per cent. of the population are afflicted with this unsightly malady. H.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoying in the gynnyn causeth mykel error in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER XVII. REGINE.

"Don't let that noise disturb you," said Martin; "nobody can come in. The castle will stand a siege, if need be."

Wilford continued his narrative.

The boy Alexis must have been eight or nine years old when he first came to Harley Street, though he was very small for his age. He had an ugly, wicked, impish face even then. He had little cunning green eyes, was lividly pale, and very thin. I know that if you ever attempted to stop him or take hold of him, he had a wily way of eluding your grasp, wriggling from under your hand with a serpentine sort of movement, for he was very lithe and supple, and seemed more as though his frame were made of sinew than of bone. There are some persons in regard to whom it seems right to follow the instincts which prompt us on the instant to mistrust and hate. It was not possible to resist this feeling on seeing this boy Alexis, young as he was. Liar, and cheat, and spy, were written on every line of his face. He was the worthy child of Dominique and Madame Pichot. I make no doubt that the story of his origin was authentic. He possessed the characteristics of both parents in a marked degree.

"The Pichots were so far true to the agreement they had made with their employer, that they sedulously kept out of his sight the boy Alexis. It was a large rambling house, and there was little difficulty about such a proceeding, especially as my uncle never entered more than three or four rooms. That he was aware of the boy's presence in the house I fully believe. Occasionally the boy was sent out with letters or messages, and my uncle could not but have known who had been the bearer of these, though he never permitted his knowledge to be betrayed by his looks or manner. Once, too, he had been looking out of an open window at the back of the house, and had amused himself with watching certain antics performed by the boy Alexis, who was, however, entirely unconscious that his sports had a spectator. The boy had quite a clown's cleverness in the way of walking on his hands and turning summersaults, and other tumbler tricks. He was far beyond the ordinary accomplishments of boys of his age in these respects. Some leads at the back, the roofs of certain outbuildings, formed the platform of his performance. My uncle was said to have been greatly amused; he laughed noisily after his manner, and flung out money to the lad.

The Pichots, who had been in dread of a different result, congratulated themselves on the turn events had taken.

"Soon after the boy Alexis, came, as I have said, the girl called Regine Stephanie, reputed to be the child of Dominique Pichot and his wife the housekeeper. I may now state my firm belief of what at the time I had no kind of suspicion, that Regine was not the daughter of the Pichots. My conviction is that a condition of their remaining in my uncle's service was, their acknowledgment of this girl as born of their union, as their lawful offspring, and on this account it became necessary for them to antedate their marriage several years. In return for their doing this my uncle consented to forgive their marriage, and permitted their son Alexis to reside with them. A suspicion that has always haunted me in regard to this girl I have never been able to confirm or to confute—but I have long been of opinion that if her paternity was not to be directly attributed to my uncle, still the secret of her parentage was well known to him, and that he had some object in view in misdirecting all conjecture on the subject. She was born, it was admitted, in India; as a child had been sent to France, to be educated at a preparatory school at Dunkerque, afterwards at a finishing academy at Brussels. She was probably about eighteen on the occasion of my seeing her for the first time at the house in Harley Street. During the absence of my uncle from London, Madame Pichot had been dispatched to Brussels. She had remained there some weeks. She returned, bringing with her the girl Regine—Madlle. Pichot, as she was then called.

"It was hardly possible not to feel a certain curiosity in regard to Regine. Although I was then prepared to believe the current story that she was the child of the Pichots, I could not help remarking that there was something peculiar about the position she occupied in that strange household. Whereas the existence of the boy Alexis was almost altogether ignored by my uncle, he seemed to take a pleasure in recognising the presence of Regine. He frequently sent for her. She was allowed to enter what rooms she pleased. She was constantly in the drawing-room. My uncle's conduct to her was always courtly and kind. He made her many presents, especially of jewels and lace. He bought for her a superb piano: on this she would play to him when he was at home in the evening. She was an accomplished musician, though as a singer her voice was limited in compass, and without much flexibility. She had a pretty pony-carriage, in which she often drove out, though he forbade her to enter the parks; and yet with all this she had tacitly at least to recognise Dominique and his wife as her parents. Before I had entertained any doubt as to the truth of the story of her origin, I could not but observe that she always shrank from such poor maternal endearments as Madame Pichot permitted to herself; while any advances that Dominique Pichot made to her, any attempts on his part to assume influence or authority over her, were met with a scorn that was almost savage in its intensity; notwithstanding little ever occurred in any way to reveal what I now

believe to have been the real state of the case. Indeed, I remember that when, on one of the few occasions during the latter part of his life, of my father's visiting London, and calling at the house in Harley Street during my residence there, he saw the girl Regine, and struck with her appearance, asked who she was, he seemed to be quite satisfied with the reply he received, that she was the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Pichot, the valet and housekeeper of his brother the Colonel.

"Her manner was very silent and sullen when I first became acquainted with her. She seemed predetermined to regard all around her as her enemies. When addressed she sometimes made no answer—always spoke coldly and bluntly, and with averted eyes. She seemed to ask for nothing so much as to be left alone—unnoticed. She showed no desire to conciliate—was indifferent, apparently, as to the opinion others might entertain concerning her. If any one persisted in attention to her, there was something almost dangerous in the angry look of defiance that lit up her large black eyes. Yet, in the presence of my uncle, she became quite a different creature. She was so quiet and gentle, and there was such a winning grace in her every gesture—the tones of her voice softened—her eyes lost their usual hard brilliance—quite a limpid tenderness beamed in them beneath the deep shadow of her sweeping lashes. There was a wonderful charm about the limber ease of her every attitude. She was so natural and unconfined in all her movements, her frame so lithe, her hands and feet so small and beautifully formed. Who can wonder that the old man yielded to the spell of her presence?—who could have resisted it? Yet who could have recognised this winning Regine in the frowning Mademoiselle Pichot—reserved, repellent, silent, before her supposed parents? In this unattractive character my uncle had never seen her.

"She was rather below the middle stature. Her complexion was very dark,—almost swarthy; she had very little colour, though now and then a sort of underflush would glow in her cheeks. Her features were small but strongly defined, her mouth rather stern, its lines were so marked and rigid, but her teeth were beautifully white and regular. Her eyebrows were almost masculine in their density and blackness; her head was small and well formed; her hair very rich and glossy, growing rather low down on her forehead, from which she wore it turned off, but in a pretty waving line, coming to a sort of peak in the centre. She was vain—fond of rich dress of rather pronounced colour, wore always heavy ear-rings and necklaces. There was a foreign look about her—almost a barbaric look—when, as she was fond of doing, she had attired herself in her gayest apparel to appear in the drawing-room and play and sing for my uncle's amusement. She had a gold-coloured dress covered with Indian embroidery which my uncle had given her, and to which she had added fantastic trimming of the scarlet feathers of some tropical birds. There was a daring about this violent contrast of colour which struck me very much. Certainly she supported the magnificence superbly. I remember her well

in that dress. I can see her in thought as vividly as though she were now so attired, present before me. She spoke English perfectly, but with a foreign accent, the result probably of her education and long residence abroad.

"Her demeanour, in regard to myself, was, on the one hand, without the anger and sullenness which she invariably exhibited in her intercourse with the Pichots, while, on the other, it was entirely divested of the winning charm which distinguished her manner towards the Colonel. She regarded me, as it seemed, with no stronger feeling than indifference; she was supremely careless as to what I said or did. Whether she saw me or not—whether we met or parted—she never spoke to me unless I first addressed her; was entirely heedless apparently whether she won my like or dislike—never courted my good opinion in any kind of way. I was no more to her than one of the articles of furniture in the house. I was less than some of them; the piano, for instance, or the couch covered with tiger skins on which she was fond of reclining. I confess I was piqued with this want of recognition of me. Each time that I came to London this feeling seemed renewed with greater force. The more indifference she displayed, the more I felt inclined to change this indifference into some stronger feeling. I felt that I could claim to establish in her breast some superior emotion. I was a mere boy at the time, remember, accustomed to have my own way in everything—pampered and spoilt—and I could not but greatly admire this beautiful Regine. I had seen her both before the Pichots and in the presence of my uncle. I knew how wonderfully witching she could be if she listed. I assured myself that she was but playing a part, when she appeared as the sullen unattractive daughter of my uncle's servants. I tortured myself with thinking how I could work a change in her. My admiration for her mounted into a sort of mania. Now I tried to move her by my devotion; now by repaying her coldness with an equal neglect of her. Either way, she was little affected—her conduct did not change.

"The Pichots were not slow to perceive the state of my mind on this subject. Possibly I had not cared to make a secret of the matter. I found myself soon concerting with them means to soften Regine. Eagerly they listened to me, promising all the aid in their power on my behalf. They undertook that the views of Regine should undergo a change, and that before very long."

The noise at the door, which had once before interrupted Wildford, here occurred again. This time Martin started up.

"Hush!" he said softly, "I think there was something more than a knock that time. I think I heard the sound of a letter falling through the slit in the door."

He went out quietly into the passage.

"Yes," he said, returning, "I was right; a letter, and addressed to you."

He handed to Wilford a letter, of small size, and written on thin foreign paper. The writing was cramped and faint. Wilford started as he regarded it, reading the address.

"Who left this?" he asked, eagerly.

"We'll soon see," said Martin.

He hurried to the outer door of the chambers, but no one was there. He listened—there was the sound of footsteps descending the stairs. He closed the door again, and passing into a different room to that in which they had been sitting, he threw up the window. From that point of view he had command of the entrance to the block of buildings in which the chambers were situated, and could see who passed from the staircase into the roadway. Very shortly he returned to Wilford.

"It was left by a boy, I think; a boy in a French cap."

But Wilford took little heed of the information. He was occupied, apparently, with his letter. And yet this contained but a very few lines, which he had read over twice in Martin's absence. They were as follows:

"You need not pay the money, and you shall not. I say so. Only I must see you, as soon as possible. Come to me after this note has reached you, as quickly as you can. Do not fear—as to the money, or on any other account. You are safe."

The letter was without date or signature.

For some time he sat contemplating it, frowning. Then there came to him an air of relief, and he seemed to breathe more freely. Yet he had an evident difficulty in continuing his recital to Martin. Did it occur to him, from what he read in that letter, that his revelation had now become in a measure superfluous—unnecessary? He had with an evident reluctance entered upon the task of laying bare to his friend certain hidden things in the past—of revealing the mysteries of his early life. He had commenced his narrative with a constrained, unwilling manner. He had probably purposed at the outset to give merely the heads of the history; but as he advanced, and the difficulty of his task seemed to diminish, and the interest of his friend to increase—probably, also, because it seemed in some measure necessary to his own justification, he had entered more and more into detail. Now an altered intention influenced him—a change came over him—his voice and manner were wholly different.

"I hardly know, Martin, why I weary you with all the minutiae of this story—I suppose I grow garrulous as I grow older," and he laughed faintly. "You can conceive my position, and the—the difficulties and complications likely to arise from it. You understand that I was with rather dangerous people—that I was young enough and weak enough to fall an easy victim, if one had been needed."

Martin looked at him curiously. He detected at once that Wilford's opinions upon the expediency of his confession had undergone a change.

"Does he mistrust me?" he asked himself, sighing. Then he added aloud, "Tell no more than you think right, Wil."

It was kindly said, and yet it fell upon Wilford's ears rather reproachfully. He rose up uneasily, and walked to the window; there was an agitated, perplexed look in his face. When he spoke again, it was with his face turned from his friend.

"I can tell the rest in a very few words; perhaps

the fewer the better. You can understand that these Pichots had an eye to my uncle's wealth. They feared at first that I should become his heir; but gradually they became reconciled to that idea, planning to grow rich by means of the influence they had obtained over me, or through the power they saw their daughter possessed to rule me. I need not dwell upon these matters," he spoke rapidly. "You must see that there would be an evident inconvenience in these people appearing upon the scene in the present state of things; especially if they should begin to talk; they may possess letters, and threaten to produce them, and it seems these Pichots are now in London, with the exception of the husband, who is ill in Paris. You can judge for yourself, Martin, how hateful it would be to me to have them forcing themselves upon my wife, telling tales to her of the past, of their acquaintance with me in my youth, and so on. You may be sure I would not, if I could help it, have Violet's ear poisoned with all the tattling of these hateful people, and that, if need be, I would pay any sum to keep them silent. You surely appreciate all this, Martin?"

"And is this all?" asked Martin, quietly, after a pause.

"Yes—all," Wilford answered, petulantly; "what more should there be?"

"And your only anxiety is, lest your wife should see these Pichots and hear what they may choose to tell her?"

"Yes. What other anxiety should I have?"

"I would have no dealings with these people, I think," said Martin; "certainly I would not buy their silence. Can you trust them even after you have paid them their price? It seems to me, Wilford, it would be better to trust your wife. I may say, however, that the whole history is not quite clear to me; but so far as I can judge, if there are—well, let us say unpleasant circumstances in the past which may come to your wife's knowledge, I maintain that it would be better that she should learn of them from you rather than from others."

"Thank you, Martin, for your patience—for your good advice. I will deliberate upon the matter."

"Do nothing rashly, however. You are not going?"

"Yes, I must go now, indeed," and he moved to the door. There he stopped.

"Martin," he said, with a return to his old manner and with deep feeling in his voice, "bear with me. Give me still your confidence and friendship, for indeed I have great need of both. Perhaps I have not spoken to you so fully as I might. Perhaps there are other things to be told to enable you to judge rightly of my history. Forgive me if I have hesitated to enter upon these. Think that the opportunity is not a fitting one, or that I have not time or courage sufficient. I will renew the subject, if I can, on some other occasion; but I may not now."

Martin had only time to answer these hurried words by a kind pressure of Wilford's hand as he moved away.

"No," said Martin, as he found himself once more alone in his chambers. "Certainly, he has

not told me all. I think," he added with a sigh: "it is *always* hard for a man to tell *all*."

If some thought of Violet then surged up in his mind, he thrust it down again; and he sought relief and found it, as it may always be found, in hard work for many hours.

CHAPTER XVIII. MADEMOISELLE BOISFLEURY.

ALEXIS. Was he man or boy? Let us leave the question open and call him Monsieur Alexis; he was more French than English—and there is no such thing as boyhood in France. The infants of that country almost as soon as they can speak, are capable of *affaires de cœur* and *tendresses*, and *bonnes fortunes*; they mature so rapidly. While one of our young compatriots is playing heartily at leapfrog, one of theirs is swearing (*Grand Dieu, je jure sur la tombe de ma mère, &c.*) devotion to *la belle Célestine*, or mingling tears with the adorable Madame Darville, and with her adorning the grave of her late husband (dead of a small-sword thrust in the right lung), with the most beautiful *immortelles* which the money of the deceased and deceived *mari* (how despicable the word seems to sound to French ears!) could possibly purchase. Monsieur Alexis sat at one of the windows on the second-floor of the house in Stowe Street; the reader has already been introduced to the apartment. Monsieur Alexis was amusing himself with opening and shutting the window at short intervals, looking out up and down the street expectantly, with breathing on the panes of glass and drawing on the clouded surface so obtained caricatures of a primitive design, or scribbling initial letters with a very dirty finger—he had others to match it—much notched and gnawed at the top, and the nail reduced by his teeth to the very smallest dimensions and the most unattractive form that was anyhow practicable. As an additional pastime, Monsieur Alexis occasionally permitted himself the interesting *délassement* of putting a fly to death by a process of torture as prolonged and painful as his ingenuity—not contemptible in that respect—could devise.

"Is he coming?" asked someone sitting at the other end of the room, whose restless foot kept up an impatient tapping on the floor.

"I don't see him," Alexis answered, after looking out, apparently rather pleased at having it in his power to give a disappointing answer.

"If he doesn't come—" some one began, and then stopped.

The speaker was a woman, of small stature, her figure well-proportioned, but inclined to be rather stout than slight. She was of very dark complexion, her hair jet black—it seemed to be almost blue where the light fell upon it—the black was so intense and the absence of any warm colour in it so complete. She had small, handsomely formed features, though the lower part of her face was somewhat too massive and hard in its lines. There was the shadow of a dark down upon her upper lip, which she was now compressing and biting in some anger and impatience. Her eyes were very brilliant; enhanced in that quality by her strongly defined, thick, black eyebrows, which, unconsciously perhaps, she brought

down now and then in a very fierce and threatening frown. She wore a dark silk dress; some black lace, much after the manner of a Spanish mantilla fell from the back of her head on to her ample shoulders; a twisted gold chain circled her grandly formed throat; heavy ornaments of red coral and dead gold hung from her delicate ears; her small, supple hands were decorated with several superb rings;—her appearance altogether was very striking, but it was not wholly attractive. There was something startling about the fire of those dark eyes, and the bistrous circles of which they were the gleaming centres. It seemed as though she despised all charm of girlishness, or softness of manner, or restraint of emotion. She was angry and impatient. She did not care to conceal this fact. She beat upon the carpet with her foot, or drummed with her clenched hand upon the table. As to age, she had passed her *premiere jeunesse*. She looked thirty. She was probably younger; for women of her brunette complexion are generally not so old as they appear; with the blonde, the converse of the proposition holds good.

"If he should not come—" she repeated.

"Well, if he should not come, Mademoiselle Regine?" Monsieur Alexis asked mockingly. They both spoke with a strong foreign accent. "What will happen then?"

"I shall think you have cheated me, little boy, and I shall punish you," she said in a meaning way, with a very angry frown.

Alexis glanced at her as though to be sure that he had rightly heard. Perhaps from the expression of her face he judged it best to make no further reply. He looked again from the window and with his head turned from the woman, Mademoiselle Regine as he called her, he indulged himself with the relaxation of twisting his features into a sufficiently hideous grimace. By this means he discovered that a new source of gratification was available to him. A servant in one of the opposite houses cleaning the windows, paused in her dangerous employment, attracted evidently by the facial contortions of Monsieur Alexis. Was it not possible by persistence in a course of elaborate grimace, so to fascinate and bewilder the poor woman until in the end, her attention attracted from her work, she should fall headlong out of the window into the street? Monsieur Alexis chuckled aloud exultingly at the brilliance and cheerfulness of this idea! Suddenly he turned to Mademoiselle Regine.

"He's coming," he cried.

"Go, then," she answered, "and—take care—if you listen—" she pointed her forefinger at him warningly, and again she frowned. Alexis evidently understood the incomplete sentence.

"I don't want to listen," he muttered, sulkily. "Give me the money you promised me."

She took some gold from a *porte-monnaie*, and tossed it to him. She placed her hand upon her heart, as though to stay its turbulent beatings. Alexis hurried from the room. He had scarcely gone when a tall pale man entered.

"Monsieur Wilford!" the woman said, in a low voice, bowing her head.

"Regine!"

She placed a chair for him, and then withdrew

to some distance. She remained standing in an almost humble attitude. By her gestures she begged him to be seated. He moved to a chair, but he contented himself with leaning upon it—perhaps because his hands trembled less, grasping tightly the back of the chair. She glanced at him stealthily, her breathing very quick, her fingers very restless. There was silence for some minutes.

"How you have changed!" she said, at length, in a subdued tone.

"Likely enough!" he answered. "Think how many years have passed since we have met!"

"Had I seen you in the street, I think I should have passed on and not known you. They told me you were happy, gay, successful, fortunate. I see nothing of these in your face. You are very pale and *triste*-looking."

Her foreign manner and accent were more evident now that she was excited, agitated.

"I did not think anyone could have been so wretched as I have been, yet I look at you, Wilford—*Monsieur* Wilford, I mean—and it seems to me I may have been mistaken. Are you unhappy, Monsieur Wilford? But I see that you are."

He had paid but little attention to these words; he was pondering other things. At last he said, harshly:

"Regine, I never thought that we should meet again on this side the grave."

"It was inevitable," she said.

"I thought you were dead."

She glanced at him reproachfully.

"You hoped so, perhaps?" But he made no answer. She went on passionately in her foreign manner. "Well! and why not? Why should you not hope me to be dead? wish for me to be dead? You cannot have hoped it—prayed for it—more than I have. I should have killed myself a thousand times, but that I am a woman! a fool! a coward! and I shrunk and shivered and fainted, and I did not dare! What have I ever done that you, that anyone, should wish me living? Nothing! nothing! Oh, how I am miserable!"

"Hush!" he said in kinder tones; "don't talk like that."

"Why did you think that I was dead?"

"They told me so at —"

He paused.

"Where?"

"At St. Lazare!" he whispered.

She crouched down, hiding her face, then she started up fiercely.

"They lied—they are dogs. They said I was dead, because I had triumphed over them—tricked them—beaten them. At St. Lazare the prisoner who escapes is written down as dead in their books. They are liars!—fools! They watch the men carefully enough. They did not think that I could climb—like a man—like a monkey. That it was nothing to me to climb a water-pipe on to the roof of the female dormitories, and then drop from the wall, fourteen feet. I was light enough then. What matter that I cut my hands—that I sprained my foot? I could yet run for three miles. I was free! A new name—a new country. Who will recognise me? Who will care what I am—what I have done?"

"Enough of this," he interrupted angrily; "it was not to learn these prison exploits I came here."

"Who would think, to hear you speak, now, that you ever cared for me—ever loved me?" she said, after a few moments.

"You are wrong. There was passion, folly, madness; but there was not love."

"Not love, as you know it, now?"

"Not love, as I know it, now." Their eyes met, gleaming rather fiercely. Regine softened.

"It is you who are wrong. It was whole, true, honest love. I will think so. You shall not rob me of that thought—that consolation. You do not know how precious it is to believe that I was once loved so wholly and truly as you loved me."

"And that love—how did you meet it?—how did you requite it?"

She turned away.

"There are some things you will never know," she said. "There are some secrets you must not seek to share. Perhaps it was because I knew myself better than you did. Perhaps it was because I knew the wretchedness to which your love for me must lead. Do me at least this justice. Whatever others did, I did not seek to win your love. I held out no allurements to you. I laid no trap. Nay, I did all I could to make myself repellent to you; to warn you of the danger there would be to you in loving me. Is not that true?"

"It is true, Regine. Would that we had never met!"

"I may say Amen. But what does it avail—the past is past. We have met. For the future—"

"Yes, for the future—let us consider that. The past is gone—dead—buried. Its secrets are known only to us. Let them not be revealed. You know that I have seen Madam Pichot—"

"Hush! say Boisfleury. Pichot is an unlucky name. I tremble when I hear it; I hardly know why. Pray, have you set spies upon me? Have you had me followed? My steps dogged? Who does this? It is not you? Well, we shall see. Never mind. Do not say Pichot,—say Boisfleury."

"Madame Boisfleury, then. You know the sum of money she has demanded of me?"

"I do know—it is shameful; but, no matter; as I have said, this money shall not be paid."

"Why is money wanted—are you poor?"

"No. We are not rich; but we are not poor. We can live—easily—the more so if we could help—but we can't—getting into debt, being foolish and extravagant. It is not for us the money is wanted."

"For whom, then?"

"M. Dominique."

"He is ill, at Paris."

She laughed scornfully.

"He is enduring his sentence: the galleys for twenty years—let us say for life—he will not survive the term."

"Upon what charge?"

"A score of charges. He was tried for robbery and attempt to murder. He was sentenced as I have said."

"Of what avail will the money be to him?"

"It will purchase his escape. So madame dreams. She is a devoted wife: let us say that for her."

"And the money left by my uncle?"

"All gone—gambled away—flung from the window."

"And the money received from me?"

"Spent in the same way."

"I know not what to do. Sometimes I think that if it would purchase me immunity for the future, I would raise this sum, though, to do so, I should have to pay very dearly. I should have to sacrifice all hope of provision after my death for her who has such just claims upon me, for my child—"

"You have a child?—a son? Is he like you? Ah! Yes; it seems you love her very dearly—more than you ever loved me. It is strange, how little of value your love was to me when it was solely mine; yet now, when it has gone from me for ever, how I yearn for it again. It has not wholly gone from me, Monsieur Wilford. Say that you have yet some feeling for me."

"Why do you talk in this way, Regine," he answered, sternly. "Do you forget everything? Be undeceived. Learn that my love, if love there ever was between us, is now dead, stone dead. It can never be brought to life again. Heaven forbid it ever should. You know what act killed it. You know when struck by your hand it fell down and died."

"I know," she moaned, covering her face with her hands. "There is no need to remind me of these things; yet there may be excuses for me, only they may not be told to you, least of all by me. So then, now, you love this child, this wife?" She laid a stress upon the word.

"I do," he answered, firmly, "with all my soul."

"She is good, this Madame Violet—is not that her name? I heard Madame Boisfleury tell it. She is beautiful—is she not? She is worthy of your love. Oh, how I wish that I could see her! May I see her, Monsieur Wilford?"

"You see her!" he cried. "Dare not attempt it; dare not think of such a thing! What wrong has she ever done to you?"

"You are very cruel, Monsieur Wilford," said Regine; "but you are right. I ought not to think of seeing her, yet your words seem very bitter. Well, I have deserved them all, and more, much more. You shall be obeyed. I will not seek to see her. I will go. I will quit this London, this country, for ever. An engagement has been offered to me at the theatre of Barcelona. I will accept it. I will go. I will die far away in a foreign land. You shall never more see my face. Will not this be the best? Will there not be in this some reparation, the best, the only atonement I can make, for the wrong done to you in the past, Monsieur Wilford?"

"This will be the best, Regine."

"How your voice sounds cold to me now! How different was it all once. How it was soft and gentle; how your eyes glowed; how your cheeks burned; how your frame trembled, when of old you told me first of your love for me, and

took my hand into yours to press with your lips. How all this is changed !”

“Enough, Regine.”

“How it is strange ! While you were so good, so tender to me, I cared nothing. I shrank from you. Shall I say it ? I despised you ; there was something girlish in your love—a gentleness that was hateful to me. How lost I was to all that was honest and pure, and true in it. Now, when you are *brusque* with me, savage almost, Monsieur Wilford, when it seems that a little, and you would strike me, woman though I am ; now, when you do strike me, cruelly, most cruelly, with your words and your looks ; now, my heart beats for you, as it never throbbed before, and I love you now—”

“I will not hear you, Regine.”

“Why were you not so of old ? Why did you not change my nature as the keeper tames the tigress at the Jardin des Plantes, by cruelty, by oaths and blows, till she crouches at his feet, frightened, docile, faithful, ay, and loving in her wild-beast way ? Would tenderness tame her, do you think !—Bah : did it avail with me ! could it avail with me ? Why did you not lash me then into right thinking, into right doing ?—not now—not now, when it is too late, too late, when I can be no more to you ; when I am nothing—nothing—nothing—when you love me no more ; when you despise, scorn, hate me—” her passion could no longer find expression in words. She flung herself on her knees, weeping piteously.

Wilford looked with sad eyes at the woman crouching on the floor. He moved about impatiently.

“This is folly,” he said hoarsely. “Can this alter the past ? Can you forget how we parted years ago ?”

“No,” she answered in a calmer tone, “I do not forget—I shall never forget. Yet, as I have said, there may be pleas to be urged on my behalf, though you will never—shall never—hear them. Forgive me if my emotion makes me forget myself. I can never forbear. I give way, like an insane person, when I am troubled. Forgive me—my regrets are not so wholly unreasonable as they may seem to be ; they are less weak and foolish than you think. Can I but be sorry—passionately sorry—when I think it was in your power to change me—to work great good in me. Wrong had already been done, heaven knows, and enough of it ; but there was some future for me then. I was very young. My thoughts had not taken their present ugly forms to keep for ever ; they might then have been moulded otherwise ; there was at least hope of such a thing, and you let the hour go by—you flung away the chance. If, instead of kneeling to me, suing and imploring—humouring my every foolish whim—you had beaten me down to your feet, as I am now,—humbled me and made me weep, then, as I am humbled and weeping now—”

“This is not penitence, Regine, it is simply passion. Half that you say is unintelligible to me ; for the rest, it is without reason. It is not for me to treat the woman I loved—or believed I loved—cruelly, as though I hated her. Change, reform must come from within, not from without. I did

not come here to hear complaints of this kind—no, nor to make them, though perhaps I have cause to complain.”

“You have cause,” she said, interrupting him.

“As you have said, the past is past ; let us not disinter it. It has been sad enough, and shameful, and wicked ; let us heap earth upon it, and not lay it bare to taint the present. Do you think it is *you* only who have suffered ? Have I no regrets ? Have I no misdeeds—no cruel errors—to lament, to make such atonement for as is now possible ?”

“Forgive me.”

“I had forgiven you, believing you to be dead.”

“And now that I am living—”

“I will pray to be able to forgive you, Regine, as I will pray for aid to act rightly in my present great perplexity. For this money—”

“It shall not be paid—I say it shall not. You may trust me in that, Monsieur Wilford. Show me that you trust me in that. You are free—safe on that subject.”

“But Madame Boisfleury—”

“I will deal with her. Without my aid she is powerless.”

“And for the future Regine ?”

“For the future ?” the tears came into her eyes. “I see you now for the last time. It shall be as you thought it before. We shall not meet again on this side of the grave. You shall treat me as dead ; and I shall be really dead to you. I will never set foot in this country again. For France, I may not go there, but in some other land—does it matter where ? I shall some day drop down and die, and they shall bury me, unknown, nameless ;—nothing to them or to you, or to anyone more. Will this do ? Will this please you ? Will this make amends ? Will this be the best ?”

She tried to take his hand, but he shrank back from her. The action wounded her terribly, yet she bore up against it.

“And if I do all this—and I will, you may trust me—will you then forgive me ?—will you then think kindly of me again, pityingly ? Oh, if you *could* do this !—if you *could* try to think over again one of your old good thoughts in regard to me ! You are going ? I may not detain you. Adieu, Monsieur Wilford.”

She would not now be denied. She seized his hand and pressed it passionately to her fevered lips. Another moment and he was gone. The door closed—she shivered as she heard it shut.

“I shall never see him more—never, never !” She abandoned herself to a paroxysm of grief ; the tears streamed from her eyes ; she sobbed violently. “I shall never see him more—never, never ! and—and I love him !”

She hid her face in her hands.

For some time she remained so, bowed down by her sorrow. Suddenly a slight noise startled her. She looked up ; Monsieur Alexis was leaning in the doorway watching her, a malicious grin upon his face.

“You are *très malade*, this time, are you not, Mademoiselle Regine ? You must be near your end, I should think. I never saw you cry before.

I've seen you pretend, often; but never real tears like these."

She started up.

"I *will* see her," she cried passionately; "I *must* see her—this woman whom he loves. Alexis, you have the address: tell it to me. What is the name of the street near Soho Square?"

"Why should I tell you? Of what advantage will it be to me?"

"Must I pay for this also?"

"Well. No. Perhaps not. This time we will exchange services. I will give you this address if—"

"If what?"

"If you will convey for me a letter to Mademoiselle Blondette at the theatre."

"What!" cried Regine, laughing, though the tears were still wet upon her cheeks. "You love Mademoiselle Blondette?"

"It is true," Alexis answered, pressing his dirty hand upon his heart, and turning up his green eyes with an air of spurious enthusiasm and romance, not possible to an Englishman.

"My poor Alexis! There is a chance then that at last you will receive your deserts. Truly, I must cease to punish you. You will hardly need more punishment than you will receive from Mademoiselle Blondette."

"She is beautiful as an angel!"

"She is charming,—with the gas-light strong upon her. Her smile is delightful,—when her lips are fresh painted. My poor Alexis! You are *épris* with a ghoul. Blondette will eat you up, bones and all, and laugh the while, showing her sharp white teeth. She has no more heart, nor feeling, than a guillotine. Yes, she is pretty: bright red and white laid on thick. But to love her, imbecile! She is like a cheap *bon-bon*—there is as much poison as sugar about her—the coating is mere plaster of Paris; the almond inside is very bitter. You love her! little fool! love a snake!"

"You hate her because you are jealous of her, Regine," said Alexis, sulkily. "Will you give her the letter?"

"Certainly. Give me the address."

Alexis wrote two lines slowly on a scrap of paper and flung it to Regine.

"Behold the address," he said. Regine read it carefully.

"If you have deceived me! You are capable of it. I do not know the name of the street you have written here."

"Bah! I have not deceived you."

"We shall see. I go there at once. A *fiacre* will soon take me. I shall meet this Madame Violet." She continued half aloud, "I shall see this woman whom he loves so much, for whom he despises me. I hate her already."

She quitted the room. Alexis went through a course of derisive and defiant gestures. Certainly he was more French than English.

"Take care, Mademoiselle Regine, take care," he said, shaking threateningly a small, black, gristly fist. "You abuse Blondette, the woman whom I adore! You dare to trample on my heart! And, more: this five thousand pounds which Madame Boisfleury claims *you* presume to forgive! Is it so? It is *you* who are imbecile.

There will be war between you then, about this poor Monsieur Wilford! Take care. What if I reveal to Madame that you have seen this person, what you have said to him? Aha! For me, I am on the side of five thousand pounds. But to succour the poor Père Dominique? *Pas si bête!* If he escape he will only beat me again. No, to spend in this city! to buy presents for Blondette! Five thousand pounds! How these dogs of English are rich!"

Soon Regine left Stowe Street in a cab, to search for the house of one Mr. Phillimore in the neighbourhood of Soho.

Wilford had repaired to his Covent Garden Hotel. He sat down in the empty coffee-room, resting his throbbing head upon his hands, looking very sad, and worn, and dejected.

"What to do!" he murmured. "What to do! The time runs on. Violet must be written to. Already she must be expecting news of me. She will be growing uneasy, will think I am neglecting her. Heaven knows, I would sooner die than cause her unhappiness! But what to do!"

He strode up and down the room with an abstracted air. He paused suddenly before the glass over the fire-place, struck with his own wild haggard looks. He tried to read the "Times;" but the print seemed to dance before him, it made him quite giddy, he could not keep his eyes fixed on it, and his thoughts were always away, busy with the question, asked again and again, "What was he to do?" He sought amusement looking from the coffee-room window at the thousands passing to and fro, occupied in the market. He coned for the hundredth time the addresses of the faded letters in a sort of iron cage on the mantel-piece, sent to visitors who had long since quitted the hotel, and who would never return for their correspondence. He turned over the leaves of the Post Office Directory, not knowing what he was doing. Certainly looking for nothing. He stood for five minutes before the dark-coloured mahogany sideboard, staring vacantly at a cruet stand, still asking himself, "What he should do?"

"Why did they ever come back,—these dreadful Pichots? Silent, gone from the country, never to return—as good as dead—am I then secure? Who will ever know? Will not all then be well? May I not then return to her—to Violet—and forget, and be happy? Why not? What should hinder me?" He waited a long time. There was an expression of deep anguish in his face, as he said at last, "But my honour, my duty, are these to be forgotten wholly? God help me!" he cried fervently. "I have never been so tried before!" and he hid his face.

(To be continued.)

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN OHIO.

A DISTINGUISHED French writer once remarked that the position of the coloured race in America included in itself every element of romance. Nor was he far from the truth.

The fortunes of this great human family, its

relations to the white race with which it is growing up side by side, its developments, its struggles, and its coming destiny, must hold in the future an historic interest of which it would be difficult beforehand to form the slightest conception.

The political events of the last few months have fairly opened to the world this new historic page; and though for the most part its recording lines still lie behind the cloud, the first few words, charged with deep import to America, to England, and to all men, are becoming legible to every eye.

No more can we view the coloured race as a mere mass of ignorance and abject degradation lying for ever quiescent beneath the white man's foot, and, except as a useful species of domestic animal, of little importance to us or to the world. We see to-day its fortunes and those of one branch of our own Anglo-Saxon race blended together in a great struggle founded on political, moral, and religious questions, and leading to a series of events of which not one of us as yet can foretell the conclusion.

It may be quite true that the collective romance of the race is now for the first time opening before us, but its individual romance dawned upon us years ago.

Long as we can remember we have heard of one and another of that depressed people struggling to escape from an overwhelming bondage. We have known that such attempts were marked by scenes of thrilling interest, by intense earnestness of purpose, by the most powerful emotions of hope and fear, by startling adventures ending sometimes in hopeless tragedy, sometimes in a dearly-bought success. Before the fugitive lay on one hand death, or a fate worse than death; on the other hand liberty beneath the cold north star.

Some years ago these elements of romance, with the moral principles lying at their root, were laid hold upon by Mrs. Beecher Stowe. She brought them before us, and impressed them vividly upon us. The wonderful enthusiasm with which her work was received, the avidity with which it was read all over the civilised world, showed how wide and deep was the sympathy which the position of the coloured race in America was calculated to excite.

I suppose there are few people who have lived on the border dividing the northern from the southern states who cannot recall exciting incidents and scenes of painful interest connected with the fugitive slave and the oppression of his race occurring within their own knowledge, and often beneath their very eyes. Even during the few years that I grew from childhood to youth in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati I can recall many such incidents.

Sorrowful events of this nature occur frequently in Cincinnati, owing to its close proximity to the South, to the continual arrival of southern steamboats, and to the daily ferry from the town of Covington, which faces Cincinnati across the river from the slave-holding State of Kentucky.

Once I remember it was a family of half-caste

children brought almost to the levee by their white father, who had made the journey during his death-struggle, hoping to leave his children free men upon free ground. But just as he approached the landing he died, and his heir, in eager pursuit, seized the children around their father's lifeless form before they had time to leave the steamboat, and hurried them away, his helpless hopeless slaves. Then it was a woman with a child in her arms flying through the great thoroughfares of the city, with her pursuers behind her—a mad, wild, brutal chase. Then it was a pretty mulatto child, the pride and delight of its parents, abstracted in the evening by prowling thieves from a free coloured family in our immediate vicinity. Lost for ever! Alas! poor child! Never to be heard of again by its terrified and sorrowing parents.

Then came the terrible tragedy of that poor mother, who, being seized with her children as she was escaping from slavery, and thrown into gaol, "preferring for her dear ones the guardianship of the angels to the oppression of men," killed them in the prison with her own hands, one by one—the gaoler only entering in time to arrest the knife as she was about to strike it into her own despairing heart.

But though, from time to time, circumstances such as this were noised abroad, and made known to all, I knew that there were innumerable thrilling stories, often less tragic in their conclusion, known only to the successful fugitive and his own immediate friends. I heard rumours of an underground railway, as it was termed—a mysterious agency keeping watch for fugitives, and assisting them on their journey, passing them on secretly and speedily from point to point on their way to Canada. I knew that such a combination existed on my right hand and on my left, and under my very eyes. But who might be concerned in it, or how it might be managed, I could not at all divine. One day a gleam of light came to me upon the subject.

Our minister, a good old man, who preached with great eloquence on the subject of human depravity, and pointedly enough upon many of the sins of the age, but who had never taken any clear and open ground upon the subject of slavery, had a daughter warmly and avowedly anti-slavery in principle. We became friends, and as my intimacy with her increased this topic often entered into our conversation. One day she owned to me that she had some connection with the "underground railway," principally in the way of providing with old clothing the destitute creatures who were arriving—generally at unexpected moments—barefoot, and with scarce a rag upon their backs, to protect them from the bitter cold of the Canadian winter, so trying, even under the best circumstances, to the negro constitution. She told me that as the agents in the neighbourhood were few and poor, and as these sudden calls admitted of no delay, they were sometimes unable to provide the necessary articles of clothing, and she asked, in case of such an emergency, if she might sometimes apply to me for some of those things of which there might arise especial need.

From that time forth Canada became the ultimate destination of my old clothes. I could imagine to myself superannuated cloaks and shawls wrapped around dusky and shivering shoulders, and familiar bonnets walking about Canada in their old age on the woolly heads of fugitive negro women.

It was but a short time after our conversation that the first call came. One bitter winter's night word was sent me that a family had arrived, father, mother, and several young children, all utterly destitute. The articles which their friends were least able to provide, and which would therefore be particularly acceptable, were shoes for the boys and warm clothing of every kind for the woman. The latter want was soon provided for. An old purple velvet bonnet that had already seen good service in the world, a quilted skirt, and sundry other articles were soon looked up and repaired to meet the poor creature's requirements. But shoes for the boys! The message had been very urgent upon that point. Shoes! shoes!—any sort of shoes!

Now our boys had for the most part grown up and departed. In vain I rummaged through the garret, that receptacle of ancient treasures, for relics of the past in the form of masculine shoes and boots. I was giving it up in despair when suddenly an idea occurred to me. It had happened in days long past that a French lady of our acquaintance had broken up housekeeping, and we had stored a part of her furniture for her in our spacious garrets. Ere long it had all been reclaimed except two articles, which had somehow or other remained behind. The first was a handsomely mounted crayon drawing, representing a remarkably ugly young man with heavy features and a most unprepossessing expression. Below the drawing maternal pride and affection had caused to be inscribed in clear bold letters these two words—"My son." The second piece of property remaining behind with "my son's" portrait was my son's elegant French boots. A wonderful pair! Shiny as satin, and of some peculiar and exquisite style, long and narrow, with sharp-pointed and slightly turned-up toes. They were of beautiful workmanship, but being made of a firm and unaccommodating material, and in form utterly unadapted to any possible human foot, they had probably pinched my son's feet so unendurably, that no amount of masculine vanity or fortitude could long support the torture, and with a sigh of regret he had no doubt relinquished them ere their first early bloom had departed, or the beautiful texture of the sole-leather had lost its delicate creamy tint. These two articles had long lain in a corner of the garret, to the infinite amusement of the children of the family, who were never weary of their allusions to "my son" and "my son's" boots. In process of time the portrait also was reclaimed, but the deserted boots still occupied their corner of the garret year after year until there were no children left to crack jokes over their comical and dandified appearance. Upon these elegant boots I pounced, in my sore dilemma, and as my messenger was waiting, without time for a moment's reflection I bundled them

in with the other things and despatched them at once.

Scarcely had the messenger departed than I sat down to laugh. I thought of the brother who had especially distinguished himself in his boyish days by witticisms upon these famous boots, and I recalled to mind also a slightly exaggerated description of the negro foot with which he had been wont to indulge his young companions. This foot he would describe as remarkably broad and flat, with the leg planted directly in the centre, leaving an equal length for the toes in front and for the heel behind.

Now, although I had never given credence to these exact proportions, I still remained under the impression that there was a certain peculiarity; that the heel was more protuberant than in the European foot; and rather broad, it might well be supposed to be in its natural and unpinched condition.

The whole scene came vividly before my imagination. The unfortunate family handing round in dismay those exquisite French boots, one after another vainly striving to insert their toes into them, but finding among their number no Cinderella whom the wonderful shoe might fit. I figured them at last, descending to a little fellow of six years' old, or thereabouts, whose poor little feet might possibly be planted in the middle of the boots, and thus, in default of any other protection, be saved for a time from the effects of frost and snow.

My mind was divided between amusement at the final destination of these celebrated relics, and real regret that I had nothing more suitable to send. I could only hope that this part of the poor fugitive's outfit might be more successfully provided for from some other quarter. Winter passed by. Spring came, succeeded by the long, hot, midsummer days of the western summer. Our neighbours, for the most part, were scattered north and east. Gone to the Lakes to New York, to Boston, or to some summer retreat upon the Atlantic coast. All who could, breaking the long-continued and oppressive heat, by a pleasant excursion, to some cooler clime. My friend, the minister's daughter, and most of our own family, had gone like the rest, and I was left in somewhat solitary state to wile away the long hours of those burning summer days in the quiet monotony of a large and empty country house.

One day, at noon, I strolled to the door, seeking a breath of air. I stood within the doorway and looked out. Before me extended a level tract of green grass, thinly planted with young, half-grown shade trees. At some distance beyond, melting away in haze, beneath the glowing sun, a little wood extended towards the north-east, meeting at its extremity another and denser wood, of much greater extent. This first little wood had been in our young days our favourite resort. We had explored every turn in it again and again. We were familiar with every fine tree upon its outskirts, beneath whose shade some little patch of green grass might serve for a resting-place or a picnic ground. We knew well every old trunk with wide extending roots, in whose protecting cavities that little speckled pepper-and-salt-look-

ing flower, the spring harbinger, was wont to nestle, peeping forth towards the end of March, ere the ice and snow had well melted, or any other green thing dared show itself. Deeper in the shade were the soft beds of decaying leaves, where somewhat later the "spring beauties would start into life, dotting the brown and purple hues of the ground with touches of delicate pink. With them would come the fragile little wind-flower, the white anemone, the blue and yellow violets, and that beautiful white blossom the blood root, so called because its roots seem to bleed red human blood when wounded. Ere long would follow that loveliest of all Ohio wild flowers, called by the country people Dutchman's breeches, but in more refined parlance denominated *pantallettes*," looking for all the world as if the fairies had just done a day's washing and hung out their sweet little nether garments to dry, suspended in rows from the tiny rods that so gracefully bend beneath the pretty burden. Pure white they are, or of such a delicate flesh tint, the fairy washerwoman might well be proud of her work. Other spots were sacred to the yellow lily, with its fierce-looking, singular leaf, spotted like a panther's hide, and growing in solitary couples, protecting between them the slender stalk, with its drooping yellow bell. Later in the season would come the larger and more brilliantly tinted flowers, the wild purple larkspur, the great golden buttercup, and the lilac phlox. There were dusky depths far down in the wood, into which, book in hand, we sometimes retreated from the mid-summer heat into an atmosphere of moist and murky coolness. There we might find the Indian pipe, or ghost flower, leaf, stem, and blossom all white as wax, turning to coal black, if long brought into the light, or if pressed between the leaves of a book.

This first little wood, then, though somewhat dark and damp, had its pleasant and cheerful associations; but the wood beyond was weird and dismal, with its dense shade, its fallen trees rotting in dark gullies, its depth of decaying leaves, into which your feet sank down and down, until, in alarm, you doubted if there were really any footing beneath, or if it would be possible ever to extricate yourself again. These two woods touched only at one point, including in an angle between them a little burying-ground, whose solemn associations increased the gloom of the farther wood. As children, we had been wont, in adventurous moods, to cross one corner of the burying-ground, and striking into a ravine within this wood, wade barefoot up the little dark stream that trickled adown it, with grave, half-awestricken faces, until the stream sank again beneath the dead leaves, emptying itself I know not where.

We had given wild and fantastic names to some of the ways and places about this ravine, but the rest of the wood was so little attractive and enjoyable, that we usually avoided it, unless, in some ramble of unusual length, we struck across one portion of it, making thereby a somewhat shorter cut into the turnpike-road, a mile or two beyond. As I stood looking towards the woods, this hot summer day, suddenly there stood before me

a strongly-made, middle-aged negro woman. Whether she had glided round the house, or in what way she had come so suddenly and quietly before me, I do not know; but there she stood, bareheaded, and humbly prayed for a piece of bread, or any cold food that I could spare. Her appearance struck me with surprise. Her skin was of a deep rich yellow brown; her face, which was soft and kindly in expression, was wonderfully swollen, and had the appearance of being one mass of bruises, her red inflamed eyes seemed to weep incessantly and involuntarily, whatever might be the expression of her mouth. So inflamed and suffering were they, that they were pitiful to see; and, to complete the picture, the stump of one arm, which had been severed at some former period close to the shoulder, was but partially hidden by her ragged low-necked dress.

Her whole appearance struck me as the most pathetic that I had ever beheld.

I speedily brought the poor thing some bread and cold meat, which she received with warm expressions of gratitude. She then told me that she was a fugitive slave. Having come here at night with her husband, at the approach of day they had hidden themselves within the wood. "And oh," she said, "you would be sorry, if you could see my husband. He is not an old man at all, but you would think he was very old if you could see him; his hair is so white, and his face is so wrinkled, and his back is all bowed down. He is so cowed and frightened that he doesn't dare come out of the wood, though he is almost starved. We ran away a little while ago, and they caught us and took us down the river to Louisville, and there they just knocked us down on the ground like beeves that they were going to kill, and beat us until we could neither stand nor move. The moment we got a chance we ran away again; but my poor husband shakes like a leaf, and cannot travel far at once, he is so frightened."

Then she spoke of her bruised face, and said the sun hurt her eyes so much; and begged me to give her some old thing to cover them and keep the light off. "It will be such a mercy," she said, "and Heaven will bless you for helping us when we are so distressed."

I betook myself again to the garret. There were plenty of old bonnets, to be sure; but alas! all of them of such a style, that they might serve indeed to adorn the back of the head; but not one of them would be of any manner of use to shelter a pair of distressed eyes. But after rummaging about, I came at last upon something which struck me as just the thing that was required.

It was an ancient relic, more venerable even than "my son's boots," but in excellent preservation.

It was a head-dress that had been manufactured for my mother some twenty years before, long ere the invention of sun-bonnets or broad hats. It was called a calash, and was constructed of green silk outside and white silk within, reeved upon cane in a fashion similar to the "uglies" which English ladies of the present day are wont to prefix to the

front of their bonnets when travelling or rusticated by the sea-side. But, instead of being something to attach to the bonnet, it was a complete bonnet in itself, gigantic and bow-shaped, which would fold together flat as a pancake, or, opening like an accordion, could be drawn forward over the face to any required extent, by means of a ribbon attached to the front.

It was effective, light, and cool, and the green tint afforded a very pleasant shade to the eyes.

I seized upon it and carried it to the poor woman, who received it with transport, clapped it immediately upon her head, and drew it well down over her face.

She took up the bread and meat, telling me, with many thanks, that, as soon as she and her husband had eaten, they should continue on their way, not waiting for the night, as they were very anxious to find themselves farther from the Kentucky border. I wished her God speed, and watched her as she crossed the open lawn, her bundle in her hand, and the great green calash nodding forward upon her head, until she disappeared within the wood.

She had scarcely been ten minutes out of sight when a very unpleasant thought occurred to me.

That great green calash that she had been so thankful to receive! What an odd and unusual head-dress it was! Surely it would attract attention. It would render her a marked object. If her pursuers should once get upon her tracks, it might enable them to track her from point to point.

I wished, with all my heart, it had been less conspicuous, and I began to think my researches in the garret were not destined to be particularly fortunate. I wished exceedingly that my friend, the minister's daughter, had been at home, that I might have taken counsel with her, and have had the benefit of her experience in such matters.

As I was still standing in the doorway, ruminating upon the subject with a troubled soul, I saw in the distance the figure of a certain student of theology whom I knew to be a friend of our old minister and his daughter, and thoroughly anti-slavery in principle. I hastened after him, told him the circumstances of the case, and imparted to him my misgivings. He promised me to put the matter into safe hands, and to have a look out kept for the wanderers. After a few hours he returned to me with the welcome intelligence that the fugitives had been overtaken on the turnpike-road, a mile or two beyond, by an emissary of the under-ground railway, in a covered cart, in which they had been comfortably stowed and safely forwarded upon their way. That, from that time forth, they would be speedily and quietly passed from point to point and from friend to friend until they reached their destination. A weight was lifted from my heart. I could have danced for joy; and I learnt with astonishment that the agent who had come like an angel to the relief of the poor fugitives was no other than a little ugly negro man who had often worked in our garden and was usually employed to do the roughest and

dirtyest work in the neighbourhood. His crooked figure, his bandy legs, and little ape-like head had always led me to regard him as the most unpromising of his race that I had ever beheld. But, from that time forth, I regarded him with respect. The poor crooked form, distorted by hard toil, contained a heart, and the little ape-like head a brain to help his outcast brethren in the hour of need.

As time passed on, the borders of the wood of which I have already spoken began to be invaded by the woodman's axe. Rough, ragged bits were cleared, and cheap slightly-built frame-houses sprang up! Some of them erected and owned by the workmen in the neighbourhood; some of them put up by speculators and rented to a poor class of tenants. Playing about outside one of these new shanties, a pretty child might soon be seen—a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of five years old or thereabouts. So regular were his features, so white his skin, it would hardly have been suspected that he had any but European blood in his veins, if it had not been known that the house was occupied by coloured people, to whom he seemed to belong.

An old man was said to be lying ill in the house, which had been rented to two coloured women who were anxious to get work in the neighbourhood, or washing and sewing to do at home.

At that time I was preparing for rather a long journey—a visit indeed to England, my native but almost unknown land—and on inquiring for some one to sew for me, Sallie Smith was sent to me.

When she came I learned that she was one of the inmates of the cottage, and, in addition, the grandmother of the pretty child of whom I have spoken.

Sallie Smith came and went, carrying home pieces of work, which she despatched quickly and well. She was a fine-looking mulatto woman, in the prime of life, with wavy black hair and sparkling eyes, though her features preserved the negro cast. Her manners had a warmth and geniality belonging often to good specimens of her race, with a freedom that was odd and amusing, but never offensive. When she brought home her work, with some comical expression of fatigue, she would sink upon the ground as if completely exhausted by the walk and the heat, and, sitting at my feet, would play with the hem of my dress, smoothing it gently with her hands as she talked over what she had done, and what still remained to be done, or related to me, in answer to my inquiring scraps of her past history, her thoughts about her race in general, her religious experiences, and the affairs of her church in Cincinnati, of which she was an enthusiastic member.

On inquiring about the health of her old bed-ridden husband, I learned, to my surprise, that he was a white man.

"You see," she said, "he wasn't a gentleman at all, he was one of those mean whites down South."

As she said this the scornful emphasis on *mean whites* was something quite indescribable. Truly the condition of poor whites at the South must be

pitiable to be regarded with such utter contempt by the very slaves themselves.

"We lived," she continued, "in a miserable little hut in a pine-wood, and I was his only slave. I kept house and worked for him. He was one of the shiftless kind, and there was nothing he could do. Oh, he was a poor miserable creature, I tell you, always in debt! Well, we had two children, — a girl and a boy."

"Had he ever any other wife?" I inquired.

She fired up indignantly.

"No, indeed; I'd never have stood that, I guess! Well, he was always promising to come to a free state; but he couldn't get away, because he was always in debt, and couldn't get any money. And Jane, she was growing up a very pretty girl, and when she was about seventeen, the creditors came and seized her, and sold her to pay his debts."

"What! sold his own daughter!" I exclaimed.

"Why, yes: she was my daughter, too, you know. She was his property, so he couldn't hinder them from seizing her."

"How he must have felt!" I exclaimed.

She caught me up quickly.

"*Felt!* why, you know how a father must feel in such a case. It broke him down worse than ever. Yes, we felt bad enough when they carried Jane away. She was bought by the principal creditor. He was a rich man with a wife and children, and lots of slaves. And he kept Jane at the house to sew for him, and by-and-by she had a child that was almost as white as his other children. You see," she added, apologetically, "Jane didn't know it was wrong; she was only a poor sinner who had never been to church, and didn't know nothing. She had never learned anything; and I didn't know much either then. It was only when I came North and joined the church that I began to know about such things. But I grieved day and night for Jane, that I couldn't get her back. Well, for a time we were out of debt, you see, and I persuaded my husband to come right up North, for fear he should get into debt again, and they should seize the boy too. So we came to Cincinnati and we got the boy a place there, and he's doing very well. There I joined the church; but I couldn't help thinking of Jane, and grieving after her all the time. I prayed the Lord for her, and I prayed and prayed; and by-and-by—I don't know how it happened—but her master let her bring the child and come and pay me a visit. It seemed as if the Lord had blinded him, so that he clean forgot that if she came North with his consent, she might be free. He was that stupid that he hadn't the least suspicion that she would stay. He thought she'd come right back to him, and when she didn't come, he wrote to her, and wrote again; and when still she didn't come, he came himself to fetch her. But I took care to have Jane out of the way, and saw him myself. And he waxed and persuaded, and he stormed and he threatened. Oh, he was awful mad! But I jist shook my fist in his face, and I said, 'You ole slave-holder, you; you jist go back to Ole Virginny. You niver git my daughter agin!'"

As she said these words, Sallie compressed her

lips with a look of dogged resolution; her black eyes glowed with smothered anger, and she shook her fist energetically in the air, as if the phantom of the Virginian slave-holder were still before her. After a pause, she recovered herself, and continued:

"How he did go on. He cursed and he swore, but it was of no manner of use. I'd nothing else to say to him, and by-and-by he had to go away. You see he couldn't do nothing, because Jane had come North with his consent. So Jane and I we came up here, and we get what work we can, and take care of the child, and nurse the old man. He's miserable! He don't often leave his bed, and he's not likely to get much better, for he's old and completely broke."

So Sallie had told me her history, but she had not done. Her active mind had found an outlet in the little negro church at Cincinnati. Her intense religious enthusiasm mingled with her deep perception of the wrongs and cruelties inflicted upon her race. Her soul lay like a slumbering volcano beneath that easy, careless southern manner, which might have led one at first to regard her as merely a jolly, ignorant negro woman. At a word which one day touched upon this deep chord, her sympathy with her race, her work fell from her hands, her eyes flashed, and she poured forth, in old scriptural phraseology, her indignation, her aspirations, and her glowing faith. She wholly identified her people with the Jews in their wanderings and their captivity; and the old descriptive and prophetic words fell from her lips as if wrung from her heart, startling one by the wondrous fitness of the application. There was such magnetic power in her intense earnestness, her strong emotions, her certain and exultant trust in God and his providence, that it held me spell-bound. I listened as if one of the old prophets had risen before me. I have never heard eloquence like it, for I have never witnessed elsewhere so intense a sense of the reality and force of the cause which had called it forth. I cannot recall her words, but I remember that, after describing the cruelty and apparent hopelessness of her people's captivity, their groans, their prayers to the Lord day after day, and year after year, their darkness and despair, their still continued crying unto God for help, she concluded by describing how at length He would appear for their relief.

"He will come," she said; "He will shake and shake nations, and will say, 'Let my people go free.' And though there should seem to be no way, he shall open the way before them and they shall go forth free. They shall sing and give thanks, for in the Lord have they trusted, and they shall never be confounded."

She paused. Her words had made a deep impression upon me. At that time how dark and hopeless seemed the way. Nothing then appeared to point to any coming deliverance. Blind faith in God alone was left us. But how cold seemed the faith and trust of the warmest advocate of emancipation among us, compared with the glowing certainty of God's help which possessed the soul of this poor, ignorant negro woman.

Sallie took up her shawl and bonnet and was

about to go. I roused myself from my reverie, and looking at her with a half-smile :

"You speak in church?" I said.

An instant change passed over her face. Her eyes twinkled a moment with a shrewd appreciation of my guess. She drew herself up; with a gleam of pride and pleasure she nodded an assent, and wrapping her shawl around her, she turned away. I have never seen her since, but her truly prophetic words often recur to me now, when their fulfilment in part is already accomplishing itself; when the Lord is shaking the nations; when we know that, should England fail to restrain her hand from aught that can hinder; or should America fail to listen to the words of the Lord, and to let his oppressed people go free, surely He will shake and shake again.

Here, in America, each day the cause of our trouble is brought to light with renewed clearness. Every hour our concern in the negro race becomes a more self-evident fact.

Every bulletin impresses it upon our thoughts: every soldier laid to rest upon the battle-field engraves it upon our hearts. We feel what our poet Whittier has just expressed for us so finely in his poem, "At Port Royal," when after the refrain of the negro boatman, he thus touchingly concludes :

Rude seems the song, each swarthy face,
Flame lighted, ruder still;
We start to think that hapless race
Must shape our good or ill;

That laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed;
And close as sin and suffering joined
We march to Fate abreast.

Sing on, poor hearts, your chant shall be
Our sign of blight or bloom—
The Vala song of liberty,
Or death rune of our doom.

S. E. B.

THE DROWNING OF KAER-IS.*

(LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE BRETON.)

THE anonymous chronicler of Ravenna mentions a town, which he calls Ker-is, as existing in Armorica in the fifth century. Here ruled a prince called Gradlonvawr, i.e. Gradlon the Great. Gradlon was the protector of Gwénéolé, the founder of the first abbey established in Brittany. The following ballad (the original of which M. de Villemarqué obtained from the recitation of Thomas Pen-venn, — i. e. Whitehead—a peasant of Trégunk) narrates the popular tradition of the destruction of the town by the king's daughter, Dahut, who opened a sluice, which kept out the sea, by a key stolen from her sleeping father, after an orgie, at her lover's bidding. This tradition is common to all the Celtic races. It is found in Wales and in Ireland. In the former country the King is Seizenin, the drowned town Gwaeleod, and its site in Cardigan Bay,† where the fishermen still talk of the ruins of ancient buildings seen

by them at the bottom of the sea when the tide is lower than usual. In Ireland the town is Neagh, and our readers will remember the allusion to the sunken town in Moore's graceful lines :

On Lough Neagh's banks when the fisherman strays,
At the hour of eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
Beneath the waters shining.

Gwezno, a Welsh bard, whose date is referred to the fifth century, but whose poems are found in a manuscript ascribed to the ninth, has a poem on the subject (included in the Myvyrian Archæology) which begins with the awakening of the king :

Arise, oh, Seizenin, and look forth—the land of warriors,
The fields of Gwezno, are invaded by the sea !

A chronicler, whose work is preserved in the Chartulary of Landven, attributes to Gradlon the introduction of wine into Brittany.

Marie of France, who tells the story of the drowning of Is-town in one of her *Lais* (*Gradlon-meur*), speaks of Gradlon's horse as having saved his master's life for a long time by swimming, and as having become wild with grief when the king fell off at last, and was drowned.

In another version it is the princess who is drowned. Her father is bearing her off, *en croupe*, when an awful voice thrice bids him fling off the demon who sits behind him. He does so, and the inundation is arrested.

Before the Revolution, King Gradlon's statue, mounted on his faithful horse, used to stand between the towers of the cathedral of Quimper, and every year, on Saint Cecily's day, a minstrel used to mount the croup of the royal charger, with a napkin, a flagon of wine, and a golden hanap, all provided at the cost of the cathedral chapter. He used to put the napkin round the neck of the statue, pour the wine from the flagon into the hanap, put it to the statue's lips, and then, draining the liquor, fling the hanap among the crowd gathered below, to do honour to the introducer of the grape.

The poem, says M. de Villemarqué, from whose learned notes I have taken the above information, is very antique and rhythmical in structure and in language.

Its rude picturesqueness needs no pointing out, nor the dramatic skill and life with which the action of the story is sketched out. In this respect these Breton ballads seem to me unequalled by anything of their class. As in all my other translations from the Breton, I have been scrupulously literal.

I.

HEARD ye the word the man of God
Spak to King Gradlon, blythe of mood,
Where in fair Kaer-Is he abode.

"Sir King, of dalliance be not fain,
From evil loves thy heart refrain,
For hard on pleasure followeth pain.

"Who feeds his fill on fish of sea
To feed the fishes doom'd is he;
The swallower swallow'd up shall be.

* i.e. Is-Town, "caer" being the same word that enters into our own *Car-lisle*, the Celtic "Caer-Leon,"—Caer-mathen—Caer-laverock.

† See Vol. iii., page 188.

“ Who drinks of the wine and the barley brew,
Of water shall drink as the fishes do ;—
Who knows not this shall learn 'tis true.”

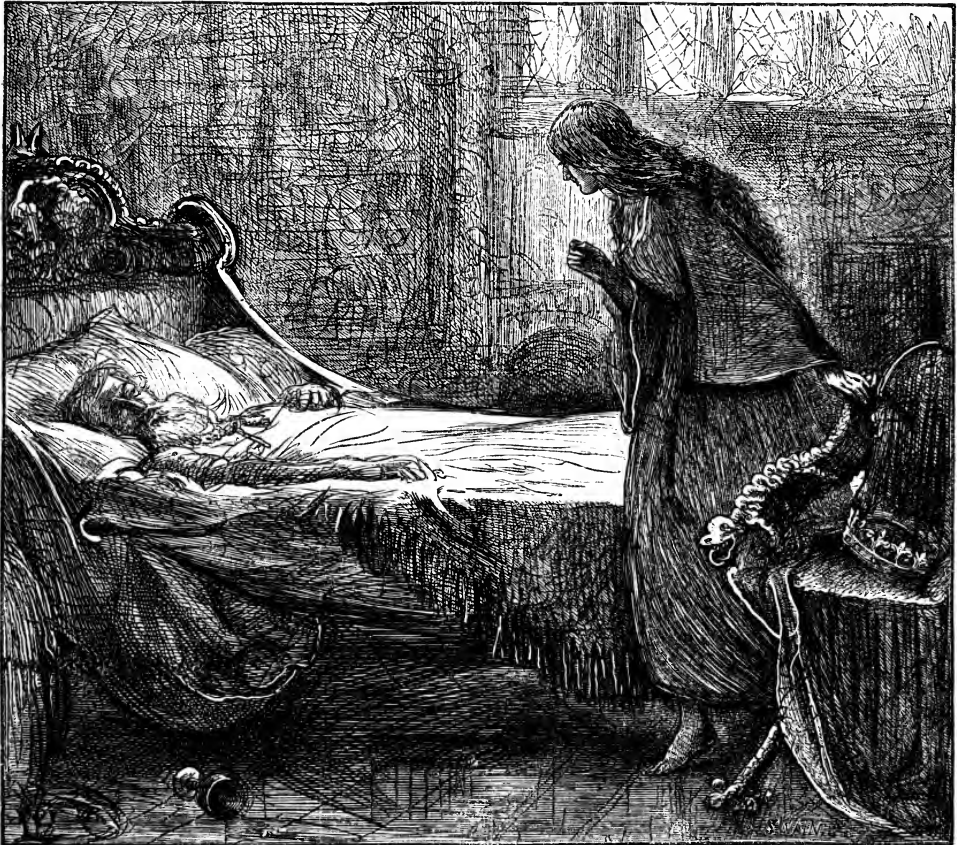
II.

Unto his guests King Gradlon said,
“ My merry feres, the day is sped ;
I will betake me to my bed.
“ Drink on, drink on, till morning light,
In feast and dalliance waste the night ;
For all that will the board is dight.”
To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,
Her lover he whisper'd, tenderly :
“ Bethink thee, sweet Dahut, the key !”

“ Oh ! I'll win the key from my father's side,
That bolts the sluice and bars the tide ;
To work thy will is thy lady's pride.”

III.

Whoso that ancient king had seen,
Aslcep in his bed of the golden sheen,
Dumb-stricken all for awe had been—
To see him laid in his robe of grain,
His hair like snow, on his white hause-bane, †
And round his neck his golden chain.
Whoso had watch'd that night, I weat,
Had seen a maiden stilly fleet
In at the door, on naked feet,



To the old King's side, she hath stolen free,
And hath kneeled her down upon her knee,
And lightly hath ta'en both chain and key.

IV.

He sleepeth still, he sleepeth sound,
When, hark, a cry from the lower ground—
“ The sluice is oped, Kaer-Is is drown'd !
“ Awake, Sir King, the gates unspar !
Rise up, and ride both fast and far !
The sea o'erfloweth bolt and bar !”
Now curs'd for ever mote she be,
That all for wine and harlotry,
The sluice unbarr'd that held the sea !

V.

“ Say, woodman, that wonn't in the forest green,
The wild horse of Gradlon hast thou seen,
As he pass'd the valley-walls between ?”
“ On Gradlon's horse I set not sight,
But I heard him go by in the dark of night,
Trip, trip,—trip, trip,—like a fire-flaught white !”
“ Say, fisher, the mermaid hast thou seen,
Combing her hair by the sea-waves green—
Her hair like gold in the sunlight sheen ?”

† “Hause,” “hals-bane,” neck-bone, often used in the old Scottish ballads.

"I saw the white maiden of the sea,
And I heard her chaunt her melody,
And her song was sad as the wild waves be."

TOM TAYLOR.

A NEW CHAPTER IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

THERE exists a work published in 1726 under the title of "Giphantie en Babylone," the author of which describes minutely the mechanical manipulations employed in the practice of photography at this very day, with the result, as he says, of obtaining a picture in which objects may be depicted with all the minuteness of detail, and under the same aspect as regards colour and light and shade in which they are seen by the human eye. As regards the substances used to obtain this wonderful result, he is silent, and therefore, if Nicéphore Niépce ever read this work, and derived from it the idea of employing the camera, invented ages before his time by Baptista Porta, in obtaining a like result, minus the colouring,* it does not in the least detract from the merit due to him for having been the inventor of an art so universally practised as photography now is, and which thirty years ago was unknown.

Shortly after this wonderful discovery had become known and practised in this country, those ingenious persons who apply their acuteness to the discovery of methods by which an invention may be abused, excited considerable alarm by suggesting that by its means bank-notes might be produced to any extent, which would be perfect fac-similes of those issued by the various banks. In this instance there really was some ground for alarm. There could be no doubt that a perfect fac-simile could be produced by the newly-discovered art, and by a further exercise of ingenuity, the water-mark could be imitated by pressure applied under circumstances which it is not necessary to describe. To guard against this, different methods were proposed. Printing the note in colours would effectually protect it from photographic imitation; but doubtless, there are good reasons why this plan should not be adopted. One plan suggested was the use of an elaborately engraved plate, and another the adoption of an intricate water-mark. In support of the former method of protection, by far the most beautifully designed and engraved plates ever produced were the work of Mr. Henry Bradbury; while in support of the latter method, nothing could exceed the intricacy of the water-marks in certain specimens of paper exhibited by Mr. Saunders at the Great Exhibition of 1851, which were, in fact, copies of well-known engravings representing cottages, trees, and figures. As to forgery by photography, the water-mark is the most effectual safeguard which can be conveniently employed,

* As regards the possibility of taking photographs of objects with all the colours under which they present themselves to the eye, it should be stated that more than once this has occurred by accident, though they soon faded away; that M. Edmond Becquerel succeeded to a slight extent in fixing the colours of the solar spectrum, and that within the last few weeks, M. Niépce de St. Victor, a nephew of Nicéphore Niépce, is said to have discovered a process by means of which he can obtain photographic pictures in the natural colours, which retain their brilliancy.

and this appears to be the opinion of the Bank authorities, who have for some time past used a paper water-marked to a considerably greater extent than formerly. The fact that this art has not hitherto been employed, so far as is known, in the multiplication of those valuable sheets of paper bearing the superscription of J. Gattie, is a proof that there are obstacles in the way of so abusing it, which only become evident in practice. In the first place, the lens must be a large and good one, and such a lens costs a considerable sum of money; and to this must be added a few pounds more for the machine requisite to produce the water-mark. Then the pulp of which bank note paper is made is of a peculiar manufacture, and can only be obtained, if obtained at all, surreptitiously. As to anybody getting a blank note, that is almost impossible, in consequence of the precautions taken in the mills where they are manufactured.

But as it is in the nature of every invention, if extensively carried out in practice, to develop itself more and more, so the purposes to which photography is applied are rapidly increasing. Before the war in Italy it was surprising what an interest itinerant photographers took in getting good pictures of the country, especially landscapes in which fortifications were a prominent feature. Copies of rare maps, drawn with German precision and minuteness, were multiplied and reduced to a convenient size by the same agency, and it was even proposed to employ it in printing orders on a slip of paper, to be inserted in a conical bullet, and transmitted by means of the Minié rifle to positions distant from head-quarters, with which there might be difficulty of communicating in the ordinary way. The value of the art as a means of obtaining facsimiles of maps, documents and pictures is now extensively recognised in this country, but inasmuch as photographs are of doubtful permanency, in fact, it would be much nearer the literal truth to say they are undoubtedly not permanent, many persons have turned their attention to the discovery of a method combining the peculiar advantages of photography with the durability imparted by the use of printer's ink. Indeed, the Duc de Luyne offered a prize of 8000 francs to anybody who should discover a method of printing photographs in carbon, instead of chloride of silver.

It is a small matter to reduce a photograph to invisibility. The little square, dark patch, which for aught the eye can distinguish, is an accidental blot, becomes under a sufficiently high magnifying power the first page of the "Times" newspaper, on which may be read that Hewitt Bernard, formerly of Jamaica may hear of something to his advantage by applying to certain persons in London, and that W. B. had better return home, if he does not wish unpleasant consequences to result from his absence, in addition to a great deal of other information of a miscellaneous character. This other little blot, which would be covered by one of the silver pennies which Her Majesty distributes yearly among the recipients of Queen Anne's Bounty, is in reality a cluster of sixteen portraits, and this other tiny speck on the object-glass of a model telescope scarcely an inch in

length, when held up to the light, becomes a perfect representation of the head and shoulders of the individual to whose watch-chain it is attached. Such minute photographs as these cannot of course be reproduced on a steel plate by chemical engraving, but something very closely approaching them may. I hold in my hand (writing in parliamentary phraseology) a piece of paper three inches in length, and half an inch less in breadth, which is a proof from a steel plate chemically engraved by Mr. Fox Talbot, the only instrument which he used in its production being a camel-hair pencil. On this piece of paper are the principal portions of twenty-two pictures, and among the smallest of them is an almost entire copy of the large painting of "The Last Supper," by Lionardo da Vinci, the face of the Saviour, especially, being a perfect portrait. The rest of the engraving includes copies of famous paintings of Madonnas, and other subjects.

I take up another proof, three inches square, from a plate engraved by the photolyphic process, and I find it to be a view taken in Paris. In the foreground stands one of those semi-circular iron structures which the municipal authorities of that city, with the proverbial good taste with which they manage such things in France, have distributed along the Boulevards, and to which attention is especially drawn by pasting playbills on the convex side, and by looking at these playbills through an ordinary lens, forming part of a field-glass, I am able to decipher portions of them, as well as the inscriptions on the fronts of some houses in the Place Henri Quatre on the opposite side of the Seine, and fully a quarter of a mile distant. There are a score of other prints from plates engraved by the same process, some of which are superior in an artistic point of view, and some inferior. None of them are absolutely perfect, the delicate gradations of light and shade which distinguish the photograph being impossible of reproduction by any method of engraving.

Mr. Fox Talbot was the first in this country to patent a process by means of which a photograph could be transferred to a metallic plate, and engraved thereon by chemical means, but this process was not the one employed in producing the plates from which the proofs described above were printed; these were engraved by a much superior method, which is also patented, but anybody who may desire to amuse himself by employing it in the production of engraving for his own portfolio, and not for sale, is quite at liberty to do so. The process is as follows:—a perfectly clean metal plate is covered with a thin dry film by holding it over a spirit lamp, and thus evaporating from its surface the vaporous portion of a solution composed of a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in eight or ten ounces of water, to which an ounce of saturated solution of bichromate of potassa has been added. On the plate thus prepared is laid the object it is desired to engrave, whether this be a piece of lace, a leaf of a plant or flower, an engraving, a pen-and-ink sketch of a loved countenance, or what in photographic parlance is termed a glass positive. A piece of glass is fastened firmly over the object so placed, and it is then exposed to sunlight from one

to several minutes, according to circumstances. The whole is carried into a room from which daylight is excluded, the object is removed from the plate, when a faint image of it is perceptible on the film. On this film a thin coating of finely-powdered gum copal is very evenly spread, which is melted by heating the plate over a spirit lamp; the object obtained by this part of the process being the laying of an aquatint ground. When the plate is cold a small quantity of a solution of perchloride of iron composed of five or six parts of saturated aqueous solution mixed with one of water, is poured on it, and spread gently over it with a camel-hair brush. This solution can only act on those parts of the plate which have been protected from the action of the light by the object laid upon it. In the course of a minute or so the liquid over the design begins to turn a dark brown, deepening gradually to a black, and in a few minutes it has done its work. The solution is then wiped off with cotton wool, and a jug of water poured over the plate washes off the remainder, and it is then rubbed dry with a soft linen cloth, and subsequently cleaned with whiting and water. It sometimes happens that the fainter portions of the design do not appear in the course of the etching, and when this occurs it is necessary to pour a little of the solution into a saucer, and add to it an equal quantity of water. By dipping the brush into this, and touching the obstinate portions of the design, this difficulty may usually be overcome, the addition of the water stimulating the action of the solution.

The plate engraved is as yet rarely without fault; it is deficient in some of the qualities possessed by a plate produced by the labour of an engraver; but, on the other hand, it possesses qualities which no engraver could imitate. The real value of a chemical process of engraving, however, does not depend altogether on its producing results superior or even equal to those obtained by the best engravers with the ordinary instruments. Apart from the extreme fidelity with which it renders minute details, and which in many cases is a consideration of the highest importance, as in the case of maps on a reduced scale, which it is easy to engrave by this process in consequence of there being little beside white and black to reproduce,—there is the immense saving of time and expense. By the perfection of this mode of engraving copies of paintings, fac-similes of rare books, manuscripts and prints, old works of art, and a thousand other interesting objects, may be sold at a cost but slightly exceeding that of the paper on which they are printed; and it is not necessary to dwell on the extent to which the intellectual gratification of all classes will be enlarged by its means.

There is of necessity a certain resemblance between every process in which the sun is the principal agent employed, inasmuch as they are all based on the circumstance that the action of light on certain substances is to render them insoluble. Nicephore Niépce used a solution of gelatine and bichromate of potassa as the sensitive film; so did half a score of other Frenchmen; so does Mr. Fox Talbot, and so also does Colonel Sir H. James in his process of photo-zincography.

Fizeau's process of chemical engraving is, however, an exception to this. He took a daguerreotype plate, and poured on it a mixture of nitrous, nitric, and hydrochloric acids, which bit the design into the plate; but as the action of this mixture was speedily checked by the formation of chloride of silver in the lines it engraved, he washed it off, and, when dry, he rubbed the surface with a drying oil, which he afterwards wiped off, leaving it only in the hollows. The plate was then coated with gold by an electrochemical process, the varnish was dissolved, and the etching continued by means of the liquid till it had reached a depth sufficient to give a few impressions. M. Nègre is said to use a similar process to Fizeau's, and to improve the result by using the graver on the plate where necessary. M. Poitevin,—who has devoted much time to experiments in connection with the subject under consideration,—has patented several processes. One of these, which he termed *Héloplastie*, consisted in coating a surface with a mixed solution of gelatine and bichromate of potassa, and exposing it to the action of the light under a photograph on glass. The light passing through the negative rendered this film unalterable in water in those parts to which it could penetrate, but the protected parts swelled in it to about six times their original bulk; thus the design was intagliated so to speak, and from this mould was obtained a plaster cast, or an electrotype plate. In common with others, he has applied photography to the production of designs on china, &c.; but of this application of the art it would be out of place to speak here. There is one of his processes which deserves to be mentioned, especially as it has stood the severest of all tests,—that of being worked commercially, and which produces very good results; he terms it photo-lithography. An egg is beaten up with a third of its bulk of water, after which it is added to an equal measure of saturated solution of bichromate of potassa. A very slight grain is made on the stone, which is then carefully washed, and the solution is brushed over it with a camel-hair brush, the surplus liquid is wiped off, and the film equalised and dried by rubbing with pieces of old linen rolled up into a ball. The negative is laid on the stone, the side bearing the image being in contact with it, and, being secured in that position, is exposed to the light. After an exposure to the sun of about twenty minutes' duration, the stone is taken into a room from which daylight is excluded, the negative is removed, and the stone is left to cool. When cool, water is applied with a sponge, till the film is thoroughly soaked in those parts screened from the light; after which it is carefully rubbed over with a greasy ink by means of a roller; this ink adhering only to the design, if the process has been successfully performed in all particulars, there will be a picture apparent on the stone abounding in all the minute details of the photograph. The stone is now left for a day, or more, in order that the ink may take a firm hold, after which it is gummed and inked over afresh;—the rest concerns the lithographer.

The particular application of photography to printing, a part of the subject in which the public

is most interested, is that termed by its inventor, Colonel Sir H. James, photo-zincography. The process is not difficult in practice, and the result is in the highest degree satisfactory. Suppose it is desired to obtain a copy of a map. The map is suspended, and a glass-plate having been prepared in the usual way, a photograph is taken upon it, it is then taken into a dark room and treated with chemical solutions, which render the image visible, and the parts of the surface not acted upon by the light insensitive, so that it may be freely exposed to daylight without injury. To make this negative more dense, it is immersed in a saturated solution of chloride of mercury, after which it is washed with water, and then with a solution composed of ten parts of water to one of hydro-sulphate of ammonia. The next proceeding is to coat a sheet of engraver's tracing paper, by means of a broad camel-hair brush, with a hot solution of gum or gelatine and bichromate of potassa (three parts by weight of gum to four parts of distilled water, mixed with a hot saturated solution of bichromate of potassa in the proportion of eight parts of the former to ten of the latter) which, when dry, is exposed to the action of the light under the negative in the ordinary way. The paper on which the map is now printed, is removed from the printing frame in a room from which daylight is excluded, and laid on a zinc plate charged with printing ink, and passed two or three times through a press, by which the whole surface of the paper is covered with an even coating of ink, composed of one part gum mastic, two parts each Venice turpentine and tallow, fourteen parts lamp black, sixteen parts wax, and eighteen parts middle linseed oil varnish, the whole dissolved in as much turpentine as will reduce it to the consistency of thinnish cream. Half-an-hour afterwards the print is floated, face upwards, on hot water for a few minutes, then removed and laid in the same position on a porcelain dish, and the surface washed with a sponge and warm gum water. In consequence of the action of the light on the gum and potassa solution the design adheres firmly to the paper, and the ink to the design, but on those parts not acted upon by the light the effect of the steeping in hot water is to loosen it so that it comes away freely under the gentle friction of the sponge, and the map is now quite clear, and only requires rinsing in warm, and, finally, in cold water, to render it as soon as dry fit for transference to the zinc plate.

The surface of this plate having been rubbed with sand and water and a zinc muller, the print, which has been slightly damped by lying between two sheets of moistened paper, is laid upon it face downwards, a few sheets of paper are spread upon it to insure intimate contact between it and the plate in its passage through the lithographic press, and this done the back is damped again with gum water, and it is then detached from the plate without injury to the design, which is now transferred to the metal. The impressions are taken from this plate by the method commonly employed in lithographic printing.

Slight modifications are necessary when instead of a map the subject happens to be a picture in

which there are delicate gradations of light and shade; but those who desire to practise the process had better consult the pamphlet which Sir H. James is preparing for the press, in which he gives a minute account of his mode of working, with examples printed both on paper and vellum. In the Topographical Department of the War Office there are copies of ancient documents taken by this process which are so perfect that examination even with a magnifying glass fails to discover any fault. Fac-similes of the most rare and valuable documents and records contained in our public offices can be obtained by the process with great rapidity and at small cost; its use in the Public Record Office alone it is estimated will save the country 10,000*l.* a year, and the saving in the map department will also be considerable. But the pecuniary is not the most important point of view from which to regard the invention. With the sanction of the Secretary of State for War, Sir H. James is publishing the fac-simile of the first folio edition (1623) of Shakespeare's plays, as well as Domesday Book, of which everybody has heard and so very few have seen, which will, when finished, be purchaseable for a few pounds, and parts of it referring to each county separately for sums varying from eight to twenty-one shillings. Already five or six counties have been completed, and it is expected that the whole will be issued by September, and this without costing the government a farthing. This publication is, of course, a fac-simile of the original, the printing of which in type in 1783 is said to have cost government 38,000*l.*, and a copy of that edition is rarely seen. As photographic negatives will remain unchanged in a dry, dark place, for any length of time, they will always be available in the preparation of plates at any future period, and at the selling price of each part fixed by Sir H. James a subscription for 250 copies will cover the cost of renewing the plate. The process is, or is about to be employed in most of our large establishments connected with the military department, both in this country and abroad, and at the present moment it is under consideration whether or not a competent person shall be sent to Simancas in Spain for the purpose of taking copies by the process of certain papers in cipher in the Royal Archives there, which are supposed to contain important information relative to events about the time of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Such an application of the invention only on an extensive scale, needs only time in order to produce results of the highest interest and importance. In the case of the monasteries of Mount Athos, for example, it is supposed that manuscripts of the most valuable description abound there, and an instance has been related of a traveller who visited one of these having had presented to him as a *souvenir* of his visit one taken at random from a heap, which was sold in England for a large sum of money. A Russian photographer was engaged there some time since in copying MSS., but I believe he has not published anything yet. In consequence, however, of the difficulty of transporting a number of heavy glass plates, it is probable that photo-papyrography would be found the most useful method in taking copies of

manuscripts at distant places, especially when these are voluminous. This process also emanates from the office of which Sir H. James is the head, and its discovery was the result of an accident which but for his presence in the room at the moment would have been disregarded. Some very remarkable examples of photo zincography, photo-lithography, and photo-papyrography, are to be seen in the International Exhibition, which show the perfection to which these processes have been brought by Sir Henry James and his able assistants.

Several patents have been taken out for methods of printing photographs on wood blocks, but engravers generally object to these, that the preparation to which the surface of the block is subjected deteriorates it, and renders it apt to break away under the graver, and in some cases the thickness of the film hinders them from cutting the design with the accuracy they desire. The only process with which I am acquainted which does not affect the wood either one way or the other is that which the inventor, Mr. Crookes, terms Xylophotography. It consists merely in coating the block with a little oxalate of silver moistened with water, just as draughtsmen rub it over with a little flake white. The block thus prepared presents a white surface so long as it is kept in a dark place, but darkens when exposed to the action of light. The block coated in this wise being exposed to the sun under a negative, the picture is printed upon it, and it may be handed at once to the engraver to be cut; only as the portions of the surface protected from the action of the light are still liable to darken under its influence, it is necessary that this operation should be performed by artificial light.

SATIRICAL MEDALS OF THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

THE importance attached to a medallic caricature at the close of the sixteenth and throughout the seventeenth centuries appears to have been much greater than can be conceived at the present time, without a few words of explanation—at all events, to those who have not studied the subject. It will be readily conceded that ridicule has always been a most potent weapon, and then naturally follows the question, In what form? Spoken ridicule can only tell upon the special audience addressed. In our day the telling speech, with all its humorous or sarcastic passages, is widely disseminated by penny newspapers, and illustrated in other publications by cheaply printed caricatures from woodcuts or other kinds of engravings. But at a time when the powers of the printing press were still in their infancy, and printed books, and even rude printed pictures, were nearly as expensive as manuscripts, or drawings done by hand, they could be of little use in popularising, by a wide-spread distribution, any kind of ridicule, especially that in the form of caricature, which required the illustration of form to give to it its chiefest pungency.

At that period, however, modern die-sinkers had already begun to achieve a success in their art which very nearly rivalled the most beautiful models of classical antiquity; and while book-

printing was in a rude infancy, and the reproduction of pictorial subjects by engraving almost unknown, medals were engraved, especially in Italy, exhibiting an extraordinary degree of excellence. It may easily be conceived, then, that a satirical medal would, at such a time, form the most convenient form in which political enemies could cast any special forms of ridicule upon their opponents in Church or State. A medal of this kind could be conveniently carried in the pocket without injury, and be produced upon suitable occasions. The design was generally sufficiently obvious to exhibit its import in a striking manner, even without the assistance of the legend or inscription, which, however, when interpreted by a competent person, seldom failed to give additional point to the satire.

At the time of the great controversy arising out of the innovative principles of Luther on the one hand, and the conservative determination of the papacy on the other, printing had, however, made vast progress, and books, woodcuts, and impressions from engraved steel plates, had already become, comparatively speaking, both cheap and common, and these new engines of power were freely used in the controversial warfare then raging: yet the convenient form of the satirical medal was still appreciated. It is, indeed, from the satirical medals struck at that period that many curious and important facts connected with the great promoters of the Reformation have been gleaned, which might otherwise have perished, leaving gaps in the history of that epoch which could not have been satisfactorily filled up from any other source. A medallist history of Luther has, in fact, been published in the form of a series of engravings from the satirical medals of the time, which is much more graphically entertaining than the best of the written lives of the great reformer. The meaning of some of these curious historical monuments, though clear enough at the time, when every little event of the great drama of the Reformation, was fresh and vivid, have, however, become by lapse of time somewhat obscure. Several expert and learned medallists have, however, recently endeavoured to recover and explain the meaning of some of the more striking devices used, and it is to some of these that I am about to refer in this brief essay.

Among the interpreters of the medallist devices alluding to the different phases of the Reformation none have distinguished themselves more than M. Montellier, whose essay upon historic medals is full of interesting and curious research. At a time, says the French numismatist, when society, so long under the tutelage of the Church, had at last attained its majority, its new-born spirit felt itself trammelled by the vast assumed powers of the Pope, and when Luther put forth his plea for the "right of free examination," and declared for a translation of the Bible into the native tongue, he was supported by large bodies of men who had taken but little interest in the technical quarrel about the sale of indulgences. It was not till then that the true conflict began.

The first medal illustrative of that epoch which I shall produce as an example (No. 1) was one struck by the Catholic party. The Emperor

Charles V., after at first siding with the Reformers, had become a decided papist; and even Melancthon, having been induced to declare himself favourable to the authority of the Pope and that of the cardinals and bishops, for which he incurred the hatred of the more advanced Protestants, a medal was struck by the papal party in honour of the temporary triumph.

The alliance of the imperial and papal authorities is shown by a favourite device of the period—a double head—which, turned one way represents that of the Pope, and turned the other way that of the Emperor. This is the device of the obverse, the motto being, "In virtute tua lætabitur justus," which is the complimentary declaration of the Pope to the Emperor, on his re-entering the bosom of the church—"The just will rejoice in thy virtue." On the reverse are the heads of a bishop and a cardinal—joined after the same fashion, the motto being "Constitues eos principes super omnem terram," which was in effect a declaration that the Emperor had restored to the church its full spiritual powers—"Thou shalt constitute them" (that is, the bishop and cardinal) "princes over all the earth."



In support of the principle of imperial sanction to the power of the Popes, as expressed on the medal, the ancient and original assertion of the same power by Celestinus, in the reign of Theodosius II., was typified upon a companion medal. On the obverse were joined heads of a Pope and an Emperor, with the motto—"Celestinus Pont (ifex) Max (imus) Theodosius II. Imperat (or)."

This conjunction of names is an allusion to the well-known historical fact that Theodosius in the fifth century, like Charles V. in the sixteenth, had first unfortunately opposed, and then happily defended the church. On the reverse appears the heads of a cardinal and bishop, with the motto—"Palladius, Germa. Aux., anno ccccxiii." These abbreviated names and titles were thought to refer to a Palladius, Bishop of St. Germain's Auxerrois; but the allusions contained in that name were found difficult to explain, and for some time their interpretation defeated the ingenuity of modern medallists.

In the first place, there were *three* eminent prelates in the fifth century, named Palladius, but not one of them was bishop of St. Germain's d'Auxerre. One of them, however, undoubtedly had some connection with St. Germain, and that is the very same Palladius who was dispatched to Britain by Celestinus to combat the errors which were being promulgated in Wales and Scotland by Pelagius. Having been successful in his mission, he became bishop of the Scots,

and afterwards "Apostle of Ireland," where he was succeeded in his apostolic labours by St. Patrick, whose name has completely superseded that of his predecessor. The introduction of the name of Palladius, therefore, alludes without doubt to the then fast spreading "heresy" of the Reformation in England, and forms a well-timed notification that a similar heresy had been successfully suppressed on a former occasion by the efforts of a priest of Rome, and that it would doubtless, under the auspices of the allied Pope and Emperor, be so again. The Pope was the more hopeful of the return of the English monarchy to papal allegiance, as the king had so recently dedicated the famous book to the Pope in defence of the ancient forms of the church, for which he had received that title of "defensor fidei," defender of the faith, still borne by our Protestant sovereigns notwithstanding its popish origin. It is now thought that this book was not written by the king, as formerly supposed, but by Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Before the king had time to change his views and join the Reformers, the energetic Luther had already attacked the unexpected English ally of the Pope—calling the Royal Henry, the supposed author, such names as he usually made use of, by way of invective against his opponents—the Royal Henry being denounced as an "idiot, madman, blasphemer; a rejected even of swine."

The good Bishop Fisher replied pretty vigorously on the side of the king, but with certainly rather more regard for the common decencies of language. It is thought that the medal in question may have been executed under the direction of Erasmus, who was then at Basle, as he was an old friend and continual correspondent of Fisher. It is also conjectured that he may have employed Holbein to carry out the devices, as they are much in the style of some other works executed by the artist about that period—especially some of the designs he made for the "Praise of Folly," under the immediate direction of the author; Erasmus having taken great interest in securing the illustrative talents of Holbein himself for that work.

There was also a medal struck by the Catholics against Calvin about this time, which is curious as having been taken as the model of some struck by the Reformers immediately after. On the obverse of this coin, the head of the Pope, when reversed, becomes the head of the Devil—meaning that the things *opposed* to the Pope were satanic, especially the *opponent* whose name forms the motto of the medal, IOAN CALVINVS HERESIARCHA PESSIMVS, which inscription (supplying the abbreviations) may be translated, "John Calvin, the worst of the heresiarchs." The reverse has the joined heads of a doctor and a jester or fool, with the motto, ET STVLTI ALIQVANDO SAPIIT, from the Vulgate of Psalm xciii., thus intimating that Calvin was a combination of learning and folly.

The Protestant, or reforming party, as I have said, were not behindhand with similar attacks upon the Papists, and Klotz attributes some of the most ingenious designs found upon their satirical medals, struck between 1537 and 1557, to

one Nicholas Amsdorf, a friend of Luther. The great Reformer had in a way sanctified this artistic friend of his to the work by proclaiming him a "bishop" in his art, "without the aid of holy oil, or any other kind of anointing," having elevated him to his office, as he said himself, in his usual graphic strain, "without holy cream, without lard, without butter, without grease, and without incense," &c., &c.

One of these satirical medals of the Reformers, struck under the auspices of Luther, was that with the legend, ECCLESIA PERVERSA TENET FACIEM DIABOLI, "The perverted church has the countenance of the Devil." The device was nearly the same as that of the Catholic medal, with the head of the Devil opposite to that of the Pope, but with the inference to be deduced therefrom turned against the Papists by means of the motto.



The motto adopted upon this medal is thought to have been taken from one or other of the eloquent but violent discourses of Luther—possibly from that one which he fulminated at the meeting of the Protestant princes at Smalkalde, when he was furious against Melancthon for his hesitation in declaring the rupture with Rome final and complete.

On one of the Reformist medals of this class the mystic number 666 is applied to the Pope, as containing an Apocalyptic meaning which has reference to the Antichrist. It had previously been applied to Julian the Apostate, who was made to represent these figures by the cabalistic values of the letters ἑξαστάτης—the method of ascertaining which would take too long to describe. The Catholics, however, understood this cabalistic form of calculating the numerical value of letters as well as the Protestants, and, of course, took care to find the same abusive numerals in the letters MARTINVS LVTHERVVS.

Other legends of medals struck by the Lutherans have for mottos, "Malus corvus malum ovum" ("From a bad bird a bad egg"), and serve to commemorate the publication of Luther's pamphlet, entitled "The Papacy instituted by the Devil." The motto adopted was intended to show that the Papacy having so originated was necessarily as bad as the source from which it sprung. This derivation of the quality of the egg necessarily from the nature of the bird, was a common illustrative form of speech at the period, when it was sought to show that good things could not emanate from a bad source. It was applied to Erasmus, who, although remaining a staunch Catholic, had yet written with great satirical power against the abuses of his church—

insomuch that it was remarked that Luther had only "hatched" the egg that Erasmus had "laid."

Some of the Protestant medals of Germany have the mottos in German instead of the more usual Latin, in allusion to the new translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue. One of these, having for device the heads of the Devil and the Pope, reversed and joined at the mouth, has the German motto *DV BISTE*, which admits of no other translation than "two beasts."

Another, which is engraved below, and which is the last illustration of which our space admits, has a very singular device for the reverse, which, I think, has never been fully explained. The upper figure, as has been described by others, is, no doubt, the Antichrist under the symbol of the "Woman of Babylon;" but the book, and what has been thought a cross, have not been properly interpreted, nor has the meaning of the sword which she holds. The book is I must think the Bible, and the seeming cross upon it is formed by the crossed keys of St. Peter, which, as a badge of Papal authority, have *locked* the book against the people; and, that any attempt to examine it will also be resisted by the "sword," if necessary, is also indicated, as I believe, by the drawn sword held in the right hand. The reversed figure is that of the Pope, holding one of the implements of the *Mass*. The motto explains the general bearing, though not the detail, of both portions of this singular device. It runs, "FAISCHE . LERE . GILT . NICHT . MEHR . MDXLIII." That is to say, "False doctrine no longer prevails. 1543." This is sufficiently clear, but the interpretation of the details of the device is also necessary to the full interpretation of the whole design.



During our civil wars, when the family of Charles I. took refuge in Holland, similar coins were struck in ridicule of the Commonwealth, in which the head of Cromwell, when turned round, formed that of the Devil, as in the portraits of the Pope just described; and these coins bore for motto, "One is the evil genius of the other." On the reverse was the head of Fairfax, joined to that of a fool or jester, as on the medal against Calvin, and the motto is, "The idiot serves the folly of the other." The mottos on the medals themselves, which were probably issued about 1650, are in Dutch.

The class of medals of which I have described a few specimens in this article are some of them executed with great artistic skill, and sometimes struck in silver or bronze, but the great bulk are

in lead, for circulation among the people, and are but inferior copies of the bronze or silver models.
H. NOEL HUMPHREYS.

MICHELET.

THE first time I saw Michelet was at the College de France, where he held the professorship of modern history. The opening lecture was an event, for the professor had plainly announced that he would reveal, during his course, the stormy policy of the Jesuits. But "event" is not a word sufficiently strong: it was a battle-field, for the audience were divided into two camps, animated by all the passions of youth. On one side were the ultramontanes, who had come with a determination to interrupt and hiss the orator; on the other, were the liberal youth of the schools, who, trained in the traditions of the French philosophy and revolution, admired the courage of the historian, who, though standing under the control of the state, had voluntarily stepped on to so burning a soil. When the Professor made his appearance, there was a solemn silence throughout the hall, but it was a silence big with storms. His noble and intelligent head, crowned with precocious white hair, stood out calm, thoughtful, and majestic above the vast audience it commanded, and whose heaving masses spread even into the courtyard of the college.

The Professor began his lecture with a firm yet measured tone, but, ere long, sparks flashed from his brilliant improvisation, which, as we say in France, fired the train. Murmurs and applause burst forth furiously, and the audience resembled a tempest, in which all the unchained elements of the political parties began contending. I say advisedly political, for in this instance religion was in no way mixed up. The lecturer's object was to seek in history the traces of an occult association which had concealed itself behind God, in order to mask its projects and to attain its views of universal dominion.

Silence, however, was forced on the systematic disturbers. The more turbulent and incorrigible among them were taken hold of and passed from hand to hand along the entire length of the hall; and, lastly, were ignominiously expelled through the door-way.

While this was going on, it was curious to watch the timid anxiety of the Professor, and how he exclaimed, with outstretched hands and trembling voice, "Pray, pray, do them no injury." When the hall was thus purged of its perturbing elements, the victory or defeat of the day—as indeed the fortune of the entire course of lectures—depended on the faculties of the orator and historian.

Michelet is eloquent after his fashion. You must not ask him for the impetuous speeches of the Parliamentary tribune, or that elocutionary facility which barristers too often abuse. His sentences are abrupt, nervous, spasmodic, and accompanied by a febrile quivering of the lips. At times he stops and seems to await the inspiration. At such moments he ever reminded me of the ancient Sibyl, casting her oracles to the wind, from the elevation of her tripod. In fact,

through his intervals of rest dart flashes of intellect which penetrate the lowest depths of his subject. I can still remember the effect produced in this atmosphere, charged with electric emotions, by the following sentence: "Jesuitism is a sword, the point of which is everywhere, but the hilt is constantly at Rome." From this moment the cause of liberty of teaching was gained; each allusion made by the Professor was enthusiastically caught up; each fine and delicate trait was engraved on the agitated minds of his audience; each step he advanced into the secret history of the society of Loyola was a revelation and an illumination. The ardent youth of the Parisian schools were henceforth his own; he had conquered them by his talent, his learning and his heart; he enlightened them by his glances; he nourished them with his words; and this first lecture which had begun with a storm terminated in a triumph.

Michelet's life is little known, for he has always sought to attract attention to his teaching rather than to his person. No one, however, justifies more fully than he does Buffon's aphorism—"the style is the man." Nothing, in truth, resembles Michelet's style save Michelet himself. Hence, we will dwell on the man, and not trouble ourselves about his books, which are moreover familiar to all educated Englishmen.

Michelet came into the world during the great military epoch of France. The first lesson he received was one on patriotism, and it was his father who gave it him. The old man and the boy were walking upon a public holiday from Notre Dame to the Louvre, and thence to the Barrière de l'Etoile. From one of the esplanades of the Tuileries, which commanded the entire avenue of the Elysian Fields, the father pointed out to him the army defiling past—a very forest of bayonets sparkling in the sun—and the tricolor banner.

"My son," he then said to him with a solemn accent, and in a voice full of emotion, "Look there, and behold France! All those troops are as one man, one soul, one heart. The recruits passing along down there with their arms are going to fight for us. They leave behind them their father, their aged mother, who may perhaps require their help. You will do the same one day, for you must never forget that your mother is France."

The lesson was not lost, for, although Michelet, heaven be praised! never had occasion to take up arms for his country, he has fought valiantly for it on the battle-field of ideas. This exalted patriotism may astonish foreigners, and doubtless offers ground for controversy. People are at liberty to differ with Michelet as to the political rôle and grandeur of France, but who would venture to condemn in a child of Gaul that enthusiasm without which life crawls ignominiously along the circumscribed field of material interests?

As Michelet was born at a period when religious ideas were fruitfully overthrown in France, his parents forgot to have him christened. The heart of the adolescent aspired, however, to a belief and an ideal which would permit him to see another world beyond the visible world. One day when he had accidentally entered a church he saw a priest sprinkling water on the head of a newly-born child.

Young Michelet at once comprehended the meaning of this ceremony, and bravely asked the priest to baptise him.

Jules Janin has written some ingenious lines on the baptism of Voltaire. "Heaven knows," he exclaims, "what the answer would have been of the simple priest who baptised this little, suffering, poorly-clad catechumen, who was as weak and pitiful as Pascal when a child, had any prophetic voice revealed to the Curé of Chatenay that the forehead hidden under the nurse's cloak contained the germ of the 'Philosopher's Dictionary,' 'Candide,' the 'Essay on Morals,' the 'Pucelle,' and 'Mahomet.' Oh! what a horror! and would it have been at all surprising had this priest let the phenomenon fall on the steps of the altar instead of baptising it?"

Surely the hand of our priest would also have trembled in applying the holy water to Michelet's brow, could his mind have but foreseen what would issue from it: "Priests, Women, and Families," "the Jesuits," and many another work, destined to shake the columns of his temple.

Like several of the great modern authors and philosophers of France—for instance, Beranger and Pierre Leroux—Michelet began by being a journeyman printer. He was acquainted with the hard work, silence, and lengthened toil of the composing-room. Belonging to the middle class by birth, to the working-class by the nature of his apprenticeship, he thus represented the two elements of the French revolution. One winter's day he smote with his chillblained hand the case that contained his type, and vowed to devote the abilities with which Heaven had gifted him, to making known the history of his country.

If anything be peculiarly the property of the nineteenth century, it is its historical works. Michelet had been preceded in this resurrection of the past by the researches of eminent men; for instance, Guizot, Sismondi, Thierry, the blind historian, and several others. He resolved not to follow in their footsteps; and in truth, the new comer cut for himself a road through our annals, from which he has never diverged. His object was to discover what lies concealed beneath the symbols and myths of old epochs, to give life to facts, and illumine from personal points of view the sombre virgin forest of humanity. Although most extensive, his erudition never aims at the historian's originality, and he possesses as a defence against the opinions and writings of others, an impenetrable cuirass—his personal *me*—to employ the Kantian expression. And yet, for all that, the powerful personality becomes readily assimilated with the varying epochs of history.

One fact, which is surprising in surveying Michelet's career, is the progressive change in his religious ideas, and I think it my duty to investigate the cause. Gifted in an eminent degree with that faculty of identification which produces true historians, Michelet has—may I venture to employ the expression?—*lived* the history of France in proportion as he wrote it. When engaged with the middle ages, his mind, struck by the symbols and grandeur of Catholicism, was honestly caught, and to some extent subjugated, by the antique majesty of those religious forms. When he

reached the period of the Reformation, Luther's majestic figure rose before him, and he became to some extent an ideal Protestant. When he worked on the Renaissance and French philosophy, he inhaled the inspiration of modern times, strengthened himself by the criticism of the past, and thus became the Michelet whom we know and are proud of.

At about the middle of Louis Philippe's reign, Michelet held a high position in instruction and literature, which he had acquired by his influence over the students, his earnest labours, and the dignity of his life. When the Duchess of Orleans, after her marriage, was permanently settled at the Tuileries, she expressed a desire to receive lessons in history from the Professor who reigned at the College de France. Michelet went to the Tuileries, and his visit contradicted Barriere's apothegm, that "the truth can only enter a palace by breaking down the portals." Michelet broke down no door, and yet he expounded stern truths as to the origin and development of the French nation, its wants, and the necessity of continuing the traditions of '89. Did this independent spirit prove displeasing? I do not believe it: on the contrary, I have been told that the young and intellectual princess retained up to the last moment of her life, a great respect for the historian who, with the authority of the past in his hands, displayed to her the abyss hidden beneath the flowery zig-zag of a false political direction.

When the Revolution of 1848 broke out, Michelet's lectures had just been suspended by that ministry, at the head of which stood M. Guizot, the present apologist for the Papacy. This circumstance, but even more, his great reputation, his advanced liberal tendencies, and above all, the extraordinary influence he exercised over the students, naturally pointed him out as a fitting person to occupy a seat in the new National Assembly. At a moment when everybody was running after the candidacy, he had the rare courage to reject an honour that came to seek him, and he gave several motives for his refusal the wisdom of which it would be difficult to misunderstand.

"I am not at all," he said, "a statesman: I have felt myself and know all about it. Believe me, I should do better by sticking to my books, my beloved studies, and my lectures."

Then, he added, with his own peculiar and sardonic smile: "Moreover, in a political assembly people talk a great deal, and I do not possess the gift of listening."

The last time I saw Michelet in France, was during the Republic, and under memorable circumstances. His lectures had been suspended that very morning, for the second time, by the authorities who were then preparing for the 2nd of December. He seemed, however, to ignore the fact, for the circumstance that brought us together had a sorrowful character of a very different nature. Edgar Quinet, his brother in arms, the Professor who, at the College de France, had fought side by side with Michelet, and had also his share in the disavowal of the Jesuits, had recently lost his wife. We proceeded to the

Cemetery of Mont Parnasse, and as Madame Quinet was a Protestant, a clergyman of the reformed faith read the burial service. When the religious ceremony was ended, Michelet walked up to the open grave, and pronounced a farewell address over the woman he had known. Madame Quinet was a German, and something stirred within us when the historian-orator remarked:

"I owe to friendship my knowledge of the different nationalities of Europe. Madame Quinet was to me an initiation, for she revealed Germany to me."

The two Professors who were best beloved by the youth of Paris then embraced each other like brothers over the grave that was on the point of being closed.

After December 2, on the morrow of the day when the man who had violated his own oath demanded the oaths of all the public functionaries to his government and person, Michelet point-blank refused to take them. He thus voluntarily sacrificed to a scruple of honour and conscience the position he had acquired by his labour and merit—his professor's chair and the direction of the historic section of the archives of France. I am bound to add that, despite the remarkable success of his works, Michelet is not a rich man. "The history of France," he once wrote to me, "has devoured my life." It was, in fact, to this great work that he immolated his hours, his leisure, and, up to a certain point, the facile fortune he might have derived from his minor books, as he called them, such as "La Femme," "L'Amour," &c.

As the history of France is connected, more or less, with that of other nations of Europe, Michelet has frequently travelled in order to go back to the sources of events and the origin of the opinions which foreigners might entertain on the subject of our national chronicles. When I was in Holland, in 1857, I one day saw, to my great surprise, Michelet enter the modest parlour I occupied during my stay at the Hague. He had come to spend a few days in consulting the library and archives of the Netherlands. He introduced to me his young wife, for, a few days prior to my leaving France, he had married again, after having had by his first wife a daughter, now married to a literary man of some distinction.

"My wife," he said to me, "devotes her time to the history of nature, and I to the history of humanity. Hence we complement one another."

It is, in truth, to this source of inspiration that we are indebted for Michelet's last charming works on the natural history of the Bird, the Insect, and the Sea. In these books, in which the author has developed all the treasures of imagination, and all the delicacy of feeling, we can read the heart of a woman beneath the hand of a mighty master of the craft.

Were I called on to define Michelet, I should say that he is of all the writers of modern France the one who has most loved. He has loved woman in the ideal and elevated sense of the term; he has loved France to such an extent as to seek religion in nationality; and he has loved his countrymen with an intense affection, which follows him even into momentary errors. From the height of

his sympathising emotion he has even descended to the obscure regions of life, to the animal kingdom, in which he saw beings formed in one image, that toil and suffer, and, after enlisting our sympathies by the grand dramas of history, he has sought to enlist them for the scenes of nature.

Need I add that, as he has greatly loved, his faults (and what author does not possess such?) will be easily forgiven him by the verdict of the future? Besides, his faults are as peculiarly his own as are his rare qualities. The great merit of Michelet's works is, that they are not formed either on the ideas or opinions of others. We might say that the author has read nothing, so truly does he remain ever the same, in spite of his vast erudition. The works of this author, which are so entirely inseparable from the man, readily remind one of a passage in Virgil:—"The companions of the pious Æneas come to a clump of trees, and prepare to tear them up, when, to their great surprise, they find blood and strips of flesh mingled with the roots." It is the same with Michelet's books: beneath the rich and capricious vegetation there is a palpitating heart, and the branches of thought grow, so to speak, out of its gaping wounds.

ALPHONSE ESQUIROS.

ANA.

FAST DOINGS AT ROME.—There is many a "slow coach" in Rome, whether it does or does not contain some Eminence in the way of a cardinal. But the most go-a-head observer will hardly complain of the pace at which certain omnibuses, including the "Tevere" and the "Corso," dash along with their four or more horses by the Flaminian road up to the Porta del Popolo. With ceilingless pens for waiting-rooms at railway stations and seatless third-class carriages on the Southern line, the city of the Cæsars can yet boast some of the fastest and largest omnibuses, and perhaps the best-horsed cabs of any place of its size.

THE MISERICORDIANS.—The gaiety of Florence after dark is invaded by gloomy sights such as the traveller, if he comes upon them suddenly, is likely to view with a peculiar sense of sadness and perhaps of mystery. It is the time for funerals, and ever and anon a hoarse strain from the Misericordians wakes up the echoes of the streets, while their huge torches cast a sickening glare over wall and casement, revealing at the same time the hideous costume of these valuable agents of mercy. Few of the inhabitants can enter dreamland without ghastly reminiscences of the passage of silent sleepers on their way to the day's yawning vault outside the walls. The pace at which they are carried is more like that of the desperate Bersaglieri of Turin than the solemn cavalcade amongst us which conveys the lifeless burden away from its home of the past to its long one of the future.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

PART I.

In these latter days of southern exploration and discovery, I know not if adventures of twenty years since will be found sufficiently attractive to meet with attention from a public well nigh sati-

ated with accounts by every mail of fresh gold discoveries, and who are accustomed to read of undertakings in our Australian colonies involving consequences of vast magnitude and moment.

Several of the early years of my manhood were spent in the bush of the great island-continent. It has not been my lot to be

"Ever reclining on the bank of life,
Ne'er wrestling with its flood."

Let me, however, at once assure the reader that in all my wanderings I never found one grain of native gold, and that however vividly certain incidents of my bush life are impressed upon my memory *now*, this cannot be caused by any importance I attached to them at the period of their occurrence. It was quite as much a matter of course for me then to sleep under a gum-tree as it is now to seek repose in my bed. After this open confession, no very thrilling adventures or hair-breadth escapes must be looked for in the following pages. In a few words, I am not a "sensation" writer, for I trust entirely to a literal adherence to facts, clothed, too, in homely language, to secure attention to what follows.

I simply purpose to give an account of a six months' residence—sometimes alone—on French Island, one of two islands, the other and seaward one being Phillip Island, situated in the Bay of Western Port, on the southern coast of Australia. I was a sort of Robinson Crusoe on a small scale, without the excitement of the wreck or the advantages of having a Man Friday; and should the personal pronoun be used rather freely in some portions of this narrative, let me plead the necessities of the case, for how with any propriety could a solitary man on a desolate island write of himself as *we*?

French Island was and still is uninhabited. It is of considerable extent, having a most uninteresting muddy coast studded with mangroves—trees usually found growing in perfection on mud-flats over which the tide flows,—and it was with these same mangroves that my business lay. But of that by and by. Thrusting your boat between these formidable obstacles, you reach a belt of low marshy country intersected by knee-deep creeks of salt water, and extending some quarter of a mile inland. Then succeed undulating sand-hills producing coarse grass, dwarf myrtles, and tea-trees, but otherwise lightly timbered. A high range in the distance forms as it were the backbone of the island, which derived its name from having been visited by a French expedition many years ago. Although I thoroughly explored all its penetrable parts in the years 1842-3, I never discovered any evidence of a settlement having been attempted on its shores. Nevertheless the account of a French invasion is authentic. There was little to be got there, and probably our gallant allies made but a short stay. At all events, I never noticed any old marks on the trees, felled timber, or broken bottles.* The most notable of its natural productions were aquatic birds, snakes, rats, mosquitos, and sand-flies.

It was to this uninviting locality that my friend

* By the bye, the broken bottles are rather a peculiarity of British than of French Colonisation.

S—— and I betook ourselves for the modest purpose of making our fortunes by the manufacture of barilla, an article then largely used and of considerable commercial value.*

The *modus operandi* was primitive enough. The mangrove is a tree growing from eight to twelve feet high, with clumsy branches protruding at irregular intervals from a thick, crooked, gnarled stock. When burnt, the ashes of these trees become the barilla of commerce. Oh, that I had preserved the elaborate calculations which poor S—— and I made to convince each other that nothing short of death or the submersion of the island could prevent our becoming wealthy men before many years had passed over our heads! As I remember, our reasoning was in this wise. Here, we said, are unlimited supplies of the raw material, and turning it into money was simply a question of hard work and perseverance. The only doubt we had was whether we should retire upon forty, sixty, or one hundred thousand pounds. We settled at last that one hundred thousand pounds was the most convenient and respectable sum. S—— was to have pocketed one half, and I the other. I may as well state at once that a mistake must have crept into our calculations, for on my voyage back to England a few years afterwards, on leaving Rio Janeiro, where our ship touched for water, I found myself with a solitary Brazilian coin in my pocket. I think it was called a *dump*, and represented a thousand something, but I am quite sure it was of copper and not altogether unlike one of those fat pennies of George III., now happily nearly all withdrawn from circulation.

The manner in which we reached the island I will now relate. A settler on the main, named J——, the proprietor of a large cattle station, kindly lent us one of his two boats. It is true she had a bad reputation, inasmuch as she had caused the death of more than one person, by reason of a knack she had, unless delicately handled, of turning bottom upwards. She bore the ominous name of "the Coffin." It was in this frail craft we ventured our lives and fortunes, and sailed from Tobinyallock creek on the evening of a cold July day.

The means at our disposal, with which we purposed combating all kinds of adverse circumstances, and erecting our fortunes in spite of them, were as follows:—*Imprimis*, two light hearts; the clothes in which we stood, six axes, a cross-cut-saw, a spade, auger, hammer, six files, a bottle of brandy labelled "poison," in case it should fall into unscrupulous hands, a five-gallon water-keg, two pairs of blankets, a rifle, a double-barreled gun, powder and shot, a frying-pan, and a few nails. We also had a three months' supply of the usual bush provisions, viz., tea, sugar, flour, salt-beef, soap, &c., &c. Two shirts, and a portion of another, a night-cap, no socks, and no stockings comprised the whole of our spare wardrobe. S—— always slept in a nightcap, he said it reminded him so of Old England. By the bye, I must not forget to mention here a pair of canvas trousers, which we were eventually compelled to apply to a novel purpose, for the rats became so

bold, as our stores diminished, that we had the greatest difficulty to preserve them from their attacks. We bothered them, however, at last, and I shall trust to my pencil to inform the reader by what expedient we did so.

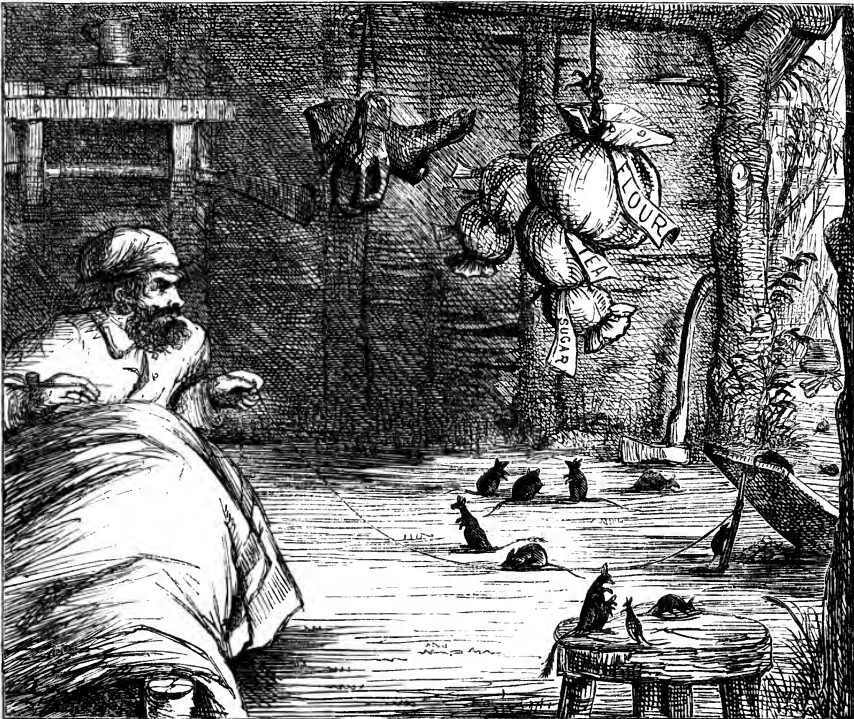
Our literature consisted of a Bible, the complete works of one Mr. William Shakspeare, "The Course of Time," a poem, and sundry wrappings of old colonial newspapers, the bulk of the intelligence they contained being conveyed in the form of advertisements. With this well-assorted cargo we found ourselves, at nightfall of a cold mid-winter day, under a bluff on the main land, opposite French Island, a sand spit of which presented its nearest point. On the crown of the bluff, my friend, and every man's friend but his own, M—— had erected his hut. He was the best rider in the whole district, and truth compels me to add that whenever he could lay himself alongside a rum barrel, he drank even harder than he rode. His heart, poor fellow, until it ceased beating, was in the right place, though his elbow, whenever he was near liquor, never was. He would make nothing of riding fifteen miles or so to a neighbour's, on the chance of finding strong drink. Well, we hauled up our boat, presented ourselves at his hut, and met with the usual bush welcome. We talked over our plans, and devised a code of signals with our friend. In case anything happened to us of a really serious nature, such as our boat becoming disabled or lost, sudden illness, or the like, three fires were to be lit on the sand-spit opposite his hut, when he promised to reply to them, ride over to J——'s, nine miles off, and come across in his remaining boat. Two fires meant that we wanted help, but not so urgently; and one was to be regarded as a sort of general invitation, and that we should be glad of a visit when convenient. In case, however, any vessel put into the bay, and by some stroke of unexpected and improbable good fortune we obtained a supply of liquor, *then* there was to be no mistake at all about it, we were to set fire to the island, and if he could get hold of anything in the shape of a boat that would float, he would paddle across. So we all shook down for the night on the floor of the hut, kept quite dark about the brandy-bottle, enjoyed refreshing sleep, and awoke on the morning of a squally and disagreeable day. There was a nasty lop of a sea up, and "The Coffin" would not stand any nonsense; but the distance to Sandy Point was under three miles, and we thought to slip across between the squalls, and creep up under the shore to our intended location. We were not, however, allowed to leave until towards evening, when we took advantage of a lull, and stood for the Point. The boat had reached about mid-channel when the wind died away, and we got out the oars, leaving the sail standing. Presently a squall came sweeping up the bay, and we had just time to make everything snug when with a shriek and a whistle, we found ourselves fizzing over the water on a sheet of foam. I use the word "fizzing" advisedly, for I know of no other which expresses my meaning so clearly. We were, as it seems to me now, on a sea of ginger-beer, and were nearly blinded with foam. Our boat, with her wonted crankiness, took ad-

* An alkali, an impure carbonate of soda, used in making glass and soap, in bleaching linen, and for other purposes.

vantage of every opportunity to roll gunwale under, but we kept her well before the wind, and although she shipped more water than was pleasant, on the whole we were not disposed to find fault with her performance. After we had run some six miles out of our course the squall abated, and although wet to the skin, at all events we were right side uppermost. "The Coffin" was not so bad a sea-boat after all! She wanted baling, though, for the water had penetrated into the locker, and damaged the provisions; to what extent we could not then ascertain, but when consuming them I recollect they had a disagreeable salty flavour, and that our sugar was transformed into treacle.

Soon the stars shone out brightly, the wind shifted off the land, and a gentle breeze laden

with the aroma of myrtle and mimosa wafted us under the shores of French Island. We determined to take advantage of the first practicable opening in the mangroves and to land at once. Fortunately it was high water, and finding a convenient spot, with a little careful piloting and a few hearty strokes of the oars, we were soon high and dry on the muddy beach. After securing the boat, we set to work and gathered a pile of drift wood and withered grass. A cheerful blaze soon lighted up the landscape. We were only too glad to dry ourselves, "all standing," becoming for the time animated clothes-horses. The light of the fire, however, revealed the fact that we had not been altogether fortunate in pitching upon that particular spot, for it was very low ground, and long lines of sea-weed showed



See page 698.

that during spring tides it was partially covered with water. A sand hill at no great distance, to which in case of necessity we might retreat, relieved our minds on this score. An inviting hillock nearer seemed formed by nature for our accommodation, and having taken from our stores such as we needed for the night's consumption, we made everything comfortable and pitched our camp. We rigged up the sail with the mast and oars, and were soon on the broad of our backs, with the Southern Cross overhead, smoking and making light of our mischances. Oh, for the buoyant heart again of one-and-twenty, when there was no such word as hardship in our dictionary, and enough afforded us more satisfaction than all the superfluities of after years.

"Man never is, but always to be blessed."

Supper time came, so a "sticker-up" of salt beef was soon spluttering over the flames, some leather jackets, cakes made of flour and water, baking in the ashes, and a pot of tea bubbled away merrily alongside. I was giving S— an account of the island so far as my explorations had extended,—for I had been on it several times previously,—and had just informed him that for mosquitos, sand-flies, rats, and snakes, it beat all nature, when he gave a sudden shriek, hopped about on one leg, and rubbed the other violently. I looked for the snake, and great was my relief to notice several large red ants—"soldiers," in colonial parlance—performing a quick march up his trousers, and evidently bent on mischief. And no wonder, for the hillock we had pitched on was nothing but a huge anthill or barracks, and the regulars and volunteers

were rushing out in myriads. By the time S—— had somewhat recovered his equanimity, I too had received a share of their attention. I never had a red hot darning needle thrust into my flesh, but I imagine it must be very like a sting from one of these pests. The pain for the moment is intense, but happily it soon wears off, and is seldom followed by any ill effects. A million or so to two, however, is rather long odds; so holding discretion to be the better part of valour, we fairly ran away, lit another fire, destroyed the dozen or two of ants which still clung pertinaciously to our clothes, and after giving our enemies time to return to their quarters, formed ourselves into a foraging party, advanced, seized the several delicacies comprising our supper, and retired in good order, dragging with us the temporary shelter we had erected, first making a breach in the citadel with one of the oars. It did not take us long to sup, erect a fresh *quamby*, roll ourselves in our blankets on the soft, peaty ground—the very idea of such a thing now gives one the rheumatism—and wander away into the land of dreams. Towards morning we were awakened by a beating of the water off the shore, as by paddle wheels, and a flock of black swans, some five hundred strong, rose from the bay, and with outstretched necks flew over our heads, emitting their plaintive cry. In native language the swan was called “*Counnawarra*,” a designation evidently derived from its note; so the crow was named “*Wäng*,” the *Menura superba* of naturalists, or native pheasant, “*Bullen-bullen*,” and a bird known to the colonists as the *More-pork*, “*Whuck-whuck*.” As day broke, the flight of swans, ducks, pelicans and cranes became for a time incessant. They all headed up the bay, and we let them go, for powder and shot was to us as gold and silver.

And now we heard in the gum-tree forest hard by, the first chuckling notes of a bird, sometimes called “*The Settler's Clock*,” but more appropriately the *Laughing Jackass*. The early bird of Australia does not catch the worm, but turns his attention to snakes. There, of all the feathered tribes, the *Laughing Jackass* is the first abroad, if we except a few dissipated varieties which turn night into day, and go to roost when all decent, well-conducted birds are thinking of turning out to look after their breakfasts. Many causes tend to render the *Jackass* a favourite with bushmen; first there are his snake-destroying habits, then he is a punctual time keeper; but perhaps the quality of all others for which he is held in especial favour, is his mirth-moving notes.

As the first blush of sunlight was bringing out in strong relief the straggling branches of the gum-trees, near us, we could distinguish on the bare boughs, several uncouth-looking creatures, with beaks out of all proportion to the size of their bodies. One after another they leisurely stretched their legs and wings alternately, and a sound as of subdued laughter fell on our ears, repeated again and again at short intervals, for all the world like a party of old gentlemen enjoying a racy joke over their wine. By-and-by one, unable longer to control his risible propensities, burst out into a side-splitting peal, which made the old woods ring again. Other old gentlemen, many of them suffering from asthma, seemed sud-

denly to comprehend the joke, and joined in chorus. So the fun grew fast and furious, until we were constrained to add our shouts of laughter to the general uproar. Whether the presence of strangers was disagreeable, or the leader of the assembly was struck with apoplexy, we never clearly made out, but in a moment the mirth subsided, and a dead silence ensued.

By this time the morning had unfolded, and the sun shone in his splendour from a sky without a cloud. Our first business, after breakfast, was to look about us for a convenient locality for the erection of a hut. After a fatiguing tramp—for the ground was spongy where it was not muddy, and exceedingly difficult to get over—we came to a spot about four miles from *Sandy Point*, which bid fair to suit our purpose. The forest approached nearer to the bay than usual, and there was a good supply of straight tea-tree polls growing at hand. More important still, every appearance indicated a supply of fresh water without having to sink very deeply for it. This was of course the first consideration, so we erected a landmark by flying a piece of white rag from the bough of a tree, and returned for the boat. Having brought her round—catching a few fish, snappers and flat-heads, by the way, we came in on the top of the tide, and very soon transferred all our valuables to the spot on which we purposed building, thus reversing the order of things in this old-fashioned country where furniture and stores are usually brought to the house, not the house to them. Having first protected our goods from all accidents likely to befall, we set to work well-sinking. The base of a sand-hill, about four hundred yards from the stores, appeared the most promising spot, and at about six feet from the surface a small puddle of water appeared. Hurrah! it was sweet and good, though rather gritty just then. I had commenced a spell with the spade in order to make good another foot in depth, when, in the most insidious manner in the world, the bottom of the hole gradually contracted, and held my legs as if in a vice, and presently I found myself up to the middle in quicksand, and utterly helpless, so far as being able, unassisted, to extricate myself from the dilemma. For some minutes S—— could not help me for laughing, and when he did, and by our united exertions, I was again on *terra firma*, my only pair of boots were left behind, and there they remained for the night. During the succeeding day, however, all these disasters were remedied—the boots were recovered—we completed the well after another cave in, and it bid fair to render us an ample supply of water for the present. True, it was the rainy season, and as summer advanced we might find ourselves deficient, but bushmen are not given to meet difficulties half way. We had enough and to spare for the present, so we thanked God for that, and trusted to Him and to our own right arms for the future.

Will the reader pardon me for enlarging on the seemingly trivial occurrences with which I have hitherto endeavoured to engage his attention? Desiring to give a general idea of life on a solitary island, these are but the first little touches in the picture, which I hope to set before him as a whole.

G. H. H.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoynng in the gynning causeth mykel error in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER XIX. IS THEATRICAL.

THE manager of the Theatre Royal, Long Acre, was not a very nice man. He had followed a good many other professions before he took to trading in theatrical entertainments. If moss be not gathered by the rolling stone, certainly a good deal of dirt adheres to it in the course of its revolutions. A man who has been through several businesses must have something of a soil from each left on his fingers; and if he did not primarily start with very clean hands, of course the result at the end is all the more grimy in effect. Labour-stains are very honourable if the labour has been sufficiently honest. But we have no occasion, as we have no temptation, to dig down to the roots of the career of Mr. Grimshaw, the lessee and manager of the Theatre Royal, Long Acre. All diggers do not meet with ore. Some often turn up less agreeable matters in the course of their toils. Let us accept, as the public did, Mr. Grimshaw as a blown manager, and not trouble ourselves about his bud period. Who cares to ponder over ugly chrysalis antecedents when the butterfly is fluttering about in full magnificence?

He was quite the man to succeed as a manager. In the first place, he wasn't an actor, and had never dreamt, amidst all his changes of life, of becoming one: he was wary enough to know what not to do or to be. He did not take the theatre to assume the important parts that no one else would allot to him; to wake the dreary echoes of the empty house by his own dismal performance of *Macbeth*; he did not propose to start as an eminent tragedian on his own account, to end on some one else's, a hopeless insolvent, proffering a fearful schedule to a wrathful commissioner. He took the Long Acre (it had been long empty: he got it cheap) to prosper his pocket rather than indulge his vanity. The Town said he was enterprising. He was in a condition which compels people to be enterprising: he could not suffer by speculation. He was without money, without character, without even credit, which sometimes survives the absence of the others. How could he lose? What could he lose? On the contrary, he seemed to be in such a situation that he *must* win; because any change must be for the better. He opened the theatre. He pawned his watch and sold his great-coat (the warm weather was

coming on, so he did not feel the loss much) to pay for his placards. He was manager of the T. R., Long Acre! To his own surprise and everybody's besides, he found money enough in the treasury on Saturday night to pay his way. The Town lauded him extravagantly: he was the only man who had made the theatre remunerative! On the strength of this applause he was able to borrow money at a rate not much exceeding sixty per cent.—of course taking part of the advance in cases of champagne. Certainly he was clever. He made even the wine available! He gave a grand supper to his *employés*. The thing was well noticed by the press, and advanced the theatre wonderfully. All that is ever wanted, it seems, in such matters, is reputation for success. Of course, a manager who gives champagne to his supernumeraries must be successful, and the theatre was crowded nightly. It was admitted that a low comedian, criticising the liquor, had declared a decided preference for “shandygaff;” but he was voted coarse, and put down. Altogether, the corps suffered much less than might have been expected. There was no coroner's inquest. Some actors' stomachs must be as strong as their lungs.

“The secret of my success as a manager,” said Grimshaw once in a confidential moment, and when perhaps his habitual caution had been carried away by a tide of hot gin-and-water, then running very high indeed, “the secret of my success as a manager lies in the *billing*. People say it's novelty, but it isn't. I like novelty, of course, when I can get it, but I can't always; and the fact is, that with proper *billing* you may make an old thing look like a new one. You may make almost anything pass for a novelty. I'm very particular about my *billing*. I ride through the town once a week regularly to take stock of my playbills. I keep my eye on the shops that put them boldly out at the front, so that they *must* strike the passer-by. I defy him to avoid them. And I note those as smuggle 'em up in the back shop, or perhaps use them to wrap up parcels, or what not. I've known it done. And I look how the placards are wearing, and try to find new *itches* for them; and I try to invent a new system of advertising. That's the thing with the public; keep it up, stick to them, bully them: they'll defy you at first, chaff you, swear at you perhaps; but in the end you'll find them all taking dress-circle tickets for themselves and every member of their families, and the house crammed to suffocation every night, and a mere stock piece playing after all, perhaps. And if you can do this with an old thing, what can't you do with a new one?”

It has been said that he was not a very nice man. He did not take the T. R., Long Acre, because he had any regard for the drama, or because he respected anything or anybody. There was no purpose in his management beyond his own advantage.

“It don't matter to me, you know, a morsel, what's played,” he said, as he drained his sixth tumbler, nearly swallowing a slab of lemon that had whilom been floating in the liquor, but was now quite stranded or knocking about in the glass in a dry, useless way. “I'll put up any-

thing they'll come and see. Is it Billy Shakspeare you want?—you shall have him, hot and strong, and plenty of him,—only pay your money at the door fust, please. Or will you have hopera? All right. I'll give you the best of singing birds, or bally, or 'orses, or the hacrobats, or the helephants,—anythink you like, it don't matter to me, bless you, only say the word. Glasses round again, gentlemen; or, what do you say, will you have a bottle of *sham*?” &c., &c.

Certainly, it was all the same to Mr. Grimshaw what he “put up,” as he phrased it, and he would have played Shakspeare as soon as anything else, if he had thought he could have made it pay, and sooner, if he could have made a “novelty,” or got a “sensation” out of it (the word wasn't in use then; but never mind, it fits just as well the circumstances of which I am narrating). Above all, if he could have engaged a trained gorilla, and been able to cast him for the part of *Romeo*! He had made a great hit with an accomplished troupe of dogs and monkeys—a poodle who danced a naval hornpipe in appropriate costume, having by his cleverness held London enthralled for months. But a trained gorilla as *Romeo*! What houses! What a *draw*! if the thing was only tolerably billed!

He was always looking out for novelty of whatever kind. He was always attentive to what was passing on other stages, at home and abroad—he was not above borrowing the ideas of his neighbours when there was occasion. Business was beginning to flag a little. The public was certainly hard to please. The performing wild beasts were exceedingly clever—they had eaten a stage carpenter entirely, and enjoyed several mouthfuls of a call-boy—and yet the houses were not nearly so good as might have been expected. He heard on several sides that a new dancer—Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury—was exciting attention—“creating a *furor*” was the exact expression—at Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, Milan, &c.

“I might do worse than engage her, you know,” said Grimshaw; “they tell me, you know, she's a good looking woman, and a very plucky dancer. There hasn't been a regular right-down good *bally* in London for some years. I wonder whether she'd come—cheap?”

In a few days a very elaborate system of *billing* commenced. An envelope, that appeared to contain a telegraphic message was left by a boy in a uniform at the door of every private house in the Court Guide; and the nobility, gentry, and public were respectfully informed that the Lessee and Manager of the T. R., Long Acre, had secured at an enormous outlay, exclusively for that grand and national establishment, the services of the renowned Mademoiselle STEPHANIE BOISFLEURY, *première danseuse* of the San Carlo, at Naples, La Scala, Milan, and all the chief cities of Europe: whose extraordinary talents had been the theme of admiration of the entire continental press for a very considerable time past. Her first appearance, it was stated, would take place almost immediately, in the new, grand, romantic ballet, in six tableaux, “L'AÉROLETTE; ou, La Fille du Firmament:” music by Signor Strepito,—with entirely new scenery, dresses, and appointments, upon

which the whole strength of the establishment had been employed for many months past. Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury would be supported by Mesdames Celine, Julie, Blondette, Brown, Estelle, O'Callaghan, Schmidt, &c. MM. Anatole, Renaud, Pierre, W. H. Sims, Raphael, and McNish, and one hundred coryphées. Immediate application was to be made for seats. The box-office was open daily from 10 to 5, under the direction of Mr. Clark, &c., &c.

Mr. Grimshaw had managed very adroitly with Mademoiselle Boisfleury and her friends. The "enormous outlay" was of course supposititious. He found the lady anxious, for various reasons, to visit London. He immediately reduced his proposals to a minimum. In fact he did not care about the thing at all, he said; he had made other arrangements; he had so many other matters pending. But if she liked to come to Long Acre, and dance for a week for nothing, he would engage her for two months afterwards, at a salary of fifteen pounds a-week, with liberty to him to terminate the engagement at a week's notice. He added that he would "mount" the ballet for her, first-rate, and would throw in the clear half of a ticket benefit. Upon these not high terms the services of Mademoiselle Boisfleury were eventually secured for the great national establishment in Long Acre.

Mademoiselle Boisfleury was a great success.

"We're pulling in the money now, sir, like bricks," Mr. Grimshaw informed his intimates, ordering glasses round after his manner. "We shall be able to run the bally right up to the pantomine, if we take care, and get through the year splendidly."

Indeed, out of the profit accruing from the engagement of Mademoiselle Boisfleury, he was able to avert altogether a bankruptcy that had been long impending, to compound with his creditors, and to commune with himself whether the surplus was not sufficient to justify the carrying into execution of a scheme he had long been plotting, for the leasing of two other theatres, and the purchase of three music-halls, a circus, five public-houses, and a chapel. It was the dream of Grimshaw to possess all these properties: the field for *billing* that then would be open to him seemed to him grand and glorious indeed.

"I should be able to turn round then; a fellow ain't got elbow room at the Long Acre. It's as easy to manage four theatres as one. If you know how to drive, a four-in-hand isn't harder, while it's much pleasanter, than one 'orse—isn't it, old fellow, you know about 'orses? Will you have a private box for the missus, for Toosday? I'd give any money if I could get respectable people into my private boxes. However, we can't have everything—at the pit we turn away money every night."

I have always admired very much the first, second, and third gentlemen whom Shakspeare has now and then brought upon his scene; who are so bland, and amiable, and courteous, and convey so much information to each other and the audience; particularly the audience. What very agreeable back-ground figures are these gentlemen, filling up chinks and crannies in the narrative;

keeping out the draught, as it were, and yet, like the gilded leather we nail round the doors to make our rooms snug and comfortable in the winter time, useful the while they are ornamental. In a court of justice how important are those scraps of evidence which seem so trivial in themselves, and yet which form the links binding the big manacles together very tightly round the prisoner's wrists. I should like to summon indifferent but respectable witnesses to give the kind of "putty" evidence that fills up the chinks of the history. But I know that I cannot expect "first, second, and third gentlemen" to perform such an office for me, so far as this portion of my narrative is concerned. Of course, *Nec deus intersit*, &c. All know the line; if only from meeting with it so constantly in newspaper articles. It is very well for the first, second, and third gentlemen to give information touching the execution of a Duke of Buckingham, or the coronation of a Lady Anne, but may we question them concerning the performances of a Mademoiselle Boisfleury at the T. R., Long Acre, under the management of Mr. Grimshaw? Fie! It is true they may discuss such matters; but they would do so in their private apartments, or in the smoking-room of their club; we are not members probably, and may not listen and report, even if we are. But they would not talk over Mademoiselle Stephanie for half an hour in the public streets. Yet there are some people who do this kind of thing, and so will serve our turn as well. They form almost a class, yet they have no distinctive title. The word "gent" was at one time suggested as applicable to an individual of this class; and he has been termed a "snob;" but the latter was found to be of so elastic a significance that it could be stretched to comprehend the whole universe almost. The former was preferable principally on the ground of its being a diminutive; to designate something considerably less than a gentleman, the word *gent* has certainly its recommendations. But we have a want of something like the Italian method of arriving at a diminutive. Taking "swell" as a starting point, we desire to reach some such word as *swellino*, or *swelletto*, to signify a cheap or little swell. There is a sense of endearment, almost of a nursery character, implied in such a termination as we find in the word *swellikin*, which at once renders it unfit for our purpose. Perhaps we might follow the system of musical nomenclature; and as quaver is diminished into semi-quaver and demi-semi-quaver, we might reduce the power of the word swell by making it occasionally, semi-swell and demi-semi-swell. Any one who, by his cheapness and littleness, is stayed from rising even to this last humble level, must, I think, regard himself as too far removed from the original distinction to have any, the remotest title to it whatever.

It is not necessary for me to describe the semi, and the demi-semi, swell. Many specimens of the genera are about. Let it be said that they are generally young in years, and—to their credit—clean in person. But their taste in dress, in cigars, in language, is not to be commended. They may be useful fellow-citizens between ten and four; behaving tolerably, writing good hands, and alto-

gether doubtless of some value to their employers. They are not of the old race of clerks, who worked very hard, and took snuff, and wore dress-coats, and passed the greater part of their lives on the tops of very high stools. They are born probably of the modern system of commerce—shifting responsibility—public companies,—limited liability, &c. I don't desire to be caustic in reference to these compatriots of mine. As Folly occasionally flies my way, I may try to have a flick at her with a light whip, without strong feeling or a very muscular arm. I disclaim the task of those determined satirists who are ever going out with pickled rods, and like the old woman in the shoe story, whipping all their subjects soundly, and sending them to bed. Still I desiderate improvement in the taste, and amelioration in the *morale*, of the small swell. Perhaps, too, he *does* go a little too often half-price to the pit of the T. R., Long Acre.

Two demi-semi swells discuss the merits of Mademoiselle Boisfleury.

"Hullo, Charley—seen the new woman at Long Acre?"

"Rather. I should think so. Saw her the first night."

"Good?"

"Well, she ain't bad."

"Pretty?"

"Yes, she's Pretty; but she ain't young."

(This, I find, is a very ordinary observation to make in reference to women. It's very easy, and it looks like information. A man has often got a reputation for knowingness by no more difficult means. Disparagement indeed, as a rule, is not difficult. Of course the person disparaging mounts at once to a platform very superior to that enjoyed by the person disparaged. What could Charley know about the age of Mademoiselle Boisfleury? He sat at the back of the pit, without an opera glass; and the Long Acre pit is not a small one, as everybody knows.)

"The *bally* good? What does she do?"

"Stunning. Swings in the air, with the electric light on her. Screaming effect."

"What is an *Atrélite*? Sort of thunderbolt, ain't it?"

"Something of that sort, I believe."

"It's worth going to see, then?"

"O certainly. She's an out-and-out dancer—comes right away down from the back of the stage to the footlights on the points of her toes—first-rate."

"Good scenery by Blister?"

"Tol-lol. Part of what they had in the pantomime last year—only one new scene."

"Come and have some beer," &c., &c. (Demi-semi swells enter public-house.)

The town was certainly well *billed*. In all directions the eye met placards setting forth in colossal capitals (scarlet on a saffron ground,) the talent of Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury.

A well-dressed man, wearing gold spectacles, was reading one of these bills very attentively. He did not perceive that he had thus become in his turn an object of attention. A stout man, buttoned up to the throat in a long brown overcoat, was watching the reader smilingly.

"Hullo, Mossoo," cried the stout man at last.

The reader started back, looking round him eagerly. The reader was Monsieur Chose.

"Thinking of going to the play?" the stout man continued. "Why, who'd have thought of seeing you here, Mossoo—"

"Hush! don't mention names, my friend, it is better not. Ah! *cher* Inspector, it is long since we have met."

"I was with you in the case of that banker, you know. He came over here to take ship from Liverpool."

"Yes, I remember! What a fool he was. But the criminal is always fool—is he not, *cher* Inspector? He goes on rob, rob, for years and years, and yet never arranges a plan for his safety and escape. How that is imprudent! How different *we* should manage! Yes, I remember. We caught the little runaway banker, thanks to you. It was well done. I did not know this country so well then as now I know it. We were much obliged to you."

The Inspector, as Monsieur Chose called him, was a very broad-shouldered, good-tempered looking Englishman, with bright hazel eyes and a very massive jaw. He was close shaven, with the exception of a little triangular tuft of hair, reddish brown in hue, left standing on the summit of either cheek—probably as a sort of sample of the whiskers he was capable of producing, if they were required of him; just as a tailor shows a scrap of cloth, a specimen of the much larger piece he can exhibit when called upon. He had a hearty, pleasant manner with him, and a fragrance as of a combination of beer and snuff hung about him.

"Here on business?" asked the Inspector, in an off-hand way.

"No, not precisely," replied Monsieur Chose. "I may say that I came on a little private matter; but as I am here, I keep my eye on one or two people, just to amuse myself. You have many of our suspects here, I notice."

The Inspector glanced for a moment curiously at his companion, as though he did not deem the remark wholly satisfactory. Then, after filling his blunt nose with as much snuff as it could possibly contain, even with the most adroit packing, he remarked:

"If I can help you in any way, I shall be very happy, I'm sure."

"*Mon ami*, you are most kind; I thank you."

And Monsieur Chose removed his hat and bowed with singular grace and fervour to the Inspector, but did not seem disposed to be any further communicative.

"I've been down at Liverpool," said the Inspector, perhaps by way of setting an example of confidence, "busy with a very nice little matter. But we can't make much of it at present. You see the conduct of the thing rests with a board of directors, and when that's the case, there's sure to be a mess. They never can make up their minds what they'll do: whether they'll hush it up or expose it all, and take the chance of being damaged by it. Of course they lose all the best time. Then they go in suddenly, and when it's almost too late. They'll make an example, they declare; they'll pay anything rather than the cove should escape justice—offer-

ing rewards and advertising, and having a heap of detectives round them, sitting at the board-room table, and drinking sherry with the chairman, and that sort of thing. That's just this case. I'm not regularly in it yet. I'm waiting instructions. Meanwhile I'm keeping watch. I know where my party is; I know all about him, in fact, every hair of his head almost; and when the time comes, and he's wanted, why, I'm all there, you know, and can put my hands upon him at a very short notice."

"A large amount?"

"Pretty tidy. Some twelve thousand or so. A common case; a gent in a public company; awfully trusted and looked up to; board swearing by him, and that sort of thing. Suddenly someone lights upon a little scratching-out in one of his books: and my gentleman bolts. The company is let in to the tune of twelve thousand, more or less, spread over a good many years."

"But the case is not difficult?" Monsieur Chose imagined.

"Oh, dear, no;" the Inspector answered, "nothing of the kind—very simple—happens every day nearly. I know the sort of thing by heart. It's only to get at a few facts. What was the party's particular fancy? How did he spend his money? Was he Stock Exchange? Did he speculate? No! Then his weakness was 'orses; or the *bally*; or else religious institutions. On those sciences you *must* find him."

"And this one loves the *ballet*—Is it not so?"

"Right you are, Mossoo," quoth the Inspector, laughing. "We shall find him at the Long Acre this evening, looking at the girl dancing. Are you going?"

"It is possible. But I have seen her before: at Vienna, Milan, Naples, wherever she has played, in effect."

"You like her, then, Mossoo?" and the Inspector laughed. He fancied, perhaps, he had found a weak place in the armour of his French friend.

"I think that Mademoiselle Boisfleury is charming," said Monsieur Chose, quite seriously.

The Inspector did not appear to be able to appreciate or comprehend abstract admiration.

"Perhaps you think there is some danger in her grand scene," he suggested. "But, bless you, these things are safe enough—they are only made to look like danger; that's all. I've been on a rope myself, I was thinner then, of course; and, with the pole in your hand, it's no more than going across Oxford Street."

"The accident comes some day," Monsieur Chose observed, philosophically, "only one is never on the spot to see it. Many years ago there was a man—not here, but abroad—an *artiste*, very clever; he put his head into wild beast mouths, and so on. Well, I was young,—I was struck. I wanted to see the end. For two months I follow that man—let him go where he please. I was there to see him put his head into wild beast mouths. Nothing happen—he is secure—the band play the *preghiera* from *Moise*—the audience cry *luzza!* and so on. One day I have my dinner—excellent dinner—and afterwards, (it was not in this country,) I had *demi-bouteille* of *Hochheimer*. I am fond

of *Hochheimer*. Especially when I cannot have the wines of my country. I sit over my wine, like an English. Ah well! meanwhile" (Monsieur Chose joined his hands at the wrists, keeping his palms as wide apart as possible) "the hair of the *artiste* had tickled the throat of the lion. He closed his mouth so" (Monsieur Chose brought his large white hands together with a loud clap). "It was all over. The *artiste* was dead. And I had not assisted at the representation! I had missed it by a *demi-bouteille* of *Hochheimer*."

"What a pity!" said the Inspector, sincerely, taking snuff.

"It is as I say, the accident happens, but one is not there to see. Tell me, if you please, Monsieur, who is that person? There—just passing us."

"The tall party—pale, with a black beard?"

"Yes, he lives in the *quartier* Soho."

"Don't know him; at least I don't think I do," the Inspector added cautiously. "You see, beards make such a difference—it's all the harder lines for us. A man has but to shave clean, now-a-days, and he looks like a new creature. For that party, he's an artist, perhaps, or a sculptor, might be,—looks uncommon like a sculptor,—or he *may* be literary; he *has* got a queer look about him: only I think I should have known him, certainly, if he'd been literary. He's not a reporter. I know all that lot."

Monsieur Chose mused for a few moments. Suddenly he said:

"Let us see together this Mademoiselle Boisfleury."

"With all my heart," said the Inspector, stoutly; "I am on the free list; I've known Grimshaw for many a long day. *He's* a rum card, if you like."

"Let us dine," cried Monsieur Chose, "let us drink many toasts and healths: is not that your English fashion? We are bound by many ties; we are both members of the executive of two very grand nations. We will drink to our success—to the prosperity of our two systems. It will be a grand *fête* of the *entente cordiale*—it will be superb!"

"I'm afraid our liquors ain't the same," said the Inspector, laughing.

"I will eat of your English biffsteck with the sauce of oysters. I will drink of your English haf-naf, or of the stout! *Mon ami, allons!* It will be a *réunion* full of charm, of grace, of spirit: and afterwards the theatre!"

"Come along, then, I know a crib close at hand that will suit us—the very thing."

"We will go to this—what you call—*creeb*, and after, the Theatre Long Acre!"

"Strange!" cried Wilford Hadfield, starting suddenly, as he hurried along; "am I mad? I am haunted with this idea! I see this name, *Boisfleury*, written everywhere—staring me in the face on all sides. Is my brain going?"

He stopped, turned, rubbed his eyes, then gazed steadfastly at a hoarding he was passing. He smiled almost in spite of himself as he discovered his error. It was no dream that was bewildering him. He had simply come upon a shoal of the Boisfleury placards. He went on his way.

How Grimshaw, had he been present and noticed this incident, would have congratulated himself upon this triumphant manifestation of his admirable system of *billing*! The secret of his management and his success.

CHAPTER XX. A REVELATION CONTINUED.

"Come in, my dear Wil, I've been longing to see you for these past two days. Why have you kept away? Lord, how your hand burns! Come in and sit down, and make yourself comfortable, and tell me presently what you have been doing with yourself."

And Martin, with kind force, drew Wilford into the Temple chambers, and made him sit down in the easiest chair.

"I will tell you, Martin, soon," said Wilford; "indeed I have much to tell you."

He was too much occupied to perceive that Martin was excited, even agitated—that he only restrained himself by a violent effort from permitting this to be unmistakably evident.

"I have been suffering very much since we last met, Martin. I have been torturing myself with all sorts of doubts and alarms. I have been thinking until my mind has almost abandoned me. I have overtasked my brain until it seemed to be burning in my head like a live coal. But I have arrived at a determination at last: for indeed I can bear the present state of things no longer. I shall go mad if I do not speak to some one, and reveal the cause of my suffering. I come down here to-day to complete what I left unfinished some days ago. Cost what it will, I must speak now. Give me your patience first. God knows whether, when you have heard me, I shall have a right to ask aught further of you! May I go on?"

Martin signified assent.

He bent his eyes on the ground; he concealed the lower half of his face, leaning his chin on his hand.

Wilford resumed.

"You remember the story I began to tell the other day?"

"I loved the girl Regine, or believed that I did. On the part of the Pichots, no arts were wanting to encourage that belief. I shudder as I think of the shameful avidity with which I accepted the coarse adulation of these creatures. My only excuse can be that at the time I was a mere boy, badly brought up, nurtured in the idea of a false superiority over others; the heir to an old name and a great estate, easily betrayed by the cunning of this man and woman into the opinion that I had a claim to the love of Regine that could not be gainsaid. My admiration excited, they hastened to inflame my vanity, and to play upon these until my boyish sentiments were wrought to the idea that I loved the girl Regine passionately, and that I had but to declare myself to discover that my love was returned. In a moment of insane recklessness I avowed to Regine my feeling for her. She treated my suit with scorn the most complete. But my vanity and my passion were not quenched by this unlooked-for coldness; they seemed but to burn the more intensely. I was not cured of my folly. I grew mad with rage. I swore that I would make her mine. I revealed to the Pichots

what had passed, imploring their aid. It was rendered in hot haste. The influence they possessed over Regine, when once they chose to exert it, was extraordinary. By what means they ruled her so absolutely I shall never know. Previously they had been content with attempts to persuade her; to dazzle her with the idea of my wealth and importance, by appealing to her pride, and by placing my admiration for her in the strongest light possible. Now this was changed. They had an angry, virulent conference with her. Shortly afterwards, Madame Pichot bade me seek Regine again, and renew my suit. I did so. I found her sullen, silent, indifferent. I went over again the story of my love for her. When she quitted me I was her accepted suitor. Let me say at once that no dishonourable condition was contained in my suit. My passion was fierce, violent; but it had all the honesty, the unselfishness, that a boy's passion ever has. To the woman that I believed I loved, I offered marriage. It is only maturer life that is bold enough and bad enough to proffer, in one breath, both love and insult.

"One word as to the object of the Pichots. It was plainly this—my uncle's money; to be secured through their daughter, and the power they would through her obtain, and continue to hold, over me. They had made more than one attempt already to induce my uncle to execute a will by which they should benefit; but this he had continually deferred doing. Failing a will, his fortune would go to my father, as the nearest relative, and of course, through him, would descend in great part to me, as his eldest son. In this case the Pichots perceived their advantage; and especially if I married their putative daughter. If my uncle made a will, why of course their chances of profit were very good—they might benefit under it directly as legatees; or their daughter might; or if I was made sole heir—as was possible—then, again, they had claims as the parents of my wife, supposing the projected marriage to be carried into effect. It may be as well to state here what was the ultimate disposition of my uncle's property. His will was made, it appeared afterwards, when he was at Grilling Abbots, shortly before his death. He had been an invalid for some time, and the Pichots had been in constant attendance upon him. He was not himself; he had been, it seemed to everyone, imbecile for some months preceding his death, incapable of making a valid will. Still, after his funeral, the will was produced—a common printed form, filled up by Madame Pichot, but signed, apparently, by my uncle, and witnessed by two of the servants at the Grange. By this will he bequeathed the whole of his property, of whatever description, to the separate use of Madame Pichot. It was said that a sealed letter to her address was folded up with the will, and that this letter contained a request that she would consider the bequest as upon trust for the benefit of a natural child of the testator. I know not on what foundation this rumour rested. My father, I know, was urged to contest the will, on the ground of the insanity of his brother, and his incapacity to make a valid disposition of his property. But he steadily declined. Whether he ever saw the letter to Madame Pichot, whether he

ever suspected that a natural daughter of the Colonel's existed, I know not. 'He was my brother,' he said, rather angrily; 'his money was his own, earned by himself; he did not inherit it, it did not spring from the family property—the Hadfield lands; he had a right to do what he liked with it—to fling it into the dirt if he thought fit—he has chosen to give it all to his servants. Perhaps I don't think so highly of them as he did, but that makes no difference. Sane or insane, the terms of his will shall be carried out to the letter. I'll have no lawyers feasting on my poor brother's property, like so many crows on carrion. I'll not have the newspaper people printing the history of an old family, and the private life of a noble soldier and worthy gentleman, for fools to grin over at breakfast time. These Pichots shall have the money, and much good may it do them. Let them go and spend it as quick as they like, only let the infernal mulatto and his wife take their ugly faces out of the Grange, and away from Grilling Abbots—it makes me sick to look at them.' Madame Pichot was put into possession of my late uncle's property, and, with her husband Dominique, quitted the Grange.

"Let me come at once to the most sad—the most shameful part of this history."

He stopped, trembling all over. Then in a faint, faltering voice—his breathing very quick, and his heart beating with a painful violence—he said:

"Time went on: and I—MARRIED THE GIRL—REGINE STEPHANIE PICHOT!"

"Married her?" cried Martin, starting up.

"Bear with me!" and Wilford held out his hands imploringly. "Think if this is dreadful for you to hear, how dreadful it must be for me to tell. I married her. The utmost secrecy was observed. The Pichots were the only witnesses. The ceremony was performed at Calais. Years ago there was an English clergyman residing there, prevented by his debts and his dissolute habits from returning to England. This man—half intoxicated—officiated: in a crumpled, dingy surplice, his voice thick, his hands shaking, his eyes bloodshot, he invoked the blessing of Heaven upon a union which made this Regine Stephanie Pichot, my wife!"

"And this marriage is valid?"

"Unquestionably. It is not possible to doubt it."

"And this Regine is—*dead*?"

"No, she still lives."

Martin turned very pale. In strange, constrained tones, he said slowly:

"Then Violet Fuller is not your wife?"

He read an answer in the expression of wild despair he found on Wilford's worn face.

"Oh! God!" cried Martin, with a great emotion, "but this is very awful."

Then he turned to Wilford almost savagely.

"How could you commit this dreadful sin?"

Wilford cowered down, covering his face.

There was a dead silence for several minutes.

"Spare me, Martin," he said at length, in a feeble voice, "do not judge me yet. There is more to be told. Perhaps there is some extenuation for my sin. Let me go on."

"Go on," said Martin coldly.

"I will be as brief as possible. This marriage, completed under such auspices, arranged so strangely—the wife sullenly consenting without even the affectation of feeling—to marry the wretched boy who wooed her,—this marriage was not likely to result in much happiness. There *was* no happiness—there was no semblance of it even. Regine never loved me; never even pretended to love me. My vanity was hurt—my pride was deeply outraged; yet I consoled myself with the thought that time would work a change, and that as I did all that man could do to make her happy, so in the end she would appreciate my endeavours, and give me her affection. I bore with her angry silence, her repulse of my love, her apathy, her strange coldness, sustained by this hope. You know that I quarrelled with my father?"

"I have heard so—I know no particulars," said Martin gloomily.

"My marriage was clandestine, as you have heard. It was known but to the Pichots, and the clergyman who performed the ceremony; to not one other living soul. From my father and the other members of my family it was, of course, kept a profound secret. But he began to suspect my frequent absence from the Grange. He obtained some clue, how I know not, to the circumstances of my life in London. He tasked me finally with maintaining a degrading connection. He lost all command over his temper. He was carried by his rage beyond all bounds. He heaped insults upon the woman who was my wife, though he did not know it. He called her shameful names. It was more than I could bear. Then, in a paroxysm of passion, he struck me. I did not return the blow. But he sought to seize me by the throat; to avoid this, I thrust him from me, with some violence it may be, and endeavoured to escape from the room. His foot caught in the hearthrug, he stumbled and fell heavily; his head struck against the fender, and the wound so inflicted bled profusely. I was driven from the Grange, to return after an absence of seven years, to be cursed anew—to see my father die, and learn that I was still unpardoned, cast off—disinherited.

"And for what—for whom had been our dreadful quarrel? For Regine—my wife! My wife!" (he laughed with a wild scorn.) "I quitted the Grange to discover that Regine was false to me—had been long carrying on a correspondence with another. The reason of her coldness was made apparent. I found letters, not of recent date, the terms of which admitted of no doubt. Her conduct had been shameful. She fled. The discovery tore the veil from my eyes. My love sunk down dead: it was mastered by my rage, my contempt, my despair. I let her go. The Pichots came to me. They asked me to provide lest their daughter should come to want; the while they professed to condemn her conduct in the strongest terms. I gave them nearly all the money I possessed to be silent, and to keep out of my sight. Judge that I made some sacrifices to effect this object, to bind these people to secrecy, though they were ever renewing their claims upon me. When I received intelligence of my father's serious

illness, I was living in a garret at Brussels, trying to earn a living by teaching languages. It was only by selling all I had that I was enabled to provide means for my journey to Grilling Abbots."

"And Regine?" Martin asked.

"For more than seven years I had heard nothing of her. Pray believe me, Martin, when I tell you that when I married Violet Fuller I felt assured that Regine had long been dead. I had made great efforts to trace her. I forbore to relate to you all I learnt concerning her. Finally I found she had been a prisoner in St. Lazare, condemned with two others for a conspiracy to defraud. Further inquiry ceased, for I was told at St. Lazare that she had died in prison, quite suddenly, some months before her term of punishment had expired."

"And you believed this?"

"I did, Martin. I swear to you that I did. Heaven knows I would not knowingly have brought this great sin upon my head. I would not willingly have wrought this cruel wrong to Violet. I may no more call her wife!"

"If this be so——"

"Indeed, indeed it is—on my soul it is!"

"Perhaps there is excuse for you, my poor friend!"

"You don't know how precious to me are those words, Martin."

"And Violet Fuller has known nothing of this early love—this fatal marriage!"

"Nothing. Not one syllable. Could I pollute her ears with a narrative of all the folly, the shame, the sin of those years of my life which I believed hidden for ever, and past all human finding out? Could I depreciate the love which seemed of value in her eyes, by telling her how of old it had been profligately lavished upon this woman—this—Regine. Let me remember that she is still lawfully my wife, when I prepare to heap abuse upon her head!"

"And you are *certain* that she still lives?"

"*Certain*. I have *seen* her within these few hours—*spoken* with her. She is now here, in London, with the woman Pichot and her son. It was he who left the letter here the other day. The father, Dominique Pichot, it seems, is a convict at the galleys. There is no doubt, Martin. All is too dreadfully, too certainly true. She lives—under an assumed name. Why should I hide anything from you?" (He took a paper from his pocket; it had been given him by Madame Boisfleury). "Learn all. Read this play-bill. The Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury who dances at the theatre in Long Acre is Regine Stephanie Pichot—the wife of Wilford Hadfield."

There was silence for some minutes. At length Martin spoke, but with evident effort. It was then only in reference to a question of detail. Men will often in such cases select to discuss what is apparently but a small part of a subject, either to gain time to form a conclusion upon the whole, or to shrink altogether from pronouncing a judgment.

"And the name of this clergyman at Calais?" he asked.

"I can tell you if you wish it, Martin; if you think it of importance."

"Certainly. If this man was not really in orders,

had been unfrocked or suspended by his bishop—if he could not legally perform the ceremony, might not the marriage be invalidated?"

Milford shook his head, mournfully. He appeared to derive but little hope from this suggestion, but he gave the required information. Martin, with a trembling hand, made a note in his pocket-book.

"I will make it my business to inquire into this. In such a case, it is necessary to avail ourselves of every, the slightest chance. Still, Wilford, I should do wrong to hold out to you any serious encouragement. I confess——"

"I know what you would say, Martin. I believe beforehand that there is no hope. That I am fast bound, hand and foot, by this first early marriage. How can I hope to evade the consequences of the shame of my youth? Is it given to any one to sin with impunity? Is not wickedness ever its own Nemesis? I must bare my back to the lash—I must submit, though Heaven knows, my punishment is severe! The madman I have been! Why did I not bear my dishonour and suffering, as I had planned, away from the world, caring for and cared for by none. However deep my disgrace, it would have been then solely my own: it could not have tainted others, it could not have been shared by one whom I love a thousand times dearer than life. Violet! how can I expiate this sin against you, how can I hope to be forgiven the wrong I have inflicted upon you—yes—and upon our child? To dream that I could come from a pest-house and not bring infection with me; that I could mingle with the good and pure, and yet not soil and corrupt their goodness and purity! I should have shrunk from Violet, hurried from her sweet presence as an evil creature from an angel of light! But I saw her. I listened to her. I could not but love her. I tried, as it were, to cheat my way back to heaven! I loved her. I asked her to be mine. And I have brought this cruel ruin upon her!"

He had spoken these words in a delirium of emotion. Now his voice trembled and broke, and the tears stood in his parched-looking eyes. Very pale, and with compressed lips, Martin turned away to the window.

"Think, Martin," said Wilford, after a pause, and in a calmer tone; "it was hard to act rightly—very hard for me—broken, and penitent, and hopeless. I knew that she loved me! She has paid dearly for her madness. But could I turn from that love?"

"You knew that she loved you, Wilford?"

"I knew it. I could not shut my eyes or my ears to that knowledge. It lifted me out of my unworthiness. Think how happy a future it opened to me—Violet's love!"

"It is all very sad, very dreadful," and Martin's voice trembled as he spoke. "As I have said, Wilford, there are excuses to be made for you. It would indeed be hard to turn from the love of Violet Fuller." He stopped for a moment. "I know few men who, placed in your situation, would have forborne to act as you have acted. Can I say more? Forgive me, Wilford, if my conduct has seemed to you wanting in friendship,

needlessly harsh and cold—if I have appeared to shrink from your history, to withhold from you the support you had a right to look for at my hands. It is difficult to hold one's feelings always well in check. Who am I that I should condemn you? On what pinnacle of goodness do I stand, that I should look down frowningly upon your failings? If my sympathy, my pity, my friendship are of avail to you, be assured that they are yours, now and always. There is a lesson for all in the errors of one. It is easy to judge severely; it is, as I have said, hard—very hard—always to act rightly."

Wilford wrung his friend's hand warmly.

"And for the future, Martin, what am I to do?"

"What *can* you do, Wilford? The past cannot be recalled: yet it may be atoned for."

"Atonement!" said Wilford, very mournfully. "What atonement can I offer?"

"By the side of a great wrong all possible expiation seems very little indeed. Stay, tell me: when did you learn that your first wife—I must call her so—was still living?"

"Do you remember, a few days back, my coming here with you, after dining at-home?" He shuddered, the word seemed now so painful, so full of sorrow to him. "I left suddenly, shortly afterwards. You thought me ill. I had just been reading a letter taken by chance from my pocket to light a cigar with."

"I remember it all, of course, perfectly."

"That letter was from Madame Pichot. In it she demanded an interview. She informed me that my wife, Regine, was living—was in London—with the writer of the letter, in Stowe Street, Strand. You may judge that I was startled, terrified by that letter, as though a bolt from heaven had fallen at my feet."

"What did you do?"

"I was strangely bewildered. I tried to doubt the information conveyed by the letter; but I could not. Assurances of its truth seemed to be again and again rung loudly in my ear. I returned home. Yet I felt that, Regine still living, I was guilty of a crime if I remained in the presence of Violet, assuming to be her husband. I made excuses: pretended that I had undertaken a mission to Paris which would keep me from her for some days. I left her that night entirely unsuspecting of the real cause of my absence. I have not seen her since. I have been living since at an hotel in Covent Garden, exploring this dreadful secret. Now, all hope is over. I have seen Regine. Violet is no longer my wife. Heaven pity her!"

"You have not seen Violet since?" Martin asked eagerly.

"No. I have not dared to meet her," Wilford answered with anguish. "I could not see her. I could not even write to her."

Martin watched him for a few moments.

"No," he muttered. "I cannot tell him. I must not. It would be more than he could bear."

"For the future——?" he asked.

"Tell me, Martin," cried Wilford, piteously. "What must I do?"

"I know what your first thought has been, my poor friend; a natural one perhaps, a human one certainly; to preserve the present at all cost; to conceal and tide over, if possible; to yield to the demands made upon you; to buy the silence of these Pichots, and the absence of your first wife, at any sacrifice. Upon these terms you think you can be sure of happiness now, and are content to take your chance as to that happiness being again disturbed by-and-by."

"I have thought this," said Wilford, humbly. Martin, with evident effort, continued.

"It is not for me to censure such views. There are many men who would be found to indorse such a plan with their approval, as, under all circumstances, the wisest, the safest, the most fitting, the most likely to secure the peace of mind of Violet and yourself, and the future of your child. The secret is known to very few; death may at any time diminish their number; may remove the whole cause of your unhappiness. Regine dead, the claims of her relatives upon you become of small consideration. The secret may never be known; there are many secrets that are never known, that, humanly speaking, never can be known. It is for you to decide."

"Yet there would be no real happiness in this," cried Wilford. "Could I bear such a weight of wrongdoing? Could I support by Violet's side a life that would be a perpetual lie—a ceaseless dread?"

"It is in trials like this," said Martin, solemnly, "we feel the need of support from Heaven! How to act rightly? It is the problem of our lives. I am but a blind guide, Wilford. Yet it seems to me your first impulse was the true one; to spring from some innate perception God has planted in our souls, and which teaches us to distinguish the good and true. There has been wrongdoing enough, but it has the palliation that it was unconscious wrong. Violet is not your wife. You are guilty of a deliberate crime if you now try to trick her into the belief that she is; if you ask her any more to regard you as her husband. Let the truth be told:—there will be sorrow, but there will be no sin; there will be cause for her anger—none for her contempt. You are a gentleman—a Hadfield. Be just and fear not. You will part from her for ever. You will have wronged her cruelly, but she is a woman—she loves you—she will pardon you."

"It will kill her!"

"But she will die with a prayer for you upon her lips."

"And our child?"

"It is hers; do not think to part her from it. She will love you ever through her child. If she sinks down under this great trial, she will bequeath to you the care of her child—a sacred trust—which you will, I am sure, Wilford, respect as it merits. For the rest, you must trust in Heaven. You will have made all the atonement that is possible."

"I will do this: for it is right. God bless you, Martin; thank you for your good counsel. I have been groping my way to the light; your kind hand has led me into the true path. All shall be as you say."

"But do nothing rashly. Wait yet, until every doubt is cleared up. Do not see Violet yet; promise me this."

"I promise, Martin."

"Have I done rightly?" Martin asked himself, as he stood once more alone, very pale, and with a strange light in his eyes. "Has there been any false leaven in my counsel? Has this love in my heart betrayed me—turned me false to him? Has any dream,—any insane jealous fancy prompted me to part this man and wife? Have I built any shameful hope upon that separation? Heaven forgive me if this has been so! Let me think—think! No. I cannot be guilty of this systematic villany. It must be right that they should part. I am brought no nearer to her; it may be that I shall never even see her again. Perhaps it will be better so. No. I could not wrong my friend, or her, by counselling a course which severs them from happiness for ever, which will bring upon her a grief almost more than she can bear. Poor Violet! No, my love is hopeless now as it has ever been. I do not profit by this sorrow. She must know her dreadful doom. We must be just before all things: yet I would die willingly to spare her the pain of this disclosure. To know that she is not Wilford's wife—that another has a better claim to that title—and that child, of whom she is so proud, upon whom she lavishes all a mother's rapture and fondness, that child is—! It is too dreadful! That quiet, peaceful home wrecked for ever! It will kill her!"

He started up.

"What am I thinking about? She may know all this already! What was it that man, Philimore, told me in Freer Street last night? *That she had gone!* His Madonna, as he called her. Can she have known, suspected anything of Wilford's story? I dared not speak to him of this; it was more than he could bear. If he goes to Freer Street to find that Violet has already left him! I must see to this. Yet there are other things to look to." (He opened his pocket-book.) "This clergyman, too, must be traced out. How? What if the marriage should be invalid? But even if this man had been suspended would that fact necessarily invalidate any marriage he might solemnise? It is a question of ecclesiastical law, I suppose. How rusty one's learning grows on these subjects! Yet the chance—every chance—must be seen to. I suppose the thing is provided for in the Church Discipline Act, though I'm sure I don't recollect its provisions. If necessary I must consult my friend Jordan, the solicitor."

Then his eye fell upon the playbill. He began reading it aloud.

"Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury, *première danseuse*, &c. &c."

With a care that was half unconscious he went through the programme of the entertainment at the Theatre Royal, Long Acre, from the first line to the last.

"I have a great curiosity to see this woman," he said, musingly.

(To be continued.)

THE MAJOR'S DAUGHTER.

It was rather a gay scene at the judge's house, in Kurrackpore, at the beginning of the cool season, about three years ago. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, and the guests were arriving fast, so that the broad open space in the front of the house was crowded with buggies and palkis, and their swarthy attendants.

Society generally stagnates in India during the hot season. People exist as they best can,—close their blinds and windows, and make it their grand object in life to keep out the scorching winds. But the hot season had passed, the rains had come and gone, and Kurrackpore society roused itself from its torpid state to an interchange of friendly meetings, which were to be inaugurated by this assembly, at the house of Mr. Grove, the judge. Every one was there, that is to say, every one who was recognised as anybody at all, both civilian and military. There was an additional interest about the party, because the Major's daughter, who had just come out from England, was expected to make her first appearance there; and as young ladies were a decided novelty, there was a great amount of amusing speculation about her.

"I think I shall consign Miss Vinrace to you when she comes," Mrs. Grove said to the wife of a young civilian. "You must make her know everybody: and I can trust you for finding out what she is made of," she added, laughing.

"Don't give me credit for too much penetration," rejoined Mrs. Stanley; "but I suppose she is little more than a school-girl?"

"It will be a wonder if she reaches your standard. But here she comes with the Major and his wife." And the busy, kind-hearted Mrs. Grove started up to receive them.

Major Vinrace was tall and portly, his hair was almost white, and his face beamed with kindness and good-humour. His wife looked pleasant and matronly, but rather worn with a long Indian life. Every one turned to look at Clara Vinrace, and every one looked twice. The sight of the bright young girl, fresh from England, brought a home-feeling to all their hearts. She was slight and fair, with soft brown hair, taken back simply from her face, and a bright colour in her cheeks, but the eyes formed the great charm of her face, such merry, honest eyes—there was no resisting them. She was dressed in simple white muslin, with sash and trimmings of blue, and altogether formed a delightful contrast to the more gorgeous toilet of some of the elder ladies.

Miss Vinrace was soon engaged for the next quadrille, and, after dancing till she was tired, she found herself seated quietly on a couch by Mrs. Stanley, who amused her with rapid and good-humouredly satirical sketches of the different people as they passed near them.

"That stout lady is Mrs. A., who has not an idea in her head, or sufficient energy to learn Hindustanee, in order to manage her servants. That tall young officer with the yellow moustache is Lieutenant B., who is always making bad jokes.

And that is Ensign C., who cannot see a joke when every one else is laughing at it."

"Who is that intellectual-looking man with a tremendous beard, who is talking in so animated a manner?"

"He is my husband," said Mrs. Stanley, with a pleased smile.

"Indeed! And that noble-looking elderly man, to whom he is speaking, with the iron-grey hair, and such earnest, expressive eyes?"

"What, have you not been introduced to the Honourable Edward Neville? That is quite an oversight on the part of our good hostess. He is a splendid man. If he has a fault, he is a little too self-willed and authoritative, but that is quite pardonable with such a mind. He holds a high position under Government, and will leave us soon to settle affairs in rather a disturbed part of the district that has hardly got quieted down since the mutiny."

"Is his wife here?"

"He has been a widower for many years. His children are growing up. They are now in England finishing their education. But see, they are coming towards us."

The two gentlemen joined them, and sought an introduction to Miss Vinrace. They were soon engaged in an animated conversation in which Mrs. Stanley took an active part, for, as she often said, there was no one so well worth talking to as Mr. Neville in the station, and conversation was certainly her forte.

Miss Vinrace was by no means a silent listener, but took her part gracefully and modestly, where she felt sure of her ground, perfectly charming the others by her playful sallies, and sprightly replies. An hour slipped rapidly away, and when Major Vinrace came to look for his daughter, he was amused to see her so soon at home among her new friends.

"Well, Clara," he said, "and how do you like your first trial of Indian life?"

"I am quite delighted, papa," she replied, bidding them farewell with a pleased smile.

In short, Clara Vinrace became quite the rage at Kurrackpore, and in riding-excursions, tiffin-parties, and pic-nics, she and Mrs. Stanley were constant companions. Mrs. Stanley thought her the most delightful girl she had ever seen, with such sterling sense, united to such sweetness of temper and grace of manner.

Mr. Neville seemed very much of the same opinion, and finding in the society of this young girl the pleasantest relaxation from his grave duties, he became much more sociable than his wont, and, to every body's surprise, joined in all the pleasure-making excursions.

Some time after the evening spent at the judge's house, with which my story begins, Miss Vinrace was spending a few days with Mrs. Stanley. It was just after the second breakfast—for, in India, all who have any regard for health and enjoyment, rise early, have a slight breakfast, and then take exercise in the cool morning air, and return to the ordinary meal. Mr. Stanley had left the ladies for his usual magisterial work, and they were sitting out in the verandah, revelling in letters and the new periodicals ^{which} had come in by the mail

that morning. They were too much absorbed to hear approaching footsteps, and by a singular coincidence, Clara was in the act of exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Stanley! here is a passage that would just suit Mr. Neville,—I should like to watch his face when he reads it," when Mr. Neville himself stood before them. Of course Clara blushed, and looked very pretty in her momentary confusion, but she readily got out of her difficulty by saying gaily, "How very fortunate, Mr. Neville! I have no sooner expressed a wish than I find the opportunity of having it fulfilled;" to which Mr. Neville replied, "That he was only too glad to be able to gratify any wish of Miss Vinrace, and to prove her very great powers of discrimination;" and so they immediately proceeded to read and discuss the subject in hand. After half-an-hour had slipped away unconsciously, Mr. Neville started, looked at his watch, and turning to Mrs. Stanley, said:

"But I must not forget my errand. I came to ask you and Miss Vinrace to join in a picnic to-morrow, of my getting-up. It is a general holiday—a Hindoo festival; the courts will be closed, and we may as well make the best of the time. What do you say to a sail on the Chilka Lake?"

"Oh, it would be delightful!" cried Clara; "there is nothing I like better than a sail."

"You getting up a pic-nic, Mr. Neville! Well, this is wonderful!" said Mrs. Stanley, with an arch smile. "But can you really manage it?"

"Oh, yes, some of us can ride, and those who prefer it may take palkis. I shall send my people on with a tent and provisions. Indeed, I will take no refusal, so don't let me see you hesitate. I am on my way now to make arrangements with Stanley."

"Thank you, Mr. Neville, you really carry all before you. I am sure we shall enjoy it beyond everything."

Clara said she must get papa's and mamma's consent, so a messenger was immediately sent, who returned with a note from Mrs. Vinrace to the intent that she would be very glad for Clara to have the pleasure, and she would trust her dear girl to Mrs. Stanley's care.

The pic-nic came and went. To Clara it was like a new revelation. The gorgeous beauty of the Indian scenery, the magnificent luxuriance of vegetation, the magic painting of butterfly and bird, all heightened and enhanced by the intelligent comments and explanations of Neville and the Stanleys, made the day pass like a dream of wonder and delight. It was specially the attentions of Neville that effected the charm, for he generally found his place by her side; and contact with the fresh and energetic soul of his young companion, seemed to call into play all his varied powers of mind, and graces of conversation, and to clothe him with a new vigour and youth. He forgot his fifty summers, or remembered them only with a sigh, to call himself an old fool, and then to return and lose himself more deeply in the new interest that had stirred the pulses of his heart once more.

"My dear, my dear, will you step here for a moment?" cried the Major, in a perturbed voice to

Mrs. Vinrace one morning ; " here's a mess we are in ! " He went on as soon as he found himself alone with his wife. " Would you believe it, I have had Mr. Neville here proposing for our Clara ? "

" Impossible ! Why he is old enough to be her father ! "

" That's just where it is, my dear,—it is perfectly ridiculous. "

" How did you answer him ? "

" Well, I told him I was quite taken by surprise, but that I could not entertain the idea for

a moment. I said that I knew perfectly well that his position and that sort of thing was every way desirable, but that I considered all these advantages were quite overbalanced by the difference of age, and that I should never consider such a marriage as anything but a sacrifice on the part of one so young as Clara. I said it was most unfortunate,—that I regretted exceedingly that such a thing should ever happen, and I begged him not to say anything to Clara, as it would only needlessly distress her. And now, my dear, have I



not expressed your sentiments as well as my own ? "

" Yes, quite. I think you are acting for the good of our dear child. I hope she will hear nothing of this. But what did he say ? "

" He looked exceedingly cloudy and stern, and said it was quite unnecessary to caution him against speaking to Clara, as he should leave today for the Mofussil. "

" But he was not offended with you ? "

" Oh dear, no. He said he could hardly expect me to take a different view, and considered himself

presumptuous to entertain the idea. I heartily wish it had never happened. I could say no to half-a-dozen young puppies without the slightest compunction, but such a man as this Neville—confound it ! " And the Major sought consolation in a cheroot.

Morning light found Edward Neville many miles from Kurrackpore, and Clara, who was fast learning to refer everything to his opinion—to measure every day's enjoyment by the time he had spent in her company—to find the society of other men a burden in contrast to his refined and gentlemanly

attentions—when she heard of his sudden departure, without a word of farewell, felt that a cloud had fallen over her spirit which she could not shake off. Her parents guessed nothing of all this. She grew pale and listless, and they thought that the climate was already beginning to tell upon her, and trembled for her future health. Mrs. Stanley had already divined the cause, and she, too, wondered greatly at Neville's conduct.

Acting for their child's good, the Major and Mrs. Vinrace ruined her happiness by the very means they took to secure it. Had they only told her of Mr. Neville's attachment, she would, in all probability, have acquiesced quietly in their decision, living in secret on the thought of being loved by one whom she deemed so noble and wise. But, as it was, she was utterly distressed and perplexed—distressed on the one hand that she had been betrayed into anything so unwomanly as to lose her affections to one who did not seek them—bitterly disappointed on the other hand that her hero should prove himself less worthy of the reverence she had felt. Either she had been forward, or he had been trifling, and both were equally hard to believe. Did he think of her as a mere child? Then why had he paid her such deference?—why had he shown such deep interest in all she said and did? A mere acquaintance would have called to say good-bye. A friend would never have treated her so. Thus troubled and perplexed her health gave way, and though she struggled hard to maintain her usual cheerfulness, and to be all that her parents wished, still every one could perceive a change. The Major and Mrs. Vinrace, fearing that she could not stand a hot season, had already determined that she should return to England, and remain under the care of the aunt who had brought her up, and it was arranged that she should travel under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who were going home on furlough. She was spending a few days with Mrs. Stanley for the last time, as she expected to leave for Calcutta in a few weeks.

They were sitting quietly together when Mr. Stanley rushed in in an excited state:

"Frank, what is the matter?" cried his wife.

"I have had dreadful news: poor Neville has been nearly murdered in his bed."

"Horrible," cried Mrs. Stanley, as she instinctively rushed to Clara, who looked so ghastly white that she expected to see her faint away, but she sat still and speechless as a statue.

Mr. Stanley went on.

"The worst of it is, he is quite alone, without a European near him, and there is not a moment's dependence to be placed on those dastardly natives. I propose taking our doctor immediately, and going to him myself. The matter must be inquired into without delay. The Commissioner agrees with me, and will send a military guard at once."

"I will go with you Frank."

"Well, perhaps it will be best. I have given orders for a daw to be laid, and we will start at once."

A *chuprassie** was despatched to the barracks, and Mrs. Vinrace came to fetch her daughter. She was

shocked at the intelligence, and still more shocked at the effect it seemed to have upon Clara, and she took an opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Stanley about her. In the fulness of her heart she told her about Mr. Neville's unfortunate rejection.

"Ah, I see it all," Mrs. Stanley said. "This was the cause of his leaving so abruptly, and now he has been exposing himself to dangers, and drawing on himself the animosity of these treacherous natives. Frank is determined to sift it to the bottom, but the first thing to be thought of is his recovery," and then she added, "for Clara's sake."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Stanley?"

"I mean that this attachment, and not the climate, has made Clara ill. It had gone quite too far to be cured by sending Mr. Neville away, and I mean that if he recovers, I for one will leave no stone unturned to bring them together again."

"My dear, I call all such disproportionate marriages a mere sacrifice."

"Oh! Mrs. Vinrace, would you sacrifice your daughter's health and happiness, and perhaps life, to this idea? In most cases, I think you are right, but this is quite an exceptional one."

There was time for no more; a parting embrace between the friends; a whispered entreaty from Clara, "you will write and tell me," and Mrs. Vinrace took her daughter away.

The Stanleys reached D— in about ten hours, and they found Mr. Neville still living, but in a very low state after the fearful event of the night before. All the particulars they could learn about the crime were, that Mr. Neville awaked from a swoon, as it is supposed, to find himself frightfully wounded in the head. He had just strength left to call his servants, when he again fell into an unconscious state, which lasted for some hours. The murderer had apparently come in the early morning. The wound must have been inflicted by a hatchet or a sword, and then the wretches must have left their victim for dead. The wonder is that the blow was not immediately fatal. For many days the danger appeared to be imminent, and very slender hopes of his recovery could Mrs. Stanley hold out in her first note to her friend. But by degrees, through the doctor's skill, and the constant care and attention of his friends, and the perfect stillness and quiet enforced, he appeared to rally; favourable symptoms showed themselves, and hopes of his complete restoration began to be entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley remained in his place, and as soon as he was able to travel, he was to proceed to Calcutta, and thence to England. Not for some time after conversation was allowed him had he ventured on the name of Vinrace; but at length, finding that Mrs. Stanley had discovered his secret, he sought her womanly sympathy and counsel. She would not, for anything, betray Clara, yet she managed to give him some gleam of hope, and he determined, should his health be fully restored, to try again.

The last boat had put off from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship, Vectis, bearing Major Vinrace back to the pier, and the engines had already begun to work; but though the air was sultry, and the sun was scorching, Clara would

* Anglicè, messenger.

not leave the vessel's side till her straining eyes could no longer catch sight of her father's form. She stood alternately waving her handkerchief and wiping away her tears, regardless of Mrs. Grove's entreaties that she would come away into the shade. At length, as the town began to look indistinct and dim, her hand was gently taken, and a voice whose very tone thrilled through her, said :

"Miss Vinrace, I cannot let you remain here any longer; you must positively come with me."

She looked up in utter astonishment, and her eyes met the deep, earnest gaze of Mr. Neville, and rested on his pale and emaciated countenance. She could hardly stammer out a word of greeting.

"Yes," he said kindly, in answer to her looks, "I am enough to frighten you; I am going to England to recruit, and then I hope I shall look something better than a skeleton. I have to thank the villains for leaving my face alone; as it is I shall carry a scar to my grave, but it is fortunately out of sight."

He led her to Mr. and Mrs. Grove, who were delighted to find he was a fellow-voyager, and wondered what chance had brought them together. Mr. Neville explained that he had met Major Vinrace a few days before, and had had some conversation with him, and discovered to his pleasure that they were going in the vessel he had fixed upon—that he had come on board some hours earlier than they did, and had purposely kept below that he might not embarrass the moment of parting by his presence. He talked with all his old grace and animation, answering all Mr. and Mrs. Grove's inquiries about his accident and illness, about the unsuccessful efforts of "that incomparable fellow Stanley," to discover the perpetrator of the crime, and a hundred other topics of interest common to them all; and so the day wore on. Clara retired to rest that night with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day; with an undefined sense of happiness which she would not stop to analyse. She only felt that he was the same to her, and that this voyage, looked forward to with such unsupportable dreariness, would be brightened by the companionship she had feared to lose for ever. She had consented to everything that her parents proposed for her, and was willing to stay in England as long as they wished; for, with her present feelings, all places were alike to her. But she had felt acutely the parting with her parents, and with Mrs. Stanley, whom she might never see again, so changing and varied are the vicissitudes of Indian life.

They had a calm and pleasant voyage. Day after day slipped away in agreeable monotony. Mr. Neville and Clara were thrown much together. One day she was seated quietly on deck, watching the waves and the sea-birds, when he came to her, and placing himself by her side, "Miss Vinrace," he said, "you have never asked me why I left Kurrackpore so abruptly; you have never given me one reproachful word for my apparent neglect. Will you hear me patiently if I tell you all about it?"

Clara answered him with a look, and he went on: "I called on your father shortly after our excursion to the Chilka Lake, and told him—

Clara, do not turn away—I told him then of the depth of my attachment to you. He answered—how could I expect otherwise?—that the disparity of years between us made it quite impossible for him to consent, and begged me to think of it no more. I promised I would pursue the subject no further, for I feared that you, too, would be astonished at my presumption, and that, perhaps, after all, you looked on me more in the light of a father than a lover. I could not trust myself to see you once more, and to bid you good bye as a stranger, so I hurried the arrangements for my journey and went off at once. You know what happened next. As I lay between life and death your image was constantly before me, and I learnt that love for you had indeed become part of my being. On my recovery I determined I would make one more effort to win you. Then I learnt to my great grief that your health was impaired, and that you also were about to leave the country. I followed you and your father to Calcutta, and succeeded in meeting with him a few days ago, as he was taking your passage in the *Vectis*. He received me very cordially, came to see me at my hotel, and once more gave me a patient hearing. At last he consented to my speaking to you, and told me, if I could win your love, his objections should be quite withdrawn. He gave me this for you—" and Mr. Neville drew out of his pocket-book a note, which he placed in Clara's trembling hands. It ran thus :

MY CHILD,—Let your own heart choose. If you love him, say yes; and God bless you.

Your affectionate Father.

She sat looking at it some moments, and twisting it in her fingers, while her colour came and went. "And now," said Mr. Neville, "I wait my answer. If you can give your happiness into my keeping, I will take it as a sacred trust. If you cannot love me, say so frankly. To-morrow we touch at Point-de-Galle. I will stay there and wait for the next steamer, that you may not be embarrassed by my presence for the rest of the journey."

She pointed to her father's note in answer—"My heart has chosen," she murmured; and she smiled at him through gathering tears.

So he was not left behind in Ceylon, and when, six months afterwards, they made the same journey together, it was as Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neville.

A. M. H.

A QUESTION OF DEMOCRATIC ABILITY.

It seems very strange that, amidst all that has been written about the progress of democracy in the civilised world, from the first French Revolution to the present hour, there should be little or nothing said on the important question of the competency of democratic republics to sustain international relations. I do not know where to look for any express and adequate treatment of this topic since the first establishment of the American polity. It is the more remarkable, because we have always found it difficult to get on amicably for any length of time with the American government; and we have a floating impression

that this is owing to the form of government existing in the United States. An old man, strongly interested in both countries, having a cordial sympathy with the admirers of constitutional monarchy on the one hand, and of democratic republicanism on the other, while abiding by the former, as an Englishman should do, may be allowed to state what he has observed, and what he thinks, on a subject which must become more and more interesting to society as the tendency towards democratic modes of government (which no political philosopher disputes) becomes more pronounced.

The first idea which must strike everybody who attends to the subject is that, if elective government must necessarily embody the popular sentiment and opinion of the day, it must be unfavourable to international relations which are based on certain fixed principles and rules; principles and rules which it is the very object of international society to maintain, against the caprice, interest, or passion of individual States. It is natural that this should be the impression even of the sincere admirers of republican institutions, who are satisfied that popular self-government may in any event cope with the difficulties at home, and be trusted to deal with whatever may arise in the republic itself. Where the appeal to the national understanding and heart is complete and thorough, the national intelligence and conscience may, they think, be entrusted with the management of its own affairs,—deciding for itself how far it is desirable to interpret and rule each present case by ancient principles and rules, and how far to modify and innovate as it proceeds. But in international relations a wholly different procedure is requisite. The great question is, whether a nation which has no governing class devoted to a political career can continuously act with other governments on equal terms, with the intelligence, learning, temper and manners which the vocation of diplomacy and the terms of alliance or international comity require. While, as I said, the question has been strangely neglected in works of political philosophy, there is, I believe, a very general impression, in European society at least, that this competency can hardly exist, and can scarcely be looked for. In the United States there is no evidence that it has ever been effectually discussed at all since the great Founders of the Republic passed away from the scene of their labours. Let us review briefly such facts as have occurred in our own time, and before our own eyes, bearing upon this question.

When we consider that the Dutch and Swiss republics, and the democratic government of Norway, which sports a king for ornament or convenience only, have not been particularly chargeable with aggressive tendencies, or with incapacity to live in peace and honour among the nations around them, we must suppose at once that American aggressiveness and impracticability may be owing to other causes than the democratic character of the national polity. If it is proved that the fact is so, the question will remain whether the popular self rule, which exists in its broadest form there, would interfere with inter-

national intercourse, if there were no prior causes of disturbance.

First, for the facts in regard to the American case.

Nothing about the Americans surprises Europeans more than their being always on better terms with despotic than constitutional governments, and in heartier sympathy with subjected than with free nations. They themselves admit the fact; and some of their leading statesmen of the last generation have accounted to me for it, in conversation, in various ways. Mr. Clay told me, a quarter of a century since, that it was agreeable news in Washington when the Tories came into power in England, and matter of silent vexation when they gave way to the Whigs. He, who had negotiated the Treaty of Ghent, was qualified to speak on the subject, and he told me that the reason was that the Tories were, from their long tenure of office, better men of business. He added that they had also better manners than the Whigs, so that it was much easier to do business and to relish intercourse with them. Others accounted for the national predilection for despotic governments by saying that Americans who travel are, for the most part, scholarly men, with historical or political tastes, or men weary of political turmoil (if not disappointment) at home, and delighted to be where politics were the last thing talked about, and where the citizens seemed to them supremely happy in having that sort of business transacted for them, without any thought or care on their own part. Others, again, glanced at the traditional hostility to England, and sympathy with England's enemies, as accounting for part of the admiring friendship which travelled Americans avow at the great continental capitals. All this may be true; but I felt at the time, and have felt a hundred times since, that it does not account for more than a very small part of the case. It is abundantly evident that individuals from a young nation, living beyond sea, may be swayed in their preferences, during the period of travel, by sentiment, imagination, passion, historical memories, and a new set of social sensations; but these things are not a ground for a permanent political characteristic. It is very natural that the entrance of an American travelling party upon European soil should be such as happened a few years ago, when a group of them landed at Civita Vecchia, and proceeded at once to Rome. It happened to be at sunset on a lovely evening when these Sons and Daughters of the Pilgrims,—proud of their Puritan origin,—were summoned to alight from their carriage because the Pope was approaching. His Holiness was walking up the hill; and as he stopped on the ridge to look abroad over the landscape, the last rays of the sun shone upon his white garments, and the little cap he wore, and upon the benevolent smile with which he greeted the strangers. In an instant, they were not only all down on their knees, receiving his blessing, but convulsed with emotion, the tears raining down their cheeks. In all time to come, the most eminent Calvinistic pastor in Europe would have no chance with them beside Pio Nono. In the same way, Americans forget their republicanism under the slightest

notice from the Czar, or an imperial invitation at Vienna, or a smile from an Empress at Paris; and this from something stirring within them better than snobbishness, or any kind of express egotism. The good social understanding between Americans and king-ridden people,—or, rather, I fear I must say, the admiration of Americans for that kind of society,—is natural enough; and it may have some effect on republican diplomacy, inasmuch as the diplomatists themselves are subject to the same beguiling influences; but there is much more in the matter than this view includes. The plain truth is that there have been grounds of sympathy between the Americans and the despotisms of Europe which do not exist as between them and free nations. There is no question of the fact on any hand; and the only matter for controversy is, whether this good understanding is owing to the republicanism of the Americans or to some other characteristic.

The most conspicuous instance of this close friendship with despotism is perhaps the intercourse of Americans with Russia during the reign of Nicholas. It is remarked by all Europeans who visit Washington that the Russian ambassador has easy work there, while the representatives of other powers are kept in continual hot water. The Russian is attended by trains of enthusiastic citizens when he enters the Capitol, extolling the majesty of the Czar, or longing to go to St. Petersburg; and ladies crowd round him at the balls, twinkling away their tears of sensibility about some act of imperial charity, or echoing some soft sentiment of the empress. The Spanish ambassador, meanwhile, is internally raging, and outwardly restless under the ever-renewed insult of debates in Congress, or proposals from the President, about buying Cuba. The ambassador informs the government that Cuba is not on sale; but this makes no sort of difference; and the unhappy man who undertakes the post at Washington has to hear something every day about what the Americans mean to do with Cuba. The British ambassador is scarcely happier. He has to make up his mind to live in an atmosphere of jealousy, suspicion, and misapprehension, and under constant irritation from evil construction and bad manners. If there is an interval of reasonable temper and courteous behaviour, it is sure to be presently over. If the ministers are amiable, the journalists are sure to be insulting; and, from one quarter or another, he is under the constant necessity of explaining matters which would never raise a question in any other country. The French Minister stands next in favour to the Russian, generally speaking. There were bickerings and threatenings of war during the Orleans reign; but under the two Napoleons, France has appeared very charming to the republicans at Washington and at Paris. Other Ministers meet with varying degrees of favour; but the two extremes of treatment correspond with the political extremes. The Czar's ambassador is the pet; and the British is the butt.

We all remember how the Americans sided with Russia during the Crimean war; and what books and journals were published by the Czar's visitors from the United States, and by American

surgeons and journalists who accompanied the Russian army, or accepted Russian accounts of the war. Almost every year, we read of interviews with the Czar, and invitations from the Empress, and frank friendships with the young princes; and of the confidential explanations and sentimentalities, evidently intended to come to the world's ears through the vanity of flattered republican tourists. I have watched the process, as no doubt others have, for many years; and, if they and I have been partly amused and partly indignant at seeing the game that was being played, our feelings have been tame and careless in comparison with those of sound-hearted and clear-minded Americans, who resented being made tools of by the Czar, in virtue of the political anomaly and social vice which is the root of all the serious troubles of the republic.

It was that order of American citizens which pointed out, many years ago, that every serious agitation on the Slavery question in America was coincident in time with some scheme of Russian aggression. I have not room here to follow out that curious series of facts; but it so happens that every alarm of insurrection or revolution in the United States, and every aggression of the Southern faction on constitutional liberty,—every repeal of compromise, fugitive slave law, outrage on the freedom of the press or of the mails,—happened just when the Emperor Nicholas was moving upon Finland, upon Turkey, upon Poland, towards India, or the Caucasus, or China, or the Levant. In America it is well understood that Russian intrigue was as busy on the one side of the Atlantic as on the other, and that these coincidences were due to the imperial caution which employed the energies of the republic at home when they might have been troublesome to him in Europe. He might gloze at St. Petersburg about the singular likeness between his and their aims and aspirations; but he took care to draw off their sympathies from Hungary and Poland, from Cracow and Constantinople, when he had business of his own in that direction. This is one discovery of patriotic Americans.

Another is that a wonderful likeness has grown up between the mode of Russian and American filibustering. The Southern States have certainly taken a lesson from the Russian government in this matter; and, the mode being precisely what the Czar Peter prescribed to his descendants, it is believed that the Slave-power in America has been under the actual training of Russian political teachers. I need only remind my readers of the method. First, some citizens pass quietly into the doomed neighbour's country, and there establish themselves in pursuit of some branch of industry. There were Russian manufacturers and merchants in Caubul, just as there were American farmers in Texas, and at the same time. After a while, the settlers, or countrymen who follow upon their traces, find or make some cause for native discontent, and stir up disaffection and disorder. Then, the government of St. Petersburg or of Washington, as it may be, benevolently intervenes to afford protection and secure order; and, a military force once introduced, annexation is only a question of time. History will by-and-

by exhibit the process so plainly, as it has gone forward in both hemispheres, that posterity will ask how it was possible for the Americans to be so blind, and to allow themselves to be made tools of as they have been,—befooled to the level of the wit of their least wise fellow-citizens.

Many living Americans understand very well how it has happened. Looking at French transactions under the present *régime*, they see that this affair has nothing to do with republicanism. The Russian autocrat, the French revolutionary despot, and the American oligarchy have all been following the same course of aggression and annexation; and it has been done apart from all republican considerations, and by no means in virtue of them in any of the cases.

Here we lay our finger on the secret. Here we find the ground of sympathy between the Americans, as they have been governed by a slave-holding oligarchy, and the despotisms of Europe. The serf-holding and the slave-holding country had a common interest in aggression upon neighbours, just as the military governments of Russia and France have had the same tendency in common for politico-military reasons. We see, by meditating a little in this direction, that the international favouritism between Russians and Americans is largely accounted for without any reference to the republicanism of the latter. It is the oligarchical pro-slavery interest in the United States which was in such close affinity with the Russia of the Emperor Nicholas.

This leads us into a path on which we shall find a good deal of light shed by events within the memory of us all. There are two aspects under which Europeans have to observe the conduct of the great Republic—viz. : in its aggressions and in its alliances. These are its two classes of foreign relations. How do its citizens behave in them?

About the aggression I will say only a few words. I need not reprobate it, for nobody defends it. All that is necessary is to remind my readers that it has nothing to do with republicanism. The Dutch and the Swiss have never been aggressive as to neighbouring territory, nor have the Americans of the Northern States, except in as far as they have been compelled by unworthy fears and vanities to answer the requisitions of the Southern oligarchy established at Washington. It is as slave-holders that the Southern citizens have needed fresh territory, and have sent their agents, Lopez and Walker and the like, into Cuba and Mexico and Nicaragua and St. Domingo. We constantly hear the question asked in every country in Europe, "Why cannot the Americans keep at home in their own half-peopled territory, and enjoy themselves in peace and plenty and progress?" Ay! why cannot they? The answer is, that some of them are slave-holders, and that, as they impoverish their own soil, they need fresh, and must be always on the move. The contrast between them and their countrymen in New England (who are far more truly republican) is as strong as between an Alabama speculator and a Lincolnshire or Lothian farmer.

Thus, as to this feature of their international relations—their aggressions on foreign territory—

it is not their republicanism but their slave-holding that is answerable for it.

And now for the other aspect—their foreign alliances.

Their international partialities are clearly not a matter of political philosophy or every-day common sense. Neither philosophy nor common sense justifies the partiality towards France and Russia and the touchiness and testiness towards England, which are notorious and undisputed everywhere. To what are these owing?

Large allowance must be made for the feelings left behind by the former colonial connection with England, and the mode of its rupture, and for the share which France took in sustaining that rupture. It is scarcely possible to overrate the allowance which should be made for these influences: but we must admit, first, that they have nothing to do with the republicanism of the Americans; and, next, that there is something remarkable in the revival of ill-humour and impracticable manners, after a course of good understanding and mutual good manners, during the very reign in which the separation took place. During many years of the reign of George III., there was a succession of dignified and thoroughly well qualified ambassadors from the United States to the Courts of Europe: whereas, what have we seen of late years? The Southern party sent to England Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Everett, who showed himself the Southern bully complete on his return, in his notorious letter to Lord J. Russell, and his manifestoes on the Monroe doctrine and the Slave Trade; Mr. Bancroft, who could do nothing but quail before the difficulties of his position; and Mr. Buchanan, who immortalised himself here as the author of the Ostend Manifesto. The same party favoured Spain with the loan of Mr. Soulé, who employed himself in working at the Ostend Manifesto, in intriguing on behalf of filibustering schemes, in plotting to deprive Spain of Cuba, and in fighting duels, and spouting venom and insult so intolerable that his patrons were compelled to recall him. When the Republican party came into power, their leaders sent Mr. Cassius Clay and Mr. Burlingame to Courts where they could not be endured, and whence they have been recalled, after having done all possible mischief by their effusions in speech and writing, in England and France. Here we seem to arrive at an implication of republicanism with the case; and it is true that in a republic only is it probable that citizens should be appointed to diplomatic missions who are conspicuously deficient in the first requisites for their office,—a dispassionate and patient temper, a knowledge of history and political philosophy, and courteous, or at least decent manners. But, though the republicanism did not check such appointments, something else originated them. Mr. Soulé was the pro-slavery bully; and Mr. Cassius Clay was the anti-slavery bully. Their respective parties sent the men; and the party feud, now intensified into civil war, was altogether due to slavery.

All the quarrels and bickerings with England have been due to slavery, for two generations past. The aggressiveness about territory is as directly owing to that cause as the dispute about the Right

of Search. For their respective purposes of mutual antagonism the South and the North have craved Canada and the West Indies ; and that antagonism has been about, not Republicanism but Slavery. The incessant bickerings and evil constructions arising from the unequal partnership in the care of the African coasts, in which till now England has done nearly all the work, and has had to endure endless obstruction and insult, have been the result of the insincerity of a slave-holding power pretending to stop a trade which its citizens were organised to promote with great energy. The recent change, by which sincerity has taken the place of false pretence, and friendliness with England has succeeded to counteraction of her efforts, indicates the truth of the case. Now that the Federal Government has shaken off its complicity with Slavery, it sweeps away, by its own spontaneous movement, all the causes of ill blood and ill manners which were involved in the question of searching vessels supposed to be carrying slaves. This is a clearing of the ground for the experiment of extreme interest and importance, — whether a democratic republic is capable of sustaining, more or less well, the international relations which are a part of the every day duty of other nations and their governments.

Thus far, the promise has not been very good, it must be admitted. The determinate admiration of France, under any circumstances, and the unremitting misconstruction of English conduct, spirit, and manners, show an ascendancy of passion over reason which is not encouraging ; and again, I do not see any peculiar qualification as a set-off on the other side. But the whole temper of irritability, and the habit of deferring to passion and sentiment, rather than to reason, may be as confidently ascribed to the institution which has corrupted the political life of the republic, as any of the quarrels in the Gulf or on the African Coast about search. There is no very good promise in the utter inability of both South and North to conceive of England and France having any other aim than getting cotton. The Southern citizens see nothing but insanity in our non-intervention, and are certainly still hoping for our aid, which they suppose to be delayed for some cunning reason. The Northern citizens either suspect us of intervention, or regard our endurance of distress for cotton as “eating humble pie ;” and there is not much promise in this inability to comprehend that we are bound by international duty, and to perceive the beauty of that obedience. There is no great promise in the evident insensibility to the claims of international duty shown in Commodore Wilkes’s act, and in Mr. Wendell Phillips’s comment, as reported by the “Times” correspondent, that he hoped to see the day when American commanders might take any man from any ship, without fear of consequences. There is no great promise while the citizens generally suppose, after all explanation, that England has formerly done what Commodore Wilkes did lately. There is no great promise while it is a common thing for legislators, and reformers, and popular speakers to propose to seize, at some convenient time, the territory of some other power, and to annex its inhabitants ;—while men who

would no more than other people dream of stealing a bank-note, or a book, or a hat, talk openly of stealing other people’s islands and colonies. There is no great promise while the American legislature can pass, and the President can sanction, a Morrill tariff, with the avowed object of class profit at the expense of other nations. This symptom is mitigated, however, by the consideration that that tariff bears even more hardly upon American consumers than upon foreign producers ; and that it may therefore be regarded as an evidence of ignorance, and therefore as a scandal which time will cure. On the whole, there is no great promise in the evidence of the collective events of the Republic that its citizens have yet to acquire the elementary conception of international obligation, and of the principles on which that obligation rests. At present, they clearly no more understand the international morality of other peoples than they perceive any such duty for themselves.

Still, I regard the matter as an open question whether these republicans can take their place, and an equal place, in the communion of states. If they have till now been borne with, played with, used, and allowed for, as young and wayward, they have not the less been burdened by a great national disgrace and social sin ; and, now that the national responsibility for that sin and burden is abjured, a new public morality may begin to grow. The whole question of their capacity for international relations hangs on the point which is all important in every view of republican existence — whether fundamental principles and inviolable rules can be so commended to the national allegiance as to abide securely amidst all changes of men and circumstance. This is the great republican question : if it can be answered favourably, international relations may prosper, with others : if time should afford an unfavourable answer, disorder at home must cause utter wreck abroad, and the American people must be in reality what some of them propose now in ignorant levity to render themselves,—an outlaw among the nations.

Having seen how fast they can learn, when once interested, and how exemplary is their general obedience to principles and laws which have once fairly laid hold on their minds, I hope the best for them. Meantime, England has shown her disposition to be forbearing, and France to be considerate. The Americans must strive in return to be just. If they cannot be so, the consequences will be not only fatal to their particular polity, but perilous to the principles of political freedom, of which they believe themselves to be the apostles.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

OUT OF THE WORLD.

PART II.

It took us several weeks to erect our hut, the dimensions of which were about fifteen feet by twelve feet. The framework puzzled us for a time, but that once accomplished, we soon filled in the spaces between each support with wattles in the form of basket-work, and plastered both sides with mud. This mode of building is known in all our southern colonies as “wattle and dab ;”

and many a very comfortable bush residence is so constructed. They are easily kept water-tight, and young hands take to mud mixing more naturally than to the far more laborious work of splitting slabs. A dozen sheets of bark stripped from the white gum trees at the back of our location, and kept in their places with heavy logs laid on the top, formed an excellent roof.

Our mansion was complete, not that it must be understood to have had four closed sides. It had but three, for we considered it advisable to leave one end entirely open to the weather. I forget now what ostensible reason we had for so doing, but I am inclined to think it was from an ardent desire to lose no more time in setting to work about that important matter of the 100,000*l.* Such as it was, we had made a home for ourselves, and though it had only three sides, we could boast of having a window, made of wood, in one, and a door, made of basket-work, in another—both of which were capable of being closed and opened, although we had no such thing as a proper hinge within sixty miles of us. To hang the door, we had recourse to two common black bottles, fixing one in the ground with the neck downwards, and the other upright in the beam over the doorway. Into the hollows of the bottoms we inserted the ends of a post, to which was fastened the wicker-work door, and these novel hinges acted admirably. How many times, I wonder, during the progress of the works did we give utterance to the trite saying that “necessity was the mother of invention,” but it had a meaning for us!

Of course, so far as our ever turning the window or door to any use was concerned, they might just as well not have existed, for one end of the hut being wall-less, it followed that we neither wanted to open the window for air, nor the door for entrance or exit. But still, as we said, what would society have thought of our house without either door or window?

The legal maxim holds as good in Australia as in the old country, “an Englishman’s house is his castle.” It may be asked, what on earth there was in our poor hut to excite cupidity, and who was there to commit the sin of covetousness, supposing there had been? The value of everything is of course to be measured relatively, and a pair of blankets, a few rusty nails, a double-barrelled gun, or a pound of tea or tobacco, would present as great temptations to the solitary rover in the bush, or to a boat’s crew of sealers, as would the contents of a plate-chest in a more settled country. Our hut was visited more than once during our absences; for when it became known we had fresh water, boats used to put in for a supply at long intervals, but we never missed anything more than the good old bush customs warranted. If those who came wanted a pannikin of tea, they made it from our stock, and were as welcome to it as we should have been to theirs under the like circumstances. The hospitality of the Australian bush is a sacred memory to me. How many services have I received and rendered there, thinking little about them at the time, but practically learning the lesson how dependent the good God makes us upon each other, and how much the pleasure of living is enhanced through

the practice of small kindnesses, and the thousand gentle amenities which clothe common life with dignity and beauty! In the bush, the first question asked a stranger was not “Who are you?” but “Do you want anything?” or “What can I do for you?” Because I can never hope to experience the like again, I cherish these memories very fondly; and whilst thoroughly appreciating the blessings of English civilisation, I am foolish enough to indulge in the futile wish that we could unite with it more of the heartiness and sincerity which are usually developed by a life in the backwoods.

To proceed with my narrative. When an army of 20,000 men, or two persons only, embark in an adventure—never mind of what description—success is not probable, nay scarcely possible, without a recognised leader, whose plans require to be carried out with heartiness and alacrity. Now, in this case of S— and me, whose name should stand first in the firm? Who was to be A I? I had seen considerably more of bush life generally, and knew more of the island and the bay, than S—; but, naturally enough, he was not disposed to fall in with my views invariably. What was to be done? Over our pipes one quiet Sunday morning we talked over the matter, and settled it before it could even assume the form of a difficulty, and this is how we did it. He was to take command for one month, and I the next. But which of us was to have the first spell? We could not toss up for it, neither having a solitary coin, for our fortunes, it will be remembered, were yet to be made—this all occurring shortly after we had finished our building operations. As we wanted fresh meat badly, we decided to shoot for it, and whichever brought home the first black swan was thereupon to assume the sovereignty of the island, whilst the other inhabitant would of course become his loyal and dutiful subject. We drew lots for choice of weapons, and the double-barrel fell to S—.

“Before we set out,” I said, “let us quite understand each other. Whoever wins there is to be no grumbling, and we’ll endeavour in any case to carry out each other’s wishes with all our hearts.”

So we shook hands upon it, and parted, repeating the words “no grumbling,” and moved off in opposite directions. In a short time I heard the report of S—’s gun followed by a “cooey,”—a call peculiar to the bush of Australia. Presently seven or eight swans flew over my head. I blazed away at them, producing no effect but the wagging of a tail or two. Turning back towards the hut, I saw S— advancing with a fine bird over his shoulder.

“Long live the King!” I shouted. “S— for ever!”

“You forget,” he replied, “not for ever, only for a month.”

He was not long in issuing his first command—which was to return and cook the dinner.

“Well, Rex,” I said, on commencing operations, “how does your majesty like your taters done?”

His majesty ordered me to bake them as well as the swan. Cutting off the neck close to the

body and the legs and wings at the first joints, but otherwise leaving the bird *in puris naturalibus*, I proceeded to pack it in a coating of good clean mud. That done, it was carefully buried in the live embers. In about an hour and a half it was raked out of the fire, the case knocked off, to which the feathers and down adhered, leaving the flesh perfectly clean and capitally cooked. The further necessary operations having been performed, in due time the banquet graced the board, or rather the sheet of bark which served us as a table. The bird we dined on would have fetched in the London market—if alive—from 10*l.* to 15*l.*

From that day, whoever happened to be in power, we loyally stood by each other. We were alone together some five months in all; and, although not insensible of each other's weak points, we avoided dragging them into the foreground; and since we quite understood that we did this, because our failings were pretty evenly balanced, requiring and meeting with mutual consideration; that was the very reason, I think, which prevented our ever having an angry word. Ours was no mere sentimental friendship—it came of acts and not words. After what has been already stated, the reader will not be surprised to hear that we kept Sunday in our own unorthodox way. On that day we had to make provision for a supply of fuel or fresh meat; it was then we repaired all that had gone wrong during the previous week, and endeavoured to anticipate the wants of the coming one. Buttons were sewn on, or skewers substituted in their places; clothes were patched and washed, and “dampers” made. After such matters as these had been attended to, we often wandered off to a range of hills about four miles inland, and there spent the remainder of the day. The poet tells us that properly attuned hearts can find

A church in every tree that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

One great advantage we enjoyed was, that our contemplations were never disturbed by the dining of unmusical bells, for there were none, nor any formal place of worship, within sixty miles of us.

The time was now come to make our first essay in mangrove burning. We had taken the precaution to lay a clay floor about twelve feet square, which had hardened in the sun, and was quite fit to receive its load of logs. We found the work of cutting the wood, sometimes nearly up to the knees in mud, very trying, and transporting it to the place for burning much more so. The mangrove root is furnished with a series of firm, pointed spikes, thrown out at irregular intervals of from three to six inches, and protruding an inch or two from the mud. My only pair of boots failed under this test, and I put them by, working as best I could barefoot. The logs, which had to be borne ashore on our backs, were so thickly studded with a small shell-fish that they presented a surface which resembled that of a file. Our shoulders and hands were very soon rasped raw, and I fancy, from the experience gained at this time, I can realise something of the torture of being

Scraped to death with oyster-shells
Amongst the Carribees.

Much against our inclination we were forced to give over work, in order that our wounds might have time to heal.

By way of a holiday, we dug a couple of holes in the sand near the well in which to bathe, for to be covered with mud was now our usual state, and the salt water was only available at high tide, and did not cleanse us very thoroughly. These sanitary measures completed, and our hurts partially healed, we proceeded in our work of torture. We found the spikes as sharp as ever, and the shells as pointed, but we persevered. Hitherto the possibility of failure had not found a place in our calculations, but about this time it occurred to us that 100,000*l.* was a large sum, a very large sum indeed.

The pile rose higher and higher, and the labour became greater, as the ability to perform it grew less; but after a month's work there stood the evidence of our perseverance, some thirty or forty tons of splendid stuff, all ready to be fired as soon as fine weather set in. Meantime we continued getting more wood together in readiness for a second pile, but impatient to apply the torch to the first. At last the clouds ceased to lour, and there was every promise of a dry week. On a lovely afternoon, when no leaf moved, the air was so still, I mounted the heap, S—— fired it, we gave a cheer, and I was soon enveloped in a thick, blinding, white smoke, out of which I was glad to scramble. We sat down and watched the vapour as it ascended in volumes and gradually spread until it became a great blur in the deep blue sky. On turning in, that night, we congratulated ourselves on having planted our feet on the first step of the ladder which was to lead us to fortune. But alas!

The best-laid plans of men and mice
Gang aft a-gley.

The third evening came, the fire was nearly burnt out, and another day would have made all secure, when clouds gathered in the east, the wind blew in angry gusts, and we felt apprehensive that our patience was likely to be put to further trials. These forebodings were not groundless. At midnight a storm broke over our part of the island, and by daybreak all the work of the past month was annihilated, and a sappy and valueless mass of rubbish was all we had to show for it. One of the properties of barilla is to attract moisture, and when once thoroughly wetted during its manufacture, it loses its valuable properties. Breakfast that morning was but a sorry affair, notwithstanding we had an unlimited supply of black swan's eggs, procured from nests amongst the creeks with which the coast a few miles from us was indented. We put the best face upon the matter; said it was no use grieving over our loss, we must repair it, and as for being beaten by trifles, not we; we would fight it out with Fortune. Fail? nonsense! But we mentioned the hateful word.

Though we lost our labour, we gained experience, and instead of building up heaps of forty tons, made them much smaller, and saved three capitally, realising stuff to the value of perhaps 20*l.* Here was the first item towards our 100,000*l.*

By the end of the third month we had stored, say 50*l.* worth of barilla, and our provisions were getting alarmingly low. There was a little cutter which traded to the bay, making about four trips in the year. These, however, sufficed to supply the wants of the settlers who depended upon her agency. The period of her arrival was overdue, and we looked out for her anxiously. But she did not put in an appearance. When reduced to a pound or two of flour, with our other stores in like ratio, we thought it high time to see about procuring fresh supplies somehow. We arranged for one to run across in the Coffin to J——'s Station, and see if he could not spare us some provisions, to be repaid on the arrival of the cutter. We had several fires going, and as they required constant attention, we drew lots who should remain, and it fell to me.

Our wardrobes were in a most dilapidated state. Out of an old green wrapper S—— had made for himself a sort of blouse, his original flannel jacket having long since been reduced to tatters. His trousers—well, we won't say much about them, excepting that there was more of them left than of mine, which were, moreover, made of pieces of blanketing. But my jacket was unexceptionable. The pockets, it is true, had long since been converted into tinder, but with this exception it was a garment a gentleman might have worn on a dark night without attracting much attention. Our weak point—and it was a weak one—was boots. One of mine was nearly in two pieces, whilst S—— was fain to keep his together with strips of raw hide. Between us, however, we managed to muster two which appeared moderately sound. Unfortunately, they were both for the left foot. The end of the matter was, that I rigged S—— out in my swell jacket and seemingly sound boot, receiving in exchange his green-baize blouse and soleless boot. I thought that three days, at all events, would see him back again, and knew that with ordinary economy the flour remaining would save me from starvation for a longer period. I experienced a queer sensation as I saw my sole companion piloting the boat out of the mangroves, and thought of what it was to be utterly separated from my fellows even for a day or two. How few have ever really experienced the thing! Solitary confinement in a prison cell is not the same. The captive knows that he is visited at stated times, and hears the sounds of human industry about him, and perhaps the cries of children at play. The clocks strike, and the bells toll. These tell him that he is not actually alone. But to be literally cut off from human kind! A terrible thought to most of us, I fancy—perhaps, like many other things, when viewed from a distance, worse in imagination than in fact. I distinctly recollect a feeling of romantic curiosity overcoming my apprehensions as soon as I realised the fact that I was indeed the sole "poor forked animal" on an island some scores of miles in circumference. My readers will recollect Sterne's story of his giving a jackass some macaroons in order to see how he would dispose of them. So I was not altogether sorry to be left alone, that I might ascertain from actual experience what it was like. The divine's curiosity was doomed to disappointment, for the

donkey's master "let fall a tremendous blow upon his crupper" just as he had taken the delicacy to his lips; and Fate, my master, let fall a tremendous blow upon mine, and kept me in such a fever that I almost forgot I was alone.

The weather was hot and sultry, a leaden hue pervaded the horizon, and what little wind there was, was favourable. S—— had cleared the mangroves, and made an offing of about two miles, when it fell dead calm. The tide was at the full, and the boat scarcely moved; presently gusts of wind ruffled the smooth water, and the growling of distant thunder was heard, mingled with the sighing sound produced by the tremor of the forest leaves. I knew a storm was coming, and looked to have seen S—— pull for the island. But he appeared unconscious of danger, and when a breeze caught her, the old Coffin bowled merrily away, leaving a streak of foam behind her. She could go if she had canvas, and the adventurous navigator did not mind risking a swim for his life. A vivid flash of forked lightning afforded S—— a warning he could not mistake, and for a moment deprived me of sight. The storm gathered, and the wind veered to all points of the compass. Then it was I saw—I may almost say I felt—a furious blast strike the boat and lay her down, until it appeared as if she could not recover herself. But she righted, and I remember shouting—though, for that matter, I might as well have expected to make myself heard a thousand miles off—"Lower your sail!" The time even for that had past, and there was nothing for it now but to run before the wind or swamp.

Another flash—another—and peals of thunder which crackled like the reports of small-arms mingled with heavy guns, a falling sheet of water, a piercing glance into the murky atmosphere, through which—Heaven be praised!—I could just distinguish the boat fast approaching our clearing. If the wind only held as it then was, S—— would soon be in safety. I clapped my hands with delight, but my joy was of short duration. The roaring of the storm became in a moment terrific; some unseen force was fiercely urging me I knew not whither. I had an impression that I was lifted off the ground. I was in the vortex of a whirlwind. I heard the crashing of great trees about me, and saw their branches and stems twisted into splinters, and a mass of boughs and leaves whirled away over my head far out to sea. All this must have been the work of a minute or two. And the boat? For a second my eye rested on her, and I saw S—— standing as if about to make a plunge. A wave hid him from my sight, and all I could distinguish after was the white sail floating upon its crest, near which was the boat, as I thought, bottom upwards. I remember rushing frantically into the water, as if I could have stretched out a helping hand; but I scarcely knew what I was doing. The effect upon me must have been very like that which travellers have told me they had experienced during an earthquake—a sense of the most complete helplessness, evinced by an inability to do more than rush headlong anywhere. Recovering my self-control as soon as the elemental war subsided, I left the water, and not the less rapidly from noticing the back-fin of a

shark near. Poor S——! I did not like the omen. The boat was still visible now and then, but she was drifting away to the main. Dared I believe my eyes? Was that a human form clinging to her? Yes; there was hope yet. I climbed one of the tallest tea-trees, and tied a blanket to its topmost branch, so that S—— might see I was aware of his perilous position. Hastily seizing my gun and a few useful things which happened to be at hand, such as a little flour, tobacco, &c., I set off for Sandy Point, opposite M——'s station. I ran the greater part of the distance, and reached the Point with bleeding feet and broken shins, for time was too precious to permit me to pick my steps. The three signal-fires were soon blazing, but brought no answer. I piled up more wood, but with no better result. Making up my mind to camp on the spot for the night, I went in search of water, and was fortunate enough to find a bit of boggy ground, guided thither by the croaking of frogs and the note of the bell-bird.

Forcing a pointed stick into the ground, I found the bottom of the hole gradually filled with water, and first thrusting down some grass as a strainer, I sucked through a reed, and thus satisfied one of the most terrible cravings to which nature can be subjected. I kept the fires going until the evening, and at sundown fired the bush, but still there was no sign from the opposite shore. Clouds of mosquitoes and sand-flies heralded the close of a sad day, and I slept but little. On the following morning I was preparing to return to the hut, when it occurred to me to leave some instructions in writing in a conspicuous place, in case any boat should opportunely touch at the point. A bit of calico lining served my purpose, and with a bit of charred stick I printed on it these words:

Go up the bay. Look for a man and a boat,
Bottom upwards.

Leaving these directions stuck in a split pole, and fixing it firmly in the sand, I departed for home. On getting there, great was my surprise to find several things displaced. The four-posters had been occupied, and from marks in the mud and trimmings of skins lying about, I made out that a party of sealers had camped at my quarters overnight. It was clear they had put in for water, for not only the well but our two baths were nearly empty! Here was misfortune upon misfortune. The very fact of my leaving for the point had defeated its own purpose. M—— was evidently from home, and to search for the sealers appeared hopeless. Nevertheless I spent three profitless and weary days in the task, visiting several of the most likely points on the coast. On the fourth morning I found myself again at Sandy Point. No one had been there. Out of the small stock of flour remaining, now reduced to a pannikin full, and which I carried about with me, I doled out about an ounce, with which to render palatable the flesh of a swan I had killed. So long as my powder and shot lasted, I had no fear but that I should find aquatic birds enough to stave off actual starvation, but the desire for vegetable food increased as my means of supplying it became less. The only substitute for this which the island afforded, and that only scantily, was gum from a

species of *Mimosa*. Making the most of the modicum of flour by mixing and boiling in water—a mess known amongst bushmen and inmates of workhouses as “skillogolee,” but to the general public as bill-sticker's paste—I was pondering on poor S——'s fate, when the measured sound of oars a long way off fell on my ear. Running to the other side of the point, great was my joy to see a whale-boat heading towards me. I fired my gun, and waved my blanket, receiving answers to both signals. The time was now come when I could indulge my appetite without stint, and it did not take me long to dispose of the best part of my flour. I have lately been forcibly reminded of the straits to which I was at that time reduced by reading in poor Wills's diary—one of the victims of the late mismanaged Australian exploring expedition—that he found the skilly made of nardoo flour, with which the poor natives supplied him, “a most insinuating article,” and confesses that he ate so freely of it, that he could eat no more. Would that he had lived to recount his other experiences!

The copious meal was just finished, when the boat arrived. She proved to be the one of which I had been in search. Her crew readily gave me a passage across, and supplied my other wants with a liberal hand. I found M——'s place deserted, and started at once for J——'s Station, the point to which my friend was bound when the accident befell him. On reaching the mouth of the creek on which the huts stood, great was my surprise and anguish to see the Coffin resting on the mud, with the stump of a mangrove tree through her bottom. Making the best of my way to the stock-keeper's, I learnt from him that the boat had not capsized as I thought, but that her sail and mast had been wrenched out of her, starting some of her timbers, and that she had become water-logged. An empty keg in the stern sheets helped to keep her afloat. In this condition S—— had been drifting about two days; and, strange to say, was carried by the tide to the very spot where I had seen the wreck.

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

The stockman further informed me that S—— had left the day before (J—— being away with his other boat) in search of some means by which he might return to the island, and that probably by this time he was there.

It is unnecessary for me to tire the reader's patience by fully recounting how we again met, and for some months longer continued our battle with Fortune; or how we were eventually worsted, all our bright hopes vanishing with the smoke of our last mangrove fire.

In lieu of dividing 100,000*l.*, my total share of the profits amounted to *St. 15*s.* 6*d.**, which just sufficed to furnish me forth for an overland expedition to Gipps Land, in which further adventures befel me.

SHENSTONE AND THE LEASOWES.

THERE can be no doubt that Dr. Johnson's severe remarks on the poetry of Shenstone, in his “Lives of the Poets,” inflicted a severe wound on the reputation of Shenstone, and one from which the

undoubted talents and pleasing poetry of the latter have never recovered. He has, however, still many admirers, myself amongst the number; and it shall be my endeavour to try to rescue his memory from the unmerited criticism of a man who, I cannot but think, had little taste for the sweet pastorals of Shenstone. I am the better able to do this, since a kind friend has recently presented to me a box full of unpublished letters and manuscripts and some poems of the Poet which have never seen the light, together with some views of the Leasowes, and sketches of the various objects which he placed in it, all drawn by the author's hand. It is certain that his life was spent in the decoration of this favourite place, which nothing but the want of money prevented his carrying out to a much greater extent. As it was, however, it became much celebrated for its beauty, and was much resorted to both by strangers, as well as persons living in the neighbourhood; and one of Shenstone's great pleasures lay in hearing the praises bestowed upon it by the courtly visitors who sought him out at the Leasowes. For this Dr. Johnson would appear to blame him as a proof of his vanity; but surely it was a vanity of the most innocent kind, equally harmless and defensible. The Leasowes was his own creation—the offspring of his taste; and under such circumstances, who could be insensible to the applause bestowed upon it?

Shenstone inherited the Leasowes from his father when he was a very young man. It was then a farm with a very old house upon it, which he altered into a tolerably comfortable dwelling, and there he resided for the rest of his life. His income was not more than 300*l.* a year. Still, with this he made those cascades, those seats and temples—opened up those views and vistas—planned those grottos—put up those tablets with classical inscriptions, and introduced those statues and urns which have made the Leasowes classic ground. He also made excavations as receptacles for water, to produce a good effect as it trickled down from the higher grounds. These occupied his time and thoughts, and thus the Leasowes, at last, became one of the most admired places in England.

As Shenstone never married, and seldom left his home except on occasional visits, his life must have been sedentary, and probably indolent, and consequently little is known of him. I find the following notice of him on a scrap of paper:

“I stirred up my wife's friends to inquire about Shenstone's literary remains, but to no purpose. Forty years had elapsed since my wife burnt the letters which she had obtained from the daughter of Shenstone's cook and dairymaid. She was dead, and had not left a wreck, that I could discover, behind.”

More, however, may be known of Shenstone from his correspondence with his friend John Scott Hylton, Esq., which is now before me, and in which he calls himself a “rural enthusiast.” And such he was, throughout life. Fond of country scenes and rural enjoyments, thoroughly English in his tastes and habits, and gifted with an exquisite ear for melody, and with a wondrous acquaintance with the pastoral poetry of the ancients, both Greek and Latin, it is a sad pity that his elegant muse is so little known to the

public; and whoever shall attempt to roll back the stone of prejudice which Dr. Johnson contrived to place at the entrance to the Leasowes, will be a real benefactor to the present age.

EDWARD JESSE.

WIFE AND I.

I.

We quarrell'd this morning, my wife and I,
We were out of temper, and scarce knew why,
Though the cause was trivial and common;
But to look in our eyes, you'd have sworn that we both
Were a couple of enemies spiteful and wroth,—
Not a wedded man and woman.

II.

Wife, like a tragedy queen in a play,
Tossed her sweet little head in as lofty a way
As so little a woman was able;
She clenched her lips with a sneer and a frown,
While I, being rougher, stamped up and down,
Like a careless groom in a stable.

III.

You'd have thought us the bitterest (seeing us then)
Of little women and little men,
You'd have laughed at our spite and passion;
And would never have dreamed that a storm like this
Would be rainbow'd to tears by that sunlight, a kiss,
Till we talked in the old fond fashion.

IV.

Yet the storm was over in less than an hour,
And was followed soon by a sunny shower,
And that again by embraces;
Yet so little the meaning was understood
That we almost felt ashamed to be good,
And wore a blush on our faces.

V.

Then she, as a woman, much braver became,
And tried to bear the whole weight of the blame,
By her kindness herself reproving;
When, seeing her humble, and knowing her true,
I all at once became humble too,
And very contrite and loving.

VI.

But, seeing I acted a humble part,
She laughed outright with a frolic heart,—
A laugh as careless as Cupid;
And the laughter wrangled along my brain
Till I almost felt in a passion again,
And became quite stubborn and stupid.

VII.

And this was the time for her arms to twine
Around this stubbornest neck of mine,
Like the arms of a maid round a lover;
And, feeling them there, with their warmth, you know,
I laughed quite a different laugh,—and so
The storm (as I called it) was over.

VIII.

So then we could talk with the power to please;
And though the passing of storms like these
Leaves a certain fond facility
Of getting easily angry again,
Yet they free the heart and rebuke the brain,
And teach us a rough humility.

IX.

You see, we love one another so well,
That we find more comfort than you can tell,
In jingling our bells and corals ;
In the fiercer fights of a world so drear,
We keep our spirits so close and clear,
That we need such trivial quarrels.

X.

In the great fierce fights of the world we try
To shield one another, my wife and I,
Like brave strong man and woman ;
But the trivial quarrels o' days and nights
Unshackle our souls for the great fierce fights,
And keep us lowly and human.



XI.

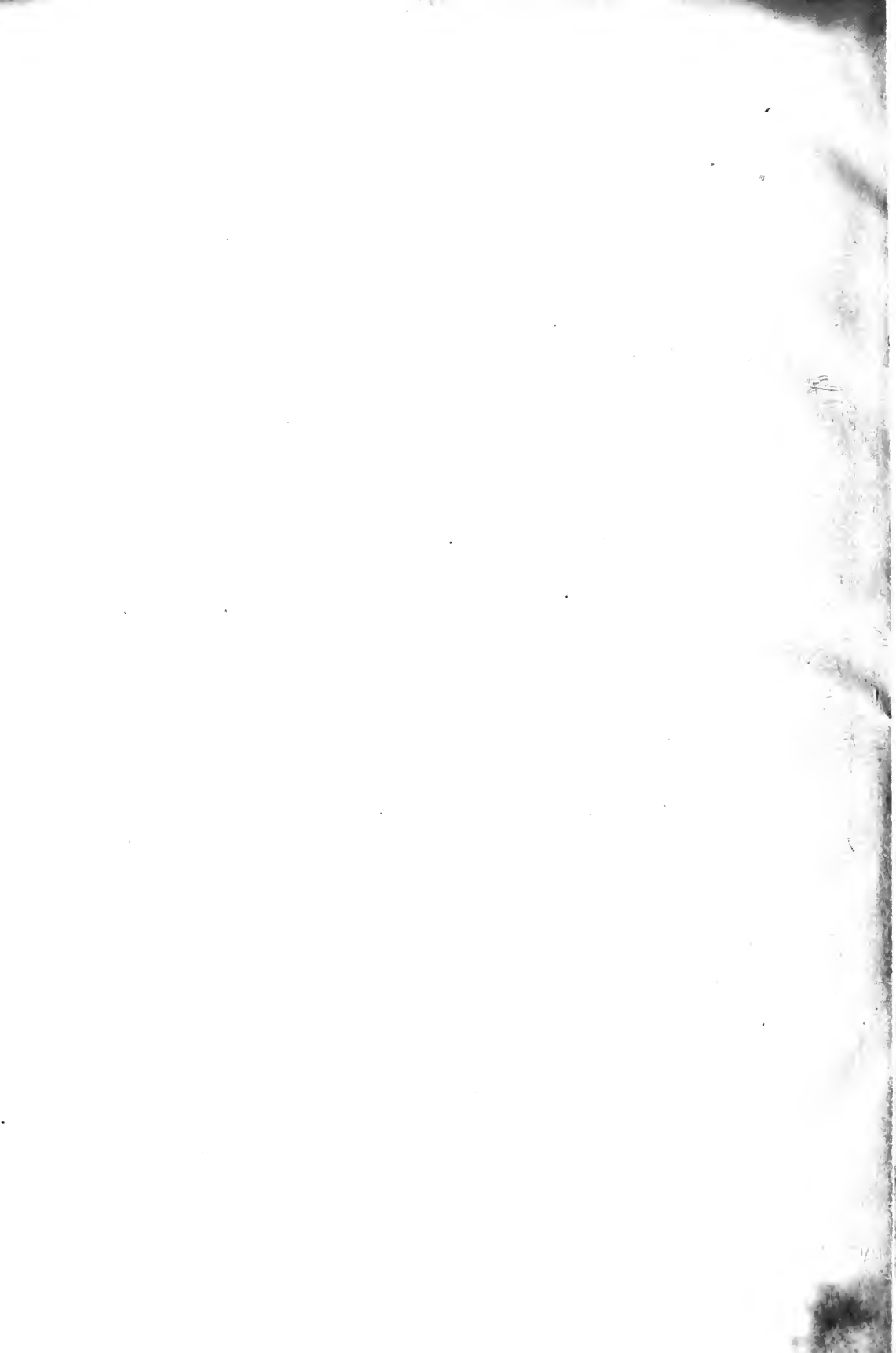
Clouds would grow in the quietest mind,
And make it unmeet to mix with its kind,
Were nature less wise as a mother ;

And with storms like ours there must flutter out
From the bosom the hoarded-up darkness and doubt—
The excess of our love for each other !

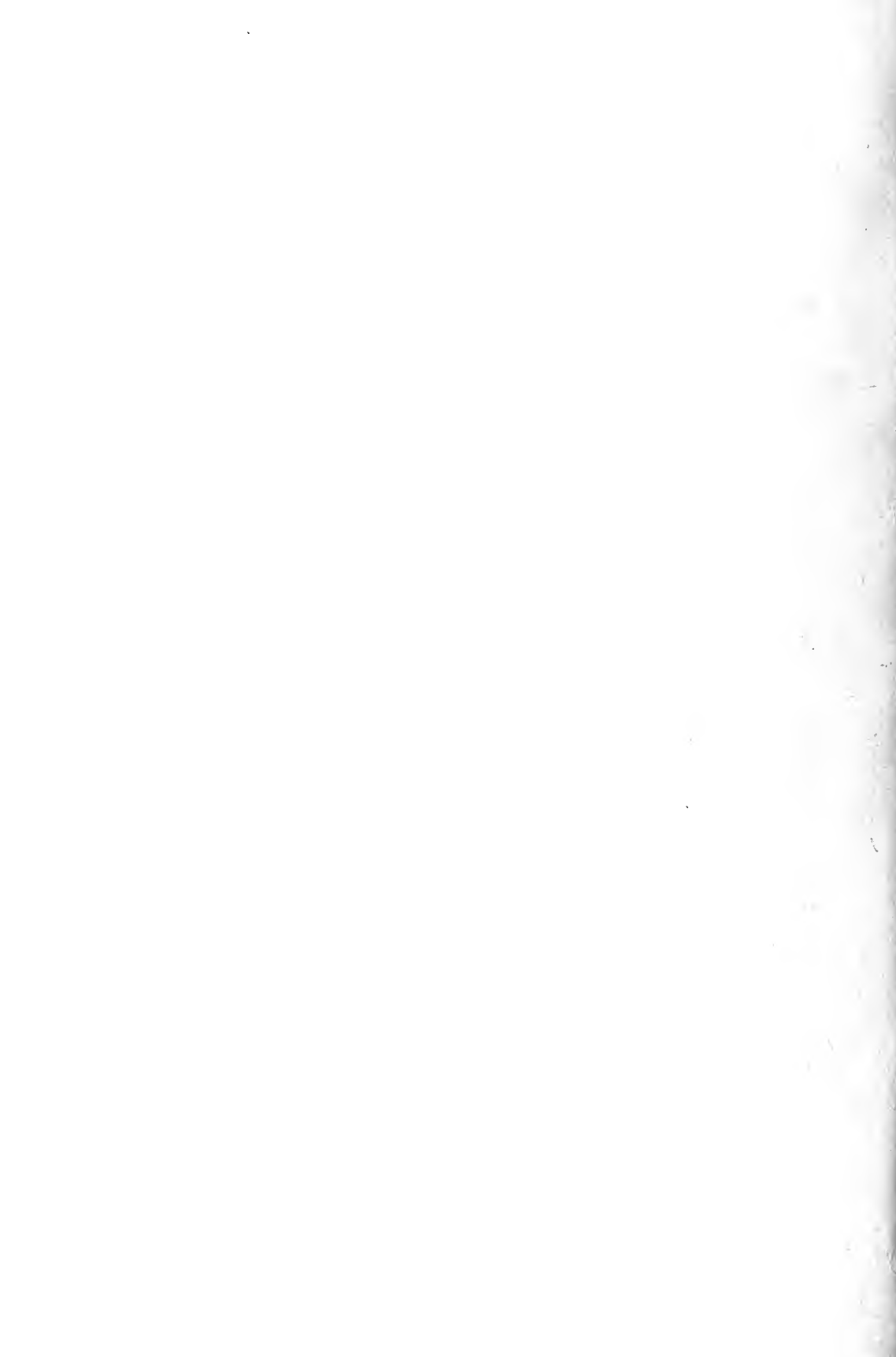
R. WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

END OF VOLUME THE SIXTH.

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