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"*The Story of our Lives from Year to Year.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A Weekly Journal.

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CHARLES DICKENS.

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CONTENTS.

PAGE

A Day's Ride: a Life's Romance. A Story by Charles Lever . . 441
469, 481, 505, 529, 553, 577, 601
Abbé Grégoire 420
Adirondack Mountains . . . 585
After an Ostrich 606
All in the Downs 206
Alpine Dangers 614
Ancient British Grave, An . 346
Antwerp 391
Architecture in London . 188, 212
Ardison and Co. 299
Army Purchase System, The . 30
Arrest of the Five Members . 150
Art Studio, An 138
Articles of Unbelief 234
Artillery 544
Ashing the Pilot 403
Associations of Childhood 274, 517
Attraction, The Law of . . . 448
Auditing Accounts 326

Barrow, Opening a . . . 346
Basinghall-street, Lectured in 301
Battue Shooting 484
Betting Ring, The . . . 582
Beyond Good Hope 7
Big Boys 479
Black Tarn 235, 258, 278
Bones of Saints 429
Bread 400
Britain, Derivation of . . . 392
Britons, Graves of the . . 346
Brussels, a Police Case in . . 284
Bugle, Presented to our Corps 501
Buildings in London . 188, 212
Buried Above Ground . . . 138

Caged Beasts 140
Caliph of Bagdad, The . . 32
Cape of Good Hope Country . 7
Captain of our Corps, The . . 499
Captain Murderer 518
Captain Winterfield's Adventures 488
Carnesecchi Corner 15
Cavalry Volunteers 329
Chambers, Living in 452
Chamouny 615
Charles the First and the Commons 150
Charles the First, Statue of . 164
Charter House School Playground 367
Cheese, The Leviathan 19
Childhood, Associations of 274, 517
Children and their Teachers . 47
China Coolie Trade, The . . 365
China, Religion in 319
China, Smokers in 247
China, The Paper Wall of . . 319
China, Women in 321
Chinese, A Brush with the . . 403
Chinese Fighting Men . . . 502
Chinese Language 418
Chinese Pirates 178
Chinese Proverbs 322
Chinese Ways of Warfare . . 205
Chips, The Story of . . . 519
Christianity under the Turk . 514
Christ's Hospital 368
City Churches, Visit to the . . 85
City, Singular Doings in the . 326
Coal Miners, A Plea for . . 102
Coming Tide, The 447

Commercial Frauds . . . 325
Common Roman, The . . 508
Commons and King . . . 150
Confucius 320
Convict Capitalists 201
Coolie Trade in China . . . 365
Corn 402
Cornish Giant, A 393
Cornish Mining Engines . . 395
Cost of a Battue 484
Cotton Weavers 159
Count Sciarra Martinengo . 69
Country Theatre, A . . . 352

Daniel Lambert 480
Darwin, Mr., upon Natural Selection 293
Deluges 40
Derivation of Local Names . 390
Devil and the Shipwright . . 519
Devil of Glenluce, The . . 526
Dogs in Shy Neighbourhoods . 156
Dolls Wardrobe Shop, A . . 34
Down a Crevasse 615
Drama in a Country Town . 352
Drill of a Rifleman . . . 374
Druses 514
Dry Rot in Men 350
Duke of York's Column, The . 168
Dullborough 274, 517
Dutch Pipes 250

Earthquakes 197
Ebb and Flow 447
English Language, The . 418, 420
Eternal City . . 474, 495, 508
Eton College Playground . . 366

Fallacies of Faith . . . 540
Fig-trees 130
Fight between Sayers and Heenan 133
Five Hundred Years Ago . . 608
Flemish Studio, A . . . 138
Flogging 404
Florence — The Carnesecchi Corner 15
Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World 542
Forster's Arrest of the Five Members 150
French Detective, A 331, 355, 521
French Detective, Works of a . 521
French Language 420
French Thieves 522
Friends on All Fours . . . 93
Fruit Trees 129

Game Battue, A 484
Game Laws 467
Gamekeepers' Perquisites . 485
Geographical Names . . . 390
German Pipes 250
Getting up Early 105
Giants their own Killers . . 477
Golden Eagle, The 140
Good Caliph of Bagdad . . 32
Grave of an Ancient Briton . 346
Gray's Inn-square 452
Great Pugilistic Revival . . 133
Great Tasmania Inquiry, The . 37
Gresham College Lectures . . 301
Grimgribber Rifle Corps . 374, 499
Goyon the Magnificent . . . 617

Hammersmith 391

Hares and Rabbits 486
Heavy Rains 512
High Tides 447
Highly Improbable 326
Himalayas 390
Holding up the Mirror . . . 595
Holy Land 533
Horrible Reflexion 567
Horse Betting 582
Horse Slaughterers 575
Houselessness 348
How the World Smokes . . 247
Hunted Down. A Story by Charles Dickens . . 397, 422

Iceland 390
Important Matter, An . . . 270
Insanity 557
Institution for Needlewomen . 427
Isle of Wight 390

Jack's Castle up the Lane . 574
James the Second, Statue of . 165
Jean Gigon 89
Jerusalem 536
Jones System, The 564

Kafirs, The 8
King and Commons 150

Lancashire Mills 159
Land of the Nativity, The . 7
Languages 418
Last New Saint, The . . . 559
Last of Very Common Law . 303
Latakia Tobacco 248
Latin London 78
Law upon the Sale of Goods . 54
—— of Leases and Agreements 81
—— upon Railway Luggage . 180
—— upon Railway Insurances . 183
—— upon Life Assurance . 303
—— Concerning Wills . . 304
Lebanon 514
Lectured in Basinghall-street . 301
Leprosy in the East 537
Leviathan Cheese 19
Life Assurance, The Law of . 303
Life-boat Service, The . . . 344
Light Cavalry 329
Lion, The 140
Living in Chambers 452
Local Etymology 390
London Buildings . . 188, 212
London, Derivation of . . . 392
London out of Season . . 588
Longridge, Mr., on Artillery . 544
Lucifer Matches 209
Lyon's Inn Chambers . . . 455

Malakoff, The 391
Manilla Cheroots 250
Maronites 514
Massacre of Christians in Syria 514
Master and Man 159
Match Question, The . . . 209
Merchant Taylors' School . . 367
Military Promotion 30
Modern Magic 370
Money or Merit 30
Monkeys 141
More of the Grimgribber Rifle Corps 499
Mule Maker, The 62
Musketry Instruction . . . 499

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PAGE
Mutiny aboard the Minnie Jimps 378
My Boyhood's Home . . . 274
Mynheer Van Prig . . . 284

NAMES of Places . . . 390
Natal 7
National Gallery, The . 222, 251
National Life-boat Institution 344
Natural Selection 293
Needlewoman's Hall . . . 427
New Road, The 215
Noble Roman 495
Nursery Stories 518

O'BRIEN the Giant . . . 477
Of Right Mind 557
Opening a Barrow . . . 346
Orchard Houses 129
Ostrich Hunt, An 606
Our Daily Bread 400
Our Eye-witness among the Statues 163
—— and a Salamander . . . 140
—— among the Buildings 188, 212
—— at the National Gallery 222, 251
—— sitting at a Play . . . 352
—— at School 365
Our Square 11

PAGE of History Re-written, A 150
Palm Sunday in Rome . . . 591
Paper Wall of China . . . 319
Peach-trees 131
Pet Animals 93
Pheasants' Eggs, Sale of . . 486
Philippine Islands . . . 249
Pictures, The National . 226, 251
Pirate Junks 178
Play at a Country Theatre . 352
Play-bill, A 352
Playgrounds 366
Plea for Coal Miners . . . 102
Pope's Body-guard, The . . 496
Popes, Revenues of the . . 428
Port Wine 246
Portrait in the National Gallery 69
Precinct, The 115
Pugilistic Revival, The . . 133
Pullinger, The Robberies of, 203, 325
Purgatory 430

RAILWAY Insurances . . . 183
Railway Law 54, 180
Railway Locomotion . . . 393
Railway Luggage . . . 183
Rain 512
Redpath, The Forger . 203, 325
Removal of Westminster School 365
Rifle Corps, A . . . 374, 499
Robberies of Joint-Stock Companies 201
Robson, The Forger . . 203, 325
Roman Aristocracy . . . 495
Roman Burgher 568
Roman Common People . . 508
Roman Donna, A . . . 548

PAGE
Roman London 78
Roman Revenues . . . 428
Roman Sheep-shearing . . 428
Roman Sunday 591
Rome, Goyon in 617
Rome, The City of . . 474, 495
Romish Relics 429

SAINT, The Last . . . 559
Saints, Bones of the . . . 429
Salamander, The 143
Sale of Goods, Law upon . . 54
Samuel Crompton 62
Sardinia, Crime in . . . 299
Savages, Language of . . . 418
Savoy, The 115
Sayers and Heenan—The Fight 133
Scilly Islands 391
Sheep-shearing at Rome . . 428
Shipwrecks 342
Shooting in the Adirondack . 585
Shy Neighbourhoods . . . 155
Singapore 606
Slaves of the Ring . . . 582
Slow Coaches 184
Small Pox 270
Smokers 247
Species 174, 293
Spirit Mediums 373
Spiritual Séance, A . . . 373
Spiritualism 370, 540
Statues in London 163
Steam-carriage, Invention of the 393
Stories of the Nursery . . . 517
St. Paul's Cathedral . . . 190
St. Paul's School, Playground of 367
Strong Guns 544
Sun, Moon and Earth . . . 448
Syria, Smokers in . . . 247
Syria, The Massacres in . 514, 533
Syrian Christians, The . 514, 533
System Jones 564

TAKING Pirate Junks . . . 178
Tartar Troops 503
Theatrical Society 595
Thieves in France . . . 522
Thirty-two Duels 89
Tides and their Causes . . 447
Timour the Tartar 111
Tobacco, The Consumption of . 247
Tom in Spirits 525
Tramps 230
Trevithick, The Engineer . . 394
Tribes and Tongues . . . 418
True Cross, The 429
Tunnelling the Thames . . 394
Turkish Sketches . . . 57
Turkish Street Fountains . . 57

UMBRELLAS in the East . . 512
Unbelief, Some Articles of . . 234
Uncommercial Traveller, The:
Great Tasmania Inquiry . 37
Visit to the City Churches . 85

PAGE
Shy Neighbourhoods . . 155
Tramps 230
Associations of Childhood 274, 517
Houselessness 348
Living in Chambers . . 452
Nursery Stories 517
London out of Season . . 588
Unholy Land, The 533
Universal Gravitation . . 448

VACCINATION 270
Vagabond Neighbourhoods . 156
Vatican Ornithology . . . 65
Very Common Law . 54, 81, 180, 303
Very Singular Things in the City 325
Vidocq, French Detective . . 331
355, 521
Vidocq's Works 521
Village Roses and Thorns . . 306
Volunteer Cavalry . . . 329
Vultures 141

WALL Fruit 129
Watts, The Convict . . . 202
Welsh Language 420
West Pennard Cheese, The . . 19
Westminster Racket Court . 366
Westminster School Removal . 365
Wet Weather 512
Wheat 409
Which is the Plague . . . 47
Whip, The 404
Whitehall 189
Wills, The Law of . . . 303
Winterfield's Adventures . . 488
Woman in White, The 1, 25, 49, 73 97, 121, 145, 169, 193, 217, 241, 265 289, 313, 337, 361, 385, 409, 433, 457
Women in China 321
Written in my Cell . . . 21

ZOOLOGICAL Gardens, The . 140

POETRY.
CLASSIC Ground 36
Down the River 538
Fairies and Flowers . . . 421
Fairy Lore 396
Golden Bee, The . . . 108
Lake and Waterfall . . . 11
Legend of the Little Pearl . 451
Letter in Black 494
May 155
Nelson 228
Norseman, The 133
Old King Hake 468
Robert Blake 84
Shakespeare's Women . . . 369
Snow 62
Sonnets on Godsends . . . 563
To Nicæa, the Birthplace of Garibaldi 324
Too Late 180
Unfinished Poem 274
Venice Unvisited 204
William Gurney 614

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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No. 51.] SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1860. [PRICE 2d.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

JULY 5TH. I remained leaning on the window-sill for nearly a quarter of an hour, looking out absently into the black darkness, and hearing nothing, except, now and then, the voices of the servants, or the distant sound of a closing door, in the lower part of the house.

Just as I was turning away wearily from the window, to go back to the bedroom, and make a second attempt to complete the unfinished entry in my journal, I smelt the odour of tobacco-smoke, stealing towards me on the heavy night air. The next moment I saw a tiny red spark advancing from the farther end of the house in the pitch darkness. I heard no footsteps, and I could see nothing but the spark. It travelled along in the night; passed the window at which I was standing; and stopped opposite my bedroom window, inside which I had left the light burning on the dressing-table.

The spark remained stationary, for a moment, then moved back again in the direction from which it had advanced. As I followed its progress, I saw a second red spark, larger than the first, approaching from the distance. The two met together in the darkness. Remembering who smoked cigarettes, and who smoked cigars, I inferred, immediately, that the Count had come out first to look and listen, under my window, and that Sir Percival had afterwards joined him. They must both have been walking on the lawn—or I should certainly have heard Sir Percival's heavy footfall, though the Count's soft step might have escaped me, even on the gravel walk.

I waited quietly at the window, certain that they could neither of them see me, in the darkness of the room.

"What's the matter?" I heard Sir Percival say, in a low voice. "Why don't you come in and sit down?"

"I want to see the light out of that window," replied the Count, softly.

"What harm does the light do?"

"It shows she is not in bed yet. She is sharp enough to suspect something, and bold enough to come down stairs and listen, if she can get the chance. Patience, Percival—patience."

"Humbug! You're always talking of patience."

"I shall talk of something else presently. My good friend, you are on the edge of your domestic precipice; and if I let you give the women one other chance, on my sacred word of honour, they will push you over it!"

"What the devil do you mean?"

"We will come to our explanations, Percival, when the light is out of that window, and when I have had one little look at the rooms on each side of the library, and a peep at the staircase as well."

They slowly moved away; and the rest of the conversation between them (which had been conducted, throughout, in the same low tones) ceased to be audible. It was no matter. I had heard enough to determine me on justifying the Count's opinion of my sharpness and my courage. Before the red sparks were out of sight in the darkness, I had made up my mind that there should be a listener when those two men sat down to their talk—and that the listener, in spite of all the Count's precautions to the contrary, should be myself. I wanted but one motive to sanction the act to my own conscience, and to give me courage enough for performing it; and that motive I had. Laura's honour, Laura's happiness—Laura's life itself—might depend on my quick ears, and my faithful memory, to-night.

I had heard the Count say that he meant to examine the rooms on each side of the library, and the staircase as well, before he entered on any explanations with Sir Percival. This expression of his intentions was necessarily sufficient to inform me that the library was the room in which he proposed that the conversation should take place. The one moment of time which was long enough to bring me to that conclusion, was also the moment which showed me a means of baffling his precautions—or, in other words, of hearing what he and Sir Percival said to each other, without the risk of descending at all into the lower regions of the house.

In speaking of the rooms on the ground floor, I have mentioned incidentally the verandah outside them, on which they all opened by means of French windows, extending from the cornice to the floor. The top of this verandah was flat; the rain-water being carried off from it, by pipes, into tanks which helped to supply the house. On the narrow leaden roof, which ran along past the bedrooms, and which was rather less, I should think, than three feet below the sills of the windows, a row of flower-

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pots was ranged, with wide intervals between each pot; the whole being protected from falling, in high winds, by an ornamental iron railing along the edge of the roof.

The plan which had now occurred to me was to get out, at my sitting-room window, on to this roof; to creep along noiselessly, till I reached that part of it which was immediately over the library window; and to crouch down between the flower-pots, with my ear against the outer railing. If Sir Percival and the Count sat and smoked to-night, as I had seen them sitting and smoking many nights before, with their chairs close at the open window, and their feet stretched on the zinc garden seats which were placed under the verandah, every word they said to each other above a whisper (and no long conversation, as we all know by experience, can be carried on *in* a whisper) must inevitably reach my ears. If, on the other hand, they chose, to-night, to sit far back inside the room, then, the chances were, that I should hear little or nothing; and, in that case, I must run the far more serious risk of trying to outwit them down stairs.

Strongly as I was fortified in my resolution by the desperate nature of our situation, I hoped most fervently that I might escape this last emergency. My courage was only a woman's courage, after all; and it was very near to failing me, when I thought of trusting myself on the ground floor, at the dead of night, within reach of Sir Percival and the Count.

I went softly back to my bedroom, to try the safer experiment of the verandah roof, first.

A complete change in my dress was imperatively necessary, for many reasons. I took off my silk gown to begin with, because the slightest noise from it, on that still night, might have betrayed me. I next removed the white and cumbersome parts of my underclothing, and replaced them by a petticoat of dark flannel. Over this, I put my black travelling cloak, and pulled the hood on to my head. In my ordinary evening costume, I took up the room of three men at least. In my present dress, when it was held close about me, no man could have passed through the narrowest spaces more easily than I. The little breadth left on the roof of the verandah, between the flower-pots on one side, and the wall and windows of the house on the other, made this a serious consideration. If I knocked anything down, if I made the least noise, who could say what the consequences might be?

I only waited to put the matches near the candle, before I extinguished it, and groped my way back into the sitting-room. I locked that door, as I had locked my bedroom door—then quietly got out of the window, and cautiously set my feet on the leaden roof of the verandah. My two rooms were at the inner extremity of the new wing of the house in which we all lived; and I had five windows to pass, before I could reach the position it was necessary to take up immediately over the library. The first window belonged to a spare room, which was empty. The second and third windows belonged to Laura's room. The fourth window belonged to Sir Percival's room. The fifth, belonged to the Countess's room. The others, by which it was not necessary for me to pass, were the windows of the Count's dressing-room, of the bath-room, and of the second empty spare-room.

No sound reached my ears—the black blinding darkness of the night was all round me when I first stood on the verandah, except at that part of it which Madame Fosco's window overlooked. There, at the very place above the library, to which my course was directed—there, I saw a gleam of light! The Countess was not yet in bed.

It was too late to draw back; it was no time to wait. I determined to go on at all hazards, and trust for security to my own caution and to the darkness of the night. "For Laura's sake!" I thought to myself, as I took the first step forward on the roof, with one hand holding my cloak close round me, and the other groping against the wall of the house. It was better to brush close by the wall, than to risk striking my feet against the flower-pots within a few inches of me, on the other side.

I passed the dark window of the spare-room, trying the leaden roof, at each step, with my foot, before I risked resting my weight on it. I passed the dark windows of Laura's room ("God bless her and keep her to-night!"). I passed the dark window of Sir Percival's room. Then, I waited a moment, knelt down, with my hands to support me; and so crept to my position, under the protection of the low wall between the bottom of the lighted window and the verandah roof.

When I ventured to look up at the window itself, I found that the top of it only was open, and that the blind inside was drawn down. While I was looking, I saw the shadow of Madame Fosco pass across the white field of the blind—then pass slowly back again. Thus far, she could not have heard me—or the shadow would surely have stopped at the blind, even if she had wanted courage enough to open the window, and look out?

I placed myself sideways against the railing of the verandah; first ascertaining, by touching them, the position of the flower-pots on either side of me. There was room enough for me to sit between them, and no more. The sweet-scented leaves of the flower on my left hand, just brushed my cheek as I lightly rested my head against the railing.

The first sounds that reached me from below were caused by the opening or closing (most probably the latter) of three doors in succession—the doors, no doubt, leading into the hall, and into the rooms on each side of the library, which the Count had pledged himself to examine. The first object that I saw was the red spark again travelling out into the night, from under the verandah; moving away towards my window; waiting a moment; and then returning to the place from which it had set out.

"The devil take your restlessness! When do you mean to sit down?" growled Sir Percival's voice beneath me.

"Ouf! how hot it is!" said the Count, sighing and puffing wearily.

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His exclamation was followed by the scraping of the garden chairs on the tiled pavement under the verandah—the welcome sound which told me they were going to sit close at the window as usual. So far, the chance was mine. The clock in the turret struck the quarter to twelve as they settled themselves in their chairs. I heard Madame Fosco through the open window, yawning; and saw her shadow pass once more across the white field of the blind.

Meanwhile, Sir Percival and the Count began talking together below; now and then dropping their voices a little lower than usual, but never sinking them to a whisper. The strangeness and peril of my situation, the dread, which I could not master, of Madame Fosco's lighted window, made it difficult, almost impossible for me, at first, to keep my presence of mind, and to fix my attention solely on the conversation beneath. For some minutes, I could only succeed in gathering the general substance of it. I understood the Count to say that the one window alight was his wife's; that the ground floor of the house was quite clear; and that they might now speak to each other, without fear of accidents. Sir Percival merely answered by upbraiding his friend with having unjustifiably slighted his wishes and neglected his interests, all through the day. The Count, thereupon, defended himself by declaring that he had been beset by certain troubles and anxieties which had absorbed all his attention, and that the only safe time to come to an explanation, was a time when they could feel certain of being neither interrupted nor overheard. "We are at a serious crisis in our affairs, Percival," he said; "and if we are to decide on the future at all, we must decide secretly to-night."

That sentence of the Count's was the first which my attention was ready enough to master, exactly as it was spoken. From this point, with certain breaks and interruptions, my whole interest fixed breathlessly on the conversation; and I followed it word for word.

"Crisis?" repeated Sir Percival. "It's a worse crisis than you think for, I can tell you!"

"So I should suppose, from your behaviour for the last day or two," returned the other, coolly. "But, wait a little. Before we advance to what I do *not* know, let us be quite certain of what I *do* know. Let us first see if I am right about the time that is past, before I make any proposal to you for the time that is to come."

"Stop till I get the brandy and water. Have some yourself."

"Thank you, Percival. The cold water with pleasure, a spoon, and the basin of sugar. Eau sucrée, my friend—nothing more."

"Sugar and water, for a man of your age!—There! mix your sickly mess. You foreigners are all alike."

"Now, listen, Percival. I will put our position plainly before you, as I understand it; and you shall say if I am right or wrong. You and I both came back to this house from the Continent, with our affairs very seriously embarrassed——"

"Cut it short! I wanted some thousands, and you some hundreds—and, without the money, we were both in a fair way to go to the dogs together. There's the situation. Make what you can of it. Go on."

"Well, Percival, in your own solid English words, you wanted some thousands and I wanted some hundreds; and the only way of getting them was for you to raise the money for your own necessity (with a small margin, beyond, for my poor little hundreds), by the help of your wife. What did I tell you about your wife on our way to England? and what did I tell you again, when we had come here, and when I had seen for myself the sort of woman Miss Halcombe was?"

"How should I know? You talked nineteen to the dozen, I suppose, just as usual."

"I said this: Human ingenuity, my friend, has hitherto only discovered two ways in which a man can manage a woman. One way is to knock her down—a method largely adopted by the brutal lower orders of the people, but utterly abhorrent to the refined and educated classes above them. The other way (much longer, much more difficult, but, in the end, not less certain) is never to accept a provocation at a woman's hands. It holds with animals, it holds with children, and it holds with women, who are nothing but children grown up. Quiet resolution is the one quality the animals, the children, and the women all fail in. If they can once shake this superior quality in their master, they get the better of *him*. If they can never succeed in disturbing it, he gets the better of *them*. I said to you, Remember that plain truth, when you want your wife to help you to the money. I said, Remember it doubly and trebly, in the presence of your wife's sister, Miss Halcombe. Have you remembered it? Not once, in all the complications that have twisted themselves about us in this house. Every provocation that your wife, and her sister, could offer to you, you instantly accepted from them. Your mad temper lost the signature to the deed, lost the ready money, set Miss Halcombe writing to the lawyer, for the first time——"

"First time? what do you mean?"

"This. Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer for the second time, to-day."

A chair fell on the pavement of the verandah—fell with a crash, as if it had been struck, or kicked down. It was well for me that the Count's revelation roused Sir Percival's anger, as it did. On hearing that I had been again discovered, my self-control failed me at the critical moment; and I started so that the railing, against which I leaned, cracked again. How, in the name of Heaven, had he found me out? The letters had never left my own possession, till I placed them in Fanny's hands at the inn.

"Thank your lucky star," I heard the Count say next, "that you have me in the house, to undo the harm, as fast as you do it. Thank your lucky star that I said, No, when you were mad enough to talk of turning the key to-day on Miss Halcombe, as you turned it, in your mis-

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chievous folly, on your wife. Where are your eyes? Can you look at Miss Halcombe, and not see that she has the foresight and the resolution of a man? With that woman for my friend, I would snap these fingers of mine at the world. With that woman for my enemy, I, with all my brains and experience—I, Fosco, cunning as the devil himself, as you have told me a hundred times—I walk, in your English phrase, upon egg-shells! And this grand creature—I drink her health in my sugar and water—this grand creature, who stands in the strength of her love and her courage, firm as a rock between us two, and that poor flimsy pretty blonde wife of yours—this magnificent woman, whom I admire with all my soul, though I oppose her in your interests and in mine, you drive to extremities, as if she was no sharper and no bolder than the rest of her sex. Percival! Percival! you deserve to fail, and you *have* failed."

There was a pause. I write the villain's words about myself, because I mean to remember them, because I hope yet for the day when I may speak out, once for all in his presence, and cast them back, one by one, in his teeth.

Sir Percival was the first to break the silence again.

"Yes, yes; bully and bluster as much as you like," he said, sulkily; "the difficulty about the money is not the only difficulty. You would be for taking strong measures with the women, yourself—if you knew as much as I do."

"We will come to that second difficulty, all in good time," rejoined the Count. "You may confuse yourself, Percival, as much as you please, but you shall not confuse me. Let the question of the money be settled first. Have I convinced your obstinacy? have I shown you that your temper will not let you help yourself?—Or must I go back, and (as you put it in your dear straightforward English) bully and bluster a little more?"

"Pooh! It's easy enough to grumble at *me*. Say what is to be done—that's a little harder."

"Is it? Bah! This is what is to be done: You give up all direction in the business from to-night; you leave it, for the future, in my hands only. I am talking to a Practical British Man—ha? Well, Practical, will that do for you?"

"What do you propose, if I leave it all to you?"

"Answer me first. Is it to be in my hands or not?"

"Say it is in your hands—what then?"

"A few questions, Percival, to begin with. I must wait a little, yet, to let circumstances guide me; and I must know, in every possible way, what those circumstances are likely to be. There is no time to lose. I have told you already that Miss Halcombe has written to the lawyer to-day, for the second time."

"How did you find it out? What did she say?"

"If I told you, Percival, we should only come back at the end to where we are now. Enough that I have found out—and the finding has caused that trouble and anxiety which made me so inaccessible to you all through to-day. Now, to refresh my memory about your affairs—it is some time since I talked them over with you. The money has been raised, in the absence of your wife's signature, by means of bills at three months—raised at a cost that makes my poverty-stricken foreign hair stand on end to think of it! When the bills are due, is there really and truly no earthly way of paying them but by the help of your wife?"

"None."

"What! You have no money at the banker's!"

"A few hundreds, when I want as many thousands."

"Have you no other security to borrow upon?"

"Not a shred."

"What have you actually got with your wife, at the present moment?"

"Nothing, but the interest of her twenty thousand pounds—barely enough to pay our daily expenses."

"What do you expect from your wife?"

"Three thousand a year, when her uncle dies."

"A fine fortune, Percival. What sort of a man is this uncle? Old?"

"No—neither old nor young."

"A good-tempered, freely-living man? Married? No—I think my wife told me, not married."

"Of course not. If he was married, and had a son, Lady Glyde would not be next heir to the property. I'll tell you what he is. He's a maudlin, twaddling, selfish fool, and bores everybody who comes near him about the state of his health."

"Men of that sort, Percival, live long, and marry malevolently when you least expect it. I don't give you much, my friend, for your chance of the three thousand a year. Is there nothing more that comes to you from your wife?"

"Nothing."

"Absolutely nothing?"

"Absolutely nothing—except in case of her death."

"Aha? in the case of her death."

There was another pause. The Count moved from the verandah to the gravel walk outside. I knew that he had moved, by his voice. "The rain has come at last," I heard him say. It *had* come. The state of my cloak showed that it had been falling thickly for some little time.

The Count went back under the verandah—I heard the chair creak beneath his weight as he sat down in it again.

"Well, Percival," he said; "and, in the case of Lady Glyde's death, what do you get then?"

"If she leaves no children——"

"Which she is likely to do?"

"Which she is not in the least likely to do——"

"Yes?"

"Why, then I get her twenty thousand pounds."

"Paid down?"

"Paid down."

They were silent once more. As their voices

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ceased, Madame Fosco's shadow darkened the blind again. Instead of passing this time, it remained, for a moment, quite still. I saw her fingers steal round the corner of the blind, and draw it on one side. The dim white outline of her face, looking out straight over me, appeared behind the window. I kept quite still, shrouded from head to foot in my black cloak. The rain, which was fast wetting me, dripped over the glass, blurred it, and prevented her from seeing anything. "More rain!" I heard her say to herself. She dropped the blind—and I breathed again freely.

The talk went on below me; the Count resuming it, this time.

"Percival! do you care about your wife?"

"Fosco! that's rather a downright question."

"I am a downright man; and I repeat it."

"Why the devil do you look at me in that way?"

"You won't answer me? Well, then; let us say your wife dies before the summer is out——"

"Drop it, Fosco!"

"Let us say your wife dies——"

"Drop it, I tell you!"

"In that case, you would gain twenty thousand pounds; and you would lose——"

"I should lose the chance of three thousand a year."

"The *remote* chance, Percival—the remote chance only. And you want money, at once. In your position, the gain is certain—the loss doubtful."

"Speak for yourself as well as for me. Some of the money I want has been borrowed for *you*. And if you come to gain, *my* wife's death would be ten thousand pounds in *your* wife's pocket. Sharp as you are, you seem to have conveniently forgotten Madame Fosco's legacy. Don't look at me in that way! I won't have it! What with your looks and your questions, upon my soul, you make my flesh creep!"

"Your flesh? Does flesh mean conscience in English? I speak of your wife's death, as I speak of a possibility. Why not? The respectable lawyers who scribble-scrabble your deeds and your wills, look the deaths of living people in the face. Do lawyers make your flesh creep? Why should I? It is my business to-night, to clear up your position beyond the possibility of mistake—and I have now done it. Here is your position. If your wife lives, you pay those bills with her signature to the parchment. If your wife dies, you pay them with her death."

As he spoke, the light in Madame Fosco's room was extinguished; and the whole second floor of the house was now sunk in darkness.

"Talk! talk!" grumbled Sir Percival. "One would think, to hear you, that my wife's signature to the deed was got already."

"You have left the matter in my hands," retorted the Count; "and I have more than two months before me to turn round in. Say no more about it, if you please, for the present. When the bills are due, you will see for yourself if my 'talk! talk!' is worth something, or if it is not. And now, Percival, having done with the money-matters, for to-night, I can place my attention at your disposal, if you wish to consult me on that second difficulty, which has mixed itself up with our little embarrassments, and which has so altered you for the worse, that I hardly know you again. Speak, my friend—and pardon me if I shock your fiery national tastes by mixing myself a second glass of sugar-and-water."

"It's very well to say speak," replied Sir Percival, in a far more quiet and more polite tone than he had yet adopted; "but it's not so easy to know how to begin."

"Shall I help you?" suggested the Count. "Shall I give this private difficulty of yours a name? What, if I call it—Anne Catherick?"

"Look here, Fosco, you and I have known each other for a long time; and, if you have helped me out of one or two scrapes before this, I have done the best I could to help you in return, as far as money would go. We have made as many friendly sacrifices, on both sides, as men could; but we have had our secrets from each other, of course—haven't we?"

"You have had a secret from *me*, Percival. There is a skeleton in your cupboard here at Blackwater Park, that has peeped out, in these last few days, at other people besides yourself."

"Well, suppose it has. If it doesn't concern you, you needn't be curious about it, need you?"

"Do I look curious about it?"

"Yes, you do."

"So! so! my face speaks the truth, then? What an immense foundation of good there must be in the nature of a man who arrives at my age, and whose face has not yet lost the habit of speaking the truth!—Come, Glyde! let us be candid one with the other. This secret of yours has sought *me*: I have not sought *it*. Let us say I am curious—do you ask me, as your old friend, to respect your secret, and to leave it, once for all, in your own keeping?"

"Yes—that's just what I do ask."

"Then my curiosity is at an end. It dies in me, from this moment."

"Do you really mean that?"

"What makes you doubt me?"

"I have had some experience, Fosco, of your roundabout ways; and I am not so sure that you won't worm it out of me, after all."

The chair below suddenly creaked again—I felt the trellis-work pillar under me shake from top to bottom. The Count had started to his feet and struck it with his hand, in indignation.

"Percival! Percival!" he cried, passionately, "do you know me no better than that? Has all your experience shown you nothing of my character yet? I am a man of the antique type! I am capable of the most exalted acts of virtue—when I have the chance of performing them. It has been the misfortune of my life that I have had few chances. My conception of friendship is sublime! Is it my fault that your skeleton has peeped out at me? Why do I confess my curiosity? You poor superficial Englishman, it is to magnify my own self-control. I could

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draw your secret out of you, if I liked, as I draw this finger out of the palm of my hand—you know I could! But you have appealed to my friendship; and the duties of friendship are sacred to me. See! I trample my base curiosity under my feet. My exalted sentiments lift me above it. Recognise them, Percival! imitate them, Percival! Shake hands—I forgive you."

His voice faltered over the last words—faltered, as if he was actually shedding tears!

Sir Percival confusedly attempted to excuse himself. But the Count was too magnanimous to listen to him.

"No!" he said. "When my friend has wounded me, I can pardon him without apologies. Tell me, in plain words, do you want my help?"

"Yes, badly enough."

"And you can ask for it without compromising yourself?"

"I can try, at any rate."

"Try, then."

"Well, this is how it stands:—I told you, to-day, that I had done my best to find Anne Catherick, and failed."

"Yes; you did."

"Fosco! I'm a lost man, if I *don't* find her."

"Ha! Is it so serious as that?"

A little stream of light travelled out under the verandah, and fell over the gravel-walk. The Count had taken the lamp from the inner part of the room, to see his friend clearly by the light of it.

"Yes!" he said. "*Your* face speaks the truth this time. Serious, indeed—as serious as the money matters themselves."

"More serious. As true as I sit here, more serious!"

The light disappeared again, and the talk went on.

"I showed you the letter to my wife that Anne Catherick hid in the sand," Sir Percival continued. "There's no boasting in that letter, Fosco—she *does* know the Secret."

"Say as little as possible, Percival, in my presence, of the Secret. Does she know it from you?"

"No; from her mother."

"Two women in possession of your private mind—bad, bad, bad, my friend! One question here, before we go any farther. The motive of your shutting up the daughter in the asylum, is now plain enough to me—but the manner of her escape is not quite so clear. Do you suspect the people in charge of her of closing their eyes purposely, at the instance of some enemy, who could afford to make it worth their while?"

"No; she was the best-behaved patient they had—and, like fools, they trusted her. She's just mad enough to be shut up, and just sane enough to ruin me when she's at large—if you understand that?"

"I do understand it. Now, Percival, come at once to the point; and then I shall know what to do. Where is the danger of your position at the present moment?"

"Anne Catherick is in this neighbourhood, and in communication with Lady Glyde—there's the danger, plain enough. Who can read the letter she hid in the sand, and not see that my wife is in possession of the secret, deny it as she may?"

"One moment, Percival. If Lady Glyde does know the secret, she must know also that it is a compromising secret for *you*. As your wife, surely it is her interest to keep it?"

"Is it? I'm coming to that. It might be her interest if she cared two straws about me. But I happen to be an encumbrance in the way of another man. She was in love with him, before she married me—she's in love with him now—an infernal vagabond of a drawing-master, named Hartright."

"My dear friend! what is there extraordinary in that? They are all in love with some other man. Who gets the first of a woman's heart? In all my experience I have never yet met with the man who was Number One. Number Two, sometimes. Number Three, Four, Five, often. Number One, never! He exists, of course—but, I have not met with him."

"Wait! I haven't done yet. Who do you think helped Anne Catherick to get the start, when the people from the madhouse were after her? Hartright. Who do you think saw her again in Cumberland? Hartright. Both times, he spoke to her alone. Stop! don't interrupt me. The scoundrel's as sweet on my wife, as she is on him. He knows the secret, and she knows the secret. Once let them both get together again, and it's her interest and his interest to turn their information against me."

"Gently, Percival—gently! Are you insensible to the virtue of Lady Glyde?"

"That for the virtue of Lady Glyde! I believe in nothing about her but her money. Don't you see how the case stands? She might be harmless enough by herself; but if she and that vagabond Hartright——"

"Yes, yes, I see. Where is Mr. Hartright?"

"Out of the country. If he means to keep a whole skin on his bones, I recommend him not to come back in a hurry.'

"Are you sure he is out of the country?"

"Certain. I had him watched from the time he left Cumberland to the time he sailed. Oh, I've been careful, I can tell you! Anne Catherick lived with some people at a farm-house near Limmeridge. I went there, myself, after she had given me the slip, and made sure that they knew nothing. I gave her mother a form of letter to write to Miss Halcombe, exonerating me from any bad motive in putting her under restraint. I've spent, I'm afraid to say how much, in trying to trace her. And, in spite of it all, she turns up here, and escapes me on my own property! How do I know who else may see her, who else may speak to her? That prying scoundrel, Hartright, may come back without my knowing it, and may make use of her to-morrow——"

"Not he, Percival! While I am on the spot, and while that woman is in the neighbourhood,

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I will answer for our laying hands on her, before Mr. Hartright—even if he does come back. I see! yes, yes, I see! The finding of Anne Catherick is the first necessity: make your mind easy about the rest. Your wife is here, under your thumb; Miss Halcombe is inseparable from her, and is, therefore, under your thumb also; and Mr. Hartright is out of the country. This invisible Anne of yours, is all we have to think of for the present. You have made your inquiries?"

"Yes. I have been to her mother; I have ransacked the village—and all to no purpose."

"Is her mother to be depended on?"

"Yes."

"She has told your secret once."

"She won't tell it again."

"Why not? Are her own interests concerned in keeping it, as well as yours?"

"Yes—deeply concerned."

"I am glad to hear it, Percival, for your sake. Don't be discouraged, my friend. Our money matters, as I told you, leave me plenty of time to turn round in; and *I* may search for Anne Catherick to-morrow to better purpose than you. One last question, before we go to bed."

"What is it?"

"It is this. When I went to the boat-house to tell Lady Glyde that the little difficulty of her signature was put off, accident took me there in time to see a strange woman parting in a very suspicious manner from your wife. But accident did not bring me near enough to see this same woman's face plainly. I must know how to recognise our invisible Anne. What is she like?"

"Like? Come! I'll tell you in two words. She's a sickly likeness of my wife."

The chair creaked, and the pillar shook once more. The Count was on his feet again—this time in astonishment.

"What!!!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"Fancy my wife, after a bad illness, with a touch of something wrong in her head—and there is Anne Catherick for you," answered Sir Percival.

"Are they related to each other?"

"Not a bit of it."

"And yet, so like?"

"Yes, so like. What are you laughing about?"

There was no answer, and no sound of any kind. The Count was laughing in his smooth, silent, internal way.

"What are you laughing about?" reiterated Sir Percival.

"Perhaps, at my own fancies, my good friend. Allow me my Italian humour—do I not come of the illustrious nation which invented the exhibition of Punch? Well, well, well, I shall know Anne Catherick when I see her—and so enough for to-night. Make your mind easy, Percival. Sleep, my son, the sleep of the just; and see what I will do for you, when daylight comes to help us both. I have my projects and my plans, here in my big head. You shall pay those bills and find Anne Catherick—my sacred word of honour on it, but you shall! Am I a friend to be treasured in the best corner of your heart, or am I not? Am I worth those loans of money which you so delicately reminded me of a little while since? Whatever you do, never wound me in my sentiments any more. Recognise them, Percival! imitate them! I forgive you again; I shake hands again. Good night!"

Not another word was spoken. I heard the Count close the library door. I heard Sir Percival barring up the window-shutters. It had been raining, raining all the time. I was cramped by my position, and chilled to the bones. When I first tried to move, the effort was so painful to me, that I was obliged to desist. I tried a second time, and succeeded in rising to my knees on the wet roof.

As I crept to the wall, and raised myself against it, I looked back, and saw the window of the Count's dressing-room gleam into light. My sinking courage flickered up in me again, and kept my eyes fixed on his window, as I stole my way, step by step, back, along the wall of the house.

The clock struck the quarter-past one, when I laid my hands on the window-sill of my own room. I had seen nothing and heard nothing which could lead me to suppose that my retreat had been discovered.

BEYOND GOOD HOPE.

On the south-eastern coast of Africa, about eight hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope, is Vasco de Gama's "Land of the Nativity;" that green, mild, tempting land which he and his discovered on the twenty-fifth of December, fourteen hundred and ninety-seven; just ten years after Bartholomew Diaz rounded the Stormy Cape, known since as "of Good Hope." Vasco de Gama called the land Terra Natalis, in honour of the day of its discovery; also Terra de Fumo, because of the dense clouds of smoke perpetually hanging over the table-lands, from the burning of the coarse Ixia grass growing there. It is the Land of Smoke to the present day, and from the same cause; much to the discomfiture of astronomers and star-gazers, who might as well attempt to make observations through the atmosphere of a London fog, as through the smoke-clouds which for ever darken the brilliancy of those summer skies.

The Land of the Nativity, or Natal, as we English call it, is in a chaotic geological condition. The ground has been so upheaved and split open, so jammed together and sundered, that no one can say what lies uppermost and what beneath, or judge, from position, of priority of formation. Granite and gneiss, slate, trap, and sandstone are tumbled together, as if they had been flung down anyhow out of a Titan's hod, and left to lie where they fell; everywhere are evidences of convulsion and wreck, and of new conditions created on the ruin of the old. The great peculiarity, though, of the

country, and, indeed, of all Southern Africa, is the succession of terraces, or broad table-lands, rising far above the level of the plains. The base of these table mountains is composed of green, accessible slopes, with rugged granite buttresses breaking through; suddenly, from these slopes, springs up a perpendicular wall of reddish-grey rock, and on the top, "a wide expanse of level pasture, often many square miles in extent, which thus presents the curious spectacle of a large tract of land, isolated from the rest of the world by a circumvallation of downward-dipping precipices, with perhaps only one or two narrow rocky staircases, by which the heights above can be scaled." It is not easy walking on these table-lands even after you have toiled up the steep serpentine staircases. You push your way through the thick high grass, and come to perhaps a gentle slope: half a dozen steps more bring you to a precipice striking sheer under your feet, where another footfall would be your destruction. The country is rich in rivers and waterfalls, which tumble and riot among the grey granite rocks, neither "blessed for their beauty nor made to turn a mill," according to Fox's recipe; and almost all have pretty sentimental kind of names. There is the Startling River, the Great, and the Buffalo, of course; these are absolute with all savages; the Stone, the Beautiful, the Standing, the Glare, the Soft, the Whey, and the River of the Entrance; while one mountain range is the Spying-top Hills, and a certain county is Weenen (Weeping); in commemoration of a frightful massacre by the Zulus, in 1836, of all the Dutch settlers found there—women and children as well as men.

A crew of eighty shipwrecked men, in 1683, were the first English visitors to Natal, but no attempt was made at colonisation or possession until 1823, when Lieutenant Farewell got together a little band of twenty, and established relations and a certain kind of trade with King Chaka and his tribe; he and his successors managing so well, and laying such good foundations, that, in 1856, Natal was considered of sufficient importance to be recognised as a chartered British colony, with governor and legislative paraphernalia all complete. That Zulu king, Chaka, was a man of remarkable genius; of the Napoleonic and royal bandit order: one of those initiative, original, creative men who are absolutely needed to found a nation. Chaka created the Zulu nation out of a mere handful of warlike men, "ate up" all the clans and tribes lying round, established his throne on the points of his warriors' assegais, and lived and ruled by his army alone. But Chaka's doom came in the old way. His brother Dingaan murdered him as he sat comfortably in his tent. Dingaan proved a tyrant, of course. He had a younger brother, one Panda, living in exile on the Natal side of the Tugela, or Startling River. Panda, exiled from the court, and with only a scanty following of his own, made overtures to the white men, who, befriended by Chaka, had been renounced and persecuted by Dingaan, and now held but a slippery footing in the country. At first he was suspected of being an underhand emissary of Dingaan, and coldly dealt with; but when he proved his sincerity by gathering an army of four thousand foot, the Dutch gave him credence and four hundred horse, under the command of Pretorius. The result was, that the allied forces fought with and defeated the king, and that Panda was placed on the throne in his stead. This was in 1838.

Things went on briskly enough for about eighteen years, when, in 1856, Panda's eldest two sons quarrelled with their father and each other; though, to be sure, they merely represented the discontents of the nation at large, and gave the discontented a visible head and rallying-point. Panda had grown enormously fat, and lived secluded from his people; thus hearing none of their complaints; he kept his army, too, without food or pay, and, what was worse, kept them too long enlisted, consequently unwived. After various skirmishes between Ketchwago and Umbulazi, the sons, there was a regular pitched battle, when the elder brother was successful, and thenceforth assumed the management of affairs. It was decided that Panda was too old and too fat to move, and that he must therefore only think; that he was the head, while Ketchwago would be the feet, of the empire; and the government has gone on ever since in this Japanese, duplex manner. These arrangements were made tacitly, and more by dumb-show and unspoken acts than by words, as it is "high treason in Zululand to recognise in words even the possibility of such an occurrence as the death of the king." Once a missionary, going up to the court, electrified both it and the king with horror, by complimenting him on his good looks, as he had heard a report "that he was dead." Panda was for an instant struck dumb with alarm and terror, but, recovering himself, said in a low voice, hastily, "We never speak of such things here," and changed the conversation.

The Kafirs about Natal seem to be of two races—a mixture, it is supposed, of the Arab and the negro; some having the thick lips, protruding jaw, and broad flat nose of the negro, while others show the aquiline nose, straight lip, and prominent square forehead of the Caucasian; both have woolly hair, soft dark eyes, and delicately moulded limbs, small-boned, slim, and taper. They seem to have come originally, along the eastern coast from the north, and they yet retain certain words and ceremonies essentially Arab; while, on the other hand, the term "Kafir" among the Arabs means literally an unbeliever in Mahomet. Half naked in dress, the Kafir is rich in arms. He wears simply a bunch of skin strips fore and aft, brass bracelets, necklaces of roots, or of wild beasts' teeth and claws; and makes pockets or shelves of the holes in his ears, where he sticks his snuff-box of reeds and other little personals. With these adjuncts he is in court costume, dressed to the utmost of his wardrobe. But to make up for his paucity of clothing he has his buckler of ox-skin, his

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quiver of assegais, and his huge knobbed club, if he stirs so much as a yard or two from his hut; "for war, he has plumed and furred robes of considerable complexity." His wealth consists in his cows and his wives; and his ripe manhood, or rather his ownership of huts and wives, is indicated by shaving all his head except a narrow track round the crown, which he works up with gum into a black polished coronet or ring, and in which he places his feathers and other ornaments. Until he is married and independent, he wears his hair long and fuzzy, dressed in all manner of ways, and the chief's permission is necessary before it can be shaved and wrought into that ebon coronal. The married women wrap a small bit of skin about their waists, and indicate their rank by its greater or less length towards the feet. They wear bead necklaces and brass bracelets, and, like the men, shave their heads bare, but instead of a coronal keep a tuft on the crown, which they make fiery red with scarlet dust. The young girls wear only a narrow waist fringe and a necklace of gay beads, and the young children are destitute of everything but what Nature gave them until they are seven years old. The Kafirs are something like the North American Indians in their division of labour, but not quite so "brave." The men hunt, make war, build the huts, hew the timber, and milk the cows; the women dig and hoe, sow and reap, prepare the food, and repair the dwellings, which, however, are only huge beehives with a fire in the centre, and a continuous hedge all round. The Kafir has no family name, but is provided with one, according to some accidental circumstance, at his birth; this name he afterwards changes for one recording a deed of bravery or a personal characteristic. Thus "The boy who was born in a hole" may become "The hunter who caused the game to roll over;" and "The child born when the sun shone" may be "The man with the big beard," or "The man with the broad face." Europeans are also rechristened in the Kafir manner. A lady, who walked with a brisk and staccato step, was "One who moves in little cracks," or, literally, "Cracklegait;" and a clergyman's daughter, who had the habit of looking quickly from side to side, was "One who looks out in all directions in order to see." Of course the Kafir is superstitious. Is not the essence of savage life its fear? And, being superstitious, every passing event is matter of good or evil omen. It is a bad omen when a rock-rabbit runs into a kraal, or a dog gets on the top of a hut, or when a turkey-buzzard is caught in a snare; but worse than all their omens is the dreadful power of the Abatakati, or evil-doers; or, as some translate the word, witches and wizards. Under the direction of the resuscitating evil-doer, the Umkovu (Dead Spirit) is sent at night into some kraal, where it shouts, "Maya!"—"Woe! woe! to the house of my father." That maya is the death-omen of some one; and when the natives hear it pealing at midnight through their kraal, they remain silent and motionless; believing that they would be struck dead if they were to speak or stir from their beds. So the evil-doer and his goblin messenger work their wicked will without fear of interruption, and make too surely that spectre cry the doom of whomsoever may have offended. The whole transaction is a savage parody on the Vehmgericht and Santa Hermandad of the middle ages.

When a Kafir approaches the king's palace, he begins, at the distance of half a mile, to shout aloud in honour of the royal name, assuring the sovereign that he is the great king, a black man, a leopard, a tiger, an elephant, and a calf of that cow which gores all other beasts with its sharp horns; when within the royal precincts, he advances with a bent body, repeating the royal salute "Bayeti!" though what bayeti means, DR. MANN, whose charming book on Natal we are quoting, does not tell us. But it must mean something very humble, used, as it is, by one being to another who has absolute power of life and death over him. Gay, light-hearted, affectionate, easily content, social, and hospitable, the Kafir, in his natural condition, has no cares, and few wants; but when long under the influence of white men, he becomes morose and sulky, and makes rapid strides in the vices of greed and covetousness. As yet, though, he is honest, and articles of the most tempting value may be freely left about the tent or hut; however numerous the visitors, there will be no unlawful "lifting." Their hospitality, though still unbounded among each other, is changing towards the white men. The traders are accustoming them to take payment; and now a Kafir will come after a few days to a visitor whom he has lodged, and say, "I gave to you when you came to my hut, because you are a great chief, and now I am come to you, and what will you give me?" Not long ago, eight strong young men out on a journey went to the house of one of the missionaries near D'Urban, saying they were hungry and wanted food, but as they had no money they would work for two hours for the chief "to earn their entertainment;" which was utterly unlike the primitive Kafir. They are very kind-hearted and sympathetic, exceedingly polite, grateful also, and never backward in returning kindnesses. An old German at New Germany, poor and without influence, but full of gentleness and kindness towards the natives, has been dubbed "a chief" by them, simply on these moral grounds; and one day a Kafir, who had long left his service, went to his house, and laid two small packets on the table before him. "There, old Baas" (master), he said, "are some tea and coffee which I bought for you at Pine Town, because I know you like them." Again, an English hunter, laid up by fever in a solitary hut in Zululand, had his life saved by his Kafir servant, who stole out at night for him, and milked the cows in a neighbouring kraal, though he knew that if he had been caught he would have been killed without mercy. Mr. Posselt was once riding in a remote part of the country, when a woman rushed out of her hut, and called to him to stop; she ran up to him with

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her hands full of sugar-cane and mealies, saying, "Take these, for you are the man who gave me bread in your palace three years ago." Another strange woman went to the bishop's station in great distress. She had borrowed a pick of her neighbour and broken it, and did not know how to replace it. The bishop's manager gave her a new pick, and four months after she appeared again, with a bundle of green mealies, and laid them at his feet: "You are my inkosi-chief—you gave me a pick;" for which the mealies were her thanks put into deeds.

But the Kafirs are not all shining bright with good and gold; they have some dark spots, full of rust and rottenness, like the rest of us. They own of themselves (so far understanding the endless antagonism that goes on in the human mind) that they have "an angry heart," and "a peaceful heart," and that the ugovane, the angry or bad heart, said so and so, but the unembeza, the peaceful heart, said so and so. Against all the good which has been told of them, must now be balanced the evil: the laziness, lying, greediness, stinginess, pride, and cruelty to animals, which are their worst faults.

When a Kafir goes out as a domestic servant, he has much to learn and much to forego; and on their sides the master and mistress have much to forbear and excuse. Indeed, an Englishwoman, fresh from the smart footmen and tidy housemaids of the old country, must be almost scared at the sight of a half-naked black man (with only a loose shirt that does not cover half his legs) wandering familiarly about the house, and doing all sorts of domestic jobs not usually given to men to do, yet often hopelessly ignorant and not knowing his right hand from his left. But with kindness, firmness, and consideration, the poor fellow makes a tolerable help in time, and may be depended on for all that he has really learnt. He has to be looked after, though, in matters of cleanliness and personal habits. "In his native state of dignified leisure" he bathes every morning, and indulges plentifully in rude cosmetics, both for his body and his ebon head-ring, but in service he has to be watched and admonished. Only the men hire themselves out: the women are too valuable in their own kraals to be spared for stranger uses; but the men do all kinds of household work with willingness, if not with zeal or industry. They carry heavy burdens—as post-bags and good-sized bales—convey money through lonely parts and never lose or misplace a halfpenny; and the youths and boys make the most careful and tender nurses imaginable. They may often be seen sitting in the verandah, feeding a little fair Anglo-Saxon baby with pap, as cleverly as any old nurse in England would have done. They can be taught to iron, after some trouble, and one Kafir was caught ironing the flounces of his mistress's dress, when at every shake he gave the voluminous folds he looked curiously at them and uttered the national "Wow!" which means everything possible to human speech.

But this half-tamed, half-taught servant soon gets restless, and rushes off to his kraal for a spell of native enjoyment. One night he may have gone to bed as usual, coiled up anywhere on his skin, with his head on a log for a pillow; the next morning he is off to his cows and his wives, rich in the white man's silver pennies, to earn which he has given up part of his very life. Generally he will return after a time—almost always if he has been treated kindly, and if his master is a well-dressed gentleman who does nothing menial, is gentle in manner, and liberal in dealing, who neither oppresses him nor is familiar, but is every inch the inkosi, or lord; he will seldom return if he has had a brutal or a familiar master, who has not respected himself, and therefore has not earned his servant's respect. Such a master is only an inja, or dog. For, every one is either lord or dog with the Kâfir; and, while he honours the one as his chief, he ridicules the other unmercifully, and manages to hit on a contemptuous yet descriptive epithet for him.

Natal lies just outside the tropical zone, where the palms disappear and evergreens are plentiful, where the days are nearly equal in length and the seasons in intensity, where, in the midst of winter, come backward gleams of summer with green leaves and brilliant flowers; and where, often in the summer-time, fall shreds and patches of the severest winter weather. In fact, the seasons, like the ground, are broken up and jumbled together, and different growths crop out in all unexpected ways, and puzzle every one to know how to class them. The longest day is only fourteen hours, the shortest ten; while ours is sixteen and a half for the longest, and seven and a half for the other. The winter in Natal begins in April and ends in September, with an average temperature of sixty-nine degrees; but sometimes the thermometer ranges as high as ninety degrees. The average highest temperature for the three coldest months is 69.3 degrees; the average lowest, at night, 47.7 degrees. In summer there are tremendous storms, with the most brilliant lightning, strangely varied both in shape and in colour. Sometimes, like ribands of light, quivering against the dark grey sky; sometimes, broad flashes of flame, they blaze upward, spreading wider and fiercer as they go; sometimes, there is a radiating star of flame; sometimes, a garland or wreath circling the heavens; and all of the most exquisite and gorgeous colours—amethyst, ruby, turquoise, and sapphire, burning fiery red and palest rose, pearly white, and dead dull leaden grey. Lightning in Natal is in itself worth a journey to the colony, for nothing more beautiful of that kind is to be found under heaven.

Natal has a sirocco. For eight or ten hours at a time, and sometimes for eighteen, comes a hot wind from the north-west, which dries up the skin, cracks the ground into deep fissures, warps and splits wood, and does every kind of damage incidental to siroccos in their worst moods. And hailstorms rage in the summer months, with stones as big as pigeon's eggs, occasionally diversified by angular lumps too

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large to be put into an ordinary drinking glass. Those hailstorms do a world of damage, and mow down crops and fruit, like a scythe. Floods create devastations to a large amount. During one storm, the Umgeni—the River of the Entrance—rose twenty-eight feet above its level, swept over a large sugar plantation, burst across the sand flat on which D'Urban is built, and forced a passage to the inner bay. Another river rose thirty feet, and two hundred oxen were found drowned along the sea-coast within the space of ten miles. But, these are only occasional outbursts. As a rule, the climate is satisfactory. Mild, dry, genial, it is of essential service in all scrofulous and consumptive complaints; and many a man seemingly doomed in England, has become sound in wind and limb, in Natal. Diseases of the digestive organs are more frequent, and people often destroy themselves by too much exercise in mid-day.

There are various climates in the colony, and the coast line and uplands differ from each other as much as England and Madeira differ, or perhaps more. Along the seaboard there is a strip of twelve or fifteen miles in breadth, where the climate and the products are almost tropical. Stiff spiny euphorbias and club-like cactuses stand among native palms, and bananas with mammoth leaves and golden fruit; while purple and pink convolvuluses clothe them in strange fantastic garments, and monkey ropes—the slim stems of climbing mimosas—wave idly in the air from branch to branch. The ground is carpeted with some of our richest hothouse plants; and in farms and gardens may be seen large tracts of sugar-canes, fields of the white-flowered cotton-plant with its purple eye, patches of arrowroot, sweet potatoes, ground nuts (for oil), coffee-trees, papaw-trees, mangoes, lemon-trees, ginger, and cinnamon laurels, with beds of tufted pine-apples—that crowned king of fruits. For industrial purposes this tropical belt is invaluable. The emigrant who has a love for the kind of climate and production may make his fortune there, either as a cotton, a sugar, or a coffee planter; and that, it is said, without much outlay. On the uplands are the English farm-lands, where cows, sheep, and horses, are bred to perfection; where grain ripens well; and where the better kinds of European fruit flourish admirably—at least if peaches, figs, granadillas, apples, pears, quinces, almonds, and grapes, be the better kinds, and to be cherished with care. In the midlands, come the dairy farms, very productive, but not yet thoroughly well worked; fields of mealies, or Indian corn; patches of buck-wheat, bearded-wheat, and rye; plenty of good timber; with lemons and guavas, pomegranates, peaches, oranges, bananas, figs, quinces, bamboos, and loquats, in all the gardens; and the rose, as a hedge, blossoming all the year round.

Natal is a good place for the emigrant who is not afraid of work, and for the emigrant's wife who is clever and capable—not a fine lady. Many a man who landed penniless, is now the owner of farms and trek (draught) oxen; and others, who went out as servants, are now masters in their turn, with servants under them. One day-labourer, from the Eastern Counties, went out with a gentleman, whom he left after two years' service in Natal. His former employer in England, hearing of this, sent him a message, saying that he would be glad to have him back, and would give him constant employment if he would return. The man's answer was, "Tell my master if he will come out here to me, I will make him a free gift of five hundred acres of land, all for himself."

Dr. Mann closes his valuable and delightful work with a few hints to emigrants and their wives. He advises them to take out only money, and nothing to sell, as they would probably either overstock, or mistake the taste of, the market; he advises them to take no furniture, save, perhaps, an iron bedstead or so; not too many clothes, but pieces of calico, chintz, holland, &c.; plenty of strong, stout, serviceable boots and shoes. Also, to supply themselves with a good stock of simple domestic medicines; and, above all, to carry with them stout arms and a brave heart, ready hands, good temper, courage, industry, and perseverance. With these, according to Dr. Mann, any one may make his fortune in Natal, live like a gentleman, and leave a fine property to his children.

LAKE AND WATERFALL.

The steep and rugged cliffs,
The lake, the dark wood sighing,
Like deep reflection seem,
Profound and calmly lying.

And there, with thundering roar,
Between the rocks wild gushing
Like to the hardy act,
The waterfall is rushing.

Thou shouldst, like yonder lake,
Reflecting, stay—deep thinking,
Then boldly, like the stream,
Rush on to act—unshrinking.

OUR SQUARE.

This is a pretty square of ours, bright, white, and new, full of porticos and columns; quite aristocratic in appearance; I may say imposing. It is one of those squares which impress you with a sense of respectability at the first glance, and I am too old a woman of the world, my dears, not to know the value of first impressions. We, the inhabitants, are charmed with our lot; and I shrewdly suspect that not many of us have ever lived in so much grandeur before. My dears, if you wish people to think well of your social condition, gently pooh-pooh your present state in favour of your past. It has a grand appearance, as of fallen greatness or concealed strength; and people sympathise and are awed by it. Yet, we are certainly very well off here, and I for one own, that I like the porticos and the columns, the twisted iron railings, ornamented architraves, plaster baskets, and all the outward signs and symbols of splendour, which it has pleased the architect and our landlord to give us. They look so well!

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We have a few drawbacks; yes, that cannot be denied. We are damp and draughty, and I doubt the drains, and question the healthiness of the soil; but one must have something, you know; and a grand outside does compensate one for many out-of-sight annoyances. The greatest annoyance to me, however, is the children. We are overrun with children. Surely we are a rabbit warren in process of transformation; for every house, excepting my own and one or two others, teems with little folks, from the apoplectic baby in fluffy white legs to the ungainly schoolboy with arms too long for his sleeves, and ankles far below his trousers.

In spite of our grandeur of appearance, we have strange people among us in our square; and I, an unmarried lady of a certain age—the granddaughter of a dean, and with an ancestral bishop hanging up in the dining-room, I, with aristocratic traditions floating through my family, and claiming a profound acquaintance with the best of breeding, I ought to be held a pretty good judge of the quality of my associates; and I say that some of us are equivocal enough. I will tell you, my dears, what we are all like, and then you can judge for yourselves. Here, draw your chairs a little nearer; it is so vulgar to have to speak loud.

I will begin with myself, as I am entitled to do. I am a single lady of a certain age, as I said; of good family, and of sufficient, but by no means extravagant income. I was called handsome in my time; but that was long ago, for I am not ashamed to confess my age. Why should I be ashamed to say that I am fifty-five? I am strong and active, and have excellent health; and why should I desire the reputation of greater youth? Do you think I covet the admiration of men? I had enough of it in my time, perhaps; but that is no matter. I trust I am too wise now for follies of this sort, my dears. I leave them to young simpletons like yourselves, who believe that candles are stars, and go on fluttering and fluttering till you singe yourselves to rags, and die, suffocated in a dirty bath of boiling tallow. And that you call falling in love.

I have nothing to complain of in my life; the servants, and the tradespeople, and those dreadful children in the square, and the undesirable people one meets with there on a summer's evening, are about the whole of my miseries. But I am a pretty fair match for my servants, and do not let them cheat me very much; and as for the tradespeople, I generally go to market myself, every day, and I should not like to be in the place of the man who attempted to deal me out light weights. I know they call me mean, but I say that right is right, and being robbed forms no part of right. At all events, I have the best of the argument, my dears, for I keep my money, and remember the proverb about laughing and winning. Perhaps I have said enough now for you to understand what I am like—an unmarried lady with two maids, three dogs, a parrot, a pair of Java sparrows, two amadavats, and an Angora cat; a little sharp in temper at times, and not easily taken in; very strict in morals, and with an unspeakable loathing for all your flirting, dressy misses in their balloons and impudent little hats, who strut up and down the square with their short red petticoats stuck out like opera dancers' skirts, and their flaunty gowns looped up in D'Aulnoy festoons over them. But I am a lady; and that is not what every one can say of herself.

I am not fortunate in my immediate neighbours. Opposite I have a family who worry my life out by their finery and vulgarity. The mother and her three daughters—ranging from the ages of twelve to eighteen—are for ever parading the square with their hideous crinolines and little pert hats with streaming feathers, looking singularly unlike rational women of wholesome domestic life. The mother decks herself like a parrot in all colours, and sticks a plume on the top of her bonnet, like a cockatoo's crest. I have seen the milkman's dirty little children gaping after them as after so many May-day queens. The man—I will not call him gentleman—is a soap-boiler, and overflowing with fat and money. They are odious people altogether, vulgarly fashionable—don't you know?—insolently wealthy. They are always visiting, or with company at home; and, in the summer evenings, they come and sit out on the balcony like a crowd of butterflies, in all sorts of incongruous colours, laughing so that the whole square can hear them. Now, is not this distracting, my dears, and have I not the right to complain? To be sure, people do say that they are good-natured; but vulgar people always are good-natured. It is only your high blood that has nerves and sensibilities; and, indeed, whenever I hear of any one being remarkably amiable, I set him down as of necessity a vulgarian without redemption. My soap-boilers bear out my theory. They are notoriously frank and hospitable, give largely to charities, and spoil their servants in the most disgusting manner; besides, harbouring quite a nest of beggars at all times round their door. But would they dress as they do, would they laugh as they do, and troop about in such ostentatious jollity, if they were not the vulgarest of the vulgar? And do you think that a few pence given here and there, or a little stupid good nature can atone for such a fault as this? No, my dears, and no lady could think otherwise. We must stand by our order, and not suffer ourselves to be betrayed into accepting anything lower, because it is good-natured. Remember that!

Next door to these dreadful people live others just as dreadful; indeed more so, if that were possible: my only consolation in the whole affair being that none of these horrors live on my side of the way. My own immediate neighbours, thank goodness, are respectable enough, if disagreeable, and would scorn any likeness to the creatures I have mentioned. And when you have taken a house, young ladies, you, too, will find that there *is* something in having decent and proper people for your side neighbours. There is a feeling of contamination from the misdeeds

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of "next-door," which no opposite degradation can give. Well, as I said, side by side with the prosperous red-faced soap-boiler, lives another tradesman, retired, and in evil circumstances. The man, they say—you know one hears everything in a small place like this—is over head and ears in debt, yet lives well, spares no expense, and flourishes about on Sundays as fine as chains, and broadcloth, and two-horsed broughams can make him. In short, he is the scandal and the spectacle of the whole neighbourhood. As I sit a good deal at the window, and they immediately face me, I see the whole drama pass, in uninterrupted scenes and acts, before me; and a very sad and disgraceful drama it is, one which I think could be prevented by law. What business have such people in such a square as ours? The impudence and presumption of the man! Sometimes things go hard with our debtor, and then as many precautions are taken as if the house was besieged by an enemy. The dustman climbs over the area railings for his dust-heap, for not a cranny is left open that a mouse might creep through with a writ in its paws; the butcher-boy delivers his legs and his loins, and the laundress hoists up her bundles by the same way; and the dirty servant-girl is kept perpetually running up and down those dirty stone steps, carrying messages from the duns to the master, and from the master back again to the duns. When people grow very importunate, and stamp and rave, as they do sometimes, and will not be put off with the servant, the wife, who seems to have all the disagreeable work to do, flings up the dining-room window, and holds a parley; but no one ever gets any satisfaction, so far as I can see, though somehow they all disperse at last. Very often, quite a crowd of duns are hanging about the house at once; and it is curious, though very shocking, to watch their different ways and manners. Some are humble and beseeching—and these, for the most part, are careworn women in limp gowns and faded shawls, or men with the seams of their coats worn threadbare, and their hats battered and forlorn; others, generally well-dressed, substantial-looking people, get violent, and do a great deal of gesticulation—these are the people to whom the wife is sent, as evidently needing management and propitiation. Others, again, look downcast and sullen, and will not take an answer, but linger about the steps in a kind of brutish desperation, as if they expected the very stones to relent, and turn themselves up in golden sovereigns to pay their bills. Yet even these men I have seen mollified and got rid of by a timely glass of something, handed over the area railings. Then strange-looking men come lounging at the corners of the square; men with blue or red neckerchiefs tied in an odd way, and who look anything but respectable in such a place as ours. These, they tell me, are sheriff's officers, waiting for our retired tradesman in difficulties, and ready to pounce upon him if he so much as shows the crown of his sleek bald head outside the door. But he gives them no chance. Whoever is admitted into the house is admitted by himself alone. He carefully reconnoitres the enemy through the stencilled glass panels of his hall door, and if unwelcome or unknown, tumbles back into the darkness, like a pantomime clown. If safe, he opens just a foot wide of the door, and the visitor rushes in, as into a trap, and then a bang, which echoes through the whole square, announces that my gentleman has outwitted the Queen's Bench for the thousandth time. In the summer, on Sunday mornings, before the carriage and its two white horses dash up to the door, and while the luxurious breakfast is preparing, he rushes out into the street, with his crimson-lined dressing-gown streaming behind him, and his little girls running about without their hats or cloaks. I have spoken seriously to the landlord about this disgraceful exhibition, but he only laughs. I have no patience with these men! They cling together like barnacles, or mussels, or anything else unpleasant, and uphold each other in everything.

On the other side of the soap-boiler lives a person of whom I can scarcely bring myself to speak, my dears; and, indeed, perhaps I had better pass her over in silence altogether. She is the ugliest feature of our whole square, yet she is a very fine-looking woman, very gay, and, some say, handsome. I confess I do not think so myself. She wants distinction of appearance, and distinction goes further with me than mere vulgar beauty. She is an odious creature, my dears, and a key of the gardens should not have been allowed her. I always make a point of leaving them the instant she enters, and so do all my friends; but she never takes the hint, though I scowl at her dreadfully, but she sweeps up and down the broad walks, with her shawl trailing on the ground, and her wide skirts brushing the flower-beds, and is generally accompanied by one or two gentlemen—the creature!—though I believe her wicked story of her husband in India, and the rest of it, is all false.

Then we have an artist's family: upon my word, one of the most annoying of all. Strange, outré, eccentric people are they—not exactly vulgar, but so extraordinary! The man wears a black velvet coat, broad leafed hat with peaked crown, and is almost smothered in a huge brown beard and moustache, with which it pleases him to conceal his native ugliness. For I contend that he must be ugly: every man must be ugly who disguises himself in this manner. No one who was even tolerably well-looking would consent to wear a mask which put him on a level with the most repulsive-looking individual in the kingdom. There, my dears, I never knew a man able to answer that argument! The wife is a tall, finely proportioned woman, who dresses like an old-fashioned picture. The other day she came out into the square in a Katherine and Petruchio gown, with slashed sleeves tight to her wrist, small hat and feather, ruffled throat, and without a shred of crinoline. Now I do not like the soap-boilers' crinoline, but the lanky grace of Mistress Gum and Gamboge was too much! Of course every one stared at her;

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but she did not seem to mind that. I suppose she thought herself handsome, and marched about the gardens looking more like an actress than a West-end lady. She dresses her children, too, like pictures, without reference to chronology. A few of the younger—they are legion—wear what these foolish people call the Gainsborough hair, cut straight over the forehead, and hanging down in stupid curls upon the shoulders; and all have long, wild elf-locks that I long to clip into decency. The other day the youngest child, a creature just able to walk, was brought out dressed like a King Charles Cavalier. Conceive the folly! It looked like a dancing-dog or a monkey at a fair, in its little blue velvet cape, which didn't cover it—how could it when it was half off?—trunk hose, ruffled white boots, and feathered hat looped up with what I suppose was the drop of madame's pearl earring. The creature's hair was long and curled; and in this guise the unfortunate monkey paraded up and down the square, with two little sisters in festooned petticoats and smart hats, all on one side, like the D'Aulnoy shepherdesses again. Had the idiots been giving a fancy ball, I wonder? But if they had, what a shame to make these little helpless creatures so ridiculous! The eldest girl is about fifteen, and a pretty, well-mannered girl enough. She had been something of a favourite with me, from the graceful way in which, one day, she ran after me with my handkerchief, that I had dropped on the grass. She seemed to me as if she might have been made a superior kind of person; and her fresh face, with its frank smile, quite impressed me. Yes, I had liked the child, and would have been kind to her; I intended to be so, but yesterday, as I tell you, there was the mother as Katherine and Petruchio, the two little girls all in flowers and chintz, like China shepherdesses, the baby a King Charles, and Miss Rosa was Dolly Vardon. Add to this assemblage of vile taste the man in his velvet coat and Hungarian hat, smoking a cigar, and I put it to the collective sense of you all, was this the kind of thing to be encouraged?

Further up is a mysterious house. I have not been able to penetrate even the outside crust of the story or tragedy which hangs over it. All I know is, that something dreadful is going on there, but what, I cannot make out. The people keep only one servant, dress shabbily, never open the drawing-room shutters, and seem to me to live in the kitchen. They have one child who looks seared and half starved, and whom I see them snatch away with quite brutality of manner, if she is looking out of the window, or running up the street too far in front of them. The woman is a pale, weary, desolate-looking creature, with an eternal cold in her head; the man, a surly, shabby wretch, who might be a forger, or a coiner, or a political spy, or a murderer, or perhaps all of them together, and something more. He is out a good deal, leaving early and returning late; but his wife seldom goes from home. The servant is a young slipshod girl, and has the same seared look as the child; and she is never suffered to go out alone. She seems to me to be a prisoner, and not over well treated either. What can they have taken the house for? They do not occupy one half of it; they do not look as if they could pay the rent; and they are evidently of quite a different class and order to anything which *we* should consider fitting to such a neighbourhood. What are the sobs and moans we hear at night? I have opened my window in summer on purpose to listen, and have heard the weeping quite plainly across the square. What is the mystery? for, sure as I am here, there is a terrible mystery somewhere—perhaps a crime—and one never knows, in London, what may be going on among one's next door neighbours. At all events, these people have, evidently, no business in such a place as this, and I wish that they would go; for I expect that some day we shall see "Our Square" figuring in the Police Reports.

These are the only out-of-the-way people that we have: and I think they are enough. For the rest, there is a pert lawyer with a very tall hat, who lives two doors from me, and always makes a point of asking after my health; which I take to be an unwarrantable liberty. His house is distressingly neat and clean, and I am sure that his prim little wife does half the work. As for the children, they look as if just stepped out of band-boxes. If they would but laugh and run about like other children—but no, they always look as if afraid of spoiling their new frocks. People never can be moderate in anything—they either let their children run wild, like colts or leopard cubs, or they curb them into tame mice. The lawyer is evidently thriving. He goes down to business in a hideous gig, and his wife walks out with vulgar scrupulousness as to shoes and boots. Still I must repeat, I believe she helps to clean the house, and, indeed, if I must tell the truth, my housemaid told me so, and told me, too, that she was only an innkeeper's daughter, and that they have both risen from nothing. I was sure of it before I knew it. They have pleb stamped on every feature.

Next door to me, and between me and the lawyer, lives an old admiral; blind in one eye, lame, and deaf, and the most passionate, ill-tempered person that ever lived. I can hear him storming and swearing (for the walls are thin), and stamping his wooden leg heavily on the floor, frightening his servants and children, like a tornado broken loose. One day I sent in my compliments on a card, and begged him not to make quite so much noise the next time he found it necessary to rebuke his children. I was not very well that day, and perhaps a little out of temper, but I would do the same thing again. I was standing at the door, waiting for Jane to return, and I heard him say, with such an oath, my deare, quite shocking! that I was a cat; yes, actually an old cat, and the magpie and mischief-maker of the place. As I could not be a cat and a magpie at once, I sent back Jane with a recommendation to the admiral "to study natural history before

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he again presumed to send ladies ornithological remarks." Since then the old gentleman has been somewhat quieter, but he frowns or makes some rude grimace when I meet him out in the square gardens; but I have the advantage, for I have kept my temper and he hasn't.

A lady's school; a family church-mad—always at church twice a day during Lent, and once every day besides, while fast days and holidays seem wholly spent in church; for my part, I wonder they don't take blankets and pillows and sleep there—and a pretty fair sprinkling of ordinary, well-conducted people, make up the rest of our square.

Now let us have tea. Ring the bell, Miss Emma—not too loud, else you will rouse the birds. Jane, bring up tea; and don't make it so absurdly strong as you did the last time these young ladies were here.

THE CARNESECCHI CORNER.

In the old central part of Florence there is a spot still familiarly known as the "Canto de' Carnesecchi"—the Corner of the Carnesecchi family. There are many instances of localities similarly called in Florence from the well-known names of the old families who once had their palaces there; and though these races may have been long since extinct, it cannot be said that "their place knows them no longer," for the spots so designated are generally to the present day better known to the genuine Florentine by those names, than by the more legitimately recognised title of the streets in which they are situated. In the present instance the Canto de' Carnesecchi serves to commemorate the very ancient and long since extinct family of the Carnesecchi.

A work on Tuscan antiquities, published in 1798, tells us of this ancient race, that it had furnished to the magistracy of the city forty-nine "Priori," or presidents, of whom the first held office in 1297; and eleven "Gonfalonieri," or chief magistrates of the republic, of whom the first served in 1358. The author proceeds to give a long list of other magistracies, honours, and distinctions which had rendered the family illustrious, and then concludes his article as follows: "Especially worthy of memory among the illustrious members of this family is the priest Piero, son of the senator Andrea, the son of Paolo. He, from his youth up, applied himself to learning, and became one of the most celebrated men of letters of his day. Having embraced the ecclesiastical career, he obtained various benefices. He was, besides, apostolic protonotary, as well as governor of Tivoli, and commander of the fortress there. He served Pope Clement the Seventh as first secretary, and had the honour of being treated by him as a familiar friend, and of very frequently sitting at his table. He obtained, in 1533, a canonry in the metropolitan church of Florence; and, when Paul the Third ascended the Papal throne, he was named one of his secretaries. This illustrious ecclesiastic died in 1567."

We have nothing to add to our author's statement of the learning of Carnesecchi, and of the distinction it obtained for him, save that it is corroborated by many writers. His preferment under Clement the Seventh and his intimacy with that pontiff, together with a full and accurate acquaintance with the court of Rome resulting from the office he held in it, may be noticed as remarkable preparations for the sequel of his career. There was nothing surprising at that time in his holding high office under Clement. He was of a noble Florentine family, which had always adhered to the fortunes of the Medici in their various vicissitudes. He was an ecclesiastic, of high reputation for business, talent, and learning. And these qualifications were sufficient to ensure profitable employment at Rome during the pontificate of the Medicean Pope Clement the Seventh. If men *did* say that Pietro Carnesecchi had some queer and fantastic notions respecting certain matters of religious doctrine, Clement was not the man to let any such trifle stand in the way of his patronising and employing a political adherent, who was also a very clever fellow. The probability is, however, that men said very little about any such matter in those days. Would Lord Palmerston object to make a man attorney-general because he held some special notions on the subject of entomological classification? Was not Clement's very particular crony, counsellor, and banker, Filippo Strozzi, not only a notorious free-thinker, if not an utter unbeliever, but such an open and habitual scoffer, that he could not restrain his wicked wit even at the table of the Pope himself, so that Clement had to look another way, and cry "Fie! fie!" while he laughed in his beard? It is true, this tolerant and easy-going pope starved to death in a horrible dungeon in Castle St. Angelo, the wretched friar Benedetto da Foiano for certain unorthodox preachings: he himself, the pope, finding time amid the cares of state to give daily orders for the gradual diminution of the miserable man's pittance of bread-and-water, till he died at the end of prolonged agonies, such as no less scientifically imagined mode of taking away life could have produced. But then the friar of Foiano had preached republicanism to the Florentines, and this was a heresy that Clement the Seventh could *not* stand. As for the rest, those were the days when elegantly erudite cardinals and bishops shrugged their shoulders over the barbarism of the Vulgate, and were serious over the Tusculan disputations. A dash of infidelity, in those days, was rather the mode at Rome.

Clement died, and that fine old Roman nobleman, "all of the olden time," Farnese, as Paul the Third, succeeded him in 1534: gradually a change, from mere tithe-and-tax-eating paganism to somewhat more ecclesiastical tendencies, began to come over the spirit of Mother Church. Not that the fine old octogenarian Roman nobleman had any prejudices of his own in favour of bothering a crotchety scholar of good family about any little peculiarities in his

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creed. He was too much one of the olden time for that. But times are changing, you see! There is the council, which cannot by any possibility be staved off any longer. And really those troublesome Germans are making such a pother! And Charles the Fifth is talking disagreeable things about Church reform. It really is absolutely necessary to do a little respectability. So Paul the Third made cardinals of a whole bunch of the—really—most blameless and most earnest men he could find in the Church. The Romans rubbed their eyes, and began to think that the Church must truly be in danger when such strong measures were deemed necessary.

But in 1540 we find Carnesecchi getting into very dangerous company at Naples. He became intimate there, with the notorious Giovanni Valdez, a Spaniard, who did more, perhaps, than any other one man to infect Italy with heresies of the most "insinuating" and pernicious kind. He was a layman, too. As if a layman had any business to be troubling his head about how he was to be saved! Your easy-going, live-and-let-live infidel, who had no objection to a fat bishopric in commendam for himself or his son, who was content with a merry wink exchanged now and then with his good friends of the cloth, and a fie-fie joke under the rose—he was a good fellow enough in his way, and quiet old Mother Church was quite content to give wink for wink, and let him go to perdition as he would. But this pestilent fellow Valdez was always boring about his "justification!" He was the viceroy's secretary, too, which made the matter more annoying. And, moreover, he was an exceedingly pleasant and gentlemanlike man, an elegant scholar, by no means averse either in principle or practice to the rational enjoyment of life and its blessings, exceedingly popular among the cultivated nobles of that brilliant court—at that time the most intellectual in Italy, and, above all, especially, a favourite among the ladies, confound him! A pretty state of things, when high-born dames, instead of amusing their leisure with Boccacio and smilingly accepting from their smiling father confessor a penance of six Ave Marias, to be repeated in expiation of that naughty pastime, began to ask him questions about justification by faith! Your Gallio-like heretics the Church could, or thought she could, in those days afford to disregard; but your pious heretic was intolerable! Then his social position and talents made this Valdez an influential man; and he had gathered about him in the gay and brilliant but not unlettered court of Naples, a little school of more or less gifted men, all infected with the same "abominable leprosy." A friend of his it was, who wrote that celebrated treatise "On the benefits of the death of Christ:" which of them, the most persevering researches of modern times have failed to discover. It was an exposition of the doctrine of "justification by faith," adapted to popular use. Its success was immense. It is known that many thousands of copies of it were circulated in all parts of Italy. And, of all the indications of the successful vigour with which the terrible Fra Michele, first as inquisitor and then as pope, cleared Italy of heresy, perhaps the most striking and extraordinary is the fact that no single copy of this once popular book is known to exist. We are apt to imagine that any writing once committed to the safe-keeping of type, and disseminated in large quantities, *must* be secure against the chances of destruction. But, in so flattering ourselves, we reckon without taking into account the energies and perseverance of a Fra Michele. The little book was burned in vast piles in the market-places of the cities by thousands at a time.

The Church-in-danger tocsin, which was soon to put a new class of popes on the throne, had not yet rung out. And Carnesecchi, all canon and papal secretary as he was, could indulge in a little speculative heresy in good company, without serious inconvenience. But the malady seems to have grown upon him. The new thoughts seem to have occupied his mind more and more to the exclusion of other interests; and the fact reflects the general advance which the new ideas were making in the best minds of Italy. In 1541 we find him residing at Viterbo, again in the midst of a select little society all of his way of thinking.

A singular feature of that day in Italy was the existence of a very notable band of ladies of the highest birth and rank, all gifted, all celebrated for their beauty, all more or less remarkable for literary culture, and all suspected of heretical tendencies: all, as a contemporary writer phrases it, lame of the same foot. There was Vittoria Colonna. There was the lovely and fascinating Giulia Gonzaga. There were Lavinia della Rovere Orsini, and Teodora Sauli. And last, and not least in importance, there was Renée Duchess of Ferrara; though poor Renée must be excepted as to the personal beauty which characterised others of this blooming band of heretics. With all these ladies, our unorthodox canon was in more or less constant correspondence. The thing began to be unpleasantly talked about. It was "making himself too particular" to be thus the centre of a circle of heretics wherever he went. And we cannot but agree with the Church writers who complain that it was very provoking to see a man living in Rome—for he returned thither, it seems, from Viterbo, under the very noses of the Sacred College—and spending the revenues of very abundant Church preferment in furnishing means to declared enemies to the Church to enable them to betake themselves to that hotbed of perdition, Geneva, there to hear, as they audaciously said, the Gospel preached; which they could not hear at Rome. Was it to be expected that Mother Church could endure to see her children thus forwarded on their road to certain eternal perdition, and that, too, with her own money.

At last Canon Pietro Carnesecchi was cited by that fine old Roman nobleman, Pope Paul the Third, to give an account of his opinions, and purge himself of the suspicion of heresy. He

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could not be deemed an ascetically severe man, that fine octogenarian Roman nobleman, Pope Paul the Third. So, when the noble patrician Florentine canon appeared at his summons, and in answer to all accusations of unorthodox leanings, declared, in a general way, that it was all a mistake, and protested that he was a very dutiful and affectionate son of his Holiness, what could a fine old gentleman, all of the olden time, do, but say that he was extremely glad to hear it, that he doubted not it was all a mistake, and that it gave him much pleasure to confer upon the reverend canon Pietro Carnesecchi full absolution, and apostolical benediction. For the Church-in-danger bell had not rung out yet.

Notwithstanding the satisfactory termination of his first little misunderstanding with the apostolical successor of St. Peter, Canon Pietro Carnesecchi deemed it advisable to cease residing in Rome. Comfortably provided with ecclesiastic revenues, he started on a little heretical tour; passed some time in France; and visited other places, notorious for the gathering together of heretics. In 1552 he returned to Italy, but not to Rome. He passed some time at "Padua the learned," and resided awhile at Venice, and in both these cities specially frequented the society of those who were known to favour the "new" opinions, and kept up a continual correspondence with more decided heretics in other countries. And things were changed in Italy since Carnesecchi had received his absolution from Paul the Third and started on his travels. A very different Paul, the fourth of the name, had recently ascended the Papal throne, in 1555, while Carnesecchi was still at Venice. The Church was by this time thoroughly alarmed. The omnipresent Inquisition was watching the "purity of the faith" with lynx-eyed vigilance in every city in Italy. Paul the Fourth, that fierce old Caraffa, was continually stimulating the emissaries of the Holy Office to greater severity, and demanding hecatombs of heretics. A very much less overt case of heretical taint than that of Carnesecchi would, in those days, have sufficed to draw down the thunders of the Vatican. Thus, in 1557, Canon Pietro Carnesecchi was once more cited to appear at Rome, and answer to the accusation of rank heresy. But he was well aware that he had a very different pope to deal with, now, and a very different spirit in the Roman court generally. And he judged that this time it would be wise not to approach any nearer to the long sweep of the pontifical arm. He disobeyed the citation, was judged by contumacy, and pronounced a rebel to the Church, and a heretic. It was well for him that he was then under the valid protection of the Queen of the Adriatic. No other Italian government of that day, probably, would have hesitated an instant to give him up to the angry pope. Venice was at all times less obsequious to Roman encroachments on her sovereign authority, than any other state of Italy.

In 1559 Paul the Fourth died, and was succeeded by the weak and timid Pius the Fourth, whose principal object was to keep things quiet, and give as little offence to anybody as might be. Under this pope, Carnesecchi thought he might venture back to his native Florence. Cosmo the First was then reigning there: a politic and long-headed tyrant, to whose influence in the conclave, Pius in great measure owed his elevation. This Cosmo was one of the worst of a bad race, whether looked at as a sovereign or a man. His influence on Tuscany was such and so lasting, that it would be worth while to attempt a somewhat complete portraiture of the prince who earned for himself the title of the Tuscan Tiberius, were it not that to do so would require more space than we can at present afford to the subject. Suffice it to say compendiously, that as a sovereign, the great object of his reign, pursued skilfully, perseveringly, and successfully, was the demoralisation and enervation of the people he reigned over; the reduction of them from the stout, turbulent, independent, spirited republicans they were when he came to the throne, to docile, effeminate, cowed slaves, prepared to be the subjects of a line of tyrants. This was Cosmo's work as a sovereign. As a man, his conduct was stained by the most hideous crimes and profligacy. But he was a great lover of respectability. A decent exterior and a veil of impenetrable thickness to hide the reality, was the maxim of Cosmo, and of most of his successors. He was an exceedingly pious prince, and at all times stood well with the Church—as was especially desirable to one who had so much need of the Church's *loosing* offices. The great ambition of his life was to be made, from being Duke of Florence, Grand-Duke of Tuscany. This he hoped to obtain from his good friend the pope; and would have obtained it with little difficulty from Pius the Fourth, had it not been that there were difficulties in the way, arising from the opposition of the emperor, who maintained that the making of dukes into grand-dukes formed no part of his powers. And Pius the Fourth was not one of those who could act in defiance of the emperor. For such a man, Cosmo had to wait till the next pope mounted the throne.

Meantime, the weak and yielding Pius the Fourth could not refuse to his good friend and supporter Cosmo, such a small matter as the absolution of a heretic. Carnesecchi, as has been said, had thought he might safely venture to Florence, as soon as Pius the Fourth ascended the throne. He had always been, as well as his fathers before him, an adherent of the Medici. He had been personally favoured with the friendship of Cosmo; and under these circumstances he had little difficulty in obtaining, as he had expected, his absolution from infallible Pius the Fourth, notwithstanding his condemnation by the equally infallible Paul the Fourth. He boldly went to Rome, with a good word of recommendation from his patron Cosmo, and returned fully "reconciled" to forgiving Mother Church. He was wont even on his return, as ecclesiastical writers recount with extreme indignation and disgust, to speak "with laughter!" of the absolution.

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The merriment lasted all the time of the incumbency of Pius the Fourth. With the plenary absolution of the Church in his pocket, Canon Carnesecchi laughed his laugh, kept up his correspondence with Italian heretics in all parts of Europe, lived hand-and-glove with the "tainted ones" in his own city, and was often to be seen at Cosmo's table.

But in 1566 Pius the Fourth died. And who should be elected to succeed him but that terrible Fra Michele the Inquisitor—he under whose inquisitorship Carnesecchi had been condemned during the papacy of Paul the Fourth!* Surely the canon must have turned pale when the news of this election was brought to Florence. Surely had he been wise he would have lost not a moment in putting the Alps—ay, and the ocean—between him and that terrible friar, now grown to be Pope Pius the Fifth. Probably he trusted in his plenary absolution, and in the protection of his powerful patron Cosmo. How grimly the old Inquisitor would have smiled, had he been told that a once-condemned heretic thought so to escape from his hands. Duke Cosmo protect a heretic! Has he no longer any desire, then, to be made grand-duke?

A few months after his elevation, the new inquisitor pope wrote a letter to Duke Cosmo, and sent it by the hand of no less a man than the Master of the Sacred Apostolical Palace. "Beloved son, and noble sir," writes the zealous and austere pope to the blood-stained profligate duke, in very apostolical, but not very classical, Latin, "we send you the Master of our Sacred Apostolical Palace, on a business which in the highest degree concerns the service of the Divine Majesty and the Catholic religion. He will present to you this our letter. And were it not for the exceeding heat of the weather—(the letter is dated the 20th of July)—we should have entrusted this commission to Cardinal Paceco himself, so earnestly have we the matter at heart, and so important do we consider it. You may receive the communication of the above-mentioned Master of the Palace with as much confidence, as if we ourselves were speaking face to face. And may God so bless you as we give you from our heart our apostolical benediction!"

This letter was handed to Duke Cosmo as he sat at table. The Master of the Apostolical Palace was at once admitted. An autograph letter from his Holiness could not be too much honoured by immediate attention. Besides, what could the Holy Father have to say to so excellent a son of the Church as Cosmo, that could mar the conviviality of the banquet? Canon Carnesecchi was among the guests that day. The reverend messenger's business was soon told—much, we may fancy, in the manner of that of the policeman who enters a thieves' house-of-call to tell some member of the fraternity that he is "wanted." The reverend Canon Carnesecchi is wanted at Rome on accusation of heresy! No small consternation, we may fancy, sat on the faces of those around the princely board. What answer? What was to be done? To give up a subject to Fra Michele, of terrible fame, omnipotent as sovereign pontiff, was to send him, not only to certain death, but to certain torments. But it is easy to elude, if not to refuse, the demand. A gracious reception, an answer on the morrow, &c., and the hideous treason to humanity may be avoided. The accused may in an hour or two be safe across the frontier.

But Cosmo knew well how such favours as he wanted of Rome could be won at the hands of Pius the Fifth. If doubt and consternation sat on every face around his "hospitable" board, the princely host was in no wise affected by either. His answer to the Holy Father's demand was prompt and decisive. There is the man. Take the heretic from among us; and tell the Holy Father that "if he had demanded of me to give up my own son, the heir to my crown, on such a charge, I should have done it as readily!"

The words are historical. Evidently here was a man to be made grand-duke, or anything else. Pope Pius the Fifth felt the full value of such a pillar of the Church, and was keenly touched by such exemplary devotion. He returned him a letter of thanks, expressing his extreme satisfaction, and saying that it would be well indeed for the Church and the service of God if the other princes of Christendom were like him. He told him that he assuredly would never forget his good service. And the sincerity of his ferocious gratitude may be estimated from an anecdote preserved for us, of his turning to a crucifix, and uttering an earnest prayer that his life might be spared until he should have an opportunity of rewarding so pious and admirable a prince!

It would be of small interest, thank Heaven, to English nineteenth-century readers to be told the thirty-four distinct positions, proved to have been advocated by Carnesecchi, which were all pronounced to be "either heretical, or erroneous, or rash, or scandalous." It is enough to say that none of them contain aught that could not be held by a good Christian, or, indeed, aught that militates against any Church doctrine, except manifest and special abuses. Of course there could be no doubt about the result. To aggravate the unpardonable nature of the guilt proved against Carnesecchi, it was added that he had contemplated escaping to Geneva, there to wallow in heresy unrestrained. The ecclesiastical power handed him over to the secular power. The Pope, that is, as bishop, handed him over to the Pope as king; and as the former feels it incompatible with the sacred nature of his office to take away life, it was left to the latter to condemn the enemy of the former to be burned. It was intimated to him that his life would be spared, if he would retract and recant. But he refused. As he had twice before evaded Rome's persecution by declaring himself orthodox, it must be concluded, either that he had

* See volume i., page 412.

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become more earnestly and conscientiously serious in his opinions, or—which is more probable—that he had no faith in the promised mercy. A Capuchin friar was sent to convert the condemned heretic. But he came back in horror, saying that the prisoner, instead of being converted to orthodoxy, tried to convert him to heresy. Evidently a dangerous customer to meddle with, and better killed before he bit others!

Carnesecchi was executed at the end of September, 1567. The Church historian, Baronius, is extremely indignant with those who assert that he was burned alive. That historian maintains with much virtuous indignation that Rome always either beheaded or strangled her heretics before burning them. The often-described vestment called the san benito, a frock painted with flames and devils, was put on the condemned; he was affixed to the stake; the san benito was set fire to; and while this was burning, the patient was beheaded.

This was the way in which heresy was "put down" in Italy; stunned, one may say, for three hundred years. For assuredly those who know Italy now, will not believe that it was killed.

THE LEVIATHAN CHEESE.

I THINK if the liberty and the power were given me to punish my bitterest enemy, I should cause him to become a giant. I can conceive no position likely to be more fruitful of misery and annoyance to him, or more fruitful of revengeful gratification to me. He would be one of a limited, but unfortunate, tribe, whose existence must constantly remind them that they are not made to measure. At every turn in the valley of life he would find himself a huge misfit. His head would bump against the upper cornice as he came in at any ordinary door; his legs would be difficult to dispose of, under the widest dining-table; his boots would cost him double the price of any other man's boots; his sixteen-shilling trouser-maker would strike, every time his broad countenance looked in at the shop-window; his appetite would be expensive; his omnibus conductor would never see him; and his cabmen would fly from him as they do from a well-known sixpenny passenger. If he indulged in reading, and were curious about the history of his fellows, he would open one of the most melancholy pages in the whole range of personal records. The general fate of kings seems sad enough, but the fate of giants is surely sadder. Some have been struck down by inspired mannikins: some have sunk under the degrading monotony of being nothing but a constant spectacle; while others have lived only as carriers of advertising placards.

The unfortunate destiny of giants animate, is shared by giants inanimate. The wicker representatives of Gog and Magog have, ere now, been half devoured by rats; the Colossus of Rhodes was hurled down by an early earthquake; the Pyramids still exist, but only as unproductive cemeteries; the largest picture in London—the "Raising of Lazarus"—has been pining unpurchased, for years, amongst toys and parrots; and the most recent ambitious effort of joint-stock enterprise—the big ship—is little more, at present, than a disastrous experiment. Every town, and village, and country, can tell its story of some unwieldy local monster, who started into life with every prospect of a brilliant career, and ended as another example of the emptiness of human greatness. It matters little of what material this monster may have been made, for iron and wood have gone the way of flesh and blood, and stone has fallen under the inevitable doom. How, then, in the face of all this, could the villagers of West Pennard expect a happier destiny for that gigantic cheese, whose history has yet to be inserted in the archives of Somerset?

If the Queen of England had never been presented with a gigantic brown loaf (about the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight), it is more than probable that this once famous cheese would never have been heard of. The mind of West Pennard, as represented by its principal farmers, in tavern assembled, had come to the conclusion that a large loaf, without an equally large cheese, was worse than useless. As no presentation, however extraordinary, is considered too extravagant or absurd to make to the British Sovereign, the West Pennard farmers decided that an enormous cheese should be at once manufactured for royalty, and a committee was immediately formed to conduct the necessary business. An active canvass was commenced the next morning throughout the parish for contributions, and not a single farmer refused a liberal supply of milk. Some became so interested in the Leviathan Cheese that they gave their whole day's produce; and the contributions, taken together, amounted to the milk of seven hundred and thirty-seven cows.

The next step taken was to get a proper "vat" and "follower" made of solid mahogany; and the latter vessel was handsomely adorned with the royal arms. The eventful day being fixed, seven of the largest cheese-tubs in West Pennard were borrowed, the best dairywoman in the parish was selected, and the lines of the Leviathan Cheese were laid down.

A few days afterwards, when the cheese was considered sufficiently pressed, and the donors had assembled in great force to witness the launch of their property, the first hitch occurred in the life of the giant. It stuck to the sides of its mahogany dwelling, and obstinately refused to come out without being taken to pieces. A council was immediately held to consult about this unexpected difficulty, and it was resolved that the experiment should be tried of grinding the curd again, and rubbing it with dry cloths, as too much whey was considered to be the cause of the failure. This second effort was crowned with the desired success, and a real Somersetshire cheese was produced, weighing about half a ton.

The fame of this giant cheese soon spread far and wide, and many hundreds of people came

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from all parts of the county to see it. It remained under the care of the chosen dairy-woman until it was pronounced sufficiently firm to be moved; the price of admission for each visitor, in the mean time, being fixed at a shilling. At this point, one of the donors kindly offered to give up his parlour, a large and convenient room, to ripen it in, and this offer being accepted, it was removed to its new quarters, carefully bound up in its former mahogany casing to secure it from injury. The weight and size of the giant rendered it impossible to "turn" it without the aid of machinery, and an apparatus was constructed which brought this very necessary operation in cheese-making within the power of one person. Notwithstanding this invention, the rest of the farmers could not trust the handling of so valuable a prize to one man, and they assembled nearly every afternoon at the house of the keeper to watch the development of their property. As a want of hospitality is not a West Pennard failing, the host was very liberal with his best cider, and by the time the process of "ripening" was considered complete (a period of several months), the whole of his previous year's making of cider—from twenty to thirty hogsheads—had thoroughly disappeared. The number of nights on which late sounds of conviviality were heard roaring round this giant cheese are tenaciously remembered by many goodwives in West Pennard.

The cheese being now fit for presentation to her Majesty, a great meeting of shareholders was held, and a deputation chosen, consisting of three of the principal proprietors. To give this deputation greater importance, the parish factotum was elected to accompany it. That nothing might be wanting to render it worthy of the occasion, the four delegates were arrayed in new suits of clothes, made under general advice by a fashionable tailor.

The Leviathan Cheese, duly launched, was taken to London by this imposing guard of honour, and laid at the feet of her gracious Majesty. Its reception by royalty was everything that West Pennard could have wished, the only objection to the giant being its extreme youth. As it was not considered old enough to cut, her Majesty requested the delegates to take it back, and present it again at a more mature age, when she promised a donation of one hundred pounds to the poor of the giant's parish.

When the delegates returned to West Pennard, they gave a highly glowing account—in fact, many highly glowing accounts—of their reception at the palace. They spoke particularly of his Royal Highness Prince Albert in terms of the warmest admiration, and remarked, almost familiarly, that "they had never met a nicer fellow." So much did they dwell upon this portion of their narrative, that the original curiosity of their listeners and fellow-shareholders soon changed to jealousy. Knighthood was the least honour expected to follow such a reception; a prospect not at all pleasing to the general body of contributors. This feeling grew at last into open rebellion, and attempts were made to get possession of the Leviathan Cheese. A considerable reward was even offered to any one who would cut or damage it, and its trustees became so alarmed, that, at the cost of twelve pounds, they had a strong iron cage constructed for its safe-keeping, with a brilliant crown upon the top, to warn of all treasonable enemies. Not feeling secure even with this stronghold, and this emblem of authority, they caused heavy iron bars to be affixed to the windows of the room in which the caged giant was deposited; also to the mantelpiece, as some daring, disloyal chimney-sweep from Bath had undertaken to get down the chimney at night and basely earn the reward.

The three members of the deputation, omitting the factotum, resided at Sticklings, Woodlands, and East-street, and the united parish, fearing that, from the excitement and ill-feeling, the honour which seemed likely to fall upon it might be lost for ever, very wisely took the power of conferring the expected patents of nobility into its own hands; and the three farmers, under the action of the parochial will, became respectively the Marquis of Sticklings, the Duke of Woodlands, and Lord East-street. This proceeding rather increased the jealousy and activity of the opposition; and, by some means, they obtained possession of the mahogany vat and follower. Making a plaster of Paris imitation of the Leviathan Cheese, they started an exhibition in London, and kept it open for some months with considerable success. Upon this the Marquis of Sticklings, the Duke of Woodlands, and Lord East-street, having asked and gained the permission of her gracious Majesty to exhibit the real, original giant, they took a room, as all passing exhibitors used to do some ten years ago, at the Egyptian Hall. It was now the turn of the plaster of Paris party to make another move, and flying to Chancery, they obtained an injunction prohibiting the exhibition, in London, of the original Leviathan. Driven from the metropolis, the giant and its trustees went to the country, and pitched their tents, to some purpose, in several of the largest towns in Somersetshire. If the Marquis of Sticklings, the Duke of Woodlands, and Lord East-street had been ordinary showmen, with no recently acquired and extraordinary dignity to maintain a fair amount might have been realised by the exhibition of the giant; but, as they were very careful not to disgrace their titles by any display of meanness or economy, they spent all the money they received, neglected their farms, and were several hundred pounds out of pocket besides. The plaster of Paris party were also losers by the contest, their law and other expenses amounting to a nearly equal sum.

The Leviathan Cheese was ultimately taken to its old abode, the residence of the Marquis of Sticklings, where it remained until the death of that esteemed nobleman. It was then removed to the house of the Duke of Woodlands, where it rested, an unfortunate, worn-out, neglected giant, until his grace gave up farming, and took upon himself the management of the Old Down

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Inn, on the Mendip Hills. The history of the giant cheese, from this moment, becomes exceedingly obscure. Individual testimony fades away, and report—the vaguest kind of report—only stands in its place. This report asserts that the giant cheese was tried, and found lamentably wanting. Its greatest friends, after tasting it, could not conscientiously pronounce it to be first-rate. It went the way of all giants, leviathans, mammoths, and nine-days' wonders. Let us draw a veil over its wretched ending: it was given to the pigs.

Though dead, and consumed in every material sense, like many more once famous animate and inanimate giants, it still lives again in immortal verse. His grace the Duke of Woodlands composed a song about it, which he had wedded to immortal music, and which, after the fashion of Homer, he was proud of singing to himself.

WRITTEN IN MY CELL.

I SUPPOSE I write this in the desperate hope of awakening sympathy in some human heart, albeit I shall never know it. It is a dreadful thing to go to the gallows abhorred by everybody: it is a more dreadful thing to have deserved it.

Not the gallows! it is not *that* I am afraid of. When I heard the words, "To be hanged by the neck till you are dead," I could have blessed the judge for that righteous and most merciful sentence. Anything to escape from the intolerable loathing of my fellow-creatures! Yet there is not one of them who, in detestation of my crime, has less of pity for me than I myself. The thought of pain, of suffering by way of expiation, is a relief to me; I would have it crueler, more shameful, if it might be. No horror that could be inflicted, would compare with the tremendous agony of living on, after such a deed. I *must* hope, as I suppose we all do, that death will bring some change involving, if not pardon and peace, some oblivion of the unendurable present. At times, I fancy it will all prove a dreadful dream; *that I never did it.*

I set out to relate how it happened. As no eye will read this until the hand which writes it, is mouldering in the grave, I can have no object to serve but the avowed one of soliciting a grain of compassion, which, I know, can never be accorded while I live.

From my childhood, as far back as I can remember, I was of an eager, passionate nature, impulsive to a degree which would often have covered me with confusion and ridicule, but for the check of an unconquerable shyness, partly inherent, partly the result of circumstances. A plain-featured, awkward boy, a posthumous son by my mother's first marriage (she wedded again in the second year of her widowhood), my surroundings might have been happier. I was brought up strictly rather than affectionately, under the care of a stepfather. He ruled his family absolutely, but with as much justice as was consonant with a certain narrow-mindedness common to men of his stamp. I think his creed, one of the severest as regards this life and the next, intensified this defect of his nature; I am sure it did not make him, or my mother, or me, any better or happier. She had not sufficient force of character, and respected that of her husband too much to attempt or to effect any modification of it. So he had his own way in everything.

I never loved my stepfather. His relation to me had, I believe, no share in influencing my feelings; they would have been the same had he been my real father: indeed I always considered him as such. I may have taken advantage of the fact of my paternity in disobeying him in after life, but I certainly dared not do it then.

Ours was a dull household: mine was a sombre boyhood. I had plenty of repression, little love; that little bestowed timidly by my mother, the instincts of whose heart were wiser than the dictates of her husband's head. I believe her child stood paramount in her affections, and that she had given him a stepfather for his sake, rather than her own, being left very poor at her husband's decease. But she never exhibited this partiality so openly as to excite his successor's suspicion or jealousy. He might have grown kinder if he had had children of his own; but, with the exception of a baby which died in its infancy, my mother brought him none. I have heard that he seemed sorry and disappointed at this.

We lived in London, but saw little or no company, went to no parties, balls, theatres, or entertainments, my stepfather's creed and inclination disposing him against all such indulgences. He sent me to a good day-school, kept me to my tasks at home, allowed me no more play that could be prevented, and hated all books, except "serious" ones. "A pack of lies and nonsense," was his ordinary denunciation of works of fiction. I read them secretly, when the opportunity offered; they afford me almost the only pleasant retrospection I retain of my boy-days. I mention these things but in illustration of the circumstances amid which my character was formed.

Passionate, impulsive, and shy, these, I repeat, were its predominant features; the latter resulting from my comparative isolation from youth of my own age, and from a consciousness of awkwardness and plainness of feature. I was joked on both subjects by my schoolfellows until I became angrily sensitive to them, and painfully confirmed in my shame-facedness. This, and the repressive influences at home, induced a morbid habit of reserve, which my approbativeness often burst through, to my subsequent chagrin and mortification. As any indication of temper brought correction or sharp comment from my stepfather, I had additional reason for self-control, but, until manhood, I never attained much more than the semblance of it. Then it deceived people, and in some degree myself, with respect to my disposition. If none of this had been forced upon me, if my eager, ardent nature had been allowed healthy vent; if what was good within me had ripened

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in the sunshine of affection, what bad, firmly but tenderly repressed, I might, at this hour, be an honoured and happy man, instead of a condemned murderer. But God knows, and He only.

School-days over, I entered my stepfather's office. He was a solicitor in good practice. I had no inclination towards the profession, but his suggestion carried its weight of authority, my mother considered it "very respectable," and I had hardly turned my thoughts in any definite direction. It answered indifferently well, and in due time I was articled.

Coming manhood did little towards emancipating me from the restraints of home. I had scarcely any command of money; and this, with a standing requisition that I should be in-doors every night by ten o'clock, virtually debarred me from amusement abroad. Naturally, I mutinied; and, after a struggle, effected the abolition of the latter privation, and some, but no considerable, improvement in the former. Both were conceded unwillingly and after pertinacious opposition, originating a series of quarrels which, after my mother's death, terminated in the total estrangement of myself and stepfather.

She was always weak, I think constitutionally inclined to consumption, and died in my twenty-first year. Her loss affected me extravagantly, but temporarily. My stepfather's sorrow was, like himself, grave and undemonstrative.

I forgot my loss the more rapidly from a youthful passion which then occupied me for the first time. It is my intention to speak only of circumstances which had a direct influence on my character, and this boy-love may be dismissed in a few sentences.

I fell in love with a sister of one of my acquaintances: a handsome, merry girl, my senior by a year, a coquette by nature. I submitted to her whims for twelve months, when we quarrelled our last quarrel and parted. The impetuosity with which I urged my suit had overborne her original distaste for my ugliness—it was no longer mere plainness—and my earnestness frightened her. She broke off, in spite of miserable humiliation on my part, leaving me to digest the pain and mortification of it. When she hears of my deed (she married and went to India) she will think she had a happy escape. Perhaps she had.

I suffered more than common from so common an experience. It made me doubly sensitive to my defects, natural and acquired. I brooded retrospectively, nursed my wounded self-esteem into embittered egotism, yet despised myself for my recent failure. I laboured to attain self-control, and, as aforesaid, achieved at least the mask of it. At this period the alienation between myself and stepfather reached a crisis, and terminated in my withdrawal both from his office and home.

I was able to keep myself, having acquired, with a world of pains and at the exercise of an amount of patience foreign to my nature, the art of stenography; though not a proficient in the craft, I had earned money by it. Besides which, I presently began to write for magazines and periodicals, at first poorly enough, and with proportionate remuneration. Long ago, perhaps in consequence of my stepfather's prohibition, I had become an eager reader of fiction, and this, germinating in a feverish, though diseased, temperament, produced fruit of a sort which yet commanded a certain price.

Years passed, and I prospered, leading a very different life from that endured in my former home, but not a better one. My stepfather's example had disgusted me with professions of religion; I had no check of kindred or friends to restrain me from vicious indulgence, for my disposition was not calculated to attract those who could have helped me to purer pleasures, nor was it improved by pecuniary success.

That accursed shame-facedness, always my enemy, now deepened by a sense of impurity—I never went far enough to confound evil with good—impelled me to reject kindly advances made by the better sort of my own class; among the worst, I had companions, but no friends. My employers respected my intellect, but disliked me. Not to exaggerate my profligacy, let me state that it was rather spasmodic than habitual, nor ever openly defiant of the decencies of society. I lived this life for ten years. When, at times, I longed for a wife, a home, the recollection of past mortification, of present unfitness, of *my ugliness*, deterred me from seeking them. And, self-indulgence palling upon my appetite, I presently devoted myself exclusively to literary ambition.

Four years of persistence produced their results. I come now to the train of circumstances which brought me *here*.

It was at Scarborough, whither I had gone in consequence of indisposition, that chance made me acquainted with her uncle. You know whom I mean by *her*—there is no need to mention names. A watering-place intimacy sprang up between us, renewed at the uncle's request on our return to the metropolis. He was an old bachelor, fond of books and curious about authors. He invited me to his house, introduced me to his brother's family. I went there idly, out of courtesy to him, or out of curiosity. I wish I had fallen dead on the threshold!

They were hospitable people, dwelling in a pleasant house in a London suburb, with a garden and conservatory; its owner had retired from business on something more than competence. His family consisted of a son and two daughters. She was the youngest. What did I see in her that it should light up such a fire in my heart?

A girl of sixteen, with kind, thoughtful, brown eyes; soft, smooth, fair hair; and rosy cheeks. That was all. A mere girl, less than half my age, pretty, very pretty, but neither clever nor beautiful. I had looked upon scores of faces more perfect in feature, brighter in intellect, without any quickening of the pulse or more than transient admiration. Yet I saw and loved her. If I could tell how imperiously

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the passion took possession of me, how it enthralled my whole nature to the exclusion of everything but that one tyrannic idea, the crowning horror that grew out of it might be understood, if not pitied.

It began innocently enough, God knows. I went to the house, as I have said, at first in company with her uncle, then with or without him, always obtaining a cordial welcome. There was a goodness, an unaffected kindness in the little family, manifest in its mutual relations, its behaviour to friends and visitors, which won upon me in spite of my distrust of myself and others. I had never seen anything like it, never known how much of affection, of unconscious self-sacrifice, of mutual esteem and forbearance might be comprised in the one word *home*.

They were not brilliant people, nor more highly bred or educated than thousands of their class. They read books, went occasionally to the theatre, loved music, dancing, and innocent pleasures, and were glad to admit their friends to a share of them. The father, a cheery, hospitable man, liked company, and his wife saw only through his eyes. For a time, my shyness kept me in the background, but the unvarying kindness with which I was received gradually dissipated my reserve. I loved the family and felt better and happier for knowing them.

The girls often sang to us of evenings. I wonder whether I am unusually sensitive to sweet voices, that hers should have affected me as it did, waking up some unearthly responsive longing in my soul as for something I had never known, something I should never attain, which was delicious, yet exquisitely painful.

Her girlish ways, her manner as she went about her household duties or performed the little rites of hospitality, possessed an indescribable fascination for me, totally irreconcilable with reason or with my colder judgment; for, strange as it may seem, I knew her as she was, even when most under the influence of the passion which controlled me. I knew it, but had no power to break the enchantment.

She never suspected it—as how should she? I was so much her elder that she regarded me as out of the pale of those who might be attracted by her girlish beauty. To her, a girl of sixteen, I was an *odd-looking* man, a visitor, a friend of the family, nothing more. My intellectual superiority made her timid. She never dreamed of her power over me.

The touch of her hand, accidental contact with her dress, the upturned glance of her kind calm eyes, filled me with tremor; my whole nature became resonant to her presence. When I conversed, it was always with a secret hope that she would listen or reply. I never spoke to her, without a miserable desire to interest her, and a wretched sense of failure. I revolved, over and over again in my mind, the trivial words that passed between us, pondering on the tones in which she had spoken, and nursing the unrest which devoured me like a burning fever.

So it went on, day by day, week after week, for six months.

There was a handsome lad of fifteen, a schoolfellow of her brother, who came to the house, and whose fancy selected her as the object of a boyish passion: one rife with day-dreams and romance, but of no more depth or consequence than such fancies ordinarily are. I noticed it at the outset. I believe I discovered it before he himself had any distinct consciousness of the feeling. When evident to all, and something of a joke in the family, she was secretly pleased, though she affected to look down upon him as her junior—a year is a great gap in a girl's estimation. Too simple-hearted to comprehend coquetry, she yet knew she was pretty, and her admirer's passion flattered and amused her innocent vanity. I think she had no idea that anything serious would come of it, but she certainly liked and listened to him.

That tortured me. The boy was in earnest. I have said he was handsome, and the contrast between his fresh youthful face, his buoyant spirits and healthy nature, with mine, filled me with gall and wormwood. *He*, in spite of his bashfulness and blushing modesty, could find topics enough to talk about, and could interest her. There were no awkward intervals of silence between *them*. She smiled or laughed when he entered the room, and called him "Harry." I have sat, time after time, and watched them with unutterable envy and unutterable misery in my heart. I wonder now, that I restrained myself so well, but nobody suspected me—not till the dreadful end.

The family went out of town, in the month of June, to a village, eastward of London, on the border of a forest. They had humble friends there, and generally stayed at the cottage of a woman who had been her and her sister's nurse. And I and the uncle were invited to visit them at pleasure—it was barely a three hours' coach journey. In August, I did so, as it happened, alone.

I met the father in the footpath across the meadow which led to the village, on his way to town, and he — God help him! I was never again to see his face turned towards me in friendship and confidence—gave me a cheery greeting, and bade me go on and enjoy myself, promising to return at nightfall. "The girls are starting for a pic-nic in the forest," he said; "you'll be just in time."

I saw her at the window in the cottage gable, with a garland of summer flowers in her hair, laughing through the honeysuckle at those below. She smiled and nodded a welcome to me. There were not many present: her brother, sister, two cousins (girls), a country friend, and Harry. I knew he was stopping with them, yet his presence gave me a pang as if my heart had been suddenly gripped by a cruel human hand. They all seemed glad to see me, and, my respects paid to the mother, who did not care to be of the party, we set out for the forest together. In spite of his sisters' objections, their brother took with him a foolish pistol which he had, for the purpose of shooting at a mark.

Throughout that sultry summer's day, the

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sun of which was not to set without leaving on my forehead the brand of Cain, by dusty lane and green hedgerow, among the trees in the forest, Harry kept by her side, driving me mad. He was happy, very happy, for the occasion increased her natural good-humour and good spirits, perhaps her liking for her boyish lover. A fortnight of daily, almost hourly, intimacy in that idle holiday time, had naturally brought them closer together, and he, at once intoxicated by his passion and the sweet influences surrounding him, was more enamoured than ever. So he kept by her side, nobody challenging his right to that position. I see them now: he with his youthful, glowing face, all admiration and enjoyment: she, in her light dress and straw hat, her sweet eyes just raised in answer to him and a smile on her lips. One of the party jestingly called my attention to them once—as if *that* were needed.

We rambled about in the forest until noontide, and for an hour longer, presently dining in an open space where were some fallen trees and a little spring. He sat at her feet, and as much as possible engrossed her conversation. Her brother joked him on it, and I joined in the laugh. We were all very merry together, and my conduct excited no suspicion. I talked gaily, and observed her looking at me more than once in quiet surprise. Fury and despair were raging in my heart, yet I talked lightly and merrily; and, when the brother proposed that we should try our skill in shooting at an extemporised target, I bore my part like a boy amongst boys.

Tiring of this and of other sports, we rambled hither and thither. Then, I feigned drowsiness, and they left me, to come back in an hour or so, bidding me take care of our dinner baskets. The brother left his pistol; it was heavy, and he tired of his plaything. When they had all gone off among the bushes, I sat up, on a fallen tree, and loaded the weapon. I declare before Heaven, I had no thought then of the dreadful use to which I was soon to put it; I had an inclination to play with the idea of suicide.

It was fascinating, in my maddened morbid state, to put the muzzle between my teeth, and fancy what pulling the trigger would effect. I imagined it in detail. A horrible crash and a great darkness. I should be found on their return, lying beside the log, dead. How shocked they would be, how horrified! What would *she* say? Would she be sorry? How little she or any one in the world would suspect the cause of it! I should carry my secret with me into the next world; perhaps I should be at rest, and people would pity me.

The thought grew upon me, so that I rose to dissipate it: rose and strolled off among the trees, with the accursed pistol in my pocket. My hands behind me, my head bowed, my eyes on the grass, I went, walking slowly, thinking of her.

It might have been five minutes, it might have been an hour, when I heard a girl's voice, carolling merrily—a voice and song I knew well. A dizziness was in my ears, my heart throbbed tumultuously and painfully. I raised my eyes and saw her alone, coming towards me, down a footpath into which I had wandered.

She had never looked prettier or kinder. There was a rosy flush of health and exercise upon her cheek, a sweet light of love in her eyes, and a glory of afternoon sunshine streaming through the boughs upon her fair brown hair. Something told me that the boy's ardour had won, if not a reciprocation of his passion, at least an unusually favourable hearing. I turned, and we walked side by side. "Where were the others?" I asked.

"Oh, coming, but a long way behind. She had run away from them." And she laughed.

"Why?"

"They had teased her. She was glad to have met me, as I would take her part."

"And Harry?" She blushed, and, returning an evasive answer, stole a sidelong glance behind. I looked behind, too. There was no one visible.

"He loves you," I said. She blushed deeper than before, and turned her face away, and we walked on in silence for a few seconds. Then it came. "*I* love you!" I said. "Do you know what a man's love is?" And I poured forth a flood of passionate, incoherent words, such as cannot be recalled or written down, such as men sometimes utter once in a lifetime.

She listened, amazed—affrighted. There was more than that in her face. As I seized her hand and told her of my hopelessness and agony, I saw, distinctly, in the girlish countenance, a look of repugnance and aversion. She broke from me, and attempted to run away. The next moment, I stood with the discharged pistol in my hand, a little smoke curling upwards from its muzzle.

* * * * *

What need to narrate how I fled from the spot, the long red bars of sunset streaming after me through the wood, like the fires of Hell? How I longed for death, yet had not the courage to slay myself? How I gave myself up to justice for that murder, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death?

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

* * * * *

July 6th. Eight o'clock. The sun is shining in a clear sky. I have not been near my bed—I have not once closed my weary, wakeful eyes. From the same window at which I looked out into the darkness of last night, I look out, now, at the bright stillness of the morning.

I count the hours that have passed since I escaped to the shelter of this room, by my own sensations—and those hours seem like weeks.

How short a time, and yet how long to *me*—since I sank down in the darkness, here, on the floor, drenched to the skin, cramped in every limb, cold to the bones, a useless, helpless, panic-stricken creature.

I hardly know when I roused myself. I hardly know when I groped my way back to the bedroom, and lighted the candle, and searched (with a strange ignorance, at first, of where to look for them) for dry clothes to warm me. The doing of these things is in my mind, but not the time when they were done.

Can I even remember when the chilled, cramped feeling left me, and the throbbing heat came in its place?

Surely it was before the sun rose? Yes; I heard the clock strike three. I remember the time by the sudden brightness and clearness, the feverish strain and excitement of all my faculties which came with it. I remember my resolution to control myself, to wait patiently hour after hour, till the chance offered of removing Laura from this horrible place, without the danger of immediate discovery and pursuit. I remember the persuasion settling itself in my mind that the words those two men had said to each other, would furnish us, not only with our justification for leaving the house, but with our weapons of defence against them as well. I recal the impulse that awakened in me to preserve those words in writing, exactly as they were spoken, while the time was my own, and while my memory vividly retained them. All this I remember plainly: there is no confusion in my head yet. The coming in here, from the bedroom, with my pen and ink and paper, before sunrise—the sitting down at the widely-opened window to get all the air I could to cool me—the ceaseless writing, faster and faster, hotter and hotter, driving on, more and more wakefully, all through the dreadful interval before the house was astir again—how clearly I recal it, from the beginning by candlelight, to the end on the page before this, in the sunshine of the new day!

Why do I sit here still? Why do I weary my hot eyes and my burning head by writing more? Why not lie down and rest myself, and try to quench the fever that consumes me, in sleep?

I dare not attempt it. A fear beyond all other fears has got possession of me. I am afraid of this heat that parches my skin. I am afraid of the creeping and throbbing that I feel in my head. If I lie down now, how do I know that I may have the sense and the strength to rise again?

Oh, the rain, the rain—the cruel rain that chilled me last night!

* * * * *

Nine o'clock. Was it nine struck, or eight? Nine, surely? I am shivering again—shivering, from head to foot, in the summer air. Have I been sitting here asleep? I don't know what I have been doing.

Oh, my God! am I going to be ill?

Ill, at such a time as this!

My head—I am sadly afraid of my head. I can write, but the lines all run together. I see the words. Laura—I can write Laura, and see I write it. Eight or nine—which was it?

So cold, so cold—oh, that rain last night!—and the strokes of the clock, the strokes I can't count, keep striking in my head——

* * * * *

NOTE.

[At this place the entry in the Diary ceases to be legible. The two or three lines which follow, contain fragments of words only, mingled with blots and scratches of the pen. The last marks on the paper bear some resemblance to the first two letters (L. and A.) of the name of Lady Glyde.

On the next page of the Diary, another entry appears. It is in a man's handwriting, large, bold, and firmly regular; and the date is "July the 7th." It contains these lines:]

[POSTSCRIPT BY A SINCERE FRIEND.]

The illness of our excellent Miss Halcombe

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has afforded me the opportunity of enjoying an unexpected intellectual pleasure.

I refer to the perusal (which I have just completed) of this interesting Diary.

There are many hundred pages here. I can lay my hand on my heart, and declare that every page has charmed, refreshed, delighted me.

To a man of my sentiments, it is unspeakably gratifying to be able to say this.

Admirable woman!

I refer to Miss Halcombe.

Stupendous effort!

I refer to the Diary.

Yes! these pages are amazing. The tact which I find here, the discretion, the rare courage, the wonderful power of memory, the accurate observation of character, the easy grace of style, the charming outbursts of womanly feeling, have all inexpressibly increased my admiration of this sublime creature, of this magnificent Marian. The presentation of my own character is masterly in the extreme. I certify, with my whole heart, to the fidelity of the portrait. I feel how vivid an impression I must have produced to have been painted in such strong, such rich, such massive colours as these. I lament afresh the cruel necessity which sets our interests at variance, and opposes us to each other. Under happier circumstances how worthy I should have been of Miss Halcombe—how worthy Miss Halcombe would have been of ME.

The sentiments which animate my heart assure me that the lines I have just written express a Profound Truth.

Those sentiments exalt me above all merely personal considerations. I bear witness, in the most disinterested manner, to the excellence of the stratagem by which this unparalleled woman surprised the private interview between Percival and myself. Also to the marvellous accuracy of her report of the whole conversation from its beginning to its end.

Those sentiments have induced me to offer to the unimpressionable doctor who attends on her, my vast knowledge of chemistry, and my luminous experience of the more subtle resources which medical and magnetic science have placed at the disposal of mankind. He has hitherto declined to avail himself of my assistance. Miserable man!

Finally, those sentiments dictate the lines—grateful, sympathetic, paternal lines—which appear in this place. I close the book. My strict sense of propriety restores it (by the hands of my wife) to its place on the writer's table. Events are hurrying me away. Circumstances are guiding me to serious issues. Vast perspectives of success unrol themselves before my eyes. I accomplish my destiny with a calmness which is terrible to myself. Nothing but the homage of my admiration is my own. I deposit it, with respectful tenderness, at the feet of Miss Halcombe.

I breathe my wishes for her recovery.

I condole with her on the inevitable failure of every plan that she has formed for her sister's benefit. At the same time, I entreat her to believe that the information which I have derived from her diary will in no respect help me to contribute to that failure. It simply confirms the plan of conduct which I had previously arranged. I have to thank these pages for awakening the finest sensibilities in my nature—nothing more.

To a person of similar sensibility, this simple assertion will explain and excuse everything.

Miss Halcombe is a person of similar sensibility.

In that persuasion, I sign myself,

FOSCO.

THE NARRATIVE OF FREDERICK FAIRLIE, ESQUIRE, OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE.*

It is the grand misfortune of my life that nobody will let me alone. Why—I ask everybody—why worry me? Nobody answers that question; and nobody lets me alone. Relatives, friends, and strangers all combine to annoy me. What have I done? I ask myself, I ask my servant, Louis, fifty times a day—what have I done? Neither of us can tell. Most extraordinary!

The last annoyance that has assailed me is the annoyance of being called upon to write this Narrative. Is a man in my state of nervous wretchedness capable of writing narratives? When I put this extremely reasonable objection, I am told that certain very serious events, relating to my niece, have happened within my experience; and that I am the fit person to describe them on that account. I am threatened, if I fail to exert myself in the manner required, with consequences which I cannot so much as think of, without perfect prostration. There is really no need to threaten me. Shattered by my miserable health and my family troubles, I am incapable of resistance. If you insist, you take your unjust advantage of me; and I give way immediately. I will endeavour to remember what I can (under protest), and to write what I can (also under protest); and what I can't remember and can't write, Louis must remember, and write for me. He is an ass, and I am an invalid; and we are likely to make all sorts of mistakes between us. How humiliating!

I am told to remember dates. Good Heavens! I never did such a thing in my life—how am I to begin now?

I have asked Louis. He is not quite such an ass as I have hitherto supposed. He remembers the date of the event, within a day or two—and I remember the name of the person. The date was either the fifth, sixth, or seventh of July; and the name (in my opinion a remarkably vulgar one) was Fanny.

On the fifth, sixth, or seventh of July, I was reclining, in my usual state, surrounded by the

* The manner in which Mr. Fairlie's Narrative and other Narratives that are shortly to follow it, were originally obtained, forms the subject of an explanation which will appear at a later period of the Story.

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various objects of Art which I have collected about me to improve the taste of the barbarous people in my neighbourhood. That is to say, I had the photographs of my pictures, and prints, and coins, and so forth, all about me, which I intend, one of these days, to present (the photographs, I mean, if the clumsy English language will let me mean anything)—to present to the Institution at Carlisle (horrid place!), with a view to improving the tastes of the Members (Goths and Vandals to a man). It might be supposed that a gentleman who was in course of conferring a great national benefit on his countrymen, was the last gentleman in the world to be unfeelingly worried about private difficulties and family affairs. Quite a mistake, I assure you, in my case.

However, there I was, reclining, with my art-treasures about me, and wanting a quiet morning. Because I wanted a quiet morning, of course Louis came in. It was perfectly natural that I should inquire what the deuce he meant by making his appearance, when I had not rung my bell. I seldom swear—it is such an ungentlemanlike habit—but when Louis answered by a grin, I think it was also perfectly natural that I should damn him for grinning. At any rate, I did.

This rigorous mode of treatment, I have observed, invariably brings persons in the lower class of life to their senses. It brought Louis to *his* senses. He was so obliging as to leave off grinning, and inform me that a Young Person was outside, wanting to see me. He added (with the odious talkativeness of servants), that her name was Fanny.

"Who is Fanny?"

"Lady Glyde's maid, sir."

"What does Lady Glyde's maid want with *me*?"

"A letter, sir——"

"Take it."

"She refuses to give it to anybody but you, sir."

"Who sends the letter?"

"Miss Halcombe, sir."

The moment I heard Miss Halcombe's name, I gave up. It is a habit of mine always to give up to Miss Halcombe. I find, by experience, that it saves noise. I gave up on this occasion. Dear Marian!

"Let Lady Glyde's maid come in, Louis. Stop! Do her shoes creak?"

I was obliged to ask the question. Creaking shoes invariably upset me for the day. I was resigned to see the Young Person, but I was *not* resigned to let the Young Person's shoes upset me. There is a limit even to my endurance.

Louis affirmed distinctly that her shoes were to be depended upon. I waved my hand. He introduced her. Is it necessary to say that she expressed her sense of embarrassment by shutting up her mouth and breathing through her nose? To the student of female human nature in the lower orders, surely not.

Let me do the girl justice. Her shoes did *not* creak. But why do Young Persons in service all perspire at the hands? Why have they all got fat noses, and hard cheeks? And why are their faces so sadly unfinished, especially about the corners of the eyelids? I am not strong enough to think deeply myself, on any subject; but I appeal to professional men who are. Why have we no variety in our breed of Young Persons?

"You have a letter for me, from Miss Halcombe? Put it down on the table, please; and don't upset anything. How is Miss Halcombe?"

"Very well, thank you, sir."

"And Lady Glyde?"

I received no answer. The Young Person's face became more unfinished than ever; and, I think she began to cry. I certainly saw something moist about her eyes. Tears or perspiration? Louis (whom I have just consulted) is inclined to think, tears. He is in her class of life; and he ought to know best. Let us say, tears.

Except when the refining process of Art judiciously removes from them all resemblance to Nature, I distinctly object to tears. Tears are scientifically described as a Secretion. I can understand that a secretion may be healthy or unhealthy, but I cannot see the interest of a secretion from a sentimental point of view. Perhaps, my own secretions being all wrong together, I am a little prejudiced on the subject. No matter. I behaved, on this occasion, with all possible propriety and feeling. I closed my eyes, and said to Louis,

"Endeavour to ascertain what she means."

Louis endeavoured, and the Young Person endeavoured. They succeeded in confusing each other to such an extent that, I am bound in common gratitude to say, they really amused me. I think I shall send for them again, when I am in low spirits. I have just mentioned this idea to Louis. Strange to say, it seems to make him uncomfortable. Poor devil!

Surely, I am not expected to repeat my niece's maid's explanation of her tears, interpreted in the English of my Swiss valet? The thing is manifestly impossible. I can give my own impressions and feelings perhaps. Will that do as well? Please say, Yes.

My idea is that she began by telling me (through Louis) that her master had dismissed her from her mistress's service. (Observe, throughout, the strange irrelevancy of the Young Person. Was it my fault that she had lost her place?) On her dismissal, she had gone to the inn to sleep. (*I* don't keep the inn—why mention it to *me*?) Between six o'clock and seven, Miss Halcombe had come to say good-by, and had given her two letters, one for me, and one for a gentleman in London. (*I* am not a gentleman in London—hang the gentleman in London!) She had carefully put the two letters into her bosom (what have I to do with her bosom?); she had been very unhappy, when Miss Halcombe had gone away again; she had not had the heart to put bit or drop between her lips till it was near bedtime; and then, when it was close on nine o'clock, she had thought she

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should like a cup of tea. (Am I responsible for any of these vulgar fluctuations, which begin with unhappiness and end with tea?) Just as she was *warming the pot* (I give the words on the authority of Louis, who says he knows what they mean, and wishes to explain, but I snub him on principle)—just as she was warming the pot, the door opened, and she was *struck of a heap* (her own words again, and perfectly unintelligible, this time, to Louis, as well as to myself) by the appearance, in the inn parlour, of her ladyship, the Countess. I give my niece's maid's description of my sister's title with a sense of the highest relish. My poor dear sister is a tiresome woman who married a foreigner. To resume: the door opened; her ladyship, the Countess, appeared in the parlour; and the Young Person was struck of a heap. Most remarkable!

I must really rest a little before I can get on any farther. When I have reclined for a few minutes, with my eyes closed, and when Louis has refreshed my poor aching temples with a little eau-de-Cologne, I may be able to proceed.

Her ladyship, the Countess——

No. I am able to proceed, but not to sit up. I will recline, and dictate. Louis has a horrid accent; but he knows the language, and can write. How very convenient!

Her ladyship, the Countess, explained her unexpected appearance at the inn by telling Fanny that she had come to bring one or two little messages which Miss Halcombe, in her hurry, had forgotten. The Young Person thereupon waited anxiously to hear what the messages were; but the Countess seemed disinclined to mention them (so like my sister's tiresome way!), until Fanny had had her tea. Her ladyship was surprisingly kind and thoughtful about it (extremely unlike my sister), and said, "I am sure, my poor girl, you must want your tea. We can let the messages wait till afterwards. Come, come, if nothing else will put you at your ease, I'll make the tea, and have a cup with you." I think those were the words, as reported excitably, in my presence, by the Young Person. At any rate, the Countess insisted on making the tea, and carried her ridiculous ostentation of humility so far as to take one cup herself, and to insist on the girl's taking the other. The girl drank the tea; and, according to her own account, solemnised the extraordinary occasion, five minutes afterwards, by fainting dead away, for the first time in her life. Here, again, I use her own words. Louis thinks they were accompanied by an increased secretion of tears. I can't say, myself. The effort of listening being quite as much as I could manage, my eyes were closed.

Where did I leave off? Ah, yes—she fainted, after drinking a cup of tea with the Countess: a proceeding which might have interested me, if I had been her medical man; but, being nothing of the sort, I felt bored by hearing of it, nothing more. When she came to herself, in half an hour's time, she was on the sofa, and nobody was with her but the landlady. The Countess, finding it too late to remain any longer at the inn, had gone away as soon as the girl showed signs of recovering; and the landlady had been good enough to help her up-stairs to bed. Left by herself, she had felt in her bosom (I regret the necessity of referring to this part of the subject a second time), and had found the two letters there, quite safe, but very much crumpled. She had been giddy in the night; but had got up well enough to travel in the morning. She had put the letter addressed to that obtrusive stranger, the gentleman in London, into the post; and had now delivered the other letter into my hands, as she was told. This was the plain truth; and, though she could not blame herself for any intentional neglect, she was sadly troubled in her mind, and sadly in want of a word of advice. At this point, Louis thinks the secretions appeared again. Perhaps they did; but it is of infinitely greater importance to mention that, at this point also, I lost my patience, opened my eyes, and interfered.

"What is the purport of all this?" I inquired.

My niece's irrelevant maid stared, and stood speechless.

"Endeavour to explain," I said to my servant. "Translate me, Louis."

Louis endeavoured, and translated. In other words, he descended immediately into a bottomless pit of confusion; and the Young Person followed him down. I really don't know when I have been so amused. I left them at the bottom of the pit, as long as they diverted me. When they ceased to divert me, I exerted my intelligence, and pulled them up again.

It is unnecessary to say that my interference enabled me, in due course of time, to ascertain the purport of the Young Person's remarks. I discovered that she was uneasy in her mind, because the train of events that she had just described to me, had prevented her from receiving those supplementary messages which Miss Halcombe had entrusted to the Countess to deliver. She was afraid the messages might have been of great importance to her mistress's interests. Her dread of Sir Percival had deterred her from going to Blackwater Park late at night to inquire about them; and Miss Halcombe's own directions to her, on no account to miss the train in the morning, had prevented her from waiting at the inn the next day. She was most anxious that the misfortune of her fainting-fit should not lead to the second misfortune of making her mistress think her neglectful, and she would humbly beg to ask me whether I would advise her to write her explanations and excuses to Miss Halcombe, requesting to receive the messages by letter, if it was not too late. I make no apologies for this extremely prosy paragraph. I have been ordered to write it. There are people, unaccountable as it may appear, who actually take more interest in what my niece's maid said to me on

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this occasion, than in what I said to my niece's maid. Amusing perversity!

"I should feel very much obliged to you, sir, if you would kindly tell me what I had better do," remarked the Young Person.

"Let things stop as they are," I said, adapting my language to my listener. "*I* invariably let things stop as they are. Yes. Is that all?"

"If you think it would be a liberty in me, sir, to write, of course I wouldn't venture to do so. But I am so very anxious to do all I can to serve my mistress faithfully——"

People in the lower class of life never know when or how to go out of a room. They invariably require to be helped out by their betters. I thought it high time to help the Young Person out. I did it with two judicious words:

"Good morning!"

Something, outside or inside this singular girl, suddenly creaked. Louis, who was looking at her (which I was not) says she creaked when she curtseyed. Curious. Was it her shoes, her stays, or her bones? Louis thinks it was her stays. Most extraordinary!

As soon as I was left by myself, I had a little nap—I really wanted it. When I awoke again, I noticed dear Marian's letter. If I had had the least idea of what it contained, I should certainly not have attempted to open it. Being, unfortunately for myself, quite innocent of all suspicion, I read the letter. It immediately upset me for the day.

I am, by nature, one of the most easy-tempered creatures that ever lived—I make allowances for everybody, and I take offence at nothing. But, as I have before remarked, there are limits to my endurance. I laid down Marian's letter, and felt myself—justly felt myself—an injured man.

I am about to make a remark. It is, of course, applicable to the very serious matter now under notice—or I should not allow it to appear in this place.

Nothing, in my opinion, sets the odious selfishness of mankind in such a repulsively vivid light, as the treatment, in all classes of society, which the Single people receive at the hands of the Married people. When you have once shown yourself too considerate and self-denying to add a family of your own to an already overcrowded population, you are vindictively marked out, by your married friends, who have no similar consideration and no similar self-denial, as the recipient of half their conjugal troubles, and the born friend of all their children. Husbands and wives *talk* of the cares of matrimony; and bachelors and spinsters *bear* them. Take my own case. I considerately remain single; and my poor dear brother, Philip, inconsiderately marries. What does he do when he dies? He leaves his daughter to *me*. She is a sweet girl. She is also a dreadful responsibility. Why lay her on my shoulders? Because I am bound, in the harmless character of a single man, to relieve my married connexions of all their own troubles. I do my best with my brother's responsibility; I marry my niece, with infinite fuss and difficulty, to the man her father wanted her to marry. She and her husband disagree, and unpleasant consequences follow. What does she do with those consequences? She transfers them to *me*. Why transfer them to *me?* Because I am bound, in the harmless character of a single man, to relieve my married connexions of all their own troubles. Poor single people! Poor human nature!

It is quite unnecessary to say that Marian's letter threatened me. Everybody threatens me. All sorts of horrors were to fall on my devoted head, if I hesitated to turn Limmeridge House into an asylum for my niece and her misfortunes. I did hesitate, nevertheless.

I have mentioned that my usual course, hitherto, had been to submit to dear Marian, and save noise. But, on this occasion, the consequences involved in her extremely inconsiderate proposal, were of a nature to make me pause. If I opened Limmeridge House as an asylum to Lady Glyde, what security had I against Sir Percival Glyde's following her here, in a state of violent resentment against *me* for harbouring his wife? I saw such a perfect labyrinth of troubles involved in this proceeding, that I determined to feel my ground, as it were. I wrote, therefore, to dear Marian, to beg (as she had no husband to lay claim to her) that she would come here by herself, first, and talk the matter over with me. If she could answer my objections to my own perfect satisfaction, then I assured her that I would receive our sweet Laura with the greatest pleasure—but not otherwise. I felt, of course, at the time, that this temporising, on my part, would probably end in bringing Marian here in a state of virtuous indignation, banging doors. But, then, the other course of proceeding might end in bringing Sir Percival here in a state of virtuous indignation, banging doors also; and, of the two indignations and bangings, I preferred Marian's—because I was used to her. Accordingly, I despatched the letter by return of post. It gained me time, at all events—and, oh dear me! what a point that was to begin with.

When I am totally prostrated (did I mention that I was totally prostrated by Marian's letter?), it always takes me three days to get up again. I was very unreasonable—I expected three days of quiet. Of course, I didn't get them.

The third day's post brought me a most impertinent letter from a person with whom I was totally unacquainted. He described himself, as the acting partner of our man of business—our dear, pig-headed old Gilmore—and he informed me that he had lately received, by the post, a letter addressed to him in Miss Halcombe's handwriting. On opening the envelope, he had discovered, to his astonishment, that it contained nothing but a blank sheet of note paper. This circumstance appeared to him so suspicious (as suggesting to his restless legal mind that the letter had been tampered with) that he had at once written to Miss Halcombe, and had received no answer by return of post. In this difficulty, instead of acting like a sensible man

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and letting things take their course, his next absurd proceeding, on his own showing, was to pester *me*, by writing to inquire if I knew anything about it. What the deuce should I know about it? Why alarm *me* as well as himself? I wrote back to that effect. It was one of my keenest letters. I have produced nothing with a sharper epistolary edge to it, since I tendered his dismissal in writing to that extremely troublesome person, Mr. Walter Hartright.

My letter produced its effect. I heard nothing more from the lawyer. This, perhaps, was not altogether surprising. But it was certainly a remarkable circumstance that no second letter reached me from Marian, and that no warning signs appeared of her arrival. Her unexpected absence did me amazing good. It was so very soothing and pleasant to infer (as I did of course) that my married connexions had made it up again. Five days of undisturbed tranquillity, of delicious single blessedness, quite restored me. On the sixth day—either the fifteenth or sixteenth of July, as I imagine—I felt strong enough to send for my photographer, and to set him at work again on the presentation copies of my art-treasures, with a view, as I have already mentioned, to the improvement of taste in this barbarous neighbourhood. I had just dismissed him to his workshop, and had just begun coquetting with my coins, when Louis suddenly made his appearance with a card in his hand.

"Another Young Person?" I said. "I won't see her. In my state of health, Young Persons disagree with me. Not at home."

"It is a gentleman this time, sir."

A gentleman of course made a difference. I looked at the card.

Gracious Heaven! my tiresome sister's foreign husband. Count Fosco.

MONEY OR MERIT?

About fifteen years ago, when the writer held a commission as lieutenant in a regiment of the line then stationed in India, two young men fresh from the military academy of Sandhurst joined the same corps as ensigns. These lads—who shall here bear the names of Smith and Johnstone—had lately passed their examination at the institution aforesaid, and had obtained their commissions gratis. It was by no means a common thing to appoint two Sandhurst cadets of the same season to one regiment, but our corps had been in very unhealthy stations of late, and several deaths having happened amongst our officers, there were an unusual number of vacancies in the junior ranks, which had to be filled up without purchase. Moreover, Smith and Johnstone, being great friends at college, had begged to be nominated ensigns in the same battalion, and their request was complied with by the military secretary of the day. Smith having passed a somewhat better examination than his friend, joined as sixth ensign, while Johnstone joined as seventh of the same rank. They were both remarkably fine and amiable young men, and before long became very general favourites in the regiment, in which all the officers were on very friendly terms with one another. In their private circumstances, however, there was a considerable difference between these two young men. The senior, Smith, was the orphan of an old officer, who, having to provide for a widow and several daughters, could only leave his son a few hundred pounds—barely sufficient to pay for his outfit and start him in his profession. The junior, Johnstone, although very far from being wealthy, had at his command some six or seven thousand pounds, which had been left him by an uncle.

Some six or eight months after these young men joined, the regiment was ordered on field service towards the north-west frontier. With the single exception of the old colonel—who had received what the French call his baptism of fire at Waterloo when a very young ensign, some thirty years before—there was not an officer or soldier in the corps who had ever seen a shot fired in anger. We soon, however, learnt the rough realities of our profession, and played our part in some of the severest battles ever known in the East, as became men wearing the English uniform. Our losses in killed and wounded were severe in more than one engagement, and at the very outset of the campaign our two newly-joined ensigns were both included in the list of casualties, though their hurts were not of a nature to cause them more inconvenience than a couple of months' absence on sick certificate. But if soldiering in earnest brings death and wounds, it also brings advancement in the service to the survivors, and so, in due course, these two young men obtained—without purchase, as they succeeded to death vacancies—their next step of promotion—that of lieutenant. Mr. Smith was, as a matter of course, still the senior to Mr. Johnstone.

A second campaign, about three years later, followed the first, and more casualties were added to our list, so that the seniors of each rank soon began to find themselves getting promoted into the grade above—a major becoming a lieutenant-colonel, captains obtaining majors' rank, lieutenants that of captains, and ensigns getting their lieutenancies. As a matter of course, the two young lieutenants advanced with the rest, and when the regiment was ordered home to England, as it was shortly after the second campaign, they found themselves at the top of the list in their rank—Smith being the senior, and Johnstone the second, lieutenant of the battalion.

In due time the corps reached home, and, as is generally the case when a regiment returns from foreign service, several officers prepared to retire from the army, by the sale of their commissions, amongst whom was an officer who held the rank of captain, whose retirement would have promoted Mr. Smith. But, Mr. Smith was without money, and except under peculiar circumstances—such as deaths,

&c.—no promotion can be had in the English army unless by paying for the same. And so — according to the rules and regulations made and provided for the guidance of her Majesty's troops—Mr. Smith, not having the requisite eleven hundred pounds at his banker's, had to remain a lieutenant, while his junior, Mr. Johnstone, having that amount at call, was promoted over his head, and henceforward became a captain in the service. There was, there could be, nothing to urge against the character of Mr. Smith, either professionally or otherwise; but he had no money.

Nor was his old Sandhurst chum the only officer who superseded Lieutenant Smith. Money, the only thing which could give him his promotion, did not drop into his pocket as time advanced, and the consequence was, that as, one by one, all the ten captains of the regiment were either promoted or sold out, our friend found himself about four years after the regiment had landed in England, still a lieutenant, while of those who had been his juniors no less than ten were captains. In India, Mr. Smith had shown himself an active and intelligent officer, exceedingly fond of his profession, and very proud of doing his duty. It is hardly to be wondered at if his feelings now underwent a change, and if, from seeing himself superseded again and again, he became, if not absolutely careless, at least very much less active, and took much less of soldierly pride in his profession than formerly. Nor did his position or feelings become more agreeable as time wore on. After five or six years of home duty, the regiment was ordered abroad again: this time to a healthy English colony, where there would be very little chance of promotion from the casualties of either active service or a bad climate. Our friend found himself still a lieutenant, though now upwards of thirty years old, while his friend Johnstone had in the mean time purchased the step of major, and was likely, before long, to command the regiment as lieutenant-colonel.

After the corps had been abroad some three years, an augmentation of two companies to each battalion in the service took place, and this, without purchase, gave Lieutenant Smith his promotion to the rank of captain; but not until nearly nine years after his junior companion had obtained the same step; and even now, all those senior to him in the same grade had at one time been his juniors. Getting the advancement at thirty-three years of age was a very different affair from getting it at twenty-three. The service of which he was once so proud, had lost all its charms for him; he was to all intents and purposes a broken-hearted man: only remaining in the army because it was too late in life for him to begin in any other profession. In short, from being a smart and active officer, Captain Smith had become what is called in the army a regular "hard bargain," and was never so happy as when employed in pointing out to newly-joined youngsters, the miserable career that awaits an officer in the English army who has not money enough to purchase his promotion. When last heard of, he was still a captain, about half way up the list, and without the slightest chance of promotion. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the corps was for some time his old friend—and formerly junior officer—Johnstone, who having the wherewithal to purchase, soon made his way to the top of the tree, subsequently exchanged into a regiment serving in India, where he greatly distinguished himself during the late mutiny, and is now a C.B., a colonel by brevet, and will, if he lives, be a major-general before his former companion becomes a regimental major. It is not suggested that Johnstone has not fully merited his good fortune. He was, and is, an excellent officer, and has proved himself more than once fully deserving of the good fortune he has met with. But Captain Smith was also a good soldier, until one junior after another passing over his head soured his temper, and made him what he is. And the writer contends, with all due deference to those who defend the system, that to prevent one officer from being promoted because he has not a certain sum of money at command, and to promote another over his head because the junior can muster so many hundred pounds, is both a professional and a national disgrace to us Englishmen. He has never felt ashamed of his country or of his cloth, except when officers of the French, Austrian, or Sardinian armies have questioned him about the purchase system in our service, and have asked him whether it is true that whatever his merits as a soldier may be, no English officer can, in the ordinary course of advancement, obtain promotion unless he can pay a certain given and very large sum of money. And further than this—a fact so monstrous that a foreign officer is rarely met who would believe it until confirmed by some one in the English service—if A. is senior of his rank, but has not money enough to purchase, and B. his junior has the means of doing so, B. will pass over A.'s head, and become his senior. A civilian can hardly understand how galling it is to a soldier to be superseded, and commanded by those whom he once commanded. In all foreign armies this is a punishment only awarded to those officers who, by long-continued misconduct, merit the severest censures from their superiors. No officer in the French army is ever superseded twice, for it is deemed that if he deserve such a punishment a second time, he must be unfit to hold a commission; he is therefore dismissed the service.

Let nobody suppose that the case related above, is a solitary one. Instances just as injurious to some of the best officers in our service are happening every day and in every regiment. It may be said that there is no actual injustice in such cases, as a young man must know before he enters the army, on what terms only he can expect advancement. But surely that can be no excuse for maintaining such a system? Moreover, what lad on joining the army has an old enough head on his shoulders to calculate the pros and cons

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as to whether or not he will be able to purchase his future steps? But above all, may not a young man commence his military career with every prospect of being able to get on by purchase, and does it not often happen that owing to the misfortunes of himself or his relatives, or to the dishonesty of agents or others, the money with which he hoped to advance his prospects is swept away? The writer has seen a score of such incidents during his military career, and remembers one instance where an officer commanding a cavalry regiment—a man in the prime of life—lost a heavy lawsuit, and was obliged to sell out of the army, since, according to this most disgraceful law of England, his commission was a marketable commodity, and had to be sold like so much bank stock.

Two or three years after he first met Messrs. Smith and Johnstone in India, the writer became acquainted, during a sojourn of some months at Paris, with a young Frenchman, whom he will call M. Dufour, and owing to circumstances not necessary to detail, a very intimate friendship was struck up between them. Dufour was at that time about twenty-two years of age, he had been well educated, but had no profession, his sole occupation being what our neighbours call "de manger la grenouille" (eating the frog), which, translated into slang English, means "out-running the constable," or getting rid of his money as fast as possible. In a very short time he announced that his private fortune of about four thousand pounds English money, which he had inherited some two years from his father, had dwindled down to the modest sum of three hundred. On being asked what he intended doing for the future, he replied that he would enlist as a volunteer in a cavalry regiment. The writer tried hard to persuade him that a barrack-room was no place for one who had been brought up as he had been, and tried hard to induce him to embrace some other career: the more so as he avowed that he had no interest whatever to push him on in the service. He carried out his intention, and enlisted for the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and went his way to join that corps in Algiers.

For three or four years he was lost sight of, until he and the writer met by accident one day in the streets of Marseilles. He told how he had been promoted in a year after he joined, to the rank of corporal, in two years more to that of sergeant, and then—for good conduct in the field—had received the Legion of Honour and his commission of sub-lieutenant (what we should call cornet) in a regiment of hussars, which he was on his way to join in the north of France. He showed the official record of his services and his conduct, which were highly creditable; but said at the same time that the French military authorities were anxious to encourage young men of respectable families to join the army as volunteers, and that all such who did so, and behaved well in the service, were certain to get on. He is now—some twelve years only, after joining the army as a private soldier—a chef d'escadron (corresponding to our rank of major) in a lancer regiment, and expects very shortly to receive his promotion as lieutenant-colonel. Unlike any English officer holding that rank, he has not paid seven or eight thousand pounds for his various steps, but has received them as the reward of putting forth all his energies in the profession he embraced. Where would a young Englishman be now, who, without money or interest, enlisted twelve years ago as a private dragoon? If he behaved exceedingly well, he might be a sergeant or sergeant-major; perhaps, by extraordinary good luck, he might have obtained his commission as cornet. But without money to purchase, of what use would a cornetcy be to him? Better for him to remain in the ranks as a private soldier, than to have every junior officer who can command money, pass over his head. There are several middle-aged cornets and lieutenants now serving in the English army, who obtained their promotion from the rank of sergeant or sergeant-majors to that of officers, some years before the lieutenant-colonel commanding their regiments entered the service as cornets or ensigns. But then the latter had money, whereas they had none, and in the English army money is of far more importance than any professional character or experience whatever. The best soldier that ever wore a sword, without money must never hope for promotion in the British army.*

It is said that the Duke of Cambridge, who, in the four years he has been Commander-in-Chief, has done more for the good of the service than the whole previous century had witnessed, is determined by degrees to abolish the system of promotion by purchase in the English army. It is devoutly to be hoped that this is true, and that he will therein create for himself a great name and an enduring title to the gratitude and respect of his country.

* See The Regimental Market, No. 293, p. 325, vol. xii. of Household Words.

THE GOOD CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

PLAY away, little Miss Litz, at that antiquated piece of music discovered in your grandmamma's morocco-bound collection, and the which your mamma (the more modern works of Cramer, and Chopin, and Thalberg non obstante) insists upon your practising for love of the dear old lady gone, *her* mamma, who used to make her practise the piece ever so many years ago. Let your light fingers prance nimbly over the keys and make them tuneful with the hackneyed yet pleasant old harmonies of the "Caliph of Bagdad." Did they not resuscitate the Caliph lately as an "operatic burletta" at a London theatre? Poor old ghost! it were better to have left him to vanish "with a melodious twang" into the sepulchre of the harpsichord and the spinet. But you, dear little Miss Litz, may evoke the phantom and shock none. I love the old, worn-out, "melodious twang" dearly; for I have been out and about in Bagdad; I have seen him—seen him in his golden prime, the GOOD CALIPH HAROUN ALRASCHID.

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A while agone, quite stricken down and overwhelmed by a sudden loss and cruel grief, I went, to hide my head and try to forget my belongings, abroad. I could never manage to be an orthodox hermit, to dwell in a cave or on a rock, to perch on the summit of a column like Simon Stylites, to abide in a desert like Hieronymus with lions to howl round me, or to dress myself "full fig," as it were, for solitude and contemplation, like the High Dutch hermit Zimmermann, or the pensive place-hunter, Young, of the Night Thoughts. So, the while agone, temporarily foregoing and abhorring society, I moodily shunted myself from the gayest portion of the Paris Boulevards and set up a savage oratory on a fourth floor of the Rue Marsollier, which, as all Paris-hardened men know, forms one side of the Place Ventadour, the centre of whose area is occupied by the Paris Italian Opera-house. There are few dismaler edifices to look at in the daytime than the outside of a French theatre, with its waste of dirty windows in the Bureau de Location, its playbills shielded by penitentiary-looking wirework, its gloomy artists' entrance, and its barriers for the queue in front—post and hurdle compromises between the pens of old Smithfield and the barriers that are set up in the Old Bailey on a Hanging Monday. If there *can* be a dismaler-looking place than the exterior of the Italiens, it is assuredly its locality, the silent Place Ventadour. The grass grows, literally, between its rugged paving-stones, and there is a story, in which I place implicit faith, of a gentleman once losing in the Place Ventadour a pocket-book containing three bills of exchange, a passport, and four notes of the Bank of France for a thousand francs each, and, wandering hither in a kind of desultory despair a week afterwards, finding his pocket-book intact lying beside the very borne where he had an impression of having lost it.

I dwelt alone, in this silent place for months, my intercourse with the concierge limited to the usual morning and evening greetings, and to wistful looks into her lodge to see if there were any letters for me in the rack above my number and my key; my conversation generally confined to sparse chit-chat with the blue-bibbed waiter, who came to kneel before my fire-dogs and blow at the opinionated logs which never would burn properly, and who told me fifty times over about that brother of his in the Voltigeurs who was a bad subject and had been flanqué là-bas, to Africa, and was having un fichu temps, somewhat of a bad time of it, down there, peste! I lived here in monotony, contented through semi-torpidity of mind. I had forgotten what it was to dine in the Palais Royal, to go to the Opera, or to play billiards. My wants were few, and, indeed, I should have been at a loss to satisfy them had they been numerous. I was miserably poor, and what little money came to me I drew from a cloudy man in a skull-cap and a grey flannel dressing-gown, who dwelt in an iron cage high up at the extremity of a foul court-yard in the Rue St. Lazare, where he was continually shaking sand from a pepper-box over scrawling entries in marble-covered copy-books, and who called himself a banker. When there were no drafts payable at sight, I dined, as I walked, on chesnuts, two sous loaves, and hard-boiled eggs: occasionally negotiating loans on realisable property at the office of another cloudy individual in a skull-cap and dressing-gown, who lived in another iron cage still higher up in a blind alley off the Rue de la Lune. I had no luxuries, no amusements, save looking in the shops, buying ten centimes' worth or so of cheap literature, and trying to colour a pipe, which never would colour, with caporal. I had no relaxation, save the following: Of all my friends, wild and tame—and I had a zoological garden as well as a poultry-yard full of them within half an hour's walk—I had chosen to be known but to two ladies, hermits like myself, though of another fashion, who rented two stalls at the Italian Theatre, and went there every night of the subscription. The proceedings were as regular as clockwork. At ten minutes to eleven, every Opera-night, I began to cool my heels in the moon and gas lit Place Ventadour, looking at the files of carriages drawn up; often at one carriage by a side entrance, the priceless horses solemnly champing and stamping, an eagle and crown on the panels. This was Cæsar's chariot; Cæsar and Calphurnia were in their box, within. I used to inspect the carriage so attentively, that a police agent warned me off one night, thinking, perhaps, that the Ides of March were come, but not gone, and that I might be an envious Casca anxious to make rents in Imperial mantles. A few minutes before eleven, two municipal guards in blue, and boots, and brazen long-tailed helmets, clattered across from the peristyle, where they had been talking smoke-dried nothings to the cocked-hatted and cowled police-agents, the one licensed programme-seller, and the one licensed carriage-door opener; went into a stable next door to my lodging; led forth two big horses; hoisted themselves into the saddles, and began to career and back and wheel about the square to repulse a crowd that was not there—all in a spectral, mournful manner. I used to think of Don Giovanni, and call them the Commendatori, so stony did they look in the drab-green moonlight; and had I been in funds, I would have asked them home to sup off maccaroni. Four minutes before eleven, if the police-agents did not harass me, I would creep up to the peristyle, and through the glazed portals stare at the French footmen and "ghrohoms" (or grooms) drawn up in double lines waiting for their noble owners. Now and then one would see a black servitor grinning at the unwonted solemnity of the scene, and, occasionally, there would be visible a genuine English Jeames in real plush, real powder, and real calves, surveying the entire spectacle with a superb sneer, and doubtless asking himself "Do they call these furrin 'umbugs servants?" At eleven precisely, my time was at maturity. Down the great staircase came the fat senators, the chattering diplomates, the general officers in mufti, and looking remarkably uneasy in civilian costume, the wondrously

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dressed woman-kind, the bestarred, beribboned, be-Legion-of-Honoured, jewelled, crinolined, lorgnetted, opera-cloaked, fanned, white-neck-clothed, bouqueted, painted, perfumed, pensioned throng. Two hooded figures were my quarry. I waited and they came. My duty as an escort was of brief duration. We talked a little; and I kept the wall from slouching blouses. I heard that the duchess looked pale, that the princess did not wear her opal necklace, that the ambassador was there with the baroness—that incorrigible baroness!—as usual; that Cæsar looked glum, did not applaud, and spake not a word to Calphurnia. I was told that Alboni had a cold, that Mario did or did not give the chest-note which he is paid, on calculation, seven hundred francs per night for giving. Then we reached a tall porte-cochère in the Rue de la Paix. I was offered, and alternately accepted and refused, a cup of tea; and, twenty minutes afterwards, I returned to darkness, to the Place Ventadour, and to myself.

Thus of the night. This was the morning: I sauntered out, about eleven, to breakfast at a crêmerie, or dairy—I had quite forgotten cafés—in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs; having previously purchased a Constitutionnel—well-nigh my only extravagance—at one of the little glass advertising pagodas (alas for the Apsley House Indicator!) on the Boulevards. The crêmerie gave me a bowl of hot chocolate and milk, nearly as big as a washhand basin, a hunk of bread from a small clothes-basket, a pat of butter about the size of a butterfly, and two eggs sur le plat, simmering in a tin disc, for nine sous. I was liberal with the remaining sou, and gave it to the sturdy, red-cheeked Lorraine girl, in a blue apron and sabots. There was always the same little milliner from the Rue de Choiseul, who came in for her chocolate, but brought her bread with her, and a plump little garlic-flavoured sausage, in a white pocket handkerchief. There was always the same gloomy old man in the cloak, who drank black coffee, said he had been sub-prefect under the first Empire, and informed me, in a husky under tone, that affairs were going diablement mal. There occurred always the same temporary diversion and mild excitement when two gentlemen in blouses quarrelled, and all but exchanged fisticuffs on the disputed question as to who had first engaged the Constitutionnel after me; who became as brethren when I informed them that the Constitutionnel was my own, and did not belong to the crêmerie; and who were profuse in compliments when I abandoned the journal to them while I smoked my penny cigar.

Then out and about, and up and down, and to and fro, but keeping chiefly to the back streets, and, save on compulsion, avoiding the gay Boulevards and the merry Rue St. Honoré. Sometimes, especially in rainy weather, to the Passage Choiseul, to look into the book-stalls, the hairdressers' and statuary shops, and to read the play-bills of the Bouffes Parisiens. Often to an old dusty reading-room in the Rue St. Anne, where they kept files of the Mercure de France of Louis the Fourteenth's time, and the Moniteur of the Reign of Terror, and to reading these chronicles of the defunct time, and fancying now that I saw the smooth abbés grimacing and epigrammatising in Ninon's boudoir, and the court lords kicking their red heels in the Versaglian Bull's-eye; now that I heard Danton thunder, and Marat yelp, and Robespierre whine for blood. I would rather read a stenograph report in the Moniteur, with "Danton rose and said, 'I demand that——'" than the bravest revolutionary history that was ever penned. Sometimes to a famous old curiosity shop in the Rue Louis-le-Grand, or to where they sell caricature-statuettes in grey clay, somewhere in the back settlements of the Palais Royal; sometimes to the Place Louvois, to see the cantonniers and cantonnières gambolling or "sky-larking" with their brooms and shovels, at dinner-time; at last, one very desolate morning, and by the blessing of merciful good luck, to the Rue de Grammont, where I came upon, radiant in his golden prime, the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid.

Stay, was it in the Rue de Grammont, or the adjoining street of Choiseul? It matters little. There was a great Modes and Novelty warehouse on one side, and a cabinet de lecture with the titles of the last new works stuck on the apothecary's labels all over the window panes, on the other, and in the midst was the good Haroun Alraschid. The Caliph kept a little shop. There were his sign and title painted bravely over the frontage, "Au Calife de Bagdad," the cards and shop-bills bore his name and his lithographed portrait, with orthodox turban, caftan, beard, scimitar, and papouches; but from that day to this I have not been able to discover what connexion there could have existed between the Commandery of the Faithful, the brotherhood of the Sun and Moon, and the wares that the Caliph vended in his tiny magasin. There are many such inexplicable anomalies in Paris. St. Augustine sells fleecy hosiery, and the Prophet, in a cartoon twelve feet high, competes with Prince Eugene in the confection of cheap clothes. The Caliph of Bagdad was likewise in the clothes line; but he was mantua-maker to the Emperor of Lilliput. He supplied Queen Mab with millinery. He measured Mustardseed, and Peasblossom, and Cobweb, for habiliments. He was modiste in ordinary to the Infinitesimal world. Indeed, the good Caliph Haroun Alraschid kept a *dolls' wardrobe shop*.

Don't laugh at him—at me. Indeed he did. Don't think his avocation mean and trivial. *He* took his business quite seriously, and carried it on in a grave and decorous manner, entertaining clerks and demoiselles de comptoir, keeping, I have no doubt, his books by double entry, and having his strong-box to take care of. Fancy a trader in dolls' clothes going bankrupt! But I left the Caliph gay and prosperous; and gay and prosperous I trust he is, to this day. Surely the Bagdadian shop was the most charming shop I ever saw in my life! It beat the curiosity, and picture, and statuary

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shops to uncountable atoms. It was the grandest shop for its size (and that was of the most diminutive) that could be pictured. I met a waggon before the door one day, and two large porters carried in a bale of dry goods, circled with iron bands, and, I have no doubt, packed by hydraulic pressure. Imagine a couple of hundred-weight of dolls' clothes, and a solemn invoice being made out for those airy futilities! Futilities? I retract. They couldn't be futile, they couldn't be puerile, for the Caliph—a fat Frenchman, in a huge beard, a stamped velvet cap with a long tassel, and always shod with carpet slippers—handled and set out the dry little goods with an impenetrable gravity, morning after morning, and the Caliphina, the Caliph's wife, who was a smart little matron, with a wasp waist and a laced fichu tied under her chin, à la Mrs. Siddons, who wore a gold watch at her little stomacher, and the tightest of fitting kid gloves, winter and summer, was always at her desk, immersed in the most abstruse calculations relative to these Lilliputian dry goods. The two handsome demoiselles of the counter, Eulalie and Aménaïde—I am sure those were their names—one, dark, stately, tall, and Duda-eyed: the second, fair, florid, and freckled—never hazarded so much as a smile as they turned over the dolls' wardrobes. To them these microscopic fal-lals were a serious business, the business of their lives. In our country exists there not a laborious class who earn painful bread by fashioning dolls' eyes? Avert, kind Fate, a strike, a lock-out, and a "document," from the dolls'-eye trade!

So, on the counters and in the windows, there were skilfully displayed all the ingredients and accessories of this mighty matter of a doll's trousseau. Let me strive to remember. There were dresses, and mantles, and robes, and tunics, and flounced skirts, and jackets for adult dolls. There were frocks, pelisses, and spencers for young dolls; pinafores for them to wear whilst they ate their bread and jam; morning wrappers for them to don while M. Anatole, the coiffeur, "did" their back hair. There were long clothes and short coats, capes, hoods, and mantelettes, for infantine dolls, not yet out of the nursery; combs and brushes, tweezers and nail-scissors, all on the doll scale; muffs, and boas, and victorines, and furred capes for wintry weather; nightgowns, nightcaps, and jackets; grandes toilettes of gauze, ribbon, and other flummery for the receptions of Dollius Cæsar and Lucius Dolabella, and the puppet-balls of the Hôtel de Ville. In the event of dolls going on their travels, there were trunks, bandboxes, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, medicine-chests, and couriers' pouches for them. I dare say, in the back shop, a marionette clerk stamped and viséd passports for Madame de la Poupée, travelling à l'étranger. There were dolls' dressing-cases, reticules, and pocket-books. Upon my word, there was a dolls' prayer-book: a fat little volume, with embossed gilt edges, and a large red cross on the covers, and a mite of a golden clasp! The display of dolls' chaussures, from the white satin ball-shoe to the bronzed kid walking-boot, was complete. Concerning the supply of dolls' under-linen I am somewhat chary of speaking—it looked so absurdly real; but I may delicately hint that the collerettes, chemisettes, sleeves, and cuffs, were all of the finest linen and the rarest lace, and that with respect to those sub-skirt appendages, whose use Mrs. Amelia Bloomer vainly endeavoured to supersede by the introduction of baggy garments of divers hues, of the fashion formerly worn in the hareem of the good Caliph, and called, I am given to understand, trousers, I may in strict confidence remark that three tucks round the extremities were generally worn, and that the preponderance of fashion wavered between embroidered vandyking, scroll application work, and an edging of the finest point de Malte.

Dolls' fans, scent-bottles, ivory tablets, and châtelaines, had not been forgotten by the good Caliph. He had been, somehow, remiss in the matter of opera-glasses, but he came out strongly in pocket-mirrors. Dolls' jewellery he did not touch at all, and there were no diamond splinters or ruby sparks set in specks of gold for bracelets or for brooches. Probably bijouterie was not the Caliph's branch, and the precious stone department was carried on by MM. Mustardseed and Peasblossom, successors to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, under a glass-case, somewhere in the Palais Royal. But the Caliph was fertile in dolls' toys, joujoux for the young dolls not out of the nursery, playthings in playthings, atomic rattles, corals, hoops, skipping-ropes and humming-tops, and baby or doll-dolls for the dolls themselves to dandle, and small perambulators for the weakly dolls to be trundled in. Bless us all, what a mine of ingenuity there was in this World seen through the small end of a race-glass! The most wondrous thing to me in the Caliph's establishment, and one displaying the soundest policy in fostering the fantastic and the unreal real, was, that, with the exception of the baby-dolls, there were no Dolls proper in the Caliph's wardrobe-shop. There were none of those inane, flaxen-haired, blue stony-eyed, flaxen tow-haired, simpering abnormalities with the creasy waxen limbs, puffed out raiment, preposterous sashes and blue kid shoes that stare and grin at you in London shop windows; or, worse still, those limp enormities of dolldom with their pink wooden legs and painted shoes, their leathern arms and hands, the fingers all turned the wrong way in the Guy Fauxism style, and shamefully exposing their bran-stuffed torsos. The ingenious Caliph dexterously conveyed to you the idea that the dolls for whom this wardrobe was laid out, were alive; that they were dolls in good society; dolls occupying elevated positions; dolls marriageable or married, and who would come presently in carriages of their own to choose their trousseaux and their ball toilettes. With such a naïve skill was this idea insinuated, implied, and made substantial, that when I found, one morning, an ample display of dolls' crinoline petticoats in the window, I acquiesced in the

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innovation as an inevitable concession to the mode; I ceased to think the dolls' prayer-book very irreverent; and, one day, when somebody had died at the great milliner's next door, and the portals were hung with black, with the escutcheon of the deceased's initials, and the bier was at the door with the tapers and the holy water, I turned to the window of the good Caliph of Bagdad, and looked long and anxiously for symptoms of a doll's coffin or a dolls' winding-sheet, or for some notification that funereal pomps were performed under the auspices of the Caliph for the dolls who died. I found, indeed, not these; but there were, really, several complete suits of dolls' mourning—morsels of millinery furnished forth with crape, and bombazine, and black bugles; and the sight of these little sable vanities made me laugh a bitter laugh, and think there might be often quite as much, or as little, genuine grief in a doll's mourning, as in the black weeds we wear for grown up men and women. Ladies in black came often to buy mourning dolls for their children. The children themselves came in great state to select articles for their dolls' toilettes. It used to be a rare sight, to see little misses of eight or ten, gravely turning over the multifarious trifles, now discarding this as out of the fashion, or censuring that as inimical to the laws of harmony, or the prismatic fitnesses of contrast. I need scarcely say that the Caliph's customers were almost exclusively of the wealthiest and most aristocratic classes. The good Caliph did not make for poor dolls. He was man-milliner to the Brahmins and the rich Baboos, not to the Pariahs and sweepers. I remember seeing, one fine afternoon, a miniature princess, by herself (the meek governess counted for nothing), in a grand barouche drawn by magnificent black horses with silvered harness, and two footmen sitting behind with folded arms: their furred pelisses—it was semi-winter time—arranged symmetrically over the reredos of the dickey, drive up to the Caliph's establishment. The barouche was all over heraldic quarterings; and I have no doubt that the little girl in the frock and the fringed sombrero, with a pheasant's-wing feather in it, was a princess in good earnest. She was too high and mighty to alight, and the good Caliph himself came out to her with his wares in a pasteboard box, and she fingered and flirted with them daintily and mincingly, to the immense amusement of your humble servant, and the pleased astonishment of an honest negro servant—attached, I believe, to the suite of Mrs. General Zebedee Colepepper, U.S., then staying at the Hôtel du Louvre, and who had come to the Caliph's to buy a muff and a bandbox for his little piccaninny missee.

There is a young person in England to whom I am partial, who has a particular penchant for going into the City: not with the view of seeing any "parties" there, of getting bills discounted there, of speculating on the Stock Exchange or in the Share Market, but to look at the shop windows, whose stores she declares to be much wealthier and more interesting than in the kindred emporiums of the West-end. She is a tender-hearted young person, and frequently sheds tears when she mentions the shops where children's things are sold: expatiating in a very soft and womanish manner on the tiny boots and shoes, the miniature socks and gloves, the dainty little shirts and caps and hoods, that are by women regarded as the apples of their eyes, but which we ruder men-folk pass by in indifference or in unconsciousness. I only wish that young person had been with me, in the days when I first became acquainted with the good Caliph of Bagdad. Ah! the smiles she would have smiled, the happy tears she would have shed, beholding that potentate in his golden prime! The many little odds and ends of pretty fancy, to my coarser sense invisible, that she would have discovered at a glance!

I took the Caliph's childishnesses, I hope, in my time, kindly, and regarded them in no morose or cynical spirit. I tried to banish from my mind the notion that the Caliph was a profound and Machiavellic politician, and that, bearing Béranger's immortal song of the "Infinitely Little" in his mind, he intended his wardrobe-shop to be a satirical microcosm of Petty France, of the Human Smallnesses of Bagdad, and of the world: a foreshadowing of the time when the Infinitely Little was to reign on earth; when little regiments beating little drums, and dragging little cannon, were to wage little wars on little frontiers for little quarrels' sakes; and when little priests would brandish little crucifixes and mutter little curses from their little lips, till at last a great man came and put priests and people—all the Lilliputians—into his pocket. I say I banished the theory; I tried, instead, to think how happy we should all be, if the world were a nursery, and dolls and little children had the best of it; how blest would be the age in which the greatest reward were a toy or a sweetmeat, and the greatest sorrow a "good cry;" and the direst effect of a revolution the deposition of a nurse, and the enactment of a solemn edict abolishing the capital punishments of whipping and the corner. Then I awoke to the Actualities, and found no four-leaved shamrock in the Caliph's shop; but, after many moons, I weaned myself from the doll-world, and went forth into the real one of men and women, walking back streets no more. So I came to forget my grief, and laboured and prospered; and though idle this theme and shallow this philosophy, I gleaned a store of good human things—albeit the fat Frenchman and the wasp-waisted matron recked little of them—from the toy-wardrobe of the good Caliph of Bagdad.

CLASSIC GROUND.

I GAVE the reins to Fancy, as the day
Withdrew its golden presence from my room,
And, noble in their glory and their gloom,
Had glimpses of old grandeurs passed away.

And there was Greece, with all her greatness, gone—
A sounding pageant on the track of time;
And Athens, rising from her sleep sublime,
Set on her queenly brow the Parthenon.

And Wisdom sought again his ancient height,
And Music revelled in her wonted isles,
And Beauty gave once more divinest smiles
To scenes rejoicing in her early light.

And then uprose proud Venice from her waves,
Dipped in a golden sheen of sea and sky,
And visions of old splendours glimmered by,
And regal phantoms, called from grandest graves;

With thoughts of Tasso, and the gondoliers
Who filled each moonlit vista with his lays;
The pity and the pride of olden days,
Othello's wrong and Belvidera's tears.

Until there came a tumult, and the cry
Of rushing peoples, maddened with their fame,
Led like one living ocean by a name
To touch the purple robe of Victory;

When mightier still swept past the awful shade
Of world-commanding and imperial Rome,
Rich in triumphal arch and heaving dome,
Proud soaring pillar, and long colonnade.

Till in her later ruin, sadly grand,
She raised, from desolation darkly spread,
The semblance of a hoary, crownless head,
That leant upon a cold, unsceptred hand.

Then, mist-like, faded Athens, Venice, Rome;
And Fancy, from her dream of power and art
Returned to dearer places, found the heart
Still lingering in the quiet paths of home!

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

I TRAVEL constantly, up and down a certain line of railway that has a terminus in London. It is the railway for a large military depôt, and for other large barracks. To the best of my serious belief, I have never been on that railway by daylight, without seeing some handcuffed deserters in the train.

It is in the nature of things that such an institution as our English army should have many bad and troublesome characters in it. But, this is a reason for, and not against, its being made as acceptable as possible to well-disposed men of decent behaviour. Such men are assuredly not tempted into the ranks, by the beastly inversion of natural laws, and the compulsion to live in worse than swinish foulness. Accordingly, when any such Circumlocutional embellishments of the soldier's condition have of late been brought to notice, we civilians, seated in outer darkness cheerfully meditating on an Income Tax, have considered the matter as being our business, and have shown a tendency to declare that we would rather not have it misregulated, if such declaration may, without violence to the Church Catechism, be hinted to those who are put in authority over us.

Any animated description of a modern battle, any private soldier's letter published in the newspapers, any page of the records of the Victoria Cross, will show that in the ranks of the army, there exists under all disadvantages as fine a sense of duty as is to be found in any station on earth. Who doubts that if we all did our duty as faithfully as the soldier does his, this world would be a better place? There may be greater difficulties in our way than in the soldier's. Not disputed. But, let us at least do our duty towards *him*.

I had got back again to that rich and beautiful port where I had looked after Mercantile Jack, and I was walking up a hill there, on a wild March morning. My conversation with my official friend Pangloss, by whom I was accidentally accompanied, took this direction as we took the up-hill direction, because the object of my uncommercial journey was to see some discharged soldiers who had recently come home from India. There were men of HAVELOCK's among them; there were men who had been in many of the great battles of the great Indian campaign, among them; and I was curious to note what our discharged soldiers looked like, when they were done with.

I was not the less interested (as I mentioned to my official friend Pangloss) because these men had claimed to be discharged, when their right to be discharged was not admitted. They had behaved with unblemished fidelity and bravery; but a change of circumstances had arisen, which, as they considered, put an end to their compact and entitled them to enter on a new one. Their demand had been blunderingly resisted by the authorities in India; but, it is to be presumed that the men were not far wrong, inasmuch as the bungle had ended in their being sent home discharged, in pursuance of orders from home. (There was an immense waste of money, of course.)

Under these circumstances—thought I, as I walked up the hill, on which I accidentally encountered my official friend—under these circumstances of the men having successfully opposed themselves to the Pagoda Department of that great Circumlocution Office, on which the sun never sets and the light of reason never rises, the Pagoda Department will have been particularly careful of the national honour. It will have shown these men, in the scrupulous good faith, not to say the generosity, of its dealing with them, that great national authorities can have no small retaliations and revenges. It will have made every provision for their health on the passage home, and will have landed them, restored from their campaigning fatigues by a sea-voyage, pure air, sound food, and good medicines. And I pleased myself with dwelling beforehand, on the great accounts of their personal treatment which these men would carry into their various towns and villages, and on the increasing popularity of the service that would insensibly follow. I almost began to hope that the hitherto-never-failing deserters on my railroad, would by-and-by become a phenomenon.

In this agreeable frame of mind I entered the workhouse of Liverpool.—For, the cultivation of laurels in a sandy soil, had brought the soldiers in question to *that* abode of Glory.

Before going into their wards to visit them, I inquired how they had made their triumphant entry there? They had been brought through the rain in carts, it seemed, from the landing-place to the gate, and had then been carried up-stairs on the backs of paupers. Their

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groans and pains during the performance of this glorious pageant, had been so distressing, as to bring tears into the eyes of spectators but too well accustomed to scenes of suffering. They were so dreadfully cold, that those who could get near the fires were hard to be restrained from thrusting their feet in among the blazing coals. They were so horribly reduced, that they were awful to look upon. Racked with dysentery and blackened with scurvy, one hundred and forty wretched men had been revived with brandy and laid in bed.

My official friend Pangloss is lineally descended from a learned doctor of that name, who was once tutor to Candide, an ingenuous young gentleman of some celebrity. In his personal character, he is as humane and worthy a gentleman as any I know; in his official capacity, he unfortunately preaches the doctrines of his renowned ancestor, by demonstrating on all occasions that we live in the best of all possible official worlds.

"In the name of Humanity," said I, "how did the men fall into this deplorable state? Was the ship well found in stores?"

"I am not here to asseverate that I know the fact, of my own knowledge," answered Pangloss, "but I have grounds for asserting that the stores were the best of all possible stores."

A medical officer laid before us, a handful of rotten biscuit, and a handful of split peas. The biscuit was a honey-combed heap of maggots, and the excrement of maggots. The peas were even harder than this filth. A similar handful had been experimentally boiled, six hours, and had shown no signs of softening. These were the stores on which the soldiers had been fed.

"The beef——" I began, when Pangloss cut me short.

"Was the best of all possible beef," said he.

But, behold, there was laid before us certain evidence given at the Coroner's Inquest, holden on some of the men (who had obstinately died of their treatment), and from that evidence it appeared that the beef was the worst of all possible beef!

"Then I lay my hand upon my heart, and take my stand," said Pangloss, "by the pork, which was the best of all possible pork."

"But, look at this food before our eyes, if one may so misuse the word," said I. "Would any Inspector who did his duty, pass such abomination?"

"It ought not to have been passed," Pangloss admitted.

"Then the authorities out there——" I began, when Pangloss cut me short again.

"There would certainly seem to have been something wrong somewhere," said he; "but I am prepared to prove that the authorities out there, are the best of all possible authorities."

I never heard of an impeached public authority in my life, who was not the best public authority in existence.

"We are told of these unfortunate men being laid low by scurvy," said I. "Since lime-juice has been regularly stored and served out in our navy, surely that disease, which used to devastate it, has almost disappeared. Was there lime-juice aboard this transport?"

My official friend was beginning "the best of all possible——" when an inconvenient medical forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence, from which it appeared that the lime-juice had been bad too. Not to mention that the vinegar had been bad too, the vegetables bad too, the cooking accommodation insufficient (if there had been anything worth mentioning to cook), the water supply exceedingly inadequate, and the beer sour.

"Then, the men," said Pangloss, a little irritated, "were the worst of all possible men."

"In what respect?" I asked.

"Oh! Habitual drunkards," said Pangloss.

But, again the same incorrigible medical forefinger pointed out another passage in the evidence, showing that the dead men had been examined after death, and that they, at least, could not possibly have been habitual drunkards, because the organs within them which must have shown traces of that habit, were perfectly sound.

"And besides," said the three doctors present, one and all, "habitual drunkards brought as low as these men have been, could not recover under care and food, as the great majority of these men are recovering. They would not have strength of constitution to do it."

"Reckless and improvident dogs, then," said Pangloss. "Always are—nine times out of ten."

I turned to the master of the workhouse, and asked him whether the men had any money?

"Money?" said he. "I have in my iron safe, nearly four hundred pounds of theirs; the agents have nearly a hundred pounds more; and many of them have left money in Indian banks besides."

"Hah!" said I to myself, as we went upstairs, "this is not the best of all possible stories, I doubt!"

We went into a large ward, containing some twenty or five-and-twenty beds. We went into several such wards, one after another. I find it very difficult to indicate what a shocking sight I saw in them, without frightening the reader from the perusal of these lines, and defeating my object of making it known.

O the sunken eyes that turned to me as I walked between the rows of beds, or—worse still—that glazedly looked at the white ceiling, and saw nothing and cared for nothing! Here, lay the skeleton of a man, so lightly covered with a thin unwholesome skin, that not a bone in the anatomy was clothed, and I could clasp the arm above the elbow, in my finger and thumb. Here, lay a man with the black scurvy eating his legs away, his gums gone, and his teeth all gaunt and bare. This bed was empty, because gangrene had set in, and the patient had died but yesterday. That bed was a hopeless one, because its occupant was sinking fast, and could only be roused to turn the poor pinched mask of face upon the pillow, with a feeble moan. The awful thinness of the fallen

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cheeks, the awful brightness of the deep-set eyes, the lips of lead, the hands of ivory, the recumbent human images lying in the shadow of death with a kind of solemn twilight on them, like the sixty who had died aboard the ship and were lying at the bottom of the sea, O Pangloss, God forgive you!

In one bed, lay a man whose life had been saved (as it was hoped) by deep incisions in the feet and legs. While I was speaking to him, a nurse came up to change the poultices which this operation had rendered necessary, and I had an instinctive feeling that it was not well to turn away, merely to spare myself. He was sorely wasted and keenly susceptible, but the efforts he made to subdue any expression of impatience or suffering, were quite heroic. It was easy to see, in the shrinking of the figure, and the drawing of the bed-clothes over the head, how acute the endurance was, and it made me shrink too, as if *I* were in pain; but, when the new bandages were on, and the poor feet were composed again, he made an apology for himself (though he had not uttered a word), and said plaintively, "I am so tender and weak, you see, sir!" Neither from him nor from any one sufferer of the whole ghastly number, did I hear a complaint. Of thankfulness for present solicitude and care, I heard much; of complaint, not a word.

I think I could have recognised in the dismalest skeleton there, the ghost of a soldier. Something of the old air was still latent in the palest shadow of life that I talked to. One emaciated creature, in the strictest literality worn to the bone, lay stretched on his back, looking so like death that I asked one of the doctors if he were not dying, or dead? A few kind words from the doctor, in his ear, and he opened his eyes, and smiled—looked, in a moment, as if he would have made a salute, if he could. "We shall pull him through, please God," said the Doctor. "Plase God, surr, and thankye," said the patient. "You are much better to-day; are you not?" said the Doctor. "Plase God, surr; 'tis the slape I want, surr; 'tis my breathin' makes the nights so long." "He is a careful fellow this, you must know," said the Doctor, cheerfully; "it was raining hard when they put him in the open cart to bring him here, and he had the presence of mind to ask to have a sovereign taken out of his pocket that he had there, and a cab engaged. Probably it saved his life." The patient rattled out the skeleton of a laugh, and said, proud of the story, "'Deed, surr, an open cairt was a comical means o' bringin' a dyin' man here, and a clever way to kill him." You might have sworn to him for a soldier when he said it.

One thing had perplexed me very much in going from bed to bed. A very significant and cruel thing. I could find no young man, but one. He had attracted my notice, by having got up and dressed himself in his soldier's jacket and trousers, with the intention of sitting by the fire; but he had found himself too weak, and had crept back to his bed and laid himself down on the outside of it. I could have pronounced him, alone, to be a young man aged by famine and sickness. As we were standing by the Irish soldier's bed, I mentioned my perplexity to the Doctor. He took a board with an inscription on it from the head of the Irishman's bed, and asked me what age I supposed that man to be? I had observed him with attention while talking to him, and answered, confidently, "Fifty." The doctor, with a pitying glance at the patient, who had dropped into a stupor again, put the board back, and said, "Twenty-Four."

All the arrangements of the wards were excellent. They could not have been more humane, sympathising, gentle, attentive, or wholesome. The owners of the ship, too, had done all they could, liberally. There were bright fires in every room, and the convalescent men were sitting round them, reading various papers and periodicals. I took the liberty of inviting my official friend Pangloss to look at those convalescent men, and to tell me whether their faces and bearing were or were not, generally, the faces and bearing of steady, respectable soldiers? The master of the workhouse, overhearing me, said that he had had a pretty large experience of troops, and that better conducted men than these, he had never had to do with. They were always (he added) as we saw them. And of us visitors (I add) they knew nothing whatever, except that we were there.

It was audacious in me, but I took another liberty with Pangloss. Prefacing it with the observation that, of course, I knew beforehand that there was not the faintest desire, anywhere, to hush up any part of this dreadful business, and that the Inquest was the fairest of all possible Inquests, I besought four things of Pangloss. Firstly, to observe that the Inquest *was not held in that place*, but at some distance off. Secondly, to look round upon those helpless spectres in their beds. Thirdly, to remember that the witnesses produced from among them before that Inquest, could not have been selected because they were the men who had the most to tell it, but because they happened to be in a state admitting of their safe removal. Fourthly, to say whether the Coroner and Jury could have come there, to those pillows, and taken a little evidence? My official friend declined to commit himself to a reply.

There was a sergeant, reading, in one of the fireside groups; as he was a man of a very intelligent countenance, and as I have a great respect for non-commissioned officers as a class, I sat down on the nearest bed, to have some talk with him. (It was the bed of one of the grisliest of the poor skeletons, and he died soon afterwards.)

"I was glad to see, in the evidence of an officer at the Inquest, sergeant, that he never saw men behave better on board ship than these men."

"They did behave very well, sir."

"I was glad to see, too, that every man had a hammock."

The sergeant gravely shook his head. "There must be some mistake, sir. The men of my own mess had no hammocks. There were not hammocks enough on board, and the men of the two next messes laid hold of hammocks for themselves as soon as they got on board, and squeezed my men out, as I may say."

"Had the squeezed-out men none then?"

"None, sir. As men died, their hammocks were used by other men, who wanted hammocks; but many men had none at all."

"Then you don't agree with the evidence on that point?"

"Certainly not, sir. A man can't, when he knows to the contrary."

"Did any of the men sell their bedding for drink?"

"There is some mistake on that point too, sir. Men were under the impression—I knew it for a fact at the time—that it was not allowed to take blankets or bedding on board, and so men who had things of that sort came to sell them purposely."

"Did any of the men sell their clothes for drink?"

"They did, sir." (I believe there never was a more truthful witness than the sergeant. He had no inclination to make out a case.)

"Many?"

"Some, sir" (considering the question). "Soldier-like. There had been long marching in the rainy season, by bad roads—no roads at all, in short—and when they got to Calcutta, men turned to and drank, before taking a last look at it. Soldier-like."

"Do you see any men in this ward, for example, who sold clothes for drink at that time?"

The sergeant's wan eye, happily just beginning to rekindle with health, travelled round the place and came back to me. "Certainly, sir."

"The marching to Calcutta in the rainy season must have been severe?"

"It was very severe, sir."

"Yet what with the rest and the sea air, I should have thought that the men (even the men who got drunk) would have soon begun to recover on board ship?"

"So they might; but the bad food told upon them, and when we got into a cold latitude, it began to tell more, and the men dropped."

"The sick had a general disinclination for food, I am told, Sergeant?"

"Have you seen the food, sir?"

"Some of it."

"Have you seen the state of their mouths, sir?"

If the sergeant, who was a man of a few orderly words, had spoken the amount of a volume of this publication, he could not have settled that question better. I believe that the sick could as soon have eaten the ship, as the ship's provisions.

I took the additional liberty with my friend Pangloss, when I had left the sergeant with good wishes, of asking Pangloss whether he had ever heard of biscuit getting drunk and bartering its nutritious qualities for putrefaction and vermin; of peas becoming hardened in liquor; of hammocks drinking themselves off the face of the earth; of lime-juice, vegetables, vinegar, cooking accommodation, water supply, and beer, all taking to drinking together and going to ruin? If not (I asked him), what did he say in defence of the officers condemned by the Coroner's Jury, who, by signing the General Inspection report relative to the ship Great Tasmania chartered for these troops, had deliberately asserted all that bad and poisonous dunghill refuse, to be good and wholesome food? My official friend replied that it was a remarkable fact, that whereas some officers were only positively good, and other officers only comparatively better, those particular officers were superlatively the very best of all possible officers.

My hand and my heart fail me, in writing my record of this journey. The spectacle of the soldiers in the hospital-beds of that Liverpool workhouse (a very good workhouse, indeed, be it understood), was so shocking and so shameful, that as an Englishman I burn and blush to remember it. It would have been simply unbearable at the time, but for the consideration and pity with which they were soothed in their sufferings.

No punishment that our inefficient laws provide, is worthy of the name when set against the guilt of this transaction. But, if the memory of it die out unavenged, and if it do not result in the inexorable dismissal and disgrace of those who are responsible for it, their escape will be infamous to the Government (no matter of what party) that so neglects its duty, and infamous to the nation that tamely suffers such intolerable wrong to be done in its name.

DELUGES.

Noah's was the last grand deluge; Adhémar's is to be the next. Noah floated in safety through the vast inundation which bears his name; it is not likely that Alphonse Joseph Adhémar, author of the Révolution de la Mer, &c., will enjoy the same good fortune, seeing that he was born in 1797, and that his deluge is not to happen before the lapse of six thousand and nearly three hundred years. The event, of which such long notice is given, is to be the result of physical laws relating to heat and gravity, and of certain well-known astronomical facts.

The immediate cause of the cataclysm thus predicted, is to be a disturbance of the equilibrium of the ocean—the inevitable consequence of a change of its centre of gravity. The seas, shallow in comparison with the mass of the globe, are spread over the greater part of its surface, so as to render it (were it flat instead of spherical) like a dinner plate all but filled with water. Tilt the plate ever so little, and the water rushes to one side, leaving the opposite side uncovered. Shift the centre of gravity of the terrestrial globe, and the oceans must obey the new point of attraction as surely as the tides obey the moon. In Adhémar's deluge, the South Pacific, South Atlantic, and Antarctic Oceans are to be suddenly poured

across the equator, to submerge our northern hemisphere. The sea is to take repossession of its ancient bed, which we now occupy and cultivate. High grounds, rising above the level of the Southern Ocean, are to form the archipelagoes of a new Polynesia. Our hemisphere, which is continental at the present day, is to become what it was before the last catastrophe; —oceanic, and vice versâ. In the southern hemisphere, unknown continents are to spring from the abyss, raising their summits to the clouds, and are soon to be covered with what is called eternal snow—that is, eternal until the next oceanic revolution. In reality, the mountains will not rise; but the effect will be to all intents the same, by the retiring of the sea from that half of the earth's surface. By the depression of its level, the islands of the Pacific will at once become the culminating points of new chains of mountains. The continental hemisphere will then lie on the other side of the equator.

It was a similar disturbance of equilibrium, Adhémar holds, which caused, "four thousand two hundred and six years and nine months ago," the preceding deluge, which is called THE deluge, because it is the only one tradition whereof subsists, and which, perhaps, is the only one that has had human beings for witnesses. All the general deluges are owing to the same cause—the displacement of the seas. M. Le Hon [whose Périodicité des Grands Déluges is now lying before us], a learned geologist and professor at the Military School at Brussels, counts no less than fourteen such deluges, from the beginning of the tertiary period up to the present day. The oldest of these tertiary deluges (before which there were plenty of others) mounts as far back as a hundred and forty thousand years. The only difference between them is, that, in two consecutive deluges, the irruption of the waters takes place in an opposite direction; that is, from south to north in one case, and from north to south in the other. M. Le Hon is so sure of his facts, that he favours us with a map of several European, and some African and Asiatic, lands, showing the degree to which they were submerged—namely, what was water and what dry land—during the interval between Noah's flood and the preceding one. From this he infers that the grand mass of ice surrounding the North Pole reached, at the epoch of greatest cold, very nearly as far as Tornea, or sixty-six degrees of latitude; that the sites of most of the principal cities of Europe—London, Paris, Madrid, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Brussels, Constantinople, Athens, Turin, Munich, and many others—were all under water; that Ireland was then a group of four separate islands; England, of four likewise, divided from Scotland by a strait; and that the Straits of Dover, so far from being a new invention, were very much wider than they are at present. They were probably first opened at the last deluge but one.

A very slight alteration in the position of the earth's centre of gravity is quite sufficient to produce these vast convulsions—vast relatively to their effects on animated nature—so nice is the equilibrium. For, the depths of the ocean and the highest mountain-tops are so trifling in comparison with the enormous size of the globe, that Biot, as is well known, compared them to the irregularities on the skin of an orange. M. Adhémar has calculated the comparative volume of a chain, or rather a considerable group of mountains; and he finds that, if we suppose the circumference of the globe to be represented by an ordinary dinner plate, the abdomen of a common house-fly will represent the group of all the Alps united. The famous chain of the Andes, the largest in the world, appears enormous to an atom like man, but it is in reality only a slight wrinkle, hardly equivalent to the seventh part of our planet's circumference. It is clear, then (to Adhémar), that if anything occurs to shift the centre of gravity only to a moderate distance, it will make all the difference on the outspread waters between stable and unstable equilibrium. Noah's flood was caused by the sudden departure of the northern seas, which rushed towards the Antarctic Pole; Adhémar's will take place in the contrary direction. The mass of the seas appears, therefore, to be carried alternately from one side of the equator to the other, nearly as a pendulum in motion swings from one side of the perpendicular to the other. Nothing can be simpler; nothing is more natural—as the philosophers just cited, profess to prove.

A glance at the map of the world informs us that the mass of waters is very unequally portioned out between the northern and the southern halves of the globe. In the northern hemisphere, the land bears to the sea the proportion of four hundred and fifteen to one thousand; in the southern, of one hundred and twenty-nine to one thousand. If you follow the same parallel of latitude—forty degrees, for instance—above and below the equator, in the northern hemisphere it passes close to Madrid, Constantinople, Pekin, and Philadelphia, and is almost entirely continental; whilst, in the southern hemisphere, it is almost entirely maritime; and, except Patagonia and a few islands, there is nothing between it and the pole, but ice and water. The fact is too evident to require further comment. The antarctic seas, four times vaster than those of the north, are also deeper. At the points nearest to the North Pole which have been reached, the sounding line has never given more than three hundred fathoms, whilst in the opposite hemisphere it has marked two thousand and more without touching bottom. Captain Ross found four thousand; M. d'Archiac cites a case in which the line, charged with a weight of four hundred pounds, ran out to nine thousand one hundred and forty-three mètres, or about ten thousand yards, and only stopped for want of rope. In this abyss, the Pyrenees, Mont Blanc, and Ararat itself might be sunk, without leaving a trace. Everest, the giant of the Himalayas, measured by Colonel Waugh,

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would be covered by a stratum of water more than three hundred yards in depth. If, in comparing the northern and the southern oceans, the depth is taken into consideration as well as the surface, it will result that the mass of water constituting the latter is four times as great as that constituting the former. Why is this?

Another question: If you look at maps of the polar regions, you will observe that at the North Pole, with two or three exceptions, the ice is far from extending down to the seventy-fifth degree of latitude; whilst, at the South Pole it forms a zone, or rather a circle, with a radius of more than twenty degrees. The only open point in this zone is where the Erebus, the immense volcano discovered by Ross, whose flames dart to the height of two thousand feet, explains the existence of this unfrozen patch of sea. The arctic regions are capped by a circle of ice having a surface of two hundred and ninety-four square leagues; the antarctic regions consist of a continent of ice with a surface of seven hundred and fifty-five thousand square leagues. What is the reason of this disproportion? The answers to these two questions supply the clue to past and future deluges.

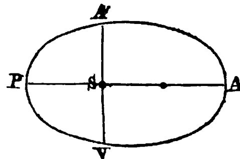
Our philosophers state, as their conviction, that the northern hemisphere is gradually cooling; that the arctic ice is steadily encroaching on the yet unfrozen portions of Europe, Asia, and America; that the summers of France and England are not so hot as they were in olden times. Where, for instance, are the English vineyards now? And while the northern hemisphere is cooling, the southern is accumulating heat. While the ice here is gaining ground, there it is retreating. Compare the route followed by Captain Cook, when his orders were to coast the ice as closely as possible, with the limits attained by contemporary navigators, Ross, and the unfortunate Dumont-d'Urville. There is no need to wonder why Cook and Desfournaux, in the last century, failed to discover the lands which their successors subsequently found; for, in their time, these were beneath the ice. Why this increase of cold in one hemisphere and of warmth in the other? Why do both changes date from 1248? What is the explanation of Robert Stephenson's statement cited by Cuvier, that the level of the North Sea and of the English Channel is rising?

The outpouring of the waters is not caused by the uprising of any mountain-chain, as certain geologists have supposed. Earthquakes are not the parents of any grand deluge; they are inadequate to the enormous results which have occurred. There is no room here to argue the proposition; M. Adhémar has searched for the origin of oceanic revolutions in a source where no one thought of looking for it before; his theory does not rest on an hypothesis, but on one of the laws of the system of the world. In Germany, his book has been admired and translated; in France, the prophet has as yet found but little honour in his own country. M. Le Hon, his Belgian disciple, explains the indifference of the French learned public, thus: "The Academy pays no attention to the Mémoire, because it is in print; geologists do not read it, because it is the production of a mathematician; and mathematicians do not read it, because it meddles with geology."

We may safely illustrate his theory as follows: first, the earth describes, in the course of a year, a nearly circular ellipse, one of whose foci is occupied by the sun. Secondly, the same season does not reign at the same time all over the globe; there is, on the contrary, a complete opposition in this respect between the northern and southern halves of the world. Our winter answers to the summer of the southern hemisphere, and our spring to its autumn.

Thirdly, the seasons are not of equal length, which is the consequence of the elliptic form of the earth's orbit. Our spring and summer take place while the earth is describing the smaller arc of its orbit, which is the one nearest the sun. She has, therefore, a shorter distance to travel during these seasons than during the other two; and, moreover, as the sun, being nearer, exerts at that time a greater power of attraction, the earth's motion becomes accelerated. Our autumn and our winter last, together, one hundred and seventy-nine days, our spring and summer one hundred and eighty-six: difference, seven days. Thus, spring and summer, in our hemisphere, are seven days longer than autumn and winter; and the reverse takes place in the southern hemisphere.

Fourthly, we did not always enjoy this privilege; it falls to each hemisphere by turns. There was a time when autumn and winter took place for us whilst the earth was travelling through the greater arc of her orbit, whilst she was at her greatest distance from the sun. A like time will return. This being the key to the theory which we are about to state, ought to be clearly understood.



P A, Major axis, or apsidal line.
S, The Sun.
P, Perihelion } apsides.
A, Aphelion }
A′, Autumnal Equinox.
V, Vernal Equinox.

Four remarkable points in the earth's orbit have received the names of "solstices" and "equinoxes;" from these points the different seasons date their commencement. Thus there is the vernal equinox, the summer solstice, the autumnal equinox, and the winter solstice. We have now to state what positions they occupied in the year 1248 of the Christian era. This date is mentioned for the second time; its choice is not arbitrary.

Suppose that you have before you (or draw upon a scrap of paper) an ellipse whose major

axis is parallel to these printed lines. This ellipse represents the orbit of the earth. Every ellipse has two foci. Suppose the sun to be in the left focus of our ellipse: the major axis meets the curve of the oval at two points, one to the right and one to the left. The point to the left evidently makes the nearest approach to the sun during the whole course of the earth's orbit, whence it is called the perihelion; the point to the right, being the most distant, is called the aphelion. These two extreme points are also called apsides, whence the name of apsidal line given to the major axis of the orbit.

Now, in the year 1248, the first day of winter, or the winter solstice—we are speaking of our hemisphere—occurred when the earth was passing the perihelion; and the first day of summer, or the summer solstice, when the earth was passing the aphelion. To complete our figure, let us draw through the centre of the sun a straight line perpendicular to the major axis of the ellipse. This line will cut the oval orbit of the earth at two points, one above and the other below the major axis. The first is the point where, in 1248, the earth was at the autumnal equinox, that is, it was the first day of autumn; and the second where she was at the vernal equinox, or on the first day in spring. With this simple figure in view, the rest of our explanation is as plain as can be.

During the whole course of a single year there is no sensible change in the inclination of the earth's axis; it remains, to all intents and purposes, parallel to itself; but, in the lapse of ages, this parallelism remains no longer unaltered. The earth is slightly swollen, or bulges out at the equator; the sun's attraction acting on this swelling has the effect of changing the inclination of the axis. It is analogous to the rolling of a top whilst its toe remains spinning on exactly the same spot of ground. The top's axis, more or less inclined towards the ground, describes a conical surface round the line perpendicular to the plane on which the top is spinning. The solar attraction, combined with the diurnal movement, impresses a similar movement on the globe. This change of direction has the effect of altering the date of the equinoxes.

In this way, since 1248, the vernal equinox has drawn nearer to the perihelion by more than ten degrees; consequently, the winter solstice, which was at the perihelion, retreats from it, the autumnal equinox advances towards the summer solstice, and the summer solstice towards the vernal equinox, for all the points of the orbit follow the same movement. As this movement goes on, the vernal equinox will at last take place at the time of the earth's passing the perihelion; it will then be beyond it, and will in time take the place of the autumnal equinox, which will have taken the place of the vernal equinox, exactly as the two solstices will also have mutually changed their positions. That is to say, at that time the order of the seasons will be reversed, in respect to the four principal points of the earth's orbit; our spring and summer will take place at the perihelion, our autumn and winter at the aphelion. The contrary will be the case for the southern hemisphere. Our autumn and winter will then be seven days longer than in the southern hemisphere, and every year the sun will shine seven days longer on the South Pole than on the North Pole.

Be it remarked that the change of the equinoctial points takes place in a direction opposite to that of the earth's motion in her orbit, whence the name of the "Precession of the Equinoxes" given to this grand phenomenon, which has long been known to astronomers, although M. Adhémar was the first to build upon it his theory of the periodicity of great deluges. The rate of the movement of precession is so slow that its entire revolution round the earth's orbit requires twenty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight years; but, in fact, it is practically shortened by another phenomenon, which modifies the duration of this long period:

In consequence of the attractions exercised by the planets upon our globe, the major axis of the earth's orbit, or the apsidal line, changes its place; it moves in the place of the orbit, and in the same direction as the earth itself, and, consequently, in direction contrary to the equinoctial revolution. Thus—to have a clear idea of the case—whilst the vernal equinox goes backwards towards the perihelion, the perihelion, in consequence of the gradual motion of the apsidal line, comes forward to meet the vernal equinox. The effect of the displacement of the apsides is, therefore, a shortening of the duration of the revolution of the equinoxes, abbreviating it, in round numbers, to twenty-one thousand years. Consequently, every ten thousand five hundred years, the order of the seasons in the two hemispheres is reversed, in respect to the equinoctial and solstitial points; that is, the dates when spring, summer, autumn, and winter begin.

Now let us follow the bold deductions that are drawn from these established astronomical premises. At the poles, the year consists of only one day and one night; the day lasts as long as the united spring and summer of the corresponding hemisphere; the night, as long as the united autumn and winter; consequently the North Pole's day is one hundred and sixty-eight hours longer than the South Pole's. But, during day, the earth receives the heat of the sun, whilst, by night, it loses it by radiation. If the length of the days is greater than the length of the nights, the earth is heated; it is cooled in the contrary case. Hence the North Pole every year lays in a stock of heat, and the South Pole loses heat. The former accumulates every year one hundred and sixty-eight times the quantity of heat received from the sun in the course of an hour of day, the second loses one hundred and sixty-eight times the heat which is dispersed by radiation in the course of an hour of night. What is the amount of this difference in the course of several thousand years—of ten thousand years, for instance? Three million three hundred and sixty thousand hours, which are equivalent to two hundred and

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eighty-two years. Nothing more is required to explain the unequal development of the arctic and the antarctic icy regions.

Each of the earth's poles, therefore, is loaded with a vast glacier, but of unequal dimensions and elevation; as the antarctic mass is the more considerable, the centre of gravity of the whole mass of the globe is drawn into the southern hemisphere, along the radius which terminates at the South Pole, carrying with it the waters spread over the earth, and laying bare a portion of the continents of the northern hemisphere. As the displacement of the centre of gravity is slow, the displacement of the seas is also slow. They gradually retreat from one hemisphere, and gradually take possession of the other; and in this secular movement there is nothing which entitles it to the name of a catastrophe or a grand convulsion of nature. Let us note the consequences, and inquire what will happen ten thousand five hundred years after the seas have been amassed in the southern hemisphere.

Little by little, the northern glacier increases, the southern diminishes. During a long period, the deep waters, nearest to the centre of attraction, transport themselves from the south to the north. The northern seas insensibly rise, the southern seas as gradually subside. On this side of the equator, lowlands, shores, cultivated fields, and forests are submerged; on the other side of the equator, the land gains upon the sea, which retires. But all this takes place on a limited scale, and small changes require long periods of time. At last, the hour arrives when this regular and progressive movement gives place to a sudden, a vast perturbation of equilibrium; namely, when the boreal glacier having reached its maximum of extension, and the austral glacier its minimum, this latter has become sufficiently softened and rotten by the accumulated heat of the sun. It is then broken up; and the instant of the break-up sounds the knell of an universal cataclysm. As soon as the fragments of the great southern glacier are converted into floating icebergs, drifting about at the mercy of the waves, the attraction of the northern glacier becomes preponderant; and the centre of gravity of the globe, suddenly traversing the plane of the equator, passes into the northern hemisphere, dragging after it, in a mighty torrent, almost the total mass of the waters.

Ten thousand five hundred years afterwards, another deluge occurs, in an opposite direction; and so on, during the whole enormous period that the precession of the equinoxes has been, and shall be, an astronomical fact.

M. Adhémar's theory, resting on one of the laws of the system of the world, has an impregnable basis; but disputants may claim leave to doubt the intensity of the results. Is the cause assigned, capable of alternately concentrating the great mass of the seas in the opposite hemispheres? The question might be resolved by observation; but unfortunately, observations are wanting. We do not exactly know, either the depth of the seas around the South Pole, nor the height of the antarctic ice above the level of the sea, nor its density. To supply those deficiencies, our author is obliged to reduce the question to a problem of statics. The depth of the ocean increases regularly from the North to the South Pole. The solid sphere which forms the globe, and the liquid sphere which is formed by the seas, are not parallel at their surfaces, and the centre of one is about half a league distant from the centre of the other. The point is to demonstrate that the eccentricity of these two spheres is caused by the attraction of the ice accumulated at the South Pole. With this view, the author inquires into the conditions of equilibrium between the earth, the sea, and the two polar glaciers. He arrives at the result that the immense mass of the seas is held in equilibrium by a force three hundred and eighty-two leagues from its natural centre. In order that the force of attraction possessed by the antarctic glacier can produce this astounding result, it must have a height of twenty leagues. This seems a prodigious altitude. But, by the help of the eclipses in which the earth casts her shadow on the moon, something may be ascertained respecting the projection of the polar ice. Kepler relates that the eclipse of the moon of the 26th of September, 1624, which was total and almost central, surprised him greatly; "for not only," he says, "the duration of total darkness was short, but the remainder of the duration of the eclipse, before and after the total obscurity, was still shorter, as if the earth were elliptical or lemon-shaped, and had a shorter diameter across the equator than from pole to pole."

It is curious to compare Adhémar's theory with some well-known geological phenomena. A great catastrophe has devastated the surface of the globe, leaving in our hemisphere, to witness its power, the extraordinary phenomenon which has been named the diluvium of the north. Innumerable blocks of all dimensions have been torn from regions near the pole and have been transported along every meridian, down to the fifty-second parallel, and raised to altitudes exceeding five hundred yards. They are scattered over the plains and table-lands of the Old and the New Worlds. In all cases, they have been arrested by the heights, and they have been stranded on the northern slopes of mountains, whilst open grounds and lowlands have admitted their passage. Their abundance and their volume is in proportion to the latitude; and the nearer they are to the pole, the more considerable is their number and dimensions. On beholding the sharpness of their edges, the prominence of their angles, the freshness of their fractures, and their perfect preservation, you are tempted to say that some colossal hand, clutching them at their point of departure, had deposited them unaltered at their destination.

The whole of America which is situated between Newfoundland and the Upper Mississippi, is thickly strewn with these erratic boulders. They all lie on the south or the south-east side of the mountains from whence they come.

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Some, torn from Canada, have been carried five hundred miles away, as far as Ohio, in the thirty-eighth degree of latitude; others, stripped from Labrador, have been cast on the southern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; red sandstone, plucked from Prince Edward's Island, now lies in Nova Scotia. Innumerable fragments, twenty or thirty feet thick, have made shipwreck in fifty degrees, at an altitude of a hundred yards. New England can show blocks of considerable size that are situated four hundred yards higher than the rocks from which they come. In Europe, enormous masses, detached from the mountains of Sweden and Finland, are dispersed in prodigious numbers over Germany, Poland, and Russia. On the south side of Lake Onega blocks are seen which form part of the opposite coast. Erratic boulders are found as far to the south as the forest of Fontainebleau—whence a few have been retransported northwards, by human agency, to decorate the Bois de Boulogne and other Parisian promenades.

Immense tracts of transported materials, consisting of sand, gravel, shingle, clay, mud, and all sorts of sweepings off the face of the earth, and incrusted with erratic boulders, cover vast regions to a depth which attains as much as three hundred yards, forming sometimes grand horizontal plains, sometimes lines of hills stretching along from north to south. The steppes of Russia, the sands of Gascony, and the stratum of sand and clay, more than two hundred yards thick, which covers Holland, belong to this deposit. In England we have examples of diluvium on a tolerably extensive scale. A celebrated living professor said, truly, that Norfolk is nothing but a heap of rubbish.

Mysterious marks, stripes, furrows, and flutings, sometimes two feet deep, have been scooped out by an irresistible chisel in the granite flanks of mountains that have been ground down, smoothed and polished, by the agency of an anonymous workman. The constant direction of these marks is north and south. The phenomenon is especially remarkable in Finland, in Sweden, in Norway, and the British Islands. Such is the collection of facts which constitute the diluvium.

The explanations hitherto given of these facts have only contained a portion of the truth. That they are the effect of Agassiz's grand polar glacier is scarcely admissible; because, although glaciers do slide down valleys in the Alps, this glacier would not have stirred on a vast horizontal plain. What was wanted, was a theory which should explain and account for the whole of the phenomena observed. A step towards it was recently made. In a report by M. Elie de Beaumont on an able Mémoire from M. Durocher, it is proved that the force which produced the diluvium proceeded from the regions in the neighbourhood of the North Pole; that an immense mass of waters, accompanied by ice, and rushing from north to south, inundated the northern countries of the globe, from Greenland to the Ural Mountains, stripping the highlands, polishing and channelling the rocks by means of the detritus which it hurried along with it, rolling in its waves the immense alluviums which constitute the soil of grand valleys, and lastly transporting enormous blocks by the aid of icebergs. The Baltic annually offers a similar spectacle, when the ice breaks up in spring; masses of granite embedded in the ice are carried by the currents to great distances. Dr. Scoresby, during his voyage to Greenland, saw icebergs, a hundred feet high, so laden with stones and rocks, that the ice itself was almost invisible.

What is the cause of the extreme cold which once reigned in our hemisphere? What force set in motion the torrents which have ravaged it? Why did that motion set out from the polar regions, proceeding in a southern direction?

M. Adhémar replies: During ten thousand five hundred years, the sum of the hours of night in our hemisphere preponderating over the sum of the hours of day, an immense cupola of ice was formed over and around the North Pole. It reached lower than the seventieth degree of latitude. It gave to the arctic rocks their peculiar aspect as we now behold them. The attraction of this grand glacier had drawn to this side of the equator, almost the totality of the seas, whose level stood much higher than it now does. Our continents were for the most part under water, whilst those of the southern hemisphere were high and dry, and perhaps were inhabited by the human race which was destroyed at the last deluge. Seven thousand years before that deluge, the arctic glacier had attained its greatest development. From that date, the sum of night hours in our hemisphere diminishing, and the sum of day hours increasing, our hemisphere became warmer, the extent of the great glacier was gradually decreased, while an opposite effect was taking place at the South Pole. After the lapse of seven thousand years, the continued action of the sun's heat having sufficiently softened the North-Polar ice, the grand break-up occurred; the northern seas and the fragments of the glacier, obeying the sudden displacement of the centre of gravity, rushed in a body towards the south. Torn from his bed, Ocean carried with him his mud, with which he formed the extensive lands of transport which constitute the diluvium. Gigantic streams of water, mingled with earth, sand, and pebbles, formed the alluviums of the great valleys; finally, erratic boulders, sustained by the ice and by the boiling up of the arctic waters to the altitudes which they now occupy, remained shelved on the sides of mountains whose tops they were unable to scale. Thus was produced the last deluge, four thousand two hundred years ago.

But this is not all. Suppose a traveller journeying from the North Pole to the South Pole, along any one given meridian. He will tell you that, in proportion as he gets further and further from the pole, his starting-place, erratic boulders become less and less numerous in our hemisphere; that they are already scarce about the thirty-fifth degree of latitude, and that from that point to the equator they are almost completely

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wanting, and that they are equally absent from the equator up to the thirty-fifth degree of south latitude; but that there they begin to reappear, and that their number goes on increasing in proportion as he draws near to the South Pole. Thus the southern hemisphere, like the northern, has also its diluvium.

The diluvium, therefore, is a phenomenon which is common to the earth's two poles. This, which might prove a perplexing circumstance for other geological theories, is a triumph for M. Adhémar's. His theory informs us that ten thousand five hundred years before Noah's deluge, there must have been a previous deluge produced by the disruption of the antarctic glacier. The diluvium of the south, then, is the witness of the last-but-one general cataclysm; it occurred when the mass of the seas (which were then, as now, in the southern hemisphere) and the ruins of the glacier were rapidly borne towards the north; and the erratic blocks (whose train extends from Cape Horn to the forty-first degree, where they were arrested by the mountains of Brazil and Bolivia) date, like the clay of the Pampas, from fourteen thousand seven hundred years ago.

From this same cataclysm dates another phenomenon, one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. Every one has heard of the extraordinary object found in the last century on the banks of the Lena. The ice in melting exposed the body of an elephant in such perfect preservation, that dogs ate its flesh. Buffon mentions six elephants preserved in the ice near the Ohio, in America. Sarytschew discovered another on the banks of the Alaseia, a river which empties itself into the Icy Sea. In short, there is scarcely a canton in Siberia which does not contain the bones of elephants; the islands in the Icy Sea furnish enormous quantities. How is the presence of these great pachyderms in such a rigorous latitude to be explained? Cuvier supposes a sudden cooling of the countries which they inhabited; an arbitrary supposition, which throws no light upon the subject. Adhémar's theory shows the elephants fleeing before the last deluge but one, as far as the sixtieth parallel, which then formed the limit of the northern glacier, and there, falling exhausted by hunger, fatigue, and cold, they were soon covered by masses of snow, afterwards transformed to masses of ice, which have preserved them to the present day.

Thus, under Adhémar's guidance (to which we yield ourselves, for the understanding of his journey), we start from a grand law of the system of the world, the precession of the equinoxes, and we arrive at the conclusion that grand deluges are periodical, and alternately occur from south to north and from north to south: and we find, on inspection, that the earth has actually been ravaged by a succession of general cataclysms separated from each other by long intervals of time; and that, of the two last deluges, one, the most ancient, came from the South Pole; and that the other, the most recent, was let loose from the North Pole. Not only has the sea its minor regular oscillations every six hours, alternately flooding and leaving bare, narrow, but far-spreading strips of shore, gradually undermining islands and continents, and producing important changes on the surface of our planet, but the ocean has also its grand secular tides, which have punctually recurred every ten thousand five hundred years, when it is high water over one whole hemisphere and low water throughout another, accompanied by such awful devastation by sea and land, such terrific convulsions in the sky overhead—for the equilibrium of the atmosphere would be displaced at the same time with that of the seas, both would rush wildly in one direction, accelerating each other's velocity and force—that if human eye could witness that dread day, no human tongue could adequately describe it.

Adhémar's deluge will happen—if it happen at all—six thousand three hundred years hence. It will be produced by the breaking up of the antarctic glacier coinciding with the increase of the arctic glacier. The waters will rush down upon our hemisphere, which will be submerged, whilst in the other hemisphere unknown continents will appear. Vegetable and animal life will in great measure be destroyed; and the same must happen to the human race, unless—— A few tribes, families, or individuals, escaping to the highest table-lands and mountain ranges, should survive—to fall back almost immediately into a state of barbarism. This is what must happen, unless some force be interposed to counteract the effects of the precession of the equinoxes, supposing it proved that one of those effects is to disturb the centre of gravity of the world by causing an overgrowth of the glacier at one pole, while the glacier at the other pole is melted down to fragility and dissolution. If such be not the case, Adhémar's deluge is a chimera.

M. Victor Meunier (who has been mainly instrumental in bringing this bold theory before the general public, and to whom the present paper is indebted for its simplification of the author's calculations) appears to be sincerely persuaded that the predicted catastrophe will really come, unless—— The warning which Noah received through supernatural means, is now given by science to the whole human race. But, all our science is of yesterday. Our industry, which derives all its grandeur from it, is still nothing but an industry of pigmies. We do not know, and consequently we do not employ, more than an imperceptible fraction of the forces which nature will yield to us as soon as we are able to clutch them. We are slaves to the majority of meteoric influences; the central fire is, for us, what flashes of atmospherical electricity are for savages, a source of disasters and a subject of terror. Our deepest mines do not penetrate the epidermis of the globe. We are profoundly ignorant respecting terrestrial magnetism, auroræ boreales, and telluric electricity.

What strength would be acquired by hands which could wield such powerful levers as those! And, without going so far as that, what might not be the influence on climate, of general and

integral cultivation throughout the world? A volcano keeps open a never-frozen gulf in the midst of the antarctic ice; multiply, in thought, these outlets of fire at either pole, and the development of either glacier would cease.

WHICH IS THE PLAGUE?

Did it ever occur to a child's mind that grown people are plagues? Probably. Plagued with children, indeed! Look at any poor little Dulcissimus, and see how he is plagued with adults. Heavy fathers, light mothers, blundering teachers, patronising ignorance in attendant servants, contemptuous patronage of all the big Dulcissimuses between eighteen and twenty-two, lie in a lump over the child world. A little schoolboy on the public road, sucking the nectaries of the white nettle blossoms, is a fair type of the child: a brisk little being, that knows how to get the sugar out of nettles.

If children had but a tenth part of our own skill in finding fault, they might get up a great many judicious talks among themselves about us all. But they accept us for their guides. The brutal drunken mother who will beat her starved child with a poker, is looked up to by her victim with a shrinking love. The thoughtless woman who sends out into the frost, poor little Dulcissimus, half-clad in costly raiment that the world may see his legs, is never asked by him for skirt or stocking.

At school, master and ushers are acknowledged plagues, and many flowers of satiric fancy bud about the rod. There is little malice in the mockery, and such as it is in childhood, it afterwards remains. Tusser wrote, as a man, just as he might have written as a boy, about the floggings he got from that great flogger of boys, Nicholas Udall, who produced the first of our English comedies, but was not appreciated as a popular comedian among his boys.

> From Paul's I went, to Eton sent,
> To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
> Where fifty-three stripes given to me
> At once I had;
> For faults but small, or not at all,
> It came to pass, that beat I was;
> See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee
> To me, poor lad.

Coleridge, who had many a thrashing—and, as he thought, only one that was just—from the belaborous Doctor Asterisks at the Bluecoat School, always talked pleasantly about that scholar's unsparing use of the rod. "I'll flog you," became so habitual an exclamation with him, that one day, when a lady committed the high misdemeanour of looking in at his class-room door, to ask a holiday for her Master Dulcissimus, whose cousin had come to town, and when, failing of her errand, she lingered in the doorway, the doctor shouted, "Bring that woman to me! I'll flog her!" Boys laugh at all this, and, by tumbling about among each other get, early in life, at a rough critical sense of the absurdities of adults. They acquire a keen scent for a prig; but their rough justice does not include judgment on the faults of home. They boast of their fathers among one another, and nurse images of their mothers in their hearts. So they would still do, if the fathers were all prigs, and the mothers all simpletons.

Let us endeavour to look at the two sides of a domestic question, Which is the Plague? Is it the young to the old, or the old to the young? The young are a plague to the old by sounding recklessly the note of mirth in the midst of adult dulness. They take the sportive view of life. Let Dulcissimus but lay his fingers on a copy of a writ or a distress-warrant, and he will probably regard it as a jolly thing to make a boat of, or will get an hour's rejoicing out of it by snipping it into a fly-cage, or cutting it with scissors into the remote suggestion of a pig. He and his little comrades obtrude musical laughter on the dull family conclave, and, at their worst, call off attention from the greater troubles of the world, by their own famous domestic achievements in the getting up of small calamities, present, obtrusive, clamorous, insignificant, and comic. The plague of children forces the attention of adults from their own worldly pains and toils, and, however the big race may pish and psha, it is obliged to dance round imaginary maypoles with the little people, accept frank love, take home-thrusts from it, run on all-fours, and have its starch utterly crumpled.

To be sure it is a worry to hear children cry; but their crying is generally a sign of their being afflicted by the plague of adults. They may well cry. The child wishes to decorate with sport every labour of its life. Ignorant adult servants, stimulating the quick fancy with tales of superstitious terror, are as fanciful as the child may desire, but hardly joyous. Think of their stupid adult tempers, giving tongue to the popular cry about the fretfulness of children. No child is fretful except when it is sickly or ill managed.

Bottle and spoon are the first plagues that the child suffers, from adult stupidity or selfishness. Nursing mothers commonly yield their places, once a day, to spoon and bottle, because society says to them, every evening, Won't you come out to-night? and because they have not courage to answer always, No. Society can do without them very well, but they are not aware of that. Society, in as far as it means friends, can find them out in their own homes; why should they become plagues to their children, for society, in as far as it means fashion?

And then bottle and spoon are made into double plagues by the ignorance of nurses who, looking upon milk as a thin fluid, although even cow's milk is really so heavy as to need dilution, do terrific things with gruel. The plague of an adult nurse will even pour into the mouth of a week-old infant, gruel, which is to the child's stomach what gravel might be to her own. Then rhubarb follows to correct the gruel, as one might correct a meal of gravel with a dose of pepper; and the dill-water stands upon the

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shelf, and the grey powder — always in half mourning for the little ones it has killed.

But when the children first begin to think and talk, how the adults plague them! Judgment and experience have yet to come. That they may come the faster in the first years, there is given to the young child by Nature a vivid sense of all present impressions, a strong curiosity to roam from one inquiry to another, and an impartial readiness to pass from impression to impression, fastening with a like eagerness on each. In our profound wisdom, as adults, when we see that an impression has struck painfully upon a child, we beat incessantly upon the hurt. The child shrinks, cries; it is temper, it is nonsense; we must conquer this. We must not let a baby get the better of us. The vivid thought, already more painful than our duller sensibilities can understand, would be dropped in a minute or two if we presented to the grasp of the busy and tender little mind, another and more pleasant subject of attention; but no, that won't do for us. The thorn has thrust only a tiny point into the sensitive little creature, and it should not cry for anything so small: therefore we will not pick it out at once but hammer it in to the head, by reasoning, and scolding, and long dwelling on the topic of which a mere touch was painful. There is hardly anything upon earth, so wretchedly common as this kind of dealing with the quick imaginations of the young. A minute's cry is tortured into half a day's affliction by defiance—often enough through the "naughty temper" of adults—of the simple rule that when a little child is hurt by the two intense dwelling of its imagination upon some distressing thought, especially if it be one that ought not to distress it, we must not allow such an impression to be deepened.

We can plague a young child, only through its fancy, its affections, and its passions: which are all the material its mind has to begin with. Reasoning powers do not act upon experience until it is abundant enough to have yielded general truths out of the incidents of life. But when reasoning begins to come into the young mind, what heavy plagues we are! Thousands and thousands of times when we ought to guide and support, we enter into conflict with the little thinker, and run full tilt at him with our great mental carcases.

A delightful period of childhood, in which fancy and reasoning hold equal sway, is followed in most children, by a period in which the early uses of the fancy have been served, and, a dozen or more years of experience having been gained, the exercise of reason becomes vigorous. The stores of memory then begin to be eagerly grouped and fashioned into argument, and, as the growing muscles impel boys and girls to leap, run, tumble, spin, and skip, the growth of reasoning power impels to a keen relish of all manner of argument. But the plague of adults is on this period of young life also. Again and again the cry goes forth against the boy or girl whom a wise Providence has brought to this stage of development, "You mustn't argue. Do what you are told. I know better than you. I say it is, and it is. Don't be conceited!" Stupid father, turning a deaf ear to the stir of intellectual life in your child, refusing to preside graciously and wisely over the wholesome exercises to which it is impelled, Which is the true plague?

This is the time, also, when the schoolmaster and tutor rule. The wise schoolmaster—and he is not now so rare a being, as he was, a quarter of a century ago—knows very well that sound teaching depends on a right method of turning to account this argumentative period in the mind's growth, which includes the years between fourteen and twenty-one. He accompanies and encourages the reasoner, selects carefully the fresh material for thought, and lays worthily before the busy mind, fruits of the wide experience of others. He does not discountenance with a rude dogmatism the exercises by which intellect is to attain healthy and vigorous maturity. He acquires from his pupils a trust more implicit than man ever yet has beaten into youth; and the appreciable service he thus renders is remembered gratefully till death. But there are still teachers alive, who plague the young with dogmatism, who protect their own ignorance as teachers by discouragement of questions, who reason little for themselves, and who, while they expect boys or girls to learn by rote, reckon as insubordination every outbreak of question or argument. Young people who are denied outward expression of this active force within them, reason on, nevertheless. Denied fair opportunity of bringing their conclusions to the open test of comparison with thoughts and experiences wider than their own, it is hard for them to contrive that they shall be reasonably sound. They weave error on error into their long chain of secret thought, because they are not allowed to produce their work as it is done, and get all people who will, to pull at one end of it while they pull at the other, and so test its strength. All those interminable boys' arguments over the family breakfast, or the family dinner, or the nursery tea-table, are they a source of plague? If so, it is of the plague of dulness in adults, who do not see what is a-building; who do not understand the wisdom of young builders, whom a sacred instinct has impelled to try freely and vigorously every brick they are setting in a structure mightier than any temple on earth.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

MR. FAIRLIE'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

Is it necessary to say what my first impression was, when I looked at my visitor's card? Surely not? My sister having married a foreigner, there was but one impression that any man in his senses could possibly feel. Of course the Count had come to borrow money of me.

"Louis," I said, "do you think he would go away, if you gave him five shillings?"

Louis looked quite shocked. He surprised me inexpressibly, by declaring that my sister's foreign husband was dressed superbly, and looked the picture of prosperity. Under these circumstances, my first impression altered to a certain extent. I now took it for granted, that the Count had matrimonial difficulties of his own to contend with, and that he had come, like the rest of the family, to cast them all on my shoulders.

"Did he mention his business?" I asked.

"Count Fosco said he had come here, sir, because Miss Halcombe was unable to leave Blackwater Park."

Fresh troubles, apparently. Not exactly his own, as I had supposed, but dear Marian's. It made very little difference. Troubles, any way. Oh dear!

"Show him in," I said, resignedly.

The Count's first appearance really startled me. He was such an alarmingly large person, that I quite trembled. I felt certain that he would shake the floor, and knock down my art-treasures. He did neither the one nor the other. He was refreshingly dressed in summer costume; his manner was delightfully self-possessed and quiet—he had a charming smile. My first impression of him was highly favourable. It is not creditable to my penetration—as the sequel will show—to acknowledge this; but I am a naturally candid man, and I *do* acknowledge it, notwithstanding.

"Allow me to present myself, Mr. Fairlie," he said. "I come from Blackwater Park, and I have the honour and the happiness of being Madame Fosco's husband. Let me take my first, and last, advantage of that circumstance, by entreating you not to make a stranger of me. I beg you will not disturb yourself—I beg you will not move."

"You are very good," I replied. "I wish I was strong enough to get up. Charmed to see you at Limmeridge. Please take a chair."

"I am afraid you are suffering to-day," said the Count.

"As usual," I said. "I am nothing but a bundle of nerves dressed up to look like a man."

"I have studied many subjects in my time," remarked this sympathetic person. "Among others, the inexhaustible subject of nerves. May I make a suggestion, at once the simplest and the most profound? Will you let me alter the light in your room?"

"Certainly—if you will be so very kind as not to let any of it in on me."

He walked to the window. Such a contrast to dear Marian! so extremely considerate in all his movements!

"Light," he said, in that delightfully confidential tone which is so soothing to an invalid, "is the first essential. Light stimulates, nourishes, preserves. You can no more do without it, Mr. Fairlie, than if you were a flower. Observe. Here, where you sit, I close the shutters, to compose you. There, where you do *not* sit, I draw up the blind and let in the invigorating sun. Admit the light into your room, if you cannot bear it on yourself. Light, sir, is the grand decree of Providence. You accept Providence with your own restrictions. Accept Light—on the same terms."

I thought this very convincing and attentive. He had taken me in—up to that point about the light, he had certainly taken me in.

"You see me confused," he said, returning to his place—"on my word of honour, Mr. Fairlie, you see me confused in your presence."

"Shocked to hear it, I am sure. May I inquire why?"

"Sir, can I enter this room (where you sit a sufferer), and see you surrounded by these admirable objects of Art, without discovering that you are a man whose feelings are acutely impressionable, whose sympathies are perpetually alive? Tell me, can I do this?"

If I had been strong enough to sit up in my chair, I should of course have bowed. Not being strong enough, I smiled my acknowledgments instead. It did just as well; we both understood one another.

"Pray follow my train of thought," continued the Count. "I sit here, a man of refined sympathies myself, in the presence of another man of refined sympathies also. I am conscious of a

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terrible necessity for lacerating those sympathies, by referring to domestic events of a very melancholy kind. What is the inevitable consequence? I have done myself the honour of pointing it out to you, already. I sit confused."

Was it at this point that I began to suspect he was going to bore me? I rather think it was.

"Is it absolutely necessary to refer to these unpleasant matters?" I inquired. "In our homely English phrase, Count Fosco, won't they keep?"

The Count, with the most alarming solemnity, sighed and shook his head.

"Must I really hear them?"

He shrugged his shoulders (it was the first foreign thing he had done, since he had been in the room); and looked at me in an unpleasantly penetrating manner. My instincts told me that I had better close my eyes. I obeyed my instincts.

"Please, break it gently," I pleaded. "Anybody dead?"

"Dead!" cried the Count, with unnecessary foreign fierceness. "Mr. Fairlie! your national composure terrifies me. In the name of Heaven, what have I said, or done, to make you think me the messenger of death?"

"Pray accept my apologies," I answered. "You have said and done nothing. I make it a rule, in these distressing cases, always to anticipate the worst. It breaks the blow, by meeting it half way, and so on. Inexpressibly relieved, I am sure, to hear that nobody is dead. Anybody ill?"

I opened my eyes, and looked at him. Was he very yellow, when he came in? or had he turned very yellow, in the last minute or two? I really can't say; and I can't ask Louis, because he was not in the room at the time.

"Anybody ill?" I repeated; observing that my national composure still appeared to affect him.

"That is part of my bad news, Mr. Fairlie. Yes. Somebody is ill."

"Grieved, I am sure. Which of them is it?"

"To my profound sorrow, Miss Halcombe. Perhaps you were in some degree prepared to hear this? Perhaps, when you found that Miss Halcombe did not come here by herself, as you proposed, and did not write a second time, your affectionate anxiety may have made you fear that she was ill?"

I have no doubt my affectionate anxiety had led to that melancholy apprehension, at some time or other; but, at the moment, my wretched memory entirely failed to remind me of the circumstance. However, I said, Yes, in justice to myself. I was much shocked. It was so very uncharacteristic of such a robust person as dear Marian to be ill, that I could only suppose she had met with an accident. A horse, or a false step on the stairs, or something of that sort.

"Is it serious?" I asked.

"Serious—beyond a doubt," he replied. "Dangerous—I hope and trust not. Miss Halcombe unhappily exposed herself to be wetted through by a heavy rain. The cold that followed was of an aggravated kind; and it has now brought with it the worst consequence—Fever."

When I heard the word, Fever, and when I remembered, at the same moment, that the unscrupulous person who was now addressing me had just come from Blackwater Park, I thought I should have fainted on the spot.

"Good God!" I said. "Is it infectious?"

"Not at present," he answered, with detestable composure. "It may turn to infection—but no such deplorable complication had taken place when I left Blackwater Park. I have felt the deepest interest in the case, Mr. Fairlie—I have endeavoured to assist the regular medical attendant in watching it—accept my personal assurances of the uninfectious nature of the fever, when I last saw it."

Accept his assurances! I never was farther from accepting anything in my life. I would not have believed him on his oath. He was too yellow to be believed. He looked like a walking-West-Indian-epidemic. He was big enough to carry typhus by the ton, and to dye the very carpet he walked on with scarlet fever. In certain emergencies, my mind is remarkably soon made up. I instantly determined to get rid of him.

"You will kindly excuse an invalid," I said—"but long conferences of any kind invariably upset me. May I beg to know exactly what the object is to which I am indebted for the honour of your visit?"

I fervently hoped that this remarkably broad hint would throw him off his balance—confuse him—reduce him to polite apologies—in short, get him out of the room. On the contrary, it only settled him in his chair. He became additionally solemn and dignified and confidential. He held up two of his horrid fingers, and gave me another of his unpleasantly penetrating looks. What was I to do? I was not strong enough to quarrel with him. Conceive my situation, if you please. Is language adequate to describe it? I think not.

"The objects of my visit," he went on, quite irrepressibly, "are numbered on my fingers. They are two. First, I come to bear my testimony, with profound sorrow, to the lamentable disagreements between Sir Percival and Lady Glyde. I am Sir Percival's oldest friend; I am related to Lady Glyde by marriage; I am an eye-witness of all that has happened at Blackwater Park. In those three capacities I speak with authority, with confidence, with honourable regret. Sir! I inform you, as the head of Lady Glyde's family, that Miss Halcombe has exaggerated nothing in the letter that she wrote to your address. I affirm that the remedy which that admirable lady has proposed, is the only remedy that will spare you the horrors of public scandal. A temporary separation between husband and wife is the one peaceable solution of this difficulty. Part them for the present; and when all causes of irritation are removed, I, who have now the honour of addressing you—I will undertake to bring Sir Percival to reason. Lady Glyde is innocent,

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Lady Glyde is injured; but—follow my thought here!—she is, on that very account (I say it with shame), the cause of irritation while she remains under her husband's roof. No other house can receive her with propriety, but yours. I invite you to open it!"

Cool. Here was a matrimonial hailstorm pouring in the South of England; and I was invited, by a man with fever in every fold of his coat, to come out from the North of England, and take my share of the pelting. I tried to put the point forcibly, just as I have put it here. The Count deliberately lowered one of his horrid fingers; kept the other up; and went on—rode over me, as it were, without even the common coachmanlike attention of crying "Hi!" before he knocked me down.

"Follow my thought once more, if you please," he resumed. "My first object you have heard. My second object in coming to this house is to do what Miss Halcombe's illness has prevented her from doing for herself. My large experience is consulted on all difficult matters at Blackwater Park; and my friendly advice was requested on the interesting subject of your letter to Miss Halcombe. I understood at once—for my sympathies are your sympathies—why you wished to see her here, before you pledged yourself to inviting Lady Glyde. You are most right, sir, in hesitating to receive the wife, until you are quite certain that the husband will not exert his authority to reclaim her. I agree to that. I also agree that such delicate explanations as this difficulty involves, are not explanations which can be properly disposed of by writing only. My presence here (to my own great inconvenience) is the proof that I speak sincerely. As for the explanations themselves, I—Fosco—I who know Sir Percival much better than Miss Halcombe knows him, affirm to you, on my honour and my word, that he will not come near this house, or attempt to communicate with this house, while his wife is living in it. His affairs are embarrassed. Offer him his freedom, by means of the absence of Lady Glyde. I promise you he will take his freedom, and go back to the Continent, at the earliest moment when he can get away. Is this clear to you as crystal? Yes, it is. Have you questions to address to me? Be it so; I am here to answer. Ask, Mr. Fairlie—oblige me by asking, to your heart's content."

He had said so much already in spite of me; and he looked so dreadfully capable of saying a great deal more, also in spite of me, that I declined his amiable invitation, in pure self-defence.

"Many thanks," I replied. "I am sinking fast. In my state of health, I must take things for granted. Allow me to do so, on this occasion. We quite understand each other. Yes. Much obliged, I am sure, for your kind interference. If I ever get better, and ever have a second opportunity of improving our acquaintance——"

He got up. I thought he was going. No. More talk; more time for the development of infectious influences—in *my* room, too; remember that, in *my* room!

"One moment, yet," he said; "one moment, before I take my leave. I ask permission, at parting, to impress on you an urgent necessity. It is this, sir! You must not think of waiting till Miss Halcombe recovers, before you receive Lady Glyde. Miss Halcombe has the attendance of the doctor, of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park, and of an experienced nurse as well—three persons for whose capacity and devotion I answer with my life. I tell you that. I tell you, also, that the anxiety and alarm of her sister's illness has already affected the health and spirits of Lady Glyde, and has made her totally unfit to be of use in the sick-room. Her position with her husband grows more and more deplorable and dangerous, every day. If you leave her any longer at Blackwater Park, you do nothing whatever to hasten her sister's recovery, and, at the same time, you risk the public scandal, which you, and I, and all of us, are bound, in the sacred interests of the Family, to avoid. With all my soul, I advise you to remove the serious responsibility of delay from your own shoulders, by writing to Lady Glyde to come here at once. Do your affectionate, your honourable, your inevitable duty; and, whatever happens in the future, no one can lay the blame on *you*. I speak from my large experience; I offer my friendly advice. Is it accepted—Yes, or No?"

I looked at him—merely looked at him—with my sense of his amazing assurance, and my dawning resolution to ring for Louis, and have him shown out of the room, expressed in every line of my face. It is perfectly incredible, but quite true, that my face did not appear to produce the slightest impression on him. Born without nerves—evidently, born without nerves!

"You hesitate?" he said. "Mr. Fairlie! I understand that hesitation. You object—see, sir, how my sympathies look straight down into your thoughts!—you object that Lady Glyde is not in health and not in spirits to take the long journey, from Hampshire to this place, by herself. Her own maid is removed from her, as you know; and, of other servants fit to travel with her, from one end of England to another, there are none at Blackwater Park. You object, again, that she cannot comfortably stop and rest in London, on her way here, because she cannot comfortably go alone to a public hotel where she is a total stranger. In one breath, I grant both objections—in another breath, I remove them. Follow me, if you please, for the last time. It was my intention, when I returned to England with Sir Percival, to settle myself in the neighbourhood of London. That purpose has just been happily accomplished. I have taken, for six months, a little furnished house, in the quarter called St. John's Wood. Be so obliging as to keep this fact in your mind; and observe the programme I now propose. Lady Glyde travels to London (a short journey)—I myself meet her at the station—I take her to rest and sleep at my house, which is also the house of her

aunt—when she is restored, I escort her to the station again—she travels to this place, and her own maid (who is now under your roof) receives her at the carriage-door. Here is comfort consulted; here are the interests of propriety consulted; here is your own duty—duty of hospitality, sympathy, protection, to an unhappy lady in need of all three—smoothed and made easy, from the beginning to the end. I cordially invite you, sir, to second my efforts in the sacred interests of the Family. I seriously advise you to write, by my hands, offering the hospitality of your house (and heart), and the hospitality of my house (and heart), to that injured and unfortunate lady whose cause I plead to-day."

He waved his horrid hand at me; he struck his infectious breast; he addressed me oratorically—as if I was laid up in the House of Commons. It was high time to take a desperate course of some sort. It was also high time to send for Louis, and adopt the precaution of fumigating the room.

In this trying emergency, an idea occurred to me—an inestimable idea which, so to speak, killed two intrusive birds with one stone. I determined to get rid of the Count's tiresome eloquence, and of Lady Glyde's tiresome troubles, by complying with this odious foreigner's request, and writing the letter at once. There was not the least danger of the invitation being accepted, for there was not the least chance that Laura would consent to leave Blackwater Park, while Marian was lying there ill. How this charmingly convenient obstacle could have escaped the officious penetration of the Count, it was impossible to conceive—but it *had* escaped him. My dread that he might yet discover it, if I allowed him any more time to think, stimulated me to such an amazing degree, that I struggled into a sitting position; seized, really seized, the writing materials by my side; and produced the letter as rapidly as if I had been a common clerk in an office. "Dearest Laura, Please come, whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping in London at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Ever affectionately yours." I handed these lines, at arm's length, to the Count—I sank back in my chair—I said, "Excuse me; I am entirely prostrated; I can do no more. Will you rest and lunch down stairs? Love to all, and sympathy, and so on. *Good* morning."

He made another speech—the man was absolutely inexhaustible. I closed my eyes; I endeavoured to hear as little as possible. In spite of my endeavours, I was obliged to hear a great deal. My sister's endless husband congratulated himself and congratulated me, on the result of our interview; he mentioned a great deal more about his sympathies and mine; he deplored my miserable health; he offered to write me a prescription; he impressed on me the necessity of not forgetting what he had said about the importance of light; he accepted my obliging invitation to rest and lunch; he recommended me to expect Lady Glyde in two or three days' time; he begged my permission to look forward to our next meeting, instead of paining himself and paining me, by saying farewell; he added a great deal more, which, I rejoice to think, I did not attend to at the time, and do not remember now. I heard his sympathetic voice travelling away from me by degrees—but, large as he was, I never heard *him*. He had the negative merit of being absolutely noiseless. I don't know when he opened the door, or when he shut it. I ventured to make use of my eyes again, after an interval of silence—and he was gone.

I rang for Louis, and retired to my bath-room. Tepid water, strengthened with aromatic vinegar, for myself, and copious fumigation, for my study, were the obvious precautions to take; and of course I adopted them. I rejoice to say, they proved successful. I enjoyed my customary siesta. I awoke moist and cool. My first inquiries were for the Count. Had we really got rid of him? Yes—he had gone away by the afternoon train. Had he lunched; and, if so, upon what? Entirely upon fruit-tart and cream. What a man! What a digestion!

Am I expected to say anything more? I believe not. I believe I have reached the limits assigned to me. The shocking circumstances which happened at a later period, did not, I am thankful to say, happen in my presence. I do beg and entreat that nobody will be so very unfeeling as to lay any part of the blame of those circumstances on *me*. I did everything for the best. I am not answerable for a deplorable calamity, which it was quite impossible to foresee. I am shattered by it; I have suffered under it, as nobody else has suffered. My servant, Louis (who is really attached to me, in his unintelligent way), thinks I shall never get over it. He sees me dictating at this moment, with my handkerchief to my eyes. I wish to mention, in justice to myself, that it was not my fault, and that I am quite exhausted and heartbroken. I can say no more.

THE NARRATIVE OF ELIZA MICHELSON, HOUSEKEEPER AT BLACKWATER PARK.

I AM asked to state plainly what I know of the progress of Miss Halcombe's illness, and of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London.

The reason given for making this demand on me is, that my testimony is wanted in the interests of truth. As the widow of a clergyman of the Church of England (reduced by misfortune to the necessity of accepting a situation), I have been taught to place the claims of truth above all other considerations. I therefore comply with a request which I might otherwise, through reluctance to connect myself with distressing family affairs, have hesitated to grant.

I made no memorandum at the time, and I cannot therefore be sure to a day, of the date; but I believe I am correct in stating that Miss Halcombe's serious illness began during the

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first week in July. The breakfast hour was late at Blackwater Park—sometimes as late as ten, never earlier than half-past nine. On the morning to which I am now referring, Miss Halcombe (who was usually the first to come down) did not make her appearance at the table. After the family had waited a quarter of an hour, the upper housemaid was sent to see after her, and came running out of the room, dreadfully frightened. I met the servant on the stairs, and went at once to Miss Halcombe to see what was the matter. The poor lady was incapable of telling me. She was walking about her room with a pen in her hand, quite light-headed, in a state of burning fever.

Lady Glyde (being no longer in Sir Percival's service, I may, without impropriety, mention my former mistress by her name, instead of calling her My Lady) was the first to come in, from her own bedroom. She was so dreadfully alarmed and distressed, that she was quite useless. The Count Fosco, and his lady, who came up-stairs immediately afterwards, were both most serviceable and kind. Her ladyship assisted me to get Miss Halcombe to her bed. His lordship the Count, remained in the sitting-room, and, having sent for my medicine-chest, made a mixture for Miss Halcombe, and a cooling lotion to be applied to her head, so as to lose no time before the doctor came. We applied the lotion; but we could not get her to take the mixture. Sir Percival undertook to send for the doctor. He despatched a groom, on horseback, for the nearest medical man, Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

Mr. Dawson arrived in less than an hour's time. He was a respectable elderly man, well known, all round the country; and we were much alarmed when we found that he considered the case to be a very serious one. His lordship the Count, affably entered into conversation with Mr. Dawson, and gave his opinions with a judicious freedom. Mr. Dawson, not over-courteously, inquired if his lordship's advice was the advice of a doctor; and being informed that it was the advice of one who had studied medicine, unprofessionally, replied that he was not accustomed to consult with amateur-physicians. The Count, with truly Christian meekness of temper, smiled, and left the room. Before he went out, he told me that he might be found, in case he was wanted in the course of the day, at the boat-house on the banks of the lake. Why he should have gone there, I cannot say. But he did go; remaining away the whole day till seven o'clock, which was dinner-time. Perhaps, he wished to set the example of keeping the house as quiet as possible. It was entirely in his character to do so. He was a most considerate nobleman.

Miss Halcombe passed a very bad night; the fever coming and going, and getting worse towards the morning, instead of better. No nurse fit to wait on her being to be found in the neighbourhood, her ladyship the Countess, and myself, undertook the duty, relieving each other. Lady Glyde, most unwisely, insisted on sitting up with us. She was much too nervous and too delicate in health to bear the anxiety of Miss Halcombe's illness calmly. She only did herself harm, without being of the least real assistance. A more gentle and affectionate lady never lived; but she cried, and she was frightened—two weaknesses which made her entirely unfit to be present in a sick-room.

Sir Percival and the Count came in the morning to make their inquiries. Sir Percival (from distress, I presume, at his lady's affliction, and at Miss Halcombe's illness) appeared much confused and unsettled in his mind. His lordship testified, on the contrary, a becoming composure and interest. He had his straw hat in one hand, and his book in the other; and he mentioned to Sir Percival, in my hearing, that he would go out again, and study at the lake. "Let us keep the house quiet," he said. "Let us not smoke in-doors, my friend, now Miss Halcombe is ill. You go your way, and I will go mine. When I study, I like to be alone. Good morning, Mrs. Michelson."

Sir Percival was not civil enough—perhaps, I ought, in justice to say, not composed enough—to take leave of me with the same polite attention. The only person in the house, indeed, who treated me, at that time or at any other, on the footing of a lady in distressed circumstances, was the Count. He had the manners of a true nobleman; he was considerate towards every one. Even the young person (Fanny, by name) who attended on Lady Glyde, was not beneath his notice. When she was sent away by Sir Percival, his lordship (showing me his sweet little birds at the time) was most kindly anxious to know what had become of her, where she was to go the day she left Blackwater Park, and so on. It is in such little delicate attentions that the advantages of aristocratic birth always show themselves. I make no apology for introducing these particulars; they are brought forward in justice to his lordship, whose character, I have reason to know, is viewed rather harshly in certain quarters. A nobleman who can respect a lady in distressed circumstances, and can take a fatherly interest in the fortunes of an humble servant girl, shows principles and feelings of too high an order to be lightly called in question. I advance no opinions —I offer facts only. My endeavour through life is to judge not, that I be not judged. One of my beloved husband's finest sermons was on that text. I read it constantly—in my own copy of the edition printed by subscription, in the first days of my widowhood—and, at every fresh perusal, I derive an increase of spiritual benefit and edification.

There was no improvement in Miss Halcombe; and the second night was even worse than the first. Mr. Dawson was constant in his attendance. The practical duties of nursing were still divided between the Countess and myself; Lady Glyde persisting in sitting up with us, though we both entreated her to take some rest. "My place is by Marian's bedside," was her only answer. "Whether I am ill, or well, nothing will induce me to lose sight of her."

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Towards mid-day, I went down stairs to attend to some of my regular duties. An hour afterwards, on my way back to the sick-room, I saw the Count (who had gone out again early, for the third time), entering the hall, to all appearance in the highest good spirits. Sir Percival, at the same moment, put his head out of the library-door, and addressed his noble friend, with extreme eagerness, in these words:

"Have you found her?"

His lordship's large face became dimpled all over with placid smiles; but he made no reply in words. At the same time, Sir Percival turned his head, observed that I was approaching the stairs, and looked at me in the most rudely angry manner possible.

"Come in here and tell me about it," he said, to the Count. "Whenever there are women in a house, they're always sure to be going up or down stairs."

"My dear Percival," observed his lordship, kindly, "Mrs. Michelson has duties. Pray recognise her admirable performance of them as sincerely as I do! How is the sufferer, Mrs. Michelson?"

"No better, my lord, I regret to say."

"Sad—most sad!" remarked the Count. "You look fatigued, Mrs. Michelson. It is certainly time you and my wife had some help in nursing. I think I may be the means of offering you that help. Circumstances have happened which will oblige Madame Fosco to travel to London, either to-morrow or the day after. She will go away in the morning, and return at night; and she will bring back with her, to relieve you, a nurse of excellent conduct and capacity, who is now disengaged. The woman is known to my wife as a person to be trusted. Before she comes here, say nothing about her, if you please, to the doctor, because he will look with an evil eye on any nurse of my providing. When she appears in this house, she will speak for herself; and Mr. Dawson will be obliged to acknowledge that there is no excuse for not employing her. Lady Glyde will say the same. Pray present my best respects and sympathies to Lady Glyde."

I expressed my grateful acknowledgments for his lordship's kind considerations. Sir Percival cut them short by calling to his noble friend (using, I regret to say, a profane expression) to come into the library, and not to keep him waiting there any longer.

I proceeded upstairs. We are poor erring creatures; and however well established a woman's principles may be, she cannot always keep on her guard against the temptation to exercise an idle curiosity. I am ashamed to say that an idle curiosity, on this occasion, got the better of *my* principles, and made me unduly inquisitive about the question which Sir Percival had addressed to his noble friend, at the library door. Who was the Count expected to find, in the course of his studious morning rambles at Blackwater Park? A woman, it was to be presumed, from the terms of Sir Percival's inquiry. I did not suspect the Count of any impropriety—I knew his moral character too well. The only question I asked myself was—Had he found her?

VERY COMMON LAW.

It would be an inexcusable omission on our part were we to conclude our gossip on shopping law without alluding to sale in open market, or, as the books have it, "market overt."

Not quite so particular as our Saxon ancestors in this respect, who prohibited the sale of anything of greater value than twenty-pence unless in market overt, and, moreover, directed every bargain and sale to be contracted in the presence of credible witnesses, we still continue to assign certain privileges to this species of barter. As thus: If my goods are stolen and sold *out* of market overt, I may retake them wherever I may be fortunate enough to find them; but if they are sold *in* market overt, the purchaser may hold them in spite of me. Not but what the significance of the term, however, is somewhat larger in our day than it was in the days we speak of; for although in the country "market overt" still continues to bear the old interpretation, and signifies a sale upon a market day and in the market-place only, yet in London every day, except Sunday, is esteemed by the law to be a market day, and every shop (except a pawnbroker's) to be a market overt.

Pawnbrokers are treated to a special law of their own, and "the sale of any goods," our readers may be pleased to hear, "wrongfully taken to a pawnbroker's in London, or within two miles thereof, shall not alter the property, for this being generally a clandestine trade, is, therefore, made an exception to the general rule."

There is another exception, by the way, which may interest the horse-dealing fraternity, although disclosing that the law has occasionally treated them with a curious suspicion. So long ago as the reign of Philip and Mary the Legislature were compelled to interfere with the horse-dealers of the period, but, as we find from the preamble to a statute passed in the subsequent Parliament of Elizabeth, with but indifferent success. "Whereas," says that enactment (and our readers will please to observe how wonderfully perspicuous is the language of the act), "through most counties of this realm horse-stealing is grown so common, as neither in pastures or closes, nor hardly in stables, the same are to be in safety from stealing, which ensueth by the ready buying of the same by horse coursers and others in some open fairs or markets far distant from the owner, and with such speed as the owner cannot, by pursuit, possibly help the same, and sundry good ordinances have heretofore," &c. &c. &c. The effect of this act was—and its provisions continue in force to the present day—that "no purchaser should gain a good property in a stolen horse unless it had been bought in open market after having been exposed for one whole hour, between ten A.M. and sunset, in the public place used for such

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sales, and not in any private yard or stable, and unless afterwards brought by the buyer and the seller to the bookkeeper of the fair and the toll paid, or, if there be no toll, the sum of one penny paid to that functionary, who should enter down the price, colour, and marks of such horse, with the name, additions, and abode of such buyer and seller, the latter being properly attested."

Not that a compliance with these formalities will be sufficient to establish an incontrovertible right to a stolen horse; for, if the true owner be fortunate enough to discover the animal within forty days, and prove to the satisfaction of a magistrate, by the oaths of two witnesses, that it is, in fact, his property, he can recover it by tendering to the purchaser such price as he bonâ fide paid for it in market overt.

Not entirely unconnected with his recently-acquired familiarity with "shopping," a strange suspicion has arisen (we are informed) in the mind of our illustrative Mr. Blank. Having already, as a dutiful reader of this periodical, discovered that the British merchant is not altogether to be trusted in the matter of quantity, he has been driven to the supposition that he is as little to be trusted when quality is in question.

"How is it," he inquires of us, "that I find my tradesmen compelled to be constantly proclaiming, in the very largest type, that they are—honest? Will nobody believe them unless they are incessantly reiterating this extraordinary assertion through the medium of an advertisement? It would not enhance the estimation in which you hold your personal friend, I suppose, if he were everlastingly informing you that he really was an honest fellow: and if not your friend, why your grocer?

"What a terribly suggestive picture of commercial depravity," continues Mr. Blank, "does the advertisement sheet of the Times present to Mrs. Blank and myself every morning! Do we not there find the tea-dealer from whom we purchase the beverage with which our breakfast-table is supplied, informing the public, at a considerable expense, that he actually sells 'tea,' and not sloe-leaves, or other British produce? Do we not there discover our fish-sauce manufacturer imploring us to observe that the labels upon his precious bottles are signed so and so, coloured so and so, or illustrated in some outrageous fashion, because the whole world are in a conspiracy to defraud him, and 'none other are genuine' unless so distinguished? Do not one hundred thousand British shopkeepers peremptorily command us to 'beware of imitations,' and threaten the universe (every individual member of which is apparently bent upon imitating) with all the horrors of Chancery? Do we not discover, to our infinite perplexity, that four hundred individual tradesmen are each in the habit of preparing the only genuine Revalenta, and that as many more are the sole manufacturers of any earthly commodity you choose to name? Do the distinguished members of the medical profession whose names we see attached to all manner of wonderful pills and nostrums, really and truly claim the honour of discovering these miraculous specifics? What portion of our daily supplement are we to believe, and what to look upon as the fungi of a commercially rotten system of trade?" Thus, Mr. Blank, with an excusable irritability: adding, "If there is such a natural predisposition in the commercial mind to act disingenuously—not to put too fine a point upon it—why cannot the law correct the failing?"

Of course we make it our business to vindicate this very common law from any laxity in the matter, although we may not be in a position to assert that it is sufficiently powerful to keep the British merchant always on the rails. "No man," says Lord Langdale—and we quote his words as a general exposition of the law, bearing on our portion at least of his question—"has a right to see his goods as the goods of another. You may express the same principle," he continues, "and say that no man has a right to dress himself in colours, or adopt and bear symbols to which he has no peculiar or exclusive right, and thereby personate another person for the purpose of inducing the public to suppose either that he is that other person, or that he is connected with, and selling the manufacture of, that other person, when he is in reality selling his own. It is perfectly manifest that to do these things is a fraud, and a very gross fraud." So far the law; but to claim its protection, we find it is necessary that the claimant petition with perfectly clean hands. As to how far the majority of advertisers are in this condition we leave our readers to judge. In the following cases we observe that the British merchant was not in an immaculate condition:

A London tradesman once upon a time furnished his customers with a black tea which he called "Howqua's Mixture." A rival tea-merchant, not to be outdone, immediately advertised a similar tea, and sold it in wrappers precisely similar to those used by tea-merchant number one.

On an application to the Court of Chancery by the original Howqua's Mixture dispenser, that ingenious gentleman stated that the tea was made by Howqua for his own use; that whilst in China he had frequently taken tea with Howqua, and under the influence of its soothing fragrance had extracted the secret of its manufacture from that too communicative Chinaman; that having brought a quantity of tea from China, he had subsequently succeeded in making Howqua's Mixture, and selling quantities of it.

So far, good; but it unfortunately appears that by his labels and advertisements this recipient of Chinese secrets had stated that the mixture was made by his friend Howqua in Canton, and imported into this country in the packages in which it was sold. Also, that it was very rare in China, and only grown in one province of the Celestial Empire called Kyiang Nan.

Now, unfortunately for the cleanliness of the petitioner's hands, it turned out that Kyiang Nan did not produce "black" tea at all, but only

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"green," and consequently the court would not protect the friend of Howqua. "There has been," said Vice-Chancellor Shadwell, "such a degree of representation, which I take to be false, held out to the public about the mode of procuring and making up the plaintiff's mixture, that in my opinion a court of equity ought not to interfere to protect the plaintiff, until the plaintiff has established his title at law."

Let us take another case, in which the court looked with a like suspicion upon the hands of the suitor:

An individual, having invented a species of grease for the hair, sold it to a tradesman, whom we will call Figaro, and who, in turn, sold it to the public as "Figaro's Medicated Mexican Balm:" adding the following eloquent, though purely imaginary, statement of its properties and origin:

"By special appointment. Medicated Mexican Balm, for restoring, nourishing, and beautifying the hair. It is a highly concentrated extract from vegetable balsamic productions of that highly interesting, but little known, country, Mexico, and possesses mild astringent properties, which give tone to weak and impoverished hair," &c. &c.; concluding with a statement that this admirable composition is made from an original recipe of the learned J. F. Von Blumenbach, and recently presented to the proprietor by a very near relation of that illustrious physiologist!

Another "Medicated Mexican Balm" having appeared in the London horizon, the friend of the near relation of the illustrious Blumenbach applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain his rival from selling it. The court, however, looking suspiciously at the petitioner's hands, recommended the matter to be tried by an action at law. The action never came off.

Let us not be understood to imply that the British merchant is always to be found in a chronic state of uncleanliness, and thus unable to obtain the protection of her Majesty's High Court of Chancery. There are numberless instances in which the court has befriended him. Here is an example: An enterprising individual, named Day, having entered into partnership with a person who providentially bore the name of Martin, took advantage of this coincidence to commence a blacking manufactory at No. 90½, Holborn-hill. They advertised their blacking, in labels exactly similar to those used by the well-known firm of Day and Martin, and were doubtless prodigiously astonished when any deluded citizen applied to them under the supposition that he was getting his goods from the old-established house.

On an application to the Court of Chancery, however, from the original Day and Martin, an injunction was granted to restrain the new firm from selling "any composition or blacking described as purporting to be blacking manufactured by Day and Martin, in bottles having affixed thereto labels representing the blacking sold to be the same as that made by the original and well-known firm of that name." In coming to this decision, Lord Langdale stated that "there was quite sufficient to mislead the ordinary run of persons, and induce them to go to the wrong shop."

It will be gathered from the words of Lord Langdale above quoted, that the coincidence of name alone did not influence the court in their decision, and the following case bears out the assumption:

Burgess père and Burgess fils once upon a time unhappily quarrelled, and the son commenced business in opposition to the father. Burgess père having gained some little notoriety as the manufacturer of "Burgess's Essence of Anchovies," the young man advertised to the public that he could furnish them with Burgess's Essence of Anchovies also, although the condiment was of his own manufacture. Burgess senior applied to the court for protection, but without avail: "All the Queen's subjects," said the Lord Justice Knight Bruce, in answer to the appeal of the indignant father, "have a right, if they will, to manufacture pickles and sauces, and not the less so that their father have done so before them. All the Queen's subjects," he continued, "have a right to sell them in their own name, and not the less so that they bear the same name as their father, and nothing else has been done in that which is the question before us."

The fact is, that before the court will interfere, the case of the petitioner must not only be free from suspicion, but there must appear an evident attempt to mislead the public. Now the ingenious individual in the following case *did* attempt to mislead the public, and the court put a stop to his 'buses and proceedings accordingly.

The London Conveyance Company were in the habit of advertising that title upon their ombibuses. The person above referred to, who was also a 'bus proprietor, thought fit to adorn his 'buses with the following ambiguous inscription on the back: "London Conveyance" (an indisputable assertion); on the panels of the side, "Original Conveyance for Company." Through some typographical mismanagement of the painter, no doubt, the word "for" was scarcely discernible by the public. The court, as we have said, summarily ordered the 'buses off the road, or, at the least, requested that their panels should bear some less ambiguous legend.

So, again, in the following extract from the Reports, although there appeared no actual appropriation of name, the court were of opinion that the public were not fairly dealt with: A patent medicine having been sold as "Frank's Specific Solution," a rival trader advertised a similar medicine which he called "Chemical Solution." Not content with this, however, he attached to his advertisement a testimonial in favour of Frank's Specific Solution. The plan was highly ingenious, but did not meet with the approbation of the Master of the Rolls.

"If anybody," said that learned functionary, "critically reads the advertisement of the defendant" (this was the gentleman who sold the

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"Chemical Solution"), "he will find that he does not in direct terms apply the encomiums given to the plaintiff's preparation to his own; he does not even say that the preparation he is selling is made by the plaintiff, and yet, for all that, nobody can look at all these things without observing that the name and the testimonials of the plaintiff are so craftily employed as to be well calculated to produce in the minds of ordinary readers the impression that the mixture or solution prepared and sold by the defendant is the same as that to which these testimonials are applicable, that is to say, the mixture or solution of the plaintiff."

While on the subject of medicine, we may possibly be able to throw a little light upon Mr. Blank's uncertainty of mind, as to whether the miraculous specifics which are offered to him as the discoveries of our most celebrated physicians are so in reality.

Sir James Clarke, the well-known physician, on one occasion complained to the Court of Chancery that a London chemist was selling pills which he called "Sir J. Clarke's Consumption Pills." Moreover, he informed the court that the chemist had attached the following audacious story in recommendation of his quackery:

"By Her Majesty the Queen's permission. Sir James Clarke's Consumption Pills. I am fully aware that, by introducing my cure for consumption as a patent medicine, it will create some astonishment in the minds of the profession, but it is only by having recourse to such means that the knowledge of the discovery can be disseminated amongst those unfortunate persons whom it has been my great aim to relieve."

It was evident, from the wording of this, that the unscrupulous chemist wished the public to suppose that Sir James Clarke was addressing them, and that the chemist was, upon the whole, perpetrating as cool and impudent a fraud as his perverted ingenuity could suggest. For all this, however, Sir James Clarke could not obtain the injunction for which he prayed, the court informing him that his proper remedy was an action for *libel*. They came to this decision, we believe, with some reluctance, but there was no other alternative. It was to no purpose that the counsel employed by Sir James, directed the attention of the judges to a case tried before Lord Eldon, in which Lord Byron had succeeded in restraining a publisher from publishing as his, a poem which he had not written. "If Sir James Clarke had been in the habit of making pills as Lord Byron was in the habit of making poems," said Lord Langdale, "the case might have been different."

A few other points connected with this subject may be worthy of notice. We have said, that before the Court of Chancery will interfere to protect a tradesman, there must have been an evident attempt to mislead the public. Now, this does not refer to the commercial, but to the ordinary public. "The way in which the court deals with these cases," said the Master of the Rolls (Romilly), "is not to see whether the manufacturers themselves should distinguish the goods sold, but whether the public, who may be easily misled, would be deceived." The case to which he was more immediately referring, was that in which a needle manufacturer, who was in the habit of labelling his goods as warranted and made solely by Shrimpton and Hooper, complained of a rival tradesman for advertising his needles in wrappers of the same colour, &c., and bearing the inscription, "Invented and sold by Shrimpton Turvey."

A needle manufacturer might not possibly have been deceived by this inscription; but the chances are, that Mrs. Blank would have been wofully taken in.

The chances are, indeed, that Mrs. Blank may be very frequently misled in her shopping experience. In presenting Mr. Blank, for instance, with a "registered paletot," she may very readily suppose that she is furnishing him with "Nicoll's registered llama-cloth paletot," but the two things are made by different makers, nor can the law prevent either from advertising his garment as "the registered paletot."

We will not weary our readers with these unpleasant examples of commercial laxity. Unhappily, we could multiply the instances ad infinitum, but instances enough, we hope, have been referred to, to disclose the existing state of the law on the subject. Moreover, before the present session of Parliament is brought to a close, a change in this phase of our criminal law is probable.

So long, however, as we find merchants of respectability attaching labels to their goods which attempt a fraud upon the public; so long as we find publishers resorting to such wretched expedients as the publication of self-styled "sequels" to popular books; we can scarcely wonder at the advertising jugglery of the more humble shopkeeper.

TURKISH STREET FOUNTAINS.

There were many projects afoot one morning at Misseri's breakfast-table. Some were going up the Genoese round tower at Galata, for the sake of the grand view of all the blue breadth of the Bosphorus; others, were bound to climb the great fire tower over in Stamboul, to sketch the long broken chains of aqueducts built by some forgotten purple-wearer; some, were for boating, to the castles of Europe and Asia, intending to see Barbarossa the pirate's tomb, and Godfrey de Bouillon's plane-tree, besides a score or two of the Sultan's tinsel Italian palaces; one or two were off for the ruined Greek palace of the Blachernæ; and others were going to take horse and traverse the whole length of the triple ramparts, which always seemed to me to resemble a collection of all the old invalid English fortresses, drawn up to be reviewed by old Time himself; half a dozen were for shady seclusion in the bazaars. But Rocket and the present inditer were bent on making a tour of the beautiful Turkish street fountains.

Breakfast was over, the fish had succeeded the cutlets, eggs the fish, grapes the eggs,

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figs the grapes, peaches the figs; honey from Mount Hymettus, golden brown and aromatic, had sweetened the bread, and fountain water, clear and silvery, had cooled the coffee; and being now in good training for our usual liver complaint, we left the waiters covering the table with a green gauze tent, to keep off the analytical flies, and went to prepare for our long ramble—present writer, with Leghorn hat and green umbrella, shield against the sunbeams' golden arrows, which seemed to consider my head in the light of a bull's-eye; Rocket, in an eccentric costume of filmy white, white wide-awake, and with a short crooked bamboo under his arm, intended to intimidate Jew touters and repulse street dogs.

We were just emerging from Misseri's door, where the gilt horseshoe is nailed for luck, and we were looking at the axes of the firemen hanging up in the little wooden shed of a guard-house opposite the hotel, when a sudden roar of voices, and the trample of feet round the corner of the street, arrested us. Round the corner came a tearing, howling mob of some two dozen half-naked Turks and Greeks, running at a pas de charge, and carrying on their shoulders a something which I at first thought was a large musical-box, then a coal-scuttle, then a banker's brass safe, and lastly, what it really was—a small fire-engine, almost the only one, I believe, in this great city, where fires are perpetual, and more destructive than in any other part of the world, the houses being all built of lath wood scarcely thicker than the sides of a cigar-box, and the unceasing heat of the sun, leaving an after glow that almost warms the moonshine, and makes them dry and combustible. It is not an unusual thing, indeed, for a thousand persons to be rendered houseless by one night's fire. Even now, as I look out beyond the arsenal towards the Sweet Waters of Europe, on the sloping hills that run down to the Golden Horn, I see in a churchyard hillocky with tombstones a whole townful of burnt-out Jews, squatting, half-starved, tearful, broken-hearted, and penniless, under their squalid white tents. King Fire is the only reformer, sanitary commissioner or improver, that exists in Turkey. There are no iron plates with "F. P. 25 ft." visible in Turkish streets, no fire insurance-offices, "Hand-in-hands" or gilt Suns here, no men with axes in their belts, looking out into night skies to see if the black turns red, nothing but a miserable garden squirt, and a bawling senseless bare-legged mob, who go and see that the houses burn down fairly, or occasionally stop the flames by pulling down one or two of the mountain cigar-boxes in which the Greeks and Jews huddle together. The philosophical comment of Rocket at this sight, is worthy of the gallant young diplomat. He says, "The Turks are queer buffers."

A moment at the Bank, where I observe a sheaf of cricket-bats in the corner; a look in at the tournebroche of the English post-office, where a yawning, grumbling English clerk looks languidly over the letters, and damns the Turks; and we are at the bridge of boats, where four or five of the steamers that ply up and down the Bosphorus are lying, some of them crowded with ghostly veiled Turkish women. Before us, on the Stamboul side, are flocks of vessels, with a netted mass of spars and ropes, and here and there a flag, flowering the dark wood with colour, like the pink blossoms on the still leafless branches of the Judas-trees in the Seraglio gardens. I see miles of square windows, which glitter gold in the morning sun, to the special wonder of many a peasant, to whom the countless windows of Stamboul are said to be a special and almost a proverbial object of wonder; houses, painted red and yellow; red-striped mosques, grey domes, and everywhere against the sky-line the sharp sentinel lances of the minarets, each one, at the prayer hour, gifted with a voice, as of a warning prophet or watchful angel; everywhere among the houses, cypresses and vines, and on the suburban flat-topped chimneys, bushy stork nests.

We come to our first fountain, but before we can well walk round it, our attention is caught by two specially Oriental trades, which, close by the fountain, are being carried on with great vigour, and apparent success: the one, is that of a sherbet-seller; the other, that of a public letter-writer. The soojee, or sherbet-seller, is sheltered by a huge green umbrella which rises like a tent above his earthen bowls of bruised cherries and purple weltering currants, above his yellow-rinded lemons, his water bottles, his porous half thawed ice, his funnels and tumblers. The coarse vandyked edge of this rude canopy, springing from its mushroom stem of a pole, is presided over by a pendulous-nosed Armenian, with a blue and yellow rag bandaging round his sallow fez; the man has bare arms, brown slop breeches, and a tight-fitting white jacket. The odd man, or porter, of some great house, is resting his globular water-vessel full of fountain water, while he drinks some iced lemonade. The only ornament about the dealer's stall is a sort of inner tinselled raised roof, still further to shield the ice and currant-juice from the vertical sun. A second customer, dressed in yellow and blue, and with a white turban, stands with his back to me, sipping something. The servant has tight gaiters reaching from his knee to his ankle, and his bare feet are thrust in coarse red slippers with heavy soles. In both cases the baggy Zouave breeches swag half down the calf. The sleeves of the first man are pink, his turban is green, his breeches are blue, and his sleeveless jacket is brown. As for the proprietor of the stall, he is calmly indifferent to trade, and sits on his low stool gravely, as if entertaining his friends, and rather conferring an obligation on his customers.

Not far off, under a stuccoed wall pierced by ponderously barred gratings, sits the sagacious letter-writer, with a gossip on one side of him, and a customer on the other; three pair of huge red slippers, like crab-shells, are lying before them. The writer sits cross-legged on a thin plank platform, held up from the ground by three transverse beams, and spread with a dry hide of red and brown striped carpet, which gives it

a domestic look, though it is in the full open streets.

The correspondent is very anxious, the writer very grave and consequential, the gossip very deferential and attentive. Before the writer are a small box of paper, reed-pens, pen-cases, inks, and seals; his chibouk has gone out; neglected in the hurry of business. The three men represent three types of Turks; the one, a bigoted, dull, day-dreamer; the letter-sender, a mean, puzzled, opium-eating knave; the centre man, a full-brained, but sorrowful, simple-hearted, honest Mussulman. He looks quite the pasha with his yellow turban, red fez, light-coloured robe, and blue-striped inner dress; the gossip, with broad red sash and purple robe, is the thorough old Turk; the correspondent is a feeble, miserable mixture of European and Asiatic dress—flapping, buttonless waistcoat, and trousers of dirty grey plaid silk. What it was that wise Abdallah wrote—whether news of hope or sorrow, of birth or death, of joy or grief—I shall never know; it has gone, like the great river of events that flows by daily. Be sure, however, that if of joy or grief, it ended with some pious ejaculation, as, "It is ordained," or, "It is decreed by Allah."

But let us get at once to our fountain. It is not such a mean little sink, guarded by sticks of black sealing-wax, as charity has provided for us in London streets; no, it is a complete institution—a sort of water-temple. It is like the gated entrance to an Eastern palace.

This fountain, too, is a memorable fountain; not that it is the one from which Sultan Mahmoud used to send his slaves with silver vessels to fetch water, which vessels, when filled, were immediately sealed with the royal seal; it is memorable, because of its situation. Do you see that tall, narrow archway, with the inner doorway below leading into a court-yard, with the gilt sun and royal cypher above it, and the striped red and white sentry-boxes on either side? That is the Imperial Gate of the Seraglio—the Sublime Porte—from which we derive our silly name for the Turkish government. That gate has let in and out, more villains, murderers, thieves, and horrid rascals, than any gate in the world. Near it are still shown the niches where old Ali Pasha's head, and those of his family, were put for show when brought from Albania. Those plain, square, grated windows above, are the windows of private apartments. That gate leads to the Downing-street of Constantinople. There, are all the public offices, with long matted passages filled with suitors, smoking and waiting great men's pleasures.

Now, these fountains arose either from royal magnificence (how easy it is to be generous with other people's money!), or from the bequests of charitable people: dying Turks not unfrequently leaving enormous legacies, not only to build, but also to maintain fountains. Sometimes they are square, isolated buildings standing by the river-side, or usefully in the centre of some market-place: never, however, for mere ornament or display. Generally, as in this instance, they project in a sort of bow, or apse, from the wall; sometimes, in the humbler instances, mere brass taps project from a sort of ornamental altar-piece flush with the wall. They are never quite alike, but these features all of the larger ones have in common:—an overlapping roof of extreme breadth, so as to cast the greatest possible amount of shadow; much inscription and cursive and undulating floral ornament, either painted or carved in marble; a terrace with steps round its base and tall gratings, round the lower openings of which, are chained small brass vessels to drink out of. No wonder that as people come here to bathe in shadow, and to drink the liquid coolness fresh from the well that guards it, as the melon does its inner juice, the fountain becomes, almost from necessity, a special lounge for everybody but the women. Hither come the roast chesnuts and the green peaches, the figs and the pickled cucumbers, the sherbet and the lemonade, the horse-boys and the beggars, the fakir and the guitar player, the street boy and the wild dog; here, the porter rests his luggage mountains, and the araba man looks for custom.

The inscriptions, inserted in gilt sickle-blade letters in oblong panels in front of the buildings and above their external tanks, run generally somewhat in this way:

"Rest, O traveller, for this is the fountain of enjoyment; rest here, as under the shadow of the plane-tree, for this roof casts a shade as deep as that of the cypress, but with more of joy. Ask one day of the angels in Eden if this water is not as delicious as the rivers of that garden, or as the stream of Zemzem. Sultan Achmed, the second Alexander, he whose glory is as the sun, and his generosity perpetually increasing, like the tree of life, has reared this kiosk and stamped it with his signet ring. This water flows unceasingly, like his benevolence, as well for the king as the beggar, the wise man and the fool. The first of all the blessings of Allah is water."

As these poems in blue and gold, sometimes run to whole yards of verse, let this specimen suffice. To those thirsty people who can read the fish-hook and serrated Turkish characters, these fountains are perpetually chanting poems.

The iron gratings that shut in the fountain rooms are always specially beautiful, and generally of a pattern devised on purpose for the building. They are fine as jeweller's work, and full of the most cunning harmony of flowing lines, trefoiled and heart-shaped, and blossoming into a thousand shapes of ingenuity and fairy-like art. The shafts between the gratings are marble, and, waist high, comes the lower wall, on the top of which rest the brass chatties.

Most of these fountains have a guardian who lives within, at least by day, and who sees that nothing is injured or defaced. There, this venerable Dryad hears the water rinse and trickle, as he reads his Koran, and dreams about Paradise, and the future rewards of the charitable, such as he who endowed the fountain.

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In all these fountains the broad shadow from the roof, however vertical the sun may be, generally covers half the wall under it with a deep shade that no heat can pierce: the great lapping sheet of grey lead above, receiving all the gilding rain of fire, and bearing it with a stupid patience worthy of that dull metal. It is, therefore, lower down in the marble panel above the fountain grating, and in the sections of surface over the arch where the tank is, and under the dedicatory inscription, that you must look for the beautiful ornament that filigrees the whole surface with honeysuckle wreaths, trails of wild vines, rose branches, and tendrils of jasmine and pomegranates, in the purest Persian taste: never deep-cut, or shadow-producing, or mysterious, like Gothic work: never quaint or massy: but floral, playful, cheerful, and full of a sense of unceasing sunshine and a deep enjoyment of life. Human figures the Koran forbids, so, as the Turks have no painters, they have no sculptors, and their ornaments are pots of roses, lilies, bunches of grapes, dishes of pears, and all sorts of fanciful conventionalisms, blue and gilt if the building is stone, but nearly plain if it be coated with marble. Then, there are fan-like ornaments that look like peacocks' tails, pierced bosses punctured as if with needles so fine is the work, delicious wildernesses of arabesque, covering every inch of marble with a thicket trellis-work of leafy stem, the product of skilful eyes and hands now resting under the tall trees of darkness in the great cemetery of Scutari.

Here you see in these panels of the fountain walls, an epitome of all the Oriental mind has produced in art, whether Turkish, Moórish, or Arab. Here, are thoughts from Persépolis and the Alhambra, Ispahan and Delhi, worked with the rarest care in honeycomb niche, and rounded boss and border. There is not a street in Stamboul but you find one of these fountains; perhaps new, and surrounded by its votaries, porters, and water-carriers, drinking or resting; perhaps defaced and disused, the marble tank full of dust and melon rind: its poems with the gilding faded off, the water dried up, and the name of the Turk who erected it, forgotten. They are of all ages, from those raised by men who stormed in at the gate when the last Constantine fell, to that of the pasha who died but yesterday. They are in all places: in the court-yards of mosques, by the water's edge, in the open places where boatmen and horse-boys congregate, by the bazaar's dark entrances, by the khans where laden pack-horses go in and out all day, beyond the city walls, where the country opens into gardens and broad sandy tracts, or where the split figs, looking like red flowers, hang over the wall, and the water-melon-sellers lie and sleep, dreaming of customers.

The fountain in the mosque of the Sultan Mahmoud at Tophana, is a kind of conical tent-cover, crowned with a gilt star, and supported by slender pillars, within which is a font-like well, caged over with wire. Here, on the low stone seats, you always see some red-sashed Greek servant in a white jacket, watching the water filling his copper vessel. The brim of the roof of this fountain is remarkable for being painted with a rude landscape that runs all round. Just outside the red-striped walls of St. Sophia, there is one with a broad Tartar roof, near which you always find some sherbet-seller, resting his wickered bottles, or some bare-armed hammals (porters) squatting, while they smoke their chibouks, under the stump of a mulberry-tree, and just under the port-holes of the mighty dome itself. In the Sultan Achmet mosque-yard, is one specially effective and simple, with little ornament but a pierced lattice above the water-cups, with inscriptions and tracery half hidden by the shade of a mountainous plane-tree. Ten to one but you will find something worth looking at in the fountain shadow: either some laughing negresses nursing children, some old white-turbaned Turk, resting his head on his hand, and thinking of past times with a lazy dreaminess unknown to the people of almost any other nation: always at the grating of iron flower-stalks some Greek talking through the bars to the fountain-keeper, whose face you can scarcely see in the dim inner coolness of the fountain chamber.

In the court-yard, by some mosque, the tent-like roof of the fountain, high and peaked, often rises to a level with the cloister arches, and the low domes that cover the arcading that runs round each side of the quadrangle; and it is spotted and trellised with leaf shadows from a vine that, linking together a plane and a cypress—gloomy husband and playful wife—throw a green darkness all round the fountain-cage, where the white turbans sit, and mildly, blandly, gossip after their manner.

Then there is the modernised fountain, as at Tophana, where the domes have been removed and a vulgar compo parapet and cast-iron railing substituted, and where the inscriptions stand out black against very white walls: the whole building being surrounded by heavy stone posts and loops of iron chains. But azure, and gilding, and bran-new marble do not make up for beauty of form, and I never gave my affection to these new tinselled beauties, but kept my love for that exquisite fountain of old Sultan Achmet, with its strong pillars and beautiful pierced marble screen: admiring it so much that I was ready to chase away the dull-eyed vendor of almond-cake who always kept his stall close to this masterpiece of Turkish art.

Two things are always seen about a Turkish fountain: the first, pigeons; the second, street boys. Always pigeons on the lead roof, cooing, spreading their purple necks to the light, fondling, pecking, or fluttering; always street boys, watchful and mischievous, who sit in the niches, with their dirty backs against the gilding and carving, idle, and (because idle) happy. Over them lies the broad shadow, and they lie under it as in a shady wood, defying the heat which makes the paving-stones

just beyond the shadow, all but red-hot. They think nothing of the dead men's charity or of the carving fine as needlework; but they munch their chesnuts and are happy. Often, too, a boatman's oars and a hammal's elastic pole rest up against the carved brackets, while the owners snatch a nap under the grateful shadow, having first drunk of the fountain. Hundreds of times in the day, those brass cups, all in a row under the stanchioned grating, are filled and emptied.

There is something humane and poetical in the perpetual enforcement of charity that you receive in a Turkish street: there are the scavenger dogs, waiters on Providence, which abound in every street, who, though a good deal drubbed and bruised, are still partly maintained by the kindness of old Turks, who feed certain of them daily. Then there are the countless clouds of pigeons, harboured on the mosque domes, and guarded with as much care as if they were young angels. To crown the whole, these innumerable fountains, of all sizes, from that at the Seraglio gate with its square bulk and circular towers at the angles, to the mere boarded-over arch, tap, and tank.

Having sketched the long, square, pagoda-roofed street fountain, and the latticed-in fountain of the mosque-yard, I must describe a beautiful variation from these; and that is the rural fountain, such as I have seen in villages on the Bosphorus, and never can forget. It seems but yesterday that my boatman followed me from the boat, and rested his oars against one of its recesses. It was a tall, square, little kiosk, overlooking the waters: its central crescented dome surrounded by four lesser domes. The under part of its broad roof was striped with shadowy patterns, and below this, in panels, ran the inscriptions of the founder. The ornaments were simple and shell-like. To the fluted basin that received the water, you ascended by four steps, as to an altar. It always seemed to me like a little chapel raised to some water spirit, some Turkish Undine, and I felt grateful in that burning climate to the dead man who had reared this evidence of his sympathy with those whom he had left behind, to toil out their time.

As an European, accustomed to the romance of old palaces and manor-houses, I had attached a far different poetry to the fountain. I had thought of it as the silver column melting into silver rain; as the bright arrow shot heavenward, ever sinking ever to rise again in impotent effort. I had seen it sprinkling English elms and scattering its lavish pearl over English flower-beds, but here I found a new poetry attaching to it.

Water was here no longer a juggling Undine, a tricky water-goblin, tossing silver into the air for mere unmeaning amusement; here I saw it, a gracious angel of blessing, from whose hands, day and night, poured blessings to all, rich and poor, to the weary porter resting his burden, to the rich pasha strolling out for a moment's air between the dreary pauses of a levee. Here it was God's archangel tempering the horrors of thirst, and wandering in the streets to comfort the afflicted.

Always under the never-refused shelter of the fountain, I found the poor Circassian exiles, starving and fevered, huddled up in their white woolly cloaks, grateful for the friendly shadow. There, the tired vendor came to rest his heavy wattled baskets of green peaches; there, the burnt-up beggar, to con his prayers and rattle his alms-dish; there, the lounging soldier, weary of idleness, to chat with his gossip the water-carrier about "those barbarians the Inglis, whom the Sultan had hired to punish the Muscovites for refusing to pay him tribute;" there, the Arabian story is told, though not by the professional story-teller, for the trade is now extinct; there, the opium-eater dozes, or, if he wakes, stares at you as if you were less substantial and real than the creatures of his last dream; there, though opium-eating is now unusual, and the clusters of opium-shops no longer exist outside the Sulieman mosque, I have seen the miserable narcotist lying staring at nothing, fixedly, with vacant and glistening eyes.

Near these fountains, only a few years ago, reckless public executions sometimes took place, when, after a secret trial and confession—forced, perhaps, by torture—the wretch was led out suddenly, and hung at the first convenient house he came to. Was it not Windybank who saw the Greek tailor who had been detected in an intrigue with the Turkish lady lying near the Fish-market fountain, with his head placed neatly between his knees? It was near a fountain that Dr. Legoff saw a pirate and murderer hung at a fruit-shop door. The soldiers leading the man, said Windybank, suddenly stopped, knocked a nail into the wall of a fruit-shop, tarred the boards where the body was to rest, slipped a rope round the pale wretch's neck, placed him on a hencoop, drew the rope three or four times round the nail, kicked away the hencoop, and left him hanging. That was some years ago, and the tag of rope still remains suspended to the nail, as it probably will do, in that conservative city, until sun and rain rot it off. Lately, the Turks have almost abolished capital punishment, and the greatest villains on earth are given back to the world.

And in thinking of fountains, the gentleman who on a fine day feels it so hot in Regent-street, London, or on the Italian Boulevard at Paris, that he must really, perforce, go in for a strawberry ice, must remember that it is not to relieve such trivial thirst that Eastern fountains were erected. It was not for slight, damp warmth, languor, and dry mouth, that the Turks have spent millions in public fountains. It was for a heat that dries up all saliva, that inflames the mouth and blackens the lips, that dims the eyes and makes the head giddy, and the whole man faint and sick; that becomes, if not relieved incessantly, an intolerable torture.

In that toilsome city, indeed, all up hill, whose streets are paved with loose boulders, walking at noonday is a work of the greatest fa-

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tigue and of the most painful exertion. Every moment the stranger betakes himself to peaches, grapes, or figs, of which he keeps a pocketful: and, when these are gone, to sherbet, lemonade, or some sort of fruit broth. Imagine, then, what life-blood the poor penniless vagabond draws from the street fountain.

SNOW.

Last night the snow was falling,
 It fell throughout the night,
I woke this morning, mother,
 And saw the ground was white.

White were the peaceful meadows,
 And white the tall, dark pines;
And white was yonder mountain,
 On which the sun first shines.

And in our own dear valley
 The snow was lying deep;
And in the quiet churchyard
 Where my little sisters sleep.

And o'er their little tombstones
 The snow-flakes form'd a wreath;
But nought are flowers or snow-flakes
 To those who sleep beneath.

We deck'd the graves last summer
 With many a primrose gem;
But whether flowers or snow-flakes
 It matters not to them.

But, oh! the snow is lovely,
 So beautiful and bright;
Pure as the little spirits
 Who wear their robes as white.

But in our valley, mother,
 The footsteps come and go;
And then how soon they sully
 The pure new-fallen snow.

The trace of earth is on it,
 On earth all soiled it lies,
How soon it lost the beauty
 It brought from yonder skies.

My child, on yonder mountain
 The snow lies pure and high;
No foot of man invades it,
 It is so near the sky.

It sinks not to the valley,
 Where earth's dark traces are,
And nought can soil its whiteness:
 'Twas kept from falling far.

Wouldst thou be pure and holy,
 Remember, O my child!
That an earth-seeking nature
 Must be by earth defiled.

Then let thy childish spirit
 Stoop not to things below;
Live in the light of Heaven,
 Like yon pure mountain snow.

THE MULE-MAKER.

Towards the close of the last century, in an old Elizabethan house near to the rough manufacturing town of Bolton, lived one Betty Holt, widow of George Crompton, farmer and weaver; one of those farmers who, as the saying went, "paid their rent through the eye of the shuttle," and helped out cow-keeping and egg-hatching by the spindle and the loom. Betty Holt was a character: a stern, rigid, upright dame, passionate and violent, but not without a rude kind of Spartan tenderness lying underneath her fierceness, which redeemed it from absolute brutality; inexorable, self-willed, with strong Puritan leanings, yet, with true Puritan logic, a pope to herself, consecrated infallible by her own grace. She cuffed and thrashed, and maybe swore at her son Samuel with tremendous zeal and energy; but she loved him, nevertheless, as a she-bear loves its young, or a tiger-cat, or a rhinoceros, which yet are not exactly types of maternal tenderness. Betty Holt was clever as well as strong-willed, and in her way even a celebrity. She was famous for her elderberry wine, and her butter got the topmost price of the market; she kept bees and made a good thing of their honey; she was parish overseer for one while; and, not content with her own industry and bustling habits, she set her children to earn their bread betimes, and tied them down to the loom so soon as their little legs were long enough to work the treddles. No idleness was allowed in her house; no unthrift, no useless dawdlings, no new-fangled ways, nor even learning that had not its pound and pence value: not an hour spent for pleasures that had not been fairly earned by labour—not an inch of ground left for flowers that were not planted at the roots of potherbs. Work, thrift, a rigid order of morality, and the gloomy pietism of the Puritan school reigned over her and hers; and what amusements or dissipation the children got were got by force of youth and nature, for Betty Holt gave none of her own making, nor thought it needful that any should be had. Add to this hard-handed discipline the saddening presence of "Uncle Alexander," lame and as ascetic as the rest of them, and we can understand in what an unnatural, stifling, narrow atmosphere young Samuel Crompton lived. He bore the marks of that suppressed early training of his to his last day, in the shyness, want of facility, and savage pride, which rendered all his talent unavailing and his life a miserable failure for himself. Had Betty Holt of Turton been an easier-natured woman, and had she not thought it the best manner of education to set her children on stepping-stones far apart from their kind, in all probability Samuel Crompton would have been a successful man. As it was, he was only a successful inventor; which is by no means the same thing.

One little trait of Uncle Alexander, and then I dismiss him for ever to the oblivion of the past. Sick and crippled, he could not stir out from the house, nor make more exertion than the one step which was necessary to carry him from his bed to his loom; but he observed the Sabbath and attended church in his own way. So soon as the bells began to ring, Uncle Alexander took off his week-day working coat, and put on his Sunday's best, then slowly read the church service to himself, and maybe thought out his own sermon as well as spelled out one of a favourite divine. When the "ringing out" bells told that all was over, and that the congregation was streaming homewards to their potato

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pots and Irish stews, Uncle Alexander took off his Sunday's best and put on his week-day coat again; and then his church Sabbath was at an end. There was something very special and characteristic in the whole proceeding: a bit of broadcloth fetishism rich in all the elements of British respectability.

Young Samuel had one pleasure, besides that of reading, which was always a favourite exercise of his: he had his violin; and many a dreary hour he charmed away by scraping unmelodious sounds from that tortured catgut, many an angry scold of his fierce old mother he forgot in the dismal wailings of what passed with him for music. But even this harmless dissipation grim Mistress Betty clutched and girded at, only suffering it at all—and then grudgingly—when he had given in his appointed stint of work, and made his daily tale of bricks without a flaw. But his bricks were hard to make, and for the most part had to be squared, and pressed, and baked without sufficient straw; for this spinning was weary work, the yarn being very bad and the piecing of broken ends a never-ending labour.

It was about this time that the natural balance between spinning and weaving was so much disturbed. John Kay, of Bury, had just invented the fly-shuttle, which enabled the weaver to get through as much work again as before; and he had been mobbed and nearly killed for his pains. He escaped, wrapped up in a sheet of cotton wool, and was thus carried bodily through the mob by two of his friends who did not think that an invention which doubled work and production merited Lynch-law condemnation. Poor Kay, after some more vicissitudes, went to Paris, where he lived in great poverty and distress, and where he finally died in very painful circumstances. Robert Kay, his son, in his turn invented the drop-box, by means of which three spindles of different coloured wefts could be used successively without the trouble of replacing them on the lathe; and thus weaving got another step forward. Robert was not more popular than his father. He was mobbed and insulted, his machines broken to pieces, and himself dangerously threatened: for was he not the natural enemy of the workmen, and was it not worth a good day's work at any time to harry and annoy one who had presumed to invent anything that should lighten labour and increase trade? By these inventions, then, weaving had got the start of spinning, and there was not enough weft to be had for the loom. The weavers lost half their time in collecting their yarn ounce by ounce from the cottages; and even then they had to bribe the spinsters with all sorts of fair words and fine promises, before they could get enough of it to be of any use. Thus the barragons and fustians, herringbones, thicksets, quiltings, and cross-overs, dimities and velveteens, for which Bolton was famous, and the checks and greys dear to the soul of Blackburn, were in an anomalous position; contravening the first principle of political economy which asserts that the demand creates the supply—that manufacture ensures material. And thus weaving hands were idle, and never knew their full tale of work; and great hulking fellows were to be seen everywhere lounging against the sunny south walls about Bolton, talking a language which no one but themselves could understand, or joking roughly with the spinners as they came into market with their bags and bales of coveted yarn. That market indeed was an extraordinary place, for the goods were mostly pitched into the middle of the streets, though there were halls, and warehouses, and places proper for civilised traffic. But Bolton preferred the great "moothall" common to all, and never cared to transact its business under any other cover but the sky or a public-house parlour. The "Bolton chaps," as they are called to this day, were always a queer, rough, unconventional set, and in Samuel Crompton's time were even rougher than at present.

To help remedy this disturbed balance, Hargreaves then made his spinning-jenny, which substituted eight spindles for one; afterwards the eight spindles were raised to eighty; when the sapient spinners took the alarm, and after great rioting and bitter wrong-doing, drove Hargreaves, broken-hearted, to Nottingham. There he died in want and distress, having first given up his jenny to the Strutts, who made a practical thing of it, and made their own fortunes at the same time. But the spinning-jenny, though thoroughly successful in its way, did not do everything; it did not make a thread strong enough for the warp, but only spun out additional weft; whereupon Richard Arkwright, a barber at Bolton, great in the secret of a certain hair-dye, great, too, in his power of wheedling young women out of their long back hair, turned his attention to mechanics and the spinning-jenny, and invented a spinning-frame, which drew the cotton from a coarser to a finer and hard-twisted thread, and so rendered it fit for warp as well as weft. But something even yet remained. The thread broke eternally; there was nothing but piecing together the flying ends, and the work was for ever stopping that the mending might be done. Also, no machine yet made spun *fine* threads; and the weavers were beginning to wish they could rival the fine India muslins which came over sparsely enough, but which commanded such fabulous prices, and were so eagerly caught up when they did come. A machine, then, that could keep the thread from breaking, and that could deliver a fine muslin thread, was now the great thing to be next accomplished.

When Samuel Crompton was sixteen, he spun on a jenny of eight spindles, and broke his heart over the perpetual piecing of the broken ends. They took up all his time, and stopped his fiddle-playing for many a bitter evening. When he was twenty-one, he began to think, says Mr. French. His brain turned on improved spinning machinery, and how he could make his yarn go without this eternal breaking. And he spent precious hours, and as Betty thought, more precious money, in trying experiments of all kinds, and at all times. The neighbours saw

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lights in the old hall at dead of night, and unusual sounds were heard, and unusual things done; and soon Samuel got the reputation of being a "conjuror"—an inventor, according to Bolton phraseology. All his money now went in his experiments. He was for ever getting the wayside blacksmith "to file his bits of things," and the joiner to make him odd-looking wheels and rollers; and then, to supply the drain perpetually going on, he hired out himself and his violin to the orchestra at Bolton theatre, and got eighteenpence a night for his "fiddle and his bow." This sum, though small, helped him wonderfully; it enabled him to carry on the war with poverty, want of knowledge, repetition of what had been already done, and all the other enemies of an ignorant and solitary worker; and after five years' toil and thought and love he perfected his rude machine, called then "Hall-i'-th'-Wood Wheels," or "Muslin Wheel." Thus, his great aim, the discovery of a machine which would enable him to spin fine yarn fit for the muslin used for ladies' dresses, he finally accomplished without help or aid of any kind.

Crompton's fine yarn soon attracted attention. How did he do it? What was his secret? Neither Hargreave's spinning-jenny nor Arkwright's water-frame could produce such yarn as this young man gave up, week after week, from the Old Hall in the Wood; and public curiosity, mingled with something of public indignation, waxed high and raged severely. The hall was besieged. Some brought ladders and climbed up to the window of the room where Samuel worked; others offered bribes; one, more persevering than the rest, concealed himself in the loft, and watched the "conjuror" at work through a gimlet-hole bored in the ceiling; Arkwright travelled sixty miles to see the new muslin wheel; and Peel, the father of the great Sir Robert, came with an offer to take Crompton into partnership; or—according to Mr. French—with the intention of getting the secret underhand and for nothing. The inventor was plagued to death; and, being a shy man, a moody man, and a mistrustful man, heartily wished that his persecutors would break their necks some of these fine days, when they swarmed too thickly upon him. His muslin wheel was destined to bring him only disappointment and annoyance; and whether he kept the secret or displayed it, he was equally sure to be troubled and mishandled. He had no means of buying a patent; so, after a time, determined to give up his invention to the public, on condition of receiving a miserable sum of sixty pounds, which was subscribed by most of the leading manufacturers of the district. But the worst part of the story is, that many of those who had set their names down for certain sums, refused to pay them when required, even threatening Samuel grossly, and accusing him of imposture when he called upon them for their guineas. It was this last piece of treachery which put the finishing stroke to the morbid pride and suspicion of Crompton's character. Henceforth he and the world were Ishmaelites, face to face.

As Crompton's muslin-wheel came more into notice and repute, it changed its name and took that of the Mule; being a kind of hybrid between Hargreave's jenny and Arkwright's water-frame, partaking of the principles of both, but differing in application from both. Its "great and important invention was the spindle-carriage, and the principle of the thread's having no strain upon it until it was completed. The carriage with the spindles could, by the movement of the hand and knee, recede just as the rollers delivered out the elongated thread in a soft state, so that it could allow of a considerable stretch before the thread had to encounter the stress of winding on the spindle. *This was the corner-stone of the merit of his invention.*" It was a great misfortune that Crompton could not make any real use of his discovery. Had he joined Peel, who had all the business habits and capability which the Bolton weaver wanted, they would have advanced the cotton manufacture by twenty years, says Mr. French, and Samuel would have made his fortune. But he chose his own path, and elected a life of solitude and loneliness; and when a man, by obstinacy or by want of clear-sightedness, has set himself to his own loss, it is very hard to prevent him. No life with which I am acquainted is such a striking instance of the folly of pride and exclusiveness as that of clever, moody, sensitive Samuel Crompton.

The mule got into the market; and soon the mule-maker was distanced by his own machine. Various improvements in detail were applied—the rough wooden rollers were replaced by others of smooth, swift-running metal; David Dale, of Lanark, applied water-power to its use; Peel and Arkwright, and all the great manufacturers adopted it, with all its improvements, in their gigantic mills; while the inventor toiled humbly and sadly in his old behind-handed workshop, and nursed the smarting wounds which he made all the worse by contemplation. And then he clothed himself anew in his impenetrable garment of pride and reserve, and thought himself ill-used because the world regarded him as a celebrity. If he saw himself pointed at, or spoken of, in the market, he would not attempt to transact business, but would return home with all his samples in his pocket; or if a "rough-and-ready manufacturer" offered him less than he asked, he would wrap up his samples and leave him, never condescending to explain or to bargain. He used to complain bitterly of the manner in which he was watched and suspected of still further improvements; and took the natural curiosity of men, even their natural homage to his genius, as so many insults and wrongs. In fact, every incident of his life shows how entirely morbid and wrong-headed he was in all his dealings with the world and his fellow-men.

Seventeen hundred and ninety-three was a year of unexampled prosperity to the muslin weavers of Bolton. A piece of twenty-four yards brought four guineas, or three-and-sixpence a yard for the weaver, "whose trade was

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that of a gentleman," who took home his work in top boots and ruffled shirts, carrying canes or riding in coaches. Many weavers used to walk about with five-pound Bank of England notes spread out under their hatbands, thus curiously prefiguring one of the most remarkable characteristics of the Californian diggers; they would smoke none but long "churchwarden" pipes, kept themselves as a race apart, and suffered no one else to intrude into their particular rooms in their public-houses. In seventeen hundred and ninety-seven the four-guinea piece of cambric fell to twenty-nine shillings for the weaver; continuing the downward course up to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, when it brought only six-and-sixpence. This was the natural consequence of a great discovery made popular. A subscription was set on foot for Crompton during a year of great distress, and he got between four and five hundred pounds, which was the first real reward yet obtained for his invention. Afterwards Parliament was "spoken to," and the spinner came up to London to see to the advancement of his own fortunes. He was in the lobby with Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Blackburn, when Mr. Perceval, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, came up. "You will be glad to hear," he said, "that we mean to propose twenty thousand pounds for Crompton; do you think that will be satisfactory?" Crompton walked away, not wishing to hear the reply, and in two minutes a great shout was raised—Perceval had been shot. Of course the motion for the grant was withdrawn for that night; and when made it was made by a less friendly patron: only five thousand pounds were asked for instead of twenty. The sum which Crompton proved that he had contributed to the revenue by the number of his mules then at work, was about three hundred thousand a year; the per-centage of five thousand pounds out of this increase was an unheard-of meanness. And even this did not come free of charges. One of the charges was a fee for forty-seven pounds seventeen shillings and fourpence, "being fees to both Houses, for inserting one clause in the appropriation act;" and a parliamentary friend, who had pushed his claims, took care to make a demand for a loan of one out of the five thousand pounds; which request, however, it is satisfactory to know, was refused.

Things never went thoroughly well after this. The sons disagreed, and turned out but indifferent helps and supports to him; some bleaching works that he took, failed; his machinery was copied, his patterns pirated; the world, that busy, pushing, commercial world of Bolton, trod too hard on his heels, and even threatened to drive its Juggernaut over his body; and, as years passed on, the grey, grave, quiet old man, grown more thoughtful and more pensive, grew also poorer and more obscure, and wore a deeper air of ill-usage and wrong. From poverty to poverty he sank lower and lower; and his last days, under the mismanagement of his thriftless and not over estimable daughter, were threatened with worse than stint, when a number of his friends banded together, and raised a subscription among themselves, with which they purchased an annuity of sixty-three pounds, and so rescued him from at least any frightful catastrophe. A last attempt to obtain a further grant from government failed, partly because (so it was stated) "his primitive enemy," Sir Robert Peel, had undermined him; and partly because the House had one of its odd fits of ingratitude and want of appreciation concerning him, which nothing could overcome. Poor Crompton felt only too keenly the wrongs which his own want of business capacity and common sense had helped to draw upon him, and died, as he had lived, with all the bitterness belonging to a sense of failure and disappointment. But his invention has revolutionised the cotton trade, and the cotton trade is one of the great powers of the present; so that in this way the old Lancashire spinner has made himself an undying influence in the future, and has set his mark and seal upon a trade which may be taken as the symbol of western civilisation and British supremacy. No mean epitaph that for an obscure Lancashire man, to whom eighteenpence a night was good pay for his violin-playing, and whose mother thrashed him soundly if he failed in his daily tale of work!

VATICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

M. Toussenel is a passionate sportsman. But as he shoots, he studies his game, drawing from it what he calls passional analogies. Every beast and every bird is the emblem of some manifestation of human passion. Man is, therefore, not so widely separated from the brutes as he may fancy himself to be. But even vegetables, whom we are accustomed to consider if not as altogether harmless, at least as guiltless and irresponsible, are the objects of M. Toussenel's admiration or hatred, according as they represent human virtues or vices.

For instance, his office of Analogist, which he holds to be on a par with that of prophet or lawgiver—in fact, to be a combination of the two, renders him the most inimical of all the natural enemies of the mangel-wurzel family. If you ask him why he entertains such a violent rancour against an innocent root, "Innocent! the Beetroot?" he exclaims; "an impure plant, which prefers to feed on the filthiest diet? I know the odious race too well to tolerate them; they are their fathers' own children, the offspring of protectionists and monopolists. You are curious to learn the reason of my mortal antipathy for this plant? Listen, then, with all your ears.

"Know that Passional Analogy, which is the science of sciences, sometimes reveals to those who consult it secrets of which the profane are ignorant. The Analogist has not to bestow a second glance upon the juice of the beetroot (a reddish and sweetish juice, false in colour and pharisaical in flavour) in order to discover the principle of all the evil passions which secretly ferment in the bosom of the plant—notably, an

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unbridled ambition, characterised by a tendency to universal monopoly. You know that the colour red, so beloved by savages, is the emblem of ambition. The Analogist foresaw what has happened; namely, that the beetroot, a native of cold climates, which is only capable of producing spurious sugar, would not be satisfied with substituting its disloyal produce for the genuine sugar of the cane; but that, as soon as it had obtained the monopoly of that precious article, it would audaciously aspire to rob the vine of the privilege of supplying wine and alcohol, and would not even shrink from the insane attempt to supplant the coffee-tree in the production of Mocha. The Analogist foresaw all that, and cried aloud on the house-tops. But no one regarded him; his voice was lost in the wilderness. The insolent, protected beetroot has been dragging France through such sloughs of dirt, that at last it can be borne no longer."

Toussenel, the Analogist, has not grown milder with age; but he is comforted with the prospect of a better time coming, although his own personal enjoyment is thereby likely to be curtailed. To explain: the Analogist is an ardent snipe-shooter. Of all sport, successful sport in the marshes is the highest attainment of the art. La chasse au marais, marsh-shooting, has intoxicating seductions, irresistible allurements, which throw everything else into the background. To give it up, is to lose sporting caste. No sport stimulates to so high a degree the combined enthusiasm of soul and sense. None exacts like it the double sureness of eye and foot, the passion of art united to a temperament of iron, and contempt of fevers and colds in the head, a cordial understanding between the sportsman and the dog. The snipe is the reward of the strong and the prize of the skilful. Snipe-shooting is the solemn test which settles precedence amongst the upper ranks of sportsmen. It can even render an Englishman almost respectable in M. Toussenel's eyes. Afflicted with chronic Anglophobia, the Analogist can yet speak in not very harsh terms of the considerable emigration of British sportsmen—all cut after the same pattern, long, dry, upright, without any joints, but in other respects the best guns in the world, and worthy to carry the standard of St. Hubert—who pursue the snipe through its favourite haunts, even to the Pontine Marshes. They boldly scorn all vulgar fear of the buffalo, the wild bull, and the malaria—three obstacles which Nature might be supposed to have placed as guardians on the frontiers of the Holy City, to prevent the entrance of misbelieving sportsmen. A poor defence, after all, the fever of malaria turns out to be! These wicked heretics have discovered that the true specific against paludian fever is, not sulphate of quinine, as has been hitherto believed, but hashed snipes, liberally washed down with the oldest claret. It seems that Providence, ever propitious to the hunter, had placed the remedy by the side of the disease. The chase is the mother of arts, and the first of the fruits of the tree of knowledge.

It was not in Italy, however, but in France, that the Analogist had the opportunity of studying the snipe-shooter of Albion, and of appreciating his high and powerful moral and stomachic faculties. The marshes of France, in consequence of their mediterranean position, have long been the compulsory halting-place of the Scandinavian snipes during their half-yearly travels to the south and back. There is, on the confines of Berry and Touraine, an unknown district, which is called La Brenne, after the name of its Roman explorer, Brennus. Of all the cantons of France, with the exception of the crown preserves and those of M. de Gâville, La Brenne is the most abundant in all sorts of game. The stag, the wild-boar, the roebuck, and the wolf are not unknown animals there; the great bustard and the swan are abundant in severe winters. Hares are still sold there at from ten to fifteen pence a piece, a red-legged partridge for sevenpence-halfpenny, and woodcocks at about the same price. But it is the water-fowl which has hitherto been the glory of La Brenne, which is a sandy plain, half water, half land, an adorable desert in the eyes of the artistic sportsman, a series of swamps, wherein the fresh-water tortoise flounders at ease, where quails remain all winter long, and where an estate of fifteen hundred acres is let for a rental of two hundred and forty pounds, and is sold in fee simple for four thousand eight hundred pounds. It was in La Brenne that the Analogist had the good fortune to admire, in the person of a child of Albion, the sublime union of the perfect snipe-shooter with the just and decided man of Horace's ode—justum ac tenacem propositi virum. This mortal, unique in his class, had made a vow, when he came to La Brenne, never to shoot any other game than snipes. He had shot there for twenty years, and he had fired twenty thousand shots, without once failing in his engagement—without ever having menaced the life of a hare or a partridge. So that those creatures, aware of his habits, instead of escaping at his approach, came forward to have a look at him. A capital shot, moreover, and modest in proportion, never saying, "I have *killed*," but "I have *seen* so many snipes to-day."

But the end of these glorious days is approaching. Agricultural Reform is coming to claim her prey. The drainer, the leveller, the stubber-up of rotten stumps, are threatening to bleed the country at every vein, under the pretext of sanitary improvement. Cabbages will soon grow on the domain of the bustard; the snipe will shortly disappear, the victim of progress; and yet the analogistic sportsman has the philosophy to master his grief, through the consideration that the marshes of La Brenne are not, like the Pontine Marshes, a divine institution, a portion of the realm of an infallible ruler, but the work both of human agency and of human neglect. What man has made, he thinks, man may always unmake. In short, M. Toussenel, who has the acumen to detect in various birds the type of every phase of human nature, has thrown a new light on the Roman Question by informing us that not only the

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Pope, cardinals, prelates, and priests of Rome, but also the abbesses and nuns are—snipes!

A canoniser of saints, an authoriser of modern miracles, an excommunicator of kings, an inventor of Immaculate Conceptions, would seem to merit a more dignified comparison; but however high-soaring a bird of prey he may have been in his time, however loud-crowing a cock of the European walk, a snipe he is now, and a snipe he intends to remain, if people will let him, and that for excellent reasons.

There is no need for a man to be wonderfully strong in natural history to know that the snipe, who has a very long, slender, and soft bill, is particularly fond of sloppy, marshy grounds, of the tail-ends of ponds, of the banks of stagnant waters, that is to say, of the sole spots where it can find an ample pasturage of worms. Now, as soon as we have acknowledged the truth of the clear proposition which is laid down as the principle of the lately proposed French ministerial project, that every agricultural improvement must begin by the drainage of a country and the clearing out of its watercourses, the first consequence which logic draws from it is, that there exists a fatal antagonism between the interests of agriculture and the interests of the snipe. Logic also allows the long-billed bird to refuse any compromise on such tender ground, since the question for it is, "To be, or not to be?"

And now for a third proposition, which appears to be equally true with the two preceding: All reforms are sisters, and fatally commence by agricultural improvement. The destiny of the snipe is written in these words. Thus, the discovery of the compass leads to the discovery of the New World. Christopher Columbus's discovery soon induces us to discover that the earth is round, and that it spins round the sun, contrary to the opinion which had been held for ages. Galileo's and Copernicus's discoveries cause us to surmise that there are passages in Holy Writ which are open to more than one interpretation; the final consequence is a schism which detaches from Rome three or four great nations and fifty millions of souls. And on that day, mark it well, Luther's heresy dealt a fearful blow on the snipe, who suffers from it to this very day. It robbed the snipe, as it robbed Rome, of England, Saxony, Prussia, Holland, and the rest, suppressing, in those countries, monasteries, monastic vows, and indulgences to eat meat on fast-days.

Every man who has cut his wisdom-teeth has the right to form an opinion of the principle of the possession of temporal wealth by those who have taken a vow of humility and poverty. Men may form an opinion, but snipes may not. All the popes whom Dante encountered in his Inferno, will avow that it was their temporalities which placed them there. But the snipe does not admit their testimony, recorded by a Ghibelline pen. The snipe does not comprehend the subtle distinctions between the temporal and the spiritual, which pretended sages would have prevail in the councils of the government of its choice. The snipe is magnificently in the right, seeing that all reforms, temporal or spiritual, political or religious, are the same; namely, an insurrection of some sort against an authority of some sort, which is based upon Divine right, and claims to be delegated by the Divinity himself.

During the golden age of the snipe's history, during the thousand years which began with Clovis and ended with Luther, the double-barrelled percussion gun, the dastardly child of progress, was not yet invented. On the other hand, the wise institution of meagre meals, which forbid men to make a god of their belly, had conferred on the carp a high economical and social importance; and pisciculture, under the influence of ichthyophagous ideas, became a profitable business, which was doubly dear to the monastic orders who are naturally inclined to the rearing of fish, because it is compatible with repose of mind and body. In those days, the domain of stagnant waters, the fish-ponds and the carperies, extended wider every week and month, to the great delight of the snipe, whose populous tribes had no other care than to make love and to die fat under the protectionist laws of their blessed country.

But Progress has come to upset pitilessly the wild-fowl's edifice of happiness—Progress, in all sorts of forms, under all sorts of disguises; Religious progress, under the mask of reform, has deadened in men's hearts all faith in the merits of the flesh of the carp, and has smothered the remorse of guilty stomachs. Then, political and philosophical progress stripped the monastic orders of their estates and their fish-ponds, to bestow them on the nation at large. Lastly, agricultural progress, the bitter enemy of pools and puddles, has conceived the notion of replacing pisciculture by a more remunerative as well as a more salubrious form of industry. You may remember the picturesque fashion in which an orator of the National Convention described the change in the situation. The phrase has attained celebrity, and merits it. "The reign of the carp is over," said the butcher Legendre; "let that of the ox begin." The time was come, he thought, to substitute the meadow for the pond, and herds of calves for shoals of finny fry. The orator might have completed his description of the state of things by another metaphor equally in accordance with the parliamentary style of the epoch: "The tocsin of '89 is the snipe's funeral bell." For the interests of the carp and the snipe are the same in this religious, political, industrial, and agricultural pond question.

But the instant that the orator of the Convention had discussed the contested royalty of the ox and the carp dynasties, the snipe's opinion on the Roman Question might have been guessed beforehand. The snipe only obeys the imperious prescriptions of its nature, when it sticks to the statu quo, in opposition to the anodyne reforms counselled by the French government. There is one measure especially to which it cannot in reason subscribe, and which it has even a

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right to consider almost as the abomination of desolation predicted by the Prophet Daniel; namely, the admission of the laity to the administration of temporal affairs. If this system prevail, what security has the snipe that some unlucky prefect may not take it into his head to drain the Pontine Marshes, and so to drive it from its last asylum, under the specious pretext of destroying the focus of malaria, and increasing the sources of public wealth? As the snipe has already been caught in this way (having lost England, being in the way of losing France, while Spain and Hungary will drop off at the first high wind), as she knows that there is no safety for her out of the domains of the Roman Church, she cannot in conscience enter into any negotiations on this chapter. In her place you would do the same, and valiantly inscribe on your flag, "Malaria and Antonelli for ever!"

It suffices to be thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of the snipe, to perceive that she has been deputed by Nature to personify the spirit of contradiction and of resistance to progress, in its most irritating and strongly marked type—that of a domestic tyranny, which is austere, peevish, and pickled in devotion. Thus the snipe, who makes a great deal of noise in the air as long as spring-time lasts, becomes suddenly silent when the mists of autumn rise, and soon turns its back on all it held dear, to seek a refuge in solitary marshes, where it may meditate and get fat in silence. It is also customary for noble sinneresses to wait till the age of folly is past before they return to prudent conduct and seek their salvation in a sombre retreat.

The snipe wears a pelisse of fine materials, but not showy in point of colour, spotted with green sparkling dots. This costume is in imitation of the pious matrons who have ceased to care about making a display in dress, but who are not the less sensible to the comforts of silken stuffs, and who are fond of decorating their bosoms with amulets and holy medals. Metallic spots on plumage are always mirrors of illusion. Thus the mallard has his neck steeped in illusion touching the virtues of his female. The snipe's bright spots symbolise the foolish hopes which agitate the imaginations of credulous persons. Several species of snipes have adopted the fashion of wearing strings of beads or rosaries. The bird's long beak, which Nature has endowed with remarkable tactile sensibility, is the index of gourmandise. A vulgar prejudice, supported by the authority of Boileau Despréaux, attributes to devout stomachs avidities analogous to those of the snipe. Her brain is very compressed and her head is flattened at the sides. Her eyes, fixed on the top of her head and upturned towards the heavens, do not contribute to give her an intellectual physiognomy, although they attest her disregard for worldly affairs. Only, this eccentric disposition of the visual organs is the cause of the bird's being short-sighted and scarcely able to find its way. The snipe falls into every snare and allows itself to be plucked by every bird of prey, who are very fond of its flesh. One species has been called *sourde*, the Deaf Snipe, because it is dumb. Deaf, dumb, and blind is a sad position; and one can easily conceive that a poor bird afflicted with so many infirmities should be tormented by perpetual terrors, and should take every stock and stone for a devouring monster. This latter hallucination is shared by superstitious folk, who also are short-sighted and small-brained, and are beset by anxieties which expose them to be duped by crafty intriguers who persuade them to leave their goods to religious corporations, to the great detriment and sorrow of their legitimate heirs. The French Civil Code has sagely undertaken the defence of the interests of these disinherited persons, by forbidding feeble souls from making their wills in favour of their doctors or their confessors.

Lastly, the most striking trait in the snipe's character, and which best brings out into high relief its passional dominant (the spirit of contradiction), is its habit of *flying against the wind*—a habit contrary to that adopted by ninety-nine out of every hundred birds. It may be doubtful whether the snipe's dead body, after drowning, do not float up the stream instead of down it; but one would incline to believe it, for the reason that Nature generally creates her moulds all in one piece, and that this incredible mania for going dead against the wind attests a determination to walk opposite to the indication of good sense, and to fly in the face of reason at all hazards. Such used to be the conduct—according to the account of husbands and other enemies of the fair sex—of a multitude of domestic tyrants, pious and peevish, who professed a love of God, solely to have the right of execrating their neighbour; who always waited to hear your opinion, in order that they might express a contrary one; who took a little too much pains about their own spiritual interests, and not enough about the personal comforts of those around them; who, in short, exerted their ingenuity in a thousand and one ways to make you curse your existence and long to be removed to a better world. This is a very hard saying, considering that it is a true one.

The snipe's sad lot teaches you what Providence holds in store for all impracticable minds lodged in narrow brain-boxes, for all deaf or blind cripples who persist in walking against the wind of progress. But how many people are there in the world who will listen to the voice of passional analogy?

Lament for the snipe, the innocent victim of fatality; and to be just, let us not require any poor animal to commit suicide, especially when we see that, in the world of men, the heroes of devotion to the public welfare are so scarce that you may count them. We know that superior and energetic natures alone are capable of tasting the joys of sacrifice, and of exclaiming with the snipe-shooter, in a burst of sublime self-denial, "Perish the temporal,

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perish the snipe, perish all my own pleasures, so that Progress may march unchecked on her way!"

A PORTRAIT IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

One of the recently-acquired pictures in the National Gallery, is a portrait which at once rivets attention. It is reputed to be the work of Alessandro Bonvicino, commonly called "Il Moretto," the great master of whom Brescia is so justly proud; though it seems far more likely that it was by his pupil, Moroni.

The picture represents a young man who may be about seven or eight-and-twenty years of age; he is seated in a high-backed, red velvet arm-chair, leaning his head upon his right hand, in an attitude of deep thought; his face is handsome, but has somewhat of a sensual expression. It has a small moustache and beard of reddish brown, full lips, and a cheek slightly flushed, and in his eyes—which are large and unevenly set in his head, the eyebrows being very wide apart—is something not altogether to be trusted; either his nature is false, or a feeling is at work within which masters the effort to conceal it. There are the traces, too, of dissipation on his features, and one can scarcely err in supposing that he has known some deep grief, the remembrance of which cannot be swept away; neither can it be doubted that the original is one in whom a fixed and unalterable purpose is combined with utter recklessness of the consequences of any act he may be moved to perform. From his costume, which is in the fashion of the middle of the sixteenth century, it is evident that he is of high rank. He wears a dark-green quilted silk doublet, bordered with a narrow embroidery of gold, and fastened with gold buttons that reach from the throat to the waist. A black velvet cloak, very full at the shoulders, and puffed and slashed with ermine, with which fur it is faced, gives that peculiar squareness to the figure which is noticeable in all the portraits of the period. At his waist hangs a scarcello, or large purse, also of black velvet, lined with ermine; his collar and the cuffs beneath his doublet are of narrow point-lace; the golden hilt of his sword peeps from beneath his cloak; on the little finger of his right hand is a ring of twisted gold; and upon the table which supports his arm are an antique bronze lamp or inkstand, a statuette of the same metal, and some small round boxes for holding medallions, such as Cellini wrought, two or three of which are lying about. But the picture is not yet wholly described. There remains, to complete it, a black velvet hat with a flowing white feather, the band like a string of golden wasps, and the brim, which is broad and turned up in front, decorated with an ornament of singular form. This ornament, closely examined, shows an inscription in Greek characters, and furnishes a key to the history of the portrait, which is that of Count Sciarra Martinengo, the head—at the time he lived—of one of the most illustrious families of the city of Brescia. It is the brief but eventful history of this nobleman, which, as I have gathered it from Italian and French sources, I mean to tell.

Something, first of all, concerning Count Sciarra's father, which is essential to the story. His name was Giorgio, and by way of sobriquet, the French, with whom he greatly associated, called him "il superbo Italiano;" and the Brescian chronicler, Ottavio Rossi, who relates this fact, amongst others (Elogi Historici di Bresciani Illustri. Brescia, 1620), says of him that "there never yet was one who, in the rank of a private gentleman, equalled Count Giorgio Martinengo in greatness of soul;" and that the inward qualities by which he was adorned shone out from a majestic and beautiful countenance, not less expressive of reverence for religion than for its high military bearing. He adds, that Count Giorgio excelled even princes in liberality, which led him into expenses beyond his condition, though that was a noble one.

In the long and bitter rivalry between Francis the First and the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Count Giorgio took the side of the French king; serving his cause, and afterwards that of his son Henry the Second, with great distinction as a skilful condottiere. For this reason, and, as the chronicler suspects, on account of a private pique, he made a deadly enemy of the famous Marquis del Vasto (otherwise du Guast); but he acquired, on the other hand, the close friendship of the no less celebrated Marshal Strozzi, in whom, by the way, if the manner of his death be truly reported, reverence for religion was not the distinguishing characteristic; for it is said that when Strozzi, mortally wounded, was lying in the agonies of death, he repelled the ghostly counsels of the Duke of Guise by saying he supposed his fate would be that of everybody for the last six thousand years. Strozzi was a mere soldier, but Giorgio Martinengo was also a man of letters, profound scholarship lending its graces to his mind. The great qualities that were in him naturally excited the envy of his contemporaries, but he could scarcely have been the head of a proud and powerful Lombard family without being the object of something more than envy. We have the familiar instance of an Italian vendetta in the immortal quarrel of Verona, and the strife between the Brescian houses of Martinengo and Avogadro was not less fatal to them both. That Count Giorgio was prompt and sudden in his revenge, is testified by the fact that he was known to have accompanied the governor of Brescia to mass on one particular morning; to have killed on the same day at Padua (distant nearly a hundred miles) an enemy of his brother, the Abbate Girolamo Martinengo; and again to have been seen early on the following morning in the principal square of Brescia, walking towards his own palace. At the present time, with a railway between the two cities, the journey to and fro is of easy accomplishment. In default of steam, Count Giorgio employed relays of the fleetest horses, with which he was well provided, it being his custom always to keep a band of

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horsemen at his command, well armed, too, for the need of them which he often had. But others besides Count Giorgio were "yare in preparation, quick, skilful, and deadly, having in them what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish men withal;" and of these was Count Alovisio Avogadro, the sworn foe of the house of Martinengo. He it was who, lying in wait for his enemy with a band of armed retainers, fell upon Count Giorgio as he was returning, with two gentlemen and three servants, from the shop of an armourer, whither he had gone to order a suit of armour for the tilting King of France—one day to lose his life in a tournament. Count Giorgio and his friends defended themselves bravely against their assailants, but the odds were too great and he was left alone; whether his supporters fled or were killed, the chronicler does not tell us. Alone, however, Count Giorgio never yielded an inch of ground, but, facing his foes, fell at last pierced with fifteen wounds, thirteen of which were by sword-thrusts and two by pistol bullets. Rare was his intrepidity, and bitter were the taunts which he heaped upon the Avogadro, and he closed his life with a sentence in Greek, a language in which he was well skilled, for, says the chronicler, he held a high place among the most learned men of his time.

Was the vendetta extinguished by the death of Count Giorgio Martinengo? No; but revived to burn with fiercer flame in the bosom of his only son, the Count Sciarra, under the flap of whose velvet hat in Moretto's (or Moroni's) picture, and ever before his eyes is inscribed the Greek words "ΤΟΥ ΑΙΑΝ ΠΟΘΩ" (Through excessive desire), which stimulate him to avenge his father's cruel murder.

The services which Count Giorgio had rendered to King Henry the Second, endeared him to that monarch, who took the young Sciarra under his care, resolved to push his fortunes. As a boy he made him one of his pages, and when little more than a boy—save that manhood came soon in those stirring times—created him a Knight of St. Michael—the order which, in fulfilment of his father's vow, was instituted by that pious prince and most affectionate son, Louis the Eleventh of France. It was a great distinction to be invested at eighteen years of age with an order so highly courted, for it was to Frenchmen then what the Garter has always been amongst ourselves. Its origin may merit a passing word, as we find it set down in the "Vray Théâtre d'Honneur" of the Sieur Marc Vulson de la Colombière, himself one of the elect in this matter, and a soldier of great renown. "The Order of St. Michael," says La Colombière, "was instituted by Louis the Eleventh, at Amboise, in 1469, in memory of the protection accorded to the French by the Almighty, and the help which he sent them through the Archangel Michael, the tutelary saint of France. In the year 1428, during the siege of Orleans, one day when the English were endeavouring to force the passage of the bridge over the Loire, St. Michael appeared, visibly attacking them, bearing down their standards, their flags, and red pennons, charged with lions and leopards, so that, *The Maiden assisting*, the English were obliged to raise the siege. Charles the Seventh took for his oriflamme the image of the Archangel, with these two mottoes from the Prophet Daniel: 'Ecce Michael, unus de principibus primus, venit in adjutorium meum'—'Nemo est adjutor in omnibus, nisi Michael, princeps noster.' King Charles made a vow to institute the order in honour of St. Michael, but was not able to carry out his intention; his son, Louis the Eleventh, however, fulfilled it. The device of the order is 'Immenci tremor oceani.'" Coupled with this knightly decoration was rapid advancement for Count Sciarra in military rank, which, by his ability, he well deserved. Brantôme describes him as one of those "Mestres-de-Camp Catholiques" who rendered such good service against the Protestants during the wars of the League, and Rossi, who gives him the rank of "Colonello," says that he afterwards bore the title of Captain-General at the capture of several fortresses. He is described as being of middle height, thin, and strong. "There gleamed in his eyes," says Rossi, "an indomitable desire for glory, and on his brow might be read a soul unmindful of death or danger." Proof of these qualities was given by Count Sciarra in numerous pitched battles, and his disregard of danger is signally shown by the manner in which he sought to avenge his father's assassination. When the news of this event reached him, Count Sciarra was at the French court, and with the energy which Hamlet promised but left unperformed, he "flew to his revenge." With the greatest rapidity, he crossed the Alps, and entered the city of Brescia with nine noble soldiers, four of them French, and five Mantuans, and there, in the public square, on the solemn day of the Sabbath, he fell upon Count Alouisio Avogadro as he was returning from mass, with several of his friends and retainers. But though the opportunity seemed so favourable, Sciarra was balked of his prey: Count Alovisio sought safety in flight, and in his place a noble Brescian, one of his kinsmen, was slain. He was a man of much note, and, like the rest of the Avogadri, highly popular in Brescia, that family being distinguished for their loyalty to the Venetian government, and their hatred of the French and the French party; so that on the news of his death being spread abroad, the governor of the city collected his men-at-arms, to kill or capture Count Sciarra. The latter, observes the chronicler, quaintly, resolved, therefore, not to shut himself up in Brescia, but to issue forth with his friends: "Presi risolutione il Conte Sciarra di non fermarsi in Brescia, ma di uscirne di longo, insieme co' suoi." It was time for him to do so; the alarm had been given, and when Sciarra reached the Porta San Nazzaro (close to the present railway station), his passage was opposed by the officer who commanded the guard at the gate. Sciarra cried out that he must pass, but the unlucky officer refusing to obey, the impetuous count ran him through the body, and stretched him dead on the ground. He

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then, with four of his party, escaped into the country, and evaded all pursuit. Five of his friends, however, remained behind, who had been unable or unwilling to fly, and upon these, three of whom were Mantuans and two French, misfortune fell; they had taken refuge in the palace of the Porcellaghi, where they were discovered by the sbirri, in consequence of one of the party dropping his hat, and, being made prisoners, were all of them hung next morning on the pillars of the public prison. "It happened," remarks the chronicler, "that, on the following night, the Podestà of the city suddenly died, and the ignorant and gossiping crowd looked upon his death as a judgment for having ignominiously executed those brave soldiers, all of them young and handsome, and of illustrious family."

His vengeance only thus half satisfied, Count Sciarra Martinengo returned to France; but, before his further adventures are told, another version of the affair which has just been related has to be given. Brantôme is the authority, and, without naming the cause of quarrel, he tells his story as follows:

"After having for a long time watched and ridden about, not being able to catch his enemy in the open country, for he had shut himself up in the city of Brescia, Count Sciarra resolved to go there to kill him; and being accompanied by two good soldiers, as determined as himself, he entered the city at mid-day, went to his enemy's house, ascended to his chamber, killed him suddenly, withdrew (it is not enough to strike the blow, you must escape), went out by the door he had entered in at, mounted, he and his men, on their good horses, which were there waiting, and was a league distant from the place before the alarm was given. He was pursued, as well by the officers of justice as by the relations of the deceased, who were great noblemen; but their pursuit was unsuccessful, for he succeeded in reaching Piedmont, where he entered into the service of King Henry, and served the crown of France so faithfully that as long as he lived he was ranked amongst the most faithful servants it had ever numbered, not only by foreigners, but by Frenchmen themselves. This," continues Brantôme, "was not all. When we went to succour Malta, he joined us for his own pleasure, as if he had been a young man who had never yet seen war, declaring that the happiest death a man could die was for the honour and religion of God, and that in this he wished to follow the example of his great ancestor, the Count of Martinengo, who also, for his own pleasure, went to the defence of Rhodes. . . . . Several of his" (Sciarra's) "friends tried to dissuade him from going to Malta, saying that he ran the risk of meeting some of his enemies, friends of the man whom he had killed, in some part of Italy. I saw him, however, as resolute to undertake the journey as if he had no enemy in the world, saying always that if they killed him it would cost some of them their lives. He went through Piedmont like the rest of us, passed by Pavia, not far from Brescia, and proceeded to Genoa to embark, with a determination as animated as I have ever witnessed. Finally, we all arrived at Malta safe and sound, he fearing nothing. On our return, he travelled by land as we did; knew that in Rome there was a relation of his man (son homme) undertook to kill him; but yielded to the instances of his friends and allowed him to escape. He then pursued his journey to France, still by land, from city to city; not, however, approaching the territory of the Venetians, as he had not made his peace with them, and was in danger there of his life, for it would have been too great temerity so to have tempted God and fortune."

With respect to the attempted vendetta, the greater precision of Rossi, himself a Brescian, renders his account the more probable; though when Brantôme says he went in the company of Count Sciarra to Malta (in 1551), the garrulous Frenchman has a right to be believed. But there are, indeed, several discrepancies in the story of Count Sciarra's life, not only as they are separately told by Rossi and Brantôme, but in relation to some of its principal incidents, which are not in accordance with the known fact of history.

A remarkable duel fought by Count Sciarra offers the first example. Rossi relates that, after the count had made his escape into France, he had a dispute one day with a noble soldier—an adventurer in the wars—and it was agreed that their quarrel should be decided on a narrow wooden bridge, little more than four spans wide, which crossed a running stream in the neighbourhood of Paris. But, he adds, if the place chosen for this duel was extravagant and capricious, not less extraordinary and perilous was the choice of weapons, which consisted only of two daggers for each, and of dress, which was merely a jerkin of violet-coloured silk. Sciarra, having pierced his adversary with five deadly dagger wounds, hurled him into the stream. Rossi accounts for the peculiar fierceness of this duel by suggestions that Sciarra felt it necessary to appease the manes of his father by sacrificing another life.

In recording the same adventure, Brantôme lays the scene at Turin, accompanying it with circumstances which give an air of credibility to his narrative, though the ferocity which distinguished the duels that were fought at that time, in France especially, renders Rossi's version by no means improbable. Brantôme says: "Great also was the courage he showed in a duel which he fought in Piedmont, on the bridge over the Po, with another Italian enemy, both of them armed with a dagger in each hand. It is true that their arms and shoulders were defended by a great brassard, but it was all of one piece and would not bend, so that it annoyed and confined the arm and kept it quite straight. This was the choice of his antagonist, who had been wounded in the arm, like my late uncle De la Chastaigneraye." (Brantôme alludes here to the antagonist of Jarnac, in the memorable duel fought at St. Germain en Laye, in 1548, which gave rise to the famous expression,

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"le coup de Jarnac.") "In the end, Monsieur le Comte de Martinengo remained the victor, and killed his enemy on the spot. The combat was a very furious one, as I have been told by those who saw it, one of them being the late Monsieur de Vassé, who was a relation of the said count. This duel added greatly to the reputation of Count Martinengo. To be brief, his reputation was so great, and his valour so well known, that war having broken out between the Turks and Venice, the Seignory sent to him at Paris (where he usually resided—or with the court—when there was no war), granting him a general pardon and absolution for the past, with a commission of colonel to raise three thousand men, and plenty of money for the purpose; and, being much beloved by the soldiers, and seeing well to their appointments, he speedily raised more than he wanted, and proceeded to Venice, where he was received with rapture; he passed over into Dalmatia with his brave Frenchmen and a few Italians, where he vigorously conducted the war till peace was made between the Turks and the Venetians." In another place, Brantôme tells us that, "when Sciarra took service with the Venetians, the Seignory forgot the old grudge they bore him for the death of the Avogadro, whom he had killed at Brescia; and with good reason, for he came at the head of two thousand French troops whom he had collected. They received him well, gave him good pay and appointments, and the rank of colonel, with a white ensign."

Now, it is the history of Count Sciarra's share in this war which is evidently apocryphal, for during the whole of the period when he was able to bear arms—that is to say, from the year 1540, when he must have been quite a child, to the year 1570, when he was dead—the thirty years' peace prevailed between the Turks and the Venetians which preceded the war in Cyprus (Othello's war), the sieges of Nicosia and Famagousta, and the famous battle of Lepanto. Nevertheless, Rossi combines with Brantôme in sending Count Sciarra to do battle "against the Ottomites," and he does so with additional and romantic particulars. "War having broken out between the Republic of Venice and the Turks, Count Sciarra was benignantly called from exile, and given the command of three thousand infantry, being named general in Albania. He defeated the land forces of Dolcigno, but the sea armament having arrived, he was compelled to surrender. He was made prisoner, and was about to be put to death by a Turkish captain, when it was discovered, in removing his armour, that he wore the Order of St. Michael, and the barbarian inquiring his rank, Sciarra replied that he was one of the knights of the King of France. Thereupon the Turk embraced him and gave him his liberty, releasing also three other Christian prisoners, amongst whom was one of the Fusari family of Brescia. The count was greatly urged by his captor to take service with the Turks, magnificent offers being made him, but he declined the invitation, and passed over to Venice, where, in the following year, he attempted the capture of Castelnuovo, in Dalmatia, failing, however, for want of men."

Next comes the well-authenticated fact of Count Sciarra's death, which took place in the year 1569, and supplies one of the reasons why it is to be inferred that the Count Martinengo, who fought against the Turks — probably in 1537—was Sciarra's father, Count Giorgio, "il superbo Italiano," though, considering the other particulars given both by Brantôme and Rossi, the mistake is a strange one.

Let us follow the original of the portrait in the National Gallery to the closing scene of his life. It took place—not at the battle of Moncontour (as Mr. Wornum says in the catalogue) —but before La Charité, a town on the Upper Loire, in the present department of the Nièvre, three months before the field so disastrous for Coligny and the Protestant cause. "He" (Count Sciarra), says Rossi, "returned to France and served with the Duke of Anjou, afterwards King Henri the Third, as a general against the Huguenots; and under the walls of La Charité, an important fortress, he was killed by a ball from a saker (sagro), which took him between the breast and the left shoulder, while he was too courageously reconnoitring the place, before giving orders for the assault. His death caused great grief to the Duke of Anjou, and all the captains of the army wore mourning for him, following his remains to the grave with many tears, his funeral, by the king's command, being, one may say, magnificent and royal."

So perished, "frustrate of his will," this soldier whom Brantôme describes as "the sweetest-tempered and most gracious gentleman whom it was possible to meet with, and a sure friend where he gave his promise. I can say so on my own account, for he showed himself such to me on one occasion."

Making allowance for Count Sciarra's Italian blood, and considering his estimate of what was due from filial piety, considering also the habits and feelings of his age, it is probable that this eulogy was not entirely undeserved.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

To resume. The night passed as usual, without producing any change for the better in Miss Halcombe. The next day, she seemed to improve a little. The day after that, her ladyship the Countess, without mentioning the object of her journey to any one in my hearing, proceeded by the morning train to London; her noble husband, with his customary attention, accompanying her to the station.

I was now left in sole charge of Miss Halcombe, with every apparent chance, in consequence of her sister's resolution not to leave the bedside, of having Lady Glyde herself to nurse next.

The only circumstance of any importance that happened in the course of the day, was the occurrence of another unpleasant meeting between the doctor and the Count.

His lordship, on returning from the station, stepped up into Miss Halcombe's sitting-room to make his inquiries. I went out from the bedroom to speak to him; Mr. Dawson and Lady Glyde being both with the patient at the time. The Count asked me many questions about the treatment and the symptoms. I informed him that the treatment was of the kind described as "saline;" and that the symptoms, between the attacks of fever, were certainly those of increasing weakness and exhaustion. Just as I was mentioning these last particulars, Mr. Dawson came out from the bedroom.

"Good morning, sir," said his lordship, stepping forward in the most urbane manner, and stopping the doctor, with a high-bred resolution impossible to resist, "I greatly fear you find no improvement in the symptoms to-day?"

"I find decided improvement," answered Mr. Dawson.

"You still persist in your lowering treatment of this case of fever?" continued his lordship.

"I persist in the treatment which is justified by my own professional experience," said Mr. Dawson.

"Permit me to put one question to you on the vast subject of professional experience," observed the Count. "I presume to offer no more advice—I only presume to make an inquiry. You live at some distance, sir, from the gigantic centres of scientific activity—London and Paris. Have you ever heard of the wasting effects of fever being reasonably and intelligibly repaired by fortifying the exhausted patient with brandy, wine, ammonia, and quinine. Has that new heresy of the highest medical authorities ever reached your ears—Yes, or No?"

"When a professional man puts that question to me, I shall be glad to answer him," said the doctor, opening the door to go out. "You are not a professional man; and I beg to decline answering *you*."

Buffeted in this inexcusably uncivil way, on one cheek, the Count, like a practical Christian, immediately turned the other, and said, in the sweetest manner, "Good morning, Mr. Dawson."

If my late beloved husband had been so fortunate as to know his lordship, how highly he and the Count would have esteemed each other!

Her ladyship the Countess returned by the last train that night, and brought with her the nurse from London. I was instructed that this person's name was Mrs. Rubelle. Her personal appearance, and her imperfect English, when she spoke, informed me that she was a foreigner.

I have always cultivated a feeling of humane indulgence for foreigners. They do not possess our blessings and advantages; and they are, for the most part, brought up in the blind errors of popery. It has also always been my precept and practice, as it was my dear husband's precept and practice before me (see Sermon XXIX, in the Collection by the late Rev. Samuel Michelson, M.A.), to do as I would be done by. On both these accounts, I will not say that Mrs. Rubelle struck me as being a small, wiry, sly person, of fifty or thereabouts, with a dark brown, or Creole complexion, and watchful light grey eyes. Nor will I mention, for the reasons just alleged, that I thought her dress, though it was of the plainest black silk, inappropriately costly in texture and unnecessarily refined in trimming and finish, for a person in her position in life. I should not like these things to be said of me, and therefore it is my duty not to say them of Mrs. Rubelle. I will merely mention that her manners were—not perhaps unpleasantly reserved—but only remarkably quiet and retiring; that she looked about her a great deal, and said very little, which might have arisen quite as much from her own modesty, as

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from distrust of her position at Blackwater Park; and that she declined to partake of supper (which was curious, perhaps, but surely not suspicious?), although I myself politely invited her to that meal, in my own room.

At the Count's particular suggestion (so like his lordship's forgiving kindness!), it was arranged that Mrs. Rubelle should not enter on her duties, until she had been seen and approved by the doctor the next morning. I sat up that night. Lady Glyde appeared to be very unwilling that the new nurse should be employed to attend on Miss Halcombe. Such want of liberality towards a foreigner on the part of a lady of her education and refinement surprised me. I ventured to say, "My lady, we must all remember not to be hasty in our judgments on our inferiors—especially when they come from foreign parts." Lady Glyde did not appear to attend to me. She only sighed, and kissed Miss Halcombe's hand as it lay on the counterpane. Scarcely a judicious proceeding in a sick-room, with a patient whom it was highly desirable not to excite. But poor Lady Glyde knew nothing of nursing—nothing whatever, I am sorry to say.

The next morning, Mrs. Rubelle was sent to the sitting-room, to be approved by the doctor, on his way through to the bedroom. I left Lady Glyde with Miss Halcombe, who was slumbering at the time, and joined Mrs. Rubelle, with the object of kindly preventing her from feeling strange and nervous in consequence of the uncertainty of her situation. She did not appear to see it in that light. She seemed to be quite satisfied, beforehand, that Mr. Dawson would approve of her; and she sat calmly looking out of window, with every appearance of enjoying the country air. Some people might have thought such conduct suggestive of brazen assurance. I beg to say that I more liberally set it down to extraordinary strength of mind.

Instead of the doctor coming up to us, I was sent for to see the doctor. I thought this change of affairs rather odd, but Mrs. Rubelle did not appear to be affected by it in any way. I left her still calmly looking out of window, and still silently enjoying the country air.

Mr. Dawson was waiting for me, by himself, in the breakfast-room.

"About this new nurse, Mrs. Michelson," said the doctor.

"Yes, sir?"

"I find that she has been brought here from London by the wife of that fat old foreigner, who is always trying to interfere with me. Mrs. Michelson, the fat old foreigner is a Quack."

This was very rude. I was naturally shocked at it.

"Are you aware, sir," I said, "that you are talking of a nobleman?"

"Pooh! He isn't the first Quack with a handle to his name. They're all Counts—hang 'em!"

"He would not be a friend of Sir Percival Glyde's, sir, if he was not a member of the highest aristocracy—excepting the English aristocracy, of course."

"Very well, Mrs. Michelson, call him what you like; and let us get back to the nurse. I have been objecting to her already."

"Without having seen her, sir?"

"Yes; without having seen her. She may be the best nurse in existence; but she is not a nurse of my providing. I have put that objection to Sir Percival, as the master of the house. He doesn't support me. He says a nurse of my providing would have been a stranger from London also; and he thinks the woman ought to have a trial, after his wife's aunt has taken the trouble to fetch her from London. There is some justice in that; and I can't decently say No. But I have made it a condition that she is to go at once, if I find reason to complain of her. This proposal being one which I have some right to make, as medical attendant, Sir Percival has consented to it. Now, Mrs. Michelson, I know I can depend on you; and I want you to keep a sharp eye on the nurse, for the first day or two, and to see that she gives Miss Halcombe no medicines but mine. This foreign nobleman of yours is dying to try his quack remedies (mesmerism included) on my patient; and a nurse who is brought here by his wife may be a little too willing to help him. You understand? Very well, then, we may go up-stairs. Is the nurse there? I'll say a word to her, before she goes into the sick-room."

We found Mrs. Rubelle still enjoying herself at the window. When I introduced her to Mr. Dawson, neither the doctor's doubtful looks nor the doctor's searching questions appeared to confuse her in the least. She answered him quietly in her broken English; and, though he tried hard to puzzle her, she never betrayed the least ignorance, so far, about any part of her duties. This was doubtless the result of strength of mind, as I said before, and not of brazen assurance by any means.

We all went into the bedroom. Mrs. Rubelle looked, very attentively, at the patient; curtseyed to Lady Glyde; set one or two little things right in the room; and sat down quietly in a corner to wait until she was wanted. Her ladyship seemed startled and annoyed by the appearance of the strange nurse. No one said anything, for fear of rousing Miss Halcombe, who was still slumbering—except the doctor, who whispered a question about the night. I softly answered, "Much as usual;" and then Mr. Dawson went out. Lady Glyde followed him, I suppose to speak about Mrs. Rubelle. For my own part, I had made up my mind already that this quiet foreign person would keep her situation. She had all her wits about her; and she certainly understood her business. So far, I could hardly have done much better, by the bedside, myself.

Remembering Mr. Dawson's caution to me, I subjected Mrs. Rubelle to a severe scrutiny, at certain intervals, for the next three or four days. I over and over again entered the room softly and suddenly, but I never found her out in any suspicious action. Lady Glyde, who watched her as attentively as I did, discovered

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nothing either. I never detected a sign of the medicine bottles being tampered with; I never saw Mrs. Rubelle say a word to the Count, or the Count to her. She managed Miss Halcombe with unquestionable care and discretion. The poor lady wavered backwards and forwards between a sort of sleepy exhaustion which was half faintness and half slumbering, and attacks of fever which brought with them more or less of wandering in her mind. Mrs. Rubelle never disturbed her in the first case, and never startled her, in the second, by appearing too suddenly at the bedside in the character of a stranger. Honour to whom honour is due (whether foreign or English)—and I give her privilege impartially to Mrs. Rubelle. She was remarkably uncommunicative about herself, and she was too quietly independent of all advice from experienced persons who understood the duties of a sick-room—but, with these drawbacks, she was a good nurse; and she never gave either Lady Glyde or Mr. Dawson the shadow of a reason for complaining of her.

The next circumstance of importance that occurred in the house was the temporary absence of the Count, occasioned by business which took him to London. He went away (I think) on the morning of the fourth day after the arrival of Mrs. Rubelle; and, at parting, he spoke to Lady Glyde, very seriously, in my presence, on the subject of Miss Halcombe.

"Trust Mr. Dawson," he said, "for a few days more, if you please. But, if there is not some change for the better, in that time, send for advice from London, which this mule of a doctor must accept in spite of himself. Offend Mr. Dawson, and save Miss Halcombe. I say those words seriously, on my word of honour and from the bottom of my heart."

His lordship spoke with extreme feeling and kindness. But poor Lady Glyde's nerves were so completely broken down that she seemed quite frightened at him. She trembled from head to foot; and allowed him to take his leave, without uttering a word on her side. She turned to me, when he had gone, and said, "Oh, Mrs. Michelson, I am heart-broken about my sister, and I have no friend to advise me! Do *you* think Mr. Dawson is wrong? He told me himself, this morning, that there was no fear, and no need of fresh advice."

"With all respect to Mr. Dawson," I answered, "in your ladyship's place, I should remember the Count's advice."

Lady Glyde turned away from me suddenly, with an appearance of despair, for which I was quite unable to account.

"*His* advice!" she said to herself. "God help us—*his* advice!"

The Count was away from Blackwater Park, as nearly as I remember, a week.

Sir Percival seemed to feel the loss of his lordship in various ways, and appeared also, I thought, much depressed and altered by the sickness and sorrow in the house. Occasionally, he was so very restless, that I could not help noticing it; coming and going, and wandering here and there and everywhere in the grounds. His inquiries about Miss Halcombe, and about his lady (whose failing health seemed to cost him sincere anxiety), were most attentive. I think his heart was much softened. If some kind clerical friend—some such friend as he might have found in my late excellent husband—had been near him at this time, cheering moral progress might have been made with Sir Percival. I seldom find myself mistaken on a point of this sort; having had experience to guide me in my happy married days.

Her ladyship, the Countess, who was now the only company for Sir Percival down stairs, rather neglected him, as I considered. Or, perhaps, it might have been that he neglected her. A stranger might almost have supposed that they were bent, now they were left together alone, on actually avoiding one another. This, of course, could not be. But it did so happen, nevertheless, that the Countess made her dinner at luncheon-time, and that she always came upstairs towards evening, although Mrs. Rubelle had taken the nursing duties entirely off her hands. Sir Percival dined by himself; and William (the man out of livery) made the remark, in my hearing, that his master had put himself on half rations of food and on a double allowance of drink. I attach no importance to such an insolent observation as this, on the part of a servant. I reprobated it at the time; and I wish to be understood as reprobating it once more, on this occasion.

In the course of the next few days, Miss Halcombe did certainly seem to all of us to be mending a little. Our faith in Mr. Dawson revived. He seemed to be very confident about the case; and he assured Lady Glyde, when she spoke to him on the subject, that he would himself propose to send for a physician, the moment he felt so much as the shadow of a doubt crossing his own mind.

The only person among us who did not appear to be relieved by these words, was the Countess. She said to me privately that she could not feel easy about Miss Halcombe, on Mr. Dawson's authority, and that she should wait anxiously for her husband's opinion, on his return. That return, his letters informed her, would take place in three days' time. The Count and Countess corresponded regularly every morning, during his lordship's absence. They were in that respect, as in all others, a pattern to married people.

On the evening of the third day, I noticed a change in Miss Halcombe, which caused me serious apprehension. Mrs. Rubelle noticed it too. We said nothing on the subject to Lady Glyde, who was then lying asleep, completely overpowered by exhaustion, on the sofa in the sitting-room.

Mr. Dawson did not pay his evening visit till later than usual. As soon as he set eyes on his patient, I saw his face alter. He tried to hide it; but he looked both confused and alarmed. A messenger was sent to his resi-

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dence for his medicine-chest, disinfecting preparations were used in the room, and a bed was made up for him in the house by his own directions. "Has the fever turned to infection?" I whispered to him. "I am afraid it has," he answered; "we shall know better to-morrow morning."

By Mr. Dawson's own directions Lady Glyde was kept in ignorance of this change for the worse. He himself absolutely forbade her, on account of her health, to join us in the bedroom that night. She tried to resist—there was a sad scene—but he had his medical authority to support him; and he carried his point.

The next morning, one of the men servants was sent to London, at eleven o'clock, with a letter to a physician in town, and with orders to bring the new doctor back with him by the earliest possible train. Half an hour after the messenger had gone, the Count returned to Blackwater Park.

The Countess, on her own responsibility, immediately brought him in to see the patient. There was no impropriety that I could discover in her taking this course. His lordship was a married man; he was old enough to be Miss Halcombe's father; and he saw her in the presence of a female relative, Lady Glyde's aunt. Mr. Dawson nevertheless protested against his presence in the room; but, I could plainly remark the doctor was too much alarmed to make any serious resistance on this occasion.

The poor suffering lady was past knowing any one about her. She seemed to take her friends for enemies. When the Count approached her bedside, her eyes, which had been wandering incessantly round and round the room before, settled on his face, with a dreadful stare of terror, which I shall remember to my dying day. The Count sat down by her; felt her pulse, and her temples; looked at her very attentively; and then turned round upon the doctor with such an expression of indignation and contempt in his face, that the words failed on Mr Dawson's lips, and he stood, for a moment, pale with anger and alarm—pale and perfectly speechless.

His lordship looked next at me.

"When did the change happen?" he asked.

I told him the time.

"Has Lady Glyde been in the room since?"

I replied that she had not. The doctor had absolutely forbidden her to come into the room, on the evening before, and had repeated the order again in the morning.

"Have you and Mrs. Rubelle been made aware of the full extent of the mischief?"—was his next question.

We were aware, I answered, that the malady was considered infectious. He stopped me, before I could add anything more.

"It is Typhus Fever," he said.

In the minute that passed, while these questions and answers were going on, Mr. Dawson recovered himself, and addressed the Count, with his customary firmness.

"It is *not* typhus fever," he said, sharply. "I protest against this intrusion, sir. No one has a right to put questions here, but me. I have done my duty to the best of my ability——"

The Count interrupted him, not by words, but only by pointing to the bed. Mr. Dawson seemed to feel that silent contradiction to his assertion of his own ability, and to grow only the more angry under it.

"I say I have done my duty," he reiterated. "A physician has been sent for from London. I will consult on the nature of the fever with him, and with no one else. I insist on your leaving the room."

"I entered this room, sir, in the sacred interests of humanity," said the Count. "And in the same interests, if the coming of the physician is delayed, I will enter it again. I warn you once more that the fever has turned to Typhus, and that your treatment is responsible for this lamentable change. If that unhappy lady dies, I will give my testimony in a court of justice that your ignorance and obstinacy have been the cause of her death."

Before Mr. Dawson could answer, before the Count could leave us, the door was opened from the sitting-room, and we saw Lady Glyde on the threshold.

"I *must*, and *will* come in," she said, with extraordinary firmness.

Instead of stopping her, the Count moved into the sitting-room, and made way for her to go in. On all other occasions, he was the last man in the world to forget anything; but, in the surprise of the moment, he apparently forgot the danger of infection from typhus, and the urgent necessity of forcing Lady Glyde to take proper care of herself.

To my surprise, Mr. Dawson showed more presence of mind. He stopped her ladyship at the first step she took towards the bedside.

"I am sincerely sorry, I am sincerely grieved," he said. "The fever may, I fear, be infectious. Until I am certain that it is not, I entreat you to keep out of the room."

She struggled for a moment; then suddenly dropped her arms, and sank forward. She had fainted. The Countess and I took her from the doctor, and carried her into her own room. The Count preceded us, and waited in the passage, till I came out, and told him that we had recovered her from the swoon.

I went back to the doctor to tell him, by Lady Glyde's desire, that she insisted on speaking to him immediately. He withdrew at once to quiet her ladyship's agitation, and to assure her of the physician's arrival in the course of a few hours. Those hours passed very slowly. Sir Percival and the Count were together down stairs, and sent up, from time to time, to make their inquiries. At last, between five and six o'clock, to our great relief, the physician came.

He was a younger man than Mr. Dawson; very serious, and very decided. What he thought of the previous treatment, I cannot say; but it struck me as curious that he put many more questions to myself and to Mrs. Rubelle than he put to the doctor, and that he

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did not appear to listen with much interest to what Mr. Dawson said, while he was examining Mr. Dawson's patient. I began to suspect, from what I observed in this way, that the Count had been right about the illness all the way through; and I was naturally confirmed in that idea, when Mr. Dawson, after some little delay, asked the one important question which the London doctor had been sent for to set at rest.

"What is your opinion of the fever?" he inquired.

"Typhus," replied the physician. "Typhus fever beyond all doubt."

That quiet foreign person, Mrs. Rubelle, crossed her thin, brown hands in front of her, and looked at me with a very significant smile. The Count himself could hardly have appeared more gratified, if he had been present in the room, and had heard the confirmation of his own opinion.

After giving us some useful directions about the management of the patient, and mentioning that he would come again in five days' time, the physician withdrew to consult in private with Mr. Dawson. He would offer no opinion on Miss Halcombe's chances of recovery: he said it was impossible at that stage of the illness to pronounce, one way or the other.

The five days passed anxiously.

Countess Fosco and myself took it by turns to relieve Mrs. Rubelle; Miss Halcombe's condition growing worse and worse, and requiring our utmost care and attention. It was a terribly trying time. Lady Glyde (supported as Mr. Dawson said, by the constant strain of her suspense on her sister's account) rallied in the most extraordinary manner, and showed a firmness and determination for which I should myself never have given her credit. She insisted on coming into the sick-room, two or three times every day, to look at Miss Halcombe with her own eyes; promising not to go too close to the bed, if the doctor would consent to her wishes, so far. Mr. Dawson very unwillingly made the concession required of him: I think he saw that it was hopeless to dispute with her. She came in every day; and she self-denyingly kept her promise. I felt it personally so distressing (as reminding me of my own affliction during my husband's last illness) to see how she suffered under these circumstances, that I must beg not to dwell on this part of the subject any longer. It is more agreeable to me to mention that no fresh disputes took place between Mr. Dawson and the Count. His lordship made all his inquiries by deputy; and remained continually in company with Sir Percival, down stairs.

On the fifth day, the physician came again, and gave us a little hope. He said the tenth day from the first appearance of the typhus would probably decide the result of the illness, and he arranged for his third visit to take place on that date. The interval passed as before—except that the Count went to London again, one morning, and returned at night.

On the tenth day, it pleased a merciful Providence to relieve our household from all further anxiety and alarm. The physician positively assured us that Miss Halcombe was out of danger. "She wants no doctor, now—all she requires is careful watching and nursing, for some time to come; and that I see she has." Those were his own words. That evening I read my husband's touching sermon on Recovery from Sickness, with more happiness and advantage (in a spiritual point of view) than I ever remember to have derived from it before.

The effect of the good news on poor Lady Glyde was, I grieve to say, quite overpowering. She was too weak to bear the violent reaction; and, in another day or two, she sank into a state of debility and depression, which obliged her to keep her room. Rest and quiet, and change of air afterwards, were the best remedies which Mr. Dawson could suggest for her benefit. It was fortunate that matters were no worse, for, on the very day after she took to her room, the Count and the doctor had another disagreement; and, this time, the dispute between them was of so serious a nature, that Mr. Dawson left the house.

I was not present at the time; but I understood that the subject of the dispute was the amount of nourishment which it was necessary to give to assist Miss Halcombe's convalescence, after the exhaustion of the fever. Mr. Dawson, now that his patient was safe, was less inclined than ever to submit to unprofessional interference; and the Count (I cannot imagine why) lost all the self-control which he had so judiciously preserved on former occasions, and taunted the doctor, over and over again, with his mistake about the fever, when it changed to typhus. The unfortunate affair ended in Mr. Dawson's appealing to Sir Percival, and threatening (now that he could leave without absolute danger to Miss Halcombe) to withdraw from his attendance at Blackwater Park, if the Count's interference was not peremptorily suppressed from that moment. Sir Percival's reply (though not designedly uncivil) had only resulted in making matters worse; and Mr. Dawson had thereupon withdrawn from the house, in a state of extreme indignation at Count Fosco's usage of him, and had sent in his bill the next morning.

We were now, therefore, left without the attendance of a medical man. Although there was no actual necessity for another doctor—nursing and watching being, as the physician had observed, all that Miss Halcombe required—I should still, if my authority had been consulted, have obtained professional assistance, from some other quarter, for form's sake.

The matter did not seem to strike Sir Percival in that light. He said it would be time enough to send for another doctor, if Miss Halcombe showed any signs of a relapse. In the mean while, we had the Count to consult in any minor difficulty; and we need not unnecessarily disturb our patient, in her present weak and nervous condition, by the presence of a stranger at her bedside. There was much that was reason-

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able, no doubt, in these considerations; but they left me a little anxious, nevertheless. Nor was I quite satisfied, in my own mind, of the propriety of our concealing the doctor's absence, as we did, from Lady Glyde. It was a merciful deception, I admit—for she was in no state to bear any fresh anxieties. But still it was a deception; and, as such, to a person of my principles, at best a doubtful proceeding.

A second perplexing circumstance which happened on the same day, and which took me completely by surprise, added greatly to the sense of uneasiness that was now weighing on my mind.

I was sent for to see Sir Percival in the library. The Count, who was with him when I went in, immediately rose and left us alone together. Sir Percival civilly asked me to take a seat; and then, to my great astonishment, addressed me in these terms:

"I want to speak to you, Mrs. Michelson, about a matter which I decided on some time ago, and which I should have mentioned before, but for the sickness and trouble in the house. In plain words, I have reasons for wishing to break up my establishment immediately at this place—leaving you in charge, of course, as usual. As soon as Lady Glyde and Miss Halcombe can travel, they must both have change of air. My friends, Count Fosco and the Countess, will leave us, before that time, to live in the neighbourhood of London. And I have reasons for not opening the house to any more company, with a view to economising as carefully as I can. I don't blame you—but my expenses here are a great deal too heavy. In short, I shall sell the horses, and get rid of all the servants at once. I never do things by halves, as you know; and I mean to have the house clear of a pack of useless people by this time to-morrow."

I listened to him, perfectly aghast with astonishment.

"Do you mean, Sir Percival, that I am to dismiss the in-door servants, under my charge, without the usual month's warning?" I asked.

"Certainly, I do. We may all be out of the house before another month; and I am not going to leave the servants here in idleness, with no master to wait on."

"Who is to do the cooking, Sir Percival, while you are still staying here?"

"Margaret Porcher can roast and boil—keep her. What do I want with a cook, if I don't mean to give any dinner-parties?"

"The servant you have mentioned is the most unintelligent servant in the house, Sir Percival——"

"Keep her, I tell you; and have a woman in from the village to do the cleaning, and go away again. My weekly expenses must and shall be lowered immediately. I don't send for you to make objections, Mrs. Michelson—I send for you to carry out my plans of economy. Dismiss the whole lazy pack of in-door servants to-morrow, except Porcher. She is as strong as a horse—and we'll make her work like a horse."

"You will excuse me for reminding you, Sir Percival, that if the servants go to-morrow, they must have a month's wages in lieu of a month's warning."

"Let them! A month's wages saves a month's waste and gluttony in the servants'-hall."

This last remark conveyed an aspersion of the most offensive kind on my management. I had too much self-respect to defend myself under so gross an imputation. Christian consideration for the helpless position of Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde, and for the serious inconvenience which my sudden absence might inflict on them, alone prevented me from resigning my situation on the spot. I rose immediately. It would have lowered me in my own estimation to have permitted the interview to continue a moment longer.

"After that last remark, Sir Percival, I have nothing more to say. Your directions shall be attended to." Pronouncing those words, I bowed my head with the most distant respect, and went out of the room.

The next day, the servants left in a body. Sir Percival himself dismissed the grooms and stablemen; sending them, with all the horses but one, to London. Of the whole domestic establishment, in-doors and out, there now remained only myself, Margaret Porcher, and the gardener; this last living in his own cottage, and being wanted to take care of the one horse that remained in the stables.

With the house left in this strange and lonely condition; with the mistress of it ill in her room; with Miss Halcombe still as helpless as a child; and with the doctor's attendance withdrawn from us in enmity—it was surely not unnatural that my spirits should sink, and my customary composure be very hard to maintain. My mind was ill at ease. I wished the two poor ladies both well again; and I wished myself away from Blackwater Park.

LATIN LONDON.

When we had crossed from Gaul, guided by the lofty sealight of Dubræ (Dover, if you will), our mariners cast anchor under the massive walls of the citadel of Rutupiæ, chief port in our remote province of Britain, which is, in your tongue, Richborough, near Sandwich. I, Quintus Pertinax, of Ghoston, in the Elysian Fields, shade, being then in the flesh, relished the oysters that I ate at my first British supper. For I was a Roman gentleman knowing well what is good, and am so still.

Incurable in ghosts is their habit of wandering. You will have observed that I was at Rutupiæ just now; behold me, then, in London. My own Roman London not at all, of course. We wander, and have wandered for more years than I can count. I was in the midst of the broil when London was sacked and wasted by the Danes. It amused me in those days to sit by the clear water-side with that lean ghost of a Cassius, and cast shadows of all sorts upon the

swans as they sailed by the solitude of the dead town between the ruins of the bridge and under the great trees. That did not last long, for your live man is an active fellow. The living are the quick and bustling. Men soon swarmed again within the thick old stone walls ribbed with tile, and poured in and out of the town gates, like ants in and out of their ant-holes.

I cannot help it if I mix together many recollections of that town of yours. I had a little daughter buried in our cemetery of Londinium, under the trees outside the walls, somewhere below your great cathedral of St. Paul's. She is now one of the belles of Ghoston; but I often visit the old burial-place, haunting the crypt and vaults of your cathedral, because they are a little nearer to the level of the ground we used to tread a thousand and half a thousand years ago.

Since then, I have seen baby London short-coated, and frocked, and breeched, and jacketed, and bloused, and long-tail-coated. What a muddy, thatched hive—all rushes, and straw, and wood, and ashlar work—there was within the walls, after our Roman time, when the plume of a mounted knight careering in the narrow street, streamed higher than the smoke of the street chimneys! Chimneys? They had no chimneys. And what a plague the town was, soon after its babyhood, for setting fire to itself! Every house, I remember, had its bucket of water ready in case fire broke out, and every ward had its iron crook, its rope, and its two chains, wherewith to drag away from its neighbour any house that might catch fire. Once it pleased the good people, in their dark streets, to make light of the government that ordered every man to hang a lantern out at dusk. They hung out their lanterns as the law ordained, putting no candle inside, because the law had ordained nothing about candle. But, ah me! what a light there was one day, when Nero fetched us up, to see flames two miles long and one mile broad, and smoke spreading fifty miles, as the fire, starting from Pudding-lane, ran to Pye-corner!

Hadrian, down in our place, the other day, advised me to run up to London as it is, and talk of London as it was: offering me his card of introduction to a Mr. Thomas Wright, upon whom it would be worth my while to call, as he would be able to talk with me pleasantly about old times. Hadrian, also, has shown to me, in his own rooms, a presentation copy of some Illustrations of Roman London, which Mr. Charles Roach Smith, a man well known to us in the Roman set at Ghoston, has just printed for subscribers. On the frontispiece it amused me to see a picture of the bronze head of my friend Hadrian himself, from the great statue of him which used to stand in the old Roman town. They had fished up his head out of the Thames, where penny steam-boats, perhaps, run over his legs and body. Now, I can by no means satisfy myself that you understand why you are informed that between one and two thousand years ago I ate oysters at Rutupiæ, and, having been ferried across the oyster-beds, rode on horseback from that stronghold, with its villas and its marble temples, and its amphitheatre, galloping along a famous road over the Downs to Durovernum. If, however, there be a ghost of a reason for my disclosures, possibly it will appear. From that important town of Durovernum, known to the world now as Canterbury, roads branched coastward; but the road I took, was to the north-east, over the high grounds of the forest of Blee, by way of Durobrivæ on the Madus, which you now call Rochester on the Medway, and by the numerous Roman settlements on the bank of the Thames, from your present Southfleet onwards; then, across Shooter's Hill, over Blackheath, through our town of Noviomagus, till I came to the streets and villas of our suburb of London south of the Thames, in your present region of Southwark.

That was not the road taken by Suetonius when, in the time of Nero, your books tell for the first time of London as the place to which that governor of the Britons meant to confine his struggle with the natives. Not far from Aldersgate, when on his way to the town, stationed upon the leafy slopes, and among the rivulets and streams of the region now known to you as Islington, he overthrew the British host under Boadicea, before the site of your Great Northern Railway Station as Battle-bridge. The remains of a camp, supposed to be that of Suetonius, were found some time ago a little northward of the Islington work-house. The Romans had a wood in the rear of their camp, and fought the Britons in the valley of the River Fleet, between the steeps of Pentonville and the high ground about Gray's Inn-lane.

London was then a place not dignified with the name of a colony, but very famous for the number of its merchants and the traffic through it. Rome used to export from London, cattle, hides, and corn, a few of the British dogs, and many British men, prisoners of war, as slaves. Her trading galleys brought to London, household vessels of earthenware and glass for the use of the settlers in the province, works in brass, horse-collars, amber toys, and polished bits of bone. So Strabo says. Being well inland and readily accessible from the frequented seas, it was a capital place whither to bring the odds and ends that Romans in their British villas could not do without, and could not find or make in Britain.

The native Britons had, no doubt, chosen the position of the town for its strength and pleasantness. They found an amphitheatre of rich slopes watered with many streams, and rising from the fishful Thames towards the distant heights now crowned by the spires of Highgate and Hampstead. They saw here a position by the Thames secured to the west by the Fleet River, to the east by the natural moat of Wallbrook and the Wapping marsh beyond, with a wide wild forest sheltering them to the north, and much adjacent marsh to add to their security. So here they raised their huts and cattle-

stalls, fortified themselves with earthwork, tilled the ground, fished in the sparkling river, and drank water from the running brooks. But our Roman London was a great place. There were handsome villas of merchants and others, at the foot of its bridge on the south side of the Thames; and the temples and streets of the town itself were, if I remember rightly, on both sides of Walbrook. Its main street ran, I think, from the bridge northward in the line of what is now called Bishopsgate-street, and a second important street branching from this took the course of the present Watling-street until it left the town at Ludgate. At that western side of Latin London, crowning the hill that looked down upon the stream afterwards called Holbourne, and the River Fleet—upon which ships could row—upon the side of the town also that sloped down to the river, the chief buildings and temples stood. The street ending at Ludgate passed into the high road to West Britain, across Newgate, where there were on each side of the road, tombs of the citizens, and then along the wooded country slope now covered by Fleet-street and the Strand. Money made in Londnn was then spent at Verulamium (St. Albans), a resort of Roman fashion, where there was a handsome theatre.

London, when I, the ghost, visited it in the body and settled in it by reason of marriage with the daughter of Cn: Melo, speculator of the sixth legion, called Pia fidelis, was the greatest town in Britain. It was a mile long from Ludgate to the Roman Tower (which stood where you have now another sort of Tower), and it was half a mile across from wall to wall. There was a wall on the riverside in those days, but the river wall fell early into ruin. London-wall was about twelve feet thick, and about thirty high, with a case of rubble and a smooth facing of stone cemented with a concrete, reddened by the use of pounded tile, so that it has been said to have been tempered with the blood of beasts. As the bounds of the town extended, the course of the wall was altered, I believe; but its roots now in the ground seem to show that at last—after my lifetime—it must have run along the east side of Walbrook, along the course of the present Leadenhall-street and Cornhill, taking the line of your Billiter-street and Mark-lane eastward. Bridgegate, Ludgate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate, were the main gates near the centre of each wall in the irregular square they all enclosed. From Ludgate, the wall crossed the site of the Times printing-office, and diverged thence to St. Andrew's-hill before reaching the river. That the Roman city had been smaller than this, you may be very certain, because Roman dead were not buried inside towns, and remains of Roman cemeteries are under Bow-lane, Moorgate-street, and Bishopsgate Within. There were square towers in the wall, with little chambers hollowed from the middle of their solid substance, furnished with small windows, out of which the watchman could look for the coming of an enemy. Decorated marble buildings had been raised and had fallen in our Roman London before the great river wall was built, as you may know by the sculptured fragments from the wreck of public buildings which are among the stones found in the substance of its strong foundations. When there was strife and inroad upon cities, there must have been much breakage, more particularly at the beginning and the end of Roman occupation. In labouring at the foundation of the present London-bridge, so many works of art, besides Hadrian's great bronze head, were found in the river-bed, that they seem to have been thrown intentionally over the rail of the old bridge by which London was entered from the south.

Under the stream, deep in the river-bed on either side of London-bridge, and anywhere under the ground within about half a mile from Fish-street-hill—which you may consider to have been in the middle of our Roman London—only dig deep enough and you will find the ornaments we set up in our public haunts, the tesselated floors we trod, strewn with the shoes we wore, the broken fragments of the dishes out of which we ate, the rim of the cup touched by the lips of Nævia when I quaffed to her, the ring she gave me when we plighted troth, the toys our little daughter played with before we laid her in that cemetery from which you have dug up so many sacred memorials of love that blossomed sixteen centuries ago. Some of that love is even now in its ripe fruitage.

London to-day is taller by some fifteen feet than London of the Romans. Whatever pierces on the site of the old town fifteen feet, more or less, below the pavements upon which you are now treading—be it sewer, church foundation, or other gash into the soil—it will strike pretty surely upon the streets and pavements of the buried city, and make you, at any rate, possessor of some of the money for which its citizens then toiled, as they toil now for coins with later superscriptions. Filled with a ghostly wrath, let me pause here for a wail over the corporation which has so long neglected all opportunities of doing credit to itself in the administration of affairs of London. Here was our bygone world under their feet; they could not help perpetually digging their spades through it, and they would see nothing; they would not even furnish houseroom to the records of the past, in coins and monuments, and all the petty relics of the life of Rome upon the Thames that were forced into their hands whether or not they would take them, and were cast aside! And when a wisely zealous antiquary, Mr. Roach Smith, living within the City, made it his care to inspect every deep cutting for which there arose from time to time occasion, to observe what was brought to light, and to rescue some of the precious memorials of which the ground is full, his visits to the public excavations were at best but tolerated, and usually access was denied him. The fault, however, does not all rest with the corporation. The citizens themselves, in a large meeting, refused the impost of a halfpenny in the pound for a library and a museum. It is

their disgrace that while there hardly is a second-rate or third-rate town in Britain which does not treasure in some building the memorials that enrich and illustrate its history, London, the city of most moment upon earth, and furnishing the grandest of town histories, represents its whole care for its own antiquities in having admitted, not without difficulty, two or three old stones to its Guildhall library, and having given to another stone, houseroom upon the library staircase:—whence it has been carried away nobody knows when or whither, so much care was taken of it. The valuable collection formed in a few years by one much obstructed man, Mr. Roach Smith, is now in the British Museum. The most moderate attention on the part of the City authorities, spread over a few generations, would have produced a City Museum of the Antiquities of London which men would have been glad to travel from afar to study. One of the stones in the City Library is part of a group of three mother goddesses, drawn out of a sewer cutting in Hart-street, Crutched Friars.

In digging the foundation of St. Martin's church at Ludgate, in digging for Goldsmiths' Hall, in digging for the new Royal Exchange, wherever the digging may be within Roman bounds, when it is deep enough discoveries are made. Under the Royal Exchange there was found what proved to be a gravel-pit which had been used as a common dust-hole by the Roman citizens. When the Excise-office was pulled down, six years ago, between Bishopsgate-street and Broad-street, a beautiful mosaic pavement was discovered; Europa, in the middle of it, had been sitting underground for at least sixteen centuries upon her Bull. In the same neighbourhood, a drain sunk in a cellar disclosed part of another pavement that may have belonged to another room in the same villa. In preparing the site for the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle-street, more pavements were found of Roman planning, under mediæval fragments of the walls of the old Hospital of St. Anthony. Between that part of Threadneedle-street and Cornhill, wherever the ground is tapped, remains of handsome old Roman suburban villas seem to lie. From one hole made in this part of town, there was fished up a female head, life-sized, of coloured stones and glass. The handsomest of the tesselated pavements that have yet been found, lay buried nine feet under the flagstones before the India House in Leadenhall-street. The central part of it, representing Bacchus on the Panther, is preserved in the library of the East India House. A superb mosaic pavement was discovered under Paternoster-row; there was another dug into in Crosby-square; another in Fenchurch-street (of which a whole peacock was uncovered); another in Bartholomew-lane, near the Bank. These were the Turkey carpets of the wealthy Roman; hundreds of them lie buried under the earth and press of traffic, on each side of London-bridge. Fragments of wall painting, important bronzes, statuettes of Apollo, of Harpocrates, and so forth, toy goats and cocks, waterspouts, vase handles and ornaments, lamps, hair-pins, bracelets, bath scrapers, spindle and distaff of Roman housewives; the pens, the weights, and the steelyards of the men of business; interesting remains of pottery, on which the potters' marks have become, through the study of antiquaries, in their own way as instructive as inscriptions upon coins; and coins which, as records, partake in the dignity of written history, the earth under the feet of modern Londoners already has yielded up.

When the great cuttings for the main drainage of London penetrate more of our mysteries, are there to be no skilled eyes authorised to watch the spade of the navvy? Doubtless none. The stray antiquary will be warned off the works, as a weak-minded enthusiast; and on, the men of the spades will go, ignorant of all that they may see, and, as a swarm of white ants marching through the substance of a shelf of records, careless of what they may destroy.

But why should I, contented ghost, wish you men to be inquisitive? I know under which house in Threadneedle-street lie buried the floors on which my Nævia nursed our little one, the threshold over which we carried what was left of her after the spirit fled. I know under whose shop, we paced the garden of our villa when the birds sang over Nævia, sobbing on my breast under the apple-blossoms, and when I looked out with fixed eyes between the tree-stems on the pools that glittered in the broken moorland, upon which our child had frolicked round us on so many sunny days. That is no place to drive a sewer through. Let our old homes lie buried, then; let knowledge go. Respect the stolidness of corporations, and the sentiment of sixteen-hundred-year-old ghosts.

VERY COMMON LAW.

Though not, strictly speaking, a legal consequence of Mr. Blank's matrimonial venture, it was a collateral contingency, urgently advocated by the newly appointed sovereign of his household, that he should take a more commodious house.

He did not quite like the idea himself, and he did not admire the process by which the idea was to be carried out. How could he, indeed? Did not Mrs. Blank wish, in consideration of a ridiculously small rent, to occupy a house which should be nothing less than a domestic paradise, a house whose situation, for example, should be salubrious, whose bedrooms should be numerous and airy, whose reception-room should be spacious and lofty, and whose kitchens should be magnificent temples for the performance of culinary rites? Did not that unreasonable woman insist that hot and cold water should percolate from the basement to the highest attics; and that ball-rooms, and conservatories, and elaborate kitchen ranges, should be the natural attributes of her future home?

Moreover, the house agents with whom Mr. Blank was brought into hourly commotion, did not improve the matter. They were so dreadfully unanimous in styling any enclosed space

with a door to it, which did not happen to be upon the ground floor—for *then* it was an ante-chamber, or a butler's pantry, as the case might be—a "bedroom."

All this was bad enough, but there was a worse trial still for Blank. Not having an appreciation for the nice points of the law, when once he became involved in the question of lease and agreement, he fairly broke down. "Tell me," he said, having arrived at this crisis, "what are the consequences of a lease, what the effects of an agreement?" Whereupon we let off a dreadful charge of arid law upon the perturbed head of our illustrative man, as follows.

By an Act of Parliament, about the meaning of which many great legal battles have been fought since the twenty-ninth year of the reign of his Majesty King Charles the Second, entitled the Statute of Fraud, and the construction of which no one has been able to determine, every lease which was not in writing and signed by the parties granting it, with the exception of a lease for three years only, was declared to be void at law. So far, the law affecting leases appeared to be sufficiently clear; but what was a lease? The Act of Parliament was delightfully ambiguous on this point; and this point was too good a one to be lost sight of. The legal mind consequently occupied itself in an endeavour to discover whether an instrument—call it a lease, or term it an agreement as you might—signed by the parties in accordance with the requirements of the statute, was in reality a lease, or merely an agreement for a lease. The courts were continually occupied in discussing the question. Unfortunate lessors were ruined, in their endeavours to get at the truth. Unfortunate lessees heaped curses both loud and deep upon the short-comings of a statute which dragged them unwillingly into the Court of Chancery.

At length the matter became so bad, that, according to proverbial philosophy, it must mend. Consequently, some fifteen or sixteen years since, an act was passed which declared that every lease required by law to be in writing (that is, every lease for a period longer than three years) should be void unless made by "deed," and this is the present position of the law.

To bring it home more clearly to Mr. Blank. If that gentleman wish to take a house for no longer a period than three years, he need not incur the expense of a lease, but may safely become a tenant under an agreement containing such conditions as he may approve. If he contemplates a tenancy for more than three years, and has no especial predilection for appearing in Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery, he must by solemn deed, "sealed and delivered," enter into a lease with his landlord. Supposing that he were, from motives of economy, or a natural aversion to parchment, to occupy a house under an agreement, though contemplating a long tenancy, he would, in the eye of the law, be a tenant at will merely until he had paid his rent. After that, he would be a tenant from year to year, and be liable to be turned out by his landlord at any time after having received the proper notice. On the other hand, having entered into a lease by deed, he would possess an indefeasible estate at law in the premises, and might consider himself as secure as the proverbial uncertainty of the legal element allows any man in his senses to consider himself.

Let us, for our present purpose, suppose that Blank has been wise enough to take his house under lease, and let us, on that supposition, glance at a few of the covenants which would be entered into between himself and his landlord. Many of them are common to both lease and agreement. First of all, there would be the covenant on the part of Mr. Blank to pay rent. Out of this the landlord is bound to deduct the income-tax, under a penalty, and whether the question of the deduction be or be not mentioned in the lease. Then, there would possibly be a covenant from Mr. Blank to pay the rates and taxes. As it has been a question whether this makes the tenant liable to pay sewers-rate, it is advisable to make an exception of this charge, and to throw it upon the landlord. A covenant to pay taxes, by-the-by, will extend to those which may be imposed during the term, as well as those existing at the time the agreement is entered into.

Then would follow a covenant by Mr. Blank "to repair," and as to the wording of which that gentleman cannot be too cautious. If no exception be made in it, for example, as to the destruction of his house by fire, or lightning—which the law appears to consider another element—or tempest, then would it be Blank's duty to repair the same. More: if it were burnt down, and his lease contained no condition to the contrary, he would be obliged to pay rent during the time of its rebuilding. Further still: supposing the landlord to have insured the premises, and Blank to have neglected that precaution, the repair of the house in the event of its destruction by fire, and the absence of any agreement to the contrary, would fall upon Blank's shoulders; his rent would continue payable, and he could not compel the landlord to lay out the insurance money in the rebuilding of the premises. We have Sir John Leach's authority for the latter statement, who laid it down that "there was no principle on which the tenant's situation could be changed by a precaution on the part of the landlord with which the tenant had nothing to do." Lord St. Leonards is of a different opinion, but an opinion, we need not say, is one thing, and "law" another. Addressing the landlord, in his Handybook of Property law, he says: "If, however, you have insured, although not bound to do so, and receive the money, you cannot compel payment of the rent if you decline to lay out the money in rebuilding.

Quite alive to the distinction between opinion and law, the Court of Queen's Bench, in the case referred to, refused to follow the dictum of Lord St. Leonards, and elected to

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follow the law. "With regard to the opinion expressed by Lord St. Leonards," said my Lord Campbell, in the case referred to, "his book is a most valuable publication, and I pay respect to it; if it were proposed to make it law, I might be ready to support it, but it is only the opinion of a learned judge, and it is contrary to a solemn decision, and my own opinion."

To go back to the question of repair when damage has resulted from tempest. If the covenant be general, the repair, as we have already said, will fall upon the tenant. Lord Kenyon lays this down very distinctly, in an old case where a person who had entered into a general covenant to repair a bridge, and it was completely destroyed by an unusually high flood, was compelled at his own cost to rebuild the whole structure. "Where a party, by his own contract," said Lord Kenyon, on giving his decision in the case, "creates a duty or charge upon himself, he is bound to make it good if he may, because he might have guarded against it by his contract." So also, in another old case, the same principle of law is extended to a house burnt by lightning, or destroyed by enemies.

True, the law as found in a statute of George the Third's reign, asserts that no action for damages can be brought against any person in whose house a fire shall accidentally begin; but this statute especially exempts express agreements between landlord and tenant, and the general covenant to repair has been held to come within this exception.

Most probably Mr. Blank would discover in his lease that he was prohibited from carrying on particular trades or businesses, or it might be, "noxious trades" only. Let us see how far a few reported cases would guide him as to what trades or business he might or might not indulge in.

In one instance we find when a tenant covenanted not to carry on a trade or business, he was prohibited from keeping a school, which if not a trade was held to be a business, and one, too, which might be productive of great annoyance.

"I own I have no doubt," said my Lord Ellenborough, who delivered judgment in the matter, "that this is a business within the meaning of the covenant, and one which is likely to create as much annoyance as can be predicated of almost any business. It surely cannot be contended," he continued, "that the noise and tumult which sixty boys create, are not a considerable annoyance, as well to the neighbourhood as to the house, from which any landlord may fairly be supposed to be desirous of redeeming his premises; and the exhibition, too, of the boys may be said somewhat to resemble a show of business within the meaning of the covenant."

Though prohibited from keeping a school, however, Mr. Blank might safely either devote his energies to the diminution of madness, or to the safe-keeping of mad people. In other words, he is at liberty, so far as the law has decided the matter, to keep a public-house or a lunatic asylum, although having covenanted not to carry on an offensive trade. In this instance, where the privilege was accorded to the tenant of keeping a lunatic asylum, he had covenanted not to use or exercise any trade or business of butcher, slaughterman, melter of tallow, tallow-chandler, tobacco-pipe-maker, soap-boiler, or *any other offensive trade*, and the keeping of a lunatic asylum was deemed not to be a trade. "Every trade," said Lord Denman, "is a business, but every business is not a trade. To answer that description, it must be conducted by buying and selling, which the business of keeping a lunatic asylum is not."

Again: Mr. Blank's lease would, probably, contain a covenant from him not to underlet the premises of which he becomes tenant. This will not prohibit him (let us console him by stating) from taking lodgers, for my Lord Ellenborough has said "that such a covenant can only extend to such underletting as a license might be expected to be applied for, and who ever heard of a license for a landlord to take in a lodger?"

Then, for the landlord's sake, would Mr. Blank's lease contain a power for that gentleman to distrain for rent, supposing Blank to be behindhand in his payment of that inevitably recurring nuisance. We know that the landlord may seize Mr. Blank's household treasures for this purpose, but how much further may he go than that? "Whatever goods and chattels," says no less an authority than Mr. Justice Blackstone, "the landlord finds upon the premises, whether they in fact belong to the tenant or a stranger, are distrainable by him for rent. For otherwise," proceeds the same learned judge, "a door would be open to infinite frauds upon the landlord; and the stranger has his remedy over by action on this case against the tenant, if by the tenant's default the chattels are distrained, so that he cannot render them when called upon."

So far the broad principle of this law; but there are some few exceptions. Let us glance at a few of the more noteworthy of them. The goods of a stranger lying at an inn cannot be seized, provided the inn be used as a temporary lodging. If the stranger be a permanent occupant, we are afraid that his chattels would not be exempt. Again: such of the goods of a stranger as are upon the premises of a gentleman in difficulties and the hands of the bailiff, for the purposes of trade, are exempt from seizure. Cloth at a tailor's, for example; a horse at a farrier's; and, so Mr. Justice Williams has ruled it, books at a bookbinder's. Brewers' casks, however, left at an inn until the contents were consumed, have been held by the Court of Exchequer to be distrainable. "If they had been left," said Lord Abinger, "at a cooper's for repair, the case would have been different." Horses and carriages standing at livery are not exempt, as witness what Lord Truro has said upon the subject.

"The question in all these cases," said that learned judge, "is, whether the goods are placed

in the hands of the tenant, merely with the intent that they shall remain on the premises, or with a view of having labour and skill bestowed upon them." In the former case, he goes on to say, they are not privileged; in the latter they are; and as the primary intent of sending a horse to livery, is, that it should remain on the premises, it is distrainable. Such wearing apparel as is not in actual use is distrainable; but, as my Lord Kenyon has decided that a landlord could seize the clothes of his tenant's wife and children while they were in bed or being washed, Blank would have to sleep in his boots should he and his landlord ever arrive at the question of distraint, and he be anxious to preserve those articles of apparel.

One more precautionary warning to Mr. Blank. He must be careful to see that the house which he and Mrs. B. select as their residence, is in a good, habitable condition, before he commits himself to the signing either of lease or agreement. In one instance in the books, a gentleman having taken a house for three years, vacated it the day after he had taken possession, and refused again to occupy it. The reason given for this summary evacuation was, as stated in his plea, "that the house was not in a reasonable, fit, and proper state or condition for habitation or dwelling therein, by reason of the same being greatly infested, swarmed, and overrun with noxious, stinking, and nasty insects called bugs." Notwithstanding this unhappy condition of the premises, the court decided that the gentleman should pay the rent according to his agreement: stating, that when an unfurnished house was let, "there was no contract implied by law that it was, at the time of the demise or should be at the commencement of the term, in a reasonable, fit, and proper condition for habitation." "When parties," said Lord Wensleydale, in delivering the judgment of the court, "mean that a lease is to be void on account of unfitness of the premises for the subject for which they are intended to be used, they should express their meaning."

As a general rule, whatever is annexed to the soil of land belonging to another man, becomes the property of the owner of the soil. But, the law will allow Mr. Blank to remove any chattels he has put up in his house and premises, which can be taken away without damaging the freehold. As, for example, bookcases, ornamental chimney-pieces, window-blinds, grates, stoves, coffee-mills, jacks, clock-cases, ovens, and many other things too numerous to mention. If, however, he should have built a conservatory upon a brick foundation, and communicating with rooms in the house, the law will not permit him to remove that. Nor can he (unless he be a market gardener or nurseryman: in either of which cases they would be deemed trade fixtures) carry off his favourite flowers from the garden.

The law is rather uncertain as to the time during which a tenant may remove fixtures. According to the old authorities, he was obliged to remove them during the term, but latterly it appears to be a recognised principle of law that this may be done after the term if he have not quitted possession: always provided that such possession be lawful. In a recent case, a tenant having held over beyond his term, and not removed his fixtures, the landlord let the premises to a new tenant. The new tenant entered into possession, and would not allow the fixtures to be removed, and the question coming before the court, he was held to be quite justified in so doing.

ROBERT BLAKE,

GENERAL-AT-SEA.

Our Happy Warrior! of a race
  To whom are richly given
Great glory and peculiar grace
  Because in league with Heaven.
Not that the mortal course they trod
  Was free from briar and thorn;
Who bears the arrow mark of God,
  Must first the wound have borne.

O like a Sailor Saint was he,
  Our Sea-king! grave and sweet
In temper after victory,
  Or cheerful in defeat;
And men would leave their quiet home
  To follow in his wake,
And fight in fire, or float in foam,
  For love of Robert Blake.

Like that drumhead of Zitska's skin,
  Thrills his heroic name,
And how the salt-sea-sparkle in
  Us, flashes at his fame!
His picture in our hearts' best books
  Still keeps its pride of place,
From which a noble spirit looks
  With an unfading face;

A face as of an Angel, who
  Might live his Boyhood here!
And yet how deadly grand it grew,
  When Wrong drew darkening near.
All ridged, and ready trench'd for war,
  The fair frank brow was bent.
Then flash'd like sudden scimitar,
  The lion lineament.

Behold him, with his gallant band.
  On leagured Lyme's red beach.
Shoulder to shoulder, see them stand,
  At Taunton in the breach.
Safe through the battle shocks he went,
  With sword-sweep stern and wide;
Strode the grim heaps as Death had lent
  Him his White Horse to ride.

"Give in! our toils you cannot break;
  The Lion is in the net!
Famine fights for us." "No," said Blake,
  "My boots I have not ate."
He smiled across the bitter cup;
  He gripped his good Sword-heft:
"I should not dream of giving up
  While such a meal is left."

Where trumpets blow and streamers flow,
  Behold him, calm and proud,
Bear down upon his bravest foe,
  A bursting thunder-cloud.
Foremost of all the host that strove
  To crowd Death's open door,
In giant mood his way he clove,
  The Man to go before.

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And though the battle lightning blazed,
The thunders roar and roll,
He to Immortal Beauty raised,
A statue with his soul.
And never did the Greeks of old
Mirror in marble rare
A Wrestler of so fine a mould,
An Athlete half so fair.

Homeward the dying Sea-king turns
From his last famous fight,
For England's dear green hills he yearns
At heart, and strains his sight.
The old cliffs loom out grey and grand,
The old War-ship glides on,
With one last wave life tries to land,
Falls seaward, and is gone.

With that last leap to touch the coast,
He passed into his rest,
And Blake's unwearying arms were crossed
Upon his martial breast.
And while our England waits, and twines
For him her latest wreath,
His is a crown of stars that shines
From out the dusk of death.

For him no pleasant age of ease,
To wear what youth could win,
For him no children round his knees,
To get his harvest in.
But with a soul serene, he takes
Whatever lot may come;
And such a life of labour makes
A glorious going home.

Famous old Trueheart, dead and gone,
Long shall his glory grow,
Who never turned his back upon
A friend, nor face from foe.
He made them fear old England's name
Wherever it was heard,
He put her proudest foes to shame,
For God smiled on his Sword.

Till she forget her old sea-fame,
Shall England honour him,
And keep the grave-dust from his name,
Till her old eyes be dim.
And long as free waves folding round,
Brimful with blessing break,
At heart she holds him, calm and crowned,
Immortal Robert Blake.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

If the confession that I have often travelled from this Covent Garden lodging of mine on Sundays, should give offence to those who never travel on Sundays, they will be satisfied (I hope) by my adding that the journeys in question were made to churches.

Not that I have any curiosity to hear powerful preachers. Time was, when I was dragged by the hair of my head, as one may say, to hear too many. On summer evenings, when every flower, and tree, and bird, might have better addressed my soft young heart, I have in my day been caught in the palm of a female hand by the crown, have been violently scrubbed from the neck to the roots of the hair as a purification for the Temple, and have then been carried off highly charged with saponaceous electricity, to be steamed like a potato in the unventilated breath of the powerful Boanerges Boiler and his congregation, until what small mind I had was quite steamed out of me. In which pitiable plight I have been hauled out of the place of meeting, at the conclusion of the exercises, and catechised respecting Boanerges Boiler, his fifthly, his sixthly, and his seventhly, until I have regarded that reverend person in the light of a most dismal and oppressive Charade. Time was, when I was carried off to platform assemblages at which no human child, whether of wrath or grace, could possibly keep its eyes open, and when I felt the fatal sleep stealing, stealing over me, and when I gradually heard the orator in possession, spinning and humming like a great top, until he rolled, collapsed, and tumbled over, and I discovered to my burning shame and fear, that as to that last stage it was not he, but I. I have sat under Boanerges when he has specifically addressed himself to us—us, the infants—and at this present writing I hear his lumbering jocularity (which never amused us, though we basely pretended that it did), and I behold his big round face, and I look up the inside of his outstretched coat-sleeve as if it were a telescope with the stopper on, and I hate him with an unwholesome hatred for two hours. Through such means did it come to pass that I knew the powerful preacher from beginning to end, all over and all through, while I was very young, and that I left him behind at an early period of life. Peace be with him! More peace than he brought to me!

Now, I have heard many preachers since that time—not powerful; merely Christian, unaffected, and reverential—and I have had many such preachers on my roll of friends. But, it was not to hear these, any more than the powerful class, that I made my Sunday journeys. They were journeys of curiosity to the numerous churches in the City of London. It came into my head one day, here had I been cultivating a familiarity with all the churches of Rome, and I knew nothing of the insides of the old churches of London! This befel on a Sunday morning. I began my expeditions that very same day, and they lasted me a year.

I never wanted to know the names of the churches to which I went, and to this hour I am profoundly ignorant in that particular of at least nine-tenths of them. Indeed, saving that I know the church of old Gower's tomb (he lies in effigy with his head upon his books) to be the church of Saint Saviour's, Southwark, and the church of Milton's tomb to be the church of Cripplegate, and the church on Cornhill with the great golden keys to be the church of Saint Peter, I doubt if I could pass a competitive examination in any of the names. No question did I ever ask of living creature concerning these churches, and no answer to any antiquarian question on the subject that I ever put to books, shall harass the reader's soul. A full half of my pleasure in them, arose out of their mystery; mysterious I found them; mysterious they shall remain for me.

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Where shall I begin my round of hidden and forgotten old churches in the City of London?

It is twenty minutes short of eleven on a Sunday morning, when I stroll down one of the many narrow hilly streets in the City that tend due south to the Thames. It is my first experiment, and I have come to the region of Whittington in an omnibus, and we have put down a fierce-eyed spare old woman, whose slate-coloured gown smells of herbs, and who walked up Aldersgate-street to some chapel where she comforts herself with brimstone doctrine, I warrant. We have also put down a stouter and sweeter old lady, with a pretty large prayer-book in an unfolded pocket-handkerchief, who got out at the corner of a court near Stationers' Hall, and who I think must go to church there, because she is the widow of some deceased Old Company's Beadle. The rest of our freight were mere chance pleasure-seekers and rural walkers, and went on to the Blackwall railway. So many bells are ringing, when I stand undecided at a street corner, that every sheep in the ecclesiastical fold might be a bell-wether. The discordance is fearful. My state of indecision is referable to, and about equally divisible among, four great churches, which are all within sight and sound, all within the space of a few square yards. As I stand at the street corner, I don't see as many as four people at once going to church, though I see as many as four churches with their steeples clamouring for people. I choose my church, and go up the flight of steps to the great entrance in the tower. A mouldy tower within, and like a neglected washhouse. A rope comes through the beamed roof, and a man in a corner pulls it and clashes the bell; a whity-brown man, whose clothes were once black; a man with flue on him, and cobweb. He stares at me, wondering how I come there, and I stare at him, wondering how he comes there. Through a screen of wood and glass, I peep into the dim church. About twenty people are discernible, waiting to begin. Christening would seem to have faded out of this church long ago, for the font has the dust of desuetude thick upon it, and its wooden cover (shaped like an old-fashioned tureen cover) looks as if it wouldn't come off, upon requirement. I perceive the altar to be rickety, and the Commandments damp. Entering after this survey, I jostle the clergyman, who is entering too from a dark lane behind a pew of state with curtains, where nobody sits. The pew is ornamented with four blue wands, once carried by four somebodys, I suppose, before somebody else, but which there is nobody now to hold or receive honour from. I open the door of a family pew, and shut myself in; if I could occupy twenty family pews at once, I might have them. The clerk, a brisk young man (how does *he* come here?), glances at me knowingly, as who should say, "You have done it now; you must stop." Organ plays. Organ-loft is in a small gallery across the church; gallery congregation, two girls. I wonder within myself what will happen when we are required to sing.

There is a pale heap of books in the corner of my pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of any music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family; and who were they? Jane Comport must have married Young Dowgate, and come into the family that way; Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comport when he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf; if Jane were fond of Young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and perhaps it had not turned out in the long run as great a success as was expected?

The opening of the service recals my wandering thoughts. I then find, to my astonishment, that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind of invisible snuff, up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes; the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else, the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as Death it is! Not only in the cold damp February day, do we cough and sneeze dead citizens all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ, and half choked the same. We stamp our feet, to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon the walls, and lie pulverised on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and, when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

In this first experience I was so nauseated by too much snuff, made of the Dowgate family, the Comport branch, and other families and branches, that I gave but little heed to our dull manner of ambling through the service; to the brisk clerk's manner of encouraging us to try a note or two at psalm time; to the gallery-congregation's manner of enjoying a shrill duet, without a notion of time or tune; to the whity-brown man's manner of shutting the minister into the pulpit, and being very particular with the lock of the door, as if he were a dangerous animal. But, I tried again next Sunday, and soon accustomed myself to the dead citizens when I found that I could not possibly get on without them among the City churches.

Another Sunday. After being again rung for by conflicting bells, like a leg of mutton or a laced hat a hundred years ago, I make selection of a church oddly put away in a corner among a number of lanes—a smaller church than the last, and an ugly: of about the date of Queen Anne. As a congregation, we are fourteen strong: not counting an exhausted charity school in a gallery, which has dwindled away to four boys, and two girls. In the porch, is a benefac-

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tion of loaves of bread, which there would seem to be nobody left in the exhausted congregation to claim, and which I saw an exhausted beadle, long faded out of uniform, eating with his eyes for self and family when I passed in. There is also an exhausted clerk in a brown wig, and two or three exhausted doors and windows have been bricked up, and the service books are musty, and the pulpit cushions are threadbare, and the whole of the church furniture is in a very advanced stage of exhaustion. We are three old women (habitual), two young lovers (accidental), two tradesmen, one with a wife and one alone, an aunt and nephew, again two girls (these two girls dressed out for church with everything about them limp that should be stiff, and *vice versâ*, are an invariable experience), and three sniggering boys. The clergyman is, perhaps, the chaplain of a civic company; he has the moist and vinous look, and eke the bulbous boots, of one acquainted with 'Twenty port, and comet vintages.

We are so quiet in our dulness that the three sniggering boys, who have got away into a corner by the altar-railing, give us a start, like crackers, whenever they laugh. And this reminds me of my own village church where, during sermon-time on bright Sundays when the birds are very musical indeed, farmers' boys patter out over the stone pavement, and the clerk steps out from his desk after them, and is distinctly heard in the summer repose to pursue and punch them in the churchyard, and is seen to return with a meditative countenance, making believe that nothing of the sort has happened. The aunt and nephew in this City church are much disturbed by the sniggering boys. The nephew is himself a boy, and the sniggerers tempt him to secular thoughts of marbles and string, by secretly offering such commodities to his distant contemplation. This young Saint Anthony for a while resists, but presently becomes a backslider, and in dumb show defies the sniggerers to "heave" a marble or two in his direction. Herein he is detected by the aunt (a rigorous reduced gentlewoman who has the charge of offices), and I perceive that worthy relative to poke him in the side, with the corrugated hooked handle of an ancient umbrella. The nephew revenges himself for this, by holding his breath and terrifying his kinswoman with the dread belief that he has made up his mind to burst. Regardless of whispers and shakes, he swells and becomes discoloured, and yet again swells and becomes discoloured, until the aunt can bear it no longer, but leads him out, with no visible neck, and with his eyes going before him like a prawn's. This causes the sniggerers to regard flight as an eligible move, and I know which of them will go out first, because of the over-devout attention that he suddenly concentrates on the clergyman. In a little while, this hypocrite, with an elaborate demonstration of hushing his footsteps, and with a face generally expressive of having until now forgotten a religious appointment elsewhere, is gone. Number two gets out in the same way, but rather quicker. Number three getting safely to the door, there turns reckless, and banging it open, flies forth with a Whoop! that vibrates to the top of the tower above us.

The clergyman, who is of a prandial presence and a muffled voice, may be scant of hearing as well as of breath, but he only glances up, as having an idea that somebody has said Amen in a wrong place, and continues his steady jog-trot, like a farmer's wife going to market. He does all he has to do, in the same easy way, and gives us a concise sermon, still like the jog-trôt of the farmer's wife on a level road. Its drowsy cadence soon lulls the three old women asleep, and the unmarried tradesman sits looking out at window, and the married tradesman sits looking at his wife's bonnet, and the lovers sit looking at one another, so superlatively happy, that I mind when I, turned of eighteen, went with my Angelica to a City church on account of a shower (by this special coincidence that it was in Huggin-lane), and when I said to my Angelica, "Let the blessed event, Angelica, occur at no altar but this!" and when my Angelica consented that it should occur at no other—which it certainly never did, for it never occurred anywhere. And O, Angelica, what has become of you, this present Sunday morning when I can't attend to the sermon; and, more difficult question than that, what has become of Me as I was when I sat by your side!

But we receive the signal to make that unanimous dive which surely is a little conventional—like the strange rustlings and settlings and clearings of throats and noses, which are never dispensed with, at certain points of the Church service, and are never held to be necessary under any other circumstances. In a minute more it is all over, and the organ expresses itself to be as glad of it as it can be of anything in its rheumatic state, and in another minute we are all of us out of the church, and Whity-brown has locked it up. Another minute or little more, and, in the neighbouring churchyard—not the yard of that church, but of another—a churchyard like a great shabby old mignionette-box, with two trees in it and one tomb—I meet Whity-brown, in his private capacity, fetching a pint of beer for his dinner from the public-house in the corner, where the keys of the rotting fire-ladders are kept and were never asked for, and where there is a ragged, white-seamed, out-at-elbowed bagatelle-board on the first floor.

In one of these City churches, and only in one, I found an individual who might have been claimed as expressly a City personage. I remember the church, by the feature that the clergyman couldn't get to his own desk without going through the clerk's, or couldn't get to the pulpit without going through the reading-desk—I forget which, and it's no matter—and by the presence of this personage among the exceedingly sparse congregation. I doubt if we were a dozen, and we had no exhausted charity school to help us out. The personage was dressed in black of square cut, and was stricken in years, and wore a black velvet cap, and cloth

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shoes. He was of a staid, wealthy, and dissatisfied aspect. In his hand, he conducted to church a mysterious child: a child of the feminine gender. The child had a beaver hat, with a stiff drab plume that surely never belonged to any bird of the air. The child was further attired in a nankeen frock and spencer, brown boxing-gloves, and a veil. It had a blemish, in the nature of currant jelly, on its chin; and was a thirsty child. Insomuch that the personage carried in his pocket a green bottle, from which, when the first psalm was given out, the child was openly refreshed. At all other times throughout the service it was motionless, and stood on the seat of the large pew, closely fitted into the corner, like a rain-water pipe.

The personage never opened his book, and never looked at the clergyman. *He* never sat down either, but stood with his arms leaning on the top of the pew, and his forehead sometimes shaded with his right hand, always looking at the church door. It was a long church for a church of its size, and he was at the upper end, but he always looked at the door. That he was an old bookkeeper, or an old trader who had kept his own books, and that he might be seen at the Bank of England about Dividend times, no doubt. That he had lived in the City all his life and was disdainful of other localities, no doubt. Why he looked at the door, I never absolutely proved, but it is my belief that he lived in expectation of the time when the citizens would come back to live in the City, and its ancient glories would be renewed. He appeared to expect that this would occur on a Sunday, and that the wanderers would first appear in the deserted churches, penitent and humbled. Hence, he looked at the door which they never darkened. Whose child the child was, whether the child of a disinherited daughter, or some parish orphan whom the personage had adopted, there was nothing to lead up to. It never played, or skipped, or smiled. Once, the idea occurred to me that it was an automaton, and that the personage had made it; but following the strange couple out one Sunday, I heard the personage say to it, "Thirteen thousand pounds;" to which it added, in a weak human voice, "Seventeen and fourpence." Four Sundays I followed them out, and this is all I ever heard or saw them say. One Sunday, I followed them home. They lived behind a pump, and the personage opened their abode with an exceeding large key. The one solitary inscription on their house related to a fire-plug. The house was partly undermined by a deserted and closed gateway; its windows were blind with dirt; and it stood with its face disconsolately turned to a wall. Five great churches and two small ones rang their Sunday bells between this house and the church the couple frequented, so they must have had some special reason for going a quarter of a mile to it. The last time I saw them, was on this wise. I had been to explore another church at a distance, and happened to pass the church they frequented, at about two of the afternoon when that edifice was closed. But, a little side-door, which I had never observed before, stood open, and disclosed certain cellarous steps. Methought, "They are airing the vaults to-day," when the personage and the child silently arrived at the steps, and silently descended. Of course, I came to the conclusion that the personage had at last despaired of the looked-for return of the penitent citizens, and that he and the child went down to get themselves buried.

In the course of my pilgrimages I came upon one obscure church which had broken out in the melodramatic style, and was got up with various tawdry decorations, much after the manner of the extinct London maypoles. These attractions had induced several young priests or deacons in black bibs for waistcoats, and several young ladies interested in that holy order (the proportion being, as I estimated, seventeen young ladies to a deacon), to come into the City as a new and odd excitement. It was wonderful to see how these young people played out their little play in the heart of the City, all among themselves, without the deserted City's knowing anything about it. It was as if you should take an empty counting-house on a Sunday, and act one of the old Mysteries there. They had impressed a small school (from what neighbourhood I don't know) to assist in the performances, and it was pleasant to notice frantic garlands of inscription on the walls, especially addressing those poor innocents in characters impossible for them to decipher. There was a remarkably agreeable smell of pomatum in this congregation.

But, in other cases, rot and mildew and dead citizens formed the uppermost scent, while, infused into it in a dreamy way not at all displeasing, was the staple character of the neighbourhood. In the churches about Mark-lane, for example, there was a dry whiff of wheat; and I accidentally struck an airy sample of barley out of an aged hassock in one of them. From Rood-lane to Tower-street, and thereabouts, there was often a subtle flavour of wine: sometimes, of tea. One church near Mincing-lane smelt like a druggist's drawer. Behind the Monument, the service had a flavour of damaged oranges, which, a little further down towards the river, tempered into herrings, and gradually toned into a cosmopolitan blast of fish. In one church, the exact counterpart of the church in the Rake's Progress where the hero is being married to the horrible old lady, there was no speciality of atmosphere, until the organ shook a perfume of hides all over us from some adjacent warehouse.

Be the scent what it would, however, there was no speciality in the people. There were never enough of them to represent any calling or neighbourhood. They had all gone elsewhere over-night, and the few stragglers in the many churches languished there inexpressively.

Among the uncommercial travels in which I have engaged, this year of Sunday travel occupies its own place, apart from all the rest. Whether I think of the church where the sails of the

oyster-boats in the river almost flapped against the windows, or of the church where the railroad made the bells hum as the train rushed by above the roof, I recal a curious experience. On summer Sundays, in the gentle rain or the bright sunshine—either, deepening the idleness of the idle City—I have sat, in that singular silence which belongs to resting-places usually astir, in scores of buildings at the heart of the world's metropolis, unknown to far greater numbers of people speaking the English tongue, than the ancient edifices of the Eternal City, or the Pyramids of Egypt. The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed-in churchyards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has in that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap, or some tears flow, in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the old Master of the old Company, on which it drips. His son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out.

There are few more striking indications of the changes of manners and customs that two or three hundred years have brought about, than these deserted Churches. Many of them are handsome and costly structures, several of them were designed by Wren, many of them arose from the ashes of the great fire, others of them outlived the plague and the fire too, to die a slow death in these later days. No one can be sure of the coming time; but it is not too much to say of it that it has no sign in its outsetting tides, of the reflux to these churches of their congregations and uses. They remain, like the tombs of the old citizens who lie beneath them and around them, Monuments of another age. They are worth a Sunday-exploration now and then, for they yet echo, not unharmoniously, to the time when the city of London really was London; when the 'Prentices and Trained Bands were of mark in the state; when even the Lord Mayor himself was a Reality—not a Fiction conventionally be-puffed on one day in the year by illustrious friends, who no less conventionally laugh at him on the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days.

THIRTY-TWO DUELS.

One Sunday morning (so we learn from a careful perusal of the biography of Jean Gigon, as related by Antoine Gandon), a pair of gendarmes (who always hunt in couples) were returning from an official round, by an anonymous highway in the south of France, towards an anonymous small town, when they heard pitiful sounds proceeding from a ditch. The utterer of the plaintive cries turned out to be a fine baby boy, some six months old, wrapped in a scrap of coarse blanketing. There was not the slightest material token left by which the foundling could hereafter be identified. As this is not a melodramatic sketch, it may be as well to state that he never was identified. The humane gendarmes carried the infant to their anonymous mayor, offering to stand godfathers to the little stranger. The brigadier of this patrol was named Jean; his subordinate, Gigon: therefore the new-come citizen was inscribed on the registers as "Jean Gigon, born of unknown father and mother, and found on the highway, the 15th of September, 1800." In default of any future claim (which was never preferred), this simple ceremony converted the probable offspring of some vagabond gipsy into an additional French subject—a welcome present, considering that, at that time of day, there was a tolerable consumption of the article.

Good Gendarme Gigon did more; he took the infant home, and with his wife's willing and hearty consent, brought him up as his own child, treating him in every way on the same footing as his own little infant daughter Marie. On inspection, the babe was found to have a blue mark, apparently tattooed, on his left temple, resembling a flash of lightning, if it resembled anything. The mayor added to the register a note, "Private mark: a little blue thunderbolt on the left temple"—which he might as well have let alone. The infant never discovered his parents, nor his parents him. But French law was satisfied. Two years afterwards, Gendarme Gigon retired on a pension; and his wife came into the unexpected inheritance of a farm, called Les Vieux Chênes, or The Old Oaks, and of vineyards, which placed them quite in easy circumstances. The foundling's education received all the benefit of the change.

And now comes the ill-mended flaw in the story, which puts the candid reader in search of truth completely at fault, just as an earthquake would throw out the miner who was tracing through the rock a rich vein of precious metal. The biographer's materials were supplied by Jean Gigon, the foundling, himself; he could, therefore, only know what Jean Gigon chose to tell of this part of his history. The real facts appear to be, that Jean, a spoiled child, had been presented with a gun (in reward for good conduct and advancement in his studies), and was very fond of rabbit-shooting, in which he was habitually accompanied by his foster-sister, little Marie, otherwise called Gigonnette, who acted the part of both beater and retriever; that on one of these expeditions Marie disappeared (Jean says she was suddenly kidnapped by a man on horseback); that Marie's mother accused him, the foundling, of having killed her child, intentionally or accidentally; that she lost her reason in consequence, and never recovered it, but died insane; and that Jean naturally took his departure from his foster-parents' house the very evening of the catastrophe, and engaged himself as shepherd's boy in the adjacent Pyrenees. We meet with a phantom of Marie

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by-and-by, but she looks like a very false phantom indeed.

Next came the conscription, that grand turning-point in a Frenchman's life. Jean, having drawn Number One—the inexorable sentence to military service—judged it expedient to join the ranks of the Chasseurs des Alpes at once, without waiting for further formalities. Chronologically, this ought to bring us to the year 1821. His squadron was commanded by a captain whose temper had been soured by disappointment and retarded promotion, and to whom he was presented, with other conscripts, on the day of his arrival. The new comers were drawn up in a row, and the terrible captain commenced his inspection by the recruit to the right, Jean Gigon being the third in the rank.

"How did you enter the service?" he abruptly inquired of conscript the first.

"Monsieur——," replied the novice, trembling at his officer's bristling moustaches.

"Call me Captain."

"Captain, I entered as a volunteer."

"Ah! Good! An idle fellow! A disgrace to his family! A good-for-nothing scamp! Let's try another. And you?" he said, addressing the next.

"Substitute, captain."

"Better and better," rejoined the irascible officer. "You took your father's pig to market. A capital trade! And you, young man?" he said, addressing Jean Gigon.

"I drew Number One, captain; and I did not wait to be called out."

"Admirable! A soldier because you could not help it! A very pretty little addition to my squadron!"

"But, captain, did *you* enter the service by the operation of the Holy Spirit, since you do not care to have either volunteers, nor substitutes, nor compulsory conscripts?"

The captain, stupified at an answer, which he now heard for the first time in his life, stared Jean Gigon full in the face, and strutted away without deigning to continue the inspection, but also without any thought of punishing Jean Gigon's audacity.

Thus began his military career, in which, in France, a duel is always a probable incident. His first was the result of an unintentional pun or double-meaning. In every regiment in France, and probably in the world—exactly as amongst the population of London—there is sure to be current some word or phrase that is dragged in and applied to every occasion. When Jean Gigon entered the 17th Cavalry Chasseurs, the monomania of the regiment was to pronounce, at every possible moment, the interjection "Hélas!" or Alas, the h not being aspirated.

One winter's evening, Jean Gigon took part in a game of quadrette, which is a sort of four-handed écarté, only the king does not reckon for a point. He takes the other cards, and that is all. After him come the queen, the knave, the ace, the ten, the nine, the eight, and the seven. Gigon's partner was an old soldier who pretended not to have his equal at cards in the regiment.

"Don't show your hand," said the old moustache. "How many trumps have you, Jean Gigon?"

"The king, hélas!"

"Very well; play the king of trumps. The trick is ours," said the veteran, exultingly. "And now, my lad, play your ace."

"I haven't got an ace."

"Not got the ace of trumps?"

"No, old fellow, certainly not."

"Pray are you making game of me, young man? When I had the honour of asking you how many trumps you had, why did you answer, 'The king, et l'as?'" (and the ace)—pronounced exactly like "hélas!"

"I did not say, 'I have the king together with the ace;' I said, 'I have the king, hélas! The men say 'alas!' on every occasion. Nothing else is to be heard in the regiment ever since I have been in it."

"Ah! Yes; ever since you have been in it, jeune blaireau" (young badger). "Hélas!"

"I can tell you, vieux renard" (old fox), "you are not going to pluck my geese. You also, you see, can pronounce the word 'hélas!' very stupidly."

"Ah! I talk stupidly, young man, do I? Take that."

The angry professor of quadrette threw the cards he held in Jean Gigon's face, who replied by throwing the whole pack in a lump at his partner's head. The partner, forgetting the forbearance due to a novice, struck him, before their comrades could interpose. The consequence was inevitable. The interjection 'hélas!' was the cause of Jean Gigon's first duel.

On the ground, he surprised his adversary by a new mode of fence. Instead of the usual parry and thrust, he flourished his sabre round and round like a mill, till he drove his antagonist with his back to a wall, after making him drop his weapon. Then preparing to return with his fist the blow received, he first inquired, "Am I a badger? Am I a badger?"

"No," answered the patient, faintly.

"Really and truly?" insisted Jean Gigon.

"Word of honour: but let me go."

"Hélas!" said the provost, who witnessed the duel. "If the young ones are going to lead the old ones such a dance as this, it is all up with the regiment. Meanwhile, let us go and eat our soup before it gets cold. Hélas!"

We are next treated to a recognition, at Portugalette, of the long-lost Marie, under the guise of a Spanish dancer, "the lovely, the celebrated Emparoz." Jean Gigon, exclaiming "'Tis Gigonnette!" fainted when she appeared on the stage. Gigonnette, threatening to become a nickname, was the cause of the second duel, in which he simply shaved off his adversary's left ear, without doing him further harm. Of Marie Emparoz we will say no more than that, first, she and her handsome husband, "Pedro mio," are far from novelties in literature; and secondly, that the idea never seems to have occurred to her (an only child) of going home to claim her inheritance of the estate of Old Oaks, or to see

whether her parents were living or dead. Marie Emparoz, alas! resembles the baseless fabric of a vision.

Jean Gigon rose to the rank of brigadier, and manifested a decided partiality for the bottle. Five more duels followed, because the other brigadiers would persist in calling him Gigonnette. The brigadiers were punished, and Jean was degraded to the ranks for his excessive sensibility. Nevertheless, strict orders were given that the offensive name should not be repeated; but a short speech which Jean Gigon made, one day when he was not in liquor, had more effect than all the injunctions of the commanding officers.

"Now that I am reduced to the ranks," he said to his messmates, "I give you notice that whoever calls me Gigonnette is a coward, and that instead of slicing off his ears, I will kill him. I have no stripes on my sleeve to lose now, so you may reckon on my being as good as my word."

The rank was recovered, and lost, and recovered again. The attractions of drink did not wax feebler. More duels were fought, for various degrees of provocation. It was a heavy offence if any one pronounced his name so as to make it sound like Gigot, or Leg-of-Mutton. He thus got as far as twenty-seven single combats. At the twenty-eighth, he executed what is called the "coup de banderolle," which consists in slashing your adversary diagonally, from the right shoulder to the left hip. And so on; till the scene is shifted to Africa.

A certain amount of good service is performed; but there is no cessation of occasional encounters up to the thirty-first, which was unavoidable with a crazy Corsican. At the beginning of the rainy season of 1840, our duellist (still no higher than brigadier) met with the final catastrophe destined by fate. He was on stable-duty for the week; and after the horses had received their evening attendance, he went, with several of his comrades, to a public-house kept by an ex-cantinière of the army, at the sign of The Stuffed Jackal. A corporal of the Foreign Legion happened to be standing before the counter, on which he had just set down a glass, half-filled with water and syrup of gum. For the first and the last time in his life, Jean Gigon picked a quarrel.

"Tiens!" he said, as he entered the public room, and saw the corporal standing by himself, "do you drink all alone by yourselves in your regiment?"

"My dear colleague," replied the corporal, "nothing will give me greater pleasure than to touch glasses with you. But when I entered for a little refreshment (for I have just left the Dey's Hospital) there was not a single comrade here, and I asked, as you see, for a glass of syrup. I shall not get very jolly with that."

It was impossible to make a more proper reply: but Jean Gigon's lot was to be fulfilled. "No matter," he said; "a French soldier ought not to drink alone. He should invite the first person who comes." And before the corporal could guess his intention, he snatched the glass standing on the counter, and dashed its contents on the floor. This mad action had scarcely been committed before the corporal gave Jean Gigon a sound slap in the face. His companions rushed between the two adversaries, and had no difficulty in making Jean Gigon understand—for he was a good-hearted fellow at bottom—how blamable his conduct was under the circumstances. He acknowledged that he was in the wrong. The corporal bravely offered to give a reparation with arms, if it were required; but the other brigadiers who were present at this deplorable scene refused to allow it, since he had been insulted the first, without any reason. They shook hands, and the corporal took his departure in the direction of Mustapha.

By ill luck, the dispute came to the knowledge of the quartermaster of the squadron, who had lately arrived from France, by exchange; that is, he was unacquainted with the manners of the army of Africa, where duels were extremely rare; for, in the face of such an enemy, men looked twice before they fought with a comrade who, the very next day, might have an opportunity of saving their life. But when the quartermaster heard that a brigadier of his squadron had received a blow from a corporal of the Foreign Legion, he sent for Jean Gigon, and, refusing to hear the witnesses of the altercation, he violently reproached the old soldier, even going so far as to call him a coward if he did not find up the corporal, and fight him.

No one who knew Jean Gigon would have subjected him to such an insult; and the quartermaster, who subsequently died in Africa, confessed that, amongst the mistakes he had committed during his life, the one which he regretted the most was his harsh injustice towards Jean Gigon, the bravest of the brave.

At the word "coward," without replying a syllable, Jean Gigon turned his back on the quartermaster, and set off at the top of his speed along the road to Mustapha. On approaching Fort Bab-Azoum, he came up with the corporal of the Foreign Legion, who was proceeding leisurely to his cantonment, and whom he accosted with the most perfect coolness. "I beg your pardon, comrade, but I think it was you who struck me a little while ago?"

"You forced me to do so."

"Oh! I don't bear you any grudge; but I have just been treated as a coward for letting you off without coming to the scratch; and you appear to be too brave a fellow to refuse me the opportunity of proving that I am not exactly what I have been called."

"I thought that the affair had been settled; but as I offered you a reparation, of course I am ready to give it you."

Jean Gigon familiarly took his fellow-soldier's arm, and they thus walked together to the quarters of the Bab-Azoum gate. The corporal had no weapon about him; so he consented to fight with the terrible sabre of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. Two brigadiers of the squadron served as his witnesses; and the platform of a

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battery hollowed in the rock was chosen as the field of combat. Jean Gigon also had two witnesses of his acquaintance. Every one, with the exception of the old brigadier, manifested the utmost repugnance at this duel. On reaching the platform, the corporal addressed a few words to the four witnesses, expressing his regret at measuring swords with a man whose reputation could take no harm from an unfortunate and ill-judged expression. "But," he added, "my colleague has explained his reasons, and I am ready."

Jean Gigon thanked the corporal, and they both fell upon their guard. At the first passes, it was evident that the valiant brigadier possessed an incontestable superiority over his adversary. The corporal held his weapon with a firm hand, the point directed straight at Jean Gigon's body, and prudently kept on the defensive.

"Take care, comrade," said Jean Gigon, all at once, "or I shall spit you." He ostentatiously parried the corporal's thrust, and simply indicated the threatened stroke. The corporal did not lose his presence of mind. Two of the witnesses of the encounter affirm that he bore a striking likeness to Jean Gigon. The struggle had lasted for a couple of minutes, and the corporal's arm began to tire.

"Mind your head!" shouted Jean Gigon, whirling his weapon rapidly. The corporal kept his point more steadily directed than ever. Jean Gigon rushed forward, but without striking, and fell, transfixed by his adversary's sabre.

The corporal appeared terrified at his victory. Two of the witnesses led him down a by-path amongst the rocks to the sea-shore, whence he could easily regain the high road, without being obliged to pass through the groups of soldiers who were loitering about to learn the result. At six in the evening, Jean Gigon breathed his last in the hospital of Mustapha. The whole regiment believed that the old brigadier had voluntarily sacrificed his life.

Jean Gigon's funeral was at once grand and whimsical. With the consent of the commanding officers, a deputation from every regiment in garrison at Algiers, and in the environs of the camp of Mustapha Pasha, attended his obsequies. At eight in the morning, in the month of December, the sun had not yet penetrated the sombre clouds that had been piled mountains high by the north-west wind. The sea roared with increasing fury; a torrential rain was falling, while six hundred men assembled around a new-made grave, to bid adieu to their companion in arms. Jean Gigon was laid, with tenderness and precaution, in his final bed of pebbles and sand. His intimate friends passed one by one before him, lifting the sheet that covered his manly face, to take a last farewell. "Adieu, Jean Gigon!" was repeated in a successive variety of mournful tones. At the close of the defile, out stepped a tall, emaciated figure, whom everybody believed to be in bed with fever, in the hospital, and in hollow tones pronounced the following incredible oration:

"Messieurs and comrades! Before the earth is for ever closed over the grave around which you have so numerously assembled, I ought to fulfil the last wishes of the deceased, who yesterday, by accident, was placed beside the bed occupied by his oldest comrade in the corps. 'Godard,' said Jean Gigon, taking me by the hand—by this hand which I now stretch towards you—'Godard, promise me to fulfil my last wish.' 'If the rules of religion are not opposed to it, you may reckon upon me,' I answered. 'Tell me all about the matter.' He told me; and I swore to do it!

"I might," continued Godard, "have called for a general subscription, to execute Jean Gigon's last wishes; but my own private resources were sufficient. 'Godard,' he said, just before breathing his last, 'you know how I have loved the juice of the grape. Well! Promise to lay a bottleful of wine underneath my head, by way of a pillow. I do not care about a high-priced sample; don't put yourself to any great expense; but oblige me in this, and I shall die more easy.' I swore to oblige him, as I have told you; and my poor dear Gigon uttered only one word more—'Marie!'—and gave up the ghost. I now proceed to perform my promise."

Godard—whose harangue was pronounced in a sonorous voice that rose above the raging of the tempest—stretched out his left arm, hitherto covered by his cloak, and displayed to the astonished crowd a bottle of wine carefully sealed with black wax. Then, stooping his lofty person, with his right hand he raised Jean Gigon's head, and gently slipped the bottle beneath it. As he rose, he covered his old friend's face with the winding-sheet, shouting to the Chasseurs in attendance, "Now for the last salute!"

The bacchanalian testament was ultimately carried out to a greater extent than the testator had dared to anticipate. The spot where Jean Gigon was laid, was subsequently transformed into a public-house garden, where sportsmen now enjoy their bottle of wine beneath the shade of a magnificent vine, traditionally known as Jean Gigon's vine, said to have been planted over his grave by his old intimate, the tall Godard.

Eight years after Jean Gigon's death, an ex-corporal of the Foreign Legion, who had settled as a colonist in the neighbourhood of Algiers, died of fever in one of the civil hospitals. As the deceased was not known to have either relations or friends, his body was taken to the dissecting-room, where one of the surgeons discovered an almost imperceptible blue mark on the left temple. By the aid of a lens, he discovered a sort of character, almost effaced by time, resembling those by which the Arabs of different tribes are recognised. It was something like a flash of lightning, exactly the same as that which the Gendarme Gigon had remarked on the foundling he picked up on the road. The entry of the corporal's admission at the hospital gave no other clue to his family than this: "Supposed to be born in 1800, of unknown father and mother." By what horrible fatality was this mysterious mark found on the temple of the man who had been Jean Gigon's last adversary?

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Was the poor brigadier killed by his own brother? Nobody will ever know; but, if it was by his brother, it must have been, according to the dates, by his twin-brother.

And that was the end of both the two, as story-books say. Was Jean Gigon's death any great loss? What good did he ever do? He consumed and he destroyed, but he never produced. He planted no tree, he built no house, he brought up no child. He neither discovered nor communicated the least scrap of knowledge or information, theoretical or practical. He owed much to society; he returned nothing, except acting as a unit in the army. His want of self-control prevented him from attaining, or from keeping when attained, an honourable place in his soldierly profession. All we can find to say for him is, that he was an effectual scarecrow for the frightening away of flocks of mischievous Arabs; and that, finding himself quite in the wrong, when he need not have put himself in the wrong at all, he refrained from killing an unoffending fellow-creature and suffered himself to be killed instead—which also he need not have suffered, as a fatal duel was by no means called for. However, this last was almost noble conduct—if it was not delirium tremens.

FRIENDS ON ALL FOURS.

Every man who understands himself before he marries, gives, or would like to give, a bit of his heart and a place in his home to a friend on all fours. It is well when, as a solitary being, one sets up a house, or a room, to furnish it with some creature who has penetration enough to believe in one. I never took a zoological or scientific interest in any living companion, never studied a cat or a dog with reference to the great question of instinct in animals, and all pets that belong to other people I abhor. Nevertheless, among departed friends of my youth I reckon one cat and three dogs; among bygone acquaintances some horses; and of these old friends the memory is fresh, although they died two or three dozen years ago.

When I first took out, as an apothecary, my game license against the public, there was in the City of London a certain preserve of game, a district of hereditary patients, into which I and the friend of my soul marched with our mortars. We took up our position on a ground floor, set the trap of a brass plate, and organised a battue in the shape of a large party. But as we did not upon that occasion send round mixture for wine—at any rate it is upon the soul of the wine-merchant and not upon our souls if we did—and as we could charge nothing for our own attendance or for that of our assistant the greengrocer, we got no practice out of the battue. Our most important patient during the six months that followed, was an idiotic kitten.

We had in our rooms, a large theological library and a small kitten. My friend and partner had for brother a divine and scholar, who was himself fixed in a rural parish, but who had left a large part of his library in London. His books, well pleased with the impressive air they gave our walls, we undertook to warehouse. We had a servant, the best creature in the world, who was almost as idiotic as the kitten; so idiotic that she suffered us to physic her when she felt out of sorts. Idiocy was the maid's only fault. She would, instead of sweeping our rooms of a morning, make expeditions to buy bunches of wallflowers for their decoration; a sweet fancy suggested by her knowledge that young masters wrote poems upon posies.

Such was the home of Moses.

Moses was the kitten. It came to us as a professional fee. It was, indeed, the only fee received by us, Mr. Smilt and Mr. Plog, surgeons, in that brass-plated establishment. The patient was the wife of a Jew in Field-lane. She was visited at her own house, and that, perhaps, was well; for, had she come to us she might have been impressed to an undesirable degree with the extent and portability of our vaunted lines of Fathers. When convalescent, this lady lamented her poverty, asked my friend Plog, who occasionally noticed the tricks of her kitten, whether he would accept little Moses. We did not enter this receipt in the blank penny memorandum book that stood for ledger, but we took the kitten as discharge in full of all demands. Named in defiance of her sex, she was the merriest of little cats, and had her small endearments for us both, until the son of the third floor threw her down stairs.

The fall injured her brain, and from that hour she was a kitten with the manners of a slug. She ate and fattened, but knew nobody, and cared not even for the tip of her own tail. She never scampered, rolled, turned head over heels, scratched our protecting hands, or lapsed into any gesture that was kittenish. Her only movement was a slow walk, with eyes looking always straight before her. The sun in eclipse is not a phenomenon to be compared for darkness with a torpid kitten: with a kitten that will stand for an hour, like the alligator at the Zoological Gardens, without lifting or lowering its head.

Moses succumbed, either to her own disease or to Plog's calomel in cream, and shortly afterwards the partners broke up their establishment. Plog—now the eminent Sir Philibeg Plog, into whose hand, as he leaves her grace's chamber, I would not advise any one to slip a kitten for a fee—went on his own upward way. I went up hill and down dale towards this surgery of content, in which my Tamarinda mixes my draughts, and in which we are robbed by our grandchildren of lozenges and manna.

The results of independent City practice had, of course, determined me to buy a lot of sick from some other practitioner, giving him a few hundred pounds for the transfer of whatever confidence he might have inspired in the bosom of a nucleus. The patient who is sold in a small lot by a shifting practitioner is not worth anything as an individual, but as a bit of a nucleus. So I resolved to buy a nucleus when the fit opportunity should offer, and meanwhile see practice as assistant to an old-established surgeon.

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A fine chance was refused me by that very superior man, Mr. Snidge, who wanted somebody to be imprisoned twelve hours a day in his surgery in Fetter-lane, and take the chance of any recreation that might offer in the way of dispensing, bleeding, and tooth-drawing. In the eyes of Snidge I, Smilt, late of Smilt and Plog, was too young for his place. His reason, perhaps, may have been, that only an old, well-seasoned, nicely torpid man, could have survived a year of it. Then, there was a splendid advertisement in the Times. "Apply at seven hundred and ninety, Euston-square, between seven and nine in the evening." Fifty of us were crammed into a parlour, taking turns to walk into a study, and pass muster before a man with a name very well known to me. "What, Smilt!" "What, Brown!" "This is no place, Smilt, for a man like you." Delicate way of telling Smilt that Brown would rather not.

"Meet me on Wednesday at the Great Prize Cucumber Hotel in Exeter," wrote Jacob Hartiman, to whose advertisement, dated from the far west, I had replied. "You won't be so absurd," said Robinson and Jones and Smith—"you won't be so absurd as to post off upon a wild-goose chase to Exeter upon the merest chance of an engagement!" But I was so absurd. I went to Exeter, and there for the first time saw Hartiman, doctor and squire in his own town. He is terribly old now, and I am getting dim of sight. For forty years we have been friends, and not the shadow of an unkind thought has ever crept between us. Now, as Hartiman has two legs, he is not one of the subjects of this present revelation. But he had twenty-eight legs—seven creatures upon four legs—in his stable. "Can you ride?" he asked, when we first met at Exeter. "In a gig," I answered. "Never was upon a horse but once. Nevertheless, whatever must be, can be. As between horse and rider, one has to run and the other to sit, I think I can sit."

Herein was a delusion; for, as Hartiman's assistant, I was thrown once a week at first, and afterwards pretty punctually once a quarter. But who minds being spilt when scrambling upon four legs up the everlasting hills, or galloping under the greenwood and over the breezy western roads? In the west, at any rate, it never was my fate to be spilt ignominiously at a patient's door. The discreetly eternal silences were always the sole witnesses to any disaster. Even the evidence of a broad facing of road dirt did not matter very much in friendly Somerton. If there was tattle in that little town, I never heard it. To the best of my ears, everybody loved his equals, and devoutly believed in his superiors, reckoning superiority by worldly wealth. Although in Somerton I was not one of their roses, yet I lived near one of their roses. I partook of the conventional respect paid to Mr. Hartiman's worldly position, and of the natural respect paid by all people within twenty miles of our town, to his frank and ever genial character. Moreover, there was this. He had a notion that a country gentleman ought to be able to break in his own horses; so, he bought unbroken monsters who kicked gigs to splinters, and impartially threw over their necks, bad rider and good. If a man cannot ride, and wishes to avoid exposure, let him select a vicious and unmanageable horse that would toss and tear a Ducrow. Whatever may betide him, he will then be able to maintain his self-respect under misfortune.

But these four-legged partners of my daily rounds were really not to blame. I opened my series of visits to the parish poor, in state, attended by a groom in livery, who was to teach me the country, and who was retained also by various half-crowns in the capacity of riding-master. My charger was a chesnut mare, who never ran away with anybody. She had a mouth hard as the muzzle of a cannon, and was almost as much of an idiot as our poor, dear, departed kitten. This animal, who must have heard ghostly muezzins, threw me at sundry times by dropping unexpectedly upon her knees; and when she chose to go down on her knees, no act of forecast short of tying her head to the bough of a tree would prevent it. Whenever there was a choice of two roads, the way most after her heart was to stand still, and take neither. I had no mind to make serious use of the whip: for that is an article of manufacture in the utility of which civilised man now puts, I believe, little faith. As long as our mutual friend Sniggles, the groom, went with us, a corner could usually be turned in ten minutes, by means of some little dismounting, leading, pushing, and persuasion. When, however, I was left alone with my four-legged friend, and had to measure my own skill in argument against that of a horse, truly we spent many a meditative half-hour in the crossways under a direction post. As long, however, as she was not bothered by turnings, this good creature went on, without stopping, at a tolerable shambling pace, with a drop of a foot or a stumble every two minutes. Whether there be a mesmeric power in the mere act of attention, or whether there were really some sense of the bridle in the chesnut lady's mouth, I soon observed that whenever I let my mind travel beyond her ears, and, forgetting her paces, thought about my patients and my posies, though we might be trotting on the very smoothest causeway, down we went.

Now, when I had thus learnt how needful it is for a man to carry his thoughts, when riding, in his horse's head, and keep his own head in his pocket, other steeds were suffered to become my acquaintances. There was an old racer, who flew the rounds, and I liked him. Once, on a hard turnpike road, he came down, and shot me far ahead of him. The fault was mine, for I was wearing my own head instead of his; but we were both up in an instant, skull uncracked and knees unbroken. The only sorrow, worse than a bruised face, that came of these acquaintances, was brought to me by the great horse Teetotum. He was bony and preposterously tall, and always span round

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steadily on his own axis when I approached to mount him at a patient's door. He was a new purchase in my time, and it was my misfortune first to ride him to the country-house of a substantial farmer, whose confidence in "only the assistant" I desired to win. It was easy to get off the horse, and in the house all might go well. But when I came out, and when the farmer's wife and eldest daughter stood respectfully at their front door, behold the great Teetotum how he spins! Ah! well! There are memories still glowing, over which we have to rake the ashes of the past. After that day, when I entered a village on Teetotum, and travelled down from the upper regions of his back at the door of the first patient, I led that monster about while I walked from one house to another, and took good care never to go through the agonies of remounting until we had come out at the other side of the village.

This beginning of horsemanship gave me four-footed acquaintances, not friends. Once, however, fairly settled in the open country, I, of course, sought also four-footed friends. Now was the time to keep a dog!

I began modestly by entering into society with a young sheep-dog, who received the professional name of Blister, for which the familiar term is Bliss. Bliss was a happy young dog of full growth, with eyes like jewels, teeth like a shark's, and all a puppy's ecstasy in using them on anything that could be bitten through. Every morning, when I first appeared before him, he flew at me with barks of affection, fixed his teeth firmly in a skirt of my dressing-gown, to pull at it and shake it, as a fiercely cordial man might shake you by the hand. How many days I had enjoyed my Bliss, might have been ascertained at any period by numbering the rents in the tail of my dressing-gown, as clearly as men ascertain the age of trees by counting the rings in the wood. Having breakfasted with me, my friend sat on his tail at the door of my lodging till he saw me mounted. Then, no ingenuity could stay him from joining all my rounds, and making it his business to preach to the sheep of the whole country-side, gathered by him together on the hills in crowded and excited congregations. One morning, however, when there was a round of almost forty miles for us, he was not indulged with any slackenings of pace for his particular convenience. He came home very tired, and after that day satisfied himself with the courtesy of walking out to see me off, but steadily declined to follow.

This active creature went astray, and was a lost dog. Then it became necessary to supply his place; and as it appeared probable that a less boisterous comrade was to be desired as his successor, I bought with gold the friendship of a mild old lady, a thin spaniel with glossy black hair. She had answered for years to the hereditary name of Fan, which is among dogs what Smith is among men.

Now, therefore, I was blessed with a four-footed being who would never go out with the horse, but was content only to follow me on foot, and visit the sick in our little town of Somerton. She had a good appetite, enlarged in flesh, panted a good deal when our walk was up-hill, ran to and fro within bounds of a very strict discretion, and gave me nothing but the simple flattery of her canine affection. She was a steady every-day person, who had even a sense of Sunday in her nature. When I went out on Sunday morning, without offering to follow me as usual, she jumped into the window-sill, and from that post of observation watched for my return from church. But a time came when, having bought a promising lot of patients, I left the far west, and travelled to the centre of the earth (within Great Britain). Fan went with me, and being unused to the punctualities of travelling, was lost upon the way, at Bristol.

Dark visions of an unprotected female in distress haunted me all the way to this old house at Ortemly, in which I have grown grey. I knew only one man in Bristol, a long lank, rambling hawker, who had reached sometimes even the distant Somerton. He might be at home or abroad: at any rate, to him I wrote, as to the one possible helper. By him the forlorn damsel was found under the protection of a hackney coachman, and in a few days she reached me in a hamper, labelled "a Live Dog, with Care."

The house I took, was haunted. For a black terrier who had once lived there, it was a yarrow constantly to be revisited, and to be explored daily in every corner. The terrier lost no time in declaring his affection for the mature beauty from the west, his love was returned, and blessed with a litter of four puppies. Puppies are not born to be drowned. These were, moreover, very handsome. So they were allowed houseroom until they were of age to be sent out into the world. When they were all of age to run with ease, the sedate Madam Spaniel, with her four little ones behind her, and the terrier ghost usually at her side, waited for me outside the doors of all the patients I had in the village, and dogged my heels in all pedestrian excursions. But the tender puppies required sometimes to be carried. Three of these puppies established themselves in other homes. The mother suddenly died in the midst of her dinner. There remained to me, therefore, only one dog—my last dog, Master Squeak—in-doors: while out of doors there was a friend on all fours in the stable—my first horse.

Pegasus looked well worth the high price she had cost; a noble creature, with fine paces, though she had all her four feet damaged by thrush. Falling at last suddenly lame, she obliged me to walk before her, fifteen miles through mud and rain, slowly conducting her to her own stable: which she left only to be sold, when her paces were recovered, for what she was worth—five pounds. But the good soul had mettle enough for a hundred legs, and we were friends together. She had but one bad habit, and it was one that I thought unsociable. When

I mounted her, she always chose the moment of my setting one foot in the stirrup; for bolting off with all her speed. I had to acquire the art of flying after her into the saddle, and, for want of an education at Astley's, was continually being laid prostrate at patients' doors. Once when my foot had caught in the stirrup, I was dragged before a row of patients' windows after the manner of Hector. But the heart of that Pegasus was sounder than her feet. We often exchanged little endearments, and I am confident that it was her intention to oblige me by that over promptitude of service. We were each of us professionally eager to get on.

The dog Squeak was my last friend on all fours. Upon his being shot, I married. He grew to be the handsomest, and busiest, and merriest dog in the world. The quickness of his sympathy met every shade upon the face he watched. In-doors, his mind was his master's; out of doors, he was his own master, and it was for him always to appoint, and for nobody to dictate, whether he should be out of doors or in. As a puppy, he was a devourer of literature, and ate most of the corners from my books and journals. So he became wise. As to his other meals, he was not to dine with me, forsooth! A tyrannical housekeeper, if he were heard to be near me at dinner-time, dragged him away by the neck. Very well. He had only to take care that he was *not* heard. He announced his arrival by a sly scratch at the door, audible by no ears beyond mine, and ate his meat, as still as a stuffed dog—which he always was when he had finished. He was not to sleep of nights at the foot of my bed, forsooth! A tyrannical housekeeper resolved to lock him out. Very well. He had only to scramble up to the kitchen roof, whence it was an easy leap into my bedroom through a window-pane. He was a bold dog, who did not regard shut windows as any obstacles to his advancement. Before I understood him well, I shut him up once or twice in a room, when I did not wish him to go out with me; but as he always came after me with a flying leap through a clatter of glass, and broke the window-frame itself sometimes, he had his way left open for him. He was a right fellow to make his way in the world. The bedroom window I allowed to be mended seven times. Money was spent on glaziers' bills, and walking-stick on admonition. Soon tired of beating my dog, I allowed him to beat me. He was still remorselessly to be locked out; I had therefore the prudence to leave him the seventh smash in my window as an entrance hole. The only difference made by the housekeeper's discipline was that the dog had a run in the mud every night to give him a new relish for his corner of the counterpane. As for tying him up, nobody thought of that. He was such an incarnation of determined freedom, that nobody short of a King of Naples could have thought of putting him in chains.

Once, indeed, he was in bondage; caught in a poacher's wire during his independent rambles through adjoining game preserves, where trespassers were rigorously to be prosecuted and all dogs were to be shot. We lost our comrade for two days, and then he came home, dirty, starved, and haggard, with the wire about his neck; he had broken it after some thirty hours of struggling. But there was a twinkle of roguery in his eye even then, and he was off to the preserves again, certainly none the later for his lesson.

We had a farm-yard near us, from which my friend upon all fours, when he stayed at home, would hunt me up a fowl, or the old cock himself sometimes, fetching in the indignant bird unhurt between his teeth, and depositing him in triumph at my feet upon the study floor. What man could quarrel with his generous and fearless nature? He never feared and never hurt any one in his life—except some other dog who challenged him to fight. He simply disregarded pain. If a dog, not smaller and weaker than himself, insulted him, he fought and would fight. Beat him who might, he meant to have his fight out, and he always finished it to his own satisfaction. For the weak, he had heroic tenderness. A little kitten used to nestle on his clean warm coat when he lay sleeping, and regarded him as a feather bed. If he awoke, and found the kitten asleep on his back, he would lie still, like a kind-hearted gentleman. The sight of a bone itself would not induce him to leap suddenly up and throw her off.

Yet he liked bones. He has disgraced me by following me out of a patient's home with a large piece of bacon in his mouth. He was bold enough, when tempted by the savour of a knuckle of veal boiling in the pot, to put his fore-feet on the side of a patient's kitchen fire and jerk the meat out of the pot upon the kitchen floor. And he made friends with those whom he thus persecuted. To some he boldly gave his confidence, visiting at their houses on his own account, not as a mean haunter of back doors, but as a friend of the family. If he liked people, he visited them fairly, walked into their drawing-rooms, and sat down with them for half an hour or so, by their fireside. He was the cleanest of true gentlemen, for he swam twice a day across a broad and rapid river; he was not the dog to let himself be conveyed with me ignominiously in the ferry-boat over the water that ran through the middle of my rounds. Of course there could be only one end to the life of such a dog. He was shot by a gamekeeper.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

THE next event that occurred was of so singular a nature, that it might have caused me a feeling of superstitious surprise, if my mind had not been fortified by principle against any pagan weakness of that sort. The uneasy sense of something wrong in the family which had made me wish myself away from Blackwater Park, was actually followed, strange to say, by my departure from the house. It is true that my absence was for a temporary period only: but the coincidence was, in my opinion, not the less remarkable on that account.

My departure took place under the following circumstances:

On the day when the servants all left, I was again sent for to see Sir Percival. The undeserved slur which he had cast on my management of the household, did not, I am happy to say, prevent me from returning good for evil to the best of my ability, by complying with his request as readily and respectfully as ever. It cost me a struggle with that fallen nature which we all share in common, before I could suppress my feelings. Being accustomed to self-discipline, I accomplished the sacrifice.

I found Sir Percival and Count Fosco sitting together, again. On this occasion his lordship remained present at the interview, and assisted in the development of Sir Percival's views.

The subject to which they now requested my attention, related to the healthy change of air by which we all hoped that Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde might soon be enabled to profit. Sir Percival mentioned that both the ladies would probably pass the autumn (by invitation of Frederick Fairlie, Esquire) at Limmeridge House, Cumberland. But before they went there, it was his opinion, confirmed by Count Fosco (who here took up the conversation, and continued it to the end), that they would benefit by a short residence first in the genial climate of Torquay. The great object, therefore, was to engage lodgings at that place, affording all the comforts and advantages of which they stood in need; and the great difficulty was to find an experienced person capable of choosing the sort of residence which they wanted. In this emergency, the Count begged to inquire, on Sir Percival's behalf, whether I would object to give the ladies the benefit of my assistance, by proceeding myself to Torquay in their interests.

It was impossible, for a person in my situation, to meet any proposal, made in these terms, with a positive objection.

I could only venture to represent the serious inconvenience of my leaving Blackwater Park, in the extraordinary absence of all the in-door servants, with the one exception of Margaret Porcher. But Sir Percival and his lordship declared that they were both willing to put up with inconvenience for the sake of the invalids. I next respectfully suggested writing to an agent at Torquay; but I was met here by being reminded of the imprudence of taking lodgings without first seeing them. I was also informed that the Countess (who would otherwise have gone to Devonshire herself) could not, in Lady Glyde's present condition, leave her niece; and that Sir Percival and the Count had business to transact together, which would oblige them to remain at Blackwater Park. In short, it was clearly shown me, that if I did not undertake the errand, no one else could be trusted with it. Under these circumstances, I could only inform Sir Percival that my services were at the disposal of Miss Halcombe and Lady Glyde.

It was thereupon arranged that I should leave the next morning; that I should occupy the day after in examining all the most convenient houses in Torquay; and that I should return, with my report, on the third day. A memorandum was written for me by his lordship, stating the various requisites which the place I was sent to take must be found to possess; and a note of the pecuniary limit assigned to me, was added by Sir Percival.

My own idea, on reading over these instructions, was, that no such residence as I saw described could be found at any watering-place in England; and that, even if it could by chance be discovered, it would certainly not be parted with for any period, on such terms as I was permitted to offer. I hinted at these difficulties to both the gentlemen; but Sir Percival (who undertook to answer me) did not appear to feel them. It was not for me to dispute the question. I said no more; but I felt a very strong conviction that the business on which I was sent away was so beset by difficulties that my errand was almost hopeless at starting.

Before I left, I took care to satisfy myself that Miss Halcombe was going on favourably.

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There was a painful expression of anxiety in her face, which made me fear that her mind, on first recovering itself, was not at ease. But she was certainly strengthening more rapidly than I could have ventured to anticipate; and she was able to send kind messages to Lady Glyde, saying that she was fast getting well, and entreating her ladyship not to exert herself again too soon. I left her in charge of Mrs. Rubelle, who was still as quietly independent of every one else in the house as ever. When I knocked at Lady Glyde's door, before going away, I was told that she was still sadly weak and depressed; my informant being the Countess, who was then keeping her company in her room. Sir Percival and the Count were walking on the road to the lodge, as I was driven by in the chaise. I bowed to them, and quitted the house, with not a living soul left in the servants' offices but Margaret Porcher.

Every one must feel, what I have felt myself since that time, that these circumstances were more that unusual—they were almost suspicious. Let me, however, say again, that it was impossible for me, in my dependent position, to act otherwise than I did.

The result of my errand at Torquay was exactly what I had foreseen. No such lodgings as I was instructed to take could be found in the whole place; and the terms I was permitted to give were much too low for the purpose, even if I had been able to discover what I wanted. I returned to Blackwater Park on the third day; and informed Sir Percival, who met me at the door, that my journey had been taken in vain. He seemed too much occupied with some other subject to care about the failure of my errand, and his first words informed me that even in the short time of my absence, another remarkable change had taken place in the house.

The Count and Countess Fosco had left Blackwater Park for their new residence in St. John's Wood.

I was not made aware of the motive for this sudden departure—I was only told that the Count had been very particular in leaving his kind compliments for me. When I ventured on asking Sir Percival whether Lady Glyde had any one to attend to her comforts in the absence of the Countess, he replied that she had Margaret Porcher to wait on her; and he added that a woman from the village had been sent for to do the work down stairs.

The answer really shocked me—there was such a glaring impropriety in permitting an under-housemaid to fill the place of confidential attendant on Lady Glyde. I went upstairs at once, and met Margaret on the bedroom landing. Her services had not been required (naturally enough); her mistress having sufficiently recovered, that morning, to be able to leave her bed. I asked, next, after Miss Halcombe; but I was answered in a slouching, sulky way, which left me no wiser than I was before. I did not choose to repeat the question, and perhaps provoke an impertinent reply. It was in every respect more becoming, to a person in my position, to present myself immediately in Lady Glyde's room.

I found that her ladyship had certainly gained in health during the last three days. Although still sadly weak and nervous, she was able to get up without assistance, and to walk slowly about her room, feeling no worse effect from the exertion than a slight sensation of fatigue. She had been made a little anxious that morning about Miss Halcombe, through having received no news of her from any one. I thought this seemed to imply a blamable want of attention on the part of Mrs. Rubelle; but I said nothing, and remained with Lady Glyde, to assist her to dress. When she was ready, we both left the room together to go to Miss Halcombe.

We were stopped in the passage by the appearance of Sir Percival. He looked as if he had been purposely waiting there to see us.

"Where are you going?" he said to Lady Glyde.

"To Marian's room," she answered.

"It may spare you a disappointment," remarked Sir Percival, "if I tell you at once that you will not find her there."

"Not find her there!"

"No. She left the house yesterday morning with Fosco and his wife."

Lady Glyde was not strong enough to bear the surprise of this extraordinary statement. She turned fearfully pale; and leaned back against the wall, looking at her husband in dead silence.

I was so astonished myself, that I hardly knew what to say. I asked Sir Percival if he really meant that Miss Halcombe had left Blackwater Park.

"I certainly mean it," he answered.

"In her state, Sir Percival! Without mentioning her intentions to Lady Glyde!"

Before he could reply, her ladyship recovered herself a little, and spoke.

"Impossible!" she cried out, in a loud, frightened manner; taking a step or two forward from the wall. "Where was the doctor? where was Mr. Dawson when Marian went away?"

"Mr. Dawson wasn't wanted, and wasn't here," said Sir Percival. "He left of his own accord, which is enough of itself to show that she was strong enough to travel. How you stare! If you don't believe she has gone, look for yourself. Open her room door, and all the other room doors, if you like."

She took him at his word, and I followed her. There was no one in Miss Halcombe's room but Margaret Porcher, who was busy setting it to rights. There was no one in the spare rooms, or the dressing-rooms, when we looked into them afterwards. Sir Percival still waited for us in the passage. As we were leaving the last room that we had examined, Lady Glyde whispered, "Don't go, Mrs. Michelson! don't leave me, for God's sake!" Before I could say anything in return, she was out again in the passage, speaking to her husband.

"What does it mean, Sir Percival? I insist—I beg and pray you will tell me what it means!"

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"It means," he answered, "that Miss Halcombe was strong enough yesterday morning to sit up, and be dressed; and that she insisted on taking advantage of Fosco's going to London, to go there too."

"To London!"

"Yes—on her way to Limmeridge."

Lady Glyde turned, and appealed to me.

"You saw Miss Halcombe last," she said. "Did you think she looked fit to travel in four-and-twenty hours afterwards?"

"Not in my opinion, your ladyship."

Sir Percival, on his side, instantly turned, and appealed to me also.

"Before you went away," he said, "did you, or did you not, tell the nurse that Miss Halcombe looked much stronger and better?"

"I certainly made the remark, Sir Percival."

He addressed her ladyship again, the moment I offered that reply.

"Set one of Mrs. Michelson's opinions fairly against the other," he said; "and try to be reasonable about a perfectly plain matter. If she had not been well enough to be moved, do you think we should any of us have risked letting her go? She has got three competent people to look after her—Fosco and your aunt, and Mrs. Rubelle, who went away with them expressly for that purpose. They took a whole carriage yesterday, and made a bed for her on the seat, in case she felt tired. To-day, Fosco and Mrs. Rubelle go on with her themselves to Cumberland——"

"Why does Marian go to Limmeridge, and leave me here by myself?" said her ladyship, interrupting Sir Percival.

"Because your uncle won't receive you till he has seen your sister first," he replied. "Have you forgotten the letter he wrote to her, at the beginning of her illness. It was shown to you; you read it yourself; and you ought to remember it."

"I do remember it."

"If you do, why should you be surprised at her leaving you? You want to be back at Limmeridge; and she has gone there to get your uncle's leave for you, on his own terms."

Poor Lady Glyde's eyes filled with tears.

"Marian never left me before," she said, "without bidding me good-by."

"She would have bid you good-by this time," returned Sir Percival, "if she had not been afraid of herself and of you. She knew you would try to stop her; she knew you would distress her by crying. Do you want to make any more objections? If you do, you must come down stairs and ask questions in the dining-room. These worries upset me. I want a glass of wine."

He left us suddenly.

His manner all through this strange conversation had been very unlike what it usually was. He seemed to be almost as nervous and fluttered, every now and then, as his lady herself. I should never have supposed that his health had been so delicate, or his composure so easy to upset.

I tried to prevail on Lady Glyde to go back to her room; but it was useless. She stopped in the passage, with the look of a woman whose mind was panic-stricken:

"Something has happened to my sister!" she said.

"Remember, my lady, what surprising energy there is in Miss Halcombe," I replied. "She might well make an effort which other ladies, in her situation, would be unfit for. I hope and believe there is nothing wrong—I do indeed."

"I must follow Marian!" said her ladyship, with the same panic-stricken look. "I must go where she has gone; I must see that she is alive and well with my own eyes. Come! come down with me to Sir Percival."

I hesitated; fearing that my presence might be considered an intrusion; I attempted to represent this to her ladyship; but she was deaf to me. She held my arm fast enough to force me to go down stairs with her; and she still clung to me with all the little strength she had, at the moment when I opened the dining-room door.

Sir Percival was sitting at the table with a decanter of wine before him. He raised the glass to his lips, as we went in, and drained it at a draught. Seeing that he looked at me angrily when he put it down again, I attempted to make some apology for my accidental presence in the room.

"Do you suppose there are any secrets going on here?" he broke out, suddenly; "there are none—there is nothing underhand; nothing kept from you or from any one." After speaking those strange words, loudly and sternly, he filled himself another glass of wine, and asked Lady Glyde what she wanted of him.

"If my sister is fit to travel, I am fit to travel," said her ladyship, with more firmness than she had yet shown. "I come to beg you will make allowances for my anxiety about Marian, and let me follow her at once, by the afternoon train."

"You must wait till to-morrow," replied Sir Percival; "and then, if you don't hear to the contrary, you can go. I don't suppose you are at all likely to hear to the contrary—so I shall write to Fosco by to-night's post."

He said those last words, holding his glass up to the light, and looking at the wine in it, instead of at Lady Glyde. Indeed, he never once looked at her throughout the conversation. Such a singular want of good breeding in a gentleman of his rank impressed me, I own, very painfully.

"Why should you write to Count Fosco?" she asked, in extreme surprise.

"To tell him to expect you by the mid-day train," said Sir Percival. "He will meet you at the station, when you get to London, and take you on to sleep at your aunt's, in St. John's Wood."

Lady Glyde's hand began to tremble violently round my arm—why, I could not imagine.

"There is no necessity for Count Fosco to meet me," she said. "I would rather not stay in London to sleep."

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"You must. You can't take the whole journey to Cumberland in one day. You must rest a night in London—and I don't choose you to go by yourself to an hotel. Fosco made the offer to your uncle to give you house-room on the way down; and your uncle has accepted it. Here! here is a letter from him, addressed to yourself. I ought to have sent it up this morning; but I forgot. Read it, and see what Mr. Fairlie himself says to you."

Lady Glyde looked at the letter for a moment; and then placed it in my hands.

"Read it," she said, faintly. "I don't know what is the matter with me. I can't read it, myself."

It was a note of only three lines—so short and so careless, that it quite struck me. If I remember correctly, it contained no more than these words:

"Dearest Laura, Please come, whenever you like. Break the journey by sleeping at your aunt's house. Grieved to hear of dear Marian's illness. Affectionately yours, Frederick Fairlie."

"I would rather not go there—I would rather not stay a night in London," said her ladyship, breaking out eagerly with those words, before I had quite done reading the note, short as it was. "Don't write to Count Fosco! Pray, pray don't write to him!"

Sir Percival filled another glass from the decanter, so awkwardly that he upset it, and spilt all the wine over the table. "My sight seems to be failing me," he muttered to himself, in an odd, muffled voice. He slowly set the glass up again, refilled it, and drained it once more at a draught. I began to fear, from his look and manner, that the wine was getting into his head.

"Pray don't write to Count Fosco!" persisted Lady Glyde, more earnestly than ever.

"Why not, I should like to know!" cried Sir Percival, with a sudden burst of anger that startled us both. "Where can you stay more properly in London, than at the place your uncle himself chooses for you—at your aunt's house? Ask Mrs. Michelson."

The arrangement proposed was so unquestionably the right and the proper one, that I could make no possible objection to it. Much as I sympathised with Lady Glyde in other respects, I could not sympathise with her in her unjust prejudices against Count Fosco. I never before met with any lady, of her rank and station, who was so lamentably narrow-minded on the subject of foreigners. Neither her uncle's note, nor Sir Percival's increasing impatience, seemed to have the least effect on her. She still objected to staying a night in London; she still implored her husband not to write to the Count.

"Drop it!" said Sir Percival, rudely turning his back on us. "If you haven't sense enough to know what is best for yourself, other people must know for you. The arrangement is made; and there is an end of it. You are only wanted to do what Miss Halcombe has done before you——"

"Marian?" repeated her ladyship, in a bewildered manner; "Marian sleeping in Count Fosco's house!"

"Yes, in Count Fosco's house. She slept there, last night, to break the journey. And you are to follow her example, and do what your uncle tells you. You are to sleep at Fosco's, to-morrow night, as your sister did, to break the journey. Don't throw too many obstacles in my way! don't make me repent of letting you go at all!"

He started to his feet; and suddenly walked out into the verandah, through the open glass doors.

"Will your ladyship excuse me," I whispered, "if I suggest that we had better not wait here till Sir Percival comes back? I am very much afraid he is over-excited with wine."

She consented to leave the room, in a weary, absent manner.

As soon as we were safe up-stairs again, I did all I could to compose her ladyship's spirits. I reminded her that Mr. Fairlie's letters to Miss Halcombe and to herself did certainly sanction, and even render necessary, sooner or later, the course that had been taken. She agreed to this, and even admitted, of her own accord, that both letters were strictly in character with her uncle's peculiar disposition—but her fears about Miss Halcombe, and her unaccountable dread of sleeping at the Count's house in London, still remained unshaken in spite of every consideration that I could urge. I thought it my duty to protest against Lady Glyde's unfavourable opinion of his lordship; and I did so, with becoming forbearance and respect.

"Your ladyship will pardon my freedom," I remarked, in conclusion; "but it is said, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' I am sure the Count's constant kindness and constant attention from the very beginning of Miss Halcombe's illness, merit our best confidence and esteem. Even his lordship's serious misunderstanding with Mr. Dawson was entirely attributable to his anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account."

"What misunderstanding?" inquired her ladyship, with a look of sudden interest.

I related the unhappy circumstances under which Mr. Dawson had withdrawn his attendance—mentioning them all the more readily, because I disapproved of Sir Percival's continuing to conceal what had happened (as he had done in my presence) from the knowledge of Lady Glyde.

Her ladyship started up, with every appearance of being additionally agitated and alarmed by what I had told her.

"Worse! worse than I thought!" she said, walking about the room, in a bewildered manner. "The Count knew Mr. Dawson would never consent to Marian's taking a journey—he purposely insulted the doctor to get him out of the house."

"Oh, my lady! my lady!" I remonstrated.

"Mrs. Michelson!" she went on, vehemently; "no words that ever were spoken will persuade

me that my sister is in that man's power and in that man's house, with her own consent. My horror of him is such, that nothing Sir Percival could say, and no letters my uncle could write, would induce me, if I had only my own feelings to consult, to eat, drink, or sleep under his roof. But my misery of suspense about Marian gives me the courage to follow her anywhere—to follow her even into Count Fosco's house."

I thought it right, at this point, to mention that Miss Halcombe had already gone on to Cumberland, according to Sir Percival's account of the matter.

"I am afraid to believe it!" answered her ladyship. "I am afraid she is still in that man's house. If I am wrong—if she has really gone on to Limmeridge—I am resolved I will not sleep to-morrow night under Count Fosco's roof. My dearest friend in the world, next to my sister, lives near London. You have heard me, you have heard Miss Halcombe, speak of Mrs. Vesey? I mean to write, and propose to sleep at her house. I don't know how I shall get there—I don't know how I shall avoid the Count—but to that refuge I will escape in some way, if my sister has gone to Cumberland. All I ask of you to do, is to see yourself that my letter to Mrs. Vesey goes to London to-night, as certainly as Sir Percival's letter goes to Count Fosco. I have reasons for not trusting the post-bag down stairs. Will you keep my secret, and help me in this? it is the last favour, perhaps, that I shall ever ask of you."

I hesitated—I thought it all very strange—I almost feared that her ladyship's mind had been a little affected by recent anxiety and suffering. At my own risk, however, I ended by giving my consent. If the letter had been addressed to a stranger, or to any one but a lady so well known to me by report as Mrs. Vesey, I might have refused. I thank God—looking to what happened afterwards—I thank God I never thwarted that wish, or any other, which Lady Glyde expressed to me, on the last day of her residence at Blackwater Park.

The letter was written, and given into my hands. I myself put it into the post-box in the village, that evening.

We saw nothing more of Sir Percival for the rest of the day. I slept, by Lady Glyde's own desire, in the next room to hers, with the door open between us. There was something so strange and dreadful in the loneliness and emptiness of the house, that I was glad, on my side, to have a companion near me. Her ladyship sat up late, reading letters and burning them, and emptying her drawers and cabinets of little things she prized, as if she never expected to return to Blackwater Park. Her sleep was sadly disturbed when she at last went to bed: she cried out in it, several times—once, so loud that she woke herself. Whatever her dreams were, she did not think fit to communicate them to me. Perhaps, in my situation, I had no right to expect that she should do so. It matters little, now. I was sorry for her—I was indeed heartily sorry for her all the same.

The next day was fine and sunny. Sir Percival came up, after breakfast, to tell us that the chaise would be at the door at a quarter to twelve; the train to London stopping at our station, at twenty minutes after. He informed Lady Glyde that he was obliged to go out, but added that he hoped to be back before she left. If any unforeseen accident delayed him, I was to accompany her to the station, and to take special care that she was in time for the train. Sir Percival communicated these directions very hastily; walking, here and there, about the room all the time. Her ladyship looked attentively after him, wherever he went. He never once looked at her in return.

She only spoke when he had done; and then she stopped him as he approached the door, by holding out her hand.

"I shall see you no more," she said, in a very marked manner. "This is our parting—our parting, it may be for ever. Will you try to forgive me, Percival, as heartily as I forgive *you?*"

His face turned of an awful whiteness all over; and great beads of perspiration broke out on his bald forehead. "I shall come back," he said—and made for the door, as hastily as if his wife's farewell words had frightened him out of the room.

I had never liked Sir Percival—but the manner in which he left Lady Glyde made me feel ashamed of having eaten his bread and lived in his service. I thought of saying a few comforting and Christian words to the poor lady; but there was something in her face, as she looked after her husband when the door closed on him, that made me alter my mind and keep silence.

At the time named, the chaise drew up at the gates. Her ladyship was right—Sir Percival never came back. I waited for him till the last moment—and waited in vain.

No positive responsibility lay on my shoulders; and yet, I did not feel easy in my mind. "It is of your own free will," I said, as the chaise drove through the lodge-gates, "that your ladyship goes to London?"

"I will go anywhere," she answered, "to end the dreadful suspense that I am suffering at this moment."

She had made me feel almost as anxious and as uncertain about Miss Halcombe as she felt herself. I presumed to ask her to write me a line, if all went well in London. She answered, "Most willingly, Mrs. Michelson." "We all have our crosses to bear, my lady," I said, seeing her silent and thoughtful, after she had promised to write. She made no reply: she seemed to be too much wrapped up in her own thoughts to attend to me. "I fear your ladyship rested badly last night," I remarked, after waiting a little. "Yes," she said; "I was terribly disturbed by dreams." "Indeed, my lady?" I thought she was going to tell me her dreams; but no, when she spoke next it was only to ask a question. "You posted the letter to Mrs. Vesey with your own hands?" "Yes, my lady." "Did Sir Percival say, yesterday,

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that Count Fosco was to meet me at the terminus in London?" "He did, my lady."

She sighed heavily when I answered that last question, and said no more.

We arrived at the station, with hardly two minutes to spare. The gardener (who had driven us) managed about the luggage, while I took the ticket. The whistle of the train was sounding, when I joined her ladyship on the platform. She looked very strangely, and pressed her hand over her heart, as if some sudden pain or fright had overcome her at that moment.

"I wish you were going with me!" she said, catching eagerly at my arm, when I gave her the ticket.

If there had been time; if I had felt the day before, as I felt then, I would have made my arrangements to accompany her—even though the doing so had obliged me to give Sir Percival warning on the spot. As it was, her wishes expressed at the last moment only, were expressed too late for me to comply with them. She seemed to understand this herself before I could explain it, and did not repeat her desire to have me for a travelling companion. The train drew up at the platform. She gave the gardener a present for his children, and took my hand, in her simple, hearty manner, before she got into the carriage.

"You have been very kind to me and to my sister," she said—"kind when we were both friendless. I shall remember you gratefully, as long as I live to remember any one. Good-by—and God bless you!"

She spoke those words, with a tone and a look which brought the tears into my eyes—she spoke them as if she was bidding me farewell for ever.

"Good-by, my lady," I said, putting her into the carriage, and trying to cheer her; "good-by, for the present only; good-by, with my best and kindest wishes for happier times!"

She shook her head, and shuddered as she settled herself in the carriage. The guard closed the door. "Do you believe in dreams?" she whispered to me, at the window. "*My* dreams, last night, were dreams I have never had before. The terror of them is hanging over me still." The whistle sounded before I could answer, and the train moved. Her pale quiet face looked at me, for the last time, looked sorrowfully and solemnly from the window—she waved her hand—and I saw her no more.

Towards five o'clock on the afternoon of that same day, having a little time to myself in the midst of the household duties which now pressed upon me, I sat down alone in my own room, to try and compose my mind with the volume of my husband's Sermons. For the first time in my life, I found my attention wandering over those pious and cheering words. Concluding that Lady Glyde's departure must have disturbed me far more seriously than I had myself supposed, I put the book aside, and went out to take a turn in the garden. Sir Percival had not yet returned, to my knowledge, so I could feel no hesitation about showing myself in the grounds.

On turning the corner of the house, and gaining a view of the garden, I was startled by seeing a stranger walking in it. The stranger was a woman—she was lounging along the path, with her back to me, and was gathering the flowers.

As I approached, she heard me, and turned round.

My blood curdled in my veins. The strange woman in the garden was Mrs. Rubelle.

I could neither move, nor speak. She came up to me, as composedly as ever, with her flowers in her hand.

"What is the matter, ma'am?" she said, quietly.

"*You* here!" I gasped out. "Not gone to London! Not gone to Cumberland!"

Mrs. Rubelle smelt at her flowers with a smile of malicious pity.

"Certainly not," she said. "I have never left Blackwater Park."

I summoned breath enough and courage enough for another question.

"Where is Miss Halcombe?"

Mrs. Rubelle fairly laughed at me, this time; and answered in these words:

"Miss Halcombe, ma'am, has not left Blackwater Park, either."

A PLEA FOR COAL-MINERS.

A THOUSAND men are killed every year in coal-mines. Upon the last eight years the annual average of deaths by accident in coal-mines is one thousand and two. This death rate is about eight times greater than that of death by accident among the whole population. For insurance against death by accident the charge actually made in the case of miners is, therefore, eight times the ordinary rate. A collier's wife becomes a widow, on the average, fourteen years sooner than the wife of an agricultural labourer. Perhaps it is a justification of this state of things to assert the fact that a greater proportion of persons are killed in the metalliferous mines than in the collieries, and that the average duration of metalliferous miners' lives throughout the kingdom is not above thirty-three years. Perhaps it is a justification of this state of things to say, Miners are ignorant, their blood be on their heads! Perhaps it is a justification of this state of things to say, Coal-miners are under inspection, and what would you more? We, knowing that a large number of these deaths—we say nothing, here, of the burnings, maimings, and crushings short of death—are preventable, consider that they have to be prevented, and not justified. A certain degree of risk is, indeed, inseparable from the miner's occupation; but the preventable character of a great number of the accidents that happen can be easily demonstrated. If we can save only three hundred and sixty-five lives out of the yearly thousand, that will be a life a day. It is within the truth to say that in our coal-mines a

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life a day is sacrificed to one of the two idols, Obstinacy and Indifference.

In Durham, where the collier is son, grandson, and great-grandson, to a collier, with a line of mining ancestry, although the nature of the coal is more than ordinarily dangerous, accidents are comparatively few. In the midland counties, where many of the miners come as strangers to the work, accidents are more numerous; so you see how it is! say the defenders of what is. We do see how it is. In the northern districts, where the miners have coal in their very blood, they are not left to take care of themselves. About one man in every six is employed, not in coal-getting, but in superintending ventilation, keeping up roads, setting timber, removing obstructions, and attending generally to what is necessary to safety. In most other parts of the country, colliers are expected to do these things for themselves. The annual loss of a hundred and twenty-six lives in these districts, beyond the standard of the naturally more dangerous collieries of the north, is justified by the fact that the men are less up to their work, and maintained by the fact that if they be twice as much in need of being minded, they are only half as much helped and looked after.

An explosion is a terrible thing when, as at Sandhill, it kills at a blow nearly two hundred men, makes ninety widows, deprives more than two hundred children of the fathers who put bread into their mouths. But the miners are not killed by explosions chiefly. Even more men are crushed by the fall of coal upon their heads, for want of sufficient care in setting up props to support it as the miners push forward their excavations. The average number of annual deaths by explosion is two hundred and forty-eight, by falls of the roof, three hundred and seventy-one—more than a man a day through the year. Another kind of accident, killing in some years more men than are killed by explosion, and on an average within thirty of the number, would be most disgraceful to the science of our engineers, if it were not true that it is almost wholly preventable. This is the class of accidents in shafts. Large as the recorded number is, we have reason to doubt whether it includes all that happen. Arms and legs are daily broken, and at least four lives are lost every week by accidents upon the threshold of their work. Men are killed by the falling of stone or coal over the edge of the pit mouth upon them as they ascend or descend in baskets unprotected by the caging that would save them altogether from this kind of risk. Men are thrown to the bottom out of baskets that would rarely be dangerous if they were caged and supplied with proper guide-rods. For want of proper indicators, signals, and breaks, and the undivided attention of the engine-driver, men are drawn over the pulleys. A safety skip has been invented, simple in construction, so arranged that the rope is inevitably detached before the cage reaches the pulley, and the cage supported at the place it has reached. Its inventor, Mr. Bailey, is a practical mining engineer at Wednesbury, but comparatively little use has been made of his invention. When the British Association met in Birmingham, a gentleman advertised that he would exhibit a contrivance to prevent the sudden running down of the cage with the men. Persons of almost every profession went to look at it, and expressed their high approval of it, but not a single coal-owner or manager of mines went to see it. Was it not something "new fangled," and were not coal-owners already spending money enough upon their pits? So, the old sorts of accidents go on as in the old way, and in the mere entrance shaft, in which the men spend only the smallest fraction of their time, one-fifth of all the deaths by violence occur.

The statements we here make, are mainly founded on the substance of a paper and discussion on the subject of accidents in coal-mines, read and held at the Society of Arts not many weeks ago. The paper was by P. H. Holland. The discussion, fairly representing arguments on both sides of the question, was supported chiefly by Mr. Edwin Chadwick, Mr. Robert Hunt, Mr. John Hedley, and Mr. Robert Rawlinson. The writer of this little summary, compiles from what he has read, under a deep impression of its harmony with all that he has seen and known during years spent in attendance on the sick and wounded miners of a midland district. When one has felt every week the grating of a bone carelessly broken; when one has heard the wail of the widow in whose little cottage lie the corpses of her husband and her two stout-hearted sons, who passed the threshold in the morning, hale and noisy, to be carried back over it, ice-cold, and pale, and silent, before the hour when their daily labour should end, and so long before the hour when their life labour should have closed; when one has become familiar with the sight of young bodies flayed alive by the scorch of fire-damp, painfully awaiting death; and when one knows that nearly half this suffering exists only because it has existed heretofore, and men are slow to change the worst of ways when once it has become a settled way; it is no longer easy placidly to accept the huge class of Preventable Accidents as part of the common lot of man.

In the first days of our penal colonisation, there was in the transport ships for the conveyance of convicts, a most frightful amount of preventable death. Fifty, and even sixty per cent of those who embarked alive, would be dead at the end of a voyage. There were complaints, inquiries, promises, and good intentions. The skippers could point out the recklessness of sailors who shut hatches down and exclude necessary air, or will not maintain cleanliness; it was hard to prevent greedy ship captains from pressing on the space available for passengers, by taking an excess of cargo. There was, however, effort enough made to reduce the mortality upon the voyage out, to a third or a fourth part of all the convicts shipped. At last

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it occurred to somebody to change the form of contract with the shipowners, and pay—not for the number of men embarked, but for the number landed alive. Losses were, of course, fairly considered in the bargain, but, the bargain made, every life saved was money gained; every life lost was money lost. The shippers at once appointed medical officers to see to the health of the convict passengers, and the amount of their payment from the owners was also made to depend upon the number of lives saved. The deaths presently fell from one in ten to one in forty-six, and at last came to be only one and a half in a hundred, showing a better state of health than the same class of men would have enjoyed at home. Wherever the same principle has been applied to emigrant ships, it has been pleasant, says Mr. Chadwick, its chief advocate, to see shippers cutting holes for ventilation, and considering their space with a devout regard for sanitary laws.

The men who receive truths from without, coming as mere information and advice, with obstinacy or indifference, give their minds to them actively when they become questions of income. If they are to be judged for it, we know not who will dare to cast the stone. Owners under whom preventable accidents constantly occur, are very often generous and kind men, looked up to with a well-grounded affection by all their dependents. Accidents, when they are of any magnitude, do, as the case now stands, affect the owner's pocket very seriously; but then they are, until they occur, future and hypothetical losses, that weigh little in the balance against present certain gain by dangerous economy or over-greedy haste in holing. There is Lord Campbell's Act, too, which enforces compensation for an accidental injury from any man by whose neglect it has been caused. But the proximate cause of an accident in a mine, is commonly a miner; it is but seldom that direct responsibility can be traced to the owner; and if it can, how is a miner's widow, living upon half-a-crown-a-week parish allowance, to assert her claim in a law court against one of the wealthiest men in the county?

Probably the true remedy, not only in the case of accidents in coal-mines, but in the case of all accidents, preventable or inevitable, is to adopt the plan that works perfectly well in France, and to require every employer to compensate the sufferer, or the representative of one who has been killed in his service, without any consideration of whose fault may have occasioned the misfortune. The working of the general rule is far less grievous than the working of Lord Campbell's Act. In combination with a free system of insurance by employers against accident to those in his employ—the cost being covered by a very minute additional charge on their productions—such a system would press on none but those who were found by insurance-offices to pass beyond the average of risk in conduct of their business. A German labourer in France, employed in driving piles, left his own gang, went to a part of the works in which he had no business to be, while there incautiously placed his hand upon a pile-head that was being driven, and so got it crushed. The French law made his employer responsible for compensation, and there was no injustice felt. The educated man is answerable for the ignorant; employer and employed are saved all risk of litigation. The employer's liability is fixed, reducible to calculation, and may be met by a proportionate insurance charge to be reckoned among the expenses of his business. In the case of collieries, an additional charge of a penny on the ton of coal would be enough to meet the heavy average expense of compensation to the wounded and the widow.

But what would be the natural effect of such a system in the working? We may judge from the experience of fire-offices. In Manchester the blowing engine for cleaning cotton used to be in the factory building. Fire-offices required for this arrangement extra premium of insurance, and the blowing engines are now all in detached buildings. Cotton waste, liable when in heaps to ignite spontaneously, would vitiate a policy if kept in the factory. Owners are very strict in causing it to be removed. Some years ago, two very destructive fires occurred in Manchester. One, spread in consequence of the warehouse being lined with wood paneling; the other, from fire being communicated to an outside wooden cornice. The companies agreed to charge extra premium for insurance in such cases, and in a year scarcely one wooden external cornice or wooden lining to a warehouse meant to contain valuable property, was to be found. In the same manner, companies insuring against accidents in collieries, suspected of no "maudlin philanthropy," would tax most heavily the pits in which there was least precaution against loss of life, would require extra premium for each cause of danger, and would make void a policy for the infringement of its own wholesome conditions. It would be every owner's interest to qualify for insurance at the lowest premium by using all the fair precautions against accident.

In the case of the safety-lamps, for example, it is said that the men *will* open them and use the naked light. But the great northern district, in which there is especial risk from fire-damp, contributes only twenty-one out of the two hundred and forty-eight annual deaths from explosion. As much care taken everywhere as they take in the north, would have saved, upon this item alone, a thousand lives during the last eight years. Safety-lamps may be locked. There is a kind of safety-lamp also that cannot be opened without at the same time extinguishing the light. One inspector reports that of a hundred and seventy-two deaths by explosion in his district, a hundred and seventy-one were attributed to the use of naked lights, and that out of eleven hundred and fifty-four such deaths reported in five years, twelve only occurred where safety-lamps had been used, all of which were defective. Another inspector says that "out of one thou-

sand and ninety-nine deaths, seven only were with safety-lamps," and adds that "no instance has been properly authenticated of explosion from a proper safety-lamp; and in the most dangerous mines of England, where the discharge of fire-damp is greatest, but where locked safety-lamps are exclusively used, explosions are almost unknown."

GETTING UP EARLY.

THE human race has, at various periods, been subject to delusions, more or less widely spread, more or less enthusiastically accepted, more or less extended in their duration. But, taking all these into consideration, from Mahommedanism, or the worship of the sun, or of Odin, down to that form of idolatry prevalent in the present day, which, like a monomania, attacks otherwise tolerably sane people, and causes them to adore hideous canine or gallinaceous monsters called Skye terriers and Cochin-China fowls, there has been no delusion, I take it, so general and so lasting as that respecting early rising.

I was, at a very early age, theoretically and practically opposed to this strange and dangerous doctrine; and a long experience of its effects has caused an ineradicable conviction against it, where formerly there only existed an instinct.

Insects are early risers, so are birds, so are beasts (those whose intelligences have been improved by domesticity, less so, generally speaking, than wild beasts), savages, children whose physical is much ahead of their mental development, manual labourers who are similarly situated,—all these rise "with the lark," go forth when damp and miasma are rife, pass through a day of restless activity that it is fatiguing even to witness, and then, when the calm and beauteous and thoughtful evening arrives, are stupified and stultified with an offensive somnolence.

It has been my fate to mix much with and know something of, the habits of a large number of the noteworthy men and women of the day, and at this moment I can only call to mind one such being who, from choice (doubtless some are driven to it by necessity), is an early riser, and of course one must make allowance for the eccentricities of genius.

Let us take early rising in the country; that is, early rising at its best.

Overnight it has been agreed, for some cause or reason unnecessary here to dwell upon, that I am to get up early. I go to bed with those dreadful words haunting me, howling in my ears like Old Dog Tray, casting a gloom over my spirit that no words can describe, keeping me in the shrinking condition of a new Damocles, with the addition to my misery that I know my fate to be inevitable, that I have no hope whatever that the hair won't break, that I have the certainty that the sword, after hanging over my devoted head all through the black and ghastly night, *will* most positively fall on me at a certain hour in the dreaded morning. I am not, however, given to make the worst of things, so I say to myself, "You must make haste and go to bed, and you must get to sleep in good time, because you know you have to get up early!"

So I begin to undress with uncomfortable haste, having given myself only three-quarters of an hour by the clock on my bedroom mantelpiece to get to bed in, instead of my usual dear dawdling hour and a half. And yet, in these wretched three-quarters, I have much more to do than usual, for I must put everything in readiness for the morrow: knowing if I don't, how additionally hopeless, and helpless, and desperate I shall be in the morning.

Ah, there you are on the shelf, Keats (I'm sure the man who wrote the Ode to the Nightingale couldn't have been an early riser; an early riser must have been snoring when the Night,

> Cluster'd around by all her starry rays,

inspired him with that divinest song), but I can't take you down, my Keats; I can't go on with Hyperion, because, if it be only to read a page, I shall keep on reading till Heaven knows what hour, and I have to get up early. However, I suppose there's no reason why I should deny myself the pleasure of thinking of you? I should think early rising even, is hardly tyrannical enough, hardly engrossing enough, hardly sufficiently crushing to the mental energies, to forbid *that!*

Ha! there's half an hour gone, and I'm not anything like ready for bed. Beloved Keats, you must not haunt me so; you see, while thinking of you, this—no, I mustn't lose my temper—early rising went clean out of my head. So I'll think no more of you; I dare not.

> Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
> In midst of his own brightness.

Where is it that I have come across a line or two very like those? I *know* I've seen them somewhere: the self-same image, expressed much in the same manner. Is it in Milton? It sounds sufficiently Miltonic; mightn't it be in some of the angel passages in Paradise Lost? I'll see. See, ay—pass an hour—two hours—hunting for what I may not be able to find after all, when I've got to get up early!

It's of no use; I tear off what remains of my day clothing, rush about my room (I have already been more than an hour "getting to bed"), complete my preparations for the morrow, plunge in a mixture of rage and sulks between the sheets, cover myself up, and resolutely set myself to the task of going to sleep.

I close my eyes very tight; I try laboriously, one after another, all the expedients I have ever heard mentioned, or have ever attempted with any shadow of success, to produce on the instant healthy and refreshing sleep. I think of a flock of sheep leaping one by one over a hurdle; I think of falling water, of waving corn, of wind in trees; still somehow or other my mind won't stick to these ideas continuously, but *will* go wandering off to certain remembered

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scenes and sounds suggested by such images. Then I try to do what I never was able to do in my life—repeat the multiplication-table all through, and dodge myself in it. I stick at seven times eight, and go back to the beginning, and get more puzzled and less sleepy every minute. Clearly all these are fallacies; let me try, mental devices having failed, if there is anything to be done by attacking the physical condition. Somebody, I think, told me, at some time or other, that drinking a glass of cold water was efficacious in cases of insomnolence. I hate water administered internally, but I'll try it; I'll try anything; I can't be worse; and, as nepenthe is not to be had, give me water. Bah! Tepid! Standing all the summer day in the room, it is like drinking liquefied swansdown, or any soft, warm, tasteless, sliding thing that gives no marked sensation of any kind to the palate.

Well, it's gone, and I go back to bed, and beat up the pillows, and place them (as somebody else, at some other time, has advised), not under the head only, but under the neck and shoulders too, and again I shut up my eyes tighter than before, and set to work to make my mind a total blank—to exclude all ideas, feelings, recollections, and impressions whatsoever.

Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade.

Oh, Keats, Keats! Gracious powers, Keats! have you forgotten that I have to get up early?

Regal his shape majestic——

I *must* find out where the line is, or where lines like that, are, if I die for it.

I get up and take Milton from the shelf, and begin turning over the pages of Paradise Lost by the night-light, but somehow I feel it isn't there. Well, then, where is it? That's the next question. Shakespeare? Pooh, nonsense! not a bit like Shakespeare. Dante? No, it's not Dante. Spenser? Ah, may be! I think it *is* Spenser. I seize The Faerie Queene with the vigour of hope, and turn from canto to canto. I have it!—

And hid in his own brightness.

Rather like it? Some of these days I mean to publish a chapter or two on plagiaries, wilful or accidental. Well, well, never mind now; you've satisfied yourself on that point, so *do* go to bed, for you know you have to get up early.

So I go to bed again; but going to sleep is quite a different thing, and I never felt further from it in my life. Turn how I will, lie how I may, the one thought that I have to get up early, is ever before me, and as the night waxes and wanes, and I know the dreaded hour draws near and more near, I am worked up into the state of desperation that you sometimes see in nursing mothers when they can't get their babes to sleep—a state which induces them to try to do it by force, and makes them carry the refractory imp up and down the room in a frenzied manner, and rock it violently in their arms, and sing aloud to deaden its shrieking.

At last—is it possible? yes I am losing the clearness of my perceptions—that last thought was very dreamy. I don't recollect the train of ideas that led to it; I was very nearly asleep. I am so glad that in my joy I wake up broad, broad, and find that

——day is breaking,
And I have not slumbered yet;

and, slumber or no slumber, I have to get up early.

At last, towards five o'clock—I am to rise at six—I go off into a profound, balmy, dreamless, perfect sleep, and am buried deep, deep in the downy bosom of the delicious goddess—I know Sleep was a goddess—the notion of any influence so sweet, and soothing, and loving, and tender being masculine!—when at my room I hear the hot water and the announcement—twice delivered—"Just gone six."

I start up in bed and gaze about me blankly. "Gone six," indeed! and what's that to me? How dare that woman—how dare anybody—come to my door and wake me with the terrific statement that it has "gone six," when everybody knows that I never dream of allowing myself to be disturbed before half-past eight, in order that I may have time to get wide awake by a quarter to nine?

Suddenly, however, the sense of my calamity bursts upon me with overwhelming force, and I, blind and drunk with sleep, blunder out of bed into the middle of the room, and stand there for a moment dazed, bewildered, striving to collect my senses, and think what I am to do next. A bright idea strikes me. I will reverse the order of my ablutions, and instead of keeping my bath for their crowning joy and glory, I'll take it first.

Br-r-r—how cold it is! Not laving me with a gently stimulating freshness, not lending me new life and vigour, as it is wont to do, but striking into my very vitals with a sudden shock of cold. Well, it has wakened me, at all events. Let us see what the morning looks like. Ah! fine, I see; sunshiny—a very pretty sight, indeed, to go back to bed and dream about. But *I* can't go back to bed; I must go on with my dressing, for am I not getting up early? Water, instead of screeching hot, tepid—just one degree warmer than that I drank last night. Ha, pleasant—hot cold water, and cold hot water! Well, well, it's no use to grumble: once having made up your mind to get up early, you must make your account for every possible discomfort that can be heaped on your devoted head.

Well, now I am dressed, and what next awaits me? To think that I, who am wont to make my appearance in the breakfast-room at what hour it suits me, in what costume it suits me, in what mood it suits me, sure to find some little dainty dish prepared for me, crisp watercress, nice bread-and-butter, hot tea—I, accustomed for years to this mode of preparing for the labours of the day, am now, in full morning dress, to sally forth at half-past seven, and to walk three miles before breakfast!

I go down stairs; the shutters in the hall are

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not taken down; I grope along in darkness, bring my shin in contact with some hard-edged object, and tumble prone over what proves to be a coal-scuttle. How it came there in July, I want to know; but there it is, and there am I, and after sprawling some moments among the coals, I get up, rub my smarting shin, brush off as much coal-dust as consents to be removed, and, casting a glance as I pass at the "banquet-hall deserted," which last night looked the picture of harmless conviviality, and which this morning looks the picture of disreputable sickly revolting dissipation, I open the door and pass out.

Cold again; that same searching cold that chilled me through and through in my bath: I wish I had put on something warmer; but if I had, I should be roasted before I got back! Look at those mists, lying asleep in the valley, or just awake enough to

> Put forth an arm, and creep from pine to pine,
> And loiter, slowly drawn.

Don't I know what is in those mists: haven't they sucked up fever, and ague, and diphtheria, and typhus, and rheumatism, and low fever, and Heaven knows what, from every low-lying pasture, and every marsh, and every fen, and are they not now laden and heavy and raw with such burdens, and are they not bearing them abroad and administering copious doses of them to every "passing villager?" And my way lies through that valley!

"Lovely morning!" says the voice of my friend who is to accompany me, and who has just joined me—"glorious morning!"

I used to think my friend had a cheery, pleasant voice; I never before detected anything insulting or derisive in it; now, it sounds envenomed: the more galling that it seeks to hide itself beneath an appearance of the frankest bonhomie.

I assent. What's the good of arguing the point?

"Are you not glad you got up?"

This is a little *too* much. Luckily, I am saved from quarrelling with my friend (which I should be sorry to be obliged to do) by the appearance of Rover and Stella, who have been let off the chain to accompany us. They are nice dogs, and I am proud of them, when dry and calm, as they are in the middle of the day; but now, what use do they make of their newly gained liberty? They roll themselves on the lawn, among the dew and the wormcasts, till they are soaking, and then they come, plunging, in loud wide-mouthed boisterousness, to leap on me, completing the effect of the coal-dust on my light-coloured summer costume.

Off we go, across wet fields that soak my boots through in the first five minutes, my friend striding along, singing, whistling, and talking to the dogs, I following, sick, silent, and savage, till my tormentor turns round, and remarks that "I seem out of sorts." I

> Grin horrible a ghastly smile

by way of answer, for speak I cannot.

It is over, and I am back again—back in my room—I will not now stop to state in what condition of mind, body, or attire—back in my untidy and disordered room, everything at sixes and sevens just as I left it, and I have to set to to polish myself up for breakfast, and my boots are sodden with wet, and my stockings won't come off, except with tearing, and there's the breakfast-bell, and I'm not ready; no, nor anything the least like it, nor shall I be for the next half-hour at *least*, and, what's more, I shall not try to be.

Three-quarters of an hour later I make my appearance at the breakfast-table, to find cold tea, and tough sodden toast, and eggs that—and ham which——it doesn't signify, for I am much too sick and wretched to eat any of them, were they of the best.

But here the recollection of what next occurred still awakes in me sentiments I would rather not recal. I found that, instead of meeting with that soothing sympathy and tender consideration which my prolonged sufferings and exacerbated feelings demanded, I was made the subject of general mirth; that my friend had been amusing the assembled company with a highly-coloured facetious account of all I had endured in that dreadful, dreadful walk. And, can it be believed, that the hours of agony I had gone through in the night were made the subject, not only of comment, but of *complaint*, by a woman (I always hated that woman—I always felt she would do me an injury if the occasion served her, and I was right) who had not been obliged to leave her bed before nine o'clock!

"No wonder," she said—I see her red face now, and her projecting teeth and gums, from which the lips used to recede when she spoke or smiled, leaving them exposed in all their native hideousness—"no wonder you were unfit for an early walk, for I'm sure you were up half the night. I heard you over my head half a dozen times at least"—the reader will remember I only rose on two occasions—"and you woke me each time. I had a mind to take my umbrella and stand on a chair and tap on the ceiling to you."

It was lucky you didn't, I thought—uncommonly lucky you didn't. If you had, I should have overthrown every heavy article the room contained. I should have put on the thickest and most creaking boots I had, and paced to and fro at intervals all through the night. It would have been a relief to my feelings to have tortured you, that I only regret you did not suggest it by acting as you proposed.

I will not go through an account of the weary, listless, interminable day; of the slumberous, stupified evening that followed that, in which I fell asleep in the midst of the delightful discourse of my dear old friend, arrived from town only just before dinner. I will not say how I struggled to listen; how I pulled up my eyelids by elevating my eyebrows to the utmost height, and fixed my eyes with a wide-open stare on the opposite wall; how I found

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that pleasant face gradually fade and lose distinctness, and that full clear voice grow to sound monotonous and far off, and the words it spoke to become unintelligible; how I forced myself back every now and then into semi-consciousness, and tried to remember and take up the thread of the discourse, and talked egregious nonsense.

But the explanation that I had got up early sufficed to set matters all right with one, who never appears till the day is well aired, and who holds that it is inconsistent with the dignity of man to show himself before the world till his intellects are thoroughly awake, which, unless he puts them asleep at sundown, they can't be expected to be before a certain hour in the day.

That wise creature suggests that we shall take a turn in the garden this lovely night, and when once fairly out of the drawing-room, says:

"Now go to bed; there's nothing else for it, and take my advice and don't be induced, under any pretext short of direst necessity, to get up early. It's the destruction of mind and body; no constitution can stand up against it.

Dear Wisdom, it was of you that the story was related how, when your father, a worthy man but infected with ancient prejudices, knocked at your door, black in the morning, bidding you remember that the early bird got the early worm, you turned on your shoulder, replying, "Serve the worm right for being up first!" and went to sleep again.

So I go to bed; I undress, leisurely, soberly; I luxuriate in the thought that I have nothing to hurry me, nothing to put me out of my own beloved and tranquil routine. I am now, in the prospect of coming rest, just tired and sleepy enough to make it delightful to dawdle, and dream, and watch the waving of the white curtain by the open window, and the sailing moon, and to follow the course of a ghostly moth flitting past, just visible when the light of my lamp falls on it, then again silently swallowed up in the darkness from which it momentarily emerges.

Then to bed—so sleepy—so sweetly, happily, luxuriously, childishly sleepy! Good night! I forgive everybody—even the woman with—who?—ah, yes, with the gums—good night—I am ne-ever going to get up early any more.

THE GOLDEN BEE.

PART I.

I.

LADEN with precious merchandise, the growth of Chinese toil,
And costly work of Chinese hands, the patient wealth of toil,
Over the wave with outspread sails, like white-winged bird at sea,
Swiftly, gaily, homeward bound, sped on the Golden Bee.

II.

Stored with such peachy-textured silks as shimmer in the sun,
With countless rainbow-tinted gleams and never keep to one—
Silks to burnish Beauty's self with a new resplendent ray,
Silks an English queen might wear on her coronation day.

III.

She had chests of fragrant tea-leaves to make social household boards,
Or to be the one sweet luxury of widows' scanty hoards;
With grotesque and dainty ivories, carved by coarse-grained hands,
For idle money-spenders in rich European lands.

IV.

Cloudless the sky—fresh blew the breeze—the Captain's heart was light,
As on the deck he lingered late and watched the coming night;
If sweet the journey homeward from an unpropitious sail,
'Tis sweeter still where Fortune smiles in port and sea and gale.

V.

Blithe was the Captain's gallant heart, for things had prospered well,
Soon should he reach his home on shore with much good news to tell;
Good news for his Parsee merchants, and for the fair young wife,
Whose sweet affection made the joy and beauty of his life.

VI.

Soon should he kiss his bonnie boy, and hold him on his knee,
Awhile he'd listen eager-eyed to stories of the sea;
Soon should he kiss his latest-born, and then the Captain smiled,
Smiled father-like to think of *her*, his little unseen child.

VII.

A tear ran down his sunburt cheek, a mild joy lit his eye—
So sweet were thoughts of love and home—so near they seemed to lie;
Whilst through his great, rough heart diffused such pure and soft delight,
As like an even song of praise went up to heaven's height.

VIII.

One by one upon the waves twinkled every rising star,
And Dian trailed her golden hair over the deep afar;
Whilst lonely o'er the vastness of that solitary sea,
Glided, as on feathered feet, the good ship Golden Bee.

IX.

Hark! what terrific cry was that of horror and affright,
Which broke like some tempestuous sound the stillness of the night,
Rousing the crew from rest and sleep to tremble with dismay,
Waking the Captain's sunny dreams of harbour far away?

X.

Oh, Captain, wake! 'Tis but a dream—the harbour is not won,
Thou dost not clasp thy Mary's hand, or kiss thy little son;
Thy baby sweetly sleeps ashore—that shore is far from thee—
Oh, Captain, wake! for none but God can save thy Golden Bee.

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XI.

"Fire!" 'twas an awful sound to hear on solitary seas,
With double danger in the breath of every fresh'ning breeze;
An awful sight it was to see the vessel all alight,
As if a blazing meteor dropped into the darksome night.

XII.

Foremost and calm amid his crew the Captain gave command,
Nor backward in a moment's need to help with skilful hand,
Awhile the courage in his voice and firmness on his brow
Imparted strength and hope to hearts which ne'er had drooped till now.

XIII.

Three days, three nights, the vessel burned; oh, Heavens! 'twas strange to be
Mid fire unquenchable with all the waters of the sea!
But neither skill nor strength availed: the fatal breezes blew,
Death and destruction, fiery-winged, threatened the gallant crew.

XIV.

And all was lost. Those gorgeous silks would sweep no palace now,
Those ivory fans would never feign a breeze to beauty's brow;
The aromatic leaf could soothe no weary student's brain,
Or freshen lips in fever heats upon the bed of pain.

XV.

"Get out the boat!" with firm quick voice the short command was said,
And no man spoke, but straight and swift the order was obeyed;
Then one by one the crew stepped forth—but all looked back with tears,
Upon the bonnie Golden Bee, their home of many years.

XVI.

But first the Captain snatched from flame, and pressed within his breast,
A relic of departed days, of all his heart loved best:
A little Prayer-book, well-worn now, a gift in early life,
Sweet token from his early love ere yet he called her wife.

XVII.

And quick as falls a lightning shaft, when thunder is behind,
A thousand recollected joys flashed o'er his troubled mind;
Of happy, happy courtship days, and later, still more sweet,
The tranquil joys of married life, the sound of baby feet.

XVIII.

Amid a death-like silentness of breeze and sky and sea,
Beneath a burning noonday sun they left the Golden Bee;
And when they saw the blackened wreck totter amid the foam,
Each sailor breathed a prayer to God, and thought of wife and home.

XIX.

Then out upon a lonely sea, six hundred miles from land,
The solitary boat sailed forth with that courageous band;
Sailed forth as drifts a withered leaf upon the surging tide,
With only hope to be their strength, and only God as guide.

XX.

No white sail specked the arid sky, no cloud or shadow came,
To cool that blue abyss of air which seemed to be a flame;
No breeze sprang up to aid their oars, no friendly ray of light,
Of moon or star shone out to guide their dreary path at night.

XXI.

Oh! God, it was a fearful thing to float and drift away,
Upon so wide a wilderness, day after weary day,
With meagre store of food and drink which, ere two days had rolled,
They measured out as never yet a miser did his gold.

XXII.

"Oh, Captain!" cried a sailor boy, "I ran away to sea,
And well I know my mother's heart has sorely grieved for me;
Will some one take my parting love?—I shall not reach the shore."
And then he smiled a saintly smile, nor smiled nor spoke no more.

XXIII.

Then tenderly, with bare brown hands, his comrades did prepare
An humble shroud, and wrapp'd him in with more than woman's care.
And all stood up and bared their heads, awhile the Captain read
The Church of England's requiem over its ransomed dead.

XXIV.

The red sun dipp'd into the sea, and lit the west afar,
The crimson clouds paled one by one, beneath the evening star;
A calm of even-tide enwrapp'd both breeze and sky and wave,
When in God's great cathedral vault the sailor found a grave.

XXV.

They wept no more—but, silent, stood and watched the placid deep;
Thinking with wistful hearts of him who slept such blessed sleep.
And one—a gaunt and giant man—sent forth a bitter cry,
And clenched his hand, and shrieked aloud, "Oh, master, let us die!"

XXVI.

Oh, let us die! The words rang forth through the sweet summer air,
As if a mad and tortured soul breathed out its last wild prayer.
They sounded far athwart the sea, and up into the sky,
Till even silence seemed to make the echo, "Let us die!"

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XXVII.

Then rose the Captain, sternly sad, and where the sun had set,
He waved one hand, and cried in tones which could command them yet:
"Oh, comrades! will you see *His* works, and doubt that he can still
Save e'en in the eleventh hour, if such should be His will?

XXVIII.

"Oh, whilst there's life, despair not! Have we mothers, children, wives?
Does not *their* memory give us all the strength of double lives?
Mind ye not how the widow's cruse, though wasted, filled again:
We've yet the widow's God o'erhead, and yet a little grain.

XXIX.

"Oh! tender wives, who live for us, our hearts consent to take
A little hope, a little faith, for your beloved sake.
Oh! children of our dearest love! oh, pleasant home ashore!
Our souls can brave a thousand deaths to call ye ours once more!"

PART II.

I.

Where palaces of merchant kings in marbled splendour rise—
And gleam beneath the burning blue of fair Calcutta's skies—
Where orange groves and myrtle bowers weigh down the sultry air,
The Captain's fair young wife abode, and watched his coming there.

II.

She never heard the billows roar, or saw a ship at sea,
Without a thought of those who steered the bonnie Golden Bee;
She never kissed her babes at night, or woke at dawn of day,
Without a prayer that God would speed her sailor on his way.

III.

One night rose up a fierce monsoon, and with a sudden roar,
Startled the waves from twilight rest, and dashed against the shore;
Where all night long they shrieked and wailed, and sobbing sunk to sleep,
As dying groans of shipwrecked men fade on the silent deep.

IV.

The Captain's babes serenely slept, and through the tempest smiled,
As sweet forget-me-nots bloom fair amid an Alpine wild;
The mother, weeping, clasped her hands, and, pacing to and fro,
Prayed, with a white-faced misery, in murmurs faint and low.

V.

"Oh! husband, art thou safe ashore, or shipwrecked on the sea,
And do the wild waves bring from far thy drowning voice to me?
Oh! father of my sleeping babes 'tis hard that thou must bear
Dangers unspeakable, which I, thy own wife, may not share.

VI.

"Oh, God! who mid ten thousand worlds has fixed thy glorious seat,
And cares for every human heart that worships at thy feet,
Pity my happy, helpless babes—*my* watchful agony,
And guide my husband's precious life in safety back to me."

VII.

Days glided by, and brought the time when every ship might be
That one for which her soul was sick of wistfulness to see;
Days grew to weeks, and still she watched, and hoped, and prayed the same,
For the Golden Bee's safe advent, which never, never came.

VIII.

Then rose a morn, when hope grew faint, within her patient heart,
When every sudden voice, or step, would make her pale and start,
With some deep undefinèd fear, that brought no words or tears,
But worked upon her maiden cheeks, the furrowed grief of years.

IX.

Ah, me! the sailor's lot was hard, to drift upon the waves,
Which yawned beneath the tempest's breath, and showed a thousand graves;
With scarce a hope of seeing wife or children any more,—
But oh! the woman's part was worst, to wait, and weep ashore!

X.

She held her children to her heart, and prayed without a word
(Ofttimes the heart's unspoken prayer by Heaven is soonest heard);
And if they heedless played or slept, the passion of her grief
Would spend itself in wailing tears, which brought her no relief.

XI.

Then, as a soft and tranquil day follows a night of rain,
And drooping flowers will feel the sun, and ope their leaves again,
For sweetest sake of feeble babes, no helper by save One,
She learned to lead a widowed life, and say, "Thy will be done."

XII.

One night the moon escaped from clouds, and with a pale light gleamed
Over the sea, which felt the glow, and murmured as it dreamed;
Her bright boy cradled at her feet, her baby on her breast,
She sung her evening cradle song, and hushed the pair to rest.

XIII.

And with the heaven's tranquil light upon her golden hair,
The mother's love within her eyes—eyes that were still so fair;
She looked like some Madonna, of antique Italian art,
Such as breathe the whole religion of the painter's pious heart.

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XIV.

Awhile the elder child still drowsed, and like a dove in June,
Cooed from his little downy nest unto his mother's tune,
A ship that bore a foreign flag rode calmly with the tide,
And dropp'd its anchor in the port, by the fair city's side.

XV.

Before the mother's voice had ceased its chanting, fond and sweet,
A distant footstep echoed through the silence of the street;
And when the boy's blue dreamy eyes sought for her face no more,
A shadow flecked the window panes, and paused without the door.

XVI.

A shadow of a human form, but oh, so white and wan!
As if the strong vitality of manhood must be gone;
Then came a low breathed, tender voice, it only murmured "Wife!"
And heart to heart the two were clasped, called back to new glad life.

XVII.

For hours they hardly spoke a word, but shedding blessed tears,
Poured out their prayers of thankfulness to One who always hears;
Those tears fell on their sleeping babes. O children, ye receive
Such pure baptismal rite as Church or Priesthood ere can give.

TIMOUR THE TARTAR.

Before Shakespeare was, Tamburlaine stormed lustily through Marlowe's mighty line. I hear the people of old England shouting in the open yard or pit, and see the exquisites as they sit on the rushes of the sceneless stage, brighten into enthusiasm as Tamburlaine that sturdy Scythian thief—"perhaps not altogether so famous in his own country of Tartaria as in England"—enters among them in his copper-laced coat, and crimson velvet breeches, on a chariot drawn by harnessed kings with reins in their mouths, and a whip flourishing over their backs. He cracks his whip, and almost cracks his throat, as he enters with his shout,

> "Holla! Ye pampered jades of Asia!
> What, can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
> And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
> And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?"

And peace to thy soul, dear Mat Lewis! didst thou not teach my infant lips to lisp magniloquence, what time the fame of Timour the Tartar from the boards of Covent Garden, spread to toyshops and survived in nurseries? How was the pasteboard Timour agitated, as a piping childish voice exclaimed, "With the blood of their chiefs have I deluged my scaffolds; with the blaze of their burning towns have I crimsoned the heavens; and have I still left them spirit enough to groan? Go! bear my orders for instant vengeance—to death with the assassins!"

Delicious nursery theatricals! Now-a-days children never approach in dreams to the delight of cutting out grand tournaments in cardboard, and mounting caves and fortresses upon a mimic stage. Alas, that the days are gone when Zorilda the Amazon, weighing together with her magnificent courser very much under half an ounce, was my beloved; when with lavish hand I gave Timour himself, decorations of gold stars and silver crescents on his crimson fly, and yellow satin shirt, his red trousers and his green boots, his turban and his dagger. He cost me an entire halfpennyworth of those little mixed spangles which no toyman sells for the use of the small generation that now is.

I was yesterday at Timour's court again, having gone thither, travelling by the last volume of the publications of the Hakluyt Society, in company with an old Spanish knight, named Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo. He was sent by Henry the Third of Castile upon an embassy of compliment and observation, to the presence of the earth-shaking Tartar, when his power had attained the highest pitch. It was a little while before he died, a frostbitten old man, on his way to the empire of China, which he was on the point of adding to his own estate. The Spirit of Winter met him then, says Ahmed ben Arabshah, one of his old Eastern biographers, and talked to him in his own vein, thus: "Halt in thy swift career, false tyrant! How long art thou to run as fire over a wailing world? We are both old; both of us bind with chains. Root up men's homes, make the earth cold, and then learn that my blast is colder. Against thy countless bands, that vex and kill, I set my army of wintry days, that also are destroyers; and by the Lord that liveth, I will have no mercy upon thee! With my fury thou shalt be encompassed. All the fire thou kindlest shall not save thee from the gripe of the cold howling tempest and the ice cold death." Mat Lewis should have introduced that Spirit of Winter in the last scene of his melodrama.

Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo was a knight and a teetotaller, who ventured to drink water at the feasts of Timour himself, when his whole court, his wives, and the great Tartar himself, indulged in potations pottle deep. As an early traveller, he joins the company of Marco Polo and our own Sir John Mandeville. His companions were, a knight of Madrid, a Master of Theology, a return envoy of Timour's who had come to Spain with two Spanish ambassadors previously sent to observe politics in the East, who had happened to be present at the battle in which Timour overthrew the great Turk, Bajazet. Clavijo was a conscientious man, who knew how to astonish Timour with great Spanish braggadocio that should not be untrue. "There is a bridge," he said, "in Spain, forty miles broad, on which a thousand head of sheep find pasture." Timour opened his eyes, but the cunning knight had in his mind the land under which the Guadiana dips. "There are a lion and a bull in Spain fed daily by the milk of many cows." He meant the cities of Leon and Toro. "There

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are three wolf-dogs (canes) which fight in the field, each with three hundred lances." Timour whistled. The knight had in his mind three towns named Can de Roa, Can de Muño, and Can de Zurita. "There is a town in Spain surrounded by fire and built upon water." "Is there indeed," says Timour. "To be sure there is," thinks Ruy Clavijo. "Do not the springs bubble up from the ground in Madrid, and is not that chief city among cities, begirt with walls of fire flint? Go to, then: I am telling this barbarian no lies."

Before we start with the judicious knight, we will get from his English editor and translator, Mr. Clements Markham, a few notes on the true history of Timour the Tartar. That hero left his own Memoirs written for the edification of posterity, as well as a volume of Institutes. Ruy Clavijo found in Timour's native town, while Timour himself lived, the common report that this great vanquisher of kings, though of a noble family, set out but poorly furnished with the world's goods, and acquired his name of Tamerlane—which is, by interpretation, Timour-lame—from a wound in the leg that a shepherd gave him when he was sheep-stealing. Tamburlaine, therefore, was a nickname that none would have dared to employ in the presence of this Sultan Kamran Ameer Kutb-ud-Deen Timour Kurkhan Sahib Keraun: all which, when turned into English, means the Lord Successful Commander Pole-star-of-the-Faith, Earth-shaker (that is Timour), Of-the-Lineage-of-Sovereigns, Master-of-the-Grand-Conjunctions — meaning those of the planets, not the parts of speech.

Timour himself, with proper family pride, says that he inherited of his father an incalculable number of sheep and goats, cattle and servants. He was born in the green and flowery town of Kesh, one of a race of shepherds wandering much and living under tents. "At twelve years of age," he says, "I fancied I perceived in myself all the signs of greatness and wisdom, and whoever came to visit me, I received with great haughtiness and dignity." At eighteen he rode, hunted, read the Koran, and played chess. To the last he was a great chess-player; and, for his own better contentment, added more pieces to the board, in order to increase the intricacy of the game. As he approached manhood, he left off chess-playing, and made a vow never to injure any living creature. Once, when he had trodden upon an ant, he was so deeply grieved, that he felt as if his foot had lost its power. But, having returned to his chess-playing both on the little board and on the great board of the world, he lived to crush under his foot thousands and thousands of men, without more tender concern than he might feel for the grains of sand on which he trampled in the desert.

At the age of twenty, Timour received from his father, certain tents, sheep, camels, and servants; married the granddaughter of the ruler of his tribe of Berlas, a lady who was his faithful companion on the wild and perilous ascent to supreme power; and presently plunged into all the anarchy of Asiatic politics, where power was always to the strong and the unscrupulous. Once, when his other comrades had been slaughtered, he was reduced to the company of his wife and seven surviving followers, in the desert of Khiva. A shepherd gave to the fugitives part of a goat, which they roasted between stones, and, says Timour, "we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly." "Surely," said Hau Aljay Turkhan Aga, the devoted wife, "surely our fortunes are now arrived at the lowest point." But after a few weeks' wandering, a lower point was touched, when Timour and his wife, seized by a troop of wild Toorkmans, were confined for two months in a wretched cow-house full of fleas and other vermin. From that point, the tide turned which bore the adventurer up to his high flood as lord of Asia.

He was a man who made his way by going to war for an idea. "If," he says in his Institutes, "in any kingdom, tyranny and oppression and iniquity shall prevail, it is the duty of a prince, from a respect to justice and the law, to expel and extirpate the authors of that iniquity and to assault that kingdom. It is the duty of a victorious king to bring under his authority every kingdom where the people are oppressed by their rulers. Thus I have delivered Khorassan, and purified the kingdoms of Fars, and Irak, and Shaum."

Now let us travel to him in the train of Ruy Clavijo. We embark in a carrack at the port of St. Mary, near Cadiz, with our train and with the marvellously pictured tapestry, the falcons and the other gifts that we take with us from the King of Spain to the great Tartar. Clavijo describes all the places visited upon the way. For us, silence is easy till we reach Constantinople, rich in relics, upon which the pious traveller dwells with all the sincere faith that characterised the reports of Sir John Mandeville concerning relics in the Holy Land. Among other marvels, there was, in a convent of old ladies called Omnipotens, "a stone of many colours, on which it was said that our Lord was placed when He was taken down from the cross. On it were the tears of the three Marys . . . and these tears looked fresh, as if they had just fallen." We leave Cadiz in May of the year fourteen hundred and three, and it is Tuesday, the thirteenth of November, before we can find at Pera a vessel willing to brave the wintry storms of the Black Sea in taking us along its southern coast to Trebizond. On Wednesday, at the hour of mass, we make sail in a galiot commanded by a Genoese, the carrack bearing company. In the middle of the night we enter the great sea and push on, hugging the shore. On Friday night, in one of the wild storms which this sea brews to perfection, the carrack is a wreck ashore, and the galiot also is aground. In the lulls of the tempest, Timour's presents are landed and piled in a heap beside the wild waves. Very soon after that is done, the galiot goes to pieces. We find another carrack that will take us back to Pera, and, after an absence of eight days, we re-enter that city. There we remain

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all the winter, for no sailor will peril a ship because we are in haste. But on the approach of spring, we have secured and armed a galiot of nineteen pair of oars, and, hoping to reach Timour's winter quarters before he has left them, ours is the first vessel that, on the approach of spring, ventures into the great sea. On Friday, the eleventh of April, we reach Trebizond.

We push on, after a fortnight's detention in this city: necessary, because here we prepare for the long land journey that lies before us. On Saturday, the twenty-sixth of April, we set out again, and come, on Wednesday, to a part of the road where the way is through a narrow pass with a river on one side, and on the other side a high rock with a castle full of thieves upon its top. Here is toll taken, and at vespers we are at the foot of a castle on a high hill, called Dorile, where the lord of the country lives. That worthy comes to us, accompanied with thirty mounted bowmen. He sits with us graciously, and tells us that we see how poor the land is; clearly he must depend for his living upon what is given him by travellers, or plundered from his neighbours. He is told all about his master at Trebizond, vassal of Timour Beg, to whom we are ambassadors. "Yes," he says, "that is true; but we have nothing to live on, therefore you must give what we demand." Our ambassadors offer him scarlet and fine linen, and a silver cup. He requires more, and answers to fair speeches that words are worth nothing. But for another piece of camlet, he provides us with a guard of ten men as far as the land of Assinga, which belongs to Timour.

Here, the return envoy from Timour, who has been thus far a quiet comrade, and who wears a Spanish suit of clothes, becomes a person in authority, and bursts into activity. At every town we enter, he commands of the people food, horses, and men, "and if they do not come, the people receive such a number of blows with sticks and whips that it is quite wonderful. Thus the people of these towns are so severely punished that they fly when they see a Zagatay coming. A Zagatay is a man in the host of Timour Beg of noble lineage." Carpets are brought out of every house, that we may sit on them, and before them are placed pieces of leather upon which the food is laid that they bring out for us to eat.

On Thursday, the fifteenth of May, we travel on, and on the following Sunday week sleep in the Town of Madmen, which is inhabited by Moorish hermits called Caxixes, who shave their beards and their heads, wear rags, and go about singing day and night with timbrels. On Thursday, the twenty-ninth of May, we reach the great city called Calmarin, from which, at a distance of six leagues, we see the great mountain on which the ark of Noah rested. This city of Calmarin was the first city that was built in the world, after the Flood. Next day, we come to a castle on the top of a rock, belonging to a widow lady, who paid tribute for it to Timour. Her husband had been a robber chief, and when Timour had killed him, before giving possession to his wife he caused the castle doors to be pulled off, and ordered that they never should be replaced, in order that no malefactors might be again able there to defend themselves. On Saturday the road passed at the foot of Ararat, and here were the league-long ruins of a city, of which also the people of the region said that it was the first built after the Flood. So, on by rock, castle, and plain, sleeping sometimes in the plain near tents of the wandering Zagatays, until we come to the city of Khoi, where the land of Upper Armenia ends, and the land of Persia commences. Here, we find an ambassador to Timour from the Sultan of Babylon, who had sent with him twenty horses and fifteen camels laden with presents, besides six rare birds and a giraffe.

The heat now was so great, that we could not travel in the daytime, and the insects were such as the beasts could not endure, so that there came from them so much blood, that it was quite wonderful. But on Midsummer-day we were met by a messenger from the eldest son of the lord Timour, desiring us to ride as fast as we could to a plain where he was encamped.

Two leagues beyond Teheran, we passed a great city in ruins, once the largest in the land. We were feasted on the road, according to the custom of the land, with horses roasted and their tripes boiled, the ambassadors receiving many gifts of robes and horses. Gifts had to be presented in return. A favourite grandson of Timour's, who was passed on the way, begged one of the falcons we were carrying, and it was given to him.

The hot wind blew as from a world on fire upon the day of our coming to Damghan, in the province of Media. Outside this city, were two towers, so high that a man could scarcely throw a stone to the top of them. They were made of mud and the heads of men; and there were two other such towers fallen to the ground. The heads were those of the White Tartars whom Timour had defeated and killed. He ordered that these four towers should be built of their heads, plastered together with mud. He also ordered that every White Tartar, wherever he might be found, should be put to death, and so it was done. Along the roads, in one place ten, and in another twenty, of their bodies might be seen. The people of the city say that they often see lights burning on the top of those towers in the night.

Travelling by night because of the great heat, all of us greatly wearied and some very ill, we came, on Sunday, the twentieth of July, to the city of Vascal, where a great knight waited, by order of Timour, to do us honour. He desired us to come to him after dinner. We replied that we could not walk, and trusted that he would excuse us, but he sent again to say that we should come. Horses were then sent to us, with word that we should proceed on our journey, as it was the command of the great lord Timour that we should follow him as quickly as possible, by night

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and by day. We answered that we should prefer to rest for two days, but were told that we must not stay any longer, for if the lord should know of it this knight would lose his head. The ambassadors were so ill that they were more dead than alive; but the knight caused soft pillows to be placed on the bows of their saddles, and so we departed. Wherever we arrived, plenty of meat was given us, and fresh horses, and we set out again with the knight who had been sent to conduct us. The great lord had horses waiting at the end of each day's journey, at some places one hundred, and at others two hundred; and thus the posts were arranged on the road as far as Samarcand. Those whom Timour sent in any direction, or who were sent to him, went on these horses, as fast as they could, day and night. He also had horses placed in deserts and uninhabited districts, as well as in places that were populous; and he caused great houses to be built in uninhabited places, where horses and provisions were supplied by the nearest towns and villages. By command of Timour Beg, any man met on the road who refused to give up his horse when wanted by one travelling to or from the great lord, lost his head. There were messengers, also, on all the roads, so that news could come in a few days from every province. The lord is better pleased with one who travels a day and night for fifty leagues and kills two horses, than with him who does the distance in three days. When horses are knocked up, they kill and sell them for meat, if they are in an inhabited country; but we found many dead horses on the road, which had been killed by hard riding. We travelled day and night, no rest being permitted, and, although it was night, the heat was so great that it was quite wonderful, and there was hot and burning wind. Gomez de Salazar was nearly dying, and there was no water on the road. At last we left him behind in a village, very ill, as he could not travel any longer. A litter was afterwards sent to carry him to the city of Nishapore, where he died in a good house, attended by the best doctors.

At Nishapore, the ambassadors found another knight, who had been sent by the great lord Timour to do them honour, and to hurry them as much as possible. We went on, therefore, and whenever we arrived at any village or town, the first man met in the street was taken, and forced with many blows to guide us to the house of the chief. The people, when they saw the troops of Timour Beg, ran away in horror, and those who were behind their shops selling merchandise, shut them up, and fled into their houses. The chief of the place, being brought before these knights, received a wonderful number of blows and whippings, and was threatened that he should pay dearly because everything was not ready, of food, fruits, and fodder, for the ambassadors, their train, and horses.

Over the hot deserts we at last came to the river Oxus, and crossed the bridge which was built for Timour's army before it was destroyed after him, as he had given orders. None can cross over the Oxus out of Samarcand, by means of the ferry-boat which is the only passage, without a pass; but any one may enter. This is to prevent escape of prisoners. Because the lord has brought many captives into Samarcand from the countries which he has conquered, to people and enrich the land. (Though, when the ambassadors passed, they found orphans and women without support in the land of Persia and Khorassan, yet the men had been taken by force—above one hundred thousand persons—to the land of Samarcand.) As we travelled onward, an attendant, who had been very ill, departed this life, and on Thursday, the twenty-eighth of August, we arrived at the city of Kesh, in a green watered plain. The lord Timour Beg and his father were both natives of this city. Here, was a great mosque being built by Timour for his own body, and in it the lord gives twenty boiled sheep every day for the souls of his father and son who lie buried there. We stayed in Kesh, one day, during which we were shown the magnificence of Timour's palaces. We then departed, and when we were within a league of the city of Samarcand, halted, while one of the knights went forward to announce our approach to the great lord.

Next day at dawn, he returned with a command that the ambassadors, and the ambassador of the Sultan of Babylon who travelled with them, should be taken to a garden near the village, and should remain there until he gave further orders. On the fourth of September, word was brought that Timour was occupied with ambassadors from the Emperor Toktamish, and could not see us yet; but that we might not be impatient, he had sent us wherewith to make merry. Many cooked sheep and a roasted horse. It is the custom not to see any ambassador until five or six days are passed, and the more important he is, the longer he has to wait.

On Monday, the eighth of September, we went over a plain covered with houses, gardens, and markets, to a large garden and palace outside the city of Samarcand, where the lord Timour was. Having dismounted, we went into an outer building, where two knights came to take our presents and place them in the arms of men who were to carry them respectfully before the mighty chief. We then entered the garden under a broad high portal covered with tiles glazed in blue and gold, and came to six elephants with men in wooden castles on their backs. The two knights, as we approached Timour Beg, held the ambassadors under the armpits, and Timour's return envoy was with them—much laughed at because he wore his Spanish dress. The ambassadors were conducted to an old knight in an ante-room, before whom they bowed reverentially. He was the son of a sister of Timour Beg. They were then brought before some small boys, Timour's grandsons, and bowed also before them. To one of these boys they gave up the letter sent to Timour by the King of Castile. The three boys carried the letter, and the ambassadors were then brought before Timour himself.

They found him, in the porch of a beautiful

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palace sitting on the ground. Before him was a fountain, which threw up the water very high, and in it there were some red apples. He could not see them until, always being held under the armpits, they had approached very close with their obeisances, for he was so old that his eyelids had fallen down entirely. His age was sixty-seven. He sat cross-legged among round pillows upon silken carpets, dressed in a silk robe, and with a high white hat on his head surmounted by a spinal ruby set in pearls and precious stones. He did not give his hand to kiss, for none are privileged to kiss him, but he said, "How is my son, the king? Is he in good health?" Presently turning to his court, he said, "Behold! here are the ambassadors sent by my son the King of Spain, who is the greatest king of the Franks, and lives at the end of the world. These Franks are truly a great people, and I will give my benediction to the King of Spain, my son."

At the royal feast which followed, our ambassadors sat above the ambassador of the pig Emperor of Cathay, to whom Timour was then refusing tribute, and whom, afterwards, he was setting out to conquer when the dead winter hugged him in her chill embrace. Cooked sheep and roasted horses, laid upon large round pieces of stamped leather, were dragged to and fro, with noise and strain of men, and cut up by the carvers, kneeling on the leather. Of the basins of food given to the guests, it was demanded that whatever was not eaten should be carried away. There was placed before the ambassadors, victual enough for half a year. After the roast and boiled, came made dishes of meat, and balls of forced meat; then followed fruit, with wine in gold and silver jugs, and sugar and cream: which the knight Clavijo, who abstained from wine, looked upon as a delicious summer drink.

Timour passed from garden to garden, and at each reception of the ambassadors he was found in a new place, surrounded by yet more magnificence. Once, there was wine sent to us before the feast, with orders to drink before starting, that we might be jovial when we arrived. Always, our meat was horse and sheep. The most honourable meat is haunch of horse; tripes of the horse, and sheep's heads, are also much regarded.

At last, Timour the Tartar camped in a great silken pavilion which from a distance looked like a castle, and it was in the midst of the tents of his army. A seven years' war was but just ended. After so long absence Timour was returned to Samarcand, and the marriages of two of his grandsons were being celebrated. The great lord's wives and his sons' wives gave drinking parties, sitting in the doorways of their tents with rows of wine jars, and of jars of cream and sugar set before them. Caño, the wife of Timour, would not believe that Clavijo was a man who never tasted wine. She desired to see men fall down drunk before her, and this only proved to her that she was in jovial company. The great ladies—who wear so much white lead on their faces that they look like paper—ate their roasted sheep and horse with much noise, snatching the pieces away from one another, and so making game over their food. When Timour's chief wife is full-dressed, three ladies hold her head-dress with their hands that it may not fall on one side. For the sake of more merriment, Timour sent orders to Samarcand that all the traders in the city, the cooks and butchers, bakers and shoemakers, and all other people in the city, should come to the plain, sell their goods in the camp, and amuse his soldiers. In the place where the traders pitched their tents, he also ordered to be set up a great number of gallows, and hanged many great men. A councillor asked for his pardon if he paid four hundred thousand bezants of silver. The lord Timour approved of this, and when the man had given all he had, he was tormented to give more, and as he had no more, he was hung up by the feet until he was dead.

Travelling in company with Ruy Gonzalez de Clavijo, I have told the tale of our travel very much in that brave knight's own phraseology. He has brought me to the true old Timour the Tartar of my youth. Timour fell sick, and the Spanish ambassadors were sent home summarily over the deserts and over the seas, without letter or message to their master. As for the hospitality shown to them when they appeared among Timour's servants as witnesses from the end of the world to the extent of the great Tartar's fame, Ali of Yezd is explanatory when he mentions that they were invited to the grand festivities within the camp; "for," he says, "even the smallest of fish have their places in the sea."

THE PRECINCT.

Every one has his separate, and generally his secret, ideal of perfect felicity. Baucis and Philemon had theirs. The sailor wanted "all the baccy in the world," and then "more baccy," to make him completely happy. M. Gavarni, the admirable débardeur-draughtsman, sighs after the discovery of aërial navigation. The captain in a marching regiment, with nothing but his pay to live on, beholds the acme of contentment in a staff appointment. The usher dreams of a seventh heaven of independent schoolmastership. To the fine lady, happiness must mean a dress or a bonnet which her inferiors will not copy, and consequently vulgarise as a fashion. To the minister, happiness must be parliament without her Majesty's opposition. There is something that will make a young ballet-girl much more joyous than will the possession of diamonds, or a brougham, or a Blenheim spaniel; and that is to be allowed to speak some "lines," however few in number. The happiest man in the world, according to the Eastern apologue, was he who had no shirt. Charles Lamb said that were he not a gentleman he should dearly like to be a beggar; and I once heard of a young rustic—one of those ploughboy philosophers so happily delineated by Mr. Hunt—who, being asked his

notion of supreme happiness, made answer that it was to "zit on a ztile and eat pancake edges!" There is much wealth of covetous imagination in eating only the crisp "edges" of the Shrove Tuesday delicacies and throwing the flabby centres away. Under the influence of metempsychosis this Alnaschar in a smock-frock, might have been a Cleopatra, and quaffed a solution of pearls in toilet-vinegar.

"I've often wished that I had clear"—any one can quote the rest: the five hundred pounds a year, the river at the garden's end, the handsome accommodation for a friend, the friend himself and the bottle to give him—the ripe old port with the green seal, laid down, Consule Manlio, when Sir Claudius Hunter was Lord Mayor. I have had many ideals of happiness; have constructed on cobweb foundations many Spanish castles with "Here the Lares delight to dwell" sculptured over the barbicans thereof. To wear a tail-coat, to see one's name in print, to hear a famous orator, author, artist speak, to eat an ice in St. Mark's Place, Venice, to possess a library, a picture by Ostade, to see Taglioni dance: I, you, and thousands have longed for these things, and, being gratified in Time's good time, have begun straightway to long for something else. I have a fanciful ambition, now. I should like exceedingly to have a moderate independence, to have nothing to do, to be perfectly unknown to the publishers of books, the printers of newspapers, and those that carry proof sheets to and fro, and to live in the PRECINCT.

It is the most retired spot, this Precinct, in London. More retired than Austin Friars, than America-square, than Great St. Helen's, than St. Alban's-place, than Whitehall-yard, than the Albany, than Eel-Pie Island, than Fig-tree-court, than Paul's-chain, than Drapers' Hall Gardens, than Exeter-'change, than the Magazine in Hyde Park, than Bell-square, Finsbury, or than Well-walk, Hampstead, on a winter Sunday. It is completely out of the world, although on the very skirt and verge and hem of the roaring world of London. It is at least a century and a half behind the time, notwithstanding the modern "improvements" that have encroached on its antiquity, and the modern trades and avocations that are carried on within its boundaries. It has its own laws, its own population, its own amusements. It might be five thousand miles away from London. It might be Juan Fernandez, or Norfolk Island, or Key West, or the Isola Bella, and it is but five minutes' walk from Temple-bar, to the east, and eight from Charing-cross, to the west. And its name is —the Precinct. Concerning its characteristics I may be explicit, with regard to its exact locality I must be cautious. All men are not, at once, to be made free of the Precinct. It has its mysteries, its pass-words and its countersigns. You would not believe me were I to tell you that it is a province in the kingdom of Cockaigne and the realms of Prester John; that there are giants in the Precinct; that the pigs run about, their backs embrowned into crackling, knives and forks stuck in them, and crying "Come, eat us!" and that when the sky falls—a feat it accomplishes sometimes, tumbling straight on the heads of the Precinctians—larks, ready-roasted, are to be had for the picking up. Such statements you would deride as fabulous; but I may claim more credence when I whisper that the Precinct is extra-parochial and is royal property, that it has its own famous and ancient little church, that it is bounded on the south by one of the noblest rivers and certainly the dirtiest river in the world, and on the north by a mile-long thoroughfare, once dignified as the site of the palaces of a Duke of Buckingham, and some earls of Essex, Durham, Salisbury and Arundel, to say nothing of the Lords of Burleigh over the way, or the still existent, lion-capped mansion of the Percys; once enlivened by the presence of a maypole and an exchange, once a mere bridle road from the city of London to the village of Charing; now one of the chief arteries, most busy and most thronged, of the teeming city. In this latitude lies the Precinct, and not one man in five hundred who jostle along the noisy Strand ever dreams of its existence.

The Precinct has a history, curious, antique, and picturesque; but to dwell on its records in detail would not only weary, but necessitate the mention of sundry well-known names and events that would at once entirely lay bare that which, with all my confidences, I wish to preserve a semi-secret. It is enough to hint that a king of France was once entertained, most hospitably for a prisoner of war, in the Precinct; that here were an ecclesiastical hospital and an almshouse for aged men; that here were once a military prison and a manufactory of alum; and that here the immediate successors of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde set up their printing-presses. The little old church, much modernised by the munificence of Georgius Ultimus, King, Defender of the Faith, but in patches of its exterior walls a fabric of the densest antiquity, I will call St. Mary-le-Chou. About fifty yards to the north-east, a precipitous break-neck staircase of worn stone, called Cabbage-steps, leads into the Strand above; for the Precinct is built on an inclined plane, which renders necessary the application of the skid to the few wheels that graze its paving-stones. North-west, the Precinct is entered by a sly little street, running swiftly down hill, and which I will name Greenstuff-street. And if you want to get into the Precinct any other way you must either tumble into it from a balloon, or have a swim for it from the Surrey side.

It has been matter of much cogitation to me to call to mind in what manner I first became aware of the Precinct. I had certainly been broken into the ways of the Strand for years, and had resided in chambers or lodging-houses in nearly every street on the south side, from Northumberland to Norfolk-street, ere I became acquainted with this royal property. I used to think the short cut from Scotland-yard to Hungerford-market quaint and curious. I used to take much pleasure in that beautiful water-gate at the end of Buckingham-street (by

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the house in whose first-floor our Etty lived and painted for years). I was one of a select few, I vainly plumed myself, who had explored the dark arches of the Adelphi at three in the morning, who knew that Salisbury-street was not a cul-de-sac guarded by a railing, but that a staircase—a staircase, oh ye fugitives!—led down to the foreshore of the Thames; one of a few who had walked on the Adelphi-terrace, and had noted that odd, embossed house at the corner of Adam and John streets. I flattered myself that few of my standing had imbibed porter among the jovial coalheavers at that mysterious hostelry called the "Fox under the Hill," or had shared with very early risers, and the ladies and gentlemen in the habit of frequenting the old stage door of the Strand Theatre, the knowledge that in Strand-lane are the old Roman baths, subsequently patronised by Her Majesty Queen Anne, and from which, the legends tell, a duct runs to the deep well of the "Old Dog," in Holywell-street. So men live for years, and fancy they are aware of the things around them, and of the strangest know nothing at all. Wellington, despite an apocryphal anecdote and a dubious engraving, never met Nelson; Mr. Howe dined for years in the house opposite to the residence of the wife he had so unaccountably deserted; and at least one eminent tragedian is profoundly ignorant of the very existence of his rival. How first I came to know the Precinct I can scarcely tell, and matters but little. It may have been on a mooning expedition, some solitary Sunday afternoon in the old time, when I had, properly, nothing to do, and, improperly, nowhere to go, and when it was my custom to wander up and down, and be thankful for what new localities turned up. It may have been, and I incline rather to this last theory, on some hot July afternoon, when meeting my friend, Tom Shrooder, and proposing to him cool refreshments, with straws, and ice, and lemon-peel galore, at the Divan, he laughed the idea of such expensive luxuries to scorn, and quoth:

"In such a thermometrical state, no honest man drinks anything but shandy-gaff. And, save at the Grinning Ape, at Walton-on-the-Naze, there is no drinkable shandy-gaff in England equal to Mrs. Turniptop's, at the Precinct Palace."

Now, Tom Shrooder knows the world as Bride-lane knows its betting-book, and a bill-discounter his Boyle's Court Guide and Army List. I had but to acquiesce in Shrooder's suggestion (he was hopelessly briefless here, went out to New Atlantis Island, under favour of my Lord Baconrind, and is now Chief Justice of the colony), but I could not help asking, humbly, where the Precinct was?

"Not know the Precinct!" cried Thomas, with a long whistle and a longer stare. "What an innocent, what a child of nature, what an unsophisticated griff you must be! The Precinct is the shadiest haunt in London. Shaded from the sun by architecture; shaded from the sheriff by happy obscurity; and, now that they have unsanctuaryised Whitefriars and the Mint, it is one of the few places in London where a man, so long as he hold his tongue, can hide his head. Presto! Come to the Precinct." And, somehow or other, Tom Shrooder spirited me away from a Hansom cab accident, from an omnibus, even from a van—with a brass band in it—proceeding to Highbury Barn; from a fire-engine, from all the turmoil and jangling of the Strand; and three minutes afterwards we were seated at the open window of the Precinct Palace's first-floor, sipping our shandy-gaff, and gazing at the chequered light and shade in the green old churchyard. Yes; I think that must have been my earliest introduction to the pleasant place.

I am almost ashamed to admit, now—when, after much hesitation and many misgivings as to being blackballed, I have had my name put up at the Podasokus Club—that the Precinct Palace is neither more nor less than a public-house. It is a highly respectable tavern, but it cannot be denied that the landlord is a licensed victualler and wears an apron, and that the place itself is a "public." But it was so long long ago that I visited it, I plead; and the Podasokus wasn't built then; and respectable people used to drop in sometimes at taverns, they used indeed. I am writing of a region far behind the time; and ere these lines are printed a law may be passed creating cabarets and wine-shops that may one day supersede taverns in toto, and leave the Precinct farther behind than ever. Be it as it may, it is impossible to know anything of the Precinct without frequenting the "Palace." Turniptop, the landlord, strongly asseverates that his hostel forms actual part and parcel of the ancient edifice itself. He appeals in corroboration of his statement to common, oral tradition, to his lease, which (as that parchment is kept securely locked up in a tin box together with his license, and a copy of the Morning Advertiser containing a report of his famous victory over a malevolent police sergeant who summoned him, A.D. 1850, for an infringement of the law in entertaining the members of the Cauliflower Club after midnight one Saturday, and who was shamefully nonsuited by one of the ablest magistrates that ever sat on the bench) must be considered testimony irrefragable, but not easily accessible. Turniptop, indeed, puts forward other proofs. He frequently produces a volume of the Mirror for 1832, in which is a woodcut representing an ancient gateway, not in the least resembling the modest brick tenement now licensed as the "Precinct Palace;" and he points triumphantly to a certain jagged stone in the wall, down stairs by the kitchen-boiler, as a relic of mediæval times. By the way, there is a legend that the whole Precinct was once sacked and burnt by the Kentish rebels under Jack Cade or Wat Tyler, I forget which; and a portion of Turniptopian inspiration may be due to a reminiscence of the man who was wont to point to a brick in the chimney as an unanswerable proof that the house he lived in had once been inhabited by Jack Cade.

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That there was once a palace in the Precinct is indubitable. I think that the last personages of importance who occupied it were some ambassadors from the seignory of Venice. I know that in the first decade of the present century the few ruinous walls of the palace that remained, enclosed a kind of enlarged black-hole for deserters and drunken culprits from the Guards, and also an unsavoury Pound or Barracoon, or depôt for recruits. This dismal place was swept away, at about the period of the erection of Waterloo-bridge, and tall brick warehouses were erected on its site. But the Precinct had another more powerful and renowned palatial neighbour. Hard by, to the eastward, although Wellington-street and Lancaster-buildings now stretch between, is the royal property of Proudfoot House. To the moderns it is but a grey, stately mansion surrounding a quadrangle, with an allegory of Father Thames quite dry and looking into a bear-pit in the midst, the whole built by the Anglo-Swede Sir William Chambers; the apartments towards the Strand once giving lodging room to Royal Academicians and Fellows of the Royal Society, but now entirely occupied (with its handsome newly-built wing) by government offices. Few of the spruce clerks, the red-faced messengers, the hot stampers and weighers, the placid old gentlemen who sit in easy-chairs with little to do beyond signing their initials occasionally and drawing fifteen hundred a year regularly—few of these snug civilians know, or would probably care to know, that the site of their quiet offices was once occupied by an Inn of Chancery, by the palaces of the bishops of Chester and Worcester, and by one, if not two churches; and that the parishioners of St. Mary-le-Strand cried out "Sacrilege!" when the temples were razed to build the haughty duke's house. So it was, however, but as I design, some day, to say a few words concerning Proudfoot House, I will dismiss it now with the bare mention that until the middle of the last century the Precinct—my Precinct—shared with it the curious casualty, not uncommon in royal properties, of an invasion of "squatters." Many old and ruinous houses had been crept into and squatted down in by Bohemian men, and waifs and strays of town life. By degrees, finding themselves, through indifference, undisturbed, they began to let the tenements out to lodgers, called themselves landlords, and exacted rent forsooth, but the lodgers were quite as Bohemian and as cunning in their generation as they; and one of the notable humours of the Precinct a century since was, on the part of the lodgers, to take advantage of the pseudo-landlord's temporary absence to lock him out of the tenement he had squatted in, and, repudiating rent, to defy him from the window to produce a better title than possession, on his return. Thus the tenure in the Precinct was a mixture of Gavelkind, Borough English, Club law, frankalmoigne, aubaine or escheat, and simple burglary. This jocose simplification of conveyancing told immensely; but at last the government, growing weary of the joke, issued a writ of ejectment, called in the posse comitatis and a squad of the Foot Guards to turn all these unprofitable feudatories out, pulled down the tenements, rebuilt them, and let them to respectable tenants on favourable leases. But for this revolution, the houses in the Precinct would all be as old as a street in Chester, and probably as disorderly as Baldwin's-gardens.

The whole of the Precinct is to be perambulated—the church excepted—in about four minutes and a half; but if you wish to note its daily life, and watch its gaieties and gravities, you must choose summer-time, a fine morning, afternoon, or evening, and select as a point of espial the open window of the Palace up-stairs parlour. To think of the things that I have seen from thence! The church and churchyard are in themselves most edifying spectacles. If you would view the outside of St. Mary-le-Chou aright, look upon it at early morning, ere the working smoke has poisoned and obscured the air, ere that hot, damp, dusty day-cloud has arisen, man's stature high, the cloud that to me is always rife in London streets, and whose presence I ascribe to the perpetual trampling of men's feet, and their thick-panting respiration, seeking gold or glory. At early morn there is not a quoin in the old church's wall, not a mullion in its blinking windows, not a cartouch or a cantaliver, but stands forth sharp and clear in its proper light, shade, and reflexion, as in a Venetian photograph. You shall see the rugosities of the stone as through an opera-glass; you shall count the strands in the cordage of the rigging of the great hayboats far away beyond at Hungerford. This early morning beautifies and enriches everything. As Sydney Smith used to bid his little servant-maid draw up the window-blinds on a sunshiny morning, and "glorify the room," so does the summer sun glorify the hoar old Precinct, and render lovely the ugly modern "improvements" in bricks and boarding. Even the sullen wreaths of smoke that *will* rise—all Smoke-prevention Acts notwithstanding—and accumulate in wreaths and ridges from kilns and furnaces never quenched, in far-off Bermondsey or remote South Lambeth; even this indomitable murk turns golden and cream-coloured when Aurora touches it with her finger-tips. As for the brazen ship-weathercock above St. Mary-le-Chou, it glows now golden bright, now apple-green, now delicate rose, now many-hued and mackerel-backed, like the auriferous dome of Izaak's Church in Petersburg. Away, the clock-tower of Westminster Palace rises, not like a kitchen clock—the guise it wears when you survey it from Bridge-street—but pale pink, shaded and fretted blue, and glittering with golden shafts. At early morn you can discern the dots that mark the minutes, from numeral to numeral, on the dial. Nearer to us one of the gaunt pagodas of Hungerford-bridge is as graceful as a campanile; in the extreme distance ugly wharfs and boat-builders' sheds harmonise and blend into delightful airiness; and in the foreground the tall brick warehouses and simple dwelling-houses, with their white door-steps and green blinds, have rich shadows

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of bistre and sienna, giving the delicately tinted prospect a massive framing. As for the trees and the grass in the old churchyard—they thrive wondrously for London vegetation, and gather no smoke—they can scarcely be said to be green at early morn. The leaves and herbage seem chameleon-hued. You shall find maize and primrose in their lights, blue and purple in their shadows. Laminæ of silver, play on blades and veins, and, upon my word, I think that on summer nights the Dew falls here—the only dew that is shed in all London, beyond the tears of the homeless.

Such is the Precinct at early morning, and before Lucifer has rung for his shaving-water, and with his cloven foot stamped on the floor to wake his down-stairs neighbour Mammon. The Board of Health have long since sealed the churchyard; but that God's Acre looks, with its white and grey tombstones, so peaceful and so tranquil, that I should not wonder at the sternest opponent of intramural interments leaving directions in his will that application should be made for permission for his dust to be mingled with that of the forefathers of this secluded hamlet. I have incited several artistic friends to bring down easels and drawing-boards, and limn me a picture, or at least a sketch, of St. Mary-le-Chou and the surrounding Precinct; but I am convinced, now, that the only European painter capable of transferring the scene to canvas is Mr. Millais. I am grieved to add, by way of caution, that from any pictorial representations of the Precinct should be excluded sundry high-looming placards bearing inscriptions that relate to Pickles and Sauces, to Pale Ale, and to Durham coals, placards which in their commercial commonplace mar the fair prospect. Again, let me remark that, true to my usual habit of looking at the outside of things, I have never yet visited the interior of the church. I hear there are a nobly carved roof-tree, a rare window, and some curious monuments. A mystic-looking old woman potters about the iron gate and the flagged avenue that leads to the principal door. I see her on week days, mostly, and from the battered state of her bonnet and sundry manifestations of brooms and scrubbing-brushes pervading her outward woman, I conjecture her to be the charwoman-housekeeper of the church. I positively saw her sweeping out the churchyard one day, which gave me a pleasant notion of her tidiness. The duties of the incumbent (whom everybody seems to like) must be easy. He knows all the parishioners, and they know him, and the coalies, who are the fortissimi of the Precinct, touch their sou'westers to him as he glides about. There are never any disputes about church-rates that I know of here,—how should there be? Royalty, I presume, takes care of its own property—and the poor-rates amount to about half a farthing in the pound once in every quarter of a century. The Precinctians go to church with great regularity, but the odium theologicum does not thrive here, and the clergyman has not yet decorated his fabric with bouquets of cut carrots and turnips from Covent Garden market. A decent spirit of toleration reigns; and farther down towards the water there is a quaint little Lutheran High Dutch chapel, also possessing its tiny paddock of a churchyard, and watched over by a stout sexton of great gravity of countenance and sobriety of conversation. With two cemeteries within its limits the Precinct might not unreasonably be suspected to be given to ghosts when the moon is up; but then the inhabitants are all so cheerful, and the younger portion are so much addicted to sweethearting by the churchyard rails, that the ghosts wouldn't have a chance, and I suppose have cast themselves in disgust into the Thames, and become Pixies, ferriers, and Undines.

I hope it is not irreverent on my part to observe that the long cool walks by the churchyard walls have been, and are still, made to serve the interests of the British Drama. I don't mean that the walls are placarded with playbills, or woodcut broadsheets; on the contrary, both beggars and bill-stickers seem banished from the Precinct by a stern though tacit ostracism; but in my early days of Precinctism I used frequently, on week days, to discern sundry clean-shaven, dark-eyed gentlemen, very shiny as to their hats, very spruce and natty as to their attire, who stalked gravely up and down the shady walks, holding small printed books in their hands, which they perused with great earnestness. Their eyes were often upturned, and rolled somewhat, and they occasionally muttered to themselves. Alarmed for the interests of the Church of England and the Protestant Succession, I was at first inclined to surmise that these mysterious persons were hierophants of the Romish persuasion, Oratorians, Jesuits of the short robe, or something of that kind, and that they came hither to read their breviaries as an insidious means of displaying their superior sanctity, and of perverting the peaceful Protestants of the Precinct, Popewards. But when as it fell upon a day, brushing the skirts of one of the gentlemen with the shiny hats and the natty garments, and hearing him declaim something about cloud-capped towers and gorgeous pinnacles, and chancing a few days afterwards to meet another shiny and natty student quietly puffing at a snowy pipe, and imbibing cold sherry-and-water in the parlour of the Palace, I made inquiries; I gained information; and I arrived at a more reasonable conclusion. I discovered that these studious gentlemen were actors who came to the Precinct, as an eminently quiet place, *to study their parts*. This accounted for the cloud-capped towers and the gorgeous pinnacles, the shiny hats and the natty coats.

There was a horse, too, that puzzled me sorely ere I graduated in these Precinct mysteries. A brown, ill-groomed, somewhat weak-kneed and wall-eyed quadruped he was; his saddle not handsome, his bridle not bright, but he with a rounded white nose indicating much meekness and docility of character. Every afternoon, till about seven P.M., I used to see him placidly standing in the Precinct, riderless, and tethered to the

churchyard rails. What could this horse have been? Was he the Bavicca of some Cid of the Strand who had come here to woo—I have said how popular sweethearting is in the Precinct—to love and to ride away? Was he the solitary sample of equine merchandise offered here in a horse market held under charter of some Plantagenet kings, but now well-nigh fallen into desuetude? I little knew at the time that this meek-nosed dobbin was a charger of prodigious speed, that he was the renowned horse belonging to the Meteor evening newspaper, the horse that is supposed to publish the third and fourth editions of that post meridian sheet as he careers through the Strand. I met him at last in the City, hot, rampant, covered with foam, a boy and a bundle of newspapers on his back. He enfiladed seemingly impassable blocks-up of carts and carriages. He struck fire from the pavement. He came and there was a clatter; he went and there was steam. And when I returned to the Precinct I found him, as of yore, quietly tethered to the churchyard railings and rubbing his meek nose against the cool iron.

Little by little I found out the secrets of this charmed spot; but to this day I have not been able to discover why members of the theatrical orchestras of the metropolis should be so fond of taking afternoon refreshment in the Palace parlour. The Precinct itself is on the wrong side of the way to be in a theatrical neighbourhood: why should the primo violino, the contrabasso, the oboe, and the kettle-drum come hither? To be sure, Garrick lived in the Adelphi, and Doctor Burney in Adam-street, and the House of the Society of Arts is close by; but there must be some deeper reason for this musical affection for the spot than a mere remembrance of dramatic and lyric tradition. Was the Precinct originally built by Old King Cole? Why the typographers from the Meteor and the Orb (the opposition evening journal) should patronise the down-stairs parlour of the Palace is easy of comprehension. The frequenting of the bar by the industrious gentlemen who collect murders, fires, and dreadful accidents on the public behalf, is likewise to be satisfactorily explained, for are not the offices both of the Meteor and the Orb in the busy Strand close by? Again, one knows that there are great brewers and coal-merchants' wharfs at the river extremity, and this at once renders accountable the constant presence of coalheavers and draymen.

They don't make so much noise as might be expected, these coalies and pale-ale tunners. The drags are of course carefully adjusted to the broad wheels of the drays and waggons; the incline to the wharfs is easy; when any Precinctian is dangerously ill, straw is laid down before his door, and the charioteers are enjoined to be careful; and, on the whole, I think the Precinct people like the slow lumbering wains, and regard the drowsy grinding of the wheels at night as a drowsy lullaby. The Precinctians are not much given to the utterance of violent opinions, under any circumstances. They are quiet folks, dwelling peaceably in the little houses, with the white door-steps and the green blinds, which nestle round the church of St. Mary-le-Chou and the Heileger Sauerkraut, High Dutch Lutheran chapel. As to vocation, from the brass plates on their doors, and from their smooth bald heads and subdued whiskers, I take them to be mainly accountants, clerks, retired tradesmen, commission-agents, and employés, interested in pale ale, in pickles, and Wallsend coals. There is one ancient gentleman, in a white beard and gaiters, who dwells all by himself in a house in a corner, and who, I am certain, is the original "oldest inhabitant," not only of the Precinct, but of the entire liberties of Westminster. He looks old enough to remember Jack Cade and the Kentish rebels. The matrons of the Precinct are ruddy, and given to the wholesome practice of early marketing. Pretty servant maids and handsome daughters abound—the latter not too proud to fetch the dinner and supper beer from the Palace with their own fair hands, and sometimes indulging in a little Platonic sweethearting in the silvery moonlight under the churchyard walls. But Platonic, mind! No goings on, no shocking doings in the chaste and decorous Precinct. The policeman is not popular among the female population. Nigger melodies are never heard. A Life Guardsman once swaggered into the Palace bar—it is true it was Easter time—made a feint of drinking Miss Coppinger's supper half-and-half; winked at Mrs. Turniptop; offered to chuck the barmaid under the chin, and otherwise behaved in a Richelieu and Lovelacian manner, but he was soon frowned down by the landlord and the regular customers. He slunk away at last, and was never seen in the Precinct again. Turniptop, a placable but resolute man when need was, declared that if ever this abandoned dragoon darkened his doors more—such were the terms he used—he would give him a piece of his mind, and, what was more, "report" him: threats dreadful to think of!

So run the sands of life through this quiet hour-glass. So glides the Life away in the Old Precinct. At its base, a river runs for all the world; at its summit, is the brawling raging Strand; on either side, are darkness and poverty and vice; the gloomy Adelphi Arches, the Bridge of Sighs, that men call Waterloo. But the Precinct troubles itself little with the noise and tumult, and sleeps well through life, without its fitful fever.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

Miss Halcombe had never left Blackwater Park!

When I heard those words, all my thoughts were startled back on the instant to my parting with Lady Glyde. I can hardly say I reproached myself—but, at that moment, I think I would have given many a year's hard savings to have known four hours earlier what I knew now.

Mrs. Rubelle waited, quietly arranging her nosegay, as if she expected me to say something.

I could say nothing. I thought of Lady Glyde's worn-out energies and weakly health; and I trembled for the time when the shock of the discovery that I had made would fall on her. For a minute, or more, my fears for the poor lady silenced me. At the end of that time, Mrs. Rubelle looked up sideways from her flowers, and said, "Here is Sir Percival, ma'am, returned from his ride."

I saw him as soon as she did. He came towards us, slashing viciously at the flowers with his riding-whip. When he was near enough to see my face, he stopped, struck at his boot with the whip, and burst out laughing, so harshly and so violently, that the birds flew away, startled, from the tree by which he stood.

"Well, Mrs. Michelson," he said; "you have found it out at last—have you?"

I made no reply. He turned to Mrs. Rubelle.

"When did you show yourself in the garden?"

"I showed myself about half an hour ago, sir. You said I might take my liberty again, as soon as Lady Glyde had gone away to London."

"Quite right. I don't blame you—I only asked the question." He waited a moment, and then addressed himself once more to me. "You can't believe it, can you?" he said, mockingly. "Here! come along and see for yourself."

He led the way round to the front of the house. I followed him; and Mrs. Rubelle followed me. After passing through the iron gates, he stopped, and pointed with his whip to the disused middle wing of the building.

"There!" he said. "Look up at the first floor. You know the old Elizabethan bedrooms? Miss Halcombe is snug and safe in one of the best of them, at this moment. Take her in, Mrs. Rubelle (you have got your key?); take Mrs. Michelson in, and let her own eyes satisfy her that there is no deception, this time."

The tone in which he spoke to me, and the minute or two that had passed since we left the garden, helped me to recover my spirits a little. What I might have done, at this critical moment, if all my life had been passed in service, I cannot say. As it was, possessing the feelings, the principles, and the bringing-up of a lady, I could not hesitate about the right course to pursue. My duty to myself, and my duty to Lady Glyde, alike forbade me to remain in the employment of a man who had shamefully deceived us both by a series of atrocious falsehoods.

"I must beg permission, Sir Percival, to speak a few words to you in private," I said. "Having done so, I shall be ready to proceed with this person to Miss Halcombe's room."

Mrs. Rubelle, whom I had indicated by a slight turn of my head, insolently sniffed at her nosegay, and walked away, with great deliberation, towards the house door.

"Well," said Sir Percival, sharply; "what is it now?"

"I wish to mention, sir, that I am desirous of resigning the situation I now hold at Blackwater Park." That was literally how I put it. I was resolved that the first words spoken in his presence should be words which expressed my intention to leave his service.

He eyed me with one of his blackest looks, and thrust his hands savagely into the pockets of his riding-coat.

"Why?" he said; "why, I should like to know?"

"It is not for me, Sir Percival, to express an opinion on what has taken place in this house. I desire to give no offence. I merely wish to say that I do not feel it consistent with my duty to Lady Glyde and to myself to remain any longer in your service."

"Is it consistent with your duty to *me* to stand there, casting suspicion on me to my face?" he broke out, in his most violent manner. "I see what you're driving at. You have taken your own mean, underhand view of an innocent deception practised on Lady Glyde, for her own good. It was essential to her health that she should have a change of air immediately—and, you know as well as I do, she would never have

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gone away, if she had known Miss Halcombe was still left here. She has been deceived in her own interests—and I don't care who knows it. Go, if you like—there are plenty of housekeepers as good as you, to be had for the asking. Go, when you please—but take care how you spread scandals about me and my affairs, when you're out of my service. Tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, or it will be the worse for you! See Miss Halcombe for yourself; see if she hasn't been as well taken care of in one part of the house as in the other. Remember the doctor's own orders that Lady Glyde was to have a change of air at the earliest possible opportunity. Bear all that well in mind—and then say anything against me and my proceedings if you dare!"

He poured out these words fiercely, all in a breath, walking backwards and forwards, and striking about him in the air with his whip.

Nothing that he said or did shook my opinion of the disgraceful series of falsehoods that he had told, in my presence, the day before, or of the cruel deception by which he had separated Lady Glyde from her sister, and had sent her uselessly to London, when she was half distracted with anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account. I naturally kept these thoughts to myself, and said nothing more to irritate him; but I was not the less resolved to persist in my purpose. A soft answer turneth away wrath; and I suppressed my own feelings, accordingly, when it was my turn to reply.

"While I am in your service, Sir Percival," I said, "I hope I know my duty well enough not to inquire into your motives. When I am out of your service, I hope I know my own place well enough not to speak of matters which don't concern me——"

"When do you want to go?" he asked, interrupting me without ceremony. "Don't suppose I am anxious to keep you—don't suppose I care about your leaving the house. I am perfectly fair and open in this matter, from first to last. When do you want to go?"

"I should wish to leave at your earliest convenience, Sir Percival."

"My convenience has nothing to do with it. I shall be out of the house, for good and all, to-morrow morning; and I can settle your accounts to-night. If you want to study anybody's convenience, it had better be Miss Halcombe's. Mrs. Rubelle's time is up to-day; and she has reasons for wishing to be in London to-night. If you go at once, Miss Halcombe won't have a soul left here to look after her."

I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I was quite incapable of deserting Miss Halcombe in such an emergency as had now befallen Lady Glyde and herself. After first distinctly ascertaining from Sir Percival that Mrs. Rubelle was certain to leave at once if I took her place, and after also obtaining permission to arrange for Mr. Dawson's resuming his attendance on his patient, I willingly consented to remain at Blackwater Park, until Miss Halcombe no longer required my services. It was settled that I should give Sir Percival's solicitor a week's notice before I left; and that he was to undertake the necessary arrangements for appointing my successor. The matter was discussed in very few words. At its conclusion, Sir Percival abruptly turned on his heel, and left me free to join Mrs. Rubelle. That singular foreign person had been sitting composedly on the door-step, all this time, waiting till I could follow her to Miss Halcombe's room.

I had hardly walked half way towards the house, when Sir Percival, who had withdrawn in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped, and called me back.

"Why are you leaving my service?" he asked.

The question was so extraordinary, after what had just passed between us, that I hardly knew what to say in answer to it.

"Mind! *I* don't know why you are going," he went on. "You must give a reason for leaving me, I suppose, when you get another situation. What reason? The breaking-up of the family? Is that it?"

"There can be no positive objection, Sir Percival, to that reason——"

"Very well! That's all I want to know. If people apply for your character, that's your reason, stated by yourself. You go in consequence of the breaking-up of the family."

He turned away again, before I could say another word, and walked out rapidly into the grounds. His manner was as strange as his language. I acknowledge he alarmed me.

Even the patience of Mrs. Rubelle was getting exhausted, when I joined her at the house door.

"At last!" she said, with a shrug of her lean foreign shoulders. She led the way into the inhabited side of the house, ascended the stairs, and opened with her key the door at the end of the passage, which communicated with the old Elizabethan rooms—a door never previously used, in my time, at Blackwater Park. The rooms themselves I knew well, having entered them myself, on various occasions, from the other side of the house. Mrs. Rubelle stopped at the third door along the old gallery, handed me the key of it, with the key of the door of communication, and told me I should find Miss Halcombe in that room. Before I went in, I thought it desirable to make her understand that her attendance had ceased. Accordingly, I told her in plain words that the charge of the sick lady henceforth devolved entirely on myself.

"I am glad to hear it, ma'am," said Mrs. Rubelle. "I want to go very much."

"Do you leave to-day?" I asked, to make sure of her.

"Now, that you have taken the charge, ma'am, I leave in half an hour's time. Sir Percival has kindly placed at my disposition the gardener, and the chaise, whenever I want them. I shall want them in half an hour's time, to go to the station. I am packed up, in anticipation, already. I wish you good day, ma'am."

She dropped a brisk curtsey, and walked back along the gallery, humming a little tune, and

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keeping time to it cheerfully, with the nosegay in her hand. I am sincerely thankful to say, that was the last I saw of Mrs. Rubelle.

When I went into the room, Miss Halcombe was asleep. I looked at her anxiously, as she lay in the dismal, high, old-fashioned bed. She was certainly not in any respect altered for the worse, since I had seen her last. She had not been neglected, I am bound to admit, in any way that I could perceive. The room was dreary, and dusty, and dark; but the window (looking on a solitary court-yard at the back of the house) was opened to let in the fresh air, and all that could be done to make the place comfortable had been done. The whole cruelty of Sir Percival's deception had fallen on poor Lady Glyde. The only ill-usage which either he or Mrs. Rubelle had inflicted on Miss Halcombe, consisted, so far as I could see, in the first offence of hiding her away.

I stole back, leaving the sick lady still peacefully asleep, to give the gardener instructions about bringing the doctor. I begged the man, after he had taken Mrs. Rubelle to the station, to drive round by Mr. Dawson's, and leave a message, in my name, asking him to call and see me. I knew he would come on my account, and I knew he would remain when he found Count Fosco had left the house.

In due course of time, the gardener returned, and said that he had driven round by Mr. Dawson's residence, after leaving Mrs. Rubelle at the station. The doctor sent me word that he was poorly in health himself, but that he would call, if possible, the next morning.

Having delivered his message, the gardener was about to withdraw, but I stopped him to request that he would come back before dark, and sit up, that night, in one of the empty bedrooms, so as to be within call, in case I wanted him. He understood readily enough my unwillingness to be left alone all night, in the most desolate part of that desolate house, and we arranged that he should come in between eight and nine. He came punctually; and I found cause to be thankful that I had adopted the precaution of calling him in. Before midnight, Sir Percival's strange temper broke out in the most violent and most alarming manner; and if the gardener had not been on the spot to pacify him on the instant, I am afraid to think what might have happened.

Almost all the afternoon and evening, he had been walking about the house and grounds in an unsettled, excitable manner; having, in all probability, as I thought, taken an excessive quantity of wine at his solitary dinner. However that may be, I heard his voice calling loudly and angrily, in the new wing of the house, as I was taking a turn backwards and forwards along the gallery, the last thing at night. The gardener immediately ran down to him; and I closed the door of communication, to keep the alarm, if possible, from reaching Miss Halcombe's ears. It was full half an hour before the gardener came back. He declared that his master was quite out of his senses—not through the excitement of drink, as I had supposed, but through a kind of panic or frenzy of mind, for which it was impossible to account. He had found Sir Percival walking backwards and forwards by himself in the hall; swearing, with every appearance of the most violent passion, that he would not stop another minute alone in such a dungeon as his own house, and that he would take the first stage of his journey immediately, in the middle of the night. The gardener, on approaching him, had been hunted out, with oaths and threats, to get the horse and chaise ready instantly. In a quarter of an hour Sir Percival had joined him in the yard, had jumped into the chaise, and, lashing the horse into a gallop, had driven himself away, with his face as pale as ashes in the moonlight. The gardener had heard him shouting and cursing at the lodge-keeper to get up and open the gate—had heard the wheels roll furiously on again, in the still night, when the gate was unlocked—and knew no more.

The next day, or a day or two after, I forget which, the chaise was brought back from Knowlesbury, our nearest town, by the ostler at the old inn. Sir Percival had stopped there, and had afterwards left by the train—for what destination the man could not tell. I never received any further information, either from himself, or from any one else, of Sir Percival's proceedings; and I am not even aware, at this moment, whether he is in England or out of it. He and I have not met, since he drove away, like an escaped criminal, from his own house; and it is my fervent hope and prayer that we may never meet again.

My own part of this sad family story is now drawing to an end.

I have been informed that the particulars of Miss Halcombe's waking, and of what passed between us when she found me sitting by her bedside, are not material to the purpose which is to be answered by the present narrative. It will be sufficient for me to say, in this place, that she was not herself conscious of the means adopted to remove her from the inhabited to the uninhabited part of the house. She was in a deep sleep at the time, whether naturally or artificially produced she could not say. In my absence at Torquay, and in the absence of all the resident servants, except Margaret Porcher (who was perpetually eating, drinking, or sleeping when she was not at work), the secret transfer of Miss Halcombe from one part of the house to the other was no doubt easily performed. Mrs. Rubelle (as I discovered for myself, in looking about the room) had provisions, and all other necessaries, together with the means of heating water, broth, and so on, without kindling a fire, placed at her disposal during the few days of her imprisonment with the sick lady. She had declined to answer the questions which Miss Halcombe naturally put; but had not, in other respects, treated her with unkindness or neglect. The

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disgrace of lending herself to a vile deception is the only disgrace with which I can conscientiously charge Mrs. Rubelle.

I need write no particulars (and I am relieved to know it) of the effect produced on Miss Halcombe by the news of Lady Glyde's departure, or by the far more melancholy tidings which reached us only too soon afterwards at Blackwater Park. In both cases, I prepared her mind beforehand as gently and as carefully as possible; having the doctor's advice to guide me, in the last case only, through Mr. Dawson's being too unwell to come to the house for some days after I had sent for him. It was a sad time, a time which it afflicts me to think of, or to write of, now. The precious blessings of religious consolation which I endeavoured to convey, were long in reaching Miss Halcombe's heart; but I hope and believe they came home to her at last. I never left her till her strength was restored. The train which took me away from that miserable house was the train which took her away also. We parted very mournfully in London. I remained with a relative at Islington; and she went on to Mr. Fairlie's house in Cumberland.

I have only a few lines more to write, before I close this painful statement. They are dictated by a sense of duty.

In the first place, I wish to record my own personal conviction that no blame whatever, in connexion with the events which I have now related, attaches to Count Fosco. I am informed that a dreadful suspicion has been raised, and that some very serious constructions are placed upon his lordship's conduct. My persuasion of the Count's innocence remains, however, quite unshaken. If he assisted Sir Percival in sending me to Torquay, he assisted under a delusion, for which, as a foreigner and a stranger, he was not to blame. If he was concerned in bringing Mrs. Rubelle to Blackwater Park, it was his misfortune and not his fault, when that foreign person was base enough to assist a deception planned and carried out by the master of the house. I protest, in the interests of morality, against blame being gratuitously and wantonly attached to the proceedings of the Count.

In the second place, I desire to express my regret at my own inability to remember the precise day on which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London. I am told that it is of the last importance to ascertain the extact date of that lamentable journey; and I have anxiously taxed my memory to recal it. The effort has been in vain. I can only remember now that it was towards the latter part of July. We all know the difficulty, after a lapse of time, of fixing precisely on a past date, unless it has been previously written down. That difficulty is greatly increased, in my case, by the alarming and confusing events which took place about the period of Lady Glyde's departure. I heartily wish I had made a memorandum at the time. I heartily wish my memory of the date was as vivid as my memory of that poor lady's face, when it looked at me sorrowfully for the last time from the carriage window.

THE NARRATIVE OF HESTER PINHORN, COOK IN THE SERVICE OF COUNT FOSCO.

[TAKEN DOWN FROM HER OWN STATEMENT.]

I AM sorry to say that I have never learnt to read or write. I have been a hard-working woman all my life, and have kept a good character. I know that it is a sin and wickedness to say the thing which is not; and I will truly beware of doing so on this occasion. All that I know, I will tell; and I humbly beg the gentleman who takes this down to put my language right as he goes on, and to make allowances for my being no scholar.

In this last summer, I happened to be out of place (through no fault of my own); and I heard of a situation, as plain cook, at Number Five, Forest-road, St. John's Wood. I took the place, on trial. My master's name was Fosco. My mistress was an English lady. He was Count and she was Countess. They had a girl to do housemaid's work, when I got there. She was not over clean or tidy—but there was no harm in her. I and she were the only servants in the house.

I had not been very long in my new place, when the housemaid came down stairs, and said company was expected from the country. The company was my mistress's niece, and the back bedroom on the first floor was got ready for her. My mistress mentioned to me that Lady Glyde (that was her name) was in poor health, and that I must be particular in my cooking accordingly. She was to come the next day; or it might be the day after, or it might be even longer than that. I am sorry to say it's no use asking me about days of the month, and suchlike. Except Sundays, half my time I take no heed of them; being a hard-working woman and no scholar. All I know is, it certainly was not long before Lady Glyde came; and, when she did come, a fine fright she gave us all, surely. I don't know how master brought her to the house, being at work at the time. But he did bring her, in the afternoon, I think; and the housemaid opened the door to them, and showed them into the parlour. Before she had been long down in the kitchen again with me, we heard a hurry-skurry, up-stairs, and the bell ringing like mad, and my mistress's voice calling out for help.

We both ran up; and there we saw the lady laid on the sofa, with her face ghastly white, and her hands fast clenched, and her head drawn down to one side. She had been taken with a sudden fright, my mistress said; and master he told us she was in a fit of convulsions. I ran out, knowing the neighbourhood a little better than the rest of them, to fetch the nearest doctor's help. The nearest help was at Goodricke's and Garth's, who worked together as partners, and had a good name and connexion, as I have heard, all round St. John's Wood.

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Mr. Goodricke was in; and he came back with me directly.

It was some time before he could make himself of much use. The poor unfortunate lady fell out of one fit into another—and went on so, till she was quite wearied out, and as helpless as a new-born babe. We then got her to bed. Mr. Goodricke went away to his house for medicine, and came back again in a quarter of an hour or less. Besides the medicine he brought a bit of hollow mahogany wood with him, shaped like a kind of trumpet; and, after waiting a little while, he put one end over the lady's heart and the other to his ear, and listened carefully. When he had done, he says to my mistress, who was in the room, "This is a very serious case," he says; "I recommend you to write to Lady Glyde's friends directly." My mistress, says to him, "Is it heart-disease?" And he says "Yes; heart-disease of a most dangerous kind." He told her exactly what he thought was the matter, which I was not clever enough to understand. But I know this, he ended by saying that he was afraid neither his help nor any other doctor's help was likely to be of much service.

My mistress took this ill news more quietly than my master. He was a big, fat, odd sort of elderly man, who kept birds and white mice, and spoke to them as if they were so many Christian children. He seemed terribly cut up by what had happened. "Ah! poor Lady Glyde! poor dear Lady Glyde!" he says—and went stalking about, wringing his fat hands more like a play-actor than a gentleman. For one question my mistress asked the doctor about the lady's chances of getting round, he asked a good fifty at least. I declare he quite tormented us all—and, when he was quiet at last, out he went into the bit of back garden, picking trumpery little nosegays, and asking me to take them up-stairs and make the sick-room look pretty with them. As if *that* did any good! I think he must have been, at times, a little soft in his head. But he was not a bad master: he had a monstrous civil tongue of his own; and a jolly, easy, coaxing way with him. I liked him a deal better than my mistress. She was a hard one, if ever there was a hard one yet.

Towards night-time, the lady roused up a little. She had been so wearied out, before that, by the convulsions, that she never stirred hand or foot, or spoke a word to anybody. She moved in the bed now; and stared about her at the room and us in it. She must have been a nice-looking lady, when well, with light hair, and blue eyes, and all that. Her rest was troubled at night—at least so I heard from my mistress, who sat up alone with her. I only went in once before going to bed, to see if I could be of any use; and then she was talking to herself, in a confused, rambling manner. She seemed to want sadly to speak to somebody, who was absent from her somewhere. I couldn't catch the name, the first time; and the second time master knocked at the door, with his regular mouthful of questions, and another of his trumpery nosegays. When I went in, early the next morning, the lady was clean worn out again, and lay in a kind of faint sleep. Mr. Goodricke brought his partner, Mr. Garth, with him to advise. They said she must not be disturbed out of her rest, on any account. They asked my mistress a many questions, at the other end of the room, about what the lady's health had been in past times, and who had attended her, and whether she had ever suffered much and long together under distress of mind. I remember my mistress said "Yes," to that last question. And Mr. Goodricke looked at Mr. Garth, and shook his head; and Mr. Garth looked at Mr. Goodricke, and shook his head. They seemed to think that the distress might have something to do with the mischief at the lady's heart. She was but a frail thing to look at, poor creature! Very little strength, at any time, I should say—very little strength.

Later on the same morning, when she woke, the lady took a sudden turn, and got seemingly a great deal better. I was not let in again to see her, no more was the housemaid, for the reason that she was not to be disturbed by strangers. What I heard of her being better was through my master. He was in wonderful good spirits about the change, and looked in at the kitchen window from the garden, with his great big curly-brimmed white hat on, to go out. "Good Mrs. Cook," says he, "Lady Glyde is better. My mind is more easy than it was; and I am going out to stretch my big legs with a sunny little summer walk. Shall I order for you, shall I market for you, Mrs. Cook? What are you making there? A nice tart for dinner? Much crust, if you please—much crisp crust, my dear, that melts and crumbles delicious in the mouth." That was his way. He was past sixty, and fond of pastry. Just think of that!

The doctor came again in the forenoon, and saw for himself that Lady Glyde had woke up better. He forbid us to talk to her, or to let her talk to us, in case she was that way disposed; saying she must be kept quiet before all things, and encouraged to sleep as much as possible. She did not seem to want to talk whenever I saw her—except overnight, when I couldn't make out what she was saying—she seemed too much worn down. Mr. Goodricke was not nearly in such good spirits about her as master. He said nothing when he came down stairs, except that he would call again at five o'clock. About that time (which was before master came home again), the bell rang hard from the bedroom, and my mistress ran out into the landing, and called to me to go for Mr. Goodricke, and tell him the lady had fainted. I got on my bonnet and shawl, when, as good luck would have it, the doctor himself came to the house for his promised visit.

I let him in, and went up-stairs along with him. "Lady Glyde was just as usual," says my mistress to him at the door; "she was awake, and looking about her, in a strange, forlorn manner, when I heard her give a sort of half cry, and she fainted in a moment." The doctor went up to the bed, and stooped down

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over the sick lady. He looked very serious, all on a sudden, at the sight of her; and put his hand on her heart.

My mistress stared hard in Mr. Goodricke's face. "Not dead!" says she, whispering, and turning all of a tremble from head to foot.

"Yes," says the doctor, very quiet and grave. "Dead. I was afraid it would happen suddenly, when I examined her heart yesterday." My mistress stepped back from the bedside, while he was speaking, and trembled and trembled again. "Dead!" she whispers to herself; "dead so suddenly! dead so soon! What will the Count say?" Mr. Goodricke advised her to go down stairs, and quiet herself a little. "You have been sitting up all night," says he; "and your nerves are shaken. This person," says he, meaning me, "this person will stay in the room, till I can send for the necessary assistance." My mistress did as he told her. "I must prepare the Count," she says. "I must carefully prepare the Count." And so she left us, shaking from head to foot, and went out.

"Your master is a foreigner," says Mr. Goodricke, when my mistress had left us. "Does he understand about registering the death?" "I can't rightly tell, sir," says I; "but I should think not." The doctor considered a minute; and then, says he, "I don't usually do such things," says he, "but it may save the family trouble in this case, if I register the death myself. I shall pass the district office in half an hour's time; and I can easily look in. Mention, if you please, that I will do so." "Yes, sir," says I, "with thanks, I'm sure, for your kindness in thinking of it." "You don't mind staying here, till I can send you the proper person?" says he. "No, sir," says I; "I'll stay with the poor lady, till then. I suppose nothing more could be done, sir, than was done?" says I. "No," says he; "nothing; she must have suffered sadly before ever I saw her: the case was hopeless when I was called in." "Ah, dear me! we all come to it, sooner or later, don't we, sir?" says I. He gave no answer to that; he didn't seem to care about talking. He said, "Good day," and went out.

I stopped by the bedside from that time, till the time when Mr. Goodricke sent the person in, as he had promised. She was, by name, Jane Gould. I considered her to be a respectable-looking woman. She made no remark, except to say that she understood what was wanted of her, and that she had winded a many of them in her time.

How master bore the news, when he first heard it, is more than I can tell; not having been present. When I did see him, he looked awfully overcome by it, to be sure. He sat quiet in a corner, with his fat hands hanging over his thick knees, and his head down, and his eyes looking at nothing. He seemed not so much sorry, as scared and dazed like, by what had happened. My mistress managed all that was to be done about the funeral. It must have cost a sight of money: the coffin, in particular, being most beautiful. The dead lady's husband was away, as we heard, in foreign parts. But my mistress (being her aunt) settled it with her friends in the country (Cumberland, I think) that she should be buried there, in the same grave along with her mother. Everything was done handsomely, in respect of the funeral, I say again; and master went down to attend the burying in the country himself. He looked grand in his deep mourning, with his big solemn face, and his slow walk, and his broad hatband—that he did!

In conclusion, I have to say, in answer to questions put to me,

(1) That neither I nor my fellow-servant ever saw my master give Lady Glyde any medicine himself.

(2) That he was never, to my knowledge and belief, left alone in the room with Lady Glyde.

(3) That I am not able to say what caused the sudden fright, which my mistress informed me had seized the lady on her first coming into the house. The cause was never explained, either to me or to my fellow-servant.

The above statement has been read over in my presence. I have nothing to add to it, or to take away from it. I say, on my oath as a Christian woman, This is the truth.

(Signed) Hester Pinhorn, Her + Mark.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE DOCTOR.

"To The Registrar of the Sub-District in which the under-mentioned Death took place.—I hereby certify that I attended *Lady Glyde,* aged *Twenty-one* last Birthday; that I last saw her, on *the* 28*th July,* 1850; that she died *on the same day at No.* 5, *Forest-road, St. John's Wood;* and that the cause of her death was

CAUSE OF DEATH.	DURATION OF DISEASE.
Aneurism.	*Not known.*

Signed,
Alfred Goodricke.

Prof'. Title. *M.R.C.S. Eng. L.S.A.*

Address. 12, *Croydon Gardens, St. John's Wood.*

THE NARRATIVE OF JANE GOULD.

I was the person sent in by Mr. Goodricke, to do what was right and needful by the remains of a lady, who had died at the house named in the certificate which precedes this. I found the body in charge of the servant, Hester Pinhorn. I remained with it, and prepared it, at the proper time, for the grave. It was laid in the coffin, in my presence; and I afterwards saw the coffin screwed down, previous to its removal. When that had been done, and not before, I received what was due to me, and left the house. I refer persons who may wish to investigate my cha-

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racter to Mr. Goodricke. He has known me for more than six years; and he will bear witness that I can be trusted to tell the truth.

(Signed) *Jane Gould.*

THE NARRATIVE OF THE TOMBSTONE.

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE,
WIFE OF SIR PERCIVAL GLYDE, BART.,
OF BLACKWATER PARK, HAMPSHIRE;
AND
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PHILIP FAIRLIE, ESQ.,
OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, IN THIS PARISH.
BORN, MARCH 27TH, 1829.
MARRIED, DECEMBER 23RD, 1849
DIED, JULY 28TH, 1850.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER HARTRIGHT, RESUMED.

I.

Early in the summer of 1850, I, and my surviving companions, left the wilds and forests of Central America for home. Arrived at the coast, we took ship there for England. The vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico; I was among the few saved from the sea. It was my third escape from peril of death. Death by disease, death by the Indians, death by drowning—all three had approached me; all three had passed me by.

The survivors of the wreck were rescued by an American vessel, bound for Liverpool. The ship reached her port on the thirteenth day of October, 1850. We landed late in the afternoon; and I arrived in London the same night.

These pages are not the record of my wanderings and my dangers away from home. The motives which led me from my country and my friends to a new world of adventure and peril are known. From that self-imposed exile I came back, as I had hoped, prayed, believed I should come back—a changed man. In the waters of a new life I had tempered my nature afresh. In the stern school of extremity and danger my will had learnt to be strong, my heart to be resolute, my mind to rely on itself. I had gone out to fly from my own future. I came back to face it, as a man should.

To face it with that inevitable suppression of myself which I knew it would demand from me. I had parted with the worst bitterness of the past, but not with my heart's remembrance of the sorrow and the tenderness of that memorable time. I had not ceased to feel the one irreparable disappointment of my life—I had only learnt to bear it. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship bore me away, and I looked my last at England. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship brought me back, and the morning light showed the friendly shore in view.

My pen traces the old letters as my heart goes back to the old love. I write of her as Laura Fairlie still. It is hard to think of her, it is hard to speak of her, by her husband's name.

There are no more words of explanation to add, on my appearing for the second time in these pages. This final narrative, if I have the strength and the courage to write it, may now go on.

My first anxieties and first hopes, when the morning came, centred in my mother and my sister. I felt the necessity of preparing them for the joy and surprise of my return, after an absence, during which it had been impossible for them to receive any tidings of me for months past. Early in the morning, I sent a letter to the Hampstead Cottage; and followed it myself, in an hour's time.

When the first meeting was over, when our quiet and composure of other days began gradually to return to us, I saw something in my mother's face which told me that a secret oppression lay heavy on her heart. There was more than love—there was sorrow in the anxious eyes that looked on me so tenderly; there was pity in the kind hand that slowly and fondly strengthened its hold on mine. We had no concealments from each other. She knew how the hope of my life had been wrecked—she knew why I had left her. It was on my lips to ask as composedly as I could, if any letter had come for me from Miss Halcombe—if there was any news of her sister that I might hear. But, when I looked in my mother's face, I lost courage to put the question even in that guarded form. I could only say, doubtfully and restrainedly,

"You have something to tell me."

My sister, who had been sitting opposite to us, rose suddenly, without a word of explanation—rose, and left the room.

My mother moved closer to me on the sofa, and put her arms round my neck. Those fond arms trembled; the tears flowed fast over the faithful, loving face.

"Walter!" she whispered—"my own darling! my heart is heavy for you. Oh, my son! my son! try to remember that I am still left!"

My head sank on her bosom. She had said all, in saying those words.

II.

It was the morning of the third day since my return—the morning of the sixteenth of October.

I had remained with them at the Cottage; I had tried hard not to embitter the happiness of my return, to *them*, as it was embittered to *me*. I had done all man could to rise after the shock, and accept my life resignedly—to let my great sorrow come in tenderness to my heart, and not in despair. It was useless and hopeless. No tears soothed my aching eyes; no relief came to me from my sister's sympathy or my mother's love.

On that third morning, I opened my heart to them. At last the words passed my lips which

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I had longed to speak on the day when my mother told me of her death.

"Let me go away alone, for a little while," I said. "I shall bear it better when I have looked once more at the place where I first saw her—when I have knelt and prayed by the grave where they have laid her to rest."

I departed on my journey—my journey to the grave of Laura Fairlie.

It was a quiet autumn afternoon, when I stopped at the solitary station, and set forth alone, on foot, by the well-remembered road. The waning sun was shining faintly through thin white clouds; the air was warm and still; the peacefulness of the lonely country was overshadowed and saddened by the influence of the falling year.

I reached the moor; I stood again on the brow of the hill; I looked on, along the path—and there were the familiar garden trees in the distance, the clear sweeping semicircle of the drive, the high white walls of Limmeridge House. The chances and changes, the wanderings and dangers of months and months past, all shrank and shrivelled to nothing in my mind. It was like yesterday, since my feet had last trodden the fragrant heathy ground! I thought I should see her coming to meet me, with her little straw hat shading her face, her simple dress fluttering in the air, and her well-filled sketch-book ready in her hand.

Oh, Death, thou hast thy sting! oh, Grave, thou hast thy victory!

I turned aside; and there below me, in the glen, was the lonesome grey church; the porch where I had waited for the coming of the woman in white; the hills encircling the quiet burial-ground; the brook bubbling cold over its stony bed. There was the marble cross, fair and white, at the head of the tomb—the tomb that now rose over mother and daughter alike.

I approached the grave. I crossed once more the low stone stile, and bared my head as I touched the sacred ground. Sacred to gentleness and goodness; sacred to reverence and grief.

I stopped before the pedestal from which the cross rose. On one side of it, on the side nearest to me, the newly-cut inscription met my eyes—the hard, clear, cruel black letters which told the story of her life and death. I tried to read them. I did read, as far as the name. "Sacred to the Memory of Laura——" The kind blue eyes dim with tears; the fair head drooping wearily; the innocent, parting words which implored me to leave her—oh, for a happier last memory of her than this; the memory I took away with me, the memory I bring back with me to her grave!

A second time, I tried to read the inscription. I saw, at the end, the date of her death; and, above it——

Above it, there were lines on the marble, there was a name among them, which disturbed my thoughts of her. I went round to the other side of the grave, where there was nothing to read—nothing of earthly vileness to force its way between her spirit and mine.

I knelt down by the tomb. I laid my hands, I laid my head, on the broad white stone, and closed my weary eyes on the earth around, on the light above. I let her come back to me. Oh, my love! my love! my heart may speak to you *now!* It is yesterday again, since we parted—yesterday, since your dear hand lay in mine—yesterday, since my eyes looked their last on you. My love! my love!

* * * * *

Time had flowed on; and Silence had fallen, like thick night, over its course.

The first sound that came, after the heavenly peace, rustled faintly, like a passing breath of air, over the grass of the burial-ground. I heard it nearing me slowly, until it came changed to my ear—came like footsteps moving onward—then stopped.

I looked up.

The sunset was near at hand. The clouds had parted; the slanting light fell mellow over the hills. The last of the day was cold and clear and still in the quiet valley of the dead.

Beyond me, in the burial-ground, standing together in the cold clearness of the lower light, I saw two women. They were looking towards the tomb; looking towards *me*.

Two.

They came a little on; and stopped again. Their veils were down, and hid their faces from me. When they stopped, one of them raised her veil. In the still evening light, I saw the face of Marian Halcombe.

Changed, changed as if years had passed over it! The eyes large and wild, and looking at me with a strange terror in them. The face worn and wasted piteously. Pain and fear and grief written on her as with a brand.

I took one step towards her from the grave. She never moved—she never spoke. The veiled woman with her cried out faintly. I stopped. The springs of my life fell low; and the shuddering of an unutterable dread crept over me from head to foot.

The woman with the veiled face moved away from her companion, and came towards me slowly. Left by herself, standing by herself, Marian Halcombe spoke. It was the voice that I remembered—the voice not changed, like the frightened eyes and the wasted face.

"My dream! my dream!" I heard her say these words softly, in the awful silence. She sank on her knees, and raised her clasped hands to the heaven. "Father! strengthen him. Father! help him, in his hour of need."

The woman came on; slowly and silently came on. I looked at her—at her, and at none other, from that moment.

The voice that was praying for me, faltered and sank low—then rose on a sudden, and called affrightedly, called despairingly to me to come away.

But the veiled woman had possession of me, body and soul. She stopped on one side of the grave. We stood face to face, with the tombstone between us. She was close to the inscrip-

tion on the side of the pedestal. Her gown touched the black letters.

The voice came nearer, and rose and rose more passionately still. "Hide your face! don't look at her! Oh, for God's sake, spare him!——"

The woman lifted her veil.

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE,——

Laura, Lady Glyde, was standing by the inscription, and was looking at me over the grave.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

ORCHARD HOUSES.

Two separate advantages are found to be derived by the public from a reduction in the price, by diminished taxation, of any commodity in general use; namely, the expected advantage and the unexpected advantage. When sugar suddenly dropped in price, some years ago, few could have guessed that its immediate effect would be the saving of a host of small market-gardeners from very embarrassed circumstances—many from ruin. Yet the steps of the process were simple. Those gardeners had in cultivation an immense quantity of perishable strawberries, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, which (unlike the prunes, the figs, and the raisins of the South) do not attain of themselves sufficient sweetness to preserve them. With high-priced sugar, their conversion into preserves was a losing speculation; therefore, what was not consumed immediately, was left to rot upon the bushes. Even what was consumed, sold badly. But, with cheap sugar, the same despised fruits were at once bought up eagerly and made into jams and jellies, not only for home consumption, but for exportation, to be paid for in hard cash, or by goods sent in return. The gardeners paid their rents, cleared off their mortgages, and bought their families the new Sunday clothes, of which they had long been standing in need.

Another illustrative instance of the good effects of a liberal system appears to be manifesting itself to the inhabitants of the British Islands. No one can tell, even yet, what convenient and agreeable results may be the consequence of cheap glass. Crystal palaces are things to admire and wonder at; but photographic galleries, covered courts, glazed passages, increased sunlight in offices and counting-houses, and inexpensive greenhouses and aquaria, are all things of daily comfort and entertainment. To these, Mr. Thomas Rivers, of rose celebrity, has added a set of useful and efficient constructions, to which he has given the modest title of ORCHARD HOUSES.

When cheap glass was offered to the gardening world, gardeners were far from anticipating that cheap glass would ever knock down garden-walls. It is not on Mr. Rivers's sole authority that we state it is likely to do so; because that gentleman, far-seeing horticulturist as he is, might be suspected of prejudice in favour of his own hobby. An authority less liable to suspicion, Dr. Lindley, foresees that Orchard Houses will serve both to give trees a better climate by shelter, and to increase their fruitfulness by maintaining an equipoise of growth. No wall, under any conceivable circumstances, can secure so good a climate as a well-managed glass-house; for, in such a structure we not only gain heat and repel cold, but expose our plants incessantly to those rapid currents of fresh air which are denied to a wall, although they are the greatest cause of colour and flavour. The learned professor further predicts that the Orchard House System will be the means of simplifying and facilitating the business of PRUNING and TRAINING fruit-trees, relieving gardeners of this troublesome and difficult work, which consumes no end of labour, half kills men in winter by cold, and, in summer, by baking them against hot walls, and is constantly attended by disappointment instead of being rewarded with success.

What is the use of garden-walls? "To keep out thieves," answers some unreflecting reader. Certainly, it must be allowed that walls do, to some extent, help to exclude pilferers from a tempting spot; but, in hundreds of gardens, walls have been built solely for the purpose of having fruit-trees nailed against them. Invent a better mode of growing fruit-trees in the British climate, and British garden-walls are sapped and mined, ready to totter at the first high wind. Mr. Rivers and his little book are the Joshua and the trumpet at whose blast and shoutings the brick and mortar fortifications of the horticultural Jericho must eventually crumble into dust.

Walls have hitherto had it all their own way, for want of competition; nothing better has appeared to rival them. Not to speak of their expensiveness, a great check to the enterprising gardener is the limited extent to which his wall space can possibly be increased. It is of no use making walls above a certain height; because wall-trees only grow to a certain height. An acre of garden, surrounded by a wall, will only give a fixed extent of wall with south, east, and western aspect, along its outer boundary. The wall facing the north is of little use, except for currants and Morello cherries. Walls running across the middle of a garden, like the bars of a gridiron, are melancholy and wasteful contrivances: every square foot of sunshine they catch is dearly paid for by an extensive area of cold and shady border. The fruit-trees, unnaturally trained and flattened against them, are diseased and short-lived. Only compare a wall peach or apricot tree, even in our southern counties, with the standard peaches and apricots that grow wild in the vineyards of Burgundy!

Neither do walls completely fulfil the duties that are expected of them. Our finer fruits (natives of climates that differ from and are in some respects finer than our own) have all some trifling peculiarity of constitution which unfits

them for unprotected exposure to our seasons. Even of our native fruits, some of the most delicious varieties have been originated in countries whose summers are more genial than our own; witness the American apples and the French and Jersey pears. To enjoy their crops, it will not do to plant them out in the open fields. We nurse them, by training them to walls. But these peculiarities of constitution, which are the stumbling-blocks to gardeners, are not the same in all species of cultivated fruits; consequently, a wall well adapted to the peculiarities of one species, as the vine is, may be but imperfectly adapted to those of others, as the peach and the apricot are; else, why are those crops such frequent failures? Whilst for others (especially for that delicious fruit, the fresh ripe fig), a wall is worse than useless. It inspires false confidence.

If the apricot could only be persuaded to blossom a month later than it does, we might have open orchards of apricot-trees, as we have of pear and apple trees. Unfortunately, though vegetation may be easily forced and hastened; to keep it back beyond its appointed time, without great injury, is next to impossible. There are varieties of the Mirabelle plum (not first-rate, but both pretty and early, and excellent for the kitchen), which annually bloom profusely in England, while the fruit itself is a positive rarity, as it is not considered to deserve a wall. A fair crop of greengages, away from walls, is realised but three years out of seven, even in the south of England; two years out of seven in the midland counties; seldom or never in Yorkshire. *On* walls, it is anything but a certainty. The interval between Easter and Whitsuntide is a bitter trial to the fructification of stone-fruits. It is the period called la lune rousse, the red moon, dreaded by French gardeners and vine-growers. Cobbett, observing its coincidence with the time of flowering of the sloe, happily styled it "the blackthorn winter." It often persecutes the trees with hail, sleet, snow, and severe morning frosts: against which latter a wall affords no protection in spring, although it helps the ripening of the wood in autumn.

With fig-trees, on the other hand, it is winter frosts that do the mischief, in consequence of their peculiar growth and mode of bearing. On the shores of the Mediterranean, and in all warm climates where the winter is as good as frostless, the fig-tree bears TWO good crops of fruit, one in June and another in September. Were our summers warmer than they are, our winters remaining the same, the fig-tree would still be unable to bear ONE crop with us: because the first crop grows on the tender midsummer and autumnal shoots of the previous year, which are destroyed by our ordinary winters, and the second crop on the spring shoots of the current year, which our summers are too short to ripen, and which constitute the numerous little figs which we see pinched and blackened by the autumnal frosts in almost every English garden. Of what use is a wall alone for the protection of either set of shoots? Fig-trees with us, on walls, *may* bear, perhaps, if their branches are detached in October, tied together in bundles, and thickly swathed with straw and hay-bands till the return of spring. At Argenteuil, a village which largely supplies the Paris markets, the branches of the trees are bent to the ground, and covered with litter, and even buried in earth, to save them from being frozen. In the kitchen-garden of the castle at Altenburg, Mr. Rivers observed some fine half-standard fig-trees with very stout, clear stems and round heads full of fruit, then (August) nearly full grown. Aware of the coldness of the climate, the thermometer often descending many degrees below zero in winter, so as to kill fig-trees in the open air, he inquired of the gardener how they were managed. They were taken up with their balls of earth and placed in a cellar, where they remained till the first week in May; they were then brought into the kitchen-garden and planted in a row. He said they always ripened one abundant crop of fruit in September. Mr. Rivers has reason to believe that standard figs, treated in this way, would also ripen one crop in the neighbourhood of London, so that every suburban garden might boast of its fig-tree in summer. In the eastern and southern counties they may be cultivated after this manner with a certainty of success.

An Orchard House will give to the vine its requisite warmer and drier summer; to the peach, the nectarine, the apricot, the almond, and the plum, a certain shelter from inclement springs, while it ripens the wood for next year's bearing. And, although fig-trees against walls require protection from the frost—which would otherwise destroy the young fruit—yet under glass, with the mould perfectly dry, and the shoots thoroughly ripened, they will be uninjured by the most severe cold, and will give one crop without help from fire-heat. A house with fire-heat is necessary, if two crops in the season are insisted on; but, in 1857, figs in common Orchard Houses ripened two crops of fruit in several instances.

But an Orchard House warmed by fire is not what interests us at present; for it is little else than the greenhouse or the hothouse with which we have been acquainted ever since John Evelyn's time. The real Orchard House of Rivers is a rough, inexpensive glass shed, which can be made up of old window-sashes and boards, if you have no better materials at command; it need not be particularly air-tight, for free ventilation is one of its absolute conditions. Mr. Rivers gives several forms, with their most eligible dimensions, and their cost, from the homely Lean-to to the Large Span-roofed, with two walks in it, between rows of fruit-trees. The Lean-to house, being effectual, is much better than no glass roofed house at all; but even economical persons will make a sacrifice to have the Small Span-roofed, for the sake of its more complete appearance, its pleasantness as a promenade, and its freer admission of light and air. Although it will be wise to follow Mr. Rivers's proportions as to breadth

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and height: the length of an Orchard House may depend on the owner's means and space.

The fruit-trees in Orchard Houses are grown in pots, with a slight exception to be mentioned. A fondness for figs first induced Mr. Rivers to attempt the pot-culture of fruit. It proved successful; and he further reasoned, if figs in pots can be made to bear a crop of fruit by giving them extra nourishment during the summer, why should not peaches, nectarines, apricots, vines, plums, cherries, and pears, be managed in the same way?

Suppose your Small Span-roofed house put together by the village carpenter—or by yourself and your gardening-man, if you are handy with your tools—how to stock it with fruit-trees, or "subjects," as the French say? For long-pursed people, the task is easy; their spring-cart will go and fetch as many as they please. The nurseries offer apricots, nectarines, and peaches in pots, at from five shillings to seven-and-sixpence each; extra-large specimens, one guinea; pears, apples, plums, and cherries, at prices ranging from half-a-crown to five shillings each. See the advertisements in the Gardeners' Chronicle. But the short-pursed amateur need not despair. He will have to wait a twelvemonth without tasting fruit of his own growing; but, meanwhile, he will enjoy, with Mr. Rivers's instructions, the delightful amusement of training his own trees.

Maiden trees may be bought at the nurseries at from eighteenpence to half-a-crown each. Peach-trees, with patience, may be obtained yet more economically—from the kernel. A seedling peach-tree, raised from the stone of a good sort, such as the Red Magdalen or the Grosse Mignonne, will generally produce an excellent fruit *without being budded.* Therefore, instead of throwing away the stones of peaches that have been eaten at dessert, you will do well to plant them in the ground, to make trees for future Orchard Houses, whether you intend to bud them or not. If more than you want, they can be given away; and a trained pyramidal peach-tree is a present that is likely to become more and more acceptable. For peach-trees, the budding process is performed, first to insure a particular variety of peach; and secondly, to bring the tree sooner into a bearing state. But the pot-culture and the pinching, greatly tend to effect the latter object. If, perchance, the seedling fruit turn out of indifferent quality, the tree may still be budded, or "worked," as it is called, with an approved sort. But seedling peaches should not be condemned too hastily; the quality, even from old-established trees, varies from year to year, according to the season and the culture. Fruit not properly thinned out, is almost sure to be inferior; and very few amateur gardeners have sufficient self-denial to thin their peaches with due severity.

Fruit-trees in pots are grown either as round-headed bushes or as upright pyramids. You will select the pyramidal or cylindrical shape, as more symmetrical, and allowing you to have more trees in a given space. Mr. Rivers gives a woodcut of a maiden peach-tree in a pot, pruned to form a close pyramid. You must be a very clumsy pupil if you cannot do this potting and preliminary pruning yourself. Your tree will be from four to five feet high; if more, you will cut off its top to that height. Each lateral shoot should be cut into two buds; these, and the buds in the stem, will, in May, give numerous shoots. As soon as they have made three leaves, pinch off the third leaf with the end of the shoot, leaving two leaves. The pinched shoots will soon put forth a fresh crop: every shoot of this, and of all succeeding crops, must be pinched off to one leaf, as soon as two or three leaves are formed. Sometimes there is a small leaf at the base of the shoot, which is blind, that is, it has no bud in its axil: this must not count for one. If it be desirable to increase the height of the tree, the leading shoot at each pinching may be left with five or six leaves.

This incessant summer pinching of the shoots of a potted tree, in the climate of the Orchard House, and even in a warm situation out of doors, will in one season form a compact, cypress-like tree, crowded with short fruit-spurs. In spring, these, if too crowded, may be thinned out (not shortened) with a sharp penknife, so as to leave them as nearly as possible at regular distances. In summer, the fruit should be thinned, and the shoots pinched in, as directed above, every season. A close fruitful pyramid will thus be formed, on which the fruit will be fully exposed to the sun and air. Pyramidal peach and nectarine trees may be planted in the borders of Orchard Houses with excellent results. They will require the same incessant pinching as potted trees, and must be lifted and replanted annually in October. There can be no escape from this; for if pyramidal peach or nectarine trees are suffered to grow two years in the borders of the Orchard House without being lifted, no pinching or pruning will restrain their excessive vigour.

Although, at the date of this publication, it is too late to plant trees in pots, it is not too late to commence the training of trees now growing in the open ground. These may be potted in October, with a prospect of fruit from them the following season. Little anxiety need be felt by the beginner; for, when a peach-tree has been in a pot in an Orchard House for two years it *will* bear, prune it how you will. Nothing is required but to make the tree symmetrical, well furnished with shoots from the base upward, and to prevent its bearing too bountifully.

If Mr. Rivers have one special pet more than another, it is the apricot-tree as a pyramid, which most charming mode of growing apricots in pots will in a short time, he says, be the *only* method followed. The tree must be formed into a cylinder by pinching; and it is needless to say how beautiful such trees are when studded with their golden fruit. Market-gardeners, wedded to their wall-culture, will do well to cover a few acres of ground with cheap Orchard Houses, and to plant in them pyramidal apricot-trees. These may be suffered to grow from seven or eight to nine feet high. If pinched in inces-

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santly, their growth will be so much arrested that they will not require annual lifting, and they will bear abundantly. Covent-garden will then sell cheaply such apricots as have rarely been seen there, and yet yield a fortune to the grower.

What most recommends the Orchard House plan to small market-gardeners is not so much the moderate capital it absorbs, nor the small room it occupies, as the certainty of its results. Apricots will come in nearly at the same season as those on walls, for it must be understood that fruits in thoroughly-ventilated Orchard Houses are not much forwarded, unless the season happens to be very sunny. It is not an *early* but a *certain* crop that must be expected. Peaches and apricots, as at present grown on walls, are a lottery, a speculation, a gambling transaction, in which the grower often draws a blank, and loses his stake. It is rouge et noir, depending, not on the colour of a card, but on a degree of the thermometer. If the mercury descend below the mark, and every blossom is blighted, the gardener's rent must be paid all the same, as well as the wages of his pruners and nailers. The very small market-gardener—he who is just raising himself above the condition of a cottager, whom a reverse might throw back on the Union, to join the rest of the county poor—dares not run the risk of growing nectarines and apricots on walls (even if he had the means of building walls), to have a glut of fruit one year, and not a single kernel for two or three years following. And yet that hard-working, steady, frugal class of men are most deserving of encouragement. It is not enough to *tell* them what *may be* done with Orchard Houses; they must be shown what *is* done. In Belgium the government not only maintains a horticultural establishment for the instruction of small gardeners; it helps distant gardeners in their railway expenses to reach it. A few trips to Sawbridgeworth—or mere visits to any neighbouring gentleman's Orchard Houses—for the instruction of small gardeners only, would not be more difficult to arrange, than pleasure-trains were to the Great Exhibition. Amongst these professional visitors, a few of the most enterprising could hardly fail to be inspired with the desire to put together, say a rude sort of sentry-box, with a glass top and two or three glass sides half way down it, the rest of boards, for the reception of from four to half a dozen pyramidal fruit-trees in pots. When the grand wall-fruit gardener had lost his whole crop from some sharp spell of April frost, the prices that his neighbour, the proprietor of the small glass sentry-box, would realise from the fruit of his half-dozen pyramids would, of all arguments, prove the most eloquent.

The good qualities of the plum are not yet half appreciated. Now for those who wish to grow a regular and certain crop of plums without incurring a heavy expense, Mr. Rivers proposes that rough-built Lean-to Orchard Houses should be erected in some out-of-the-way corner of the premises, consisting of larch poles, rough half-inch boards, with two or three sliding shutters for ventilation,—in fact, merely a glass-roof shed, on purpose for protecting plum-trees in pots, while in blossom and setting their fruit. It is surprising with what vigour and beauty plum-trees blossom, even in the rudest glass structure; and, as the trees need not remain in the house longer than the end of the first week in June—for then all danger of severe spring frosts is over—they may be placed so close together that a house, twenty feet by twelve, with a path in its centre, will hold ninety-six trees, forty-eight on each border. As a matter of course, the very late plums must be ripened under glass; but all those varieties that ripen in the open air, before the end of September, may be thus grown to great perfection, and regular annual crops insured, if care be taken to thin the fruit properly. It is quite astonishing how prolific these bushes become in a few years, and, by merely pinching off the ends of exuberant shoots—which should be done about the end of June—to within three or four inches of their bases, they soon form themselves into compact round-headed trees, quite as ornamental as orange-trees in pots and tubs, and far more useful.

The service which Orchard Houses are capable of rendering to small market-gardeners, is a point that deserves to be strongly insisted on. To horticulturists at all raised above the middle class, whether professionally or by their own private means, their utility is as clear as the utility of rain and sunshine. Unfortunately, the cottage gardener has no capital to invest in building or in buying fancy trees; but, fortunately, he can help himself in this matter. A smart, symmetrical show house is not what he wants, but a gardening workshop, a rough outhouse for the manufacture of flowers, leaves, and fruit. At sales of old materials he will meet with boards and glass for a trifle; and if he cannot scrape a few shillings together for the purchase of maiden trees, why then he must bud them himself. It is only a question of time, and in other walks of life people are obliged to exercise patience to attain their ends. The cottager who can make a profit by the careful management of bees is just the sort of person to derive the same benefit from a homely Orchard House; and he is likely to make as much by the sale of trained trees as of fruit, because the demand for such trees must be steadily on the increase, and they cannot be created suddenly at word of command, like so many thousand sovereigns ordered at the Mint. The grand thing, now, is to show the cottager good samples of the article he has to produce. It is a pity that handsome pot trees in full fruit would suffer too much from the shaking of a cart to be sent as models to village horticultural exhibitions. To remedy the difficulty, the possessors of Orchard Houses must invite inspection as much as possible. Perhaps, too, Mr. Rivers will publish a cheaper edition of his useful book.

It will be seen that, as yet, Orchard House culture is only in its infancy. We may predict that it will carry into high northern latitudes, fresh fruits which will not bear carriage, now rarely brought to table there. The

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inhabitants of the Orkney and the Shetland Isles may gratify their palates with unknown savours, and delight their eyes with unwonted forms of vegetation. What would be more ornamental than an apricot-tree in fruit, or a pyramidal peach in blossom, to decorate a dessert in the Hebrides? In the extreme north of Scotland even, forest-trees beg for an Orchard House to shelter them. In Caithness there is, or was, a plantation of ash-trees beside a long low wall. The trees, of several years' growth, were dwarfs, constantly pinched in by the wind. They were exactly as tall as the wall—not an inch higher. They were suddenly stopped, as if by an invisible roof, or as if clipped by shears. The wind was the agent. Put a Lean-to Orchard House against that wall, and, instead of ash-trees, plums and pears would thrive.

THE NORSEMAN.

A SWARTHY strength, with face of light,
As dark sword-iron is beaten bright;
A brave frank look, with health aglow,
Bonny blue eyes and open brow;
A man who will face to his last breath
The sternest facts of life and death;
His friend he welcomes heart-in-hand,
But foot to foot his foe must stand:
This is the daring Norseman.

The wild wave-motion, weird and strange,
Rocks in him: seaward he must range.
His life is just a mighty lust
To wear away with use, not rust.
Though bitter wintry cold the storm,
The fire within him keeps him warm.
Kings quiver at his flag unfurled:
The sea-king's master of the world:
For conquering comes the Norseman.

He hides, at heart of his rough life,
A world of sweetness for the wife;
From his rude breast a babe can press
Soft milk of human tenderness,
Make his eyes water, his heart dance,
And sunrise in his countenance;
In merry mood his ale he quaffs
By firelight, and his blithe heart laughs,
The mild great-hearted Norseman.

But when the battle-trumpet rings,
His soul's a war-horse clad with wings!
He drinks delight in with the breath
Of battle and the dust of death!
The axes redden, spring the sparks,
Blood-radiant grow the grey mail-sarks:
Such blows might batter, as they fell,
Heaven's gates, or burst the booms of hell:
So fights the fearless Norseman.

Valiant and true, as Sagas tell,
The Norsemen hated lies like hell;
Hardy from cradle to the grave,
'Twas their religion to be brave;
Great silent fighting men, whose words
Were few, soon said, and out with swords!
One, saw his heart cut from his side,
Living—and smiled, and smiling, died!
The unconquerable Norseman.

They swam the flood, they strode in flame,
Nor quailed when the Valkyrie came
To kiss the chosen for her charms,
With "Rest, my hero, in mine arms."
Their spirits through a grim wide wound,
The Norse doorway to Heaven found,
And borne upon the battle-blast,
Into the Hall of Heroes passed:
And there was crowned the Norseman.

The Norseman wrestled with old Rome
For freedom in our island home:
He taught us how to ride the sea,
With hempen bridle, horse of tree.
The Norseman stood with Robin Hood,
By freedom in the merry green wood;
When William ruled the English land,
With cruel heart and bloody hand:
For freedom fights the Norseman.

Still in our race the Norse king reigns,
His best blood beats along our veins;
With his old glory we can glow,
And surely sail where he could row.
Is danger stirring? Up from sleep
Our war-dog wakes, his watch to keep;
Stands with our banner over him,
True as of old, and stern and grim:
Come on, you'll find the Norseman.

When swords are gleaming you shall see
The Norseman's face flash gloriously,
With look that makes the foeman reel:
His mirror from of old was steel.
And still he wields, in battle's hour,
That old Thor's hammer of Norse power;
Strikes with a desperate arm of might,
And at the last tug turns the fight:
For never yields the Norseman.

THE GREAT PUGILISTIC REVIVAL.

THERE was a period, not more than some six months ago, when most of us thought we could never publicly state that we had seen a prize-fight. We had some notion that the "Ring" was dead; and that its ropes and stakes had never been properly disinterred since their burial, some years back, at Mousley Hurst. We had some notion that its exhibitions were illegal, and that its professors were compelled to live upon the traditions of the past, and bite their motheaten boxing-gloves in pugilistic bar-parlours. It is probable that we did not regard these professors as a down-trodden race, because we considered them at war with our present civilisation. We looked upon them as melancholy relics of a departed fashion—as men who persisted in supplying an article that the public no longer called for or desired. The present writer, for one, set them down, in his notes for a great history of England, as having practically gone out with watchmen, oil-lamps, and stage-coaches.

During the last five years, however, the World (meaning, of course, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland) has witnessed many full-blown revivals, and, last among them and not least, a thorough revival of Pugilism. There has seldom been any demonstration so sudden, so successful, and so complete. I have seen the late contest between the immortal Sayers and the immortal Heenan, apologetically described as an "exceptional event." The journalist was timid, and was

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feeling his way. I have also noticed a little shyness on the part of certain distinguished spectators of the battle, who gave the Ring the sanction of their presence, but not the sanction of their names. A few more of these exceptional events may dispel all such mock modesty.

From the first moment when the late exceptional event—the international prize-fight—began to assume the aspect of a great and coming fact, there was the shallowest possible attempt on all sides to keep up appearances. People remarked very mildly that such disgraceful spectacles ought to be stopped, and immediately staked two to one that the Englishman would beat the American. A member or two in the House of Commons tamely asked the Home Secretary what he intended to do, and his reply was generally to the effect that he would try to keep up appearances. The powers of the metropolitan police were put in force, and they kept up appearances by pushing the training combatants into the country. Local constabulary forces, finding that they also were expected to behave with superficial decency, hunted the American (not very chivalrously, seeing that they might have hunted the Englishman), until he was bound over to keep the peace, with two sureties, to the extent of a hundred pounds. That extremely useful end attained, they retired, like good men who had thoroughly done their duty in keeping up appearances.

After conference with my friend the Conductor of this Journal, I received his encouragement personally to let down these same appearances, and to go to the fight, and to avow in these pages that I had done so. This was my commission.

When I went out into the frosty air, instead of going comfortably to bed, about one o'clock A.M. on Tuesday morning, the seventeenth of April, I held a railway-ticket in my hand, that was printed to keep up appearances. A journey from London-bridge to nowhere and back, by a special four o'clock train, was all that I was guaranteed by this slip of cardboard, in return for the sum of three pounds sterling. For all this seeming mystery, the railway company knew that I knew I was going to the great prize-fight; the policeman who saw me close my street door at that unseemly hour knew that I was going to the great prize-fight; the cabman who drove me to my destination was bursting with intelligence of the great prize-fight; and the crowd who assembled round the railway station were either going with me to the great prize-fight, or had come to see me go to the great prize-fight. There was an affectation of secrecy about the movements of some of the travellers, a reflexion of the many eye-winkings they must have seen for the last few days; and there was an affectation of caution on the part of the railway company in dividing the passengers, and admitting them simultaneously at different entrances. These passengers moved silently along the passages, and across the platforms, as if they were trespassers upon the company's property, who had stolen in while the directors were asleep, and were about to run away with the rolling stock, with the connivance of a small number of the railway officers. The anxious, threatening glances that were cast upon unknown people, and the many whispered inquiries as to who was, or who was not, a detective policeman, gave a very pretty burglarious tone to the whole station for at least an hour before daybreak. The farce was extremely well-acted, and appearances were carefully kept up to the last. The favoured railway had been known for months (it was the first that was ever mentioned in connexion with the fight); the very spot upon which the battle was to take place had been confided to hundreds for days; and the morning, the hour, and the point of departure, had been openly sold like any commodity in the market. It was all a preposterous keeping up of appearances. The fact is, there was no public desire ever manifested to stop the contest, but a very strong desire to hear that it had been fairly fought out. In the face of such a feeling the law was paralysed; its function not being to make a whole people more virtuous than they really are. The nation has no logical complaint against the law for standing still on this occasion, but only for its ridiculous pretence of being constantly on the alert.

There were never, perhaps, so many passengers assembled on a railway platform, who knew and addressed each other by familiar Christian names. The whole train might have been taken for a grand village excursion, but for those unmistakable faces that rested in the folds of the carriage cushions, under the dim light of the carriage lamps. The small eyes and heads, the heavy jaws, and the high cheek-bones, were hung out, like candid signboards, to mark the members of the fighting-trade. The two or three hundred Americans, and the small sprinkling of aristocracy and visitors, were not sufficient to modify, in any perceptible degree, the thoroughly animal character of the train.

I obtained a seat in a rather overloaded double compartment of a second-class carriage. Behind me were a live lord, a live baronet, a member of Parliament, the very gentlemanly editor of a distinguished sporting paper which has always done its utmost in the cause of fair-play and honest dealing, an aristocratic Scotchman, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a renowned poet of the tender passions. By the side of me was a young, cheerful, round-faced Australian settler, who had travelled fifteen thousand miles to see the fight, and to transact a little business of minor importance. His dress was light, his manner self-reliant, and he looked the kind of man to go round the world unencumbered with luggage, with a cigar in his mouth, and his hands in his pockets. Opposite this passenger was a mild, long-faced, blinking gentleman, of Jewish aspect, who talked very fluently, and seemed to know all the minor deities of the ring. By his side was a drowsy and ragged member of the fighting craft, whose prospects seemed blighted, and whose scalp had been taken by

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the immortal Sayers in a battle some eight years before.

The labour of keeping up the conversation in the carriage, rested chiefly upon the Australian settler and the talkative Jew. The aristocracy seemed shy. They were diffident, perhaps, of their sporting knowledge, or were sleepy from having been up all night.

"I saw a good fight in Melbourne," said the Australian, "about a week afore I left."

"*Did* you?" returned the talkative Jew.

"There's a fortune there," said the Australian, confidently, "for any man about eight stun nine."

The drowsy fighting-man, with blighted prospects, slowly opened one eye.

"There's no good man there," continued the Australian, "under nine stun."

"How about Fibbing Billy?" asked the talkative Jew.

"Used up."

"Joss Humphrey?"

"Bounceable: wants it taken out of him. Fights at ten stun; gives any man a stun, but won't strip for less than a thousand pounds."

"What name?" asked the blighted prize-fighter, this time opening both eyes, and becoming languidly interested in the conversation.

"Joss Humphrey," answered the Australian settler.

"Ah!" returned the blighted prize-fighter, relapsing into drowsiness. Australia seemed a long way off, and capital did not appear to be forthcoming. It was an opening for a smart, active young man, but he was not in a position to avail himself of it.

"Nick Muffles could tackle him," remarked the talkative Jew, addressing himself, almost confidentially, to the blighted prize-fighter.

"Ye-s," was the drawling answer, finished off with a yawn.

"Nick's clever," said the Jew.

"Ah!" returned the prize-fighter.

"Ain't he artful?"

"Ah!"

"Don't he get away?"

"And keep away!"

"But ain't it smart?"

"Ah!"

After this favourable review of their absent friends' fighting qualities, the blighted prize-fighter made a few observations in praise of Nature before he again closed his eyes. He seemed to be an admirer of daybreak, and a lover of gardens. The Australian kept up the conversation with the Jew by inquiring after many old prize-fighters whom he had known before he emigrated. Some were dead, some had thrived, some had disappeared. They were all asked after by affectionate Christian names, like many actors, and most comic singers. The pugilistic profession seems never to have had more than two "Misters" in its ranks; the late ex-champion, "Mr." Gulley, M.P. for Pontefract; and the late ex-champion, "Mr." Jackson, teacher of boxing, and one of the coronation pages to King George the Fourth.

As our journey continued through Kent, and into Surrey, we were amused by seeing many official scarecrows, keeping up appearances by being posted along the line. A few blue-nosed policemen at the stations; four other shivering policemen under a clump of trees; a few galloping police officers, taking equestrian exercise on the coach-road below; represented the winking majesty of the law. Their faces showed the make-believe character of their opposition to the exceptional event.

When, after a journey of two hours, we were set down at the Farnborough station, it struck me that no more appropriate fighting-ground could have been chosen throughout England. We were near the great military camp of Aldershot—a place where thirty thousand warriors are always studying how best to kill and to destroy. They belong to a great European prize-fighting association, which boasts of some three millions of active members; by the side of whom the puny company of professed pugilists sink into contempt.

The appearance of our train, and of the passengers who hurriedly alighted from it, was a signal to some of the scared farmers to barricade their dwellings. They knew that fifteen hundred people might prove a dangerous invading army, pushed along as they had been by the strong metropolitan authorities into the feeble arms of the local police.

A muddy tramp over half a mile of marshy meadow land, where we had to jump over small ditches, and struggle through hedges, brought us, at last, to the field selected for the battle. The stakes were driven in with wooden mallets, and the ropes were adjusted by a veteran prize-fighter, about seventy years old—a sage of a hoary and venerable aspect. Around the ring, when formed, we ranged ourselves in a very eager, selfish, noisy, expectant, brutal mob. There was no one man there who could say I am more refined than my neighbour. For the time being we were all equal, and our country was anxiously waiting behind us to read an account of everything we were about to see. There were dukes, lords, marquises, clergymen, actors, singers, managers, authors, reporters, painters, and poets, mixed with plain country gentlemen, military officers, legislators, lawyers, barristers, merchants, card-sharpers, fathers of families who brought their sons, thieves, fighting-men, trainers, horse-dealers, doctors, publicans, contractors, feather-weights, light-weights, middle-weights, heavy-weights, Americans of all classes, Irishmen of several classes, and Scotchmen also. Scarcely an art, a profession, or a class was unrepresented. Later in the morning, when the country was aroused, we had farm labourers, women, country girls, and little children, a few policemen—still keeping up appearances—and a country idiot, with helpless hands and feeble legs and gaping mouth, who was the only innocent, irresponsible spectator of the fight. A number of active visitors swarmed up the slender trees which surrounded the meadow, whence they looked down upon the ring, like

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staring and grinning apes. There was even a timid old gentleman present who, rather than stay away, had hired two professional fighting-men to protect him.

When the immortal Sayers stepped into the ring, at about seven o'clock in the morning, he was received, like a popular performer, with a round of applause. His immortal face was a deep sallow brown, and looked like a square block of walnut wood. His expression was even a little more strongly marked for pugilism than that of most of his craft. He was slightly nervous upon facing the company.

His opponent, the immortal Heenan, next entered the ring, to be received with quite as much enthusiasm as the English champion. He looked much fairer than Sayers in the face, and was equally nervous. His portraits had flattered him in the eyes of the British public. There are two styles of nose which all prize-fighters must be content to select from—one, presenting a flat, triangular appearance: the other, indented near the tip, and slightly turned up, so that you could hang a key upon it. The immortal Heenan had a moderate nose of the last pattern.

The two immortal men shook hands, and seemed to inquire cordially after each other's health: which was the signal for another round of applause. They eyed each other curiously and reflectively, as they had never met before.

The ring-keepers—some twenty selected pugilists with long sticks, of whom some were afterwards disgraced for grossly neglecting their duty—were now very busy in arranging the visitors: causing those in front, who had purchased inner-ring tickets, at ten shillings each, for the benefit of the P.B.A. (Prize-fighters' Benevolent Association), to sit down upon the wet turf, their railway rugs, or camp-stools that were selling at a sovereign apiece. One indefatigable caterer openly lamented the loss of a ten-pound note, through his not having brought down a few boxes for gentlemen to stand upon. The country people seemed to make little harvest of the general excitement, except in the sale of oranges. The thieves were very busy, and the Americans were their greatest victims. The picking of pockets, however, is no more peculiar to the prize-ring than to popular chapels.

Rounds of applause were very freely bestowed at every opportunity. There was one when the immortal Sayers took off his coat and shirt; there was another when the immortal Heenan did the like; there was a tremendous burst of satisfaction when the two men, in full fighting order, stripped to the waist, and advanced towards the "scratch" in the centre of the ring. They looked firm, muscular, and cheerful, the result of their training; but the constitution is not improved by these violent changes from indulgence and idleness, to temperance and enforced exercise. Consumption and dropsy are common amongst professional pugilists, and sometimes the two diseases combine. Everything in training is sacrificed to showy muscle and wind.

There was a ceremony of tying the combatants' colours—two gaudy pocket-handkerchiefs—to the stakes; there was another ceremony of shaking hands between seconds and champions; there was another ceremony of tossing for choice of "corners," or position in the ring. There were almost as many ceremonies as at a Coronation. Everything was conducted according to certain forms and rules, almost superstitiously observed.

The choice of the corner was won by the American, and he took his place. His back was to the sun—a bright, glaring sun—and his ground was slightly higher than that of his adversary. In stature he is six feet one and a half inch high; and besides being five inches taller than Sayers, he is, of course, heavier, and eight years younger.

The two immortal heroes of the hour stood up before each other in the most approved attitudes. Their left sides were advanced; their right arms were laid across their chests; their left arms were thrown out and drawn back, like the pawing leg of a horse. Their visitors watched every movement, for the present, in breathless silence; while their seconds peered at them from opposite corners, like wicket-keepers in a cricket-field. There was a forced laugh on each champion's face, that was meant to be agreeable. Their left feet kept tapping the ground, in a kind of dancing step; their heads were frequently thrown back, or bobbed down; and they skipped from side to side after aiming or parrying a blow. At last the first stage in the fight was reached, amidst uproarious applause; the immortal Sayers had succeeded in drawing "first blood" from his antagonist.

These movements were repeated with such slight variation, that pugilism, like most games of skill, must be pronounced monotonous. It was some little time before the next great stage in the battle was reached, and the first knock-down blow was received by the Englishman.

The excitement round the ring now began to break out, and hoarse shouts were exchanged from each side. Enormous sums of money were loudly offered, by rough and shabby-looking people, upon either champion, and aristocratic eyes stared intensely through many eye-glasses. Unruly visitors leaped up from the grass, and danced wildly near the ropes: while the ring-keepers applied their sticks, without stint or favour, to the visitors' heads and shoulders. The same movements were repeated, again and again, by the champions, with pretty nearly the same results. The immortal Sayers was knocked down at least twenty times by the immortal Heenan, or fell, humouring his blows. The turf was soft, and he had to counterbalance his many disadvantages by "science," or careful tactics. He was always picked up by his seconds in the most affectionate manner, and carried to his corner, like a Guy Fawkes, to be sponged.

An hour soon passed in this way, without any signs of the battle drawing to a conclusion. The immortal Sayers's face, with the sun full upon it, was like a battered copper tea-kettle;

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his right arm was stiff and helpless; and he was freely spitting blood. The immortal Heenan's right eye was closed-up with a huge lump of blue flesh, produced by the Englishman's well-directed and determined blows; his upper lip, too, was puffed out, as if there were six rows of gums and teeth behind it. When Sayers gave a telling hit, he stopped, and looked inquisitively at his adversary, to see what damage he had done; and after Heenan had knocked his opponent down, he turned to his seconds, threw up both his arms, and opened his swollen mouth in a gasping manner.

The excitement was now at its height; and a constant roar of voices was kept up round the ring. People at the back made desperate attempts to mount the shoulders of those in front. Nervous betting men, with heavy stakes upon the contest, got out of the crowd, and walked about the meadow. The wind hissed through the trees, and the hundreds who clung to the bending branches shouted loudly for each combatant, according to the tide of battle. A few county policemen came upon the field, to keep up appearances, and, when they timidly ventured to push into the ring, were quietly hustled on one side by the savage spectators. A few oaths were heard, but not many; the pale faces round the inner circle became paler, the compressed lips more compressed; bets of various amounts were still loudly offered, and loudly taken; outsiders leaped up and down with ceaseless activity; the smacking blows of the combatants were heard, and their visible effect was described to excited inquirers, and the news passed from mouth to mouth; opinions fluctuated; the Englishman was abused or praised, so was the American; the referee was nearly smothered; and the only men who really seemed to retain calmness were the two combatants, their seconds, and the leading prize-fighters present. When, at the end of two hours, and in the thirty-seventh round, the American got the neck of the Englishman across the rope, it was not the fault of the general multitude that murder was not presented to them as a crowning treat for their money. The American was requested to "hold him" by a thousand voices on the ground, and in the trees; but at the height of the uproar the ring was broken, the referee was forced out of his place, and all became wild confusion. This is no new ending to such a contest. The referee was the editor already referred to, who for years has done as much as a gentleman in resolute earnest could, to imbue these men with principles of honour, justice, and self-restraint. Surely there is something wrong, after all, in the "Noble Art" when he is set at nought when most needed, and when the well-conducted men among the pugilists cannot rely upon their own brethren to preserve a clear stage and no favour, but are forced to the declaration (as they have been in this case) that even the men of their careful selection are not to be trusted with the limited responsibility of keeping the Ring.

This fight has been declared "a draw," and a draw it certainly was in every sense of the word. It drew hundreds of people from many parts of the globe; it drew thousands from their beds; it drew four or five thousand pounds sterling for a special railway train, one half of which sum will be divided, by arrangement, between the two men. It drew all England from its usual business engagements about mid-day, on the memorable Tuesday, the 17th of April, 1860. It drew thirty-five bales, containing two tons of newspapers (the largest number ever shipped aboard one ship), to America, at the earliest possible moment. It drew several distinguished mercantile bodies into subscribing testimonials for the English champion; it drew uncountable numbers of people into supporting a great pugilistic revival.

It has been my misfortune to see many chance fights of a determined character—one particularly between two navigators in a sewer—and though there was less "science" about them, less (as one may say) of the ring dancing-master, there was more real "punishment." I find it difficult to reconcile the appearance of both Sayers and Heenan, the day after the fight, with the accounts that were printed of the awful character of the battle. There must surely be a little exaggeration somewhere—perhaps everywhere?

Think what the unconscious exaggeration floating about, is likely to be, when the exaggeration of wild sentiment on this subject gets Stock Exchanges, and Mercantile Exchanges, and Heaven knows what agglomerations of sensible and sober men together, to receive the immortal Sayers with high public distinction, and shower money on him. I do not doubt that the sturdy and bold champion of England is a thoroughly good fellow in his way and in his place; I am very far from taking on myself to assert that, within those limits, he has not his honest uses; but I cannot forbear asking now, after a pause of a few weeks, when there has been time to cool, whether this great pugilistic Revival, in this extravagant aspect, is not a new and noteworthy instance of a great moral epidemic? Is it not well that we should turn it to advantage by so accounting and remembering it? Then, when we observe in another country not our own, the next strange contagion that may seize it, we shall be more tolerant thereof. Then, when some new frenzy sets in here, we shall not fall to tearing one another to pieces about it, or to wresting Heaven and Earth out of shape to account for it, but shall say "it is a fever—an infection—will soon expend its force as a disease, and go the mortal way of the two immortal prize-fighters."

To keep up appearances is a constant British effort. In the keeping up of appearances concerning this fight, the thing has been reduced to a point so transparently absurd and hypocritical, that the force of Humbug can go no further. Will any member of Parliament, who was at the fight, be so exemplary, therefore, as to "back his opinions," like a man and a Briton? Will he protest against the professors and amateurs of pugilism being steamed down a railway and

hunted over ploughed fields to form a ring, merely for the formal exhibition of a scarecrow law? Will he give notice of a motion for enabling himself and me to see the next fight, in some commodious public building in London hired for the occasion, surrounded by every convenience and every comfortable appliance?

BURIED ABOVE-GROUND.

Generally speaking, Mr. Murray is a very trustworthy guide. At all events, he inspires British tourists with a furor for seeing, and a taste for appreciating works of art and wonders of nature, for climbing mountains, and traversing glaciers, which is highly commendable, and creditable to their character as Englishmen. But there are still a few unknown recesses, which are revealed only to the earnest art-student, the curious antiquarian, or the favoured child of chance and adventure. Many of these choice nooks are yet to be found in the old historic towns of Flanders. There is a quaint old fountain up that dingy alley, a strange old sign upon yonder Spanish-built house, and thereto hangs a tale of genius, or crime, or heroism, or a romance of love, that may be gathered from the lips of the aged woman who sits at her spinning beneath it.

At one end of a certain lace-making town in Flanders aforesaid, and spanning one of the principal streets of that town, stands a portcullised gateway, flanked by two picturesque pointed towers, grey, sombre, and massive, a relic of the old feudal times. One longs for a man-at-arms, with halberd and cuirass, instead of the shako'd grenadier who paces up and down beneath its shadow.

The arch is narrow and deep. A waggon of hay, with its two fat amiable-looking Flemish horses, I once saw standing beneath it, sheltered from the rain, which a thunder-cloud was pelting down. I was resting there myself, and wondering how long it would take the bright gleam, which dazzled the eye in the direction of Brussels, to pass across the plain, and burst upon the town of lace. The thunder rattled overhead, like a discharge of arms, and there seemed no hope of a clear sky. I was resolving to make a rush for my hotel up the splashy street, when my glance rested on a wooden door in the side of the arch, with "Atelier" in somewhat rude characters chalked upon it. My curiosity was excited. I squeezed by the waggon, opened the door, and entered.

I found myself in a low crypt. Nothing but a wooden staircase rewarded my scrutiny. This I mounted, and emerged into a large stone chamber, apparently extending the whole length of the arch and two side towers. The walls were of vast thickness, and the roof cryptal, like that of the chamber below. Suddenly I heard steps, and a boy came rapidly down some stairs from above. I asked him where I was, and he said, "In the studio." I feared that I was trespassing, but the amiable youth said that the genius of the place would be glad to see me.

So up I climbed, eager to discover what manner of man inhabited this gloomy pile. I passed into another chamber, similar to the one I had left below; no sign of life from an owl to a reasonable soul with human flesh subsisting! Suddenly some dark steps, leading in the direction of one of the side towers, caught my eye. I mounted, and pushed open a massive door, that creaked and screamed upon its old hinges. It sounded like a chorus of goblins. I expected to come upon a troop of them dancing a war-dance, or playing pitch and toss with their own heads, and thought of Tam O'Shanter. But the goblins turned into busts and statues, plasters, casts, and marbles, Cupids and Madonnas, and pure flesh and blood, in the shape of a short, thick-set man, in blouse, red fez, and slippers, with iron-grey hair and profusion of beard and moustache, who stood gazing quietly at me with bright, piercing eyes.

With the uncomfortable bashfulness of a trespasser who feels that he has no business at all to be where he is, I stood irresolute whether to advance or turn and fly. The frank welcome of the solitary being in a moment placed me at my ease. He begged me to enter, and began at once to draw my attention to the various objects of art grouped around, and seemed to evince no small gratification in exhibiting his chefs-d'œuvre.

The studio was crowded on all sides with busts and models; here a wooden figure with movable joints, to indicate the various postures of the body and movements of the limbs; here a plaster-cast with rags depending from it, to serve as a model for the arrangement of drapery; here copies and casts from the life; groups in every stage of development; silent, still forms, fit inhabitants of this silent tower. I have often since pictured the grey-bearded sculptor sitting in the midst of his silent company in the lonely old pile.

Once upon a time, every old nook had its alchemist, its philosopher, its star-gazer, its wizard. Now we are too bustling and practical for such pursuits. Commerce is too unromantic to bear them. Every old arch, or nook and corner, however ghostly and rich in associations, is converted into a cellar or a warehouse. If the old Flemish sculptor lives long enough to see trade billet its conquering and swarming myrmidons in the dull, drowsy, lace-making town, a thousand to one he will have to evacuate, and his tower will become the depôt of a brewer, or a photographic establishment.

After I had examined the beauties of the studio, he led the way nimbly up some rickety ladders, which total darkness, and ignorance of the locality, rendered extremely painful to mount. I could hear his steps rattling above my head as I slowly crawled up, occasionally knocking it against a beam, or squeezing through a hole in the rafters. I seemed in a perfect wilderness of ladders, all so old and infirm, that I feared the whole system would fall to pieces with our weight. Suddenly a stream of light poured down upon us, and we stood, directly, in a small

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round chamber, with conical roof, the summit evidently of one of the flank towers. Round apertures had been cut in the sides and filled with glass, through which views of the surrounding country could be obtained in every direction. A bench had been constructed so as to command the finest prospect. Here my host would sit for hours of an evening, after his day's toil, puffing his long pipe, and watching the sun setting over the fair cities of Flanders. It was a grand sight. A wide, endless expanse of plain, as far as the eye could reach. Louvain and Brussels lay just below me; while Ghent, Bruges, Antwerp, and many another distant old township, broke the horizon with its cluster of spires and towers, or sparkled in the watery sunshine, with its white houses and bright red roofs. I could have stayed long to enjoy the scene, and the thoughts suggested, and recollections stirred up by each variation of it, but I feared to exhaust the patience of my strange conductor. We descended, and he led me down to the second cryptal chamber that I had entered on my voyage of discovery. One end was separated from the rest by a plaster wall. He pushed open the door, and I found myself in an octagonal room, old and gloomy, but crowded with rich and quaint furniture. On the left of the door stood a dark oaken bookcase, devoted solely to English literature. My eye ran quickly from shelf to shelf, lighting upon the names of our best British authors, ranged chronologically, from Ben Jonson to Macaulay. The sculptor smiled at my expression of astonishment as I entered the room, and at once proceeded to initiate me into the mysteries thereof. He was singularly silent; what little he said was in French. I tried to elicit some of the facts of his own history, but he quietly changed the subject. A tall cabinet next arrested my attention. It was fitted, from carpet to cornice, with drawers, each containing choice specimens of conchology. Almost touching this stood a second bookcase, rich with the best and rarest French works; then a cabinet of geological specimens. Bookcases and cabinets entirely encircled the room, ranged alternately. We next examined a library of Italian authors; then a cabinet of various kinds of wood, polished and unpolished, and still another bookcase, the sacred repository of classical lore. He took thence quaint editions of Horace, Virgil, and Homer, and wondrous old MSS. that he had picked up in by-lanes in the Italian cities.

I found myself, at this moment, standing opposite the fireplace, one of those huge caverns that the old Flemings loved to dedicate to Vulcan. The iron ring, which many an old soldier had doubtless held while warming his feet at the great fire, still depended from the mantelpiece.

A large oaken chest next demanded inspection. It stood against the wall, reaching half way to the roof. It had evidently been used once as an ammunition chest. The ingenuity of the sculptor had converted it into a receptacle of rare prints, which he had collected from various parts of the world. Next came a bookcase of German works; then a cabinet of chemical preparations; then another bookcase, containing Dutch and Flemish authors; a cabinet of mineralogy; a bookcase dedicated to "Les Beaux Arts;" a cabinet of aërolites. I sat down in a deep window, upon leopard skins, almost fatigued with the tour of observation, but astounded at the richness and universality of the artist's collection.

"What have you *not* got?" said I.

"A wife," he answered. "But I'm wedded to my old tower and my books and my chisel instead."

I asked if he had always lived in the tower. He said that he had passed many years in Italy, that he had visited every country in Europe but England. "Then do you understand English?" I inquired. "Thoroughly, to read, but not to speak." He immediately snatched down a large volume, and displayed to my astonished gaze the Prize Catalogue of the Exhibition of 1851. He opened it, and pointed to the centre of a page. I stooped, and read my host's name in the list of honour; and as I looked up, he held the medal in his hand, and smiled with almost childlike pleasure and simplicity as he showed me the little bauble.

There were various other curiosities challenging attention, but I could not prolong my visit. As I pressed the hand of the lonely being, and hurried from his quaint abode, a confused image of bookcases, cabinets, oak-chests, pictures, skins, skeletons, musical instruments, statues, and old clothes flitted before my brain. When I stood in the street below, and saw men with modern coats and hats, women with bonnets, and a pretty English girl with crinoline and plumed hat passing along, I almost doubted my identity, and felt as I should fancy one of the old knights, who repose with folded arms in the Temple Church, would feel were he suddenly to awake when the men and women of A.D. 1860 are passing in to service.

Certainly, this lonely artist is no being of the modern day. He has no sympathy with it. He is but little known in the lace-making town. Scarcely a soul visits him from end to end of the year. He seldom leaves his grim old haunt. He wanders up and down the staircases and ladders, and sits contemplating the world from the top of his tower. If he needs companions, he has them in his books, and in his dumb creatures of stone and marble. They never tell tales, they never change; those that smile now do not frown to-morrow. They never die, the young among them are ever young, the beautiful among them ever beautiful. The child of his fancy, too, he can mould and chisel to his will, daily and hourly; there is no rebellious heart to conquer, no fierce passion to restrain, no ingratitude to disappoint and sour him. He sees it surely and steadily growing beneath his care, until at last it stands before him a spotless model.

The sculptor is an accomplished man. The tongue of no European people is strange to his

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ear. Most languages seem native to him. Music he delights in, nor is his skill in performing contemptible. Literature is at once the necessary and the luxury of his life. Art he lives for, Solitude is the atmosphere he breathes. There are few more interesting spots in my memory than the old tower (herein faithfully drawn) in the old lace-making town in fair old Flanders.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AND A SALAMANDER.

As he pays his money at the gate of the London Zoological Gardens, the visitor who has retained that freshness which is one of the greatest of earthly blessings, is irresistibly taken back to his old childish days. The click of the turnstile that admits him, seems to have snipped a score of years off his life, and, already sniffing from afar that faint musty odour of exaggerated mousiness which pervades the place, he feels that he is returning to the days of lessons and holidays, of a coercion whose strongest restrictions were liberty itself to the restraints of later life, and that he has entered a region of wonder and delight, of lions, tigers, bears—and buns. Have we not, all, some cherished memory of L for lion in the spelling-book, illustrated by a small woodcut of an animal with a human profile like that on a George the Third shilling? The single huge dab of yellow, which covered much more of the spelling-book than it did of the lion, was executed, if the reader remembers, with a fine hand, and gives one the idea that five thousand spelling-books were ranged in order before the artist, open at L, that five thousand yellow dabs were all done in a twinkling while the brush was wet, and that then the green brush was similarly called into play, to decorate that bush which is the only object that breaks the sandy desert on which the king of beasts is standing. Have we forgotten, either, T for tiger, or W for the wolf that killed Red Riding-Hood?

Let us own, now we are grown up, that we are all unanimous on one subject—that we are all agreed that T for tiger should never *sit down*. He may lie down in any attitude he likes, he will never do so in an ugly one. He may sprawl about to his heart's content. He may stand, walk, or raise himself on his hind-legs, as much as he chooses; but when he sits down, he looks like an ass, and the spectator loses all respect for him. It is probable that T for tiger has never been represented by a nobler specimen than the larger of the two now exhibited in the gardens of the Zoological Society, but when your Eye-witness saw him sitting down on his bed like a cat, and yawning, he felt that the magnificence of the beast was not proof against the effect of such behaviour, and that T for tiger was forgetting himself. Your servant would seriously advise the noble Society of Zoology to have a word with this member of their company, who is really making himself too cheap. Not only does he insist on sitting down and looking cheerfully, and with levity, about him, as a cat will look after summer flies, but your servant would also call the attention of the society to the fact that this animal is in the habit of performing, on the near approach of his dinner-hour, a maniac dance, jumping over his companion's back, and his companion over him, in a frantic sidelong leap-frog of anticipation, executed with incredible rapidity for a quarter of an hour before the victuals reach him. T for tiger is losing himself by this conduct, and unless he takes this word of advice from a friend, will gradually fall into contempt.

It is a wretched life for that Nubian lion who is always looking off into that little bit of distance which is open to him at the end of the terrace; it is a wretched life for him, and indeed for all these beasts, to have nothing to look forward to but their meat all the day long. No adventure, no change of scene, no soft sand, no shady trees. There is a whole bookful of testimony to the ennui of such a life in that wild look "off" of the lion as he stands erect in his strength. The same exploring glance into the furthest distance within range is observable, too, in his neighbour the tiger, who, that he may get a yet greater extent of the Regent's Park within view, will raise himself to an enormous height on his hind-legs, propping himself with his fore-legs against the bars of his cage, and seeming to stretch almost over one's head in a great arch of animal beauty.

It is only in the noblest animals that this straining of the eyes into the distance is noticeable. You will not see it in the bear, or the wolf, or the hyæna, and one feels, therefore, the less for their captivity. These baser brutes either stupidly assent to their imprisonment, objecting to it with but a sullen resistance, as is the case with the bears, or fret and fuss under it without dignity, as the vile hyæna or the meanly trotting wolf. But the lion looks out into such distance as is within his ken, as the great feline group, and one other race to be presently noted, alone *can* look. Indeed, it is no poetical fiction, no concession to conventionality, to call this creature the King of Beasts. His dignity is too great to allow him to complain of that which he cannot help. He does not quarrel with his bars, but his life is one long protest against them. You have outwitted him, you have, by superior numbers and by cunning, entrapped and caught him, but he has lost nothing of his royalty by it. Lying down in weariness—but not fatigue—pacing backwards and forwards, or, as has just been said, standing erect and gazing out over the world of London, he is still the same, and seems to say, like one who protested also against captivity of a different sort, "Come, come; I AM A KING, my masters, know you that?"

There is another state prisoner in this place, who has never yet made the best of his captivity, and who never will. It is the golden eagle. That straining of the gaze into the distance, is to be observed in this royal captive, almost in a more distinguishing degree than in the lion. See this

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creature when his food is brought to him and flung into his cage. He does not even notice it. Perched on the highest attainable pinnacle of masonry within his reach, at the top of his cage, with his back to the quarter from which the keeper approaches with his ready-slaughtered prey, he gazes out into a further distance than that within the lion's range of sight. He will gaze on it for half an hour together, revelling in this liberty of the eye, which is the only freedom left him, and neglecting the food which has been flung through his bars. What to him is this ready-slain flesh? He is not like his neighbours, the vultures, who desire nothing better than to have their prey killed for them. He would hunt it down and strike it for himself. Let the carrion lie there, he will fetch it when famine obliges him, and not before.

These wrinkly-necked and scavenger vultures proclaim, as most things do, their natures by their foul outside. How different are these from the eagles. The vulture is as large as the eagle. The stretch of its wings is as vast. It stands on high pinnacles of rock as the other does, but it has not that steady, long-continuing gaze. It is a degraded, hungry, devouring monster, that hops and dances with joy when its barrow of flesh arrives, that tears the meat from the beak of the companion of its captivity, dropping its own portion to do so. The meat gets so covered with sand and gravel before these vultures have been long fighting for it, that you desire, as you look, to take it from them and wash it. There is something to be learned from the collection in the Zoological Gardens. The melancholy Jaques was ever twisting a moral out of the things he observed in creation. The sluggard is sent by Solomon to look at the industry of the ant, and we are taught elsewhere to unite the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove. Who can look at these vultures tearing at each other's meat and dropping their own property in the attempt to snatch that of their neighbour—who can see this and not be reminded of what he has observed among certain human vultures, who will grasp and tear at some small legacy which has fallen to a brother-vulture, who will spend their substance in trying to keep him out of it, who will mar and defile the coveted possession itself rather than let cousin-vulture or nephew-vulture or daughter-in-law-vulture possess it intact. Fight on, ye wry-necked herd, pluck at the prizes you desire so much, pick at each other to get them, wrinkle your skins and make yourselves hideous in your thirst for gain, hop about that small property in impotent agonies of desire, but note the while that high above your heads there stands a creature at first sight like yourselves, but, in reality, as widely removed as Hyperion from a satyr. Look up at your king, and look with fear. His plumes are smooth, and there are no wrinkles in his neck. No lust of gain has lowered his head to be like yours, sunk in a high-shouldered stoop of greed. Why, look again: such wares as you are fighting for in sordid struggle lie at the bottom of his small domain, neglected and despised. He will come down to them when he must, but while he can, he will still cry Excelsior! and press with eager longings against his prison bars. There are men like this: they are few and far between. The vultures, the apes, and the carrion crows outnumber them by thousands; but still there *are* eagles in the human world, and the vultures and the monkeys hate and fear them.

But if there is a lesson of industry in the ant that shall keep the teaching of the eagle from misleading us into a life of useless aspiration—if in the vulture there is a perpetual caution against a debased and sordid covetousness—then is the building which our zoological teachers have set apart for the apes and monkeys a perfect lecture-hall against the smaller villanies to which humanity is prone—a pillory of warning to the world. This is the head-quarters of Fuss. As you stand and watch one of the inhabitants of the Temple of Irony—and in watching one you watch all, for they are all alike—you will be reminded every instant of the more fussy and important among your friends and acquaintances. Mark how your monkey fidgets, how he hastens hither and thither, always, as it seems, on important business, though it is only, perhaps, to fetch the flea out of his partner's ear, or to steal a hazel-nut from his friend. Mark how he wrinkles his brow and lifts his eyebrows, and looks about among his nut-shells, and among the hairs of his coat, for nothing, for he is an impostor, and seldom finds even a flea. Your Eye-witness has been received by his friend Pumpcourt (whom he was foolish enough once to consult) with just such raising of the eyebrows; and P. would knock about the sham briefs upon his desk in hurried search for documents which he knew did not exist, exactly like this monkey. The ape looks towards the door when it opens, with an expression which distinctly says, "Is that the Solicitor-General, because, if it is, I want to have a word with him." In all these things this animal resembles Pumpcourt, and many more fussy friends. In holding out his hand (alas, it *is* a hand) for your contribution to his keep—but doing so with a wandering eye that is ever on the look-out to see if there is anybody in the place better worth attending to—your monkey reminds you still, of such members of your acquaintance as will talk to you till a richer and more successful man enters the room, from which moment their attention wanders, and they answer you at random. But there is no end to this: in irritable tempers speedily excited, in fury about nothing, in furtive cunning, in every low, degrading, and indecent gesture and practice, these creatures "hold the mirror up" to all of us, and show the spectator of their hateful antics the things that he must most avoid. Indeed, this would almost seem the object of the monkey's existence, and while the nearness of his resemblance to the lower types of human physiognomy is terrible and humbling in the last degree, it is consolatory to think that in proportion as a man *is* a man he is removed the more from this detested comparison. The

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savage with his contracted brow, and the Indian with his vile cunning and mean beggary, are near enough to these monkeys to have satisfied Lord Monboddo himself, and the Zoological Society, as if to prove this, and, besides, to make their collection complete, have got attached to the service of young Prince or Princess Hippopotamus a "native," who seems, from a casual glance, to have all the qualities of the ape in good development. He holds out his paw with grinning cries for halfpence to those who visit this department, and to ladies especially, grinning and staring at them in a way that very offensively carries out the resemblance that has been hinted above. Perhaps the members of this otherwise admirably conducted society are not aware of the proceedings of this one of their servants, and that a word of warning is very much required to prevent this swarthy gentleman from annoying the visitors to the gardens.

In commenting upon the manners of this apparently near relation of our poor relations the monkeys, we have insensibly got through to the other side of the tunnel, and we may as well, for the present, stop there; for it is the very essence of sight-seeing to set at nought the classification of guide-books, to take amusement, and instruction too, as it suggests itself, and to wander as one feels inclined from pillar to post, from the contemplation of a sea-anemone to that of a giraffe, and from the rat of the Thames to the hippopotamus of the Nile.

What length of acquaintance—what amount of familiarity ever diminishes our surprise at the giraffe? Is there some mechanical teaching in its structure that has never been yet discovered? We have found out the use of the elephant; can nothing be done with the giraffe, the largest and apparently the meekest of animals?

Blessings on the whole deer tribe—they are well represented here—with their great, soft, harmless eyes and their wet and wholesome noses. Sweet-breathed, tame, and beautiful, they thrust their faces through the wooden bars and perfume the hand they touch. They are even more innocent than the rabbits that live near the superintendent's office. Your Eye-witness found a group of these last little animals who were sitting all over and upon one of their number, and were eating their meal off his very back. There was something about this that irresistibly suggested the practice of the world when it meets to discuss the affairs of a brother who has failed, or to chatter over a death, in both which cases the friends or executors will assemble thus in not displeased convocation, and will lunch freely over the body or the bankrupt, as the case may be. What had that rabbit done to render himself subject to that discussion of his affairs in his presence? Had he become surety for a necessitous friend, had he made a love-match, or what had he done, to be lunched over in this ignominious fashion?

These parrots, though a noisy race, so noisy, in fact, that it is impossible to spend many minutes in their society, are yet a jovial set. It is very difficult to know where to have a parrot, still more a cockatoo. He will entwine himself about his perch, keeping his eye upon you, and making overtures of peace; he will lean upon his beak and push himself along with all his weight upon it, as if it were a skate; and presently he will turn upside down and eye you from beneath his perch, holding on by his grey and wrinkled claws. Emboldened by these little attentions, of which you are evidently the object, and encouraged to fraternise with him by these concessions on his part, you advance a hand to caress him. In one instant—in less—the lowly, courteous, wheedling creature starts into a great white crest embodiment of rage, and screeches a yell of hatred into your very throat, performing volleys of indignant curtseyings the while, and revealing the dry interior of its grey mouth, with a hideous grey hammer inside it, which represents his tongue. They are wicked, crawling, topsy-turvy sinners these parrots, and never to be trusted or dealt with as friends. They are humbugs, too, and do not, as is the case with the three ravens who live outside, proclaim openly that they are demons of the wickedest order.

There is no disguise about a raven, who openly avows his disrelish for virtue, to such an extent that he does not even care for his food till he has scented it, buried it, made it appear a furtive act to get at it, and persuaded himself that he has stolen it. The three ravens who live behind the parrot-house are a dissipated trio, and will with every added year of life gain in that disreputableness of appearance which is one of their greatest sources of attraction.

It is strange that any one should have doubts about the reliableness of physiognomy as a science, after a visit to the Zoological Gardens. What creature is there in the whole collection that does not proclaim his character at a glance, and that is not helpless against the revelations of his own exterior? Consider the mischief that is suggested by the appearance of a raven or a magpie, the insatiate desire for prey of the eagle, the debased malignity and cunning of the monkey. Look again at the horror that lurks in every fold of the rattlesnake or the puff-adder. It is absolutely terrible to stoop down near the glass and face one of these reptiles. How still it keeps, with its erect head, its fixed eyes—its forked tongue, only, slipping in and out, in thirst for life. How horrible the identity of colour with the sand and earth on which it lies!

But if the more malignant and dangerous among animals are marked as being so by the external indications of their conformation and expression, it is equally certain that the soft eyes of the antelope tell a tale of equal truth, and that the low moaning of the dove, though appealing to a different sense, conveys to the ear an assurance of peace which the nature of the bird itself bears fully out. It is not wonderful that in man, possessed as he is of that subtle organism, a face, we should be able to read character, but that this should be the case with animals with only the rudiments

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of a face, is really extraordinary. There is surely no one who can look at the seal in these gardens without almost a feeling of regard. The expression of its eyes is more intelligent and beautiful than that of any other creature—not excepting the elephant even—in the whole collection; and its action, as it hops along after its keeper and follows him when he leaves its enclosure with its eyes, is quite touching in its helplessness.

But it is time to get to the Salamander. The sea-anemones, the discontented-looking fresh-water fish, the little dapper water-fowl, and a hundred other attractive subjects on which to moralise and speculate, must be left undiscussed. There is no time even to inquire why it is that the Polar bear amuses himself by walking backwards, and waving his head from side to side as he looks up to the sky. There is no time to notice the little shy agouti who runs out of his hole as you approach his cage, and hastens down his little front garden to see who you are, and who, finding you are not the man he expected, trots back again as fast as he came out. There is no time for anything but the Salamander and the whale-headed storks. And first, the Salamander.

What does the world expect a Salamander to be like? What did your Eye-witness anticipate when he hurried off to inspect this creature? Did he imagine that he should find an enormous furnace roaring and blazing in a cage of red-hot bars, and that, standing aloof from this, and peering into the hottest and most central portion of the flame, he would there behold an enormous Red Monster distantly resembling the griffin of heraldry lifting its spined and bat-like wings, and flapping them in burning joy over its head? If perfect candour is to characterise the communications of the E.-W., he must own that there was some such thing in his thoughts. The vile ancients are to blame for this. They have described a creature "that is bred from heat, that lives in the flames, and feeds upon fire as its proper nourishment. As they saw every other element, the air, the earth, and the water, inhabited, fancy was set to work to find or make an inhabitant in fire, and thus to people every part of nature." Those wretched ancients! As if an element could be inhabited that is only occasionally existent. What becomes of the animal whose natural element is fire, when the fire is extinguished. Does a new Salamander spring into existence every time a fire is lighted, and what becomes of the familiar Salamander of your Eye-witness when Thirza, the housemaid, lets his bedroom fire out. These same ancients (whom, by-the-by, everything proves to have been arrant liars) have called the Salamander "the daughter of fire, giving it, however, a body of ice." This was the Salamander of the ancients, of the classics, and (if the truth must be told), of the Eye-witness.

Let us turn from it to the Salamander of the nineteenth century, and of the Zoological Gardens. A tank in a dark corner is substituted for the cage with the red-hot bars, while the furnace is represented by an element which, however satisfactory in itself, is something of a surprise when you have expected a fire—in a word, the tank is full of water!

It is full also of eels: of little eels and trumpery minnows, or small gudgeons, which are swimming about, apparently in discomfort, for they keep very near the surface, and some of them are turning up their little white stomachs in the agonies of death. This was all that your servant saw, except that in the darkest corner of the tank, and under a ledge, there appeared to be a sort of eft, or lizard, of enormous size, brown, bloated, and hideous.

Your Eye-witness was on the point of deserting the tank, as a thing which did not concern him, when the words "Gigantic Salamander," at the head of a printed paper affixed to it, arrested his attention, and caused him once more to examine the contents of the cistern with still greater scrutiny. Unable to make out anything more than he had seen at first, your servant was coming to the conclusion that the Salamander had blazed himself out of the gardens altogether, leaving his descriptive notice behind him, when a sudden thought struck him, and struck him so hard that it almost took his breath away. "Perhaps it's the eft?" said the Eye-witness.

Everything went to prove it was so. The fact that the animal was in the water when it ought to have been in the fire; that it had secreted itself, as every exhibited animal does, in the most inscrutable part of its den; that it refused to give any token of life whatever; that it was in no respect what it was expected to be—all these things were convincing proofs that the bloated and abhorrent eft was what the printed paper announced as the Gigantic Salamander, the Sieboldia maxima of Japan.

"This animal," the descriptive notice goes on to say, "is the largest specimen of the true amphibious known to exist. . . . It is the nearest living analogue of the fossil salamander of the tertiary fresh-water formation of Œningen, described by Scheuchzer as a fossil man (Homo diluvii testis), and since called Andreas Scheuchzeri."

Against the earlier and more scientific portion of this description, your servant has nothing to say. He has no objection to make to the announcement that this noisome animal is of "the tertiary fresh-water formation of Œningen," because he has not the remotest idea what that is. To all this sort of thing he is ready to agree; but against the notion of the "fossil man" as a term under any circumstances applicable to this huge and bloated eft, he desires to take instant and indignant exception.

The fossil man of our Andrew is a creature about two feet in its extreme length from the end of its most appalling snout to the extremity of its hideous tail. It is a crawling dragon; an exaggerated eft; a pestiferous and appalling lizard; a soft and dwarfish crocodile. What is it not, that is unclean and fearful?

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From end to end it is covered, and on its huge and flattened head especially, with blotchy manginess of a diseased and mouldy order. And this is your notion, Andrew, of a fossil man, is it? Oh, Andrew, Andrew!

But this Salamander is the culminating point of all delusions, and of none more obviously than that which the Zoological Society seems to have entertained with regard to its appetite. In their hospitality towards the stranger, this body has filled his tank with little fishes, even to overflowing, yet we read in Goldsmith of a specimen of this tribe which lived eight months without taking any nourishment whatever. "Indeed," the writer adds, "as many of this kind are torpid, or nearly so, during the winter, the loss of their appetite for so long a time is the less surprising."

There never was a worse shot made than attributing any fiery properties to the Salamander. It appears to be one of the dampest and—if the expression is allowable—sloppiest animals that exist. "Salamanders," says Buffon, "are fond of *cold, damp places*, thick shades, tufted woods, or high mountains, and the banks of streams that run through meadows. . . . it is commonly only when rain is about to fall that it comes forth from its secret asylum, as if by a kind of necessity to bathe itself, and to imbibe *an element to which it is analogous*. The moderns," Buffon continues, "have followed the ridiculous tales of the ancients, and as it is difficult to stop when once the bounds of probability are passed, some have gone so far as to think that the most violent fire could be extinguished by the land Salamander. Quacks sold this small lizard, affirming that if thrown into the greatest conflagration it would check its progress." The unhappy beast, too, has been in this respect the subject of many experiments, and because when it was thrown into the fire it was sure to burst and to eject its natural fluid in doing so, the Philosophical Transactions—with whose compilers we would rather, by-the-by, after this specimen, have philosophical transactions than business ones—tell us that this is the method taken by the animal to extinguish the flames.

So much for the Salamander, the largest and ugliest lizard that ever was seen; and in that capacity, and as a zoological curiosity, well worth going to see.

Your Eye-witness is always prepared for a heap of straw or a blanket—and nothing else—when there is any new animal at the Zoological Gardens about which public curiosity is much excited. Has anybody ever seen the apteryx? Your servant has friends who declare that they have examined this creature carefully, and who will go into particulars in their description of it. But are these friends to be trusted? Your Eye-witness owns at once that he has never seen this extraordinary wingless bird. He has frequently seen its cage. He has read its label. He has gazed through the bars, and studied minutely every fibre of the neatly arranged straw in one corner of the den, but that is all. A heap of straw, or a blanket, or an empty cage, with what you take at first to be a larger pebble than usual in the sand, but which turns out to be the animal you are in search of—these are gratifications to which your servant is so accustomed, that when he came to the abode of the whale-headed storks, or balæniceps, he was noway surprised to see simply an inner cage entirely concealed behind a straw blind, and nothing else.

"This is as it should be," said your E.-W., when a friendly-looking keeper, coming up with a bunch of keys in his hand, and seeing your servant staring through the bars, asked him if he would like to go in and have a look at them.

With the exception of Livermore, who is always sick, and Chopfall, whose wife's mother lives in the house with him, the two birds which your Eye-witness discovered when he peeped behind the straw blind were the most melancholy living creatures he has ever beheld. Weak in the legs—the limbs of one of the two specimens had doubled up under him like elbows, or knees turned the wrong way—over-weighted in the bill, bald in the head, small and despairing in the eye, and shut in behind an eclipse of straw, the whale-headed stork is far from an exhilarating subject of contemplation. The keeper who showed them, sighed as he did so, and said "they had not been there long," as an excuse for their depression.

But why whale-headed? Here is another fraud upon the public. Are whales possessed of enormous bills that weigh them down, and pull them forward to the earth? Have whales bald, flesh-coloured, fluffy heads? If such be the characteristics of whales, then has your servant been all his life deluded by wicked picture-books, which have represented the whale without any of these remarkable and interesting features. Your Eye-witness gazed long, and with affectionate sympathy, at the two birds on whose privacy he had intruded. They were too melancholy to take the slightest notice of him. The specimen which had sunk down on its elbows was lost in astonished contemplation of its companion who still managed to keep erect: a circumstance which really did seem, considering its legs, and their obvious readiness to double up, no less creditable than surprising.

"They seem a little dull," said your Eye-witness, as he took his leave.

"You see, sir," said the man once more, sighing heavily as he spoke—"you see, sir, they've only just come."

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

I.

I OPEN a new page. I advance my narrative by one week.

The history of the interval which I thus pass over must remain unrecorded. My heart turns faint, my mind sinks in darkness and confusion when I think of it. This must not be, if I, who write, am to guide, as I ought, you who read. This must not be, if the clue that leads through the windings of the Story is to remain, from end to end, untangled in my hands.

A life suddenly changed—its whole purpose created afresh; its hopes and fears, its struggles, its interests, and its sacrifices, all turned at once and for ever into a new direction—this is the prospect which now opens before me, like the burst of view from a mountain's top. I left my narrative in the quiet shadow of Limmeridge church: I resume it, one week later, in the stir and turmoil of a London street.

The street is in a populous and a poor neighbourhood. The ground floor of one of the houses in it is occupied by a small newsvendor's shop; and the first floor and the second are let as furnished lodgings of the humblest kind.

I have taken those two floors, in an assumed name. On the upper floor I live, with a room to work in, a room to sleep in. On the lower floor, under the same assumed name, two women live, who are described as my sisters. I get my bread by drawing and engraving on wood for the cheap periodicals. My sisters are supposed to help me by taking in a little needlework. Our poor place of abode, our humble calling, our assumed relationship, and our assumed name, are all used alike as a means of hiding us in the house-forest of London. We are numbered no longer with the people whose lives are open and known. I am an obscure, unnoticed man, without patron or friend to help me. Marian Halcombe is nothing now, but my eldest sister, who provides for our household wants by the toil of her own hands. We two are at once the dupes and the agents of a daring imposture. We are the accomplices of mad Anne Catherick, who claims the name, the place, and the living personality of dead Lady Glyde.

That is our situation. That is the changed aspect in which we three must appear, henceforth, in this narrative, for many and many a page to come.

In the eye of reason and of law, in the estimation of relatives and friends, according to every received formality of civilised society, "Laura, Lady Glyde," lay buried with her mother in Limmeridge churchyard. Torn in her own lifetime from the list of the living, the daughter of Philip Fairlie and the wife of Percival Glyde, might still exist for her sister, might still exist for me, but to all the world besides she was dead. Dead to her uncle who had renounced her; dead to the servants of the house, who had failed to recognise her; dead to the persons in authority who had transmitted her fortune to her husband and her aunt; dead to my mother and my sister, who believed me to be the dupe of an adventuress and the victim of a fraud; socially, morally, legally—dead.

And yet alive! Alive in poverty and in hiding. Alive, with the poor drawing-master to fight her battle, and to win the way back for her to her place in the world of living beings.

Did no suspicion, excited by my own knowledge of Anne Catherick's resemblance to her, cross my mind, when her face was first revealed to me? Not the shadow of a suspicion, from the moment when she lifted the veil by the side of the inscription which recorded her death.

Before the sun of that day had set, before the last glimpse of the home which was closed against her had passed from our view, the farewell words I spoke, when we parted at Limmeridge House, had been recalled by both of us; repeated by me, recognised by her. "If ever the time comes, when the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength will give you a moment's happiness, or spare you a moment's sorrow, will you try to remember the poor drawing-master who has taught you?" She, who now remembered so little of the trouble and the terror of a later time, remembered those words, and laid her poor head innocently and trustingly on the bosom of the man who had spoken them. In that moment, when she called me by my name, when she said, "They have tried to make me forget everything, Walter; but I remember Marian, and I remember *you*"—in that moment, I who had long since given her my love, gave her my life, and thanked God that it was mine to bestow on her. Yes! the time had come. From thousands on thousands of miles away;

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through forest and wilderness, where companions stronger than I had fallen by my side; through peril of death thrice renewed, and thrice escaped, the Hand that leads men on the dark road to the future, had led me to meet that time. Forlorn and disowned, sorely tried and sadly changed; her beauty faded, her mind clouded; robbed of her station in the world, of her place among living creatures, the devotion I had promised, the devotion of my whole heart and soul and strength might be laid blamelessly, now, at those dear feet. In the right of her calamity, in the right of her friendlessness, she was mine at last! Mine to support, to protect, to cherish, to restore. Mine to love and honour as father and brother both. Mine to vindicate through all risks and all sacrifices—through the hopeless struggle against Rank and Power, through the long fight with armed Deceit and fortified Success, through the waste of my reputation, through the loss of my friends, through the hazard of my life.

II.

My position is defined; my motives are acknowledged. The story of Marian and the story of Laura must come next.

I shall relate both narratives, not in the words (often interrupted, often inevitably confused) of the speakers themselves, but in the words of the brief, plain, studiously simple abstract which I committed to writing for my own guidance, and for the guidance of my legal adviser. So the tangled web will be most speedily and most intelligibly unrolled.

The story of Marian begins, where the narrative of the housekeeper at Blackwater Park left off.

On Lady Glyde's departure from her husband's house, the fact of that departure, and the necessary statement of the circumstances under which it had taken place, were communicated to Miss Halcombe by the housekeeper. It was not till some days afterwards (how many days exactly, Mrs. Michelson, in the absence of any written memorandum on the subject, could not undertake to say) that a letter arrived from Madame Fosco announcing Lady Glyde's sudden death in Count Fosco's house. The letter avoided mentioning dates, and left it to Mrs. Michelson's discretion to break the news at once to Miss Halcombe, or to defer doing so until that lady's health should be more firmly established.

Having consulted Mr. Dawson (who had been himself delayed, by ill health, in resuming his attendance at Blackwater Park), Mrs. Michelson, by the doctor's advice and in the doctor's presence, communicated the news, either on the day when the letter was received, or on the day after. It is not necessary to dwell here upon the effect which the intelligence of Lady Glyde's sudden death produced on her sister. It is only useful to the present purpose to say that she was not able to travel for more than three weeks afterwards. At the end of that time she proceeded to London, accompanied by the housekeeper. They parted there; Mrs. Michelson previously informing Miss Halcombe of her address, in case they might wish to communicate at a future period.

On parting with the housekeeper, Miss Halcombe went at once to the office of Messrs Gilmore and Kyrle, to consult with the latter gentleman, in Mr. Gilmore's absence. She mentioned to Mr. Kyrle, what she had thought it desirable to conceal from everyone else (Mrs. Michelson included)—her suspicion of the circumstances under which Lady Glyde was said to have met her death. Mr. Kyrle, who had previously given friendly proof of his anxiety to serve Miss Halcombe, at once undertook to make such inquiries as the delicate and dangerous nature of the investigation proposed to him would permit.

To exhaust this part of the subject before going farther, it may be here mentioned that Count Fosco offered every facility to Mr. Kyrle, on that gentleman's stating that he was sent by Miss Halcombe to collect such particulars as had not yet reached her of Lady Glyde's decease. Mr. Kyrle was placed in communication with the medical man, Mr. Goodricke, and with the two servants. In the absence of any means of ascertaining the exact date of Lady Glyde's departure from Blackwater Park, the result of the doctor's and the servants' evidence, and of the volunteered statements of Count Fosco and his wife, was conclusive to the mind of Mr. Kyrle. He could only assume that the intensity of Miss Halcombe's suffering under the loss of her sister, had misled her judgment in a most deplorable manner; and he wrote her word that the shocking suspicion to which she had alluded in his presence, was, in his opinion, destitute of the smallest fragment of foundation in truth. Thus the investigation by Mr. Gilmore's partner began and ended.

Meanwhile, Miss Halcombe had returned to Limmeridge House; and had there collected all the additional information which she was able to obtain.

Mr. Fairlie had received his first intimation of his niece's death from his sister, Madame Fosco; this letter also not containing any exact reference to dates. He had sanctioned his sister's proposal that the deceased lady should be laid in her mother's grave in Limmeridge churchyard. Count Fosco had accompanied the remains to Cumberland, and had attended the funeral at Limmeridge, which took place on the 2nd of August. It was followed, as a mark of respect, by all the inhabitants of the village and the neighbourhood. On the next day, the inscription (originally drawn out, it was said, by the aunt of the deceased lady, and submitted for approval to her brother, Mr. Fairlie) was engraved on one side of the monument over the tomb.

On the day of the funeral, and for one day after it, Count Fosco had been received as a guest at Limmeridge House; but no interview had taken place between Mr. Fairlie and himself, by the former gentleman's desire. They

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had communicated by writing; and, through this medium, Count Fosco had made Mr. Fairlie acquainted with the details of his niece's last illness and death. The letter presenting this information added no new facts to the facts already known; but one very remarkable paragraph was contained in the postscript. It referred to the woman Anne Catherick.

The substance of the paragraph in question was as follows:

It first informed Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick (of whom he might hear full particulars from Miss Halcombe when she reached Limmeridge) had been traced and recovered in the neighbourhood of Blackwater Park, and had been, for the second time, placed under the charge of the medical man from whose custody she had once escaped.

This was the first part of the postscript. The second part warned Mr. Fairlie that Anne Catherick's mental malady had been aggravated by her long freedom from control; and that the insane hatred and distrust of Sir Percival Glyde, which had been one of her most marked delusions in former times, still existed, under a newly-acquired form. The unfortunate woman's last idea in connexion with Sir Percival, was the idea of annoying and distressing him, and of elevating herself, as she supposed, in the estimation of the patients and nurses, by assuming the character of his deceased wife; the scheme of this personation having evidently occurred to her, after a stolen interview which she had succeeded in obtaining with Lady Glyde, and at which she had observed the extraordinary accidental likeness between the deceased lady and herself. It was to the last degree improbable that she would succeed a second time in escaping from the Asylum; but it was just possible she might find some means of annoying the late Lady Glyde's relatives with letters; and, in that case, Mr. Fairlie was warned beforehand how to receive them.

The postscript, expressed in these terms, was shown to Miss Halcombe, when she arrived at Limmeridge. There were also placed in her possession the clothes Lady Glyde had worn, and the other effects she had brought with her to her aunt's house. They had been carefully collected and sent to Cumberland by Madame Fosco.

Such was the posture of affairs when Miss Halcombe reached Limmeridge, in the early part of September. Shortly afterwards, she was confined to her room by a relapse; her weakened physical energies giving way under the severe mental affliction from which she was now suffering. On getting stronger again, in a month's time, her suspicion of the circumstances described as attending her sister's death, still remained unshaken. She had heard nothing, in the interim, of Sir Percival Glyde; but letters had reached her from Madame Fosco, making the most affectionate inquiries on the part of her husband and herself. Instead of answering these letters, Miss Halcombe caused the house in St. John's Wood, and the proceedings of its inmates, to be privately watched. Nothing doubtful was discovered. The same result attended the next investigations, which were secretly instituted on the subject of Mrs. Rubelle. She had arrived in London, about six months before, with her husband. They had come from Lyons; and they had taken a house in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, to be fitted up as a boarding-house for foreigners, who were expected to visit England in large numbers to see the Exhibition of 1851. Nothing was known against husband or wife, in the neighbourhood. They were quiet people; and they had paid their way honestly up to the present time. The final inquiries related to Sir Percival Glyde. He was settled in Paris; and living there quietly in a small circle of English and French friends.

Foiled at all points, but still not able to rest, Miss Halcombe next determined to visit the Asylum in which Anne Catherick was for the second time confined. She had felt a strong curiosity about the woman in former days; and she was now doubly interested—first, in ascertaining whether the report of Anne Catherick's attempted personation of Lady Glyde was true; and, secondly (if it proved to be true), in discovering for herself what the poor creature's real motives were for attempting the deceit.

Although Count Fosco's letter to Mr. Fairlie did not mention the address of the Asylum, that important omission cast no difficulties in Miss Halcombe's way. When Mr. Hartright had met Anne Catherick at Limmeridge, she had informed him of the locality in which the house was situated; and Miss Halcombe had noted down the direction in her diary, with all the other particulars of the interview, exactly as she heard them from Mr. Hartright's own lips. Accordingly, she looked back at the entry, and extracted the address; furnished herself with the Count's letter to Mr. Fairlie, as a species of credential which might be useful to her; and started by herself for the Asylum, on the eleventh of October.

She passed the night of the eleventh in London. It had been her intention to sleep at the house inhabited by Lady Glyde's old governess; but Mrs. Vesey's agitation at the sight of her lost pupil's nearest and dearest friend was so distressing, that Miss Halcombe considerately refrained from remaining in her presence, and removed to a respectable boarding-house in the neighbourhood, recommended by Mrs. Vesey's married sister. The next day, she proceeded to the Asylum, which was situated, not far from London, on the northern side of the metropolis.

She was immediately admitted to see the proprietor. At first, he appeared to be decidedly unwilling to let her communicate with his patient. But, on her showing him the postscript to Count Fosco's letter—on her reminding him that she was the "Miss Halcombe" there referred to; that she was a near relative of the deceased Lady Glyde; and that she was therefore naturally interested, for family reasons, in observing for herself the extent of Anne Catherick's delusion, in relation to her late sister—the tone and manner

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of the owner of the Asylum altered, and he withdrew his objections. He probably felt that a continued refusal, under these circumstances, would not only be an act of discourtesy in itself, but would also imply that the proceedings in his establishment were not of a nature to bear investigation by respectable strangers.

Miss Halcombe's own impression was that the owner of the Asylum had not been received into the confidence of Sir Percival and the Count. His consenting at all to let her visit his patient seemed to afford one proof of this, and his readiness in making admissions which could scarcely have escaped the lips of an accomplice, certainly appeared to furnish another.

For example, in the course of the introductory conversation which took place, he informed Miss Halcombe that Anne Catherick had been brought back to him, with the necessary order and certificates, by Count Fosco, on the thirtieth of July; the Count producing a letter of explanations and instructions, signed by Sir Percival Glyde. On receiving his inmate again, he (the proprietor of the Asylum) acknowledged that he had observed some curious personal changes in her. Such changes, no doubt, were not without precedent in his experience of persons mentally afflicted. Insane people were often, at one time, outwardly as well as inwardly, unlike what they were at another; the change from better to worse, or from worse to better, in the madness, having a necessary tendency to produce alterations of appearance externally. He allowed for these; and he allowed also for the modification in the form of Anne Catherick's delusion, which was reflected, no doubt, in her manner and expression. But he was still perplexed, at times, by certain differences between his patient before she had escaped, and his patient since she had been brought back. Those differences were too minute to be described. He could not say, of course, that she was absolutely altered in height or shape or complexion, or in the colour of her hair and eyes, or in the general form of her face: the change was something that he felt, more than something that he saw. In short, the case had been a puzzle from the first, and one more perplexity was added to it now.

It cannot be said that this conversation led to the result of even partially preparing Miss Halcombe's mind for what was to come. But it produced, nevertheless, a very serious effect upon her. She was so completely unnerved by it, that some little time elapsed before she could summon composure enough to follow the proprietor of the Asylum to that part of the house in which the inmates were confined.

On inquiry, it turned out that Anne Catherick was then taking exercise in the grounds attached to the establishment. One of the nurses volunteered to conduct Miss Halcombe to the place; the proprietor of the Asylum remaining in the house for a few minutes to attend to a case which required his services, and then engaging to join his visitor in the grounds.

The nurse led Miss Halcombe to a distant part of the property, which was prettily laid out; and, after looking about her a little, turned into a turf walk, shaded by a shrubbery on either side. About half way down this walk, two women were slowly approaching. The nurse pointed to them, and said, "There is Anne Catherick, ma'am, with the attendant who waits on her. The attendant will answer any questions you wish to put." With those words the nurse left her, to return to the duties of the house.

Miss Halcombe advanced on her side, and the women advanced on theirs. When they were within a dozen paces of each other, one of the women stopped for an instant, looked eagerly at the strange lady, shook off the nurse's grasp on her, and, the next moment, rushed into Miss Halcombe's arms. In that moment Miss Halcombe recognised her sister—recognised the dead-alive.

Fortunately for the success of the measures taken subsequently, no one witnessed this recognition but the nurse. She was a young woman; and she was so startled by it that she was at first quite incapable of interfering. When she was able to do so, her whole services were required by Miss Halcombe, who had for the moment sunk altogether in the effort to keep her own senses under the shock of the discovery. After waiting a few minutes in the fresh air and the cool shade, her natural energy and courage helped her a little, and she became sufficiently mistress of herself to feel the necessity of recalling her presence of mind for her unfortunate sister's sake.

She obtained permission to speak alone with the patient, on condition that they both remained well within the nurse's view. There was no time for questions—there was only time for Miss Halcombe to impress on the unhappy lady the necessity of controlling herself, and to assure her of immediate help and rescue if she did so. The prospect of escaping from the Asylum by obedience to her sister's directions, was sufficient to quiet Lady Glyde, and to make her understand what was required of her. Miss Halcombe next returned to the nurse, placed all the gold she then had in her pocket (three sovereigns) in the nurse's hands, and asked when and where she could speak to her alone.

The woman was at first surprised and distrustful. But, on Miss Halcombe's declaring that she only wanted to put some questions which she was too much agitated to ask at that moment, and that she had no intention of misleading the nurse into any dereliction of duty, the woman took the money, and proposed three o'clock on the next day as the time for the interview. She might then slip out for half an hour, after the patients had dined; and she would meet the lady in a retired place, outside the high north wall which screened the grounds of the house. Miss Halcombe had only time to assent, and to whisper to her sister that she should hear from her on the next day, when the proprietor of the Asylum joined them. He noticed his visitor's agitation, which Miss Halcombe accounted for by saying that her interview with Anne Cathe-

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rick had a little startled her, at first. She took her leave as soon after as possible—that is to say, as soon as she could summon courage to force herself from the presence of her unfortunate sister.

A very little reflection, when the capacity to reflect returned, convinced her that any attempt to identify Lady Glyde and to rescue her by legal means, would, even if successful, involve a delay that might be fatal to her sister's intellects, which were shaken already by the horror of the situation to which she had been consigned. By the time Miss Halcombe had got back to London, she had determined to effect Lady Glyde's escape privately, by means of the nurse.

She went at once to her stockbroker; and sold out of the funds all the little property she possessed, amounting to rather less than seven hundred pounds. Determined, if necessary, to pay the price of her sister's liberty with every farthing she had in the world, she repaired the next day, having the whole sum about her, in bank-notes, to her appointment outside the Asylum wall.

The nurse was there. Miss Halcombe approached the subject cautiously by many preliminary questions. She discovered among other particulars, that the nurse who had, in former times, attended on the true Anne Catherick, had been held responsible (although she was not to blame for it) for the patient's escape, and had lost her place in consequence. The same penalty, it was added, would attach to the person then speaking to her, if the supposed Anne Catherick was missing a second time; and, moreover, the nurse, in this case, had an especial interest in keeping her place. She was engaged to be married; and she and her future husband were waiting till they could save, together, between two and three hundred pounds to start in business. The nurse's wages were good; and she might succeed, by strict economy, in contributing her small share towards the sum required in two years' time.

On this hint, Miss Halcombe spoke. She declared that the supposed Anne Catherick was nearly related to her; that she had been placed in the Asylum, under a fatal mistake; and that the nurse would be doing a good and a Christian action in being the means of restoring them to one another. Before there was time to start a single objection, Miss Halcombe took four bank-notes of a hundred pounds each from her pocket-book, and offered them to the woman, as a compensation for the risk she was to run, and for the loss of her place.

The nurse hesitated, through sheer incredulity and surprise. Miss Halcombe pressed the point on her firmly.

"You will be doing a good action," she repeated; "you will be helping the most injured and unhappy woman alive. There is your marriage-portion for a reward. Bring her safely to me, here; and I will put these four bank-notes into your hand, before I claim her."

"Will you give me a letter saying those words, which I can show to my sweetheart, when he asks how I got the money?" inquired the woman.

"I will bring the letter with me, ready written and signed," answered Miss Halcombe.

"Then I'll risk it," said the nurse.

"When?"

"To-morrow."

It was hastily agreed between them that Miss Halcombe should return early the next morning, and wait out of sight, among the trees—always, however, keeping near the quiet spot of ground under the north wall. The nurse could fix no time for her appearance; caution requiring that she should wait, and be guided by circumstances. On that understanding, they separated.

Miss Halcombe was at her place, with the promised letter, and the promised bank-notes, before ten the next morning. She waited more than an hour and a half. At the end of that time, the nurse came quickly round the corner of the wall, holding Lady Glyde by the arm. The moment they met, Miss Halcombe put the bank-notes and the letter into her hand—and the sisters were united again.

The nurse had dressed Lady Glyde, with excellent forethought, in a bonnet, veil, and shawl of her own. Miss Halcombe only detained her to suggest a means of turning the pursuit in a false direction, when the escape was discovered at the Asylum. She was to go back to the house; to mention in the hearing of the other nurses that Anne Catherick had been inquiring, latterly, about the distance from London to Hampshire; to wait till the last moment, before discovery was inevitable; and then to give the alarm that Anne was missing. The supposed inquiries about Hampshire, when communicated to the owner of the Asylum, would lead him to suppose that his patient had returned to Blackwater Park, under the influence of the delusion which made her persist in asserting herself to be Lady Glyde; and the first pursuit would, in all probability, be turned in that direction.

The nurse consented to follow these suggestions—the more readily, as they offered her the means of securing herself against any worse consequences than the loss of her place, by remaining in the Asylum, and so maintaining the appearance of innocence, at least. She at once returned to the house; and Miss Halcombe lost no time in taking her sister back with her to London. They caught the afternoon train to Carlisle the same afternoon, and arrived at Limmeridge, without accident or difficulty of any kind, that night.

During the latter part of their journey, they were alone in the carriage, and Miss Halcombe was able to collect such remembrances of the past as her sister's confused and weakened memory was able to recal. The terrible story of the conspiracy so obtained, was presented in fragments, sadly incoherent in themselves, and widely detached from each other. Imperfect as the revelation was, it must nevertheless be recorded here before this explanatory narrative

closes with the events of the next day at Limmeridge House.

The following particulars comprise all that Miss Halcombe was able to discover.

COMMONS AND KING.

On the 4th of January, 1642, a certain royal gentleman, to whom a romantic posterity has accorded high moral honours, and who, by virtue of plots that always failed, rose gradually to the place and rank of martyrdom, began that great civil war of ours, which resulted in the scaffold for him and the Protectorate for ourselves. He began it, by one of the craftiest attempts against the liberties of Parliament which even he had ever ventured on; an attempt made, not in the heat of sudden passion and unadvisedly, as his partisans would have it, but as the result of mature deliberation, and with distinct and settled purpose. Ever since the death of Strafford, Charles the First had resolved to revenge himself on the insolent Commons, who had not only slain his friend, but opposed his own authority; and his impeachment of the Five Members was the latest form which this resolution took—after it had taken not a few others.

This is the great point in Charles's career which Clarendon, Hume, and his partisans generally have always misstated, and which now, for the first time, Mr. John Forster, in a noble book, The Arrest of the Five Members, has presented in its true light. From the Journal kept by D'Ewes, and from other records of the State Paper-office, Mr. Forster clearly and indisputably proves the king's resolution to break with the Commons, and force on them either annihilation as a representative and independent body, or the quarrel which ended in their victory. The arrest was but one of the means of the struggle which Strafford began and Charles continued, and which had a far deeper significance than personal enmity or momentary passion.

The troubles now at hand, when the Commons and the king were to stand foot to foot, and measure swords together, immediately followed on the gorgeous City banquet which the Royalist Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Gournay, gave to Charles on his return from Scotland: when Royalist matters looked so bright, and when the Royalist party showed so strong, that the king made sure he had weathered the storm for good and all, and had nothing to do but sail into port, colours flying and yards manned, like the triumphant prince he was. But suspicions soon got afloat that all was not so fair for him as it looked, and, that the glittering pageant which monarchy took as born of the eternal veracities, was but a flimsy matter of lath and plaster — nothing more. Many people began to fear for the future. One Mr. Sidney Bere, not a very notorious personage in history, wrote thus: "I pray God we find not that we have flattered ourselves with an imaginary strength and partie in the citty and elsewhere, which will fall away if need would be;" and a Mr. Slingsby, another personage doubtless of great importance at the time, but now of historical insignificance, wrote many bewailings to Pennington — that Pennington who was soon to do Charles the service of carrying across Channel his queen, the crown jewels, and Lord Digby; and whom the king had secretly made Lord Admiral on the dismissal of Lord Northumberland. Parliament, however, finding out that royal dodge, cancelled the appointment; not willing to trust the four seas into the keeping of one of the most thorough-going Royalists afloat. But Pennington did good service to his cause nevertheless. There was another terrified soul, failing sadly in the presence of possible danger. Mean-spirited, craven-hearted, Mr. Speaker Lenthal, foreseeing evil days between the king's majesty and the people's House, wrote a letter full of whine and whimper, desiring to be relieved from his office, which might bring him into unpleasant collision with one or both, in the clash so sure to come. He was kept in, sorely against his will; and strangely enough, when the time came, rose to the height of the situation like a nobler man. But a great time, directed by great men, may bear up small men for the nonce: as a great water may.

The last dish of the grand City banquet, which made Charles forget his danger and act as if his power were eternal and immutable, was scarcely cold, when the citizens began again to throng round Westminster, with swords by their sides, and settled wrath in their faces, crying out against Episcopacy. But the king's code of kingcraft was coercion, not conciliation. The best manner that occurred to him of answering those rough cries, so hoarsely uttered, was by removing the popular train bands on guard at the two Houses, and substituting companies officered by his own adherents; by making an offensive order on the matter of religious worship; by recasting the list of court officers, so that he might make privy councillors of the most notorious opponents of the Great Remonstrance; by assailing the privileges of the House of Commons, in sending them an angry message disapproving their discussion of a bill for raising soldiers by impressment; by proclaiming the severest execution of the statutes against all who should question or impugn the Book of Common Prayer, on the very day after the citizens had presented a petition against the bishops; and, finally, while pressing hard against Puritan offenders, remitting their pains and penalties against certain Roman Catholics who had transgressed the existing law. These were either the acts of a madman, as Mr. Forster says, or the acts of a despot, determined at all hazards to override justice, legality, and the popular will.

Another point of disagreement between the king and the people lay in the governorship of the Tower—the Bridle of the City, as it was called. Honest Balfour was suddenly removed from his command by the king's orders, and the keys were given to Colonel Lunsford, a dissolute "young outlaw, who feared neither God nor man." The Commons peti-

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tioned against this appointment, and Lord Newport, the constable, was asked to take the active command. But Lord Newport was no special friend to the king, and the king was no special friend to him; so Charles found his pretext of dismissal in a certain speech reputed to have been made by the noble lord, who was said to have alluded to the queen and princes as hostages, if Charles should attempt to overawe the Parliament by means of the army of the North. On the 24th of December, Charles deprived Lord Newport of his office as Constable of the Tower, because of this report, which, when earnestly denied, his Majesty had "expressed his sorrow that his lordship's memory should be so bad." On the 29th, thinking it good to change his tactics, he told the House that he had never believed the charge, and wished it withdrawn.

What can be said for a nature so vacillating, so untrue, so unscrupulous as this?

It was in the tumults rising out of the affair of the Tower, that the words Cavalier and Roundhead were first heard of: of which latter word all ordinary orthodox men had such a horror, that a good old Hampshire vicar was wont to say in the Church service, "Oh, Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be a Roundhead!" But Charles had a mighty thorn in his anointed side: Pym, the most popular and powerful man of his time—King Pym, as he was called—one of the twelve who took up the Declaration to King James, at sight of which twelve the crusty, quick-witted old pedant cried out, "Chairs! chairs! here be twal' kynges comin'!"—Pym, whom Charles half feared, half desired, and would have gladly had into his service if so be he could not bring him to the scaffold instead—Pym was that sticking thorn. On his return from Scotland, Charles was bent on charging Pym and Hampden with treasonable correspondence with the leaders of the Scottish army of Covenanters: though he had passed an act of grace to the Scottish army altogether, and it was therefore scarcely logical to impeach English members for correspondence with the same. Not carrying out this benevolent intention, he then tried the "stratagem of winning men by places," and reinvited Pym to be his Chancellor of the Exchequer. "The king is too flexible and good-natured," writes Sir Edward Dering to his wife, "for within two howres and a great deall lesse, before he made Culpeper Chancellor of the Exchequer, he had sent a message to bring Pym unto him, and would have given him that place." "But," says Mr. Forster, "unfortunately for Charles I., it was almost always a matter of doubt with him whether he should crush or cajole an antagonist; and such was his vice of temperament, that, whichever resolve he might finally take, was sure to be taken too late." So Charles tried to win over Pym to his councils when he found he could not coerce him, and again he tried to coerce him when he found that he could not win him over; and, failing in both attempts, he got the shame and the odium belonging to both. This second proffer of the king's to the sturdy old Roundhead first sees the light in Mr. Forster's remarkable pages, and is one of his greatest historical discoveries, for the insight it gives into the king's character and actions.

The first blood drawn in the civil war, was shed on the 27th of December, 1641, when the citizens crowded about the House, crying out, "No Bishops!" and when one of the Cavaliers, willing to correct the sauciness of a knave who was brawling by his side, drew his sword and "slashed" him—him, first of many to be slashed this way and that, in the stern days coming on. Thus, Lunsford "chased" the citizens, and the citizens yelled at Lunsford and tore Archbishop Williams's gown, and hustled and hooted at the rest of the right reverend bench; and there were hurly-burlies at Westminster, leading no man knew whither, and specially disquieting to those of the more sober sort. Then, the bishops not liking their rough treatment of the mob, made a declaration that this was not a free parliament, and that they could not take their seats because of the riots. The meaning of this plot being, that, if this were fairly understood, the king could hereafter rescind all the acts passed, on pretence of their not having been freely and fairly carried. The declaration was drawn up and signed at Archbishop Williams's lodgings, and the next morning the reverend father carried it betimes to Whitehall, where he met by chance (?) Lord Keeper Littleton and the king. He gave the protest into their hands—as had evidently been agreed on—and the pretty little stratagem seemed in a fair way of success. But within half an hour of the time when the Commons knew of this intrigue, the prelatic conspirators were kneeling as accused traitors at the bar of the Lords; and by eight o'clock, that bitter winter's evening of frost and snow, ten out of the twelve were shivering in the Tower. The remaining two were excused by reason of their great age. So, Williams and his pitiless foe, old Laud, went under the harrow of a common affliction, and each found marvellous consolation in the knowledge that the other was suffering equally with himself. Their arrest was Cromwell's doing; and in the last Parliament, when he was Protector, and more absolute than even Charles himself had been, he spoke with pride of the check-mate which he had played off so deftly in his first.

Not liking the look of things, but always desirous of acting legally, Pym moved for a guard for the House of Commons, and on Friday, the 31st, Denzil Holles took a verbal message to Charles, petitioning to be allowed a guard of train bands, commanded by the Earl of Essex. The king, always seeking to temporise and gain time, required the message in writing; so the Commons, to whom this was no satisfactory answer, filled the House with their own halberds, and set their own watches. On Saturday, being New Year's-day, they adjourned; but there was no adjournment at Whitehall. The king made a few fresh court appointments, of such men as he thought he could depend on, and then prepared the document which was to baffle his ene-

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mies, and reinstate him in more than his old arbitrary power—the power which poor Strafford had lost his head for trying to consolidate and extend. On Monday, the 3rd of January, 1641-2, while the Commons were listening moodily to the royal answer which refused the train bands and offered himself, the king, as their protector, the Lords were listening to an impeachment of five members of the Lower, and one of the Higher House, on seven counts of treason. The Lords were "appalled," not knowing where all this was to end; and, in spite of their royalist predilections, not willing to be delivered over, handbound and footfast, into the power of the king, they waived the demand of Attorney-General Herbert for the immediate possession of the accused, and sent a message to the Commons to demand a conference; and though they had before refused to join in the request for a guard, they now did so, earnestly enough. Lord Digby, who had all along known of this intended arrest—which quite disposes of the question of spontaneity—and who was to have moved the commitment of Lord Kimbolton—the member of the Upper House unavoidably, from his position as one of the Scottish commissioners, included in the fray—was so taken aback by his calm and resolute demeanour, that he failed his part, and whispering in his ear, with great seeming agitation, that the king was very mischievously advised, and that it would go hard but he would find out who had so advised him, hastily quitted the House.

While all this was passing, Pym was speaking in the Commons on the necessity of a guard, little knowing how near he and others were to the need of some such protection; when, in the midst of his speech, servants and messengers came hurrying to the House with the news that all the trunks, papers, &c., found in the lodgings of Denzil Holles, Pym, and Hampden, had been seized and sealed by the king's order. Close on the heels of these, and in the thick of the noisy agitation produced by the information, came Mr. Francis, the king's serjeant-at-arms, bearing the mace and a message, and demanded admittance on the king's business. The Commons made him put down his mace, and come up to the bar humbly, without sign or symbol of independent rank or outside allegiance; and there, standing suitor at the bar, he, in the king's name, did demand the persons of the five members, namely, Denzil Holles, John Pym, John Hampden, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, and William Strode, who had fallen under the royal displeasure as traitors and misdemeanants. When he had done speaking, Mr. Francis was civilly turned out again, and bade to wait while the answer was being considered: which was not likely to be a very subservient one. The House first proceeded to its ordinary business. The impeached members were ordered to attend from day to day in their places, no notice whatever being taken of the king's charge of high treason; an order for a guard was passed at once, without deliberation or delay; another order was made to break open the seals placed on the trunks and papers of certain members, and to arrest the men who had imposed them—Sir William Fleming, and Sir William Killigrew; but the latter was not to be found. And then the last act of the Commons that great day was to send their answer to the king by four of their own members, two of whom were privy councillors, to the effect that the House was willing to take into consideration any *legal* charge against any of its members, which his Majesty had to make. All this time the unhappy man Francis was kept at the door of the Commons, as a kind of sign and symbol that the king's messenger had no recognised position there, had no footing by reason of right, and that the House was perfectly competent to do its own business without help from the king's majesty.

It was midnight when that deputation of four arrived at Whitehall. Charles did not waste much courtesy on them. He spoke only to one—Falkland, whom lately he had made his privy councillor, to detach from the parliament, and whose loyalty and conscience jarred fearfully together during the warlike times that came. Addressing him only, he promised an answer the next day—it was always the next day with Charles—then went straight to the queen's apartments, full of this latest insult and wrong.

The queen, who, womanlike, reasoned less than did even Charles himself, and who, womanlike again, believed that great results could be accomplished with insufficient means, thought Charles had only need of determination to make his will triumphant over every obstacle. "Allez, poltron!" she cried; "go pull these rogues out by the ears, ou ne me revoyez jamais!" The king made no answer, and left the apartment. But whatever the issue of the morrow might be, there was one precaution he must take; he must prevent that guard the Commons spoke of. So he sent to the Lord Mayor, the Royalist baronet whom he had so lately honoured, ordering him not to grant a guard to the House, but to enrol one for himself instead. They kept bad time at Whitehall, with clocks an age too slow—significant; Charles the First always had his clocks too slow! The messenger found the Lord Mayor in bed, and found also that Ven and Pennington, the House of Commons' messengers, had been before him. So Charles took nothing by that move, and the order remained as before. What great events may have been lost—and gained—to history by the bad time-keeping of the Whitehall clocks!

The next day, the fourth, Pym read out the seven charges of high treason which the king had made against him and the rest, and with consummate skill and cleverness turned them all against the court; Holles, Hazelrigge, and Strode rose to defend themselves; and Hampden made a masterly speech. They complained of the number of armed men about the court; of the dissolute ruffians whom Charles had feasted at Whitehall, and gathered by hundreds around him; and, even while they were speaking, Charles, at the head of five or six hundred of these desperadoes, was preparing to set out for the House, to take by force what neither law

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nor justice allowed him. With the assurance of strict legality on his lips, with the words scarce spoken which had invited Pym to be one of his closest advisers and one of the most influential ministers of the realm, he was preparing to execute the plot which, if successful, would destroy all law and all power of law-making, and leave him absolute master of everything.

Then it was that the queen ruined all, and Lady Carlisle saved all. In the intemperance of her eager hatred, Henrietta said to Lady Carlisle, Strafford's fast friend and now Pym's, "Rejoice: for I know now that the king is master in his states, and that Pym and his confederates are in custody." For a full hour she had kept back this passionate boast; but the time which she had allowed as a sign of success, had elapsed, and she let the flood burst forth. Within an hour of that time, Pym knew what was to be done. In the period of adjournment between twelve and one, Lady Carlisle sent her friend word of what was coming, and prepared him to act with deliberation and dignity. At one, the House reassembled, and though the five members had received an intimation from Lord Essex to absent themselves, they returned with the rest, and the Speaker ordered their presence to be noted. It was then argued, Should they absent themselves? Pym, Holles, and Hampden, were for going. They felt their own worth at this juncture, and saw no good in perhaps losing their lives for the mere show of independence. Hazelrigge and Strode were for staying; and Pym was unable to give any very distinct reason for his urgency against them, not wishing to compromise Lady Carlisle, and not able to speak plainly without doing so. The question was being debated with great earnestness, when, breathless with clambering over roof-tops, rushed in Captain Hercule Langres, friend of Nathaniel Fiennes, with the news that the king, at the head of some five or six hundred armed men, was close at the doors of the House, coming to seize the members with his own hand. There was no time now, for deliberation. The members rose, and, dragging with them Strode by main force, escaped, just as a loud knocking was heard, and the king's voice, charging the others not to enter on their lives, rose high above the din. The members had not got to the water when the king was passing by their vacant places.

With a stern countenance and a darkening brow, Charles walked straight up the House, where never a king had been before, but one—Henry the Eighth. The Speaker kept his chair by order of the House, his mace lying before him. The members rose, uncovered, and bowed, as Charles, with something less than his usual kingly grace, strode heavily up the House, also uncovered, and bowing to the right and the left, as the lines of pale and sullen faces met his eye. Behind him, the door was held by Captain Hide, with his sheathed sword raised upright in his hand, while a multitude of riotous "swash bucklers," armed with pistols and swords, pressed densely behind him, waiting but the word which should slip them like beasts of prey upon the defiant House. Charles walked up to the chair where sat Lenthal, the Speaker. "Mr. Speaker," said the king, "I must make bold to take your chair."

Mr. Speaker Lenthal bowed and stepped aside; but even Charles the First, in his rashest moment, did not venture to sit down in the chair of the King of the Commons, and in the face of the Commons. The only person in all the assembly who was sitting, was impassive young Mr. Rushworth, taking notes at the clerks' table, as the king's slow voice and hesitating words broke the sullen and awful silence. Young Mr. Rushworth's notes are still preserved, with the king's corrections and erasures; and Mr. Forster gives them in a foot-note, exactly as they are, with Charles's broad lines across whole passages, and careful emendations of sundry words which, on reviewal, seemed, even to him, too strong.

"Gentlemen," said Charles, "I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a serjeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion, to apprehend some that, by my command, were accused of high treason: whereunto I did expect obedience and not a message. And I must declare unto you here, that albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power, than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege. And, therefore, I am come to know if any of those persons that were accused are here."

Then he paused; and casting his eyes upon all the members in the House, said, "I do not see any of them. I think I would know them.

"For I must tell you, gentlemen," he resumed after another pause, "that so long as those persons that I have accused (for no slight crime, but for treason) are here, I cannot expect that this House will be in the right way that I do heartily wish it. Therefore, I am come to tell you that I must have them, wheresoever I find them."

Then again he hesitated, stopped, and called out, "Is Mr. Pym here?" To which nobody gave answer.

He then asked for Mr. Holles, but still no one spoke; when he turned to poor Mr. Speaker Lenthal and pressed the question upon him. But Mr. Speaker, kneeling down, "did very wisely desire his Majesty to pardon him, saying that he could neither see nor speak but by command of the House; to which the king answered: 'Well, well! 'tis no matter. I think my eyes are as good as another's.' And then he looked round about the House a pretty while, to see if he could espie any of them." But the blow had glanced aside, and the intended victims were now safe.

Mr. Forster speaks for us again:

After that long pause (described by D'Ewes), the dreadful silence, as one member called it, Charles spoke again to the crowd of mute and sullen faces. The complete failure of his scheme was now accomplished, and all its possible consequences, all the suspicions and retaliations to which it had laid him open, appear to have rushed upon his mind. "Well, since I see all my birds are flown, I do expect from

you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither. But, I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. And now, since I see I cannot do what I came for, I think this no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favour, and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it, I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my own course to find them." To that closing sentence, the note left by Sir Ralph Verney makes a not unimportant addition, which, however, appears nowhere in Rushworth's report: "For their treason was foul, and such an one as they would all thank him to discover." If altered, it was an escape of angry assertion from amid forced and laboured apologies, and so far would agree with what D'Ewes observed of his change of manner at the time: "After he had ended his speech, he went out of the House in a more discontented and angry passion than he came in, going out again between myself and the south end of the clerks' table, and the Prince Elector after him." But he did not leave as he had entered, in silence. Low mutterings of fierce discontent broke out as he passed along, and "many members cried out aloud, so as he might hear them, *Privilege! Privilege!*" With these words, ominous of ill, ringing in his ear, he repassed to his palace through the lane, again formed, of his armed adherents, and amid audible shouts of as evil augury from desperadoes disappointed of their prey. Eagerly in that lobby had the word been waited for which must have been the prelude to a terrible scene. Lady Carlisle alone had prevented it.

That night of storm, and tumult, and. madness, Charles put forth a proclamation commanding all the ports to be closed against the accused, if so be that they should attempt to leave the kingdom; and the next day he went into the City to find them. He had some friends yet at Guildhall, and royalty had still something of its old awful power in the sight of the people; but the awakening sense of danger and of liberty was greater than either private friendship or old tradition. The people pressed round his coach, crying, "Privilege of Parliament! Privilege of Parliament!" and one citizen, bolder, perhaps more fanatic, than the rest, flung a paper in at the window, whereon was written, "To your tents, O Israel!" (He expiated his offence at the next sessions.) The sheriffs and officers received the king at Guildhall with decorum and respect, but through all this pleasant external form, which it was neither wise nor right to fling aside, the king was made bitterly conscious that his power was gone, like Samson's, and gone for ever. He made a gracious speech, and invited himself to dine with Sheriff Garrett, no particular friend of his; but on his return he was still assailed with, "Privilege of Parliament! Privilege of Parliament!"—a few feeble voices answering at intervals, "God bless the King!" All was substantially lost; "he had thrown and lost the stake," attempted twice, and twice failed.

In spite of this lesson, so hardly given, his first act on his return to Whitehall was to draw up a proclamation, which was to have been published next day, accusing afresh of high treason, and other misdemeanours pointing scaffoldward, the five members already under ban. All sorts of flying rumours filled the citizens with alarm and dread; and the extreme of agitation and confusion prevailed everywhere. Reports got abroad, of an intended attack by Charles's men, when citizens were to be slaughtered without mercy, and the town fired. The Commons assembled, armed, and with closed doors; then adjourned to the 11th, meanwhile appointing a committee to sit in Guildhall because of the greater freedom and security to be had in the City than at Westminster. The next day, the 6th of January, the committee voted it a breach of privilege to arrest the five members, and by that night the whole City was under arms. On the 7th, the committee took evidence of the attempt; and, as the result of their inquiry, invited the accused five members to come among them again on Monday; which defiance of his authority so exasperated the king, that he sent them word he intended to pay them (the committee) a visit. Whereupon they intimated their dutiful readiness to receive him with all due honour, by ordering the full attendance of their train bands and guards. It was a dignified and polite manner of reply, and "of course nothing more was heard of a visit from the king." This was on the 8th, and on the same day Charles put forth a fresh proclamation, commanding the magistrates to seize and convey the five members to the Tower. An hour after publication, the committee had pronounced the proclamation "false, scandalous, and illegal." The game was coming too close now for many courtesies to be possible, and it was time to strike out, if men would strike for any good.

On the 9th, which was Sunday, London was filled with crowds of stout Buckinghamshire yeoman gentlemen, who had ridden up to defend their glorious representative, John Hampden. Strangers grasped each other's hands in the streets, like loving brothers; forms of society and conventional rules were flung aside; and men spoke out in the fulness of their hearts, as if each speaker were a prophet and each listener a hero. Church, chapel, and tabernacle, overflowed with eager multitudes, drinking in the brave words that exhorted to godliness and freedom, and the steadfast standing by the truth; while such a crowd as had not gathered together since Strafford's execution, surrounded Whitehall, ready to defend Pym. On Monday, the 10th, the committee, sitting in Grocers' Hall, could scarce get to their seats for the throng of loving citizens that pressed around them; and all men knew that the crisis was at hand. The five members, answering to invitation, joined the committee, when it was agreed that the House would make preparations for reassembling at Westminster to-morrow, according to the date of their adjournment, carrying back with them the accused in triumph.

Before four o'clock that afternoon, the king fled from Whitehall. He expected soon to return to it, the unopposed master of his dominions;

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but he returned to it, seven years later, the arraigned prisoner of his people. On the following day, the five members were placed in triumph on their "thrones" in Westminster; and all London throbbed with stern, strong, manly joy at the great and long deliverance begun for the English race.

Very sad and very instructive is the lesson which Mr. Forster has given to the world in this beautiful "page of history rewritten" of his. Sad is the spectacle of craft and shiftiness, wherever found. But, kings must needs suffer, sometimes, like meaner men, for the faults which, like meaner men, they commit against humanity and the right. Had Charles the First been faithful to his word, prompt and honest, he never would have lived in history, or the Church service, as Charles the Royal Martyr, who gave us Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell; plotting, false, and shifty, he built the scaffold for himself, and by his own unfaithful deeds and arbitrary attempts sharpened the executioner's axe for his neck.

The production of this book of Mr. Forster's—a book, with all its care, research, earnestness, and power, condensed within the compass of fewer than four hundred pages—is a great national service. And it is especially desirable that its teachings should be taken to heart at this time. In England, as in America (though to a less extent), there is a disposition observable on the part of numbers of good men, to hold themselves aloof from public affairs, and to resent the short-comings and littlenesses of party, by turning from them with a sullen indifference. Let all who are thus disposed learn from Mr. Forster's book to remember the immense importance of a free Parliament, the gallant struggle by which that Freedom was won for England, and the responsibility that lies on all of us to cherish it dearly. On the other hand, it is possible that even some Members in the list of the existing House may study Mr. Forster with advantage, as leading them to a comparison of themselves with their greatest predecessors, and to the inquiry whether they are at all conscious of any falling off in public spirit.

Throughout his manful and remarkable pages Mr. Forster is necessarily in collision with Clarendon. That is not Mr. Forster's fault. The history of the memorable time in question has been misrepresented by a partial advocate; the evidence is now to hand; the judge must point out the advocate's fallacies, and must state the evidence to the jury as it really is.

One final consideration, of a pleasant and gentle nature, is presented to us by this splendid piece of history. Those staunch gentlemen who were so true to the king and so touchingly faithful to a fallen cause, have a rightful hold on our respect, howsoever we differ from them. We may reasonably infer from these discoveries made by Mr. Forster, that they supposed the cause to be much better than it really was. What Clarendon misstated for posterity, he is likely to have misstated for his own time; and what the king confided to the desperate men about Whitehall, and failed in, he is not likely to have confided to men with a straighter instinct of truth and a plainer sense of honour.

MAY.

Whilst troublous blow the southern April winds,
  And swallows cross the shining Eastern seas
Thro' the clear dawn, and half the setting stars
  Gleam in the West in clustrous companies,

Thou, with the moon, a sickle gold and wan,
  Thy sweet head garlanded with violet,
Appearest, in the meadows of the sun,
  Thy locks with Spring rains and fresh odours wet.

Rich glories break upon the villages,
  The netted honeysuckled gables bloom,
The cocks crow shrill and cheerful, the white lambs
  Run to the brook within the elm-tree's gloom.

The pastures laugh; the sky above the oaks
  Is roofed with dripping clouds and spaces blue,
The butterfly, all jewelled with the rain,
  Shines, on the ivy leaves, amid the dew.

Blithe apparition, whilst the hedges teem
  With sun-like cowslips, and the fields are white
With myriad daisies, and the weedy lakes
  Unbosom all their lilies to the light;

Whilst yet the heifer, smelling of the meads,
  Feeds in her mother's shadow; and the deer
Troop from the tangled lowlands of the North
  To pasture in the hilly atmosphere;

Give me to wander through the flowering fields
  Or heaths forlorn, or by rivers slow,
Bedded with yellow sand and pebbles rare,
  And mossy stones above the current's flow;

Where I may catch thy breath, delightful May,
  Blowing upon my forehead; and the breeze
Steal from the meadows, and the pleasant farms
  Sweet scents of hay and rural harmonies.

Season of hope, thou blessed Pentecost
  Of heart and nature, when the summer fires
Again at sunset flame along the West,
  And birds pipe cheerful, in the forest choirs,

Companion of the plant-conceiving sun,
  Whilst Spring cold tempers all thy Summer charm,
Thou turnest from thy brother, April, and rain'st flowers
  Over the white round of thy naked arm.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

So much of my travelling is done on foot, that if I cherished betting propensities, I should probably be found registered in sporting newspapers, under some such title as the Elastic Novice, challenging all eleven-stone mankind to competition in walking. My last special feat was turning out of bed at two, after a hard day, pedestrian and otherwise, and walking thirty miles into the country to breakfast. The road was so lonely in the night, that I fell asleep to the monotonous sound of my own feet, doing their regular four miles an hour. Mile after mile I walked, without the slightest sense of exertion, dozing heavily and dreaming constantly. It was only when I made a stumble like a drunken man, or struck out into the road to avoid a

horseman close upon me on the path—who had no existence—that I came to myself and looked about. The day broke mistily (it was autumn time), and I could not disembarrass myself of the idea that I had to climb those heights and banks of cloud, and that there was an Alpine Convent somewhere behind the sun, where I was going to breakfast. This sleepy notion was so much stronger than such substantial objects as villages and haystacks, that, after the sun was up and bright, and when I was sufficiently awake to have a sense of pleasure in the prospect, I still occasionally caught myself looking about for wooden arms to point the right track up the mountain, and wondering there was no snow yet. It is a curiosity of broken sleep, that I made immense quantities of verses on that pedestrian occasion (of course I never make any when I am in my right senses), and that I spoke a certain language once pretty familiar to me, but which I have nearly forgotten from disuse, with fluency. Of both these phenomena I have such frequent experience in the state between sleeping and waking, that I sometimes argue with myself that I know I cannot be awake, for, if I were, I should not be half so ready. The readiness is not imaginary, because I can often recal long strings of the verses, and many turns of the fluent speech, after I am broad awake.

My walking is of two kinds; one, straight on end to a definite goal at a round pace; one, objectless, loitering, and purely vagabond. In the latter state, no gipsy on earth is a greater vagabond than myself; it is so natural to me and strong with me, that I think I must be the descendant, at no great distance, of some irreclaimable tramp.

One of the pleasantest things I have lately met with, in a vagabond course of shy metropolitan neighbourhoods and small shops, is the fancy of a humble artist as exemplified in two portraits representing Mr. Thomas Sayers, of Great Britain, and Mr. John Heenan, of the United States of America. These illustrious men are highly coloured, in fighting trim, and fighting attitude. To suggest the pastoral and meditative nature of their peaceful calling, Mr. Heenan is represented on emerald sward, with primroses and other modest flowers springing up under the heels of his half-boots; while Mr. Sayers is impelled to the administration of his favourite blow, the Auctioneer, by the silent eloquence of a village church. The humble homes of England, with their domestic virtues and honeysuckle porches, urge both heroes to go in and win; and the lark and other singing-birds are observable in the upper air, ecstatically carolling their thanks to Heaven for a fight. On the whole, the associations entwined with the pugilistic art by this artist are much in the manner of Izaak Walton.

But, it is with the lower animals of back streets and by-ways that my present purpose rests. For human notes, we may return to such neighbourhoods when leisure and inclination serve.

Nothing in shy neighbourhoods perplexes my mind more, than the bad company birds keep. Foreign birds often get into good society, but British birds are inseparable from low associates. There is a whole street of them in Saint Giles's; and I always find them in poor and immoral neighbourhoods, convenient to the public-house and the pawnbroker's. They seem to lead people into drinking, and even the man who makes their cages usually gets into a chronic state of black eye. Why is this? Also, they will do things for people in short-skirted velveteen coats with bone buttons, or in sleeved waistcoats and fur caps, which they cannot be persuaded by the respectable orders of society to undertake. In a dirty court in Spitalfields, once, I found a goldfinch drawing his own water, and drawing as much of it as if he were in a consuming fever. That goldfinch lived at a bird-shop, and offered, in writing, to barter himself against old clothes, empty bottles, or even kitchen-stuff. Surely a low thing and a depraved taste in any finch! I bought that goldfinch for money. He was sent home, and hung upon a nail over against my table. He lived outside a counterfeit dwelling-house, supposed (as I argued) to be a dyer's; otherwise it would have been impossible to account for his perch sticking out of the garret window. From the time of his appearance in my room, either he left off being thirsty—which was not in the bond—or he could not make up his mind to hear his little bucket drop back into his well when he let it go: a shock which in the best of times had made him tremble. He drew no water but by stealth and under the cloak of night. After an interval of futile and at length hopeless expectation, the merchant who had educated him was appealed to. The merchant was a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, like the last new strawberry. He wore a fur cap, and shorts, and was of the velveteen race, velveteeny. He sent word that he would "look round." He looked round, appeared in the doorway of the room, and slightly cocked up his evil eye at the goldfinch. Instantly, a raging thirst beset that bird; when it was appeased, he still drew several unnecessary buckets of water; and finally, leaped about his perch and sharpened his bill, as if he had been to the nearest wine-vaults and got drunk.

Donkeys again. I know shy neighbourhoods where the Donkey goes in at the street door, and appears to live up-stairs, for I have examined the back yard from over the palings, and have been unable to make him out. Gentility, nobility, Royalty, would appeal to that donkey in vain to do what he does for a costermonger. Feed him with oats at the highest price, put an infant prince and princess in a pair of panniers on his back, adjust his delicate trappings to a nicety, take him to the softest slopes at Windsor, and try what pace you can get out of him. Then, starve him, harness him anyhow to a truck with a flat tray on it, and see him bowl from Whitechapel to Bayswater. There appears to be no particular private understanding between birds and donkeys, in a state of nature; but in the shy

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neighbourhood state you shall see them always in the same hands, and always developing their very best energies for the very worst company. I have known a donkey—by sight; we were not on speaking terms—who lived over on the Surrey side of London-bridge, among the fastnesses of Jacob's Island and Dockhead. It was the habit of that animal, when his services were not in immediate requisition, to go out alone, idling. I have met him, a mile from his place of residence, loitering about the streets; and the expression of his countenance at such times was most degraded. He was attached to the establishment of an elderly lady who sold periwinkles, and he used to stand on Saturday nights with a cartful of those delicacies outside a gin-shop, pricking up his ears when a customer came to the cart, and too evidently deriving satisfaction from the knowledge that they got bad measure. His mistress was sometimes overtaken by inebriety. The last time I ever saw him (about five years ago) he was in circumstances of difficulty, caused by this failing. Having been left alone with the cart of periwinkles, and forgotten, he went off idling. He prowled among his usual low haunts for some time, gratifying his depraved taste, until, not taking the cart into his calculations, he endeavoured to turn up a narrow alley, and became greatly involved. He was taken into custody by the police, and, the Green Yard of the district being near at hand, was backed into that place of durance. At that crisis, I encountered him; the stubborn sense he evinced of being—not to compromise the expression—a blackguard, I never saw exceeded in the human subject. A flaring candle in a paper shade, stuck in among his periwinkles, showed him, with his ragged harness broken and his cart extensively shattered, twitching his mouth and shaking his hanging head, a picture of disgrace and obduracy. I have seen boys being taken to station-houses, who were as like him as his own brother.

The dogs of shy neighbourhoods, I observe to avoid play, and to be conscious of poverty. They avoid work too, if they can, of course; that is in the nature of all animals. I have the pleasure to know a dog in a back street in the neighbourhood of Walworth, who has greatly distinguished himself in the minor drama, and who takes his portrait with him when he makes an engagement, for the illustration of the play-bill. His portrait (which is not at all like him) represents him in the act of dragging to the earth a recreant Indian, who is supposed to have tomahawked, or essayed to tomahawk, a British officer. The design is pure poetry, for there is no such Indian in the piece, and no such incident. He is a dog of the Newfoundland breed, for whose honesty I would be bail to any amount; but whose intellectual qualities in association with dramatic fiction, I cannot rate high. Indeed, he is too honest for the profession he has entered. Being at a town in Yorkshire last summer, and seeing him posted in the bill of the night, I attended the performance. His first scene was eminently successful; but, as it occupied a second in its representation (and five lines in the bill), it scarcely afforded ground for a cool and deliberate judgment of his powers. He had merely to bark, run on, and jump through an inn window after a comic fugitive. The next scene of importance to the fable was a little marred in its interest by his over-anxiety: forasmuch as while his master (a belated soldier in a den of robbers on a tempestuous night) was feelingly lamenting the absence of his faithful dog, and laying great stress on the fact that he was thirty leagues away, the faithful dog was barking furiously in the prompter's box, and clearly choking himself against his collar. But it was in his greatest scene of all, that his honesty got the better of him. He had to enter a dense and trackless forest, on the trail of the murderer, and there to fly at the murderer when he found him resting at the foot of a tree, with his victim bound ready for slaughter. It was a hot night, and he came into the forest from an altogether unexpected direction, in the sweetest temper, at a very deliberate trot, not in the least excited; trotted to the foot-lights with his tongue out; and there sat down, panting, and amiably surveying the audience, with his tail beating on the boards, like a Dutch clock. Meanwhile the murderer, impatient to receive his doom, was audibly calling to him "Co-o-OME here!" while the victim, struggling with his bonds, assailed him with the most injurious expressions. It happened through these means, that when he was in course of time persuaded to trot up and rend the murderer limb from limb, he made it (for dramatic purposes) a little too obvious that he worked out that awful retribution by licking butter off his blood-stained hands.

In a shy street behind Long-acre, two honest dogs live, who perform in Punch's shows. I may venture to say that I am on terms of intimacy with both, and that I never saw either guilty of the falsehood of failing to look down at the man inside the show, during the whole performance. The difficulty other dogs have in satisfying their minds about these dogs, appears to be never overcome by time. The same dogs must encounter them over and over again, as they trudge along in their off-minutes behind the legs of the show and beside the drum; but all dogs seem to suspect their frills and jackets, and to sniff at them as if they thought those articles of personal adornment, an eruption—a something in the nature of mange, perhaps. From this Covent-garden window of mine I noticed a country dog, only the other day, who had come up to Covent-garden Market under a cart, and had broken his cord, an end of which he still trailed along with him. He loitered about the corners of the four streets commanded by my window; and bad London dogs came up, and told him lies that he didn't believe; and worse London dogs came up, and made proposals to him to go and steal in the market, which his principles rejected; and the ways of the town confused him, and he crept aside and lay down in a doorway. He had scarcely got a wink of sleep, when up comes

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Punch with Toby. He was darting to Toby for consolation and advice, when he saw the frill, and stopped in the middle of the street, appalled. The show was pitched, Toby retired behind the drapery, the audience formed, the drum and pipes struck up. My country dog remained immovable, intently staring at these strange appearances, until Toby opened the drama by appearing on his ledge, and to him entered Punch, who put a tobacco-pipe into Toby's mouth. At this spectacle, the country dog threw up his head, gave one terrible howl, and fled due west.

We talk of men keeping dogs, but we might often talk more expressively of dogs keeping men. I know a bulldog in a shy corner of Hammersmith who keeps a man. He keeps him up a yard, and makes him go to public-houses and lay wagers on him, and obliges him to lean against posts and look at him, and forces him to neglect work for him, and keeps him under rigid coercion. I once knew a fancy terrier that kept a gentleman—a gentleman who had been brought up at Oxford, too. The dog kept the gentleman entirely for his glorification, and the gentleman never talked about anything but the terrier. This, however, was not in a shy neighbourhood, and is a digression consequently.

There are a great many dogs in shy neighbourhoods, who keep boys. I have my eye on a mongrel in Somers-town who keeps three boys. He feigns that he can bring down sparrows, and unburrow rats (he can do neither), and he takes the boys out on sporting pretences into all sorts of suburban fields. He has likewise made them believe that he possesses some mysterious knowledge of the art of fishing, and they consider themselves incompletely equipped for the Hampstead ponds, with a pickle-jar and a wide-mouthed bottle, unless he is with them and barking tremendously. There is a dog residing in the Borough of Southwark who keeps a blind man. He may be seen, most days, in Oxford-street, hauling the blind man away on expeditions wholly uncontemplated by, and unintelligible to, the man: wholly of the dog's conception and execution. Contrariwise, when the man has projects, the dog will sit down in a crowded thoroughfare and meditate. I saw him yesterday, wearing the money-tray like an easy collar instead of offering it to the public, taking the man against his will, on the invitation of a disreputable cur, apparently to visit a dog at Harrow—he was so intent on that direction. The north wall of Burlington House Gardens, between the Arcade and the Albany, offers a shy spot for appointments among blind men at about two or three o'clock in the afternoon. They sit (very uncomfortably) on a sloping board there, and compare notes. Their dogs may always be observed at the same time, openly disparaging the men they keep, to one another, and settling where they shall respectively take their men when they begin to move again. At a small butcher's, in a shy neighbourhood (there is no reason for suppressing the name; it is by Notting-hill, and gives upon the district called the Potteries), I know a shaggy black and white dog who keeps a drover. He is a dog of an easy disposition, and too frequently allows this drover to get drunk. On these occasions, it is the dog's custom to sit outside the public-house, keeping his eye on a few sheep, and thinking. I have seen him with six sheep, plainly casting-up in his mind how many he began with when he left the market, and at what places he has left the rest. I have seen him perplexed by not being able to account to himself for certain particular sheep. A light has gradually broken on him, he has remembered at what butcher's he left them, and in a burst of grave satisfaction has caught a fly off his nose, and shown himself much relieved. If I could at any time have doubted the fact that it was he who kept the drover, and not the drover who kept him, it would have been abundantly proved by his way of taking undivided charge of the six sheep, when the drover came out besmeared with red ochre and beer, and gave him wrong directions, which he calmly disregarded. He has taken the sheep entirely into his own hands, has merely remarked with respectful firmness, "That instruction would place them under an omnibus; you had better confine your attention to yourself—you will want it all;" and has driven his charge away, with an intelligence of ears and tail, and a knowledge of business, that has left his lout of a man very, very far behind.

As the dogs of shy neighbourhoods usually betray a slinking consciousness of being in poor circumstances—for the most part manifested in an aspect of anxiety, an awkwardness in their play, and a misgiving that somebody is going to harness them to something, to pick up a living—so the cats of shy neighbourhoods exhibit a strong tendency to relapse into barbarism. Not only are they made selfishly ferocious by ruminating on the surplus population around them, and on the densely crowded state of all the avenues to cat's meat; not only is there a moral and politico-economical haggardness in them, traceable to these reflections; but they evince a physical deterioration. Their linen is not clean, and is wretchedly got up; their black turns rusty, like old mourning; they wear very indifferent fur; and take to the shabbiest cotton velvet, instead of silk velvet. I am on terms of recognition with several small streets of cats, about the Obelisk in Saint George's Fields, and also in the vicinity of Clerkenwell-green, and also in the back settlements of Drury-lane. In appearance, they are very like the women among whom they live. They seem to turn out of their unwholesome beds into the street, without any preparation. They leave their young families to stagger about the gutters, unassisted, while they frouzily quarrel and swear and scratch and spit, at street corners. In particular, I remark that when they are about to increase their families (an event of frequent recurrence) the resemblance is strongly expressed in a certain dusty dowdiness, down-at-heel self-neglect, and general giving up of things. I cannot honestly report that I have ever seen a feline matron of this class washing her face when in an interesting condition.

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Not to prolong these notes of uncommercial travel among the lower animals of shy neighbourhoods, by dwelling at length upon the exasperated moodiness of the tom-cats, and their resemblance in many respects to a man and a brother, I will come to a close with a word on the fowls of the same localities.

That anything born of an egg and invested with wings, should have got to the pass that it hops contentedly down a ladder into a cellar, and calls *that* going home, is a circumstance so amazing as to leave one nothing more in this connexion to wonder at. Otherwise I might wonder at the completeness with which these fowls have become separated from all the birds of the air—have taken to grovelling in bricks and mortar and mud—have forgotten all about live trees, and make roosting-places of shop-boards, barrows, oyster-tubs, bulk-heads, and door-scrapers. I wonder at nothing concerning them, and take them as they are. I accept as products of Nature and things of course, a reduced Bantam family of my acquaintance in the Hackney-road, who are incessantly at the pawnbroker's. I cannot say that they enjoy themselves, for they are of a melancholy temperament; but what enjoyment they are capable of, they derive from crowding together in the pawnbroker's side-entry. Here, they are always to be found in a feeble flutter, as if they were newly come down in the world, and were afraid of being identified. I know a low fellow, originally of a good family from Dorking, who takes his whole establishment of wives, in single file, in at the door of the Jug Department of a disorderly tavern near the Haymarket, manœuvres them among the company's legs, emerges with them at the Bottle Entrance, and so passes his life: seldom, in the season, going to bed before two in the morning. Over Waterloo-bridge, there is a shabby old speckled couple (they belong to the wooden French-bedstead, washing-stand, and towel-horse-making trade), who are always trying to get in at the door of a chapel. Whether the old lady, under a delusion reminding one of Mrs. Southcott, has an idea of entrusting an egg to that particular denomination, or merely understands that she has no business in the building, and is consequently frantic to enter it, I cannot determine; but she is constantly endeavouring to undermine the principal door: while her partner, who is infirm upon his legs, walks up and down, encouraging her and defying the Universe. But the family I have been best acquainted with, since the removal from this trying sphere of a Chinese circle at Brentford, reside in the densest part of Bethnal-green. Their abstraction from the objects among which they live, or rather their conviction that those objects have all come into existence in express subservience to fowls, has so enchanted me, that I have made them the subject of many journeys at divers hours. After careful observation of the two lords and the ten ladies of whom this family consists, I have come to the conclusion that their opinions are represented by the leading lord and leading lady: the latter, as I judge, an aged personage, afflicted with a paucity of feather and visibility of quill, that gives her the appearance of a bundle of office pens. When a railway goods-van that would crush an elephant comes round the corner, tearing over these fowls, they emerge unharmed from under the horses, perfectly satisfied that the whole rush was a passing property in the air, which may have left something to eat behind it. They look upon old shoes, wrecks of kettles and saucepans, and fragments of bonnets, as a kind of meteoric discharge, for fowls to peck at. Peg-tops and hoops they account, I think, as a sort of hail; shuttlecocks, as rain, or dew. Gaslight comes quite as natural to them as any other light; and I have more than a suspicion that, in the minds of the two lords, the early public-house at the corner has superseded the sun. I have established it as a certain fact, that they always begin to crow when the public-house shutters begin to be taken down, and that they salute the potboy, the instant he appears to perform that duty, as if he were Phœbus in person.

MASTER AND MAN.

I.

As I glide over the hilly landscape, blurred with smoke, of Lancashire, it is wonderful to think how little London knows about these forests of chimneys; these hundred-windowed mills; this vast district, where there is no silent solitude; for the burr of working wheels and cranks, following the traveller over hill and valley, never deserts his ear during a single minute. Dry figures and descriptions of machinery have travelled hence all the world over. Vast are the blue-books about cotton supply. But I am to do without tables. The law of supply and demand is not to fall under my critical eye. It is my simple business to keep my eyes wide open.

I taper the point of my pencil hopefully, as I sweep along the iron high road, to which every cotton-spinner owes a liberal gratitude. At every little station eager men leap out of the train, and hurry towards the mills; at every station the hedges are ragged with flakes of cotton. Men nod rapidly to one another; jump unceremoniously from the railway-carriage without saying good morning to a friend, and hand their tickets to the porters with their teeth, while they grasp their luggage. They have, probably, just half an hour to spend in the town they have reached, and, during this time, have to make heavy bargains. It is two o'clock: by six they must be a hundred and twenty miles off. Time is too valuable to be spent on ceremony; and so ceremony is put aside, while the good feeling which is at the back of all wholesome ceremony is kept in the heart. The black coat does not secure reverent eyes. A gentleman, driving through Accrington in a gig, asked a factory lad the road to Bacup. The lad looked sharply at his questioner. He must have value received for any information he afforded:

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"Give me a lift and I'll show thee," said the lad.

The gentleman agreed to the bargain, the lad climbed into the gig, and, his arms akimbo, looked proudly about. Presently he passed a factory companion.

"Why, what art doin' there?" cried the lad in the road.

The lad in the gig bobbed his head towards the gentleman at his side, and answered:

"Only showin' this fellow here t' Bacup."

A great cotton-spinner, who was guiding me over his mill, was accosted by one of the operatives. The man wanted to speak with his employer.

"In five minutes," said the employer.

"That'll do," answered the man, with the air of an owner who was granting his slave a respite. I shall presently see my independent friend at a public meeting, and hear him discuss a statement of prices.

"Heh!" cries a Lancashire friend of mine, "but there is a sorry time coming for us. We are busy now, but wait till trade slackens. Now, the men are our rulers. Mills are building in all directions; and even as it is, there are not enough hands to work all the looms in the great weaving sheds we have. Let the operatives have a little more power, and remain no better affected towards their employers than they are at this present time; and, alack! dark days will be passed in Lancashire."

My early impression as I wander through a Lancashire town of cotton-mills for the first time, is, that this off-hand manner of masters and men covers enmity. In the great carding-rooms, and spinning-rooms, in the weaving-sheds, and where the "devil" first beats the cotton from the bale, the master passes with his guests, unheeding the weavers and spinners; these, unheeding him, or glancing coldly—perhaps scornfully—at the party. Both interests are powerful: each is suspicious of the other. Last year, a certain master of my acquaintance gave all his hands—some eleven or twelve hundred—a treat. At his sole expense this great party was conveyed to Liverpool and back, and liberally regaled. The treat had a bad effect upon the operatives: they met to discuss the reason for the master's liberality. Had he devised some cunning scheme by which he might get an advantage at their expense? This suspicion was his sole reward. The treat was not repeated in the following year. The omission became a grievance, and the master remains unpopular in his mills.

There is the other side of the question. Masters are sometimes cunning too. They sometimes scheme to get more work, for a stipulated wage, than is due. They are sometimes keen framers of arbitrary mill laws. And so, when there is work and plenty of it, the operatives turn the screw upon the masters, and when work is scanty the employers turn the screw upon them. The day comes when it is advantageous to the master to close the mill. The bear is fat, and can live, self-sustaining, through a long winter; but woe unto the bears that are lean, woe unto the working bears when the frost sets in!

This is sad; but I hope Ralph and Johnny, whom I am to meet, when they have "cleaned themselves up" some night, after seven, will be able to give me some cheerful news. I hope Tobias Deloom, Esquire, of the Grange, under whose ample roof I am presently to find myself (Tobias was Toby, and wore wooden clogs, and threw the shuttle when he was twenty, and he is now "in the habit of buying estates"), I hope my host will have stories to tell me of gentle things said and done by him to abate the hostility of the two great armies that front and menace each other, with every change of the sky, in the rich north-west of England.

"We don't do quite enough for the men from whom we get so much," Mr. Deloom has already allowed. And he has given me some experiences of his, showing the advantage the master has in approaching his operatives on friendly terms. He had experienced the evils of a strike some years ago. After the men had returned to work he suggested that they should meet him once a week. He and they would jointly form a Mutual Improvement Society, and they would discuss capital and labour questions. The experiment redounded to the honour of the operatives. The employer was impressed by the great intelligence and the "unadorned eloquence" of the employed. "I told Cobden," said Deloom, "I had a man in my employ I would match against him any day upon a platform."

Is this unadorned eloquence to be devoted to the cause of prosperity and order, or to that of ruin and disorder? I ask myself the question with a certain tremor; for, on all sides, the mills are being newly winged, and vast weavers' sheds, like the larger courts of the old Crystal Palace, are rising. I ask myself this question with particular emphasis, as I trudge along the black road, past miners or colliers who look like Ethiopian serenaders in undress, from Burnley to unquiet Padiham. It is pleasant to be clear of Burnley. The clatter of its machinery—the cranks, and wheels, and greasy piston-rods that are plunging and groaning at every window of its wheel-worn, uneven streets—have churned my brain. A weary trudge up a steep hill, past donkeys tugging at loaded coal-carts, and men dragging trucks of cotton bales through the dusky mud, only leaves me in sight of bricklayers, still rearing more red brick mills in the adjoining fields. I look towards the valleys: they are bristling with chimneys, thick as the barrel of a musical box bristles with tuneful spikes. By the sweat of his brow, from six till six, doth every man, woman, and child hereabouts eat bread.

As I approach Padiham, Stubborn Fact points to a noble domain, where dwells the kind master of the district. He is a politician as well as an employer. "He," cries Stubborn Fact, in my ear, "gossips with an operative as familiarly as with a peer. Not many days have passed, since he called some of these black

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colliers from the high road into yonder hall, and spent five hours with them. This five hours' friendly talk has prevented yon gates that, down a muddy lane, lead to a mine, from being closed."

I have promised not to plunge into great, vexed questions. I shall not answer Mr. Ellis's query, "What is competition?" I want to feel the human pulse throbbing here: not to frame periods about supply and demand. Does competition lower wages? I have met only two beggars since I have been in these parts; and I count already some ten days here. But, as I lean over the parapet of the bridge that spans the Calder, and see the new mills creeping up the hills from the banks of the lively river; as I mark a few very solid mills raised by clubs of some six or seven operatives each, and then calling to mind the prodigious array of carcases I saw some five minutes since in a butcher's shed, it strikes me that here, at least, up to this hour, competition has not brought beggary and ruin.

There is a kind of competition, however, from which many men foretel a deadly and desolating conflict. Bad passions competing against bad passions; tyranny at the weaver's loom and the grinder's hearth competing against tyranny in head offices; masters' arrogance competing against men's arrogance; lock-outs competing against operatives' intimidation. Of bad blood warring against bad blood, what good can come?

II.

It was a bleak March morning—the wind was north and the rain was fine—when I started on a journey of three miles, to breakfast with a mill-owner, whose mill, I was assured, was a model one. I had been disturbed at grey dawn by the patter of the operatives' wooden shoes, or clogs. The streets were deserted, save by a few old operatives, with grey shawls drawn over their threadbare coats, and hats that looked like shapeless lumps of coke. These old men stared vacantly after me, and muttered. Children paused in their play, to have a peep at me; I was a stranger within the gates of the town, and what could my errand be? Wherefore was I on my way to Old Fox's mill? As I dashed past the mill gates, the porter peeped out to see who was riding to the master's house. A broad, handsome pebble road, skirted by young lime and chesnut trees, destined, if all go well, to give grateful shade to Old Fox's grandchildren, winds up the hill to a plain, substantial mansion, the windows of which command a view of hills thirty miles off, now frosted, at the summit, with lingering snow. From the snuggest of breakfast-rooms, I peep out of window, where the mills lie panting and smoking in the valley. The landscape, far as the eye can reach (save where the snow crowns of high ranges cap the scene), is scratched with railways, and blotched with red mills. Church is stretching out its arms to Accrington—Accrington is making overtures to Burnley—Burnley is approaching Blackburn. With a calm eye mine host surveys the scene this bleak March morning. It is ten o'clock, and I am reading last night's debate in the Commons—a round two hundred miles away from St. Stephen's. The mills below have been busy for the last four hours.

Fox's mill is a model mill. There are architectural pretensions about it. The lodge is ornate. The entrance is broad and pleasant. On the left there is a reading-room for the hands—an elegant, cozy apartment. But it is not frequented; and sundry observations, to the disadvantage of the hands, are hereupon made. But I see very human and acceptable reasons why the hands—the twelve hours' work done—wander freely hence into the free air—to read, or smoke, or take their mug of ale, where the humour leads them. In this reading-room the hands may not smoke, for instance. Now mine host, wandering to his mill after breakfast, enjoys his cigar. In his evening hours, when the blinds are closed, and the London paper is dropped into his hands, he takes a cigar again, and it gives zest to his enjoyment. I ask him to see that this evening ease is as dear to the hands as to himself. Bottom is essentially an independent personage now-a-days. He will read where he is free to quaff his "humming ale," to blow his cloud, and speak freely of men and things of the neighbourhood. I prefer reading my own rumpled copy of Rabelais, or my shilling edition of Locke on the Human Understanding, in the humble little apartment where I keep my handful of books, to sitting under the majestic dome of the British Museum before the finest editions of the above two authors. In the same way, Bottom prefers to thumb the Lancashire Thunderblast in the chimney corner of his little home; when he has taken his pipe from the cupboard, and his wife has found *his* 'bacco-box. He prefers this, to the ornate little reading-room at the mill. I am sure that I am the last man in the world to blame him for the preference.

If philanthropists would believe that men who have worked hard for twelve hours cannot be brought to understand that it is their bounden duty to proceed direct from their work to hear Figgins on the Pilgrim's Progress, Higgins on the Bards of Scotland, Stiggins on the Microscope, and Biggins on a drop of water, they would be much more useful members of society than they are now. The Reverend Job Cockcrow bewails the empty lecture-room when his venerable friend Bulrushes descants on the Pilgrim Fathers; and Job perorates, in shrill falsetto, on the abject condition of the public that crowds the same room when besotted serenaders chant the praises of the Yaller Gal. Zounds! my Reverend Job, if you want to "elevate the masses," don't try to pull them up by the roots of their hair. When you have been preaching all day, you don't preach to yourself in your sanctum when you get home. A man whose attention has been fixed on the flying shuttle from sunrise to sundown, whose mind has been a prisoner for twelve hours, must suit his humour, and nibble in the fields of knowledge where he lists. He naturally declines to sit upon a form, under freezing re-

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gulations, to read the precise book it may please you to place in his hands.

Let us to the mill.

The great engine, the power of which moves all the machinery that is in the vast building, that gives life to the "devil," and speed to the shuttle; that lifts bales of cotton in ascending rooms—that is, in short, the nervous centre of Old Fox's establishment—this most useful and noisy monster is in a cool and pleasant chamber, and is protected by handsome panels of stained woods. The weaving shed, with its bright north light, is as airy as a birdcage. The flying bands, the rattle of two hundred looms, the wild varieties of motion shown in the distance by the working looms, the little tramways along which boys push waggons of cloth on their way to the measuring department, make up a scene of activity over which the eye anxiously ranges in search of an image that will realise to the outer world the marvellous order, that looks like chaos, of a great modern weavers' shed. A hundred spring rattles would not realise the noise. Twelve hours in this rattle and bustle! Twelve hours in a paddle-box would be retirement in comparison.

I observe that every weaver's attention is concentrated upon his looms; that he can hardly lift his eye from them; that he has barely time to say a word. Swiftly fly the shuttles; delicately as a lady stops her silk skein wheel doth the iron loom halt when a frail thread is broken. He must watch the shuttle, and see that the cloth is coming straight and sound. And all this rapid movement is under his searching eye from sunrise to sundown. If I watch it for five minutes my head swims. I turn to my host, and ask him whether the weaver who bears this anxious, exhausting watchfulness all day through, can be reasonably expected to deny himself his pipe in the evening. When the secretary of the Mechanics' Institute, close at hand, tells me that a solemn professor exhibited an air-pump and Leyden jars, a night or two since, to a select audience of seven adults and two children, and deduces from this thin attendance a conclusion highly unfavourable to the operatives of the district, I am inclined to drag him into this weavers' shed, to tie him to a couple of looms for twelve hours, and then to carry him, bound hand and foot, to his own lecture-hall, where some solemn personage should be ready to administer to him a two hours' very dry discourse.

Yet, the originator of this mill had a fine Lancashire master's mind. With a strong love of the ingenious, he pursued every new idea in machinery, every household invention, with avidity. The lever corkscrew gave a zest to his wine. His dog-cart had peculiar shafts and peculiar wheels. An ingenious contrivance filled the troughs of his horses at will. By a cunning arrangement of a shaft, which dipped from the granary (of which he kept the key) and told the quantity of corn that passed through it, he could check the consumption of oats or beans. With refuse coke from the mill, he made dry and spacious walks about his mansion; and it was not enough for him that the mill machine drove the looms and carding and spinning-frames—it might carry bales of cottons from the ground to the airy eminence of the mill's third story — it might drive the devil, and do other mill work — but he must trouble it to step across to a little farm-yard and make itself generally useful there. I found it at work cutting chaff and turnips, and pumping the mill manure all the way up the hill that divides the farm-yard from Fox's mansion. This is not the place where power or refuse is thrown away. If there were the power of a bluebottle wasting, Old Fox would put his wits to work, to turn it to account. Little bridges span the farm-yard and dip into separate enclosures. Each bridge is for a distinct and exclusive breed of fowls. From these lofty and elegant eminences, pure Spanish, or prize Cochins, look proudly down upon the plebeian barndoor. The cows are in stalls, neat as parlours; Old Fox will not be satisfied until they are milked by the aid of cranks and bands. Three milk-maid power must be got out of the engine yet, before he has done with it. The man habituated to the direction of the labour of twelve hundred people, pressed by these people day by day to give higher value for their labour, accustomed to journey twice a week to Manchester to meet all the hard heads of Lancashire, and to make advantageous cotton bargains in the midst of rivals, of necessity becomes sharp. He calculates steam power to a nicety. He is great on economic boilers. He is ever on the look-out for improvements in machinery that may give him a temporary advantage over his neighbours. I have seen one of these acute gentlemen standing upon a very pretty iron bridge thrown across a lake in his park, to connect the main-land with an umbrageous little island. The acute gentleman in question glanced knowingly at me, and slapped the light railing of the bridge.

"Here," said he, "is the wreck of an old engine."

This clever economy of material, and this power of watching over little profits that would slip through the tyro's fingers, impress all observant visitors to the mills of Lancashire. Waste is unknown: the foul cotton, rejected by the carder, is thankfully accepted by the paper-maker. That which the printers call "fat" is unknown to the weaver and the spinner. The pound of flesh is weighed to a scruple; the steam measures the work done, as exactly as steam throws the shuttle. The conditions are hard on both sides; but hardest, it is obvious, for the operatives.

I contrast the little weavers' cottages opposite old Fox's mill (and they are snug enough) with old Fox's noble mansion that commands the country for twenty miles round. I cannot help taking a seat in one of these cottages. I want to feel myself in the position of one of Old Fox's hands.

I remember him when he was a young man, and his father had a bit of an establishment not worth talking about. I was in that little esta-

blishment. Well, my masters have become great, rich folk since then; and I, though a trifle more comfortable than I was twenty years ago, am substantially little better than when I started. The mill is vastly improved; work is lighter; I go to my looms through a filigree doorway—but I don't get on. Master is filling his vast granaries, while I am still working to get enough for the oven at the week's end. I am no more than a crank of the engine. I am part of the mill. I and the devil that beats the cotton, are on an equality. I must be pressed to work cheaply, as the cotton must be got cheaply. Old Fox must sell cottons for the Indians at the price his neighbour asks; or, if possible, at a price a little under that of his neighbour.

Now, in justice to wife and brats, I am bound to see that the value of my labour is not depreciated, in order to give Old Fox an advantage in the market. I and Old Fox are not on speaking terms; so I turn to my companions, and we concert together how we shall make our weight felt. And here we are, a little army looking jealously, day by day, at your castle. A new wing is about to be built; terraces are being raised; the old man is doing well. We, also, must get a grain or two more, now that the harvest is abundant. We have no compunction. Old Fox is not our friend, we take it.

In this fashion, the operative looks out of his cottage door, and talks at the owner's mansion, so that in this model mill, with its perfect ventilation and its wondrous machinery, I perceive something that is not perfect. The iron, and coal, and cotton are sound; the straps glide smoothly enough about the wheels; but there is a very complex machine at work hereabouts, that creaks, and jars, and gets out of gear, as, I think, I shall clearly indicate in future papers.

I am not unmindful, I trust, of my good host's hospitality, because I peep into his operatives' cottages, and ask them how it is with them in the world. I am told that the fathers of the majority of these great mill-owners had not a five-pound note when they began life. And I am told that they are the hardest masters who were once operatives, because, when operatives, they regarded masters as their enemies. Become masters in their turn, they are alive to the animosity of labour, and they resent it. All successful men have not the noble nature that made Stephenson shake hands with a lady in her carriage, and then with an old friend who was in her ladyship's livery.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AMONG THE STATUES.

It is not long since that a gentleman of great legal experience rose in the House of Commons, and invited the attention of the government to a certain monumental structure at the lower end of Waterloo-place, which, consisting of boards and scaffolding poles only, is calculated to gratify the beholder with a prospective rather than a present enjoyment; and which, while rich in future promise, is, in the matter of immediate satisfaction, a thought sterile and discouraging. Reading of this learned member's question, and of the answer made to it, which—as has happened occasionally in other matters connected with government—consisted of an assurance that it was all right, and that there was nobody to blame,—reading of these things, it naturally suggests itself that it would be a good and interesting thing to examine the comparative merits of a London scaffolding and a London statue, with a view to ascertaining whether on the whole the former is not the more ornamental structure of the two, and whether the legal gentleman who put the question spoken of above had not better have borne those ills he has, in the shape of boards and poles, than fly to others that he knows not of, in bronze or marble.

A good scaffolding is a very perfect and complete work of art. It is a fair specimen of human ingenuity, and in its admirable adaptation to the end for which it is used, in its full achievement of what it professes, is perfectly satisfactory. Who remembers the structure by which the Nelson column was placed in its present position, and will not admit that that symmetrically balanced composition with its invisible joints, its wonderful combination of strength with lightness, and graceful intricacy of spars, was a much more agreeable object of contemplation than the inconceivably foolish result which it was raised to bring into existence? Yes, a scaffolding is an inferior thing to *a good* statue, but it is infinitely superior in beauty to a bad one. Who would not be grateful to any combination of boards that would environ and screen from our miserable eyes the arch at the top of Constitution-hill and its incredibly terrible burden? Who would not be glad of *anything* behind which the statue of Sir Charles Napier, or that raised in Cavendish-square to the memory of my Lord Bentinck, could be secreted? Is the Jenner monument as good as a statue? Is the august form of our late sovereign William IV. (of glorious memory), as it appears in the street named after him, anything like as beautiful as the deal boards that might be at this moment around it?

As a nation, we are admirable at a scaffolding. There is, perhaps, no country that can beat us at such erections. Why not, then, as is the course of sensible men—who find out what they can do, and do it—why not act thus nationally, and erect a scaffolding whenever we wish to commemorate a public event, or to raise a monument to a public character?—"Subscriptions will be received at the Bank of Messrs. Hoarding and Son towards the expenses of raising a scaffolding to commemorate the late gallant conduct of Mr. Thomas Sayers. This work of art will come from the atelier of Mr. Cubitt, and will be a fine specimen of the ability of that distinguished artist." Surely such an announcement would be the signal for the collection of an enormous fund. What a relief, too, this system of raising monuments in wood and cordage, instead of bronze and stone, would be to the

minds of our great public characters. It is a fact not generally known that the anticipation of what will happen after their deaths in the monumental way is continually preying on the minds of our more distinguished soldiers and politicians, and that when LORD JOHN RUSSELL is observed to wear a clouded and thoughtful brow as he sits in his place in parliament, it is not that he is occupied with Reform, but with the miserable figure that he will cut in after ages when occupying one of the vacant pedestals in Trafalgar-square.

Who knows how many illustrious persons are kept back by this dread of posthumous perpetuation, or what valuable services we are losing by reason of the dread which exists in men's minds of figuring one day at the top of a pillar, or alongside of the pump in the square. The risk of such ultimate honours is enough to deter any man from a public career. How dearly were the glories of the late Duke of Wellington purchased at the expense of such suffering as he must have endured every time he looked out of window, or passed the Royal Exchange on his way to London-bridge. We cannot expect people to run these risks, and many a rising man turns his attention to trade or stock-broking, or, which is safer still, to the Fine Arts, rather than to war or politics, with the dread of a statue before his eyes.

It is proposed by your Eye-witness to take a rapid glance at the statues with which our town is ornamented, with a view of ascertaining what is the exact amount of their claim on our admiration, and of their superiority to those wooden structures which we are in such a hurry to get rid of. Before, however, making these researches, it is only right to premise that no critical mention will be made of the fox-hunter on horseback in Mr. Nicoll's shop-window, nor of any of those statues of Highlanders which guard the doors of our more ancient snuff-shops.

Does any one get any satisfaction out of the London statues? Does any one ever look at them without a shudder? Surely not. The fact is, that till lately it has been the practice to erect these monuments on such exalted pedestals that it was impossible to see them, by reason of the brightness of the sky behind their faces. The likenesses of George Canning in front of Westminster Hall, and of Mr. Pitt in Hanover-square, are both invisible; and as to Nelson and the Duke of York, they may see each other, it is true, being about on a level, but to the world at large their countenances are as those of veiled prophets, inscrutable in an aërial perspective of smoke and mist. These two pillar-saints (as St. Simeon Stylites, and others of similar habits with the Duke of York and Nelson were called) have decidedly the best of it up in the clouds, and the others, given over to the blacks and the dust, enjoy, it must be confessed, but a sorry time of it.

Perhaps the most lamentable and disheartening thing of all in connexion with the London statues, is the conviction which must force itself on every observer, of their certain, gradual deterioration. Who that traces them down from the equestrian figure of Charles the First at Charing-cross, to that of Queen Anne in front of St. Paul's, and (still descending) by the gallant old Hanoverian in Cockspur-street, to the unspeakable horrors of Trafalgar-square and Constitution-hill, can fail to own this? There is a sure but terrible progress in crime ending in abysses almost too low to contemplate. Nemo repente turpissimus; and no nation could *suddenly* be guilty of the statue of Napier in our metropolitan Forum. That last stage has been approached slowly through many steps in villany, and the final degradation has been attained by a gradual process, which your servant has it in his thoughts to trace.

With the exception of those figures which, being let into niches, form rather a part of our street architecture than assert themselves as independent features of metropolitan decoration, —with the exception of these, the Equestrian Charles the First, at the top of Parliament-street, is the earliest of the London out-door statues. The earliest, and the best. It is what it professes to be: a portrait of the king on horseback. In subsequent times a Roman madness came upon us, and took such hold of us too, that no man was represented as he was, but was tortured into the most Roman aspect that his features would (or wouldn't) admit of. Charles the First at Charing-cross is dressed as he *was* dressed, is seated on such a saddle as he was in the habit of using, and is accommodated with stirrups; a luxury which we shall feel the want of presently when we glance for a moment at our more modern Equestrians. That is surely a good likeness of Charles. It has that unimposing appearance which we associate with him, and which even the noblest costume that man ever wore could not wholly counterpoise. He has an unlucky look. In a word, it is the aspect of a man who, as a king, would get into just such a false position as we have seen him in, in a recent admirable work referred to in these present pages, intruding where his inferiors were his masters, where his subjects were at home and on their own ground, and he, their king, nothing better than a rash and unwelcome intruder. This is the portrait of such a man; one who would have failed even in smaller transactions than those in which his fate involved him, but would have borne his failure sweetly and even heroically to the last. It is not an impressive presence: the lion supporting the arms on the pedestal is grinning at the spectator, as if he thought royalty a joke, and the horse on which the king is riding takes the liberty of cocking his head on one side as he trots along in the most unconcerned manner. Surely the sculptor who would impress you with the rider should make the horse sensible of the importance of his burden, and gravely attentive to his business. This horse of Charles's is a humorous animal who doesn't care twopence for his master or anybody else, and has a disparaging twist about the corners of his mouth which would do very well for an equestrian statue

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of Rabelais or Cervantes, but not for the charger of a king. There is a lineal descendant of this animal in Cavendish-square, and a near relative in the enclosure of St. James's. The race in the present day has still some representative, and it was only yesterday that your servant saw two highly comic leaders in a hearse, which were exactly of this statuesque type, and which were in unseemly spirits, and uninfluenced by any sense of propriety.

To such a personage as should judge only by the external indications of our capital it would infallibly appear that, after the time of Charles the First, some strange freaks had been indulged in, in the way of costume. Indeed, in taking leave of the statue of the royal martyr, we bid good-by for a while to realities in dress, and the next kind of costume that found favour was either partially or completely of a Roman order. There is a very good specimen of this Roman rage in the statue of James the Second, at the back of Whitehall. There is something inconceivably dismal about that figure and the place in which it stands. Turned away from the great building, and apparently pointing at a special place on the pavement, it strikes one at first that it must have been arranged with some peculiar object, and that some deed of horror must have taken place on the spot which the finger indicates. There was, indeed, a rumour ouce in circulation that the figure was pointing at the spot on which Charles the First was beheaded. An interesting theory this, and one which would have completely elucidated the difficulty of the finger, but for one or two obstinate circumstances which oppose, as facts sometimes will, perfect and otherwise unanswerable theories. Charles was executed on the other side of the building, and on a scaffold level with the first-floor windows. The real explanation of the difficulty is this: the statue of James once held in its hand that inevitable truncheon without which no well-conducted Roman could exist. The truncheon, held with the forefinger along it, has slipped out of the hand, and hence the action. This is surely a valuable lesson to our modern sculptors—some of whom, to this day, affect the truncheon for many of their military characters—to make this convenient weapon, if possible, of the same piece as the hand which holds it, or if this may not be, to weld and secure it in its place with such cunningly-devised solderings and cements as shall defy the action of even such winters as that of 1859-60. The importance of this caution must not be overlooked, as there is no telling what effect might be produced by other such truncheon removals as this which has taken place at the back of Whitehall. Were the bâton, for instance, which is at present held in the hand of the first gentleman in Europe, as he sits on horseback in Trafalgar-square,—were this instrument to slip its moorings, this august monarch would look as if he was just going to slap his thigh, and cry out, "Why, bless my life and heart, I've come out without my hat!"

There is a certain comparatively modern, but very dreadful and dirty Roman who resides among the bushes in the centre of the St. James's-square enclosure. Is it, or is it not, the case that this Roman, like him of Whitehall, is pointing with his forefinger at the ground? The natural answer to this inquiry would be that the writer who asks this question had better go and look. He would do so willingly, but he is afraid. There is an inconceivable horror about that figure which surely strikes all who behold it. Whether it is because this Roman, *being* a Roman, is secreted among the privet in the middle of that enclosure; whether it is because he is such an inconceivably and appallingly black Roman; or from what other cause the feeling may arise, certain it is, that that figure and its horse are supernaturally horrible objects. Surely no child ever ventures near that statue. Surely even the St. James's cats give it a wide berth. The little dapper clean Roman in Golden-square —he is pointing too—is quite another affair, and has nothing alarming about him except, considering his situation, his supernatural cleanliness.

While considering these recluses of our squares, it would be wrong to forget the dismallest statue in the dismallest enclosure, in the dismallest square, in the dismallest neighbourhood of our dismal capital. This is a figure of Queen Anne, in Queen-square, Bloomsbury. She is represented (with that stiffness of action about the neck which such feats necessitate) balancing a small crown which does not enclose any part of her head but lies lightly on the top of it. She is at the same time pointing to a cushion and sceptre, which lie beside her on the top of a small but bulbous column, and is saying to her audience, "I'll put that up there, too, presently."

The recluse of Soho-square is so mutilated, so strangely clad in a mixture of armour and periwig, is withal so hemmed in and surrounded with props and woodworks, that it is not very easy to make out anything about him; while the slaughterous Duke of Cumberland who is imprisoned in the Cavendish enclosure, would not, to judge by the pace at which he is going, be a recluse at all if he could help it. The Duke of Bedford and Charles James Fox, in their respective squares of Russell and Bloomsbury, have got so near the railings that they can hardly be called recluses at all, and are almost as well off, and as completely public characters, as Mr. Pitt and my Lord Bentinck, who have got outside the railings altogether, and are free of the town and its pleasures.

But what does our uneducated friend, who judges of the history of British costume by our monumental records, what does he make of the changes in our habits all this time? Immediately after the reign of Charles the First he finds that a Roman conquest takes place, and that very soon the ordinary walking costume of a gentleman consisted of a toga, or hair cutting wrapper; a short skirt, composed apparently of strips of stamped leather, with a crown piece at the bottom of each length; of sandals with

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leggings, which could never by any possibility—short of a piece of "elastic," which was not then invented—he kept up, and of a crown of laurels and a loose pigtail tied at the back with ribbon. He would observe, further, that the English gentleman of this period never stirred out without that truncheon, of which mention has already been made. Charles the Second at Chelsea Hospital has such a weapon, and is indeed, in all respects, a model Roman. This statue, as well as that at the back of Whitehall, was put up by a gentleman of the remarkable name of Tobias Rustick, who, having some small place about the court, thought he could not do better than spend some of its proceeds in bronze Romans.

Almost coeval with these noble Romans, the student of British costume finds in front of St. Paul's a figure of a lady in a dress of another description. The short and gentle sway of Anne is commemorated not only by the dismal figure already spoken of in Queen-square, Bloomsbury, and by another, in another Queen-square, Westminster, but by a statue of the queen in her "habit as she lived," standing in the enclosed space before St. Paul's Cathedral. There is a great beauty and piquancy in the way in which this figure stands—this little, weak woman—backed by the huge structure of "Paul's," and by its thundering dome. The attitude of Anne is quiet and feminine, and the contrast between her small stature and the almost ostentatious grandeur of the magnificent cathedral is greatly to the advantage of both.

With the figure of Anne and that mentioned before of Charles the First, the list of those London statues that one cares twopence about comes to an abrupt end; that of George the Third in Cockspur-street, though superior to some of more recent date, being hardly of much interest to any of us. It is, by-the-by, questionable whether an out-door equestrian should be represented with his hat in his hand. The sensation—and the writer has experienced it—of seeing such a figure rained upon violently being a dreadfully uncomfortable one, and quite different from what one experiences in seeing a torrent fall upon those statues which have left their head-coverings hanging on the hat-pegs at home.

And now comes a time when, in losing sight of George the Third's pigtail, and of the coat-skirts of good Captain Coram as he stands before the Foundling Hospital, we part company again with realities in dress and plunge back again into the classic regions—not this time of Rome, but—of Greece. If a Roman conquest took place in the reign of Charles the Second, it is equally certain that a Grecian descent was made upon this capital in that of the fourth George, and that a horde of fierce philosophers, armed with blankets and scrolls, took undisputed possession at that period of our unhappy country. It is a triumph to those gentry to have conquered us with such weapons, of which the blanket appears to be the more formidable, the scroll itself being, to say the truth, a flabby and innocuous instrument to look at. What the truncheon was to the Roman, however, that tremendous scroll was to the Grecian of the days of the Regency. Catch a public character at that time without it. "I hold in my hand" is still a legend of the House of Commons, which probably originated in the scroll period. The illustrious men of that time were nearly all provided with a blanket, but there is no exception whatever to the scroll, or the uncomfortable things which they do with it. Mr. Pitt, in Hanover-square, is using it as a prop. Canning's disgust is shown by an endeavour to crumple up and put out of sight this tiresome accompaniment of his official position. Perhaps the only member of this Grecian assembly who is thoroughly resigned to his scroll, and who has made up his mind to accept it and all that it involves, with a good grace, is Mr. Fox, who is sleepily and sullenly indifferent on this as on all other points.

The wardrobe of a noble Grecian seems to be perfectly simple and inexpensive, the two ingredients already mentioned being the principal articles required. With these, a pair of rather mysterious tights, and nothing else—no, not so much as a crown of laurels—the reader may, if he likes, set up in business as a Grecian to-morrow. The only difficulty is with regard to the tights, which are so vague about the region where they join the shoe, that one is sometimes tempted to believe that the wearer of these sinister garments has no shoe, but is dressed—were such a thing possible—in stockings with a sole (double) fastened on to them.

The Grecians bring us down to comparatively modern times; to the Achilles in Hyde Park, in yet more simple costume than the above-named philosophers—his outfit consisting of a long jack-towel and a shield; to the Duke of Wellington as he appears on Constitution-hill, and before the Royal Exchange; to the Duke of York, Nelson, and the other glories of Trafalgar-square: to wit, "the first gentleman," Sir Charles Napier, Jenner, and the Northumberland House Lion.

What a thing it would be if we could make a clean sweep of these, all except the last! What a thing if we could get up one morning and find Trafalgar-square a tabula rasa! What inconsistent people we are! We rave and roar about an Indicator lamp in Piccadilly, and while straining at this poor gnat we swallow a camel—would that it *were* a camel—in the shape of the Wellington statue. Is there no getting rid of that statue? Will the censuring gentleman from the Isle of Wight who placards the walls on the subject of his indignantly meeting the men of London at St. Martin's Hall meet them on this subject? Can no "Indignation meeting" be got up about it? Is there no ingenious chemist who can invent some subtle and devouring acid with which we might play upon that monster through a fire-engine, and which would slowly undermine its hated Constitution? Surely this might be done, and what joy it would be to see such a force beginning to tell—to imagine the

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first hints of dissolution, the first falling away in that noble nose, the first symptoms of corrosion in the cocked-hat. Can no one start a panic in connexion with this figure and persuade us that it is dangerous during high winds to leave it exposed at so great an altitude? The writer of this paper is poor, but will cheerfully put down his subscription towards any scheme that shall have for its object the destruction of this monster, and also the annihilation of Sir Charles Napier and Dr. Jenner.

In the annals of failure and hideousness, is there an instance of such abject and desperate badness as is manifested in our recent experiments in sculpture? Let the reader judge for himself: let him take the Demon of Constitution-hill to start with, and after examining him from various points of view—by no means omitting that which is to be obtained in the centre of the park—after thoroughly mastering this terrific phenomenon, and reaching a condition in which he doubts the evidence of his senses as to the existence of anything so preposterous—let him proceed to Cavendish-square, and take an observation of the memorial raised to my Lord George Bentinck. Consider that monument well. Can feebleness go beyond that? Can a cloak—which is in itself a bleak and desolate garment—can a cloak be held more feebly than by that eminent statesman's left hand? Can human legs be conceived by the richest imagination more hopeless than those? They are clad in strapped and damp unmentionables, and have obviously suggested that well-known but aggravating cartoon, with which we are all but too familiar—the Sydenham trousers. If that statue has not the Sydenham trousers to answer for, what has?

Perhaps the beautiful portrait of the late Sir Robert Peel has. This statue, at the west end of Cheapside, another of our comparatively recent efforts, seems also to have had a share in the Sydenham trousers. The responsibility of calling that design into existence seems to rest about equally upon—not the shoulders, but—the legs of these two politicians. In both the figures we observe, to our joy, the reappearance of the scroll—with paper three-quarters of an inch thick, and with a tight curl in it, awkward to write on it would seem, and aggravatingly ready to roll up again of its own accord when referred to in debates.

Having now got within that extraordinary and elastic phenomenon called "a stone's throw" of the Royal Exchange and King William-street, it may be well to visit the two statues which adorn those sites. Beyond a wild yearning for stumps in the case of the equestrian, and a savage joy at the reappearance of new phases of the blanket, with its spiral fold, and of the truncheon, in the case of the pedestrian figure, we shall be disposed to waste no thought on these two works of art, which are incapable of suggesting anything—no, not the Sydenham trousers even. We shall fly before them, and, taking a river steamer, return to Charing-cross, congratulating ourselves that there are no statues on the river—though would to Heaven there were several in it. So we come to the base of the monument raised to the fourth William's august brother in Trafalgar-square. But what has this worthy gentleman got on? A curtain, with cords and tassels complete, hangs upon his shoulders; sculptors' tights with soles as before, are on his legs; on his head is a beautiful wig, and in his hand a truncheon. There are bounds to all things, even to royal meekness: "I come out without my hat, without my trousers, I ride without a saddle or stirrups, but stir from home without my truncheon, I will NOT." This is the speech of the Royal George.

This instrument being of a winning and irresistible order, one is surprised to find a great general like Sir Charles Napier putting up with the civilian's scroll. What right has Sir Charles Napier to take the wind out of the sails of his neighbour, the imbecile Jenner, by having a rival scroll in his hand? Sir Charles has a sword too, with which he might have made play; a beautiful hooked sword, like the outline of his own eagle nose. In every way the unhappy Jenner is vilely used, and is taken so little account of by the Trafalgar-square authorities as a statue, that a thumping lamp on the pedestal corresponding to that which the doctor occupies, is considered a proper pendant to him.

But how to get a look at Nelson? that is the question. One can see him, it is true, on the base in certain phases of his existence, in all of which he appears to be seventy years old and seven feet high. There is too much cordage about this monument; a rope has doubtless a captivating twist in it which it must be pleasant to tackle in clay, but we should be moderate in the use of such pleasures. One can get a sight of Nelson, then, on the base; but how to inspect the figure, to honour which that base exists at all, is the difficulty. It is vain to ascend the steps of the National Gallery; for from thence one can only see the hero's back, with a cable tail—more rope—peeping from between his coat-flaps. It is useless to descend Parliament-street. It is madness to go near, as you can then only see the capital of the pillar. It is frenzy to go far off, for then you can see nothing. There are only two places this statue can be seen from: the back of the Lion on Northumberland House, and the top of the Duke of York Column.

His Grace the Duke of Northumberland being *that* peer whom your Eye-witness does not know, the back of his Grace's lion was an inaccessible spot, and so the only thing to do was to adopt the other, or Duke of York alternative. And this was the more desirable, because your servant, in seeking to estimate truly the nature of the statue at the top of that pillar, had arrived at certain conclusions respecting it as seen from below with which it was impossible to remain for a moment satisfied. Seen from below, it had appeared to your Eye-witness that this royal personage was dressed in a mantle, a breastplate, a pair of drawers, and a lightning-

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conductor. It was impossible for reason to assent to such a conclusion as this, and so the ascent of the column, by mounting which these doubts would be set at rest for ever, and perhaps a satisfactory view of the Nelson statue obtained into the bargain, became a matter of necessity.

The ascent of that column, alone, during a gale of wind, is not a pleasant or exhilarating pastime. The winding stair is very dark, and, as you mount, it is impossible not to think perpetually of that young man who last threw himself from this pillar's top, and in consequence of whose suicide a cage has been placed round the gallery. As you think of him, the echo of your own steps leads you to believe that some one else is ascending behind or in front of you, and you half hope that this is the case, unless it should happen to be a maniac, which contingency suddenly occurs to you, and does not raise your spirits. Suppose a robber of the garotte tribe should follow you up and cut off your escape from below? Suppose the man who keeps the door should forget you, and go away, locking you up there for the night? Certainly this tube is suggestive of much that is unpleasant. The darkness increases, too, as you get near the top, and when you have attained the highest step, you have, in pitch darkness, to open the door which gives upon the gallery, and which the wind, which up here blows a perpetual hurricane, flings viciously back in your face. He who ascends the Duke of York Column with a wish to examine closely the statue which forms its apex, will go away without having secured his object, the figure being invisible from the position occupied by the visitor to this monument. He, again, who mounts those one hundred and seventy steps, bent on attaining the level of the figure of Nelson on *his* pillar, will also be doomed to disappointment, the extreme thickness of the atmosphere rendering the hero and his column an undistinguishable mass, not very different in appearance from the chimney of a certain brewery on the other side of the Thames.

This lonely gallery being, however, a good place for reflection, your Eye-witness took advantage of it to pass in review before himself all that he had seen during his statue-studies; and then the memory rose up to him of certain works in bronze and marble, with the like of which—if we had chosen—this town might have been made beautiful. He thought of a figure at Turin so great, not only as an embodiment of masculine beauty, but also in its rendering of as perfect and complete a thought as ever entered the mind of man. He thought of that soldier dropping the heavy sword into its sheath, when its work was over, with that calm strong face that set the allurements and the dangers of ease as completely at defiance as the perils and hardships of the war that preceded it. He thought of this figure, so perfect an epitome of manhood, the like of which has not been produced since the hand of Michael Angelo became as cold as the marble on which it wrought, and afterwards he thought of the horse on which the soldier rides—such a horse as no sculptor has moulded for two thousand years—as noble an idealisation in its way as its rider. There lately stood, not many yards from the place where the memory of *our* great warrior is made the subject of a ghastly caricature, a glorious figure of Victory, designed by that same foreign hand which raised the Turin statue, to do the English soldier honour. Does any one still remember that statue? Does any one remember how reverently the teaching of nature had been considered in the action of those arched and poising wings—resting, but still on the alert? Does any one remember the grand and startling form of the whole composition, reminding one, at first and at a distance, of some mighty hovering bird? Is the exceeding beauty of that head forgotten, the perpetual loving watch kept at the door of the hero's tomb, and the jealous guardianship of his sword? Are these things forgotten? Is the figure of the Princess Elizabeth—Charles the First's Elizabeth—forgotten? Is the Clive that stood awhile before the Treasury remembered no more? Are the many heads of women which, had they come down to us with a history and a pedigree, would have been talked of as marvels of classic beauty—are these swept from our memories? If so, there is still before our eyes one more appeal against national prejudice to which it is possible to point even at this moment. Put on one side, and deprived of the honourable place which it should have commanded, there is, in the Sculpture-room of the Royal Academy, this year, a work, the equal of which, unless executed by the same hand, has never been seen within the walls of *that* room. It is not this time a soldier in colossal bronze: horse and man quivering with life and strength. It is not an angel hovering over us with outstretched wings. It is not the lifeless form of the doomed daughter of a doomed king. It is the figure of a child. There is nothing more to be said of it. The work is an embodiment of childhood, a realisation of all we look for and delight in, in a child. It is a faultless work. What REYNOLDS saw in a child, MAROCHETTI, the sculptor who wrought this figure, has, in a different way, seen too—seen as completely, rendered as perfectly. There needs no knowledge of Art, no depth of connoisseurship, to understand this figure. Any one with eyes can see it and appreciate it, as a most exquisite presentation of the Truth.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

LADY GLYDE'S recollection of the events which followed her departure from Blackwater Park began with her arrival at the London terminus of the South Western Railway. She had omitted to make a memorandum beforehand of the day on which she took the journey. All hope of fixing that important date, by any evidence of hers, or of Mrs. Michelson's, must be given up for lost.

On the arrival of the train at the platform, Lady Glyde found Count Fosco waiting for her. He was at the carriage-door as soon as the porter could open it. The train was unusually crowded, and there was great confusion in getting the luggage. Some person whom Count Fosco brought with him procured the luggage which belonged to Lady Glyde. It was marked with her name. She drove away alone with the Count, in a vehicle which she did not particularly notice at the time.

Her first question, on leaving the terminus, referred to Miss Halcombe. The Count informed her that Miss Halcombe had not yet gone to Cumberland; after-consideration having caused him to doubt the prudence of her taking so long a journey without some days' previous rest.

Lady Glyde next inquired whether her sister was then staying in the Count's house. Her recollection of the answer was confused, her only distinct impression in relation to it being that the Count declared he was then taking her to see Miss Halcombe. Lady Glyde's experience of London was so limited, that she could not tell, at the time, through what streets they were driving. But they never left the streets, and they never passed any gardens or trees. When the carriage stopped, it stopped in a small street, behind a square—a square in which there were shops, and public buildings, and many people. From these recollections (of which Lady Glyde was certain) it seems quite clear that Count Fosco did not take her to his own residence in the suburb of St. John's Wood.

They entered the house, and went up-stairs to a back-room, either on the first or second floor. The luggage was carefully brought in. A female servant opened the door; and a man with a beard, apparently a foreigner, met them in the hall, and with great politeness showed them the way up-stairs. In answer to Lady Glyde's inquiries, the Count assured her that Miss Halcombe was in the house, and that she should be immediately informed of her sister's arrival. He and the foreigner then went away, and left her by herself in the room. It was poorly furnished as a sitting-room, and it looked out on the backs of houses.

The place was remarkably quiet; no footsteps went up or down the stairs—she only heard in the room beneath her a dull, rumbling sound of men's voices talking. Before she had been long left alone, the Count returned, to explain that Miss Halcombe was then taking rest, and could not be disturbed for a little while. He was accompanied into the room by a gentleman (an Englishman) whom he begged to present as a friend of his. After this singular introduction—in the course of which no names, to the best of Lady Glyde's recollection, had been mentioned—she was left alone with the stranger. He was perfectly civil; but he startled and confused her by some odd questions about herself, and by looking at her, while he asked them, in a strange manner. After remaining a short time, he went out; and a minute or two afterwards a second stranger—also an Englishman—came in. This person introduced himself as another friend of Count Fosco's; and he, in his turn, looked at her very oddly, and asked some curious questions—never, as well as she could remember, addressing her by name; and going out again, after a little while, like the first man. By this time, she was so frightened about herself, and so uneasy about her sister, that she had thoughts of venturing down stairs again, and claiming the protection and assistance of the only woman she had seen in the house—the servant who answered the door.

Just as she had risen from her chair, the Count came back into the room. The moment he appeared, she asked anxiously how long the meeting between her sister and herself was to be still delayed. At first, he returned an evasive answer; but, on being pressed, he acknowledged, with great apparent reluctance, that Miss Halcombe was by no means so well as he had hitherto represented her to be. His tone and manner, in making this reply, so alarmed Lady Glyde, or rather so painfully increased the uneasiness which she had felt in the company of the two strangers, that a sudden

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faintness overcame her, and she was obliged to ask for a glass of water. The Count called from the door for water, and for a bottle of smelling-salts. Both were brought in by the foreign-looking man with the beard. The water, when Lady Glyde attempted to drink it, had so strange a taste that it increased her faintness; and she hastily took the bottle of salts from Count Fosco, and smelt at it. Her head became giddy on the instant. The Count caught the bottle as it dropped out of her hand; and the last impression of which she was conscious was that he held it to her nostrils again.

From this point, her recollections were found to be confused, fragmentary, and difficult to reconcile with any reasonable probability.

Her own impression was that she recovered her senses later in the evening; that she then left the house; that she went (as she had previously arranged to go, at Blackwater Park) to Mrs. Vesey's; that she drank tea there; and that she passed the night under Mrs. Vesey's roof. She was totally unable to say how, or when, or in what company, she left the house to which Count Fosco had brought her. But she persisted in asserting that she had been to Mrs. Vesey's; and, still more extraordinary, that she had been helped to undress and get to bed by Mrs. Rubelle! She could not remember what the conversation was at Mrs. Vesey's, or whom she saw there besides that lady, or why Mrs. Rubelle should have been present in the house to help her.

Her recollection of what happened to her the next morning, was still more vague and unreliable. She had some dim idea of driving out (at what hour she could not say) with Count Fosco—and with Mrs. Rubelle, again, for a female attendant. But when, and why, she left Mrs. Vesey she could not tell; neither did she know what direction the carriage drove in, or where it set her down, or whether the Count and Mrs. Rubelle did or did not remain with her all the time she was out. At this point in her sad story there was a total blank. She had no impressions of the faintest kind to communicate—no idea whether one day, or more than one day, had passed—until she came to herself suddenly in a strange place, surrounded by women who were all unknown to her.

This was the Asylum. Here she first heard herself called by Anne Catherick's name; and here, as a last remarkable circumstance in the story of the conspiracy, her own eyes informed her that she had Anne Catherick's clothes on. The nurse, on the first night in the Asylum, had shown her the marks on each article of her underclothing as it was taken off, and had said, not at all irritably or unkindly, "Look at your own name on your own clothes, and don't worry us all any more about being Lady Glyde. She's dead and buried; and you're alive and hearty. Do look at your clothes now! There it is, in good marking-ink; and there you will find it on all your old things, which we have kept in the house—Anne Catherick, as plain as print!" And there it was, when Miss Halcombe examined the linen her sister wore, on the night of their arrival at Limmeridge House.

Such, reduced to plain terms, was the narrative obtained from Lady Glyde, by careful questioning, on the journey to Cumberland. Miss Halcombe abstained from pressing her with any inquiries relating to events in the Asylum: her mind being but too evidently unfit to bear the trial of reverting to them. It was known, by the voluntary admission of the owner of the madhouse, that she was received there on the thirtieth of July. From that date, until the fifteenth of October (the day of her rescue), she had been under restraint; her identity with Anne Catherick systematically asserted, and her sanity, from first to last, practically denied. Faculties less delicately balanced, constitutions less tenderly organised, must have suffered under such an ordeal as this. No man could have gone through it, and come out of it unchanged.

Arriving at Limmeridge late on the evening of the fifteenth, Miss Halcombe wisely resolved not to attempt the assertion of Lady Glyde's identity, until the next day.

The first thing in the morning, she went to Mr. Fairlie's room; and, using all possible cautions and preparations beforehand, at last told him, in so many words, what had happened. As soon as his first astonishment and alarm had subsided, he angrily declared that Miss Halcombe had allowed herself to be duped by Anne Catherick. He referred her to Count Fosco's letter, and to what she had herself told him of the personal resemblance between Anne and his deceased niece; and he positively declined to admit to his presence, even for one minute only, a madwoman whom it was an insult and an outrage to have brought into his house at all. Miss Halcombe left the room; waited till the first heat of her indignation had passed away; decided, on reflection, that Mr. Fairlie should see his niece, in the interests of common humanity, before he closed his doors on her as a stranger; and, thereupon, without a word of previous warning, took Lady Glyde with her to his room. The servant was posted at the door to prevent their entrance; but Miss Halcombe insisted on passing him, and made her way into Mr. Fairlie's presence, leading her sister by the hand.

The scene that followed, though it only lasted for a few minutes, was too painful to be described—Miss Halcombe herself shrank from referring to it. Let it be enough to say that Mr. Fairlie declared, in the most positive terms, that he did not recognise the woman who had been brought into his room; that he saw nothing in her face and manner to make him doubt for a moment that his niece lay buried in Limmeridge churchyard; and that he would call on the law to protect him if before the day was over she was not removed from the house.

Taking the very worst view of Mr. Fairlie's selfishness, indolence, and habitual want of feeling, it was manifestly impossible to suppose that he was capable of such infamy as secretly recognising and openly disowning his brother's child.

Miss Halcombe humanely and sensibly allowed all due force to the influence of prejudice and alarm in preventing him from fairly exercising his perceptions; and accounted for what had happened, in that way. But when she next put the servants to the test, and found that they too were, in every case, uncertain, to say the least of it, whether the lady presented to them was their young mistress, or Anne Catherick, of whose resemblance to her they had all heard, the sad conclusion was inevitable, that the change produced in Lady Glyde's face and manner by her imprisonment in the Asylum, was far more serious than Miss Halcombe had at first supposed. The vile deception which had asserted her death, defied exposure even in the house where she was born, and among the people with whom she had lived.

In a less critical situation, the effort need not have been given up as hopeless, even yet.

For example, the maid, Fanny, who happened to be then absent from Limmeridge, was expected back in two days; and there would be a chance of gaining her recognition to start with, seeing that she had been in much more constant communication with her mistress, and had been much more heartily attached to her than the other servants. Again, Lady Glyde might have been privately kept in the house, or in the village, to wait until her health was a little recovered, and her mind was a little steadied again. When her memory could be once more trusted to serve her, she would naturally refer to persons and events, in the past, with a certainty and a familiarity which no impostor could simulate; and so the fact of her identity, which her own appearance had failed to establish, might subsequently be proved, with time to help her, by the surer test of her own words.

But the circumstances under which she had regained her freedom, rendered all recourse to such means as these simply impracticable. The pursuit from the Asylum, diverted to Hampshire for the time only, would infallibly next take the direction of Cumberland. The persons appointed to seek the fugitive, might arrive at Limmeridge House at a few hours' notice; and in Mr. Fairlie's present temper of mind, they might count on the immediate exertion of his local influence and authority to assist them. The commonest consideration for Lady Glyde's safety, forced on Miss Halcombe the necessity of resigning the struggle to do her justice, and of removing her at once from the place of all others that was now most dangerous to her—the neighbourhood of her own home.

An immediate return to London was the first and wisest measure of security which suggested itself. In the great city all traces of them might be most speedily and most surely effaced. There were no preparations to make—no farewell words of kindness to exchange with any one. On the afternoon of that memorable day of the sixteenth, Miss Halcombe roused her sister to a last exertion of courage; and, without a living soul to wish them well at parting, the two took their way into the world alone, and turned their backs for ever on Limmeridge House.

They had passed the hill above the churchyard, when Lady Glyde insisted on turning back to look her last at her mother's grave. Miss Halcombe tried to shake her resolution; but, in this one instance, tried in vain. She was immovable. Her dim eyes lit with a sudden fire, and flashed through the veil that hung over them; her wasted fingers strengthened, moment by moment, round the friendly arm, by which they had held so listlessly till this time. I believe in my soul that the Hand of God was pointing their way back to them; and that the most innocent and the most afflicted of His creatures was chosen, in that dread moment, to see it.

They retraced their steps to the burial-ground; and by that act sealed the future of our three lives.

III.

This was the story of the past—the story, so far as we knew it then.

Two obvious conclusions presented themselves to my mind, after hearing it. In the first place, I saw darkly what the nature of the conspiracy had been; how chances had been watched, and how circumstances had been handled to ensure impunity to a daring and an intricate crime. While all details were still a mystery to me, the vile manner in which the personal resemblance between the woman in white and Lady Glyde had been turned to account, was clear beyond a doubt. It was plain that Anne Catherick had been introduced into Count Fosco's house as Lady Glyde; it was plain that Lady Glyde had taken the dead woman's place in the Asylum—the substitution having been so managed as to make innocent people (the doctor and the two servants certainly; and the owner of the madhouse in all probability) accomplices in the crime.

The second conclusion came as the necessary consequence of the first. We three had no mercy to expect from Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde. The success of the conspiracy had brought with it a clear gain to those two men of thirty thousand pounds—twenty thousand to one: ten thousand to the other, through his wife. They had that interest, as well as other interests, in ensuring their impunity from exposure; and they would leave no stone unturned, no sacrifice unattempted, no treachery untried, to discover the place in which their victim was concealed, and to part her from the only friends she had in the world—Marian Halcombe and myself.

The sense of this serious peril—a peril which every day and every hour might bring nearer and nearer to us—was the one influence that guided me in fixing the place of our retreat. I chose it in the far East of London, where there were fewest idle people to lounge and look about them in the streets. I chose it in a poor and a populous neighbourhood—because the harder the struggle for existence among the men and women about us, the less the chance of their having the time or taking the pains to notice chance strangers who came among them. These were the great advantages I looked to; but our locality was a gain to us also, in another and a hardly

less important respect. We could live cheaply by the daily work of my hands; and could save every farthing we possessed to forward the purpose—the righteous purpose of redressing an infamous wrong, which, from first to last, I now kept steadily in view.

In a week's time, Marian Halcombe and I had settled how the course of our new lives should be directed.

There were no other lodgers in the house; and we had the means of going in and out without passing through the shop. I arranged, for the present at least, that neither Marian nor Laura should stir outside the door without my being with them; and that, in my absence from home, they should let no one into their rooms on any pretence whatever. This rule established, I went to a friend whom I had known in former days—a wood engraver, in large practice—to seek for employment; telling him, at the same time, that I had reasons for wishing to remain unknown. He at once concluded that I was in debt; expressed his regret in the usual forms; and then promised to do what he could to assist me. I left his false impression undisturbed; and accepted the work he had to give. He knew that he could trust my experience and my industry. I had, what he wanted, steadiness and facility; and though my earnings were but small, they sufficed for our necessities. As soon as we could feel certain of this, Marian Halcombe and I put together what we possessed. She had between two and three hundred pounds left of her own property; and I had nearly as much remaining from the purchase-money obtained by the sale of my drawing-master's practice before I left England. Together we made up between us more than four hundred pounds. I deposited this little fortune in a bank, to be kept for the expense of those secret inquiries and investigations which I was determined to set on foot, and to carry on by myself if I could find no one to help me. We calculated our weekly expenditure to the last farthing; and we never touched our little fund, except in Laura's interests and for Laura's sake.

The house-work, which, if we had dared trust a stranger near us, would have been done by a servant, was taken on the first day, taken as her own right, by Marian Halcombe. "What a woman's hands *are* fit for," she said, "early and late, these hands of mine shall do." They trembled as she held them out. The wasted arms told their sad story of the past, as she turned up the sleeves of the poor plain dress that she wore for safety's sake; but the unquenchable spirit of the woman burnt bright in her even yet. I saw the big tears rise thick in her eyes, and fall slowly over her cheeks as she looked at me. She dashed them away with a touch of her old energy, and smiled with a faint reflexion of her old good spirits. "Don't doubt my courage, Walter," she pleaded, "it's my weakness that cries, not *me*. The house-work shall conquer it, if *I* can't." And she kept her word—the victory was won when we met in the evening, and she sat down to rest. Her large steady black eyes looked at me with a flash of their bright firmness of bygone days. "I am not quite broken down yet," she said; "I am worth trusting with my share of the work." Before I could answer, she added in a whisper, "And worth trusting with my share in the risk and the danger, too. Remember that, if the time comes!"

I did remember it, when the time came.

As early as the end of October, the daily course of our lives had assumed its settled direction; and we three were as completely isolated in our place of concealment, as if the house we lived in had been a desert island, and the great network of streets and the thousands of our fellow-creatures all round us the waters of an illimitable sea. I could now reckon on some leisure time for considering what my future plan of action should be, and how I might arm myself most securely, at the outset, for the coming struggle with Sir Percival and the Count.

I gave up all hope of appealing to my recognition of Laura, or to Marian's recognition of her, in proof of her identity. If we had loved her less dearly, if the instinct implanted in us by that love had not been far more certain than any exercise of reasoning, far keener than any process of observation, even we might have hesitated, on first seeing her. The outward changes wrought by the suffering and the terror of the past had fearfully, almost hopelessly, strengthened the fatal resemblance between Anne Catherick and herself. In my narrative of events at the time of my residence in Limmeridge House, I have recorded, from my own observation of the two, how the likeness, striking as it was when viewed generally, failed in many important points of similarity when tested in detail. In those former days, if they had both been seen together, side by side, no person could for a moment have mistaken them one for the other—as has happened often in the instances of twins. I could not say this now. The sorrow and suffering which I had once blamed myself for associating even by a passing thought with the future of Laura Fairlie, *had* set their profaning marks on the youth and beauty of her face; and the fatal resemblance which I had once seen and shuddered at seeing, in idea only, was now a real and living resemblance which asserted itself before my own eyes. Strangers, acquaintances, friends even who could not look at her as we looked, if she had been shown to them in the first days of her rescue from the Asylum, might have doubted if she were the Laura Fairlie they had once known, and doubted without blame.

The one remaining chance, which I had at first thought might be trusted to serve us—the chance of appealing to her recollection of persons and events with which no impostor could be familiar, was proved, by the sad test of our later experience, to be hopeless. Every little caution that Marian and I practised towards her; every little remedy we tried to strengthen and steady slowly the weakened, shaken faculties, was a fresh protest in itself against the risk of turning

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her mind back on the troubled and the terrible past.

The only events of former days which we ventured on encouraging her to recal, were the little trivial domestic events of that happy time at Limmeridge, when I first went there, and taught her to draw. The day when I roused those remembrances by showing her the sketch of the summer-house which she had given me on the morning of our farewell, and which had never been separated from me since, was the birthday of our first hope. Tenderly and gradually, the memory of the old walks and drives dawned upon her; and the poor weary pining eyes, looked at Marian and at me with a new interest, with a faltering thoughtfulness in them, which, from that moment, we cherished and kept alive. I bought her a little box of colours, and a sketch-book like the old sketch-book which I had seen in her hands on the morning when we first met. Once again—oh me, once again!—at spare hours saved from my work, in the dull London light, in the poor London room, I sat by her side, to guide the faltering touch, to help the feeble hand. Day by day, I raised and raised the new interest till its place in the blank of her existence was at last assured—till she could think of her drawing, and talk of it, and patiently practise it by herself, with some faint reflexion of the innocent pleasure in my encouragement, the growing enjoyment in her own progress which belonged to the lost life and the lost happiness of past days.

We helped her mind slowly by this simple means; we took her out between us to walk, on fine days, in a quiet old City square, near at hand, where there was nothing to confuse or alarm her; we spared a few pounds from the fund at the banker's to get her wine, and the delicate strengthening food that she required; we amused her in the evenings with children's games at cards, with scrap-books full of prints which I borrowed from the engraver who employed me—by these, and other trifling attentions like them, we composed her and steadied her, and hoped all things, as cheerfully as we could, from time and care, and love that never neglected and never despaired of her. But to take her mercilessly from seclusion and repose; to confront her with strangers, or with acquaintances who were little better than strangers; to rouse the painful impressions of her past life which we had so carefully hushed to rest—this, even in her own interests, we dared not do. Whatever sacrifices it cost, whatever long, weary, heart-breaking delays it involved, the wrong that had been inflicted on her, if mortal means could grapple it, must be redressed without her knowledge and without her help.

This resolution settled, it was next necessary to decide how the first risk should be ventured, and what the first proceedings should be.

After consulting with Marian, I resolved to begin by gathering together as many facts as could be collected—then, to ask the advice of Mr. Kyrle (whom we knew we could trust); and to ascertain from him, in the first instance, if the legal remedy lay fairly within our reach. I owed it to Laura's interests not to stake her whole future on my own unaided exertions, so long as there was the faintest prospect of strengthening our position by obtaining reliable assistance of any kind.

The first source of information to which I applied, was the journal kept at Blackwater Park by Marian Halcombe. There were passages in this diary, relating to myself, which she thought it best that I should not see. Accordingly, she read to me from the manuscript, and I took the notes I wanted as she went on. We could only find time to pursue this occupation by sitting up late at night. Three nights were devoted to the purpose, and were enough to put me in possession of all that Marian could tell.

My next proceeding was to gain as much additional evidence as I could procure from other people, without exciting suspicion. I went myself to Mrs. Vesey to ascertain if Laura's impression of having slept there, was correct or not. In this case, from consideration for Mrs. Vesey's age and infirmity, and in all subsequent cases of the same kind from considerations of caution, I kept our real position a secret, and was always careful to speak of Laura as "the late Lady Glyde."

Mrs. Vesey's answer to my inquiries only confirmed the apprehensions which I had previously felt. Laura had certainly written to say she would pass the night under the roof of her old friend—but she had never been near the house. Her mind, in this instance, and, as I feared, in other instances besides, confusedly presented to her something which she had only intended to do in the false light of something which she had really done. The unconscious contradiction of herself was easy to account for in this way—but it was likely to lead to serious results. It was a stumble on the threshold at starting; it was a flaw in the evidence which told fatally against us.

I next instructed Marian to write (observing the same caution which I practised myself) to Mrs. Michelson. She was to express, if she pleased, some general suspicion of Count Fosco's conduct; and she was to ask the housekeeper to supply us with a plain statement of events, in the interests of truth. While we were waiting for the answer, which reached us in a week's time, I went to the doctor in St. John's Wood; introducing myself as sent by Miss Halcombe to collect, if possible, more particulars of her sister's last illness than Mr. Kyrle had found the time to procure. By Mr. Goodricke's assistance, I obtained a copy of the certificate of death, and an interview with the woman (Jane Gould) who had been employed to prepare the body for the grave. Through this person, I also discovered a means of communicating with the servant, Hester Pinhorn. She had recently left her place, in consequence of a disagreement with her mistress; and she was lodging with some people in the neighbourhood whom Mrs. Gould knew. In the manner here indicated, I obtained the Narratives of the housekeeper, of the doctor,

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of Jane Gould, and of Hester Pinhorn, exactly as they are presented in these pages.

Furnished with such additional evidence as these documents afforded, I considered myself to be sufficiently prepared for a consultation with Mr. Kyrle; and Marian wrote accordingly to mention my name to him, and to specify the day and hour at which I requested permission to see him on private business.

There was time enough, in the morning, for me to take Laura out for her walk as usual, and to see her quietly settled at her drawing afterwards. She looked up at me with a new anxiety in her face, as I rose to leave the room; and her fingers began to toy doubtfully, in the old way, with the brushes and pencils on the table.

"You are not tired of me yet?" she said. "You are not going away because you are tired of me? I will try to do better—I will try to get well. Are you as fond of me, Walter, as you used to be, now I am so pale and thin, and so slow in learning to draw?"

She spoke as a child might have spoken; she showed me her thoughts as a child might have shown them. I waited a few minutes longer—waited to tell her that she was dearer to me now than she had ever been in the past times. "Try to get well again," I said, encouraging the new hope in the future which I saw dawning in her mind; "try to get well again, for Marian's sake and for mine."

"Yes," she said to herself, returning to her drawing. "I must try, because they are both so fond of me." She suddenly looked up again. "Don't be gone long! I can't get on with my drawing, Walter, when you are not here to help me."

"I shall soon be back, my darling—soon be back to see how you are getting on."

My voice faltered a little in spite of me. I forced myself from the room. It was no time, then, for parting with the self-control which might yet serve me in my need before the day was out.

As I opened the door, I beckoned to Marian to follow me to the stairs. It was necessary to prepare her for a result which I felt might sooner or later follow my showing myself openly in the streets.

"I shall, in all probability, be back in a few hours," I said; "and you will take care, as usual, to let no one inside the doors in my absence. But if anything happens——"

"What can happen?" she interposed, quickly. "Tell me plainly, Walter, if there is any danger—and I shall know how to meet it."

"The only danger," I replied, "is that Sir Percival Glyde may have been recalled to London by the news of Laura's escape. You are aware that he had me watched before I left England; and that he probably knows me by sight, although I don't know him?"

She laid her hand on my shoulder, and looked at me in anxious silence. I saw she understood the serious risk that threatened us.

"It is not likely," I said, "that I shall be seen in London again so soon, either by Sir Percival himself or by the persons in his employ. But it is barely possible that an accident may happen. In that case, you will not be alarmed if I fail to return to-night; and you will satisfy any inquiries of Laura's with the best excuse that you can make for me? If I find the least reason to suspect that I am watched, I will take good care that no spy follows me back to this house. Don't doubt my return, Marian, however it may be delayed—and fear nothing."

"Nothing!" she answered, firmly. "You shall not regret, Walter, that you have only a woman to help you." She paused, and detained me for a moment longer. "Take care!" she said, pressing my hand anxiously—"take care!"

I left her; and set forth to pave the way for discovery—the dark and doubtful way, which began at the lawyer's door.

SPECIES.

One of the earliest duties and pleasures of Adam in his Paradise was the studying and the naming of the multitudes of living creatures which passed in long review before him. In these latter days, the highest and the most refined intellects have found their greatest gratification in working out the same task. They have separated all living organised things into two grand allied kingdoms—Animals and Vegetables; but, as animal life appears at first sight utterly distinct from vegetable life, the study of the first has been called Zoology, a discoursing on life; while the second is content to be designated by the term Botany (Botanology it should have been), the science of herbs.

The Animal Kingdom comprises a much greater variety of forms and conditions than the Vegetable. There are beasts of two kinds: mammals, those that have outer breasts; and marsupials, as kangaroos, which rear their young in a pouch. There are birds; reptiles; fishes; star-shaped animals, built on a radiating plan; ringed animals, as earthworms; incrusted animals, as crabs and lobsters; insects, and others. All these are subdivided into classes, orders, families, genera, species, and varieties. Thus, the genus Canis, which gives its name to the Canidæ, the great family of dogs, contains as species the fox, the jackal, the wolf, and the domestic dog. The domestic dog species branches into the varieties of hound, beagle, mastiff, Newfoundland, terrier, and other well-known forms.

Vegetables are also divided into families, genera, species, and varieties. In the Rosaceæ, the grand family of rose-like plants, are comprised many genera, quince, apple, medlar, hawthorn; peach, plum, cherry, apricot; bramble, strawberry, potentilla, besides the roses proper. Of the genus Pyrus, P. malus, the wild crab-apple, is one species; P. communis, the thorny wild pear, is another. Of these two species our dessert and kitchen apples and pears are varieties.

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The genus Rosa has many species; from the variation of certain species our garden varieties have accidentally arisen, although some of these have been artificially obtained by cross-breeding between two other varieties, or species. Varieties from species both of plants and animals are found in a wild as well as in a domesticated state. Albino, or white red-eyed rats, sparrows, blackbirds, &c., are constantly being caught. The albinos of green birds are yellow; whence our cage canary, whose wild progenitor is a green-plumaged finch. The fields and the hedgerows annually yield plants with variegated and mottled leaves; less frequently, but still occasionally, with torn or ragged leaves. Mr. Lubbock has recently demonstrated that the muscles in the larvæ of certain insects are far from uniform.

Species are universally acknowledged to be continually sending forth varieties, in greater or less number, some more frequently than others; and varieties to be varying to a slight extent; indeed, their deficient permanency is their chief characteristic. Man has often to exert all his art to render them stationary and permanent enough for his own convenience. Genera are merely bundles of species arbitrarily grouped together, and may at any time be revised, if science require. A large genus, containing very dissimilar species, may be split into two; or two very closely allied genera may be united into one. Genera can be regarded as fixed no further than the species of which they are composed are fixed; and as the judgment of scientific men shall decide to fix them.

What, then, is the nature of species—are they immutable and permanent, or do they vary? Let us call this, Question the First.

Question the Second.—What is the Origin of Species?

To these questions (the second of which is the mystery of mysteries) opposing answers have been given. The first is, that species are fixed, and do not vary upon the whole, but transmit their own identical qualities and forms to their seed, or offspring, and will continue so to transmit them to the end of time; that varieties either die out, or revert to their original species, or continue to vary within such narrow limits as not to separate them from their parent species; that cross-breeds between two distinct species are barren and are unable to reproduce an intermediate species that shall last and maintain its ground without falling back to one parent species or the other—this property is one that has been assumed to decide whether a species is a true species, or a mere variety; varieties may produce fertile offspring, and species not; and, lastly, that each species was originally and independently created, as we now see it, by the fiat of the Almighty Maker.

God said,
Let th' earth bring forth soul living in her kind,
Cattle and creeping things, and beast of th' earth,
Each in their kind. The Earth obey'd, and straight
Opening her fertile womb teem'd at a birth
Innumerous living creatures, perfect forms,
Limb'd and full-grown: out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast where he wons
In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den;
The grassy clods now calv'd, now half appear'd
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brindled mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks: the swift stag from under ground
Bare up his branching head.—
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm.

But geologists have discovered that the earth bears what seem to be traces of grand convulsions, in which successive sets of living creatures lie buried. Answer the First explains them by admitting the convulsions (of which the last is Noah's deluge), and by believing that each successive fauna, or animal population of the world, was called into being by a separate creative act of the Great Artificer; that every animal and plant, at its creation, was providentially and purposely adapted to the circumstances in which it was placed, and, needing no change, was susceptible of none; that a species, like an individual, might be swept away when its allotted term of existence was completed, but could hardly be altered. Answer the First agrees with the views eloquently expressed in Paley's Natural Theology. Authors of the highest eminence seem to be fully satisfied with the view that each species of beast, bird, insect, and plant, has been independently created.

Answer the Second (which has been gradually gaining ground and has obtained a fuller acceptance amongst a limited group of scientific men) tells us that we search in vain for the undiscovered and undiscoverable essence of the term species. Various definitions have been given; but not one of them has as yet satisfied all naturalists, although every naturalist knows vaguely what he means when he speaks of a species. Generally the term includes the unknown element of a distinct act of creation. Every one admits that there are at least individual differences in species in a state of nature; but certainly no clear line of demarcation has as yet been drawn between species and sub-species—that is, the forms which in the opinion of some naturalists come very near to, but do not quite arrive at, the rank of species; or, again, between sub-species and well-marked varieties, or between lesser varieties and individual differences. These differences blend into each other in an insensible series; and a series impresses many minds with the idea of an actual passage.

And here arises a point of considerable interest. Is it logical, or is it not, to infer that, because we behold a series of forms, there has been an actual transition from one form to that next above it? The whole dispute at issue rests on the effect which this consideration has on the mind. Some minds will accept the passage, others will not. Every one will allow that a series of plants can be made out, from the micro-

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scopic yeast-plant to the branching oak; and a series of vertebrated animals, from the worm-like lamprey to the orang-otang; but not every one will admit, as a consequence, the theory that all plants are only gradual developments of a minute mould, and all animals the improved descendants of some primitive creature from which the lamprey itself is descended. In searching after the original condition of existing forms, some minds may suspect that the circumstance of finding that nature is composed of various regular series of forms, has been made to prove much more than it ought to be allowed to prove. Laplace's celebrated comparison of the nebulæ, in what are supposed progressive stages of forwardness, to the trees of different ages growing in a forest, has appeared to some minds as assuming too much. Certain stars called nebulæ, beheld with the best existing telescopes, have an ill-defined and cloudy look; others are less and less so, till we arrive at the perfect, point-like, glittering star, or cluster of stars, shining like diamonds in the sky. Hence it was concluded that these groups of suns are in a state of transition, passing from a vapoury chaos of inconceivable heat, into the coolness, arrangement, and order of our own system. But Lord Rosse builds a telescope of unprecedented power, and those cloudy stars, the imagined chaotic burning nebulæ, are beheld as groups of gold-dust, each grain a sun, doubtless with its attendant worlds. If what is said of Lord Rosse's telescope be true, and that the nebulæ are likely to prove all resolvable with improved instruments, and not to be in different stages of growth, the comparison fails, and we see how little trust we ought to put in this interpretation of a series—namely, that any one individual form must have passed in succession through those that are nearest below it in the chain. But, as the force of the argument will entirely depend on the peculiar turn of mind of the individual to whom it is addressed, it is only fair to take note of it.

Answer the Second would further suggest that life may originate, either in what is called the spontaneous generation of a multitude and variety of organised beings of the simplest class, or from a very few primordial forms into which life was first breathed by the Creator. Varieties of these would produce something more nearly perfect and more highly organised; and of these, again, the best only would survive, to be the parents of something still nearer perfection; and so on, till animated and vegetable nature became what we see around us. No grand cataclysms on the earth are needed; the fossil remains of former geological epochs are merely the dead bodies of creatures which have died out because they were overpowered or pushed aside by stronger rivals in the contest for the means of subsistence. Every existing creature is the lineal descendant of some creature that has lived before it; there have been no successive new creations at successive geological epochs. There often exist parts in an animal's organisation—such as rudimentary teeth which never bite, rudimentary feet which never walk, and rudimentary wings which never fly—that cannot be explained by the final causes of adaptation and providential contrivance; therefore, the final causes of adaptation and contrivance, it is said, are inadequate to explain the peculiarities of a creature's organisation. Because it has them, it has survived during the process of natural selection; if it had not had them, it would have perished and disappeared; that is all. And so have arisen the immense variety of living creatures which we see around us.

This view is not necessarily irreligious, as it seems to be at the outset; for it does not deny the existence of a Supreme Overruling Power, although acting in a manner to which the minds of men in general are little accustomed; nor of a Sustaining and Regulating Influence, although the desired ends are brought about by contrivances which unthinking persons might call accident. But God is Continuous and Unyielding Law, and Incessant Energy, and All-pervading Life; and all those we behold around us wherever we direct our eyes. Whether we conceive many successive creative acts, or few, or only one, a creation once in existence must be sustained, not from day to day, and from hour to hour, but from half-second to half-second, without the intermission of the smallest imaginable fragment of time. But the creation which we see around us is so complicated and perfect, that it can only be sustained by an All-wise, Almighty Divinity. The greater the complexity of the machinery which is kept in action, the greater must be the energy and the untiring power of the eternal mainspring. It may be just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe that he created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws.

In any case, it is clear that the innumerable species inhabiting this world have been modelled *somehow*, so as to be in possession of that perfection of structure and coadaptation which most justly excites our admiration. The *how*, religiously considered, may be a question of mode rather than of principle. Whether a wonderful adaptation of structure be effected directly at once, or indirectly by secondary causes, the perfection of the adaptation is alone sufficient to prove that it must have been effected by Infinite Wisdom. We ought not to feel greatly surprised, nor need our self-esteem be deeply wounded, if long-observant, reflective, and reverent men suggest that we have hitherto misapprehended the modus operandi of the Great Artificer. Instead of wondering that man's views of the Universe are so incomplete, the wonder is that they penetrate so far, and in many cases apprehend with such clearness and certainty.

We see beautiful coadaptations plainly, in such a creature as the woodpecker, with its feet, tail, beak, and tongue, so admirably fitted to catch

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insects under the bark of trees; we see them in the case of the mistletoe, which draws its nourishment from certain trees, which has seeds that must be transported by certain birds, and which has flowers with separate sexes absolutely requiring the agency of certain insects to bring pollen from one flower to the other; we see them, only a little less plainly, in the humblest parasite which clings to the hairs of a quadruped or the feathers of a bird; in the structure of the beetle which dives through the water; in the plumed seed which is wafted by the gentlest breeze; in short, we see beautiful adaptations everywhere and in every part of the organic world.

How, asks Mr. Darwin, to whose theoretical views we purpose to recur hereafter—how have all these exquisite adaptations of one part of the organisation to another part, and to the conditions of life, and of one distinct organic being to another, been perfected? He answers, they are so perfected by what he terms Natural Selection—the better chance which a better organised creature has of surviving its fellows—so termed in order to mark its relation to Man's power of selection. Man, by selection in the breeds of his domestic animals and the seedlings of his horticultural productions, can certainly effect great results, and can adapt organic beings to his own uses, through the accumulation of slight but useful variations given to him by the hand of Nature. But Natural Selection is a power incessantly ready for action, and is as immeasurably superior to man's feeble efforts, as the works of Nature are to those of Art. Natural Selection, therefore, according to Mr. Darwin — not independent creations — is the method through which the Author of Nature has elaborated the providential fitness of His works to themselves and to all surrounding circumstances.

That creatures so remote in the scale of being as plants and animals are still bound together by a web of complex relations, he proves by a curious illustration. Humble-bees are indispensable to the fertilisation of the heartsease, for other bees do not visit that flower. From experiments, he also found that the visits of bees are necessary to the fertilisation of some kinds of clover; but humble-bees alone visit the red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. Hence he concludes that if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heartsease and red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great degree on the number of field-mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Mr. H. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that "more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now, the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Mr. Newman says, "Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice." Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district, might determine, through the intervention, first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district!

Equally curious, and more difficult to explain, are what are called representative species. Thus we have our British song-thrush, which lines its nest with mud, and which is represented in South America by a thrush which also lines its nest with mud, in the same peculiar manner as our own. This may be called a representation at different points of space; but species are also represented at different epochs of time on the same point of space. Australia, which abounds in kangaroos and other marsupial animals, also contains abundant relics of fossil and extinct kangaroos. New Zealand possesses living wingless birds which are represented by fossil remains of the wingless birds of epochs removed from the present by an unimaginable distance of time.

For, of the elaboration of species as maintained by Mr. Darwin, not the least overwhelming idea is the lapse of time which it has occupied to accomplish. Some species have retained the same specific form for very long periods—enormously long as measured by years. The lapse of time has been so great as to be utterly inappreciable by the human intellect. The mind cannot possibly grasp the full meaning of the term of a hundred million years; and therefore it has a difficulty in adding up and perceiving the full effects of many slight variations, accumulated during an almost infinite number of generations. The belief that species were immutable productions, was almost unavoidable, as long as the history of the world was thought to be of short duration. From geology we have now acquired some idea of the lapse of time. During the early periods of the earth's history, when the forms of life were probably few and simple, the rate of change was probably slow; at the first dawn of life, when very few forms of the simplest structure existed, the rate of change may have been slow in an extreme degree. The whole history of the world, as at present known, although of a length quite incomprehensible to us, will hereafter be recognised as a mere fragment of time, compared with the ages which have elapsed since the first creature, the progenitor of innumerable extinct and living descendants, was created.

From the imperfect and contradictory way in which the past history of the species of organised life on our planet has been interpreted, some notion may be formed of the difficulty of anticipating the future. All that we can with safety presume is, that changes among the living tenants of the earth, equally important in respect to forms and habits with those which have already occurred, are probable in times to come. Some writers believe that man has, at last, "begun to reap the fruits of his tedious education, and has proved to how great a degree 'knowledge is

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power'; that he has now acquired a dominion over the material world, and a consequent facility of increase, so as to render it probable that the whole surface of the earth may soon be overrun by this engrossing anomaly, to the annihilation of every wonderful and beautiful variety of animated existence which does not administer to his wants." They apprehend that the multiplication and spread of the human race will have the effect of exterminating whole species and genera of wild animals, and perhaps of plants. It may so turn out, to some extent. The bustard and the wild turkey may, perhaps, one day be laid low in the same grave of extinction which has swallowed up the dodo. With railways invading Africa and Asia, it is not difficult to hear in imagination the funeral knell of the last wild elephant, rhinoceros, giraffe. Insular animals are exposed to extermination by the increase of population and agriculture, as happened with the wolves of England, the capercali of Scotland, the Nestor parrot of Norfolk Island, the aboriginal black man of Van Diemen's Land; but for continental faunæ a source of safety and a door of escape exist in the instincts and propensities of man himself.

Man's power of increase and the exercise of his tyranny over the wide-spread earth, are greatly checked by his gregarious tendencies. The crowds who continually stream into great cities and die there childless, are so many petty tyrants, who abdicate their share of territory in the land in favour of its natural brute occupants. If the entire populations of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and every other great European city, were uniformly dispersed over Europe, each family located on an equal area, and living on the produce of the culture of that area—which might be the case, if men were solitary instead of gregarious in their habits—in twenty years only there must take place a perceptible diminution in the numbers of wild animals, birds, and even insects. But the great surplus of the rural population is drawn off by the temptations of town, leaving the field clear for the occupancy of brutes in default of the occupancy of men.

War is a more efficient institution for the preservation of the feræ naturæ than at first sight appears. The chase may be the best school for war; but war both gives full employment to the sportsman, and also diminishes his numbers. While the cat is away, the mice will play, and increase and multiply. Our battles, whether on a grand scale or in single combat, ought to be hailed, by our four-footed and our winged game and vermin, as most auspicious events. When hostile armies prepare to meet in deadly shock, the crows and ravens overhead caw and croak their approval; the rat in the hedgerow squeaks his congratulations to the fox in the brake; the bear in the pine-wood growls his deep satisfaction to the exulting chamois on the Alpine cliff. Can it be doubted that the Indian mutiny and its suppression, respited the lives of sundry tigers, lions, wild swine, and jungle-fowl, affording them a long truce for the undisturbed rearing of numerous litters and broods? It is evident enough, that not many wild races of animals are likely to become extinct until wars shall have utterly ceased; and when that is likely to happen, we may learn by private inquiry of various European potentates, with a further reference to the powers of the western hemisphere.

TAKING PIRATE JUNKS.

Where is that large vessel going, steaming so cautiously up that calm and peaceful strait, whose transparent waters are only disturbed by the floats of her powerful paddles? It is Her Majesty's paddle-wheel steam-frigate Sampson (so to call her), groping for some of the pirates that infest the bays and creeks all along the coast of China, some dozens of whom she has lately destroyed, and she is now expecting to do a little more in the same way. The captain is standing on the bridge, with his first lieutenant and the master, who, chart in hand, is carefully conning the ship, as she pursues her way through the comparatively unknown waters. There is a low neck of land running half way across the sound, about half a mile ahead, over which are to be seen what the shrewd gentlemen above named very much suspect to be the mastheads of some piratical junks, and which junks they intend to favour with a shot or shell, as the circumstances of the case may seem to require. But hark to the cry of the leadsman in the chains, "By the deep, four!" The water is fast shoaling, and, as the steamer draws eighteen feet, the master tells the captain that we must come to anchor. The captain speaks to his first lieutenant:

"Stand by the best bower anchor for'ard!"

"All ready for letting go, sir," answers the boatswain from the nightheads; and, in compliance with another order, gives the necessary "One, two, three—let go!" with the subsequent accompaniment of his shrill pipe. There is a heavy splash, a rattle at the hawse-holes, and the anchor is down.

"Call the boatswain," hails the first lieutenant from the quarter-deck; "hands, man and arm boats."

In a moment what a rush! But all with the greatest order; in an inconceivably short space of time, paddle-box boats and pinnace are got out, and their guns in; cutters and gigs are lowered and manned, laying alongside, all awaiting the order to shove off; every officer and man is in the anticipation of a good day's work, the thought of failure or repulse never entering the heads of sailors when about to prosecute any undertaking. The wished-for word is at length given, when we all shove off and give way for the point, with a will: discipline alone suppressing a cheer. The cutters are round first, when the pirates, quite prepared, salute them with a dozen or two of shot, which come rattling about their ears, but do no damage beyond the breaking of an occasional oar or so.

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At this display, our men are so delighted that they can no longer resist the impulse, and, one and all, give a regular thrilling British cheer: a sound that has, before now, struck terror to stouter hearts than those of Chinamen. The other boats are round the point, and the first lieutenant, who commands the expedition, suddenly finds himself opposed to about twenty piratical junks, besides several captured merchant junks, which have been armed, and whose guns are beginning to be worked with unaccustomed energy, loaded up to their muzzles with iron nails and fragments of every description, but, fortunately, too near to take much effect. Almost everything passes over the heads of our fearless little band, who find much difficulty in getting to work, though the guns in the paddle-box boats and pinnace answer right well with grape and cannister.

The junks are high and dry on the mud, where they have been left by the receding tide. Out of their boats, our people now leap, without hesitation (for delay were death), to wade their way to the sides of their antagonists' vessels, which, amidst showers of missiles of every description, they soon reach. Despite their disadvantages, they swarm upon the decks, and quickly clear them of their lawful (or rather lawless) occupants, who jump over the sides, right and left: the blue-jackets after them, who pursue them up the beach, knocking over those who are slowest in the race, and fast gaining upon the rest.

But who can that large body of men be, in red turbans and sashes, all dressed alike, who are coming down the mountain at double-quick time, from the town? Not friends, certainly; so our people think, for the handful of marines, with their officer at their head, are ordered to the front to form and receive them: though from their numbers it would seem of little use. Suddenly, a thundering report, and a mass of white smoke from the ship, show that those left on board are neither idle nor asleep: while a ten-inch shell (or, as the Chinese call it, "twice-eye shot") drops into the midst of our new acquaintances, greatly astonishing them, and causing them to waver; another ten-inch shell settles the question; they halt, and begin to jabber (always a sign of turning tail), while our heroic little band advance bravely, and let them have it to the utmost of their power. Presently, they run: the ship repeating her dose as fast as the guns can be served by their motley crews, formed of stewards, cooks, &c., who think they are having a fine lark all to themselves, and contributing greatly (as indeed they are) to the success of the day. The Chinamen are pursued up the mountain, until the dangerous proximity of the shell to our own men renders it prudent to proceed no farther, particularly as there is more for them to do at the scene of their late captures.

The prizes have to be inspected when we get there, and (it seems almost a pity) burned; for the first lieutenant's orders from the captain are "to sink, burn, and destroy;" and as naval commands are as the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not, he now proceeds to carry them out. As volumes of smoke rise up from several of the lately piratical craft, half a dozen Celestials are seen to approach, with signs of great respect, and speak to the great man in command, explaining to him that they are captives, taken with their vessels, which they point out, and begging that those junks may be saved from the general destruction. The request is presently granted, much to their satisfaction. All this time our sailors and marines are not idle, and the piratical town, from which the inhabitants have all "mizzled," is made to blaze as high and fiercely as the junks.

The work of destruction is at length complete, and late in the evening all hands prepare for a speedy return to the boats: every officer and man being pretty well tired out with his day's work, and each congratulating himself that there is a good dinner and a comfortable hammock on board. But what are those objects which merry knots of sailors and marines are hustling down towards the boats? Not some of their foes, surely? Certainly not, for Chinese men would not have half the trouble taken about them; they are some very comfortable-looking well-fed Chinese pigs, which our people intend for their own particular digestion, and have no idea of allowing to escape. They all at length return on board, and, an hour later, after they have satisfied the cravings of hunger, they may be seen congregated about the forecastle, pipe in mouth, each relating his adventures during the day, and his own private opinion of the affair.

But though they have done *their* work, there are others on board who are only beginning theirs, namely, the surgeon, the assistant ditto (or, as he is more commonly called, the doctor's mate), and an individual called the "sick Bayman," who would be better known to the uninitiated as a chemist's assistant.

In a dark cockpit, is a strong deal board, known as the amputation-table, and now lighted by a few flaring "purser's dips," through the medium of which we are enabled to see the three aforesaid personages with shirt-sleeves tucked up, feeling the edges of certain sharp-looking saws, knives, &c., while before them lies stretched a little China girl of about twelve years of age, dressed in costly garments, from whom escapes, every now and then, a low subdued wail of agony, caused apparently by a wound in the right arm, which is bound up, and from which the doctors are about to remove the bandages: while the mother, a "small-foot lady," is bending over her daughter in deep sorrow. They are both rescued prisoners who were taken by the pirates, while passengers in one of the merchant junks journeying from one place to another; the poor little girl has unfortunately been hit in the arm twice, by rifle bullets, each of which lodged there, breaking the bone. The doctor proceeds to examine it, and decides that the fractured portion of the arm must come off; in a few minutes, the grinding of a saw is heard, and the operation is done, thanks to chloroform,

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without pain to the poor little patient. Her mother is inconsolable, nevertheless: declaring that now, should it be necessary, she cannot work for her living, and must consequently beg.

Next morning, our steam is up, we get under weigh, and leave the scene of the late destruction: having in tow the recaptured trading junks. On the first attack of yesterday, a hoary-headed pirate was seen to fire a gun right in the faces of our men: the recoil of the gun (which had no breeching) sending him flying down the hatchway, breaking his legs, and Heaven knows what more of him. Now it so happens that the reinstated Chinese crew of this junk (which is one of those in tow), while cruizing about on board of her, to see what is left to them, come across this old fellow, groaning away fearfully, and they, thoroughly terrified at the presence of one disabled pirate, set up a yell, such as those acquainted with the Chinese will be able to imagine, which, it being pitch dark, rather startles those on board the steamer, causing them to "stop her," and lower a quarter-boat, to send on board and see what is the matter. The general impression is, that there are some fifty men concealed, who have suddenly broken forth to recapture the vessel. The disgust of the boat's crew is inexpressible when they discover that they have had all the trouble for a single powerless old man, more dead than alive.

A few days later, after a run along the coast, we find another of Her Majesty's ships anchored at Amoy, with a full cargo of piratical prisoners, taken out of the many captures which she has made during her cruize along the coast. Notice having been given to the "Laouti," or governor of that place, a party of mandarins and their soldiers proceed on board to take charge of the criminals. After tightly binding them with cords, this party convey them to a prison on shore, in the yard of which (which answers the purpose of an execution ground) they were all beheaded, after the mock ceremony of a trial, in which they are allowed to have nothing to say for themselves.

TOO LATE.

Hush! speak low—tread softly—
Draw the sheet aside:
Yes, she does look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still, white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter part;
Now, how still the violets
Lie upon her heart.

She who toiled and laboured
For her daily bread:
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her,
Brought her home at last,
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and name, and pride,
To see her looking happy
Once before she died.

They strove hard to please her,
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadened—
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And, besides, one sorrow—
Deeper still, one pain—
Was beyond them: healing
Came to-day in vain.

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity
Even him to-day,
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him.
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened:
It was long ago.

I have read his letter:
Many a weary year
For one word she hungered—
There are thousands here!

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand!
See, I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest.
Well, I should not murmur,
For God judges best.

She needs no more pity;
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

VERY COMMON LAW.

As it is not to be expected that Mr. Blank should get through life without a certain amount of railway travelling, we will furnish him with a few fragments of railway law.

And first, as to the liability of railway companies for statements made in their time-tables. A gentleman, whom we will assume was our illustrative man himself, having important business to transact in Peterboro' and Hull, fell to a consultation of the Great Northern Railway time-bills. From one of these documents, which he found hanging in the offices of the company, he discovered that a train was advertised to leave London at 5 P.M., arrive at Peterboro' at 7.20 P.M., and proceed subsequently to Hull. On a further investigation of the document, he came upon this supplementary notification: "The company make every exertion that the trains shall be punctual, but their arrival or departure at the times stated will not be guaranteed, nor will the company hold themselves responsible for delay, or any consequences arising therefrom." Undeterred by this announcement, Mr. Blank started upon his journey to Hull, and, having transacted his business at Peterboro', presented himself to

the station-clerk at that place and demanded a ticket.

Couldn't have it, this official informed him.

"Why not?" Mr. Blank demanded.

"Great Northern train goes no further than Milford Junction," responded the clerk.

"But the time-tables say otherwise," suggested Mr. Blank.

"Hull train ceased running since they were printed," replied the clerk.

"Change published?" asked Mr. B.

Clerk.—"No."

The clerk's statement was correct; but Mr. Blank (who did *not* reach Hull as he intended) having brought an action against the company for his detention at Milford Junction, recovered damages.

The limitation in the time-tables as to the arrival of the trains, was construed by the court as referring to inevitable accident, and was not deemed sufficient to exonerate the company. The more especially, my Lord Campbell said, as "the time-tables contain what the law calls a false and fraudulent representation."

For all this, however, we cannot undertake to say that railway companies can, in all cases, be held responsible for the unpunctuality of their trains, even when accident is out of the question. True, there have been instances in which County Court Judges have decided for their responsibility, and occasionally the Sheriffs' Courts of Scotland have laid down the like principle. On this side of the Border, however, the question is one of such uncertainty that we would not recommend our illustrative man to raise it. Let us discreetly pass over it with this transient glance, and endeavour to find matter of which we may speak with more confidence.

Transferring our attention, then, from the passenger himself, let us treat of his "impedimenta." Clearly, to our thinking, all railway companies are responsible for this. Very great pains are taken by the companies themselves to persuade the public to the contrary, but without materially affecting our opinion. Large-typed placards, which assert boldly that "every passenger may carry so many pounds of luggage, but that the company will not be responsible for the care of the same unless booked and paid for accordingly," have no weight with us.

Does not the following incident of travel, casually selected from the Reports, tend to alleviate any anxiety we may experience for the safety of our portmanteau? And if the lady there referred to, recovered the value of her dressing-case, why should we be intimidated by the large-typed placards? Why should we be disturbed by fears for our humble carpet-bag?

The lady, from whose experience we derive our comfort, was, with her maid, a first-class passenger on the London and Brighton Railway. Before entering the train, her luggage was weighed, and the excess paid for. Whilst it was being placed upon the train, the driver of the conveyance who had brought them to the station deposited a dressing-case beneath the seat of their carriage. The lady, on arrival at the London-bridge station, was assisted from the carriage, as she was an invalid, and her maid looked after the luggage. Proceeding to do this, she was told by the porters not to trouble herself, as they would see to it. They saw to it, however, so ineffectually, that the dressing-case was lost, and the lady, having brought an action against the company for its value, recovered damages. "The company," said Mr. Justice Cresswell, "could not be said to have fulfilled their contract for delivery, and if it was their usual custom to deliver the luggage of the passengers at a particular part of the platform, that was the sort of delivery the company took upon themselves to make."

Before proceeding any further, however, it may be as well to mention of what "luggage," in the legal acceptation of the term, is supposed to consist.

"It comprises," according to Mr. Baron Parke, "clothing, and such articles as a traveller usually carries for his personal convenience, perhaps even a small present, or a book for a journey, but certainly not merchandise, or materials bought for the purpose of being manufactured and sold at a profit." A traveller, for example, having packed a quantity of ivory knife-handles amongst his luggage, and lost them, could not recover damages: because he was a cutler, and they were ruled to be merchandise.

One more point, and this for the special edification of Mrs. Blank. Sixty pounds' weight of luggage being allowed to any individual passenger, it has been decided that a passenger and his wife may carry between them one hundred and twelve pounds, and this, although the lady's share (a terribly unlikely circumstance) may amount only to the weight of three pounds.

So far we have been speaking of the luggage with which Mr. Blank is compelled to encumber himself whilst travelling; let us say one word of that which he is in the habit of receiving and despatching per rail. Not to involve ourselves in the meshes of the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, we will assume that Mr. Blank is the humble recipient of an occasional parcel, rather than a merchant whose business is with tons.

Are railway companies responsible for parcels received by them to be carried beyond the limits of their line?

"It would be most inconvenient," said Mr. Baron Watson, in a case where this question was discussed, "if, when a parcel is sent from London to Glasgow (when it is carried on four different railways), the owner were obliged to find out at what particular part of the journey it was lost. It is said," he continued, in allusion to that particular case, "that the companies did not profess to carry the whole distance, but if a person deliver to a railway company a parcel directed to a certain place, one sum being charged for the whole carriage, that is holding out by these, to the person who brought the parcel, that they

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would carry it as directed, and it is no answer to say they have never carried to that place before."

A Lancashire stonemason having gone into Derbyshire to look out for work, left his box of tools to be sent after him. Soon afterwards, his mother took the box to the Lancaster station, addressed to the mason, and to be left at some place in Derbyshire. She offered to pay the carriage, but the clerk informed her that it would be better for the person receiving the box to do so. The line of the company which received the box in the first instance, extended no further than Preston, where it was joined by the line of another company, which line was joined by another, to complete the route into Derbyshire. The box, after leaving the limits of the Lancaster and Preston line, was lost, and that company disputed their liability to make it good, because they had contracted to carry it, they said, no further than Preston.

The courts ruled otherwise. Lord Cranworth (then Mr. Baron Rolfe), whose direction to the jury had been objected to, but which direction the Court of Exchequer held to be correct, said, "What I told the jury was only this—that if a party brings a parcel to a railway station, which in this respect is just the same as a coach-office, knowing at the time that the company only carry to a particular place, and if the railway company receive it and book it to another place to which it is directed, primâ facie, they undertake to carry it to that other place. That was my view at the trial," said his lordship, "and nothing has occurred to alter my opinion;" adding, "any other construction would open the door to incalculable inconvenience." Of course it would. If a common carrier is, under any circumstances whatever, liable for the safe delivery of the goods with which you entrust him, it is sufficient for you to know that the goods have been lost, without being called upon to point out the particular part of the route where they were lost.

There are yet a few more points of railway law which we will speak of, as concisely as possible: It is generally supposed that a person travelling without a ticket can be made to pay for the greatest distance over which the train in which he is travelling has passed. This is not the case: the law only compelling him to pay for the distance he has actually travelled.

Railway travelling unhappily suggesting the desirability of "Life Insurance," let us briefly glance at the common law aspect of this excellent precaution.

Mr. Francis, in his Annals of Life Insurance, informs us that thousands of pounds were insured upon the life of Sir Robert Walpole, that policies were taken up on the life of the Pretender, that the sporting gentlemen of the period speculated upon the lives of his adherents, the rebel lords; that the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower threw many policy-holders, rejoicing at the prospect of that nobleman's speedy decapitation, into dismay; that "there was absolutely nothing upon which a policy could be opened that was not employed as the opportunity of gambling." As might be expected, these good old times were too good to last (there were few analytical chemists in those days, and the insured life *may* have occasionally come to a somewhat premature termination). In the early part of George the Third's reign the attention of Parliament was directed to the law of life insurance; and, from that time, any insurance on the life of any person, wherein the insurer has any kind of gaming or wagering interest, is void. Further, it was then laid down "that it should not be lawful to make policies on the life of any person, or any other event, without inserting the name of the person for whose benefit the policy was made," and (as the last clause with which we feel called upon to deal) "that no one should recover on his policy more than the value of his interest."

The "interest" here spoken of has been decided to mean a *pecuniary* interest. Such an interest, for example, as Mr. Blank's tailor may feel in him previous to the payment of his little account, or, to speak more largely, such an interest as any of Mr. Blank's creditors may entertain towards that gentleman. It is not a sentimental quality, in fact, to which the act alludes, and, although it permits Mrs. Blank to have an insurable interest in her husband, it will not allow that Mr. Blank has such an interest in his son. The question has been tried in one instance, and, although it was ingeniously argued that the father had an interest in his son's life, because he might reasonably expect to be reimbursed by him for his maintenance and education, yet the courts would not admit the construction. "It has been said," Mr. Justice Bayley remarked, in allusion to this point, "that there are numerous instances in which a father has affected an insurance on the life of his son. If a father, wishing to give his son some property to dispose of, make an assurance on the son's life in his (the son's) name, not for his (the father's) own benefit, but for the benefit of his son, there is no law to prevent his doing so: but that is a transaction quite different from the present, and if a notion prevails that such an assurance as this one in question is valid, the sooner it is corrected the better."

As to the clause which enacts that the name of the person interested shall be inserted in the policy, we may say that a compliance with this is essential, and not to be dispensed with on any account. A person once, the Reports inform us, insured the life of a lady in his own name, but in reality for her benefit. After the death of the lady, the policy was disputed, and subsequently declared void, Mr. Justice Wightman saying "it seemed to him that the act required that the name of the person really interested must appear, whether the policy be really wagering or not."

To come to the last clause. It was formerly held that when a creditor insured the life of his debtor for any sum, he could only, in the event of the debtor's death, recover the value of his in-

terest *at the time of the death*. Supposing the debt to have been paid, for instance, during the lifetime of the debtor, he would receive nothing. The insurance-offices, however, though this was the law, found it to their interest not to act upon it, and a recent decision of the courts has now established the principle that a creditor shall receive the value of the interest which he had *at the time of effecting the insurance*, whether that shall have been diminished or increased previous to the debtor's death.

"The contract of life insurance," said Vice-Chancellor Wood, when this question was argued before him, "is simply a contract that, in consideration of a certain annual payment, the company will pay at a future time a fixed sum calculated by them with reference to the value of the premiums which are to be paid in order to purchase the postponed payment. Whatever event may happen meanwhile is a matter of indifference to the company. They do not found their calculations upon that, but simply upon the probabitive of human life, and they get paid the full value of that calculation. On what principle can it be said that if some one else satisfies the risk, on account of which the policy may have been affected, the company should be released from their contract? The company would be in the same condition whether the object of the insured were accomplished or not; whether he were in a better or worse position, that would have no effect upon the contract with the company, which was simply calculated upon the value of the life which they had to insure."

Mr. Blank is no doubt aware that, before insuring his life, he will be called upon to declare his name, residence, and occupation: whether he has had small-pox, cow-pox, gout, liver complaint, fits, spitting of blood, asthma, disease of the lungs, &c. &c. Also to furnish the name of his medical man for reference. This being the case, let us endeavour to explain the construction to be put upon this declaration of Mr. Blank.

An insurance company having agreed to lend a certain person, whom we will call Smith, a sum of money, upon the security of a reversionary life interest to which he was entitled and a policy on his life, desired that the latter should be effected in some office other than their own, though upon their application. On the usual inquiries being made as to Mr. Smith's health, they referred the office to whom they applied to his medical man, and to an intimate friend of his, for information. From both of these persons favourable replies were received, but the office, nevertheless, declined to grant the policy. Application having been subsequently made to another company upon the same basis, strengthened by a statement from Mr. Smith himself that he was in a good state of health, the policy was granted. In the course of time, Mr. Smith died, and the policy was disputed, on the ground that a false representation had been made of his state of health. The Court of Queen's Bench decided that neither was Smith himself, nor were the referees, to be looked upon as agents of the insurers, so as to affect them by any misrepresentation which they might have made. There were other points raised as a matter of course, but upon this particular argument Lord Campbell said: "The admission that the referees were the agents of the insured would entirely prevent a life policy from being a security on which a man could safely rely as a provision for his family, however honestly and however prudently he may have acted when the policy was effected:" and this was afterwards confirmed by the Court of Appeal.

Although the statements of the referees, however, do not necessarily bind the insurer, any declaration he may make himself, when embodied (as it usually is) in the policy, has a widely different effect. It then becomes the keystone of the fabric, and if found unsound will endanger the whole.

Thus, an Irishman who had insured his life declared that none of his near relations had died of consumption, and that his life had never been accepted or refused by any other office; whereas, two of his sisters had died consumptive, and he had actually insured his life in another office. He declared, moreover, that if any circumstance material to the insurance had not been truly stated, or should have been misrepresented or concealed, the policy should be considered void. The policy after his death was very reasonably disputed; but, the question having been tried in an Irish Court, and the judge having directed the jury to find for the company, only if the statements were false and material, they were considered to be not false and material. The House of Lords, to whom the question was subsequently referred, without expressing any opinion upon this estimate of falsity and materiality, decided that the judge was wrong. He ought to have directed the jury to find a verdict for the company, they said, if the statements were simply false, and were made in obtaining the policy. It must be clear, however, that the statements made by Mr. Blank in effecting his policy are *wholly* false before the company can take advantage of his misrepresentation.

Isaac Thomas Perrins, when insuring his life described himself, with a pardonable flourish, as Isaac Thomas Perrins, Esq., of Saltley Hall, Warwickshire. He did live at the Hall, and, for all we know, he may have been an esquire. He was also, however, an ironmonger, and kept a shop. In his policy was contained a condition that, if any statements in the proposal were untrue, it (the policy) should be void. The company, taking advantage of Mr. Perrins's little flourish, and of his obliviousness about the shop, disputed the policy—and almost with success. The judges were not by any means of one mind, however. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn thought, with regret, that he was bound by the case in the House of Lords, to which we have referred, and that, the statement

made by Mr. Perrins being untrue, he could not inquire into the materiality of it. Other judges extricated themselves from the difficulty by thinking that the statement was not *false*, but insufficient, which was quite a different matter. Mr. Justice Hill apparently contented himself by asking a few pertinent questions. "Is there any statement," he said, "or allegation, contained in the proposal or declaration, which is untrue? The party is asked, amongst other things, his name, residence, profession, or occupation. He answers, 'Isaac Thomas Perrins, Esq., Saltley Hall, Warwickshire.' Every word in the answer is true, there is nothing on the face of it which is shown to be false, but it is an imperfect statement, inasmuch as it does not go fully into the occupation of the party. Suppose a party who was a wine-merchant and a banker described himself as wine-merchant only, could it be said that it contained an untrue statement, and did not fulfil the requirements of the condition?"

There are other points touching the very common law of life insurance which must be deferred.

SLOW COACHES.

The age we live in will not tolerate Slow Coaches. The age insists upon rapidity in its locomotion, and "Slow coach" has become a term of derision.

I often endeavour—remembering many slow coaches that have disappeared in my brief span, and carrying the knowledge, obtained from books, of many more—to ascertain how many chariots, two-wheelers and four-wheelers, yet linger and deserve the uncomplimentary epithets of "slow coaches." On every succeeding Derby Day some few slow coaches still make their appearance among the tearing barouches, the skurrying mail-phaetons, the easy-gliding broughams, and the mountainous, yet mobile, four-in-hands, full of irresistible impetus—the Life Guards, the Milhaud cuirassiers of the coaching world. There is never a stoppage at Kennington Common or at Cheam Gate but the van of some incorrigibly Conservative old slow coach appears—a four-wheeler generally, with hardened horses, bent on having their own way, and a perverse driver who *won't* adapt himself to circumstances, and who *will* look upon the Derby of 1860 as the immediate successor to the Derby of 1830, when he first drove to the pleasant Downs of Epsom. Such obstinate men are, curiously enough, often theoretically right in their charioteering, and adhere inflexibly to the rule of the road. What is the rule of the road? It has explicit existence and cannot be termed Lex non scripta, for it has been codified in a stanza; and a late celebrated barrister owed, it is said, much of his success in getting verdicts in running-down cases, to his dexterity in discovering the exact moment when the jury's ears might be tickled with a poetical quotation, and the promptitude with which he gave them the vehicular dictum:

> The Rule of the Road is as plain as one's hand—
> T' explain it I need not be long:
> If you keep to the left you are sure to be right;
> If you keep to the right you are wrong.

Shrewd attorneys' and barristers' clerks in court could always tell, at a certain stage of the running-down case, and from a peculiar twitching about the facial muscles of the advocate, when the famous rule was coming. The jury always liked it, and grinned in their box. The bench liked it. Baron Owlet, though he had heard the wise saw a hundred times before, used to murmur the doggrel, with a pleased chuckle, after the speaker. Wheeler, the puisne judge, invariably entered the Rule of the Road in his notes, as a modern instance. It is said that Mr. Jehu, K.C., would never have been Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, but for the Rule of the Road.

When the Derby week is over, the slow coaches disappear, to turn up, sometimes it may be, at small provincial race-courses; but the most extensive resuscitation of slow coaches within my remembrance was on an occasion within the last ten years, when the London cabmen struck for fares, and when the recesses of the remotest livery-stables, and the penetralia of the most antediluvian coach-houses were rummaged for vehicles to replace the recalcitrant Hansoms and four-wheelers. It is believed that the celebrated "one-horse shay," concerning whose trip to Brighton the popular comic song was written, made its appearance on the eventful morning of the strike. Flies, glass-coaches, sociables, yellow post-chaises, dennets, stanhopes, désobligeantes, pill-boxes, landaus, and curricles of weird and ghostly look, of sad and old-world form, and driven by ancient men of sour mien and costume out of date, fretted through the wondering streets. Men whispered that Queen Anne was not dead, after all; that Frederick Barbarossa had awakened from his century sleep among the Hartz mountains, and, finding his beard grown through the table, had cried, "It is time!" and that Rip van Winkle had come down from his game of ninepins with the Dutch slow coaches of the Schuylkills. There were rumours afloat, that Cinderella's pumpkin carriage had been seen in Regent-street; that the wild Prince of Wales had driven Perdita Robinson on a high perch round the Ring in Hyde Park; that Peagreen Haines and Romeo Coates had reappeared, conducting curricles in the shape of cockle-shells; that the Exeter flying coach, and the York Icarus, which took six days to perform their journeys, were plying between Sloane-street and the Bank; and that, from the Coach and Horses tavern in Conduit-street, was seen to start a phantom GIG, the immortal emblem of human respectability, drawn by a spectral horse, and containing some ghostly pork-chops and the top-booted apparition of Thurtell, on his way to Gill's Hill-lane, to murder that Mr. William Weare of the ballad, who dwelt in Lyon's Inn. The cabmen's strike was soon over, however, and the slow coaches disappeared as suddenly and as strangely as they had come.

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To discover slow coaches, few methods are more efficacious than to get well blocked up in Fleet-street or Cheapside—the facilities for carrying this into effect are most obligingly placed at your disposal by the corporation—and to survey the vehicular entanglement, from the knife-board of an omnibus, or from over the apron of a Hansom's cab. Of course the fast—when the drivers have a reasonable chance of fastness—predominate. Light carts, spring vans, powerful railway waggons, broughams and clarences with patent axles and noiseless wheels, parcels delivery carts, tradesmen's carts, dog-carts, and butchers' carts with trotting ponies, even costermongers' shallows of which the donkey-steeds would move their little legs rapidly had they a clear stage and no favour in Whitechapel or in Tottenham-court-road — tilburies, and phaetons, and chariots, and tax-carts, and basket-chaises: all these tell of the unmistakable modern appetite for speed. Even the prisoners' van is no longer a slow coach; and once beyond Finsbury-square, that great black, shining felony-box moves with a ponderous swiftness Hollowaywards. But there is yet an admixture of slow coaches among the more rapid craft. There is that inevitable young member of the commercial aristocracy who *will* drive tandem to his wholesale haberdashery warehouse in Gutter-lane, who is unmoved by the taunts and threats of indignant cabmen and omnibus drivers, and who, so long as he persists in backing when he should advance, driving sideways when he should drive ahead, and wearing an eye-glass, and so long as he doesn't know what to do with his wheeler, and isn't at all certain about his leader, will remain a hopeless and intolerable slow coach. I see the sad-coloured fly with the jolting windows and the brass-door handle viciously wrenched awry, drawn by the scraggy horse with the switch-tail, and driven by the methodical man in the drab gaiters and the Berlin gloves: which fly belongs of course to the ill-tempered old lady who takes her niece to live with her for charity, and starves and beats her —always for charity's sake—and who is going to the Bank to draw her dividends. At the slackest part of the driving day, and be the road ever so clear, the sad-coloured fly never moves but in a dully-plodding manner; and if ever a passing cabman happens to flick his whip against the window-pane, down comes that protecting screen, and the ill-tempered old lady puts her morose old head out and screams after the cabman that he is a villain, and that she will have him tried at the Old Bailey. I see the great, dark, comfortable, heavy hammerclothed, double-seated family carriage, the very weight of the heraldic bearings on whose panels would be sufficient to make it a slow coach, and which contains eminent bankeresses proposing to call in Lombard-street and confer with their eminent banker-spouses, concerning truffles and pineapples, ere they return to Roehampton for the great dinner of the evening. I see the goods-waggons full of bales and barrels, which must remain slow coaches till the end of the chapter, and which I sincerely wish were all underground—not dead, but buried, many fathoms deep, out of the way of people who have business to transact, and jogging along a comfortable subterranean railway. Then I am aware of those minor slow coaches, waifs and strays of laggard driving, that *will* drift among the screws and paddle-wheel steamers of modern vehicularity. Timid old maids drive blind ponies with distressing caution; farmers' wives from Bow, Tottenham, Edmonton, and Brentford—places that you might imagine to be quite close to London, but which are in reality twenty thousand miles away from the metropolis—jolt heavily and draggingly along in old-fashioned chaise-carts. Superannuated tradesmen, in rusty traps drawn by grave fat cobs that will never win the Cesarewitch, are the slowest of the slow. They have nothing to do; and don't see the use of being in a hurry. The washerwomen's carts make no secret at all about being slow coaches. In addition to having to stop at every sixth door or so to take in linen, Monday, the great opening day of laundresses, is a far more jocund and festive season to those laborious persons who blanch our under-garments, than you might imagine. On Monday Mrs. Wrench, of Clapham, meets Mrs. Boyler, of Fulham-bridge, on the road. Mrs. Copperblue, of Turnham-green, exchanges the quotations of the prices of articles per dozen with Mrs. Starcher, from Chelsea. The superb Mrs. Minglemangle, who "does" for so many of the aristocracy, passes by her rival Mrs. Hangemout, who washes for the very best of the West-end clubs, with ineffable red-faced disdain. The washerwomen's carts are always stopping at the corners of streets where licensed victuallers call the attention of the public to their neat wines and sparkling ales. I like to see lordly Mrs. Toweller sitting in her comfortable cart, monarch of all she surveys, plump and ruddy among the clothes-baskets with their heaps of linen covered with distended table-cloths, like snow-white apple-pies. Jolly Jack Toweller, the husband, drives. When off duty, he does gardening jobs for a gentleman at Hammersmith, who is benevolent, but is touched in his head, and *will* paint his geraniums pea-green when the gardener is away. I like to see this social washerman alight, enter the hostelry, and anon emerge, bearing the glass of sparkling ale, or, perchance, the "drop of comfort," for his strong-armed missus. Great joking then takes place, and politics and scandal—mainly bearing on the wash-tub and the ironing-board—are discussed.

The hackney-coach! It is a grave error to suppose that the musty old slow coach of our youth, with the sham heraldry, the straw carpet, and the spikes behind, is extinct. From the stands, the hackney-coach has indeed vanished—has not the waterman, with his low-crowned hat and his perpetually counterbalancing water-buckets, himself disappeared, and been replaced by an officer in uniform?—but the hackney-coach is

yet to be met with at railway termini, and plies quietly for the accommodation of large families with much luggage, coming to town from the midland counties. The hackney-coach takes them back again, also, to the terminus, when their trip is at an end; at least, so I conjecture from the appearance of one of these antiquated caravans in a quiet street in which I lived some two summers since, and which (this caravan) conveyed away one father, one mother, one grandmother (aged), a few adult sons and daughters, a tribe of ruddy children, a confidential housekeeper (likewise aged), a stout housemaid, a few tons of luggage, a shaggy dog, and a jackdaw in a wicker basket. Some time was necessarily occupied in stowing these impedimenta in the roomy old slow coach; although I entertain not the slightest doubt of its capacity to have held besides, a chest of drawers, and a young elephant. As I tranquilly surveyed the scene from an upper casement opposite, the coachman, catching my eye, or rather the lens of my pocket-glass, produced a small card from his pocket, made signs of tendering it to me, pointed to his bony steeds (which were eating their nose-bags), wagged his head violently, and stamped his foot, to express an idea of their surprising bone, mettle, and speed. I was amused at the thought that he should take me for a man who looked as though he wanted a hackney-coach, and sent Hannah down for the card. It looked, on closer inspection, remarkably like a pawnbroker's duplicate, and bore on one side the number, and on the other the owner's address, in a street somewhere off the Blackfriars-road: it contained, moreover, a neat reference to glass-coaches for wedding parties. I think the courteous charioteer must have been the owner of hackney-carriage 9063; and I remark that the majority of the drivers of these rare vehicles look like the proprietors thereof. They are staid, grave men of subdued mien, clad in sleeved waistcoats and mid-calf boots, are generally advanced in years, and would decidedly have been hired by Sir Roger de Coverley when he drove forth to take the air with Mr. Spectator. They wear silver watch-chains, and have a rate-paying expression of countenance. I seek in vain for the old jarvey with his many-caped Benjamin; the fierce, loud, restless, horse-lacerating, passenger-bullying ruffian of twenty-five years ago; with his unblushing audacity of extortion and his astounding volubility of abusive slang. There is a word-picture of one of these fellows in a song to the old burden of "Tamaroo"—a picture to me positively terrific:

Ben was a hackney-coachman bold:
"Jarvey! jarvey!" "Here I am, yer honour!"
Ben was a hackney-coachman bold,
Tamaroo!
How he'd swear, and how he'd drive!
Number three hundred and sixty-five!
With a right fol loddle oddle, heigh, gee woa!

This is dreadful: this delineation of a hackney-coachman, in all his boldness and hardened ribaldry, swearing and driving, and yelling "Tamaroo" all the way.

Splendour, nobility, and even royalty, have not yet done shaking hands with slow coaches: they come out occasionally in St. James's-street on drawing-room days, covered with gold and varnish, and filled with antique carmined dowagers with slow nodding plumes: also, with purblind peers and generals. Our good Queen gets rid of the slow coach incubus whenever she has a chance. See her dashing in the open carriage with the scarlet outriders towards Ascot Race-course, and hear the countless thousands peal out their great joyful shout as she and her nobles emerge from the Long Walk, and the carriage slackens its pace, and the horses, champing in their constrained slowness, move along the velvet sward. See the simple carriage that holds Royalty, swiftly gliding to theatre or opera. At home, at Osborne, and at Balmoral, we are told the Queen drives a little basket pony-chaise; but Routine must have its rights, and the slow coacheries of our glorious constitution are not to be trifled with. So, once or twice a year, her Majesty, and her Masters of the Horse and Mistresses of the Robes, are compelled to enter that huge gilded gingerbread and glass-case of a waggon, with the squat coachman, and the squat horses—the old original Absurdity and Monstrosity, with the Roman helmets, and the fasces, and the palm-trees, and the panels painted by Cipriani over Thornhill, and Faith, Hope, and Charity, Gog, Magog, and the Emperor Heliogabalus into the bargain for aught I know, sprawling about a golden Noah's Ark. How Queen Victoria must hate the state carriage! How the Mistress of the Robes must abhor it, and the Master of the Horse shake his fist at it, when he makes a tour of inspection through the Royal Stables! Stop: perhaps they all like it. How do we know? Lord Chamberlain, perchance, is fond of walking backwards. I think, myself, that I could manage to wear a gold robe and a cocked-hat, or lawn sleeves and a wig like a birds'-nest—if I were well paid for it.

The Lord Mayor of London enjoys also the possession of a state slow-coach, elaborately carved and gilt, and equally resembling a twelfth-cake and the car of Juggernaut. The civic state carriage has cost some thousands of pounds sterling in its time, and its maintenance in a decent state of repair yet involves, I believe, the annual expenditure of a considerable sum of money. Its interior is, I am afraid, inevitably affected with dry rot; but the coach is, of course, a great civic institution, and the corporation could no more get on without its state carriage than without the Mace and the Sword Bearers, the Guildhall Giants and the City Marshal. I wonder whether it will ever be found possible to get on without the corporation itself! This is a levelling age. The barge is gone, the man in brass is gone. I tremble for the state carriage.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has *his* slow coach, an angular affair very far gone in gold-leaf; but the right honourable gentleman, to his great good fortune, is very rarely seen in it. There

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is another slow coach, too, connected with the State, to which—but I have no space—I might advert in detail. I mean that appalling combination of four-post bedstead, railway-truck, fire-engine, and the trophied wall of Hampton Court Palace guard-room, on which mountain on wheels they put, eight years ago, a catafalque covered with an emblazoned tablecloth, and on that again the coffin, hat, and sword, of the great Duke of Wellington—a tinselled canopy covering all; then, harnessing a strong team of gin-spinners' horses, swaddled in sables and led by distillers' draymen disguised as undertakers, to this astounding blunder, they dragged it through the streets of London: squads of policemen following behind with coils of rope to hoist its wheels up, should the funeral car happen to stick in the mire. Wretched abortion! I saw it the other day in a mean shed of the yard of Marlborough House, with nine country cousins staring in a bewildered manner at the carbines and kettle-drums, and at the hobby-horses whose dusty black plumes are mouldering on their wooden heads.

But the strangest and the slowest state coaches these eyes ever beheld, were—not here, but in a stranger city, in a far-off country, more than a thousand miles away. I remember well the dark dull August afternoon, the impending thunderstorm, the hot atmosphere, the blighting chill in the shade, the wide stucco-façaded street, the mob of bearded men in pink caftans, striped drawers, and long boots, the policemen kicking, sticking, and thrusting this mob back, and then, issuing from the gates of the imperial stables, a long procession of state carriages, drawn each by six gigantic Pomeranian horses—the largest steeds I ever saw, and, as to their heels, sprung, every one of them. These carriages were, some, of the twelfth-cake waggon form; others, were like roomy Sedan chairs on wheels; all, were painted and carved, and gilded in the approved slow-coach fashion; but the sun happening to pierce through the clouds for a moment, I saw the near panels of the carriage next me glittering in a fantastic manner. Giving a policeman some money, and not being in beard or caftan, I was permitted to approach close to one of these sumptuous vehicles. I found each and every panel thickly encrusted with devices of bits of cut glass stuck in gilt setting. These were sham diamonds—O genius of barbaric pomp! and I laughed till I was obliged to bribe another policeman lest he should take me, by my merriment, to be a malcontent, and lay me by the heels. These were the state carriages of his Imperial Majesty Alexander Nicolaievitch, Tsar of all the Russias; and they were making a trial procession, prior to being despatched per rail to Moscow the Holy, in time for the coronation solemnities. The majority of these sham diamond-ornamented slow coaches had been built in the time of the Tsarinas Anne and Elizabeth, and one dated so far back as the time of the great Tsar Peter, who had caused it to be constructed for him in Vienna.

When I recal these quaint relics of a slow-coach age, I seem to stand in a Pantechnicon of remembrance, and not alone the bygone sheriffs' carriages, but a whole cavalcade of the slow coaches of the past, move sluggishly before me. Here comes the veritable coach-and-six—such a coach as is sculptured on the monument of the murdered Thynne in Westminster Abbey, such a coach as one of the six in which six squires of high degree set out to bail the Man of Ross when he lay under unjust accusation. Large contrivance of wood and leather, rumbling on broad-tired wheels, are thus drawn by long-tailed Flanders mares with hanging footmen and running footmen, and containing the lord-lieutenant of the county, my lady and her daughters, and the chaplain in the boot. Here comes the Cardinalitian slow coach, scarlet and gold, very gorgeous and fit equipage for a prince of the Church, but smelling of the rare singeing it underwent at the hands, or rather the torches, of the Mazzinians in 1849. Following it, comes the large sedan, gilt and embossed, carried by grinning lacqueys. Lady Bab shows her patched and painted face, and flirts her fan from the window, and soon the gilt and glazed sedan changes into the dingy and rickety affair still patronised by gouty valetudinarians at remote watering-places. Here, is the mule litter of the middle ages, with curtains blazoned with armorial devices—curtains very closely drawn; there may be a sick king or a languishing princess within. There, drags on slowly in its rear, the clumsy Turkish araba, drawn by white oxen with gilded yokes, and crimson tassels beneath their dewlaps. The araba has curtains, too, but they are not so closely drawn but that you may see the stout Turkish ladies within, their black eyes beaming over the yashmaks' barrier, their rosy-tipped fingers plucking flowers to pieces. They giggle and titter, and tease the hideous black servitors, who march, now sulky and now grinning, by the araba's side; they are on their way to the Valley of Sweet Waters to enjoy coffee, and sherbet, and sweetmeats, and the fragrance of narghilé-inhaled tobacco. Next do I catch a glimpse of a slow coach that died in its Brobdingnagian youth, an ephemeral monstrosity, the advertising van, frightening the second-floor windows from their propriety with amazing placards relating to eye-snuff, and oat-bruising, and medicated cream. All these fade into a watery mirage, and in my swimming sight is a pale vision of the old French inland hoy, the "coche" so called, which brought servants, and milliners, and apprentices, from the provinces to Paris during the old régime; a dream of old diligences, and vetturini, and estafettes, and Eil-wagens; and of the corpulent, lazy, comfortable Flemish treykschuyt, full of beer and tobacco-smoke, and fat men, fat women, and fat children, and often of fat pork and mutton, that was wont to float in peaceful slow-coachdom on the waters of the Low Countries' shallow canals. And these, again, give way to the last slow coach of all, the HEARSE; but as I gaze upon it with gloomy forebodings, I see the undertaker's men who crowd its roof, swinging their legs airily, and joking among them-

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selves. The nodding plumes give way before red noses, the palls and horsecloths are thrust inside, and the slow coach breaks into a fast trot.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AMONG THE BUILDINGS.

THE subject which we are now considering is one in every way on a much larger scale than that (of the London Statues) which we last took in hand. Not only does every one of the houses, in every one of the streets, contribute an item to the architecture of London, but besides this, there is this fact to be remembered, that while the oldest of our London statues—properly so called—dates no further back than the time of Charles the First, there are buildings in London whose pedigrees are older than that of the Rake's father-in-law in Hogarth's Marriage à la Mode.

Whether that gradual decline, which was traced in our Metropolitan Statues, has its prototype in the chronological history of the London Buildings, is a question which, because of the difference of *style* in such structures as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral, and the special beauties of each, it is difficult to decide; but this at least may be affirmed, and affirmed with confidence, that, after the period of the building last named, the descent was rapid and continuous, and that, at the time when the statues began to be at their worst, our buildings were at their vilest too.

But there is certainly one respect in which we are better off in an architectural than a sculpturesque point of view:—whereas it was distinctly proved that our very last productions in the way of statues were the worst of all, and that the steps which might be taken to improve our city in this respect were neglected, it is certain that architecturally our unhappy metropolis has got over the worst, and that some unmistakably favourable symptoms are beginning to appear. For, though we have recently been guilty of a bridge—at Battersea—which is calculated to fill us with despair, that is yet but a degradation of an already rather hopeless neighbourhood, and we may feel pretty secure that no one of our great public sites will ever again be burdened with such a range of building as that which occupies the northern side of Trafalgar-square, or by such gimcrack tenements as border that fashionable thoroughfare which goes by the cheap and unpromising name of Regent-street.

If ever the day should arrive when he who ascends the Monument on Fish-street-hill is able to see anything besides smoke, one of the first things that would catch his attention would be the "four grey walls, and four grey towers" of the fortress of London. Low-lying, compact, snug, at once suggestive of its purpose and agreeable to the eye, there is in the Tower of London nothing to complain of. From the river, from London-bridge, from every point of view the Tower is always a pleasant feature of the town which it is supposed to protect. If we built a fortress to guard our city now, we should do it doubtless on different principles, and pile it high in the air. When that Tower was first made, what was there to be gained by height? They had no cannon then with which to rake the river, and lying low as we see it, the occupants of the place were out of the way of the arrows which, it must be remembered, were but straight-flying projectiles, and could not, like the modern shell, drop from the sky into the middle of a garrison. When that Tower was built, there were but few and simple objects to be borne in mind in its construction, nor did invention move at such a rate as it does now, when while the preparations are making to meet the new discovery, another takes place which renders those preparations useless. There is a kind of lazy luxury now about the act of looking at such a structure as the Tower, and thinking how little one would have had to do to cut a figure in the days when it was built. For the rest, it is a castle that defies our criticism; for it fulfilled its purpose in its day, and had neither pretension nor impotence—or both, as sometimes happens—to make it amenable to ridicule. There is no fortress of any sort, material or otherwise, but is wholly impregnable if it do but fulfil the duties of its station, and pretends to nothing that it cannot perform.

If this little more than negative achievement is great: if it is much to perform what is promised even when the promise is a small one, what is it to offer a great pledge, and to redeem it, to aim at mighty altitudes and to reach them, to give a word of promise of incalculable value, and keep it to the last iota of the contract? And all this is done, as far as the first builders were concerned, in the cathedral church at Westminster; the first "builders" it is repeated, for he who added the chapel of Henry the Seventh did no injury to the building, although the new chapel was of a widely different style. He presented his new offering at the old shrine, but gave it in his own language, and in no attempt to mimic that, *which nevertheless he admired*, of the older period. Such are the additions—or else none at all—that can be made to an old edifice without offence. If the style of your period—and every period should have a style—will not suit the old building, then you must leave it alone. Would that Sir Christopher Wren had done this, and then the towers at the west end of our abbey would never have been raised to disfigure it. Wren had a manner of his own, and a fine one, but it would have been ridiculous to use it in connexion with the Westminster church, and, feeling this, he tried to go back and revive what belonged to another age, and to resuscitate a corpse. He should have let the Abbey alone, as Sir Hans Sloane did the smaller edifice spoken of by Pope. Let us have no restorations. Mend, if you will, repair as much as you like, but never attempt to return to the past. No more classics, no more mediævalisms, no more bran-new gothic architecture, no more illumination. These things have all been done, done gloriously and per-

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fectly, done once for all. It is wise to do that which you can do better than it has ever been done before. It is not wise, in a great and advanced era, to do that imperfectly which, at a period now gloriously surpassed, was done better than, with all our mechanical aids, it can be done now; because it was then the natural expression of the feeling of the time. This is an age of glass and iron, why is there no church constructed of those materials? We should have no stone roof then to shut the sky out, as our creed requires no shelter from the light of Truth.

It may be urged, you would hear ill in this same glass cathedral, and indeed you would. What do you want to hear? The hearing was wanted at the time when there were no printing presses and no books. The voices of a thousand singers would be heard, and of ten times that number of men at prayer. To worship, to pray, to sing hymns of praise is what we want churches for in this age, and not to listen to a single voice. The time has moved in all things else, why has it stood so strangely still in this?

There needs no *re*vision, which we are so afraid of, but simply a *di*vision of our Church services, to furnish the Liturgy for such a cathedral as this in question, nor, for those who like it, need the sermon or lecture be an impossible thing. Some smaller part of the building, some side chapel, might be set apart for such a purpose.

Were such an edifice as this, A CRYSTAL CATHEDRAL, to be raised on Primrose-hill, with short and attractive services carried on there throughout the Sunday, many men would go to church who never do so now; because, after a week of labour and effort, a compulsory two hours in a pew is a restraint to which they are slow to yield themselves. It is for such persons that the writer is pleading, and it is a large class. There is ample church provision for those who are satisfied with things as they are; but there is another class, whose requirements have surely been too little studied, and in whose interests these words are written.

The period next arrived at in our London Buildings is, perhaps, rather an ostentatious one. Not ostentatious about nothing, but still making the most of itself. The edifices are not only fine, but they tell you that they are so. In Whitehall, where may be seen the dawning of this grandiose and pompous style; in St. Paul's Cathedral, where its full development is attained; and, for a minor example, in Somerset House—in all these, a certain element of ostentation may be detected, which, because there is something real and sterling behind it, is neither despicable nor offensive. St. James's Palace does not belong to that period in appearance, and all its suggestions are of an earlier time; but no one who looks at Whitehall can associate that noble building with any race but the Stuarts, and with the period when every trace of mediævalism was gone for ever; a time which it is difficult, by-the-by, to mark more accurately and more characteristically than by the substitution of the title "Mister" for the older and more gracious "Master." This is an infinitely subtle though trifling sign of those times, and has in it the dawning of this age in which we live, and of its habits and customs. "Where is Mr. Pym?" was the plaintive inquiry of Charles the First when in search of his "birds that were flown" from the House of Commons.

From that unhappy second king of the Stuart race, it is difficult to get away. The real figure of Charles the First at Charing-cross held us longest while we were considering the statues, and now an imaginary figure of that sinned against and sinning sovereign, appears at the Whitehall window.

Though, there are in Whitehall—a faultless model of its kind—a thousand beauties to admire. Its proportions would be hurt by six inches more or less in any part, so exquisite is their symmetry and so just their balance. It is the exact size that an unbroken building should be; had it been larger it would have been monotonous: smaller, it had been unimposing. Let no one suppose that such a structure is easy to raise, because it is so simple. The easy-looking, and the simple things in all art matters are more difficult than the complex and intricate. It is a rule that easy reading is hard writing, and to construct anything that the mind takes in without effort, and without being puzzled by it, is a triumph of art. It might be deemed no arduous task to raise such a palace as Whitehall with its four plain walls with windows in it. If it were easy to build so, why is it not done? The Reform Club in Pall-mall has four plain walls with windows in it, as Whitehall has, but he who goes from one to the other will find a difference which is not in favour of the club-house. There is one strange deficiency in Whitehall which must strike every one who looks at it, and that is the absence of any apparent means of getting into it. At first sight it appears to be all windows and no doors, and you really become quite puzzled at last as to this omission, and, examining the building behind and before in vain, discover at last, in a great ugly block of masonry, built on at the side, a couple of little doors, such as are seen in the vestry of a church, and which give admission to the interior of the Hall. These means of entrance are both paltry and unworthy, and if the men who sit on horseback in the alcoves of the Horse Guards opposite are ever critically disposed, here is the weak point for them to fasten upon. The fact is, that Whitehall is a fragment, and was simply a banqueting-hall built on to the original palace in the time of James the First.

And what if it is to the order of ostentation that St. Paul's belongs? If it is ostentatious, has it not cause to be so? Could that vacant place have been better filled, could that hill of Ludgate have been better crowned, than by the work of Wren which is there? In the Gothic rage which has fevered us of late, the beauty of this cathedral has been too much lost sight of; for it must be remembered that, independently

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of its being such a genuine expression of the age to which it belongs, and of his mind who built it, this church is, in its character of a work of art, a high and magnificent achievement. It is fine from all points of view. If you get a mere glimpse of it between the houses of some narrow neighbouring lane, it is a fine and suggestive glimpse. If you see it from a distance, so huge and telling a structure is it, that the vast extent of London is still gathered and held together by it as completely as a village by its rustic church. London, with all its increase, does not outgrow *that*, nor ever will. There is no other thing that could have had this effect but a cupola. There is nothing else, no spire, no tower, however great, that could so hold our town together. The dome seems to have been invented with a prophetic eye to great towns and their exigencies, and for ours even more than others. There are no nooks and crannies in that vast smooth surface to become choked and disfigured with dirt and soot. It is not a jot the worse for all the incense which all the chimneys since the time of Wren have offered at its shrine, and are still flinging up every day from their foul and grimy censers. Indeed, the style of the whole building is in its large and even masses, and the great blocks of masonry by which it makes its effect ssingularly calculated to set our London smoke at defiance.

Nor is there in this noble church anything—as has been alleged by some—that savours of the Pagan temple rather than the Christian cathedral. The great vital reality that religion is in this country is by no means inaptly represented by this simple and undisguiseful pile. This church is Christian, but it is not Catholic in its look. There are about it no furtive and secretive corners, no contrivances and intricacies that fear the light. It shows candid and open in the daylight, like the creed it represents, and gives to our sight everything which it has, because it has nothing to conceal.

But with this feeling of admiration which we surely all experience for St. Paul's Cathedral, is there any one who wishes that such a church should be reproduced? Surely not. When, caught by the notion of the cupola, we have in more recent days introduced it for the sake of introducing it, we have not prospered over well, as those will think who give themselves the trouble to spend a half-dozen of minutes in front of the National Gallery or to the London University.

But are we not travelling a little fast in descending suddenly from St. Paul's Cathedral to these modern structures? Curiously enough, there is little to detain us in the chronological history of the London Buildings between these two periods. Beyond such edifices as the Foundling Hospital—which is not beautiful—a few churches and some rebuildings and additions made here and there, there is not much to hold us on our way to more modern times and the architectural glories of our own—in this respect—most favoured age. There are, however, one or two things in connexion with this intermediate period which it is necessary to mention.

The classic rage, which it will be remembered struck us in examining the statues belonging to a certain phase of metropolitan decoration, is not unrepresented in the buildings of the time, and is in few things more conspicuous than in the prevailing fondness for urns, which seems to have existed in men's minds. In the decoration of Somerset House, which is a good specimen of the pompous style, these urns are in combination with trumpeting angels and other vile statuary, the chief resources in a decorative way at the architect's command. The urns are, indeed, to the buildings, what the truncheon was to the statues, of that age, and are in every way as satisfactory and as interesting. Just Heaven! what an invigorating thing it would be to be able to plough down into the depths of a man's mind profoundly enough to ascertain the *exact* object which he has in view when he surmounts the edifice in course of construction with a row of urns! At Somerset House, on the "new" church in the Strand; and (in more modern instances) on the parapet of the Treasury and of Buckingham Palace, the frequent urn is present to suggest the cup which cheers but not inebriates. What *is* the fiction of these urns? and what are they supposed to hold? Their very figure accuses a hollow inside: how is that hollow filled? Is any elucidation of the difficulty provided by the fact that the appearance of this beautiful and intelligent ornament is nearly coeval with the first introduction of tea into this country? It may be so. It may be that the national mind, elated with the joy of this new discovery, could hear of nothing but tea and its emblems, and that even the architects of the day were obliged to yield to the popular feeling on the subject. But why are these vessels incomplete, and destitute, to an urn, of spout? The suppression of this indispensable part of the urn is to be deplored, not only because in itself it is ruinous to the urn, *as* an urn, to be without a spout, but because it has led to the introduction of much foreign matter in connexion with these vases which is inconsistent and anomalous to their nature. Let any man proceed to the Treasury buildings in Parliament-street, and if he has good eyes, he will see that the long and desperate licence allowed to our architects in their permission to suppress the spouts of their tea-urns has borne terrible fruit in these modern times; the liberty to tamper with his subject having induced the designer of the Treasury urns to represent each of them emitting from its cover, not a cloud of steam, as might have been expected, but a FIR-CONE, which, having had the luck to grow out of a tea-urn, proves itself worthy of its wonderful origin, and in its turn gives birth, out of its very entrails, to a small and pointed obelisk.

Tea-urns, trumpeting angels, and all things else considered, it must be owned that Somerset House (especially as seen from the river) is a fine and imposing edifice, and a good representative of the order of architecture which we have ventured to call the Ostentatious.

When things come to the worst, they are

commonly near to mending; and certainly at the beginning of this present century all matters of taste were at their very, very worst. The comparatively modern structures of about that time are almost inconceivably vile, and quite inconceivably sad and dispiriting. The London University, spoken of above, is not calculated to exhilarate the pupils who attend that seat of learning, or to reconcile the patients in the hospital opposite, to that life to which they have been recalled. Nay, it exercises a baneful influence over the street in which it stands, and it is not till it gets near Bedford-square that Gower-street is able to recover itself, and to pluck up heart at all. Nor is the neighbouring Museum, though of more recent date, and narrowly missing what is grand and fine, a structure that makes the animal spirits to leap with joy. The great magnificence of the style aimed at by this building lies in certain things—very simple things—without which it is shorn of the glory which, where those things exist, it may boast of more, perhaps, than any other kind of architecture that has ever been invented. Being a style of architecture in which detail goes for nothing, and in which everything depends on the symmetry and beauty of the main outlines, it follows that any defect in these is finally and utterly destructive. Such a temple as that which we have raised in Great Russell-street to the memory of the Ancients, demands, as a sine quâ non, certain conditions, which, if the thing is to be fine, must be fulfilled. The first and most important of these is height, and the next is space around, and especially in front of it. Were the British Museum placed on rising ground with a great square in front of it, were the centre of it raised on a flight of steps so that the bases of the columns were where the capitals are at present, were there, then, a little more length of building on each side of the portico before the turn of the wings, we should see much to admire in this edifice, and should be struck and impressed by its grandeur. As it is seen necessarily from a near point of view, the projecting wings being much nearer the eye than the central portion of the building, that part of it which should rise majestically above the mere tributary portions at the sides is, by those inferior members itself, dwarfed and debased, as any one may see who stands with his back against the area railings which are opposite this ambitious edifice. The British Museum has, however, had a narrow escape of being a fine building, and must, therefore—and because, when the moon is shining above it, it is really impressive—be treated with very much greater respect than that other classical attempt which represents our commercial greatness in the city. The Royal Exchange is admirably calculated to shake the confidence which the world is pleased to bestow upon us, and looks like a structure raised by a city of Jeremy Diddlers as a joint-stock TEMPLE OF INSOLVENCY. It takes a walk to the Guildhall, and a few minutes spent before its capital old façade, with its store of windows, and its pleasant waving line against the sky, to get one back into a right condition of respect for the resources of the City of London.

But worse than the Royal Exchange itself, worse than the London University, worse than even Buckingham Palace with its banners, its trophies, its spike-emitting urns, and its spear-brandishing Britannias, worse than the worst of everything in the world, is that building which represents the arts of this country, and in which our national collection of works by the old masters and our annual show of pictures by the new, are exhibited to the admiring multitude. If, as we have seen in considering the characteristics of Somerset House—if the state of a man's mind, when he designs a row of urns as an ornament is a curious and interesting subject of investigation, what shall be said of him who, as has been the case with the architect of the National Gallery, decorates the front of his building with an interminable succession of blank stone windows. It is a very doubtful thing whether in the case where there occurs a space among several real windows which requires filling up—it is a grave question whether that dismal fiction a blank window, is admissible even then, but to have a row of blank windows across the whole width of Trafalgar-square, to keep *two* small practicable ones in countenance, is indeed an unpardonable offence. But, perhaps, it will be said that these are wanted to break the wall, as ornaments? O architect! if you had constructed your edifice aright, walls would have been broken by the necessities of the building itself.

But to what purpose is it to enter into this minute criticism of an eyesore which, like the Wellington Statue, is a standing grievance of our town? To what purpose is it, after all, to dwell upon the defects of this unhappy structure, which in one word may be said to have everything it ought not to have, and nothing which it ought to have? It possesses windows without glass, a cupola without size, a portico without height, pepper-boxes without pepper, and the finest site in Europe without anything to show upon it!

We shall offend by such buildings no more. The germ of improvement is surely showing itself. Our glance at some of the principal buildings of London, has shown us a decline from the days of Wren, but there is also now something to encourage us to look hopefully on with a conviction that we shall not offend (seriously) any more. The new Covent Garden Theatre—though a portico with windows underneath it is not pleasant to the eye—is a fine and stately building; and the new Houses of Parliament, though characterised by some aggravating deficiencies, are not of the kind of edifices which one feels inclined to laugh at.

It would be very painful were it necessary to criticise with severity the work of one whose loss is so recent as that of Sir Charles Barry. But happily this is not the case. Compared with anything that had gone before for many many years, the Houses of Parliament come out as almost great in their undoubted superiority.

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Speaking of them, as of other London edifices, merely as they show outside, and not entering into the question of their internal arrangements and adaptability to the purpose for which they were intended, regarding them from a decorative point of view only, there is this to be said in their favour: it is a great achievement to have completed so huge an undertaking at all, and to have made such a mark as this upon the earth. It is a symmetrical and consistent whole, its lines and proportions are very agreeable, its details are well carried out, and it is altogether formed upon the best models of the period to which it professes to belong. In a word, there is everything here but genius—genius with its inconsistencies, genius with its failures, genius with its absurdities, if you will, but still with that one power of *interesting* you which it alone possesses. This is what line and plummet cannot do. There is no accuracy of copying, however close, no reproduction of ancient marvels, however laborious, that can hold us, lost in that pleased surprise with which we regard, for the first time, those achievements which have been put forth by a new and creative mind. To feed upon the produce of other men, to revive the glories of a previous age, to build upon those models which the schools have established, may be the course which it is safest for those to adopt who feel no wealth of new invention in their hearts, and whom no audacious promptings from within urge on to glorious aspiration, to dangerous flights, and sometimes to disastrous falls. With such falls we sympathise, such flights carry us with them, and at the sight of such aspirations our own breath comes fast and thick. The pomposities of Wren, and the wild extravagancies of Vanbrugh, will not hinder the admiration of any mind but a narrow and prejudiced one, and it is not to criticise, but to wonder, that we pause before St. Paul's Cathedral, or linger at the gates of Blenheim.

The first great defect of the buildings at Westminster is that, in the chronological history of our town, as told by its architecture, they are wholly valueless. In the Tower of London, in Westminster Abbey (nay, in every alteration and addition to that church), in Whitehall, in St. Paul's Cathedral, we find plain and unmistakable evidence of the period to which each of these structures belongs. But there is nothing to mark those Houses of Parliament as having been raised in the reign of Victoria. In addition to this fault, there is another of less, but still of some, importance. Granting that this edifice was to be founded on some old and established type, and waiving, for the moment, the objection that it should have marked and represented in some distinct way the age to which it belongs, there is yet this great defect in its construction, that it is too uniform in its surfaces, too minute in its ornamentation, and that the eye is stinted of those great massive shadows, and those varied effects of light in which it revels, and which there was surely nothing in the exigencies of the building to render impossible.

But if it was not the fortune of the builder of the new Parliament Houses to call into existence such a structure as shall seduce the passer-by into a temporary forgetfulness of the business which brought him to Westminster; it is at least certain that there is nothing here calculated to disgrace us, nor any place for such strong condemnation as is imperatively called for by that disastrous failure the new bridge at Battersea. There is no attack too ferocious for this paltry toy. To ride roughshod over this wretched thoroughfare, and to resent the infliction upon us of this permanent and unavoidable eyesore, is to yield to a just and righteous indignation, such as this offence against taste most certainly merits. When a great engineering difficulty is overcome, but conquered in a clumsy and ungainly fashion, we may regret, it is true, that the victory was not to be achieved more gracefully, but we are still resigned and satisfied; but when what is in these days a small feat only has to be accomplished, we are less tolerant of its offences against the laws of beauty. We can again stand pretty patiently all forms of sturdy disfigurement, and those kinds of ungainliness which are characterised by strength; but for flimsy ugliness, and those external defects which belong to the gimcrack order, we neither have, nor should have, any patience. And this bridge is essentially gimcrack. It is like a child's toy made of tin. It is based upon the model of those designs which adorn the lids of children's colour-boxes, and the cases in which three little blown bottles of choicest perfumes are sold for sixpence. So slight and trifling a structure does this bridge appear, that, at a little distance, you almost fancy it could be taken up and put away in the drawer with the tin German soldiers, the magic lantern, and the Noah's Ark. If the park to which this conduit leads should ever attain to be a place of popular resort, if the trees of Battersea Park should ever reach to more than three feet of height, then the ugliness of the new bridge would become of even greater importance than it is at present.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

IV.

No circumstance of the slightest importance happened on my way to the offices of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyrle, in Chancery-lane.

While my card was being taken in to Mr. Kyrle, a consideration occurred to me which I deeply regretted not having thought of before. The information derived from Marian's diary made it a matter of certainty that Count Fosco had opened her first letter from Blackwater Park to Mr. Kyrle, and had, by means of his wife, intercepted the second. He was therefore well aware of the address of the office; and he would naturally infer that if Marian wanted advice and assistance, after Laura's escape from the Asylum, she would apply once more to the experience of Mr. Kyrle. In this case, the office in Chancery-lane was the very first place which he and Sir Percival would cause to be watched; and, if the same persons were chosen for the purpose who had been employed to follow me, before my departure from England, the fact of my return would in all probability be ascertained on that very day. I had thought, generally, of the chances of my being recognised in the streets; but the special risk connected with the office had never occurred to me until the present moment. It was too late now to repair this unfortunate error in judgment—too late to wish that I had made arrangements for meeting the lawyer in some place privately appointed beforehand. I could only resolve to be cautious on leaving Chancery-lane, and not to go straight home again under any circumstances whatever.

After waiting a few minutes, I was shown into Mr. Kyrle's private room. He was a pale, thin, quiet, self-possessed man, with a very attentive eye, a very low voice, and a very undemonstrative manner; not (as I judged) ready with his sympathy, where strangers were concerned; and not at all easy to disturb in his professional composure. A better man for my purpose could hardly have been found. If he committed himself to a decision at all, and if the decision was favourable, the strength of our case was as good as proved from that moment.

"Before I enter on the business which brings me here," I said, "I ought to warn you, Mr. Kyrle, that the shortest statement I can make of it may occupy some little time."

"My time is at Miss Halcombe's disposal," he replied. "Where any interests of hers are concerned, I represent my partner personally as well as professionally. It was his request that I should do so, when he ceased to take an active part in business."

"May I inquire whether Mr. Gilmore is in England?"

"He is not: he is living with his relatives in Germany. His health has improved, but the period of his return is still uncertain."

While we were exchanging these few preliminary words, he had been searching among the papers before him, and he now produced from them a sealed letter. I thought he was about to hand the letter to me; but, apparently changing his mind, he placed it by itself on the table, settled himself in his chair, and silently waited to hear what I had to say.

Without wasting a moment in prefatory words of any sort, I entered on my narrative, and put him in full possession of the events which have already been related in these pages.

Lawyer as he was to the very marrow of his bones, I startled him out of his professional composure. Expressions of incredulity and surprise, which he could not repress, interrupted me several times, before I had done. I persevered, however, to the end, and, as soon as I reached it, boldly asked the one important question:

"What is your opinion, Mr. Kyrle?"

He was too cautious to commit himself to an answer, without taking time to recover his self-possession first.

"Before I give my opinion," he said, "I must beg permission to clear the ground by a few questions."

He put the questions—sharp, suspicious, unbelieving questions, which clearly showed me, as they proceeded, that he thought I was the victim of a delusion; and that he might even have doubted, but for my introduction to him by Miss Halcombe, whether I was not attempting the perpetration of a cunningly-designed fraud.

"Do you believe that I have spoken the truth, Mr. Kyrle?" I asked, when he had done examining me.

"So far as your own convictions are concerned, I am certain you have spoken the truth,"

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he replied. "I have the highest esteem for Miss Halcombe, and I have therefore every reason to respect a gentleman whose mediation she trusts in a matter of this kind. I will even go farther, if you like, and admit, for courtesy's sake and for argument's sake, that the identity of Lady Glyde, as a living person, is a proved fact to Miss Halcombe and yourself. But you come to me for a legal opinion. As a lawyer, and as a lawyer only, it is my duty to tell you, Mr. Hartright, that you have not the shadow of a case."

"You put it strongly, Mr. Kyrle."

"I will try to put it plainly as well. The evidence of Lady Glyde's death is, on the face of it, clear and satisfactory. There is her aunt's testimony to prove that she came to Count Fosco's house, that she fell ill, and that she died. There is the testimony of the medical certificate to prove the death, and to show that it took place under natural circumstances. There is the fact of the funeral at Limmeridge, and there is the assertion of the inscription on the tomb. That is the case you want to overthrow. What evidence have you to support the declaration on your side that the person who died and was buried was not Lady Glyde? Let us run through the main points of your statement and see what they are worth. Miss Halcombe goes to a certain private Asylum, and there sees a certain female patient. It is known that a woman named Anne Catherick, and bearing an extraordinary personal resemblance to Lady Glyde, escaped from the Asylum; it is known that the person received there last July, was received as Anne Catherick brought back; it is known that the gentleman who brought her back warned Mr. Fairlie that it was part of her insanity to be bent on personating his dead niece; and it is known that she did repeatedly declare herself, in the Asylum (where no one believed her), to be Lady Glyde. These are all facts. What have you to set against them? Miss Halcombe's recognition of the woman, which recognition after-events invalidate or contradict. Does Miss Halcombe assert her supposed sister's identity to the owner of the Asylum, and take legal means for rescuing her? No: she secretly bribes a nurse to let her escape. When the patient has been released in this doubtful manner, and is taken to Mr. Fairlie, does he recognise her? is he staggered for one instant in his belief of his niece's death? No. Do the servants recognise her? No. Is she kept in the neighbourhood to assert her own identity, and to stand the test of further proceedings? No: she is privately taken to London. In the mean time, you have recognised her also—but you are not a relative; you are not even an old friend of the family. The servants contradict you; and Mr. Fairlie contradicts Miss Halcombe; and the supposed Lady Glyde contradicts herself. She declares she passed the night in London at a certain house. Your own evidence shows that she has never been near that house; and your own admission is, that her condition of mind prevents you from producing her anywhere to submit to investigation, and to speak for herself. I pass over minor points of evidence, on both sides, to save time; and I ask you, if this case were to go now into a court of law—to go before a jury, bound to take facts as they reasonably appear—where are your proofs?"

I was obliged to wait and collect myself before I could answer him. It was the first time the story of Laura and the story of Marian had been presented to me from a stranger's point of view—the first time the terrible obstacles that lay across our path had been made to show themselves in their true character.

"There can be no doubt," I said, "that the facts, as you have stated them, appear to tell against us; but——"

"But you think those facts can be explained away," interposed Mr. Kyrle. "Let me tell you the result of my experience on that point. When an English jury has to choose between a plain fact, *on* the surface, and a long explanation *under* the surface, it always takes the fact, in preference to the explanation. For example, Lady Glyde (I call the lady you represent by that name for argument's sake) declares she has slept at a certain house, and it is proved that she has not slept at that house. You explain this circumstance by entering into the state of her mind, and deducing from it a metaphysical conclusion. I don't say the conclusion is wrong—I only say that the jury will take the fact of her contradicting herself, in preference to any reason for the contradiction that you can offer."

"But is it not possible," I urged, "by dint of patience and exertion, to discover additional evidence? Miss Halcombe and I have a few hundred pounds——"

He looked at me with a half-suppressed pity, and shook his head.

"Consider the subject, Mr. Hartright, from your own point of view," he said. "If you are right about Sir Percival Glyde and Count Fosco (which I don't admit, mind), every imaginable difficulty would be thrown in the way of your getting fresh evidence. Every obstacle of litigation would be raised; every point in the case would be systematically contested—and by the time we had spent our thousands, instead of our hundreds, the final result would, in all probability, be against us. Questions of identity, where instances of personal resemblance are concerned, are, in themselves, the hardest of all questions to settle—the hardest, even when they are free from the complications which beset the case we are now discussing. I really see no prospect of throwing any light whatever on this extraordinary affair. Even if the person buried in Limmeridge churchyard be not Lady Glyde, she was, in life, on your own showing, so like her, that we should gain nothing, if we applied for the necessary authority to have the body exhumed. In short, there is no case, Mr. Hartright—there is really no case."

I was determined to believe that there *was* a case; and, in that determination, shifted my ground, and appealed to him once more.

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"Are there not other proofs that we might produce, besides the proof of identity?" I asked.

"Not as you are situated," he replied. "The simplest and surest of all proofs, the proof by comparison of dates, is, as I understand, altogether out of your reach. If you could show a discrepancy between the date of the doctor's certificate and the date of Lady Glyde's journey to London, the matter would wear a totally different aspect; and I should be the first to say, Let us go on."

"That date may yet be recovered, Mr. Kyrle."

"On the day when it *is* recovered, Mr. Hartright, you will have a case. If you have any prospect, at this moment, of getting at it—tell me, and we shall see if I can advise you."

I considered. The housekeeper could not help us; Laura could not help us; Marian could not help us. In all probability, the only persons in existence who knew the date were Sir Percival and the Count.

"I can think of no means of ascertaining the date at present," I said, "because I can think of no persons who are sure to know it, but Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde."

Mr. Kyrle's calmly-attentive face relaxed, for the first time, into a smile.

"With your opinion of the conduct of those two gentlemen," he said, "you don't expect help in that quarter, I presume? If they have combined to gain large sums of money by a conspiracy, they are not likely to confess it, at any rate."

"They may be forced to confess it, Mr. Kyrle."

"By whom?"

"By me."

We both rose. He looked me attentively in the face with more appearance of interest than he had shown yet. I could see that I had perplexed him a little.

"You are very determined," he said. "You have, no doubt, a personal motive for proceeding, into which it is not my business to inquire. If a case can be produced in the future, I can only say, my best assistance is at your service. At the same time, I must warn you, as the money question always enters into the law question, that I see little hope, even if you ultimately established the fact of Lady Glyde's being alive, of recovering her fortune. The foreigner would probably leave the country, before proceedings were commenced; and Sir Percival's embarrassments are numerous enough and pressing enough to transfer almost any sum of money he may possess from himself to his creditors. You are, of course, aware——"

I stopped him at that point.

"Let me beg that we may not discuss Lady Glyde's affairs," I said. "I have never known anything about them, in former times; and I know nothing of them now—except that her fortune is lost. You are right in assuming that I have personal motives for stirring in this matter. I wish those motives to be always as disinterested as they are at the present moment——"

He tried to interpose and explain. I was a little heated, I suppose, by feeling that he had doubted me; and I went on bluntly, without waiting to hear him.

"There shall be no money-motive," I said, "no idea of personal advantage, in the service I mean to render to Lady Glyde. She has been cast out as a stranger from the house in which she was born—a lie which records her death has been written on her mother's tomb—and there are two men, alive and unpunished, who are responsible for it. That house shall open again to receive her, in the presence of every soul who followed the false funeral to the grave; that lie shall be publicly erased from the tombstone, by the authority of the head of the family; and those two men shall answer for their crime to ME, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them. I have given my life to that purpose; and, alone as I stand, if God spares me, I will accomplish it."

He drew back towards his table, and said nothing. His face showed plainly that he thought my delusion had got the better of my reason, and that he considered it totally useless to give me any more advice.

"We each keep our opinion, Mr. Kyrle," I said; "and we must wait till the events of the future decide between us. In the mean time, I am much obliged to you for the attention you have given to my statement. You have shown me that the legal remedy lies, in every sense of the word, beyond our means. We cannot produce the law-proof; and we are not rich enough to pay the law expenses. It is something gained to know that."

I bowed, and walked to the door. He called me back, and gave me the letter which I had seen him place on the table by itself at the beginning of our interview.

"This came by post, a few days ago," he said. "Perhaps you will not mind delivering it? Pray tell Miss Halcombe, at the same time, that I sincerely regret being, thus far, unable to help her—except by advice, which will not be more welcome, I am afraid, to her than to you."

I looked at the letter while he was speaking. It was addressed to "Miss Halcombe. Care of Messrs. Gilmore and Kyrle, Chancery-lane." The handwriting was quite unknown to me.

On leaving the room, I asked one last question.

"Do you happen to know," I said, "if Sir Percival Glyde is still in Paris?"

"He has returned to London," replied Mr Kyrle. "At least, I heard so from his solicitor, whom I met yesterday."

After that answer I went out.

On leaving the office, the first precaution to be observed was to abstain from attracting attention by stopping to look about me. I walked towards one of the quietest of the large squares on the north of Holborn—then suddenly stopped, and turned round at a place where a long stretch of pavement was left behind me.

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There were two men at the corner of the square who had stopped also, and who were standing talking together. After a moment's reflection, I turned back, so as to pass them. One moved, as I came near, and turned the corner, leading from the square, into the street. The other remained stationary. I looked at him, as I passed, and instantly recognised one of the men who had watched me before I left England.

If I had been free to follow my own instincts, I should probably have begun by speaking to the man, and have ended by knocking him down. But I was bound to consider consequences. If I once placed myself publicly in the wrong, I put the weapons at once into Sir Percival's hands. There was no choice but to oppose cunning by cunning. I turned into the street down which the second man had disappeared, and passed him, waiting in a doorway. He was a stranger to me; and I was glad to make sure of his personal appearance, in case of future annoyance. Having done this, I again walked northward, till I reached the New-road. There, I turned aside to the west (having the men behind me all the time), and waited at a point where I knew myself to be at some distance from a cab-stand, until a fast two-wheel cab, empty, should happen to pass me. One passed in a few minutes. I jumped in, and told the man to drive rapidly towards Hyde Park. There was no second fast cab for the spies behind me. I saw them dart across to the other side of the road, to follow me by running, until a cab, or a cabstand, came in their way. But I had the start of them; and when I stopped the driver, and got out, they were nowhere in sight. I crossed Hyde Park, and made sure, on the open ground, that I was free. When I at last turned my steps homeward, it was not till many hours later—not till after dark.

I found Marian waiting for me, alone in the little sitting-room. She had persuaded Laura to go to rest, after first promising to show me her drawing, the moment I came in. The poor little dim faint sketch—so trifling in itself, so touching in its associations—was propped up carefully on the table with two books, and was placed where the faint light of the one candle we allowed ourselves might fall on it to the best advantage. I sat down to look at the drawing, and to tell Marian, in whispers, what had happened. The partition which divided us from the next room was so thin that we could almost hear Laura's breathing, and we might have disturbed her if we had spoken aloud.

Marian preserved her composure while I described my interview with Mr. Kyrle. But her face became troubled when I spoke next of the men who had followed me from the lawyer's office, and when I told her of the discovery of Sir Percival's return.

"Bad news, Walter," she said; "the worst news you could bring. Have you nothing more to tell me?"

"I have something to give you," I replied, handing her the note which Mr. Kyrle had confided to my care.

She looked at the address, and recognised the handwriting instantly.

"You know your correspondent?" I said.

"Too well," she answered. "My correspondent is Count Fosco."

With that reply she opened the note. Her face flushed deeply while she read it—her eyes brightened with anger, as she handed it to me to read in my turn.

The note contained these lines:

"Impelled by honourable admiration—honourable to myself, honourable to you—I write, magnificent Marian, in the interests of your tranquillity, to say two consoling words:

"Fear nothing!

"Exercise your fine natural sense, and remain in retirement. Dear and admirable woman! invite no dangerous publicity. Resignation is sublime—adopt it. The modest repose of home is eternally fresh—enjoy it. The Storms of life pass harmless over the valley of Seclusion—dwell, dear lady, in the valley.

"Do this; and I authorise you to fear nothing. No new calamity shall lacerate your sensibilities—sensibilities precious to me as my own. You shall not be molested; the fair companion of your retreat shall not be pursued. She has found a new asylum, in your heart. Priceless asylum!—I envy her, and leave her there.

"One last word of affectionate warning, of paternal caution—and I tear myself from the charm of addressing you; I close these fervent lines.

"Advance no farther than you have gone already; compromise no serious interests; threaten nobody. Do not, I implore you, force me into action—ME, the Man of Action—when it is the cherished object of my ambition to be passive, to restrict the vast reach of my energies and my combinations, for your sake. If you have rash friends, moderate their deplorable ardour. If Mr. Hartright returns to England, hold no communication with him. I walk on a path of my own; and Percival follows at my heels. On the day when Mr. Hartright crosses that path, he is a lost man."

The only signature to these lines was the initial letter F, surrounded by a circle of intricate flourishes. I threw the letter on the table, with all the contempt that I felt for it.

"He is trying to frighten you—a sure sign that he is frightened himself," I said.

She was too genuine a woman to treat the letter as I treated it. The insolent familiarity of the language was too much for her self-control. As she looked at me across the table, her hands clenched themselves in her lap, and the old quick fiery temper flamed out again, brightly, in her cheeks and her eyes.

"Walter!" she said, "if ever those two men are at your mercy, and if you are obliged to spare one of them—don't let it be the Count."

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"I will keep his letter, Marian, to help my memory when the time comes."

She looked at me attentively as I put the letter away in my pocket-book.

"When the time comes?" she repeated. "Can you speak of the future as if you were certain of it?—certain after what you have heard in Mr. Kyrle's office, after what has happened to you to-day?"

"I don't count the time from to-day, Marian. All I have done to-day, is to ask another man to act for me. I count from to-morrow——"

"Why from to-morrow?"

"Because to-morrow I mean to act for myself."

"How?"

"I shall go to Blackwater by the first train; and return, I hope, at night."

"To Blackwater!"

"Yes. I have had time to think, since I left Mr. Kyrle. His opinion, on one point, confirms my own. We must persist, to the last, in hunting down the date of Laura's journey. The one weak point in the conspiracy, and probably the one chance of proving that she is a living woman, centre in the discovery of that date."

"You mean," said Marian, "the discovery that Laura did not leave Blackwater Park till *after* the date of her death on the doctor's certificate?"

"Certainly."

"What makes you think it might have been *after?* Laura can tell us nothing of the time she was in London."

"But the owner of the Asylum told you that she was received there on the thirtieth of July. I doubt Count Fosco's ability to keep her in London, and to keep her insensible to all that was passing around her, more than one night. In that case, she must have started on the twenty-ninth, and must have come to London one day after the date of her own death on the doctor's certificate. If we can prove that date, we prove our case against Sir Percival and the Count."

"Yes, yes—I see! But how is the proof to be obtained?"

"Mrs. Michelson's narrative has suggested to me two ways of trying to obtain it. One of them is, to question the doctor, Mr. Dawson—who must know when he resumed his attendance at Blackwater Park, after Laura left the house. The other is, to make inquiries at the inn to which Sir Percival drove away by himself, at night. We know that his departure followed Laura's, after the lapse of a few hours; and we may get at the date in that way. The attempt is at least worth making—and, to-morrow, I am determined it shall be made."

"And suppose it fails—I look at the worst, now, Walter; but I will look at the best, if disappointments come to try us—suppose no one can help you at Blackwater?"

"There are two men who can help me, and shall help me, in London—Sir Percival and the Count. Innocent people may well forget the date—but *they* are guilty, and *they* know it. If I fail everywhere else, I mean to force a confession out of one or both of them, on my own terms."

All the woman flushed up in Marian's face, as I spoke.

"Begin with the Count!" she whispered, eagerly. "For my sake, begin with the Count."

"We must begin, for Laura's sake, where there is the best chance of success," I replied.

The colour faded from her face again, and she shook her head sadly.

"Yes," she said, "you are right—it was mean and miserable of me to say that. I try to be patient, Walter, and succeed better now than I did in happier times. But I have a little of my old temper still left—and it *will* get the better of me when I think of the Count!"

"His turn will come," I said. "But, remember, there is no weak place in his life that we know of, yet." I waited a little to let her recover her self-possession; and then spoke the decisive words:

"Marian! There is a weak place we both know of in Sir Percival's life——"

"You mean the Secret!"

"Yes: the Secret. It is our only sure hold on him. I can force him from his position of security, I can drag him and his villany into the face of day, by no other means. Whatever the Count may have done, Sir Percival has consented to the conspiracy against Laura from another motive besides the motive of gain. You heard him tell the Count that he believed his wife knew enough to ruin him? You heard him say that he was a lost man if the secret of Anne Catherick was known?"

"Yes! yes! I did."

"Well, Marian, when our other resources have failed us, I mean to know it. My old superstition clings to me, even yet. I say again, the woman in white is a living influence in our three lives. The End is appointed; the End is drawing us on—and Anne Catherick, dead in her grave, points the way to it still!"

EARTHQUAKES.

A FEW weeks ago we had the satisfaction of startling some of our steadiest readers from their repose by informing them of the prospect of a great deluge appointed to take place, according to the calculations of M. Adhémar, in the year of our Lord eight thousand one hundred and sixty.* We have, since, taken pains to learn whether or not we are in a shaky condition generally, and more especially what our prospects are in regard to earthquakes; the result is so serious, that we earnestly request the reader's attention to what we have to communicate.

To those who have not been refreshed by recent reading on the subject, it may seem that earthquakes in London are not things much more likely to be experienced than snow at Midsummer, or green peas at Christmas. But we have undertaken researches, and we find, in the British Museum Library, "A short and pithie Discourse concerning the En-

* See page 25 of the present volume.

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gendering, Tokens, and Effects of all Earthquakes in general, particularly applied and conferred with that most strange and terrible Worke of the Lord within the Citie of London," &c. &c., 4to, London, 1580; and again, "A true and impartial Account of the strange and wonderful Earthquake which happened in most parts of the City of London, 8th September, 1692," on which occasion also a sermon was preached by a certain Rev. Samuel Doolittle, no doubt greatly improving the occasion. We have also, about fifty years later (or about a century ago), and at intervals ever since, various accounts of the same nature in different parts of the country, so that it is by no means contrary to experience, although not remembered by many living people, that our very capital should be invaded by this terrible foe.

The earthquakes that have been alluded to really deserve notice. The first lasted in London for one minute, occurring at six o'clock in the morning of the 6th of April of the year mentioned; and two less severe shocks were felt in Kent at nine and eleven A.M. of the same day. On the 1st of May following, another very considerable shock was experienced. On the occasion of the first shock, the great bells at Westminster and other places were made to sound, portions of several buildings and very many chimneys were thrown down, in London; and at Sandwich and Dover the sea was so much agitated, that vessels in the harbour were dashed against one another. The disturbance was felt, not only throughout England, but in France, Belgium, and Holland, and even as far as the Pyrenees. The shock felt in 1692 was also very violent, lasting two minutes, and was followed, about three days afterwards, by several more. All these occurred only a short time after a series of extremely violent shocks in the West Indies, during one of which, at Port Royal in Jamaica, three-fourths of the houses were thrown down, and three thousand persons perished.

Other violent shocks are recorded as having been felt in London and its neighbourhood in the middle of the last century, by which not only many parts of England, but the countries on the other side of the Channel, were disturbed. For several years, from the middle of 1748 until the end of 1755, when the great earthquake of Lisbon took place, there seem to have been occasional alarms in various parts of England, but the principal shocks recorded as occurring in the neighbourhood of London were on the night of the 18th and morning of the 19th of February, 1750. On this occasion there were several slight shocks during the night, and at about twenty minutes to six in the morning three or four were felt in succession in the space of ten or twelve seconds. They were preceded by a loud noise, compared by some to thunder, by others to the roaring of the wind, by others again to that of a carriage in motion. They moved in a direction apparently from north-east to south-west. The noise was heard at one or two places where no shock was felt. A black cloud, with continual and confused flashes of lightning, had been visible before the earthquake: the flashes ceasing a minute or two before its commencement. Some chimneys were thrown down, and houses injured. A girl was thrown from her bed and her arm was broken. In St. James's Park and elsewhere the earth seemed to swell up and to be ready to open, three times. Dogs howled dismally, fishes threw themselves out of the water, and a horse that was brought to a watering-place refused to drink. During the succeeding two months, similar facts are recorded as having occurred several times in various parts of the British Islands.

Now, with these facts staring us in the face as we examine into the records handed down by the Royal Society, we are tempted to inquire whether, on another occasion, the results might not more resemble the awful catastrophe by which Lisbon was utterly ruined, and about a fourth part of the northern hemisphere shaken. If this happened at Lisbon, why should it not happen in England? If it took place a century ago, why not again, now, or at some future period? There are certain statistics from which we can determine, if only approximatively, the degree of probability that we may again have in Europe some great disturbance of this kind. Can we judge where it is likely to take place, and can we in any way foretel when it may be looked for?

The prophet of evil who is our authority in this inquiry, the philosopher whose calculations we depend upon, and whose views we propose to put before our readers, is Mr. Mallet, a mathematician, natural philosopher, and civil engineer, who, some ten years ago, proposed to the British Association to collect earthquake facts, with a view to determine if any generalisations could be drawn from them. A French philosopher, M. Perrey, appears to have entertained the same idea at least ten years before, and he collected for the purpose of publication all the information he could find. We have thus had two independent observers working together in this direction, and as their results agree, the conclusions have a greater value than might otherwise attach to them.

The first thing that strikes us on looking at the lists and tables obtained is, that there are actual records at hand, with date and particulars, of two hundred and thirty-four earthquakes that have taken place in the British Islands within the last eight and a half centuries, and that of these two hundred and thirty-four no less than one hundred and ten (nearly one half) have been felt during the present century—during the lifetime, therefore, of an important part of the existing population. The apparent increase is in a great measure explained by the much more complete accounts obtained since the existence of periodical publications stating the news of the day; but as the whole number recorded in the century ending in 1800 is only sixty-three against one hundred and ten from 1800 to 1850, we feel a little uneasy, and already fancy that we are a good deal more shaky than we had believed possible.

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But if we are alarmed by this list of British earthquakes, and turn to see how our neighbours fare, we shall have little comfort beyond that of finding that we are no worse off than they. In the Scandinavian peninsula and Iceland, the numbers are rather higher, but not much: 111 have been recorded in those countries as felt during the last century, and 113 in the first half of the present. In Spain and Portugal 93 in the eighteenth, against 85 in the nineteenth; in France, Belgium, and Holland together, the figures are 308 and 292, while in the Basin of the Rhine and Switzerland, no less than 557 earthquakes are recorded since the beginning of the ninth century, of which 52 took place in the sixteenth, 120 in the seventeenth, 141 in the eighteenth, and no less than 173 in the first half of the present century. The Italian peninsula and the Eastern Mediterranean we might expect to be troubled with disturbances of this kind, owing to the large amount of volcanic action constantly taking place there; but, excluding these countries, where, indeed, upwards of 300 earthquakes have taken place within the last fifty years, we find a total of 2156 earthquakes recorded as felt at various places in Western Europe since the beginning of the Christian era: of which 773 belong to the present century.

Now, as we cannot suppose that we have anything like a complete account of all that have taken place, we may fairly assume that in these districts where, with the exception of Iceland, there is nothing of the nature of volcanic disturbance, there really must be, at least, one earthquake every six weeks, and perhaps more!

It is not the case that in this calculation the half-dozen or dozen shocks connected together as parts of one real disturbance are counted separately; on the contrary, where it seemed admissible, a whole group of small movements, spread over several days, is recorded as one earthquake. Such small shocks have been frequently felt at Comrie in Scotland, and elsewhere, and are always recorded in sets.

It is quite true that many of these shocks are inconsiderable, and that a disturbance sufficient to affect human life and property to a serious extent is unknown in the history of our country. Precisely the same remark might, however, have been made by the inhabitants of Lisbon at nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st November, 1755, although before the clocks left uninjured had struck the hour of ten, a large part of the city had been destroyed, and many thousands of human beings had passed away to their account.

The earthquake that destroyed Lisbon, produced almost as much mechanical disturbance in many places along the coast of Portugal and Spain, as it did at Lisbon; and, indeed, produced almost as much mischief on the shores of Morocco as on those of Europe. It reached northwards so far as to include Iceland, and westwards to the West Indian Islands and Canada. Its range in the interior of Europe included Italy, Switzerland, Bohemia, and the Baltic; and southwards it extended far into Africa. The exact spot where the first disturbance took place was some distance out in the Atlantic, and there is nothing known that could have pointed to that spot, rather than any other, as one where such an event would originate.

England, then, appears to belong to a large tract of country, some of it above, and some under water, the whole of which is subject constantly to earthquake disturbance, and any part of which seems occasionally liable to movements of this nature, so considerable as to rival the most important on record. We enjoy no immunity from the most sudden, the most irresistible, the most destructive, of nature's powers. Another such shock as the Lisbon earthquake may happen this or next year. It may not happen in this country, but it may originate beneath our own metropolis or under the ocean. It may originate near us or a thousand miles away from us, but we are not the less certainly living over a mine ready to be sprung. No one can tell when or where the fatal match will be applied.

Let us look again to our figures, to see if we can obtain further information. Taking all recorded earthquakes as the basis of calculation, we find a list of nearly seven thousand separate events ranging over three thousand four hundred and fifty years. Of the whole number, most of those recorded in early times were very serious, and are mentioned for that reason in history as extraordinary and exceptional events. Most of those mentioned within the last century, on the other hand, have been slight, but, à fortiori, the severe ones have also been spoken of, and we have generally had detailed accounts of them. Thus, although the materials for calculation are imperfect, yet the nature of the imperfections is known, and valuable comparative results may be obtained. Out of the whole number (6831), we have 787 distributed over eighteen centuries terminating in the year 1500; 2804 between the years 1500 and 1800; and the rest (2227) during the first half of the present century. From the most recent observations we obtain a general average of one earthquake in some part or other of the earth's surface every six days, and of these it is further calculated that one fortieth part (one earthquake every eight months) is of "serious importance," or, in other words, is one in which whole cities and towns, or large portions of them, have been reduced to rubbish, and many lives lost. In the vast tract subject to earthquakes, of which our islands form a part, the proportion of serious disturbances would probably be below the general average; but if, instead of one great earthquake in eight months there be only one every quarter of a century, there is yet sufficient cause for alarm.

It occurred to M. Perrey, to tabulate his earthquakes in various ways, in order to discover whether any relation existed between them and the moon's position—whether temperature had anything to do with their recurrence—and sundry other matters. He soon found that taking four years, during which his material was most ample and most accurate (1844 to

1847, both inclusive), the number of earthquakes near new and full moon exceeded the number at the quarters, in the proportion of six to five. Further observations seemed to confirm this curious deduction, but at present it can only be regarded as suggesting future inquiry. It certainly seems to be the result of all observations lately made, that there is some relation between the moon's place and the convulsive paroxysms of the earth.

Out of 5879 earthquakes that have occurred in the northern hemisphere, and of which the exact dates are recorded, as many as 3158 took place in the cold months between the 1st of October and the 31st of March: only 2721 being felt between the 1st of April and the 30th of September. The largest number—627—occurred in January, and the smallest—415—in July.

Turn these unexpected figures as we will, they seem always to point in the same direction, and to intimate that, in all countries liable to change of seasons, the warm season is less subject to earthquakes than the cold.

Thus, if we take all Europe together, we find 1153 recorded in the cold, and only 857 in the warm months. If we take the countries separately, the British Islands list shows 94 in the summer, and 123 in the winter. Spain and Portugal, 87 in summer, and 114 in winter. Italy gives the numbers 455 and 438; France, Belgium, and Holland together, 272 and 395 in the warm and cold months respectively.

There is another curious result obtained on comparing the number of earthquakes in different seasons. During the two months that enclose the four critical periods of the year, called by astronomers the equinoxes and the solstices, earthquakes seem more likely to happen than during the intermediate months. Thus, in December and January, in the winter solstice, the number is 177; in March and April, the vernal or spring equinox, 151; in June and July, the summer solstice, 129; and in September and October, the autumnal equinox, 164. There are only about 290 earthquakes left for the other four months. This average was obtained from the details of the earthquakes during the first forty-three years of the present century.

On tracing back the accounts of these remarkable phenomena, we shall find that though evidently convulsive and paroxysmal, and following no regular law yet determined, they still show certain general relations worth considering. Thus, small earthquakes ofter recur after short intervals, but between sets of them thus frequently repeated in any one district there are intervals of comparative repose. The smallest of such intervals is not more than a year or two. These small intervals correspond to periods when there are on the whole fewest earthquakes; and generally, but not always, such earthquakes have not been of the most destructive kind. On the other hand, the average interval is five to ten years, and the earthquakes that then occur are more serious and more numerous.

Two marked periods of extreme paroxysm, or greatest earthquake intensity, seem to occur in each century: or at least this has been the case for some centuries past. One of these periods is greater than the other, and has occurred near the middle of the century. The other, very serious but not of equal importance, towards the close of the century. It is worthy of notice that two or three great and destructive earthquakes have often happened within a few years in very distant parts of the world at these periods.

It would seem that whatever be the cause of earthquake paroxysms, this cause requires a certain time to recover its energy after having exhausted itself by a great struggle. Smaller movements, from time to time, also convulsive, produce comparatively little effect beyond the alarm consequent on local disturbances.

Some of the great earthquakes mentioned in modern history, and the subject of special description, have occurred with remarkable regularity at about the intervals of time mentioned above, but they have affected parts of the world very distant from each other, and without any apparent mutual relations. If, however, we regard the tract including the north of Africa, the whole of Europe, Northern Asia, the North Atlantic Ocean, the North American shores of the Atlantic, and the West Indian Islands, as being that which most interests us, we shall find that during the latter part of the sixteenth century there were numerous and very severe disturbances, accompanied by remarkable appearances of aurora borealis in low latitudes. These earthquakes extended throughout Central Europe, being felt, indeed, from Northern Asia to the Atlantic, including our own islands. They were accompanied by disastrous inundations arising from the great rivers as well as the sea. The shocks felt in London at this time have been already alluded to.

In 1626, occurred one of the most fatal of the South Italian earthquakes, by which more than thirty towns and villages were destroyed, and seventeen thousand persons lost their lives. The disturbances continued until 1631, terminating by a great eruption of Vesuvius. In 1657, great earthquakes occurred in Scandinavia, and shortly afterwards in Calabria, the Pyrenees, and Central Italy, and these were felt also in England. Towards the end of the same century there are many remarkable disturbances recorded, including that of Jamaica. In 1755 was the great earthquake of Lisbon, preceded by numerous smaller convulsions all over Western Europe, and followed by others of great significance. Later in the century (in 1770), were fearful earthquakes in the West Indies, and afterwards again in Calabria. The century closed with a severe convulsion over the whole of the north-west of France, and many shocks in Scandinavia and Russia. During the present century, there have been many not unimportant disturbances of this kind over the whole of Europe and Northern Asia—more, in fact, than would easily be credited, if we had not the record before us. Perhaps the frequency of shocks has prevented the accumulation of force which terminates in one grand convulsion.

Although, however, it really appears to have

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been the fashion of our ancestors to indulge in the excitement of severe earthquakes towards the latter part of each century for some centuries past, we may make use of our figures to somewhat more comforting purpose: inasmuch as it also seems that in every third or fourth century there is a general lull, and that the present ought to be one of these quiet periods. We may, therefore, escape altogether, having fallen upon less excited times than have been experienced since the middle of the sixteenth century.

However this may be, our position is serious; we stand, as it seems, between fire and water —liable to be blown up at a moment's notice, if not certain to be drowned at the end of the six thousand years.

But there is another and a very curious result of these statistics that is worth looking at. If it be the case that earthquakes are to a certain extent periodical; if, as we have seen, they occur most frequently at certain times of the year, at certain periods of the moon's age, in certain magnetic conditions of the earth, and in certain relations to the sun; we must see whether this extends further, and whether we may not, perhaps, discover some distinct influences exerted by various heavenly bodies on what goes on in the interior of our earth.

One or two matters of this kind are now within the range of direct observation. The face of the sun, for example, is occasionally observed with spots, and these spots have been noticed to increase in number and obscurity until they attain a maximum, and then to decrease to a minimum. Between ten and eleven years is the time taken for the complete cycle of changes, and the changes are now admitted to have direct influence on the magnetism of the earth. Thus, the magnetism of the earth—one of the most important and universal of the forces, producing marked results on all matter, animal, vegetable, and mineral—is governed by some condition of the sun's atmosphere, observed only by the astronomer who watches carefully with a good telescope, and of which nobody suspected the existence a few years ago.

So, also, the moon, in some way as yet little understood, has decided influence on the magnetism of the earth. It may, also, directly affect the mass of the interior, if in a fluid state: producing a tide, on a smaller scale, perhaps, but resembling that occurring in the open ocean of water.

Some have even attempted to go beyond the sun and moon, connecting the cycle of magnetic variation with the period of the planet Jupiter, finding coincidences betwen that planet's periodic return and those of the solar spots, and thus assuming a combined, and therefore increased, magnetic influence on our own planet.

It has occurred to us, while investigating this subject, that Sir Isaac Newton was, perhaps, not far wrong when he described himself as a mere collector and arranger of superficial facts thrown by chance in his way. "I do not know what I may appear to the world," he is reported to have said, shortly before his death, "but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

There is much sound philosophy hidden under this quaint conceit. Newton collected the facts in his own department of science, put them together, thought about them, and, by bringing to bear upon them the full force of his rare and powerful intellect, arrived at conclusions, many of which have never since been reached by his method, though confirmed by other methods less intellectual and more mechanical. But even Newton's marvellous generalisations do but serve as the basis of still higher generalisations, arising from the rapid increase since his time in the number of facts accurately observed. Newton's so-called laws, once looked on as universal, are now becoming recognised as only subordinate to some other laws yet to be made out. All the recent facts about earth-magnetism are new; all the workings out of electricity in every department, are new; all we hear about certain rays of the sun not communicating light or heat, but having chemical effects, illustrated in what we call photography, is new; and what little is known about the interior of the earth has been learnt since Newton lived. Others, since he showed the way, have been picking up pebbles and shells, and many, not content with picking up and admiring, have also endeavoured to arrange them as he did. It is true that no second Newton has yet arisen, with an instinct beyond ordinary intellect, grasping the shadowy law before it is near enough to be recognised by ordinary vision; but the tendency of discovery is to prepare for such a result, and perhaps before long we ourselves may see many branches of science, now apparently without mutual relations, brought together to explain each other.

Thus, these investigations about earthquakes are not mere matters of curiosity; they also represent pebbles on the shore of the ocean of truth; they are not without beauty, and certainly not without interest. Let us hope that it will not be long before they are placed in their proper niche in the cabinet of science.

CONVICT CAPITALISTS.

Mr. Smiles's Self-Help is a book that has been extensively sold and adopted as an educational text-book by certain American colleges. Its success has been well deserved. The world can never hear too much in praise of application and perseverance, energy and courage, industry and ingenuity, self-culture and the dignity of work. As the taste of a nation is purified by looking upon the best models of art, so the character of a nation must be strengthened by looking upon the best models of living men.

The task which Mr. Smiles has performed for virtue, ought to be performed for vice. The rising generation gains nothing by being admitted to view human nature only on its brightest side. Without going the length of saying that

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whatever is, is right, I assert that whatever has been, is worthy of a record.

Criminals, of nearly all kinds, are great practical demonstrators. The burglar shows us, by experiment, the weakest point in our dwelling; the fraudulent bankrupt has a use in pointing out the traps and pitfals of trade; the forging bank-clerk directs the attention of men to the blindness of business professors, and the inutility of so-called business checks. It is not enough, for the purposes of perfect education, that the career of such great teachers should only be stamped upon the ephemeral pages of the daily and weekly press; the modern Plutarch should seize them, as they rise to the surface, and hand them down for imperishable infamy and fame. The compilations of this character that have been already attempted, are too wanting in simplicity, too overloaded with technical details, to stand as the model histories of "men who have helped themselves." We want something more concise, more biographical, and less apologetic—a Newgate Calendar, in fact, for the use of schools. If, in addition to teaching wisdom and caution to ignorant holders of property, it should teach crime to a few budding criminals, it would work out a beneficial mission, notwithstanding.

It seems to be a law of social nature that crimes shall reach a certain point of enormity, or excellence, before they are put down by the aroused energies of their victims, or retire upon the laurels of satisfied ambition. There was a time when burglary, both with and without violence, was the nightly phantom that haunted the pillows of all who had anything to lose. It reached its climax in certain murders committed some twenty years ago, since which period it has gradually declined, until it may now be considered almost a lost art.

The leading delinquency of the present day, is the robbery of joint-stock companies by confidential servants. From Walter Watts to William George Pullinger, it shows every sign of a vigorous and progressive youth. It may have been cast a little in the shade by the frauds of certain merchants, private bankers, and bank directors; by such leviathan "self-helpers" as Strahan and Paul, as Davidson and Gordon, as J. Windle Cole, John Sadleir, Hugh Cameron, and Humphrey Brown of the Royal British Bank; as Colonel Waugh, and certain directors of the Liverpool Borough Bank, the Western Bank of Scotland, and the Northumberland and Durham District Bank (amongst whom there is upwards of two millions of sterling money to be accounted for); it may have been cast a little in the shade by such colossal monuments of fraud, but, for all that, it is well able to hold its own. The relations of master and servant impose many difficulties in the way of ambitious forgers. Such men as Walter Watts, as William James Robson, as Leopold Redpath, and William George Pullinger, are the purest examples of "men who have helped themselves." They started from very humble positions—were born with no directorial silver spoons in their mouths—were quick to discover the weakest point of the trading system in which they were placed—and, with one exception, almost ended by becoming convict millionnaires.

Walter Watts, who stands first in the history of this class of modern fraud, was a humble check-clerk in the office of the Globe Insurance Company, at a salary of two hundred pounds a year. He was the son of a former honourable but subordinate clerk in the same establishment, and he entered upon his duties some time about 1844. When his frauds were discovered in 1850, he had succeeded in abstracting about seventy thousand pounds.

He seems only to have discovered who were in reality the city "men of straw." They were not the "stays" of Capel-court, the professional bill acceptors, or the presentable directors who gained a precarious livelihood by lending their titled names to boards of management and prospectuses; but those singularly deceptive beings, those wooden guardians of property—those Gogs and Magogs of trading guilds and associations—the appointed auditors. He seems early to have analysed one of these highly curious productions of the mercantile world, and to have arrived at an exact estimate of its value. He found it to be composed of a little fussiness, a great deal of carelessness and trusting simplicity, a small portion of hurried and divided attention—the real business and chief interest lying in another direction—the usual amount of cloth and linen that goes to the furnishing of a responsible-looking City merchant, and a pair of pinch-nose spectacles of faultless magnifying power. He observed that this half-human, half-mechanical being had a settled aversion to move off its chair, and seldom asked to be allowed to examine any books or documents that were not voluntarily placed before it. He observed that it had an almost superstitious reverence for figures, if they appeared to balance each other, and showed no marks of erasure; and that so long as these emblems or signs of things were provided in liberal quantities, it never cared to inquire whether the things themselves had any substantial existence. He found that the more entangled these figures, emblems, or signs, were made, the quicker did the auditor glide through his duty; and he inferred from this that human nature was asserting its influence, and that auditors, like other beings, unwilling to confess their ignorance, were only too happy to pass rapidly over complications that they could not understand. He observed that in those rare cases where a personal survey of property was added to an empty audit of figures, the property was never "over the way," or "round the corner," but situated in a distant part of the country, where it gave an excuse for a pleasant summer journey, and several days' festivity at leading hotels: of course at the expense of the audited company.

This being the result of Walter Watts's analysis of auditors, it can hardly be wondered at, that he gained courage to "help himself." He took thousands after thousands, through the

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medium of false entries and fictitious claims; he became the proprietor of two theatres, and lived an intensely gay life during the hours that remained to him before ten o'clock in the morning, and after four o'clock in the afternoon; his office banking pass-book and his fire and life loss-book presented a mass of erasures and alterations, but still he met with no check or hindrance from the auditing men of straw. Nor was it through their periodical vigilance that his frauds were, at last, discovered, and that he was driven, through a verdict of ten years' transportation, to hang himself in his cell.

The fate of Walter Watts, in 1850, was powerless, so it seems, to deter others from following in his footsteps, and benefiting by the discoveries which his keenness and industry had made. The loss of seventy thousand pounds sterling by the Globe Insurance Company was also powerless, so it seems, to improve the character of auditors, and elevate them into something less practically worthless than men of straw.

The next fraudulent servant who "helped himself" to any great extent, was William James Robson, the forger of Crystal Palace shares. His operations began in 1853—within three years of the death of Walter Watts—and ended in 1856. His private life was very similar to that of the master he copied, although he only succeeded in appropriating about thirty thousand pounds. This was done by taking advantage of his position in the transfer office of the Crystal Palace Company, to create shares and sell them in the market: relying upon the apathy of the purchasers—a class from whom auditors are drawn. His calculations—or rather Walter Watts's calculations—were perfectly sound, and for two years and more these strips of paper were frequently bought and sold, without any purchaser having the prudence to walk from the Stock Exchange to the transfer office on the City side of London-bridge, where he might easily have discovered the fraud. The amount that Robson secured was small compared with Watts's abstractions, but it was large when allowance is made for the inferior materials with which he had to work. If his lot had fallen upon happier ground—upon the banking balances of rich and thriving corporations—he might have eclipsed his predecessor in the loftiness and daring of his flight. As it was, he might have said, in imitation of Jean Paul Richter, "I have made the most of the stuff that was given me: no man can do more." He was transported for twenty years.

Some time before William James Robson rose and fell, and very shortly after the death of Walter Watts, a greater man than either in this peculiar aristocracy of fraud, must have been already laying his plans. Leopold Redpath, a clerk in the share office of the Great Northern Railway, had also learnt the empty character of auditors, and the hollowness of so-called business checks. In 1851 or 1852 he must have begun to issue forged shares. From that period until 1856, his career was one of clerkly exactitude and fraudulent success; his life was one of mingled luxury and philanthropy; and when he was arrested, to be afterwards transported for life, he had obtained from the sale of his forged shares, about two hundred and forty thousand pounds. His trial took place on the 15th of January, 1857, hardly five months after the following auditorial certificate of the company's business regularity, had been issued to the confiding shareholders:

"Accountant's Department, Aug. 7, 1856.
"To the Chairman and Directors of the Great Northern Railway Company.

"Gentlemen,—The accounts and books in every department continue to be so satisfactorily kept, that we have simply to express our entire approval of them, and to present them to you for the information of the shareholders, with our usual certificate of correctness.

"We have the honour, &c.,
(Signed)
"John Chapman, } Auditors."
"J. Cattley, }

At this period, Leopold Redpath must have received the bulk of his enormous prize.

The notoriety of this case, the extent of fraud it disclosed, and the complete verification it presented of Walter Watts's secret analysis of auditors, were generally considered sufficient to check all further development of this class of crime. The world was disposed to look upon Leopold Redpath as one who had reached the top of the criminal tree; as the most eminent among all modern men of this kind who had "helped themselves." It was widely understood that all joint-stock enterprises had undergone a searching examination and cleaning out; that insurance offices, railways, and especially banks, were secured, for ever, from any fraudulent worms in the bud, and were now to be happy in having auditors who were something more than men of straw. Failures might come (as come they did), and the country might pass through the financial agony of a commercial crisis (as it did at the close of 1857), but it was felt that forging servants of joint-stock companies had had their day, and that, after all, the wisdom taught us by their dishonesty was not so dearly bought.

How little this sense of security was based upon actual knowledge, has been shown, within a few weeks, by William George Pullinger, the last and greatest follower of Walter Watts. This late chief cashier of the Union Bank of London pleaded guilty to a charge of having stolen two hundred and sixty-three thousand and seventy pounds eight shillings and tenpence, by means of a false pass-book, and tampering with a Bank of England account. He entered the bank, as an ordinary clerk, in 1839, and he became chief cashier about 1855. Five years after Walter Watts committed suicide, one year before Robson was discovered and transported, two years before a similar punishment was awarded to Redpath, this fraudulent bank servant must have begun to abstract the bank funds. On the very day when the trial of the

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latter criminal was taking place, and possibly on the day after, when his own auditors may have been rubbing their hands and congratulating themselves upon the anti-fraudulent armour of the Union Bank, this William George Pullinger may have been speculating on the turf, or the Stock Exchange, and keeping money back from his employers' store at the Bank of England, in order to gamble like a capitalist, or a sporting lord. As evening came, and he locked his desk, and put on his hat, and closed the door of the banking-house upon his humbler fellow-clerks, he must have laughed when he considered how they were settling down for hours under the shaded lamps, to trace an obstinate error of a few pounds or a few shillings in the "general balance," while he was tripping off with a quarter of a million of money that was supposed to be safely lodged in the national bullion temple over the way. He had little fear that any discovery would be made before the allotted termination of five years; for Walter Watts's calculations—proved as they had been by Robson and Redpath—were to be trusted like the axioms of an exact science. He knew that certain inferior stealers of gold had substituted shot in its place; and that other ruder criminals had piled up stones and brickbats to conceal the loss of property. He had studied in a higher school, and he knew the value of figures. He relied upon a judicious combination of Arabic numerals, and his confidence was not misplaced. The appointed auditors—the Gog and Magog of the bank—were rather an assistance to him than otherwise. They looked so like a pair of terrible guardians of property, that people most contentedly accepted the show for the reality. So William George Pullinger stood for years within their shadow, and "helped himself" freely to everything around him; and when he was discovered—as usual, not by auditorial sagacity—he had distanced Walter Watts by nearly two hundred thousand pounds, and the great Redpath by nearly thirty thousand.

Many believe (so most of us hear said) that the Pullinger frauds will end this forging series. We shall see. Commercial houses will be hurriedly put in order for a few weeks, and auditors will join hands and swear solemnly that such things shall never occur again. We shall see.

A joint-stock bank, as most persons are aware, is a trading corporation started for money-lending and money-borrowing purposes, with a small paid-up, and a large promised capital. This paid-up capital may be a million of money, and a million we will take it to be, for the sake of example. In the course of a few years, if money be plentiful, and the bank be reputed to be prosperous, "customers' balances" remain, and "deposits" flow in, until from six to ten millions of *borrowed capital* is added to the *paid-up capital*. With the whole of this sum the bank is at perfect liberty to trade, reserving a certain portion by way of "balance"—in some cases a fifth, in others an eighth—according to the rules of business experience and the laws of banking. In the mean time, the shares, which represent the original paid-up capital of one million sterling, are always to be bought in the open market at a certain varying premium. If the future Pullinger can help himself to a certain proportion of the available resources of the bank (about a fifth will generally suffice)—and there is nothing in the past or present system of auditing to prevent him—it will be easily seen that he can buy up all the shares of his employers, until he stands the sole proprietor of the establishment, secure from any civil or criminal prosecution. The bank will be his, the clerks will be his, the books and documents will be his; and, as many people prefer dealing with a private banker, he may experience but a very slight "run" upon his six or ten millions of "deposits."

VENICE UNVISITED.

I.

THE lovely City married to the Ocean
Disturbs me with her image from afar;
A troublous motion
Of music drawn from other years
Dulls a long vision down to tears,
Made bright by distance and by height, which are
The birthright of a star.

II.

I stand aloof like some sweet lover pining
By night without the lighted room where she
He loves is shining;
Who strains across a rushing wind
To watch her shadow on the blind,
And feel, while waiting at the trysting-tree,
The face he cannot see.

III.

I see her now, this Chatterton of Cities!
The sea crawls up to kiss her from the South,
Crooning old ditties;
And standing far away I trace
The lie of beauty on her face,
And still the slothful sin and idle drowth
Seem sweet upon her mouth.

IV.

The seeds of Love are running wild around her,
Her pride has fallen since the wealthy waves
Arose and crowned her;
The spirit of the Past still roams
Her shrines and palaces and domes,
A spectral Future broods above, and braves
The glory of her graves.

V.

She took her dowry from immortal nations—
The many winds brought wedding-gifts and loud
Congratulations;
The words of peace were on her lips,
Her seas were dark with coming ships,
And, as she gained the bridegroom crown'd and proud,
The nations cried aloud.

VI.

The slothful sin fell on her, and she trembled
O'er her own image in the violet deep,
With pride dissembled;
She left her crowded streets and towers,
And deck'd her brow with idle flowers,
She dreamed away her fame, where waters keep
A music soft as sleep.

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VII.

The function faded wholly with the duty,
But left the everlasting bane or grace
Which gave her beauty.
She saw with unaffrighted heart
The ships forsake her empty mart;
But God had found her in her dwelling-place
And cursed her with her face.

VIII.

But still the old immortal beauty lingers,
And still she weaves the flowers of other Springs
With fairy fingers;
And still she holds her unreproved
Communion with a time removed,
Wafted from Heaven on the golden wings
Of high imaginings.

IX.

Is it enough that she is lovely? lying
Unsinew'd till the populous sea recedes
And leaves her dying?
Or might she give, through pain and strife,
The Beautiful a deeper life,
Rising erect on sin and slothful creeds
To treble it with deeds?

X.

Peace to this Venice, though fulfilling never
The law that made her lovely; she must twine
Such flowers for ever!
Before our English woods are rolled
In blowing mists of autumn gold,
I trust to kneel before her still divine
And unforgotten, shrine.

CHINESE WAYS OF WARFARE.

SHARP work enough it was up at Canton, when the war first broke out, and there were only a few hundred English to hold their own against many thousand Chinamen, including the "Braves." These latter were represented as such terrible fellows that they were obliged to be kept chained up, for fear of their breaking loose and annihilating trembling humanity: only being let out on special occasions, when excessive bravery and daring were required to achieve great ends.

Chinese warfare, however, consists generally in devising plans which require not the presence of man to execute, rather than in making bold sorties to sweep away "outer barbarians" from the face of the earth. The Chinese are partial to fire-junks—their enemies, in a true spirit of ignorance, are disrespectful enough to look upon in the light of fireworks; they are, moreover, punctual in their pyrotechnic displays, generally sending them down the current at about a quarter to four in the morning, conveniently waking up the officer of the middle watch in readiness to be relieved by the officer of the morning watch, who has something to enliven the even tenor of his way in watching them burn down and finally explode, after drifting into the middle of, and setting fire to, a number of native craft moored comfortably for the night. It is a fine sight, however, to see them glide majestically past with the tide: the flames showing grandly through the rails of their high and picturesque sterns.

But the Celestials occasionally vary the monotony of their fire-rafts, with an ingenious little affair in a boat (a pretty idea), a large quantity of manure of an extremely volatile nature, under which they store a good deal of gunpowder; then, when they have added a badly-fed convict to scull down under the bows of an obtrusive ship, they fire the match and swim for it. One of these unasked-for bouquets exploded alongside a vessel commanded by an Honourable English captain, covering her decks and every one on them with specimens of an extremely aromatic nature, even to filling the chest of an officer which stood under a hatchway, and which chanced to be open at the time. They are fond, too, of enlivening the tedium of warfare with various facetious acts, as when the Dutch Folly Fort had been taken and a blue-jacket garrison put in, the hail of "All's well," made by the sentries when the bell was struck, used to be answered by the light-hearted little fellows in pigtails on the walls of Canton with a true and correct imitation. Nor are they averse to sending bad rockets over the heads of barbarians; but whether with the intention of striking terror and death to their hearts, is unknown, the effect being simply amusement.

But we, on our part, rather astonished them when the "man-of-war devil ships" (as they call our steamers) began to play up, one fine November morning, to the tune of red-hot shot and shell: causing Celestial buildings to blaze in a manner that would have induced the uninitiated to believe them terrestrial, and converting high and mighty houses into castles in the air.

The Chinese nature is also a confiding one in warfare. This was seen when the French Folly Fort fell, when those unfortunate persons who were not engaged but had got into the line of fire on shore and had been hit, went on board our ships to beg the surgeons to dress their wounds.

For fear of coming into dangerous proximity with the fire-rafts before mentioned, several captured war-junks had been moored across the stream ahead of the English ships, and a guard of half a dozen marines with a corporal, had been put into one of them to keep a look out ahead. Now, it so happened that some pull-away boats (small sharp-built junks fitted with an innumerable number of oars, and two long guns) came down the reach, one evening, and, under cover of the darkness, began firing right and left on the unsuspecting English ships: which in their turn quickly proceeded to send grape and case after them, and also manned boats. The vessel which had the guard in the junk, sent one of hers to fetch them away, when they found that they were not there, and, though the boat pulled round to all the ships, nothing could be heard of the missing "joeys;" it was thereupon concluded that they had been carried off by the Chinamen. The fact turned out to be, however, that, seeing the firing going on, they thought they might as well do a little in that way themselves, and began discharging their muskets as hard as they could; one of our English boats perceiving this, and knowing nothing of there being marines

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aboard, made instantly for the junk, and boarded her, cutlass in hand. They were astonished to find themselves confronted by half a dozen sturdy marines, whom they quickly put into their boat and proceeded in chase of the offenders. The astonishment of shipmates was great, when the "sea soldiers" marched up over the gangway next day and fell in on the quarter deck, after having been given up for lost.

All this, besides the terrible amount of bloodshed which has since taken place, was caused by the Chinese authorities hauling down the English ensign (which, by the way, had no business to be hoisted) on board a lorcha which had been recognised by some merchants as one which had robbed a vessel of theirs out at sea, a short time before. The persons on board were identified individually as being concerned in the aforesaid robbery, and there is little doubt that the lorcha was as great a pirate as any other vessel of that class. The class bears a very questionable name, and, in the opinion of some, does not number an honest trader in its lists. A lorcha will take in a cargo at Hong-Kong, and leave that place with old mat sails and painted black; when fairly at sea she will be painted yellow or blue (not uncommon colours), bend new canvas sails, and look out for a rich prize—perhaps a Fuchow junk laden with hams, bacon, and rice—and after committing many depredations, will repaint black, rebend the old sails, and go into the harbour to which she was bound with her original cargo. There, she will report that she has been attacked by, but has beaten off, a yellow lorcha with new sails, and if there be an English man-of-war at hand, such man-of-war will probably go out in search of such lorcha. These lorchas, the majority of which are Portuguese, are peculiar craft; they have a half European hull, with a touch of Chinese: the bows low, and the stern rounded high up, in thorough opposition to our principles of ship-building. They have also Chinese masts and sails, though the latter are often made of canvas, the better to be managed by the Chinese seamen.

It was always thought, however, that the affair of the lorcha Arrow, which occasioned the present war, was merely the pretence for laying the foundation of one: the Chinese having long been extremely insolent in all their proceedings: moreover, the term of the treaty had run out, and a new and more advantageous one was required.

But to return to Canton. On the night before mentioned, one of the ships, lying off the Shamun Forts (which had been disarmed), found the shot coming in, not only from ahead, but also from abeam, which naturally made those on board conclude that they were being fired into by the forts, and next day a large working party were sent ashore, to do what they could towards knocking the forts down. It was thought unlikely that the Chinese would allow their forts (which were of European construction) to be demolished, without making an attempt to save them; and so it proved, for as the men were resuming their work after dinner, they heard a loud beating of gongs, and looking over the inner parapet, saw a large number of "Braves," who had been despatched to shoot them all, but who, on hearing them laughing and talking at their work, had required to have their courage plucked up by sound of gong. Our men soon dispersed their opponents, who took to the houses, and began firing out of the windows; so the order of the day was altered, and a mine made, which soon brought the old fort rattling about their ears.

The ship's getting the shot into her broadside when all the firing was ahead, was soon explained. The Chinese do not understand how to cast shot; the consequence is, that they are not perfectly spherical, and, when they strike the water, will ricochet at an angle to the direction in which they are fired—often a right angle. They are not very particular in their gunnery: not objecting to fire a gun with a shot that is too large, jammed in the muzzle: which in most cases bursts the gun and kills half a dozen of them; or they will put in a shot so small, that, on looking up the gun, you might see the charge of powder behind it.

ALL IN THE DOWNS.

Downshire, in the map of England, stands in a quiet neighbourly unobtrusive way, next to Ramshire, with Hillshire and Hogshire north and south of it.

Like Ramshire, it is a great sheep-breeding county; its annual sheep fair is the largest held in Great Britain. I love every inch of Downshire: its dun-coloured and emerald downs, its lanes walled with honeysuckles in summer, and starred with primroses in spring. I like the way the white roads climb, with straightforward boldness, up the steep shoulders of the sloping prairie country. I like the floating blue of the distance, I like its lines of soldiery firs, I like its very weeds, even its molehills, the warts and wens, as it were, on its broad, honest, sunny face.

I write from Downshire now, for I am chasing Health, at a hand gallop, all over the tawny downs where the grizzled scorched grass is but a mere dry hide over the winter-chilled earth. The saddle is not cold yet upon which I have been scouring all this end of Downshire, from Crockerton Furze to Stanton Corner. Jingling over the little grey bridge opposite my country inn, jolts one of those country tilt-carts, with strained white awnings over them, which look like eggs, in the centre of which, having first scooped out the yolk and the white, sit the crimsoned-faced drivers, whistling a country tune, almost as pleasant as that of the blackbird's that sits on the apricot-tree at my window. That is the carrier (I know him well), for he passes here every morning at ten, and is on his way from Spireton to Deverton St. Mary's.

Oh, that cart and its singing blithe driver have had a pleasant trip of it since sunrise, passing

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fields all of a transparent emerald flicker with the thin curling tender blades of spring wheat, among which strut, and plume themselves, and hover, and flutter, the rooks, engaged in entomological researches, and large and glossy as black kittens! They have stirred lazily as the cart approached, have thrown our their pendent legs behind them, have worked up and down their wings ragged at the edge, and have resumed their studies almost before the cart has well jogged past the milestone, orange and black with twenty years' lichens. Young orchards, where tiles are hung to the top boughs to bend them over to a basket shape; fields spotted with flint heaps; folds full of the voices of the sheep waiting to be fed, has the cart passed by. Many long processions of waggons, baled with hay, or dark with fagots, has it passed, many horses proud of the crimson and yellow shaving-brushes on their heads, and of the sharp tingling bells upon their harness that chime far along the glaring white road along which they trample smokingly, the boiling dust-clouds following them as if said roads were on fire.

But let the egg-shell jog on the pleasant road, dappled as it passes under the Deveril Park trees, and let me sketch a Downshire village with its russet thatch roofs, and here and there, at the post-office or the farrier's, a blue slate or a red tile one, for the thin blue plumes of wood-fire smoke to feather over. There is something to my mind specially sheltering and cozy in the look of thatch, cut away over the windows, level yet spiky like a rustic's hair on a fair-day or holiday; I like it none the less if it be sponged and padded here and there with green crystalled moss. Greek and Roman workers are all very well, but they seem fools, in my Downshire mind, to the brave souls that devised those hearty lovable Tudor cottages, built of stone, warm and lasting, scornful of the weather, that mellows them to the exact tone and crustiness of the outside of a Stilton, and covers them with lichens all in orange blots, and frosty patches, and grey scales and shadings, to the top ridge of the breathing chimney where the starlings chatter and twist their glistening necks in a coquettish and fantastic way. I honour those wise and comfortable thinkers in ruffs and doublets, who devised the Tudor cottages of Ramshire, with their porches so hospitable and kindly in cold and rain, and their strong mullioned windows so free to the air and light yet so lordly-looking, and so good for children to look out of, and old men to bask in. I like to see the little cottage beehives in the garden, among the cloves, carnations, and roses, with their little bee merchants dragging down all the flowers around. I like to hear, in the evenings when the moon has a golden halo round it, as if it were melting into shapeless brightness, the drag and tinkle of the spades at work in the cottage garden, just beyond the vicar's laurels, where the thrushes are rehearsing for their daybreak concert.

The high downs, too, are my special delight; not those that rise in broad green shoulders on either side the road, shutting out all horizon; not those, though they are in places as high as sea cliffs, or sown and bunched with thousands of primroses, and pendent with long deer's-tongue or the branching feathers of fern, where the twisted beech-roots are velveted with green moss, and where the violets carpet the ground under the pied hazel-boughs which just now are tasselled with catkins. No! these are the low downs that rapidly turn into the trim fields and cattle-dappled pastures of ordinary civilisation, and from them, down in the low country, you may in the distance see the train, which four hours hence will be in London, passing along, with a running smoke of steam like fire running along a train of gunpowder. I like the high downs where the horizon is a dim blue one of twenty miles' distance, far as a ship can be seen at sea. I like the prairie grasp and comprehension of those high Ramshire Downs, black with furze, lined with plantations, studded with sheep, alive with rabbits; the keen, thin blue air vocal with plovers and blithe choruses of larks.

You are not in solitude or uncheered there, for on the high roads you meet the Autolychus tramp on his eleemosynary progress from Deveril to Todminster; now and then, some soldiers on leave, with their wallets behind them; carriers and flour-waggons, and that scarlet-runner, the reckless mail cart; not to mention chance travellers, clergymen on their rounds, and, in the season, red seeds of fox-hunters on their way to covert—to Railton-Spinney, or Waterdyke Corner. Nor can you go half a mile without some dozens of rabbits charging with timid temerity across the road, so swiftly that you see little but a flirt of white tail near the furze-bush, as they disappear like Roderick Dhu's clansmen. You know that every thorn-bush you pass, is peopled. Then the blackbirds run like rats about the thorn-bushes, or break out with a chink and fluster, as if in their conceit each bird thought the whole world specially in pursuit of him. Or perhaps, if you tread softly on the turf, you will be amused by coming on one of those blind diplomatists, the mole, like a little roll of black velvet. Then, on the fallows beyond the downs, you will see the crested plover, with his white belly and dark wings, swooping about, and making signals of distress with that strange "peewit" note which I think I could imitate on the violin; and then, like a dark star, falls the lark from heaven, or rises, trembling, to the cloud; while the new-come cuckoo echoes his own name in the fir wood that pulses with the lulling murmurs of the wild doves, where the squirrel curls in his nest, and the great black raven tolls out his sullen croak, as if a friendly lamb were seriously ill in the neighbourhood, and his benevolent mind were troubled by his friend's indisposition.

But these are all episodical pleasures of the high downs, for the standing dish of delight is the incomparable glory of the far distance, with its heavenly radiance of cloudy blue, and its

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softened glimmer of pearly colour, neither grey, nor blue, nor opal, but a union of all, with many inner depths and glories to be wrought out only by the patient and loving eye.

I am no great believer in the poetry of sheep (uncooked), nor in lamb (without mint-sauce), but in Ramshire the sheep do throw themselves about the landscape as if they were trained to group themselves effectively—as my friend, Mediochre, R.A., says. They sprinkle down the dun slopes, they cascade down the sides of the lanes, they come smoking along the dusty roads, they bleat in great multitudes. They are seen melting away in little yellow and brown spots, into the fairy azure of that magical distance through which glimmer pieces of green corn, brown fallows, golden stacks, white veins of chalk, greystone patches, emerald pastures, dun mounds of firs, and dark thickets of almond-scented furze, that, gradually getting thinner and thinner, break at last into single specks and dots of bushes which variegate the down as with an eruption of mole-hills.

Add to these variations of surface, some firs in the foreground, like the teeth of a small tooth-comb; some round chalk basins cut by the shepherds to catch water; some grassy mounds of an old Roman camp, rising in triple terrace one above the other; and you have some idea of the higher downs taken in their generalities. To describe them in detail would take a year: for the beauty of their atmospheric changes alone are infinite and wonderful.

But can I leave the Down country, with its quivering blue horizon, out of which the eye gradually evolves long funeral processions of firs; little toy farm-houses, so small in the distance that they are no bigger than a giant could carry on the palm of his hand (I mean a small giant, because, of course, a great giant like Brandyborax or Aldeboron has a palm to his hand as big as Salisbury Plain); grey spires, sharp and small as darning-needles; black specks of furze and bramble; and lesser specks, where glossy crows feed, or vibrate their wings—must I, I say, leave the high downs without describing the little stone tea-caddy of a Downshire church, built by that worthy but noseless man whose battered mummy of an effigy still lies, in a patient but ill-used way, on a flat tomb in the chancel?

I like the simple church, with the dial over the porch, erased by time. It is old as the Normans, I should think, that square tower, so massy and low, firm as the rock, so phalanxed and solid in its imperturbable immovability. The sunshine wanders over it, the rain beats it, the wind torments it, but it remains as it has stood for centuries. The green waves of that dead sea around the yew-tree, rise and fall, century after century, but the tree is fixed as the good ship's mast: and daily casts its moving shadow into the chancel to flicker about the latticing of sun and shade, as with the movement of passing wings.

There are many country moments when the songs of birds sound sweet from their very strangeness, and arrests the attention from its intrusion on scenes with which it has never been associated. I like to lie abed early on a spring morning, and hear all the sounds of life outside the window that cheer but do not disturb you, so that you fall into a doze of spring-time thoughts, as you are trying to listen, until you are made broad awake by the fuller chorus of young thrushes in the laurels, who seem to be practising in a Hullah class, perpetually put right by the fuller voices of the parent birds; but, best of all, I like to hear on Sunday, in the Downshire church, between the pauses of the psalm and the hushes in the Litany, the response of the vicar's blackbirds coming in as if they had been trained, like little choristers, in God's great open-air cathedral.

Your contemplative Jacques, too, can find pretty employment in the oak coverts that here and there strew the surface of Downshire, very aviaries of song in the pleasant May-time, when even at noonday the nightingale may be heard gurgling out rich soprano passages. There, the negro blackbird, with the orange-bill, repeats his musical monotone, and the thrush flings forth his lavish, careless carolling upon the blue spring air. There, the robin, with breast stained ever since that "dreadful murder" of the Children in the Wood, bides his time, when in autumn he shall flaunt it on the Downshire lawns. Let us enter the covert through a fir wood, where, through straight rough-scaled stalks, oozing balmy tears, spots of moving sunlight flicker about on the dry pale leaves of last year, here and there brightened where an angel's visit of clear light from Heaven pours through and irradiates some churlish bramble, for all the world like woman's love hallowing some unworthy object: some Caliban of a husband, some Quilp, some ideal Cymon.

From these delights, I stroll botanising to the fretful nettles — their white flowers soon to be black with bees — that edge the outer skirts of the fox covert, where the waterproof buds of the chesnut are throwing off their mackintoshes, and the beech is unrolling his sharp-spiked buds; where the pied hazel is fluttering its green-winged rods, and the banks are strewn with primroses.— those daylight stars, soft green where the transparent leaves hood them in like nuns, soft gold in the sunlight and paler in the shadow; where radiant bunches of violets purple the moss that wads the walks and velvets it for little fairy feet. Or, I find amusement in tracking the wood-pigeon to his nest by the piles of split beech-nuts under the selected fir; or, in judging that I could find a squirrel in his hammock up aloft when I see a plateful of nibbled nut-shells under the tall larch, gay with its tender pink blossoms; or, could I pursue the brook that lurks reedily among the trees, I might discover that eccentric angler, the heron, sitting on his nest, with his two legs hanging through, like a wooden-legged midshipman up in a man-of-

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war's cross-trees. If I had ornithological skill, I would seek out that feathered attorney, the cuckoo, and turn him out of the hedge-sparrow's estate that he has unlawfully seized; or, I would hunt for rare birds. Then there are broader tracks of the covert, where the grim oaks stretch out their muscular arms defiantly, and tie themselves in robust knots, where the clean-rinded beech has belts of dark moss and spots of feathery emerald, which look like the green plush stolen from a duck's neck, mixed up with snatches of the living emerald from the eyes of a peacock's fan. Then, there are huge antlered bushes of ash, strong and vigorous, butting the meek dog-rose and the scrubby elder; and here and there among the spiked thorn-bushes whose snow is not yet in the bloom, there are flowers of burning gold, kingcups whose nectar the bee drinks thirstily; and when you turn the corner of a wood walk, there is a stinging buzz of startled flies, and a great black humble-bee flies at you like a bullet; and this gay buzz and sense of life in every square inch of air, is, I think, one of the most joyous and delicious symptoms of warm spring weather, especially when you add to it over and above, a perpetual pulsation of cooing doves, a contest of birds, and a general unfurling and unpacking of the little green fairy dresses that are hereafter to be called leaves, and will eventually club together to form the shroud of poor dead King Summer.

Then, you startle a great raven from a tree where he sits complaining of the exorbitant price of mutton at Ramsbury market, and you come out in the open where some moles are making a small parody of that useful but mouldy institution, the Thames Tunnel, and you emerge in a small glade, with a view through oak boughs, barred with sun and shadow, of a great slope of down, miles away, with a long slate roof shining in the sun, a cascade of sheep, and in front a green square of meadow where some cows are on their knees in flowers, that look from here like a gold carpet, woven without seam, perfect from the top throughout.

It has been a glorious day in Downshire; the merry wind driving about the cool wavering shadows; the cuckoo echoing in the woods at Colonel Hanger's, where the pheasants cluck and strut, proud of their fat, of their market value, and of the brazen lustre of their fiery and emeraldine plumage—no great things at a poulterer's door, but here, in the living sunshine, flashing past us exquisitely. The wind has been blowing the dust along the glaring white roads in smoking simooms, the swallows have been glimmering and crescenting about the water meadows, like so many wild horses, and now I am standing on the dewy lawn of my little country inn—the Three Crows—in the evening, watching the stars light up their little diamond illumination lamps in honour of a young May moon, just at the full.

"Now, the moon," says the landlord, coming out with his white yard of clay and a burning Waterloo charge of bird's-eye, to be sociable with his guest, "seems to me like a bit of butter that is beginning to melt on a hot toastess."

THE MATCH QUESTION.

Our French scientific friends are seriously turning their thoughts to the tender subject of "Lucifers, or No Lucifers." From the extreme cheapness and the extreme convenience of lucifers, they swarm, like the frogs in Egypt, in every chamber and, what is worse, in every kitchen. They intrude into your house, and into your bedroom, and upon your bed and under it, and into ovens, and into kneading-troughs. They fall into coffee and into soup, and cause many lamentable poisonings, unintentionally; they are so close at hand, and their presence excites so little suspicion, that they afford a ready means to unnatural relatives of getting rid of their encumbrances, to malignant persons of destroying their enemies, and to the lovesick and desponding of making an end of their sweethearts and themselves, intentionally. And there is no known antidote to the poison.

In the north especially of France, lucifers, or "allumettes chimiques" as they are called, are scattered broadcast over the land; they are sold by millions and billions in slight paper boxes to which a piece of sand paper is attached, as if to increase their dangerousness. Tobacco-smokers carry them loose, in their waistcoat-pockets, in their trousers-pockets, in their coat-pockets; they are strewn about, in a way which looks as if it were done purposely rather than carelessly, in passages, on staircases, in outhouses, and stables, amongst straw, sawdust, shavings, leaves. In any third class railway carriage, in any public wheel-conveyance, in any barge or boat in the northern provinces, you have only to ask your neighbour for an allumette to have half a dozen placed at your disposal. The lucifer is a sort of common property to which every one present has a claim, as much as to the loaf of bread lying on the table at which he dines. It is the favourite plaything of children, the indispensable necessary of adults, pervading every place where men either labour or congregate. Need it be stated that fires, both casual and incendiary, are frequent? The only wonder is that houses in France are not annually decimated by the devouring agent—since it is no longer called an element. In short, lucifer matches have risen to the distinction of being one of the greatest plagues of life. The Grand Exhibitions of London and Paris showed what extensive proportions their manufacture had attained in the German States—the land of insatiable smokers: and it is increasing.

Naturally, people with a little common sense are uneasy at this state of things. Exhortations to prudence, recommendations, reproaches, and sermonising, have been attended with—the effects that might be expected from them. Phosphoric poisonings, and unexpected and unac-

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countable fires, are of no rarer occurrence than heretofore. It was thought, for a moment, that a remedy might be found in the employment of unusual preparations of phosphorus; but the cheapness of the old lucifers made them victorious. Even if they had not driven their rivals out of the market by lowness of price, the mere trouble of fetching the new invention from unaccustomed shops was sufficient to make thoughtless people indifferent to what did not fall in with their private convenience, though it might with the public and general security. Thus, the Match Question becomes of growing importance, in its relations both to social economy and to public health. It nearly rivals the Italian Question in more than one particular.

Amongst the dangers attending these little fire-generators, one which is little known, and of which slight, if any, warning has been given, is their liability to spontaneous combustion. No prudent person will keep them in his house, except in incombustible vessels or boxes, such as those made of earthenware, metal, or stone. If this precaution could be insisted upon, it would almost go to the complete suppression of matches tipped with white phosphorus, i. e. that which is white before it is coloured artificially. But what have we to replace this popular method of rubbing a light? Therein lies the difficulty. True, we still have red or amorphous phosphorus; but this is not easy to obtain pure. Moreover, it is, perhaps, not quite so innocent as it pretends to be. An opinion has already been expressed that white phosphorus may be regenerated or reproduced; that is to say, that red phosphorus may, with time, resume its original molecular state, and consequently recover all its chemical and organoleptic properties. But, as long as no fact of poisoning or setting fire to houses can be justly laid to the charge of red phosphorus, we may continue to employ it as we have hitherto done, when we can get it.

All things considered, therefore, it seems possible that persons who do not like being grilled in their beds to a delicate brown, will have to return, for safety's sake, to the prosaic tinder-box, the primitive flint and steel, which, nevertheless, as Monsieur Bantigny (d'Evreux) observes, is not without its poetry, and might furnish matter for a long natural philosophical canto. The bard of the tinder-box could attune his harp to beds of silex, its different varieties, its formation, its relative age, its extraction; then he could strike the chords of iron ore, mines, smelting-houses, and forges. Coal, its origin, and its excavation, would most suitably be sung in a minor (or a miner) key; while steel would afford occasion for a dashing passage in all the sharps. Tinder opens the door for a pleasant excursion throughout the whole range of vegetable tissues; its immersion in azotate of potash leads the way to a brilliant chemical episode. With the flint and steel in hand and the tinder-box beneath them, the poet cannot strike a light without touching on some of the most thorny questions of physical science; he is fairly launched on the full stream of the Correlation of Physical Forces. He strikes away; a spark falls. It is the transformation of motion into heat. His peroration, his coda, his grand winding up of the symphony, is composed of the production of heat and light by the combustion of steel in the oxygen of atmospheric air, the combustion of the organic tissue of the tinder favoured by the oxygen of the azotate, the decomposition of the azotate, the disengagement of oxide of azote, and the formation of water, carbonic acid, and carbonate of potash. Who would have thought that a tinder-box contained all this? It is evident that, in a scientific point of view, flint and steel have no reason to envy phosphoric lucifers, while in other respects they are greatly their superiors; the tinder-box poisons nobody, and sets fire to nobody's house.

At the mention of suppressing lucifer matches, it may be remarked, for the hundredth time, that if we once begin to suppress everything that may possibly prove injurious, we shall have to proscribe almost everything which is subservient to our daily wants; such as knives, coal, wine, spirituous liquors, and kitchen fires, to which may be added the upper stories of dwelling-houses, seeing that people may kill themselves therefrom by jumping out of the window — and also wells, because you may drown yourself therein, purposely or accidentally. But the objection may be refuted in half a word: there are some things which offer more advantages than dangers; others, on the contrary, offer more dangers than advantages. Lucifers are in the latter case; consequently, they ought to be got rid of.

How? Our Gallic allies propose to do it by a coup d'état, through the agency of the imperial government. It is clear that so long as "allumettes chimiques" are made by their present makers, and sold at their present prices, no consideration, advice, or prohibition will be in the least available to check their use. Now, in France, there are articles—videlicet, tobacco and gunpowder—of which the government has the exclusive monopoly, deriving from them a considerable revenue. The state alone is allowed to manufacture them, and sells them at its own prices, having no rival or competitor. There can be no snuff-mill erected in the next street, no powder-mill built on the neighbouring heath, to affect either article in the market. Any private enterprise of the kind is contrary to law, and would be put down as instantly and as severely as an establishment for the coining of bad money, or the forging of bank-notes. The French government is, therefore, prayed to include allumettes chimiques amongst its monopolies, to manufacture them exclusively, and to sell them by its own agents, of which it has a complete and organised body dispersed over the whole surface of the empire, in the shape of the Débits de Tabac, or tobacco-shops, which are government appointments, wide-spread objects of patronage, given, in the majority of cases, to

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the widows of military men. Only the other day, a batch of colonels' relicts were promoted to tobacco-shops that brought in from one to two hundred sterling per annum; whilst lone ladies of lower rank were provided for in less productive establishments. If it be thought that the state has plenty to do without entering into this new line of business, there still remains the easy expedient of imposing a new and heavy tax.

It is urged that the evil complained of lies, not so much in the use of lucifers, as in their abuse; in the prodigality with which everybody employs and wastes them, in consequence of their extreme cheapness. Practically, one lucifer, half a dozen lucifers, is of no money value whatever. An instantaneous light is a good, a convenient thing to have—sometimes a thing of urgent necessity. There is no reason why it should not be obtainable by prudent persons, who light, perhaps, not more than five or six matches a week, while there is great reason why it should not be come-at-able by careless fellows, who will burn you a box or more per day, to light their pipes. If every box cost five shillings, for instance, it is probable that lucifers would be used with a very different degree of economy to what they are now. They would, at least, be kept out of the way of children. But, without fixing so high a price, which might interfere with the utilitarian use of lucifers, if a box cost only a shilling, only sixpence, the prudential result would be obtained; private economy would become the guardian of public safety.

Any similar check on the abuse of lucifers must be worked out in England by different means. We do not abuse lucifers so much as the French; still we do abuse them a little. Also, we have more need of lucifers than the French, in aid of our daily household requirements. In France, where very little coal is burnt, but a great deal of turf and wood, a light is obtainable at many hours when it is not so with us, by means of an ordinary brimstone match. On retiring to rest, fires are not put out; but are covered with the ashes, which are allowed to accumulate from week to week. The heat thus retained is generally sufficient to light a fire next morning without further aid except a little blowing, and consequently more than sufficient to ignite a common match tipped with sulphur only.

As to the imposition of a new tax: the state, in any case, must have money to oil its machinery and keep it going; the lucifer tax might help to relieve the nation from some more objectionable impost, which it would not be difficult to indicate. What mother would complain of a tax which kept such terrible toys out of her children's hands? What householder would grumble at paying a premium which would be the most efficient of all fire insurances? In any case the subject merits serious consideration. Neither persons nor property ought to remain at the unlimited mercy of a material so dangerous in malevolent hands, and which, by the merest negligence, may produce such dreadful consequences.

To save us from falling back on the venerable tinder-box of our forefathers, two French gentlemen, Messieurs Devilliers and Dalemagne, have invented a harmless match, to which they have given the fanciful name of "Allumettes Androgynes," or Androgynous Matches. They have yielded to the public in France their privileges as patentees, but not to the public of foreign countries. These matches are tipped at each end with a different composition; you break the match in two, about one-third of its length from the end which *does not* light; you rub the two opposite tips together; and fire is the result. They have the advantage of not being inflammable without the concourse of the human will; in other words, the match does not light unless people know how to make use of it, in which case it is inflamed instantaneously all by itself, without the aid of any foreign body. It is easily lighted; you may do it with your hands behind you. It offers no danger of poisoning; it does not expose the maker to the sad malady of necrosis or decay of the bone, since the old form of phosphorus does not enter into its composition. It is prepared very rapidly, by a cold process, without employing any combustible, which is a great safeguard against fire or explosion; and lastly, it is made so cheaply, that any intelligent workman with a capital of eight or ten shillings may set up in France as a manufacturer of the androgynous match. Unfortunately, there is a little dispute as to whether red phosphorus is open to the public. The Messrs. Coignet (Brothers) and Company protest to the contrary, asserting that they are the proprietors of a patent for the transformation of white into amorphous phosphorus.

An association of partners, calling themselves La Compagnie Générale, have manufactured matches which have the advantage of containing neither phosphorus nor other poison, but which, till lately, were open to the reproach of missing fire nine times out of ten. At present they are so much improved, that they light nearly as easily as lucifers. There are, therefore, now in existence five sorts of instantaneous lights: common lucifers, or allumettes chimiques; lucifers made red with phosphorus; androgynous matches; matches with a red-phosphorus grater or rubbing-plate; and the non-poisonous matches of the General Company. The first are incontestably the best, but they are so dangerous that their use is scarcely to be further tolerated unless they are subjected to some administrative precautionary measure. All the matches tipped with a chemical paste light more or less readily according to the hygrometrical state of the air; many a match which is easily ignited when the weather is dry, is inferior to flint and steel when the atmosphere is loaded with moisture. It is a great pity that the tinder-box is not enforced by the army and navy regulations in barracks and on board ship. As soon as the tinder-box is established as an institution, accidents from

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fire and intemperance in smoking disappear. Smoking is good, but too much of anything is decidedly bad.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AMONG THE BUILDINGS.

The residence of your Eye-witness is at the end of a certain row of stuccoed houses in the parish of Marylebone, and in the postal district N.W. The row is entitled and called Lumbago-terrace; but the house is not in a line with the other houses in Lumbago-terrace. It is situated at the eastern extremity of that stronghold of miasma, and projects from the other clammy and exudacious tenements, thus:—Lumbago-terrace is a fine specimen of the architecture of Corinth, as adapted to the necessities of our age and habits. It is well known that the great glare and blaze of sunlight, to which in this country we are perpetually subject, and which dazzles and scorches the inhabitants of our island during the greater portion of the year, is the only drawback of our climate, and the only feature of it which it is necessary to guard against. The architect of Lumbago-terrace, deeply initiated in his subject (as is indeed the case with all his fraternity), and being a profound and original thinker, only considering what is sensible and convenient, and not trammelled by conventional rules (in which respect, also, he resembles the other members of his profession), this gentleman, when he "threw up" the great Corinthian façade in the centre of Lumbago-terrace, found that he had only succeeded in darkening the four centre houses of the row, and that the others, unless he could think of some mode of averting so terrible a calamity, stood a fair chance of having the light of heaven admitted into their drawing and dining rooms. This discovery cost the ingenious Mr. Slack many sleepless nights, and his friends observed—though they did not know the cause—that a cloud was upon his sprightly soul.

But one day when Slack had entertained a numerous circle of acquaintances and friends at dinner, it happened that towards the conclusion of the meal—during which he had been unusually silent—the conversation turned upon a certain Grecian temple which one of the company, Sir Benjamin Bigg, a great authority on bells, had recently visited in his travels, and which he described as being composed of a central block, completely shaded from the Grecian sun by a portico. "Aha," said Mr. Slack, "this is like Lumbago-terrace."

"Nor," continued Sir Benjamin, "is this all. This great block of masonry would have been monotonous had it continued in a straight line, and a portico—however large it may be—will only overshadow a certain portion of the building. Now mark the ingenuity of our great Grecian architect—what does he do? He takes back the line of his wings, buries them in a recess behind the great central mass before spoken of, and then throws forward a couple of massive corner buildings at either end of the pile; themselves kept from the glare by that main pile itself, and immensely helping in their turn to overshadow the receding portions of the wings which I have already described."

When Sir Benjamin leaned back in his chair after giving this lucid description—which he had illustrated by a diagram drawn with his thumb-nail on the tablecloth—it was observed by the company that a great change came over the demeanour of Slack. Rising from his chair and smiling faintly, he asked permission to retire for a few minutes to his study, from which place he emerged one hour afterwards, bearing in his hand the plan of Lumbago-terrace as it at present stands; a close imitation of the thumb-nail diagram of Sir Benjamin Bigg. It was exhibited to the company and applauded to the echo by all present, except, indeed, one gentleman, who in the frenzied stupidity of his soul, or perhaps under the influence of too much wine, inquired whether a building might not be very admirably adapted to the hot climate and perpetual sunlight of Greece, and yet not be perfectly suited to the peculiar exigencies of Marylebone? This lunatic was, however, promptly put to silence, and was snubbed and discountenanced by the enlightened assembly.

Some such principle must have been acted upon in the designing of the different terraces which surround the Regent's Park. The Grecian taste which succeeded the Roman in this country was at its height in the time of that dire Regency, and consequently Grecian pediments, Corinthian capitals, and statues after the antique models, are to be found in the Regent's Park. There is, indeed, one terrace nearly allied to that of Lumbago, in which the genius of the architect seems to have come out, in the invention of a wholly new and original style, such as in the annals of building has never been known before, and concerning which there seems reason to entertain a frisky and joyous hope that it may never be known again. It was our hint to speak in the last number in high terms of the cupola, or dome, which roofs so nobly the cathedral of St. Paul; also, of a small version of this same cupola as it appears on the National Gallery, and on the London University. What words are left to us in which to treat of such a phenomenon as a terrace of dwelling-houses ornamented with little cupolæ or domes, out of the top of each of which grows that last resource of decorative ingenuity, a spike? This terrace is an exception to the Grecian character of the rest of the Regent's Park, and is hideous enough to make it surprising that it has not been copied elsewhere.

That stucco, if it is a necessity, is a very dreary one! It has a chill and cheap appearance. It will peel off in bulgy blisters, and will turn green, and in either of these conditions it presents a gloomy and ruinous appearance, suggestive at once of insolvency and rheumatism. The Regency was a great period of revival in the history of stucco, and in the park and street named in commemoration of the reign of George the Regent, this peculiar kind of compo is in its

glory. What visions of dwarf magnificence of cheap and cracking splendour, of unsupported sponginess and crumbling insecurity, rise up before the mind that recals that thoroughfare from Waterloo-place to Langham Church: a triumph of littleness, of base and misplaced economy! The great thoroughfare, a mile or so long, is a standing monument of warning against a half-done work. It is a warning against compromise, and against a fearful acceptance. Whatever we accept at all we should accept thoroughly, boldly, and with all that it involves. This truth is more important than it seems, and there are other things at stake in connexion with it besides the beauty and stability of our town. To accept a great scheme, but to stunt and clip it in its development, is a timid and miserable weakness, yet one into which we in this country are very apt to fall. An enormous outlay, consistently, unflinchingly, but judiciously disbursed, is the way to secure enormous repayment. A timid outlay, a half-liberality, is always extravagant and unremunerative. But it will be asked what are you to do if you have not the means of making this great venture, and of carrying the splendid design splendidly out? The answer is a simple one. It is the history of many of the greatest achievements which the world has known—Persist. Adopt the plan, carry out as much of it as you can carry out perfectly, and go on adding to it as your means allow. Or, if the thing to be performed must of necessity be done quickly, then it is necessary to make a great sacrifice of means at once, holding on till the repayment comes, or else to do as great traders do—mortgage the future, and become hampered with a temporary loan in the full confidence of an ultimate triumph.

Comparison, though odious, is the surest of tests—nay, perhaps it is because of its sureness in that capacity that it *is* odious. Let any one remember his first walk down Regent-street after a return from Paris, and he will at once see how far the English thoroughfare is from being what it ought to be. Nay, compare this street with some recently built, or some portions of those recently built, in the City. This business-like part of our capital furnishes an example in this respect to the gay West-end.

The splendour of a street depends greatly on height in the houses of which it is composed. Nay, what is more remarkable yet, a street bordered by low houses will not look even so *wide*, as one of the same breadth whose houses are high. A large room which is lofty, will look larger than a room the same size which has a low ceiling; and a tall man who is very stout as well as tall, will look taller than a man of the same height who is thin. The immense houses in Cannon-street by no means narrow that thoroughfare, but, on the contrary, add to its spaciousness of appearance, and seem, strangely enough, to afford a breathing space of greater magnitude than is afforded by the dwarfed habitations in Regent-street. The tall houses seem to fetch down, and enclose for your use, a larger space of air than the short ones do. You take no account of the air above the house-tops.

In reviewing the past history, the present condition, and the future prospects, of what may be called the domestic architecture of our town, it is impossible not to be struck with the conviction of a dire decline, and a recent revival of taste. The old specimens which still remain in different parts of our town—we should have many more but for that fatal fire—the old gabled houses of the Elizabethan time, projecting forward story by story to the top of the house, are picturesque and delightful. In the time which succeeded—the Whitehall period—there is still infinite satisfaction to be derived from the grey stone buildings, ornamented with stone garlands, or sometimes even with palms of glory tied together by the handles. There is a certain mansion so decorated, facing the Green Park, and next on the north side to the palace of the Earl of Ellesmere. The palms lie underneath a circular window in the middle of the pediment; the whole effect of which arrangement is admirable, as is indeed everything about that house, with its stone pillars, its terrace with balustrades, and—most attractive of all decorations—its atmosphere of past associations gathering before it and beautifying its every stone. Let any one turn his back for a moment on this building, and look across at Buckingham Palace, and he will see that mere size is not alone and in itself impressive. There are such houses as this Green Park mansion, in nooks and corners about London, that you light upon by chance after a thirty years' residence in the town. At the bottom of Davies-street, and not many yards from the Berkeley-square end of Mount-street, there is one of these out-of-the-way houses, of a period probably just after that last named, and which is called Bourdon House. For a compact and jovial little lump of masonry, this quaint mansion, with its red-brick facings, its high roof, and its little enclosed court-yard of trees, has hardly its equal anywhere.

In the time of Anne, and afterwards, when the rows of red-brick houses, with white sashes to the windows which are flush with the wall, prevailed, there was still a comfortable and solid look about the streets which was pleasant to the eye. Such rows of houses are to be seen in Queen-square, Bloomsbury; in King's Bench-walk, Temple; and in many other localities. If destitute of pretension to beauty, they are still pleasant to look at, and infinitely refreshing in comparison with the race of uncharacteristic tenements which succeeded them, and with a consideration of which this paper began.

It is a pleasant thing to know that we are now, architecturally speaking, in a hopeful way; not only in the matter of Public Buildings, but in the generally improved taste which shows itself here and there in individual houses, and which tells us plainly that were our town to build again, we should have no more such streets as Regent-street, no more such squares as Trafalgar-square.

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The new buildings in the City, to which allusion has been made, go far to prove this. The London Restaurant at the corner of Chancery-lane is a good specimen of them, and is in every way a fine and handsome edifice. The silver plate warehouse on Cornhill, too, is in itself a really handsome building. The National Discount Company's Office in the same street, the New Central Telegraph Station opposite the Exchange, the new offices and houses in Mincing-lane, and some in Fenchurch-street—all these, and many more, give unmistakable signs of a move in the right direction even when there is something left to be desired in the matter of taste. But perhaps the most successful of all these City efforts at improved architecture is to be found in Bridge-street, Blackfriars, at the Crown Life Office. Allowing for the mediæval treatment which has been adopted, and which prevents it from being a perfect example of the manner of our own day, this house may be considered an almost perfect specimen of its kind.

Nor is the movement which has taken place in the City, and which makes it bid fair to become a city of palaces in due time, altogether unrepresented at the West-end also. Besides the splendour of some of the new buildings about New Kensington, and Palace Gardens; besides our more recent clubs, some of which, and the Carlton especially, are very good—the Carlton would be nearly faultless, but for the incongruity between the polished marble columns and the rough stone-work at the door, which looks as if it were placed there to tear the coat-tails of the members as they go in and out—besides such mansions as that recently completed for Mr. Holford in Park-lane, and which, with all its splendour, by-the-by, does not give one half the pleasure which the neighbouring house belonging to Lord Ward affords to the passer-by—besides all these, there are other and still more recent evidences of an awakening of improved taste in our London builders. Before the late revivals in taste, such a house as that situated at No. 114, Piccadilly, could never have been built. Its richness of ornament, its Gothic windows, and the striking effect of the black marble introduced about them, are remarkable and beautiful, and but for the want of anything suggestive of our own day, would be perfectly satisfactory.

The improvement needed, however, is on a larger scale; and certain attempts at a decorative style conducted at a less costly rate of expenditure, are publicly of greater value and importance. At the corner of Duke-street and Buckingham-street, Adelphi, there is a house which, made of cheap materials arranged in a fashion which is picturesque and agreeable, is in every way an interesting and important essay. There are other such buildings in Southampton-street, Strand, and in Endell-street. In these houses, coloured and decorated tiles have been introduced with admirable effect, lighting up the whole structure, and setting smoke and dirt at defiance by reason of their glazed surface, from which every speck is washed away by the first shower of rain. The defect of these houses seems to be a certain hot and foxy colour, which is attributable to the combination of occasional red bricks with the yellowish brown ones. There is a white or stone-coloured brick now in use—used in the new buildings in the City, and in some of the recent West-end improvements, as in the houses just completed in South Audley-street—which has a much more agreeable colour than the ordinary West Drayton brick, and which, with the addition of stone copings, or even of such tiles as those used in the Adelphi house, would be very pleasant and cheerful in its effect. These stone-coloured bricks require something to break their monotony. The effect of a red-brick house pointed with stone-coloured mortar is, as we all know, very good; why not reverse this, and try a house of stone-coloured bricks with mortar stained of a red tint? Supposing this to be impossible, the introduction of some red bricks among the grey, or, as has been said just now, of real stone copings, or decorated tiles, is very agreeable. The superiority of the light-coloured bricks to stucco is in every way great: as they are, to begin with, of a pleasanter tint, and are a real thing, while the other is a counterfeit.

Would it be impossible to use a kind of glazed tiles, or bricks, with their external side glazed, for the main surfaces of a house? The advantage gained in a town like London would be enormous. Dirt would be slow to lodge on such a surface, and, supposing it had lodged there, a shower of rain would cleanse the whole house. Surely such an experiment would be worth trying.

It is impossible to deny that the appearance of the outsides of the houses which you pass in the course of your walk, has a considerable effect on the animal spirits, and that he who really takes pains with the external part of his place of abode to make it look cheerful and pretty, is conferring a benefit on society at large. Much may be done in this way by a judicious breaking up of the house front with verandahs, jalousies, and Venetian blinds; nay, the pattern of your muslin curtains as they show through the plate-glass, the flowers philanthropically placed in the windows, the broad plate of brass on which the half-blinds of your bedrooms run, all these things contribute to make the house look delightful, and to convey a good impression of you—its unknown proprietor—to the passer-by. There is a certain house in Berkeley-street, the thoroughfare which leads from Piccadilly to Berkeley-square, which surely few of us ever pass without a sensation of pleasure. It is the last house next to the stables which occupy the larger portion of the street in question, and having no architectural pretensions, is a triumph of what may be done with almost any habitation, by means of balconies, plate-glass, bright paint, and here and there a touch of gilding.

Let us hope that we shall lose no more opportunities of improving London. We have already missed some grand chances. What a chance was lost when the thoroughfare which used to go by the name of the New-road was allowed to fall into the hands of unrestricted builders,

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who did as they pleased with the valuable ground which borders that line of road! A great and important means of communication between the City and the western extrmeity of London, situated at a convenient distance from the centre of the town and its public offices, accessible to the fresh air which comes down with little interruption from Hampstead and Highgate, this site was one possessed of peculiar advantages, and, bordered on either side by trees and houses set back in gardens away from the noises of the Road, might have been one of the most attractive places of residence in London, and, at the same time, a splendid feature in our capital. But to have organised such a Boulevard, it is necessary that the whole arrangement should have been under wise superintendence and restrictions. The buildings which line either side of the New-road have sprung up by degrees, have been built by different contractors, at different times, and on different scales of expenditure. Let us follow the history of this thoroughfare from the beginning.

The New-road does, in the course of its career, play many parts. Starting in life, at the Finsbury extremity, as a prosperous tradesman, it very soon, on getting through a certain turnpike-gate which separates it from the City, seems to pass in some way the bounds of the respectable, and deteriorates sadly. It becomes a stick-vendor, an apple-stall proprietor, a potato-can holder, a sixpenny photograph purveyor, and is pervaded generally by a hand-to-mouth character which is anything but prepossessing. At this point of his career, too, certain tavern-haunting propensities are conspicuous, and Eagle Taverns, Grecian Saloons, and Jacob's Wells (which are not filled with water), at once account for, and prey upon, his poverty. Emerging at length from this degraded condition, our friend has—as will happen to those who fall into low habits—for some time an up-hill career of it. He makes tremendous efforts at respectability, pretends a fondness for water drinking, assumes a spurious benevolence in surrounding himself with infirmaries—always for some specially unpleasant form of suffering—builds Penitentiaries, and a Dissenting Chapel or two. It will not do, however, and when he has been at this sort of thing for some time, he suddenly finds that he is going down hill very fast, and that it is necessary that something should be done to keep him on the road at all. He enters accordingly on all sorts of lucrative, but squalid, undertakings; lends himself to chandlery; goes in more than ever for photography, in which he has always been more or less concerned; makes fresh arrangements with omnibus companies; sets up as a clothier on Battle-bridge, painting his name on every wall and gate within twenty miles of London, and exhibiting pendent mechanics' suits of moleskin clothing, to entrap the engineers and stokers from the neighbouring railway. There is no end to his energy and to the struggles he makes at this particular time, or to the success which might have attended him if he had gone on. But it is not in his nature. The worst part of his character is, that as soon as he has got a little money together he *will* always retire and play the gentleman. This he does, immediately after displaying the commercial spirit just mentioned, and, beyond some dealings with Morison's pills, an occasional transaction in dentistry, a certain amount of photographic performance, and some small dealings in the tobacco line, he may be said to live for a while quite in retirement. Whether it is that these means of living are more lucrative than they appear, it is not easy to say, but he suddenly builds a church, richly ornamented with caryatides, and retires into a handsome square. Here, one would think, might naturally come a termination of his career. No such thing; there are all sorts of new trials, new successes, and new failures in store for him. After enjoying his retirement in the Square for some little time, he seems again to become straitened in his resources, or to exceed his income, and once more contracts very much in his ideas and habits. But even this economy, and the arrangement with the omnibus company, which is the only commercial undertaking he has kept up, proving insufficient to bring him round, he is actually—and at a comparatively advanced period in his career—compelled once more to have recourse to business transactions on a large and varied scale. It is melancholy to see him obliged, at this advanced age, to struggle like a mere beginner. He sets up more photographic establishments than ever. He goes into small ways of business, as well as large. He sells zinc baths, and distorted chimneys, at the same time that he purveys fried fish, sweetmeats, and confectionary plums; he lets out ladders, so tall that the tops of them are quite dim, for hire; he keeps coffee-shops, with gigantic teapots and symmetrical chops in the window; he enters into relations with other roads communicating with other parts of the town and with Hampstead; he mixes his commerce (having always a philanthropic turn) with soup kitchens, and does a good deal also in the tavern business, for which he has from time to time frequently manifested a considerable liking. There is no end to our friend's efforts at this particular time of his life, and, from a menagerie where you can get a silver pheasant, to a confectioner's shop where you can solace yourself with a penny ice, there is nothing that he does not provide you with. Nor does he hesitate to break forth into new exertions in the stone-masonry line. He lays himself out to captivate, with stone lions, with copies of the antique in the same material, with griffins, shepherdesses, and drinking-fountains. Nor is the cemeterial part of this exhilarating line of business lost sight of, but, on the contrary, weeping and shivering infants on tombs, broken columns, and polished marble obelisks, are to be found in the wayside studios: not to mention the inverted torch, which would be the aptest emblem of extinguished life that we could have, if it did not happen that when a torch is turned upside down, it usually burns brighter than ever.

The consequence of this tremendous show of

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energy in stone-masonry, and in pastrycook shops kept by poor Italians who sell *meringues* at two a penny,—the consequence of all this perseverance and enterprise soon becomes sufficiently obvious in the unprecedentedly flourishing aspect taken next, by our friend's fortunes. First of all, he builds another church, and then he plunges at once into fashionable life. He makes acquaintances of an aristocratic kind, enlarges his sphere of action to the utmost attainable amount, connects himself with a great national property on the one side, and with the mansions of the nobility (towards which he advances with a graceful curve) on the other; he becomes mixed up with the aristocratic families of Portland, Harley, and Wimpole; and is admitted to association on almost equal terms with those great people; he offers entertainment to the Duke of Brunswick, and then builds another church, dedicated to St. Marie la Bonne, and then a workhouse, with a drinking-fountain in its central wall, to afford hospitality to the paupers, and the relatives who come to visit them. After this point, his long career again gives symptoms of decline. For a time he makes tremendous efforts at respectability, but his views are one-sided, and while his right hand is extended towards the better classes of society, his left is intimately clasped by persons of a lower grade. Philanthropic to the last, the subject of this brief memoir erects an expensive establishment in the bath and wash-house department, a lying-in hospital, and a dispensary, and then, retiring into a very quiet way of life indeed, expires in the Edgeware-road: having previously set up a son and daughter in business on each side of his final resting-place: the son in the shoemaking way on a very large scale indeed: the daughter in the bonnet line, on a scale of even greater splendour and magnificence.

Such is the history of a thoroughfare left to itself. The experiment is hardly satisfactory. It is not, however, contended that every street and every row of houses should be the result of a conceived plan, but only that some of our main and principal thoroughfares should be. There is no harm in occasional irregularity, if each item that contributes to that irregularity be reasonably good in itself. The irregularity of Park-lane constitutes one of its greatest charms, and that of the row of houses which forms the eastern boundary of the Green Park, and one of which has already been specially indicated, is very delightful. Has the reader ever examined that range of buildings? It is quite unique of its kind. One house, set far back, and with an entrance in Albemarle-street, is red-tiled, like an old manor house; another is roofed with green slate, such as that which covers Kensington Palace—the most delightful of roofs. In fact, these old houses are almost all different; alike, only in looking as if they were far out of London, and in possessing such terraced gardens as it delights one to see, and in which ladies and children walk about and amuse themselves, as if the clubs of St. James's-street and the bustle of Piccadilly were a hundred miles away.

It is true, then, that irregularity may be, and is, most desirable, more especially in the dwelling-house department of our domestic architecture; but it is also desirable that in the more central portion of our town, and in some one part of it at least, we should have a great show thoroughfare, characterised by a certain degree of symmetry and uniformity of design.

An opportunity has arrived of reclaiming the reputation of our town; such an opportunity as we have, all things considered, never had before. There is one feature of our capital—a natural, not a made advantage—which might gain for it a nobleness and splendour which would set the rival city across the Channel at defiance. A rushing whirl of mud and sewage, a great tide of defilement and pestilence, the Thames is yet the glory of our town: at once its main beauty and its disfigurement. Who that stands one day —as he may—on the Pont Neuf, and the next on Blackfriars-bridge, will fail to see that, in the first case, the town deserves a better river, and that, in the second, the river deserves a better town? London has grown up like a neglected child, much as it liked, without plan, without restrictions; with here and there (as will happen, too, with the child) a fine quality, an agreeable characteristic, and with one great and noble gift of nature.

A plan has been more than once urged upon the notice of parliament, by Sir Joseph Paxton, for the formation of a line of quays on either side of the Thames, extending from the Houses of Parliament to London-bridge; the requisite ground for the purpose being redeemed from the river by embankment. Here, in the very centre and eye of our town, and in connexion with its finest feature, is an opportunity of erecting a thoroughfare which, in the relief it would afford to the streets at present unendurably crowded, would be eminently useful, and might be so ornamental as to alter the whole character of our town, and win for it, by one bold stroke, a great name for something more than mere size, among the cities of the world.

But, to attain this object, it is necessary to go to work in no careless or slipshod way. It will not do to give a bare permission that the thing may be begun, and to leave it to various hands to work the scheme out after their own plans and in their own fashion. If we are to take the improvement of our river in hand to any purpose, we must do it as every successful thing must be done, heartily: not leaving the elimination of the bright gift—it is dull enough now—to ignorance and carelessness, but looking to it, with no half-attentive energies or sluggish purpose, ourselves.

The Tenth Journey of
THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER,
A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL JOURNEYS,
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Will appear Next Week.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

V.

The story of my first inquiries in Hampshire is soon told.

My early departure from London enabled me to reach Mr. Dawson's house in the forenoon. Our interview, so far as the object of my visit was concerned, led to no satisfactory result. Mr. Dawson's books certainly showed when he had resumed his attendance on Miss Halcombe, at Blackwater Park; but it was not possible to calculate back from this date with any exactness, without such help from Mrs. Michelson as I knew she was unable to afford. She could not say from memory (who, in similar cases, ever can?) how many days had elapsed between the renewal of the doctor's attendance on his patient and the previous departure of Lady Glyde. She was almost certain of having mentioned the circumstance of the departure to Miss Halcombe, on the day after it happened—but then she was no more able to fix the date of the day on which this disclosure took place, than to fix the date of the day before, when Lady Glyde had left for London. Neither could she calculate, with any nearer approach to exactness, the time that had passed from the departure of her mistress, to the period when the undated letter from Madame Fosco arrived. Lastly, as if to complete the series of difficulties, the doctor himself, having been ill at the time, had omitted to make his usual entry of the day of the week and month when the gardener from Blackwater Park has called on him to deliver Mrs. Michelson's message.

Hopeless of obtaining assistance from Mr. Dawson, I resolved to try next if I could establish the date of Sir Percival's arrival at Knowlesbury. It seemed like a fatality! When I reached Knowlesbury the inn was shut up; and bills were posted on the walls. The speculation had been a bad one, as I was informed, ever since the time of the railway. The new hotel at the station had gradually absorbed the business; and the old inn (which we knew to be the inn at which Sir Percival had put up), had been closed about two months since. The proprietor had left the town with all his goods and chattels, and where he had gone I could not positively ascertain from any one. The four people of whom I inquired gave me four different accounts of his plans and projects when he left Knowlesbury.

There were still some hours to spare before the last train left for London; and I drove back again, in a fly from the Knowlesbury station, to Blackwater Park, with the purpose of questioning the gardener and the person who kept the lodge. If they, too, proved unable to assist me, my resources, for the present, were at an end, and I might return to town.

I dismissed the fly a mile distant from the park; and, getting my directions from the driver, proceeded by myself to the house. As I turned into the lane from the high road, I saw a man, with a carpet-bag, walking before me rapidly on the way to the lodge. He was a little man, dressed in shabby black, and wearing a remarkably large hat. I set him down (as well as it was possible to judge) for a lawyer's clerk; and stopped at once to widen the distance between us. He had not heard me; and he walked on out of sight, without looking back. When I passed through the gates myself, a little while afterwards, he was not visible—he had evidently gone on to the house.

There were two women in the lodge. One of them was old; the other, I knew at once, by Marian's description of her, to be Margaret Porcher. I asked first if Sir Percival was at the park; and, receiving a reply in the negative, inquired next when he had left it. Neither of the women could tell me more than that he had gone away in the summer. I could extract nothing from Margaret Porcher but vacant smiles and shakings of the head. The old woman was a little more intelligent; and I managed to lead her into speaking of the manner of Sir Percival's departure, and of the alarm that it caused her. She remembered her master calling her out of bed, and remembered his frightening her by swearing—but the date at which the occurrence happened was, as she honestly acknowledged, "quite beyond her."

On leaving the lodge, I saw the gardener at work not far off. When I first addressed him, he looked at me rather distrustfully; but, on my using Mrs. Michelson's name, with a civil reference to himself, he entered into conversation readily enough. There is no need to describe what passed between us: it ended, as all my other attempts to discover the date had ended. The gardener knew that his master had driven away, at night "some time in July, the last

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fortnight or the last ten days in the month"—and knew no more.

While we were speaking together, I saw the man in black, with the large hat, come out from the house, and stand at some little distance observing us.

Certain suspicions of his errand at Blackwater Park had already crossed my mind. They were now increased by the gardener's inability (or unwillingness) to tell me who the man was; and I determined to clear the way before me, if possible, by speaking to him. The plainest question I could put, as a stranger, would be to inquire if the house was allowed to be shown to visitors. I walked up to the man at once, and accosted him in those words.

His look and manner unmistakably betrayed that he knew who I was, and that he wanted to irritate me into quarrelling with him. His reply was insolent enough to have answered the purpose, if I had been less determined to control myself. As it was, I met him with the most resolute politeness; apologised for my involuntary intrusion (which he called a "trespass"), and left the grounds. It was exactly as I suspected. The recognition of me, when I left Mr. Kyrle's office, had been evidently communicated to Sir Percival Glyde; and the man in black had been sent to the park, in anticipation of my making inquiries at the house, or in the neighbourhood. If I had given him the least chance of lodging any sort of legal complaint against me, the interference of the local magistrate would no doubt have been turned to account, as a clog on my proceedings, and a means of separating me from Marian and Laura for some days at least.

I was prepared to be watched on the way from Blackwater Park to the station, exactly as I had been watched, in London, the day before. But I could not discover at the time, and I have never found out since, whether I was really followed on this occasion or not. The man in black might have had means of tracking me at his disposal of which I was not aware—but I certainly saw nothing of him, in his own person, either on the way to the station, or afterwards on my arrival at the London terminus, in the evening. I reached home, on foot; taking the precaution, before I approached our own door, of walking round by the loneliest street in the neighbourhood, and there stopping and looking back more than once over the open space behind me. I had first learnt to use this stratagem against suspected treachery in the wilds of Central America—and now I was practising it again, with the same purpose and with even greater caution, in the heart of civilised London!

Nothing had happened to alarm Marian during my absence. She asked eagerly what success I had met with. When I told her, she could not conceal her surprise at the indifference with which I spoke of the failure of my investigations, thus far.

The truth was, that the ill-success of my inquiries had in no sense daunted me. I had pursued them as a matter of duty, and I had expected nothing from them. In the state of my mind, at that time, it was almost a relief to me to know that the struggle was now narrowed to a trial of strength between myself and Sir Percival Glyde. The vindictive motive had mingled itself, all along, with my other and better motives; and I confess it was a satisfaction to me to feel that the surest way—the only way left—of serving Laura's cause, was to fasten my hold firmly on the villain who had married her. I acknowledge that I was not strong enough to keep my motives above the reach of this instinct of revenge. But I can honestly say that no base speculation on the future relations of Laura and myself, and on the private and personal concessions which I might force from Sir Percival if I once had him at my mercy, ever entered my mind. I never said to myself, "If I do succeed, it shall be one result of my success that I put it out of her husband's power to take her from me again." I could not look at her and think of the future with such thoughts as those. The sad sight of the change in her from her former self, made the one interest of my love an interest of tenderness and compassion, which her father or her brother might have felt, and which I felt, God knows, in my inmost heart. All my hopes looked no farther on, now, than to the day of her recovery. There, till she was strong again and happy again—there, till she could look at me as she had once looked, and speak to me as she had once spoken—the future of my happiest thoughts and my dearest wishes ended.

These words are written under no prompting of idle self-contemplation. Passages in this narrative are soon to come, which will set the minds of others in judgment on my conduct. It is right that the best and the worst of me should be fairly balanced, before that time.

On the morning after my return from Hampshire, I took Marian up-stairs into my working-room; and there laid before her the plan that I had matured, thus far, for mastering the one assailable point in the life of Sir Percival Glyde.

The way to the Secret lay through the mystery, hitherto impenetrable to all of us, of the woman in white. The approach to that, in its turn, might be gained by obtaining the assistance of Anne Catherick's mother; and the only ascertainable means of prevailing on Mrs. Catherick to act or to speak in the matter, depended on the chance of my discovering local particulars and family particulars, first of all, from Mrs. Clements. I had thought the subject over carefully; and I felt certain that the new inquiries could only begin, to any purpose, by my placing myself in communication with the faithful friend and protectress of Anne Catherick.

The first difficulty, then, was to find Mrs. Clements.

I was indebted to Marian's quick perception for meeting this necessity at once by the best and simplest means. She proposed to write to the farm near Limmeridge (Todd's Corner), to inquire whether Mrs. Clements had communicated with Mrs. Todd during the past

few months. How Mrs. Clements had been separated from Anne, it was impossible for us to say; but that separation once effected, it would certainly occur to Mrs. Clements to inquire after the missing woman in the neighbourhood of all others to which she was known to be most attached—the neighbourhood of Limmeridge. I saw directly that Marian's proposal offered us a prospect of success; and she wrote to Mrs. Todd accordingly by that day's post.

While we were waiting for the reply, I made myself master of all the information Marian could afford on the subject of Sir Percival's family, and of his early life. She could only speak on these topics from hearsay; but she was reasonably certain of the truth of what little she had to tell.

Sir Percival was an only child. His father, Sir Felix Glyde, had suffered, from his birth, under a painful and incurable deformity, and had shunned all society from his earliest years. His sole happiness was in the enjoyment of music; and he had married a lady with tastes similar to his own, who was said to be a most accomplished musician. He inherited the Blackwater property while still a young man. Neither he nor his wife, after taking possession, made advances of any sort towards the society of the neighbourhood; and no one endeavoured to tempt them into abandoning their reserve, with the one disastrous exception of the rector of the parish.

The rector was the worst of all innocent mischief-makers—an over-zealous man. He had heard that Sir Felix had left College with the character of being little better than a revolutionist in politics and an infidel in religion; and he arrived conscientiously at the conclusion that it was his bounden duty to summon the lord of the manor to hear sound views enunciated in the parish church. Sir Felix fiercely resented the clergyman's well-meant but ill-directed interference; insulting him so grossly and so publicly, that the families in the neighbourhood sent letters of indignant remonstrance to the park; and even the tenants on the Blackwater property expressed their opinion as strongly as they dared. The baronet, who had no country tastes of any kind, and no attachment to the estate, or to any one living on it, declared that society at Blackwater should never have a second chance of annoying him; and left the place from that moment. After a short residence in London, he and his wife departed for the Continent; and never returned to England again. They lived part of the time in France, and part in Germany—always keeping themselves in the strict retirement which the morbid sense of his own personal deformity had made a necessity to Sir Felix. Their son, Percival, had been born abroad, and had been educated there by private tutors. His mother was the first of his parents whom he lost. His father had died a few years after her, either in 1825 or 1826. Sir Percival had been in England, as a young man, once or twice before that period; but his acquaintance with the late Mr. Fairlie did not begin till after the time of his father's death. They soon became very intimate, although Sir Percival was seldom, or never, at Limmeridge House in those days. Mr. Frederick Fairlie might have met him once or twice in Mr. Philip Fairlie's company; but he could have known little of him at that or at any other time. Sir Percival's only intimate friend in the Fairlie family had been Laura's father.

These were all the particulars that I could gain from Marian. They suggested nothing which was useful to my present purpose; but I noted them down carefully, in the event of their proving to be of importance at any future period.

Mrs. Todd's reply (addressed, by our own wish, to a post-office at some distance from us) had arrived at its destination when I went to apply for it. The chances, which had been all against us, hitherto, turned, from this moment, in our favour. Mrs. Todd's letter contained the first item of information of which we were in search.

Mrs. Clements, it appeared, had (as we had conjectured) written to Todd's Corner; asking pardon, in the first place, for the abrupt manner in which she and Anne had left their friends at the farm-house (on the morning after I had met the woman in white in Limmeridge churchyard); and then informing Mrs. Todd of Anne's disappearance, and entreating that she would cause inquiries to be made in the neighbourhood, on the chance that the lost woman might have strayed back to Limmeridge. In making this request, Mrs. Clements had been careful to add to it the address at which she might always be heard of; and that address Mrs. Todd now transmitted to Marian. It was in London; and within half an hour's walk of our own lodging.

In the words of the proverb, I was resolved not to let the grass grow under my feet. The next morning, I set forth to seek an interview with Mrs. Clements. This was my first step forward in the investigation. The story of the desperate attempt to which I now stood committed, begins here.

VI.

The address communicated by Mrs. Todd took me to a lodging-house situated in a respectable street near the Gray's Inn-road.

When I knocked, the door was opened by Mrs. Clements herself. She did not appear to remember me; and asked what my business was. I recalled to her our meeting in Limmeridge churchyard, at the close of my interview there with the woman in white; taking special care to remind her that I was the person who assisted Anne Catherick (as Anne had herself declared) to escape the pursuit from the Asylum. This was my only claim to the confidence of Mrs. Clements. She remembered the circumstance the moment I spoke of it; and asked me into the parlour, in the greatest anxiety to know if I had brought her any news of Anne.

It was impossible for me to tell her the whole truth, without, at the same time, entering into particulars on the subject of the conspiracy, which it would have been dangerous to

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confide to a stranger. I could only abstain most carefully from raising any false hopes, and then explain that the object of my visit was to discover the persons who were really responsible for Anne's disappearance. I even added, so as to exonerate myself from any after-reproach of my own conscience, that I entertained not the least hope of being able to trace her; that I believed we should never see her alive again; and that my main interest in the affair was to bring to punishment two men whom I suspected to be concerned in luring her away, and at whose hands I and some dear friends of mine had suffered a grievous wrong. With this explanation, I left it to Mrs. Clements to say whether our interest in the matter (whatever difference there might be in the motives which actuated us) was not the same; and whether she felt any reluctance to forward my object by giving me such information on the subject of my inquiries as she happened to possess.

The poor woman was, at first, too much confused and agitated to understand thoroughly what I said to her. She could only reply that I was welcome to anything she could tell me in return for the kindness I had shown to Anne. But as she was not very quick and ready, at the best of times, in talking to strangers, she would beg me to put her in the right way, and to say where I wished her to begin. Knowing by experience that the plainest narrative attainable from persons who are not accustomed to arrange their ideas, is the narrative which goes far enough back at the beginning to avoid all impediments of retrospection in its course, I asked Mrs. Clements to tell me, first, what had happened after she had left Limmeridge; and so, by watchful questioning, carried her on from point to point till we reached the period of Anne's disappearance.

The substance of the information which I thus obtained, was as follows:

On leaving the farm at Todd's Corner, Mrs. Clements and Anne had travelled, that day, as far as Derby; and had remained there a week, on Anne's account. They had then gone on to London, and had lived in the lodging occupied by Mrs. Clements, at that time, for a month or more, when circumstances connected with the house and the landlord had obliged them to change their quarters. Anne's terror of being discovered in London or its neighbourhood, whenever they ventured to walk out, had gradually communicated itself to Mrs. Clements; and she had determined on removing to one of the most out-of-the-way places in England, to the town of Grimsby in Lincolnshire, where her deceased husband had passed all his early life. His relatives were respectable people settled in the town; they had always treated Mrs. Clements with great kindness; and she thought it impossible to do better than go there, and take the advice of her husband's friends. Anne would not hear of returning to her mother at Welmingham, because she had been removed to the Asylum from that place, and because Sir Percival would be certain to go back there and find her again. There was serious weight in this objection, and Mrs. Clements felt that it was not to be easily removed.

At Grimsby the first serious symptoms of illness had shown themselves in Anne. They appeared soon after the news of Lady Glyde's marriage had been made public in the newspapers, and had reached her through that medium.

The medical man who was sent for to attend the sick woman, discovered at once that she was suffering from a serious affection of the heart. The illness lasted long, left her very weak, and returned, at intervals, though with mitigated severity, again and again. They remained at Grimsby, in consequence, all through the first half of the new year; and there they might probably have stayed much longer, but for the sudden resolution which Anne took, at this time, to venture back to Hampshire, for the purpose of obtaining a private interview with Lady Glyde.

Mrs. Clements did all in her power to oppose the execution of this hazardous and unaccountable project. No explanation of her motives was offered by Anne, except that she believed the day of her death was not far off, and that she had something on her mind which must be communicated to Lady Glyde, at any risk, in secret. Her resolution to accomplish this purpose was so firmly settled, that she declared her intention of going to Hampshire by herself, if Mrs. Clements felt any unwillingness to go with her. The doctor, on being consulted, was of opinion that serious opposition to her wishes would, in all probability, produce another and perhaps a fatal fit of illness; and Mrs. Clements, under this advice, yielded to necessity, and once more, with sad forebodings of trouble and danger to come, allowed Anne Catherick to have her own way.

On the journey from London to Hampshire, Mrs. Clements discovered that one of their fellow-passengers was well acquainted with the neighbourhood of Blackwater, and could give her all the information she needed on the subject of localities. In this way, she found out that the only place they could go to which was not dangerously near to Sir Percival's residence, was a large village, called Sandon. The distance, here, from Blackwater Park was between three and four miles—and that distance, and back again, Anne had walked, on each occasion when she had appeared in the neighbourhood of the lake.

For the few days, during which they were at Sandon without being discovered, they had lived a little away from the village, in the cottage of a decent widow-woman, who had a bedroom to let, and whose discreet silence Mrs. Clements had done her best to secure, for the first week at least. She had also tried hard to induce Anne to be content with writing to Lady Glyde, in the first instance. But the failure of the warning contained in the anonymous letter sent to Limmeridge had made Anne resolute to speak this time, and obstinate in the determination to go on her errand alone.

Mrs. Clements, nevertheless, followed her privately on each occasion when she went to

the lake—without, however, venturing near enough to the boat-house to be witness of what took place there. When Anne returned for the last time from the dangerous neighbourhood, the fatigue of walking, day after day, distances which were far too great for her strength, added to the exhausting effect of the agitation from which she had suffered, produced the result which Mrs. Clements had dreaded all along. The old pain over the heart and the other symptoms of the illness at Grimsby returned; and Anne was confined to her bed in the cottage.

In this emergency, the first necessity, as Mrs. Clements knew by experience, was to endeavour to quiet Anne's anxiety of mind; and, for this purpose, the good woman went herself the next day to the lake, to try if she could find Lady Glyde (who would be sure, as Anne said, to take her daily walk to the boat-house), and prevail on her to come back privately to the cottage near Sandon. On reaching the outskirts of the plantation, Mrs. Clements encountered, not Lady Glyde, but a tall, stout, elderly gentleman with a book in his hand—in other words, Count Fosco.

The Count, after looking at her very attentively for a moment, asked if she expected to see any one in that place; and added, before she could reply, that he was waiting there with a message from Lady Glyde, but that he was not quite certain whether the person then before him answered the description of the person with whom he was desired to communicate. Upon this, Mrs. Clements at once confided her errand to him, and entreated that he would help to allay Anne's anxiety by trusting his message to her. The Count most readily and kindly complied with her request. The message, he said, was a most important one. Lady Glyde entreated Anne and her good friend to return immediately to London, as she felt certain that Sir Percival would discover them, if they remained any longer in the neighbourhood of Blackwater. She was herself going to London in a short time; and if Mrs. Clements and Anne would go there first, and would let her know what their address was, they should hear from her and see her, in a fortnight or less. The Count added, that he had already attempted to give a friendly warning to Anne herself, but that she had been too much startled by seeing that he was a stranger, to let him approach and speak to her.

To this, Mrs. Clements replied, in the greatest alarm and distress, that she asked nothing better than to take Anne safely to London; but that there was no present hope of removing her from the dangerous neighbourhood, as she lay ill in her bed at that moment. The Count inquired if Mrs. Clements had sent for medical advice; and, hearing that she had hitherto hesitated to do so, from the fear of making their position publicly known in the village, informed her that he was himself a medical man, and that he would go back with her, if she pleased, and see what could be done for Anne. Mrs. Clements (feeling a natural confidence in the Count, as a person trusted with a secret message from Lady Glyde) gratefully accepted the offer; and they went back together to the cottage.

Anne was asleep when they got there. The Count started at the sight of her (evidently from astonishment at her resemblance to Lady Glyde). Poor Mrs. Clements supposed that he was only shocked to see how ill she was. He would not allow her to be awakened; he was contented with putting questions to Mrs. Clements about her symptoms, with looking at her, and with lightly touching her pulse. Sandon was a large enough place to have a grocer's and druggist's shop in it; and thither the Count went, to write his prescription and to get the medicine made up. He brought it back himself; and told Mrs. Clements that the medicine was a powerful stimulant, and that it would certainly give Anne strength to get up and bear the fatigue of a journey to London of only a few hours. The remedy was to be administered at stated times, on that day, and on the day after. On the third day she would be well enough to travel; and he arranged to meet Mrs. Clements at the Blackwater station, and to see them off by the mid-day train. If they did not appear, he would assume that Anne was worse, and would proceed at once to the cottage.

As events turned out, however, no such emergency as this occurred. The medicine had an extraordinary effect on Anne, and the good results of it were helped by the assurance Mrs. Clements could now give her that she would soon see Lady Glyde in London. At the appointed day and time (when they had not been quite so long as a week in Hampshire, altogether), they arrived at the station. The Count was waiting there for them, and was talking to an elderly lady, who appeared to be going to travel by the train to London also. He most kindly assisted them, and put them into the carriage himself; begging Mrs. Clements not to forget to send her address to Lady Glyde. The elderly lady did not travel in the same compartment; and they did not notice what became of her on reaching the London terminus. Mrs. Clements secured respectable lodgings in a quiet neighbourhood; and then wrote, as she had engaged to do, to inform Lady Glyde of the address.

A little more than a fortnight passed, and no answer came.

At the end of that time, a lady (the same elderly lady whom they had seen at the station) called in a cab, and said that she came from Lady Glyde, who was then at an hotel in London, and who wished to see Mrs. Clements for the purpose of arranging a future interview with Anne. Mrs. Clements expressed her willingness (Anne being present at the time, and entreating her to do so) to forward the object in view, especially as she was not required to be away from the house for more than half an hour at the most. She and the elderly lady (clearly Madame Fosco) then left in the cab. The lady stopped the cab, after it had driven some distance, at a shop, before they got to the hotel; and begged Mrs. Clements to wait for her for a few minutes, while she made a pur-

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chase that had been forgotten. She never appeared again.

After waiting some time, Mrs. Clements became alarmed, and ordered the cabman to drive back to her lodgings. When she got there, after an absence of rather more than half an hour, Anne was gone.

The only information to be obtained from the people of the house, was derived from the servant who waited on the lodgers. She had opened the door to a boy from the street, who had left a letter for "the young woman who lived on the second floor" (the part of the house which Mrs. Clements occupied). The servant had delivered the letter; had then gone down stairs; and, five minutes afterwards, had observed Anne open the front door, and go out, dressed in her bonnet and shawl. She had probably taken the letter with her; for it was not to be found, and it was therefore impossible to tell what inducement had been offered to make her leave the house. It must have been a strong one—for she would never stir out alone in London of her own accord. If Mrs. Clements had not known this by experience, nothing would have induced her to go away in the cab, even for so short a time as half an hour only.

As soon as she could collect her thoughts, the first idea that naturally occurred to Mrs. Clements, was to go and make inquiries at the Asylum, to which she dreaded that Anne had been taken back.

She went there the next day—having been informed of the locality in which the house was situated by Anne herself. The answer she received (her application having, in all probability, been made a day or two before the false Anne Catherick had really been consigned to safe keeping in the Asylum) was, that no such person had been brought back there. She had then written to Mrs. Catherick, at Welmingham, to know if she had seen or heard anything of her daughter; and had received an answer in the negative. After that reply had reached her, she was at the end of her resources, and perfectly ignorant where else to inquire, or what else to do. From that time to this, she had remained in total ignorance of the cause of Anne's disappearance, and of the end of Anne's story.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Proceeding with that examination of the leading ornamental characteristics of our metropolis which has included its statues, its public buildings, and some of its private houses and shops, we come to a consideration of a certain collection of pictures lodged in one of the public buildings which has been already described (not favourably), and which collection must be looked upon as one of the public decorative features of London.

The British public is long-suffering and patient. It takes, for the most part, what is given to it, and bears what is inflicted on it, with a gentle acquiescence. So long as it is allowed to yawn occasionally, and to change frequently its supporting leg from the right to the left and back again, it will submit to almost any amount of boring that its tormentors think proper to inflict. The public is, in the mass, reverential, and has an implicit confidence—Heaven help it!—in professors. When Professor Conkey tells it that it must go through a collection of ten thousand cases full of shells; when Professor Pradam commands its attention to a similar number of fossils; when Professor Fluffy commands it to contemplate a million or two of moths, every grain of whose down becomes at last a weight of tons upon the spectators' spirits, the public "supposes it is all right," and does as it is bid.

But, O much-enduring and sweet-tempered public! you are none the less taken in and cruelly dealt with. Professor Fudge, known as the Eye-witness, is determined to turn king's evidence upon all other professors, and to implore you to throw their yoke off, to think for yourselves, and to become emancipated once and for ever from a blind allegiance to "collections."

It is pitiful to see how, when a solemn professor—suppose we call him Waghorn—when a solemn Professor Waghorn tells the public he is going to enunciate an opinion, the public "waits for the Waghorn," and believes implicitly. What your Eye-witness has to propose, by way of remedy, is a simple and easily organised arrangement. He proposes that in all collections of scientific and artistic treasures, there shall be two departments: one for the public, containing the things which it gives that public pleasure to see; one for the professors, consisting of all the boring things which it gives the public pain to see; and that for these last, THE PROFESSORS THEMSELVES SHALL PAY.

Now, this question concerning the national collection of pictures in Trafalgar-square being one of considerable importance, your Eye-witness desires to give in his report, rather in the form of legal evidence, than in any less exact manner. He will suppose himself, with the reader's permission, in a witness-box before a Jury, consisting of the whole of his fellow-countrymen; Professor Waghorn, and the ghost of Sir George Beaumont on the bench. The evidence given by the Eye-witness—who mounts the witness-box with a catalogue of the national collection in his hand, and who presents rather a worn appearance (in consequence, probably, of his recent endurances)—is to this effect:

His name is Fudge—David Fudge. His residence is at No. 2, Lumbago-terrace. Has had a long and careful Art-education, and has been engaged, during a great period of his life, in Art-studies. Considers himself, therefore, qualified to give an opinion on matters connected with the Fine Arts. Has been to the National Gallery. Has been recently—yesterday in fact. Thinks there are some very noble pictures in that collection. Thinks, also, that there is a great deal of rubbish. (Shudder through the frame of the

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ghost of Sir George Beaumont.) Thinks the public money has in some cases been judiciously spent in the purchase of pictures. In other cases, thinks it has been wasted in a most monstrous manner. Is of opinion that the only thing that justifies the disbursement of the public money in pictures, is intrinsic merit *in* those pictures. Is also of opinion that the purchase at immense expense of works of art, which are not good specimens of the masters they represent, and which are bought simply because they are *by* those masters, is a mistaken proceeding. Supposing such a thing possible, as that some National Library could only secure a copy of Castle Dangerous with which to represent SIR WALTER SCOTT, or of Titus Andronicus as a specimen of SHAKESPEARE—thinks they would do better to have no specimen of those masters. If Professor Waghorn thinks that is not evidence, and would be glad to know what the witness means, will give as an instance the purchase of a picture called The Adoration of the Magi, said to be by PAUL VERONESE, which is not a good picture, and by no means worth the money expended on it.

The ghost of Sir George Beaumont wishes to know whether Professor Fudge is aiming a blow at the reputation of Paolo Veronese?

Mr. Fudge (resuming his evidence) is of opinion that Paolo Veronese is one of the greatest painters that ever lived, but that the picture alluded to is either a bad one, or a spurious one, and that the authorities who purchased it would have done better to wait; as, indeed, the event has proved, a very fine specimen of this master, The Family of Darius, having since come into the possession of the nation.

Professor Waghorn would like to inquire if there is anything else in which Mr. Smudge would like to impugn the judgment of persons who—or they would not be employed by Government—are infallible.

The witness (remarking in passing that his name is not Smudge but Fudge) deposes that there are a great many more things in which he is at issue with those infallible persons spoken of by Professor Waghorn. Witness finds, on reference to the catalogue which he holds in his hand, that there are in the national collection eleven works by RUBENS, seven of which were purchased with the public money. That of those seven pictures, three only are good for anything: that is to say, the Rape of the Sabines, lucidly described in the catalogue as "a tumultuous group of men and women in violent struggle," the landscape called Rubens's Château, and the Judgment of Paris. The rest, which are poor affairs (shiver from Sir George Beaumont), can only be excused as purchases, if they were inevitable parts of a "lot" which the country wanted.

Professor Waghorn wishes witness to explain himself.

Mr. Fudge will have the greatest pleasure in doing so. What he means may be best shown by an instance. Witness has been present this morning at an auction of general property, at which a nice pair of washing-tubs were put up for sale; witness wished to purchase the washing-tubs for domestic purposes, but found that they were inseparably mixed up with a cockatoo's cage, seven flat-irons, and two carpet-brooms, which he did not require. He accepted, however, these supererogatory appendages because he wanted the tubs, and he supposes, in his fairness, that government may have been obliged to do the like with regard to some of the national pictures. Witness would think that the pictures called respectively, The Triumph of Julius Cæsar, The Horrors of War, and The Apotheosis of William the Taciturn, must have come into the possession of this unfortunate country under some such circumstances.

Professor Waghorn has a distinct recollection of the two first of these magnificent works, but would be obliged if the witness could refresh his memory with regard to the last.

The Apotheosis of William the Taciturn, the witness continues, is a picture representing a gentleman going up to Heaven in a cuirass and jack-boots, assisted by numerous angels, who look heavy enough to require some aid themselves in getting off the ground, and one of whom has a helmet on. A disagreeable-looking man, who probably found the Silent William a congenial companion, is trying to hold him down to earth, while a strange, and hitherto unknown animal, compounded of a lioness, a mastiff, and a bull-calf, is kicking up his heels below in evident joy at William's removal from a sphere where he contributed so little to the general satisfaction of society.

Sir George Beaumont begs to inquire whether Mr. Fudge is aware that, in objecting to certain purchases of pictures by PETER PAUL RUBENS, he has uttered an implied censure on the judgment of those persons who bought the glorious picture called "The Brazen Serpent"?

Mr. Fudge is perfectly aware that he has implied such a censure. He thinks that that picture does not justify the outlay of the Public Money by the Trustees of the National Gallery, at a time when they were possessed of such good specimens of the master as are to be found in the Rape of the Sabines, and the magnificent landscape of Rubens's Château, presented by one of the gentlemen he sees before him on that bench. Sir George Beaumont rises, and bows, and remarks that he is glad Mr. Fudge can appreciate *that* work at any rate. After which the witness goes on to say that the warning afforded by the collection at the Louvre, in Paris, should make any nation careful how they overwhelmed themselves with pictures by the distinguished artist whose works were under discussion.

Dr. Waghorn inquires whether witness has anything else to object to?

Mr. Fudge replies that he has a great deal; that he has only, in fact, just begun objecting. He objects to a couple of pictures by Guido, one, of Susannah assaulted by two mahogany Elders; the other, of a mahogany Lot and two Daughters. He also objects to a vile Magdalen by

the same artist. He considers it a wanton waste of the national money to have spent it in those works; especially when the country is already in possession of the picture of Perseus and Andromeda, presented by William IV.

Professor Waghorn inquiring if Mr. Fudge has done insulting the memory of Guido? the Eye-witness replies that he has done for the present, as he finds that the other works by this master in the gallery, including a daub called the Ecce Homo, another daub, entitled The Coronation of the Virgin, and a third of a depressing nature, representing St. Jerome usefully employed in hammering his breast with a stone, came into the possession of the country by gift or bequest.

Sir George Beaumont is understood at this juncture to murmur a request that he may be removed and decent interment accorded to him. (Evidence resumed.)

Mr. Fudge finds, on reference to the catalogue, that two pictures under the name of Titian, numbered 224 and 635, were purchased, the first in the year 1852, the second in this present 1860. He considers that neither of these works was wanted, and that a collection in which the splendid picture of Bacchus and Ariadne is to be found, does not stand in need of such an addition as the very indifferent performance now placed next to it. Such purchases as these were again an inexcusable waste of the public money.

Dr. Waghorn remarks, that perhaps Mr. Fudge objects to the portrait of Ariosto, by the master some of whose works he has presumed to disparage?

The Eye-witness replies, that he considers the portrait of Ariosto by TITIAN, which has just been added to the collection, to be one of the most remarkable and interesting pictures in the National Gallery. The acquiring of such a work might possibly justify the purchase of those pictures, which were inevitable parts of the same "lot." If this excuse were offered, witness would allow it, but it would not justify the authorities in keeping such unwelcome parts of their bargain. If any pictures were obliged to be purchased under such circumstances, the unwelcome parts of the "lot" should be resold, or, if nobody could be found to buy them, should be put away, and hidden from human eyes.

A Juryman—Why?

Witness—Because the presence of bad pictures among good, impairs very seriously the aspect of the whole collection, and by adding to the number of objects which solicit the eye, fatigues the visitor to the gallery, and confuses him in an unnecessary degree.

Professor Waghorn at this point interposed, and said that he thought the manner of arranging his evidence which Professor Fudge had adopted, was likely to lead to confusion, and that it would be better if he took a chronological view of the different art purchases made by the committee, and examined the additions to the national collection which had been effected each succeeding year.

The Eye-witness had no objection to such an arrangement. There was no occasion to revert to some of the earlier purchases which had been already alluded to. The ANGERSTEIN Gallery formed the nucleus of the collection; it was unnecessary to criticise it. In the year 1825, succeeding that of the opening of the National Gallery at Mr. Angerstein's house, a bad CORREGGIO of a Holy Family was added to the collection. It is separated from other similar subjects in the catalogue description by the distinction of a "toilet basket" in the foreground, but as the only discernible contents of the said basket are some enormous gardening shears, there seems reason to doubt the propriety of this description, as there certainly is the judiciousness of the purchase. A picture by ANNIBALE CARACCI, a magnificent TITIAN, of Bacchus and Ariadne, and a group of Bacchanalian Miscreants dancing, a good specimen of NICOLO POUSSIN, came into the possession of the country; and in 1834 another CORREGIO, Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus, and yet another and an especially bad one called the Ecce Homo. In 1837, a Holy Family by MURILLO, the Brazen Serpent (a purchase alluded to above, as of doubtful wisdom), and a SALVATOR ROSA, were bought by the Trustees; and in 1839, the St. Catherine of RAPHAEL. The country (supposing it wanted one) was already in possession of a Holy Family by MAZZOLLINI, bequeathed by the REV. W. H. CARR. There is a certain amount of deception about this picture; for, in another Holy Family by GAROFALO, a very evil saint who is kneeling in the foreground of each of these gems, and whose villanous face is too terrible to be mistaken, is in one case called St. Nicholas, and in the other St. Francis.

Sir George Beaumont at this point in the evidence remarked, that there must be some mistake here, and he wishes he could consult the deceased CARR upon the subject. Was it possible he could do so? Did there happen to be a Medium among the Jury?

The Eye-witness replied that if there were, he should challenge that juryman, and demand his withdrawal. After a discussion of some warmth, and after Professor Waghorn had with some difficulty succeeded in restoring order, the evidence was again resumed.

Mr. Fudge then details purchases made since 1840; but when he comes to the Temptation of St. Anthony, by CARACCI, and explains that the "temptations" held out to the saint in this picture are—a demon with four fingers and no thumb, a lion with horns, a dragon, upside down, making a face, and a Fury, holding a serpent by the tip of its tail—Sir George Beaumont wishes to know whether Mr. Fudge is aiming——

Yes, Mr. Fudge again interrupts, he *is* aiming at saying most decidedly that there are too many Caraccis in the National Gallery; and that the purchase of this new one, though only

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as big as a soup-plate, is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Even supposing that this small picture was acquired at a trifling expense, which witness has his suspicions was not the case, an accumulation of trifling expenses makes a large sum, and if this picture cost only a fourpenny-piece (which would be threepence-halfpenny too much), that fourpenny was a public fourpenny, and the Committee, or by whatever name the Public Enemy was called, had no right to waste it.

Sir George Beaumont is understood to mutter that the Caraccis occupied a high place in the schools; and

Professor Waghorn requests that the evidence may be continued, and that Mr. Fudge will inform the Jury what may be his opinion of the purchases since the year '53 inclusive, down to which period the evidence has now been brought.

Professor Fudge, in turn, wishes to make a preliminary inquiry before answering the learned doctor's question. He wishes to know for whom the National Gallery is intended: whether for the English public generally, or for connoisseurs like the learned doctor, and enlightened Ghosts like his colleague on the bench?

Dr. Waghorn, after a prolonged consultation with Sir George Beaumont, replies, that he thinks that question is not evidence, and declines to answer it, as irregular.

Professor Fudge then begs to know whether it is also irregular for him to ask whether the pictures in the National Gallery are purchased with the public money, or with that of the connoisseurs and ghosts?

Dr. Waghorn replies, that this question is also irregular, and Sir George Beaumont is heard to add that it is even "highly" irregular.

The only conclusion Professor Fudge can come to is, that a National Gallery is intended for the delight of the nation, and is paid for with the nation's money. Under these assumed circumstances, he is of opinion that no person can glance down the list of the purchases made since the year 1852, and not be much struck by two things—their great number, and the unknown character, for the most part, of the names of those masters to whom they are attributed. He himself having had, as he must beg to remind the Jury, a careful Art-education, had, in looking through the catalogue of the National Gallery, found the names of above fifty masters of whom he had never heard. He concluded that they were eminent, from finding their names in that catalogue. How was it he (witness) had never heard of them?

Professor Waghorn begs to remind Mr. Fudge that if these masters are unknown in this country, that is the very reason why their works should be secured in order that they might remain unknown no longer. (A feeble chuckle from the ghost of Sir George Beaumont.)

Witness is ready to agree to this remark, on condition that he is able to prove that the works of these masters are worthy of being known. Is the reputation of the great PACCHIAROTTO worthy of promulgation? Is that of NICCOLO ALUNNO, of LUDGER ZUM RING? In one word—for it is impossible to give all the names of these unknown masters—what is the meaning of these very numerous purchases of pictures which are not by men of great renown, and which are not of themselves intrinsically excellent; and of the collecting in such vast numbers of works of the pre-Raphaelite period? The National Gallery is half full of them. They have oozed out of the rooms especially assigned to them, and meet one at every turn in all parts of the Gallery, on the staircases, the passages, the hall. Those pictures cannot, in most instances, be regarded in any other light than as curiosities; many—nay, most of them—are scarcely works of Art at all. (Sir George Beaumont is understood to murmur that they are certainly wanting in "tone.") Now, is the National Gallery a place for curiosities or for works of Art?

Dr. Waghorn is of opinion that it is desirable that there should be some means of tracing the Chronological History of Art, and that it is therefore necessary that the earlier schools of painting should be represented in a national collection, as well as those in which the art of painting is developed in its more mature and cultivated phases.

Professor Fudge is ready to grant that postulate, but he wishes to know whether this may not be done on a less exorbitant scale; whether, in short, considering the extraordinary likeness of one of these pictures to another, two or three of them would not be enough? The fifteenth century, from about the year 1410 to 1490, is represented by the works of thirty-four painters; of these—all bought within the last six years—only about a dozen names are known to fame. It cannot be said in justification of the purchase of these pictures, that they are all wanted chronologically, as links in the collection, seeing that many of them are of precisely the same date.

Doctor Waghorn is of opinion that it is desirable, in a great collection, to represent each artist of each period, whether known or otherwise.

Witness would beg to inquire what then will be the course adopted by the Art Committees of future ages with regard to the thousands of modern painters?

Doctor Waghorn begs to state that he can have nothing to say on a subject so futile, vain, and frivolous as Modern Art.

At this point in the proceedings a messenger comes into court, and whispering a few words to the Eye-witness, delivers to him a sealed paper and withdraws. It is nothing less than an authentic Report of the different moneys expended in pictures for the national collection, from the commencement of the year 1844 down to the present time, together with the names of the persons from whom those pictures were purchased, and other particulars calculated to explain much that was otherwise lost in obscurity.

Dr. Waghorn wishes to know how witness became possessed of the paper in question?

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Witness declines to reply to that inquiry. He has simply to state that the document gives an account of the prices of some of those pictures which have already been alluded to, with other information of a startling and bewildering nature. Witness finds that a certain pair of GUIDOS mentioned in a former part of his evidence in no complimentary terms, viz. Susannah and the Elders, and Lot and his Daughters, were purchased, the first for 1260*l.*! and the second for 1680*l.*! from a certain MR. PENRICE, whom witness begs to congratulate on his excellent bargain. It is also revealed by this paper that a head of a Jewish Rabbi by REMBRANDT, was bought for 473*l.* 11s.; and a portrait of a man for 630*l.*—a rather long price for a cleverly-executed portrait of an unknown gentleman by an unknown painter. The VELASQUEZ Boar-hunt was purchased at 2200*l.*, and the small representation of the Vision of a Knight by RAPHAEL, was secured at the high price of 1050*l.* A more serious waste of money than even that recorded in the case of the two GUIDO pictures succeeds these purchases; the sum of 787*l.* 10s. having been handed over to LORD DARTMOUTH for the miserable little picture of the Temptation of St. Anthony by CARACCI, a picture nineteen and a half inches high by thirteen and a half inches wide, and which, it now appears, had not even the merit of cheapness to recommend it. In 1851, a portrait of REMBRANDT by himself was bought for 430*l.* 10s., and a portrait of a man by VAN EYCK for 365*l.*, an unnecessary purchase, as we already possessed an excellent specimen of the artist. The portrait of Rembrandt was a justifiable acquirement, simply from the fact that a likeness of that master was an interesting addition to the national collection. Then comes the SOULT picture, TITIAN'S Tribute Money. There may have been sufficient public curiosity about this picture at the time (though witness doubts it) to have justified the laying out of 2604*l.* on its purchase. The Franciscan Monk by ZURBARAN, bought of Louis Philippe for 265*l.*, was not dear at the price: though an uninteresting work enough, and looking at first sight more like a sack of potatoes propped up in a corner than anything else. The Adoration of the Shepherds by VELASQUEZ, and the Warrior adoring the Infant Christ, by a disciple of the BELLINI school, were both well purchased: though the first cost 2050*l.*, and the second 525*l.*

Professor Waghorn remarks, that on the whole, then, witness is satisfied with the greater number of the purchases made from the year 1844 to the year 1853, inclusive?

Witness replies that, with the exception of the Jewish Rabbi, the TWO GUIDOS (Lot and his Daughter and Susannah), the Temptation of St. Anthony, by CARACCI, the portrait by VAN EYCK, and that by the unknown artist, purchases which together amount to a sum of 5496*l.* 1s.—with these exceptions, he is satisfied. But he wishes to point out to the Jury how small sums mount up, and what a large sum might have been saved by the rejection of the pictures he has named. He also wishes to ask Dr. Waghorn whether he does not think that that sum of 5496*l.* 1s. would not have been so large as to have offered an irresistible temptation to the possessors of really fine works by the old masters on the Continent to part with some one unmistakably good picture which should have been an ornament to our National Gallery?

Dr. Waghorn replies, that the possessors of such works are extremely reluctant to part with them.

The Eye-witness begs to inquire whether the attempt has been made with such energy and address as are thrown into private mercantile transactions, and whether such sums as he has just named have been offered?

The learned Professor is not in a position to answer that question, but will probably do so on an early day, next century.

Mr. Fudge, in resuming his evidence, refers to the appearance on the walls of the National Gallery of some of the most unpopular pictures that have ever hung there—pictures which, if purchased at all, should have been consigned to a museum rather than a national gallery; but which would have been still better housed in the apartments (if he had any) of their original proprietor, the great HERR KRÜGER, of Minden. The Eye-witness wishes to know what the ghost of Sir George Beaumont, Dr. Waghorn, and the Jury think is likely to be the nature of a collection which, numbering no fewer than sixty-four pictures, is to be had for the sum of 2800*l.*! or at the rate of not quite 44*l.* per picture? Was that a promising purchase? Were pictures sold at 44*l.* apiece likely to turn out fit works to hang in the national collection of the richest country in the world? Truly, this was a cheap lot; but cheap as it was, it turned out not to be worth even the small sum that was given for it. The authorities who bought this lot, seized (as well they might be) with remorse, determined to sell above half of (we will suppose) the worst of them, and thirty-seven of the sixty-four were thrown once more into the market. This mass of more than half the purchase fetched only 249*l.* 8s., or at the rate of *not quite 7l. per picture*. (Sensation.) The pictures out of this "lot" which remain are to be seen by any persons who choose to walk into the National Gallery. They were "purchased by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on behalf of the public." MR. GLADSTONE, who was in office on that occasion, doubtless acted on the advice of some friend with a taste for German art.

Professor Waghorn requests at this juncture that he may not be called upon to listen to any disparaging remarks on the German School of Art; the purest, the severest that ever existed; a school probably beyond the comprehension of the witness, as it never stooped to solicit by any ad captandum means the popularity of the masses, while, for the connoisseur and the initiated critic, it possessed attractions that were held out by no other school of any period whatsoever.

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Witness smiles, and begs next to call the attention of the Jury to a "lot" of pictures purchased from one DE BAMMEVILLE. They were five in number, and collectively cost 1088*l.* 16s. Out of this collection a head by ALBERT DURER, price 147*l.*, alone was a desirable purchase, and that chiefly because of the name attached to it. The other pictures are by PACCHIAROTTO—spoken of above—by NICOLO ALUNNS, by SAN SEVERINO, and PHILIPPINO LIPPI. There is nothing important enough in this collection to justify its purchase.

In 1855, two pictures by BOTTICELLI, each labelled "Madonna and Child with Angels," were bought, and from different proprietors. One of these might certainly have been omitted. So might the St. Jerome of COSIMO ROSSELLI, the Madonna and Child of VIVARINI, the St. Jerome Reading of MARCO BASAITI, and Portrait by PORDENONE. Where is this last, by-the-by? It is not in the catalogue, nor in the list of pictures resold after their purchase. Perhaps it is in the cellars? Can Dr. Waghorn elucidate the difficulty?

Dr. Waghorn is not in a position to answer that question. It is irregular.

With regard to the other pictures of the year 1855, witness has already expressed his opinion of the Adoration of the Magi by PAUL VERONESE, and he is not reconciled to the purchase by finding it was effected for 1977*l.* He also thinks that the Madonna and Child of MANTEGUA was dear at 1125*l.* 12s., and that the Portrait of a Young Man by BARTOLOMEUS VENETUS, was an unnecessary, though cheap, venture, at 48*l.* 10s. In the December of the year 1855, a "deal" appears to have been effected with a certain BARON GALVAGNA, by which transaction that nobleman became possessed of 2189*l.* 16s. 10d., and our happy country of ten pictures, two of which, a TINTORETTO and a JACOPO BASSAN, it parted with again, for a consideration of 141*l.*; one of which, the BELLINI, it thinks very fine, two more of which, by SIGNORI TACCONI, and DA' LIBRI, it could willingly have dispensed with, and the remaining five of which it is unable to say anything about, for the simple reason that it cannot find them. They are not in the catalogue, they are not in the list of the resold. Perhaps they are being kept for us till we get wise enough to appreciate them, when we shall be allowed a peep, if we are good. The three principal portions of an Altar-piece by PERUGINO, for which 3571*l.* 8s. 7d. was paid, in May, 1856, to DUKE MELZI of Milan, was not, even at that high price, unwisely secured; so fine a specimen is this triptych of the master. The Good Samaritan of BASSANO, bought in the same month, was a lawful purchase enough, and the Two Apostles, by GIOTTO, at 78*l.* 15s., or at the rate of 39*l.* 7s. 6d. per apostle, cannot be called dear. These purchases are succeeded, however, by others that cannot be censured too strongly. 1102*l.* 10s. for the Triumph of Julius Cæsar, by RUBENS, and 210*l.* for The Horrors of War, by the same master, both valueless specimens. The purchase of the Glorification of the Madonna, by LO SPAGNA, for 651*l.*, puts a finishing touch to the mistakes of the year. The next which succeeds it, 1857, is characterised by the addition to our National Gallery of one of the finest pictures which it contains, the Family of Darius, by PAUL VERONESE; a work so fine, indeed, that even the exorbitant demand of 13,650*l.* was wisely complied with, rather than that so glorious a picture should be lost to a collection so poor.

The Portrait of a Lady, by LUCAS CRANACH, bought in this same year 1857, was (inasmuch as it has something characteristic and good about it) justifiable enough, but the VAN EYCK—that master being, as has been said above, already nobly represented—need not have been bought. A certain wild sadness which characterises the Madonna and Saints by PHILIPPINO LIPPI, pleads for the legitimacy of its admission to the collection, and the GHIRLANDAJO Madonna was also an allowable purchase, but the outlay of so large a sum as 3155*l.* 4s. 6d. on the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian by ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO, is not to be exceeded in any way; the only interesting thing about the picture being the enlightenment it affords us as to the way in which the archers of those days used to string their cross-bows—a wrinkle, however, which is not worth 3155*l.* 4s. 6d.

The Eye-witness goes on to state that, still in the eventful year 1857, a collection of pictures from the LOMBARDI-BALDI Palace at Florence entered this country, and that the sum of 7035*l.* departed from it to compensate the Lombardi-Baldis for this loss. That loss they no doubt bore, philosophically enough. Their collection consisting mainly of red-nosed saints and diagrams in the manner of those drawn by our boy population on such blank walls as come within their ken. Seven thousand pounds for this!

From the year 1857 to '59, the pictures secured to the country are none of them very remarkable. There is an excusable QUENTIN MATSYS to represent the name; an inexcusable ROMANINO costing 804*l.*; a BORGOGNONE costing 430*l.* The Portrait of a Lady by AUTONIJ MORO has character and is good; it was bought of MR. NIEWENHUYS for 200*l.* There is also among the purchases of this period, a Portrait of an Italian Nobleman by one ALESSANDRO BONVICINO, called Il Moretto, which is remarkable as exhibiting a greater freedom in the attitude than is generally seen in the portraits of the time. It is a good picture, but looks at first sight like a theatrical portrait of Richard the Third. For the rest, the St. Francis Glorified, of PHILIPPINO LIPPI, the Dead Christ of PALMEZZANO, the atrocious Altar-piece of LORENZO COSTA, and the Madonna of MORETTO, may be classed among the unnecessary purchases; the St. Dominic of ZOPPO and the Madonna of BASAITI, among the allowable ones, with which also may go to the TREVISO, from the Northwick Gallery, and the Dead Christ of CRIVELLI, which has feeling, in spite of its quaintness; and perhaps the Madonna of DA COMIGLIANO. There is a good Portrait of MA-

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SACCIO by himself, and a good Portrait of a Lady by ZELOTTI. Still none of these, not even the admissible ones, are remarkable pictures, or such as will evoke any degree of enthusiasm; while there is one of the purchases of this period, the Infancy of Jupiter by JULIO ROMANO, which cost 920*l.*, and which is so vile as to call for an especial censure and reprobation. It is so bad a picture that if one saw it on the blind of a coffee-shop window, one would feel no surprise. It is hung in a central position, and is framed and glazed in a manner so magnificent, as only to make its badness more conspicuous. This plan of putting vile pictures in the most costly and magnificent frames and glasses does nothing to mitigate their vileness, and is a system carried so far at the National Gallery as to be highly suggestive of jobbery. The two RUYSDAELS purchased about this time are not satisfactory examples of the master, and were bought of a certain COUNT STOLBERG for 1187*l.* 15s. 6d., and 1069*l.* 15s. 3d. respectively.

Sir George Beaumont remarks that he is well acquainted with the pictures in question, and that it seems to him that they want that rich brown tone which should always pervade the works of this master, and without which no landscape is complete.

The Eye-witness, in resuming his evidence, observes that the next purchases made for the National Collection are comprised in what is called the BEAUCOUSIN lot, which came into the possession of the country in this present year 1860. Here, again, a number of bad pictures have to be bought, in order to secure one or two good, and three or four that are unobjectionable, but which the collection would do just as well without. Indeed, this is a sorry bargain at 9205*l.* 3s. 1d., and one looks daily in the Times for an acknowledgment on the part of the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the receipt of this sum from M. BEAUCOUSIN as conscience-money. The gem of this collection, for which probably it was purchased, is the Head of Ariosto, by TITIAN. Besides this, there are some nine or ten allowable pictures, good characteristic portraits, or works which their high finish renders admissible. The disgusting but highly-wrought BRONZINO, placed in a conspicuous position in the principal room, is not included among these. Do these allowable pictures, and the one prize of the Ariosto, justify the Beaucousin purchase?

Dr. Waghorn remarks—not for the first time—that it is desirable that the different masters of the different periods should be represented in our National Collection.

Witness replies, that, to carry this to excess, as has been recently done, is to turn that collection into a museum. A specimen of GIOTTO, of TADDEO GADDI, of VAN EYCK, of PERUGINO, would be enough for every chronological purpose; there would be no necessity for spending thousands on endless repetitions of the same things by these men, and their obscure disciples. The public money has been frittered away in timid purchases, when by concentration some half-dozen or even fewer fine pictures might have been acquired to the country. What is there to show for the 78,185*l.* 4s. 9d. which has been spent in Art by the Trustees of the National Gallery since the year 1844. The finest picture acquired since that time is unquestionably the PAUL VERONESE which was secured by this very plan of concentration, which witness recommends. A nation like this wants, for its national collection, the finest pictures in the world, not merely curious pictures, or such as are to be found in many private houses. Witness hopes that the Jury will perceive that he goes to no excesses in his views, that he commends some of the purchases made by the trustees while he condemns others; and that he does not affirm that the school of the pre-Raphaelite painters should not be represented at all, but only that it should not altogether overwhelm us, and that a collection paid for by the public, and got together for the public, should give that public pleasure.

The PAUL VERONESE was a single picture acquired at an enormous, an almost unprecedented, price. Still that is not a thing to be complained of, as we were not paying for a quantity of things we did not want, but simply giving an immense sum for what we *did* want. Would it not be better to save the money that goes in these timid purchases of a quantity of paltry pictures at paltry prices, and let our fund for Art-purchases accumulate till it reaches an amount which may be large enough to tempt some of the proprietors of the really fine works which are lighted now by the dirty windows of the Italian palaces?

The ghost of Sir George Beaumont having discovered at this juncture that he was expected in a distinguished Art-circle, where an eminent medium was at that moment awaiting his rap very impatiently, the inquiry on the subject of the National Collection was adjourned for a week.

NELSON.

AN OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN'S YARN.

AY, ay, good neighbours, I have seen
Him! sure as God's my life;
One of his chosen crew I've been;
Haven't I, old goodwife?
God bless your dear eyes! didn't you vow
To marry me any weather,
If I came back with limbs enow
To keep my soul together?

Brave as a lion was our Nel,
And gentle as a lamb:
Tell you it warms my blood to tell
The tale—grey as I am—
It makes the old life in me climb,
It sets my soul a-swim;
I live twice over every time
That I can talk of him.

Our best beloved of all the brave
That ever for freedom fought;
And all his wonders of the wave
For fatherland were wrought!
He was the manner of man to show
How victories may be won;
So swift, you scarcely saw the blow;
You look'd—the deed was done.

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You should have seen him as he trod
The deck, our joy, and pride!
You should have seen him, like a god
Of storm, his war-horse ride!
You should have seen him as he stood
Fighting for his good land,
With all the iron of soul and blood
Turned to a sword in hand.

He sailed his ships for work; he bore
His sword for battle-wear;
His creed was "Best man to the fore!"
And he was always there.
Up any peak of peril where
There was but room for one:
The only thing he did not dare
Was any death to shun.

The Nelson touch his men he taught,
And his great stride to keep;
His faithful fellows round him fought
A thousand heroes deep.
With a red pride of life, and hot
For him, their blood ran free;
They "minded not the showers of shot,
No more than peas," said he.

The tyrant saw our sea-king thwart
His landing on our isle;
He gnashed his teeth, he gnawed his heart,
At Nelson of the Nile,
Who set his fleet in flames, to light
The lion to his prey,
And lead destruction through the night
Upon his dreadful way.

Around the world he drove his game,
And ran his glorious race,
Nor rested till he hunted them
From off the ocean's face;
Like that old war-dog, who, till death,
Hung to the vessel's side
Till hands were lopped, and then with teeth
He held on till he died.

Oh, he could do the deeds that set
Old fighters' hearts a-fire;
The edge of every spirit whet,
And every arm inspire.
Yet I have seen upon his face
The tears that, as they roll,
Show what a light of saintly grace
May clothe a sailor's soul.

And when our darling went to meet
Trafalgar's Judgment-day,
The people knelt down in the street
To bless him on his way.
He felt the country of his love
Watching him from afar;
It saw him through the battle move:
His heaven was in that star!

Magnificently glorious sight
It was in that great dawn!
Like one vast sapphire flashing light,
The sea, just breathing, shone!
Their ships, fresh painted, stood up tall
And stately: ours were grim
And weatherworn, but one and all
In rare good fighting trim.

Our spirits all were flying light,
And into battle sped,
Straining for it on wings of might,
With feet of springy tread;
The battle shone on every face;
Its fire in every eye;
Our sailor blood at swiftest pace
To catch the victory nigh.

His proudly-wasted face, wave-worn,
Was beaming and serene;
I felt the brave, bright spirit burn
There, all too plainly seen;
As though the sword this time was drawn
For ever from the sheath,
And when its work to-day was done
All would be dark in death.

His deep eyes glowed like lamps of night
Set in the porch of power;
The deed unborn was kindled bright
Within them at that hour!
The purpose, welded at white heat,
Cried, like some visible Fate,
"To-day, we must not merely beat;
We must annihilate."

He smiled to see the Frenchman show
His reckoning for retreat,
With Cadiz port on his lee-bow;
And held him then half-beat.
They showed no colours, till we drew
Them out to strike with there!
Old Victory, for a prize or two,
Had flags enough to spare.

Mast-high the famous signal ran;
Breathless we caught each word:
"England expects that every man
Will do his duty." Lord,
You should have seen our faces! heard
Us cheering, row on row,
Like men before some furnace stirred
To a fiery fearful glow!

Good Collingwood our lee-line led,
And cut their centre through.
"See how he goes in!" Nelson said,
As his first broadside flew,
And near four hundred foemen fell.
Up went another cheer.
"Ah, what would Nelson give," said Coll,
"But to be with us here!"

We grimly kept our vanward path;
Over us hummed their shot;
But, silently, we reined our wrath,
Held on, and answered not,
Till we could grip them face to face,
And pound them for our own,
Or hug them in a war embrace,
Till they or we went down.

How calm he was! when first he felt
The sharp edge of that fight.
Cabined with God alone he knelt;
The prayer still lay in light
Upon his face, that used to shine
In battle—flash with life,
As though the glorious blood ran wine,
Dancing with that wild strife.

"Fight for us, thou Almighty One!
Give victory once again!
And if I fall, thy will be done.
Amen, Amen, Amen!"
With such a voice he bade good-by,
The mournfullest old smile wore:
"Farewell! God bless you, Blackwood, I
Shall never see you more."
And four hours after, he had done
With winds and troubled foam.
The Reaper was borne dead upon
Our load of harvest home.

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Not till he knew the old flag flew
Alone on all the deep;
Then said he, "Hardy, is that you?
Kiss me." And fell asleep.

Well, 'twas his chosen death below
The deck in triumph trod;
'Tis well. A sailor's soul should go
From his good ship to God.
He would have chosen death aboard,
From all the crowns of rest;
And burial with the patriot sword
Upon the victor's breast.

"Not a great sinner." No, dear heart,
God grant in our death-pain,
We may have played as well our part,
And feel as free from stain.
We see the spots on such a star,
Because it burned so bright;
But on the side next God they are
All lost in greater light.

And so he went upon his way,
A higher deck to walk,
Or sit in some eternal day,
And of the old time talk
With sailors old, who, on that coast,
Welcome the homeward bound;
Where many a gallant soul we've lost,
And Franklin will be found.
Where amidst London's roar and moil
That Cross of Peace upstands,
Like martyr with his heavenward smile,
And flame-lit, lifted hands,
There lies the dark and mouldered dust;
But that magnanimous
And mighty seaman's soul, I trust,
Is living yet with us.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

The chance use of the word "Tramp" in my last paper, brought that numerous fraternity so vividly before my mind's eye, that I had no sooner laid down my pen than a compulsion was upon me to take it up again, and make notes of the Tramps whom I perceived on all the summer roads in all directions.

Whenever a tramp sits down to rest by the wayside, he sits with his legs in a dry ditch; and whenever he goes to sleep (which is very often indeed), he goes to sleep on his back. Yonder, by the high road, glaring white in the bright sunshine, lies, on the dusty bit of turf under the bramble-bush that fences the coppice from the highway, the tramp of the order savage, fast asleep. He lies on the broad of his back, with his face turned up to the sky, and one of his ragged arms loosely thrown across his face. His bundle (what can be the contents of that mysterious bundle, to make it worth his while to carry it about?) is thrown down beside him, and the waking woman with him sits with her legs in the ditch, and her back to the road. She wears her bonnet rakishly perched on the front of her head, to shade her face from the sun in walking, and she ties her skirts round her in conventionally tight tramp-fashion with a sort of apron. You can seldom catch sight of her, resting thus, without seeing her in a despondently defiant manner doing something to her hair or her bonnet, and glancing at you between her fingers. She does not often go to sleep herself in the daytime, but will sit for any length of time beside the man. And his slumberous propensities would not seem to be referable to the fatigue of carrying the bundle, for she carries it much oftener and further than he. When they are afoot, you will mostly find him slouching on ahead, in a gruff temper, while she lags heavily behind with the burden. He is given to personally correcting her, too—which phase of his character develops itself oftenest, on benches outside alehouse doors—and she appears to become strongly attached to him for these reasons; it may usually be noticed that when the poor creature has a bruised face, she is the most affectionate. He has no occupation whatever, this order of tramp, and has no object whatever in going anywhere. He will sometimes call himself a brickmaker, or a sawyer, but only when he takes an imaginative flight. He generally represents himself, in a vague way, as looking out for a job of work; but he never did work, he never does, and he never never will. It is a favourite fiction with him, however (as if he were the most industrious character on earth), that *you* never work; and as he goes past your garden and sees you looking at your flowers, you will overhear him growl, with a strong sense of contrast, "*You* are a lucky hidle devil, *you* are!"

The slinking tramp is of the same hopeless order, and has the same injured conviction on him that you were born to whatever you possess, and never did anything to get it; but he is of a less audacious disposition. He will stop before your gate, and say to his female companion with an air of constitutional humility and propitiation —to edify any one who may be within hearing behind a blind or a bush—"This is a sweet spot, ain't it? A lovelly spot! And I wonder if they'd give two poor footsore travellers like me and you, a drop of fresh water out of such a pretty gen-teel crib? We'd take it wery koind on 'em, wouldn't us? Wery koind, upon my word, us would!" He has a quick sense of a dog in the vicinity, and will extend his modestly-injured propitiation to the dog chained up in your yard: remarking, as he slinks at the yard gate, "Ah! You are a foine breed o' dog, too, and *you* ain't kep for nothink! I'd take it wery koind o' your master if he'd elp a traveller and his woife as envies no gentlefolk their good fortun, wi' a bit o' your broken wittles. He'd never know the want of it, nor more would you. Don't bark like that, at poor persons as never done you no arm; the poor is down-trodden and broke enough without that; O DON'T!" He generally heaves a prodigious sigh in moving away, and always looks up the lane and down the lane, and up the road and down the road, before going on.

Both of these orders of tramp are of a very robust habit; let the hard-working labourer at whose cottage door they prowl and beg, have the ague never so badly, these tramps are sure to be in good health.

There is another kind of tramp, whom you

encounter this bright summer day—say, on a road with the sea-breeze making its dust lively, and sails of ships in the blue distance beyond the slope of Down. As you walk enjoyingly on, you descry in the perspective at the bottom of a steep hill up which your way lies, a figure that appears to be sitting airily on a gate, whistling in a cheerful and disengaged manner. As you approach nearer to it, you observe the figure to slide down from the gate, to desist from whistling, to uncock its hat, to become tender of foot, to depress its head and elevate its shoulders, and to present all the characteristics of profound despondency. Arriving at the bottom of the hill and coming close to the figure, you observe it to be the figure of a shabby young man. He is moving painfully forward, in the direction in which you are going, and his mind is so preoccupied with his misfortunes that he is not aware of your approach until you are close upon him at the hill-foot. When he is aware of you, you discover him to be a remarkably well-behaved young man, and a remarkably well-spoken young man. You know him to be well-behaved, by his respectful manner of touching his hat; you know him to be well-spoken, by his smooth manner of expressing himself. He says in a flowing confidential voice, and without punctuation, "I ask your pardon sir but if you would excuse the liberty of being so addressed upon the public Iway by one who is almost reduced to rags though it as not always been so and by no fault of his own but through ill elth in his family and many unmerited sufferings it would be a great obligation sir to know the time." You give the well-spoken young man, the time. The well-spoken young man, keeping well up with you, resumes: "I am aware sir that it is a liberty to intrude a further question on a gentleman walking for his entertainment but might I make so bold as ask the favour of the way to Dover sir and about the distance?" You inform the well-spoken young man that the way to Dover is straight on, and the distance some eighteen miles. The well-spoken young man becomes greatly agitated. "In the condition to which I am reduced," says he, "I could not ope to reach Dover before dark even if my shoes were in a state to take me there or my feet were in a state to old out over the flinty road and were not on the bare ground of which any gentleman has the means to satisfy himself by looking Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you?" As the well-spoken young man keeps so well up with you that you can't prevent his taking the liberty of speaking to you, he goes on, with fluency: "Sir it is not begging that is my intention for I was brought up by the best of mothers and begging is not my trade I should not know sir how to follow it as a trade if such were my shameful wishes for the best of mothers long taught otherwise and in the best of omes though now reduced to take the present liberty on the Iway Sir my business was the law-stationering and I was favourably known to the Solicitor-General the Attorney-General the majority of the Judges and the ole of the legal profession but through ill elth in my family and the treachery of a friend for whom I became security and he no other than my own wife's brother the brother of my own wife I was cast forth with my tender partner and three young children not to beg for I will sooner die of deprivation but to make my way to the seaport town of Dover where I have a relative i in respect not only that will assist me but that would trust me with untold gold Sir in appier times and hare this calamity fell upon me I made for my amusement when I little thought that I should ever need it excepting for my air this"—here the well-spoken young man puts his hand into his breast—"this comb! Sir I implore you in the name of charity to purchase a tortoiseshell comb which is a genuine article at any price that your humanity may put upon it and may the blessings of a ouseless family awaiting with beating arts the return of a husband and a father from Dover upon the cold stone seats of London Bridge ever attend you Sir may I take the liberty of speaking to you I implore you to buy this comb!" By this time, being a reasonably good walker, you will have been too much for the well-spoken young man, who will stop short and express his disgust and his want of breath, in a long expectoration, as you leave him behind.

Towards the end of the same walk, on the same bright summer day, at the corner of the next little town or village, you may find another kind of tramp, embodied in the persons of a most exemplary couple whose only improvidence appears to have been, that they spent the last of their little All on soap. They are a man and woman, spotless to behold—John Anderson, with the frost on his short smock-frock instead of his "pow," attended by Mrs. Anderson. John is over ostentatious of the frost upon his raiment, and wears a curious and, you would say, an almost unnecessary demonstration of girdle of white linen wound about his waist—a girdle, snowy as Mrs. Anderson's apron. This cleanliness was the expiring effort of the respectable couple, and nothing then remained to Mr. Anderson but to get chalked upon his spade in snow-white copy-book characters, HUNGRY! and to sit down here. Yes; one thing more remained to Mr. Anderson—his character; Monarchs could not deprive him of his hard-earned character. Accordingly, as you come up with this spectacle of virtue in distress, Mrs. Anderson rises, and with a decent curtsey presents for your consideration a certificate from a Doctor of Divinity, the reverend the Vicar of Upper Dodgington, who informs his Christian friends and all whom it may concern that the bearers, John Anderson and lawful wife, are persons to whom you cannot be too liberal. This benevolent pastor omitted no work of his hands to fit the good couple out, for with half an eye you can recognise his autograph on the spade.

Another class of tramp is a man, the most valuable part of whose stock-in-trade is a highly perplexed demeanour. He is got up like a

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countryman, and you will often come upon the poor fellow, while he is endeavouring to decipher the inscription on a milestone—quite a fruitless endeavour, for he cannot read. He asks your pardon, he truly does (he is very slow of speech, this tramp, and he looks in a bewildered way all round the prospect while he talks to you), but all of us shold do as we wold be done by, and he'll take it kind if you'll put a power man in the right road fur to jine his eldest son as has broke his leg bad in the masoning, and is in this heere Orspit'l as is wrote down by Squire Pouncerby's own hand as wold not tell a lie fur no man. He then produces from under his dark frock (being always very slow and perplexed) a neat but worn old leathern purse, from which he takes a scrap of paper. On this scrap of paper is written, by Squire Pouncerby, of The Grove, "Please to direct the Bearer, a poor but very worthy man, to the Sussex County Hospital, near Brighton"—a matter of some difficulty at the moment, seeing that the request comes suddenly upon you in the depths of Hertfordshire. The more you endeavour to indicate where Brighton is—when you have with the greatest difficulty remembered—the less the devoted father can be made to comprehend, and the more obtusely he stares at the prospect; whereby, being reduced to extremity, you recommend the faithful parent to begin by going to Saint Albans, and present him with half-a-crown. It does him good, no doubt, but scarcely helps him forward, since you find him lying drunk that same evening in the wheelwright's sawpit under the shed where the felled trees are, opposite the sign of the Three Jolly Hedgers.

But the most vicious, by far, of all the idle tramps, is the tramp who pretends to have been a gentleman. "Educated," he writes from the village beer-shop in pale ink of a ferruginous complexion; "educated at Trin. Coll. Cam.—nursed in the lap of afluence—once in my small way the pattron of the Muses," &c. &c. &c.—surely a sympathetic mind will not withhold a trifle, to help him on to the market-town where he thinks of giving a Lecture to the *fruges consumere nati*, on things in general? This shameful creature lolling about hedge taprooms in his ragged clothes, now so far from being black that they look as if they never can have been black, is more selfish and insolent than even the savage tramp. He would sponge on the poorest boy for a farthing, and spurn him when he had got it; he would interpose (if he could get anything by it) between the baby and the mother's breast. So much lower than the company he keeps, for his maudlin assumption of being higher, this pitiless rascal blights the summer road as he maunders on between the luxuriant hedges: where (to my thinking) even the wild convolvulus and rose and sweetbriar, are the worse for his going by, and need time to recover from the taint of him in the air.

The young fellows who trudge along barefoot, five or six together, their boots slung over their shoulders, their shabby bundles under their arms, their sticks newly cut from some roadside wood, are not eminently prepossessing, but are much less objectionable. There is a tramp-fellowship among them. They pick one another up at resting stations, and go on in companies. They always go at a fast swing—though they generally limp too—and there is invariably one of the company who has much ado to keep up with the rest. They generally talk about horses, and any other means of locomotion than walking: or, one of the company relates some recent experiences of the road—which are always disputes and difficulties. As for example. "So as I'm a standing at the pump in the market, blest if there don't come up a Beadle, and he ses, 'Mustn't stand here,' he ses. 'Why not?' I ses. 'No beggars allowed in this town,' he ses. 'Who's a beggar?' I ses. 'You are,' he ses. 'Who ever see *me* beg? Did *you*?' I ses. 'Then you're a tramp,' he ses. 'I'd rather be that, than a Beadle,' I ses." (The company express great approval.) "'Would you,' he ses to me. 'Yes I would,' I ses to him. 'Well,' he ses, 'anyhow, get out of this town.' 'Why, blow your little town!' I ses, 'who wants to be in it? Wot does your dirty little town mean by comin' and stickin' itself in the road to anywhere? Why don't you get a shovel and a barrer, and clear your town out o' people's way?'" (The company expressing the highest approval and laughing aloud, they all go down the hill.)

Then, there are the tramp handicraft men. Are they not all over England, in this Midsummer time? Where does the lark sing, the corn grow, the mill turn, the river run, and they are not among the lights and shadows, tinkering, chair-mending, umbrella-mending, clock-mending, knife-grinding? Surely, a pleasant thing, if we were in that condition of life, to grind our way through Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. For the first six weeks or so, we should see the sparks we ground off, fiery bright against a background of green wheat and green leaves. A little later, and the ripe harvest would pale our sparks from red to yellow, until we got the dark newly-turned land for a background again, and they were red once more. By that time, we should have ground our way to the sea cliffs, and the whirr of our wheel would be lost in the breaking of the waves. Our next variety in sparks would be derived from contrast with the gorgeous medley of colours in the autumn woods, and, by the time we had ground our way round to the heathy lands between Reigate and Croydon, doing a properous stroke of business all along, we should show like a little firework in the light frosty air, and be the next best thing to the blacksmith's forge. Very agreeable, too, to go on a chair-mending tour. What judges we should be of rushes, and how knowingly (with a sheaf and a bottomless chair at our back) we should lounge on bridges, looking over at osier-beds. Among all the innumerable occupations that cannot possibly be transacted without the assistance of lookers-on, chair-mending may take a station in the first rank. When we sat down

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with our backs against the barn or the public-house, and began to mend, what a sense of popularity would grow upon us. When all the children came to look at us, and the tailor, and the general dealer, and the farmer who had been giving a small order at the little saddler's, and the groom from the great house, and the publican, and even the two skittle-players (and here note that, howsoever busy all the rest of village humankind may be, there will always be two people with leisure to play at skittles, wherever village skittles are), what encouragement would be on us to plait and weave! No one looks at us while we plait and weave these words. Clock-mending again. Except for the slight inconvenience of carrying a clock under our arm, and the monotony of making the bell go, whenever we came to a human habitation, what a pleasant privilege to give a voice to the dumb cottage-clock, and set it talking to the cottage family again. Likewise we foresee great interest in going round by the park plantations, under the overhanging boughs (hares, rabbits, partridges, and pheasants, scudding like mad across and across the chequered ground before us), and so over the park ladder, and through the wood, until we came to the Keeper's lodge. Then would the Keeper be discoverable at his door, in a deep nest of leaves, smoking his pipe. Then, on our accosting him in the way of our trade, would he call to Mrs. Keeper, respecting "t'ould clock" in the kitchen. Then, would Mrs. Keeper ask us into the lodge, and on due examination we should offer to make a good job of it for eighteenpence: which offer, being accepted, would set us tinkling and clinking among the chubby awe-struck little Keepers for an hour and more. So completely to the family's satisfaction should we achieve our work, that the Keeper would mention how that there was something wrong with the bell of the turret stable-clock up at the Hall, and that if we thought good of going up to the housekeeper on the chance of that job too, why he would take us. Then, should we go, among the branching oaks and the deep fern, by silent ways of mystery known to the Keeper, seeing the herd glancing here and there as we went along, until we came to the old Hall, solemn and grand. Under the Terrace Flower Garden, and round by the stables, would the Keeper take us in, and as we passed we should observe how spacious and stately the stables, and how fine the painting of the horses' names over their stalls, and how solitary all: the family being in London. Then, should we find ourselves presented to the housekeeper, sitting, in hushed state, at needlework, in a bay-window looking out upon a mighty grim red-brick quadrangle, guarded by stone lions disrespectfully throwing somersaults over the escutcheons of the noble family. Then, our services accepted and we insinuated with a candle into the stable turret, we should find it to be a mere question of pendulum, but one that would hold us until dark. Then, should we fall to work, with a general impression of Ghosts being about, and of pictures in-doors that of a certainty came out of their frames and "walked," if the family would only own it. Then, should we work and work, until the day gradually turned to dusk, and even until the dusk gradually turned to dark. Our task at length accomplished, we should be taken into an enormous servants' hall, and there regaled with beef and bread, and powerful ale. Then, paid freely, we should be at liberty to go, and should be told by a pointing helper to keep round over yinder by the blasted ash, and so straight through the woods, till we should see the town-lights right afore us. Then, feeling lonesome, should we desire upon the whole, that the ash had not been blasted, or that the helper had had the manners not to mention it. However, we should keep on, all right, until suddenly the stable bell would strike ten in the dolefullest way, quite chilling our blood, though we had so lately taught him how to acquit himself. Then, as we went on, should we recal old stories, and dimly consider what it would be most advisable to do, in the event of a tall figure, all in white, with saucer eyes, coming up and saying, "I want you to come to a churchyard and mend a church clock. Follow me!" Then, should we make a burst to get clear of the trees, and should soon find ourselves in the open, with the town-lights bright ahead of us. So should we lie that night at the ancient sign of the Crispin and Crispanus, and rise early in the morning to be betimes on tramp again.

Bricklayers often tramp, in twos and threes, lying by night at their "lodges" which are scattered all over the country. Bricklaying is another of the occupations that can by no means be transacted in rural parts, without the assistance of spectators—of as many as can be convened. In thinly-peopled spots, I have known bricklayers on tramp, coming up with bricklayers at work, to be so sensible of the indispensability of lookers-on, that they themselves have set up in that capacity, and have been unable to subside into the acceptance of a proffered share in the job, for two or three days together. Sometimes, the "navvy," on tramp, with an extra pair of half-boots over his shoulder, a bag, a bottle, and a can, will take a similar part in a job of excavation, and will look at it without engaging in it, until all his money is gone. The current of my uncommercial pursuits caused me only last summer to want a little body of workmen for a certain spell of work in a pleasant part of the country; and I was at one time honoured with the attendance of as many as seven-and-twenty, who were looking at six.

Who can be familiar with any rustic highway in the summer-time, without storing up knowledge of the many tramps who go from one oasis of town or village to another, to sell a stock in trade, apparently not worth a shilling when sold? Shrimps are a favourite commodity for this kind of speculation, and so are cakes of a soft and spongy character, coupled with Spanish nuts, and brandy balls. The stock is carried on the head in a basket, and, between the head and the basket, are the trestles on which the stock is displayed at trading times. Fleet of foot, but

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a careworn class of tramp this, mostly; with a certain stiffness of neck, occasioned by much anxious balancing of baskets; and also with a long Chinese sort of eye, which an overweighted forehead would seem to have squeezed into that form.

On the hot dusty roads near seaport towns and great rivers, behold the tramping Soldier. And if you should happen never to have asked yourself whether his uniform is suited to his work, perhaps the poor fellow's appearance as he comes distressfully towards you, with his absurdly tight jacket unbuttoned, his neck-gear in his hand, and his legs well chafed by his trousers of baize, may suggest the personal inquiry, how you think *you* would like it. Much better the tramping Sailor, although his cloth is somewhat too thick for land service. But why the tramping merchant-mate should put on a black velvet waistcoat, for a chalky country in the dog-days, is one of the great secrets of nature that will never be discovered.

I have my eye upon a piece of Kentish road, bordered on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road-dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass. Wild flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with the distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean, like a man's life. To gain the milestone here, which the moss, primroses, violets, blue-bells, and wild roses, would soon render illegible but for peering travellers pushing them aside with their sticks, you must come up a steep hill, come which way you may. So, all the tramps with carts or caravans—the Gipsy-tramp, the Show-tramp, the Cheap Jack—find it impossible to resist the temptations of the place, and all turn the horse loose when they come to it, and boil the pot. Bless the place, I love the ashes of the vagabond fires that have scorched its grass! What tramp children do I see here, attired in a handful of rags, making a gymnasium of the shafts of the cart, making a feather-bed of the flints and brambles, making a toy of the hobbled old horse who is not much more like a horse than any cheap toy would be! Here, do I encounter the cart of mats and brooms and baskets—with all thoughts of business given to the evening wind—with the stew made and being served out—with Cheap Jack and Dear Jill striking soft music out of the plates that are rattled like warlike cymbals when put up for auction at fairs and markets—their minds so influenced (no doubt) by the melody of the nightingales as they begin to sing in the woods behind them, that if I were to propose to deal, they would sell me anything at cost price. On this hallowed ground has it been my happy privilege (let me whisper it), to behold the White-haired Lady with the pink eyes, eating meat-pie with the Giant: while, by the hedge-side, on the box of blankets which I knew contained the snakes, were set forth the cups and saucers and the teapot. It was on an evening in August, that I chanced upon this ravishing spectacle, and I noticed that, whereas the Giant reclined half concealed beneath the overhanging boughs and seemed indifferent to Nature, the white hair of the gracious Lady streamed free in the breath of evening, and her pink eyes found pleasure in the landscape. I heard only a single sentence of her uttering, yet it bespoke a talent for modest repartee. The ill-mannered Giant—accursed be his evil race!—had interrupted the Lady in some remark, and, as I passed that enchanted corner of the wood, she gently reproved him, with the words, "Now, Cobby;" Cobby! so short a name!—"ain't one fool enough to talk at a time?"

Within appropriate distance of this magic ground, though not so near it as that the song trolled from tap or bench at door, can invade its woodland silence, is a little hostelry which no man possessed of a penny was ever known to pass in warm weather. Before its entrance, are certain pleasant trimmed limes: likewise, a cool well, with so musical a bucket-handle that its fall upon the bucket rim will make a horse prick up its ears and neigh, upon the droughty road half a mile off. This is a house of great resort for haymaking tramps and harvest tramps, insomuch that as they sit within, drinking their mugs of beer, their relinquished scythes and reaping-hooks glare out of the open windows, as if the whole establishment were a family war-coach of Ancient Britons. Later in the season, the whole country-side, for miles and miles, will swarm with hopping tramps. They come in families, men, women, and children, every family provided with a bundle of bedding, an iron pot, a number of babies, and too often with some poor sick creature quite unfit for the rough life, for whom they suppose the smell of the fresh hop to be a sovereign remedy. Many of these hoppers are Irish, but many come from London. They crowd all the roads, and camp under all the hedges and on all the scraps of common-land, and live among and upon the hops until they are all picked, and the hop-gardens, so beautiful through the summer, look as if they had been laid waste by an invading army. Then, there is a vast exodus of tramps out of the county; and if you ride or drive round any turn of any road, at more than a foot pace, you will be bewildered to find that you have charged into the bosom of fifty families, and that there are splashing up all around you, in the utmost prodigality of confusion, bundles of bedding, babies, iron pots, and a good-humoured multitude of both sexes and all ages, equally divided between perspiration and intoxication.

ARTICLES OF UNBELIEF.

My mind, I dare say, is as richly stored with fallacies and crotchets as the mind of any one of my neighbours. But I am happy to say that my experience of the world has enabled me to filter off many vulgar errors, and for the benefit of that world I here publish some results of the filtration:

1. I do not believe that any one ever liked Banbury cakes or thick gingerbread after the age of fifteen. Neither do I believe that any one ever tasted more than once in his life certain crinkly comfits that are made in the shape of

rings and shells, and strongly flavoured with cardamoms. As for Ally-campane (which I am told should be spelled "Elecampane"), I believe it as pure a fiction as a centaur or a hippogriff, devised by elderly folks to give a false impression of the joys of their childhood.

2. I do not believe that the large, varnished, hollow-looking fishes which decorate the windows of tackle-shops and the walls of certain hostelries were ever caught by rod and line. How they were caught I do not pretend to conjecture, but I am open to the conviction that they are manufactured of oilskin, bladder, greased paper, or any other semi-pellucid material. When I am told that in the portion of the river adjoining a certain tavern patronised by anglers, there is a jack that weighs an incredible number of pounds, and that the landlord will "stand" a champagne supper whenever it is caught, I am not satisfied with suspecting that the banquet will never take place, but I utterly disbelieve the existence of the fish.

3. I do not believe that any one ever succeeded in lulling himself to sleep by an abortive attempt to count a million.

4. I do not believe that the man who himself saw a ghost was ever found in any assembly however large, though I grant that the man whose friend saw a ghost is to be found in every assembly however small.

5. I do not believe that the John Dorey and the Red Mullet are entitled to that pre-eminence among fishes which is awarded to them by fantastical epicures. When I am told that Samuel Foote went once a year to some place in Devonshire on purpose to eat John Dorey, I should be inclined to think him a fool for his pains, were I not much more strongly inclined to disbelieve the statement altogether. I do not believe that plovers' eggs deserve to be honoured with a mossy throne denied to the produce of the domestic hen and the duck. Far from believing that a galantine of turkey is the choicest delicacy placed upon a supper-table, I believe no one would touch it who could get anything else to eat.

6. I do not believe that any one ever saw a farce entitled John Jones, although it is frequently played in London, generally after twelve o'clock at night.

7. I do not believe that any gentleman who tries to tell his fortune by cards ever arrives at any result that will enable him to form even an incorrect opinion as to his future career. I do not believe that the information contained in sixpenny "dream-books" could be applied directly or indirectly to any dream dreamed by mortal man since the days of Joseph and his brethren.

8. I do not believe that John Bull is the finest comedy in the English language, or that Bombastes Furioso is the best burlesque that ever was written.

9. I do not believe that any one ever became a classical scholar by the aid of the Hamiltonian system, or that any one ever attained even a smattering of Hebrew by studying that language "without points."

10. I greatly disbelieve in that passionate love for Dante which is often professed by young ladies who have just begun to study Italian, but this disbelief is not accompanied by the slightest doubt as to the excellence of the poet.

11. I do not believe that anybody ever derived any pleasure or profit from eating water-cresses with his tea.

12. I do not believe that there ever was a pantomime in which Harlequin and Clown carried out a plot as consecutive as that of a tragedy or comedy, though I am informed, every Christmas, that in certain "good old times" such pantomimes were common, if not universal.

13. I do not believe that any one ever gained an appetite for dinner by tossing off a glass of a detestable compound called "gin-and-bitters," and my opinion is precisely the same with regard to a drink which the French term "absinthe."

14. I do not believe that any man who set up for an "original" ever allowed his eccentricities to interfere with his pocket or his personal convenience.

15. I do not believe that there is such a thing as a talking bird. Not only have I wasted a small fortune on starlings that did not even attempt to speak, but I have listened by the hour together to choice grey parrots while they made a noise which an admiring crowd pronounced to signify "Pretty Poll," and which I am in a position to affirm would just as well denote any other combination of syllables similarly accented, and with somewhat similar vowels, as, for instance, "Witty Tom." And I am convinced that those persons who complain of the opprobrious epithets with which they are accosted by parrots, and attribute their rudeness to the bad educational system of the sailors who "brought them over," are simply the victims of their own morbid imagination.

BLACK TARN.

IN THREE PORTIONS. CHAPTER I.

"Laurence, I tell you again, your only chance is a good marriage."

"I know that, mother, by heart; you have told me so before; oftener than you seem to remember."

"And my anxiety displeases you?"

"No; but your importunity wearies me."

"You are ungrateful, Laurence, and disrespectful," said Mrs. Grantley, in an unmoved voice, but with stately disapprobation.

"Am I so? I am afraid it is my way," said Laurence, indifferently. "However," he added, rising and lounging against the chimney-piece, where he stood, stroking his moustache, "we need not quarrel. My father and you managed to diminish the old estate by some thousands: I have not been behindhand; and now we are both doing our best—you on your side, I on mine—to bring the whole thing to the dogs. I do not blame you, but you are horribly extravagant; upon my soul you are. So am I."

"Laurence, I am surprised that you should so offend against good taste—and me."

Mrs. Grantley spoke with perfect breeding,

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calmly but displeasedly, with a stately Junonic kind of anger that was really very grand.

"Let it pass," said Laurence. "I forgot your susceptibilities on that point. However, here we are in evil case enough, and now what is to be done? A marriage, you say. Well! a marriage. Who shall it be?"

"I decline speaking with you, Laurence, while you adopt this mocking tone. If you mean a serious discussion, good; but I am in no humour for persiflage," said Mrs. Grantley, sternly.

"Fie! What does Shakespeare say of suspicion and a guilty mind? Or who is it—Pope, Thomson's Seasons, or Mrs. Hemans?"

"We will end the conversation, if you please," said Mrs. Grantley, rising in her turn. "You are impertinent, and you know I never submit to impertinence. When you choose to discuss the question with propriety, I shall be happy to resume the subject."

"Well, I will be serious," said Laurence, in a slightly less bantering tone. "Be just; or, if that is too high a flight for your ethical wings, be good-natured. . This marriage is for your good as well as mine; yet I am to be the only victim. Grant me at least the luxury of kicking while you harness me. Now let us go fairly through the available list. Miss Sefton?" He laughed, but it was not quite a natural laugh, and, strangely enough, he, whose general look was fixed and steady, now kept his eyes bent down, intent on the condition of his nails. "She has money, I believe," he added, in a jeering kind of way. "Fifty pounds a year, if a penny."

"Jane Storey has more than that," said Mrs. Grantley, quietly.

"Jane Storey cannot speak English, and yesterday called me 'sir.' No, mother, not Jane Storey—no."

"I own she is not very accurate in the use of verbs and pronouns, and it would not be pleasant to have a person at the head of the Grantley table saying, 'Sir, will you take any of this beautiful leg of mutton?' Otherwise, she is not bad. She has decent teeth and tolerable hair, and quite a Cinderella foot. But I do not press her, Laurence. Gold leaf should be thick that covers dross, and Jane Storey's is not quite deep enough to hide the base metal underneath. There is Miss Ainsworth—what of her?"

"With red hair, and a hand like a butcher's fist."

"Golden hair. Twenty thousand pounds never has red hair. She will not do? Ah! you are fastidious. What then of Emma Laurie—sinking the parentage?"

"A tallow-chandler's daughter, and not much unlike her father's advertising mould. I always thought you somewhat choice and aristocratic in your ideas; but it seems as if the want of money had brought the want of other things too in its train. Yet, if you cannot be prudent, at least sin like a gentlewoman. Let us be true to our class, if not honest to our tradespeople."

"You are right: I *have* stooped too low. Birth is, of course, one of the necessities as well as money, and we must have both united," said Mrs. Grantley, with dangerous suavity. "Let me see—you do not like the Storey, nor the Ainsworth, nor yet the Laurie? What, then, do you say of Annie Sibson? Here you have everything, Laurence; family, fortune, education; nothing missing from the list." And Mrs. Grantley looked at her son with a hard, fixed gaze, which, as he well knew, meant everything possible to human will.

"Annie Sibson! A poker in petticoats, a fish, a mere nonentity, without grace, intelligence, or beauty; and forty years old at the least!"

"My dear boy, if you are looking for a gilded Venus, I am afraid you will go wifeless for ever. Annie Sibson was only twenty-nine last November—and is a very charming young woman——"

"She is a horror, mother; the worst of the lot. What on earth could have put her into your head?"

"Necessity, Laurence, and fate. Annie Sibson has fifty thousand pounds; she loves you, and you will marry her. You know this as well as I do."

"Loves me! *She* love! As cod-fish do. She is not unlike a cod-fish, herself—watery blue eyes, leaden skin, gaping mouth, and lint-white hair. She would make no end of a caricature."

"Laugh as you like, Laurence, Annie Sibson is your fate. Yet, perhaps, you had better take it as you do, with a jest and a smile: you might take it worse," observed Mrs. Grantley, sententiously.

"Or not at all," said Laurence, turning pale, as he always did when angry. "I am not forced to marry the girl, I suppose? Do you really believe that I have no free-will left, no self-assertion, at thirty-two years old? If you do, you will find yourself mistaken."

"You are absurd and childish; and show the weakness of your arguments by their violence. Do I force you to marry? Or indeed do I care about your marriage in any way, for myself?"

"Has your jointure nothing to do with it?" said Laurence. "Are there no awkward items there to wash out with a golden sponge? You are self-denying, mother, I know; always were; but not quite to the point of planning a rich marriage for your son that shall not be advantageous to yourself as well."

"Have it as you will. Only remember what Warner said in his letter to-day; the mortgage suddenly called in, and another mortgage for the same amount not to be had; that heavy bill of Lyon's to be met this day week; Marshall's acceptances falling due; the embarrassment, nay, Laurence, the ruin that is threatening you unless promptly bought off. What have I to do with all this, you say? Simply to remind you that Annie Sibson has fifty thousand pounds; that she loves you; and that the game is in your own hands. Annie Sibson will be at the ball to-night: and Warner's letter must be answered to-morrow."

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"My mother makes me religious," said Laurence, as she left the room; "she makes me believe in devils."

He sat and brooded over all that she had said, forced to admit that the inexorable laws of expediency and worldly prudence were with her, and that his wisest course would be to marry Annie Sibson, and so stave off the Jews and the auctioneers. True, she was disagreeable, ugly, and ill-bred; while May Sefton——But then the money—that magic fifty thousand pounds—while poor pretty May had only her wavy chesnut-hair, and her large blue Irish eyes, her frank smile and tender heart, her simplicity, her grace, her lovingness and her beauty, and a paltry fifty pounds a year; scarcely enough to buy her gloves and bouquets! If May Sefton could but have had Annie's fortune, Laurence thought, the whole thing would have been perfect, and two people might be happy, instead of one a miserable sacrifice. Not that Laurence had any reason to believe that May loved him, more than she loved Fido, her Skye-terrier, or Muff, her Persian cat. But Laurence Grantley could not anticipate a refusal from any woman; nor, indeed, need he have feared one. Who could be found to refuse him, young, handsome, of an old family, reputed wealthy, acknowledged as the most agreeable man of the county, perfectly well-bred, and rather clever?

Half the county had gathered at the Assize ball to do full honour to the wretches who had been sentenced to be hanged, transported, or imprisoned. But of all the guests, none made a greater sensation than the Grantleys of the Hall. They ranked among the first families of the place; they were the largest landowners—what matter if every acre, even to the bare crags about that desolate Black Tarn up on the hill yonder, was mortgaged to its full value?—and were decidedly the leading people. Mother and son headed every list, whether of stewards or subscriptions; their doings supplied the local papers with one or two paragraphs weekly; they were foremost in everything, political, parochial, scientific, or social; nothing was considered complete that had not the countenance of the family at the Hall. Then, Mrs. Grantley was a local drawing-room queen, or milliner's Juno, whose beauty and breeding made society proud of her leadership. Neither had the late Mr. Grantley been false to the family traditions. A brave, kindly-hearted, open-handed, energetic man, full of energy and manliness flavoured with a certain full-bodied pomp, which does not sit ill on men of six feet, hard riders, fast livers, kind landlords, and generous neighbours—his death had left a gap which even Laurence himself had not filled up. But Laurence was doing his best to prove worthy of his name, and was now only slightly behind the place which his father's memory yet held in public opinion. Lavish, a little haughty and intensely proud, but kind-hearted and social, what faults he had did not show, and his virtues were rendered all the brighter by the silver-gilt of the setting. And he was not such a bad fellow after all.

So, when the mother and son entered the room, the whole assembly rose to greet them as if they had been the chief magnates of the land, and Grantley Hall the Windsor Castle of England, instead of only Windsor Castle of the county.

Mrs. Grantley was used to this kind of homage; she accepted it as her due, gracefully if not gratefully, with dignified condescension, not with excitement or embarrassment. Do we not all know women who simply suffer love and permit admiration? To-night she was more than ordinarily gracious. She threw into her greetings such an impalpable kind of flattery, she was so full of sympathy and thought for every one, that she raised her popularity up to the highest pinnacle, and brought the whole shire, so to speak, on its knees at her feet. Laurence was quite as popular. Perhaps, less so with the men than with the women, who yet all combined to praise Mrs. Grantley loudly, and to profess the most unbounded admiration of her, from her millinery to her morals. Her son was only mentioned by them as an accident. But this is a way women have, with the stately mothers of well-looking sons, unmarried and desirable.

The first dance had been gone through when they entered, but some of the "best girls" were sitting in a small knot apart, as was the custom. To most of them the ball had not begun till Mr. Laurence Grantley appeared. May Sefton, the decided belle of the room, all in white and water-lilies, was surrounded by half a dozen aspirants, and smiled pleasantly and equally on all: even sometimes favouring with a kind of human recognition that intense vulgarian, the local lawyer, who, though of course not "in their set," was yet slightly known to the Seftons, as the local innkeeper might have been, or the postmaster, or the exciseman, or any other second-class individual permitted to exist. By her side was Annie Sibson, the great heiress, in cold blue, as cold as herself, under the chaperonage of May's mother; the Lord-Lieutenant's handsome daughter, in black and gold, was with them; and the bishop's tall niece, in strong-coloured pink helped out by hard trimmings, wine-bottle colour. Laurence lounged up to the group, bland and gracious, and was greeted with a volley of smiles and bright glances such as might have brought a dead man to life. May's sweet face dimpled from brow to chin as he bent down and spoke to her softly—more softly than to the others; and a pretty triumph broke like sunshine from her eyes. He was going to take her out the first, she thought; and that was always a coveted distinction. But after speaking with her for a few moments, Laurence suddenly turned to Annie Sibson, and asked her to waltz with him; asked her somewhat abruptly, and not as he had spoken to May; without looking at her, but keeping his eyes raised just above the level of her head; peculiarities of manner which Miss Annie did

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not seem to notice, for her leaden cheek took a warmer tinge, and her dulled face brightened perceptibly as she walked up the room leaning on his arm; her mouth half open, and her long throat craned into an angle as usual. "It was Antinoüs and the eldest daughter of Hecate," said classical Mrs. Gray, the terror of all the young men in the neighbourhood.

Mrs. Grantley smiled graciously as they passed her, and turning to her neighbour said, with condescending benignity; "That dear girl, Annie Sibson, is really a great favourite of mine: she is not pretty, but so amiable, so good!—and singularly well-informed; with what our fathers would have said, a pretty turn for science."

"Not much manner," said the neighbour, who had daughters of her own—pretty girls without fortunes. Annie Sibson, with her fifty thousand pounds, was a thorn in her maternal side.

"Shy? Yes, undeniably so; but that is no fault, my dear Mrs. Craven, in these days of Spanish hats and Balmoral boots. I would we had a few more shy young ladies among us." Mrs. Grantley, like all women of the Junonic order, had a profound aversion to piquancy, whether in dress or in character; and Mrs. Craven's three daughters were three brunettes, with the shortest and reddest of petticoats, and the smallest and jauntiest of hats. The conversation dropped, and Mrs. Craven felt discomfited.

May Sefton looked on while the pair whirled rapidly past her; a shade paler and more thoughtful than she was a moment ago; puzzled too, and not able to read the riddle just offered to her. Then she stood up to waltz with that most insufferable of all coxcombs, Charley Fitzallen (who fancied himself in love with her), in obedience to a sarcastic request from Laurence "that she would not disappoint Mr. Fitzallen for his pleasure!" But either pride, or the buoyancy of youth, or perhaps a little justifiable dissimulation, soon brought back her smiles, and she danced with every one, and talked and laughed, and did her pretty little harmless tale of flirting quite merrily. And when Laurence, late in the evening, came to demand the honour of her hand for the next polka—still speaking softly, and looking into her eyes with tender admiration—he found her engaged so many deep there was no hope left for him.

He turned away with a bitter, loving, despairing speech. May looked after him with wondering pain, as again he whirled off with Annie Sibson, who, the young men used irreverently to say, danced like a giraffe.

Laurence had danced so often with her to-night, that gossips laid their heads together, whispering their comments; one, bolder than the rest, even venturing to congratulate Mrs. Grantley on the coming accession of fortune to her son, congratulating the young lady also, on her success where all others had failed to fix. Whereat Mrs. Grantley looked grand and stony, answering, "I do not understand you," as gravely as if a royal sphinx had spoken.

Before Annie was shawled and in the carriage Laurence Grantley had proposed, and was accepted. The next day Warner was written to, and all these terrible embarrassments pressing so fiercely onward were disposed of with the offhand insolence of inexhaustible resources.

CHAPTER II.

The Grantley marriage was a most brilliant affair. No marriages are so demonstrative as those which are made for interest, and where all the love is on one side; for the less people have, the more they seem bound to assume. Magnificent wedding presents; a battalion of upholsterers and decorators to fit the old Hall for the coming bride, a lavishness of expenditure, and gorgeousness of taste, that would have been princely if it had not been profligate; and then the world said how handsomely Laurence Grantley was acting, and to be sure he loved that uninteresting Annie Sibson after all, and had not married her for her money only. Annie half thought so, herself; disagreeable women generally believe themselves irresistible; yet there was a test which in spite of her confidence, she thought it only wise to apply: and that test was, the settlements. She had very cleverly managed to put off to the last, the signing of these important papers, and had refused all discussion on the point in a manner not to be gainsaid. She had left all this to her lawyer and her guardian, she said; they would do what was right. And what they did, was to take good care of her—very good care. When, therefore, the papers came down for signature the night before the wedding, they were not quite what Mrs. Grantley or Laurence had anticipated. Annie's lawyer and guardian—at least, she said it was done by them—had interpolated a few phrases here and there, which left her in a far better position than had been agreed on. In fact, they left her supreme, with the Grantley's "nowhere."

The Grantleys made some strong representations on the subject, but Annie opposed only a dull, dead, negative resistance, against which they simply fought without result, and wearied themselves in vain. As it was really of vital importance to get the interest of the money, if nothing else, they were obliged at last to give in, and leave her absolute possession of her fifty thousand pounds.

She had had two aims—the one to marry Laurence Grantley, the other to keep her fortune to herself; and she carried both. She did not know how Laurence cursed her in his heart as she sat with her filmy eyes fixed immovably on the wall, her whole aspect one of imbecile obstinacy; and she would not have much cared if she had known. Annie Sibson never turned aside from her own path because other people cried out that she walked over their grounds, and took more than was her right. "Let them keep their gates shut and their fences, as I do mine," said Annie, hedging in her bit of ground doggedly.

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As, when it came to the question of the signing, Laurence Grantley had gone too far to retreat with honour, he was forced to know himself overreached. So the farce went on with its intended splendour, though the principal actor had lost half his fees, and the tinsel garlands all their bloom. May Sefton was a bridesmaid—all the beauties of the county were bridesmaids—and her beauty never looked so bewitching as when she stood behind Laurence Grantley's "fish." Laurence felt his haughty heart rise bitterly as he led her from the altar; bound, fettered, married for life; married to *her*, with May Sefton following on their steps, talking gaily and, as it seemed, unconcernedly with the groomsman. Bitter, bitter were the man's thoughts in that short passage from the altar to the vestry; dully triumphant the ungainly bride's; undefined and somewhat tumultuous May Sefton's, who could not help thinking that Laurence Grantley had once liked her better than all the rest, and even now spoke to her differently than he spoke to the rest. May knew how to keep her own secrets.

In the vestry Laurence nearly lost his self-control, when Annie, in a strange tone of familiarity and command, desired him to pick up her handkerchief, which she had let fall. It was the Wife's voice, the possessor's, the command of rightful ownership and public pledge. But he did her bidding, gracefully and gallantly; for he was too proud to give the world occasion for talk, and, come what might, he was resolved that no one should learn his secret. Annie smiled, and looked round with dull complacency, as if a showman had shown off his spaniel's latest trick.

The breakfast passed decorously enough, and they went off on the wedding-tour with all pomp and circumstance. Mrs. Grantley said to herself that Laurence would now be able to mould her to his own will—brides are so malleable!—and that if things were not in true shape when they returned, then she, Mrs. Grantley, queen and autocrat of the county, would undertake the task.

CHAPTER III.

"MRS. LAURENCE GRANTLEY at home."

The neighbourhood received cards bearing this notification, and the neighbourhood went up in family parties to the Hall.

"Every one may come once," was Annie's silent decision; "that is, for the Grantleys; but *I* will arrange who comes twice."

The war had begun. It had virtually begun in the vestry when Annie paraded her new-made husband's obedience, and settled herself in her place as the dominator of the whole. It had been going on ever since; and a war with Annie was no trifle. Worse to bear than the most passionate outbursts of violence and wrath, was her inert resistance: that smooth, unangular, undefined resistance which offers no point of hold to an antagonist, and simply fails to succumb. Had she ever refused a request in anger, ever argued a point openly, ever spoken vehemently or with the exaggeration of passion? Never; but she sat with the half imbecile expression upon her which she assumed when obstinate. She would have held her point to the Day of Judgment. She had an irresistible argument in her power of appointing her heir; for she had reserved this right absolutely and unconditionally, and held it like a coiled lasso over the head of her husband. So that if Laurence Grantley wished his marriage to be of any real ulterior advantage to him, he must keep her in good humour; which meant, that he must let her have her own way unchecked.

Even Mrs. Grantley's position was precarious. "I think it would be better if your mother had a separate establishment before we return," said Annie one day, at Rome; and Laurence, who knew his bride a little better now than at first, knew that his mother's tenure of royalty was at an end.

He made no reply, but wrote home at once, repeating what his wife had said, but somewhat more roundly and offensively; for, as Laurence had no love, though a vast deal of admiration, for his mother, and as she had no reversions which might keep him in check, he never cared to diplomatise with her, or to soften what might be offensive.

Mrs. Grantley received his letter scornfully. "It will be strange if I cannot *maîtriser* such a nonentity as Annie Sibson," she wrote: and stayed on.

Annie never resumed the subject while abroad; but, while they were crossing the Channel to England, she said, letting her words fall like water drops, without clearness of ennunciation, emphasis, or expression: "Has Mrs. Grantley left the Hall yet?"

"No," said Laurence, shortly.

"I think she had better," said Annie.

"She has no wish to do so," said Laurence. "Neither do *I* desire it."

"I think she had better," repeated Annie.

"Tell her so yourself, Mrs. Grantley. Take my mother in hand and manage her to your own liking; perhaps you will not find the task so easy as you imagine."

"I think she had better go," was all Annie's answer; and the subject dropped.

When they got home, they found Mrs. Grantley still lady paramount; receiving Annie graciously, and patronising her on her return with marvellous effects of black velvet and costly lace. Annie hung her lip and looked stupid, received all these demonstrations very coldly, and did not in any manner respond to them; but before an hour was out, and before Mrs. Grantley knew what had happened, she found herself set aside, her orders opposed, her assertions contradicted flatly—without passion or excitement, but unequivocally—the servants made to understand who was now the real mistress; and the whole reins of management taken, without force, but irresistibly, from her hands. Mrs. Grantley's tactics were of no avail against a system

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that had nothing tangible, and against a person whom it was impossible to excite or bring to bay.

"I think you would be better in a house of your own," she used to say about once a day, as her sole answer to Mrs. Grantley's stately representations that on such and such an occasion—contradicting her flatly at table, refusing her the carriage, rescinding her orders, or the like—she had acted unbecomingly, and without due regard to her (Mrs. Grantley's) position. And at last, by force of her unceasing insults, always very quietly given, she shouldered out the elder lady and forced her to go. There was no quarrel, no tumult, no scandal. Mrs. Grantley's pride could no longer submit; and she went.

"I think she is best gone," said Annie, imperturbably, when the last shred belonging to the former mistress had disappeared from the Hall. Then she went to pore over the aquarium, and teaze her chameleon; for she had a kind of sympathy with all bloodless creatures, and was great in a shallow kind of scientific play: trying her hand at photography, modelling, and various unexciting amusements; but especially given up to her water world.

What she did with Mrs. Grantley she did also with the visitors to the Hall. Those whom she did not like, took care not to call again. She did nothing overt; said nothing that could be repeated as personally insolent; but was altogether so disagreeable, that those whom she did not affect left the house irreconcilably offended, and never entered it a second time. The only one who stood out against her was Mr. Clarke Jones, the country lawyer, who lived on the edge of the great world of the county, and appeared at the Assize ball as May Sefton's distant admirer. Laurence used to give this person an occasional dirty job to do, and Jones prized his slender footing in the Hall too much to relinquish it, cost what it would in self-respect to retain. His skin was as thick as a rhinoceros's hide; to all Mrs. Laurence's undefined insults he opposed a callous impudence that would not be abashed, a vulgar self-complacency that would not be ruffled. "He gave her back as good as she brought," he used to say; and not without truth. It was the file and the granite; and the granite had the best of it.

Thus, whether she liked it or not, she had to endure his visits, and somehow Mr. Clarke Jones managed to make them tolerably frequent: perpetually coming up to the Hall with small bits of local information, which "he thought it right Mr. Grantley should know." Laurence suffered him to prowl about in this manner, partly because he was sometimes useful, and partly because he understood the secret antagonism going on, and was not sorry to see his wife foiled at her own game.

If the bull-necked, insolent country lawyer were Annie's sore point, the settlements, and a loan which Laurence wanted to raise on her security, were his. Annie would not do him this service. "I married to be mistress of the Hall, not to be a beggar," she used to say; "so you need not ask, for I never will."

As yet, Laurence had not got much good out of his marriage. True, there was the will, drawn up in his favour and leaving him absolute possession after death, which, with much trouble and bitterness on both sides, Laurence had induced her to sign. But he had no great satisfaction in this, for whenever he vexed Annie—and she was always being vexed—she threatened to revoke it, and "leave him the ruined spendthrift she found him." In short, she led him a sad life about this same will; and, indeed, about everything else; and made the sin of his mercenary marriage bring its own punishment with it, and that speedily. And all this time she kept, carefully locked up in a secret drawer, another and a later will, duly signed and attested, which left all she had, to a certain Mrs. Jane Gilbert, of Eagley, in another county, "in reparation of the wrong done her." So Annie had immense satisfaction in her dealings with her husband, whom she annoyed by an appearance, and deceived by a reality.

She had had this second and secret will drawn up immediately on her signing the first; and when she had become perfectly aware *why* she had been married. For Laurence, though generally careless and good-natured enough with her: respecting her for her "good family"—which sense of good family was his great weakness—if not loving her for her person, had once unfortunately lost his temper and common sense, and had told her, in clear, sharp, incisive terms, that he had never loved her; that he had married her solely for her money; that he cursed the day he ever met her, and wished he or she had died at the church door. Annie treasured up all these wild words, carefully, and registered a vow that never, from that day, should a farthing of her money flow into the Grantley coffers, and that, come what might, she would be revenged. So wretched Laurence was no better off than if he had married dear May—loving, beautiful May—and her paltry thousand pounds.

"Would that I had!" he groaned in despair. "Would that I had dared to be brave and true—to face my position and claim May's happy love!"

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

Thus far, the information which I had received from Mrs. Clements—though it established facts of which I had not previously been aware—was of a preliminary character only. It was clear that the series of deceptions which had removed Anne Catherick to London and separated her from Mrs. Clements, had been accomplished solely by Count Fosco and the Countess; and the question whether any part of the conduct of husband or wife had been of a kind to place either of them within reach of the law, might be well worthy of future consideration. But the purpose I had now in view led me in another direction than this. The immediate object of my visit to Mrs. Clements was to make some approach at least to the discovery of Sir Percival's secret; and she had said nothing, as yet, which advanced me on my way to that important end. I felt the necessity of trying to awaken her recollections of other times, persons, and events, than those on which her memory had hitherto been employed; and, when I next spoke, I spoke with that object indirectly in view.

"I wish I could be of any help to you in this sad calamity," I said. "All I can do is to feel heartily for your distress. If Anne had been your own child, Mrs. Clements, you could have shown her no truer kindness—you could have made no readier sacrifices for her sake."

"There's no great merit in that, sir," said Mrs. Clements, simply. "The poor thing was as good as my own child to me. I nursed her from a baby, sir; bringing her up by hand—and a hard job it was to rear her. It wouldn't go to my heart so to lose her, if I hadn't made her first short-clothes, and taught her to walk. I always said she was sent to console me for never having chick or child of my own. And now she's lost, the old times keep coming back to my mind; and, even at my age, I can't help crying about her—I can't indeed, sir!"

I waited a little to give Mrs. Clements time to compose herself. Was the light that I had been looking for so long, now glimmering on me—far off, as yet—in the good woman's recollections of Anne's early life?

"Did you know Mrs. Catherick before Anne was born?" I asked.

"Not very long, sir—not above four months. We saw a great deal of each other in that time, but we were never very friendly together."

Her voice was steadier as she made that reply. Painful as many of her recollections might be, I observed that it was, unconsciously, a relief to her mind to revert to the dimly-seen troubles of the past, after dwelling so long on the vivid sorrows of the present.

"Were you and Mrs. Catherick neighbours?" I inquired, leading her memory on, as encouragingly as I could.

"Yes, sir—neighbours at Old Welmingham."

"*Old* Welmingham? There are two places of that name, then, in Hampshire?"

"Well, sir, there used to be in those days—better than three-and-twenty years ago. They built a new town about two miles off, convenient to the river—and Old Welmingham, which was never much more than a village, got in time to be deserted. The new town is the place they call Welmingham, now—but the old parish church is the parish church still. It stands by itself, with the houses pulled down, or gone to ruin, all round it. I've lived to see sad changes. It was a pleasant, pretty place in my time."

"Did you live there before your marriage, Mrs. Clements?"

"No, sir—I'm a Norfolk woman. It wasn't the place my husband belonged to, either. He was from Grimsby, as I told you; and he served his apprenticeship there. But having friends down south, and hearing of an opening, he got into business at Southampton. It was in a small way, but he made enough for a plain man to retire on, and settled at Old Welmingham. I went there with him, when he married me. We were neither of us young; but we lived very happy together—happier than our neighbour, Mr. Catherick, lived along with his wife, when they came to Old Welmingham, a year or two afterwards."

"Was your husband acquainted with them before that?"

"With Catherick, sir—not with his wife. She was a stranger to both of us. Some gentlemen had made interest for Catherick; and he got the situation of clerk at Welmingham church, which was the reason of his coming to settle in our neighbourhood. He brought his newly-married wife along with him; and we heard, in course of time, she had been lady's maid in a great family that lived at Varneck Hall, near

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Southampton. Catherick had found it a hard matter to get her to marry him—in consequence of her holding herself uncommonly high. He had asked and asked, and given the thing up at last, seeing she was so contrary about it. When he *had* given it up, she turned contrary, just the other way, and came to him of her own accord, without rhyme or reason seemingly. My poor husband always said that was the time to have given her a lesson. But Catherick was too fond of her to do anything of the sort; he never checked her, either before they were married or after. He was a quick man in his feelings, letting them carry him a deal too far, now in one way, and now in another; and he would have spoilt a better wife than Mrs. Catherick, if a better had married him. I don't like to speak ill of any one, sir—but she was a heartless woman, with a terrible will of her own; fond of foolish admiration and fine clothes, and not caring to show so much as decent outward respect to Catherick, kindly as he always treated her. My husband said he thought things would turn out badly, when they first came to live near us; and his words proved true. Before they had been quite four months in our neighbourhood, there was a dreadful scandal and a miserable break-up in their household. Both of them were in fault—I am afraid both of them were equally in fault."

"You mean both husband and wife?"

"Oh, no, sir! I don't mean Catherick—he was only to be pitied. I meant his wife, and the person——"

"And the person who caused the scandal?"

"Yes, sir. A gentleman born and brought up, who ought to have set a better example. You know him, sir—and my poor, dear Anne knew him, only too well."

"Sir Percival Glyde?"

"Yes. Sir Percival Glyde."

My heart beat fast—I thought I had my hand on the clue. How little I knew, then, of the windings of the labyrinth which were still to mislead me!

"Did Sir Percival live in your neighbourhood at that time?" I asked.

"No, sir. He came among us as a stranger. His father had died, not long before, in foreign parts. I remember he was in mourning. He put up at the little inn on the river (they have pulled it down since that time), where gentlemen used to go to fish. He wasn't much noticed when he first came—it was a common thing enough for gentlemen to travel, from all parts of England, to fish in our river."

"Did he make his appearance in the village before Anne was born?"

"Yes, sir. Anne was born in the June month of eighteen hundred and twenty-seven—and I think he came at the end of April, or the beginning of May."

"Came as a stranger to all of you? A stranger to Mrs. Catherick, as well as to the rest of the neighbours?"

"So we thought at first, sir. But when the scandal broke out, nobody believed they were strangers. I remember how it happened, as well as if it was yesterday. Catherick came into our garden one night, and woke us with throwing up a handful of gravel from the walk, at our window. I heard him beg my husband, for the Lord's sake, to come down and speak to him. They were a long time together talking in the porch. When my husband came back up-stairs, he was all of a tremble. He sat down on the side of the bed, and he says to me, 'Lizzie! I always told you that woman was a bad one; I always said she would end ill—and I'm afraid, in my own mind, that the end has come already. Catherick has found a lot of lace handkerchiefs, and two fine rings, and a new gold watch and chain, hid away in his wife's drawer—things that nobody but a born lady ought ever to have—and his wife won't say how she came by them.' 'Does he think she stole them?' says I. 'No,' says he, 'stealing would be bad enough. But it's worse than that—she's had no chance of stealing such things as those, and she's not a woman to take them, if she had. They're gifts, Lizzie—there's her own initials engraved inside the watch—and Catherick has seen her, talking privately, and carrying on as no married woman should, with that gentleman in mourning—Sir Percival Glyde. Don't you say anything about it—I've quieted Catherick for to-night. I've told him to keep his tongue to himself, and his eyes and his ears open, and to wait a day or two, till he can be quite certain.' 'I believe you are both of you wrong,' says I. 'It's not in nature, comfortable and respectable as she is here, that Mrs. Catherick should take up with a chance stranger like Sir Percival Glyde.' 'Ay, but is he a stranger to her?' says my husband. 'You forget how Catherick's wife came to marry him. She went to him of her own accord, after saying No, over and over again, when he asked her. There have been wicked women, before her time, Lizzie, who have used honest men who loved them as a means of saving their characters—and I'm sorely afraid this Mrs. Catherick is as wicked as the worst of them. We shall see,' says my husband, 'we shall soon see.' And only two days afterwards, we did see."

Mrs. Clements waited for a moment, before she went on. Even in that moment, I began to doubt whether the clue that I thought I had found was really leading me to the central mystery of the labyrinth, after all. Was this common, too common, story of a man's treachery and a woman's frailty the key to a secret which had been the life-long terror of Sir Percival Glyde?

"Well, sir, Catherick took my husband's advice, and waited," Mrs. Clements continued. "And, as I told you, he hadn't long to wait. On the second day, he found his wife and Sir Percival whispering together, quite familiar, close under the vestry of the church. I suppose they thought the neighbourhood of the vestry was the last place in the world where anybody would think of looking after them—but, however that may be, there they were. Sir Percival, being

seemingly surprised and confounded, defended himself in such a guilty way, that poor Catherick (whose quick temper I have told you of already) fell into a kind of frenzy at his own disgrace, and struck Sir Percival. He was no match (and I am sorry to say it) for the man who had wronged him—and he was beaten in the cruelest manner, before the neighbours, who had come to the place on hearing the disturbance, could run in to part them. All this happened towards evening; and, before nightfall, when my husband went to Catherick's house, he was gone, nobody knew where. No living soul in the village ever saw him again. He knew too well, by that time, what his wife's vile reason had been for marrying him; and he felt his misery and disgrace—especially after what had happened to him with Sir Percival—too keenly. The clergyman of the parish put an advertisement in the paper, begging him to come back, and saying that he should not lose his situation or his friends. But Catherick had too much pride and spirit, as some people said—too much feeling, as I think, sir—to face his neighbours again, and try to live down the memory of his disgrace. My husband heard from him, when he had left England; and heard a second time, when he was settled, and doing well, in America. He is alive there now, as far as I know; but none of us in the old country—his wicked wife least of all—are ever likely to set eyes on him again."

"What became of Sir Percival?" I inquired. "Did he stay in the neighbourhood?"

"Not he, sir. The place was too hot to hold him. He was heard at high words with Mrs. Catherick, the same night when the scandal broke out—and the next morning he took himself off."

"And Mrs. Catherick? Surely she never remained in the village, among the people who knew of her disgrace?"

"She did, sir. She was hard enough and heartless enough to set the opinions of all her neighbours at flat defiance. She declared to everybody, from the clergyman downwards, that she was the victim of a dreadful mistake, and that all the scandal-mongers in the place should not drive her out of it as if she was a guilty woman. All through my time, she lived at Old Welmingham; and, after my time, when the new town was building, and the respectable neighbours began moving to it, she moved too, as if she was determined to live among them and scandalise them to the very last. There she is now, and there she will stop, in defiance of the best of them, to her dying day."

"But how has she lived, through all these years?" I asked. "Was her husband able and willing to help her?"

"Both able and willing, sir," said Mrs. Clements. "In the second letter he wrote to my good man, he said she had borne his name, and lived in his home, and, wicked as she was, she must not starve like a beggar in the street. He could afford to make her some small allowance, and she might draw for it quarterly, at a place in London."

"Did she accept the allowance?"

"Not a farthing of it, sir. She said she would never be beholden to Catherick for bit or drop, if she lived to be a hundred. And she has kept her word ever since. When my poor dear husband died, and left all to me, Catherick's letter was put in my possession with the other things—and I told her to let me know if she was ever in want. 'I'll let all England know I'm in want,' she said, 'before I tell Catherick, or any friend of Catherick's. Take that for your answer—and give it to *him* for an answer, if he ever writes again.'"

"Do you suppose that she had money of her own?"

"Very little, if any, sir. It was said, and said truly, I am afraid, that her means of living came privately from Sir Percival Glyde."

After that last reply, I waited a little, to reconsider what I had heard. If I unreservedly accepted the story so far, it was now plain that no approach, direct or indirect, to the Secret had yet been revealed to me, and that the pursuit of my object had ended again in leaving me face to face with the most palpable and the most disheartening failure.

But there was one point in the narrative which made me doubt the propriety of accepting it unreservedly, and which suggested the idea of something hidden below the surface.

I could not account to myself for the circumstance of the clerk's guilty wife voluntarily living out all her after-existence on the scene of her disgrace. The woman's own reported statement that she had taken this strange course as a practical assertion of her innocence, did not satisfy me. It seemed, to my mind, more natural and more probable to assume that she was not so completely a free agent in this matter as she had herself asserted. In that case, who was the likeliest person to possess the power of compelling her to remain at Welmingham? The person unquestionably from whom she derived the means of living. She had refused assistance from her husband, she had no adequate resources of her own, she was a friendless, disgraced woman: from what source should she derive help but from the source at which report pointed—Sir Percival Glyde?

Reasoning on these assumptions, and always bearing in mind the one certain fact to guide me, that Mrs. Catherick was in possession of the Secret, I easily understood that it was Sir Percival's interest to keep her at Welmingham, because her character in that place was certain to isolate her from all communication with female neighbours, and to allow her no opportunities of talking incautiously, in moments of free intercourse with inquisitive bosom friends. But what was the mystery to be concealed? Not Sir Percival's infamous connexion with Mrs. Catherick's disgrace—for the neighbours were the very people who knew of it. Not the suspicion that he was Anne's father—for Welmingham was the place in which that suspicion must inevitably exist. If I accepted the guilty ap-

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pearances described to me, as unreservedly as others had accepted them; if I drew from them the same superficial conclusion which Mr. Catherick and all his neighbours had drawn—where was the suggestion, in all that I had heard, of a dangerous secret between Sir Percival and Mrs. Catherick, which had been kept hidden from that time to this?

And yet, in those stolen meetings, in those familiar whisperings between the clerk's wife and "the gentleman in mourning," the clue to discovery existed beyond a doubt.

Was it possible that appearances, in this case, had pointed one way, while the truth lay, all the while, unsuspected, in another direction? Could Mrs. Catherick's assertion that she was the victim of a dreadful mistake, by any possibility be true? Or, assuming it to be false, could the conclusion which associated Sir Percival with her guilt have been founded in some inconceivable error? Had Sir Percival, by any chance, courted the suspicion that was wrong, for the sake of diverting from himself some other suspicion that might be right? Here, if I could find it—here was the approach to the Secret, hidden deep under the surface of the apparently unpromising story which I had just heard.

My next questions were now directed to the one object of ascertaining whether Mr. Catherick had, or had not, arrived truly at the conviction of his wife's misconduct. The answers I received from Mrs Clements, left me in no doubt whatever on that point. Mrs. Catherick had, on the clearest evidence, compromised her reputation, while a single woman, with some person unknown; and had married to save her character. It had been positively ascertained, by calculations of time and place into which I need not enter particularly, that the daughter who bore her husband's name was not her husband's child.

The next object of inquiry, whether it was equally certain that Sir Percival must have been the father of Anne, was beset by far greater difficulties. I was in no position to try the probabilities on one side or on the other, in this instance, by any better test than the test of personal resemblance.

"I suppose you often saw Sir Percival, when he was in your village?" I said.

"Yes, sir—very often," replied Mrs. Clements.

"Did you ever observe that Anne was like him?"

"She was not at all like him, sir."

"Was she like her mother, then?"

"Not like her mother, either, sir. Mrs. Catherick was dark, and full in the face."

Not like her mother, and not like her (supposed) father. I knew that the test by personal resemblance was not to be implicitly trusted—but, on the other hand, it was not to be altogether rejected on that account. Was it possible to strengthen the evidence, by discovering any conclusive facts in relation to the lives of Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival, before they either of them appeared at Old Welmingham? When I asked my next questions, I put them with this view.

"When Sir Percival first appeared in your neighbourhood," I said, "did you hear where he had come from last?"

"No, sir. Some said from Blackwater Park, and some said from Scotland—but nobody knew."

"Was Mrs. Catherick living in service at Varneck Hall, immediately before her marriage?"

"Yes, sir."

"And had she been long in her place?"

"Three or four years, sir; I am not quite certain which."

"Did you ever hear the name of the gentleman to whom Varneck Hall belonged at that time?"

"Yes, sir. His name was Major Donthorne."

"Did Mr. Catherick, or did any one else you knew, ever hear that Sir Percival was a friend of Major Donthorne's, or ever see Sir Percival in the neighbourhood of Varneck Hall?"

"Catherick never did, sir, that I can remember—nor any one else, either, that I know of."

I noted down Major Donthorne's name and address, on the chance that he might still be alive, and that it might be useful, at some future time, to apply to him. Meanwhile, the impression on my mind was now decidedly adverse to the opinion that Sir Percival was Anne's father, and decidedly favourable to the conclusion that the secret of his stolen interviews with Mrs. Catherick was entirely unconnected with the disgrace which the woman had inflicted on her husband's good name. I could think of no further inquiries which I might make to strengthen this impression—I could only encourage Mrs. Clements to speak next of Anne's early days, and watch for any chance-suggestion which might in this way offer itself to me.

"I have not heard yet," I said, "how the poor child, born in all this sin and misery, came to be trusted, Mrs. Clements, to your care."

"There was nobody else, sir, to take the little helpless creature in hand," replied Mrs. Clements. "The wicked mother seemed to hate it—as if the poor baby was in fault!—from the day it was born. My heart was heavy for the child; and I made the offer to bring it up as tenderly as if it was my own."

"Did Anne remain entirely under your care, from that time?"

"Not quite entirely, sir. Mrs. Catherick had her whims and fancies about it, at times; and used now and then to lay claim to the child, as if she wanted to spite me for bringing it up. But these fits of hers never lasted for long. Poor little Anne was always returned to me, and was always glad to get back—though she led but a gloomy life in my house, having no playmates, like other children, to brighten her up. Our longest separation was when her mother took her to Limmeridge. Just at that time, I lost my husband; and I felt it was as well, in that miserable affliction, that Anne should

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not be in the house. She was between ten and eleven year old, then; slow at her lessons, poor soul, and not so cheerful as other children—but as pretty a little girl to look at as you would wish to see. I waited at home till her mother brought her back; and then I made the offer to take her with me to London—the truth being, sir, that I could not find it in my heart to stop at Old Welmingham, after my husband's death, the place was so changed and so dismal to me."

"And did Mrs. Catherick consent to your proposal?"

"No, sir. She came back from the north, harder and bitterer than ever. Folks did say that she had been obliged to ask Sir Percival's leave to go, to begin with; and that she only went to nurse her dying sister at Limmeridge because the poor woman was reported to have saved money—the truth being that she hardly left enough to bury her. These things may have soured Mrs. Catherick, likely enough—but, however that may be, she wouldn't hear of my taking the child away. She seemed to like distressing us both by parting us. All I could do was to give Anne my direction, and to tell her, privately, if she was ever in trouble, to come to me. But years passed before she was free to come. I never saw her again, poor soul, till the night she escaped from the mad-house."

"You know, Mrs. Clements, why Sir Percival Glyde shut her up?"

"I only know what Anne herself told me, sir. The poor thing used to ramble and wander about it, sadly. She said her mother had got some secret of Sir Percival's to keep, and had let it out to her, long after I left Hampshire—and when Sir Percival found she knew it, he shut her up. But she never could say what it was, when I asked her. All she could tell me was that her mother might be the ruin and destruction of Sir Percival, if she chose. Mrs. Catherick may have let out just as much as that, and no more. I'm next to certain I should have heard the whole truth from Anne, if she had really known it, as she pretended to do—and as she very likely fancied she did, poor soul."

This idea had more than once occurred to my own mind. I had already told Marian that I doubted whether Laura was really on the point of making any important discovery when she and Anne Catherick were disturbed by Count Fosco at the boat-house. It was perfectly in character with Anne's mental affliction that she should assume an absolute knowledge of the Secret on no better grounds than vague suspicion, derived from hints which her mother had incautiously let drop in her presence. Sir Percival's guilty distrust would, in that case, infallibly inspire him with the false idea that Anne knew all from her mother, just as it had afterwards fixed in his mind the equally false suspicion that his wife knew all from Anne.

The time was passing; the morning was wearing away. It was doubtful, if I stayed longer, whether I should hear anything more from Mrs. Clements that would be at all useful to my purpose. I had already discovered those local and family particulars, in relation to Mrs. Catherick, of which I had been in search; and I had arrived at certain conclusions, entirely new to me, which might immensely assist in directing the course of my future proceedings. I rose to take my leave, and to thank Mrs. Clements for the friendly readiness she had shown in affording me information.

"I am afraid you must have thought me very inquisitive," I said. "I have troubled you with more questions than many people would have cared to answer."

"You are heartily welcome, sir, to anything I can tell you," answered Mrs. Clements. She stopped, and looked at me wistfully. "But I do wish," said the poor woman, "you could have told me a little more about Anne, sir. I thought I saw something in your face, when you came in, which looked as if you could. You can't think how hard it is not even to know whether she is living or dead. I could bear it better, if I was only certain. You said you never expected we should see her alive again. Do you know, sir—do you know for truth—that it has pleased God to take her?"

I was not proof against this appeal: it would have been unspeakably mean and cruel of me if I had resisted it.

"I am afraid there is no doubt of the truth," I answered, gently; "I have the certainty, in my own mind, that her troubles in this world are over."

The poor woman dropped into her chair, and hid her face from me. "Oh, sir," she said, "how do you know it? Who can have told you?"

"No one has told me, Mrs. Clements. But I have reasons for feeling sure of it—reasons which I promise you shall know, as soon as I can safely explain them. I am certain she was not neglected in her last moments; I am certain the heart-complaint, from which she suffered so sadly, was the true cause of her death. You shall feel as sure of this as I do, soon—you shall know, before long, that she is buried in a quiet country churchyard; in a pretty, peaceful place, which you might have chosen for her yourself."

"Dead!" said Mrs. Clements; "dead so young—and I am left to hear it! I made her first short frocks. I taught her to walk. The first time she ever said, Mother, she said it to *me*—and, now, I am left, and Anne is taken! Did you say, sir," said the poor woman, removing the handkerchief from her face, and looking up at me for the first time—"did you say that she had been nicely buried? Was it the sort of funeral she might have had, if she had really been my own child?"

I assured her that it was. She seemed to take an inexplicable pride in my answer—to find a comfort in it, which no other and higher considerations could afford. "It would have broken my heart," she said, simply, "if Anne had not been nicely buried—but, how do you know it, sir? who told you?" I once more entreated

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her to wait until I could speak to her more unreservedly. "You are sure to see me again," I said; "for I have a favour to ask, when you are a little more composed—perhaps in a day or two."

"Don't keep it waiting, sir, on my account," said Mrs. Clements. "Never mind my crying, if I can be of use. If you have anything on your mind to say to me, sir—please to say it now."

"I only wished to ask you one last question," I said. "I only wanted to know Mrs. Catherick's address at Welmingham."

My request so startled Mrs. Clements, that, for the moment, even the tidings of Anne's death seemed to be driven from her mind. Her tears suddenly ceased to flow, and she sat looking at me in blank amazement.

"For the Lord's sake, sir!" she said, "what do you want with Mrs. Catherick?"

"I want this, Mrs. Clements," I replied: "I want to know the secret of those private meetings of hers with Sir Percival Glyde. There is something more, in what you have told me of that woman's past conduct and of that man's past relations with her, than you, or any of your neighbours, ever suspected. There is a Secret we none of us know of between those two—and I am going to Mrs. Catherick, with the resolution to find it out."

"Think twice about it, sir!" said Mrs. Clements, rising, in her earnestness, and laying her hand on my arm. "She's an awful woman—you don't know her, as I do. Think twice about it."

"I am sure your warning is kindly meant, Mrs. Clements. But I am determined to see the woman, whatever comes of it."

Mrs. Clements looked me anxiously in the face.

"I see your mind is made up, sir," she said. "I will give you the address."

I wrote it down in my pocket-book; and then took the good woman by the hand, to say farewell.

"You shall hear from me, soon," I said; "you shall know all that I have promised to tell you."

Mrs. Clements sighed and shook her head doubtfully.

"An old woman's advice is sometimes worth taking, sir," she said. "Think twice before you go to Welmingham."

PORT WINE.

Happening to be in Oporto during the last vintage season, I must needs visit the wine country, and set off, on a fine night in September, with a friend who was returning to his vineyard. Travelling, because of the fierce sun, chiefly by night, through the large towns of Penafiel, Amarante, and Regoa, we reached my friend's "quinta" in three days. The roads, bad everywhere, were in some places so very rugged that we had to dismount and lead the horses. Now and then we passed small wooden crosses, surrounded with stones, and, at each of these our guide enlivened us by halting, to mutter a paternoster, and add one stone more to the little heap. Such a cross marks the spot upon which a man has been found murdered. When a man is found dead on the road, he seldom has money about him to pay for the regular masses, therefore, a cross being set up to mark the spot, every passer-by repeats, out of charity, a prayer for the repose of the soul of the poor unknown, and the stones in the heap represent the number of the prayers. Grievous, indeed, was the number of the crosses. Assassinations are a usage of the wine country, and no effort is made by the authorities for the detection of assassins.

Port wine is from the province of Traz os Montes (behind the mountains), on the north bank of the river Douro. The scenery of this wine country is far from picturesque. The landscape simply consists of a series of high hills, covered with vines from base to summit, everywhere treeless, except for some elder clumps and a few olives here and there; but olive-trees are of sad countenance, substantial friends of man, who do not offer him eye-service.

The ground on the hills is a loose granite, with a very thin covering of soil, and it is cut into gigantic flights of steps, on which the vines are planted. These grow in bushes three or four feet high, about a yard apart.

The first care of the wine farmer, when his harvest-time approaches, is to engage men and women enough for the vintage work. The labourers engaged are almost savages, wild in their tempers, dirty in their persons, and each male of them, man or boy, goes armed, after the custom of the province, with an ugly gun slung to his back. The day's food of these poor people is a little matter. They will think themselves very well off if they can get a couple of dried sardines for dinner, as a relish to their bit of Indian corn bread. The duty of the women in the vineyard is to cut the bunches into large baskets, which the men carry upon their shoulders to the press. There is a great deal of singing on the ground, and all seem to work very contentedly, in spite of the great heat. When darkness ends the labour of the day, the labourers all meet outside the farm-house, a guitar is produced, and dancing is kept up for some hours.

When all the grapes are in the wine-press, the first thing to be done is to drag them well over with wooden rakes, to separate some of the stalks. Then all the men tuck up their trousers and jump in. At my friend's farm, a tub of water was ostentatiously set by the side of the press. I suspect, however, that this was a concession to the prejudice of visitors, for it did not go to the extent of actual ablution. Nobody used the tub of water, all seeming to have a supreme contempt for cleanliness. The scene inside the press is very animated. Twenty or thirty brown-faced and black-bearded tatterdemalions, up to their knees in the purple

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juice, smoke, sing, quarrel, dance, and scream, half mad with excitement, for to them this is the crowning event of the year. Every now and then a cry is raised for brandy, which the farmer furnishes. It is the pure white spirit as it has run from the still, and very strong. As it begins to take effect, the singing becomes louder, and the dancing, which within the press is the desired work, fast and furious. A general fight often ensues, in which the long guns sometimes play their part. When all the juice is trodden from the grapes, a plug is drawn. The must runs through into a smaller tank, whence it is carried in buckets to the tuns, containing four or five pipes each, there to ferment.

The wine-press is then half filled with water, the husks are again trodden, and finally squeezed under a press of wood. The liquor thus obtained ferments into what is termed agua pé, a liquor that will be drunk by the labourers when they come, a month later, to prune the vines.

When the fermentation of the wine in the tuns is complete, the result would not suit English palates; being thin, and tart, and rough. It has, therefore, to be sweetened and fortified. For sweetening, geropiga is used. This is made by adding brandy to a part of the fresh must, which is thus prevented from fermenting, and retains, therefore, the sugar of the grape. Brandy is used to strengthen the wine. Often there is deficiency of colour, and this defect is cured with dried elderberries, tied in a sack, put into a tub about half full of wine. Into the tub a man gets, and, by treading on the sack, soon draws the colour from the berries, and the darkened liquor is added to the wine. This practice is common all over the wine country, and favourable spots are chosen for plantations of elder-bushes, solely to supply the demand for berries.

Port wine having been thus made, is racked out of the tuns into pipes, carried down by ox-carts to the river Douro, fastened to a barge, and floated to Oporto. There, it is stored away till the time comes for shipping it to England; whither by far the greater part of the wine is exported. Only the superior class of wine is allowed to be sent abroad. Examiners appointed by the Board of Trade go round to taste and put their mark on those pipes which they approve. Without their mark no cask can pass the custom-house.

Of late years the yield of wine has been greatly diminished by the vine disease, which first attacks the immature grapes in the form of a white powder, easily rubbed off. As the disease proceeds, the powder changes to a fur, the grape turns black, and at last bursts, throwing out the seeds. The grape cluster then withers completely away; while the whole plant gives out a musty smell, very like that of toad-stools. The best-known remedy is sulphur, sprinkled over the bunches with a pair of bellows, and for this purpose very large quantities of sulphur have been imported into Portugal. The failure of the wine crop is the most disastrous event that can happen to that country, for the wine farmers depend for life upon their grapes, the soil being too poor to produce any other crop.

HOW THE WORLD SMOKES.

What has been the influence of the use of tobacco upon individual and social man? Has it been, on the whole, a bane or a blessing? Has it diminished suffering, has it increased enjoyment? Has the want which its introduction has created, been a benefit to the world at large? How many acres of land are devoted to the cultivation of the plant? How much capital is employed, how many labourers, how many dealers in the leaf, how many manufacturers? For the chewers of the quid, the smokers of the cigar and the pipe, the takers of snuff, how many ships and sailors are busied in the sea transport; how many merchants, traders, and shopkeepers, does the traffic interest; how much revenue does it give to national treasuries? Thousands, tens of thousands, millions, are the only figures by which any approximate idea can be conveyed.

Popes, czars, emperors and kings have thundered anathemas against this unfortunate weed, but all the denunciations have ended in smoke—have helped not to suppress, but to extend and augment the fumes of the weed, and all princely power and policy has ended in capitulation, and by turning tobacco into one of the most prolific and profitable sources of revenue. Its yearly consumption in the United Kingdom exceeds thirty-three millions of pounds avoirdupois, and gives to the imperial revenue more than five millions and a quarter in pounds sterling. Considerably more, therefore, than a pound per head is annually used by the European subjects of Her Majesty, and, remembering that there are many, and these more populous, countries, in which the employment of tobacco is more common than in England, it may be calculated that we do not consume more than one twentieth part of the produce of the world. And if the inhabitants of the globe be estimated at twelve hundred millions, and the average consumption be taken at only half that of Great Britain, the daily use of tobacco would be represented by nearly two millions of pounds—the average yearly consumption at about seven hundred millions of pounds.

These are staggering statistics, but they will stand the test of investigation. As an old traveller who has seen how the world smokes, let me dismiss these terrible figures and recal some ways and means of smoking.

Everybody smokes in China. Of opium-smoking I mean here to say little; nor is much to be said, except this, that a sense of shame, or a desire of solitude and seclusion, generally attends the smoker of opium. It is an unsocial habit practised in hidden places, and seldom intruding itself before the face of society. But the pipe and the tobacco-purse, like the fan, are the Chinaman and the Chinawoman's

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habitual companions, and the ladies of China seldom abandon their pipes except to the keeping of their immediate attendants. The pipes are long, light, delicate tubes, whose bowls are scarcely larger than sparrows' eggs, into which they press a bright yellow, but weak tobacco, cut into very small shreds. The pipe nearly reaches from the lips to the ground; it is sometimes slightly ornamented, but never in the same degree as the chibouk of the Levant. China-women are found smoking in their houses, sitting at their doors, and walking through the streets; but in the south, though the small-footed women sometimes sally out with their pipes, I do not remember seeing them smoke in public.

Tobacco and pipe-shops are found in all the streets of China, and the opium pipe is as freely exhibited as any other. The bowl of the opium pipe is in the centre, not at the end. The quantity of opium employed is scarcely larger than the head of a pin, and is exhausted in three whiffs by a strong inhalation, after which the smoker generally reclines to enjoy the dreamy influence of the pleasure-waking narcotic. Those addicted to the use of Ya-pien (opium) seldom use the Yen (tobacco). There is a considerable variety of quality and price in tobacco. Among the few courtesies which the Commissioner Yeh was willing to receive from Western barbarians during his imprisonment, one was a supply of tobacco of the particular character he had been accustomed to use. When he had exhausted his own stock, his pride would not at first allow him to ask a favour at the hands of his captors, but he suffered so much from the absence of his usual luxury, that he applied to the British authorities to obtain for him some of that especial "weed" which he honoured with his patronage.

The best Syrian tobacco, generally allowed to be superior to all others, is the Latakia, produced in the neighbourhood of the city of that name, the ancient and renowned port of Laodicea, and which, to the present day, has a not inconsiderable trade. It lies at the foot of Mount Lebanon, not far from the spot where the remnants of the patriarchal cedars still grow in greater abundance than in any other part of the mountains, though that abundance has been much curtailed by the destroying visitations of time. And as Syria provides the finest tobacco in the world, the Prince of Syria, the Emir Bekir, had the reputation, and most deservedly, of furnishing to his guests a pipe of tobacco far more complete than any which could be furnished by any rival potentate in the East. I was once his guest in his beautiful palace of Beit-ed-Deen close to Deir-el-Kamr, the capital of Lebanon. He lived there in all the pride of high position. He boasted to me that the marble columns of his elevated abode (they were of pure white marble) were no longer in danger from the thunderstorms by which in former times they had frequently been shaken, for he had introduced the lightning-conductors which he had seen attached to the mainmast of a ship-of-war during a voyage he had made to Egypt, and as the sight excited his curiosity and interest, he determined also by iron rods to convey safely to earth the menacing mischiefs of the thunderclouds of heaven. In his presence, and prepared by his own servants, I smoked the most delicious chibouk which, in my long experience, I was ever privileged to enjoy; the pipes were not decorated as the pipes which Turkish and Egyptian pashas are wont to use: the bowls were of Stamboul clay, the tube of the straight cherry-sticks of Asia Minor, the mouthpiece of smooth solid amber, so pleasant to the touch, and to which the lips so agreeably accommodate themselves; but the tobacco was so carefully piled, the lighted cinder so nicely concealed in the centre, that the least puff filled the mouth with volumes of aroma, and before the pipe was exhausted another was brought in, a brass saucer placed on the ground to support the bowl, and the mouthpiece presented to the guest by a kneeling attendant.

Among the graceful courtesies of the Emir Bekir, known as the Prince of the Druses, I remember that he sent his son, the Emin, on our arrival at his palace, to inquire whether we would be entertained in European or Oriental style, and being curious to see how far Western usages were understood by our host, we replied that we should prefer to be treated as Franks, and not according to the customs of the country. Nothing was wanting to our accommodation. Tables, chairs, porcelain, glass, silver spoons and forks, knives, and all the accompaniments of a handsomely provided Christian repast were introduced, and but for the costumes of the attendants, and the furniture of the apartments, we might have fancied we had for our host a well-bred and opulent English country gentleman. When our meal was finished, we were invited to the presence of the prince, and, the pipes being brought in, we heard from his lips particulars of his eventful history, little dreaming then that it was speedily to be terminated by disaster and downfal. He became involved in the quarrels between the Turkish Sultan and the Pasha of Egypt, when Syria became the battle-field, and died, an unhappy exile, at Constantinople.

Syrian ladies generally prefer the narghilé. A leaf, called timbac, is used instead of tobacco, to which it bears a very slight resemblance. The instrument rests on the ground, the leaf being kindled at the end of a tube; the smoke is inhaled through a globe-like glass vessel, filled with water, sometimes scented, the whole being supported by a stand. Another tube, communicating with the glass globe, is placed between the lips. The narghilés form pretty domestic ornaments.

At Hamath and Homs, very beautiful metallic pipe-tubes, called serpents, are manufactured. They have wonderful flexibility, and are much appreciated in the East.

Mahomet Ali Pasha had an apartment full of pipes, many of which were very gay and costly. He usually smoked one whose amber mouth was encircled by a ring of large diamonds, the staff of cherry wood, with a broad-bottomed bowl of

Stamboul clay. The pipe was ordinarily presented, as in Syria, by a bowing attendant, holding in the left hand a brass saucer supporting the bowl, and with the right presenting the mouthpiece. But at meals his Highness smoked the hookah, and inhaled some whiffs between every dish of which he partook. No hookah was offered to his guests, but the chibouk, with coffee, both preceded and followed the meal. Sherbet was sometimes, but not ordinarily, introduced. The pasha drank wine—the very best claret—with moderation, but always out of a silver cup, to avoid giving scandal, the colour of the beverage not being visible from without. Ibrahim Pasha smoked as much as, but drank vastly more than, his father. I remember when, in one of his illnesses, his French physician told him he had brought him some medicine, he said he hoped it was from Bordeaux.

The tobacco of Latakia is that ordinarily consumed by "the quality" in the Levant. It is generally preserved in goats'-skins, and is only cut a short time before it is used, in order that the flavour and aroma may not be diminished. Egyptian women smoke as well as men, but, as in Syria, the narghilé is more in fashion than the chibouk. The pipe is one of the attendant luxuries of the hot bath, and certainly its enjoyment is maximised when, after undergoing the shampooing process in all its varieties, you repose on a soft couch, covered with Cashmere shawls, sip the delicious coffee, and dreamingly or drowsily inhale and exhale the Latakian clouds. The best baths I have entered were not, however, in Egypt, but in Syria, at the palace of the Prince of the Druses—the prince of smokers, too, as I have before said. I understand the baths, the beys, the beauties of Lebanon, are ruined and scattered now. Twenty years ago, I saw them in their glory. On being introduced into the presence of a Turkish dignitary, and invited to sit down in his divan, the last sounds he generally utters are, "Gel chibouk!" being a mandate to the attendants to bring pipes to the guests. The pipes are splendid, according to the rank of the visitor and the disposition of the host to do him honour. I was informed that the collection of pipes possessed by one of the pashas had cost 30,000*l*. sterling, and it was said the diamonds which decorated a single pipe sometimes used by the Viceroy of Egypt, represented a tenth of that amount in value. Independently of rings of large diamonds round the amber mouthpiece, it is not unusual to see tassels of diamonds suspended from the pipe. But these very costly appurtenances are used only on rare occasions. Stems of the cherry-tree and the jasmine are held to make the best pipe-sticks. They are sometimes covered with costly coloured silks—the longer and the straighter the stem of the pipe the greater is its value. The bowls are ornamented and gilded, but are invariably of red clay.

The pride of pipes is the most ostentatious of Oriental extravagances; there is, in fact, no limit to expenditure in the jewellery which ornaments the most costly of the appurtenances. Yet, precious as is the chibouk, I once saw a bey, exasperated against one of his servants, rush at him with the precious pipe he was smoking, and which he broke upon his vassal's person, while pouring out a cataract of abuse. The bey seemed to look upon the destruction of his pipe with utter disregard—no doubt on account of the presence of my infidel self—to whom he wished to display his indifference at the destruction of a valuable possession, but I doubt not the victim of his rage afterwards paid a severe penalty for having caused the misfortune to his master. In domestic arrangements, the servants who have the care of the cleansing, filling, and custody of the pipes, are among the most important functionaries of Oriental establishments. Woe to such servant, if the pipe be filthy, difficult to smoke, if the tobacco be too much or too little pressed, if the bit of fire be improperly located! For all he is responsible; his are the first whiffs, and it is only when all is in perfect order that he is expected to hand over the pipe to his master and his master's guests.

The noisiest spot of industry in the world—at least as far as human voices are concerned—is probably the cigar manufactory in Binondo, where about eight thousand young women are collected for the manufacture of cigars, or cheroots, as they are generally called east of the Cape of Good Hope. The quantity of tobacco produced in the Philippines is enormous. That which is exported, represents the value of more than a million pounds sterling, and it is believed the consumption in the islands considerably exceeds that which is sent away. The government has a monopoly, both for the purchase of the leaf, and the sale of the manufactured cigar. But the Indian cultivator, naturally enough, keeps for his own use, or for that of his friends, or for clandestine sale, the best produce of his gardens. In travelling through these charming regions, where the courtesy of offering you a cigar is an universal practice, you may be pretty certain to learn that the cigar is not of the estanco or government shop. In the remoter districts, authority is too weak to enforce the monopoly, and the native enjoys unmolested the fruits of his labour; in them none participate more largely than the friars, who, nominally the spiritual guides, are really the paramount rulers among the Indians. The convents are always supplied with the choicest specimens of the cigarro and cigarrito, and a vaso de buen vino is seldom wanting to give them additional flavour. The presents from the islands generally pass through the hands of the monks, or are offered in the convents. On one occasion, some native villagers in the island of Panay brought to me a cigar five feet long, made of the finest tobacco, the largest they declared that had ever been manufactured. It was considerably thicker than my arm. This excited the competing ambition of a neighbouring locality, and two days after, I received a cigar seven feet in length and of the size of a man's thigh. I presented the cigar to the museum of Her Majesty's garden at Kew.

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The hookah, with all its pomps and grandeurs, is fast disappearing in India with that race of European nabobs whose superfluity of wealth, yellow complexions, and nonchalant habits, made them, two generations ago, "the observed of all observers." In my visit to India, I scarcely found a hookah-smoker among our countrymen. Officials seemed too much occupied with public cares, non-officials with money-making, the great business of life, and both seemed to seek amusements and enjoyments which demanded less of elaboration and display. The hookah is essentially unsocial, while the whole "tide of tendency" in India, is to introduce more of the European family life into the field of every-day existence. The increasing importation of ladies cements more and more the ranks that were formerly separated. The rapidity and facility of communication, both with the mother country and the interior, not only break down the barriers which separated communities and individuals from one another, but have helped to mould men and women to a common type, and to destroy those peculiarities and independences which grow out of distance and isolation. The simplicity of the cheroot has superseded the complications of the hookah.

The Manilla cheroot is generally preferred in India to the Havannah cigar, and as it is idle to be disputing about tastes, the partisans of the two rivals may be allowed to settle their differences. But India itself is now producing tobacco which some—but not many—proclaim to be equal to either the Philippine or the Cuban weed. Free trade, extending intercourse, will, no doubt, in the course of time, modify and alter many of our habits and fancies, bringing into use the productions of regions now unknown to commerce or to fame, but the world is vastly wide and most imperfectly explored. Man is but too little acquainted with man and with the capabilities of capital, soil, labour and science. Every day extends the field of observation and of intercourse, every day rewards more and more the inquirer and the adventurer. We are but on the threshold of a more promising futurity.

A propos of tobacco grave reflections may seem out of place, but it would not be difficult to show that tobacco has done its work and lent its aid in the progress of civilisation. That is not our present purpose, however. Of all stimulating inhalations, those of the hhashish of the Arabs, or bang of the Hindoos, is the most exciting, the most maddening. Hemp-seed is the material of this potent stimulant. It will drive the Malay to run a muck, dealing with his kris violence and death around him. Under its influence, all the latent savagery of his nature breaks out: he clinches his teeth, and rolls his reddened eyes, fiercely grasps and unsheathes his weapon—and away, away, victimising friends and foes. In the villages of Java pronged weapons are seen, by which the madman is kept at a distance, and secured till the authority arrives to arrest him. It is the forked branch of a tree whose sharp and strong thorns grow backward, and fix themselves in the flesh of the person who is held within the horns of the prong. The attempt to escape only drives the thorns deeper into the sides, and as the handle is from six to eight feet long, the captured Malay cannot reach his captors, who pinions him to the ground, or against the nearest wall.

Who can account for the peculiar form in which Malayan passion is wont to exhibit itself —this murderous onslaught upon everybody that stands in the way of the frenzied madman?—his blind, headlong, indiscriminating ferocity? The most excited drunkard who commits an act of violence is ordinarily satiated with that single act, but the muck-driven Malay becomes more and more savage in his assaults, and pursues his frightful career until he sinks from exhaustion. Though the hhashish is ordinarily the immediate mover of his terrible propensity, there are many other influences which awaken the dormant passions of his excitable nature. First, jealousy; the belief that his hareem has been violated; or revenge for some real or supposed injustice; or want, when visiting him with its extremest pressure; or hatred, which has so many sources for its origin, and so many elements from which it is fed and fostered. While a belief in the irresistible power of destiny—the impossibility of resisting that which is to be—has hold of the Malayan's mind, the distinction between right and wrong will not be very perceptible. "It was my doom; who could prevent it?" is the answer to all reproaches: the justification or the palliation of every murderous deed.

Though these lucubrations are more specially confined to remote and Oriental wanderings, we can hardly refrain from a glance or two at neighbouring nations, where recollections associated with our subject naturally float into the mind. What changes the use of tobacco has introduced into our modes of life since the pedantic Caledonian king blew his counterblast, may be left for others to observe and to describe.* France is too adjacent and too frequently visited to demand notice here, and our Transatlantic brethren exhibit themselves among us in all their various native characteristics, and in abundant variety. A few points of prominence, on reference to our subject matter, it may not be superfluous to notice.

The meerschaum and the porcelain bowl find favour with the German, and the rivalry between their respective merits affords a constant topic of controversy among the burghers or youths of the universities. The possession and becoming use of the pipe, mark the transition from youth to manhood, and the rauchen rank being assumed, the pipe, which is its recognised emblem

* One of the best epigrams with which I am acquainted, is that preserved by Racine, contrasting the will of *Queen* James with that of *her* predecessor *King* Elizabeth:

"Quand Elisabeth fut *roi*,
L'Anglais fut d'Espagne l'effroi;
Maintenant, devise et caquette,
Régie par la *Reine* Jacquette."

and representation, is seldom out of the hand of its owner. A student will be proud of showing how much his meerschaum has been browned and hardened by use; evidence of the time during which he has been exercising his lately acquired faculties, and developing his progressive genius. He walks the streets with greater dignity; enters the lecture-room as if he were somebody; believes himself to have obtained—at all events to have deserved—the special notice of the professor; he is ripening into a councillor and leader of younger candidates: in a word, he smokes with authority.

German pipes are better accommodated to locomotion than those generally in use among other nations. The chibouk of the East is too cumbrous, and requires special attendance in its conveyance and preparation. Clay pipes, especially the most delicate long-tubed pipes, are too fragile to be borne about by their possessor, and moreover soon become dirty and disagreeable; but the moderately long and large-bulbed pipe of the Germans is hung to the button of the outer garment, or carried in the hand without inconvenience. It is to the Teuton what the fan is to the Chinese, ever present and in constant service.

The Dutchman continues faithful to his long pipe of white clay. It is of a more delicate form, and more pleasant to the touch and to the taste than the ordinary English pipe, and the canaster which he smokes incomparably superior to the tobacco commonly used in England. The smoking habit is perhaps more rooted in Holland than in any part of the European world. The old King William—known in his country by the name of Vader Willem—had a great dislike to tobacco smoke, while the court painter Kuh declared he never succeeded in taking a likeness unless he had a pipe in his hand, and found no inspiration except in its fragrant fumes. He refused to paint the portrait of his royal master unless the king gave way to his foible, which, notwithstanding his prejudices, His Majesty very good-humouredly consented to do. The king had not been long seated in his chair, when, overcome by the smoke, he fell asleep. The artist continued his work for a little time, unwilling to interrupt his sovereign's repose, when he followed the royal example: his brush fell from his hand, and monarch and subject were slumbering and snoring together. Willem was the first to awake, and exclaimed to the painter, "Why, sir! you are asleep." He was of course roused, but having no time to recollect in whose august presence he was, exclaimed abruptly and irreverently, "Why you fell asleep first!" The king was fond of telling the story, which I often heard at the Hague, and of reminding his favourite artist that the use of tobacco did not teach good manners.

The primitive form of smoking was undoubtedly that of the rolled weed, the cigar in its simplest shape; then came the simple tube of earthenware, which enabled the smoker to exhaust the whole of the burning leaf. Cutting tobacco into small pieces and placing them in a bowl communicating with the mouth through a long aperture, thus separating the heat of the burning process from the fragrance and the flavour of the smoke, was the next important advance in the fumatory science. Much is not to be said in favour of those refinements which have added other odoriferous and medical virtues to the Nicotian raw material, nor do I propose to speak of a variety of means by which adulteration has insinuated itself into the manufactory, nor of the many vegetable substances which from time to time have been recommended as substitutes for the Indian vegetable.

In my youth it was deemed the most gracious and delicate of compliments that a fair Spanish lady should with her own coral lips inhale the first whiff of a pajito, and present it lighted to a *de*lighted recipient. In my age I have been honoured with no such marks of favour. Perhaps the usage may have passed away with the basquina, the mantilla, the vela, and the high and ornamented carved tortoiseshell comb which in former days formed the universally admired costume of the señorita Española. I fear Parisian fashions have destroyed the ancient characteristics of Spanish nationality; but when I first knew Spain, during the Peninsular war, no woman would have dared appear in society in any colour but black or one of very dark hue, in any stuff but the alepin or bombasine, for every moda that was tainted with a French name was abhorrent to the general feeling, and its introduction would have brought grief to the wearer; but now the modistes of Paris are the law-givers in Madrid, and a Spanish lady smokes as little as a Parisian.

It is certainly more agreeable to the traveller that he should find variety instead of sameness in the different regions which he may explore, yet the tendency to imitate and assimilate forms and fashions is breaking down international barriers, and moulding the civilised races into a greater and stronger community of philanthropic feeling: we cannot long hate those whom we wish to resemble, and we give a place in our affections to those who become our models in any of the habits of our lives. Emancipation from restrictive tariffs, free intercourse, free trade, if they do not introduce a universal language, recognise and give potency to a common, a universal interest. "Like loves like" is but a rude form for giving expression to the advantages which grow out of a widely spread and ever spreading sympathy.

OUR EYE-WITNESS (STILL) AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Your Eye-witness has to report the remainder of his evidence, given on various subjects connected with our National Collection of Pictures; the last inquiry upon this matter having, as the reader will remember, been abruptly terminated by the necessary absence of one of the commissioners. The ghost of Sir George Beaumont, having been released by the eminent Medium who had summoned it, appeared in court, and

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seemed in excellent spirits. It was natural that in taking their seats a little conversation should take place about the nature of the meeting which Sir George had been called on to attend. He remarked, in a sprightly manner, that it had been a very pleasant séance, and that he and other spirits had given an immense amount of information to the company, and had answered some thousands of questions that had been put to them, with regard to the relations and friends of the persons making inquiry, and on many other important subjects.

"And your answers were all satisfactory to them?" asks Dr. Waghorn, cheerily.

"Yes," the Ghost replies, "eminently so."

"All accurate, eh?" continues the Doctor.

"No—none of them accurate," is Sir George's answer; "not one."

"And yet everybody was satisfied?" the Doctor asks again, with some surprise.

"Yes, perfectly," answers the Baronet. "You know they never ARE accurate, somehow. That's the curious part of it. We never can give any information for that reason. There was a sceptical gentleman in company the other evening who seemed very much surprised at that. Another gentleman, not sceptical, and trying to convince the sceptical gentleman, asked me if I had seen his brother who lived in Australia lately. On my replying that I had, he asked whether his brother had a mole over his left eyebrow. I answered in the affirmative. '*There*,' said the believing gentleman. 'And has he such a mole?' asked the sceptical gentleman. 'No,' replied the believing gentleman. And yet the sceptical gentleman was not satisfied."

Here the subject dropped, and the business of the meeting was resumed. The learned Dr. Waghorn began by asking witness whether he had any evidence to add to that given on a former occasion with regard to the pictures in the National Gallery.

The Eye-witness replied that there was one little matter which he should like explained. He found by reference to his notes that a certain transaction had taken place which he had a difficulty in understanding. The transaction was succinctly and lucidly described in a government report as follows:

"A picture by PALMA VECCHIO, purchased on the recommendation of Mr. William Woodburn, for the National Gallery, at the sale of Monsieur Collot's collection in Paris, in May, 1852, was ceded to the Marquis of Lansdowne, as appears from the following extract from the Minutes of the Trustees, dated the 12th November, 1852: 'Read a letter from Mr. Hamilton of the 31st July last (1852), communicating to the trustees the authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, for the transfer to the Marquis of Lansdowne of the picture by PALMA VECCHIO or GIORGIONE, purchased at Monsieur Collot's sale, on his lordship paying the amount of the purchase money into the hand of the Paymaster-General, to the public account.'"

Professor Waghorn expressed his opinion that the transaction was quite a simple one. A noble lord had cast his eye upon a picture intended for the public, it had caught his fancy, and so it was taken away from the public and the noble lord got it.

Witness begged to ask the learned Doctor whether he did not think that if the picture in question was bought for the public, the public ought to have had it, and that for the authorities to make that picture over to one of themselves in that quiet way was not treating the public with proper respect? It seemed to witness, that the authorities, in hanging this picture on Lord Lansdowne's walls, had hung themselves on the horns of a dilemma. If that picture were a good one, the country ought to have had it; while if it were a bad one, it ought never to have been purchased. Witness put it to the Jury.

The Jury was unanimously of opinion that this transaction required explanation.

Professor Waghorn and the ghost of Sir George Beaumont both requested that this very shocking discussion might terminate where it was. Let the evidence be resumed. Professor Fudge had expressed himself very strongly, on a former occasion, on the subject of certain works by the earlier masters of painting; had he any reason to think that his opinions were shared by other persons?

Witness had reason to believe that they were. He had spoken to no one who had not expressed great dissatisfaction with the recent purchases. It was a general feeling. Those purchases had been much ridiculed; and indeed there seemed some ground for the amusement which certain of those pictures afforded to the spectator. The public was divided with regard to them. There were some persons who never got beyond the doors of the rooms especially devoted to these early pictures, but stood there timidly looking in, and then would go away without examining them at all. There were others who went through them, as it seemed, from a sense of duty, referring from picture to catalogue, and from catalogue to picture, as quickly as possible, and checking each off as they got over it.

By a Juryman—No, that was not the way to look at pictures, at least not to enjoy them. It was certainly a way of examining a collection which was very common. It was, however, not the right way. (Evidence resumed.)

There were other persons who openly objected to these pictures in set terms, and some who laughed at them. The last proceeding was excusable, the saints in some of these pre-Raphaelite works being singularly calculated to stimulate a sense of the ridiculous in the spectator. One of these saints was shown, gravely shaking hands with a lion; others are obvious muffs, who, when they want to see anything that is going on, such as the glorification of some other saint who lived several centuries afterwards, will neglect the good front places, and crane their necks over from distant parts of the background. There are saints with water on the brain, saints with hair standing on end, erect upon their toes, nay, there are, in one picture in the Hall, a toxopho-

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lite saint with a bow and arrows, an argumentative and disagreeable saint, a saint who advances his opinions politely and insinuatingly, a stupid saint, and a female saint violently frightened at something she is holding in her hand, and which bears a distant resemblance to a feather, but is equally like (or unlike) the drumstick of a fowl. All these saints are in one picture, by the same token that this composition is in the school of ANDREA DEL CASTAGNO, of whom we are told in the catalogue that he was called "the Infamous," though whether from the infamy of his art, or of his private career, does not come out. Being quite sure of his professional infamy, however, we will suppose that to be the subject of allusion, and leave his moral career alone. But what a purchase was this! a picture not even by the "Infamous" himself, but in the school of his infamy. We are not only to buy the works of unknown (and infamous) masters, but even those of their more unknown (and more infamous) disciples.

Dr. Waghorn was of opinion that too much was being said about the picture. It only occupied a position in the Hall.

That Hall, witness continued, was certainly the best place for such works. It was not adorned with an exhilarating collection of gems. There was an Apostle of awful size, and very horrible to contemplate, who presided over one of the doorways, and was the handiwork of one PORDENONE. [Another of those illustrious masters whom witness had never had the advantage of hearing about.]

Professor Waghorn begged to remind Professor Fudge that the work in question was a gift, and not a purchase. It was the gift of Cavaliere Vallati.

Witness begged the Cavaliere's pardon. It was very liberal of that nobleman. Witness was glad to find that on a subsequent occasion, in 1859, a "deal" had been effected with the Cavaliere by which he became possessed of 303*l.* sterling. How was it, that the liberal donor of the invaluable PORDENONE had been induced to accept that sum?

Professor Waghorn submitted that this question was irregular. There was no connexion between the two transactions—how could there be?

A Juryman remarked that there could be, in this way. "This same Cavaleerairy might want to come round the country in order to make 'em buy some of his pictures, or what not?"

Professor Waghorn begged he might not hear any such insinuations, and that the evidence of Professor Fudge might be resumed.

While on the subject of gifts, and that of bequests, which naturally suggested itself at the same time, witness thought that the terribly cynical but true proverb, which suggested the impropriety of examining the dental arrangements of eleemosynary horses, was sometimes applicable to pictures. Was it judicious to accept such gift-pictures as some of those that adorned the walls of the National Gallery? How liberal people had been with the works of BENJAMIN WEST, R.A., for instance.

Sir G. Beaumont begged to observe that he had himself presented the country with a picture by that artist.

Dr. Waghorn remarked that few men had ever been more deeply imbued with a feeling for the works of the masters, and more reverently a student of those works (bringing no audacious novelties of his own into play), than MR. WEST, P.R.A.

Witness quite agreed with Dr. Waghorn on that point. He submitted, however, that perhaps the pictures of the deceased President would have been more interesting if he *had* put something more of his own into them. Be that as it might, witness had meant no allusion to the gift of Sir George Beaumont, which was the best specimen of the artist in the collection, but to subsequent donations of inferior works. The Saints, by TADDIO GADDI, given by Mr. Coningham, might have sufficed as specimens of the school to which TADDIO GADDI belonged, and might have exonerated us from purchasing any more: though this gift had a different effect. The especially vile picture by RAZZI might be quoted as a gift horse whose mouth had by all means better remain unexamined; and so might the villanous Assumption of the Magdalen, surrounded by red-faced furies, of JULIO ROMANO. In the name of the Prophet, what is to be said of this JULIO ROMANO? Is he not artistically a miscreant of the vilest order? It is time he was exposed once for all, as an impostor. Does he ever fail to outrage every good principle in art? Did he ever paint a good picture?

Dr. Waghorn begged that witness would give his evidence more calmly; and

Sir G. Beaumont took the liberty of reminding Professor Fudge that the name of GIULIO ROMANO was dear to fame, and was not to be handled thus lightly.

If we turned from gifts to bequests, the witness resumed, we should find that it was often inexpedient to look a bequeathed as well as a gift horse in the mouth. The Rev. Carr had left some nasty bequests.

Sir G. Beaumont could not allow that expression.

Witness threw himself upon the Jury; what did the Jury think of The Holy Family, by ANDREA DEL SARTO? The Jury knew nothing about it, did they? What did they think of The Dream, by MICHEL ANGELO? What a specimen of that name! Referring to the body of the catalogue, however, witness found that though this picture was put down under the name of MICHEL ANGELO, it was stated in its description that it was "from a design only of MICHEL ANGELO." Truly, BUONAROTTI must have been in a bad way when he did that design, and called it A Dream of Human Life. It must have been done after an early dinner. At no other time would Human Life wear such an aspect. This picture is thus described in the catalogue: "A naked figure seated. Beneath his seat is a collection of masks illustrating the insincerity or duplicity of human dealings, and around him are visions of the many vices and depravities of

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mankind." Oh, Mr. Carr, Mr. Carr! that MICHEL ANGELO was a nasty bequest. The Conversion of St. Paul, by HERCULES OF FERRARA, was another nasty one. It was unfeeling again of Carr——

Sir George Beaumont:—The Rev. *Mr.* Carr.

It was unfeeling of the Rev. Mr. Carr to leave to a country that had done him no injury the two DOMENICHINOS—St. George and the Dragon, and St. Jerome and the Angel. Nor was it easy to see how we had brought the Ecce Homo of LUDOVICO CARACCI upon ourselves. It is not contended that we did not deserve these pictures, but why of the Rev. Mr. Carr? There was a great name of a Venetian painter, one of the greatest that the world knew; how absurd to have that name of TINTORETTO represented in such a country as this by that sketch of St. George and the Dragon! This, again, was Carr. But there was no end to Carr.

Dr. Waghorn called the witness to order. Let the evidence be proceeded with.

Witness found the name of another public benefactor on the books of the National Gallery as having bequeathed a large and terrific collection. This was Lt.-Col. Ollney, who let loose upon us in 1837 a perfect avalanche of indifferent art. The Ruins and Figures of the great PANINI, the Palace of Dido by STEINWYCK, the Cornelia of PADOVANINO, the Moonlight of the illustrious WILLIAMS, came to the country from this gallant lieutenant-colonel. Ah, Heaven! had those pictures been left to him by some previous Ollney, or did he buy them out of his pay, or did he, in the sack of some foreign town, receive them as his portion, and leave them —out of spite—to the country which assigned them to him? Yet the bequests of Ollney are more cheery than that of Forbes, Esq., who made over to us just one gem, an Allegory, by ANGELICA KAUFFMANN, and there ended.

Dr. Waghorn thought witness was carrying his views to an excess. Witness appeared to him to like nothing.

Sir George Beaumont gave it as his opinion that ANGELICA KAUFFMANN was a great and gifted creature, and that if there were one thing in which she excelled more remarkably than another, it was Allegory, in which invigorating phase of Fine Art she was indeed at home.

Witness bowed to the opinion of the accomplished Ghost who had last spoken. He, however, must protest against the remark which had fallen just now from the lips of the learned Dr. Waghorn. He (witness) appealed to the Jury whether he had not spoken in terms of high admiration of many works hanging on the walls of the National Gallery? There was one donation to the country—in addition to that of Mr. Vernon, which, not being in the National Gallery, could not claim any part of their consideration during the present investigation —there was one gift of which he could not speak in terms too high. It consisted of two magnificent pictures: one, of Sunrise by the Sea-shore: the other, of the Building of Carthage. They were the work and the bequest of TURNER, and were left in a kind of hopeless attempt to conquer the prejudice which exists in the majority of minds in favour of the old painters, and the insane belief in their universal superiority to the new; a belief which, if it was not shaken by these pictures, must be indeed deeply rooted. Let any person with the use of his eyes, compare these pictures with the CLAUDES among which they were placed.

Dr. Waghorn and Sir George Beaumont both attempting to speak at once, the preference was naturally given—the superiority of mind over matter being an established thing—to the accomplished Ghost, who proceeded to say that: He had now lived (or rather he had died) to see the day when impiousness, audacity, and free-thinking, had attained their climax. He had heard the gentleman to whose evidence the Jury had been listening, and who, he begged to say, was a very young gentleman, to give his opinions in the confident manner in which he enunciated them — he had heard that young gentleman speak in a manner which would have made his flesh, if he had had any, creep. He had heard names which he had been accustomed to mention—ay, and to hear mentioned—with hushed breath, spoken lightly, flippantly, disparagingly, and the owners of those names criticised as if they were mere ordinary mortals. Here was a young man coming forward, unshaved, and with no neckcloth to speak of——

Professor Waghorn begged the accomplished Ghost to take notice that the majority of the Jury was characterised by the same peculiarities.

Sir George Beaumont begged pardon of the Jury; he had lived in days when men shaved and wore stocks; that was a period, also, when they believed things that were told them on authority, and did not presume to lift up their voices to give expression to private opinion. Had veneration ceased to exist for anything? Had reverence and razors gone out together? He (the accomplished Ghost) had heard the names of the CARACCI and of GUIDO spoken of in disparaging terms; he had heard it assumed that RAPHAEL himself could sometimes paint a bad picture; and now he was to hear the glories of CLAUDE—CLAUDE, the idol of his youth, the worship of his manhood, the stay of his declining years—spoken of as likely to suffer by comparison with certain works by the late MR. TURNER, a clever gentleman, whom he had had the pleasure of knowing, but whom he could not hear spoken of in the same breath with a master like CLAUDE LORRAINE. Did witness remember that MR. TURNER was a modern artist, and CLAUDE an old master? And was not that enough?

Dr. Waghorn was heard to murmur that it was enough.

The Eye-witness said, on the other hand, that it was not enough. He was of opinion that there were masters of the olden time who excelled masters of the new time; but there were also some masters of this day whose performances threw into the shade those of some masters of the day for which the accomplished gentleman who had just spoken had expressed

such reverence. The modern artists had, at any rate, the power of interesting us more than the ancient.

Professor Waghorn wished to know what witness meant? Did he conceive that people were *not* interested in the works which had been the subject of the present examination? Had witness observed any symptoms of indifference to the works of the old masters, among the visitors to the Gallery?

The Eye-witness had observed some very remarkable symptoms among those visitors. He had noticed that the most essentially modern picture in the collection was that most crowded about. It was a small picture, but it certainly was the great favourite.

Dr. Waghorn begged to inquire what that picture was?

Witness replied that it was the work of one Dyckmans; that it represented a Blind Beggar and his Child, and was bequeathed to the country by—of all people in the world—the late Miss Jane Clarke, a milliner in Regent-street, and the inventor of the prettiest form of bonnet that ever was perched upon the female head. Witness did not like that picture, but he was of opinion that the public did, and that a perceptible difference was observable in the demeanour of those who turned from the contemplation of, say the allegory of Angelica Kauffmann, to a consideration of this picture. They lost for a time that jaded and listless appearance which had characterised them while engaged in the study of the old masters.

Dr. Waghorn concluded, from the nature of the witness's remarks, that at any rate he did not consider the collection which had been presented to the nation by Robert Vernon, Esq., an inconsiderable or trifling gift?

Witness replied, that indeed he did not. He wished, however, to ask a question with regard to those pictures. He wished to know whether a commission had not been appointed to decide whether it was desirable to remove those pictures to South Kensington, or to keep them as parts of the National Collection?

Professor Waghorn believed that such a commission had been appointed.

Witness begged next to inquire what was the result of the inquiries of that commission, and what the conclusion arrived at by them?

Professor Waghorn believed that the conclusion arrived at was that the pictures in question should *not* be removed to Kensington.

Witness—And yet that removal was effected; could the learned Doctor explain that circumstance?

The learned Doctor was not in a position to explain that circumstance. Possibly it had appeared to higher authorities than that commission, or than *any* commission, that such a removal would be an agreeable portion of a plan in which those high authorities were interested. If so, the removal of these pictures was one of the most gratifying things that had ever come under his notice, and ought to be so to the country generally.

A Juryman did not see, under those circumstances, the good of having a commission at all.

Another Juryman remarked that he 'didn't know as commissions ever' *was* much good. This observation being, however, considered to be irregular, and to have no connexion with the matter in hand:

Witness went on to say that he considered such neglect, on the part of Government, of the conclusions arrived at by a commission of the Government's own appointing, was most extraordinary, and that it required explanation. Witness was of opinion, that if any pictures were to be removed to a distance from the centre of the town, the works of the old masters should have been selected, as the modern pictures would certainly have afforded more delight to the public, and, consequently, should be within easy reach.

Dr. Waghorn considered that the public was not justified in expecting to have what it likes, but rather what is thought good for it. If the public liked modern art better than ancient—which the learned Doctor could hardly believe possible—but if it did, he could only say that it deserved no consideration at the hands of Government. The learned Doctor then went on to say that he thought it was time for the present inquiry to draw to a close; was his accomplished colleague (Sir G. Beaumont) of the same opinion?

Sir G. Beaumont *was* of the same opinion. He had been much shocked and outraged by the things he had heard in that court, and it would be a relief to him to be released from so painful an ordeal. In addition to this, the accomplished Ghost felt that the evening was drawing on, and that he would be wanted elsewhere as soon as—as—in short, as soon as it was dark enough.

Dr. Waghorn requested the Eye-witness to bring his evidence to an immediate close, and, in doing so, to state exactly what the object of that evidence was, and what it was that he was endeavouring to establish by the very revolutionary and unpleasant sentiments to which he had given utterance in that court.

The Eye-witness, in conclusion, begged to add, that the whole intention and purpose of the evidence he had given, was, he had hoped, made sufficiently clear by the nature *of* that evidence. He had gone through—not, indeed, completely, but he believed completely enough for the present purpose—the pictures of which our National Collection was composed, and more especially those works which had been recently added to it. He had endeavoured to show that many of those purchases had been characterised by a mingled timidity and rashness which would sometimes strangely enough go together, but always in most unhappy union. He had shown that pictures had been purchased in lots, at prices which forbade the possibility of their being fit works for the National Gallery of England, and that the money thus spent in small sums might, by being allowed to accumulate, have tempted the possessors of some one or two fine pictures to part with them; and witness con-

tended that to acquire one or two such works, was better than to gain any number of second or third-rate pictures, such as might indeed be endured in private collections, but not in the National Collection of this great and prosperous country. He had (giving a larger margin than his own judgment entirely coincided with) granted that out of the 78,185*l.* spent since the year 1844, the following purchases were justifiable—the Judgment of Paris at 4000*l.*, the Boar-Hunt at 2200*l.*, the Vision of a Knight at 1050*l.*, the Tribute-Money at 2604*l.* (against this the E.-W. protests, but it is allowed, as is the case with the Adoration of the Magi and the two RUYSDAELS, because of the public consent), the Adoration of the Magi at 1977*l.*, the RUYSDAELS at, respectively, 1187*l.* and 1069*l.*, the PERUGINO at 3571*l.*, the Adoration of the Shepherds of VELASQUEZ at 2050*l.*, and the Darius of PAUL VERONESE at 13,650*l.* These pictures were not purchased in lots, and together made up a sum of 33,358*l.*, leaving a balance of upwards of 40,000*l.*, which witness contended had been misapplied. Two things more, the witness had endeavoured to prove: first, that it was not right, when a picture was purchased for the country, that it should be made over to an individual; secondly, that it was absurd to appoint a commission to decide on the proper position for the Vernon Gallery, and then not to abide by the conclusion arrived at *by* that commission. Witness had now one more inquiry to make, and he had done. He had been told that the really fine works by old masters, which were to be found in various public and private collections on the Continent, were not to be bought for money; he wished to know if it were the opinion of the Jury that if good pictures by the old masters were not to be had, the only thing to do was to buy bad or indifferent ones, and he wished also to know whether it would not be better to spend the public money on good modern pictures, both English and foreign, than on bad ancient ones, purchased merely because they were ancient?

By Sir George Beaumont—Yes, witness was of opinion that there actually were some pictures by the modern artists which were superior to some pictures by the old. Witness had that very morning, in walking down St. James's-street, seen a pair of photographs from two pictures by a living French painter, which gave him greater pleasure than nine-tenths of the works of the old masters. They were pictures that reached the mind, and not the eye only. The first represents a scene in the Coliseum at Rome, in the days when it was used for the vile purpose for which it was built. A group of doomed gladiators approach the seat of the Emperor, which is raised high above them, and salute him on their road to death. The grace and magnificence of this group, marvellously fine as it is; the strange truth of the scene, which is put before one with inconceivable reality and force; these qualities are nothing to the mind that is in the picture. The athletes are presented by a courtier-like and flippant master of the revels, and the royal salute rises to the imperial throne. "The men about to die salute thee, Great Cæsar." Words that fall like idle sounds on the ear of him to whom they are addressed. The fat and blasé wretch is not even looking at the men as they approach him. These preliminary forms only bore him; let them come to bloodshed, that may rouse him, perhaps. This fat Emperor, seated on his high throne, is something removed from his court; he is lonely and cursed in his look, and is more an object of pity than the men below, who are "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and how much more than those already slain, whose bodies lie about the arena. This is the first picture. It shows the Sin; the second—representing the Assassination of Julius Cæsar—shows the Punishment. An unpromising subject enough it might be supposed; but what are sterile subjects in the hands of unthinking and conventional men, are invested with novelty and interest by the touch of genius. The artist has in this great work abandoned himself to a guide that leads men on to glory with sure and unerring steps; he has bowed himself before the Throne of Truth, and bound himself by her eternal laws. What the senate was in the time of Cæsar, the senate is now; and a senator in a toga or a paletot is still a man. That Senate-house, in which the Emperor is murdered, has its seats encumbered with papers, as they would be in the Luxembourg. One man has left a cloak in the place where he was sitting, and one has fallen asleep so heavily that the assassination itself has not awakened him. The body of the emperor lies decently covered in the front of the picture, and the throne on which he was seated is wrested from its place. Meanwhile the conspirators are departing in a little group, huddled together at the back of the picture, and some of the hindmost of these turn, as they depart, to look on what they have done.

Witness would now put it to the Jury whether it was not better, till we could get first-rate pictures by the old masters, to buy such glorious specimens as these of the new, and whether any triumph of Julius Cæsar that MANTEGNA could commemorate was such a triumph as this of which he had spoken?

Professor Waghorn said in few words that the Jury had heard what Professor Fudge had put forward in the course of his evidence. He (the learned Doctor) was of opinion that the views of witness were extreme and exaggerated. He had consulted with his colleague on the bench (the donor of some of the most beautiful works in the National Collection), who was of the same opinion as himself. He (the learned Doctor) was determined to stand by those time-honoured names which had come down to them from former ages adorned with the high laudations which the voices of each succeeding generation had accumulated over them. The learned Doctor had, however, no wish to influence the minds of the Jury. Their business was to form their own verdict upon what they had heard—upon the evidence of Professor Fudge, accompanied by such

remarks as he (the learned Doctor) and the accomplished Ghost, with whom he had the honour of sharing that bench, had from time to time delivered as comments upon the statements of the Eye-witness.

The Jury, without retiring, announced that they were prepared with their verdict, which was to the following effect: That they considered that an undue number of works by those early masters who were called pre-Raphaelite, had been purchased by the Trustees of the National Gallery. That the practice of buying works irrespective of their merit, merely to represent a certain name, was highly objectionable: as was the system of purchasing pictures in a "lot," good and bad together. That it had appeared that since 1844 a sum of upwards of 40,000*l.* had been misapplied, out of 78,000*l.* spent. That the disregard shown to the decision of the commission appointed to determine on the removal or non-removal of the Vernon pictures, was disrespectful and inexplicable. That the handing over to an individual of a picture purchased for the country, on consideration of the payment of the original purchase money by that individual, was a transaction requiring explanation. Finally, that it was most desirable that, in the existing difficulty of procuring fine works by the old masters, arrangements should be made which would render possible the purchase of the best works of modern artists, both English and foreign.

Dr. Waghorn begged to inform the Jury that the verdict which they had arrived at—and with which he entirely disagreed—should be forwarded to the proper quarter; that it would be received there, would be recorded *as* their verdict, that all the necessary formalities in connexion with it would be gone through, and that NO RESULT WHATEVER would take place in consequence of it. He hoped everybody was satisfied, and he begged to dissolve the commission.

The Jury, the component members of which appeared to be perfectly contented with the fact that they had been allowed to express an opinion, now departed, and the ghost of Sir George Beaumont, which had been for some time impatiently rapping the table in evident annoyance at being detained so long, disappeared with wonderful celerity. It is understood that Dr. Waghorn at once betook himself to the National Gallery, where he was found, some time afterwards, contemplating The Infancy of Jupiter, by JULIO ROMANO, with evident symptoms of satisfaction.

To this Report of the Official Evidence which the Eye-witness *ought* to have given, on the occasion of the inquiry which *ought* to have been held, he begs here to add one or two remarks upon less important matters, and upon the more social aspects of this dismal exhibition. The Eye-witness remarked that the visitors to the National Gallery were jaded and listless to a pitiable extent. That there were few persons who appeared to enjoy the pictures. The greater portion of the visitors walked slowly and solemnly round; those who were accompanied by friends seldom speaking to them. In fact, they discharged their consciences of a visit to the National Gallery, and went away again. The E.-W. remarked a glee and briskness about the walk and general appearance of the visitors who were going away which was not observable in those who were entering.

Under these circumstances, it may not irrationally be asked why the people go to an exhibition which they do not particularly enjoy when they get there? The answer to this question involves the very subtle principle, that there is an irresistible force of attraction about open doors which draws human beings through them. There are invisible currents that set towards these places, and which, on certain occasions, become irresistibly strong. The occasions chiefly alluded to, are those when some great public holiday dawns upon us, as Easter Monday, Whit-Monday, or Good Friday. At those times the power of suction possessed by these open doors is such that few people are able to resist them. The extraordinary distances, too, to which the power of these currents extend is very remarkable. On such festive days as have been mentioned above, it is nothing for a respectable family to be dragged, children, babies, and all, from distances even as remote as Hoxton or Camberwell; and with scarce time to snatch a few provisions together, to victual them by the way, they are whirled along on this tide to their ruin, madly grasping as they pass at such unsubstantial objects as bottles of ginger-beer, oranges, and the like, with which their dread progress is only for a moment ineffectually retarded: their last snatch, when at the very mouth of the aperture which is yawning to receive them, being generally made at an institution called a catalogue, with which they hope to mitigate their torments, but which is generally found to add to them considerably.

There is no other principle than this of the suctional powers of doorways that can at all account for the presence of many people, who are evidently exquisitely wretched, in the halls of the National Gallery. Why, but that he has fallen into one of these resistless currents, should that weary old labourer in a white smock-frock have got into those rooms on a bright Whit-Monday? The force of the tide, in his case, must have extended at least to Kingston or Watford. Why, again, that char-woman and her little girl, the child asking who was St. Sebastian, and the char-woman replying that she don't know? Why the two horse-soldiers, a young private and an old non-commissioned officer, who walk round the rooms: the young man always a few paces behind his senior, and always looking at the pictures over the other's head, but not seeing anything? Why did the young man with the open mouth, who has sat upon one chair in the Large Room one hour—why did that young man come? He is very miserable, and would be happier elsewhere. Why did the polite man come, whose life was rendered wretched because he was always dis-

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covering, when he tried to look at a picture, that he was standing in front of some one, and had to skip out of the way incessantly on this account? Why was that poor little girl brought here? She changes the leg she is standing on continually, and leans upon railings, and sits upon edges of chairs, and looks so weary, and when they ask her, "Are you tired, dear?" says, resignedly, "A little." The sight of that child's torments reminded the Eye-witness of some that he had himself gone through in early years, in galleries full of pictures by the old masters.

There is little going on in the way of conversation in those rooms, and what there is, is seldom about the pictures. One conversation which the Eye-witness listened to seemed, from the frequent allusion to a "quarter of a pound of beef-suet" which occurred in its course, to be rather on matters connected with cookery than art. But the sound most commonly heard in these halls was the echoing and re-echoing of weary and protracted yawns—those yawns, more indicative of hopeless exhaustion than any other, which end in three or four supplementary brays of weariness. There were, indeed, on the occasion of the last visit of your Eye-witness to the National Gallery, two persons present whose conversation, or rather that of one of them, for the other rarely spoke, was upon subjects connected with the place. Of these two individuals, one, who was considerably older than his companion, seemed to have brought his young friend to the National Gallery to torment him. They were both in a class of life in which much Art-education was not to be expected, but the younger man was evidently especially in the dark in such matters, and was ensnared into mistakes, and lured on to ruin, by his senior, in a cruel and inhuman manner. The tormentor—the greasiness of whose coat and cap were not to be accounted for by any trade that human beings follow—would halt before a picture, and, with a malicious grin, would inquire of his young friend what it appeared to him to represent? As it evidently represented nothing to the young friend, the young friend said nothing.

"Do you *see* the pictur'?" asks the greasy man.

"Yes," replies the other, sulkily.

"Well, what do you see when you look at it?" It is a Dutch picture, the reader must know, of a girl scraping parsnips, with a child by her side watching her. "What do you see when you look at it?"

No answer.

"Is it a mermaid standing on her head and playing on the pianner with her tail?" asks the tormentor, ironically.

No answer.

"Is it a line-of-battle-ship in action, with the coast of France in the distance?"

The young man stares stolidly before him, but makes no response, and he of the greasy coat lapses from sarcasm into open censure.

"Now what's the use," says the greasy man, "of your coming here if you won't use your mind? What's the use," he continues, looking round on the company who are assembled about him, as they always are round anybody who will hold forth: "what's the use of a young man coming here if he doesn't understand what he sees? This here, George, is a pictur' of a old woman mending a pen for the little boy to write his copy with. And so you might have seen, George, if you had used the imagination that natur' has supplied you with."

BLACK TARN.

IN THREE PORTIONS. CHAPTER IV.

Laurence had been married nearly a year; and it had been a year of unmitigated misery to him. Every day added to the alienation, and every day developed some new unloveliness in Annie. There was no pretence, now, of even good-will between them, and Laurence had already begun to speculate on the best manner of their separation. Annie took no pains to conceal her temper: he, none to conceal his disgust; she distinctly declined to help him in his embarrassments: he, as distinctly told her that this was his only reason for marrying her, and that, if it failed, she was nothing but an encumbrance. So things went very badly at Grantley Hall, and only wrath and enmity reigned between the miserable pair.

One day, a cold, wretched winter's day, when the snow came down in angry gusts, and the wind howled heavily through the leafless trees, Annie sat by the window, watching the torpid creatures in her aquarium. Laurence, flushed and agitated, looked wistfully over the wide acres, held now by precarious bonds, but which were so dear to the proud heart of this Last of the Grantleys, as he was fond of calling himself. He was hard pressed by his creditors, and he had been again urging the matter of the loan; but impatiently, trying to get by force what he could not obtain by gentleness, and unwisely reiterating his insulting reasons for ever having connected himself with her. Annie, quite silent, took not the slightest notice of him; she was intent on poking the actiniæ and holothuria with a long glass tube.

At last, she did look up, and her eyes fell upon the distant figure of Mr. Clarke Jones, galloping up the drive. Mr. Jones was, by original design of nature, a horse-jockey, and prided himself on his thorough-bred mare.

"Mr. Clarke Jones comes here much too often," said Annie, abruptly interrupting her husband in the middle of one of his speeches.

"I suppose I may choose my own men of business."

"I suppose you may; but he comes here too often."

"Why don't you turn him out, then?" said Laurence, with a laugh—not at all a pleasant one. "You have contrived to turn out every one you did not like."

"Not every one," said Annie, imperturbably; "not Mr. Jones."

"No! he is too tough for you!" sneered Laurence, leaving the room just as the lawyer galloped up to the door.

"A damp visitor, sir!" said Mr. Clarke Jones, facetiously, stamping on the hall mat, and shaking the snow in heavy folds from his shaggy coat.

Laurence smiled graciously, even going the length of a cordial shake of the hand. He had no love for the man, but encouraged him, as a kind of animated tourniquet or thumb-screw, to make his wife wince a little. Such creatures are sometimes convenient in a household of wrath.

"Could I speak with you alone, sir?" said Mr. Clarke Jones, a little anxiously.

"Certainly; come into the library, Jones," said Laurence. "Here, Baker! take Mr. Jones's coat, and bring up the brandy." He knew the man, and intended to press him for a loan. Jones had money, and was not close-fisted.

Baker opened a small spirit-case, brought hot water, set glasses, stirred the fire, then vanished. Mr. Jones mixed, without further invitation, a remarkably stiff tumbler of grog, and drank half of it at a draught scalding hot.

"Well, Mr. Jones, and what is it?" said Laurence, when he had finished. "A poacher caught, or a coal-mine discovered? You have always an eye to my interests"—with a slight sneer—"and I expect some day will make my fortune—or your own out of mine."

"He! he! he! very good!" laughed Mr. Jones, boisterously; "more likely yours than mine! A very little would do for me, while gentlemen like you take a deal to keep you up! He! he! he!"

"But your business, to-day?" said Laurence.

"You are quite sure we shall not be interrupted?" said Mr. Jones, looking round. It was a nervous matter that he had undertaken, and even he, as he expressed it afterwards, boggled at it.

"Interrupted?" said Laurence, disdainfully. "By whom?"

"I thought, perhaps, Mrs. Grantley might come in, you know," said Jones, with a leer, and finished his tumbler.

"This is not the business," said Laurence. He would have liked to kick the fellow, but is it wise to kick your goose when you are going to whistle to it to lay golden eggs?

"Well, sir, to tell the truth, it is rather a delicate subject to touch on," said Mr. Jones, suddenly. "It is about Mrs. Laurence Grantley herself."

"Well, Jones, and what about Mrs. Laurence Grantley?"

Jones thought for a minute, rubbing his rough chin very hard.

"Who was she, sir, if I may make bold to ask?"

"Don't you know? She was the daughter of the late Sir Thomas Sibson, of the Grange, member for the county," said Laurence, with an air of profound indifference. "A good old family; and I understand the value of race almost as well as you understand the pedigree of a horse."

"And her mother?"

"Oh! her mother was better still; one of the Lascelles people. She died at the birth of her daughter, in Italy."

"Died at the birth of her daughter, in Italy, and was one of the Lascelles people," repeated Mr. Jones, still musingly. He took his red, coarse under-lip between his finger and thumb, and rubbed it up like a schoolboy's "cherry." "Pray, sir, did Mrs. Grantley tell you all this herself?"

"Who else could?" said Laurence, shortly, not quite liking the conversation.

"It is important to know if Mrs. Laurence Grantley herself told you all this," persisted the lawyer.

"You are subjecting me to rather a strange examination," said Laurence, with a glance that boded no good.

"Sir, sir, I have a grave matter in hand—one affecting your whole life, your name, your position, everything you hold dearest," said Mr. Jones. "Trust me for one short moment. I have your interest at heart—upon my soul I have! Yet I must try my ground before I give myself up, else you know, where am I?" said Mr. Jones, pathetically.

Laurence laughed. "Well, well! fire away, Jones," he said, with sudden familiarity; for Laurence, with all his irritable temper, had a keen sense of the ludicrous. "Go on with your examination in chief. I will answer." He flung himself back in his chair, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, humming an air of La Gazza Ladra.

"Thank you, sir, thank you! That is like the gentleman you are. Has, then, Mrs. Laurence given you any other particulars of her mother?" said Mr. Jones, resuming his old attitude.

"She has spoken of her sometimes, of course. I forget what, now. It was not a very lively subject at any time."

"But she has said that her mother died at her birth, absolutely?"

"Of course she did. I told you so before."

"Mr. Grantley, it is my painful duty to inform you that Mrs. Laurence Grantley has told you what is not true, and what she knows is not true. Her mother is alive at this hour, and is not a Lascelles."

"Indeed?" said Laurence, springing up, and turning very pale. "Yet how does this affect me—what do I care?" he added, a moment after, indifferently.

"You have been very grossly deceived—grossly; but I have written what I would rather not tell." He handed over a paper with the broad margin, in cruel handwriting of the legal kind. Laurence opened the sheet, and read it. He read it quietly to the end without comment; but, at each paragraph, his face became paler and harder; then, folding it up, he flung himself forward with a laugh—a laugh that sounded ghastly, with that face rigid and white as if cut out of stone.

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"What I have told you," said the lawyer, after a pause, "is as true as gospel; only too true. Do you think that a dying woman would tell such a gratuitous lie? Would she peril her soul—her soul, sir, mind that!—for the sake of a bit of mystification? There are certain things which we may fairly pronounce impossible to human nature, even to human nature in the justice room, and that this statement could be a lie, is one of them. Look at it in a matter-of-fact light. Take it as I meant it to be, a tremendous power in your own hands, with which you may do anything. The field is yours, and you may win the race in a canter. I know that you have been disappointed in your lady's not coming forward to help you a little more generously; but now you have a pressure—pounds to the square inch, sir—and can make her do what is right, sir."

"You have taken a great deal of trouble about me, Jones," said Laurence, huskily; yet with the sneer, very well concealed, habitual to him when speaking to Clarke Jones.

"Why, you see, you have always been kind and civil to me; and when this thing came quite accidentally in my way—I am an Eagley man, you know—I said to myself, 'Jones, here is now an opportunity of doing young Mr. Grantley a good turn. He has done you many a one, and now's *your* time.' By Jove, sir, I was proud to do it. It was what they call a labour of love to hunt up that evidence and put it in your hands gratis; and I say again, I was proud to do it, sir!"

"But, Jones, my good fellow, I cannot take all this as serious," said Laurence. "How easily such things are got up! A threat for money, political spite, old family feuds, and a story like this, takes no more time to build than a house of cards."

"Try it," said Jones, bringing his hand down heavily on the table, "try it! What good are they if they are not true? Where's your hold? Where's your trump card? You are nowhere if I have brought you only a mare's-nest. I had better by far have stayed at home and attended to my clients."

"Oh! they are all the better for your absence, Mr. Jones," said Laurence, trying to assume that debonair insolence of his which sometimes succeeded well, but which now utterly failed.

"Very likely, sir," said Mr. Jones, composedly; "but I only say again, try it; just whisper the name in your sleep, maybe, or when you will—just say in her ear, 'My dear, did you ever know Jane Gilbert, of Eagley?' and then see if it is true or not true."

"Tricked! tricked! every way!" muttered Laurence, clenching his fist upon the chimney-piece.

"Yes," said Mr. Jones, "she was an astute young lady; knew her best cards, and played 'em boldly."

"One word more, Jones: true or false—and remember, I do not accept it as absolute fact" (Mr. Jones smiled blandly), "you will be silent, of course?"

"Sir!" said the bull-necked lawyer, in a tone of deep feeling. "On my life!" And he bowed himself out of the room.

"The small end of the wedge is in at last," said he, as he mounted his horse and rode off, looking up to the drawing-room window, and lifting his hat to Mrs. Grantley, who still watched her creatures in the aquarium.

Laurence sat in the library till the dinner-bell rang, lost in thought, but preparing for decisive action. He felt that a home life together was now impossible, and what he had to determine was the manner of the separation. Before he came in to dinner, his course was decided, and his plans laid. Annie noticed that he was very pale, and even more silent than usual; that his eyes never by chance once met hers; and that he had a fixed and stony manner. But Annie was not impressionable, and cared nothing for what people thought or felt, so long as they did not worry her.

CHAPTER V.

"You look ill, Annie," said her husband, at breakfast the next day, looking, not directly at her, but just past her pale, lustreless hair.

"Nonsense, I am not ill," said Annie, ungraciously. She took a pride in being doubly surly whenever Laurence seemed disposed to be kindly, and liked to vex him for the pleasure of seeing him lose his temper. This is a treat sometimes, to cold natures.

"I should wish you to see a doctor, though," said Laurence, in the same wooden manner.

"Don't pretend to make a fuss about me. I am well enough."

"You are not well, Annie."

"Do you wish me to be ill? and has that wish fathered your thought?" Annie asked, coldly. "Give me the toast, and leave me alone. I am well enough."

"Yet I must have my own way in this; I must have you see Dr. Downs."

"I don't want to see him." She lifted her dull eyes. "You are wonderfully anxious about me to-day, Laurence."

"That was one of your ungracious speeches," said Laurence, smoothly, while a look of bitterest hatred flashed like fire over his face.

"Truth is generally ungracious," said Annie; "and I am not easily taken in."

Laurence got up and left the room. He felt it dangerous to stay there longer. Her defiant insolence seemed almost to court her own destruction.

"It must end! it must end!" he said, aloud. "God help her!"

There was a danger lying before them both, which made Laurence feel like a fiend; but what he was now planning, though a cruel, was at least a safe, alternative. Safe in every way: safe for honour's sake; safe for her life; safe for him; cruel, yes, and hard and bitter to be borne; but, after all, was there not perhaps a reason? Was it all only expediency, or was there not necessity?

Unable to remain longer in the house, Laurence took his dog and gun, and wandered up to

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Black Tarn, the bleak desolateness of which harmonised only too well with his present feelings. Scarcely knowing what he did or where he was, he passed the whole day upon those barren crags in a state of confused and stormy tumult, where was neither perception nor arrangement, but only fierce pain of burning hatred. But the evening came, and he must return to the home which was worse than a grave to him, and to the chains which ate into his soul. The wrong that he had done was bearing bitter fruit.

In the lane, face to face, and where there was no possibility of escape, he suddenly saw May Sefton and her mother. It was the first time they had met since his marriage; for May had been often from home, and Laurence had purposely avoided her. But now he went up to her, held out his hand as in olden times, shook hers warmly, spoke to her with a thick breath and a searching eye, and with a face so troubled that even May, unsuspicious as she was, noticed it, and wondered what had happened to disturb him. Mrs. Sefton saw nothing. She only said carelessly as they parted, "Mr. Grantley was very cordial to-day, but did not look well."

May said she thought him looking ill too, but was very glad to have seen him at all, and wished that Mrs. Laurence was a more cordial woman, for Mr. Laurence Grantley was the most delightful person in the neighbourhood. May would have become much more eloquent on the subject, but something checked her, and she did not care to renew the conversation.

Laurence turned back into the woods the instant he left them; and it was long past nightfall when he returned to the Hall, late for dinner.

After dinner, looking round moodily for some object to speak about and break a deadly silence, he noticed, on the drawing-room table, a beautiful spray of holly, thick with crimson berries, clustering like drops of blood about the stem. A sudden thought struck him.

"A fine branch," he said, taking it in his hand, and fixing his eyes steadily on his wife; "but the finest holly I ever saw, was once at Eagley, a small village, at the house of a poor woman there; what was her name?"—musingly. "Oh! Jane Gilbert! I remember the circumstance as if it was only yesterday: the cold, bleak December day, the holly bough with its blood-red berries, and the fair-haired peasant woman, with 'Jane Gilbert' on the little sign above her door."

A deadly slate-coloured pallor on Annie's face, a slight quiver of the loose-hanging under-lip, and the cold hand passed slowly over her hair, were all the signs she gave that the name had touched her. But Laurence noted them all.

"I don't like holly," she said, flinging the branch into the fire.

"No? Why is that?"

Annie kept silent, and looked obtuse.

He went on: "Eagley is a place well worth seeing; you ought to go there some day, and see Mrs. Gilbert's holly bush."

Annie's face was livid. "You seem mad about Mrs. Jane Gilbert!" she said, and turned her back rudely.

"Your chameleon and yourself are, I see, in your usual sympathy," continued Laurence, who seemed bent on talking. "You are ghastly, and your chameleon looks dying. Shall Dr. Downs prescribe for you both?"

"I am not going to have Dr. Downs," said Annie, stolidly.

"I think you will," said Laurence.

"What did he mean by Eagley and Jane Gilbert?" thought Annie, as she sat motionless at her toilette that night. "Clarke Jones was here a long time the other day, and Clarke Jones is an Eagley man. But he could not have known. Nurse Brown would never have betrayed me, and she is dead, they say: if she is, no one living knows but myself, and no one living knows that *I* know it. *She* believes that I died. Yet, what does it all mean? Why this change of manner? Why this persistence about the doctor? So unlike him, too! Well! let the worst come. I will face it out."

Obedient to his summons, the next day Dr. Downs called at the Hall; a man full of pleasant gossip and scientific news; a shrewd, blandly-talkative man, who told everything he knew, and who knew everything to tell; invaluable as a circulating medium of talk—as a kind of peripatetic news-letter.

"You will not find much apparently amiss with Mrs. Grantley," said Laurence, very anxiously; "but, my dear doctor, though no physiologist, even I can see the necessity of some immediate treatment. She is very strange at times; has odd fancies, odd dislikes; her feelings become perverted, her affections turn to wild and causeless enmities; she is full of monstrous suspicions. In a word, her mind is unsettled. I do not know what to do with her."

"Bless my soul, Mr. Grantley! I thought I was on quite a different errand," said Dr. Downs, taken by surprise. Dear, dear! Poor young lady! Ah! I always said it—scrofula, unmistakable scrofula. Never mistaken, Mr. Grantley, in that, however it may show itself. But, come! We must hope and work for the best, before we despair. A little change of air and change of scene may do all the good in the world. It sometimes checks a budding manifestation entirely."

"You think it might save my wife?"

"I hope so; but I should hardly like giving an opinion before seeing her, you know. May I see her?"

"Certainly; come with me: she is in the drawing-room."

"Annie!" he said, as they entered the room, "Dr. Downs has called to see you."

"Dr. Downs might have been spared the trouble," said Annie, sullenly, not rising nor taking the smallest notice of the physician. "I am quite well, and you know that I am, Laurence."

"Well! we don't think there is anything ve-ry much the matter," said Dr. Downs, in a smooth, conciliatory, but highly aggravating

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manner. "A little so-so, perhaps, but nothing more. But let me feel your pulse—come, my dear lady, let me do that."

"There is no occasion," growled Annie, folding her hands tightly over her knee.

"Mrs. Grantley seems quite afraid of me," laughed Dr. Downs to Laurence, cheerily, but as if he was speaking of a child. This did not improve Annie's temper. "My dear madam," he continued, coaxingly, "I am not going to be offensive, or, I hope, very disagreeable; but it is my duty to tell you that you need a little attention. What possible objection can there be to an old man like me just looking in every now and then upon you, and keeping you straight?"

"Do you want to have a chance of poisoning me under pretence of nursing me?" said Annie, impassively, turning to her husband.

"The old thing," whispered the doctor; "an almost infallible sign—suspicion of their best friends—causeless, wild, rampant suspicion! Dear, dear! This looks serious."

"My dear Annie," said Laurence, soothingly, "how can you talk so wildly? Be advised; suffer Dr. Downs to prescribe for you, and everything will come right. It is only your good that I am anxious for."

"There is some plot here, and I am not disposed to be the victim," said Annie, rising, and speaking just as usual, without haste or emphasis; her words dripping over her lips as if she had not energy enough even to enunciate them. Her eyes were fixed with a dull, stupid kind of rancour on her husband; but a merely animal rancour, instinctive rather than intelligent. "Dr. Downs may go. I am not ill. I don't want his medicines, and I shall not take them if he sends them. If you want to murder me, Laurence, you must do it with less preparation; for I know that this is what you are aiming at, only you are a coward, and are afraid to bring it about." She rang the bell. "Baker, show Dr. Downs out," she said, in her stolid way.

"Not yet, Baker, not yet!" cried Laurence, quite amiably, as if his wife had simply made a mistake; for Laurence was careful of appearances always, and especially anxious for a favourable verdict from his household now. "Come, doctor," taking his arm, "come into the library with me. I want to talk to you. Well?" he asked, anxiously, as they entered the room.

"Ah!" sighed Dr. Downs, shaking his head, "a dreadful thing, if it should be true, Mr. Grantley! But I can scarcely decide on one visit, you know. I will come again in a day or two—better not immediately, else it might excite her—but in a day or two, when I will undertake the case thoroughly."

"But you think the brain *is* threatened, doctor?"

"Threatened? Yes, indeed I fear so; but certainly not distinctly diseased—at least not yet."

He did come again, many times; and at every visit Annie was more sullen and more strange; ruder in her manners, more incautious in her language; fuller of wild accusations and stupid suspicions; till Dr. Downs—not a very acute man at the best of times, and one who generally asked the friends of his patient what ailed them—took his impression as Laurence had indicated, and gave it as his opinion that she was decidedly, but not dangerously, insane.

"Yet decidedly?" said Laurence.

"Mr. Grantley, after careful and dispassionate study, I feel myself competent to pronounce the word: decidedly."

Laurence hid his face in his hands, to conceal the guilty joy that burst over it.

"And what must I do with her, doctor?" he then said. "Ought I not to put her under proper care? I scarcely like the awful responsibility of keeping her here."

"Why you see, my dear sir, if it originates in scrofula, general management is a great thing. Nourishing diet, plenty of society, change of air; perhaps total change of place, such as foreign travel and the like; the health strictly attended to,—all these are admirable correctives to strumous tendencies. So, before sending her out of your own hands, which may be a painful necessity after all, try home measures: try a little gaiety, a little movement, a little shaking up; a ball, for instance; not a bad notion, Mr. Grantley; a ball might be very advantageous to her at the present crisis. She wants rousing, my dear sir; half these cases become chronic for want of rousing. If I see no improvement after this, then, Mr. Grantley, it will be my painful duty to recommend restraint."

The doctor spent that day and part of the next in running about the neighbourhood, telling every one that Mrs. Laurence Grantley, poor thing, was decidedly queer; and that Mr. Laurence Grantley was the best husband in the world, and fairly broken down with affliction.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER a long struggle Laurence had his own way. There *was* to be a ball at the old Hall, and every one was to be invited; even May Sefton, whom yet Laurence dreaded to see under his own roof, and even Clarke Jones, the vulgar lawyer—his first invitation to the house. Laurence undertook to frame the list of guests, indifferent whether Annie liked them or not. Hitherto her supremacy had been unquestioned, but now she found herself on the losing side.

Annie resolved that the ball should be the first and the last. She would make it impossible for any one to come a second time. Accordingly, she behaved with so bad a grace; showed her temper so unequivocally; was so rude, so bitter, so full of undisguised antagonism to her husband; her arrangements were so insufficient, and her conduct so extraordinary, that people congregated in wondering groups about the room: the initiated explaining to the outsiders that Mrs. Grantley junior was crazy, and not responsible for her actions, and that Dr. Downs had ordered the ball to do her good, and rouse her. Dr. Downs, who, for the most part, es-

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tablished himself as a kind of paternal keeper near her, and never minded her insolence, but provoked it by his aggravating tone of bland patronage, sometimes left his post to whisper confidentially to his friends that, poor thing, she was worse this evening than ever, and that Mr. Grantley was much to be pitied.

So he was; and indeed he might have gone mad himself, were it not for the thought which possessed him, and the hope it gave of a speedy freedom. For surely public opinion would support him now; and would not all the world say, after what they saw this evening, that an asylum was the only sure place for his wife?

The report of Annie's strange alienation of mind reached May Sefton; near to whom was standing Mr. Clarke Jones. Mr. Clarke Jones had managed to be standing pretty often near to May Sefton this evening, and Laurence, whose eyes were seldom far from her, soon grew darkly conscious that the vulgar country lawyer was presuming to admire her, and daring to show his admiration: an insolence, by-the-by, he would never have been guilty of, but for the lift Mr. Grantley's great patronage of him had given him in society.

"How very shocking!" said May, a little blanching. "How terrible for poor Mr. Grantley! how I feel for him!" And eyes full of gentle pity turned tenderly upon him.

"He has one consolation," said Jones, in a thick voice: "he has the sympathy of the prettiest young lady in the county."

"Sir!" said May, turning on him a look of ineffable disdain. May had no affectation, and never pretended that she did not understand a compliment.

"No offence, miss, I hope. I only spoke as I felt, and honest hearts have free tongues," said Jones, colouring.

Pretty May turned the tip of her round white shoulder; and just then Laurence, who had seen and divined her glance, came up to her hurriedly and asked her to waltz with him.

"Bless you, dear Miss Sefton!" he murmured—"God bless you for your sympathy to a broken-hearted man!"

May meant no evil. She thought only to be kind; but she was impulsive and full of passionate feeling; and the blessing touched her inmost soul. She looked up into Laurence Grantley's face, and tears were in her eyes. Then she said, in a sisterly, gentle voice: "Poor Mr. Grantley! I do feel for you!" Laurence started and pressed her tenderly to him; his face paler than the marble bust looking serenely down from its height; then he whirled her rapidly from the waltz, and led her to her mother.

"Miss Sefton is tired of me," he said, with forced gaiety, and going off smiling; leaving May bewildered and terribly ashamed.

"I will go and talk to Mrs. Grantley," she said, after a moment. "Poor Annie! she wants comforting too."

Accepting the arm of one of her numerous cavaliers always ready to do her service, she went across the room to Annie, who sat alone, not speaking to any one but those who went up to her, and then shortly and disagreeably; assuming nothing of the hostess, and paying as little attention to the guests as to the arrangements. She had never looked worse than tonight; her heavy face had never worn a more stolid, more unamiable expression; ill as she always dressed, to-night she was execrably attired in a pale dull grey, the colour of her skin, with pale yellow flowers, the colour of her hair. May, in her floating, diaphanous robe of blue and white, looked like an angel by the side of a corpse.

"You had better go and dance with Mr. Grantley again," said Annie, not looking up.

"I want to talk to you instead," said May, smiling. "It is long since we had a nice long talk, and you have never told me of your travels."

"I don't want to talk," said Annie; "and you had better go and dance with Mr. Grantley."

When Annie once began to iterate her sentences it was lost labour to attempt to move her. It was her favourite form of obstinacy, and her obstinacy was of iron. So May was at last driven away by a shower of hard, cold insolences which never softened and never relaxed.

The weary evening came to its end; pronounced a failure; and every one went away convinced that Mrs. Laurence Grantley was mad, and might do anything—kill her husband, kill herself, set fire to the house, or do something shocking, my dears. There ought to be a keeper got, said the gossips, confidentially.

The next day was dull, gloomy, miserable; a little rain fell in the morning, but, towards noon it ceased, though the clouds hung heavy and low, and the mist wreaths clung about the ravines and clefts. It was one of those days of unutterable gloom and sadness, when the earth lies like dead, and the heavy sky sweeps downward like a pall; when the whole expression of nature is of gloom and sorrow; and when even crimes do not startle us so much as they would at a brighter moment. Laurence would not meet his wife to-day. He breakfasted early, by himself, and, after writing several letters in his library (one to Dr. Downs, asking him to appoint a colleague and sign the necessary certificate for his wife's admission into an asylum), he went out, again taking the direction of Black Tarn, his favourite place of refuge when sad or sorrowful. Deep in a sunless rift—where the very eagles built no nests, and where no trace of life nor vegetation was to be seen, with the grey crags striking sheer and sharp from the edge, as if torn asunder by some mighty throb which had rent mountains and destroyed cities, and where the very mountain sheep could find no footing—Black Tarn lay like a lake of the dead, or, as the country people believed it was, like the mouth of the bottomless pit. All sorts of fierce traditions and mournful tales lingered about the spot. Murders in the olden time of lawlessness

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and wrong; accidents of straying feet; destruction to young lovers and laughing children; the suicide of love, despair, and guilt—all such sad memories hovered, like restless ghosts, over the dark pool. Laurence sat down by the edge, flinging stones into the water still and unruffled at the base, thinking with stormy passion over the shame and misery of his present life, but not thinking of his own wrong-doing, nor remembering that he had been the author of his own despair.

"You have chosen an intellectual occupation," said Annie's voice, falling dull and dead, as usual.

Laurence started up. "Am I never to be free of you!"

"You are polite, Laurence the gentleman," sneered Annie, looking at him with her clayey, impassible face, like some frightful mask unearthed.

"The woman who received her guests as you did last night is not the person to tax another with impoliteness," said Laurence, angrily.

"I was about as good as my company, and rather better than my husband," said Annie, hanging her lip.

"Don't dare to mention yourself in the same breath with me!" Laurence cried, with disdain.

"No? Why not? Well; I don't think we *are* quite on an equality of vice either! *I* don't make an intimate friend of such a man as Clarke Jones. *I* don't lay plots to make you out mad, and get you taken to an asylum. *I* don't carry my love to another, and do my utmost to wreck the happiness of a life for vanity. *I* do none of these things, as some one I could name does!" And she flung her fingers contemptuously against his cheek.

"No? But I will tell you what you do," said Laurence, grasping her by the arms till she winced and writhed: "you make your life an incarnate lie; you creep into an honourable family by a lie; you go through the world with falsehood and shame written on your brow, and hide your degraded origin by perjury and fraud."

"What do you mean?" said Annie, struggling to free her wrists.

"I mean that you are the child of an unmarried servant woman; that you know this, and knew it when you married me; that, for fear of this ever being known to others, you have left your mother to the workhouse; and that, at this very moment when we both stand here, Jane Gilbert, your mother, is eating the pauper's bread, and wearing the pauper's dress."

"Ah, you know this!" said Annie, with a contemptuous smile; "I thought you did. And if I did all this, what then? It was diamond cut diamond; and mine was the hardest. Were *your* pride and advantage only to be thought of, and mine set aside? Was it no temptation that the daughter of a pauper should be the wife of the proudest man of his county, and bear a name which its owner thought scarcely good enough for a princess? You thought you got birth and money, and you had neither; I knew that I got birth and station, and my bargain was the best. You tried to outwit me, and failed; I tried to outwit you, and succeeded."

"Are you mad, to taunt me in this manner, and in this place?" whispered Laurence, clasping her arms still more firmly, while a terrible expression stole over his face.

"No, not quite mad enough for your purpose yet," said Annie, with a low, insulting laugh. "Not mad enough to have left you my money, and so make my death an advantage to you; when you go home you shall know who is my real heir, and then, perhaps, you will understand me better; not mad enough to be paraded as mad before the world, to be goaded and provoked, and then locked up at your pleasure; not mad enough to let myself be made the footstool of your fortunes, to be kicked over when you are tired of it; not mad enough for anything of this, Laurence Grantley, as you will find to your cost! I am the natural daughter of a pauper," she went on to say, "and you are Mr. Grantley of the Hall. I turned your mother out of the house; I foiled you from the first day to the last; and I have not done with you yet. Hear me! Attempt to lay a finger on me, and all the world shall know the truth as you know it, and the meanest wretch in this place shall laugh at the story of the birth of Mr. Grantley's rich wife, and how finely he got taken in!"

What had passed over the scene? The leaden sky hung low and black as before; the wild birds shrieked as they flew across the vale, as they had shrieked ten minutes ago; on the crags a few stones were dislodged as if by a spurning foot, and on the tarn rushed broad ripples, circling swiftly about the pool. Laurence stood on the cliff above the tarn alone. He dared not stand there long. His brain swam, and he turned wildly away.

Entering the little wood behind the crag, he met Mr. Clarke Jones.

"Good morning, sir," said Jones, with a singular smile, and passed on. Generally he used to stop and talk.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

VII.

WHEN I reached home again, after my interview with Mrs. Clements, I was struck by the appearance of a change in Laura.

The unvarying gentleness and patience which long misfortune had tried so cruelly and had never conquered yet, seemed now to have suddenly failed her. Insensible to all Marian's attempts to soothe and amuse her, she sat, with her neglected drawing pushed away on the table; her eyes resolutely cast down, her fingers twining and untwining themselves restlessly in her lap. Marian rose when I came in, with a silent distress in her face; waited for a moment, to see if Laura would look up at my approach; whispered to me, "Try if *you* can rouse her;" and left the room.

I sat down in the vacant chair; gently unclasped the poor, worn, restless fingers; and took both her hands in mine.

"What are you thinking of, Laura? Tell me, my darling—try and tell me what it is."

She struggled with herself, and raised her eyes to mine. "I can't feel happy," she said; "I can't help thinking——" She stopped, bent forward a little, and laid her head on my shoulder, with a terrible mute helplessness that struck me to the heart.

"Try to tell me," I repeated, gently; "try to tell me why you are not happy."

"I am so useless—I am such a burden on both of you," she answered, with a weary, hopeless sigh. "You work and get money, Walter; and Marian helps you. Why is there nothing I can do? You will end in liking Marian better than you like me—you will, because I am so helpless! Oh, don't, don't, don't treat me like a child!"

I raised her head, and smoothed away the tangled hair that fell over her face, and kissed her—my poor, faded flower! my lost, afflicted sister! "You shall help us, Laura," I said; "you shall begin, my darling, to-day."

She looked at me with a feverish eagerness, with a breathless interest, that made me tremble for the new life of hope which I had called into being by those few words.

I rose, and set her drawing materials in order, and placed them near her again.

"You know that I work and get money by drawing," I said. "Now you have taken such pains, now you are so much improved, you shall begin to work and get money, too. Try to finish this little sketch as nicely and prettily as you can. When it is done, I will take it away with me; and the same person will buy it who buys all that I do. You shall keep your own earnings in your own purse; and Marian shall come to you to help her, as often as she comes to me. Think how useful you are going to make yourself to both of us, and you will soon be as happy, Laura, as the day is long."

Her face grew eager, and brightened into a smile. In the moment while it lasted, in the moment when she again took up the pencils that had been laid aside, she almost looked like the Laura of past days. I had not misinterpreted the first signs of a new growth and strength in her mind, unconsciously expressing themselves in the notice she had taken of the occupations which filled her sister's life and mine, and in the inference that she had truly drawn from them for herself. Marian (when I told her what had passed) saw, as I saw, that she was longing to assume her own little position of importance, to raise herself in her own estimation and in ours—and, from that day, we tenderly helped the new ambition which gave promise of the hopeful, happier future, that might now not be far off. Her drawings, as she finished them, or tried to finish them, were placed in my hands; Marian took them from me and hid them carefully; and I set aside a little weekly tribute from my earnings, to be offered to her as the price paid by strangers for the poor, faint, valueless sketches, of which I was the only purchaser. It was hard sometimes to maintain our innocent deception, when she proudly brought out her purse to contribute her share towards the expenses, and wondered, with serious interest, whether I or she had earned the most that week. I have all those hidden drawings in my possession still: they are my treasures beyond price—the dear remembrances that I love to keep alive—the friends, in past adversity, that my heart will never part from, my tenderness never forget.

Am I trifling, here, with the necessities of my task? am I looking forward to the happier time which my narrative has not yet reached? Yes. Back again—back to the days of doubt and dread, when the spirit within me struggled hard

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for its life, in the icy stillness of perpetual suspense. I have paused and rested for a while on the course which is leading me to the End. Is it time wasted, if the friends who read these pages have paused and rested too?

I took the first opportunity I could find of speaking to Marian in private, and of communicating to her the result of the inquiries which I had made that morning. She seemed to share the opinion on the subject of my proposed journey to Welmingham, which Mrs. Clements had already expressed to me.

"Surely, Walter," she said, "you hardly know enough yet to give you any hope of claiming Mrs. Catherick's confidence? Is it wise to proceed to these extremities, before you have really exhausted all safer and simpler means of attaining your object? When you told me that Sir Percival and the Count were the only two people in existence who knew the exact date of Laura's journey, you forgot, and I forgot, that there was a third person who must surely know it—I mean Mrs. Rubelle. Would it not be far easier, and far less dangerous, to insist on a confession from her, than to force it from Sir Percival?"

"It might be easier," I replied; "but we are not aware of the full extent of Mrs. Rubelle's connivance and interest in the conspiracy; and we are therefore not certain that the date has been impressed on her mind, as it has been assuredly impressed on the minds of Sir Percival and the Count. It is too late, now, to waste the time on Mrs. Rubelle, which may be all-important to the discovery of the one assailable point in Sir Percival's life. Are you thinking a little too seriously, Marian, of the risk I may run in returning to Hampshire? Are you beginning to doubt whether Sir Percival Glyde may not, in the end, be more than a match for me?"

"He will not be more than your match," she replied, decidedly, "because he will not be helped in resisting you by the impenetrable wickedness of the Count."

"What has led you to that conclusion?" I asked, in some surprise.

"My own knowledge of Sir Percival's obstinacy and impatience of the Count's control," she answered. "I believe he will insist on meeting you single-handed—just as he insisted, at first, on acting for himself at Blackwater Park. The time for suspecting the Count's interference, will be the time when you have Sir Percival at your mercy. His own interests will then be directly threatened—and he will act, Walter, to terrible purpose, in his own defence."

"We may deprive him of his weapons, beforehand," I said. "Some of the particulars I have heard from Mrs. Clements may yet be turned to account against him; and other means of strengthening the case may be at our disposal. There are passages in Mrs. Michelson's narrative which show that the Count found it necessary to place himself in communication with Mr. Fairlie; and there may be circumstances which compromise him in that proceeding. While I am away, Marian, write to Mr. Fairlie, and say that you want an answer describing exactly what passed between the Count and himself, and informing you also of any particulars that may have come to his knowledge at the same time, in connexion with his niece. Tell him, in case he hesitates to comply, that the statement you request will, sooner or later, be insisted on, if he shows any reluctance to furnish you with it of his own accord."

"The letter shall be written, Walter. But, are you really determined to go to Welmingham?"

"Absolutely determined. I will devote the next two days to earning what we want for the week to come; and, on the third day, I go to Hampshire."

When the third day came, I was ready for my journey.

As it was possible that I might be absent for some little time, I arranged with Marian that we were to write to each other every day. As long as I heard from her regularly, I should assume that nothing was wrong. But if the morning came and brought me no letter, my return to London would take place, as a matter of course, by the first train. I contrived to reconcile Laura to my departure by telling her that I was going to the country to find new purchasers for her drawings and for mine; and I left her occupied and happy. Marian followed me down stairs to the street door.

"Remember what anxious hearts you leave here," she whispered, as we stood together in the passage; "remember all the hopes that hang on your safe return. If strange things happen to you on this journey; if you and Sir Percival meet——"

"What makes you think we shall meet?" I asked.

"I don't know—I have fears and fancies that I can't account for. Laugh at them, Walter, if you like—but, for God's sake, keep your temper, if you come in contact with that man!"

"Never fear, Marian! I answer for my self-control."

With these words we parted.

I walked briskly to the station. There was a glow of hope in me; there was a growing conviction in my mind that my journey, this time, would not be taken in vain. It was a fine, clear, cold morning; my nerves were firmly strung, and I felt all the strength of my resolution stirring in me vigorously from head to foot.

As I crossed the railway platform, and looked right and left among the people congregated on it, to search for any faces among them that I knew, the doubt occurred to me whether it might not have been to my advantage, if I had adopted a disguise, before setting out for Hampshire. But there was something so repellent to me in the idea—something so meanly like the common herd of spies and informers in the mere act of adopting a disguise—that I dismissed the question from consideration, almost as soon as it

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had risen in my mind. Even as a mere matter of expediency the proceeding was doubtful in the extreme. If I tried the experiment at home, the landlord of the house would, sooner or later, discover me, and would have his suspicions aroused immediately. If I tried it away from home, the same persons might see me, by the commonest accident, with the disguise and without it; and I should, in that way, be inviting the notice and distrust which it was my most pressing interest to avoid. In my own character I had acted thus far—and in my own character I was resolved to continue to the end.

The train left me at Welmingham, early in the afternoon.

Is there any wilderness of sand in the deserts of Arabia, is there any prospect of desolation among the ruins of Palestine, which can rival the repelling effect on the eye, and the depressing influence on the mind, of an English country town, in the first stage of its existence, and in the transition state of its prosperity? I asked myself that question, as I passed through the clean desolation, the neat ugliness, the prim torpor of the streets of Welmingham. And the tradesmen who stared after me from their lonely shops; the trees that drooped helpless in their arid exile of unfinished crescents and squares; the dead house-carcases that waited in vain for the vivifying human element to animate them with the breath of life; every creature that I saw; every object that I passed—seemed to answer with one accord: The deserts of Arabia are innocent of our civilised desolation; the ruins of Palestine are incapable of our modern gloom!

I inquired my way to the quarter of the town in which Mrs. Catherick lived; and on reaching it found myself in a square of small houses, one story high. There was a bare little plot of grass in the middle, protected by a cheap wire fence. An elderly nursemaid and two children were standing in a corner of the enclosure, looking at a lean goat tethered to the grass. Two foot passengers were talking together on one side of the pavement before the houses, and an idle little boy was leading an idle little dog along by a string, on the other. I heard the dull tinkling of a piano at a distance, accompanied by the intermittent knocking of a hammer nearer at hand. These were all the sights and sounds of life that encountered me when I entered the square.

I walked at once to the door of Number Thirteen—the number of Mrs. Catherick's house—and knocked, without waiting to consider beforehand how I might best present myself when I got in. The first necessity was to see Mrs. Catherick. I could then judge, from my own observation, of the safest and easiest manner of approaching the object of my visit.

The door was opened by a melancholy, middle-aged woman servant. I gave her my card, and asked if I could see Mrs. Catherick. The card was taken into the front parlour; and the servant returned with a message requesting me to mention what my business was.

"Say, if you please, that my business relates to Mrs. Catherick's daughter," I replied. This was the best pretext I could think of, on the spur of the moment, to account for my visit.

The servant again retired to the parlour; again returned; and, this time, begged me, with a look of gloomy amazement, to walk in.

I entered a little room, with a flaring paper, of the largest pattern, on the walls. Chairs, tables, cheffonier, and sofa, all gleamed with the glutinous brightness of cheap upholstery. On the largest table, in the middle of the room, stood a smart Bible, placed exactly in the centre, on a red and yellow woollen mat; and at the side of the table nearest to the window, with a little knitting-basket on her lap, and a wheezing, blear-eyed old spaniel crouched at her feet, there sat an elderly woman, wearing a black net cap and a black silk gown, and having slate-coloured mittens on her hands. Her iron-grey hair hung in heavy bands on either side of her face; her dark eyes looked straight forward, with a hard, defiant, implacable stare. She had full, square cheeks; a long, firm chin; and thick, sensual, colourless lips. Her figure was stout and sturdy, and her manner aggressively self-possessed. This was Mrs. Catherick.

"You have come to speak to me about my daughter," she said, before I could utter a word on my side. "Be so good as to mention what you have to say."

The tone of her voice was as hard, as defiant, as implacable as the expression of her eyes. She pointed to a chair, and looked me all over attentively, from head to foot, as I sat down in it. I saw that my only chance with this woman was to speak to her in her own tone, and to meet her, at the outset of our interview, on her own ground.

"You are aware," I said, "that your daughter has been lost?"

"I am perfectly aware of it."

"Have you felt any apprehension that the misfortune of her loss might be followed by the misfortune of her death?"

"Yes. Have you come here to tell me she is dead?"

"I have."

"Why?"

She put that extraordinary question without the slightest change in her voice, her face, or her manner. She could not have appeared more perfectly unconcerned if I had told her of the death of the goat in the enclosure outside.

"Why?" I repeated. "Do you ask why I come here to tell you of your daughter's death?"

"Yes. What interest have you in me, or in her? How do you come to know anything about my daughter?"

"In this way. I met her on the night when she escaped from the Asylum; and I assisted her in reaching a place of safety."

"You did very wrong."

"I am sorry to hear her mother say so."

"Her mother does say so. How do you know she is dead?"

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"I am not at liberty to say how I know it—but I *do* know it."

"Are you at liberty to say how you found out my address?"

"Certainly. I got your address from Mrs. Clements."

"Mrs. Clements is a foolish woman. Did she tell you to come here?"

"She did not."

"Then, I ask you again, why did you come?"

As she was determined to have the answer, I gave it to her in the plainest possible form.

"I came," I said, "because I thought Anne Catherick's mother might have some natural interest in knowing whether she was alive or dead."

"Just so," said Mrs. Catherick, with additional self-possession. "Had you no other motive?"

I hesitated. The right answer to that question was not easy to find, at a moment's notice.

"If you have no other motive," she went on, deliberately taking off her slate-coloured mittens, and rolling them up, "I have only to thank you for your visit; and to say that I will not detain you here, any longer. Your information would be more satisfactory if you were willing to explain how you became possessed of it. However, it justifies me, I suppose, in going into mourning. There is not much alteration necessary in my dress, as you see. When I have changed my mittens, I shall be all in black."

She searched in the pocket of her gown; drew out a pair of black-lace mittens; put them on with the stoniest and steadiest composure; and then quietly crossed her hands in her lap.

"I wish you good morning," she said.

The cool contempt of her manner irritated me into directly avowing that the purpose of my visit had not been answered yet.

"I *have* another motive in coming here," I said.

"Ah! I thought so," remarked Mrs. Catherick.

"Your daughter's death——"

"What did she die of?"

"Of disease of the heart."

"Yes? Go on."

"Your daughter's death has been made the pretext for inflicting serious injury on a person who is very dear to me. Two men have been concerned, to my certain knowledge, in doing that wrong. One of them is Sir Percival Glyde."

"Indeed?"

I looked attentively to see if she flinched at the sudden mention of that name. Not a muscle of her stirred—the hard, defiant, implacable stare in her eyes never wavered for an instant.

"You may wonder," I went on, "how the event of your daughter's death can have been made the means of inflicting injury on another person."

"No," said Mrs. Catherick; "I don't wonder at all. This appears to be your affair. You are interested in my affairs. I am not interested in yours."

"You may ask, then," I persisted, "why I mention the matter, in your presence."

"Yes: I *do* ask that."

"I mention it because I am determined to bring Sir Percival Glyde to account for the wickedness he has committed.

"What have I to do with your determination?"

"You shall hear. There are certain events in Sir Percival's past life which it is necessary to my purpose to be fully acquainted with. *You* know them—and for that reason, I come to *you*."

"What events do you mean?"

"Events which occurred at Old Welmingham, when your husband was parish-clerk at that place, and before the time when your daughter was born."

I had reached the woman at last, through the barrier of impenetrable reserve that she had tried to set up between us. I saw her temper smouldering in her eyes—as plainly as I saw her hands grow restless, then unclasp themselves, and begin mechanically smoothing her dress over her knees.

"What do you know of those events?" she asked.

"All that Mrs. Clements could tell me," I answered.

There was a momentary flush on her firm, square face, a momentary stillness in her restless hands, which seemed to betoken a coming outburst of anger that might throw her off her guard. But, no—she mastered the rising irritation; leaned back in her chair; crossed her arms on her broad bosom; and, with a smile of grim sarcasm on her thick lips, looked at me as steadily as ever.

"Ah! I begin to understand it all, now," she said; her tamed and disciplined anger only expressing itself in the elaborate mockery of her tone and manner. "You have got a grudge of your own against Sir Percival Glyde—and I must help you to wreak it. I must tell you this, that, and the other about Sir Percival and myself, must I? Yes, indeed? You have been prying into my private affairs. You think you have found a lost woman to deal with, who lives here on sufferance; and who will do anything you ask, for fear you may injure her in the opinions of the townspeople. I see through you and your precious speculation—I do! and it amuses me. Ha! ha!"

She stopped for a moment: her arms tightened over her bosom, and she laughed to herself—a slow, quiet, chuckling laugh.

"You don't know how I have lived in this place, and what I have done in this place, Mr. What's-your-name," she went on. "I'll tell you, before I ring the bell and have you shown out. I came here a wronged woman. I came here, robbed of my character, and determined to claim it back. I've been years and years about it—and I *have* claimed it back. I have matched the respectable people, fairly and openly, on their own ground. If they say anything against me, now, they must say it in secret: they can't say it, they daren't say it, openly. I stand high enough in this town, to be out of your reach. *The clergyman bows to me.* Aha! you didn't bar-

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gain for that, when you came here. Go to the church, and inquire about me—you will find Mrs. Catherick has her sitting, like the rest of them, and pays the rent on the day it's due. Go to the town-hall. There's a petition lying there; a petition of the respectable inhabitants against allowing a Circus to come and perform here and corrupt our morals: yes! OUR morals. I signed that petition, this morning. Go to the bookseller's shop. The clergyman's Wednesday evening Lectures on Justification by Faith are publishing there by subscription—I'm down on the list. The doctor's wife only put a shilling in the plate at our last charity sermon—I put half-a-crown. Mr. Churchwarden Soward held the plate, and bowed to me. Ten years ago he told Pigrum, the chemist, I ought to be whipped out of the town, at the cart's tail. Is your mother alive? Has she got a better Bible on her table than I have got on mine? Does she stand better with her tradespeople than I do with mine? Has she always lived within her income? I have always lived within mine.—Ah! there *is* the clergyman coming along the square. Look, Mr. What's-your-name—look, if you please!"

She started up, with the activity of a young woman; went to the window; waited till the clergyman passed; and bowed to him solemnly. The clergyman ceremoniously raised his hat, and walked on. Mrs. Catherick returned to her chair, and looked at me with a grimmer sarcasm than ever.

"There!" she said. "What do you think of that for a woman with a lost character? How does your speculation look now?"

The singular manner in which she had chosen to assert herself, the extraordinary practical vindication of her position in the town which she had just offered, had so perplexed me, that I listened to her in silent surprise. I was not the less resolved, however, to make another effort to throw her off her guard. If the woman's fierce temper once got beyond her control, and once flamed out on me, she might yet say the words which would put the clue in my hands.

"How does your speculation look now?" she repeated.

"Exactly as it looked when I first came in," I answered. "I don't doubt the position you have gained in the town; and I don't wish to assail it, even if I could. I came here because Sir Percival Glyde is, to my certain knowledge, your enemy, as well as mine. If I have a grudge against him, you have a grudge against him, too. You may deny it, if you like; you may distrust me as much as you please; you may be as angry as you will—but, of all the women in England, you, if you have any sense of injury, are the woman who ought to help me to crush that man."

"Crush him for yourself," she said—"then come back here, and see what I say to you."

She spoke those words, as she had not spoken yet—quickly, fiercely, vindictively. I had stirred in its lair the serpent-hatred of years—but only for a moment. Like a lurking reptile, it leapt up at me—as she eagerly bent forward towards the place in which I was sitting. Like a lurking reptile, it dropped out of sight again—as she instantly resumed her former position in the chair.

"You won't trust me?" I said.

"No."

"You are afraid?"

"Do I look as if I was?"

"You are afraid of Sir Percival Glyde."

"Am I?"

Her colour was rising, and her hands were at work again, smoothing her gown. I pressed the point farther and farther home—I went on, without allowing her a moment of delay.

"Sir Percival has a high position in the world," I said; "it would be no wonder if you were afraid of him. Sir Percival is a powerful man—a baronet—the possessor of a fine estate—the descendant of a great family——"

She amazed me beyond expression by suddenly bursting out laughing.

"Yes," she repeated, in tones of the bitterest, steadiest contempt. "A baronet—the possessor of a fine estate—the descendant of a great family. Yes, indeed! A great family—especially by the mother's side."

There was no time to reflect on the words that had just escaped her; there was only time to feel that they were well worth thinking over the moment I left the house.

"I am not here to dispute with you about family questions," I said. "I know nothing of Sir Percival's mother——"

"And you know as little of Sir Percival himself," she interposed, sharply.

"I advise you not to be too sure of that," I rejoined. "I know some things about him—and I suspect many more."

"What do you suspect?"

"I'll tell you what I *don't* suspect. I *don't* suspect him of being Anne's father."

She started to her feet, and came close up to me with a look of fury.

"How dare you talk to me about Anne's father! How dare you say who was her father, or who wasn't!" she broke out, her face quivering, her voice trembling with passion.

"The secret between you and Sir Percival is not *that* secret," I persisted. "The mystery which darkens Sir Percival's life was not born with your daughter's birth, and has not died with your daughter's death."

She drew back a step. "Go!" she said, and pointed sternly to the door.

"There was no thought of the child in your heart or in his," I went on, determined to press her back to her last defences. "There was no bond of guilty love between you and him, when you held those stolen meetings—when your husband found you whispering together under the vestry of the church."

Her pointing hand instantly dropped to her side, and the deep flush of anger faded from her face while I spoke. I saw the change pass over her; I saw that hard, firm, fearless, self-possessed woman quail under a terror which her

utmost resolution was not strong enough to resist—when I said those five last words, "the vestry of the church."

For a minute, or more, we stood looking at each other in silence. I spoke first.

"Do you still refuse to trust me?" I asked.

She could not call the colour that had left it back to her face—but she had steadied her voice, she had recovered the defiant self-possession of her manner, when she answered me.

"I do refuse," she said.

"Do you still tell me to go?"

"Yes. Go—and never come back."

I walked to the door, waited a moment before I opened it, and turned round to look at her again.

"I may have news to bring you of Sir Percival, which you don't expect," I said; "and, in that case, I shall come back."

"There is no news of Sir Percival that I don't expect, except——"

She stopped; her pale face darkened; and she stole back, with a quiet, stealthy, cat-like step to her chair.

"Except the news of his death," she said, sitting down again, with the mockery of a smile just hovering on her cruel lips, and the furtive light of hatred lurking deep in her steady eyes.

As I opened the door of the room, to go out, she looked round at me quickly. The cruel smile slowly widened her lips—she eyed me, with a strange, stealthy interest, from head to foot—an unutterable expectation showed itself wickedly all over her face. Was she speculating, in the secrecy of her own heart, on my youth and strength, on the force of my sense of injury and the limits of my self-control; and was she considering the lengths to which they might carry me, if Sir Percival and I ever chanced to meet? The bare doubt that it might be so, drove me from her presence, and silenced even the common forms of farewell on my lips. Without a word more, on my side or on hers, I left the room.

As I opened the outer door, I saw the same clergyman who had already passed the house once, about to pass it again, on his way back through the square. I waited on the door-step to let him go by, and looked round, as I did so, at the parlour window.

Mrs. Catherick had heard his footsteps approaching, in the silence of that lonely place; and she was on her feet at the window again, waiting for him. Not all the strength of all the terrible passions I had roused in that woman's heart, could loosen her desperate hold on the one fragment of social consideration which years of resolute effort had just dragged within her grasp. There she was again, not a minute after I had left her, placed purposely in a position which made it a matter of common courtesy on the part of the clergyman to bow to her for a second time. He raised his hat, once more. I saw the hard, ghastly face behind the window, soften and light up with gratified pride; I saw the head with the grim black cap bend ceremoniously in return. The clergyman had bowed to her—and in my presence—twice in one day!

The new direction which my inquiries must now take was plainly presented to my mind, as I left the house. Mrs. Catherick had helped me a step forward, in spite of herself. The next stage to be reached in the investigation was, beyond all doubt, the vestry of Old Welmingham church.

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

A MOST important matter is the vaccine matter, which has now again become a subject of particular attention in this country. Small-pox recovers ground in England. The yearly mortality from this disease was trebled in the three years between fifty-five and fifty-nine. It is again dreaded in many districts as an epidemic. How does this happen? What are we to do? In discussing these questions we shall derive nearly all the facts we state, from an admirable pamphlet just published by DR. ALFRED COLLINSON, entitled "Small-pox and Vaccination Historically and Medically Considered." Dr. Collinson has given his heart to a thorough study of the subject.

There can be no doubt that, until lately, secure in the enjoyment of a vast relief from the old rates of mortality, England, which gave vaccination to the world, and yet herself made a less perfect use of it than almost any other nation in Europe, was content with letting tolerably well alone. Now we are startled into some inquiry, and by help of the indefatigable medical officer of the Privy Council, Mr. Simon, who has brought together in three reports more practical truths about vaccination than any man before him, it is possible that the best course of action may be recognised and properly enforced.

It is easy enough to be content with even an imperfect gain that is so vast a gain, as the change from the old days when small-pox depopulated cities, and blinded or disfigured one-fourth of the human race—slaying, in Europe only, half a million of people every year—to the time when the chance of being seized with it is for no man a present dread. Let us glance back into history, and fairly understand what Jenner achieved. It is asserted and denied that small-pox was known to the old Greek physicians. Probably it was not known. But before the time of Hippocrates it was a disease known in India and China. In the sixth century it had reached Arabia, and is said to have been carried into that country by an Abyssinian army, which was attacked by it when besieging Mecca. The date of this incident corresponds nearly or exactly with that of the birth of Mahomet. In the reign of the Caliph Omar, small-pox was carried by the Saracens to Egypt. The Arabian physicians were the first who distinctly wrote of it, and Rhazes first of all; but Avicenna was the first of them by whom it was not confused with measles. Averroes, at the beginning of the thirteenth cen-

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tury, was the first to add to what had previously been written, that a person can have small-pox only once. These Arabian physicians and philosophers represented in their time to Europe the science of the world. They professed that they had for small-pox so extraordinary a remedy that, though nine pustules had come out when it was administered, it would prevent the appearance of a tenth. They generally suffered for their knowledge. Averroes, a portly many-witted man, who could write love-songs as well as study mathematics, was once set by his sovereign bareheaded at the gate of a mosque, where all who entered might spit in his face. In those days it was not altogether to a man's advantage to be well informed.

The first case of small-pox recorded in Europe was that of Elfrida, daughter of Alfred the Great. Elfrida's grandson also died of this disease. Between the eleventh and twelfth centuries, small-pox was spread over Europe by the Crusaders: who won for themselves small-pox and leprosy, if they got nothing else, by their adventures in the East. In the reigns of our two first Edwards, small-pox in England was described by Gilbert and by John of Gaddesden, whose reputation Chaucer celebrates. John of Gaddesden, in his "Rosa Anglica," blends poetry with physic. He was a thriving genius, who got "good money from the barber surgeons" for a confection of tree frogs, and he was the first Englishman employed as Court physician. We are told how he treated the king's son when sick of small-pox. It is hard to say whether poetry or physic had inspired him, for his order was that the patient should be wrapped in scarlet, and that everything about the bed should be of a red colour. This, he says, made the prince recover, without having so much as one mark on his face.

The Spaniards took small-pox from Europe to America. It depopulated Mexico, by the annihilation of three millions and a half of people; they "perished in heaps," says Prescott. It was, as it always has proved, especially fatal among the dark-skinned races. A million of people (the whole native population) perished out of Hispaniola by the disease that was more murderous than war and famine. Still, in the sixteenth century, entire races of men were destroyed by it in the Brazils. It spread through Peru, sweeping away all the Indians and mulattoes in the cities of Potosi and De la Paz; it left the country desolate, and the mines were for a long time deserted. In North America, of twelve millions of Red men, six died by the sword, bayonet, and whisky; the other six by small-pox. A translation of the Bible having been made for the Six Nations, by the time it was finished there was not one left to read it, the whole nation having died of small-pox. The terrible disease devastated Siberia, Greenland, and Labrador, and made for three years a silent desert of the capital of Thibet. It killed two millions in a single year in Russia, and at Constantinople it destroyed one half of those on whom it seized. In France and Sweden, a tenth of the deaths were by small-pox; in England, a fourteenth. It was small-pox, said Sir Gilbert Blane, that had blinded two in three of the applicants for relief to the Hospital for the Indigent Blind. Bernoulli believed that this disease swept away fifteen millions of human beings in every quarter of a century. In Europe alone it destroyed in a single century forty-five millions. As all climates were alike to it, so were all ranks. It shattered the constitution of our famous William the Third, destroyed his father, his mother, his wife, his uncle, and his two cousins.

Such were the terrors of the disease concerning which Lady Wortley Montague, wife of our ambassador at Constantinople, wrote in the year seventeen hundred and seventeen, in a letter from Turkey, "The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of Engrafting, which is the term they give it. Every year thousands undergo the operation, and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one who has died of it, and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son. I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England." Four years afterwards, she had her daughter publicly inoculated in this country. One year after that, preliminary experiments upon six condemned criminals in Newgate having proved satisfactory, two children of Caroline, Princess of Wales, were inoculated. But the new practice met with strong opposition, and in that same year the Reverend Edward Massey preached that Job's distemper was the confluent small-pox, which he took from inoculation by the devil, who thus ranked as the father of inoculators.

It is a certain truth that the disease of small-pox, introduced by puncture through the skin, is less fatal than the same disease when taken through infection of the air. Where one in five or six died of the natural disease, there died but one in fifty—at the Inoculation Hospital only three in a thousand—of those upon whom it was thus engrafted. But to the nation at large inoculation was a scourge. It protected the inoculated person at the risk of all his neighbours; for, however mild the course of the disease in his own person, he became, while suffering from it, a centre of infection. Mild cases of small-pox were artificially multiplied among persons, many of whom never would have fallen in the way of natural infection; by these it was communicated naturally to others who would have escaped, and the whole mortality from small-pox which before inoculation had been seventy-four in a thousand, rose to ninety-five in a thousand after the introduction of that practice. Instead of a fourteenth, it became a tenth of the English population that now died of the disease, while the number increased at the same rate of those who recovered with the loss of one or both eyes, with impaired constitutions and disfigured features.

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So the matter stood, when Jenner was apprentice to a village doctor, and paid special heed to the remark of a young country girl, that as she had taken a pock from the cows, small-pox would not hurt her. It had long been known, in the great dairy farms of Gloucestershire, that cows were affected with a pustular disease that could be transferred to those who milked them; and that persons by whom this cow-pox had been taken, were unhurt by exposure to the contagion of small-pox. In Sweden and Holstein, some slight practical notice was taken of the same fact while Jenner was pondering upon it. In seventeen 'seventy, when he became a pupil of John Hunter, he spoke of his thought and his great hope to that most eminent of teachers, and Hunter gave his usual advice: "Don't think, but try; be patient, be accurate." This advice Jenner followed, and by careful experiment tested his belief and elaborated the great life-saving truth that the matter of cow-pox can be propagated from one human being to another, and disseminated over the globe, to the total extinction of small-pox. He was giving up his life to study and toil in this direction. As the first to arrest and also to prove that the benefit of vaccination may be diffused from man to man, and that direct reference in every case to the disease of the cow is not at all necessary for complete protection, he especially acquired the claim he has on the world's gratitude. The horse, the cow, the sheep, the goat, and other animals, are liable to the same pustular disease. In seventeen 'eighty-nine, Jenner inoculated his eldest son with swine-pox matter, and he was afterwards inoculated with small-pox without any result. It has since been found that the disease of these quadrupeds is small-pox itself, modified by the constitution of the animal. It has been observed, like the small-pox in man, in every part of the world. The few pustules on the udders of cows in the Gloucestershire dairy farms, Jenner himself observed to have been produced by transfer of the matter on the hands of farm servants from the hoofs of horses affected with what was called the grease.

Jenner's discoveries were well received, only by the best men of his profession. In the first year of this nineteenth century he wrote that upwards of six thousand persons had been vaccinated with success. The practice was then already extending over the globe, and in the next year Jenner thought it "too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the small-pox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice." A parliamentary committee investigated and reported on the new discovery, in terms of most emphatic approbation. A society, called the Royal Jennerian, was formed, with Jenner as its president, for the extermination of small-pox, and opened in London thirteen stations for the vaccination of the public. There were preachers who taught that the disease threatened with extinction had been a merciful gift of Providence for lessening the burden of a poor man's family, and that it was impious to interfere with the Divine appointment. Ehrmann, of Frankfort, quoted the prophets and the fathers of the Church, to prove that the vaccine matter was Antichrist. A child at Peckham was said to have been so changed in nature by the introduction into its system of matter taken from a cow, that it ran on all-fours, bellowed, and butted. Dr. Rowley published five hundred cases of the beastly new diseases produced from cow-pox, in a book illustrated by two coloured engravings of the Cow-poxed, or Ox-faced, Boy. In the sixth year of our century, the present Lord Lansdowne, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved that an inquiry into the state of vaccine inoculation should be obtained from the College of Physicians. The result was an inquiry by that college, followed by a report affirming the benefits of vaccination in the strongest terms. Parliament then, in the seventh year of our century, voted to Jenner, who had given life and fortune to the cause he espoused, thirty thousand pounds; and in the eighth year of the century the National Vaccine Establishment for public vaccination and gratuitous supply of matter, or lymph, was founded, with the support of an annual grant of two thousand pounds.

In the mean time, Jenner's essay, which embodied his discovery, had been translated into foreign languages, and had found its way to North America, where President Jefferson, with his own hand and the assistance of his sons-in-law, vaccinated nearly two hundred of his kindred and his neighbours. In the first year of the century, vaccination was already general in Spain, and two years afterwards the King of Spain fitted out an expedition for the conveyance of the discovery to all Spanish possessions beyond the seas. This expedition, under the conduct of Dr. Francis Xavier Balmis, spent three years in carrying the discovery entirely round the world.

In those days various experiments were made in various countries for the inoculation of the cow with human small-pox. Dr. Gassner, of Guntzburg, and Dr. Keile, of Kazan in Russia, succeeded in passing small-pox through the cow, back in vaccine matter to the human system. In Egypt, at a later period, the same was done; but it is Mr. Ceely, of Aylesbury, working, like Jenner, in the midst of the fatigues of practice, who has demonstrated with most patience and success that vaccine matter forming exactly the true cow-pox pustules, is obtained from cows inoculated with our small-pox. It has been observed, indeed, by the Vaccination Committee of the Medical Association that the pustules obtained by this matter have a more marked resemblance to the pustules described by Jenner himself than is common in those produced from the matter now in use.

The general result of the adoption of vaccination is, that where one now dies of it in Denmark, eleven used to die; where one now dies of it in Berlin and a large part of Austria, twenty used to die; and in Westphalia, five-and-twenty used to die. Even in the cases where from any par-

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ticular cause small-pox is taken after vaccination, it is five or six times less dangerous than it would otherwise have been. The power of vaccination in exterminating small-pox, wholly consists in the fact that it is a small-pox which is not infectious. In some inscrutable way, passage through the lower organisation of the cow so alters the small-pox matter, that it will produce in the human body, only by immediate contact with the blood, a disorder of the mildest form, that may be borne at any age, in any state, and that shall not make the person touched with it a source of danger to those who come near. But there are certain conditions of successful vaccination. At the outset, the right sort of matter must be taken from the cow; for Jenner showed that the cow is liable to other pustular diseases which will communicate sores and raise vesicles not of the true form, and which give no protection against small-pox. Then, also, it should be taken only on the day when it is ripe, and from a pustule that has not been rubbed and broken. In taking it from the human body for dissemination, it is essential to observe this rule, and to observe also the rule that it must be taken from a healthy body, and especially from one that is not affected by a skin disease, for such disease will often modify the power of the vaccine matter. Absolute care in vaccination and universal adoption of it would have by this time fulfilled Jenner's utmost hope for the extinction of small-pox. What can be done is shown by the fact that for twenty years Sweden and Denmark were kept free from the disease. The Austrian government went so far as to order that no child should be admitted into any public school, have share in any public institution, or partake of the sacraments of the Church, unless he had been vaccinated. The care indicated by such exaggerated measures did succeed in the extirpation of small-pox for long periods.

But it is said that the vaccine lymph is enfeebled in power, by a long course of transmission from arm to arm. We have seen that the fresh lymph from the cow, obtained in our own day, reproduces more exactly than the matter commonly in use, the vaccine pustule described by Jenner, which so strongly fortified the constitution. Small-pox after vaccination, or the power to take vaccination twice, which represents a power to take small-pox after vaccination, is by a great deal more common than it used to be. There is annual vaccination in the Prussian army, and it is a most instructive fact that in the old soldiers who were vaccinated thirty or forty years ago, vaccination will seldom take a second time, while among the soldiers vaccinated during the last dozen years, second vaccination often has an ominous success. About twenty years ago, Mr. Estlin, whose evidence corresponds with that of many other witnesses, said of the Vaccine Institution of Glasgow, that "in forty-three trials made with lymph newly obtained from the cow, there had not been a single failure, whereas in the last preceding forty-three vaccinations made with a former lymph, there had been failure in ten cases, and spurious or imperfect vesicles in nine others."

We may readily suppose that this degeneration of lymph does not arise from the mere act of transmission, but from the multiplication of the chances of imperfect vaccination hurtful to its quality, by the thousand and one vaccinators through whose hands it may have passed. Who can tell the pedigree of a pustule, or answer for the accidents interfering with the quality of matter that has been through many hundred systems? One ignorant or careless vaccinator who diffuses matter from the vaccinated arm of a child with skin disease, may cause the propagation of matter that shall give false confidence to hundreds of men. It is known that in the years seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen of the century, a vast number of vaccinations were made in different parts of Europe with inefficient lymph, and that persons vaccinated in those years have been found among the chief sufferers from small-pox.

In spite, therefore, of the contrary assertion of the National Vaccine Establishment, made six years ago, we must agree with Mr. Simon, Dr. Watson, and others, that well-devised arrangements for the periodical renewal of lymph would give greater certainty and permanence to the protection it affords.

The next requirement is, good vaccination. Vaccine matter must be taken for use from none but healthy bodies, always at the right time, and only from a perfect and true cow-pox vesicle, and by a vaccinator who has been taught to recognise its perfect form. No child is vaccinated properly, upon whose skin at least one vesicle is not allowed to run its whole natural course, unopened by the lancet and unbroken by rubbing. There is need also, of a full and accessible supply of the best vaccine matter, and of a good working system of compulsory vaccination. Give us these, and we may root out small-pox.

Having shown what we want, we may as well consider what we have. Until eighteen 'forty we had only the National Vaccine Establishment for public vaccination, and the free diffusion of the cow-pock matter. In eighteen 'forty, act of parliament declared that gratuitous vaccination, not to be considered parish relief, might be claimed of the local authorities in all parishes of England and Wales. For the three years before this law, the mortality from small-pox was seven hundred and seventy in a million; for the three years after this law, three hundred and four in a million. Still, more than five thousand persons, chiefly infants and children, perished of the disease every year. For this reason, in 'fifty-three, an act was passed to compel every child to be vaccinated within four months of its birth. At the registration of every birth, the registrar was to give notice of the legal obligation, and of the penalty for neglect. At first the act was readily obeyed, and deaths from small-pox fell to one hundred and fifty-two in the million. Then, it was found that nobody was charged with the enforcement of the law, or

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with the recovery of penalties. Its coercive power was therefore at an end. This oversight has yet to be remedied.

The same act provided that none but qualified medical practitioners should be appointed by the parishes as public vaccinators. This was a gain. But the extension of the system of gratuitous vaccination has, of course, reduced very much the number of applicants for free vaccination to the National Vaccine Establishment; and, while the demand on that institution for supplies of lymph has greatly increased, the source of its lymph has been drying up, and its power of selection has been, of course, proportionately restricted. The vaccination stations in the great towns are now, therefore, beginning to contribute supplies to the central establishment, of which lymph is to be obtained by every proper applicant.

Most important of all, is a new use made of the large vaccine stations that have been formed. By a notification from the privy council, public vaccinators in the towns which contain medical schools are authorised to instruct students and give certificates of their proficiency. After the first day of the present year, except in certain stated cases, no person was to be contracted with for vaccination of the public, without evidence that he had been taught and examined by some public vaccinator authorised by the privy council for that purpose.

Our present wants, therefore, are but two: firstly, some measure for the renewal of the vaccine matter: secondly, a system of compulsory vaccination that will include provision for the actual enforcement of its penalties.

THE UNFINISHED POEM.

Take it, reader—idly passing
 This, like hundred other lines;
Take it, critic, great at classing
 Subtle genius' well-known sign.
But, O reader! be thou dumb;
Critic, let no keen wit come;
For the hand that wrote or blurr'd
Will not write another word,
And the soul you scorn or prize
Now than angels is more wise.

Take it, heart of man or woman,
 This unfinished, broken strain,
Whether it be poor and common,
 Or the noblest work of brain;
Let that reverent heart sole sit
Here in judgment over it,
Tenderly, as you would read
(Any one, of any creed,
Any churchyard walking by),
"Sacred to the memory."

Wholly sacred: even as lingers
 Final word, or light glance cast,
Or last clasp of life-warm fingers
 That we knew not was the last;
Wholly sacred—as we lay,
The day after funeral day,
Their dear relics, great or small,
Who need nothing, yet have all—
All the best of us, that lies
Hid with them in Paradise;
All our highest aspirations,
 And our closest love of loves:
Our most silent resignations,
 Our best work that man approves;
Yet which jealously we keep
In our mute soul's deepest deep.
So of this imperfect song
Let no echoes here prolong;
For the singer's voice is known
In the heaven of heavens alone.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

It lately happened that I found myself rambling about the scenes among which my earliest days were passed; scenes from which I departed when I was a child, and which I did not revisit until I was a man. This is no uncommon chance, but one that befals some of us any day; perhaps it may not be quite uninteresting to compare notes with the reader respecting an experience so familiar and a journey so uncommercial.

I will call my boyhood's home (and I feel like a Tenor in an English Opera when I mention it) Dullborough. Most of us come from Dullborough who come from a country town.

As I left Dullborough in the days when there were no railroads in the land, I left it in a stage-coach. Through all the years that have since passed, have I ever lost the smell of the damp straw in which I was packed—like game—and forwarded, carriage paid, to the Cross Keys, Wood-street, Cheapside, London? There was no other inside passenger, and I consumed my sandwiches in solitude and dreariness, and it rained hard all the way, and I thought life sloppier than I had expected to find it.

With this tender remembrance upon me, I was cavalierly shunted back into Dullborough the other day, by train. My ticket had been previously collected, like my taxes, and my shining new portmanteau had had a great plaster stuck upon it, and I had been defied by Act of Parliament to offer an objection to anything that was done to it, or me, under a penalty of not less than forty shillings or more than five pounds, compoundable for a term of imprisonment. When I had sent my disfigured property on to the hotel, I began to look about me; and the first discovery I made, was, that the Station had swallowed up the playing-field.

It was gone. The two beautiful hawthorn-trees, the hedge, the turf, and all those buttercups and daisies, had given place to the stoniest of jolting roads; while, beyond the Station, an ugly dark monster of a tunnel kept its jaws open, as if it had swallowed them and were ravenous for more destruction. The coach that had carried me away, was melodiously called Timpson's Blue-Eyed Maid, and belonged to Timpson, at the coach-office up-street; the locomotive engine that had brought me back, was called severely No. 97, and belonged to S. E. R., and was spitting ashes and hot-water over the blighted ground.

When I had been let out at the platform-door,

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like a prisoner whom his turnkey grudgingly released, I looked in again over the low wall, at the scene of departed glories. Here, in the haymaking time, had I been delivered from the dungeons of Seringapatam, an immense pile (of haycock), by my countrymen, the victorious British (boy next door and his two cousins), and had been recognised with ecstasy by my affianced one (Miss Green), who had come all the way from England (second house in the terrace) to ransom me, and marry me. Here had I first heard in confidence, from one whose father was greatly connected, being under Government, of the existence of a terrible banditti, called "The Radicals," whose principles were, that the Prince Regent wore stays, and that nobody had a right to any salary, and that the army and navy ought to be put down—horrors at which I trembled in my bed, after supplicating that the Radicals might be speedily taken and hanged. Here, too, had we, the small boys of Boles's, had that cricket match against the small boys of Coles's, when Boles and Coles had actually met upon the ground, and when, instead of instantly hitting out at one another with the utmost fury, as we had all hoped and expected, those sneaks had said respectively, "I hope Mrs. Boles is well," and "I hope Mrs. Coles and the baby are doing charmingly." Could it be that, after all this, and much more, the Playing-field was a Station, and No. 97 expectorated boiling-water and red-hot cinders on it, and the whole belonged by Act of Parliament to S. E. R.?

As it could be, and was, I left the place with a heavy heart for a walk all over the town. And first of Timpson's, up-street. When I departed from Dullborough in the strawy arms of Timpson's Blue-Eyed Maid, Timpson's was a moderate-sized coach-office (in fact, a little coach-office), with an oval transparency in the window, which looked beautiful by night, representing one of Timpson's coaches in the act of passing a milestone on the London road with great velocity, completely full inside and out, and all the passengers dressed in the first style of fashion, and enjoying themselves tremendously. I found no such place as Timpson's now—no such bricks and rafters, not to mention the name—no such edifice on the teeming earth. Pickford had come and knocked Timpson's down. Pickford had not only knocked Timpson's down, but had knocked two or three houses down on each side of Timpson's, and then had knocked the whole into one great establishment, with a pair of big gates, in and out of which, his (Pickford's) waggons are, in these days, always rattling, with their drivers sitting up so high, that they look in at the second floor windows of the old fashioned houses in the High-street as they shake the town. I have not the honour of Pickford's acquaintance, but I felt that he had done me an injury, not to say committed an act of boyslaughter, in running over my childhood in this rough manner; and if ever I meet Pickford driving one of his own monsters, and smoking a pipe the while (which is the custom of his men), he shall know by the expression of my eye, if it catches his, that there is something wrong between us.

Moreover, I felt that Pickford had no right to come rushing into Dullborough and deprive the town of a public picture. He is not Napoleon Bonaparte. When he took down the transparent stage-coach, he ought to have given the town a transparent van. With a gloomy conviction that Pickford is wholly utilitarian and unimaginative, I proceeded on my way.

It is a mercy I have not a red and green lamp and a night-bell at my door, for in my very young days I was taken to so many lyings-in that I wonder I escaped becoming a professional martyr to them in after-life. I suppose I had a very sympathetic nurse, with a large circle of married acquaintance. However that was, as I continued my walk through Dullborough, I found many houses to be solely associated in my mind with this particular interest. At one little greengrocer's shop, down certain steps from the street, I remembered to have waited on a lady who had had four children (I am afraid to write five, though I fully believe it was five) at a birth. This meritorious woman held quite a Reception in her room on the morning when I was introduced there, and the sight of the house brought vividly to my mind how the four (five) deceased young people lay, side by side, on a clean cloth on a chest of drawers: reminding me by a homely association, which I suspect their complexion to have assisted, of pigs' feet as they are usually displayed at a neat tripe-shop. Hot caudle was handed round on the occasion, and I further remembered as I stood contemplating the greengrocer's, that a subscription was entered into among the company, which became extremely alarming to my consciousness of having pocket-money on my person. This fact being known to my conductress, whoever she was, I was earnestly exhorted to contribute, but resolutely declined: therein disgusting the company, who gave me to understand that I must dismiss all expectations of going to Heaven.

How does it happen that when all else is change wherever one goes, there yet seem, in every place, to be some few people who never alter? As the sight of the greengrocer's house recalled these trivial incidents of long ago, the identical greengrocer appeared on the steps, with his hands in his pockets, and leaning his shoulder against the door-post, as my childish eyes had seen him many a time; indeed, there was his old mark on the door-post yet, as if his shadow had become a fixture there. It was he himself; he might formally have been an old-looking young man, or he might now be a young-looking old man, but there he was. In walking along the street, I had as yet looked in vain for a familiar face, or even a transmitted face; here was the very greengrocer who had been weighing and handling baskets on the morning of the reception. As he brought with him a dawning remembrance that he had had no proprietary interest in those babies, I crossed the road, and accosted him on the subject. He was not in the least excited or

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gratified or in any way roused, by the accuracy of my recollection, but said, Yes, summut out of the common—he didn't remember how many it was (as if half a dozen babes either way made no difference)—had happened to a Mrs. What's-her-name, as once lodged there—but he didn't call it to mind, particular. Nettled by this phlegmatic conduct, I informed him that I had left the town when I was a child. He slowly returned, quite unsoftened and not without a sarcastic kind of complacency, *Had* I? Ah! And did I find it had got on tolerable well without me? Such is the difference (I thought, when I had left him a few hundred yards behind, and was by so much in a better temper) between going away from a place and remaining in it. I had no right, I reflected, to be angry with the greengrocer for his want of interest. I was nothing to him: whereas he was the town, the cathedral, the bridge, the river, my childhood, and a large slice of my life, to me.

Of course the town had shrunk fearfully, since I was a child there. I had entertained the impression that the High-street was at least as wide as Regent-street, London, or the Italian Boulevard at Paris. I found it little better than a lane. There was a public clock in it, which I had supposed to be the finest clock in the world; whereas it now turned out to be as inexpressive, moon-faced, and weak a clock as ever I saw. It belonged to a Town Hall, where I had seen an Indian (who I now suppose wasn't an Indian) swallow a sword (which I now suppose he didn't). This edifice had appeared to me in those days so glorious a structure, that I had set it up in my mind as the model on which the Genie of the Lamp built the palace for Aladdin. A mean little brick heap, like a demented chapel, with a few yawning persons in leather gaiters, and in the last extremity for something to do, lounging at the door with their hands in their pockets, and calling themselves a Corn Exchange!

The Theatre was in existence, I found, on asking the fishmonger, who had a compact show of stock in his window, consisting of a sole and a quart of shrimps—and I resolved to comfort my mind by going to look at it. Richard the Third, in a very uncomfortable cloak, had first appeared to me there, and had made my heart leap with terror by backing up against the stage-box in which I was posted, while struggling for life against the virtuous Richmond. It was within those walls that I had learnt, as from a page of English history, how that wicked King slept in war-time on a sofa much too short for him, and how fearfully his conscience troubled his boots. There, too, had I first seen the funny countryman, but countryman of noble principles in a flowered waistcoat, crunch up his little hat and throw it on the ground, and pull off his coat, saying "Dom thee, squire, coom on with thy fistes then!" At which the lovely young woman who kept company with him (and who went out gleaning, in a narrow white muslin apron with five beautiful bars of five different coloured ribbons across it) was so frightened for his sake, that she fainted away. Many wondrous secrets of Nature had I come to the knowledge of in that sanctuary: of which not the least terrific were, that the witches in Macbeth bore an awful resemblance to the Thanes and other proper inhabitants of Scotland; and that the good King Duncan couldn't rest in his grave, but was constantly coming out of it, and calling himself somebody else. To the Theatre, therefore, I repaired for consolation. But I found very little, for it was in a bad and a declining way. A dealer in wine and bottled beer had already squeezed his trade into the box-office, and the theatrical money was taken—when it came—in a kind of meat-safe in the passage. The dealer in wine and bottled beer must have insinuated himself under the stage too; for he announced that he had various descriptions of alcoholic drinks "in the wood," and there was no possible stowage for the wood anywhere else. Evidently, he was by degrees eating the establishment away to the core, and would soon have sole possession of it. It was To Let, and hopelessly so, for its old purposes; and there had been no entertainment within its walls for a long time, except a Panorama; and even that had been announced as "pleasingly instructive," and I knew too well the fatal meaning and the leaden import of those terrible expressions. No, there was no comfort in the Theatre. It was mysteriously gone, like my own youth. Unlike my own youth, it might be coming back some day; but there was little promise of it.

As the town was placarded with references to the Dullborough Mechanics' Institution, I thought I would go and look at that establishment next. There had been no such thing in the town, in my young day, and it occurred to me that its extreme prosperity might have brought adversity upon the Drama. I found the Institution with some difficulty, and should scarcely have known that I had found it if I had judged from its external appearance only; but this was attributable to its never having been finished, and having no front: consequently, it led a modest and retired existence up a stable-yard. It was (as I learnt, on inquiry) a most flourishing Institution, and of the highest benefit to the town: two triumphs which I was glad to understand were not at all impaired by the seeming drawbacks that no mechanics belonged to it, and that it was steeped in debt to the chimney-pots. It had a large room, which was approached by an infirm step-ladder: the builder having declined to construct the intended staircase, without a present payment in cash, which Dullborough (though so profoundly appreciative of the Institution) seemed unaccountably bashful about subscribing. The large room had cost—or would, when paid for—five hundred pounds; and it had more mortar in it and more echoes, than one might have expected to get for the money. It was fitted up with a platform, and the usual lecturing tools, including a large black board of a menacing appearance. On referring to lists of the courses of lectures that had been given in this thriving Hall, I fancied I detected a

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shyness in admitting that human nature when at leisure has any desire whatever to be relieved and diverted; and a furtive sliding in of any poor make-weight piece of amusement, shamefacedly and edgewise. Thus, I observed that it was necessary for the members to be knocked on the head with Gas, Air, Water, Food, the Solar System, the Geological periods, Criticism on Milton, the Steam-engine, John Bunyan, and Arrow-Headed Inscriptions, before they might be tickled by those unaccountable choristers, the negro singers in the court costume of the reign of George the Second. Likewise, that they must be stunned by a weighty inquiry whether there was internal evidence in SHAKESPEARE's works, to prove that his uncle by the mother's side lived for some years at Stoke Newington, before they were brought-to by a Miscellaneous Concert. But indeed the masking of entertainment, and pretending it was something else—as people mask bedsteads when they are obliged to have them in sitting-rooms, and make believe that they are bookcases, sofas, chests of drawers, anything rather than bedsteads—was manifest even in the pretence of dreariness that the unfortunate entertainers themselves felt obliged in decency to put forth when they came here. One very agreeable professional singer who travelled with two professional ladies, knew better than to introduce either of those ladies to sing the ballad "Comin' through the Rye" without prefacing it himself, with some general remarks on wheat and clover; and even then, he dared not for his life call the song, a song, but disguised it in the bill as an "Illustration." In the library, also—fitted with shelves for three thousand books, and containing upwards of one hundred and seventy (presented copies mostly) seething their edges in damp plaster—there was such a painfully apologetic return of 62 offenders who had read Travels, Popular Biography, and mere Fiction descriptive of the aspirations of the hearts and souls of mere human creatures like themselves; and such an elaborate parade of 2 bright examples who had had down Euclid after the day's occupation and confinement; and 3 who had had down Metaphysics after ditto; and 1 who had had down Theology after ditto; and 4 who had worried Grammar, Political Economy, Botany, and Logarithms all at once after ditto; that I suspected the boasted class to be one man, who had been hired to do it.

Emerging from the Mechanics' Institution and continuing my walk about the town, I still noticed everywhere the prevalence, to an extraordinary degree, of this custom of putting the natural demand for amusement out of sight, as some untidy housekeepers put dust, and pretending that it was swept away. And yet it was ministered to, in a dull and abortive manner, by all who made this feint. Looking in at what is called in Dullborough "the serious bookseller's," where, in my childhood, I had studied the faces of numbers of gentlemen depicted in rostrums with a gaslight on each side of them, and casting my eyes over the open pages of certain printed discourses there, I found a vast deal of aiming at jocosity and dramatic effect, even in them—yes, verily, even on the part of one very wrathful expounder who bitterly anathematised a poor little Circus. Similarly, in the reading provided for the young people enrolled in the Lasso of Love, and other excellent unions, I found the writers generally under a distressing sense that they must start (at all events) like story-tellers, and delude the young persons into the belief that they were going to be interesting. As I looked in at this window for twenty minutes by the clock, I am in a position to offer a friendly remonstrance—not bearing on this particular point—to the designers and engravers of the pictures in those publications. Have they considered the awful consequences likely to flow from their representations of Virtue? Have they asked themselves the question, whether the terrific prospect of acquiring that fearful chubbiness of head, unwieldiness of arm, feeble dislocation of leg, crispness of hair, and enormity of shirt-collar, which they represent as inseparable from Goodness, may not tend to confirm sensitive waverers, in Evil? A most impressive example (if I had believed it) of what a Dustman and a Sailor may come to, when they mend their ways, was presented to me in this same shop-window. When they were leaning (they were intimate friends) against a post, drunk and reckless, with surpassingly bad hats on, and their hair over their foreheads, they were rather picturesque, and looked as if they might be agreeable men if they would not be beasts. But when they had got over their bad propensities, and when, as a consequence, their heads had swelled alarmingly, their hair had got so curly that it lifted their blown-out cheeks up, their coat-cuffs were so long that they never could do any work, and their eyes were so wide open that they never could do any sleep, they presented a spectacle calculated to plunge a timid nature into the depths of Infamy.

But, the clock that had so degenerated since I saw it last, admonished me that I had stayed here long enough; and I resumed my walk again.

I had not gone fifty paces along the street when I was suddenly brought up by the sight of a man who got out of a little phaeton at the doctor's door, and went into the doctor's house. Immediately, the air was filled with the scent of trodden grass, and the perspective of years opened, and at the end of it was a little likeness of this man keeping a wicket, and I said, "God bless my soul! Joe Specks!"

Through many changes and much work, I had preserved a tenderness for the memory of Joe, forasmuch as we had made the acquaintance of Roderick Random together, and had believed him to be no ruffian, but an ingenuous and engaging hero. Scorning to ask the boy left in the phaeton whether it was really Joe, and scorning even to read the brass plate on the door—so sure was I—I rang the bell and informed the servant maid that a stranger sought audience of Mr. Specks. Into a room, half surgery, half study, I was shown to await his coming, and I

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found it, by a series of elaborate accidents, bestrewn with testimonies to Joe. Portrait of Mr. Specks, bust of Mr. Specks, silver cup from grateful patient to Mr. Specks, presentation sermon from local clergyman, dedication poem from local poet, dinner-card from local nobleman, tract on balance of power from local refugee, inscribed *Hommage de l'auteur à Specks.*

When my old schoolfellow came in, and I informed him with a smile that I was not a patient, he seemed rather at a loss to perceive any reason for smiling in connexion with that fact, and inquired to what was he to attribute the honour? I asked him, with another smile, could he remember me at all? He had not (he said) that pleasure. I was beginning to have but a poor opinion of Mr. Specks, when he said, reflectively, "And yet there's a something, too." Upon that, I saw a boyish light in his eyes that looked well, and I asked him if he could inform me, as a stranger who desired to know and had not the means of reference at hand, what the name of the young lady was, who married Mr. Random? Upon that, he said "Narcissa," and, after staring for a moment, called me by my name, shook me by the hand, and melted into a roar of laughter. "Why, of course you'll remember Lucy Green," he said, after we had talked a little. "Of course," said I. "Whom do you think she married?" said he. "You?" I hazarded. "Me," said Specks, "and you shall see her." So I saw her, and she was fat, and if all the hay in the world had been heaped upon her, it could scarcely have altered her face more than Time had altered it from my remembrance of the face that had once looked down upon me into the fragrant dungeons of Seringapatam. But when her youngest child came in after dinner (for I dined with them, and we had no other company than Specks, Junior, Barrister-at-Law, who went away as soon as the cloth was removed, to look after the young lady to whom he was going to be married next week), I saw again, in that little daughter, the little face of the hayfield, unchanged, and it quite touched my heart. We talked immensely, Specks and Mrs. Specks, and I, and we spoke of our old selves as though our old selves were dead and gone, and indeed indeed they were—dead and gone, as the playing-field that had become a wilderness of rusty iron, and the property of S. E. R.

Specks, however, illuminated Dullborough with the rays of interest that I wanted and should otherwise have missed in it, and linked its present to its past, with a highly agreeable chain. And in Specks's society I had new occasion to observe what I had before noticed in similar communications among other men. All the schoolfellows and others of old, whom I inquired about, had either done superlatively well or superlatively ill—had either become uncertificated bankrupts, or been felonious and got themselves transported; or had made great hits in life, and done wonders. And this is so commonly the case, that I never can imagine what becomes of all the mediocre people of people's youth—especially, considering that we find no lack of the species in our maturity. But I did not propound this difficulty to Specks, for no pause in the conversation gave me an occasion. Nor could I discover one single flaw in the good doctor—when he reads this, he will receive in a friendly spirit the pleasantly meant record—except that he had forgotten his Roderick Random, and that he confounded Strap with Lieutenant Hatchway: who never knew Random, howsoever intimate with Pickle.

When I went alone to the Railway to catch my train at night (Specks had meant to go with me, but was inopportunely called out), I was in a more charitable mood with Dullborough than I had been all day; and yet in my heart I had loved it all day too. Ah! who was I that I should quarrel with the town for being changed to me, when I myself had come back, so changed, to it! All my early readings and early imaginations dated from this place, and I took them away so full of innocent construction and guileless belief, and I brought them back so worn and torn, so much the wiser and so much the worse!

BLACK TARN.

IN THREE PORTIONS. CHAPTER VII.

Mrs. Laurence Grantley had disappeared. The country was searched for miles round, but not a trace of her was to be found. No one had called the day after the ball; her maid had dressed her for a walk, and she had been seen to leave the Hall grounds by the small side gate; the steward had met her in the lane, a dozen yards from the gate; from this point even conjecture was at a loss. The affair made an intense sensation, and people were dreadfully shocked and alarmed—as they always are when there is anything mysterious. Much sympathy was felt for the husband, and much pity was expressed for the wife: all her good points were remembered and magnified, and all her bad forgotten. A veil of universal charity shadowed the Hall from basement to roof. But still the mystery remained unsolved: what had become of her?

Laurence kept much in the house, was very silent and moody and subdued, and the neighbourhood wondered that he should take his affliction so much to heart; for however tragically it might have happened, it seemed unlike Laurence Grantley to fret himself ill for the loss of his wife. It was matter of history that they had not been violently happy in their union, and his distress seemed to every one disproportioned to the event. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood rode daily up to the Hall to offer advice and sympathy, but no plan yet proposed had resulted in any certainty; the body had not been found, and there were no tidings of flight. It was a desolate state of things, every one agreed; and the most terrible certainty would be preferable to dragging on in doubt and suspense.

One day, there chanced to be quite a meeting at the Hall. Dr. Downs, the clergyman, and

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one or two more gentlemen, had congregated there, discussing various plans with Laurence as to what had better be done, when the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard, and Clarke Jones galloped up to the door.

When Laurence heard his voice, he rose and left the room hastily. The doctor remarked how ill he looked, as he went out; and one of the gentlemen, notorious for his attachment to his wife, sighed, "Poor fellow!" while another, who was as notoriously ill-mated, gave a short laugh as he said, "I should not have thought Grantley would have taken his wife's death so much to heart."

Clarke Jones entered, and bowed with clumsy familiarity to the company. "Fine winter's morning, gentlemen!" he said, unbuttoning his coat, and flinging it open at the chest.

"Very fine," says bland Dr. Downs, in his conciliatory voice. Then there was a pause.

Clarke Jones was not much liked by the gentry of the place. They thought him vulgar, pushing, insolent, with a grip like a vice when once it closed over any one's affairs, and an offensive manner of shouldering his way into places where he was not wanted. They looked coldly at the lawyer, and wondered what business he could have up here, and wondered, most of all, how such a proud man as Laurence Grantley could receive him so much like a friend. The clergyman himself, representing charity and social brotherhood as he did, would not have admitted him into his drawing-room, and Dr. Downs had never allowed his acquaintance to overflow the pestle and mortar. Yet here he was at the Hall—had been a guest at the great ball, and was now one of the foremost in offering sympathy, perhaps advice. Well! there are strange things in this world!

The pause was becoming awkward; when Laurence returned. He had lost the deadly pallor which the doctor had noticed when he left the room, and was quite himself again; only with a fixed and strained expression, as if strung up to do a certain work, for which he had been gathering strength. He met Clarke Jones with cordiality, shook hands with him, spoke to him in a friendly, almost familiar, manner, invited him to be seated, and presented him to those of the guests who he thought were unacquainted with him. After a meaning glance among each other, the gentlemen imitated their host; the invisible barrier was broken down; and Clarke Jones took his seat as one of them.

The conversation was becoming general, when the lawyer, leaning forward, said, in that peculiar whisper which is more distinct than the ordinary voice:

"Forgive me, Mr. Grantley, for troubling you with a suggestion, but have you tried Black Tarn? A likely place for an accident, you know—a very likely place; and, in the state of your poor lady's mind, nothing was more possible than an accident, or a suicide, down there." He looked at Laurence steadily.

Laurence looked at him as steadily. "Thank you, Mr. Jones, for the hint. I had not thought of that before. A very likely place indeed. I shall act on your suggestion."

"I shall be glad to be of any use to you," said Clarke Jones, with an unmistakable manner of equality. "Shall I manage this painful business for you, Mr. Grantley? You may trust both my zeal and my discretion," with an emphasis on the last word.

"You are very good, Mr. Jones. If you would be so kind as to institute a search there—a man could be let down with a rope——But my steward will arrange with you all the necessary details." He turned pale as his imagination pictured what would follow. Then, with a quick, sharp glance upward, "Perhaps I had better be with you?" he said.

"Let me advise you not," said Mr. Clarke Jones, slowly. "You may trust me, with confidence. I will do everything as carefully and as discreetly as yourself. You may trust me," he repeated, in a lower voice, and with a meaning pressure of the hand as he went off.

"I never gave that vulgar fellow credit for so much good feeling," said one of the gentlemen.

"Nor I," said another.

"He seems quite a changed man," said the clergyman, with a ghostly sigh.

"Ah!" cried Dr. Downs, sententiously, "there are secrets in physiology not yet discovered!"

That terrible day seemed to Laurence as if it would never end. He knew what awful secret they were going to discover in the depths of that dismal Tarn; he knew the pale features that lay upward, and the tangled hair with the duckweed wreathed about the folds; he knew that the eyes were wide open, looking at him with their dull stare as they had looked in life; and he knew that this ghastly thing would be brought home here to him, where it would lie with those hard, unflinching eyes always wide open, and the pale features bruised and swollen. He knew all the horror of the present moment, and what was being done on the cliffs above the Tarn. He heard the hoarse cries of one to the other, the trampling of the heavy feet, the unwinding of the rope; he heard the waters stirred; he heard the grating of the drag, and the shuddering groan that ran through the crowd when IT was lifted to the earth, and men examined it curiously to see if there had been foul play. It seemed to him as if only his body, torpid and inert, remained at the Hall, while his soul and all his perceptions were up on the cliffs above that fatal Tarn, crying out to all the world what fearful crime had been committed there. So he sat for long, long, terrible hours, until the short winter day came to its close, and the black night poured down. But still he sat, without fire or light; his face, rigid and white, turned listening to the window. Then he heard—this time actually and with his living senses heard—the regular tread of many feet; he saw the waving of the torches; he heard the subdued voices of the men, as, tramp, tramp, they came up the broad gravel walk, bringing the dead

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thing with them. Through the hall, and up the stairs—the tangled hair dripping at every step, and leaving a trail which the red torchlight turned to a trail of blood—up the stairs and through the passages to her own room, where the old familiar clothes and jewels lay scattered about, as if she had only that moment left them—and then the rough hands laid her gently on the bed, and the wet of the long loose hair and wringing clothes dripped heavily, drop by drop, like blood, upon the floor.

Laurence stood face to face with that ghastly thing. But he must not falter now. The sin that he had done in passion he must not betray by cowardice. He stood the ordeal calmly and courageously. Even Clarke Jones, narrowly watching him—Laurence knowing that he was so watching him—could not detect the quiver of a muscle. He affected no sorrow, made no lamentation; but stood quietly by the bed, looking at the corpse in silence.

"It was well done!" said Clarke Jones, as if speaking to himself; the men answering in their broad northern accent: "Yees, we spaired nae pains!"

The inquest was held, but no kind of evidence was adduced. No one had met the lady, no one had seen her. Her mental condition was notoriously so unsettled as to make an accident or a suicide the most likely thing possible. An open verdict was returned, "Found Drowned;" and Laurence left the inquest-room without the shadow of a suspicion having rested on his name. He buried her with the rightful amount of pomp, and Clarke Jones was invited to the funeral, and took a prominent part at it.

Old Mrs. Grantley returned to the Hall. She had lived in town since her unbending daughter-in-law had forced on her so humiliating a retreat; but now she came back in all her proud regality, and undertook the management of affairs as naturally as if there had been no interregnum. Laurence proved the will, administered, and took possession of his late wife's property; and when the lawyer who had drawn up, and knew of the execution of, the second and secret will, came down, all in a blaze and turmoil, to oppose proceedings and institute a search, Mr. Grantley received him with every imaginable courtesy, showed him Annie's papers, opened her secret drawers, gave him access to her boxes, &c., nay, even volunteered a search through his own private drawers and store places as well, eager to have everything investigated and made plain and clear. And as, in spite of all this care, no other will could be found—who knew this so well as Laurence?—not even a scrap of paper expressing last wishes; and as his client was gone, and could bring no more business into his hands; and as Mr. Laurence Grantley was here, and might add hundreds to his income; and as it is always better to conciliate the living than to attend to the desires of the dead—for, is not a live dog better than a dead lion?—the lawyer pronounced himself satisfied, and went back to London, baffled and routed. He felt convinced, being versed in hidden iniquities, that there was some sinful dealing somewhere; but he had no proof, and without proof, of what use the strongest suspicions?

So, things went on bravely enough. The property was gradually disencumbered, old debts were paid off, old pressure was removed; and once more the sun shone brightly over the house of Grantley, and happiness seemed again possible to Laurence. A white marble monument was erected to the memory of Annie Grantley, and every one said that Mr. Laurence could not have done more than he had done, and that he had acted well and handsomely throughout. He wore his mourning gracefully, and without ostentation; had the proper width of crape, the proper depth of black; while Mrs. Grantley was beyond measure queenly in her maternal sables, which she took care to have made as deep and tragic as custom would sanction.

In the small village of Eagley, Jane Gilbert was taken from the workhouse and comfortably lodged, was given a suit of black and bidden to wear it, no one knowing why she had been so befriended, or for whom she wore her mourning. For Jane Gilbert had not the faintest idea that Annie Grantley was her child; and the secret rested now with Clarke Jones and Laurence. Clarke Jones's mother had been Annie's nurse, and, upon her death-bed, had told her son how that the great heiress of Sir Thomas Sibson, of the Grange, who all the world thought was the daughter of his lady—for he had been married, and his wife was a Lascelles, and had died in Italy; so far Annie had spoken truly—was only the natural daughter of poor Jane Gilbert, a pauper now in the union, whom, when Lady Sibson's maid, Sir Thomas had ruined, according to the way of the Sibsons. The child had been taken from its mother, and given to Nurse Brown to bring up; and Nurse Brown had done her duty by it, and had kept silence, as she was bid, when her master claimed it and put it forth as the daughter of his late wife, and future heiress of what property he could leave. The Grange was entailed—luckily for the rightful heir—else that would have gone to the pauper's daughter too. Sir Thomas died while Annie was young—only eighteen or so—and at his death the small pension regularly granted to Jane Gilbert ceased; and, habits of comparative luxury having induced a certain unthrift and indolence, Jane had fallen from poverty to ruin, and from ruin had slipped into the workhouse. Nurse Brown, on whom the secret lay heavily, wrote to Annie, and told her the whole story; signing the letter in her maiden name, and omitting to say that she was married—had been married many years, and was now the mother of a promising son, well to do in the world. If she had entered into her personal history, Annie would have known better how to trim her sails to the storm when it came. But a letter from Nurse Brown, pleading for an unknown pauper called her mother, touched Annie's heart as little as it would have touched a heart of stone. She had no desire to seek out

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Jane, or to tell the world the truth about her birth; so she flung the letter into the fire, and never vouchsafed a reply. And when Mrs. Jones died, twelve years afterwards, her request was still unanswered, and the mother was still living in the parish workhouse. Annie at thirty was no softer than Annie at eighteen; the wife of Laurence Grantley was not more compassionate than the unmarried heiress of the Sibsons had been. Just before her death, Mrs. Jones told her son the story; and then Clarke thought how he saw his way to influence and profit, by making himself and Laurence Grantley co-partners in the secret: so he brought the news to the Hall, as we have seen, and struck the first blow on the wedge which was to raise the whole fabric of his fortunes. And now, by the strangest circumstances, Laurence Grantley and he were still more closely connected; and he had the power to make his bargain what he chose. So, Laurence gave him this affair of Jane Gilbert to manage, as a kind of instalment of the future; and Clarke Jones kept mysterious silence, and gave no hint to any one. He was playing for larger stakes than the mere pleasure of tattling.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAURENCE accepted his position bravely. If Clarke Jones was not the man to let go a hold once obtained, Laurence was not the man to let the world know he was so held. It was not his way to own to coercion of any kind: he would have worn handcuffs as if they had been ornamental toys, and always made a merit of yielding when he could not resist, thus preserving at least the semblance of free will. He never let Clarke Jones see that he felt himself in his power; indeed, the lawyer was not quite certain that Laurence knew he was in his power, for nothing could make him betray himself. Let Jones probe him as he would, not a muscle ever quivered, not the faintest glance betrayed uneasiness, not the lightest word expressed consciousness. Off-hand, cordial, kindly, he seemed rather to court Clarke's society from choice than to take it as thrust upon him by the untoward force of circumstances. Everything was done so freely, there was such a grace and richness of manner, such a royal kind of familiarity, that Clarke Jones was puzzled: not able to determine to his own satisfaction how much was real and how much simulated in their intercourse. What was real, however, was the good which he determined to get for himself, and the use he would make of his knowledge. Accordingly, he set to work, running his mines here and there, till he had completely honeycombed Laurence Grantley's life, and filled both his hands to overflowing. He got everything he wished; Laurence always forestalling the request, and proposing, apparently out of pure good will, what he knew would be demanded of him. Thus, Clarke Jones coveted the stewardship of the Grantley estates, and Laurence, with consummate tact, provided for Deedham, the faithful old servant who had given him his first lessons in fishing and shooting, and who loved him like a son: raising him to an apparently higher post with a higher salary, whereby the old man was flattered, not humiliated; and then Clarke Jones was asked to become general agent, with an acting bailiff under him. Then, Warner, the London lawyer, whose family had been the Grantley lawyers for three generations, gradually lost his Grantley business. Bit by bit, it slipped out of his hands into Mr. Jones's, who manipulated it prettily, and what is called "feathered his nest" with it in grand style. But all these transfers were made so naturally that Jones could never say he had put on the screw, and such and such were the results. It was a great power that Laurence had, of making the best of a thing. But he felt his bondage painfully. It was an ever present sense of degradation which at times ate away his very manliness, though he wrapped gay silken bandages round his chains to prevent their clanking audibly, and hummed his prison tunes to lofty words.

The gentlemen in the neighbourhood spoke much of this excessive intimacy between the highest and the lowest, the most refined and the most vulgar of the district. Old Mrs. Grantley loftily remonstrated; but Laurence compressed his lips, and said that he "knew what he was about, and that what he did, was for the best. He allowed no further remark." Strange to say, Mrs. Grantley forbore to renew the conversation. So Clarke Jones drove a thriving trade with his two secrets; got money in every possible manner, legally and illegally—by fair work fairly paid for, and by unfair wages for no work; got Laurence Grantley to back him in speculations of various kinds; got Laurence to introduce him everywhere, and to make him a position unattainable else; got his influence, his credit, his hand; and, on the strength of all this, rose rapidly to prosperity, and was soon suffered to take a recognised place in the society of gentlemen. But vinegar mouths were still made at him, and this last Grantley pill was bitter swallowing to many.

The old Hall had changed mistresses to some good. Queenly and expensive, Mrs. Grantley was a very different person to mean Annie Sibson, who counted her half-crowns like drops of blood, and thought all pleasures that cost money, sinful follies. The old house warmed up again into something of its native brightness. Dinners and balls, luncheon parties, pic-nics, archery meetings, were given in artistic succession: duly regulated by the strictest laws of "mitigated grief," as expounded by Mrs. Grantley. And once more The Family became the centre of gravitating society, the loadstone to which all the floating particles were attracted. May Sefton was a frequent visitor: beautiful May, with her rose-cheeks rounding into brighter beauty, and her blue eyes full of liquid light: May, with the love which had been so long germinating in her heart, now blossoming out over her life, and, from a fancy and a sentiment, becoming a presence and a power: May, in all the rich spring-

tide of her youth, given up to happiness and love. Laurence loved her; she knew it now; and what else was needed to make earth bright as heaven? But Laurence, though he loved and was happy in his love, yet had changed to something less tranquil than his former self—less tranquil than he used to be even during the period of his greatest depression while Annie lived. In outward manner he was the same as ever, suave, frank, popular; but a close observer would have seen how the lines about his face were set and hardened, how his eyes had a searching watchful look as if he were looking and listening for something, how the hair was rapidly changing from rich chesnut brown to dull grey, and how the hands had an ugly habit of clenching themselves, as if clutching at an enemy's throat. But who read signs like these? Medical men and artists, none else; and as the only doctor in the neighbourhood was not extraordinarily observant, and as artists were as much unknown in those parts as birds of Paradise or long-legged flamingoes, all these signs passed unmarked and unnoticed.

That May and Laurence were lovers was known solely to themselves. The only person who might suspect it was Mrs. Grantley; but Mrs. Grantley was discreet, and now that the property was redeemed and it was not incumbent on Laurence to marry a second time for money, she had no objection to his marrying for love. Excepting Mrs. Grantley, then, no one could penetrate the love between them; for Laurence, in society, was cold and reserved, and of all the unmarried women in the place May Sefton was the woman who apparently had least of his regard. If he were cold, Clarke Jones was warm enough; and if he sought diligently to conceal his love, the forward lawyer made no secret of his admiration. Laurence bore this, as he bore everything now, with unflinching self-possession: never showing jealousy or annoyance: showing nothing at all, in fact, but what a thin line of compressed lip, and a burning flush on the pale hard cheek might express.

Yet it was not one of his lightest pains to know, that, but for the extraordinary intimacy between himself and the lawyer, the help he had given towards the consolidation of those low plebeian fortunes, and the social countenance received from the highest family in the neighbourhood, Clarke Jones would not have presumed to raise his eyes to May's with anything like the admiration of an equal. Yet now, to what might he not pretend? And Laurence dared not rise up against him as he longed and burned to do; for were there not chains on his wrists and fetters on his hands, and did not that fearful secret stand between them, like a spectre, paralysing his every limb? Mental pains are oftentimes worse to bear than physical suffering; and Laurence would have gladly exchanged those which beset him now, for any anguish of the flesh which man or demon could have devised. As for May, she was too happy on the one side, and too indifferent on the other, to be very demonstrative, even of her disgust; so Clarke Jones went blundering on in his rude, bear-like attempts, which amused no one but himself; and if he saw the effect they produced—which he did not always—he did not let his knowledge interfere with his design, but made sure that he would carry all before him, as usual. Clarke Jones had grown dangerously accustomed to success. In this manner above a year passed after Annie's death, when the slow course of time brought round the bright spring, and Life woke up anew.

CHAPTER IX.

The death and gloom of winter, and all the terrible associations connected with it, melted away, like the snow on the mountain-tops; and in their stead came spring flowers and sunny skies, and the blessed renewal of all life. And now, was not Laurence happy? With May's dear hand in his, and her loving face pressed against his breast, could he not forget? Could he not bury his dead, once for all, and live in the joy and glory of the hour? For moments, yes; but they were only moments, snatched like golden drops from the rainbow spanning the dark bank of clouds. Yet if not happier, he was more tranquil, for he was planning a future that should withdraw him from the terrible influence over him. Grantley Hall was to be sold, and Laurence and his wife would leave England for ever. It would be no grievous exile in a sunny Italian villa, sitting under the myrtles and the vines, with beautiful May Sefton for his wife. And she would think a desert, paradise enough if it brought them nearer heart to heart, and left them suffering together. Though, indeed, May thought that could be no suffering which gave them to each other.

The birds were singing blithely in the trees, and the skylarks made the fields and meadows loud with song; the wandering airs came laden with odours fresh and pure from the grass and flowers just wet with the soft Spring rain that had been falling in the sunshine; and all nature looked as bright and joyous as if sin had never been born of man, and death and sorrow had never entered the world. They were engaged lovers now, and were soon to be married; but the secret was still to be kept from all the world save the two mothers, and the marriage was to be as private as a stolen one. What cared May? Her life was in his love; her pride, her joy, her happiness, all centred in him, and the outside world was nothing to her.

Yes, that morning Laurence was happy. He forgot the shadow beside him, and lived only in the sunshine: there was no blood in the waters of Black Tarn; no secret chain that bound him as the slave of another; there were no sorrow and no crime in the past, no doubt and no dread in the future. All earth was bright, all life a joy.

Laurence, make the best of this little hour of springtide passed with May under the ancestral lime-trees! It is all that God and Justice can give. Years hence, long blank years hence, you will remember this sunny spring morning, and the scent of the lime blossoms will haunt you for

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ever as the message and the word of a lost heaven!

Clarke Jones did not see that Laurence was in love, and only half suspected that May, who was more impulsive, and had no other motive than obedience for concealment, loved him. Laurence carefully concealed his feelings from the lawyer—he had his own good reasons for doing so—and Jones was too inflated with success to read the heart of another man very accurately, or to have his senses sharpened by the fear of rivalry. He had become accustomed to the belief that everything must give way to his wishes; May Sefton's love among the rest.

One day—it was the afternoon of this very spring day, the happiest of all May's life—he stole upon her as she walked, restless with joy, up and down the lane leading to the Hall, recalling every word and look and gesture of that glorious morning, and living over again the divine joy of her hour of betrothal. Startling her from this heaven of thought, Clarke Jones suddenly stood before her. Without a moment's warning, in his rude coarse bull-headed way he told her that he had a mind for her, that he would make good settlements on her, and that she might do worse than take him. He had no grand name like Laurence Grantley's, certainly, but he had an honest one and was a safer man (with a thick spluttering emphasis), and Laurence Grantley would never be husband to her, if that was what she was thinking of—never! And he snapped his fingers in the air.

May's blood was roused. May, all gentleness and kindness, flamed up now, infuriate and inspired by her great love. She spurned the man with the bitterest disgust; hard words rose with dangerous power to her lips; a fierce eloquence possessed her; and Clarke Jones was for a moment overwhelmed at the transformation.

"Ah!" he said at last, drawing a deep breath, "this is because you love Grantley! A word, miss, from me; a word that I could say, and he would be nowhere. A pitiful scoundrel he is—a sneaking dog that I hold in my hand, and could crush—there! like that!" setting his heel on a worm that lay in his path. "Yes, with one word I could crush him like that; and by Jove, if you give me the chance—or the cause—I will!"

"How dare you thus insult me?" cried May, with a passionate gesture.

"I don't insult you, miss. If I speak the truth of Laurence Grantley do I insult *you?* Things have come to a pretty pass! Has that scoundrel been poaching on my manor, I wonder? By Jove, if he has——I want to know my place, miss——"

"Know your place?" interrupted May; "your place is lower than Mr. Grantley's lowest servant! You desecrate his name by speaking it; you are not fit to mention him in any way!" May rushed scornfully away through the Grantley gate.

She met Laurence in the walk. May threw herself into her lover's arms, crying, "Laurence! save me from that monster!"

Her distress, Clarke Jones's excitement and undisguised insolence of manner, told Laurence all. He put May gently away, and bade her go up to his mother in the Hall; then, livid, and with the expression that he had had when his wife had taunted him on the crags above the Tarn, he turned round, seized Clarke Jones, and with the heavy dog-whip in his hand, flogged him. The lawyer struggled to defend himself; but Laurence was the more powerful man; and now, with his long-smothered passions let loose, and his hatred bracing his nerves and muscles, he was desperately strong. Lash on lash, blow on blow, the whole pent-up heart poured out in blows and words of scorn and insult. At last, wearied with his own passion, he flung the wretch heavily to the ground, and strode up the broad gravel-walk towards the house.

Clarke Jones went home, and for the next fortnight was invisible to every one—"laid up by illness," according to report.

The wedding-day came on quickly. All cause of secrecy was now at an end, and Laurence was almost boastful as to publicity. He was not himself through it all; he was excited and defiant; talked loud; talked fast; told all his feelings and intentions in a manner quite unlike his usual reticent pride, and seemed to find a certain strength of hope, a certain comfort of conviction, in reiterating to all what "he was going to do." But it sounded rather like a challenge given to some one, than the natural exposition of a man's own mind. The preparations went on, in the same ostentatious way. It was to be a grander marriage than even the first had been.

All this time Clarke Jones was confined to his own house, suffering severely from fever and general indisposition. But, on the morning of the marriage, and while May, in her bridal dress, was waiting to be taken to church—one arm in a sling, his face strapped and bandaged—he limped to the house, and demanded instant speech with her. A heavy bribe got him admitted to where she sat, alone.

"Miss May," he said, suddenly.

She started up and gave a cry.

"Come! No screams!" he said, insolently; "you are in my power at last! Hear me!" He bent down close to her face. "You are going to be his wife; to be to him what Annie Sibson was; to lie by his side where she lay, and to live on the gold which she brought. One word in your ear: one word to tell you *whom* you marry. Keep still, little bird; see! the very blood has come from your struggles, and is falling from your arm on to your dress! Fie! fie! Blood on your bridal dress? Now keep still, and I'll tell you a pretty little tale I heard one day on the cliffs above Black Tarn—keep still, I say, till I tell you my story."

He bent his lips to her ear and whispered his revelation; then, with a low laugh, cried, "Now go marry Laurence Grantley, with blood upon your bridal dress!" and releasing her suddenly, limped out of the room.

A scream rang through the startled house. The bridesmaids and May's mother rushed to her.

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Crouched in a corner, white and scared, her hair fallen loose, her eyes wild and fixed, her pale lips muttering "Murder, murder!" and "Laurence!" and the blood dropping heavily on her dress, they found her. Too late. In three days she died.

Years after, Laurence Grantley was seen, a bent aged withered man, standing on the crags above Black Tarn. The man who saw him—old Deedham's son—spoke to him, but Laurence did not answer, and was never seen again. During that same summer, the waters drying more than usual, a dead man's hand lay uncovered in the Tarn; and men whispered to each other that it was the hand of the former owner of Grantley Hall. No one cared to verify the suspicion, and the grave of the last of the Grantleys is still unfilled in the family mausoleum.

MYNHEER VAN PRIG.

Whatever could have brought Mynheer van Prig and your humble servant in contact? The world was surely wide enough for Prig and self. What unkind fortune, what capricious fate, what wilful wind, could have blown us together? I could well have done without Van Prig, and he might properly have done without me. I wanted nothing with the man: why couldn't he let me alone? If Van Prig had let me be, I should never have written this paper, and he—on my account at least—would never have been delivered over to the tormentors. Thus two (possible) evils would have been prevented. But the Pascal influences were against us. There was a cohobation of Sol with the White Dragon in Balneo Mariæ, and the result of the projection was Van Prig. Clotho, Atropos, and Lachesis, ruled otherwise. It was fated that Van Prig and I were to meet, and that we should both be sufferers from our very short acquaintance. May the public be the only parties that will derive any benefit from the disastrous connexion of the non-undersigned with Mynheer van Prig.

He who travels much abroad, and is worth anything as a traveller, will scarcely fail to make himself, to the best of his ability, acquainted with the systems of jurisprudence which prevail in the countries he traverses. Landing in Barataria, one of our earliest visits should be to the plenary court, where his Excellency el Gobernador Don Sancho Panza sits full of wisdom and garlic. On crossing the Styx, the traveller is compelled to put in an appearance before Minos, C.J., and Justices Rhadamanthus and Æachus, in banco. It is true that a great many modes exist of performing this duty, and that the manner of studying the administration of justice in divers countries is infinitely varied. Young Anacharsis is sometimes launched into a lawsuit so soon as he has set foot on Grecian shore; and I have heard of a ferocious tribe of island blackamoors whose strict, but simple, code compels them on a European making his appearance among them to seize him, try him by a banjo and tambourine head court-martial, and, on his being convicted of being white, to skin him alive, cook, and eat him. Prior to the first great French Revolution, if a foreigner died on the hospitable soil of France, the first intimation of the fact that reached his heirs was accompanied by the consoling intimation that the Most Christian King had condescended to exercise the eminently infamous prerogative known as the Droit d'Aubaine, and that his exempts had laid violent hands upon all goods and chattels, moneys and securities, belonging to the foreigner deceased. Again, there are some travellers whom an instinct of cruelty leads to watch and pry into the operation of the criminal law abroad. They are of the family of that horrible amateur of agony, George Selwyn, who, when the wretched Damiens was to be tortured, scarified, and dismembered, posted to Paris to witness the concluding bedevilment of the would-be regicide; and, desiring to be as near the scaffold as possible, gave his name to the sentinels who were keeping the crowd back as "Monsieur de Londres." They, knowing that the title "Monsieur de Paris" was shared alike by the archbishop-metropolitan and by the common executioner, thought, reasoning from analogy, that the strange gentleman might be either the Primate of England or else the Sieur Jean Ketch on his travels, and so admitted him within the "inner ring," where he could witness, at his ease, the final atrocities. There are tourists in our days who experience a keen pleasure in hanging about the court of some Egyptian cadi, to see some miserable fellah receive the bastinado. They pay five-and-twenty francs for the successor of Sanson to exhibit to them the dull red timbers and shining grooves of the guillotine. They go, at Nuremberg, to see the headsman's sword, with the hollow blade that holds quicksilver in its cavity, to drive the momentum from hilt to point; and, in Russia, their valet de place gives them timely intimation of some peculiarly invigorating administration of the stick to refractory servants, or drunken donkey-drivers, in the yard of the police-office: or of some gala day, when the condign punishment of the knout is to be publicly inflicted in the horse-market at the top of the Newskoi perspective.

The master of the ceremonies who introduced me to Mynheer van Prig had Law for his name, and was the criminal law of the constitutional kingdom of Belgium.

Nearly four years have passed since then. I don't exactly know why I had come to Brussels, save that I entertained a very great disinclination to return to England just then. All the spring and summer I had been wandering in the far north of Europe, and I thought I might as well wait until the first days of December, ere I went home. So, Paris having no charms for me at that period, I elected Brussels as a resting-place for eight weeks. I didn't know a soul in the city at first, which was remarkably nice. I discovered an acquaintance one day in the

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Place de la Monnaie, whom I suspected to have come over on an excursion trip to some international congress then being held in the capital of King Leopold. Him I discreetly avoided; which was pleasant and convenient. True, when I had been in Brussels about a month I came suddenly across a real friend, who was camping out at the suburb of St. Josse-ten-Noode. I was obliged to go and dine with him and make believe to be intimate with his family; but I soon contrived to get up a snug little quarrel with my friend—a querelle d'Allemand, or rather de Belge, for we neither of us knew precisely what it was about; and then, after we had abused each other with the worst grace in the world, I was quite alone, which was delightfully humanising. At last it pleased Mynheer van Prig—and be hanged to him—to shunt himself across my solitary path.

For a time I enjoyed all the pleasures of a Low Dutch Zimmerman. It was so comfortable to be alone. I wouldn't have anything to do with the bad high-priced dinners at the spurious French restaurants in the Galerie St. Hubert, or the jangling tables d'hôte at the great hotels; not I. But I dined royally in the Flemish manner at a little eating-house in a back street, that might have been the main cabin in a Greenland whaler, so greasy was it, and where I had six courses of adipose matter, any quantity of black bread and pickled vegetables, a plank of cheese of which the smell alone would have blown up Waltham Abbey if there were cheese instead of powder mills there, and a white wash-hand jug full of faro beer, such as would, for its sourness, have set all the grinders of the Giant Bolivorax, to say nothing of the teeth of a whole Port Royal full of ground sharks, on edge—all for ninepence halfpenny. And it didn't make me bilious. I hadn't turned the corner of thirty years then. I played billiards or dominoes every night with people I didn't know, and liked to play with Walloons rather than with Flemings; for the reason, you see, that I understood a little Flemish, and that the Walloon tongue is one which nobody on earth, save the natives and deaf and dumb people, can speak. Sometimes, I went to the Maison des Brasseurs on the Grande Place, and breakfasted on a "beuifsteackox," the orthography by printed placard adopted for the edible known in the country as a beefsteak. Sometimes I smoked a pipe on a dingy estaminet opposite the corner of the Rue de l'Etuve, and, looking upon the famous little Mannekin, wished I could be appointed his valet de chambre to dress him in his three suits a year—how do they get his netherstocks on?—and his cross of St. Louis; or that I could be his homme d'affaires to manage his handsome revenues in a snug bureau panelled with walnut-wood; and I wondered who the rich old maids and burgomasters could have been who had left legacies and yearly "rentes" to the "plus ancien bourgeois de Bruxelles." A great haunt of mine was a half-English tavern off the Montagne de la Cour, whither grooms, and broken-down baronets, and quarter-pay captains, and English raffs of every description, came to read the Times, and talk about horses and bills, and drink the best Belgian substitute for English gin-and-water. And then I went home to some nice desolate quarters I had at a hairdresser's shop in the Rue de la Montagne. The hairdresser was a blind man, and his apprentice used to make faces at him in the intervals of dressing those wigs on the dummies. The hairdresser's wife was ordinarily in tears; when her eyes were dry, she was in a storming passion, and thrashing her children with a "martinet." I used to sing God save the Queen, in the endeavour to drown their yells, which disturbed the digestion of the six courses and the sour faro. My bedroom was like Mr. Punch's show; it was tall, narrow, and dark, and had but a half door covered with green baize. I had a charcoal stove in my sitting apartment, and nearly managed to asphyxiate myself with the fumes thereof. I had an effigy of a black Madonna with three hands, and a black bambino set in silvered copper, with a lamp swinging before it which had come from Kieff, and a fur coat that weighed about half a hundred-weight, and a pair of boots four feet high, lined with sheepskin, and with which I used to compare notes at night. I had a quantity of books in half a dozen languages—"Ave, Tauchnitz! Imperator, te saluto!"—on the floor, and a quantity of loose tobacco on the furniture generally; and I got up and went to bed at all hours; and, if I hadn't paid my rent in advance, I think the landlady must have imagined that I was mad. I had my complaints against her, too; for I am sure she made the pomatum in the vessels she used for cooking the dinner; and the mingled odour of bear's-grease and cabbage-soup was dreadful. I was to do a great deal of writing, and bought a large stock of pens and paper, and seven kinds of ink. I meant to paint some pictures illustrating recent foreign pilgrimages of my own, and I laid in large quantities of pigments and hog's-hair brushes; but I don't think I either wrote or painted much. The major part of my time at home was devoted to smoking, reading, and keeping a minutely accurate journal of the things I hadn't done. A young musical gentleman once came to my hermitage—which was on the fourth floor—with a letter of introduction from England; but I leaped up at him like a smoky Frankenstein, and soon gave that peaceable but obtrusive fiddler his quietus. Oh, it was a jovial time, a merry time! So merry, indeed, that I was often uncertain in my mind as to whether I should jump for joy and sing continual Te Deums, or whether I should pitch myself out of the fourth floor window, and dash my brains out against the flags of the Rue de la Montagne.

I owed no money in Brussels—and how, indeed, anybody can get into debt where rent and food are so cheap, and where cigars are three for a penny, puzzles me. Else I might have become acquainted with the swift and sharp Debtor and Creditor Law of Belgium, and have mingled with

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another section of English raffs, in the Maison de Détention pour Dettes. My "relations" with the police were of the most tranquillising description. I assured a stout gentleman in a glazed cap, at the passport office of the Petits Sablons, that I considered the Emperor Napoleon to be the greatest man this world has seen since Alexander of Macedon; and as I had just returned from the most absolutist country in Europe, I was probably looked upon as a pacific character. So I took my walks abroad, unmolested, and made my first acquaintance with Belgian law one October afternoon, when, ascending the Montagne de la Cour, I witnessed the edifying spectacle of a little ragged boy—a pure Belgian gamin—being arrested by a police agent in plain clothes, for the flagrant misdeed of begging. The tiny criminal had ventured to accost an English lady and gentleman who were coming out of a lace-shop, when a seeming well-to-do bourgeois, with green spectacles and a drab broad-brim, rushed across the road, pursued the small ragamuffin among the wheels of several carriages and the hoofs of a squadron of Belgian heavy cavalry, and, at last, run him down on a pastrycook's door-step. I never saw such an illustration of abject, exhausted terror, as in the boy as he sprawled panting on the step, holding up his ragged little arm as if to avert an expected blow. There was some sympathy evinced among the crowd that immediately collected, and a few murmurs reflecting on "les mouchards" were heard; but the police agent—and a very decent kind of man he seemed—put the case very fairly to us: that his orders were to arrest all vagrants and mendicants, and that the boy was captured, not to be punished, but to be sent to an asylum where he would be educated and cared for, till he was eighteen years of age. He took off his prisoner, and I went on my way: thinking that it was, perhaps, better, after all, to catch up these little beggars and lug them away to a place where they should be fed and taught, than to suffer them shamefully to roam in "all the desolate freedom of the wild ass" about the streets of crowded cities, to grow up into wolves and tigers preying upon the body politic.

I was out late that evening and night, and walked many miles. It must have been near the Porte de Cologne, and at half-past one o'clock in the morning, that I met Mynheer van Prig.

Mynheer van Prig — I can see him now staggering along, and throwing a long lurching shadow in the bright moonlight—was either very tipsy, or else, for purposes of his own, simulated extreme inebriety. He caught hold of posts, and of chairs, and of trees, as he came tacking towards me, and, finally, he drifted up against and caught hold of me. He was at least six feet high—I won't say in his stockings, because subsequent discoveries proved him to be in the habit of wearing sabots without hose. He wore a very ragged blouse, and had a white flat face without beard or moustache, and, to the extent that a dirty Greek cap would admit of examination, without any perceptible hair on his head. He spoke very thick, which might have been his misfortune only, seeing that he was a Belgian; and he asked me, in execrable French, the way to the Cathedral of St. Gudule.

I told him, with my usual mildness, that he was some two miles distant from that ancient fane; whereupon, with many a reel and hiccup, he suggested that I should treat him with beer or schnaps. I declined; whereupon he cursed me for an Englishman, and lurched away. It was not until he was some ten yards ahead of me, scudding away in the moonlight with a direct swiftness very unlike a tipsy man, that I discovered that this villanous mynheer—he became then and there, and for ever afterwards, to my mind, Van Prig—had picked my pocket.

I had much better have let it alone, but I gave chase. I have run away from a good many things in my time—from love, from happiness, from myself—but I have seldom run after anybody or anything. But I cried havoc, and let slip the dogs of war, after Van Prig: for the rascal had positively stolen all the money I had in the world. I think the available "all" amounted to about five-and-twenty francs, Belgian currency, contained in a morocco porte-monnaie; but this had, in addition, one compartment filled with what North of England people call "bonny money:" an assortment of small change of a special nature which I had picked up during my wanderings. Thus, I had a kreutzer, and a silver groschen, and a Danish rigsdaler, a pfenning, a five kopeck piece, a Hamburg mark, a piece with the effigy of the Hanoverian White Horse, and some minor testoons. Mynheer van Prig had got them all; and as I naturally set store by my five-and-twenty francs, and the pretty little tiny kickshaws of "bonny money," I ran after him.

Mynheer van Prig doubled; and we had an agreeable game of catch 'em who can, on the broad boulevard. I shouted "Police!" and "Au secours!" but all Brussels seemed to have gone to bed. Then, Mynheer van Prig took an unhandsome advantage of his size and my unreadiness, and, butting at me with his large head, very nearly knocked me off my legs. I am ashamed to say that in my ignorance of the noble art of self-defence, I caught hold of my adversary by the ears, and by the scruff of his neck, and by the collar and breast of his blouse, and that I strove to trip his long legs up: hanging on to him, meanwhile, like grim death, and bellowing "Au secours!"

It was destined to be a running fight throughout; for anon, and to my great joy, I descried another figure running towards us. Up he came at last, in a cocked-hat and out of breath, and, mild as the moonbeams, he summoned Mynheer van Prig, in the name of the king and of the law, to surrender.

How did he know that Van P. was the guilty party? I became ashamed of my opponent. There was surely never so rank a coward in the world as Mynheer van Prig. The police-officer was a mere atomy of a sergent de ville; and Prig, to

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judge by the size and length of his limbs, might have beaten us both, with one hand tied behind him. But he began, instead, to blubber like a great baby, about his "vamille."

I explained my loss, but the little policeman seemed to know all about it already. "Ça y est!" "That's it!" seemed his favourite mode of expression. He chucked Mynheer van Prig almost caressingly under the chin, but shook his head, and said the money was not there. As for the porte-monnaie, it was settled that Prig had thrown it away, as a preliminary proceeding. "So, allons," said the little policeman blithely, "en route!"

He first, with much formality, went through the ceremony of taking the big blubbering Belgian into custody. This he effected, by drawing a tapering little spit of a rapier and collaring Mynheer van Prig—having very nearly to stand on tiptoe to do it. We were admitted into Brussels by the men on duty at the Porte de Cologne, where the policeman showed his prize, and was complimented by the officials in Flemish. To me he spoke very decent French.

By this time I was heartily sick of Mynheer van Prig, and wanted, if possible, to get my money back, and go to bed. I made proposals that P. should restore the gems, or rather coins, of which he had robbed me, should receive a kicking, and depart in peace; but this was a plan of which, though Van assented, the policeman would not hear. We must go before the commissary. It was a serious affair.

"And one that will be five years for thee, Gewaert," observed the policeman, cheerfully, to his prisoner, as we clattered down the empty streets.

The Mynheer, whose christian or surname might have been Gewaert, but who to me could be nothing but Van Prig, only gave some inarticulate moanings by way of reply.

"Bad seed, bad grain," the minister of justice went on, sententiously. "Thy mother stole catskins. Thy father wore rings on his legs for seven and ten. Thy sister is inscrite. Bad subjects, all. But Monsieur le Commissaire is about to rub thine ears for thee, galopin."

It is a fact, that when we reached the bureau of the commissary of police, and that functionary had got out of bed, and had come down stairs to his murky office in a flannel dressing-gown and a velvet skull-cap, and the charge had been briefly explained to him, that he so far put into practice the figurative language of the policeman concerning the rubbing of Mynheer van Prig's ears, as to seize him by the two shoulders and shake that rascal violently

"Ah gredin! Ah cancre! Ah pied-plat! Ah saute-ruisseau! Ah voyou!" exclaimed the commissary, shaking his head and Mynheer van Prig at the same time. "We have got thee at last, have we? Thou wilt sell forged contremarques on the Place de la Monnaie, wilt thou? Thou wilt be a colporteur of seditious pamphlets? Now we have thee as a filou. Bon. Let him be peeled (qu'on l'épluche)," he concluded.

And upon my word they proceeded to "peel" Mynheer van Prig; and very much like a forked radish he looked when every rag—and they were few in number—he had on, was peeled off. Four five-franc pieces, presumably mine, and the whole of my "bonny money," of which I had "préalablement" given a description to the commissary, were found in the left sabot of Mynheer van Prig. There could be no doubt about that person's guilt.

The defence he pleaded, varied in its nature. First, he said that he had never seen me before; then, that he was as innocent as the child unborn; then, that it was somebody else; then, that I had given him the money to drink the health of the martyrs of Belgian liberty; finally, he burst into a fresh flood of tears, and virtually confessing his offence, called it a "betite indiscrétion."

The commissary stigmatised his "voie de défense" as "odious." Mynheer van Prig was permitted to resume his peel, and was then locked up—somewhere underground, I presume. I signed a number of documents, bade the commissary good night, and was free to depart: when I made the agreeable discovery that my latch-key had disappeared. Either Van had stolen that too, and had thrown it away, or I had lost it during my short struggle with him. Most of the houses in Brussels have no concierges, but have street doors in the English fashion. I did not like to knock up the hairdresser's family; I was doubtful as to my reception—for the funds taken from Van Prig had been rigorously impounded by the commissary—at an hotel; and I was very glad, as an alternative to walking about the streets, to accept the offer of the policeman to make interest with the chef d'escouade at the guard-house at the Hôtel de Ville. There was, in an immense apartment, a roaring fire in an antique chimney here, and I dozed on a wooden camp-bed till seven in the morning: now fancying that I saw the Duke of Alva warming his toes by the blaze: now, that the nodding police-agents were the night watch that Rembrandt painted.

For a whole fortnight afterwards, I heard nothing whatever of Mynheer van Prig. The commissary had told me that when justice required my presence I should receive a "sommation;" and I dreaded the arrival of the missive. For fourteen days, however, as I have said, there were no signs of proceedings in re Prig. Yet the Mynheer haunted me. I had never prosecuted anybody before, and I hope I never shall again. I groaned in the spirit perpetually, about Mynheer van Prig. By night and by day his gaunt figure, his fat white face, floated before me. Prig was my Bottle Imp; and it was with a sensation, after all this horror, approaching relief, that on returning home one day, I learned from the landlady that a huissier had been after me with a sommation.

I think the entire hairdresser's family must

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have concluded that I had committed some dreadful crime: for the citation, or whatever it was, had to be served personally, and the usher dodged me about, all that afternoon, before he could succeed in thrusting into my hand a species of placard, printed on coarse grey paper, and stamped all over in variously-coloured inks, bidding me appear on a certain day before the Judge of Instruction of the First Tribunal of the Court of Assizes of Brabant, to give preliminary evidence against Jacobus Hendrik Vanderscamp, otherwise Gewaert, otherwise "Doppelfanger," otherwise "Pinchgelt," otherwise—and to me eternally—Mynheer van Prig.

I got this citation on a Saturday; on the Monday—the intermediate day was one of torture—I attended at ten o'clock in the morning at the Palais de Justice. In the back yard of that rambling whitewashed edifice I found a lonely door, giving access to a flight of filthy stone stairs, up three flights of which, an attenuated inscription informed me, were the "Cabinets de MM. les Juges d'Instruction." Previous to this, I had been allowed to cool my heels in a dreadful antechamber, much resembling a pauper dead-house; for it appeared there had been on the preceding evening a great robbery at a jeweller's in the Place de la Monnaie, and the Judge of Instruction, who was to take cognisance of myself against van Prig, had gone down to the jeweller's in order to take "informations" on the spot. I had the pleasure, too, of meeting the little policeman, who called my miserable matter "l'affaire de la Porte de Cologne," making as much of it as though it had been a gunpowder plot; and who in a whisper informed me that van Prig had "arrived" and was "là-bas," indicating the locked door of a seeming coal-cellar. He also obligingly opened the door of the prisoners' van, which, having discharged its passengers, was waiting in the court-yard, and explained its internal economy to me. We groped about the narrow corridor of the carriage, and with a shudder I peeped into the cupboard with its narrow seat and a ventilator in the roof, which, but half an hour since, had held the captive body of Mynheer van Prig.

The tinkling of a little bell at length summoned me to the presence of the Juge d'Instruction: whom I found to be a portly magistrate, with a bald head, a black satin waistcoat, and a large bunch of seals. He was sitting in a comfortable apartment, half office, half sitting-room, and at the table opposite to him sat his greffier, or secretary, likewise portly, black satin waistcoated and gold-sealed, but not bald headed. He looked like the judge's nephew, and he probably stood in that degree of relationship to him. I was bowed to, and offered a chair when I entered, and then judge and greffier, or uncle and nephew, began to chat about the jewel robbery, and politics, and theatricals, and the extraordinary fact of my being an Englishman. Now and then I was asked a casual question relative to my transactions with Van Prig; but at the end of some five-and-twenty minutes' desultory conversation, I was astounded to hear the greffier—who had been apparently scribbling caricatures on his blotting pad while we were talking—clear his voice and read a high-flown narrative, in the first person—my own—of the "Affaire de la Porte de Cologne." I think the exercitation commenced thus:

"I am unable to state with any degree of certainty whether it was on the right or the left side of the row of poplars opposite the Porte, dite de Cologne, that on the night, or rather morning of——"

He went on, for I am sure half an hour. Then, the pair having worked their wicked will on me, told me that I was to come again that day week, to be confronted with the "prévenu," not yet "accusé" Van Prig; and that then I was to prepare myself to attend the Court of Assizes of Brabant, of which the sittings would probably take place one month thence. Then they gave me tenpence—a franc—for my "time." This I gratefully accepted, as an instalment on my five-and-twenty francs, and my "bonny money."

It was my own fault that I never recovered my property. I wonder where it is now, and what they did with Van Prig! I know perfectly well what *I* did. I happened to have a second passport in my possession, a right good Foreign-office one. The first, a mere Black Eagle affair, I allowed to slumber peacefully in the custody of the police, in its pigeon-hole at the Petits Sablons. I went home, packed up my needments, made the landlady a present of the three-handed Madonna, purchased a lot of bear's-grease as a bonus for not stopping longer, and by the eight o'clock train from the Station des Bogards started for the town of Lille, in France. The tables were turned, and I had run away from Mynheer van Prig.

Was he convicted on the strength of my high-flown narrative? Was I condemned "en contumace" for cutting the prosecution, so far as I was concerned, "short?" Did van Prig get off scot free? I have never been informed. I have passed through Brussels once since, on my way to the Rhine, but I didn't call upon "MM. les Juges d'Instruction" in their cabinets. I have had my pocket picked, too, occasionally, at Epsom, in the Strand, and on railway platforms, but I am delighted to say that the British Mynheer van Prig has always been clever enough, in my case, to defy pursuit and evade discovery, and that I have never since been subjected to the intolerable nuisance of prosecuting him.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—Shakespeare.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

VIII.

Before I had reached the turning which led out of the square, my attention was aroused by the sound of a closing door, in the row of houses behind me. I looked round, and saw an under-sized man in black, on the door-step of the house, which, as well as I could judge, stood next to Mrs. Catherick's place of abode, on the side nearest to me. The man advanced rapidly towards the turning at which I had stopped. I recognised him as the lawyer's clerk who had preceded me in my visit to Blackwater Park, and who had tried to pick a quarrel with me, when I asked him if I could see the house.

I waited where I was, to ascertain whether his object was to come to close quarters and speak, on this occasion. To my surprise, he passed on rapidly, without saying a word, without even looking up in my face as he went by. This was such a complete inversion of the course of proceeding which I had every reason to expect on his part, that my curiosity, or rather my suspicion, was aroused, and I determined, on my side, to keep him cautiously in view, and to discover what the business might be on which he was now employed. Without caring whether he saw me or not, I walked after him. He never looked back; and led me straight through the streets to the railway station.

The train was on the point of starting, and two or three passengers who were late were clustering round the small opening through which the tickets were issued. I joined them, and distinctly heard the lawyer's clerk demand a ticket for the Blackwater station. I satisfied myself that he had actually left by the train, before I came away.

There was only one interpretation that I could place on what I had just seen and heard. I had unquestionably observed the man leaving a house which closely adjoined Mrs. Catherick's residence. He had been probably placed there, by Sir Percival's directions, as a lodger, in anticipation of my inquiries leading me, sooner or later, to communicate with Mrs. Catherick. He had doubtless seen me go in and come out; and he had hurried away by the first train to make his report at Blackwater Park—to which place Sir Percival would naturally betake himself (knowing what he evidently knew of my movements), in order to be ready on the spot, if I returned to Hampshire. I saw this clearly; and I felt for the first time that the apprehensions which Marian had expressed to me at parting, might be realised. Before many days, there seemed every likelihood, now, that Sir Percival and I might meet.

Whatever result events might be destined to produce, I resolved to pursue my own course, straight to the end in view, without stopping or turning aside, for Sir Percival, or for any one. The great responsibility which weighed on me heavily in London—the responsibility of so guiding my slightest actions as to prevent them from leading accidentally to the discovery of Laura's place of refuge—was removed, now that I was in Hampshire. I could go and come as I pleased, at Welmingham; and if I failed in observing any necessary precautions, the immediate results would, at least, affect only myself.

When I left the station, the winter evening was beginning to close in. There was little hope of continuing my inquiries after dark to any useful purpose, in a neighbourhood that was strange to me. Accordingly, I made my way to the nearest hotel, and ordered my dinner and my bed. This done, I wrote to Marian, to tell her that I was safe and well, and that I had fair prospects of success. I had directed her, on leaving home, to address her first letter (the letter I expected to receive the next morning) to "The Post-office, Welmingham;" and I now begged her to send her second day's letter to the same address. I could easily receive it, by writing to the postmaster, if I happened to be away from the town when it arrived.

The coffee-room of the hotel, as it grew late in the evening, became a perfect solitude. I was left to reflect on what I had accomplished that afternoon, as uninterruptedly as if the house had been my own. Before I retired to rest, I had thought over my extraordinary interview with Mrs. Catherick, from beginning to end; and had verified the conclusions which I had hastily drawn in the earlier part of the day.

The vestry of Old Welmingham church was the starting-point from which my mind slowly worked its way back through all that I had heard Mrs. Catherick say, and through all that I had seen Mrs. Catherick do. At the time when the neighbourhood of the vestry was first re-

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ferred to in my presence by Mrs. Clements, I had thought it the strangest and most unaccountable of all places for Sir Percival to select for a clandestine meeting with the clerk's wife. Influenced by this impression, and by no other, I had mentioned "the vestry of the church," before Mrs. Catherick, on pure speculation—it represented one of the minor peculiarities of the story, which occurred to me while I was speaking. I was prepared for her answering me confusedly, or angrily; but the blank terror that seized her, when I said the words, took me completely by surprise. I had, long before, associated Sir Percival's Secret with the concealment of a crime, which Mrs. Catherick knew of—but I had gone no farther than this. Now, the woman's terror associated the crime, either directly or indirectly, with the vestry, and convinced me that she had been more than the mere witness of it—she was also the accomplice.

What had been the nature of the crime? Surely there was a contemptible side to it, as well as a dangerous side—or Mrs. Catherick would not have repeated my own words, referring to Sir Percival's rank and power, with such marked disdain as she had certainly displayed. It was a contemptible crime, then, and a dangerous crime; and she had shared in it, and it was associated with the vestry of the church.

The next consideration to be disposed of led me a step farther from this point.

Mrs. Catherick's undisguised contempt for Sir Percival plainly extended to his mother as well. She had referred, with the bitterest sarcasm, to the great family he had descended from—"especially by the mother's side." What did this mean? There appeared to be only two explanations of it. Either his mother's birth had been low? or his mother's reputation was damaged by some hidden flaw with which Mrs. Catherick and Sir Percival were both privately acquainted? I could only put the first explanation to the test by looking at the register of her marriage, and so ascertaining her maiden name and her parentage, as a preliminary to further inquiries. On the other hand, if the second case supposed were the true one, what had been the flaw in her reputation? Remembering the account which Marian had given me of Sir Percival's father and mother, and of the suspiciously unsocial secluded life they had both led, I now asked myself, whether it might not be possible that his mother had never been married at all. Here again, the register might, by offering written evidence of the marriage, prove to me, at any rate, that this doubt had no foundation in truth. But where was the register to be found? At this point, I took up the conclusions which I had previously formed; and the same mental process which had discovered the locality of the concealed crime, now lodged the register, also, in the vestry of Old Welmingham church.

These were the results of my interview with Mrs. Catherick—these were the various considerations, all steadily converging to one point, which decided my course on the next day.

The morning was cloudy and lowering, but no rain fell. I left my bag at the hotel; and, after inquiring the way, set forth on foot for Old Welmingham church.

It was a walk of rather more than two miles, the ground rising slowly all the way. On the highest point stood the church—an ancient, weather-beaten building, with heavy buttresses at its sides, and a clumsy square tower in front. The vestry, at the back, was built out from the church, and seemed to be of the same age. Round the building, at intervals, appeared the remains of the village which Mrs. Clements had described to me as her husband's place of abode in former years, and which the principal inhabitants had long since deserted for the new town. Some of the empty houses had been dismantled to their outer walls; some had been left to decay with time; and some were still inhabited by persons evidently of the poorest class. It was a dreary scene—and yet, in the worst aspect of its ruin, not so dreary as the modern town that I had just left. Here, there was the brown, breezy sweep of surrounding fields for the eye to repose on; here the trees, leafless as they were, still varied the monotony of the prospect, and helped the mind to look forward to summer time and shade.

As I moved away from the back of the church, and passed some of the dismantled cottages in search of a person who might direct me to the clerk, I saw two men saunter out after me, from behind a wall. The tallest of the two—a stout muscular man, in the dress of a gamekeeper—was a stranger to me. The other was one of the men who had followed me in London, on the day when I left Mr. Kyrle's office. I had taken particular notice of him, at the time; and I felt sure that I was not mistaken in identifying the fellow on this occasion. Neither he nor his companion attempted to speak to me, and both kept themselves at a respectful distance—but the motive of their presence in the neighbourhood of the church was plainly apparent. It was exactly as I had supposed—Sir Percival was already prepared for me. My visit to Mrs. Catherick had been reported to him the evening before; and those two men at my heels had been placed on the look-out for me, near the church at Old Welmingham. If I had wanted any further proof that my investigations had taken the right direction at last, the plan now adopted for watching me would have supplied it.

I walked on, away from the church, till I reached one of the inhabited houses, with a patch of kitchen garden attached to it, on which a labourer was at work. He directed me to the clerk's abode—a cottage, at some little distance off, standing by itself on the outskirts of the forsaken village. The clerk was in-doors, and was just putting on his great-coat. He was a cheerful, familiar, loudly-talkative old man, with a very poor opinion (as I soon discovered) of the place in which he lived, and a happy sense of superiority to his neighbours in virtue of the great distinction of having once been in London.

"It's well you came so early, sir," said the

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old man, when I had mentioned the object of my visit. "I should have been away in ten minutes more. Parish business, sir—and a goodish long trot before it's all done, for a man at my age. But, bless you, I'm strong on my legs still! As long as a man's legs don't give, there's a deal of work left in him. Don't you think so, sir?"

He took his keys down, while he was talking, from a hook behind the fireplace, and locked his cottage door behind us.

"Nobody at home to keep house for me," said the clerk, with a cheerful sense of perfect freedom from all family encumbrances. "My wife's in the churchyard, there; and my children are all married. A wretched place this, isn't it, sir? But the parish is a large one—every man couldn't get through the business as I do. It's learning does it; and I've had my share, and a little more. I can talk the Queen's English (God bless the Queen!)—and that's more than most of the people about here can do. You're from London, I suppose, sir? I've been in London, a matter of five-and-twenty years ago."

Chattering on in this way, he led me back to the vestry. I looked about, to see if the two spies were still in sight. They were not visible anywhere. After having discovered my application to the clerk, they had probably concealed themselves where they could watch my next proceedings in perfect freedom. The vestry door was of stout old oak, studded with strong nails; and the clerk put his large, heavy key into the lock, with the air of a man who knew that he had a difficulty to encounter, and who was not quite certain of creditably conquering it.

"I'm obliged to bring you this way, sir," he said, "because the door from the vestry to the church is bolted on the vestry side. We might have got in through the church, otherwise. This is a perverse lock, if ever there was one yet. It's big enough for a prison-door; it's been hampered over and over again; and it ought to be changed for a new one. I've mentioned that to the churchwarden, fifty times over at least: he's always saying 'I'll see about it'—and he never does see. Ah, it's a lost corner, this place. Not like London—is it, sir? Bless you, we are all asleep here! *We* don't march with the times."

After twisting and turning the key, the heavy lock yielded; and he opened the door.

The vestry was larger than I should have supposed it to be, judging from the outside only. It was a dim, mouldy, melancholy old room, with a low, raftered ceiling. Round two sides of it, the sides nearest to the interior of the church, ran heavy wooden presses, wormeaten and gaping with age. Hooked to the inner corner of one of these presses hung several surplices, all bulging out at their lower ends in an irreverent-looking bundle of limp drapery, and wanting nothing but legs under them to suggest the idea of a cluster of neglected curates who had committed suicide, by companionably hanging themselves all together. Below the surplices, on the floor, stood three packing-cases, with the lids half off, half on, and the straw profusely bursting out of their cracks and crevices in every direction. Behind them, in a corner, was a litter of dusty papers; some large and rolled up, like architects' plans; some loosely strung together on files, like bills or letters. The room had once been lighted by a small side window; but this had been bricked up, and a lantern skylight was now substituted for it. The atmosphere was heavy and mouldy; being rendered oppressive by the closing of the door which led into the church. This door also was composed of solid oak, and was bolted, at top and bottom, on the vestry side.

"We might be tidier, mightn't we, sir?" said the cheerful clerk. "But when you're in a lost corner of a place like this, what are you to do? Why, look here, now—just look at these packing-cases. There they've been, for a year or more, ready to go to London—there they are, littering the place—and there they'll stop as long as the nails hold them together. I'll tell you what, sir, as I said before, this is not London. We are all asleep here. Bless you, *we* don't march with the times!"

"What is there in the packing-cases?" I asked.

"Bits of old wood carvings from the pulpit, and panels from the chancel, and images from the organ-loft," said the clerk. "Portraits of the twelve apostles in wood—and not a whole nose among 'em. All broken, and wormeaten: crumbling to dust at the edges—as brittle as crockery, and as old as the church, if not older."

"And why were they going to London? To be repaired?"

"That's it, sir. To be repaired; and where they were past repair, to be copied in sound wood. But, bless you, the money fell short—and there they are, waiting for new subscriptions, and nobody to subscribe. It was all done a year ago, sir. Six gentlemen dined together about it, at the hotel in the new town. They made speeches, and passed resolutions, and put their names down, and printed off thousands of prospectuses. Beautiful prospectuses, sir, all flourished over with Gothic devices in red ink, saying it was a disgrace not to restore the church and repair the famous carvings, and so on. There are the prospectuses that couldn't be distributed, and the architect's plans and estimates, and the whole correspondence which set everybody at loggerheads and ended in a dispute, all down together in that corner, behind the packing-cases. The money dribbled in a little at first—but what *can* you expect out of London? There was just enough, you know, to pack the broken carvings, and get the estimates, and pay the printer's bill—and after that, there wasn't a halfpenny left. We have nowhere else to put them—nobody in the new town cares about accommodating *us*—we're in a lost corner—and this is an untidy vestry—and who's to help it?—that's what I want to know."

My anxiety to examine the register did not dispose me to offer much encouragement to the old man's talkativeness. I agreed with him that nobody could help the untidiness of the vestry—and then suggested that we should proceed to our business without more delay.

"Ay, ay, the marriage register," said the clerk, taking a little bunch of keys from his pocket. "How far do you want to look back, sir?"

Marian had informed me of Sir Percival's age, at the time when we had spoken together of his marriage engagement with Laura. She had then described him as being forty-five years old. Calculating back from this, and making due allowance for the year that had passed since I had gained my information, I found that he must have been born in eighteen hundred and four.

"I want to begin with the year eighteen hundred and four," I said.

"Which way after that, sir?" asked the clerk. "Forwards to our time, or backwards?"

"Backwards from eighteen hundred and four."

He opened the door of one of the presses—the press from the side of which the surplices were hanging—and produced a large volume bound in greasy brown leather. I was struck by the insecurity of the place in which the register was kept. The door of the press was warped and cracked with age; and the lock was of the smallest and commonest kind. I could have forced it easily with my walking-stick.

"Is that considered a sufficiently secure place for the register?" I inquired. "Surely, a book of such importance ought to be protected by a better lock, and kept carefully in an iron safe?"

"Well, now, that's curious!" said the clerk, shutting up the book again, just after he had opened it, and smacking his hand cheerfully on the cover. "Those were the very words my old master was always saying, years and years ago, when I was a lad. 'Why isn't the register' (meaning this register here, under my hand)—'why isn't it kept in an iron safe?' If I've heard him say that once, I've heard him say it a hundred times. He was the solicitor, in those days, sir, who had the appointment of vestry clerk to this church. A fine hearty old gentleman—and the most particular man breathing. As long as he lived, he kept a copy of this book, in his office at Knowlesbury, and had it posted up regular, from time to time, to correspond with the fresh entries here. You would hardly think it, but he had his own appointed days, once or twice, in every quarter, for riding over to this church on his old white pony to check the copy, by the register, with his own eyes and hands. 'How do I know' (he used to say)—'how do I know that the register in this vestry may not be stolen or destroyed? Why isn't it kept in an iron safe? Why can't I make other people as careful as I am myself? Some of these days there will be an accident happen—and when the register's lost, then the parish will find out the value of my copy.' He used to take his pinch of snuff after that, and look about him as bold as a lord. Ah! the like of him for doing business isn't easy to find now. You may go to London, and not match him, even *there*. Which year did you say? Eighteen hundred and what?"

"Eighteen hundred and four," I replied; mentally resolving to give the old man no more opportunities of talking.

The clerk put on his spectacles, and turned over the leaves of the register, carefully wetting his finger and thumb, at every third page. "There it is, sir," he said, with another cheerful smack on the open volume. "There's the year you want."

As I was ignorant of the month in which Sir Percival was born, I began my backward search with the early part of the year. The register-book was of the old fashioned kind; the entries being all made on blank pages, in manuscript, and the divisions which separated them being indicated by ink lines drawn across the page, at the close of each entry.

I reached the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and four, without encountering the marriage; and then travelled back through December, eighteen hundred and three; through November, and October; through——No! not through September also. Under the heading of that month in the year I found the marriage!

I looked carefully at the entry. It was at the bottom of a page, and was, for want of room, compressed into a smaller space than that occupied by the marriages above. The marriage immediately before it was impressed on my attention by the circumstance of the bridegroom's Christian name being the same as my own. The entry immediately following it (on the top of the next page) was noticeable, in another way, from the large space it occupied; the record, in this case, registering the marriages of two brothers at the same time. The register of the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde was in no respect remarkable, except for the narrowness of the space into which it was compressed at the bottom of the page. The information about his wife, was the usual information given in such cases. She was described, as "Cecilia Jane Elster, of Park-View Cottages, Knowlesbury; only daughter of the late Patrick Elster, Esq., formerly of Bath."

I noted down these particulars in my pocket-book, feeling, as I did so, both doubtful and disheartened about my next proceedings. The Secret, which I had believed, until this moment, to be within my grasp, seemed now farther from my reach than ever. What suggestions of any mystery unexplained had arisen out of my visit to the vestry? I saw no suggestions anywhere. What progress had I made towards discovering the suspected stain on the reputation of Sir Percival's mother? The one fact I had ascertained, vindicated her reputation. Fresh doubts, fresh difficulties, fresh delays, began to open before me in interminable prospect. What was I to do next? The one immediate resource left to me, appeared to be this: I might institute inquiries about "Miss Elster, of Knowlesbury," on the chance of advancing towards my main object, by first discovering the secret of Mrs. Catherick's contempt for Sir Percival's mother.

"Have you found what you wanted, sir?" said the clerk, as I closed the register-book.

"Yes," I replied; "but I have some inquiries still to make. I suppose the clergyman who officiated here in the year eighteen hundred and three is no longer alive?"

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"No, no, sir; he was dead three or four years before I came here—and that was as long ago as the year twenty-seven. I got this place, sir," persisted my talkative old friend, "through the clerk before me leaving it. They say he was driven out of house and home by his wife—and she's living still, down in the new town there. I don't know the rights of the story, myself; all I know is, I got the place. Mr. Wansborough got it for me—the son of my old master that I was telling you of. He's a free, pleasant gentleman as ever lived; rides to the hounds, keeps his pointers, and all that. He's vestry-clerk here now, as his father was before him."

"Did you not tell me your former master lived at Knowlesbury?" I asked, calling to mind the long story about the precise gentleman of the old school, with which my talkative friend had wearied me before he opened the register.

"Yes, to be sure, sir," replied the clerk. "Old Mr. Wansborough lived at Knowlesbury; and young Mr. Wansborough lives there too."

"You said just now he was vestry-clerk, like his father before him. I am not quite sure that I know what a vestry-clerk is."

"Don't you indeed, sir?—and you come from London, too! Every parish church, you know, has a vestry-clerk and a parish-clerk. The parish-clerk is a man like me (except that I've got a deal more learning than most of them—though I don't boast of it). The vestry-clerk is a sort of an appointment that the lawyers get; and if there's any business to be done for the vestry, why there they are to do it. It's just the same in London. Every parish church there has got its vestry-clerk—and, you may take my word for it, he's sure to be a lawyer."

"Then, young Mr. Wansborough is a lawyer?"

"Of course he is, sir! A lawyer in High-street, Knowlesbury—the old offices that his father had before him. The number of times I've swept those offices out, and seen the old gentleman come trotting in on his white pony, looking right and left all down the street, and nodding to everybody! Bless you, he was a popular character!—he'd have done in London!"

"How far is it to Knowlesbury from here?"

"A long stretch, sir," said the clerk, with that exaggerated idea of distances and that vivid perception of difficulties in getting from place to place, peculiar to country people. "Nigh on five mile, I can tell you!"

It was still early in the forenoon. There was plenty of time for a walk to Knowlesbury and back again to Welmingham; and there was no person probably in the town who was fitter to assist my inquiries about the character and position of Sir Percival's mother, before her marriage, than the local solicitor. I resolved to go at once to Knowlesbury on foot.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the clerk, as I slipped my little present into his hand. "Are you really going to walk all the way to Knowlesbury and back? Well! you're strong on your legs, too—and what a blessing that is, isn't it? There's the road; you can't miss it. I wish I was going your way—it's pleasant to meet with gentlemen from London, in a lost corner like this. One hears the news. Wish you good morning, sir—and thank you kindly, once more."

As I left the church behind me, I looked back—and there were the two men again, on the road below, with a third in their company:—the short man in black, whom I had traced to the railway the evening before.

The three stood talking together for a little while—then separated. The man in black went away by himself towards Welmingham; the other two remained together, evidently waiting to follow me, as soon as I walked on.

I proceeded on my way, without letting the fellows see that I took any special notice of them. They caused me no conscious irritation of feeling at that moment—on the contrary, they rather revived my sinking hopes. In the surprise of discovering the evidence of the marriage, I had forgotten the inference I had drawn, on first perceiving the men in the neighbourhood of the vestry. Their reappearance reminded me that Sir Percival had anticipated my visit to Old Welmingham church, as the next result of my interview with Mrs. Catherick—otherwise, he would never have placed his spies there to wait for me. Smoothly and fairly as appearances looked in the vestry, there was something wrong beneath them—there was something in the register-book, for aught I knew, that I had not discovered yet.

"I shall come back," I thought to myself, as I turned for a farewell look at the tower of the old church. "I shall trouble the cheerful clerk a second time to conquer the perverse lock, and to open the vestry door."

NATURAL SELECTION.

It is well for Mr. Charles Darwin, and a comfort to his friends, that he is living now, instead of having lived in the sixteenth century; it is even well that he is a British subject, and not a native of Austria, Naples, or Rome. Men have been kept for long years in durance, and even put to the rack and the stake, for the commission of offences minor to the publication of ideas less in opposition to the notions held by the powers that be.

But we have come upon more tolerant times. If a man can calmly support his heresy by reasons, the heresy will be listened to; and, in the end, will be either received or refuted, or simply neglected and forgotten. Mr. Darwin also enjoys the benefit of the bygone heresies of previous heretics; one heresy prepares the way for, and weakens the shock occasioned by, another. Astronomical and geological innovations render possible the acceptance of doctrines that would have made people's hair stand on end three centuries ago. This is an enormous progress; for what are three or four centuries in the history of the human race? What, in the history of the world? Truth is a bugbear which is fast losing its terrors: we are getting more and more accustomed to it, and are less and less afraid to

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look it in the face. But then comes the old question, "What *is* Truth?" Mr. Darwin believes he knows, or is on the way to know.

Charles Darwin comes of a family renowned for close observation, intellectual ability, and boldness of speculation; he is gifted with clear and passionless judgment, and with an amiable and gentlemanly disposition; it is doubtful whether he have an enemy in the world; it is certain that he has, and deserves to have, many friends. He is blessed with a sufficiency of worldly riches, and has not strong health—the very combination to make a student. He is sincerity itself, thoroughly believing all he states, and daring to state what he believes. No mental reservation is employed to dissemble the tendency of his scientific views. He has circumnavigated the globe, and beheld the manners of many men, savage and civilised; of many birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes. He has compared living forms with those which existed on the same spot of land ages and ages ago. In his Voyage with the Beagle he has delighted his readers with the simplicity and the clearness with which he has explained geological changes. For more than twenty years he has been patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on the origin of living things as we now behold them existing; regardless of expense and labour, he has long searched for the truth respecting this question. He believes he has found it, and he enunciates his creed in a book which is an abstract of a larger work that will take two or three more years to complete.

But, as the tolerant spirit of the age allows him to state and to hold his belief unmolested, it also allows dissenters from his novel doctrines to declare their unbelief of them, and to manifest the hardness of their hearts by utter deafness to Mr. Darwin's most persuasive attempts at conversion. The world in general is quite unprepared to hear his unaccustomed views propounded. The propositions are so unfamiliar, that, be they false or be they true, they are almost sure to meet with a flat denial. The dominant and fundamental idea may be grand, clear, and decided. As a theory, it is complete and harmonious in all its parts, regarded merely as a theory; but, as a history of the past, and as a statement of present and future facts, its authority must entirely rest on the reader's judgment whether the proofs and the reasoning are conclusive to his mind or not. It is a question of the interpretation to be given to certain appearances and occurrences; it is a matter of circumstantial evidence. Mr. Darwin is already supported by a small party of disciples and fellow-labourers, who put faith in his inspiration; while the great majority shrink back in alarm at the boldness of his conclusions, and at the illimitable lapse of time which it unfolds before their wondering and bewildered gaze. He will hardly be surprised himself—nor will the reader—to find that the mass of his audience have ears but hear not, and eyes but see not—as he sees and understands the works of nature. Before accepting such a theory, we, the multitude, must think twice. Well, let us think twice; thinking twice never does harm.

The creed to which it is proposed to convert the world is as follows: Although much remains obscure, and will long remain obscure, Mr. Darwin entertains no doubt that the view which most naturalists entertain, and which he formerly entertained himself—namely, that each species has been independently created—is erroneous. He is fully convinced that species are not immutable;* but that those belonging to what are called the same genera are lineal descendants of some other and generally extinct species.

The modifications which species have undergone are mainly, but not exclusively, he believes, the result of a process called Natural Selection. He cannot doubt that the theory of descent, with modification, embraces all the members of the same class. He believes that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal or lesser number. Analogy would lead him one step further; namely, to the belief that, in the beginning, there arose some single, primitive, rudimentary, organised cell, or elementary being, which was the first parent of every living creature—that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype. But analogy, he owns, may be a deceitful guide. Nevertheless, all living things have much in common in their chemical composition, their germinal vesicles, their cellular structure, and their laws of growth and reproduction. We see this even in so trifling a circumstance as that the same poison often similarly affects plants and animals; or that the poison secreted by the gall-fly produces monstrous growths on the wild rose or oak-tree. Therefore, Mr. Darwin would infer from analogy that, probably, all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed by the Creator.

Is it too much to say that, in the good old times, opinions like these would have been strongly redolent of fagot and flame?

Our philosophical reformer adduces numerous facts which he holds to be inexplicable on the theory of independent acts of creation. By the supposition of a migration, with subsequent modification, we can see why oceanic islands should be inhabited by few species, but, of these, that many should be peculiar. We can clearly see why those animals which cannot cross wide spaces of ocean, as frogs and terrestrial mammals, should not inhabit oceanic islands; and why, on the other hand, new and peculiar species of bats, which can traverse the ocean, should so often be found on islands far distant from any continent. The grand facts respecting the grouping of all organic beings on certain areas of the earth's surface—such as a predominance of monkeys with prehensile tails in one country, of ant-eaters and toothless animals in

* See "Species," in All the Year Round, No. 58, p. 174.

another, of pouched animals in another, of a peculiar modification of leaves in Australian shrubs, of peculiar aloes or agaves in America—are inexplicable on the theory of creation.

Glancing at instincts, marvellous as some are, they offer, it appears, no greater difficulty than does corporeal structure, on the theory of the Natural Selection of successive, slight, but profitable, modifications. We can thus understand why nature moves by graduated steps in endowing different animals of the same class with their several instincts. On the view of all the species of the same genus having descended from a common parent, and having inherited much in common, we can understand how it is that allied species, when placed under considerably different conditions of life, yet should follow nearly the same instincts; why the male wrens of North America, for instance, build "cock-nests" to roost in, like the males of our distinct kitty-wrens—a habit wholly unlike that of any other known bird. On the view of instincts having been slowly acquired through Natural Selection, we need not marvel at some instincts being apparently not perfect, but liable to mistakes, as when blow-flies lay their eggs in the carrion-scented flowers of stapelias; nor at many instincts causing other animals to suffer, as when ants make slaves of their fellow-ants, when the larvæ of ichneumon flies feed within the live bodies of caterpillars, and when the nestling cuckoo ungratefully ejects his legitimate foster-brethren out of the family nest.

Instincts are as important as bodily structure for the welfare of each species, under the conditions of life by which it happens to be surrounded. Under changed circumstances, it is possible that slight modifications of instinct might be profitable to a species; and if it can be shown that instincts do vary ever so little, then Mr. Darwin sees no difficulty in Natural Selection preserving and continually accumulating variations of instinct to any extent that may be profitable. His line of argument—and the whole volume is one long argument—may be summed up in this: give him an inch, and he takes an ell. Instincts certainly do vary—for instance, the migratory instinct varies, both in extent and direction, and in its total loss. So it is with the nests of birds, which vary partly in dependence on the situations chosen and on the nature and temperature of the country inhabited, but often from causes wholly unknown to us. It is thus, he believes, that all the most complex and wonderful instincts have originated; although no complex instinct can possibly be produced except by the slow and gradual accumulation of numerous slight, yet profitable, variations, requiring ages upon ages, and tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of millions, of generations to work them out. For Mr. Darwin assumes such an inconceivably vast period of lapsed time for the accomplishment of his theory, that it is simply not eternity, because it *had* a beginning.

Variations of instinct, thus acquired, become, in races, habitual and hereditary. Habit and the selection of so-called accidental variations, have played important parts in modifying the mental qualities of our domestic animals. It cannot be doubted that young pointers will sometimes point, and even back other dogs, the very first time that they are taken out; retrieving is certainly in some degree inherited by retrievers; as is a tendency to run round, instead of at, a flock of sheep by shepherds' dogs. These actions do not differ essentially from true instincts; for the young pointer can no more know that he points to aid his master, than the white butterfly knows why she lays her eggs on the leaf of the cabbage. How strongly these habits and dispositions are inherited, and how curiously they become mingled, is well shown when different breeds of dogs are crossed. A cross with the greyhound has given to a whole family of shepherds' dogs, the lurchers, a tendency to hunt hares, rendering them invaluable to poachers. Le Roy describes a dog whose great-grandfather was a wolf, and this dog showed a trace of its wild parentage only in one way—by not coming in a straight line to his master when called.

To understand how instincts in a state of nature have become modified by Natural Selection, let us consider the case of the cuckoo. It is commonly admitted that the more immediate and final cause of the cuckoo's instinct is that she lays her eggs, not daily, but at intervals of two or three days; so that, if she were to make her own nest and sit on her own eggs, those first laid would have to be left for some time unincubated, or there would be eggs, and young birds of different ages in the same nest; which would make the process of laying, hatching, and rearing the young, inconveniently long and troublesome. The American cuckoo makes her own nest, and has eggs and young successively hatched, all at the same time.

Now, instances can be given of various birds which have been known occasionally to lay their eggs in other birds' nests. Let us suppose that the ancient progenitor of our European cuckoo had the habits of the American cuckoo, but that she occasionally laid an egg in another bird's nest by way of experiment. *If* the old bird profited by this occasional habit, or *if* the young were made more vigorous by the mistaken maternal instinct of another bird than by their own mother's care, encumbered as she can hardly fail to be by having eggs and young of different ages at the same time, then the old birds, or the fostered young, would gain an advantage. And analogy leads Mr. Darwin to believe that the young thus reared would be apt to follow, by inheritance, the occasional and aberrant habit of their mother, and in their turn would possibly lay their eggs in other birds' nests, and thus be successful in rearing their young. By a continued process of this nature, he believes that the strange instinct of our cuckoo could be, and has been, generated.

To Mr. Darwin, this explanation appears conclusive; other persons, less under the influence of a fixed idea, may observe that, with the help

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of an "if" and a "suppose," there is little difficulty in explaining anything.

The occasional habit of birds laying their eggs in other birds' nests, either of the same or of a distinct species, is not very uncommon with the Gallinaceæ; it is frequent with domestic hens; and this, perhaps, explains the origin of a singular instinct in the allied group of ostriches, for several hen ostriches, at least in the case of the American species, unite and lay, first a few eggs in one nest, and then the rest in another, and these are hatched by the males. This instinct may probably be accounted for by the fact of the hens laying a large number of eggs, but, as in the case of the cuckoo, at intervals of two or three days. The instinct, however, of the American ostrich has not as yet been perfected; for a surprising number of eggs lie strewed over the plains, so that in one day's hunting Mr. Darwin himself picked up no less than twenty lost and wasted eggs.

Many bees are parasitic, and always lay their eggs in the nests of bees of other kinds. This case is more remarkable than that of the cuckoo, for these bees have not only their instincts, but their structure also, modified in accordance with their parasitic habits: they do not possess the pollen-collecting apparatus which would be necessary if they had to store food for their own young. Some species likewise of Sphegidæ (wasp-like insects) are parasitic on other species; and M. Fabre has lately shown good reason for believing that although the Tachytes nigia generally makes its own burrow and stores it with paralysed prey for its own larvæ to feed on, yet that when this insect finds a burrow already made and stored by another sphex, it takes advantage of the prize, and becomes, for the occasion, parasitic. In this case, as with the supposed case of the cuckoo, Mr. Darwin can see no difficulty in Natural Selection making an occasional habit permanent, *if* of advantage to the species, and *if* the insect whose nest and stored food are thus feloniously appropriated, be not thus exterminated.

Such ideas are opposed to the belief of philosophers who hold that the various species of plants and animals have been independently created, and have been purposely fitted and adapted to the place in creation which they were intended to occupy by an Overruling Intelligence; for it is maintained that the more complex organs and instincts have been perfected, not at once in the first-created individual, by the Hand of the Maker, but by the accumulation of innumerable slight variations, each good for the individual possessor for the time being, during an exceedingly long succession of individuals from generation to generation.

The result is asserted to have been effected in this way: there can be no doubt that species give rise to minor varieties; for no two individuals are exactly alike, but may be easily distinguished one from the other. A shepherd knows every sheep in his flock, a huntsman every hound in his pack, calling it by name; a busybody knows every face in his village and its neighbourhood; probably a bee knows every bee belonging to its hive. Variations are often hereditary; red-haired parents will probably have a red-haired family. Varieties of talent and bodily strength are hereditary; diseases and defects are hereditary, as is every day seen with consumption and deafness. If any animal or plant in a state of nature be highly useful to man, or from any cause closely attract his attention, varieties of it will almost universally be found recorded. Now, individual differences are considered by Mr. Darwin as the first step towards such slight varieties as are barely thought worth mentioning in works on natural history: varieties which are in any degree more distinct and permanent, are steps leading to more strongly marked and more permanent varieties; and these latter lead to sub-species, and to species. In short, all organised and animated forms are in a state of passage from one stage of difference to another; all nature is moving insensibly forwards up the slope of one vast sliding scale; the world is a never-ceasing workshop for the process of manufacturing new species of plants and animals.

Mr. Darwin believes that any well-marked variety may be called an incipient species; and herein lies the whole turning-point, the corner-stone, perhaps the stumbling-block, of his System of Nature; grant him that, and nothing can stop the career of his theory; give him that inch, and he may take, not an ell, but a hundred thousand miles of philosophical territory. Conscious of the importance of his postulate, he candidly observes: "Whether this belief" (that varieties are incipient species) "be justifiable, must be judged of by the general weight of the several facts and views given throughout this work." Achilles is a mighty man, but unfortunately he is afflicted with a vulnerable heel. Elsewhere he says: "It has often been asserted, but the assertion is quite incapable of proof, that the amount of variation under nature is a strictly limited quantity." But there's the rub. A mathematical demonstration may be impossible; but certain observers and experimenters say that their experiments and observations strongly *tend* to the belief that varieties do not vary beyond certain limits; that is the impression which their minds receive from what they see; just as Mr. Darwin's observations strongly tend to make him view all existing beings, not as special creations, but as the lineal descendants of some few beings which lived long before the first bed of the Silurian system was deposited, and to conclude thence that (as all the living forms of life are the lineal descendants of those which lived long before the Silurian epoch) we may feel certain that the ordinary succession by generation has never once been broken, that no cataclysm has desolated the whole world, and that we may look with some confidence to a secure future of equally inappreciable length.

But no human intellect, unaided by revelation, is at present able to make such conclusions as these matters either of positive proof or of positive refutation. They must remain a ques-

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tion of opinion, a balancing of probabilities, in which each man judges according to his lights, the tone of his mind, and the inferences which his previous notions lead him to draw from the premises before him. Two men may arrive at contrary opinions, both reasoning with perfect sincerity of heart and desire for truth. For instance, while Mr. Darwin holds that the world has been desolated by no past cataclysm and need apprehend no future one (which is contrary to the universal tradition and belief of civilised nations), M. Boutigny, a savant of high rank in his own country, asserts, with specious and plausible argument, not only that the moon was shot out by a convulsive explosion from the earth, but that our planet may any day be seized with the throes of a universal earthquake which shall end in the expulsion of a second satellite; in which case, every living thing must be destroyed by fire. No cataclysm! Why Messieurs Adhémar and Lehon, distinguished men of science, believe that they have proved that a grand deluge must inevitably devastate the globe every ten thousand five hundred years;* that such deluges have regularly occurred during all previous time, and that such will recur again at their stated epochs; and that, although these grand deluges may not be so universal as to dedesolate the *whole* world, they are cataclysms sufficiently terrific to exterminate the great majority of existing creatures, and to render a fresh act of creation an event at least desirable and called for by circumstances.

To return to the theory by which independent creations are obviated. Nature is most prodigal in conferring life. More individuals of every kind, both plants and animals, are produced than can possibly survive, and there must in every case be a contest for life; either between individuals of the same species, or between the individuals of distinct species. It is Malthus's doctrine applied to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, with increased force; for, in this case, there can be no artificial increase of food, and no prudential restraint from marriage. Although some species may be now increasing more or less rapidly in numbers, all cannot so increase, for the world would not hold them. There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate, that, if not destroyed, the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. Even slow-breeding man has doubled in twenty-five years; and at this rate, in a few thousand years there would literally not be standing-room for his progeny. Linnæus has calculated that if an annual plant produced only two seeds—and there is no plant so unproductive as this—and their seedlings next year produced two, and so on, then, in twenty years, there would be a million of plants.

As a consequence, the weakest goes to the wall; it is a race for life, with the deuce taking the hindmost. A grain in the balance will determine which individual shall live and which shall die: which variety or species shall increase in number, and which shall decrease, or finally become extinct. The slightest advantage in one being, at any age or during any season, over those with which it comes into competition, or any better adaptation in however slight a degree to the surrounding physical conditions, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring. The offspring, also, will thus have a better chance of surviving, for, of the many individuals of any species which are periodically born, but a small number can survive. This is Natural Selection—a power which acts during long ages, rigidly scrutinising the whole constitution, structure, and habits of each creature—favouring the good and rejecting the bad. Though nature grants vast periods of time for the work of natural selection, she does not grant an indefinite period; for as all organic beings are striving, it may be said, to seize on each place in the economy of nature, if any one species does not become modified and improved in a corresponding degree with its competitors, it will soon be exterminated.

Cases of adaptation which have hitherto been attributed to design and contrivance are by this theory regarded as the result of natural selection only. When we see leaf-eating insects green, and bark-feeders mottled grey, the Alpine ptarmigan white in winter, the red grouse the colour of heather, and the black grouse that of peaty earth, we must believe that those tints are of service to these birds and insects in preserving them from danger. Grouse, if not destroyed at some period of their lives, would increase in countless numbers—they are known to suffer largely from birds of prey; and hawks are guided by eyesight to their prey—so much so, that on parts of the Continent persons are warned not to keep white pigeons, as being the most liable to destruction. Hence Mr. Darwin can see no reason to doubt that Natural Selection might be effective in giving the proper colour to each kind of grouse, and in keeping that colour, when once acquired, true and constant.

To make it clear how Natural Selection acts, an imaginary illustration is given. Let us take the case of a wolf, which preys on various animals, securing some by craft, some by strength, and some by fleetness; and let us suppose that the fleetest prey, a deer, for instance, had from any change in the country increased in numbers, or that other prey had decreased in numbers, during that season of the year when the wolf is hardest pressed for food. Under such circumstances, there is no reason to doubt that the swiftest and slimmest wolves would have the best chance of surviving, and so be preserved or selected—provided always that they retained strength to master their prey at this or some other period of the year, when they might be compelled to prey on other animals. There seems no more reason to doubt this, than that man can improve the fleetness of his greyhounds by methodical selection, or by that unconscious selection which results from

* See All the Year Round, No. 52, p. 40.

each man trying to keep the best dogs without any thought of modifying the breed.

Even without any change in the proportional numbers of the animals on which our wolf preyed, a cub might be born with an innate tendency to pursue certain kinds of prey. Nor can this be thought very improbable; for we often observe great differences in the natural tendencies of our domestic animals; one cat, for instance, taking to catching rats, another mice; one cat, according to Mr. St. John, bringing home winged game, another hares, or rabbits, and another hunting on marshy ground and almost nightly catching woodcocks or snipes. The tendency to catch rats rather than mice is known to be inherited. Now, if any slight innate change of habit or of structure benefited an individual wolf, it would have the best chance of surviving and of leaving offspring. Some of its young would probably inherit the same habits or structure, and by the repetition of this process, a new variety might be formed which would either supplant or coexist with the parent form of wolf. Or, again, the wolves inhabiting a mountainous district, and those frequenting the lowlands, would naturally be forced to hunt different prey; and from the continued preservation of the individuals best fitted for the two sites, two varieties might be slowly formed. According to Mr. Pierce, there are two varieties of the wolf inhabiting the Catskill Mountains in the United States; one with a light greyhound-like form, which pursues deer, and the other more bulky, with shorter legs, which more frequently attacks the shepherds' flocks.

The use and the disuse of particular organs combine their effects with those of natural selection, in the modification of species; use strengthens and enlarges certain parts, and disuse diminishes them. Such modifications are inherited. Many animals have structures which can be explained by the effects of disuse. As Professor Owen has remarked, there is no greater anomaly in nature than a bird that cannot fly; yet there are several in this state. Since the larger ground-feeding birds seldom take flight except to escape danger, Mr. Darwin believes that the nearly wingless condition of several birds, which now inhabit or have lately inhabited several oceanic islands, tenanted by no beast of prey, has been caused by disuse. The ostrich, indeed, inhabits continents, and is exposed to danger from which it cannot escape by flight; but by kicking it can defend itself from its enemies, as well as any of the smaller quadrupeds. We may imagine that the early progenitor of the ostrich had habits like those of a bustard, and that as Natural Selection increased in successive generations the size and weight of its body, its legs were used more, and its wings less, until they became incapable of flight.

The eyes of moles and of some burrowing rodents are rudimentary in size, and in some cases are quite covered up by skin and fur. This state of the eyes is probably due to gradual reduction from disuse, but aided, perhaps, by Natural Selection. In South America, a burrowing rodent, the tuco-tuco, is even more subterranean in its habits than the mole; and the Spaniards, who often catch them, assert that they are frequently blind. One, which Mr. Darwin kept alive, was certainly in this condition, the cause, as appeared on dissection, having been inflammation of the nictitating membrane. As frequent inflammation of the eyes must be injurious to any animal, and as eyes are certainly not indispensable to animals with subterranean habits, a reduction in their size, with the adhesion of the eyelids and growth of fur over them, might, in such case, be an advantage; and if so, Natural Selection would constantly aid the effects of disuse. It is well known that several animals, belonging to the most different classes, which inhabit the caves of Styria and of Kentucky, are blind. In some of the crabs, the foot-stalk for the eye remains, though the eye is gone; the stand for the telescope is there, though the telescope with its glasses has been lost. As it is difficult to imagine that eyes, though useless, could be in any way injurious to animals living in darkness, Mr. Darwin attributes their loss wholly to disuse. Not a single domestic animal can be named which has not, in some country, drooping ears; and the view suggested by some authors, that the drooping is due to the disuse of the muscles of the ear from the animals not being much alarmed by danger, is accepted as probable.

Mr. Wollaston has discovered the remarkable fact that two hundred kinds of beetles, out of the five hundred and fifty inhabiting Madeira, cannot fly; and that of the twenty-nine endemic genera, no less than twenty-three genera have all their species in this condition. Several facts, namely, that beetles, in many parts of the world, are frequently blown to sea and perish; that the beetles in Madeira, as observed by Mr. Wollaston, lie much concealed until the wind lulls and the sun shines; that the proportion of wingless beetles is larger on the exposed Desertas than in Madeira itself; and especially the extraordinary fact, so strongly insisted on by Mr. Wollaston, of the almost entire absence of certain large groups of beetles, elsewhere excessively numerous, and which groups have habits of life almost necessitating frequent flight;—these several considerations have made Mr. Darwin believe that the wingless condition of so many Madeira beetles is due mainly to the action of natural selection, but combined probably with disuse. For, during thousands of successive generations, each individual beetle which flew least, either from its wings having been ever so little less perfectly developed, or from indolent habit, will have had the best chance of surviving from not being blown out to sea; and, on the other hand, those beetles which most readily took to flight would oftenest have been blown to sea and thus have been destroyed. As with mariners shipwrecked near a coast, it would have been better for the good swimmers if they had been able to swim still further; whereas it would have been better for

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the bad swimmers if they had not been able to swim at all, and had stuck to the wreck.

The theory, of which a brief sample has been given, entails the vastest consequences. We are no longer to look at an organic being as a savage looks at a ship—as at something wholly beyond his comprehension; we are to regard every production of nature as one which has had a history; we are to contemplate every complex structure and instinct as the summing up of many contrivances, each useful to the possessor, nearly in the same way as when we look at any great mechanical invention as the summing up of the labour, the experience, the reason, and even the blunders, of numerous workmen. The natural system of classification becomes a genealogical arrangement, in which we have to discover the lines of descent by the most permanent characters, however slight their vital importance may be; because the real affinities of all organic beings are due to inheritance or community of descent. Natural Selection can only act through and for the good of each being; acting by competition, it adapts the inhabitants of each country only in relation to the degree of perfection of their associates; so that we need feel no surprise at the inhabitants of any one country (although on the ordinary view supposed to have been specially created and adapted for that country) being beaten and supplanted by the naturalised productions from another land. Nor ought we to marvel if all the contrivances in nature be not, as far as we can judge, absolutely perfect; and if some of them be abhorrent to our ideas of fitness. We need not marvel at the sting of the bee causing the bee's own death; at the instinctive hatred of the queen bee for her own fertile daughters; and at other such cases.

Judging from the past, we are to infer that not one living species will transmit its unaltered likeness to a distant futurity. And, of the species now living, very few will transmit progeny of any kind to a far-distant futurity; for the manner in which all organic beings are grouped, shows that the greater number of species of each genus, and all the species of many genera, have left no descendants, but have become utterly extinct. We can so far take a prophetic glance into futurity as to foretel that it will be the common and widely-spread species, belonging to the larger and dominant groups, which will ultimately prevail and procreate new and dominant species. And as Natural Selection works solely by and for the good of each being, all corporeal and mental endowments will tend to progress towards perfection. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving, namely, the production of the higher animals, directly follows.

Timid persons, who purposely cultivate a certain inertia of mind, and who love to cling to their preconceived ideas, fearing to look at such a mighty subject from an unauthorised and unwonted point of view, may be reassured by the reflection that, for theories, as for organised beings, there is also a Natural Selection and a Struggle for Life. The world has seen all sorts of theories rise, have their day, and fall into neglect. Those theories only survive which are based on truth, as far as our intellectual faculties can at present ascertain; such as the Newtonian theory of universal gravitation. If Mr. Darwin's theory be true, nothing can prevent its ultimate and general reception, however much it may pain and shock those to whom it is propounded for the first time. If it be merely a clever hypothesis, an ingenious hallucination, to which a very industrious and able man has devoted the greater and the best part of his life, its failure will be nothing new in the history of science. It will be a Penelope's web, which, though woven with great skill and art, will be ruthlessly unwoven, leaving to some more competent artist the task of putting together a more solid and enduring fabric.

ARDISON AND CO.

The Island of Sardinia, one of the rare Italian localities hitherto happily exempt from the excitement of political passions, and the disturbing influences which have seldom ceased to trample the bosom of its continental parent, has recently been startled by the discovery of a moral disease in its domestic life, which will find few parallels in the history of crime.

Most persons who, like the writer, have had opportunities of studying the character and social habits of the island Sards, bear willing testimony to their quiet industry, their calm content, their affectionate disposition, their almost patriarchal practice of the relative duties of host and guest, of master and servant, and, lastly, to their cordial yet not undignified appreciation of interest felt or courtesy expressed by pilgrims from afar.

Petty crimes are of singularly rare occurrence. The prisoners at this moment confined in the gaols of Sassari and Cagliari are almost exclusively importations—not children of the soil—and the prison of the large town of Cagliari has not for two years enclosed a single occupant. When murder has, from time to time, left its stain on these otherwise satisfactory records, it has been usually traceable to no meaner source than the quick and fiery jealousy in all ages a notable characteristic of this people, or to the lingering influence of the deadly "vendetta"—inherited blood-feud—which has sacrificed whole families, and once depopulated an entire village for one girl.

There was, years ago, a certain village beauty, whose list of lovers included every disengaged male of the township, and this maiden had three fierce brothers. Now, to salute the lips of a fair lady in public, constitutes an offence which, if not condoned by instant marriage, entails an inevitable "vendetta" upon the families concerned. In order, it seemed, to bring matters to a crisis, the most impatient of the suitors availed himself of a village fête, to salute his beautiful mistress at the head of a procession. He was *not* the favoured one, for

the rustic beauty withdrew, without a word, to her father's house. The friends of the parties, knowing what must ensue, rallied speedily around them; eight lives were lost in the first encounter; and so terrible and comprehensive was the feud, that, after the sacrifice of twenty more lives, the survivors gradually abandoned the village, leaving its ruins visible as a memorial of the most sanguinary vendetta on record.

Widely different in every point of view, though yet more fatal, is the case about to be noticed, the circumstances of which, during a judicial inquiry extending over seventeen days, created the most painful and engrossing interest:

Some few years ago, there appeared at Sassari, the second city of the island, a person of the name of Ardison, who had quitted the beautiful Riviera di Genova to establish himself in Sardinia as an oil-distiller: purchasing, for the purpose of his trade, the refuse of the olives from the crushing-mills. He was mean and illiterate; but, being shrewd and persevering in business, succeeded, in an amazingly short period, in amassing a considerable fortune. His example was followed by fresh speculators, and, as another and another distillery shot up in his neighbourhood and prospered, Ardison found his business dwindling into the mere shadow of itself, with the prospect of a still further decline.

Ardison arrived at the diabolical resolution to remove one or more of his competitors by murder. An instrument was at hand. His foreman, Cossa, was a person of such notoriously unscrupulous character, that it is quite possible the sight of these "means to do ill deeds" suggested the first step in the bloody journey. Certain is it, that the master having "faintly broke" his wishes to the man, found the latter so amenable to argument, and so moderate in his views respecting reward, that it was agreed between them to get rid of—not one, but all the interlopers, at the small charge of twenty pounds English a head. And the bargain, once struck, was punctually performed.

The facility with which the respectable foreman entered into an affair so much out of his regular line of business, will be understood by a fact elicited on a subsequent trial: that he, Cossa, was a member of a brotherhood of professed assassins, chiefly refugees from different parts of the Continent, calling themselves the "Confraternity of Saint Paul."

Signor Ardison had now once more the field to himself. But was he much the better? Will not that fearful foreman have a word occasionally for his master's ear? And will it be always prudent to bid him mind his oil-vats and his pay-book? Such misgivings greatly qualified the satisfaction derivable from the sum total of profits now once more accruing to the original oil-distiller. But the whisper came at last, in a somewhat different manner from that which his misgivings suggested.

The Confraternity of Saint Paul had been engaged in preparing a little list of gentlemen in the neighbourhood, chiefly, but not necessarily, connected with trade; for it sufficed that Signor Anybody laboured under the disadvantage of being either rich enough to pay, or troublesome enough to render his decease desirable.

A correspondence to the following effect was proved on the trial:

"Signor Anybody: Ardison, from interested motives, has offered two hundred and fifty francs for your life."

Rejoinder:

"What have I done to injure him?"

Answer:

"Lessened his profits. He requires your removal, signor, and will, sooner or later, carry his point. He is rich. What will *you* give?"

Terrified reply:

"My good fellow, self-preservation is the first law of nature. Should anything happen to Ardison, come to me for twenty pounds."

Anonymous protector:

"But, signor, what security?"

Final answer:

"Take the money, you rascal, and have done with it."

The foreman now waited upon Ardison. Sorry to inform respected padrone, that Signor Anybody has become aware of certain facts against him, and is determined on revenge. He has had the vileness to offer twenty pounds for the padrone's life—and will have it, for he is rich—and will assuredly either kill or denounce the padrone.

"Impossible: that cannot be permitted. Here, my good Cossa, take these twenty pounds. Upon the demise of Signor Anybody, come to me for twenty more."

That same night, Signor Anybody deceases: having purchased death, not life and safety. Ardison, the golden goose, is allowed to live; but so completely did he become the prey and dupe of this band of miscreants; so effectually was he enveloped in the network of crime, that he lived in perpetual dread of assassination: purchasing at immense prices the continuance of his miserable existence, and authorising, if not directly ordering, the destruction of no fewer than forty persons, many of whom he had never seen.

At length the day of reckoning dawned.

One Sacchi—a horrible ruffian—was arrested on a charge of homicide, and lodged in gaol, from whence he forwarded to Ardison a demand for money, both for the purpose of subsistence and for the cost of his defence. The padrone refused money, but promised to supply an excellent daily repast, and apparently redeemed his promise even better than if he had been a government inspector of provisions for discharged Indian veterans; for the prisoner became alarmingly ill, and, under the conviction that he had been poisoned by Ardison, sent for the gaoler and priest, and denounced to them with his dying breath, both Ardison and the Confraternity.

The entire gang were speedily in custody, and the trial commenced at Cagliari about the middle of last March. It occupied seventeen days, and comprised the testimony of nearly three hundred witnesses.

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For his defence, Ardison retained the celebrated advocate Mancini, of Milan, with whom a contract was signed, to the effect that if he, the defendant, were condemned to death, Mancini should receive twelve thousand francs—four hundred and eighty pounds—and all his expenses. If his client escaped the extreme penalty, the fee was to be raised to forty-five thousand francs—eighteen hundred pounds—and expenses aforesaid.

Mancini, in one of the most eloquent and skilful defences on record, occupying two days, so handled the immense mass of evidence, that, though the guilt of Ardison was as clear as day, the judges dared not award the capital punishment; but declared the charge of "sending to kill" not proved. This seems to have especially applied to the alleged murder of Sacchi, whose death was asserted to have been produced by mercury—a mineral taken in one form or other by so many persons, that it is not surprising that the laminæ of gold used in two post-mortem examinations should have exhibited its presence.

Judgment upon the whole case was awarded as follows:

Ardison, fifteen years in the galleys. Satta Poletta, the same. Advocate Umana, two years' seclusion. Cossa, foreman, death. Poletta (brother), the same. Podigac, the same.

Five others were acquitted. Ardison has the right of appeal, and having, after some hesitation, accepted it, the proceedings as regards him will have to be renewed before the high court at Genoa, a steamer having been already chartered for the conveyance of the three hundred witnesses to that city.

In closing this black page in Sardinia's island-history, let it be again recorded that the guilty authors of these atrocities were not of island birth or nurture; they were men fostered in the bosom of Italy. Driven out from thence, they descended like a blight on peaceful Sassari, and for two years held its inhabitants so completely in awe, that the government found itself compelled to remove the court of appeals, to Cagliari, at the opposite end of the island, in order that justice might be administered without the lives of judge, advocates, or witnesses, being placed in jeopardy.

LECTURED IN BASINGHALL-STREET.

To the mercantile world the name of Basinghall-street is inseparably connected with the Bankruptcy Court, and the title of the present paper, cursorily glanced at, would argue but badly for the respectability of its author. Miserly uncles would shake their heads and glorify at the fulfilment of their predictions as to their nehpews' ultimate end; good-natured friends, and never-failing dinner convives, supper droppers-in, pipe-smokers and grog-drinkers, would shrug their shoulders and call upon each other to testify how often they had said that such a style of living could not continue; the half-crown borrowers, charity seekers, sick wife and children possessors, and all those purse-blisters who form a portion of every man's acquaintance, would crow and chuckle over his fallen body, and quickly make off to fatten on some other friend who yet could be made to bleed. But, though it has not come to this; though, being a simple clerk, I have not yet taken brevet rank as a "trader" for the purpose of evading my creditors under the Bankruptcy Laws; though I have not sold a few lucifer matches to a convenient friend for the purpose of appearing as a timber-merchant, nor made over to my aunt any of my undoubted (Wardour-street) Corregios to figure as a picture-dealer; though I have not been "supported" by Mr. Linklater, or "opposed" by Mr. Sargood; though Quilter and Ball have not yet received instructions to prepare my accounts; though the official assignee has had nothing to do with me, and though the learned commissioner has not been compelled, as a matter of duty, to suspend my certificate for six months, which is then to be of the third class—yet have I been lectured in Basinghall-street, and pretty severely too.

This is how it came to pass. Schmook, who is the friend of my bosom, and an opulent German merchant in Austin-friars, called on me the other day, and, having discussed the late fight, the new opera, the robbery at the Union Bank, and other popular topics, told me he could send me to a great entertainment in the City. I replied, with my usual modesty, that in such matters I had a tolerably large acquaintance. I mentioned my experience of Lord Mayors' banquets, and I enlarged, with playful humour as I thought, on the tepid collation thereat spread before you, on the ridiculous solemnity of the loving-cup, with its absurd speech, its nods and rim-wiping; on the preposterous stentorian toastmaster, with his "Pray si-lence for the chee-aw!" on the buttered toasts and the drunken waiters, and the general imbecility of the whole affair. Diverging therefrom, I discoursed learnedly on the snug little dinners of City companies, from the gorgeous display of the Goldsmiths down to the humble but convivial spread of the Barbers. Schmook was touched, and it was some few minutes before he could explain that it was to a mental and not a corporeal feast that he wished to send me. At length he stammered out, "The Cresham legshure! Ver' zientifig! kost nichts! noting to bay!" and vanished, overcome.

Schmook not coming to see me again, I had forgotten the subject of our conversation, when I lighted upon an advertisement in a daily paper setting forth that the Gresham lectures for this Easter term would be given—certain subjects on certain named days—in the theatre of the Gresham College in Basinghall-street, in Latin at twelve o'clock, and in English at one. Wishing to know something of the origin and intent of these lectures, I applied to my friend Veneer, the well-known archæologist and F.S.A., but he was so engaged on his forthcoming pamphlet on Cuneiform Inscriptions that he merely placed in my hands a copy of Maunder's Biographical Treasury

open at the name of Sir Thomas Gresham, the page containing whose biography was surrounded with choice maxims. I proceeded with the biography, and learned that the good old "royal merchant" had by will founded seven lectureships for professors of the "seven liberal sciences," and that their lectures were to be given, gratis, to the people. And I determined to profit by Sir Thomas Gresham's bounty.

The social science which I chose to be lectured on was rhetoric, thinking I might gain a few hints for improving myself in neat after-dinner speeches and toast-proposings, and at a few minutes before noon on the first day, when this subject stood for discussion on the syllabus, I presented myself at the Gresham College. A pleasant-faced beadle, gorgeous in blue broad-cloth and gold, and with the beaver-iest hat I had ever seen—a cocked-hat bound with lace like the Captain's in Black-Eyed Susan—was standing in the hall, and to him I addressed myself, asking where the lecture was given.

"In the theatre, up-stairs, sir. Come at one, and you'll hear it in English."

"Isn't it given in Latin at twelve?"

"Lor' bless you, not unless there's three people present, and *there never is!* I give 'em five minutes, but they never come! Pity, ain't it? He's here, all ready" (jerking his head towards an inner door), "he's got it with him; but there's never anybody to hear him, leastways werry seldom, and then if there is three or four come in for shelter out of the rain or such-like, d'rectly he begins in Latin, and they can't understand him, they gets up and goes away!"

"Then they do come to the English lectures?"

"Bless you, yes; to some of them, lots, 'specially the music and the 'stronomy. Ladies come—lots of 'em—and the clerks out of the counting-houses hereabouts, for the music lecture's in the evening, you know; and they brings ladies with 'em—ah, maybe as many as a hundred!"

"Well, I'll go up and take my chance of somebody coming!"

"You're welcome, sir, but I'm afraid you'll be the only one."

I went up-stairs, and soon found myself in one of the prettiest lecture-theatres I had ever seen, semicircular in shape, and fitted with benches, rising one above the other, and capable of holding some five hundred people. The space allotted to the lecturer was partitioned off by a stout panelling, and was fitted with a red-covered table, and a high standing-desk. There was also an enormous slate, with traces of recent diagrams still unobliterated, and an indescribable something, like a gymnastic machine, behind it. I took a seat on one of the topmost benches, and remained there a solemn five minutes, in the midst of a silence and desolation quite appalling. At last I heard a footstep on the stone stairs, and I hoped, but it was the beadle's. "I told you so," he said, pleasantly. "I always gives 'em five minutes; now, if you want to hear the lecture, come again at one!"

I went again at one, and found what a Frenchman would call "du monde." There must have been fully seventeen people present. Close down against the rail partitioning off the lecturer's stage, was a crushed and spiritless man, with a fluffy head of hair, like a Chinchilli boa or an Angora cat, who seemed in the lowest possible spirits: leaning his head against the oaken panelling in front of him, he kept groaning audibly. Immediately behind him sat two seedy old women, in damp, mildewed, lustreless black, with smashed bonnets, and long, black, perspiry old gloves, the fingers of which, far too long, doubled over as far as the knuckles. They looked more like superannuated pew-openers than old ladies, and kept conversing in a hoarse whisper, at every sentence addressing each other as "mem." A little higher up, a fair-haired, light-whiskered man had ensconced himself against one of the pillars, and was cutting his nails. He was properly balanced on the other side of the hall by a black-bearded man, leaning against the opposite pillar, who scratched his head. Close by me, at the upper portion of the hall, were a very pretty girl and a savage, fidgety old woman; probably her aunt. Next to the aunt, a spry man, with blue spectacles, who commenced taking notes as soon as the lecturer opened his mouth: a man with a red nose and a moist eye, and a general notion of rum-and-water about him—probably in the appalling-accident, devouring-element, and prodigious-gooseberry line of literature. A misanthropic shoemaker, having on the bench beside him a blue bag bursting with boots, which diffused an acrid smell of leather and blacking, and a miserable old man in a faded camlet cloak who sat munching an Abernethy biscuit between his toothless gums, and snowing himself all over with the fragments, made up our company. After the lecture had proceeded about five minutes, the door opened, and a thin, sharp-faced man, in very short trousers, very dirty white socks, and low pumps, advanced two paces into the room, but he looked round deliberately, and after saying, quietly, "Dear me! ah!" as though he had made a mistake, turned round and retreated.

At a few minutes after one, a very tall gentleman in a Master of Arts gown appeared at the lecture table, and made a little bow. We got up a feeble round of applause to receive him—such applause as three umbrellas and two pair of hands could produce—but he bobbed in acknowledgment of it, looked up at the gallery, which was perfectly empty, and commenced. He had such a low opinion of us his audience, that he thought we could not have read the syllabus, for, instead of Rhetoric, his lecture, he told us, was upon Taste. I am, I trust, a patient hearer. I have lectured myself, and have a feeling for the position of a man being compelled to stand up and endeavour to win the attention of a stupid and scanty audience. I think there are very few men in London who have been better bored than I have in the course of my life, but I am bound to say that anything more appallingly dreary and uninteresting than the tall gentleman's discourse I never listened to. The matter was prosaic,

réchauffé, utterly void of originality, thoroughly wearying; the manner was that fatal sing-song generally indulged in by the English clergy, interspersed with constant desk-smitings, and with perpetual eye-reference to the gallery, where there was no one to respond. The effect upon the audience was tremendous: the Chinchilli-headed man, more crushed than ever, made a perfect St. Denis of himself, and had nothing mortal above the collar of his coat; the light-whiskered man cut his nails to the quick in an agony of nervousness, and his black-bearded opposite scalped himself in despair; the pretty girl went to sleep, and was roused at intervals by parasol thrusts from her savage aunt; the "liner" shut up his note-book and amused himself by reading some of his previous productions on flimsy paper; the shoemaker glared indignantly, first at the lecturer, and then at any one whom he could seduce into an eye-duel; and the old Abernethy eater betook himself to repairing a rent in his camlet cloak with a needle and thread. As for myself, I bore it patiently as long as I could, then I yawned and fidgeted, and at length taking advantage of my proximity to the door, I rose up quietly and slipped out, the last words echoing on my ear being, "This theory is that of Browne, and for further particulars I refer you to his work on Intellectual Philosophy;" a work which, it struck me, was doubtless to be found on the book-shelves of all the audience.

As I walked home, I pondered on the fitness of these things, and wondered whether, in the strange course of events, the law would ever be able to comply less with the letter, and more with the spirit, of the intentions of a good and great man, and if so, whether instead of an unintelligible Latin lecture, and a preposterous English one, it would ever provide really good intellectual and moral culture gratis for London citizens, as was undoubtedly intended by the brave old Sir Thomas Gresham.

THE LAST OF VERY COMMON LAW.

To resume, and dismiss, the subject of Life Assurance.

A condition which was introduced into a proposal, and which stated that the person was in a "sound and perfect state of health, had not been afflicted with, and was not subject (among other diseases) to fits," was not deemed to be broken, although the proposer had previously been attacked by an epileptic fit in consequence of accident. "The interpretation which I put upon a clause of this kind," said Lord Abinger, "is not that the party never accidentally had a fit, but that he was not, at the time of insurance, a person habitually or constitutionally liable to fits from some peculiarity of temperament either natural, or contracted from some cause or other, during life."

The mere fact also of a person eventually dying of a disease he may have had before effecting the policy, does not, in the eye of the law, afford sufficient proof that he was suffering at that time from a disease "tending to shorten life" within the meaning of the condition. In one instance where this question was raised, we find that the insurer had been troubled with, and eventually died from, dyspepsia; but this was not held to be a disease tending to shorten life in the legal, however much it might be in the medical, acceptation. "All disorders," Mr. Justice Chambre observed, "have more or less a tendency to shorten life, even the most trifling. Corns may end in mortification. That is not the meaning of the clause. If dyspepsia was a disorder that tended to shorten life within the exception, the lives of half the members of the profession of the law would be uninsurable."

Apart from all hygienic considerations, there are other conditions attached to life insurance which we must not omit to notice. There is the payment of the annual premiums, for example. It has been held that if the premiums be not paid in the manner stipulated, the policy will be lost; and this although a country agent may have received the money and given a receipt, after the expiration of the time allowed for payment. If any company, however, acquiesces in the acts of its agent, it then becomes bound by what he has done. A country agent, we find in one instance, received and transmitted to his office the annual premiums upon an insurance which was in fact voidable in consequence of the insurer at the time residing in Canada: he informing the person paying the premiums at the same time that this was of no consequence. On the falling in of the life, the policy was disputed, but ineffectually. The Lords Justices, before whom the matter came for trial, were of opinion that the forfeiture was waived, and Knight Bruce, who was one of them, said, "I think that whether the agent did or did not inform them of the true state of the circumstances in which the premiums were paid to him, the directors became, and are, as between them and the plaintiff, as much bound as if he had paid them the premiums to themselves. The directors taking the money were and are precluded from saying that they received it otherwise than for the purpose and in the faith in which the insured paid it."

It is the common practice, we know, for insurance-offices to allow so many days of grace for the payment of the premiums, after they have become actually due. Supposing, then, that Mr. Blank, having effected his insurance, were to die within the days of grace, but before payment of the premium, what would be the consequence? It is a momentous consideration, and unfortunately has never received any direct judicial decision. We have, however, the dictum of Mr. Justice Willes on the point, given casually in a case when it was not absolutely necessary that he should allude to it; and we shall do well to weigh his words carefully: "On this" (he was speaking of the condition that a policy should be void if the premiums were not paid within thirty days) "there is a question which parties would do wisely not to raise: whether that condition has reference only to a policy for future years, or whether,

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if the premium be paid after it is due, and within such limited time, the executor can recover if the life dies within such days of grace. *I think that then thirty days are only with reference to the insurance of the life for future years.* I think the office is bound to receive the premium within the thirty days, and to go on insuring for future years if the person assured is alive, but that they are *not* bound to do so after his death." It will be well then, we may infer, for Mr. Blank to pay his premiums punctually, and not to compel his executors to raise this question.

Before leaving this branch of very common law, we are reminded of the possibility of Mr. Blank becoming a volunteer. If he should be induced to take up arms, let him look to his "life policy." Under ordinary circumstances we know that such a proceeding would vitiate the contract, and it will be well for him to learn how far the particular office in which he is insured will recognise his martial ardour.

Having secured a provision for his family by the insurance of his life, we find the current of our illustrative man's thoughts setting in very strongly towards his Last Will and Testament.

Imprimis, then, who can make a will? Mr. Blank, under ordinary circumstances, we know is endowed with this privilege. There are certain contingencies, however, which may rob him of the power. If he should have the misfortune, as was the case with my Lord Sandys in 1689, to be banished by act of parliament, he becomes civilly defunct, and cannot bequeath his property. If he should be afflicted with idiocy, or lunacy, the like incapacity will attach to him. Possibly, if he were to commit a felony (though the decisions are not altogether satisfactory upon the point) he would be debarred from the legal attributes of a testator. Certainly if he were coerced, or under the pressure of "undue influence," his will would be of no effect.

But what is "undue influence?" Would the conjugal blandishments of Mrs. Blank come under that category? Are barrels of oysters, consigned to affluent old ladies in the country, to be looked upon as instruments of "undue influence?" Can we be accused of exercising undue influence when we exhibit a fictitious delight in the stories heard so often from these old ladies' lips—when we assume a supernatural piety, in their sight—when we become suddenly interested in the natural history of the domestic cat—when we pronounce home-made wines to be infinitely preferable to those of Spain and Portugal? Even the lawyers themselves are at doubt upon the point, and only speak upon it vaguely. Lord Cranworth says that the vitiating influence must be an influence exercised either by coercion or by fraud. In order to come to the conclusion that a will has been obtained by coercion, it is necessary to establish that actual violence has been used or even threatened. "The conduct of a person in vigorous health towards one feeble in body, though not unsound in mind, may be such as to excite terror, and make him execute as his will an instrument which, if he had been free from such influence, he would not have executed. Imaginary terrors," he continues, "may have been created sufficient to deprive him of free agency. A will thus made may possibly be described as obtained by coercion. So as to fraud: if a wife, by falsehood, raises prejudices in the mind of her husband against those who should be the natural objects of his bounty, and by contrivance keeps him from intercourse with his relatives, to the end that these impressions which she knows he had thus formed to their disadvantage may never be removed, such contrivance may, perhaps, be equivalent to positive fraud, and may render invalid any will executed under false impressions thus kept alive. It is, however, extremely difficult to state"—we find to be the substance of the learned judge's opinion—"in the abstract, what acts will constitute undue influence in questions of this nature. It is sufficient to say that, allowing a fair latitude of construction, they must arrange themselves under one or other of these heads: coercion or fraud."

We have asserted that a lunatic cannot make a will. If, however, he be blessed with occasional lucid intervals, he may do so whilst thus temporarily sane. But there will always be a strong element of suspicion attaching to such an instrument. "There is no possibility," says Lord Cranworth, "of mistaking midnight for noon; but, at what precise moment twilight becomes darkness, is hard to determine."

As to Mrs. Blank, she may not make a will, unless she has a separate estate, or special power to appoint by will given to her. An infant may not make a will. A person born deaf and dumb cannot make a will, unless it can be shown that he possessed sufficient understanding to read it when written. With the blind it is different. They *can* undertake this legal solemnity.

How the will has to be made? "No will," says the Wills Act, which is the safest authority we can quote, "shall be valid unless it shall be in writing and signed at the foot or end thereof by the testator or by some other person in his presence and by his direction, and such signature shall be made or acknowledged by the testator in the presence of two or more witnesses present at the same time, and such witnesses shall attest, and shall subscribe the will in the presence of the testator, but no form of attestation shall be necessary."

This is the broad road, upon which Mr. Blank m·y safely travel when disposing, by last will and testament, of his worldly goods. There are, however, as is usual in most legal highways, many little twists and turnings, where an intelligible guide-post may be of service to him.

Thus, although his signature, the Wills Act tells him, is a necessary requisite, he may, if not great at caligraphy, make a mark. Moreover, we gather from the following incident that it is of no vital importance should any other name than his be placed opposite this mark. A widow lady named Clarke, but who before her marriage had been called Barrall, having made

her will, ratified the same with her mark. An officious witness placed opposite to the mark the name "Susannah Barrall," thinking that to be her true name, and Sir Cresswell Cresswell, notwithstanding the error, allowed probate. "There is enough to show," he said, "that the will is really that of the person whose it professes to be. Her mark at the foot or end of it is a sufficient execution, and what somebody else wrote against that mark cannot vitiate it." The courts have of late years been actuated by a much more liberal spirit with regard to wills than they were wont to indulge in. Without adhering strictly and undeviatingly to the letter of the law, they make it their business, now, to discover, if possible, the meaning of the testator. This is precisely what anybody would wish to do, and the lawyers, for a wonder, have done it.

Although it is a common practice for a testator to sign every sheet (supposing it to be written upon more than one) of his will, it is not absolutely necessary to do so; but the executing of the last sheet is indispensable, and if done informally will vitiate the whole. A case was decided in the present year where a will was found written on several loose sheets of paper, the last only having been executed, and Sir Cresswell Cresswell allowed probate. He considered that the primâ facie presumption was that the sheets were all together when the will was executed. An old gentleman, however, who had written his will on several sheets, and together, with the witnesses, executed the whole of them *except the last*, was not allowed by Sir John Dodson to have made a valid will.

The signature of the testator, as we have seen, must be "made or *acknowledged* in the presence of two witnesses, present at the same time." The witnesses need not, therefore, see the will signed, but they must be careful to see that it is signed. When a person made his will, and called in two witnesses to sign it, telling them that he wished them to sign a paper for him, without informing them that it was his will, and having the paper so folded that they could not see whether it was signed or not, the will was held to be bad. It would not have improved the matter if the testator had condescended to tell the witnesses that it was his will, if they had not seen the signature. Once having been satisfied, by ocular demonstration, however, that the instrument had been signed, a statement that it is a will, is a sufficient acknowledgment of the signature.

The clause as to the witnesses being present at the same time, &c., is an imperative one, and it has been held that the will must be signed or acknowledged, before *either* of the witnesses sign. A gentleman who was ill in bed made a codicil to his will, and signed it, in the presence of his sister. On the day following, his medical attendant visited him, and the invalid, producing the paper, said, "This is a codicil, doctor, to my will, signed by myself and my sister, at the bottom of the paper; you will oblige me if you will also add your signature, two witnesses being necessary." The sister added, "There is my signature, you had better place yours underneath." The doctor signed, as requested, but Sir Herbert Jenner Faust declared the codicil to be bad, saying, "When I clearly find that it is expressly provided the two witnesses who are present at the same time shall attest and subscribe, can I hold that the one may attest and subscribe on one day and acknowledge his or her signature on a subsequent day? I am inclined to think," he went on to say, "that the act is not complied with, unless both witnesses shall attest and subscribe, after the testator's signature has been made or acknowledged to them, when both are actually present at the same time."

It is laid down, we have seen, that the witnesses must sign in the presence of the testator. This requirement the law will allow to have been satisfied if the testator *might* have seen the witnesses at the time of their attesting his will. A gentleman, for instance, having signed his will in his bedroom, the witnesses withdrew into a gallery, between which and the bedroom there was a glass door. As the testator might have seen them sign if he had wished, this attestation was held to be good. So in the case of a person ill in bed, the fact of the curtains being closely drawn need not prevent the witnesses signing in the room. They will, in the estimation of the law, be still in the presence of the testator.

But, although the witnesses must sign in the presence of the testator, they need not do so in the presence of each other. There is no absolute necessity—that is—for this; although we recommend Mr. Blank, when his will comes to be executed, to insist upon an exact performance of the usual ceremony. In a reported case, from which we infer that this form of attestation is not absolutely necessary, a will was executed, in the presence of two witnesses. After the execution by the testator, one of the witnesses left the room, and the other subscribed his name, in the presence of the testator but in the absence of his fellow witness. On the return of the latter, he also signed, in the presence of the testator and of the former witness. Sir John Dodson held the will to be good.

Never let our friend Mr. Blank, in any moment of irritation, alter his will. If this have to be done at all, let it be done in accordance with the requirements of the statute, in that case made and provided. Let the witnesses and Mr. Blank attest the alterations, erasures, or interlineations, as the case may be: or at the least signify by some note or observation that such changes have been made. Neither let him allow any person interested in the will, to act as a witness. Neither let him suppose that the will which he may have made before his marriage with Mrs. Blank, will stand him in good stead afterwards.

In one word, let Mr. Blank make his will "without controversy;" and, having bequeathed a handsome legacy to us for our weekly instal-

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nents of very common law, now brought to a termination, we will see to it that the lawyers shall not be his heirs.

VILLAGE ROSES AND THORNS.

The village of Auray-le-Clocher was situated on the side of a hill, basking in sunshine. At the back, up to the summit, and rolling down the other slope, and up and down again for miles and miles of hill and valley, spread vast woods, which kept from Auray all bitter winds; while below it, the ground ran down gently to a broad and fertile vale, watered by a little river; here showing itself in glittering silver, there marking its course by rows of poplars and willows, and by mills, with a few cottages clustered about them. At the entrance of the single, rough-paved village street, guiltless of trottoirs, and with a gutter in the middle, stood the church, and enclosed with it, the presbytère and its ample garden.

A contempt of economy of space and of any approach to regularity, seemed to be the ruling principles of the architect of the house in question. Inhabited only by the curé, his single maid-servant, and a little boy, of nine or ten years old, the orphan nephew of the latter, there were rooms enough to accommodate a large family, and, as if such unnecessary employment of space were insufficient to suit the large ideas of the builder, these were all placed far apart, and connected by such labyrinthine passages, such ups and downs of little flights of steps, such blind landings and break-neck corridors, that it required an intimate acquaintance with the house to make your way through it at all.

On the ground floor (you entered the premises by the garden, there being no door on the street, which there was bounded by the side-wall of the house and the wall of the garden) a large kitchen and wash-house, a sort of store-room, and a particularly gloomy stone-floored sitting-room, almost entirely bare of furniture, opened, with window-doors on the paved space that lay in front of the house, and divided it from the garden. Above was the salon, habitually occupied by the curé: a large, cheerful, though low, room, walled with panels once white, and bearing some rude carvings here and there, especially over the lofty mantelpiece, also carved. The floor, of octagonal red tiles, was covered in the middle with a small square carpet, worn and faded; on the panelling hung gaudy-coloured prints, with here and there a tolerable old engraving or bad lithograph, all more or less touched with mildew, and representing saints and innumerable Virgins—"Our Ladies" of so many localities—and in each invested with such different functions and attributes, that how to reconcile these ubiquitous diversities with a sole and singular individuality I have always found a paradox quite beyond my skill. A crazy book-shelf, containing some old theological books, was suspended opposite the wide fireplace; a small organ, on which the curé was wont to practise chants, stood in a recess, beside a pleasant window hung round with climbing roses, and commanding, through the trees of the garden, peeps of the valley beyond. A round table of dark wood, somewhat rickety on its four slender legs, occupied the centre of the room; a second, more solid, which was drawn forward when the curé took his simple repasts, stood in front of the window at the end of the room looking towards the church; and an old mahogany Empire arm-chair, with squab cushion, and half a dozen smaller rush-bottomed chairs and a corner cupboard, completed the furniture of the room. It was entered by an outer staircase, leading down to the garden, which now basked in June sunshine.

In front of the house a few orange and pomegranate trees stood in cases, once painted green, but now with the colour peeling off, and in but sorry condition. Beyond, came the garden—squares of vegetables, bordered with flowers; then a tonnelle, or trellised arbour, clothed with vine, the delicious chasselas, or sweet-water grape, commonly grown in French gardens; and still further down the slope of the hill, a little nook, closely sheltered with some fine chesnut, poplar, and locust trees, and watered by a tiny stream, that found its way into the enclosure by one little opening at the bottom of the palings, and out by a similar gap at the opposite side. To the left lay a poultry-yard, with pigeon-house above and rabbit-hutches below the hens' dormitory; at the same side, a screen of poplars only divided the curé's territory from the back of the church, where stood the little postern that admitted him at all times within the sacred walls.

Up and down, in the shade, beside the gurgling brook, the curé paced, reading in his breviary one of the portions allotted for daily perusal. He was an old man, but tall, upright, hale, and hearty, and his firm equal step betokened none of the infirmities of age. A tranquil, temperate, simple life had maintained in prolonged vigour a naturally strong frame and constitution; and a frank, kindly, though not very intellectual countenance, fresh-coloured, and but little lined, seemed indicative of that most enviable temperament that "takes the goods the gods provide" with cheerful thankfulness, and that troubles itself but little without serious and real cause for so doing.

His reading finished, the curé looked at his watch, and found dinner-time drew near; so he turned his steps, nowise reluctantly, towards the house, pausing here and there in his progress up the sanded alley to pick the blight off some pot rose-trees (he was a great amateur of roses), to disencumber it of fading blossoms, or to gather some particularly beautiful specimen, to stand in a wine-glass on the top of the organ, that he might enjoy its loveliness and perfume while he played.

Clattering about in sabots, on the pavement in front of the house, was little Claude, the nephew of Jeanne, the curé's servant.

"I say, little one," said the good man, "tell

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thy aunt to make haste with dinner. I'm as hungry as a wolf; run, or I shall eat thee!"

The child laughed, and clumped into the kitchen with his message, while M. Leroy proceeded up-stairs to his sitting-room, and, to expedite matters, drew the table into its place, and out of the corner cupboard extracted his bottle of vin ordinaire: wretched thin stuff: a tumbler, a coarse, plain linen tablecloth, and a napkin to match, rolled within its ivory ring, on which an inscription hospitably wished the user "Good appetite."

While occupied in these arrangements, a back door, leading, through the tortuous ways I have described, to the other rooms, above and below, opened, and Jeanne made her appearance to lay the cloth.

"Par exemple, M. le Curé!" was her exclamation, when she saw how her master was employed; and taking the things from his hands, she began to perform her service. She was a good-looking woman of about four or five and twenty, but, like nearly all French peasants, appeared some years older. Her features were regular, with the exception of a somewhat coarse mouth; her dark eyes were fine, and surmounted by well-marked brows, and her complexion was of a rich warm brown, with a good deal of colour. Altogether, a handsome specimen of her class, but with a taciturn gravity of countenance and demeanour somewhat unusual to it.

The curé sat down in his arm-chair, with a book, while Jeanne brushed round the table and about the room. It was evident his reading occupied little of his attention; for, whenever he could direct it unobserved to the servant he did so, and finally, when she left the room, he flung down the volume, murmuring, with an expression of profound concern,

"The poor girl! the unhappy!" and remaining absorbed in evidently painful reflections till the sound of her by no means light step on the stairs aroused him.

But it must have been no common grief that could materially affect the curé's appetite, and when Jeanne had produced, in one course, the whole of the dinner, consisting of the usual soup and bouilli, a salad, a dish of potatoes cooked in butter, and a dish of the light-red pine-apple strawberries, of which whole fields are grown wherever the vicinity of a town of any size affords a market for them, M. Leroy fell-to with hearty good will and made very short work of the repast. Then he sat down in the arm-chair, and quietly composed himself to his post-prandial nap, while the roses nodded outside the window at him, and a blackbird, from the grove below, sang thanks to him for the ruddy cherries to which he and his young family were made welcome.

Jeanne's and Claude's dinner followed that of the master, and, the meal concluded, the former filled a little basket with eggs, and gave it to the boy.

"Go, my child," she said, "with this to Madame Morel; say Monsieur le Curé sends them with many compliments. Then go on to the Croix-Blanche, and ask, from Monsieur le Curé, how Madame Ledoux and her daughter are, and, coming back, you may call at Uncle Jacques's, and say to Pierrette I wish she would come down the first day this week she can get out. Go, and don't break the eggs, and bring back the basket. Mind."

Jeanne watched at the door till the boy had passed through and latched the garden-gate. Then she returned to the kitchen, took a large key down from a nail where it hung beside the projecting chimney, and once more looking out and all round, she re-entered and proceeded through the long dark tortuous passages to the room that formed the last of the straggling series, unlocked the door, and entered.

It was a small gloomy lumber room. In one corner the long-collected dust had been swept from the floor, where was spread some fresh straw, and on it, rolled up, a mattress and some bedding. After listening intently for a minute, Jeanne, satisfied by the silence, pulled down a broken-legged chair and a ragged rug that were placed on the top of a box in the obscurest part of the room, and, from within it, drew a bundle tied up in an old coloured handkerchief. Opening this carefully, several articles of baby's clothing, some complete, some in progress, all of the commonest description, but carefully made and clean, were disclosed, and Jeanne, taking working materials from her pocket, began stitching away at an unfinished frock with feverish rapidity, still pausing now and then, with that look of intense anxiety, to listen.

For more than an hour she worked undisturbed; then, as if fearing to remain longer away from her usual employments, she, putting into her pocket a half-finished cap, which might be worked at in any stray moments, tied up the bundle, restored it to the box, and again covered the latter with the rug and chair, as before. Then carefully locking the door behind her, she returned to the kitchen.

She did so just in time; for, while she was putting together the brands that, during her absence, had burnt through in the middle, and, falling outwards, become scattered and nearly extinguished, an old crone, half-beggar, half-peasant, and commonly reported witch, tottered into the kitchen. Standing just within the threshold, her knotted claw-like hands crossed on the top of her staff, she gave Jeanne a bon jour, and there remained, contemplating the girl, with a grin intolerable to be borne.

"Sit down, Mère Gausset," Jeanne said, crossing herself in secret, as she turned to place a chair for the unwelcome guest. "Sit down; the warm weather's come at last; that ought to agree with your rheumatism."

"Eh, eh, well enough, well enough. How is Monsieur le Curé?—and yourself?" suddenly, and with a scrutinising look.

"Monsieur's well; and I, I'm always well."

"So much the better, so much the better, my girl; ready to dance at the wedding on Thursday? Ah, it'll be a fine wedding."

So deadly a whiteness overspread the girl's face, that she turned from the hag to conceal it, as she replied,

"So I hear."

"Well, you'll see it, no doubt, that'll be better. Eugène Landry and you were great friends, last year, I remember; everybody said you were going to be married. But, alas! when a girl's got nothing, lovers are shy, and they say Mélie Prunier has not only a good dowry, but will have all old Louis Prunier's savings. Oh, it's a fine marriage for Eugène."

"A fine marriage," Jeanne repeated mechanically. Happily, at that moment, the curé's voice calling her, released her for the instant from her torture, and when she had performed the service for which she had been summoned, she lingered about up-stairs till the old woman, tired of waiting, took her departure.

At night, Jeanne went, solitary and sad, to her bed: in the morning, when she went about her work, she left an infant sleeping in it. What she had gone through that night, none but God and her own poor heart could tell.

"Jeanne! how dreadfully ill you look, my girl!" the curé said, as he entered the kitchen. "What is the matter?"

"I am not very well," she replied. "I was ill in the night, and had bad dreams; but I am much better now, monsieur; it's nothing—it will all pass away."

M. Leroy paused, hesitated, sighed; he would fain have sought her confidence, fain have re-assured him as to the suspicions that, never occurring to himself, had lately been suggested by village gossip. But Jeanne went to and fro, bestirring herself in a way to make any such opportunity difficult, and with a slow step and anxious mind, the curé went out to tend his roses.

Through the next three and four days the subject still haunted him, but by degrees less painfully and at longer intervals. Jeanne seemed getting well again, and was, he fancied, less preoccupied, less oppressed with some hidden care than, despite all her efforts to conceal the fact, she had lately been. He had had some knowledge of Eugène Landry's former attachment to her, and he now began to think that it was Eugène's faithlessness alone that had so weighed upon her mind.

On the sixth day from the wedding Jeanne came to him with a troubled face. Her mother was alarmingly ill; she had had a letter from a neighbour, entreating that, if the curé could spare her, she would lose no time in coming to her. M. Leroy scanned the face before him—a face whose colour went and came, and whose set mouth and desperately beseeching eyes told all that hung on his reply. He could not keep her in that agony of suspense, he could not, by the hint, even, of a perhaps unmerited suspicion, further torture her; so he consented.

It was a distance of nearly five leagues to Montrouge, the village where Jeanne's mother resided, and there being only chance communications between it and Auray-le-Clocher, she had no means of getting there except on foot. She was yet far from strong, and the weather was hot; but, on the mission on which she was going, solitude was wholly indispensable, and this she could only secure by walking.

She had arranged with her cousin Pierrette to take her place in the curé's household during her absence; and now all things were prepared for her departure, which was to take place before even the early June dawn, that she might get beyond the risk of recognition while Auray and its neighbourhood was yet buried in sleep.

Strange, terrible, and yet crossed with gleams of stormy sunshine, had been the experience of those last few days to Jeanne. Happily her child was a healthy and a quiet one, and passed most of the hours of its first days in sleep. Still what agonies of vigilance lest its occasional cries should be heard, lest the frequency of her visits to its hiding-place should be noticed, lest Claude should, at any time, track her there unawares! Yet, with all this, the passionate love she had for the infant; the ecstasies of maternal pride and tenderness that not all the shame, and terror, and suffering of her situation could smother, gave her moments she would have purchased at almost any price; and though the child's removal would put an end to this perpetual state of anxious terror, she yet dreaded the separation almost as much as she desired the relief.

She had not confided her secret to any one; though she had been forced tacitly to admit the truth to her cousin Pierrette, who suspected it, but who, after a few leading questions, had, in pity, forborne to inquire further, and who did not come to take her place till some hours after her departure.

Before daylight, Jeanne, with her precious burden sleeping in her arms, and a basket containing the child's clothes and some little provision for the journey, stole out of the presbytère, and through the garden wicket, into the sleeping village, whose length she had to traverse before gaining the road to Montrouge.

The moon had set, and though some stars still twinkled, the night was densely dark. Trembling, listening, seeking to penetrate the obscurity, she paused an instant before the church to assure herself she was unobserved, ere she fairly started on her way. At first all was dead silence; then she fancied she heard—fancied she saw—something, that had been crouching by the white wall of the garden, near the gate, stir and rise slowly. Like a deer that suddenly scents its pursuers, she turned and fled, finding her way through the dark street and over the rough sharp stones rather by instinct than sight, stopping not till the rapidity of her course had so exhausted her breath that she was forced to pause to regain it.

By this time she was well out in the open country, and the dim line of the white road just sufficiently visible to her eyes, accustomed to the darkness, to secure her against the danger of losing her way. Then she began to feel a little reassured, and to try to reason away her

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late panic: it might have been fancy altogether, the effect of an over-tired brain; or, as the impression had been so strong that she could not quite overcome it by any attempts to refuse the evidence of her senses, she persuaded herself that what she could not deny she had seen and heard was a dog, goat, or other animal, that her footsteps had disturbed. So probable, indeed, did this solution appear, that, her reason having nothing to suggest to contradict it, she was fain to reassure herself with such explanation, and, turning her thoughts as well as steps forward, she began once more to rehearse the dreaded scene of confession to her mother, who was utterly ignorant of the events that were so suddenly to be brought before her, and whose alleged illness had been, of course, merely a pretext to make this escape.

By the time that the June morning was in its waking flush, Jeanne had got so far on her way, without immediately encountering any one, that she now began to feel there was comparatively little risk of detection. Still, she said to herself, she must yet push on, and not think of wasting a moment of the so precious morning hours. But, ere she had got much further on her way, she began to feel that she was not in a condition to travel either very fast or very far, and she reflected that it would be better to husband her strength before fatigue overcame it, than to put it all forth at once, and perhaps unfit herself for the completion of her journey.

There was, she knew, not much further on, a little wood, and she now resolved that there should end her first stage. She could find shelter, rest, and concealment among the trees, without going far from the road, and this repose, with some food, would, she hoped, quite recruit her to continue her journey by two or three easy stages, if she found she could not make the rest of it in one. So she walked on bravely, keeping a look-out for the little wood.

Suddenly a turn of the road brought her on a party of men, women, and children, half gipsies, half strollers, seated in a green spot by the highway, round their fire. One or two of them looked at her as she passed, but took no further notice, and she continued her way till some hundred yards further on, she perceived, sitting at the foot of a tree, a woman whose general appearance seemed to mark her as one of the party she had just left behind, but whose attitude of grief, her body crouched together, her head bowed down on her hands, might sufficiently account for her thus isolating herself from the rest.

Hearing a footstep, she looked up, and showed a dark face, still young, but marked with an expression of despair so intense, so hopeless, and at the same time, so sullen, that Jeanne's quiet sense of compassion for her was tinged with a touch of fear, and she instinctively shrank from the long, fixed gaze with which the woman followed her. After she had passed, she looked back, and perceiving she was still the object of the same uncomfortable scrutiny, a thousand vague anxieties assailed her.

She tried to recal the face, to remember where and how she could ever have seen it before; but her memory entirely failed to bring before her any previous association with it, and fancying that the woman must have been deceived by some mistaken identity, she tried to dismiss the subject from her mind. Shortly after, coming within sight of the wood where she proposed to rest, the sense of approaching relief turned her thoughts into another channel.

Turning from the road, she soon found a spot that seemed perfectly suited to her purpose: a couch of thick moss, hidden from the highway, not alone by the intervening trees, but by a bank, overshadowed by a great gnarled and hollow oak, and further cooled and freshened by the flow of a little brook. Here she sat down, bathed her hot and dusty face and hands, and having eaten some of the food she had brought with her, and nursed her child, she settled herself for repose. With the murmur of the brook and the faint regular respiration of her infant in her ears, the soft green light, with here and there a little spot of blue heaven, or a white sailing cloud passing before her upturned face, in her eyes, the sense of all outward things became confounded, and she fell into the first really profound and dreamless sleep she had known for many weeks.

Then there came, stealing along with cat-like footfall and suspended breath, parting, with strong but cautious hand, the flexile branches, stopping by moments to look and listen, then creeping on again, the woman with the terrible face; far more terrible now from the feline intensity of greedy purpose stamped in every line of it. A few more long, lithe, crawling steps brought her beside the mother and child.

Noiselessly she stooped over them, pausing and gazing, never for an instant relenting in her purpose, but studying the best means to execute it. The child lay clasped in the fold of the mother's arm, and now to withdraw it without disturbing her was at once the woman's desire and difficulty. Plucking a stem of feather-grass, she, with its fringed tip, touched the back of Jeanne's hand, ready to drop and crouch behind her, so that should the sleeper be so far disturbed as to open her eyes, her tormentor might not be visible. But, as the latter guessed, her sleep was too profound for this, and she merely twitched her hand, and then, on a repetition of the application, threw out the arm on the ground beside her, leaving the infant exposed.

In a second it was in the dark woman's grasp, and she was up and away, one arm clasping it close to her breast, the other hand ready to lay on its mouth and still its cries, if it should attempt to utter any; but it only started and murmured in its sleep, and was quiet again.

The woman sped on without pausing an instant till she came to a spot in the wood, removed a considerable distance from where Jeanne lay, but still only on the border, her course having been nearly parallel to the high road, though not visible from it. Here she paused, and kneeling by a little spot where the ground had been newly disturbed, though a

careful covering of moss and dead leaves almost concealed the part, she bent, and, kissing the sod, murmured:

"Adieu, little angel; le bon Dieu has given me one to replace thee!" Then, rising, she once more sped onward, and was soon out of sight.

It was past mid-day when Jeanne awoke, with a terrible dream of the dark woman.

She knew, the instant she found her child gone, what had become of it; but that was small guide, nor greater comfort. Wild and desperate, all thought but that of recovering the baby left her; she cared not who might recognise her, who might know her disgrace; could proclaiming it in the streets of Auray have brought back what she had lost, willingly would she have paid such a price for its restoration. But what to do now? how to trace the woman? In the horrible shock and confusion of her senses, no definite plan at first presented itself; but when, by a violent and determined effort, she collected them, she saw the only chance for her was to retrace her steps to where the strollers had been assembled, and endeavour from them to obtain some clue.

Turning backward, then, she rapidly traversed the ground she had so wearily trodden some hours before. A wayfarer, plodding through the dust, paused to look after the distracted woman, and a little boy herding goats by the wayside crossed himself with mingled fear and pity.

She came at last to the spot she sought; but it was vacant. The brands yet smouldered on the burnt turf, scraps of rags, and dirty paper, and straw littered the ground, the grass still lay crushed and trampled by the dusty feet. But the wanderers were gone, and Jeanne recollected with a feeling of agony that a little further on, three roads branched off in different directions, and that unless she could fall on some accidental trace of their course the chances were two to one against her taking the right one. She traced the way back to where the roads separated. The probabilities seemed altogether in favour of their keeping the main road, which led to Auray. In her despair she had just decided on retracing her steps even thither, when the figure of a man in the distance, coming from that direction, raised a gleam of hope. Hastily joining him, she asked him if he had met the party she described. The man stared at her, took off his hat, deliberately wiped his face with the dirty coloured handkerchief it contained, restored the handkerchief to the hat and the hat to the head, and then replied in the negative.

"Where had he come from? From far? From beyond Auray-le-Clocher?"

He nodded.

"Then he must have seen them if they had passed?"

"Probably."

"But there were so many of them, and they looked so different to ordinary travellers; and they had a van, with a white horse! He *could* not be mistaken if he had seen them at all!"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Savoir! he had rested by the way, he might have slept, they might have passed him while he was asleep."

Jeanne could get nothing more out of him, but still, maddening as was his stolidity, she was disposed to gather from his replies that the chances were against the travellers having taken that route. She resolved to let chance guide her steps, and therefore, with an instinctive shrinking from the glare of the sun, chose the more shady.

On, and on, and on, till her feet were blistered, and her knees trembled, and her head throbbed. On and on till sunset. On and on till nightfall. No trace, no sign, no hope. Then she lay down under a bank by the wayside, and felt so utterly broken that she longed for death. But she was too young and too strong for death to make so easy a prey, and sheer exhaustion plunged her into a sleep that lasted till the chill of the coming dawn roused her, stiff and sore, covered with dust, damp with dew, but having no thought beyond that of continuing her search.

Thus for two days and two nights more she wandered, and wandered in vain. Then, with what little power of mind was still left her, she decided to return to Auray, and rather with the instinct that directs a dog on his homeward way than by any more reasoned process, she traced her route back to the presbytère by the evening of the fourth day.

In vain Pierrette questioned her; in vain Claude crept to her side and timidly looked up in her haggard face. She had no answer to give, but shook her head and rocked herself in her chair, or stared blankly into the fire. The curé had gone for a game of billiards to the Mairie, and Pierrette could only get her to go passively to bed—all attempts to induce her to touch food were vain—and sit by her till, to get rid of the well-intentioned cares of her cousin, Jeanne turned her face to the wall, and pretended to sleep.

Some weeks went by, and Jeanne had fallen into her usual course of duties; but quite mechanically, and as one to whom nothing in life could give a moment of interest or excitement. Her state of mind was a sort of dull, lifeless fatalism, that accepted all things as parts of a crushing, relentless destiny, which she could neither comprehend nor resist, and which she could only bow under so long as her strength lasted. But it was fated that she should be roused from this condition, and in a startling manner.

She was arrested on a charge of infanticide.

At the trial the chain of evidence was painfully conclusive. Her attachment to Eugène Landry had been known, and her condition had, for many weeks back, been more than suspected in the village.

The widow Gausset was the principal witness against her. This woman happened to be about the house more than once at night during the ensuing week; she had heard distinctly, in the darkness and in the silence, the cries of a newborn infant proceeding from the house; she

happened again, by another of the same strange chances, to be in the street, near the presbytère, not long after midnight on the sixth night after the wedding; she had been surprised and startled by hearing some one come out of the curé's garden; she had watched to see who it might be, and, though the night was dark, she had been able to distinguish a woman, carrying something in her arms, who fled on seeing her. The widow Gausset, much surprised at this circumstance, had gone the next day to the presbytère to relate what she had witnessed, deeming it a duty so to do. She had found Jeanne gone, to see her dying mother, as she was told. She had not much believed the story, but she had thought the affair was no business of hers; she did not wish to compromise the girl, so she had said no more about the matter at the time.

But since then she had reflected a good deal on the matter, and several circumstances (the last and most important of which had caused her to feel the necessity of revealing all she herself knew on the subject) had, strangely enough, been brought before her. In her wanderings—for she gained a living by going about to the neighbouring farms and villages, subsisting on the charity of all good souls, or by effecting cures on cattle that were sick, or affected by the evil eye, or other charms—she had visited Jeanne's mother, and, on speaking to her of her illness and of her daughter's visit, had been amazed to learn that the old woman had never been ill, and had never seen her daughter. Finding this, her suspicions had been so much excited that she—always as a matter of duty—had made every inquiry in the neighbourhood and on the road between Montrouge and Auray, and had learned that several persons had seen a young woman whose description precisely answered Jeanne's appearance. For instance, a wayfaring man, who had found a job of work at Montrouge, which had kept him there for some time, and a little goatherd, especially, had seen her come out of a wood by the roadside, in such an agitated condition that they had fancied her mad. These persons being called, their evidence wholly corroborated the Mère Gausset's testimony. Lastly, came the circumstance which, as the old widow declared, had made her feel it was imperative on her to bring to light all she had learned respecting the affair:

Returning from Montrouge, she was accompanied by a dog that she had cured of the distemper, and that she was taking back to his owner at Auray. Arrived at the wood described by the last witnesses, the dog had run in among the trees, and being unable to bring him back by calling, and fearing to lose him, she had followed to a certain spot, where she found him tearing up the ground with his paws. Finding all efforts to get him away impossible, she had, in some curiosity, further excited by the fact that the ground had evidently been lately disturbed, waited to ascertain what might be the object of his search, and shortly, to her horror and amazement, she saw revealed the body of an infant.

Here the mayor of Auray deposed to the old woman's having made known to him her discovery; of his having, accompanied by her and the other witnesses, gone to the spot and found the body (she had covered it up loosely again, and, by tying a handkerchief round the dog's neck, had dragged him away from it by force); and of his having confided it for examination to Dr. Lenormand, whose testimony followed.

The doctor declared that, in consequence of the state of decomposition in which the body was found, it was impossible to say exactly how old the infant might have been—but probably a week or ten days, possibly a fortnight. There were no marks of external violence on it, but, as far as he could judge, from its existing condition, there was reason to suspect that it might have been smothered. He had seen one or two cases of infants that had been overlain, where the respiratory organs had presented appearances to which those in the case in question seemed to bear a strong analogy.

Pierrette, the curé, last of all Jeanne's mother, were called in to bear evidence, and what they had to say could in no degree invalidate the testimony of the previous witnesses.

So Jeanne Decaisne was declared guilty of child-murder, with the plea, usual in France, where the life of the culprit is at stake (except in cases of the most exaggerated atrocity), of extenuating circumstances. She was sentenced to the travaux forcés for life.

Jeanne was carried from the court in a state of insensibility. Next morning, when, at dawn, the gaoler entered her cell, he found her crouched in a heap in the remotest corner. He spoke to her, but when, obtaining no answer, he laid his hand on her shoulder, she sprang at him, demanding her child; and such was her violence, that it required three men to hold her down and bind her. From this state, which lasted, with little intermission, for some weeks, she gradually fell into one of dull, apathetic imbecility, and, in that condition, as she was generally harmless, though occasionally, and at long intervals, subject to fits of passion, her mother was permitted to take her to her own home, where she remained till the period of the old woman's death, which occurred some twelve or thirteen years later. Then Claude, who, thanks to his own steadiness and intelligence, and to the curé's protection, had got an excellent place as gardener at the neighbouring Château de Plancy, took on himself the charge of the afflicted woman.

Sixteen years had slipped away, bringing their changes to Auray-le-Clocher.

The curé, though an aged, was still a hale and hearty man, and went about his duties with little diminished activity. His eye and his hand at billiards were not what they used to be, but, on the other hand, his skill in the cultivation of his roses had so much increased, that one of them gained the prize at the horticultural show of the chief town of the department, and became known all over France as the Beauty of Auray. The Mère Gausset, whose reputation of witchcraft, with the dread and dislike that belonged to it, had become yet more general since Jeanne's

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conviction, had grown paralytic and half-crazed, and not even the strongest-minded of the inhabitants of the village could pass by where the hag would lie crouching in some sunny corner, a hideous spectacle, mumbling and mowing, or at intervals bursting into impotent shrieking rages at some fancied affront, without shuddering and crossing themselves.

Great preparations were made, as usual, for the fête of Auray. The altar of Sainte Suzanne, the patroness of the village, was newly decorated, and adorned with fresh flowers, among which shone conspicuous some of the curé's best roses, and various specimens of young Claude's skill in horticulture. Next came the procession, with all its attendant pomps of music (so called), banners, and priestly vestments, rich with silk, gold, and embroidery; and then the fair, where, in booths, were collected enough bad gingerbread to sicken the youth of both sexes of Auray for the next ten days. Beside these were ornaments of glass and china, dolls, toys, baskets, brooms, mats, watering-pots, farm, garden, and household implements of every description; and as to melons, large, pale yellow, smooth-coated fruits, closely related to pumpkins, it seemed as if all the land about Auray must have been exclusively devoted to their culture. You saw them piled in heaps, you saw them separately, you saw them whole, you saw them divided; the air was redolent of melons, the ground was encumbered with melon-rinds; women carried them under their arms, men cut them up with the clasp-knife that answers to every mechanical need of the French peasant, and children gnawed every eatable particle from the rinds. Then there were swings and merry-go-rounds, with wooden horses, and boards for a game distantly related to bagatelle, and there was shooting at a plaster figure with the arbalète or cross-bow, and there were a few shows of a humble character.

But the great attraction was reserved for the evening, when, in an interval of the dancing, some wonderful performances, chiefly of a dramatic character, though the acrobatic, pyrotechnic, and prestidigitatory elements of entertainment were not wanting, were to take place, executed by a strolling company.

The public, on the payment of one sou for those who were content to stand, of three for such as desired the luxury of seats, were admitted into a temporary enclosure formed of mats, canvas, and old tarpaulins stretched on posts planted in the sward, and the entertainment commenced by a short, wiry individual, with a swarthy face, keen black eyes, and fabulous head of frizzly black hair, performing a frenzied dance, blindfold, in a space of about two square yards, where were laid six eggs, without breaking one of them. This feat completed, amid the applause of the spectators, the gentleman, tearing the bandage from his eyes, made a sweeping bow to the company, and retreated with a short backward run behind the canvas screen, which formed the green-room.

In a few seconds issued from the same retreat a dark hard-featured woman, looking considerably past forty, though she had probably hardly reached that age, accompanied by a slight girl of from fifteen to seventeen, who, though thin and worn-looking, had some beauty in a pair of large soft blue eyes, and a profusion of rich waved brown hair.

Having sung one or two songs, to the woman's accompaniment on a cracked guitar, the girl, taking from her hand a tambourine, began to dance to the same music, and the spectators were in the height of their enjoyment, when there came a movement from behind, attended with a cry that sent a shudder through the assembly, and Jeanne, clearing the way before her, as the course of some furious animal divides the densest crowd, plunged forward, and seizing the left hand of the dancer, turned upwards the under side of the wrist. There, traversed by blue veins, and agitated by the throbbing of the pulse, was a rose-coloured mark, in size and shape not unlike a rose-leaf.

"My child!" the poor soul shrieked, and clasped the dancer in an embrace in which seemed to be concentrated all the love so long cheated of its object; but the girl shrank from her in terror, and it was to the dark woman that she appealed with cries of "Mother!" for protection. Then came a struggle, a whirl, a heavy fall, the crash and smell and smoke of extinguished lights, a confusion from which the girl with difficulty extricated herself, and when the terrified bystanders at last succeeded in separating the women, the gipsy's lifeless head dropped forward—she was dead.

Jeanne lingered two days between life and death, between reason and insanity. At the last she recovered sufficiently to establish beyond doubt the identity of the little dancer with her stolen child. Assisted in her last moments by the curé, and attended by Claude and Rose, her daughter, she passed out of her troubled life quietly and in peace.

Claude took Rose to his own home, and married her as soon as it was possible to get through the brief preliminaries necessary. They lived, and died, and were buried peacefully at Auray, where, as has been said, many of their descendants are still settled, and where this chain of circumstances is still preserved.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

IX.

ONCE out of sight of the church, I pressed forward briskly on my way to Knowlesbury.

The road was, for the most part, straight and level. Whenever I looked back over it, I saw the two spies, steadily following me. For the greater part of the way, they kept at a safe distance behind. But, once or twice, they quickened their pace, as if with the purpose of overtaking me—then stopped—consulted together—and fell back again to their former position. They had some special object evidently in view; and they seemed to be hesitating, or differing about the best means of accomplishing it. I could not guess exactly what their design might be; but I felt serious doubts of reaching Knowlesbury without some mischance on the way.

I had just entered on a lonely part of the road, with a sharp turn at some distance ahead, and had concluded (calculating by time) that I must now be getting near to the town, when I suddenly heard the steps of the men close behind me.

Before I could look round, one of them (the man by whom I had been followed in London) passed rapidly on my left side, and hustled me with his shoulder. I had been more irritated by the manner in which he and his companion had dogged my steps all the way from Old Welmingham than I was myself aware of; and I unfortunately pushed the fellow away smartly with my open hand. He instantly shouted for help. His companion, the tall man in the gamekeeper's clothes, sprang to my right side—and the next moment the two scoundrels held me pinioned between them in the middle of the road.

The conviction that a trap had been laid for me, and the vexation of knowing that I had fallen into it, fortunately restrained me from making my position still worse by an unavailing struggle with two men—one of whom would in all probability have been more than a match for me, single handed. I repressed the first natural movement by which I had attempted to shake them off, and looked about to see if there was any person near to whom I could appeal.

A labourer was at work in an adjoining field, who must have witnessed all that had passed. I called to him to follow us to the town. He shook his head with stolid obstinacy, and walked away, in the direction of a cottage which stood back from the high road. At the same time the men who held me between them declared their intention of charging me with an assault. I was cool enough and wise enough, now, to make no opposition. "Drop your hold of my arms," I said, "and I will go with you to the town." The man in the gamekeeper's dress roughly refused. But the shorter man was sharp enough to look to consequences, and not to let his companion commit himself by unnecessary violence. He made a sign to the other, and I walked on between them, with my arms free.

We reached the turning in the road; and there, close before us, were the suburbs of Knowlesbury. One of the local policemen was walking along the path by the roadside. The men at once appealed to him. He replied that the magistrate was then sitting at the town-hall; and recommended that we should appear before him immediately.

We went on to the town-hall. The clerk made out a formal summons; and the charge was preferred against me, with the customary exaggeration and the customary perversion of the truth, on such occasions. The magistrate (an ill-tempered man, with a sour enjoyment in the exercise of his own power) inquired if any one on, or near, the road had witnessed the assault; and, greatly to my surprise, the complainant admitted the presence of the labourer in the field. I was enlightened, however, as to the object of the admission, by the magistrate's next words. He remanded me, at once, for the production of the witness; expressing, at the same time, his willingness to take bail for my reappearance, if I could produce one responsible surety to offer it. If I had been known in the town, he would have liberated me on my own recognisances; but, as I was a total stranger, it was necessary that I should find responsible bail.

The whole object of the stratagem was now disclosed to me. It had been so managed as to make a remand necessary in a town where I was a perfect stranger, and where I could not hope to get my liberty on bail. The remand merely extended over three days, until the next sitting of the magistrate. But, in that time, while I was in confinement, Sir Percival might use any means he pleased to embarrass my future proceedihgs—perhaps to screen himself from detec-

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tion altogether—without the slightest fear of any hindrance on my part. At the end of the three days, the charge would, no doubt, be withdrawn; and the attendance of the witness would be perfectly useless.

My indignation, I may almost say, my despair, at this mischievous check to all further progress—so base and trifling in itself, and yet so disheartening and so serious in its probable results—quite unfitted me, at first, to reflect on the best means of extricating myself from the dilemma in which I now stood. I had the folly to call for writing materials, and to think of privately communicating my real position to the magistrate. The hopelessness and the imprudence of this proceeding failed to strike me before I had actually written the opening lines of the letter. It was not till I had pushed the paper away—not till, I am ashamed to say, I had almost allowed the vexation of my helpless position to conquer me—that a course of action suddenly occurred to my mind, which Sir Percival had probably not anticipated, and which might set me free again in a few hours. I determined to communicate my situation to Mr. Dawson, of Oak Lodge.

I had visited this gentleman's house, it may be remembered, at the time of my first inquiries in the Blackwater Park neighbourhood; and I had presented to him a letter of introduction from Miss Halcombe, in which she recommended me to his friendly attention in the strongest terms. I now wrote, referring to this letter, and to what I had previously told Mr. Dawson of the delicate and dangerous nature of my inquiries. I had not revealed to him the truth about Laura; having merely described my errand as being of the utmost importance to private family interests with which Miss Halcombe was concerned. Using the same caution still, I now accounted for my presence at Knowlesbury in the same manner—and I put it to the doctor to say whether the trust reposed in me by a lady whom he well knew, and the hospitality I had myself received in his house, justified me or not in asking him to come to my assistance in a place where I was quite friendless.

I obtained permission to hire a messenger to drive away at once with my letter, in a conveyance which might be used to bring the doctor back immediately. Oak Lodge was on the Knowlesbury side of Blackwater. The man declared he could drive there in forty minutes, and could bring Mr. Dawson back in forty more. I directed him to follow the doctor wherever he might happen to be, if he was not at home—and then sat down to wait for the result with all the patience and all the hope that I could summon to help me.

It was not quite half-past one when the messenger departed. Before half-past three, he returned, and brought the doctor with him. Mr. Dawson's kindness, and the delicacy with which he treated his prompt assistance quite as a matter of course, almost overpowered me. Bail was offered, and accepted immediately. Before four o'clock, on that afternoon, I was shaking hands warmly with the good old doctor—a free man again—in the streets of Knowlesbury.

Mr. Dawson hospitably invited me to go back with him to Oak Lodge, and take up my quarters there for the night. I could only reply that my time was not my own; I could only ask him to let me pay my visit in a few days, when I might repeat my thanks, and offer to him all the explanations which I felt to be only his due, but which I was not then in a position to make. We parted with friendly assurances on both sides; and I turned my steps at once to Mr. Wansborough's office in the High-street.

Time was now of the last importance. The news of my being free on bail would reach Sir Percival, to an absolute certainty, before night. If the next few hours did not put me in a position to justify his worst fears, and to hold him helpless at my mercy, I might lose every inch of the ground I had gained, never to recover it again. The unscrupulous nature of the man, the local influence he possessed, the desperate peril of exposure with which my blindfold inquiries threatened him—all warned me to press on to positive discovery, without the useless waste of a single minute. I had found time to think, while I was waiting for Mr. Dawson's arrival; and I had well employed it. Certain portions of the conversation of the talkative old clerk, which had wearied me at the time, now recurred to my memory with a new significance; and a suspicion crossed my mind darkly, which had not occurred to me while I was in the vestry. On my way to Knowlesbury, I had only proposed to apply to Mr. Wansborough for information on the subject of Sir Percival's mother. My object, now, was to examine the duplicate register of Old Welmingham Church.

Mr. Wansborough was in his office when I inquired for him.

He was a jovial, red-faced, easy-looking man—more like a country squire than a lawyer—and he seemed to be both surprised and amused by my application. He had heard of his father's copy of the register; but had not even seen it himself. It had never been inquired after—and it was no doubt in the strong-room, among other old papers that had not been disturbed since his father's death. It was a pity (Mr. Wansborough said) that the old gentleman was not alive to hear his precious copy asked for at last. He would have ridden his favourite hobby harder than ever, now. How had I come to hear of the copy? was it through anybody in the town?

I parried the question as well as I could. It was impossible at this stage of the investigation to be too cautious; and it was just as well not to let Mr. Wansborough know prematurely that I had already examined the original register. I described myself, therefore, as pursuing a family inquiry, to the object of which every possible saving of time was of great importance. I was anxious to send certain particulars to London by that day's post; and one look at the duplicate register (paying, of course, the necessary fees) might supply what I required, and save me a further journey to Old Welmingham. I added

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that, in the event of my subsequently requiring a copy of the original register, I should make application to Mr. Wansborough's office to furnish me with the document.

After this explanation, no objection was made to producing the copy. A clerk was sent to the strong-room, and, after some delay, returned with the volume. It was of exactly the same size as the volume in the vestry; the only difference being that the copy was more smartly bound. I took it with me to an unoccupied desk. My hands trembled—my head was burning hot—I felt the necessity of concealing my agitation from the persons about me in the room, before I ventured to open the book.

On the blank page at the beginning, to which I first turned, were traced some lines, in faded ink. They contained these words:

"Copy of the Marriage Register of Welmingham Parish Church. Executed under my orders; and afterwards compared, entry by entry, with the original, by myself. (Signed) Robert Wansborough, vestry-clerk." Below this note, there was a line added, in another handwriting, as follows: "Extending from the first of January, 1800, to the thirtieth of June, 1815."

I turned to the month of September, eighteen hundred and three. I found the marriage of the man whose Christian name was the same as my own. I found the double register of the marriages of the two brothers. And between these entries at the bottom of the page——?

Nothing! Not a vestige of the entry which recorded the marriage of Sir Felix Glyde and Cecilia Jane Elster, in the register of the church!

My heart gave a great bound, and throbbed as if it would stifle me. I looked again—I was afraid to believe the evidence of my own eyes. No! not a doubt. The marriage was not there. The entries on the copy occupied exactly the same places on the page as the entries in the original. The last entry on one page recorded the marriage of the man with my Christian name. Below it, there was a blank space—a space evidently left because it was too narrow to contain the entry of the marriages of the two brothers, which in the copy, as in the original, occupied the top of the next page. That space told the whole story! There it must have remained, in the church register, from eighteen hundred and three (when the marriages had been solemnised and the copy had been made) to eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, when Sir Percival appeared at Old Welmingham. Here, at Knowlesbury, was the chance of committing the forgery, shown to me in the copy—and there, at Old Welmingham, was the forgery committed, in the register of the church!

My head turned giddy; I held by the desk to keep myself from falling. Of all the suspicions which had struck me, in relation to that desperate man, not one had been near the truth. The idea that he was not Sir Percival Glyde at all, that he had no more claim to the baronetcy and to Blackwater Park than the poorest labourer who worked on the estate, had never once occurred to my mind. At one time, I had thought he might be Anne Catherick's father; at another time, I had thought he might have been Anne Catherick's husband—the offence of which he was really guilty had been, from first to last, beyond the widest reach of my imagination. The paltry means by which the fraud had been effected, the magnitude and daring of the crime that it represented, the horror of the consequences involved in its discovery, overwhelmed me. Who could wonder, now, at the brute-restlessness of the wretch's life; at his desperate alternations between abject duplicity and reckless violence; at the madness of guilty distrust which had made him imprison Anne Catherick in the Asylum, and had given him over to the vile conspiracy against his wife, on the bare suspicion that the one and the other knew his terrible secret? The disclosure of that secret might, in past years, have hanged him—might now transport him for life. The disclosure of that secret, even if the sufferers by his deception spared him the penalties of the law, would deprive him, at one blow, of the name, the rank, the estate, the whole social existence that he had usurped. This was the Secret, and it was mine! A word from me; and house, lands, baronetcy, were gone from him for ever—a word from me, and he was driven out into the world a nameless, penniless, friendless outcast! The man's whole future hung on my lips—and he knew it, by this time, as certainly as I did!

That last thought steadied me. Interests far more precious than my own depended on the caution which must now guide my slightest actions. There was no possible treachery which Sir Percival might not attempt against me. In the danger and desperation of his position, he would be staggered by no risks, he would recoil at no crime—he would, literally, hesitate at nothing to save himself.

I considered for a minute. My first necessity was to secure positive evidence, in writing, of the discovery that I had just made, and, in the event of any personal misadventure happening to me, to place that evidence beyond Sir Percival's reach. The copy of the register was sure to be safe in Mr. Wansborough's strong-room. But the position of the original, in the vestry, was, as I had seen, anything but secure.

In this emergency, I resolved to return to the church, to apply again to the clerk, and to take the necessary extract from the register, before I slept that night. I was not then aware that a legally-certified copy was necessary, and that no document merely drawn out by myself could claim the proper importance, as a proof. I was not aware of this; and my determination to keep my present proceedings a secret, prevented me from asking any questions which might have procured the necessary information. My one anxiety was the anxiety to get back to Old Welmingham. I made the best excuses I could for the discomposure in my face and manner, which Mr. Wansborough had already noticed; laid the necessary

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fee on his table; arranged that I should write to him, in a day or two; and left the office, with my head in a whirl, and my blood throbbing through my veins at fever heat.

It was just getting dark. The idea occurred to me that I might be followed again, and attacked on the high road.

My walking-stick was a light one, of little or no use for purposes of defence. I stopped, before leaving Knowlesbury, and bought a stout country cudgel, short, and heavy at the head. With this homely weapon, if any one man tried to stop me, I was a match for him. If more than one attacked me, I could trust to my heels. In my school-days, I had been a noted runner—and I had not wanted for practice since, in the later time of my experience in Central America.

I started from the town at a brisk pace, and kept the middle of the road. A small misty rain was falling; and it was impossible, for the first half of the way, to make sure whether I was followed or not. But at the last half of my journey, when I supposed myself to be about two miles from the church, I saw a man run by me in the rain—and then heard the gate of a field by the roadside shut to, sharply. I kept straight on, with my cudgel ready in my hand, my ears on the alert, and my eyes straining to see through the mist and the darkness. Before I had advanced a hundred yards, there was a rustling in the hedge on my right hand, and three men sprang out into the road.

I instantly drew aside to the footpath. The two foremost men were carried beyond me, before they could check themselves. The third was as quick as lightning. He stopped—half turned—and struck at me with his stick. The blow was aimed at hazard, and was not a severe one. It fell on my left shoulder. I returned it heavily on his head. He staggered back, and jostled his two companions, just as they were both rushing at me. This gave me a moment's start. I slipped past them, and took to the middle of the road again, at the top of my speed.

The two unhurt men pursued me. They were both good runners; the road was smooth and level; and, for the first five minutes or more, I was conscious that I did not gain on them. It was perilous work to run for long in the darkness. I could barely see the dim black line of the hedges on either side; and any chance obstacle in the road would have thrown me down to a certainty. Ere long, I felt the ground changing: it descended from the level, at a turn, and then rose again beyond. Down-hill, the men rather gained on me; but, up-hill, I began to distance them. The rapid, regular thump of their feet grew fainter on my ear; and I calculated by the sound that I was far enough in advance to take to the fields, with a good chance of their passing me in the darkness. Diverging to the footpath, I made for the first break that I could guess at, rather than see, in the hedge. It proved to be a closed gate. I vaulted over, and finding myself in a field, kept across it steadily, with my back to the road. I heard the men pass the gate, still running—then, in a minute more, heard one of them call to the other to come back. It was no matter what they did, now; I was out of their sight and out of their hearing. I kept straight across the field, and, when I had reached the further extremity of it, waited there for a minute to recover my breath.

It was impossible to venture back to the road; but I was determined, nevertheless, to get to Old Welmingham that evening.

Neither moon nor stars appeared to guide me. I only knew that I had kept the wind and rain at my back on leaving Knowlesbury—and if I now kept them at my back still, I might at least be certain of not advancing altogether in the wrong direction. Proceeding on this plan, I crossed the country—meeting with no worse obstacles than hedges, ditches, and thickets, which every now and then obliged me to alter my course for a little while—until I found myself on a hill-side, with the ground sloping away steeply before me. I descended to the bottom of the hollow, squeezed my way through a hedge, and got out into a lane. Having turned to the right on leaving the road, I now turned to the left, on the chance of returning to the line from which I had wandered. After following the muddy windings of the lane for ten minutes or more, I saw a cottage with a light in one of the windows. The garden gate was open to the lane; and I went in at once to inquire my way.

Before I could knock at the door, it was suddenly opened, and a man came running out with a lighted lantern in his hand. He stopped and held it up at the sight of me. We both started as we saw each other. My wanderings had led me round the outskirts of the village, and had brought me out at the lower end of it. I was back at Old Welmingham; and the man with the lantern was no other than my acquaintance of the morning, the parish clerk.

His manner appeared to have altered strangely, in the interval since I had last seen him. He looked suspicious and confused; his ruddy cheeks were deeply flushed; and his first words, when he spoke, were quite unintelligible to me.

"Where are the keys?" he said. "Have you taken them?"

"What keys?" I asked. "I have only this moment come from Knowlesbury. What keys do you mean?"

"The keys of the vestry. Lord save us and help us! what shall I do? The keys are gone! Do you hear?" The old man shook the lantern at me in his agitation. "The keys are gone!"

"How? When? Who can have taken them?"

"I don't know," said the clerk, staring about him wildly in the darkness. "I've only just got back. I told you I had a long day's work this morning—I locked the door, and shut the window down—it's open now, the window's open. Look! somebody has got in there, and taken the keys."

He turned to the casement-window to show me that it was wide open. The door of the lantern came loose from its fastening as he swayed it round; and the wind blew the candle out.

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"Get another light," I said; "and let us both go to the vestry together. Quick! quick!"

I hurried him into the house. The treachery that I had every reason to expect, the treachery that might deprive me of every advantage I had gained, was, at that moment, perhaps, in process of accomplishment. My impatience to reach the church was so great, that I could not remain inactive in the cottage while the clerk lit the lantern again. I walked out, down the garden path, into the lane.

Before I had advanced ten paces, a man approached me from the direction leading to the church. He spoke respectfully as we met. I could not see his face; but, judging by his voice only, he was a perfect stranger to me.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Percival——" he began.

I stopped him before he could say more.

"The darkness misleads you," I said. "I am not Sir Percival."

The man drew back directly.

"I thought it was my master," he muttered, in a confused, doubtful way.

"You expected to meet your master here?"

"I was told to wait in the lane."

With that answer, he retraced his steps. I looked back at the cottage, and saw the clerk coming out, with the lantern lighted once more. I took the old man's arm to help him on the more quickly. We hastened along the lane, and passed the person who had accosted me. As well as I could see by the light of the lantern, he was a servant out of livery.

"Who's that?" whispered the clerk. "Does he know anything about the keys?"

"We won't wait to ask him," I replied. "We will go on to the vestry first."

The church was not visible, even by daytime, until the end of the lane was reached. As we mounted the rising ground which led to the building from that point, one of the village children—a boy—came up to us, attracted by the light we carried, and recognised the clerk.

"I say, measter," said the boy, pulling officiously at the clerk's coat, "there be summun up yander in the church. I heerd un lock the door on hisself—I heerd un strike a loight wi' a match."

The clerk trembled, and leaned against me heavily.

"Come! come!" I said, encouragingly. "We are not too late. We will catch the man, whoever he is. Keep the lantern, and follow me as fast as you can."

I mounted the hill rapidly. The dark mass of the church-tower was the first object I discerned dimly against the night sky. As I turned aside to get round to the vestry, I heard heavy footsteps close to me. The servant had ascended to the church after us. "I don't mean any harm," he said, when I turned round on him; "I'm only looking for my master." His tones betrayed unmistakable fear. I took no notice of him, and went on.

The instant I turned the corner, and came in view of the vestry, I saw the lantern-skylight on the roof brilliantly lit up from within. It shone out with dazzling brightness against the murky, starless sky.

I hurried through the churchyard to the door.

As I got near, there was a strange smell stealing out on the damp night air. I heard a snapping noise inside—I saw the light above grow brighter and brighter—a pane of the glass cracked—I ran to the door, and put my hand on it. The vestry was on fire!

Before I could move, before I could draw my breath, I was horror-struck by a heavy thump against the door, from the inside. I heard the key worked violently in the lock—I heard a man's voice, behind the door, raised to a dreadful shrillness, screaming for help.

The servant, who had followed me, staggered back shuddering, and dropped to his knees. "Oh, my God!" he said; "it's Sir Percival!"

As the words passed his lips, the clerk joined us—and, at the same moment, there was a last grating turn of the key in the lock.

"The Lord have mercy on his soul!" said the old man. "He is doomed and dead. He has hampered the lock."

I rushed to the door. The one absorbing purpose that had filled all my thoughts, that had controlled all my actions, for weeks and weeks past, vanished in an instant from my mind. All remembrance of the heartless injury the man's crimes had inflicted; of the love, the innocence, the happiness he had pitilessly laid waste; of the oath I had sworn in my own heart to summon him to the terrible reckoning that he deserved—passed from my memory like a dream. I remembered nothing but the horror of his situation. I felt nothing but the natural human impulse to save him from a frightful death.

"Try the other door!" I shouted. "Try the door into the church! The lock's hampered. You're a dead man if you waste another moment!"

There had been no renewed cry for help, when the key was turned for the last time. There was no sound, now, of any kind, to give token that he was still alive. I heard nothing but the quickening crackle of the flames, and the sharp snap of the glass in the skylight above.

I looked round at my two companions. The servant had risen to his feet: he had taken the lantern, and was holding it up vacantly at the door. Terror seemed to have struck him with downright idiocy—he waited at my heels, he followed me about when I moved, like a dog. The clerk sat crouched up on one of the tombstones, shivering, and moaning to himself. The one moment in which I looked at them was enough to show me that they were both helpless.

Hardly knowing what I did, acting desperately on the first impulse that occurred to me, I seized the servant and pushed him against the vestry wall. "Stoop!" I said, "and hold by the stones. I am going to climb over you to the roof—I am going to break the skylight, and give him some air!" The man trembled from head to foot, but he held firm. I got on his back, with my cudgel in my mouth; seized the parapet with both hands; and was instantly on

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the roof. In the frantic hurry and agitation of the moment, it never struck me that I might let out the flame instead of letting in the air. I struck at the skylight, and battered in the cracked, loosened glass at a blow. The fire leaped out like a wild beast from its lair. If the wind had not chanced, in the position I occupied, to set it away from me, my exertions might have ended then and there. I crouched on the roof as the smoke poured out above me, with the flame. The gleams and flashes of the light showed me the servant's face staring up vacantly under the wall; the clerk risen to his feet on the tombstone, wringing his hands in despair; and the scanty population of the village, haggard men and terrified women, clustered beyond in the churchyard—all appearing and disappearing, in the red of the dreadful glare, in the black of the choking smoke. And the man beneath my feet!—the man, suffocating, burning, dying so near us all, so utterly beyond our reach!

The thought half maddened me. I lowered myself from the roof, by my hands, and dropped to the ground.

"The key of the church!" I shouted to the clerk. "We must try it that way—we may save him yet if we can burst open the inner door."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man. "No hope! the church key and the vestry key are on the same ring—both inside there! Oh, sir, he's past saving—he's dust and ashes by this time!"

"They'll see the fire from the town," said a voice from among the men behind me. "There's a ingine in the town. They'll save the church."

I called to that man—*he* had his wits about him—I called to him to come and speak to me. It would be a quarter of an hour at least before the town engine could reach us. The horror of remaining inactive, all that time, was more than I could face. In defiance of my own reason I persuaded myself that the doomed and lost wretch in the vestry might still be lying senseless on the floor, might not be dead yet. If we broke open the door, might we save him? I knew the strength of the heavy lock—I knew the thickness of the nailed oak—I knew the hopelessness of assailing the one and the other by ordinary means. But surely there were beams still left in the dismantled cottages near the church? What if we got one, and used it as a battering-ram against the door?

The thought leaped through me, like the fire leaping out of the shattered skylight. I appealed to the man who had spoken first of the fire-engine in the town. "Have you got your pickaxes handy?" Yes; they had. And a hatchet, and a saw, and a bit of rope? Yes! yes! yes! I ran down among the villagers, with the lantern in my hand. "Five shillings apiece to every man who helps me!" They started into life at the words. That ravenous second hunger of poverty—the hunger for money—roused them into tumult and activity in a moment. "Two of you for more lanterns if you have them! Two of you for the pickaxes and the tools! The rest after me to find the beam!" They cheered—with shrill starveling voices they cheered. The women and the children fled back on either side. We rushed in a body down the churchyard path to the first empty cottage. Not a man was left behind but the clerk—the poor old clerk standing on the flat tombstone sobbing and wailing over the church. The servant was still at my heels; his white, helpless, panic-stricken face was close over my shoulder as we pushed into the cottage. There were rafters from the torn-down floor above, lying loose on the ground—but they were too light. A beam ran across over our heads, but not out of reach of our arms and our pickaxes—a beam fast at each end in the ruined wall, with ceiling and flooring all ripped away, and a great gap in the roof above, open to the sky. We attacked the beam at both ends at once. God! how it held—how the brick and mortar of the wall resisted us! We struck, and tugged, and tore. The beam gave at one end—it came down with a lump of brickwork after it. There was a scream from the women all huddled in the doorway to look at us—a shout from the men—two of them down, but not hurt. Another tug all together—and the beam was loose at both ends. We raised it, and gave the word to clear the doorway. Now for the work! now for the rush at the door! There is the fire streaming into the sky, streaming brighter than ever to light us! Steady, along the churchyard path—steady with the beam, for a rush at the door. One, two, three—and off. Out rings the cheering again, irrepressibly. We have shaken it already; the hinges must give, if the lock won't. Another run with the beam! One, two, three—and off. It's loose! the stealthy fire darts at us through the crevice all round it. Another, and a last rush! The door falls in with a crash. A great hush of awe, a stillness of breathless expectation, possesses every living soul of us. We look for the body. The scorching heat on our faces drives us back: we see nothing—above, below, all through the room, we see nothing but a sheet of living fire.

"Where is he?" whispered the servant, staring vacantly at the flames.

"He's dust and ashes," said the clerk. "And the books are dust and ashes—and oh, sirs! the church will be dust and ashes soon."

When they were silent again, nothing stirred in the stillness but the bubble and the crackle of the flames.

Hark!

A harsh rattling sound in the distance—then, the hollow beat of horses' hoofs at full gallop—then, the low roar, the all-predominant tumult of hundreds of human voices clamouring and shouting together. The engine at last!

The people about me all turned from the fire, and ran eagerly to the brow of the hill. The old clerk tried to go with the rest; but his strength was exhausted. I saw him holding by one of the tombstones. "Save the church!" he cried out, faintly, as if the firemen could hear him already. "Save the church!"

The only man who never moved was the servant. There he stood, his eyes still fastened on

the flames in a changeless, vacant stare. I spoke to him, I shook him by the arm. He was past rousing. He only whispered once more, "Where is he?"

In ten minutes, the engine was in position; the well at the back of the church was feeding it; and the hose was carried to the doorway of the vestry. If help had been wanted from me, I could not have afforded it now. My energy of will was gone—my strength was exhausted—the turmoil of my thoughts was fearfully and suddenly stilled, now I knew that he was dead. I stood useless and helpless—looking, looking, looking into the burning room.

I saw the fire slowly conquered. The brightness of the glare faded—the steam rose in white clouds, and the smouldering heaps of embers showed red and black through it on the floor. There was a pause—then, an advance altogether of the firemen and the police, which blocked up the doorway—then a consultation in low voices—and then, two men were detached from the rest, and sent out of the churchyard through the crowd. The crowd drew back in dead silence, to let them pass.

After a while, a great shudder ran through the people; and the living lane widened slowly. The men came back along it, with a door from one of the empty houses. They carried it to the vestry, and went in. The police closed again round the doorway; and men stole out from among the crowd by twos and threes, and stood behind them, to be the first to see. Others waited near, to be the first to hear. Women were among these last—women with children in their arms.

The tidings from the vestry began to flow out among the crowd—they dropped slowly from mouth to mouth, till they reached the place where I was standing. I heard the questions and answers repeated again and again, in low, eager tones, all round me.

"Have they found him?" "Yes."—"Where?" "Against the door. On his face."—"Which door?" "The door that goes into the church. His head was against it. He was down on his face."—"Is his face burnt?" "No." "Yes, it is." "No: scorched, not burnt. He lay on his face, I tell you."—"Who was he? A lord, they say." "No, not a lord. *Sir* Something; Sir means Knight." "And Baroknight, too." "No." "Yes, it does."—"What did he want in there?" "No good, you may depend on it." —"Did he do it on purpose?"—"Burn himself on purpose!"—"I don't mean himself; I mean the vestry."—"Is he dreadful to look at?" "Dreadful!"—"Not about the face, though?" "No, no; not so much about the face."—"Don't anybody know him?" "There's a man says he does."—"Who?" "A servant, they say. But he's struck stupid-like, and the police don't believe him."—"Don't anybody else know who it is?" "Hush——!"

The loud, clear voice of a man in authority silenced the low hum of talking all round me, in an instant.

"Where is the gentleman who tried to save him?" said the voice.

"Here, sir—here he is!" Dozens of eager faces pressed about me—dozens of eager arms, parted the crowd. The man in authority came up to me with a lantern in his hand.

"This way, sir, if you please," he said, quietly.

I was unable to speak to him; I was unable to resist him, when he took my arm. I tried to say that I had never seen the dead man, in his lifetime—that there was no hope of identifying him by means of a stranger like me. But the words failed on my lips. I was faint and silent and helpless.

"Do you know him, sir?"

I was standing inside a circle of men. Three of them, opposite to me, were holding lanterns low down to the ground. Their eyes, and the eyes of all the rest, were fixed silently and expectantly on my face. I knew what was at my feet—I knew why they were holding the lanterns so low to the ground.

"Can you identify him, sir?"

My eyes dropped slowly. At first, I saw nothing under them but a coarse canvas cloth. The dripping of the rain on it was audible in the dreadful silence. I looked up, along the cloth; and there at the end, stark and grim and black, in the yellow light—there, was his dead face.

So, for the first and last time, I saw him. So the Visitation of God ruled it that he and I should meet.

THE PAPER WALL OF CHINA.

It is a serious political misfortune for a nation to have a number of pretenders to its throne. England is far happier under undisputed Victoria than she could be with contending Roses, white and red. Fortunate for France will be the day when the last, except one, of her rival royal branches and imperial dynasties shall become extinct.

In like manner, it is a heavy philosophical and religious misfortune, a grave source of ethical weakness, when a wide-extended population has a plurality of claimants on its faith, its worship, and its obedience—by which plurality mere sects in religious belief are not meant, like the various forms of dissent in Protestant churches, because they are all one in principle, equally based on their common Christianity. Throughout all Europe, with the exception of Turkey, the reigning faith, without the shadow of a single serious rival pretender, is some mode of Christianity, whether Latin, Greek, or Lutheran; and in Turkey, and in several other Oriental regions, Mahomedanism is equally the undisputed master of the hearts and souls of men. But if we travel further eastward, and enter China, instead of one acknowledged Divine Founder, or Inspired Prophet, we find philosophers many, gods hardly any, and moral doctrines so confused and contradictory, that the result is like the blending of all colours, white—a blank. The acid of one sage neutralises the alkali of another; do-nothing and know-nothing are the antidotes applied to feverish excesses of free-thinking and free-acting; and, in conse-

quence, the people may be said to have no religion or morality. Faith, properly so called, they can attain to none; and for ethical teachers, they have to lean on a succession of broken reeds. Confucius, their most revered instructor, is nothing more than a good sort of man, at the very best. His authority and influence on the Chinese of the present day is about equal to that of Plato or Socrates on a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Other Chinese philosophers are merely vanished phantoms of wisdom, who once uttered, during the distant past, dark, sometimes unintelligible, sayings.

The long and solitary existence of the Chinese empire is a unique fact in the general history of humanity. The peoples of antiquity were only acquainted with it through its manufactured articles, and were quite ignorant of its internal civilisation. The travellers who succeeded in visiting it during the middle ages, did so in a hurried and superficial manner, and brought home only very incomplete accounts. It was not till the Jesuits had accomplished a lengthened residence in the capital, and so had the leisure to collect documents relative to the history of Chinese civilisation, that Europe became at all acquainted with the literature of the Flowery Land.

The peculiar characteristic of Chinese civilisation is its paradoxical code of morality, which although abounding in the noblest maxims founded on eternal truth, is a defective and incomplete system of ethics. It extravagantly extols the observance of private and public duties, but leaves the universal rights of men, that is, social justice, quite in the shade. It loudly proclaims the reciprocal obligations between man and man, but it has no valid sanction to give to them; it blames every abuse of power, but has no authority strong enough to prevent it; it declares every human being responsible for his deeds, and yet makes the son a compulsory partner in his father's guilt; it preaches humanity, and retains slavery; it exalts filial piety, and leaves the mother, the wife, and the daughter, in a state of servility and degradation. It has too many moral teachers, because they are not agreed; and not one of them has strength enough to command implicit obedience. There is no religious or legal obstacle to prevent persons in high places from preferring the gratification of their passions to the performance of their duties, if their defective conscience so incline them. For four thousand years, Chinese public morality has been dependent on the chance of a good example being set them by their ruler for the time being.

The ante-historical traditions of China curiously agree with the development theories which certain modern philosophers have lately enunciated. Their annalists reckon by millions of years; and proceed in a mode which might be called scientific, by dividing the primitive period into three kingdoms: the kingdom of heaven, the kingdom of earth, and the kingdom of man. When they come to man, far from describing him as created by a single act of the Divine Will, ready endowed, like Adam, with the highest faculties of mind and body, and then fallen in consequence of some revolt against his Maker's injunctions—they attribute to him a half-animal, half-human form, wandering in the forests, dwelling in caves, and climbing trees after the manner of apes, in whose society, or in contests with whom, he spent his life. It is even stated that men, constantly associating with the brutes, never dreamt of harming them. Does that mean that man was not yet carnivorous, nor thought of clothing himself with skins?

Meanwhile, the development of his peculiar aptitudes gradually weaned him from a state of nature. The usefulness of his hands and the agility of his body, aided by his inventive talents, led him to discover numerous resources, and favoured the propagation of the human race. As population increased, the animals, the tradition adds, were obliged to dispute with man the ground on which he encroached from day to day. To protect himself from their attacks, he built huts, fashioned weapons, and banded himself in clans or tribes.

The historical epoch begins with the reign of Yao. The Chou-king, the first sacred book of China, is nothing more than a summary of the political and moral history of China, from the Emperor Yao (before Christ, 2357), until the epoch of the philosophers. Confucius endorsed its authority, but it has no pretensions to be a revelation from any celestial power; for Chinese requirements, a human emperor is celestial enough. At Yao's death, the nation put on mourning for three whole years.

The philosophers who subsequently succeeded to the popular consideration, were Lao-tseu and Khoun-fou-tseu, better known as Confucius. The doctrine of the former may be summed up in the well-known parody, "For nought is everything, and everything is nought." Abnegation and impassibility are the highest virtues. The most innocent enjoyments, all arts, affections, and sentiments are bad; knowledge and activity are bad. The wise man remains absorbed in contemplation of the Tao, the spiritual, the indistinct. He who comprehends the Tao, is alike inaccessible to favour and to disgrace, to profit and to loss, to honours and to ignominy. The holy man clothes himself in coarse garments, while he conceals precious jewels in his heart. Those jewels are gentleness, resignation, humility, the love of man; but at the same time contempt of the world, the absence of every desire, the hatred of all action; charity on the one hand, indifference on the other. In short, Lao-tseu lived during a dissolute period; to reform it, he preached the extreme of asceticism.

Confucius (born 551 years before the Christian era) was by far the most practical of the Chinese sages; but he made no pretence to anything higher than human wisdom. A short sample of his maxims is all we can give: Do not contract friendship with persons who are morally and intellectually inferior to yourself. At table, do not try to satiate or glut your appetite. Avoid the enjoyments of ease and effeminacy. Keep strict

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watch over your words. Frequent persons with right principles, in order to regulate your conduct by them. If poor, learn to live contented in your poverty; if rich, take delight in the practice of social virtues.

An enemy to every form of dispute, Confucius allows of no disagreement in games in which a mark is thrown or shot at; he even urges the victor to yield precedence to his vanquished adversary, and to go into the public room to take a cup of tea with him. In this he agrees to a certain extent with Lao-tseu, who reproved the legitimate satisfaction which a man feels when he has gained a victory. To distinguish the superior man from the vulgar man, Confucius said that the one is inspired by justice, and the other by the love of gain. An attribute of the superior man is to be slow in his words and rapid in his actions. The superior man, in a high position, displays no ostentation or pride; while the vulgar man manifests them in the lowest conditions of life. The superior man, if he utter only a single word, shows that he is very enlightened respecting the principles of things; by a single word, if spoken without circumspection, he might betray his ignorance. But can *he* be considered a superior man, who puts no circumspection in his speech? Confucius does not approve of the art of speaking cleverly; he believes that it engenders hatred between man and man. For his own part, in his intercourse with others, he listens to what they say, but pays most attention to what they do. He profoundly despised men who, arrived at a certain age, had done nothing but lead a slothful life; for he did not allow that any one, whether rich or poor, can dispense with the duties which he owes to society. One of his former friends, Youan-jung, older than himself, sat idly by the roadside with his legs crossed: Confucius said, "In childhood, to be wanting in fraternal deference; in manhood, to have done no praiseworthy action; in old age, not to die; is to be good for nothing." And he struck one leg with his stick, in sign of contempt.

Confucius spoke little of supernatural things, of genii or spirits. By this prudent reserve, if his disciples are not led to resolve the questions of the origin, and the end of men and things, to analyse the nature and the faculties of the soul, to discover the action of a Superior Power on the universe, they are kept from disputes about doubtful questions, they are not tempted to propagate their creed by fire and sword; and if they die in ignorance of their destiny after this life, they are saved from falling victims to fanaticism and intolerance. He preferred study to meditation, and avows that he had passed whole days without food and nights without sleep, and had derived no advantage whatever from the infliction; on the contrary, he holds that study is in itself a happiness.

Confucius married at the early age of nineteen. History is silent respecting his wife. The Chinese people practically adopt the maxim of the Greek philosopher: "the best-conducted woman is she who is the least talked about." In this case, the women of China must always have been particularly virtuous, for the annals of the country rarely mention them; and unfortunately, when Chinese writers condescend to do so, it is only to speak ill of them.

The condition of women in China is exactly the same at the present day as it has been from all recorded time—inferior, servile, degraded, unprotected. Their birth is a misfortune, a curse of Heaven upon the family. In the eyes of the Chinese, the female sex hardly belongs to the human race. M. Huc relates a conversation he had with a Chinaman, who remarked, "I have often heard you say that people became Christians in order to save their souls. Is that really the case?"

"Yes; that is the object proposed to be attained."

"But then, why do women turn Christians?"

"For the same reason as the men: to save their souls."

"But they have no souls!" he exclaimed; "and consequently you cannot make Christians of them. When I get home, I will tell my wife that she has a soul, and she will be not a little astonished to hear it."

Beyond the culture of cotton and the rearing of silkworms, there is no employment for female hands; which makes them a heavy burden to their parents, and often the cause of poverty. Hence the number of infanticides committed on female children, in spite of the severity of the laws, and the frequent interference of the authorities. In 1848 the criminal judge of the province of Canton was obliged to issue an edict, which contained this remarkable passage: "Although there are establishments for foundlings of the female sex, nevertheless we have been unable to destroy the revolting practice which is an outrage to morality and civilisation, and which breaks the harmony of Heaven. Children of both sexes belong to the harmony of Heaven; and if a daughter is born to you, you ought to bring her up, although she be not of the same value to you as a boy. If you kill her, how can you hope to have sons? How is it that you are not afraid of the consequences of your unworthy conduct, and especially of the justice of Heaven? You will repent of it after your life, but it will then be too late. If you abandon your daughters, when you are discovered you will be punished according to the laws, for you are unnatural; and for the crime of murdering your infants, you are unworthy of any indulgence."

The daughters whom they condescend to rear have a sad and isolated lot; they remain shut up in the paternal mansion, solely occupied with sewing and housewifery. Wealthy parents give them a slight education, but in general their instruction is confined to needlework. No public school is open for girls. When they are old enough to marry, their parents think much less about their future happiness than of their own private interest, and solely endeavour to conclude a sort of bargain by selling them to the highest bidder. Their father and mother, or in default of them their nearest relations, exercise

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an absolute authority over the marriage of children; young people are allowed to have no will in the matter. Sometimes two friends bind themselves by an oath to marry their unborn babes, if they turn out of different sexes. The promise is sealed by tearing their tunics, each giving to the other the portion rent off. Unions formed under such conditions as these are scarcely likely to be of long duration. Incompatibilities of temper soon declare themselves, and the woman, being the weakest, suffers the most; for the husband has complete authority over her. He may ill treat her with impunity, and may compel her to associate with several secondary wives.

Nevertheless, Buddhism and Lamaïsm, which permit women to take a certain part in public worship, afford an opportunity for some of them to escape from the sorrows of social life by making a religious and monastic profession, under the title of Bonzesses; and their number has considerably increased under the Tartar domination. There is also a female sect called the Abstinents, especially in the southern provinces. It is a corporation of ascetics, who make a vow to abstain from everything that has enjoyed life, and to eat nothing but vegetables. They go in procession to certain pagodas, and hope, as the reward of their devotion, to obtain the transmigration of their souls into the bodies of men—the ne plus ultra of their ambition.

The low opinion which the Chinese entertain of women may be gathered from their proverbs relating to them: A bad husband is sometimes a good father; a bad wife is never a good mother. —A husband must be very foolish to be afraid of his wife; but a wife is a hundred thousand times more foolish not to be afraid of her husband.—Four things are required of a woman: that virtue dwell in her heart, that modesty shine on her forehead, that gentleness flow from her lips, and that work employ her hands.—To cultivate virtue is the science of men, and to renounce science is the virtue of women.—Silence and blushes are the eloquence of woman; modesty is her courage.—A woman never praises without calumniating.—Their tongue is women's sword, and they never let it grow rusty.

In spite of the differences of aptitude, usages, and local manners which each district of China impresses on its inhabitants, a general type reunites them and forms them into a people very distinct from every other. This uniformity is especially manifested in their traditional habits of politeness, whose rules date from an epoch three thousand years ago. In this respect, all the Chinese appear to have been brought up in the same school, and are finished Tartufes of urbanity, courtesy, and flattering speeches. But this politeness, acquired from their earliest childhood, has become so inherent in their social life as to seem perfectly natural. The eulogistic, emphatical, and hyberbolical expressions with which they mutually address each other, form an integral part of their conversation, and add to it a certain grace by which the traveller is deceived; for he takes for natural amenity of character what are merely external acts of pure convention. For instance, they never state their own opinion without adding that it is only the notion of a stupid man, of a narrow intellect; and they never discuss the opinions of others without treating them as brilliantly luminous and vast in conception. There are a great number of metaphorical expressions full of respect and humility which are current in everyday language.

If the Chinese were to practise strictly their traditional morality, and notably that of Confucius, whom they incessantly quote, they would be the most just, liberal, merciful, and affable people in the world, the most scrupulous observers of family and social duties. There can hardly be found a theory of ethics more complete, more thoroughly impregnated with good common sense, than that which is contained in the classic books, the basis of their education. But if moral laws are not enforced by religious doctrines they soon fall into neglect, through ignorance, through the carelessness of the government, through the exclusive attention paid to material interests, and especially through the abject and uneducated condition of the women, which prevents their exerting any effectual and humanising influence. This fact alone suffices to explain the moral and intellectual degradation of the Chinese people.

The veneration, approaching to a sort of worship, which is paid to the memory of Confucius, is addressed rather to his doctrines than to his person. The temples erected in his honour are monuments dedicated to the fame of his books. His maxims profess to have the force of law for the public authorities as well as for heads of families; the founders of dynasties, and even the Tartar conquerors, were accepted by the nation because they promised to rule according to his principles.

There circulate in China Collections of Thoughts and Proverbs, forming a sort of catechisms for the uses of persons of all ages. Some of them are not without their merit. For instance: The sage does good exactly as he breathes; it is the necessity of his life.—It is possible to be decent without being well conducted; but it is impossible to be well conducted without being decent.—Raillery is the lightning-flash darting out of the thunder-cloud of calumny.—Man may bow before virtue, but virtue never bows before man.—Virtue does not give talents, but supplies their place; talents neither give nor serve as the substitute for virtue.—Ceremonial is the smoke of friendship. —If the heart goes only half way with the intellect, the most solid thoughts give nothing but a glass of light; this is the reason why science is so little persuasive and probity so eloquent.

Women's minds are made of quicksilver, and their heart is of wax. [This maxim might be interpreted in woman's favour, if we take its meaning to be that she has a ready intelligence and a tender heart; but such an interpretation is contrary to the opinion of the Chinese themselves.]—Every bit you shorten of a woman's

foot grows at the end of her tongue. [Is compressing the feet a more foolish custom than tight-lacing? It is certainly less dangerous to health.]

One day is as good as three, if you do everything at its proper time.—The less indulgence you yield to yourself, the more you have to spare for others.—Rich folk find relations in the most distant lands; the poor find none, not even in the bosom of their own family.—The truths which we are the least fond of learning, are those which it most behoves us to know.—We pardon everything in the person who never pardons himself.—Rich people have the greatest number of wants.—We ought not to employ those whom we suspect, nor suspect those whom we employ.—You never need have all your wits about you so much as when you have to do with a fool. — Dissolute prince, pitiless master.—Marble, however polished it may be, is not the less cold nor hard for that; the same is the case with courtiers.—It is better to save one dying man, than to bury a hundred dead.

The leading feature of Chinese morality is filial piety; it is the starting-point of every virtue, of every social duty, the basis of family ties, the principle of government, the fundamental law of all other laws. Consequently, the penal code of China contains several clauses concerning the duties of children towards their father and mother. It stigmatises as impious whoever brings a lawsuit against his near relations, insults them, or omits to put on mourning for them. The obligatory rules for mourning are three years for relations of the first degree, nine months for those of the second, five for those of the third degree, and three months for the rest. Death is the punishment for striking one's senior relations, for insulting or falsely accusing them. Parricide, in particular, is punished by torture to death with knives. The writings of philosophers, the proclamations of emperors, the addresses of mandarins, are continually eulogising filial piety, and invoking it on every occasion, even à propos of resistance to authority, disobedience to the law, infringements of the rights of property, and attempts on the life of others. On the other hand, they refer to filial piety, acts of obedience, compassion, probity, and courage. In consequence of this principle, the titles of the first mandarins are transmissible not to their sons but to their ancestors. By an honorary right, the glory acquired by a son reverts to his father.

Confucius, in reply to his disciple Tse-hia, who asked, "How ought a son to behave to the enemy of his father?" answered, "He will lie down to sleep in garments of mourning, with no pillow but his weapons; he will accept no employment, and will not suffer his father's enemy to remain on the earth. If he meets him, whether in the market or in the palace court, he will not return home to fetch his arms, but will attack him on the spot." He moreover said, "Your father's murderer ought not to remain beneath the same sky with yourself; you must not lay down your arms whilst your brother's murderer exists; and you cannot dwell in the same kingdom with the murderer of your friend."

Confucius might have done better had he advised an appeal to the law for the punishment of the murderer; but his words are only the expression of a noble sentiment pushed to the extreme.

According to law, a father may, first, sell, pledge, hire, or bind his children; secondly, keep them always in a state of minority; thirdly, dispose by will of the whole of his property to their prejudice; and, fourthly, at any time reassert his paternal rights. At his death, the paternal uncle, or the elder brother, inherits those rights. The law even pursues any neglect of the mourning prescribed for near relations. The dominant power of filial love is expressed by numerous sayings which are in everybody's mouth; such as: A good son never believes that he has succeeded in any undertaking until he has obtained the suffrage of his father.—To praise a son, is to boast of oneself; to blame a father, is to disgrace oneself.—What a good son fears, is, not the threats, the reproaches, nor the violence of his father, but his silence.—A good son, is a good brother, a good husband, a good father, a good relation, a good friend, a good neighbour, and a good citizen; a bad son, is nothing but a bad son.—He who fears that the thunder-bolt should wake his parents, has no fear on his own account.—Respect and love are the two wings of filial piety.

In spite of this worship paid by the son to the parent, there are laws and customs which offer a sad contrast to its spirit. Thus, a son must refuse to recognise as his mother his father's wife, if repudiated by him, and also his widow, if she marries again. The son of one of his father's secondary wives must obey and serve the first wife as if she were his mother, and wear mourning for her, to the exclusion of his real mother. It ought to be stated, to Confucius's honour, that he did not dictate any of these arbitrary and inconsistent laws; they were introduced by Buddhist or Tartar influence, and made to prevail over his more natural teachings.

A singular mode of testifying filial piety consists in preparing, during the lifetime of a father or mother, the coffin destined to receive the remains. The sum expended on this ill-omened present is large in proportion to the strength of affection which it is proposed to manifest. It is presented with all due form, in the hope of causing an agreeable surprise. The serious illness of a parent affords the opportunity of displaying a lively interest in his health, by bringing the coffin and placing it close to his bed; he can then die with the delightful satisfaction of knowing that everything has been prepared to render him due funereal honour. The coffin in China plays the same part that the viaticum does in Roman Catholic countries. This custom habituates them to regard the approach of death without emotion. Chinese persons in easy circumstances find a pleasure in undertaking their own proper funerals and arranging a bier that suits their taste.

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Although the supernatural occupies a certain amount of space in Chinese tradition, it remains rather in the state of superstition than of religious belief. Heaven, or the Supreme Being, hold, with them, the place of our Providence; they invoke it as an expression of Infinite Power, but do not honour it either with sacrifices or with public prayers. In short, there is no state religion in China; the prevailing form of worship, if we can give it that name, consists in manifestations of filial piety, practised in honour of Heaven, the emperor, and parents. Nevertheless, certain solemn days are consecrated to spirits, while others are devoted to the carrying of offerings to the temples of Buddha. The pagodas are the object of frequent processions, and the tombs of ancestors are altars around which families unite to pay homage to dear or illustrious memories. The bonzes and bonzesses are mendicants rather than an officiating priesthood.

The indifference of the Chinese in matters of religion explains the difficulty which Christianity meets with in taking root in the Celestial Empire. There exists no trace of its introduction before the end of the sixteenth century, when Father Ricci contrived to penetrate into the interior. In 1724, the Emperor Young-tching proscribed the new worship, not as *a religion*, but as being the cause or the pretext of secret societies, of meetings of men and women, contrary to law. The Tat-sin-leu-li contains the following article (section 162): "When it shall be discovered that persons have secretly offered incense at the performances of prohibited modes of worship, and have assembled their followers during the night to instruct them in their maxims, the principal minister of those abominations shall be imprisoned for the prescribed period, and then strangled. His disciples shall each receive a hundred strokes of the bamboo, and shall be banished for life." This is plain speaking.

Three of the principal Jesuits who were then at the Court of Pekin having petitioned the emperor to revise his decision, he replied: "You say that your law is not a false law. If I thought that it was false, who could hinder me from demolishing your churches and expelling you? False laws are those which, under the pretext of inculcating virtue, fan the spirit of revolt. But what would you say if I were to send a troop of bonzes and lamas into your country to preach their laws? How would you receive them? You wish all the Chinese to turn Christians: but the Christians whom you make acknowledge no one but you. In troubled times they would listen to you, and to no one else. I know that at present there is nothing to fear; but when vessels arrive by thousands and tens of thousands, disorders might arise." But the missionaries have encountered fewer obstacles in the ill will of the government than in the indifference of the people. Only recently M. Huc has informed us of their disdainfully repulsing the Roman Catholic faith.

Indifference in religious matters is not peculiar to the people alone; it is participated by the great men and by the head of the state himself. The last emperor, Tao-kouang, a short time before his accession to the throne, addressed a proclamation to the people, in which, passing in review all known religions, Christianity included, he came to the conclusion that all were false alike, and merited equal contempt.

If, therefore, Christians are persecuted at the present day, it is on account of their private meetings, which it is feared may degenerate into political associations formed expressly to open China to Occidental nations. Besides, it is a logical effect of their religious apathy that the Chinese should be unable to understand why we should travel so far and encounter such sufferings for the sake of teaching them miraculous facts and doctrines, which are admitted by their propagators themselves to be mysterious and difficult of explanation.

Pac-king, viceroy of the province of Tse-tchouan, inquired of M. Huc, the missionary, where he wished to go.

"We want to go to Thibet," was the reply.

"What business calls you there?"

"The preaching of the Christian religion."

"You had better go and preach it at home."

TO NICÆA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI.

NICÆA! thou wast rear'd of those
Who left Phocæa crush'd by foes,
And swore they never would return
Until that red-hot ploughshare burn
Upon the waves whereon 'twas thrown.
Such were thy sires, such thine alone.

Cyrus had fail'd with myriad host
To chain them down; long tempest-tost,
War-worn, yet unsubdued, they found
No refuge on Hellenic ground.
All fear'd the despot.
Far from home
The Cimbri saw the exiles come,
Victorious o'er a Punic fleet,
Seeking not conquest, but retreat,
Small portion of a steril shore
Soliciting, nor seizing more.
There rose Massilia.
Years had past,
And once again the Punic mast
Display'd its banner; once again
Phocæans dasht it on the main.
With hymns of triumph they rais'd high
A monument to Victory.
Hence was thy name, Ionian town!
Passing all Gallia's in renown
Firmly thou stoodest; not by Rome,
Conqueror of Carthage, overcome,
Fearing not war, but loving peace,
Thou sawest thy just wealth increase.

Alas! what art thou at this hour?
Bound victim of perfidious Power!

In fields of blood, however brave,
Base is the man who sells his slave,
But basest of the base is he
Who sells the faithful and the free.
Bystanders we (oh shame!) have been,
And this foul traffic tamely seen.

Thou livest undejected yet,
Nor thy past glories wilt forget.

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No, no; that city is not lost,
Which one heroic soul can boast.
So glorious none thy annals show
As he whom God's own voice bade go,
And raise an empire where the best
And bravest from their toils may rest.
Enna for them shall bloom again,
And Peace hail Garibaldi's reign.

VERY SINGULAR THINGS IN THE CITY.

It is a singular thing that all the working engineers, and stout-armed "navigators" who planned, and dug out, and built up the Great Northern Railway, were compelled, before they commenced their labours, to wait for the oath of one man, who happened to be William James Robson, the future forger. The "compulsory powers" of a railway act cannot be put in force, and the "first sod" of a railway cannot be turned, until oath has been made before a magistrate that a certain amount of "capital" has been subscribed. The man who cast up the sums contained in the "deed of subscription," and who certified that the requisite amount was secured, was William James Robson, a lawyer's clerk, who was afterwards in the Crystal Palace share office in the City of London.

It is a very singular thing that a railway set in motion, so to speak, by such a man, and falling, as early as 1848, into the hands of an ambitious costermonger, named Leopold Redpath, was not robbed to a much greater extent than nearly a quarter of a million sterling. It is a singular thing that a Board of Directors should have engaged this man without knowing that he once hawked fish and poultry about the streets of Folkestone, Kent; that he was successively a lawyer's clerk, a shipping clerk, and a bankrupt "insurance-broker," paying half-a-crown in the pound. It is a singular thing that these directors should have placed this man in an office where the secretary's signature was kept in the form of a stamp, which stamp was in a wooden bookcase, accessible to any clerk, at any hour of the day, for the purpose of signing "stock certificates." It is a singular thing, in an undertaking representing some five millions of capital, that "stock certificates" duly signed, but brought in, under the operation of sales on the Stock Exchange, to be cancelled, were put away uncancelled in an ordinary cupboard, open to every one employed in the "registrar's office." It is a singular thing that when large irregularities on the part of Mr. Registrar Redpath were discovered two years and a half before his directors had the courage to arrest him for fraud, he was allowed to pay back certain sums of money, by which he stopped inquiry. It is a singular thing that if his career had been cut short at this point, at Midsummer, 1854, and had not been suffered to extend to Christmas, 1856, the shareholders would have saved about seventy thousand pounds in shares and dividends. Instead of this, he was allowed to take a lofty tone about his means and position "as a gentleman," and some of his directors and fellow-labourers were afraid of losing so valuable and important a servant! It is a still more singular thing that if an inquiry had been at once instituted in 1852, when the first warning of "payments in excess of dividends" should have been noticed and acted upon, the delinquent would have stolen only about seventy thousand pounds, instead of two hundred and forty thousand.

It is a singular thing that the chief auditor chosen for the accounts of this vast and complicated enterprise, should have been a highly respectable merchant, no doubt, but one who had been so unsuccessful in "auditing" his own business transactions, that in the course of eleven years he had been robbed by a clerk of thirty thousand pounds. It is a singular feature in the life of this auditor, that he *never saw Redpath in his life*. Redpath was about the office, to some purpose, for nearly ten years; but the leading auditor never saw him, to his knowledge, on any occasion.

It is a singular thing that this same auditor was a Director of the Union Bank of London; and that Mr. Leopold Redpath kept his banking account at this bank. It is not to be presumed that an auditor of a railway, who never saw its chief registrar, and that registrar so remarkable a man, should, in his capacity of a bank director, know much about the nature, amount, and character of the different bank accounts. An auditor who led the way in signing that extraordinary document (detailed at page 203, in No. 59 of this journal), wherein it was stated that the "accounts and books in every department" of the Great Northern Railway, were "correct and most satisfactorily kept," about five months before the great forger was brought to justice, could hardly be expected to pry much into bank ledgers, or to gather much information if he did pry. Perhaps he relied too much upon the "Governor" of the Union Bank, Sir Peter Laurie, and upon this worthy magistrate's world-famous reputation for "putting" everything like an irregularity "down." An account, such as Redpath must have kept at the Union Bank, must have been highly "irregular," and must have shown suspicious "irregularities," for a railway servant, to say nothing of an ex-fish and poultry hawker, and a bankrupt insurance-broker.

It is a singular thing that in this large and flourishing joint-stock bank, with its many branches, was William George Pullinger, the chief of modern forgers. He has been hurried off the scene in a very summary way, and is beyond the reach of cross-examination; but it requires little knowledge of his transactions to opine that *he* was not ignorant of Leopold Redpath's operations. He could not copy the ex-fish and poultry hawker, by manufacturing shares, but he could extract even more gold from his employers' pockets with a simple "pass-book." A "pass-book" costs only a few shillings at any City stationer's, or less than the price of a coarse and vulgar crowbar. The little profit that the Union Bank of London

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secured by harbouring the banking account of "Leopold Redpath, Esq.," the bankrupt insurance-broker, was more than counterbalanced, in all probability, by the bad example it placed before the bank clerks. It is evident that William George Pullinger was not improved by coming into contact with a banking account like Redpath's; and it is evident that the Union Bank of London was not improved by the demoralisation of William George Pullinger. One of the statements to be submitted to the suffering shareholders at the next half-yearly meeting in July, should run thus:

SPECIAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT (No. 1).

Showing gain by a Fraudulent Customer; and loss by a Fraudulent Clerk.

Dr.	£	*s.*	*d.*	*Cr.*	£	*s.*	*d.*
To gain on Redpath's Account (Fraudulent Customer), *Estimated*	300			By loss on Pullinger (Fraudulent Clerk), Principal	263,000		
Balance loss	292,700			Interest about	30,000		
	293,000				293,000		
				Loss. Balance down	292,700		

It is a singular thing that the estimated item of thirty thousand pounds for "interest" has not yet appeared in any directorial statement of the amount of Pullinger's frauds. The capital so fully employed by Pullinger, might have been profitably employed by the bank, for it is evident that as they never missed it, when it was stolen, it must have been an idle and unnecessary "balance." There is an evil sometimes, it would seem, in being excessively prosperous.

It is a very singular thing that shareholders, in the face of such warnings as these, should still cling to an empty, because a low-priced, system of audit. Whenever their affairs are purposely entangled by men like Leopold Redpath, and they have to call in professional accountants, and resort to an "independent investigation," they then learn that real auditing is a necessary part of a business organisation, and that it becomes all the more costly the longer it has been neglected. The damage done to a large enterprise by half-shareholder, half-honorary, five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-pounds-charging auditors is seldom even explained, and *never repaired* by five, ten, fifteen, and twenty-thousand-pounds-charging accountants. The frauds of Redpath, if taken at five per cent. upon the amount, will represent an income *for ever*, of twelve thousand pounds per annum. The frauds of Pullinger, if treated in the same way, will represent a perpetual annual income of fourteen thousand and five hundred pounds.

The first sum would surely pay for the continuous and only effective audit of many British railways—perhaps of all; and the second sum would probably do the same for all the joint-stock banks. It is a singular thing that shareholders, at present, are blind to this, and are satisfied with a few respectable, fully occupied, middle-aged gentlemen "auditors," who manage to "run in" to glance at the books and vouchers about twelve times, or less, in the course of the year. It is a singular thing that these shareholders look to future economy and future profit, to cover these heavy and periodical losses by fraud: forgetting that the future money saved or made is not the money that was lost, and that the same economy and industry might have been practised without the unhealthy spurring on of gigantic forgers, and thieves.

On the other hand, it is an equally singular thing that men of position, of means, and reputation, can be found to fill the chairs of amateur auditorship, for dinners, small patronage, and trifling fees. A new piano for Miss "Auditor," a new dress for Mrs. "Auditor," a family trip to Germany, or Italy, a few banquets at town and suburban taverns, may be very agreeable things in their way, if they be not purchased at too great a cost. A few "attendances," a few "signatures" may not appear much to give for such luxuries, if the *responsibility* incurred is carefully forgotten. The capital invested in British railways alone, is estimated at *four hundred millions sterling*. It is all "audited" by these daring amateurs.

HIGHLY IMPROBABLE!

THE apartments assigned to Solomon Gunn, when—goodness knows why—he entered the old wilderness of an inn in the dirty town of Wake, consisted of a sitting-room and bed-chamber, adjoining each other, and both opening on a long corridor. The windows of the sitting-room looked into the main street, the one window of the bed-chamber into a narrow lane that ran along the side of the house.

In the sitting-room, hung against the wall that parted it from the bed-chamber, were two grim portraits, such as you may find by the dozen in the course of a journey through any of the broker-shop neighbourhoods of London. One represented a military gentleman, with a cocked hat, the other, a venerable civilian, with a bobwig; and both were executed in that wooden fashion which repels the mind from the supposition that any live specimen of humanity ever favoured the artist with a sitting. Nothing could be less remarkable than the circumstance that two ugly, old-fashioned pictures decorated the wall of a country inn; but it was very remarkable, indeed, that when Solomon Gunn stepped into the bed-chamber he found the same wall ornamented on the other side with two pictures representing the backs—yes, the *backs*—of the gentlemen in the adjoining room. Moreover, the pictures in the bed-chamber were so placed that they exactly corresponded to their companions in the sitting-

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room—as exactly as if they had been the same articles painted on both sides, and fitted into a couple of apertures. Indeed, as they were painted on wood, and therefore returned a ligneous sound to inquiring knuckles, this might have actually been the case for all Mr. Solomon Gunn knew to the contrary.

The connoisseur of art is in the habit of walking round sculptured works, and contemplating them from various points of view, but few minds are prepared to find that a painted portrait has a back as well as a front. The antagonistic notions of flatness and solidity jarred together disagreeably in Solomon Gunn's mind, and caused it to fall into a morbid state of credulity, such as we feel in dreams. If the world ever contained a military hero and a civilian who insisted on having their backs and their pig-tails copied, by way of completion to the portraiture of their faces, what might it not contain?

Had the waiter been more communicative, perhaps some light might have been thrown on the extraordinary whim of the two venerable gentlemen, but, as it happened, the waiter was a taciturn, cadaverous-looking little man, who seemed always in a fidget to perform his duties as quickly as possible, and bustle out of the room.

"Very odd, those pictures!" Solomon Gunn contrived to ejaculate.

"Werry odd, werry odd, indeed; in short, it's an odd world altogether, as well I knows to my cost," was the only response.

Chimney ornaments, when composed of fragile materials, are always among the first victims of mischance, and if endowed with consciousness, would look forward to a general dusting as some South American people anticipate periodical earthquakes. The fact, therefore, that all the shepherds, shepherdesses, and Cupids that enlivened the mantelpiece of the sitting-room had lost their heads, was scarcely worthy of a passing observation. Still, Solomon Gunn's surprise was natural, when on the mantelpiece of the bed-chamber he found all the detached heads carefully placed on little velvet-covered stands, and shielded from dust by glass receivers, whereas the truncated carcases were exposed to the effect of every simoom that the house-broom might engender.

"Curious, those images!" said Solomon Gunn to the waiter.

"Werry cur'ous, werry cur'ous, indeed! In short, it's a cur'ous world altogether, as well I knows to my cost," was still the answer.

The waiter was hopeless; he had evidently been trained to a theory that the universe is a system of incongruities, all equally inexplicable, and, therefore, in perfect harmony with each other.

Perhaps, of all the animals that are kept for the recreation of mankind, the gold-fish is, after the first glance, the least interesting. That a well-stocked globe looks pretty in a luxuriously furnished apartment, is not to be denied; but such a globe offered as a sole object of contemplation, is the reverse of exciting. It was rather with a gloomy listlessness, therefore, that Solomon Gunn hung over the very large globe of gold-fish that was placed in one of the corners of his sitting-room: though, indeed, those fish were curious beyond the average, being marked with a combination of red, yellow, and black, which in a cat would have been called tortoiseshell.

It was not till Solomon Gunn was in bed, that the gold-fish began to make any impression on his mind. He was very restless, sometimes fancying that he was sitting with his back to a sign-painter, who was taking his likeness; sometimes imagining that his body was in a first-class railway-carriage, while his head was in the luggage-van; and when he woke from the sort of doze that produced these vanities, his eye glanced at the pattern of his bed-curtain, which was faintly illuminated by a rushlight. Singular! the pattern was composed of fish, coloured exactly in the same manner as those that peopled the globe in the sitting-room.

This fact was so remarkable, that Solomon Gunn got out of bed, and stepped into the sitting-room to ascertain, by renewed observation, whether the real and the mimic fish were really semblances of each other, or whether his memory had been treacherous. No—his memory had been faithful. The gaslight outside, which shone powerfully into the room, showed him that the fish on the curtain veritably corresponded to those in the globe.

There was something frightful in this series of inconsistent consistencies. We can scarcely describe the feeling with which he walked up to one of the windows of the sitting-room, and looked into the main street, as if anxious to ascertain whether or not he belonged to the ordinary every-day world of shops and thoroughfares.

The clock of the nearest church was booming one, the shops were all shut, and the pavement was trod by a single person—a child of about three years old, who, with the greatest gravity, was drawing a little cart. A respectably dressed child too, that seemed perfectly satisfied with its occupation. This was a strange phenomenon at one o'clock in the morning.

Whilst the eyes of Solomon Gunn were riveted on this lonely child, he heard the tramp of an approaching policeman. The functionary of justice soon appeared, preceded by the radiating light of his official bull's-eye. He was on the same side of the way as the child, whom, of course, he would accost, and probably take to the station-house, as a place—not of harsh confinement, but of hospitable refuge. No, he did nothing of the kind; he passed the child, without so much as a moment's pause, and continued his walk till he was lost in the distance. To suppose that he did not see the urchin, would be to suppose an impossibility, for it moved along the middle of the pavement, and the gas shone strongly upon it.

Presently Solomon Gunn heard the sound of wheels, and in a few moments an empty four-wheeled cab stopped at the edge of the pave-

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ment, close to the mysterious child. Without the slightest appearance of surprise or alarm, but with every appearance of respect, the cabman alighted from his seat, and, carefully taking up the child, who made no resistance, placed it in the vehicle; he then mounted in most orderly fashion, and was speedily out of sight.

Almost in a state of frenzy did Solomon Gunn rush back to his bed-chamber; when he perceived a light opposite to the window, which, as has been said, looked upon a narrow lane. There was no gas in this lane, but, as he soon found, the light proceeded from the first floor window of the house opposite, and showed the interior of a small, meanly-furnished room.

Two old men, seated at opposite sides of a little table, were plainly visible. One was reading an old book bound in vellum, the other was smoking a pipe. After a while, the smoker, having knocked the ashes out of his pipe, refilled it, and breaking off the end that had been in his mouth, presented it to his companion, who gave him the book in return. The smoker was now the reader, and seemed to take up the subject just where his friend had left off; the reader was now the smoker, and looked as if he were completely absorbed in the contemplation of the clouds that he propelled. When the contents of the pipe had been reduced to ashes, he knocked them out, refilled the bowl, and he and his companion again interchanged occupations. This process was repeated again, and again, and again; the pipe becoming shorter at every fresh transfer, till it was almost reduced to the bowl. The last smoker then carefully put it into his waistcoat-pocket, while the last reader laid down the book. They then both walked close to the window, each with a candle in his hand, and presented their full faces to Solomon Gunn, whose eyes had been riveted on them for he knew not how long, and who now recognised them as the originals of the military gentleman and the civilian, whose portraits, front and back, adorned the sitting-room and the bed-chamber.

The most provoking part of this affair, however, was, that whenever Solomon Gunn described to his acquaintance the phenomena that had occupied his attention during his sojourn at this remarkable inn, he was invariably met with a manifestation of thorough incredulity. From hardened men of business, who can conceive nothing beyond the limits of their own narrow experience, this was to be expected; but he had no better success with the superstitious, the trustful, the romantic. His grandmother, who believed in ghosts rather more firmly than in flesh and blood, and who was always boring her friends with the interpretation of her dull dreams, nevertheless refused to believe his tale about the inn. His cousin Kitty, whose faith in the prophetic power of gipsies was utterly disgraceful to a civilised age, and who every day was anticipating a husband with a complexion "between a heart and a club," was a thorough infidel with respect to everything connected with that unfortunate hostelry, and would invariably shake her head, and utter an admonishing "Come, come, Sol!" whenever he began to describe the two old men and the globe of gold-fish. His aunt, who almost made a profession of table-rapping, who kept a journal of her spiritual experiences, and who placed perfect confidence in every humbug who boasted that he had held converse with Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great, became an incarnate sneer whenever he began to recount his series of odd coincidences. As for the more facetious of his male acquaintance, they expressed their incredulity with a coarse intrusive candour, that was thoroughly disgusting. The most indulgent among them all, just admitted that a lost child might possibly have been in the street at one o'clock in the morning, but further than that, would not concede a jot.

Three distinct hypotheses were advanced by different people to account for Solomon Gunn's singular narrative. According to one, he was inebriate on the night when he sojourned at the strange inn; according to another, he had mistaken a dream for a reality; according to a third, he had fallen into a dreadful habit of mendacity. The more advanced upholders of the last hypothesis doubted whether he had ever visited the town where the inn was; and a few actually went so far as to offer the proof of an alibi, and show that Solomon Gunn had passed the wonderful night at his own lodgings. As for an hypothesis to the effect that his statement might perhaps be true, or perhaps the exaggerated expression of a truth, such an hypothesis did not occur to a single individual among all Solomon's acquaintance.

Now, why was Solomon's narrative met with such absolute incredulity, even by the habitually credulous? It referred to no supernatural agency; it treated simply of a number of strange coincidences, and odd events, all explicable on natural grounds: though the facts that would probably account for them had not fallen within the sphere of Solomon's observation.

Here, indeed, was his weak point. Had his story wandered into a supernatural region, had it been embellished with so much as a single spectre, a considerable section of his friends would have listened to it with profound reverence. Those who concede one ghost will concede a hundred when required; and if the originals of the two mysterious portraits had glided into Solomon's bedroom with winding-sheets about their shoulders, they would not only have been implicitly believed in by Solomon's grandmother, aunt, and female cousin, but would have conferred passports of credibility on the lonely child, the headless shepherds, and the gold-fish. But inasmuch as the story kept within the limits of the natural world, all tested it by those common-sense arguments which they would have applied to the ordinary affairs of life, and all came to the conclusion that so many strange occurrences as Solomon Gunn had described, could

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not have taken place within the compass of a single day.

A French philosopher of the last century asserted that it is by no means hard to make a multitude believe in an absolute impossibility, but that to persuade it of the truth of something that is extremely improbable, without being impossible, is difficult indeed. To illustrate this assertion we have told the story of Solomon Gunn.

VOLUNTEER CAVALRY.

There is a great talk of raising corps of Volunteer Cavalry throughout England, in addition, of course, to the numerous regiments of rifle volunteers which have been formed in every part of the kingdom.

If appropriately dressed, well mounted, and usefully armed, volunteer cavalry can be made most effective, particularly when used, as such troops would be in England, purely on the defensive, and in their own country. As an old dragoon officer, the writer is of opinion that a thousand volunteer cavalry, if brought into the field as they ought to be, would do quite as good service in the defence of their country as a thousand regular cavalry. Further, if, in the event of an invasion of England, he was allowed his choice of commanding the Household Brigade of Cavalry, numbering some two thousand four hundred sabres, or a similar number of properly-trained and well-officered volunteer cavalry, he would, under all circumstances save that of a regular charge upon even ground like that of Hounslow Heath or Salisbury Plain, greatly prefer to lead the latter troops.

There is no country in the world where so many men of every class are good horsemen as in England. In France and other continental lands, the upper and some few of the middle classes ride occasionally to display themselves and their horses; but with us nearly every class ride, and ride for riding's sake. In what town out of Great Britain would we ever see—as is seen every week in London, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, or Dublin—the lawyer, the doctor, the banker, or the merchant, one day trim and neat in his office or on 'Change—apparently without a thought beyond the case in court, the sickness of his patient, the rates of discount, or the price of cotton—the next day clad in scarlet and tops, well mounted, and riding to hounds? Nay, even of our listless "swells," who through the London season look as if they had barely energy to shave and dress, how many are there who in the hunting-field show themselves in the first rank of a numerous and hard-riding phalanx? The most courageous horseman the present writer ever saw—whether after an Indian boar on the Deccan Hills, or an English fox on the Leicestershire grass-lands, is a civil servant of the late East India Company, who lived for thirty years in the land of the sun; the next best hand across country whom he can call to mind was a Manchester cotton-spinner; and the third best in his list is a lieutenant-colonel of infantry. Lower in the social scale, amongst tradesmen, shopkeepers, and small farmers, how many there are who can, how few who cannot, ride, although nearly all are untaught. There are very many more men—taking high and low, rich and poor—who can ride, in England, than who could shoot before the rifle corps were raised. In fact, we are a nation of horsemen, and with a little care and a little training, might turn out such a body of volunteer cavalry as the world has not yet seen.

It may be urged that the yeomanry regiments are composed of the riding classes, and that they hardly come up to the beau idéal of cavalry. This is true, but it is to be accounted for. The English yeomanry are—with all respect be it spoken—a bad imitation of all that is objectionable in the English dragoon; in the British horse soldier as he was—as in but too many respects he is—not as he ought to be. In all the yeomanry corps the writer has seen on parade, the men were more stiff-stocked, more tightly strapped, more small-jacketed, more unwieldly armed, more German-seated on horseback, and had a more general appearance of pipe-clayed helplessness, than the most ultra regulation of our regular dragoon regiments.

English volunteer cavalry should be composed entirely of men not weighing more than eleven stone, who own at least one horse. No person should on any pretence whatever be enrolled in its ranks who is obliged to borrow or hire the horse of another. The great secret why in our Indian wars the irregular cavalry have their horses in better condition than the other mounted corps, is that almost every man is owner of the animal he rides. In some of these regiments a great number of horses are owned by one proprietor, who hires horsemen to ride them, but these corps never have their horses in as good condition as in troops where every man owns the charger he rides. All troops should practise in peace what they have to perform in war. The weapon or the uniform which is not suitable for a campaign should be made over to the "properties" of the nearest theatre; it is not fit for a soldier to use or to wear. Thus, if volunteers—like all other troops—are to be useful in the field, they should adhere strictly to the rules likely to make them so, and amongst these, one of the foremost should be one forbidding any member of the corps to ride other than his own horse on parade. Of late years a great improvement has been made in our English cavalry style of riding, the men being taught to use shorter stirrups, and adopt a much more hunting style of seat than formerly. The volunteer cavalry should in the first place be taught to ride, and should be brought together once a month or so to prove that they have not forgotten what they

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have learnt. But this teaching should be simply how to manage their horses when together, to sit well and firmly, with a shorter seat than that of our present dragoon corps, and to be handy with their weapons when mounted. Their horse accoutrements should be very few and very simple. The plain every-day hunting saddle, covered with a plain, inexpensive, dark-coloured but uniform saddle-cloth, and a plain uniform bridle—each man using the bit to which his horse is best accustomed—would be all the trappings required, and could be provided by any large outfitter at a very small cost.

The arms of the volunteer cavalry should be a curved sharp-cutting sabre, and a short breech-loading rifle. No pains and no time should be spared in making the members of the corps good and expert swordsmen, mounted as well as dismounted. To use this arm well on horseback requires the rider to have complete command of his horse. One of the great faults of our English dragoons is, that they are not taught to be handy with their swords. Moreover, their swords are too straight in make, too blunt on the edge, and too large in the handle. The writer has taken an active part in four great cavalry engagements, besides having been present at more than a dozen cavalry "affairs" in India; but he can recollect only three occasions—one, the case of an officer of the 3rd Light Dragoons, one, the case of a trooper of the same regiment, one, the case of the English commander of an irregular corps—in which a direct cutting blow from a regulation cavalry sword took effect as it was intended. For all offensive purposes the regulation sword is of no more use than a walking-stick of iron would be; that is to say, it will knock down, but not cut through. Not so the native tulwar, or Indian sabre, used by the natives all over the East, and also by the troopers in our Indian irregular corps. In his late Diary in India, Mr. Russell bears testimony to the fearful wounds effected by this weapon on our soldiers. With slight modifications, this Asiatic sabre is the weapon used by the Chasseurs d'Afrique, who have, when called upon, done terrible execution with it upon their foes throughout Algeria. Little teaching is required to make any man of ordinary strength who wields it, a good swordsman, and it is in every respect more easily managed than the cut and thrust sword now used by our cavalry. But to have this weapon as effective as possible, it should be provided with a stout leather, instead of a steel, scabbard: the latter only serving to blunt the edge, which, as in the East, should at all times be kept as sharp as a razor.

But besides being good swordsmen, our volunteer cavalry should be expert rifle shots, able to hit any object half as large as a man's body at a distance of at least three hundred yards. To effect this, good fire-arms and much practice are required. The best—in fact the only—rifle which a mounted soldier should use, is the rifled breech-loading carbine, which should be somewhat lighter, smaller in the bore, and longer in the barrel, than the arm lately introduced into our English cavalry. This rifle should not be carried, as our dragoons carry their carbines, strapped to the horse, outside the rider's right thigh, but slung round the body with a strap: the muzzle coming behind and above the left shoulder, the butt behind and below the right hip, after the manner of our own Cape Mounted Rifles, and of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. In this fashion the weapon may not only be carried loaded with the greatest safety, but is easy to be got at when wanted, and when thus slung, the right arm is free to use the sword. Volunteer cavalry should recollect that they are chiefly useful as mounted riflemen, and should therefore spare no pains in making themselves perfect marksmen.

Without entering upon any of the numerous controversies respecting the most appropriate colour in which a volunteer should be clothed, it may be well to give some general hints as to what is the best style of dress for a mounted soldier in England. Hitherto our rifle volunteers have been too apt to run into extremes in their dress: some adopting by far too many of the Germanic military fopperies which have long proved a standing nuisance in our regular army; others seeming to think that to be easy and comfortable to work in, their uniforms must be more or less ridiculous to look at. Both of these are great mistakes. A soldier's uniform should be what in campaigning is called "workman-like," but it should at the same time be decidedly military in appearance. For a mounted man there can be no better head-dress than the helmet-shaped cap commonly worn in India, and now to be seen in many London shops. Made of light grey waterproof felt, and with very slight military ornaments (such as the number of the wearer's corps) upon it, it will not only look well, but sit as easy to the head as a hunting-cap. The neck should be free from anything in the shape of stock, and merely protected from the cold by the stand up collar (which must be quite loose) of the tunic. The latter garment may be of such colour as the volunteers of the corps decide upon, but in the writer's opinion, scarlet is best adapted for a British regiment. Above all things the tunic should be loose and easy—large enough to admit of the wearer's being able to retain a waistcoat, or other warm clothing, under his uniform in cold weather. All military dress should, externally, be quite uniform; that is, no one member of a regiment should be allowed to differ in the slightest degree—not so much as in the number of his buttons or the placing of them on his coat—from his fellows; but men cannot all be expected to have the same feelings of hot and cold. Hence it is that the tunic should be perfectly loose, and merely confined at the waist by the sword-belt, which should be of black or brown leather, with pouch-belt to correspond. There is no better riding gear for the nether man, than wide pegtop trousers, booted with leather nearly up to the knee; this obviates

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the necessity of wearing Wellington boots under the trousers, than which a greater nuisance does not exist when soldiers are campaigning, or even on guard in times of peace, and have to sleep dressed. The Wellington boot at present worn by our dragoons under their trousers—or "overalls," as cavalry men call them—causes the feet to swell if slept in, and if taken off, is excessively troublesome to get on again, should the corps be roused out suddenly in the night. A very excellent dress for mounted soldiers, is the ordinary hunting "Napoleon" boot, pulled over trousers made of dark blue corduroy. But there are, as a matter of course, many details of costume which must be left to the members of the corps themselves.

To be soldier-like, all uniforms must be workman-like; that is to say, they must be made, more with a view to their being useful and appropriate in the field, than handsome, or what young ladies call "lovely," in the ball-room. The great fault of nearly all our English uniforms is, that they are endowed with much more of the latter than of the former quality; hence the reason that on service English officers wear so many strange and "fancy" costumes, to the great astonishment of all who behold them. In the Crimea, almost from the commencement of the campaign, there was hardly a single officer clothed in the regulation dress of the corps or department to which he belonged, insomuch that it was generally impossible to say what regiment, or even what branch of the service, any individual belonged to; whereas the French officers, having a much simpler, easier, cheaper, and more soldier-like uniform, were always dressed as ordered for their rank and corps. Even in our foreign garrison towns some strange sights in this respect are to be witnessed. Not many months ago the writer saw near the main guard at Malta, an officer dressed in scarlet tunic, and sword and sash, having on his head a green wide-awake hat, with a blue veil. On asking who he was, the wearer of this motley costume turned out to be the officer on guard, who preferred an easy to an uneasy head-dress: little thinking what comments on the discipline of the English army he was inducing from three or four French officers stopping for the day in Malta en route to China.

The organisation of volunteer cavalry, although a simple matter, is one of moment. A national mounted force of this kind should be raised and drilled by squadrons, not by regiments. Each squadron should consist of two troops, and each troop of not more than eighty, nor less than sixty, effective men and horses. Each squadron should be commanded by an officer with the rank of major, to whom the captain of each troop should be responsible for the men under his command. The more difference there is between the dresses of different squadrons, the better. To each squadron should be attached, as formerly in all dragoon regiments serving in India, two galloper guns, with an officer and a certain number of men drilled to work them. In each troop there should be a captain, two lieutenants, and a cornet; with an adjutant, an assistant-surgeon, a veterinary surgeon, and a quartermaster, for each squadron. There is hardly a county—hardly a district—in England, where some retired officers who have seen service with cavalry, either in India, the Crimea, or the Cape, are not to be found, and from such a class the adjutancy of volunteer cavalry should be filled up. All the officers should be selected by those who compose corps in which they are to command, but none should be selected who had not, in one or other branch of the service, seen what campaigning really is, and served somewhere or other in the field before an enemy.

In the event of invasion such a body of men would be found invaluable in aid of regular troops. As guides, as scouts, as escorts, and to hang upon the flank of the enemy at all times, they would be of the greatest possible service. Break off railway communication, and call out a body of men to which every fox-hunter in England would belong, and what enemy could make head through our enclosed fields and lanes and country roads? Train these same fox-hunters to use their rifled carbines and their swords, as Englishmen, when properly taught, can use such weapons—to charge as their countrymen charged at Moodkee, at Aliwall, at Balaklava, and, more lately, in India—and man for man—nay, even at the odds of three to two—no cavalry in the world could withstand them. Rifled field guns are terrible instruments, but would prove useless, or nearly so, when horses and artillerymen were harassed by men who knew the country well, and who were ready behind every hedge. The writer is of opinion that for every hundred volunteer cavalry raised, and properly trained, the same number of our regular dragoons might be spared to fight our battles in other countries.

VIDOCQ, FRENCH DETECTIVE.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

Vidocq, who was gifted with sound reasoning powers, quick intelligence, clear and ready speech, and who talked better and more to the purpose than three-fourths of the advocates in high repute, was no writer, and never knew the most elementary rules of grammar and orthography. His well-known Memoirs, therefore, were edited from his notes, not by himself, but by a couple of literary gentlemen. This dressed-up and unoriginal autobiography has lately been analysed and completed in an interesting volume, "Vidocq; Vie et Aventures," by M. Barthélemy Maurice, who has the double merit of industry in the collection of authentic facts, and spirit in weaving them into a narrative.

François-Eugène Vidocq was born at Arras, on the 23rd of July, 1775, in a house close to that in which Robespierre first saw the light sixteen years before him. His father, who was a baker by trade, intended that his son should

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succeed to the business, and employed him at an early age to carry the bread to the customers' houses; of which heavy charge, in consequence of his unusually robust constitution, he was capable at an earlier age than other lads. Like many celebrated robbers, François opened his apprenticeship by stealing from the paternal till. At first, he only abused the confidence with which it was left open to his attacks; when it was kept locked, he stormed it with the help of a false key, which at last compromised him. When there was no cash, he laid hands upon the loaves and the household chattels, and sold them for what he could get, to whomsoever would buy. One day, he pledged the family plate at the Mont-de-Pieté for a hundred and fifty francs, by which he earned the honour of his first detention at The Baudets, or The Donkeys—the town prison, where he had ten days of dungeon by way of a fatherly correction. He left so well corrected that he broke open his parent's cash-box, took the whole of its contents, about two thousand francs, and escaped to Ostend, with the intention of embarking for America.

How he was plundered of his plunder, how he joined a company of acrobats and dancing-dogs, how he enlisted, fought, deserted, enlisted again into another regiment, deserted again to the Austrians, got flogged or caned, deserted back again, and got wounded in the leg, were long to tell though it was short to do. For, having received his discharge, in consequence of fresh wounds, he married, at the age of eighteen, a lean and ugly woman much older than himself, but who was the sister of one Chevalier, an aide-de-camp of that monster of the Revolution, Joseph Lebon. Having met with what he deserved from this amiable female, after disgraceful wanderings in Belgium he moved to Lille, where he lived by acting as the accomplice of swindlers. A violent assault committed on an officer procured him three months' imprisonment in the Tour Saint-Pierre; but, as he did not want for money, he secured therein a private chamber called the Œil-de-Bœuf, or the Bull's Eye.

There were in this prison, at the same time with himself, two ex-sergeant-majors of his acquaintance, who were awaiting the departure of a gang of galley-slaves, and a husbandman condemned to six years of reclusion, who did nothing but lament his fate, and continually repeat that he would give this and that sum of money to regain his liberty. As his position was really pitiable (he had a wife and seven children, and when the scarcity was at its worst had stolen a few pecks of wheat to keep them from starving), and as the offers which he made were not to be despised, the two sergeant-majors at first undertook to draw up in his favour a petition for a free pardon; but they afterwards thought it an easier and a quicker plan to fabricate an order for his discharge, which the gaoler, conniving at the scheme, received as good and available, and immediately put into execution. This document, soon discovered to be false, was concocted in Vidocq's chamber, if not with his collaboration. He was found guilty of forgery and the employment of forged papers purporting to be public and authentic writings. Years afterwards, to justify himself against an accusation that he had been often condemned—once to death—he took care to publish in his Memoirs the text of the judgment pronounced against him, the 7th Nivose, an V (27th of December, 1796), by the criminal tribunal of the Département du Nord, sitting at Douai, a judgment which condemns him to eight years in irons, and six hours of public exposure. It is a singular position for a man to be in, to be obliged to make use of such a document as a sort of certificate of comparative respectability. Vidocq, it seems, never underwent any other condemnation than this.

This is the proper place to mention, once for all, two extraordinary faculties which Vidocq possessed: the first, was the power of adapting his physiognomy to circumstances; the second, of doing whatever he would with his stomach, either in the way of abstinence or of absorption. A first-rate actor will mould his features to represent those of a youth, or of a man a hundred years old; and this, no doubt, is a wonderful feat; but, after all, it is performed in a theatre, by lamp-light, and at a certain distance from the nearest spectator; whereas it was by broad daylight, in immediate contact with former accomplices, with professional thieves, in the presence of turnkeys, gendarmes, and commissaries of police, that Vidocq assumed whatever stature, gait, physiognomy, age, and accent, best suited his purpose. He was tall, and of athletic build; and yet, when he was more than sixty years of age, his favourite disguise was to dress himself in female attire! The peculiar disposition of his stomach was still more remarkable. We find him, in his moments of distress, going without food two or three whole days; and afterwards, when he kept one of the best tables in Paris, quitting it to go and devour in a filthy den, with every appearance of gluttonous appetite, boiled potatoes, lumps of bacon, and even those shapeless remnants of food left on people's plates in restaurants, which the poor wretches reduced to feed on them style "un arlequin"—a harlequin. We find him drinking, with equal gaiety and in equal quantities, iced champagne and the cheap "vin-bleu," or blue wine, which was consumed outside the barriers of Paris; and swallowing from morning till night, and from night till morning, half-pints and pints of that corrosive poison which is retailed, under the name of eau-de-vie, in the taverns and "souricières," or mouse-traps, which surround the halles or markets. His other personal appetites were equally under the command of his intellect and his will. Be it remembered that the leading points of this wonderful individual's character may legitimately be the object of public curiosity, not because he lived the life of a convict for several years, but because for twenty years he was the chief of the Police of Surety, a service which he created, and at the head of

which he cleared Paris of more than twenty thousand malefactors of the worst description.

After the turning period of Vidocq's condemnation for forgery, his life was a series of escapes from prison, each more impudent, ingenious, and daring than the other. On one occasion, in the Rue Equermoise, the principal street of Lille, he stumbled on a police-agent, face to face, and pretended to surrender, but got away from his captor by throwing cinder-ashes in his eyes. Another time, the Commissary Jacquard got information that he was going to dine in the Rue Notre-Dame, at a house where meals were served to small parties of people. The commissary proceeded there, accompanied by four attendants, whom he left on the ground floor, and went up-stairs himself to the very room where Vidocq was seated at table with a couple of ladies. The fourth guest, a recruiting sergeant, had not yet arrived. Vidocq recognised the commissary, who, never having seen the object of his search, had not the same advantage; his disguise, moreover, would have thrown out all the written descriptions in the world. Without being disconcerted in the least, Vidocq accosted the intruder, in an easy tone of voice, and requested him to step into a side room, which had a glass door opening into the large dining-room, on pretence that he had something of importance to communicate.

"You are looking out for Vidocq? If you will only wait ten minutes, I will point him out to you. This is his knife and fork and his plate; he cannot be long. When he comes in, I will make signs to you; but, if you are alone, I doubt whether you will be able to take him, because he is armed, and is resolved to defend himself."

"My men are on the staircase; and if he gets away from me, they——"

"Do not leave them there on any account. If Vidocq only catch sight of them, he will suspect there is something in the wind, and your bird will soon be flown."

"But where can I put them?"

"Eh! Mon Dieu, in this little room. But, above all, take care not to make any noise: that would spoil everything. I have quite as much interest as you can have, in getting him out of the way."

The commissary and his agents retired, therefore, into the little room. The door was strong, and was soon double-locked. Their unknown friend, sure of making his escape, shouted to them, "*You* are looking out for Vidocq? Well; it is Vidocq who has caught and caged *you*. Good-by, till next time."

Two other performances in the same style of acting answered his purpose equally well, but he was arrested at last, and brought back to the Tour Saint-Pierre, where, for greater safety, he was put into a dungeon, with criminals condemned to death. His arrival could not have been more opportune; his new companions had long been preparing for a flight, in which he was invited to take part, and which was put in practice the third night afterwards. Eight of the condemned men passed through a hole perforated in the wall, within three paces of a sentinel, who had not the slightest suspicion of what was going on.

Seven prisoners still remained. According to custom on such occasions, they drew straws to decide who was to follow the first of the seven. The lot fell to Vidocq, who undressed himself in order to slip more easily through the opening, which was very narrow; but, to everybody's disappointment, he stuck fast, unable to move either backwards or forwards. In vain his companions endeavoured to pull him out by main strength; he was caught and nipped as it were in a vice, and his sufferings became so intolerable, that, despairing of any aid from within, he called the sentinel, to beg for help from without. The soldier approached with the utmost precaution. At his shouts, the guard seized their arms, the turnkeys hastened to the spot with lighted torches, and Vidocq was dragged out of the hole in the masonry, leaving strips of skin behind him. Wounded as he was, he was immediately transferred to the prison called the Petit-Hôtel, where he was thrust into a dungeon and loaded with irons, hand and foot.

This severe lesson did not deter him from again attempting to escape. One day he was brought up for examination, together with seventeen other prisoners. Two gendarmes guarded them in the magistrate's ante-chamber, whilst a picket of the line kept watch outside. One of the gendarmes laid down his hat and cloak to go into the magistrate's presence. A bell rang to summon his comrade. In an instant, Vidocq threw the cloak over his shoulders, stuck the cocked-hat on his head, took one of the prisoners by the arm, as if leading him out for a breath of air, knocked at the door, which was speedily opened by a corporal, and next moment was in the street.

As a change, he joined a company of mountebanks who were performing pantomimes at Courtrai and Ghent. He lived very comfortably on the share of the receipts allotted to him. But one evening, just as he was about to make his appearance before the admiring spectators, he was arrested on the information of the clown, who was furious at being outshone by a brighter star. The consequence was a dungeon at Douai, irons hand and foot, and the society of a couple of finished scoundrels. At Toulon, he managed to pass out of the town, through the gates, acting on the bright idea—suggested by a female friend—of joining the followers of a funeral. He employed the freedom so obtained, to enlist in a band of highway robbers, who turned him out, a fortnight afterwards, on discovering, by the mark on his shirt, that he came from the galleys.

After numberless similar reimprisonments and re-escapes, he tried hard to lead a comparatively quiet and regular life, in the Faubourg St. Denis, Paris, where he was not known. He set up as a tailor, entered into the semblance of domestic arrangements (his mother living with him, together with a husbandless lady called Annette),

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found his affairs prospering, and saw rising before his eyes the vision of a happy life, when he was recognised, and consequently laid under contribution, by two former comrades from the galleys of Brest, who at first mulcted him to the amount of forty or fifty francs, and afterwards wanted to live entirely at his expense. It requires no very vivid imagination to compose the sequel of the romance; the tyranny of these undesirable acquaintances became at length unbearable. They brought him stolen goods, and compelled him to turn receiver, whether he would or no. He was obliged to burn his carriole, or covered cart, because he had lent it to these very dear friends, who had made use of it for the commission of a murder in the banlieue. A third man, presented by the two Arcadians, insisted on having impressions of the keys of all the drapers with whom Vidocq was in the habit of doing business.

Vidocq was conscious, now that henceforth he must either be the tool and the slave of thieves and murderers, or must be their master and their scourge. In this dilemma, he offered his services to M. Henry, Chief of the Second Division of Police, on the sole condition that he should not be sent back to the galleys, but that he should finish the remaining term of his sentence in any prison they liked to appoint. His first overture was coldly received and not accepted; his name was not even asked; and he was obliged to hide himself disguised as an "Invalide" who had lost his left arm. Unfortunately, he took refuge with a couple of coiners, with whom he ventured to remonstrate on their dangerous and illegal trade. They, fearing some indiscretion on his part, thought it best to forestal him by calling the attention of the authorities to their scrupulous lodger. He was arrested in his shirt on the top of a roof, and brought before M. Henry, who remembered the advances he had lately made, and promised to interest himself in his welfare. Three months afterwards, due inquiry having been made, it was decided to accept the bargain. What Vidocq undertook to do, he did, thoroughly, efficiently, and unflinchingly. He gloried in the name of spy; treachery brought no shame to his cheek: he summed up all with the satanic exclamation, "Evil, be thou my good!" The way in which he set about his task shows the style of his abilities.

It would not do to let the criminal world have the slightest inkling of the understanding that had been come to; and therefore, when the arrangement was concluded, he was transferred as a convict to the prison of La Force. On arriving at his new residence, he took great care, in concert with the police, to spread the report that he was implicated in a most serious affair, for which evidence was then being sought. M. Henry, the person by whom the bargain was made, spoke of his protégé's sagacity in such high terms to the Préfet of Police, that it was agreed to put an end to his captivity at once. But every precaution was taken to avoid any suspicion that the prisoner had been purposely set at liberty. When he was fetched away from La Force, the strictest formalities were observed; he was handcuffed and put into the prisoners' van; but it was agreed that he should break out of it on the road, which he did. That same evening, the whole staff of the police were hunting after him. The escape made a great noise, especially at La Force, where his friends celebrated it by drinking his health, wishing him a pleasant journey! He continued to be admitted, not only without mistrust, but with open arms and a hearty welcome, into the society and the intimate confidence of the ruffians whom he was henceforward charged, not merely to bring to condemnation, but to arrest by force in case of need. It is evident that his new speciality was not a bed of roses. Perhaps he had even more to fear from the jealousy of his new colleagues than from the resentment of the associates whom he had deserted. If his life were in danger every day, every day also was he the object of false reports and calumnious denunciations. M. Henry, satisfied with his zeal and address, promised to communicate such disparagement to him, in order that he might answer in writing; and, the better to testify his confidence, he entrusted him with the most difficult missions, in which other agents had completely failed.

Vidocq's enemies, and he had plenty of them—first, every criminal, and, secondly, every policeman—asserted that if he effected such numerous arrests, it was only by preparing for them by the odious means of provocation of crime. He denied it stoutly; but he confessed that he was often obliged, not to make criminal propositions, but to pretend to accept those that were made to him. Nor was this all; a heap of reports, some signed, some anonymous, accused him of taking advantage of his position to carry on robbery on a gigantic scale. The Chief of the Second Division replied, "If Vidocq commits such important thefts as you say, you must be very clumsy hands at your business not to have caught him in the fact. Have I ever told you not to watch his movements, exactly as other police agents are watched?"

When these enemies found that personal attacks were a waste of time, they directed their hostilities against the men belonging to his brigade, whom they affected to call "Vidocq's gang," as if they were a gang of robbers, or a gang of murderers. It is certain that nine-tenths of them came from the galleys and the central prisons. This formed part of Vidocq's system, for he was convinced that, in order to make war effectually on the criminal portion of society, you must be acquainted with their language, their manners, and their habits. Naturally enough, the more respectable peace-officers felt both dislike and jealousy of the Brigade of Surety, who usurped their most important functions. According to them, the Brigade was the secret cause of every robbery committed in Paris. Vidocq was in a rage. He tried hard to discover some method of putting the honour of his agents beyond sus-

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picion. The speciality of their service prevented their being dressed in uniform; he therefore compelled them to wear gloves. Henceforward, no one could reproach his men with "doing business" in the crowd. The most practised hand, unless completely naked, is powerless to prig.

The agents of the Brigade of Surety were no sinecurists. On ordinary occasions they were on duty eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; but when they were out on "an expedition," it might be three or four days before they got back to their lodgings. As for their chief, it was a problem for them, as for everybody else, to know where and when he slept. At whatever hour they wanted him, they always found him dressed, always ready, always close shaved, like an actor—in order to be able to put on wigs, whiskers, and moustaches, of all ages and all colours. It was nothing uncommon to see him disguised in ten different costumes in the course of one day.

Of Vidocq's address and powers of endurance in tracking out and capturing his human game, the two following anecdotes exhibit a slight sample.

It is the custom in France for persons employed in an official capacity to pay their respects to the head of their department on New Year's-day, often accompanying their compliments with a trifling gift, such as a flower or a fruit. There was a redoubtable robber, named Delvèze the Younger, once a hackney-coachman, who had defied the police to arrest him, for two years and a half. On the 1st of January, 1813, Vidocq went to pay his court to M. Henry, and addressed him thus: "I have the honour to wish you a happy new year, accompanied by the famous Delvèze."

"That is what I call something like a New Year's gift," said M. Henry, when he saw the prisoner. "I should be very glad if each of you gentlemen now present, could offer me the like!"

New Year's gifts are offered in the first place according to the ability of the giver; and, secondly, according to the taste of the person to whom they are offered. Vidocq was delighted to find the arrest of Delvèze so thoroughly appreciated by his superiors, although it increased the hatred and jealousy of the peace-officers and their agents. Consequently, on the 1st of January, 1814, he brought another present of the same nature, but of much greater importance, in the person of Fossard, an escaped galley-slave, already celebrated, but who was destined subsequently to immortalise himself by the medal robbery at the Bibliothèque. Fossard was a man of fifty years of age, of herculean stature, and endowed with long-tried strength and courage. It was known that he had made up his mind to do anything rather than return to the galleys; it was known, moreover, that he was armed at all points; that he even carried pistols concealed in the fine lawn pocket-handkerchief which always dangled in his hand, perfectly determined to blow out the brains of the first man who should attempt to arrest him. Therefore, ever since his return to Paris (whither he had come without asking leave of the authorities at Brest, where quarters had been assigned to him at the government expense), the police agents were more afraid of him than he was of them.

When, on the 15th of December, M. Henry entrusted Vidocq with the dangerous mission of arresting Fossard, the only information he could give him was this: "Fossard is living in Paris, in some street which leads from the Halle to the Boulevard; it is not known on what story he lodges, but the windows of his apartment are hung with yellow silk and embroidered muslin curtains. In the same house there lives a humpbacked young woman, a dressmaker by trade, who is on friendly terms with Fossard's female companion."

These indications were vague enough. A deformed girl is no rarity in any house in Paris which contains a multitude of families; and there are yellow curtains in at least one house in twenty. Never mind; Vidocq set to work, made up and disguised to represent a gentleman sixty years of age, in easy circumstances, and in sufficient preservation to attract the favourable notice of a crook-backed lady, who had left her minority at several years' distance. After twelve days of fruitless research, he discovered his charmer in the third story of a house in the Rue du Petit-Carreau. Presenting himself as the unfortunate husband of the woman with whom Fossard was living, he learned that the latter person had changed his lodgings, that he styled himself Monsieur Hazard, and that he resided in a smart house at the corner of the streets Duphot and St. Honoré.

Vidocq then disguised himself as a coal-heaver, and did it so well, that his mother and his subordinates conversed with him for some time without recognising him. In this costume, he ascertained that the pretended M. Hazard never went out without being armed to the teeth, and that his elegant white handkerchief always contained a brace of pistols. He came to the conclusion that he had to deal with a man who could only be arrested in bed, and he set about considering the means of success. It appeared to him that the best thing he could do was to inspire the master of the wine-shop, in whose house Fossard lodged, with fears respecting his property, and even for his life. To this effect, after resuming his ordinary dress and mien, he presented himself to the worthy citizen; begging in solemn tones the favour of a little private conversation, he addressed him to the following purport:

"I am commissioned to warn you, on the part of the police, that you are about to be robbed. The robber who has projected the crime, and who perhaps will execute it himself, lodges in your house. The woman who is with him, sometimes comes and seats herself behind your counter, by the side of your wife. While thus engaged in conversation, she has managed to obtain an impression of the key which opens the door by which the thieves are to enter.

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Every precaution has been taken; the spring of the bell on the door, is to be cut with a pair of shears, so that you will have no notice of its opening. Once inside, they will rush up to your chamber; and, if they observe the slightest symptom of your awakening—as you have to do with a consummate villain, I have no occasion to explain the rest."

"They will cut our throats!" said the terrified wine-seller, immediately calling his wife to communicate to her this agreeable piece of news. "What will this world come to! Would you believe it, my dear? That Madame Hazard, so smooth and saintly, that the curé would give her absolution without hearing her confession, has been trying to work our ruin. This very night, they are coming to murder us."

"No, no," interrupted Vidocq; "make your minds easy. It is not to come off to-night; the till won't be heavy enough. They are waiting till Twelfth Day is over; but, if you are discreet, and will agree to second me, we will set all that to rights."

The wine-merchant and his wife entreated Monsieur le Chef de la Police de Sûreté to ease them, as soon as possible, of so disagreeable a tenant, and not to leave them in a state of apprehension until Twelfth Night was over. Vidocq at first pretended that that would not suit his plans; then, he affected to yield, solely on account of the lively interest with which these worthy people inspired him. The married pair undertook to watch Fossard's movements, and to keep up a constant communication with Vidocq, who had established his quarter-general at the neighbouring guard-house, in which a commissaire of gendarmes installed himself in permanence, awaiting the moment of action. At eleven o'clock of the night of the 31st of December, Fossard came home without suspicion, humming a tune as he walked up-stairs. Twenty minutes afterwards, the disappearance of the light indicated that he had gone to bed. Vidocq and all his companions were quietly let in by the wine-seller. A fresh consultation was held at once as to the means of seizing Fossard without running too great risks.

Vidocq's first idea was to do nothing before morning. He was informed that Fossard's lady companion came down stairs very early to fetch milk. The object was to seize this woman, take possession of the key, and so to enter her friend's bedroom unannounced; but might it not happen that, contrary to custom, he might come down stairs first? This reflection led to the adoption of another expedient. The mistress of the wine-shop, to whom M. Hazard always behaved with great politeness, had one of her nephews staying with her. He was tolerably intelligent for a child of ten years of age, and as precociously anxious to earn money as any little Norman need be. He was promised a reward if, under the pretext of his aunt's being indisposed, he would go and beg Madame Hazard to give him some eau-de-Cologne. The young gentleman was exercised in the piteous tone adapted to the pretended circumstances; and, as soon as he was perfect, the play was played. The other actors took off their shoes, in order to get up-stairs unheard. The lad had nothing on but his shirt; he rang the bell. No answer; he rang again.

"Who is there?"

"'Tis I, Madame Hazard; 'tis Louis. My aunt is suddenly taken very ill, and she begs you to give her a little eau-de-Cologne. She says she is dying. I have brought a light."

The door opened; but scarcely could the lady show herself before she was dragged away by a couple of powerful gendarmes, who clapped a cloth on her mouth to prevent her from screaming. Vidocq threw himself upon Fossard. Stupified by the suddenness of the event, and already handcuffed and bound in his bed, he was taken prisoner before he had time to make a single movement or to utter a single word. His astonishment was so great, that he was nearly an hour before he recovered his speech. When lights were brought in, and he saw his enemy's coal-heaver's dress and blackened face, he was seized with redoubled terror.

Search was made in the dwelling of this brigand, who had acquired a redoubtable reputation. A great quantity of jewellery, diamonds, and a sum of eight or ten thousand francs were found. While this investigation was going on, Fossard, who had recovered his presence of mind, confided to Vidocq that beneath the marble top of the side-table there were still ten notes of a thousand francs each. "Take them," he said; "we will share them between us; or, rather, you shall keep what you please, for yourself." Vidocq in fact did take the notes as he was requested. They got into a hackney-coach and drove to M. Henry's office, where the articles found in Fossard's apartments were deposited. An inventory was made of them. When they came to the last item, the Commissary who had accompanied the expedition for formality's sake, observed, "We have now only to close the procès-verbal." "Wait an instant," cried Vidocq. "Here are ten thousand francs besides, which the prisoner gave me." So saying, he displayed the notes—to Fossard's great indignation. He darted one of those glances whose interpretation is, "*This* trick I will never forgive you!"

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—Shakespeare.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

X.

The Inquest was hurried for certain local reasons which weighed with the coroner and the town authorities. It was held on the afternoon of the next day. I was, necessarily, one among the witnesses.

My first proceeding, in the morning, was to go to the post-office, and inquire for the letter which I expected from Marian. No change of circumstances, however extraordinary, could affect the one great anxiety which weighed on my mind while I was away from London. The morning's letter, which was my only assurance that no misfortune had happened, was still the absorbing interest with which my day began.

To my relief, the letter from Marian was at the office waiting for me. Nothing had happened—they were both as safe and as well as when I had left them. Laura sent her love, and begged that I would let her know of my return, a day beforehand. Her sister added, in explanation of this message, that she had saved "nearly a sovereign" out of her own private purse, and that she had claimed the privilege of ordering the dinner and giving the dinner which was to celebrate the day of my return. I read these little domestic confidences, in the bright morning, with the terrible recollection of what had happened the evening before, vivid in my memory. The necessity of sparing Laura any sudden knowledge of the truth was the first consideration which the letter suggested to me. I wrote at once to Marian, to tell her what I have told in these pages; presenting the tidings as gradually and gently as I could, and warning her not to let any such thing as a newspaper fall in Laura's way while I was absent. In the case of any other woman, less courageous and less reliable, I might have hesitated before I ventured on unreservedly disclosing the whole truth. But I owed it to Marian to be faithful to my past experience of her, and to trust her as I trusted myself.

My letter was necessarily long. It occupied me until the time for going to the Inquest.

The objects of the legal inquiry were necessarily beset by peculiar complications and difficulties. Besides the investigation into the manner in which the deceased had met his death, there were serious questions to be settled relating to the cause of the fire, to the abstraction of the keys, and to the presence of a stranger in the vestry at the time when the flames broke out. Even the identification of the dead man had not yet been accomplished. The helpless condition of the servant had made the police distrustful of his asserted recognition of his master. They had sent to Knowlesbury over-night to secure the attendance of witnesses who were well acquainted with the person of Sir Percival Glyde, and they had communicated, the first thing in the morning, with Blackwater Park. These precautions enabled the coroner and jury to settle the question of identity, and to confirm the correctness of the servant's assertion; the evidence offered by competent witnesses, and by the discovery of certain facts, being strengthened by the dead man's watch. The crest and the name of Sir Percival Glyde were engraved inside it.

The next inquiries related to the fire.

The servant and I, and the boy who had heard the light struck in the vestry, were the first witnesses called. The boy gave his evidence clearly enough; but the servant's mind had not yet recovered the shock inflicted on it—he was plainly incapable of assisting the objects of the inquiry, and he was desired to stand down. To my own relief, my examination was not a long one. I had not known the deceased; I had never seen him; I was not aware of his presence at Old Welmingham; and I had not been in the vestry at the finding of the body. All I could prove was that I had stopped at the clerk's cottage to ask my way; that I had heard from him of the loss of the keys; that I had accompanied him to the church to render what help I could; that I had seen the fire; that I had heard some person unknown, inside the vestry, trying vainly to unlock the door; and that I had done what I could, from motives of humanity, to save the man. Other witnesses, who had been acquainted with the deceased, were asked if they could explain the mystery of his presumed abstraction of the keys, and his presence in the burning room. But the coroner seemed to take it for granted, naturally enough, that I, as a total stranger in the neighbourhood, and a total stranger to Sir Percival Glyde, could not be in a position to offer any evidence on these two points.

The course that I was myself bound to take, when my formal examination had closed, seemed

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clear to me. I did not feel called on to volunteer any statement of my own private convictions; in the first place, because my doing so could serve no practical purpose, now that all proof in support of any surmises of mine was burnt with the burnt register; in the second place, because I could not have intelligibly stated my opinion—my unsupported opinion—without disclosing the whole story of the conspiracy; and producing the same unsatisfactory effect on the minds of the coroner and the jury which I had already produced on the mind of Mr. Kyrle.

In these pages, however, and after the time that has now elapsed, no such cautions and restraints as are here described, need fetter the free expression of my opinion. I will state, before my pen occupies itself with other events, how my own convictions lead me to account for the abstraction of the keys, for the outbreak of the fire, and for the death of the man.

The news of my being unexpectedly free on bail, drove Sir Percival, as I believe, to his last resources. The attempted attack on the road was one of those resources; and the suppression of all practical proof of his crime, by destroying the page of the register on which the forgery had been committed, was the other, and the surest of the two. If I could produce no extract from the original book, to compare with the certified copy at Knowlesbury, I could produce no positive evidence, and could threaten him with no fatal exposure. All that was necessary to his end was, that he should get into the vestry unperceived, that he should tear out the page in the register, and that he should leave the vestry again as privately as he had entered it.

On this supposition, it is easy to understand why he waited until nightfall before he made the attempt, and why he took advantage of the clerk's absence to possess himself of the keys. Necessity would oblige him to strike a light to find his way to the right register; and common caution would suggest his locking the door on the inside, in case of intrusion on the part of any inquisitive stranger, or on my part, if I happened to be in the neighbourhood at the time.

I cannot believe that it was any part of his intention to make the destruction of the register appear to be the result of accident, by purposely setting the vestry on fire. The bare chance that prompt assistance might arrive, and that the books might, by the remotest possibility, be saved, would have been enough, on a moment's consideration, to dismiss any idea of this sort from his mind. Remembering the quantity of combustible objects in the vestry—the straw, the papers, the packing-cases, the dry wood, the old wormeaten presses—all the probabilities, in my estimation, point to the fire as the result of an accident with his matches or his light.

His first impulse, under these circumstances, was doubtless to try to extinguish the flames—and, failing in that, his second impulse (ignorant as he was of the state of the lock) had been to attempt to escape by the door which had given him entrance. When I had called to him, the flames must have extended across the door leading into the church, on either side of which the presses extended, and close to which the other combustible objects were placed. In all probability, the smoke and flame (confined as they were to the room) had been too much for him, when he tried to escape by the inner door. He must have dropped in his death-swoon—he must have sunk in the place where he was found—just as I got on the roof to break the skylight-window. Even if we had been able, afterwards, to get into the church, and to burst open the door from that side, the delay must have been fatal. He would have been past saving, long past saving, by that time. We should only have given the flames free ingress into the church: the church, which was now preserved, but which, in that event, would have shared the fate of the vestry. There is no doubt in my mind—there can be no doubt in the mind of any one—that he was a dead man before ever we got to the empty cottage, and worked with might and main to tear down the beam.

This is the nearest approach that any theory of mine can make towards accounting for a result which was visible matter of fact. As I have described them, so events passed to us outside. As I have related it, so his body was found.

The Inquest was adjourned over one day; no explanation that the eye of the law could recognise having been discovered, thus far, to account for the mysterious circumstances of the case.

It was arranged that more witnesses should be summoned, and that the London solicitor of the deceased should be invited to attend. A medical man was also charged with the duty of reporting on the mental condition of the servant, which appeared at present to debar him from giving any evidence of the least importance. He could only declare, in a dazed way, that he had been ordered, on the night of the fire, to wait in the lane, and that he knew nothing else, except that the deceased was certainly his master. My own impression was, that he had been first used (without any guilty knowledge on his own part) to ascertain the fact of the clerk's absence from home on the previous day; and that he had been afterwards ordered to wait near the church (but out of sight of the vestry) to assist his master, in the event of my escaping the attack on the road, and of a collision occurring between Sir Percival and myself. It is necessary to add, that the man's own testimony was never obtained to confirm this view. The medical report of him declared that what little mental faculty he possessed was seriously shaken; nothing satisfactory was extracted from him at the adjourned Inquest; and, for aught I know to the contrary, he may never have recovered to this day.

I returned to the hotel at Welmingham, so jaded in body and mind, so weakened and depressed by all that I had gone through, as to be quite unfit to endure the local gossip about the Inquest, and to answer the trivial questions that the talkers addressed to me in the coffee-room. I withdrew from my scanty dinner to my cheap garret-chamber, to secure myself a little quiet,

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and to think, undisturbed, of Laura and Marian.

If I had been a richer man, I would have gone back to London, and would have comforted myself with a sight of the two dear faces again, that night. But, I was bound to appear, if called on, at the adjourned Inquest, and doubly bound to answer my bail before the magistrate at Knowlesbury. Our slender resources had suffered already; and the doubtful future—more doubtful than ever now—made me dread decreasing our means, by allowing myself an indulgence, even at the small cost of a double railway journey, in the carriages of the second class.

The next day—the day immediately following the Inquest—was left at my own disposal. I began the morning by again applying at the post-office for my regular report from Marian. It was waiting for me, as before, and it was written, throughout, in good spirits. I read the letter thankfully; and then set forth, with my mind at ease for the day, to walk to Old Welmingham, and to view the scene of the fire by the morning light.

Truly has the great poet said, "There is nothing serious in mortality." Through all the ways of our unintelligible world, the trivial and the terrible walk hand in hand together. The irony of circumstances holds no mortal catastrophe in respect. When I reached the church, the trampled condition of the burial-ground was the only serious trace left of the fire and the death. A rough hoarding of boards had been knocked up before the vestry doorway. Rude caricatures were scrawled on it already; and the village children were fighting and shouting for the possession of the best peep-hole to see through. On the spot where I had heard the cry for help from the burning room, on the spot where the panic-stricken servant had dropped on his knees, a fussy flock of poultry was now scrambling for the first choice of worms after the rain—and on the ground at my feet, where the door and its dreadful burden had been laid, a workman's dinner was waiting for him, tied up in a yellow basin, and his faithful cur in charge was yelping at me for coming near the food. The old clerk, looking idly at the slow commencement of the repairs, had only one interest that he could talk about, now—the interest of escaping all blame, for his own part, on account of the accident that had happened. One of the village women, whose white, wild face I remembered, the picture of terror, when we pulled down the beam, was giggling with another woman, the picture of inanity, over an old washing-tub. Nothing serious in mortality! Solomon in all his glory, was Solomon with the elements of the contemptible lurking in every fold of his robes and in every corner of his palace.

As I left the place, my thoughts turned, not for the first time, to the complete overthrow that all present hope of establishing Laura's identity had now suffered through Sir Percival's death. If he had lived—well! if he had, would that total change of circumstances really have altered the result? Could I have made my discovery a marketable commodity, even for Laura's sake, after I had found out that robbery of the rights of others was the essence of Sir Percival's crime? Could I have offered the price of *my* silence for *his* confession of the conspiracy, when the effect of that silence must have been to keep the right heir from the estates, and the right owner from the name? Impossible! If Sir Percival had lived, the discovery, from which (in my ignorance of the true nature of the Secret) I had hoped so much, could not have been mine to suppress, or to make public, as I thought best, for the vindication of Laura's rights. In common honesty and common honour, I must have gone at once to the stranger whose birthright had been usurped—I must have renounced the victory at the moment when it was mine, by placing my discovery unreservedly in that stranger's hands—and I must have faced afresh all the difficulties which stood between me and the one object of my life, exactly as I was resolved, in my heart of hearts, to face them now!

I returned to Welmingham with my mind composed; feeling more sure of myself and my resolution than I had felt yet.

On my way to the hotel, I passed the end of the square in which Mrs. Catherick lived. Should I go back to the house, and make another attempt to see her? No. That news of Sir Percival's death, which was the last news she ever expected to hear, must have reached her, hours since. All the proceedings at the Inquest had been reported in the local paper that morning: there was nothing I could tell her which she did not know already. My interest in making her speak had slackened. I remembered the furtive hatred in her face, when she said, "There is no news of Sir Percival that I don't expect—except the news of his death." I remembered the stealthy interest in her eyes when they settled on me at parting, after she had spoken those words. Some instinct, deep in my heart, which I felt to be a true one, made the prospect of again entering her presence repulsive to me—I turned away from the square, and went straight back to the hotel.

Some hours later, while I was resting in the coffee-room, a letter was placed in my hands by the waiter. It was addressed to me, by name; and I found, on inquiry, that it had been left at the bar by a woman, just as it was near dusk, and just before the gas was lighted. She had said nothing; and she had gone away again before there was time to speak to her, or even to notice who she was.

I opened the letter. It was neither dated, nor signed; and the handwriting was palpably disguised. Before I had read the first sentence, however, I knew who my correspondent was. Mrs. Catherick.

The letter ran as follows—I copy it exactly, word for word:

"Sir, you have not come back, as you said you would. No matter; I know the news, and I write to tell you so. Did you see anything particular in my face when you left me? I was

wondering whether the day of his downfal had come at last, and whether you were the chosen instrument for working it. You were—and you *have* worked it. You were weak enough, as I have heard, to try and save his life. If you had succeeded, I should have looked upon you as my enemy. Now you have failed, I hold you as my friend. Your inquiries frightened him into the vestry by night; your inquiries, without your privity, and against your will, have served the hatred and wreaked the vengeance of three-and-twenty years. Thank you, sir, in spite of yourself.

"I owe something to the man who has done this. How can I pay my debt? If I was a young woman still, I might say, 'Come! put your arm round my waist, and kiss me, if you like.' I should have been fond enough of you, even to go that length; and you would have accepted my invitation—you would, sir, twenty years ago! But I am an old woman, now. Well! I can satisfy your curiosity, and pay my debt in that way. You *had* a great curiosity to know certain private affairs of mine, when you came to see me—private affairs which all your sharpness could not look into without my help—private affairs which you have not discovered, even now. You *shall* discover them; your curiosity shall be satisfied. I will take any trouble to please you, my estimable young friend!

"You were a little boy, I suppose, in the year twenty-seven? I was a handsome young woman, at that time, living at Old Welmingham. I had a contemptible fool for a husband. I had also the honour of being acquainted (never mind how) with a certain gentleman (never mind whom). I shall not call him by his name. Why should I? It was not his own. He never had a name: you know that, by this time, as well as I do.

"It will be more to the purpose to tell you how he worked himself into my good graces. I was born with the tastes of a lady; and he gratified them. In other words, he admired me, and he made me presents. No woman can resist admiration and presents—especially presents, provided they happen to be just the things she wants. He was sharp enough to know that—most men are. Naturally, he wanted something, in return—all men do. And what do you think was the something? The merest trifle. Nothing but the key of the vestry, and the key of the press inside it, when my husband's back was turned. Of course he lied when I asked him why he wished me to get him the keys, in that private way. He might have saved himself the trouble—I didn't believe him. But I liked my presents, and I wanted more. So I got him the keys, without my husband's knowledge. I watched him, without his own knowledge. Once, twice, four times, I watched him—and the fourth time I found him out.

"I was never over-scrupulous where other people's affairs were concerned; and I was not over-scrupulous about his adding one to the marriages in the register, on his own account. Of course, I knew it was wrong; but it did no harm to *me*—which was one good reason for not making a fuss about it. And I had not got a gold watch and chain—which was another, still better. And he had promised me one from London, only the day before—which was a third, best of all. If I had known what the law considered the crime to be, and how the law punished it, I should have taken proper care of myself, and have exposed him then and there. But I knew nothing—and I longed for the gold watch. All the conditions I insisted on were that he should tell me everything. I was as curious about his affairs then, as you are about mine now. He granted my conditions—why, you will see presently.

"This, put in short, is what I heard from him. He did not willingly tell me all that I tell you here. I drew some of it from him by persuasion, some of it by questions. I was determined to have all the truth—and I believe I got it.

"He knew no more than any one else of what the state of things really was between his father and mother, till after his mother's death. Then, his father confessed it, and promised to do what he could for his son. He died having done nothing—not having even made a will. The son (who can blame him?) wisely provided for himself. He came to England at once, and took possession of the property. There was no one to suspect him, and no one to say him nay. His father and mother had always lived as man and wife—none of the few people who were acquainted with them ever supposed them to be anything else. The right person to claim the property (if the truth had been known) was a distant relation, who had no idea of ever getting it, and who was away at sea when his father died. He had no difficulty, so far—he took possession, as a matter of course. But he could not borrow money on the property as a matter of course. There were two things wanted of him, before he could do this. One was a certificate of his birth, and the other was a certificate of his parents' marriage. The certificate of his birth was easily got—he was born abroad, and the certificate was there in due form. The other matter was a difficulty—and that difficulty brought him to Old Welmingham.

"But for one consideration, he might have gone to Knowlesbury instead. His mother had been living there just before she met with his father—living under her maiden name; the truth being that she was really a married woman, married in Ireland, where her husband had ill-used her and had afterwards gone off with some other person. I give you this fact on good authority: Sir Felix mentioned it to his son, as the reason why he had not married. You may wonder why the son, knowing that his parents had met each other at Knowlesbury, did not play his first tricks with the register of that church, where it might have been fairly presumed his father and mother were married. The reason was, that the clergyman who did duty at Knowlesbury church, in the year eighteen hundred and three (when, according to his birth-certificate, his father and mother *ought* to have been married), was alive still, when he took possession of the property in the New Year of eighteen

hundred and twenty-seven. This awkward circumstance forced him to extend his inquiries to our neighbourhood. There, no such danger existed: the former clergyman at our church having been dead for some years.

"Old Welmingham suited his purpose, as well as Knowlesbury. His father had removed his mother from Knowlesbury, and had lived with her at a cottage on the river, a little distance from our village. People who had known his solitary ways when he was single, did not wonder at his solitary ways when he was married. If he had been anything but a hideous, crooked creature to look at, his retired life with the lady might have raised some suspicions; but, as things were, his hiding his ugliness and his deformity in the strictest privacy surprised nobody. He lived in our neighbourhood till he came in possession of the Park. After three or four and twenty years had passed, who was to say (the clergyman being dead) that his marriage had not been as private as the rest of his life, and that it had not taken place at Old Welmingham church?

"So, as I told you, the son found our neighbourhood the surest place he could choose, to set things right secretly in his own interests. It may surprise you to hear that what he really did to the marriage-register was done on the spur of the moment—done on second thoughts.

"His first notion was only to tear the leaf out (in the right year and month), to destroy it privately, to go back to London, and to tell the lawyers to get him the necessary certificate of his father's marriage, innocently referring them of course to the date on the leaf that was gone. Nobody could say his father and mother had *not* been married, after that—and whether, under the circumstances, they would stretch a point or not, about lending him the money (he thought they would), he had his answer ready, at all events, if a question was ever raised about his right to the name and the estate.

"But when he came to look privately at the register for himself, he found at the bottom of one of the pages for the year eighteen hundred and three, a blank space left, seemingly through there being no room to make a long entry there, which was made instead at the top of the next page. The sight of this chance altered all his plans. It was an opportunity he had never hoped for, or thought of—and he took it, you know how. The blank space, to have exactly tallied with his birth-certificate, ought to have occurred in the February part of the register. It occurred in the April part instead. However, in this case, if suspicious questions were asked, the answer was not hard to find. He had only to describe himself as a seven months' child.

"I was fool enough, when he told me his story, to feel some interest and some pity for him—which was just what he calculated on, as you will see. I thought him hardly used. It was not his fault that his father and mother were not married; and it was not his father's and mother's fault, either. A more scrupulous woman than I was—a woman who had not set her heart on a gold watch and chain—would have found some excuses for him. At all events, I held my tongue, and helped to screen what he was about. He was some time getting the ink the right colour (mixing it over and over again in pots and bottles of mine), and some time, afterwards, in practising the handwriting. He succeeded in the end—and made an honest woman of his mother, after she was in her grave. So far, I don't deny that he behaved honourably enough to me. He gave me my watch and chain; both were of superior workmanship, and very expensive. I have got them still—the watch goes beautifully.

"You said, the other day, that Mrs. Clements had told you everything she knew. In that case, there is no need for me to write about the trumpery scandal by which I was the sufferer—the innocent sufferer, I positively assert. You must know as well as I do what the notion was which my husband took into his head, when he found me and my fine-gentleman acquaintance meeting each other privately, and talking secrets together. But what you don't know, is how it ended between that same gentleman and myself. You shall read, and see how he behaved to me.

"The first words I said to him, when I saw the turn things had taken, were, 'Do me justice—clear my character of a stain on it which you know I don't deserve. I don't want you to make a clean breast of it to my husband—only tell him, on your word of honour as a gentleman, that he is wrong, and that I am not to blame in the way he thinks I am. Do me that justice, at least, after all I have done for you.' He flatly refused, in so many words. He told me, plainly, that it was his interest to let my husband and all my neighbours believe the falsehood—because, as long as they did so, they were quite certain never to suspect the truth. I had a spirit of my own; and I told him they should know the truth from my lips. His reply was short, and to the point. If I spoke, I was a lost woman, as certainly as he was a lost man.

"Yes! it had come to that. He had deceived me about the risk I ran in helping him. He had practised on my ignorance; he had tempted me with his gifts; he had interested me with his story—and the result of it was that he had made me his accomplice. He owned this, coolly; and he ended by telling me, for the first time, what the frightful punishment really was for his offence, and for any one who helped him to commit it. In those days, the Law was not so tender-hearted as I hear it is now. Murderers were not the only people liable to be hanged; and women convicts were not treated like ladies in undeserved distress. I confess he frightened me—the mean impostor! the cowardly blackguard! Do you understand, now, how I hated him? Do you understand why I am taking all this trouble—thankfully taking it—to gratify the curiosity of the meritorious young gentleman who hunted him down?

"Well, to go on. He was hardly fool enough to drive me to downright desperation. I was not the sort of woman whom it was quite safe to hunt into a corner—he knew that, and

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wisely quieted me with proposals for the future. I deserved some reward (he was kind enough to say) for the service I had done him, and some compensation (he was so obliging as to add) for what I had suffered. He was quite willing—generous scoundrel!—to make me a handsome yearly allowance, payable quarterly, on two conditions. First, I was to hold my tongue—in my own interests as well as in his. Secondly, I was not to stir away from Welmingham, without first letting him know, and waiting till I had obtained his permission. In my own neighbourhood, no virtuous female friends would tempt me into dangerous gossiping at the tea-table—in my own neighbourhood, he would always know where to find me. A hard condition, that second one—but I accepted it. What else was I to do? I was left helpless, with the prospect of a coming incumbrance in the shape of a child. What else was I to do? Cast myself on the mercy of my runaway idiot of a husband who had raised the scandal against me? I would have died first. Besides, the allowance *was* a handsome one. I had a better income, a better house over my head, better carpets on my floors, than half the women who turned up the whites of their eyes at the sight of me. The dress of Virtue, in our parts, was cotton print. I had silk.

"So, I accepted the conditions he offered me, and made the best of them, and fought my battle with my respectable neighbours on their own ground, and won it in course of time—as you saw yourself. How I kept his Secret (and mine) through all the years that have passed from that time to this; and whether my late daughter, Anne, ever really crept into my confidence, and got the keeping of the Secret too—are questions, I dare say, to which you are curious to find an answer. Well! my gratitude refuses you nothing. I will turn to a fresh page, and give you the answer, presently."

SHIPWRECKS.

Is a man's life worth four pounds seven shillings and twopence?

The wind moans and pipes through the trees in the garden, and comes rumbling down the chimneys of our lodging by the sea. There rises from the beach a solemn roar of waters. Through splashes of rain on the window-pane, through the twilight gloom of a spring evening wrapped in the wild night of storm, we look out on the glancing of white lines of surf, and at the upward lightning of the rockets from a vessel in distress. As if defiant of the little flash of man's distress, the black cloud is ablaze; and, for an instant, we make out a brig distinctly. Had we time, we could count the men upon her deck. Darkness descends again as the floor under us is shaken by the mighty jarring of the thunder. Our hearts beat in the presence of no holiday spectacle. We came hither for sea air and health, choosing a spot where there is a bold coast, a fine sea, and only a small fisher hamlet near us. Here, we learn, there are many wrecks. The frail child we brought with us has fled from the window to her sofa in the farthest corner of the room, and lies there panting with her hands before her eyes. I dare not leave her to go down to the wild shore. And what can I, weak invalid, do when the very boatmen can do nothing but assemble in a hopeless crowd upon the beach? About them are hovering their mothers, wives, and daughters, who will resist by entreaty and force any attempt to put out through such a surf. The women on the shore here have their way; and so God comfort the wives and mothers of those out at sea.

I did not lift next morning the corner of the sail covering that by which my old pilot was watching solemnly. He sat on the great heap of sea-weed that now fringed the shore.

"How many, Jem?" I asked, after I had stood by him for a long time in silence.

"Change for six fi'-pun' notes under yon sail," Jem answered.

"How can you jest——"

"Four tight sailors, a boy, and——" he turned the sail from the face of a drowned seven-year old girl, her hair like that of our own ailing little Ethel. Jem finished his pipe gloomily.

I sat beside the spread sail in a reverie of selfish pity.

"When you preached for the vicar, sir, last Sunday," presently said Jem, "you talked something like as if money was dirt. Perhaps it is. Perhaps that's dirt under the sail."

The nurse was bringing Ethel in her arms towards us, and I motioned her away, although the child cried bitterly to come to me and her rough sailor friend. This morning her walk must not be upon the shore.

"To be sure," said Jem, a little grimly, "it's not dirt when there's life in it. What a many sorts of change people may take out of five pounds."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Why, there was all hands lost last night for want of a life-boat here. My son-in-law is coxswain of the nearest life-boat, but that's thirty miles from us. We've lots of wrecks, but never a boat yet. There are boats wanted, belike, in hundreds of other places where there are only poor people ashore, though there are none the kinder rocks and shoals at sea. *We* can't set up a boat."

"A few five-pound notes," I said, "would not have done it for you."

"Look here, sir," said Jem. "My son-in-law, he's but a rough fisherman who knows his trade, a stout lad, and not stupid on salt water. He gets eight pound a year for being coxswain of the life-boat at his place, and very proud he are for so to be. Once a quarter he goes out with the boat's crew, men like himself, for exercising in rough weather, and they get their day's pay too, as is fitting. They've a boat that'll do anything but go out walking ashore by itself, and that lives in a home of its own, handy to the sea, ready to slip out on a wreck at a minute's notice. What he tells me is, which is the only learning he's got from books kep' in the boat-house, that when the money that has

been spent in setting life-boats up about the coast is squared against the lives saved, there's a life for every four pound seven and twopence. That's the sum. So, the more five-pound notes go that way, the fewer of us will go this way;" and he laid a wrinkled finger on the sail. "But you couldn't tell 'em anything from the pulpit, sir, unless it wor in charity sermons, about what is to be bought with fi'-pun' notes. Ah, dear! I wish I had a lot of 'em!"

When, a week after the storm, I went in search of a physician to the seaport Jem had named, and, waiting his time to return with me when he had seen his patients on the spot, walked sadly by the ripple of a placid sea, I came by accident upon the life-boat house. It was a neat stone building with some show of architecture in it, with a verandah east and west sheltering forms upon which pilots and others might sit under cover in foul weather. I had been told that, at this town, boat-house and boat were the gift of a lady of fortune, and it was evident that she was one who did not give with two fingers. The wide folding-doors opening upon the sea were closed and locked. A boy with a shrimp basket, at my request, went off in search of Bill the coxswain, who had charge of one of the keys; and Bill was talkative enough when he found whence I came, and whither I was about to return that evening, also that I would take a bit of parcel back with me from his wife to her old father, and that I did really care very much to know what he could show and tell me. But what he told me caused me to make more inquiry, to get books and papers, and, at last, to write as I now do, while I sit watching the night through by the bedside of my little Ethel, with the moan of the night wind and the measured dash of the sea filling up all pauses in my thoughts.

Upon our island coast touch, in each year, ships that employ a million of men and boys. Every year, about a thousand vessels suffer upon the shores of Britain, wreck total or partial, and sometimes five hundred, sometimes fifteen hundred (in the very last year sixteen hundred and forty-six) lives have been lost. In the first half only of this current year, the average of twelve months of disaster has already been attained. Of the total wrecks, nearly one half the number is found to arise from errors in seamanship or other preventable causes, and seventeen in a hundred have occurred to unseaworthy vessels. Some also are lost (there have been eight lost in one year) because they have been provided with defective charts or compasses. It is the duty of some one to secure the timely condemnation of old vessels, which are now sent out until they sink at sea, and bring to an untimely death the men they carry. Of the ships lost, only one out of four is lost in a storm. Oversight, ignorance, neglect, and false economy, are more cruel than storms. Wrecks themselves are in a great degree preventable. But here the only question is, how to prevent loss of life by wreck within sight of the British shores.

The wrecks on our coast last year were more numerous than they have been in any former year of which record is kept. The excess was caused by two violent gales. In the gale of the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth of October, there were one hundred and thirty-three total wrecks and ninety casualties. The number of lives lost in that one gale on our shores was within two of eight hundred. The loss of life would have been great, had the dead list not been more than doubled by the loss of four hundred and forty-six lives in the Royal Charter. After a rest of five days, the winds blew again on the first day of November; and, in that second gale, twenty-nine lives were lost in the wreck of thirty-eight vessels. There were also two great wrecks on other days to swell the death list. In the beginning of spring, more than four hundred lives were lost at once in the Pomona. Fifty-six were lost in midwinter with the Blervie Castle. These were all deaths on our shore. Of wrecks at sea nothing is said. It has been found that the proportion of accident has become much greater than it used to be in British, as compared with foreign vessels. Putting out of account the coasting trade, and reckoning the oversea trade only, the chance of accident to a British ship is once in one hundred and seventy-five voyages; but that, to a foreign ship, the average of accident is only once in three hundred and thirty-five voyages; accidents upon our coasts, therefore—strange fact!—are twice as likely to occur to a vessel that is at home, as to the vessel of a stranger.

One accident occurred to a vessel aged more than a century, one to a ship between eighty and ninety, and another to a ship between ninety and a hundred years of age. Sixty-four wrecks were of ships more than fifty years old; but, it is between the ages of fourteen and twenty, that ships have appeared to suffer most. The age next in liability to misfortune was between twenty and thirty; then the comparatively new ships, between three and seven, suffered most. Of the wrecks last year, more than six hundred were on the east coast, less than five hundred on the west coast, and less than one hundred and fifty on the south coast. On the Irish coast there were but ninety-nine wrecks, against one hundred and sixty-eight in the preceding year, but wrecks on the Isle of Man increased in number from six to twenty-eight.

The value of the property lost by the wrecks on our coast last year was two millions of money, the lives lost were, as before said, one thousand six hundred and forty-five; but as there were more wrecks, more losses than ever, so were there also more lives saved from wreck than ever. About three hundred were saved by life-boats, nearly as many by the rocket-and-mortar apparatus, a thousand by luggers, coast-guard or fishermen's boats, and small craft, nearly eight hundred by ships and steam-vessels, and six by the heroism of individuals.

Last year, as in the previous year, it was the south-west wind that proved most disastrous. Of the two most fatal gales, Admiral Fitzroy

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has pointed out that they were foretold by both thermometer and barometer, and that their advance could have been telegraphed from the southern to the eastern and northern coasts in sufficient time to ensure full preparation. "It is proved," writes the admiral, "that storms are preceded by distinct warnings, and that they advance in particular directions towards places where their influence is felt some time after it has become marked elsewhere. Therefore, information may be conveyed by telegraph, in time to caution those at a distance who are likely to be visited by bad weather." Of the message swifter than the wind, no use has yet been made for the protection of our sailors.

Warning was again neglected, of the yet more terrible gales of this year. In the lost Yarmouth fishing-boats alone, one hundred and thirty men perished, two hundred in the boats from Yarmouth and the adjacent dozen miles of coast, and they have left two hundred children fatherless.

The courage and humanity of all the boatmen of our coast appear in the return of lives saved. We must not think of the rocket-and-mortar apparatus and the life-boat stations as the sole dependence of the shipwrecked mariner whose eye strains towards British ground expecting help. But the life-boat can brave storms in which a coast-guard boat or fisher boat could not venture to put out; it has a trained crew and every provision for the rescue of men from a wreck; it is ready to slip out to its work at a minute's warning, and the men saved by a life-boat very commonly are men whom nothing but a life-boat could have saved.

Almost the first blot on the records of the life-boat service was the selfish struggle, during one of the late gales, among men of the Yarmouth life-boat, who retained the boat ashore, disputing among themselves for the right to the place of coxswain, while men were being drowned before their eyes from a wrecked brig upon the Scroby Sands. The boat that could have saved all hands went out too late, and came back as it went out, in disgrace. Very different was the temper of the Margate life-boatmen, who, coming to the shore a minute or two late, and finding their boat manned by other seamen, threw them their waterproofs, with a kind cheer to speed them on their swift errand of mercy.

There is a fund annually granted by this nation for the acknowledgment of gallant services in saving life at sea. It is spent, not in reward, but in thankful recognition of a generosity bounded by no national distinctions. Now, it is an American captain who saves thirty English lives, maintains them in his ship for forty days, and joins his owners in refusing compensation. Now, it is a French custom-house officer, himself unable to swim, who has plunged into the sea to save a drowning Englishman, or who totters from a sick-bed to help in the rescue of an English wreck upon his coast. Now, it is a Genoese captain who saves a crew of fourteen men, maintains them for three weeks, and will not be paid. Now, it is a Greek and now a Dutchman, now a Dane and now a Portuguese, who has braved death and storm for the help of imperilled Englishmen. The Maltese seaman of the Royal Charter none forget.

The public recognition of the duty for which all hearts are so ready, as regards the saving of wretched men upon our shores, has for its best evidence the life-boat. There were last year one hundred and fifty-eight life-boat stations on the coasts of the three kingdoms. Many of these are maintained by the harbour commissioners, dock trustees, or other local representatives of shipping interests, of the ports at which they are found. One or two are maintained by the generosity of individuals; but the great majority—ninety-two last year, and after a few months this year, one hundred and one—are under the management of the National Life-boat Institution. This Institution relies on the public for its means, but has a subsidy of about two thousand a year from the Board of Trade, which spends also another two thousand on the maintenance and use of the mortar-and-rocket apparatus. On the Institution just named, government depends for the maintenance and advancement of an efficient life-boat system. What is its history, and what is it about?

It was founded six-and-thirty years ago, and is actively represented by a committee mainly composed of mercantile men and officers in the navy, with the Chairman of Lloyd's, the Comptroller-General of the Coast-Guard, the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, and others. The committee sits in London, and, on the part of the Institution, its business is to build, station, and maintain in repair life-boats of the most perfect description; to furnish them with all necessary appurtenances, including boat-houses and carriages for the conveyance of boats to the sea; also to provide, through a local committee, for the proper management of each boat and the exercising of its crew. The Institution also grants money, medals, votes of thanks to those who have risked life in the effort to save shipwrecked men. It collects and turns to account the newest and best information on the construction of life-boats, the management of boats in surf and storm, the best method of restoring animation to drowned men in whom a spark of life may linger, and whatever else may be found serviceable to the cause it represents.

There have been reported to the committee of this Institution, by coast-guard officers and Lloyd's agents, sixty points upon our coast at which a life-boat station is still urgently required. Two years ago, the Institution possessed seventy boats. A year ago, it possessed eighty-one boats. At the annual meeting held this year, it was reported that the Institution had placed on the coast twelve more boats (one of which is the free gift of Miss Burdett Coutts), and had others in course of building, which would raise the force of their fleet to one hundred and one, the largest life-saving fleet that the world has ever seen. Each boat, apart from any help it might give to a wreck, has been

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out once a quarter in picked rough weather for exercise of the men, and for test of the efficiency of all its tackling. For such exercise in stormy weather, every man has had a day's pay of five shillings, and for duty at wrecks the payment has been ten shillings a man per day, and a pound for night-work. Four thousand stout men of the coast are enrolled as members of the life-boat fleet, and have pulled oars during the last year in its service. The cost of managing is as little as it can be. But the exertions made last year compelled a large expenditure in excess of income. Great care is taken, by a minute system of reports and frequent inspection, to secure the constant readiness and sustain perfectly the right equipment of each boat.

Except a little interest from funded capital, and the subsidy from the Mercantile Marine Fund of about two thousand a year, the Life-boat Institution is obliged to look wholly to the public for augmenting the life-boat fleet. But it is to be remembered, also, that this kind of expenditure does not represent all that has been done; the central Institution often grants its funds in aid of local efforts, and of the life-boatmen's pay a thousand a year collected from among their neighbours never enters into the accounts of the society. The sympathy of all hearts with the work also produces savings that are, in fact, gifts, not represented on the balance-sheet. A railway company, for example, or a steam-packet company, is proud to convey a life-boat to its destination free of charge.

About two years ago the Norfolk Shipwreck Association voted itself into a branch of the Life-boat Institution, and the additional strength of the main body, in as far as it is due to this transfer (represented as the addition of a thousand pounds last year to the means already detailed), does not, of course, correspond to an additional provision for the saving of life on our shores. There is no piece of English coast so perilous as that of Norfolk.

The cost of a life-boat is not much under two hundred pounds. It must be strong, very strong in its breadth, buoyant, swift on a heavy sea, constructed to discharge at once the water that it ships, and to right itself when upset, and it must also supply the greatest possible amount of stowage room for passengers. The ingenious carriage contrived for its run to the sea and instant launching costs from sixty to a hundred pounds, and the boat-house about another hundred pounds. Every man of the crew is supplied with a cork life-belt, which he is bound to wear whenever he goes afloat in the craft. The belts hang against the walls of the boat-house, and the boat's equipment is then kept always ready for immediate use. This consists of an anchor and cable, a twenty-five pound grapnel to retain the boat for a while near a wreck, a boat's painter, a set and a half of short fir oars, two steering sweep-oars, two boat-hooks with lanyards, a hand-grapnel with heaving-line, a sharp axe and two small sharp hatchets, two life-buoys with attached lines, short knotted life-lines, a boat binnacle and spirit compass, oil, matches, a spy-glass, a lantern, a fisherman's port-fire, hand-rockets, a vessel of fresh water and a drinking cup, some nautical sundries with a box of certain tools, and a lamp *kept trimmed*. All these things have to be kept in their right places in the boat and always ready. The establishment of a life-boat station having once been set up on the coast, thirty pounds a year is the cost of its maintenance.

Among the little publications of the institution is a set of instructions for the recovery of the apparently drowned, which cannot be too widely diffused. They are founded upon principles laid down by the late Doctor Marshall Hall, and had been made the subject of extensive inquiries by the Institution before they were officially presented as the best practical advice that science can afford. These rules are easily remembered, easily acted upon, and there is no person to whom the knowledge of them may not, by some unhappy chance, become a matter of the deepest consequence. So, here is the substance of them:

Send for a doctor, blankets, and dry clothes, but wait for nothing. Endeavour at once to restore breathing and maintain warmth, and persevere in the endeavour not for minutes but for hours.

To restore breathing, clear the throat by placing the body on the ground, face downwards, with one arm under the forehead. Fluid will escape by the mouth, the tongue will fall and leave the windpipe open. Cleanse and wipe the mouth. If breathing do not follow, or be very faint, endeavour to excite it artificially. To do this, first turn the body rapidly upon its side and stimulate the nostrils with snuff or smelling-salts, the throat with a feather. If that fail, instantly replace the body on its face, setting a folded coat under the chest to press upon it and force out the air. Then turn the body gently to one side and a little beyond, and briskly back upon its face, keeping up these two movements at the rate of about fifteen to the minute, now and then varying the side. Aid the pressure of the coat under the chest by brisk simultaneous pressure with the hand upon the back between the shoulder-blades.

Let the body never be turned on its back, and let the open air come to it freely.

To maintain warmth, dry the body and wrap it in a blanket, leaving, except in severe weather, the face, neck, and chest, exposed.

After breathing has been restored, and not until then, rub the limbs upwards; use hot flannels, &c. Give first a teaspoonful of warm water, afterwards small quantities of wine, brandy-and-water, or coffee. Keep the patient in bed, and encourage sleep.

Another of the publications of the society, founded upon persevering inquiry among the expert boatmen on our coasts, gives clear directions for the management of open boats in heavy surf and broken water. This little book has been translated into French, Spanish, and Swedish, and has been circulated extensively through-

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out Her Majesty's fleet. In putting out to sea, or in coming to land when the weather is rough, all the peril is upon the broken sea, and life depends on a distinct understanding of the dangers to be battled with, and the right way of overcoming them. In spite of all knowledge and skill, the Aldborough life-boat was upset last December in a very high surf, when on its way to a vessel in distress, and three of its crew of fifteen men were drowned. But it is a remarkable fact, that until that day during all the six-and-thirty years of the existence of the Life-boat Institution, while more than eleven thousand lives had been saved from shipwreck, of the men who went out in life-boats to their rescue, not one had been lost.

I could say more, but Ethel is awake, and, wandering in fever, talks with the child drowned in the storm that scared away her little rest of health.

OPENING A BARROW.

When a friendly letter came to me one bright day last spring, from Oldbuck, a country squire down in Ramshire, that great sheep-breeding country, begging me to come and assist at the opening of one of the great Ramshire tumuli, I lost no time in at once packing up my portmanteau and setting off by the S. W. R. to visit my old antiquarian friend, my chum at Eton, and my comrade in the hunting-field.

There is a charm in opening anything, whether it be a parcel from the country, or a box of books. I like the first analytic cut at a Stilton, the first ride over a new line of country, the first dip of the line in a new stream. There is a hope and expectancy about it, coupled with a mystery in the unsounded depths of the untried, which I suppose produces the pleasure.

But here the mystery sets one's antiquarian imagination on the burn and on the boil. We might find a skeleton in armour, one of Death's sentinels, with spear and sword laid ready beside its fleshless hands. We might, for all I knew, dig up Caractacus himself, or Boadicea's first cousin, or some silent Briton who had seen Cæsar, and drawn a bow at the legionaries. We might see through the fresh dark earth a great gold torques, one of those collars of twisted bullion that the ancient British kings wore, or one of those tiaras of gold plate that the arch-Druids donned on great mistletoe-cutting festivals, when the men with the white and blue robes and the golden sickles rehearsed Norma on the most tremendous scale, in the oak forest, or round the sacred circles of grey stones.

A dog-cart bore me from the station, to the pretty Ramshire cottage, where my antiquarian bachelor friend hoards his flint-axes, elk-horns, torques, old coins, and bronze spear-heads. It was a drive under a mile or two of black-boughed elms, where the stars seemed to hang like fruit, or like the little tapers that twinkle in a Christmas-tree—a door opening into a glowing room—a supper—some seething grog—and a plunge into an ocean of best bed.

When I awoke next morning, I thought at first I was in a cathedral, and was staring through a great crimson stained window; but it proved only to be the sunlight shining through the red curtains. They were not angels as I had dreamed, in the choir, but thrushes and blackbirds singing in the laurels outside, boasting of their blue eggs and their thriving families. When I wrenched myself from bed and looked out at the sky, the colour of a forget-me-not, and saw the sun blazing on the glossy laurel-leaves, and the swallows studying entomology like so many transmigrated Kirbys and Spences and Rev. Mr. Whites of Selborne, I felt quite ashamed of myself in not being up to watch the pyrotechnics of a Ramshire sunrise—the only thing which Oldbuck acknowledges to be as good as it was in the thirteenth century.

I was busy down stairs watching a monster of a speckled thrush pulling a worm out of the lawn, which he did with a give and take, pull-baker pull-devil principle, like a sailor-boy at a rope a little too heavy for him, when the breakfast gong went off and Oldbuck appeared instantly, like Zadkiel at the same summons, in high spirits—with Colt Hoare's Wiltshire under his arm. It lay on the side-table beside the frilled ham, and was occasionally referred to during our meal by my enthusiastic friend.

Breakfast done, the dogs loosed in case of a rabbit, off we set to Peterwood: a fir plantation about a mile away on the downs, where the resting-place of the ancient Briton we were going to wake up, lay. The keepers were to meet us on the upland, with pickaxes, spades, and other resurrectionary apparatus. Oldbuck was great on the pugnacious illogical Celt, on the boat-headed Pict, on the long-headed Scot, on the Belgæ, and the Allobrogæ, and the Cangi, on the slow struggle that the Romans had for Ramshire, winning it, red-inch by inch, and dyking back the blue-painted deer-slayers with trenched camp and palisade and mound.

It was a day of soft burning blue, with now and then a triumphal arch of rainbow for Queen April to pass under, weeping like a bride in mingled joy and pleasure. The roadside banks were starred with cowslips, weighed down by tax-collecting bees, and under the tasseled hazels the royal purple of the violets formed a carpet. As for the white clouds, their edges were so round and sharp cut, that, had they been so much white paper cut out and stuck against the sky, they could not have looked harder edged; but they changed shape so often, and folded, and lifted, and scattered so much like snow turned into vapour, that they relieved the inquisitive and unsatisfied mind.

Now, we reached the grizzled down, speckled with furze, churlishly blossoming yellow amidst its thorns, and, striking up an old Roman road called the Ox Drove, we made straight for a white board, with its legend warning trespassers who could not read, just on the skirts of the fir plantation, where the barrow was. A long line of tumuli, the labours of that modern barrow maker, the mole, pointed our way. A

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shout from the interior of the wood showed us we were right, as Oldbuck, quoting Chaucer, a sure sign of his being in the highest spirits, made a plunge among the firs, and I followed him.

Here was the Briton's burying-place—a low mound, covered with scanty grass, and brown fir needles, and resinous scaly fir cones, and just a violet or two. It had been nibbled away by time, and rains, and heat, and the friction of winds, and rabbits' feet, and foxes' scratching, until it was a mere small wen of earth, half hidden among the coppery fir-trees. Very many centuries ago, that mound was soft fresh earth, and warm tears fell fast upon its surface. You have slept long enough, very Ancient Briton; it is time for you to rise. It is a fine morning. You will find the country improved. Steam, sir, that wonderful invention, has revolutionised the world. I will lend you Pinnock's Catechism, and you shall read the History of the Norman Conquest, my good man.

The two keepers, who look like the sextons in Hamlet, are of a coppery, winter-apple colour, and are of a strong build, well adapted for grappling with poachers. They both wear brown velveteen jackets, stained with hare's blood, and smeared with fish slime, and their legs are cased in hard leather gaiters that look like greaves of rusty iron. To it they go, as if digging for treasure, paring off the pads of turf, chopping at the clawing roots of the firs, and picking out the broken bones of mother earth, which men call flints.

Oldbuck advised at once cutting to the centre of the mound, on the Colt Hoare principle, in order to reach the central burial-chamber, which is generally found constructed of four square stones. We opened, therefore, two trenches, one in a perpendicular, and the other in a horizontal direction, so as to meet in the centre.

Oldbuck took a shovel, I took a spade, and we worked as well as the best; no navigators ever earned their wages more satisfactorily than we did. The elder keeper, with the white moth trout-flies round his rusty hat, toiled after us in vain. We soon came upon the remains of bodies: at first merely small finger-bones, brown, and not unlike the mouthpieces of pipes: then the ends of ribs, protruding like roots from the slabs of clay: then, empty boxes of skulls, men's and women's: then puzzle-pieces of disjointed vertebræ. Oldbuck was in raptures.

Some bits of rude, black, unglazed pottery were next thrown up, and the brown bones, piled up at the foot of a fir-tree, began to grow into a heap that, put together, would have been sufficient to build up six or seven human beings. But bronze spear-head, or brooch, or Celt axe, we found not, much to Oldbuck's mortification.

I could not help thinking that as for the glazed pottery it looked wonderfully like the fragment of a modern Briton's black teapot; but I dared not say so to Oldbuck, who was hanging over it as Romeo might have done over Juliet's glove. It was certainly the base of some culinary vessel, rudely fashioned into a round shape, and totally without ornament—not even that toothed edge, which so resembles the decoration round the edge of a beef-steak pie, and which the modern cook's knife so readily executes.

As for the leg-bones which left moulds of themselves in the clay they had so long been imbedded in, they were sadly crumbly and porous; white thread-like roots of bent grass had crept into their sockets, and the blue poisonous fibres of couch-grass had grown through their tubes, and matted round the caps of the thigh bones. But the skulls, some male and some female, sent Oldbuck into paroxysms of theories and into prophetical utterances of new ethnological systems.

They were unquestionably curious, and adapted to set one thinking over the dwellers in the wattled houses, and the blue-stained men who trod the pleasant downs of Ramshire many centuries ago. Oldbuck declared violently that they served to establish ingenious Mr. Wright's theory about the deformed skulls found at Uriconium, where the Roman swords had operated upon them.

They were of a mean ape-like character, low, flat, and with scarcely an inch of forehead, though the bones over the eyes (where the perceptive faculties are situated) were coarsely prominent. They might have belonged to a sort of aboriginal race, scarcely of greater mental capacity than the Bushman, that had been destroyed by the Celt. The bones of the male skulls were of enormous thickness—twice the thickness of skulls of our own day; so thick that a bronze axe could hardly have split them; while the female skulls were thin as terra-cotta, and fragile as delicate pie-crust. Oldbuck suggested that the men, bareheaded, were out all day in the fen and forest; while the women remained in their huts, so that *their* bones remained finer and softer. I reminded him of the old story in Herodotus, of the battle-field, when it was easy to tell the Persian's from the Egyptian's skull, because the one which had always been kept coddled in a turban was soft, and could be cracked by a stone, while the other, which had been ever exposed to the sun and wind, resisted the utmost degree of violence. Oldbuck, kneading some clay out of the cavity of a Briton's skull with his finger and thumb, said the story was "very well indeed," and he would make a note of it for his paper on the subject of this barrow.

Some teeth that we found, set Oldbuck off again. They were of a curious, low, animal kind, very narrow and long, more like the front incisor teeth of a beaver than a man's. They had belonged to a young man in the age before dentists; they were still covered with beautiful white enamel, and their edges were not the least worn—just a little deer's flesh the owner had gnawed; then, the struggle of swords, the blazing huts, the glare of the advancing eagle—darkness, and this long sleep under the mound.

All the while that we mused and ravelled out our dim theories, the fir wood was pulsing with the brooding motherly note of innumerable wood-pigeons, the leaping squirrels eyed us

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from above, the little birds sang their secrets to each other among the bristling cones, and over the golden floor of moss and the last year's leaves raced the rabbits, frightened, yet purposely and unrestrainably inquisitive.

"And here," cried Oldbuck, putting himself in a Hamlet position, with a skull of the low barbaric type in the palm of his thin, pale, intellectual hand, "under these draughty trees, with the surf sounding ever through their prophesying branches, must this Bushman tribe of hunters and fishermen have dwelt, long centuries ago. Here, their women must have cooked the deer's flesh, and plaited the wattled huts, and spread the fern-leaves for the beds, and prepared the arrows, and nursed the children; and here the sinewy men, with the low brows and blue stained limbs, must have wielded the flint-axe, and darted the spear, and raced with naked feet over the springy down, with no thought of Rome or of the swift-winged eagle, till one day came the legionaries in close phalanx, with a blaze of gold and purple, and with a cloud of stones from the slings heralding their approach, and stinging showers of arrows from the light armed. They circle the wood, there is a crash of axes, a jar of swords, a burst of groans and curses, flames start up; then there is a great silence, and through the twilight I see grassy mounds rising on the skirts of the wood, looking towards the lower country."

Here the keeper wiped his forehead, and threw out some more bones, with a reflection that they were "mortal old," which seemed to cover all he thought upon the subject, though he did go on to tell us that the barrow we were opening was in a line with two others, some distance off, and that the trench from which the earth was taken for the barrow then specially under consideration, was still to be seen a few hundred yards off. It was his, "kippur's," opinion that the large flints found immediately over the bones were trod in upon them for security, and with malice aforethought. The "kippur" also was of opinion that the black particles here and there among the earth, were wood ashes: whether placed there on purpose or not he could not tell, not he.

Oldbuck here remarked that it became me to observe that the six or seven bodies had evidently been buried in a hurry, as after a battle or massacre, and had certainly not been interred with decency, or with care, or with affectionate consideration. Had this tumulus been that of a chieftain's in times of peace, it would have contained amber beads, or gold torque, or spear-head, or flint-axe.

Here the "kippur," who had been examining the barbaric skull, put his enormous dirty notched thumb on a dent in it, and asked Oldbuck, sharply, "What that was?" Oldbuck at once—with an antiquarian's usual daring imaginativeness—boldly said, "An evident contusion from the blow of a blunt instrument, probably an axe;" which seemed to satisfy the keeper, and set him digging more savagely than ever. Oldbuck bade me observe that the bones lay all near the centre of the mound, and that towards one side beyond the centre they ceased altogether.

Oldbuck was very entertaining on our way to the station. He told me how the finest gold collar ever found had been discovered in the loose earth that a fox had scratched out; how in Scotland a curious helmet of the Bruce period was found jammed between two rocks; how in Ireland the relic case of a bell of great antiquity was discovered on the top of a mountain, where, if not placed by some rebels for safety, it must have remained for centuries.

What a walk back we had over those Ramshire downs, where the young winds seem to be put out to nurse! What mists of liquid opal and pearl veiled the grassy slopes, what white fans of sunbeams pointed me out my way to Chalkton, whose grey steeple I could see in the distance with the gilt weathercock on its apex, blazing as if it were melting in the sunshine. The awkward hares limped before us on the dark chocolate-coloured fallows, or over the broad dim sward of the down, speckled black with furze-bushes, or round by the dark battalions of firs that seemed filing down to meet some invisible commander-in-chief at some special spot of concentration. The rabbits cantered over the road as if running perpetual errands, and the blackbirds chinked and shot to and fro like pall-makers' black shuttles. The shadows raced before us along the broad white road, putting out the sunshine with fitful extinguishment, having the effect of an opening and closing eye perpetually on us as we walked. Even the old battered milestones, grey with lichen, and spotted orange here and there, cheered us by their lessening numbers, and soon the brown thatched roofs and white walls of Chalkton appeared before us in a vision of sunlight.

Hearty red faces were on the platform, and round hats and pleasant eyes were under them; and just as the train came snorting up, slewing round its vertebrated back and tail, Oldbuck shook my hand warmly, and delicately slipped into it the brain-pan of an Ancient Briton, as a remembrance of the opening of a Ramshire barrow.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Some years ago, a temporary inability to sleep, referable to a distressing impression, caused me to walk about the streets all night, for a series of several nights. The disorder might have taken a long time to conquer, if it had been faintly experimented on in bed; but it was soon defeated by the brisk treatment of getting up directly after lying down, and going out, and coming home tired at sunrise.

In the course of those nights, I finished my education in a fair amateur experience of houselessness. My principal object being to get through the night, the pursuit of it brought me into sympathetic relations with people who have no other object every night in the year.

The month was March, and the weather damp, cloudy, and cold. The sun not rising before half-past five, the night perspective looked suffi-

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ciently long at half-past twelve: which was about my time for confronting it.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late public-houses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people going home were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman's rattle sprang and a fray turned up; but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Kent-street in the Borough, and along a portion of the line of the Old Kent-road, the peace was seldom violently broken. But it was always the case that London, as if in imitation of individual citizens belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by, half a dozen would surely follow; and Houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted towards each other, so that we knew when we saw one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would probably stagger up before five minutes were out, to fraternise or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard, the thin-armed puff-faced leaden-lipped gin-drinker, and encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, fifty to one but that specimen was dressed in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day; the common folk who come unexpectedly into a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, worn out—the last veritable sparks of waking life trailed from some late pieman or hot potato man—and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning of the houseless mind would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, anything suggestive of any one being up—nay, even so much as awake, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain, Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, save at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night—but rarely—Houselessness would become aware of a furtive head peering out of a doorway a few yards before him, and, coming up with the head, would find a man standing bolt upright to keep within the doorway's shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would eye one another from head to foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part, mutually suspicious. Drip, drip, drip, from ledge and coping, splash from pipes and water-spouts, and by-and-by the houseless shadow would fall upon the stones that pave the way to Waterloo-bridge; it being in the houseless mind to have a halfpennyworth of excuse for saying "Good night" to the toll-keeper, and catching a glimpse of his fire. A good fire and a good great-coat and a good woollen neck-shawl, were comfortable things to see in conjunction with the toll-keeper; also his brisk wakefulness was excellent company when he rattled the change of halfpence down upon that metal table of his, like a man who defied the night, with all its sorrowful thoughts, and didn't care for the coming of dawn. There was need of encouragement on the threshold of the bridge, for the bridge was dreary. The chopped up murdered man, had not been lowered with a rope over the parapet when those nights were; he was alive, and slept then quietly enough most likely, and undisturbed by any dream of where he was to come. But the river had an awful look, the buildings on the banks were muffled in black shrouds, and the reflected lights seemed to originate deep in the water, as if the spectres of suicides were holding them to show where they went down. The wild moon and clouds were as restless as an evil conscience in a tumbled bed, and the very shadow of the immensity of London seemed to lie oppressively upon the river.

Between the bridge and the two great theatres, there was but the distance of a few hundred paces, so the theatres came next. Grim and black within, at night, those great dry Wells, and lonesome to imagine, with the rows of faces faded out, the lights extinguished, and the seats all empty. One would think that nothing in them knew itself at such a time but Yorick's skull. In one of my night walks, as the church steeples were shaking the March wind and rain with the strokes of Four, I passed the outer boundary of one of these great deserts, and entered it. With a dim lantern in my hand, I groped my well-known way to the stage and looked over the orchestra—which was like a great grave dug for a time of pestilence—into the void beyond. A dismal cavern of an immense aspect, with the chandelier gone dead like everything else, and nothing visible through mist and fog and space, but tiers of winding-sheets. The ground at my feet where, when last there, I had seen the peasantry of Naples dancing among the vines, reckless of the burning mountain which threatened to overwhelm them, was now in possession of a strong serpent of engine-hose, watchfully lying in wait for the serpent Fire, and ready to fly at it if it showed its forked tongue. A ghost of a watchman carrying a faint corpse-candle, haunted the distant upper gallery and flitted away. Retiring within the proscenium, and holding my light above my head towards the rolled-up curtain—green no more, but black as ebony—my sight lost itself in a gloomy vault, showing faint indications in it of a shipwreck of canvas and cordage. Methought I felt much as a diver might, at the bottom of the sea.

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In those small hours when there was no movement in the streets, it afforded matter for reflection to take Newgate in the way, and, touching its rough stone, to think of the prisoners in their sleep, and then to glance in at the lodge over the spiked wicket, and see the fire and light of the watching turnkeys, on the white wall. Not an inappropriate time either to linger by that wicked little Debtor's Door—shutting tighter than any other door one ever saw—which has been Death's Door to so many. In the days of the uttering of forged one-pound notes by people tempted up from the country, how many hundreds of wretched creatures of both sexes—many quite innocent—swung out of a pitiless and inconsistent world, with the tower of yonder Christian church of Saint Sepulchre monstrously before their eyes! Is there any haunting of the Bank Parlour by the remorseful souls of old directors, in the nights of these later days, I wonder, or is it as quiet as this degenerate Aceldama of an Old Bailey?

To walk on to the Bank, lamenting the good old times and bemoaning the present evil period, would be an easy next step, so I would take it, and would make my houseless circuit of the Bank, and give a thought to the treasure within; likewise to the guard of soldiers passing the night there, and nodding over the fire. Next, I went to Billingsgate, in some hope of market-people, but, it proving as yet too early, crossed London-bridge and got down by the water-side on the Surrey shore among the buildings of the great brewery. There was plenty going on at the brewery; and the reek, and the smell of grains, and the rattling of the plump dray horses at their mangers, were capital company. Quite refreshed by having mingled with this good society, I made a new start with a new heart, setting the old King's Bench prison before me for my next object, and resolving, when I should come to the wall, to think of poor Horace Kinch, and the Dry Rot in men.

A very curious disease the Dry Rot in men, and difficult to detect the beginning of. It had carried Horace Kinch inside the wall of the old King's Bench prison, and it had carried him out with his feet foremost. He was a likely man to look at, in the prime of life, well to do, as clever as he needed to be, and popular among many friends. He was suitably married, and had healthy and pretty children. But, like some fair-looking houses or fair-looking ships, he took the Dry Rot. The first strong external revelation of the Dry Rot in men, is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street-corners without intelligible reason; to be going anywhere when met; to be about many places rather than at any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a variety of intangible duties to-morrow or the day after. When this manifestation of the disease is observed, the observer will usually connect it with a vague impression once formed or received, that the patient was living a little too hard. He will scarcely have had leisure to turn it over in his mind and form the terrible suspicion "Dry Rot," when he will notice a change for the worse in the patient's appearance: a certain slovenliness and deterioration, which is not poverty, nor dirt, nor intoxication, nor ill-health, but simply Dry Rot. To this, succeeds a smell as of strong waters, in the morning; to that, a looseness respecting money; to that, a stronger smell as of strong waters, at all times; to that, a looseness respecting everything; to that, a trembling of the limbs, somnolency, misery, and crumbling to pieces. As it is in wood, so it is in men. Dry Rot advances at a compound usury quite incalculable. A plank is found infected with it, and the whole structure is devoted. Thus it had been with the unhappy Horace Kinch, lately buried by a small subscription. Those who knew him had not nigh done saying, "So well off, so comfortably established, with such hope before him—and yet, it is feared, with a slight touch of Dry Rot!" when lo! the man was all Dry Rot and dust.

From the dead wall associated on those houseless nights with this too common story, I chose next to wander by Bethlehem Hospital; partly because it lay on my road round to Westminster; partly, because I had a night-fancy in my head which could be best pursued within sight of its walls and dome. And the fancy was this: Are not the sane and the insane equal at night as the sane lie a dreaming? Are not all of us outside this hospital, who dream, more or less in the condition of those inside it, every night of our lives? Are we not nightly persuaded, as they daily are, that we associate preposterously with kings and queens, emperors and empresses, and notabilities of all sorts? Do we not nightly jumble events and personages and times and places, as these do daily? Are we not sometimes troubled by our own sleeping inconsistencies, and do we not vexedly try to account for them or excuse them, just as these do sometimes in respect of their waking delusions? Said an afflicted man to me, when I was last in a hospital like this, "Sir, I can frequently fly." I was half ashamed to reflect that so could I—by night. Said a woman to me on the same occasion, "Queen Victoria frequently comes to dine with me, and her Majesty and I dine off peaches and maccaroni in our night-gowns, and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort does us the honour to make a third on horseback in a Field-Marshal's uniform." Could I refrain from reddening with consciousness when I remembered the amazing royal parties I myself had given (at night), the unaccountable viands I had put on table, and my extraordinary manner of conducting myself on those distinguished occasions? I wonder that the great master who knew everything, when he called Sleep the death of each day's life, did not call Dreams the insanity of each day's sanity.

By this time I had left the Hospital behind me, and was again setting towards the river; and in a short breathing space I was on Westminster-bridge, regaling my houseless eyes with the external walls of the British Parliament—the perfection of a stupendous institution, I

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know, and the admiration of all surrounding nations and succeeding ages, I do not doubt, but perhaps a little the better now and then for being pricked up to its work. Turning off into Old Palace-yard, the Courts of Law kept me company for a quarter of an hour; hinting in low whispers what numbers of people they were keeping awake, and how intensely wretched and horrible they were rendering the small hours to unfortunate suitors. Westminster Abbey was fine gloomy society for another quarter of an hour; suggesting a wonderful procession of its dead among the dark arches and pillars, each century more amazed by the century following it than by all the centuries going before. And indeed in those houseless night walks—which even included cemeteries where watchmen went round among the graves at stated times, and moved the tell-tale handle of an index which recorded that they had touched it at such an hour—it was a solemn consideration what enormous hosts of dead belong to one old great city, and how, if they were raised while the living slept, there would not be the space of a pin's point in all the streets and ways for the living to come out into. Not only that, but the vast armies of dead would overflow the hills and valleys beyond the city, and would stretch away all round it, God knows how far: seemingly, to the confines of the earth.

When a church clock strikes, on houseless ears in the dead of the night, it may be at first mistaken for company and hailed as such. But, as the spreading circles of vibration, which you may perceive at such a time with great clearness, go opening out, for ever and ever afterwards widening perhaps (as the philosopher has suggested) in eternal space, the mistake is rectified and the sense of loneliness is profounder. Once—it was after leaving the Abbey and turning my face north—I came to the great steps of Saint Martin's church as the clock was striking Three. Suddenly, a thing that in a moment more I should have trodden upon without seeing, rose up at my feet with a cry of loneliness and houselessness, struck out of it by the bell, the like of which I never heard. We then stood face to face looking at one another, frightened by one another. The creature was like a beetle-browed hair-lipped youth of twenty, and it had a loose bundle of rags on, which it held together with one of its hands. It shivered from head to foot, and its teeth chattered, and as it stared at me—persecutor, devil, ghost, whatever it thought me—it made with its whining mouth as if it were snapping at me, like a worried dog. Intending to give this ugly object, money, I put out my hand to stay it—for it recoiled as it whined and snapped—and laid my hand upon its shoulder. Instantly, it twisted out of its garment, like the young man in the New Testament, and left me standing alone with its rags in my hand.

Covent-garden Market, when it was market morning, was wonderful company. The great waggons of cabbages, with growers' men and boys lying asleep under them, and with sharp dogs from market-garden neighbourhoods looking after the whole, were as good as a party. But one of the worst night sights I know in London, is to be found in the children who prowl about this place; who sleep in the baskets, fight for the offal, dart at any object they think they can lay their thieving hands on, dive under the carts and barrows, dodge the constables, and are perpetually making a blunt pattering on the pavement of the Piazza with the rain of their naked feet. A painful and unnatural result comes of the comparison one is forced to institute between the growth of corruption as displayed in the so much improved and cared for fruits of the earth, and the growth of corruption as displayed in these all uncared for (except inasmuch as ever-hunted) savages.

There was early coffee to be got about Covent-garden Market, and that was more company—warm company, too, which was better. Toast of a very substantial quality, was likewise procurable: though the towzled-headed man who made it, in an inner chamber within the coffee room, hadn't got his coat on yet, and was so heavy with sleep that in every interval of toast and coffee he went off anew behind the partition into complicated cross-roads of choke and snore, and lost his way directly. Into one of these establishments (among the earliest) near Bow-street, there came, one morning as I sat over my houseless cup, pondering where to go next, a man in a high and long snuff-coloured coat, and shoes, and, to the best of my belief, nothing else but a hat, who took out of his hat a large cold meat pudding; a meat pudding so large that it was a very tight fit, and brought the lining of the hat out with it. This mysterious man was known by his pudding, for, on his entering, the man of sleep brought him a pint of hot tea, a small loaf, and a large knife and fork and plate. Left to himself in his box, he stood the pudding on the bare table, and, instead of cutting it, stabbed it, over-hand, with the knife, like a mortal enemy; then took the knife out, wiped it on his sleeve, tore the pudding asunder with his fingers, and ate it all up. The remembrance of this man with the pudding remains with me as the remembrance of the most spectral person my houselessness encountered. Twice only was I in that establishment, and twice I saw him stalk in (as I should say, just out of bed, and presently going back to bed), take out his pudding, stab his pudding, wipe the dagger, and eat his pudding all up. He was a man whose figure promised cadaverousness, but who had an excessively red face, though shaped like a horse's. On the second occasion of my seeing him, he said, huskily, to the man of sleep, "Am I red to-night?" "You are," he uncompromisingly answered. "My mother," said the spectre, "was a red-faced woman that liked drink, and I looked at her hard when she laid in her coffin, and I took the complexion." Somehow, the pudding seemed an unwholesome pudding after that, and I put myself in its way no more.

When there was no market, or when I wanted

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variety, a railway terminus with the morning mails coming in, was remunerative company. But like most of the company to be had in this world, it lasted only a very short time. The station lamps would burst out ablaze, the porters would emerge from places of concealment, the cabs and trucks would rattle to their places (the post-office carts were already in theirs), and, finally, the bell would strike up, and the train would come banging in. But there were few passengers and little luggage, and everything scuttled away with the greatest expedition. The locomotive post-offices, with their great nets—as if they had been dragging the country for bodies—would fly open as to their doors, and would disgorge a smell of lamp, an exhausted clerk, a guard in a red coat, and their bags of letters; the engine would blow and heave and perspire, like an engine wiping its forehead and saying what a run it had had; and within ten minutes the lamps were out, and I was houseless and alone again.

But now, there were driven cattle on the high road near, wanting (as cattle always do) to turn into the midst of stone walls, and squeeze themselves through six inches' width of iron railing, and getting their heads down (also as cattle always do) for tossing-purchase at quite imaginary dogs, and giving themselves and every devoted creature associated with them a most extraordinary amount of unnecessary trouble. Now, too, the conscious gas began to grow pale with the knowledge that daylight was coming, and straggling work-people were already in the streets, and, as waking life had become extinguished with the last pieman's sparks, so it began to be rekindled with the fires of the first street corner breakfast-sellers. And so by faster and faster degrees, until the last degrees were very fast, the day came, and I was tired and could sleep. And it is not, as I used to think, going home at such times, the least wonderful thing in London, that in the real desert region of the night the houseless wanderer is alone there. I knew well enough where to find Vice and Misfortune of all kinds, if I had chosen; but they were put out of sight, and my houselessness had many miles upon miles of streets in which it could, and did, have its own solitary way.

OUR EYE-WITNESS "SITTING AT A PLAY."

The Eye-witness has had the good fortune to discover, blushing, unseen, in a country town, a drama of surpassing interest, abounding in situations, in tableaux, and (as will be seen by the bill) in thrilling combats, and withal new and fresh in plot and construction. He was first struck of a heap, and then drawn into the Thamesend Theatre by a playbill in the pork-butcher's window. It was pinned on a very fat leg of pork, and ran thus:

THEATRE, THAMESEND.
For the
BENEFIT OF
Mr. RUPERT RAVENSWOOD,
On Friday, September 30.

The performances will commence with a Drama of intense interest, abounding with thrilling Combats, entitled the

BRIDGE of DESPAIR.

Mons. Dumague..........................Mr. Sims.
Capt. Lafont.........Mr. Hickson.
Mons. Girad.....................Mr. Perry.
Pierre Bertrand.........Mr. Scrope.
Phillipe Pipon.......................Mr. T. Sims.
Paul Gerrole..............Mr. G. Sims.
MICHEL (the Dumb Guide)...Mr. R. Ravenswood.
Jacques Labomme.....................Mr. F. Sims.
Marcel..........................Mr. Q. Sims.
Madame Minot..............................Mrs. Sims.
Jeannette..........................Miss Sims.
Adelle.........Miss Sabina Sims.

Pierre Bertrand's Inn.

The lilly (!) of France—the happy vintage and abode of love—Adelle's goodness the theme of her moral neighbours—she welcomes them to the village festival—this day must be devoted to feasting and merriment! but one is wanting to complete the joyous assembly, and that one is Michel, the Dumb Guide—the consent given to Adelle's marriage with Michel is overheard by Paul Gerrole—he vows his love and is rejected—his vow of revenge—arrival of Michel and Captain Lafont—the letters entrusted to Adelle—Gerrole changes the pistols—the lover's farewell and departure.

Gerrole and Marcel in ambush—the road *intercepted* —the attack—the pistols false, and

DEATH OF CAPTAIN LAFONT.

The dumb guide's despair—Michel beats down Marcel who is wounded—Gerrole returns to the conflict—

TERRIFIC COMBAT of 3

Michel is overpowered and beaten to the earth—escape of Marcel and Gerrole—entrance of the military—

MICHEL ACCUSED OF MURDER!

Grand and Impressive Tableau!

THE TRIAL!!

Evidence strong against Michel—the discharged pistol—sudden appearance of Gerrole who swears that the knife and pistol now produced, stained with blood, were the property of Michel—affecting meeting of the Lovers

Wretched Michel

THY DOOM IS A GIBBET.

THE BRIDGE of DESPAIR

Over the Victim's Grave—Tableau.

CROSS OF DEATH!

The once merry Pierre, the father of

ADELLE A MANIAC!

He sinks in prayer at the foot of the cross—Marcel and Gerrole in search for the

MISSING PISTOL!!

That pistol which if found by another would expose them to the world as the monsters (!) nature had created them—Gerrole sees Pierre, his horror and remorse

THE BLOOD OF HIS VICTIM IS FRESH UPON THE STONE CROSS

Pierre and the pistol—yield it old man! never! a light breaks in upon me

YOU ARE THE MURDERER.

And poor dumb Michel may yet be saved! Help!! Help!!! Deadly Struggle—arrival of the military—the discovery and Death of Paul Gerrole

TABLEAU.

The Theatre at Thamesend is not so large as Exeter Hall. It is not so large as the Adelphi, or the St. James's, or Miss Kelly's. In short, it is as small as it well can be, and the stage—though larger than that of the Smallport Theatre, where the proscenium was so low that your Eye-witness could only see the face of the tallest actor from the mouth downward—the stage is of such confined dimensions that, when a scene has to be set in front of another, the performers have a hard matter to keep their legs out of the foot-lights, and look as if the background must inevitably end in pushing them over into the pit.

But what matters size? The Thamesend Theatre was beautifully decorated, with the whole solar system on the ceiling complete, except in one place, where there was a great round hole, which looked as if one of the larger planets had been unable to stand it any longer, and had bolted out into space. There were twenty-seven persons present on this occasion (after half-price), and the boy who, wanting to pass from one part of the gallery to another, achieved his object by a hand-over-hand process round the rail of that portion of the building, must have done so out of pure fancy, as he might easily, if he had thought proper, have stepped over the benches, on which his friends were but sparsely scattered. As for the audience, it was mainly composed of young Thamesend swells, who all tried to imitate each other in their costume and manners, taking their lead from the young man at Hicks and Vicars's, who on the previous day had served the E.-W. with that box of dinner pills to which he attributes the gradual break-up of his digestive powers. The young man from Hicks and Vicars's tried hard to be languid, and not interested in the performance, but the "thrilling combats" proved too many for him, and in the course of the progress of the drama he became violently and breathlessly excited.

And well he might. For, to be sure, this was a play which, even without the thrilling combats, might reasonably awaken the interest of anybody. Let us consider it carefully. The reader has already seen that this drama commences with "the lilly of France—the happy vintage and abode of love," and that "Adelle's goodness is the theme of her moral neighbours;" he has seen that lily is (and why not?) spelt with two l's, and he has observed that the name of Adèle is similarly favoured with a redundancy of letters. All this he has seen, but there are other things which he has *not* seen. He has not seen the moral neighbours, and it is well for him. The first blow has been struck at the morality of the Eye-witness; the thin end of the immoral wedge has—so to speak—been introduced, by the sight of those moral neighbours, of their dirt, their discouraging seediness, and (especially with regard to the main spokesman) their intemperance. Indeed, the principal moral neighbour was supported from behind by his friends, and delivered his dialogue with a glazed eye and an impaired and gulpy utterance.

But if the reader (and his morality) has gained by not having seen the moral neighbours, he has greatly lost in having missed "Adelle's" father, the merry Pierre. This young person was blessed with a perennial youth, which set at defiance the elastic cotton baldness which had been pulled on by different dirty fingers, till it was relieved by a black line from his face. He was evidently the youngest member of the company, and as Adelle herself was a stout matron of about forty, and her lovers were both stalwart veterans, the aspect of affairs was remarkable. The miscreant Gerrole having failed to induce this youth to grant him his daughter's hand in marriage, vows vengeance, as will be seen by reference to the bill, and soon gets an opportunity of wreaking it. Enter Captain Lafont, who being a pedestrian traveller, and in want of a guide, is of course dressed in a military frock, cotton drawers, and Hessians. He wears a cap with a gold band, carries a riding-whip to help him across the mountains, and is further prepared for a scramble by having on his heels an immense pair of gilt spurs. The faithful Michel steps forward, appropriately accoutred for an Alpine journey in a blouse, an open shirt-collar, white trousers, and pumps with buckles in them.

Now, the faithful Michel, being the accepted lover of Adelle, is obnoxious in the eyes of the wicked Gerrole; so he at once determines to waylay the travellers, and by murdering them both to get rid of his rival, and at the same time to become possessed of the wardrobe of the officer, Captain Lafont. The wicked Gerrole now associates in his villany the miscreant Marcel, and they both get into ambush on a spot which the traveller and his guide will infallibly pass, and this is the process called intercepting the road. This getting into ambush is a matter of great difficulty, and is not accomplished without much noisy stamping about and profuse gesticulation. It is at last, however, tolerably successful, considering the smallness of the "cover" and the largeness of the performers; the murderers are made all snug, the thunder and lightning begins, and the Dumb Guide and Captain Lafont appear on the scene. They descend the rocks at the back, and it then becomes evident, that, as far as being a guide is concerned, the faithful Michel is an impostor. He gropes about, advances to the second entrance left, and, being received there by a flash of lightning, tries the third entrance right. Finding that this will not do either, he retires to the back of the stage, raises himself on tiptoe, and kisses his hand, looking, as stage directions say, "off." Having performed this feat at the back of the stage, he next comes to the front and repeats it; other equally intelligible pieces of pantomime would, doubtless, have followed, if Messrs. Marcel and Gerrole had not suddenly burst out of their ambush and attacked the Captain; who was sitting all this time helplessly on a big stone.

The faithful Michel rushes to the rescue, but to his dismay finds that his pistols, which Marcel

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had previously tampered with, miss fire. The murderers kill the Captain; but, having done this, appear inclined to behave very handsomely to the Dumb Guide, for, instead of despatching him on the spot, they retire to opposite corners, and commence a series of gesticulations highly valuable as callisthenic exercises, but liable to the objection of involving a great loss of time and opportunity. While they are thus engaged, the Dumb Guide retires up the stage, and, happening to look behind a large stone cross, suddenly discovers a couple of serviceable swords of the kind called "combats." This is one of those touches of nature which carry an audience by storm. The swords having thus turned up in the nick of time, a thrilling combat of three comes off without further delay. It is a beautiful combat. The Dumb Guide, with one of the opportunely discovered swords in each hand, tackles both his enemies at once, and accommodates them with every kind of up stroke and down stroke, of over stroke and under stroke, and all sorts of fancy strokes, keeping time to the music all the while. Such an honourable combat, too: when anybody gets out of breath the others leave off, and wait till he has got his wind before they set to work again. The combat went on so long, and the audience approved of it so highly, that your Eye-witness began to think that this drama was not only to "abound" in thrilling combats, but was going to *be* a thrilling combat altogether, when a discovery was made by Messrs. Marcel and Gerrole that the military was approaching in the distance. This circumstance altered the posture of affairs, and caused these two gentlemen to decamp very promptly, so it happened that the Dumb Guide was left on the stage alone with the remains, and in this position was discovered by the military. "The military" consisted of two boys and a girl, but such is the force of allegiance in the Dumb Guide, that when this small force (selected, apparently, from a large one, if one might judge from the diversity of its uniforms) charged him with the murder of the Captain, he gave in at once, and suffered himself to be led away, like a lamb, to the hall of justice.

The hall of justice is a small apartment enough, with two arm-chairs placed sideways to the audience, and in front of one of them a small desk with hangings to conceal its legs, which are probably of deal. There is no one on the stage when this scene is discovered, which makes its awfulness the more impressive. In course of time, however, an elderly gentleman in a black coat and the late Captain's Hessians (which, alas! he will want no longer), enters, and is immediately recognisable as the principal moral neighbour who appeared at the beginning of the drama, and who was then, or appearances did him great injustice, to a certain extent under the influence of cordial waters. This gentleman, who has not lost the vitreous eye or the vacillating roll which characterised him earlier in the evening, takes the stage once or twice, advances to the foot-lights, and looks as if he were going to say something, but after certain workings of the under jaw which are unproductive of sound, thinks better of it, and retires to one of the arm-chairs, into which he sinks rather heavily, but with great majesty notwithstanding. This achievement is followed by the entry of a very tall young man indeed in a very short clergyman's gown, who skims across the stage in so rapid a manner as to suggest that he is ashamed of his legs, which, indeed, are calculated to cover him with confusion; he gets them, however, promptly under the hangings of the desk, and breathes once more. It is evident that these are the two judges who are to try the prisoner, and as it is also obvious that they either don't know their dialogue, or have got no dialogue to know, it is quite a relief when the military bring in the prisoner through the folding-doors in the flat, and when other myrmidons of justice enter, escorting the fainting Adelle, there seems a reasonable prospect of a commencement of the proceedings.

The proceedings, then, are opened by the young Justice with the disheartening legs, who charges Michel with the murder of the Deputy-Lieutenant. It might be expected that the military would now come forward as witnesses, but they remain speechless, and the young Justice gives their evidence for them. This is the case for the prosecution, and, as there is no counsel on either side, it is uncommonly soon over. So is the speech of the unfortunate Adelle, who in vain endeavours to show that her own personal conviction of the prisoner's innocence is sufficient ground for his discharge. There remains, then, but one more chance for the unfortunate Michel: his own defence, which is to be conducted in dumb show.

The once-moral-neighbour-now-Justice-of-the-Peace gives the signal to begin, and the dumb man goes at it with a will. It is quite certain that when the dumb man softly strides across the justice-hall (which is soon done), and, rising on his toes, looks up to heaven, then strides back again and points down to the ground, and, subsequently advancing into the middle of the stage, kneels on one knee and smites his breast—it is quite certain, we say, that it would never occur to the reader to explain these phenomena in the following manner:

"It will be obvious," says the Irish J.P.—"it will be obvious to all persons of ordinary intelligence and perspicuitee, that the meaning of the prisoner in this inthroductory portion of his evidence is as follows: he says that 'twas about the evening toime, when a streenger, arroiving in the village, demanded some person to act as a gyuide in conveying him across the adjeecent mountains. Prisoner, am I jostified in thus interprating your signs?"

The dumb man, laying his hand upon his heart, smiles a smile for which alone he ought to be ordered for immediate execution. The J.P. turns with mingled exultation and drowsiness to his colleague, the young man with the discouraging legs and the short gown, who now takes no part in the proceedings beyond insanely fiddling with a pen, and says, "I was

roight. Prisoner, ye may now proceed with your ividence."

The dumb man, who desires nothing better, is at it again in no time. He strides again across the justice-room, and again rises on his toes, then he slightly ducks at the knee-joints, then he crosses again and clasps his hands, then he strides to the folding-doors and looks out of them, then he hides his face with his hands, then he returns to the middle of the stage, smiles, goes down on one knee, kisses his hand, and slaps his breast.

"I gather," says the J.P., "from what I have just seen, that he started on his journey in company with the streenger, who wore a milithary appearance, and had a sloight cast in the oi. The sun was descending upon, or rather behoind, the earth, and the little birds were singing their matins to the decloining orb, when suddenly on approaching that part of the road in which necessitee compelled them to pass over the bridge now known by the sad appeleetion of the Bridge of Despair, a terrific storm burst upon the travellers, and at the same toime they were assaulted by two hardened ruffians, destitute aloike of human sympathy and of a due regyord for the awful majistee of the tempest which was uxploding upon 'um. Prisoner, you may proceed with your ividence."

More soft striding, more rising on tiptoe, more kissing of fingers, more kneeling on one knee, more slapping of breast.

The J.P., who had been asleep, is at this particular moment not equal to the occasion, and the dumb man prompting the judge, "throws a whisper" at him with all his might.

"Oh! ah! yes! a thrilling combat ensued," said the Justice, "a combat of a terrific neeture, between three desperate men; for the fourth, the unhappy streenger, had fallen at once a victim to the blows of the assassin. Prisoner, ye may proceed."

Dumb show as before, and prompting continued to the end.

"It was about this toime," continued the Justice, stimulated by much whispering from the dumb man—"it was about this toime that the milithary—the brave defenders of our neetive roights and libertees—came upon the scene, when the murderers, alarmed by the majistee of their appearance, fled from before them, and the accused being found near to the remeens of the unhappy and murdered voyager, was accused of the foul deed, and brought to justice." As there is no jury to charge, and nobody to be consulted, there seems every reason at this juncture to conclude that the trial is at an end, when suddenly Messrs. Marcel and Gerrole rush into court, and, producing the pistol with which the murder is alleged to have been committed, prove it to be the property of the devoted Michel. Michel is ordered for execution, and, being removed by the military, the stage is cleared.

The Bridge of Despair scene again, and "the once merry Pierre, the father of Adelle—a maniac!" It is a curious and instructive thing to observe in what a subtle manner the mental derangement of the once merry Pierre is suggested to the audience. It is entirely done by the agency of glazed calico. It seems, to judge by appearances, that the father of Adelle, on parting with his reason and ceasing to be the once merry Pierre, has purchased, or otherwise become possessed of, a long "breadth" of black glazed calico; in this he has cut a hole for his venerable head, and has popped it on over his ordinary clothing. The effect of this is much more horrible, and certainly more indicative of insanity, than anything else that could have been done at the price. Habited thus, the old gentleman is discovered groping about in search of a certain missing pistol which is to clear his future son-in-law's character. The weapon in question turns up behind the stone cross, where on a previous occasion it will be remembered that two swords happened to be discovered just when they were wanted.

The Eye-witness frankly acknowledges he is not in a position to inform the reader how the discovery of this pistol cleared the character of the Dumb Guide; or why Messrs. Marcel and Gerrole, who knew that it would do so, and who came upon the scene just as the once merry Pierre found it, did not knock the maniac father on the head, wrap him up in the breadth of glazed calico, and tumble him over the Bridge of Despair into the raging torrent below. Far less can he explain how it happened that the military turned up again at this moment; that the Irish J.P. happened to be passing when he was most wanted, to convict the two villains; that Adelle knew all about it, and bounded on, followed by the Dumb Guide, who had been probably liberated by electric telegraph: so rapidly did his appearance follow the discovery of his innocence. At all events, accountable or unaccountable, all these things were so, and the maniac father, whose restoration was all that was wanting to make everything satisfactory, acted *like* a father, and, abandoning his glazed calico and his lunacy together, became the once merry Pierre again, and lived so ever afterwards.

VIDOCQ, FRENCH DETECTIVE.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE SECOND.

The second anecdote illustrative of the great French detective's cleverness, runs as follows:

At the time of the first invasion of France by the Allies, as the disinterested conduct of the enemy was not a perfectly established fact, everybody set to work to invent hiding-places for valuables, out of the reach of Cossack rapacity. A Monsieur Séard, a jeweller in the Palais Royal, on going to visit one of his friends, the Curé of Livry, near Pontoise, found him busily employed in having a hole dug in which he might temporarily bury, in the first place, the church plate, and, secondly, his own little property. The man who was digging the hole had enjoyed the curé's confidence for thirty years; he was a cooper by trade; he was also churchwarden;

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sacristan, bell-ringer, and factotum. Never during the whole course of his life had old Moiselet given the slightest ground for suspicion, either with respect to his devotion or his morality.

M. Sénard conceived the idea of taking advantage of the good curé's hiding-place to ensure the safety of three hundred thousand francs' worth (12,000*l.*) of diamonds, which he brought the next morning in a little box. The joint treasure was deposited in the ground six feet deep, covered and concealed in such a way as to throw any curious inquirer off the scent. The Cossacks did not fail to pay a visit to Livry and its environs, where they made a few discoveries; but, thanks to old Moiselet's ingenuity, the precious deposit escaped their cupidity.

The good curé rubbed his hands, and congratulated himself on his innocent trick, when one fine day—it ought to have been a Friday—Moiselet rushed in more dead than alive, and announced that the treasure had been abstracted. Both rushed to the spot. All they gained from their inspection of it was the wretched certainty that the robbery was complete; the rascally Cossacks had not done things by halves; the heretics, the pagans! They had carried off all, even the sacred vessels. The poor curé nearly fell backwards when he beheld the full extent of his loss; Moiselet, for his part, was frightful to look at; he sighed and groaned as if he were giving up the ghost. This dreadful misfortune could not have afflicted him more keenly had it been his own personal loss. The violence of his grief prevented his accompanying Monsieur le Curé, who took the first vehicle to acquaint his friend Sénard with the terrible news.

Sénard cleared the distance between the Palais Royal and the Préfecture of Police at a single bound. He did not scruple to lay the theft of the treasure on the shoulders of the very person who had hidden it: on the smooth-spoken, the pious, the afflicted old Moiselet. M. Henry was of the same opinion, in spite of all the curé could say to testify to his sacristan's honour; also was it Vidocq's opinion, at the first word he heard about the business; but mentioned that the affair was beset with thorns. Yet, he would undertake it, and did not despair of coming off with flying colours.

Incur," said M. Sénard, "whatever expense you think necessary. My purse is at your disposal, and I am ready to make any sacrifice. Only find me my box of diamonds, and there are ten thousand francs for you."

In spite of M. Sénard's successive abatements in proportion as the discovery seemed more probable, Vidocq promised to do everything in his power. M. Sénard and the curé returned to Pontoise, and the result of their depositions was the arrest and examination of Moiselet. They tried him in all ways to get him to confess his guilt, but he persisted in declaring his innocence; and the accusation was on the point of melting into air, when Vidocq set one of his cleverest agents to work. This person, wearing a military uniform and with his left arm in a sling, presented himself to Moiselet's wife, with a billet for lodgings. He was supposed to be just discharged from the hospital, and that it had been his intention to remain at Livry only eight-and-forty hours; but a few minutes after his arrival, he had a fall, and an artificial sprain, which prevented the possibility of his continuing his journey. The mayor, therefore, decided that he should be the cooperess's guest till further orders.

Madame Moiselet was one of those hearty jovial bodies who have no scruple about living under the same roof with a wounded conscript; and she was not yet thirty-six. Moreover, evil tongues reproached her with a weakness for a cheerful glass. The pretended soldier did not fail to flatter every foible through which she was accessible, even opening his purse to pay for her bottles of wine. He acted as her secretary, and wrote letters at her dictation to her husband in prison. He practised on her vanity and love of show, by sending a female pedlar to tempt her with gaudy goods, which might perhaps draw some of the curé's cash out of its hidden retreat, or bring forward some of the church plate by way of exchange; but all in vain. Madame Moiselet was discretion itself; she was a phœnix of prudence. Her guarded resistance put Vidocq on his mettle; he ordered the agent to cure his sprain and come back immediately, and resolved to experimentalise in person on the husband.

Disguised as a sort of German man-servant, and without having given the least previous notice to the local authorities, Vidocq began prowling about the environs of Pontoise, with the intention of getting himself taken up. Nothing in the world was more easy for him to manage; he had so often given gendarmes the dodge that he knew perfectly well how to fall into their clutches. As he had no papers or passport to show, and as the commissary of police could not understand a word of his gibberish, the prison doors opened to receive him, almost of their own accord. As soon as he was introduced into the prison yard, he recognised Moiselet. Feigning to find his countenance more agreeable and engaging than the faces of the other prisoners, he made him understand, rather by gestures than by words, that he wished to treat him to a bottle of wine, by way of paying his footing. Moiselet conducted him to his chamber, and the bottles were emptied one after the other. Vidocq pretended to be dead drunk; so that the gaoler, who took part in the libations, very naturally set up a bed for him in his new friend's room. It was all he wanted, for the present. Moiselet was delighted; besides the slight gratification of personal pride which a professed drinker feels when he has put a rival under the table, he found Vidocq an amiable and a generous companion.

When the two first bottles were paid for, Vidocq, unstitching a button off his coat, had extracted from it a Napoleon. Next morn-

ing, Moiselet inquired if he had any more? Vidocq made him understand that every one of his buttons was garnished with the same lining, with the exception that the large buttons contained double Napoleons, while the small buttons had only single ones. The old sacristan jumped for joy; he had no money, or, if he had, it did not suit his purpose to show it. He was charmed at finding a comrade who prodigally met their common expenses, without asking for anything in return beyond the pleasure of his company. In the impossibility of persuading his amiable guest to speak French, Moiselet attempted to speak what, on the stage, passes by courtesy for broken German. It was in this frightful jargon, enough to disconcert a Frankfort Jew, that Vidocq, without a great deal of persuasion, related his story, framed for the circumstances.

Although the narrative did not sin by excess of lucidity, Moiselet easily comprehended that his new friend had, at the battle of Montereau, stolen his master's portmanteau and concealed it in the Forest of Bondy; and as the confession did not appear either to astonish him or to shock his feelings, Vidocq came to the conclusion that his friend's conscience was tolerably lax and wide, and no longer doubted that he knew better than anybody else what had become of the curé's little property, the sacred vessels, and M. Sénard's diamonds. He began to vaunt the pleasant life that was led on the other side of the Rhine, the beauty of the women, and the excellence of the wines. He got him to express the desire he felt of going to Germany, as soon as he had recovered his liberty.

Persuaded from that moment that his companion, at his time of life, would not entertain such a project unless he knew where to procure money, Vidocq wrote to the Procureur du Roi, made himself known as the Head of the Police de Sûreté, and begged him to order that he should be removed with Moiselet under the pretence of being transferred, the one to Livry, the other to Paris. As may be supposed, the order had not long to be waited for.

They were bound with only a very thin rope; on the road Moiselet made signs that it would be easy to break it. The further they travelled, the more he gave Vidocq to understand that in him lay his only hope of safety; every minute he repeated his earnest entreaty not to be left behind, while Vidocq reassured him, by answering ambiguously, "Ja, friend Frenchman. Ja, I not leave you; I not let you go alone."

At last, the decisive moment arrived; the rope was broken, and Vidocq cleared the ditch which separated the road from the underwood of the forest. Moiselet, who had recovered the legs of his youth, rushed after him. One of the gendarmes dismounted to pursue them; but how was it possible, even with all the good will in the world, to run, and above all to jump, in jack-books and with a heavy sabre? Whilst the gendarme made a circuit to intercept his prisoners, they disappeared in the thicket and were soon out of reach.

They followed a path which led them to the wood of Vanjours. There, Moiselet halted; and after looking carefully around, directed his steps towards a thicket of bushes. He then stooped, thrust his arm into one of the densest tufts, and drew out of it a spade. He rose abruptly, advanced several paces without uttering a word, and when they came to a birch-tree, several twigs of which had been snapped short, he took off his hat and coat, and set to work to dig with all his might and main. He laboured with such hearty good will that his task progressed rapidly. All of a sudden he threw himself back, uttering a long-drawn sigh of satisfaction, which told his companion that, without the aid of the diviner's wand, he had succeeded in discovering a treasure. The cooper seemed on the point of fainting from excess of joy; but he speedily recovered himself. The removal of two or three more shovelfuls of earth exposed the box to view; he laid hold of it and pulled it out. While so doing, Vidocq seized the instrument of discovery, and, suddenly changing his tone, declared that the emigrant to Germany was his prisoner.

"If you make the slightest resistance," he said, "I will dash your brains out."

At this threat, Moiselet thought he was dreaming; but when he felt himself in the grasp of that iron hand which had grappled with the most desperate ruffians, he must have been convinced that it was no dream, but a terrible reality. He became as gentle as a lamb; Vidocq had promised not to desert him, and he kept his word. During his walk to the gendarmes' station-house, he kept exclaiming, over and over again, "I am a ruined man! Who would have thought it? He seemed such a harmless sort of fellow! Who would have thought it?"

Moiselet was tried at the Versailles Assizes, and was condemned to six years' reclusion.

M. Sénard was delighted beyond measure at the recovery of his three hundred thousand francs' worth of diamonds; but, faithful to his downward sliding-scale, he cut down the reward to one half, and even then Vidocq had a hard task to get him to pay in cash the five thousand francs, out of which he had expended more than two. At one time, he was afraid that he would have to suffer the loss for his pains.

Note here, that Vidocq never attempted to conceal this trifling perquisite of three thousand francs, any more than he did other extra gratuities. Similar additions to his income were by no means rare, and they serve to explain quite satisfactorily, how, with a fixed salary of only five thousand francs a year, he quitted office, after having held it for eighteen years, with something like a little fortune.

Such was Vidocq's activity, that the numerous operations of the Brigade of Safety were for him insufficient occupation. Towards the close of the Empire, he opened in the Place de Grève, near Saint-Jean's turnstile, a distillery, or gin-shop, where his faithful Annette was enthroned, and where he himself did not disdain to take his seat occasionally. It was an excellent post for

observation. What is curious, is, that professional thieves frequented his establishment in preference to others. They thought it a good joke to go and take a dram at Vidocq's, and with him, whenever he happened to be there. For three or four years, under the Restoration, he set up a regular office for providing military substitutes in the Petite Rue Sainte-Anne, which is said to have brought him in fifty or sixty thousand francs. He had already placed his talents at the service of private individuals whilst he was supposed to be devoting the whole of his time to the public administration. Inquiries touching the interests of families; hunting up debtors; the surveillance of married and unmarried women, sometimes also the surveillance of husbands; operations more or less avowable, but assuredly quite foreign to his duties; he undertook everything which, if it did not concern his office, had any remotely apparent connexion with it. The reputation for intelligence and activity which he had deservedly acquired at the head of his brigade, caused the highest families unhesitatingly to apply to him under the most delicate circumstances, and most frequently left him at liberty to fix the price of his services. If, therefore, according to his enemies' account, he left the Préfecture of Police with sixteen or twenty thousand pounds sterling in his pocket, we have no right to shout after him "Stop thief!"

Vidocq's men, as well as himself, were continually subject to be snubbed by the respectable public. One of his subordinates, who had long been on the alert after a couple of adroit female thieves, at last saw them accost an elderly gentleman, whom they relieved of his purse after a few minutes' conversation. When the theft had been committed, the agent contrived to learn from the women (who were not aware of his quality) what were the contents of the purse, and appointed a rendezvous to meet them again, without losing sight of their victim, whom he followed into a café in the Rue Saint-Honoré.

"Monsieur," he said to the old gentleman, "when you left home, you had a green silk purse?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Which contained fifty Napoleons?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"You have just been robbed of it."

"That is only too true, monsieur," replied the old gentleman, after having felt in all his pockets.

"Well, monsieur, if you will follow me, you shall regain your purse, and the two women who robbed you shall be arrested."

"You are a spy, it would seem," the old man observed.

"I am an agent of the Police of Surety."

"Well, Monsieur Spy, I don't choose to go with you. For my own part, I prefer to be robbed; it suits my taste. What have you to say to that?"

The agent, who did not expect an answer of that kind, retreated from the café, as cowed as a fox that had been caught by a goose.

Vidocq's maxim was, that to keep an eye on robbers to any good purpose, it was necessary to frequent their society. Even when his position as Chief of the Police of Surety was no longer a secret, he was not the worse received by his former fellow-convicts and fellow-prisoners. They believed that he had entered the service of the state against his will, simply to avoid being sent to Brest or Toulon; he had the art to persuade them that if he were a spy by trade, he was still a thief by inclination. Moreover, at that epoch, the limit which separated the two professions was excessively narrow and undefined; many individuals migrated alternately from one to the other, or exercised both simultaneously. Almost all the members composing the Brigade of Surety, beginning with their chief, had resided in the hulks for a longer or shorter period. On the other hand, the thieves no longer formed, as of old, a society apart, in the midst of society. As soon as the attempt was made to drive them in a body out of Paris, they were not scrupulous about the means of procuring the favour of remaining there. Now, the surest way, evidently, was to keep on good terms with the police—to render it service—in a word, to denounce one another. Among professional thieves there were very few who did not regard it as a piece of good fortune to be consulted by the police, or employed on a job; almost all would have strained every sinew to give proofs of their zeal, in the hope of persuasion of its procuring, if not complete immunity, at least a certain degree of forbearance. The men who had the greatest reason to be afraid of the police were almost always the readiest to act at its bidding.

When other eminent functionaries retire from office, they ordinarily receive a vote of thanks, or an honorary title, or promotion in the Order of the Legion of Honour, or letters of nobility. Vidocq received, what he had long ardently longed for, letters of pardon. The cause of his retirement from the Brigade of Surety in the full vigour of life, remains obscure. He was careful to repeat that he sent in his resignation; but from the bitter and disdainful tone in which he always spoke of his successor, it was easy to see that his resignation was not absolutely voluntary. Like all great artists, Vidocq estimated himself at his full value; he seemed to think that no Préfet of Police could ever be so stupid as to think of dispensing with his assistance; consequently, at the slightest interference with his department, he was constantly threatening to send in his resignation. He played the trick so frequently that, one fine day, he was quite astonished to find his resignation accepted.

Probably the real cause of Vidocq's disgrace was his want of religious principles, or rather his constant refusal to make any religious profession. At a time when they gave three francs each to soldiers of the line, and five francs to those of the guard, for consenting to take the communion, the Préfet of Police, who was a warm partisan of the Jesuits, would not have

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been sorry to see the Brigade of Surety, headed by its chief, likewise approach the Holy Table, keep the Jubilee, and follow the discipline of the missionaries. Several attempts at converting Vidocq completely failed. He had had too close a view of false devotees in prison—the worst class of prisoners—to wish to have any of them in his brigade; and he made a point, besides, of reserving the right of admitting and expelling whomsoever he pleased.

On leaving the police, he was to have had a pension for life, of twenty pounds a month. It was paid for six months only, and then suddenly stopped. At that period, everything was arbitrary in the administration of the police. To obtain an income, or rather, perhaps, to satisfy his inexhaustible activity, he set up a paper, card, and pasteboard manufactory, in which all the workpeople were liberated criminals of either sex. The police greatly encouraged the idea at the outset, and made large promises of pecuniary assistance. His first attempts, though beset with difficulties, were fairly successful. He demonstrated by experiment, still more forcibly than by reasoning, that all liberated criminals are not incorrigible, and that with a little perseverance about a third of their number may be reformed. But the police did not help him with a sou; the paper-merchants wanted to have the goods at half or quarter price, because they were the produce of criminal hands; the neighbours made an outcry against an establishment where so many persons of ill-repute were at work together. The speculation failed, with loss.

Other of his inventions were, a door that could not be broken open, and paper that could not be forged or imitated, for bank-notes and such-like purposes. But police matters were Vidocq's second nature; secret investigations, researches after people and things, were what he craved for as a necessity of existence. To gratify this, he set up his famous Bureau de Renseignements, or Information Office, which has since been imitated in London; the prospectus of it appeared in all the Parisian journals for June, 1833. Of this, we have only space to say that while it brought him in both credit and money, it eventually brought him into trouble, lawsuits, and difficulties with the authorities, which emptied his cash-box faster than it had been replenished.

To repair his losses, and still perhaps also to exercise his untiring energy, Vidocq, truly believing that his celebrity extended beyond the limits of France, resolved to exhibit himself in London. His first essay, during the season of 1845, succeeded so well, that he repeated it in 1846. For his theatre, he selected the Cosmorama in Regent-street. The performance, which was repeated several times in the course of the same day, was this: He addressed his audience, in French, in a short speech which was translated by an interpreter. He gave, after his own fashion, a summary of his adventurous life. He put on his galley-slave's dress and the irons with which he had been laden, including the double chain he had worn at Brest, as well as in the different prisons of Douai, Lille, and Paris. He related the stratagems to which he had recourse, to take the most formidable criminals; and each time he put on the costume and made up his face as he had been obliged to do under the actual circumstances. Next, he displayed a sort of museum which might have passed for a wardrobe picked up at the Morgue—Paparoine's hat, Lacenaire's pantaloons, Fieschi's frock-coat, and so forth. Whatever might be the authenticity of these relics, our countrymen were never tired of admiring them. Finally, by way of anti-climax, he exhibited a collection of artificial tropical fruits, and of pictures professing to be originals of the Italian and the Flemish schools, a few of which he sold at high prices, because they had been his property. Those which remained on his hands barely fetched, after his death, the value of the frames.

Vidocq was sought after, and his abilities appreciated, by persons above the vulgar. M. Charles Ledru, the eminent advocate, used not unfrequently to invite him to a restaurant, to meet a party of twenty, or five-and-twenty guests, who listened breathlessly to his exciting stories, and drank to the health of "the old lion."

"My defective education," he used to say, "left me unprovided with any check to curb so imperious a nature as mine." (At the age of fourteen, he killed a fencing-master in a duel.) "If, instead of rushing, like a fiery horse, into the abyss which I could not see opening wide before me, I had taken the place for which I was destined by the intelligence and the energy with which Providence had endowed me, I should have become as great as Kleber, Murat, and the rest of them. Both in head and in heart I was as good as they were; and I should have risen, as they rose. I lost the opportunity. I was born to figure in the noble scenes of war. When my eyes, at last, were open to reason, I beheld no other prospect before me than the prison, the dungeon, and the hulks. But if I have failed to attain the glory of military heroes, I retain the consolation of having always remained an honest man amidst the miasms of perversity and the atmosphere of crime. I have battled for the defence of order, in the name of justice, as soldiers battle for the defence of their country under the flag of their regiment. I wore no epaulette, but I incurred as great dangers as they did, and like them I exposed my life every day."

During the troubled times of 1848, Vidocq was in direct communication with M. de Lamartine; and at the Fête of Fraternity, in the Champ-de-Mars, he saved the Provisional Government and the Constituant Assembly from being burnt alive. Lamartine retained so lively a remembrance of the service, that he is stated to have been *very near* visiting Vidocq on his death-bed.

Not only did Vidocq place himself at the disposal of the Provisional Government, but long after its fall he offered to propagate democratic ideas. What is curious is, that at the same time, by his own confession, he was vaunting the services he had rendered in another cause.

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"Four or five months ago, I addressed to the Prince (Louis Napoleon) a letter in which I acquainted him with the poverty into which I have fallen, in consequence of an infamous abuse of confidence. In this letter, I reminded the President that, during his detention at Ham, I proposed, through M. Thélin's brother, to effect his escape, without conditions, disinterestedly. I reminded him, besides, that when he was a candidate for the national representation, and at the time of the vote for the presidency, I obtained more than eight thousand votes in Paris, and at least as many more in the banlieue—in Saint-Denis, Neuilly, Surênes, Puteaux, and other parishes—where I was continually present during the workpeople's meal times. I had not forgotten the kind manner with which he had the goodness to receive me in London, and to permit me to converse with him several times. I am vexed at the sight of a multitude of men who are aided by the minister and the President. What have they done to obtain those favours? Nothing! They only came to offer their interested devotion to the Prince when they felt certain he must rise to power, whilst I proposed to break his chains when he was still under lock and key."

It seems that Vidocq, for a time, had really put his faith in princes. All his life long, he had always manifested his enthusiasm in favour of new governments. When the Prince President returned from his progress in the south of France, Vidocq displayed from the window of his apartments in the Boulevard Beaumarchais, a magnificent transparency thus inscribed:

Louis Napoleon, thou Messiah of December 2, 1851, blessings on thee! Thou hast saved and regenerated France. Long live the Empire!

The sale of his furniture, which occupied two whole days, afforded evidence of his former easy circumstances, as well as of his decided taste for pictures and works of art. It is supposed, without being certain, that he had nothing left but an annuity of a hundred and twenty pounds. However, in his latter days, he freely taxed the generosity of the few friends left to him. He writes: "Wounded at heart and in the paw, the old lion cannot leave his den, where he groans, having no longer the strength to roar. Abandoned by all, he waits with courage and resignation for the gates of eternity to open. To oblige quickly, is to oblige twice. It seems that you have forgotten the proverb."

Vidocq's constitution was unusually robust and vigorous; every report of his numerous trials begins by describing his athletic stature and build.

"I believe," he would say, "I shall get as far as a hundred. At any rate, I have more than ten years before me." Paralysis proved that he was mistaken. He requested the attendance of a priest, whom he had previously sent for as a confessor, to receive the last ceremonies of the Roman Church. The priest, on accosting the sick man, warned him of the disposition of mind necessary to receive the sacrament; and that, before all, it was needful to make absolute and complete avowal of all his faults.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," replied Vidocq; "when I tell you that I sent for you myself, you may be sure that I intend to be sincere."

Extreme unction and the viaticum were given. The moribund, suffocated, because he had restrained his deep emotion, sobbed aloud, and laid his hand on his heart to express what his lips were unable to utter. He wept pious tears, and with an effort said, "This is the happiest day of my life. It is too much happiness for Vidocq."

Shortly before receiving the Holy Communion, the priest had given him a cross to kiss, which was made of olive-kernels from the Mount of Olives and blessed by the Pope, and a rosary also blessed by the Pope, and which he held twisted round his arm. He became calm as he respectfully gazed at these relics, and at intervals made a declaration, partly repentant, and partly justifying his past life.

His funeral was followed by fifty male and female paupers, who each received three francs. Besides these paid mourners, there were not ten people in the church. Amongst those few, a young person in tears was observed.

As soon as he was dead, in addition to other claimants of the inheritance, there came an actress of the Boulevard, and two, three, five, ten, women of doubtful reputation, each armed with a will in proper form; but all anterior to another that was produced by the persons with whom he lodged.

When the seals on his property were broken, the Government intervened, and removed from Vidocq's papers all such as might have any connexion with the functions he had formerly fulfilled. The same thing happened after the deaths of Cambacérès and Talleyrand.

On Saturday, the 4th of August, will appear the First Part of a

STORY BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN TWO PARTS.

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BY CHARLES LEVER,

Will be commenced on the 18th August (in No. 69) and continued from week to week until completed.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

No. 66.] SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860. [PRICE 2*d*.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

MRS. CATHERICK'S LETTER CONCLUDED.

"I MUST begin this fresh page, Mr. Hartright, by expressing my surprise at the interest which you appear to have felt in my late daughter—it is quite unaccountable to me. If that interest makes you anxious for any particulars of her early life, I must refer you to Mrs. Clements, who knows more of the subject than I do. Pray understand that I do not profess to have been at all over-fond of my late daughter. She was a worry and an incumbrance to me from first to last, with the additional disadvantage of being always weak in the head.

"There is no need to trouble you with many personal particulars relating to those past times. It will be enough to say that I observed the terms of the bargain on my side, and that I enjoyed my comfortable income, in return, paid quarterly. Now and then I got away, and changed the scene for a short time; always asking leave of my lord and master first, and generally getting it. He was not, as I have already told you, fool enough to drive me too hard; and he could reasonably rely on my holding my tongue, for my own sake, if not for his. One of my longest trips away from home was the trip I took to Limmeridge, to nurse a half-sister there, who was dying. She was reported to have saved money; and I thought it as well (in case any accident happened to stop my allowance) to look after my own interests in that direction. As things turned out, however, my pains were all thrown away; and I got nothing, because nothing was to be had.

"I had taken Anne to the north with me; having my whims and fancies, occasionally, about my child, and getting, at such times, jealous of Mrs. Clements's influence over her. I never liked Mrs. Clements. She was a poor, empty-headed, spiritless woman—what you call a born drudge—and I was, now and then, not averse to plaguing her by taking Anne away. Not knowing what else to do with my girl, while I was nursing in Cumberland, I put her to school at Limmeridge. The lady of the manor, Mrs. Fairlie (a remarkably plain-looking woman, who had entrapped one of the handsomest men in England into marrying her), amused me wonderfully, by taking a violent fancy to my girl. The consequence was, she learnt nothing at school, and was petted and spoilt at Limmeridge House. Among other whims and fancies which they taught her there, they put some nonsense into her head about always wearing white. Hating white and liking colours myself, I determined to take the nonsense out of her head as soon as we got home again.

"Strange to say, my daughter resolutely resisted me. When she *had* got a notion once fixed in her mind, she was, like other half-witted people, as obstinate as a mule in keeping it. We quarrelled finely; and Mrs. Clements, not liking to see it, I suppose, offered to take Anne away to live in London with her. I should have said, Yes, if Mrs. Clements had not sided with my daughter about her dressing herself in white. But, being determined she should *not* dress herself in white, and disliking Mrs. Clements more than ever for taking part against me, I said No, and meant No, and stuck to No. The consequence was, my daughter remained with me; and the consequence of that, in its turn, was the first serious quarrel that happened about the Secret.

"The circumstance took place long after the time I have just been writing of. I had been settled for years in the new town; and was steadily living down my bad character, and slowly gaining ground among the respectable inhabitants. It helped me forward greatly towards this object, to have my daughter with me. Her harmlessness, and her fancy for dressing in white, excited a certain amount of sympathy. I left off opposing her favourite whim, on that account, because some of the sympathy was sure, in course of time, to fall to my share. Some of it did fall. I date my getting a choice of the two best sittings to let in the church, from that time; and I date the clergyman's first bow from my getting the sittings.

"Well, being settled in this way, I received a letter one morning from that highly-born gentleman (now deceased), whom you and I know of, in answer to one of mine, warning him, according to agreement, of my wishing to leave the town, for a little change of air and scene. The ruffianly side of him must have been uppermost, I suppose, when he got my letter—for he wrote back, refusing me, in such abominably insolent language, that I lost all command over myself; and abused him, in my daughter's presence, as 'a low impostor, whom I could ruin

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for life, if I chose to open my lips and let out his secret.' I said no more about him than that; being brought to my senses, as soon as those words had escaped me, by the sight of my daughter's face, looking eagerly and curiously at mine. I instantly ordered her out of the room, until I had composed myself again.

"My sensations were not pleasant, I can tell you, when I came to reflect on my own folly. Anne had been more than usually crazy and queer, that year; and when I thought of the chance there might be of her repeating my words in the town, and mentioning *his* name in connexion with them, if inquisitive people got hold of her, I was finely terrified at the possible consequences. My worst fears for myself, my worst dread of what he might do, led me no farther than this. I was quite unprepared for what really did happen, only the next day.

"On that next day, without any warning to me to expect him, he came to the house.

"His first words, and the tone in which he spoke them, surly as it was, showed me plainly enough that he had repented already of his insolent answer to my application, and that he had come (in a mighty bad temper) to try and set matters right again, before it was too late. Seeing my daughter in the room with me (I had been afraid to let her out of my sight, after what had happened the day before), he ordered her away. They neither of them liked each other; and he vented the ill-temper on *her*, which he was afraid to show to *me*.

"'Leave us,' he said, looking at her over his shoulder. She looked back over *her* shoulder, and waited, as if she didn't care to go. 'Do you hear?' he roared out; 'leave the room.' 'Speak to me civilly,' says she, getting red in the face. 'Turn the idiot out,' says he, looking my way. She had always had crazy notions of her own about her dignity; and that word, 'idiot,' upset her in a moment. Before I could interfere, she stepped up to him, in a fine passion. 'Beg my pardon, directly,' says she, 'or I'll make it the worse for you. I'll let out your Secret! I can ruin you for life, if I choose to open my lips.' My own words!—repeated exactly from what I had said the day before—repeated, in his presence, as if they had come from herself. He sat speechless, as white as the paper I am writing on, while I pushed her out of the room. When he recovered himself——

"No! I am too respectable a woman to mention what he said when he recovered himself. My pen is the pen of a member of the rector's congregation, and a subscriber to the 'Wednesday Lectures on Justification by Faith'—how can you expect me to employ it in writing bad language? Suppose, for yourself, the raging, swearing frenzy of the lowest ruffian in England; and let us get on together, as fast as may be, to the way in which it all ended.

"It ended, as you probably guess, by this time, in his insisting on securing his own safety by shutting her up. I tried to set things right. I told him that she had merely repeated, like a parrot, the words she had heard me say, and that she knew no particulars whatever, because I had mentioned none. I explained that she had affected, out of crazy spite against him, to know what she really did *not* know; that she only wanted to threaten him and aggravate him, for speaking to her as he had just spoken; and that my unlucky words gave her just the chance of doing mischief of which she was in search. I referred him to other queer ways of hers, and to his own experience of the vagaries of half-witted people—it was all to no purpose—he would not believe me on my oath—he was absolutely certain I had betrayed the whole Secret. In short, he would hear of nothing but shutting her up.

"Under these circumstances, I did my duty as a mother. 'No pauper Asylum,' I said; 'I won't have her put in a pauper Asylum. A Private Establishment, if *you* please. I have my feelings, as a mother, and my character to preserve in the town; and I will submit to nothing but a Private Establishment, of the sort which my genteel neighbours would choose for afflicted relatives of their own.' Those were my words. It is gratifying to me to reflect that I did my duty. Though never over-fond of my late daughter, I had a proper pride about her. No pauper stain—thanks to my firmness and resolution—ever rested on MY child.

"Having carried my point (which I did the more easily, in consequence of the facilities offered by private Asylums), I could not refuse to admit that there were certain advantages gained by shutting her up. In the first place, she was taken excellent care of—being treated (as I took care to mention in the town) on the footing of a Lady. In the second place, she was kept away from Welmingham, where she might have set people suspecting and inquiring, by repeating my own incautious words.

"The only drawback of putting her under restraint, was a very slight one. We merely turned her empty boast about knowing the Secret, into a fixed delusion. Having first spoken in sheer crazy spitefulness against the man who had offended her, she was cunning enough to see that she had seriously frightened him, and sharp enough afterwards to discover that *he* was concerned in shutting her up. The consequence was she flamed out into a perfect frenzy of passion against him, going to the Asylum; and the first words she said to the nurses, after they had quieted her, were, that she was put in confinement for knowing his secret, and that she meant to open her lips and ruin him, when the right time came.

"She may have said the same thing to you, when you thoughtlessly assisted her escape. She certainly said it (as I heard last summer) to the unfortunate woman who married our sweet-tempered, nameless gentleman, lately deceased. If either you, or that unlucky lady, had questioned my daughter closely, and had insisted on her explaining what she really meant, you would have found her lose all her self-importance suddenly, and get vacant, and restless, and confused—you would have discovered that I am writing nothing here but the plain truth. She knew that

there was a Secret—she knew who was connected with it—she knew who would suffer by its being known—and, beyond that, whatever airs of importance she may have given herself, whatever crazy boasting she may have indulged in with strangers, she never to her dying day knew more.

"Have I satisfied your curiosity? I have taken pains enough to satisfy it, at any rate. There is really nothing else I have to tell you about myself, or my daughter. My worst responsibilities, so far as she was concerned, were all over when she was secured in the Asylum. I had a form of letter relating to the circumstances under which she was shut up, given me to write, in answer to one Miss Halcombe, who was curious in the matter, and who must have heard plenty of lies about me from a certain tongue well accustomed to the telling of the same. And I did what I could afterwards to trace my runaway daughter, and prevent her from doing mischief, by making inquiries, myself, in the neighbourhood where she was falsely reported to have been seen. But these are trifles, of little or no interest to you after what you have heard already.

"So far, I have written in the friendliest possible spirit. But I cannot close this letter without adding a word here of serious remonstrance and reproof, addressed to yourself. In the course of your personal interview with me, you audaciously referred to my late daughter's parentage, on the father's side, as if that parentage was a matter of doubt. This was highly improper and very ungentlemanlike on your part! If we see each other again, remember, if you please, that I will allow no liberties to be taken with my reputation, and that the moral atmosphere of Welmingham (to use a favourite expression of my friend the rector's) must not be tainted by loose conversation of any kind. If you allow yourself to doubt that my husband was Anne's father, you personally insult me in the grossest manner. If you have felt, and if you still continue to feel, an unhallowed curiosity on this subject, I recommend you, in your own interests, to check it at once and for ever. On this side of the grave, Mr. Hartright, whatever may happen on the other, *that* curiosity will never be gratified.

"Perhaps, after what I have just said, you will see the necessity of writing me an apology. Do so; and I will willingly receive it. I will, afterwards, if your wishes point to a second interview with me, go a step farther, and receive *you*. My circumstances only enable me to invite you to tea—not that they are at all altered for the worse by what has happened. I have always lived, as I think I told you, well within my income; and I have saved enough, in the last twenty years, to make me quite comfortable for the rest of my life. It is not my intention to leave Welmingham. There are one or two little advantages which I have still to gain in the town. The clergyman bows to me—as you saw. He is married; and his wife is not quite so civil. I propose to join the Dorcas Society; and I mean to make the clergyman's wife bow to me next.

"If you favour me with your company, pray understand that the conversation must be entirely on general subjects. Any attempted reference to this letter will be quite useless—I am determined not to acknowledge having written it. The evidence has been destroyed in the fire, I know; but I think it desirable to err on the side of caution, nevertheless. On this account, no names are mentioned here, nor is any signature attached to these lines: the handwriting is disguised throughout, and I mean to deliver the letter myself, under circumstances which will prevent all fear of its being traced to my house. You can have no possible cause to complain of these precautions; seeing that they do not affect the information I here communicate, in consideration of the special indulgence which you have deserved at my hands. My hour for tea is half-past five, and my buttered toast waits for nobody."

XI.

My first impulse, after reading this extraordinary letter, was to destroy it. The hardened, shameless depravity of the whole composition, from beginning to end—the atrocious perversity of mind which persistently associated me with a calamity for which I was in no sense answerable, and with a death which I had risked my own life in trying to avert—so disgusted me, that I was on the point of tearing the letter, when a consideration suggested itself, which warned me to wait a little before I destroyed it.

This consideration was entirely unconnected with Sir Percival. The information communicated to me, so far as it concerned him, did little more than confirm the conclusions at which I had already arrived. He had committed his offence as I had supposed him to have committed it; and the absence of all reference, on Mrs. Catherick's part, to the duplicate register at Knowlesbury, strengthened my previous conviction that the existence of the book, and the risk of detection which it implied, must have been necessarily unknown to Sir Percival. My interest in the question of the forgery was now at an end; and my only object in keeping the letter was to make it of some future service, in clearing up the last mystery that still remained to baffle me—the parentage of Anne Catherick, on the father's side. There were one or two sentences dropped in her mother's narrative, which it might be useful to refer to again, when matters of more immediate importance allowed me leisure to search for the missing evidence. I did not despair of still finding that evidence; and I had lost none of my anxiety to discover it, for I had lost none of my interest in tracing the father of the poor creature who now lay at rest in Mrs. Fairlie's grave.

Accordingly, I sealed up the letter, and put it away carefully in my pocket-book, to be referred to again when the time came.

The next day was my last in Hampshire. When I had appeared again before the magi-

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strate at Knowlesbury, and when I had attended at the adjourned Inquest, I should be free to return to London by the afternoon or the evening train.

My first errand in the morning was, as usual, to the post-office. The letter from Marian was there; but I thought, when it was handed to me, that it felt unusually light. I anxiously opened the envelope. There was nothing inside but a small strip of paper, folded in two. The few blotted, hurriedly-written lines which were traced on it contained these words:

"Come back as soon as you can. I have been obliged to move. Come to Gower's Walk, Fulham (number five). I will be on the look-out for you. Don't be alarmed about us; we are both safe and well. But come back.—Marian."

The news which those lines contained—news which I instantly associated with some attempted treachery on the part of Count Fosco—fairly overwhelmed me. I stood breathless, with the paper crumpled up in my hand. What had happened? What subtle wickedness had the Count planned and executed in my absence? A night had passed since Marian's note was written—hours must elapse still, before I could get back to them—some new disaster might have happened already, of which I was ignorant. And here, miles and miles away from them, here I must remain—held, doubly held, at the disposal of the law!

I hardly know to what forgetfulness of my obligations anxiety and alarm might not have tempted me, but for the quieting influence of my faith in Marian. Nothing composed me, when I began to recover myself a little, but the remembrance of her energy, fidelity, and admirable quickness of resolution. My absolute reliance on her was the one earthly consideration which helped me to restrain myself, and gave me courage to wait. The Inquest was the first of the impediments in the way of my freedom of action. I attended it at the appointed time; the legal formalities requiring my presence in the room, but, as it turned out, not calling on me to repeat my evidence. This useless delay was a hard trial, although I did my best to quiet my impatience by following the course of the proceedings as closely as I could.

The London solicitor of the deceased (Mr. Merriman) was among the persons present. But he was quite unable to assist the objects of the inquiry. He could only say that he was inexpressibly shocked and astonished, and that he could throw no light whatever on the mysterious circumstances of the case. At intervals during the adjourned investigation, he suggested questions which the Coroner put, but which led to no results. After a patient inquiry, which lasted nearly three hours, and which exhausted every available source of information, the jury pronounced the customary verdict in cases of sudden death by accident. They added to the formal decision a statement that there had been no evidence to show how the keys had been abstracted, how the fire had been caused, or what the purpose was for which the deceased had entered the vestry. This act closed the proceedings. The legal representative of the dead man was left to provide for the necessities of the interment; and the witnesses were free to retire.

Resolved not to lose a minute in getting to Knowlesbury, I paid my bill at the hotel, and hired a fly to take me to the town. A gentleman who heard me give the order, and who saw that I was going alone, informed me that he lived in the neighbourhood of Knowlesbury, and asked if I would have any objection to his getting home by sharing the fly with me. I accepted his proposal as a matter of course.

Our conversation during the drive was naturally occupied by the one absorbing subject of local interest. My new acquaintance had some knowledge of the late Sir Percival's solicitor; and he and Mr. Merriman had been discussing the state of the deceased gentleman's affairs and the succession to the property. Sir Percival's embarrassments were so well known all over the county that his solicitor could only make a virtue of necessity and plainly acknowledge them. He had died without leaving a will, and he had no personal property to bequeath, even if he had made one; the whole fortune which he had derived from his wife having been swallowed up by his creditors. The heir to the estate (Sir Percival having left no issue) was a son of Sir Felix Glyde's first cousin—an officer in command of an East Indiaman. He would find his unexpected inheritance sadly encumbered; but the property would recover with time, and, if "the captain" was careful, he might find himself a rich man yet, before he died.

Absorbed as I was in the one idea of getting to London, this information (which events proved to be perfectly correct) had an interest of its own to attract my attention. I thought it justified me in keeping secret my discovery of Sir Percival's fraud. The heir whose rights he had usurped was the heir who would now have the estate. The income from it, for the last three-and-twenty years, which should properly have been his, and which the dead man had squandered to the last farthing, was gone beyond recal. If I spoke, my speaking would confer advantage on no one. If I kept the secret, my silence concealed the character of the man who had cheated Laura into marrying him. For her sake, I wished to conceal it—for her sake, still, I tell this story under feigned names.

I parted with my chance companion at Knowlesbury; and went at once to the town-hall. As I had anticipated, no one was present to prosecute the case against me—the necessary formalities were observed—and I was discharged. On leaving the court, a letter from Mr. Dawson was put into my hand. It informed me that he was absent on professional duty, and it reiterated the offer I had already received from him of any assistance which I might require at his hands. I wrote back, warmly acknowledging my obligations for his kindness, and apologising for not expressing my thanks

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personally, in consequence of my immediate recal, on pressing business, to town.

Half an hour later I was speeding back to London by the express train.

THE COOLIE TRADE IN CHINA.

Though most people are cognisant of what is commonly termed the Coolie Trade, few are probably aware what a very close imitation it is to the slave trade, that we make such vigorous efforts to suppress on the coasts of Africa. There is but this difference between the Chinese Coolie and the African negro: the former is inveigled into voluntary emigration by assurances of brilliant prospects and a fortune easily to be obtained, while the latter is usually a prisoner of war taken in a brush between two hostile tribes, and shipped off against his will in exchange for a bead necklace, a red cotton handkerchief, or something of the sort. There is not, however, much difference in their diet or treatment when once on board, both being kept barred down between decks, and only allowed to come up in small detachments for a short time during the day, existing alike on rice and water. Among English vessels, however, engaged in this traffic of Celestials, the abuses are very considerably lessened, if not wholly done away with; every ship being inspected before sailing by the British consul of the place, when each "emigrant" passes before that functionary; any who have been brought on board against their will of course make their complaint; when their release is immediately ordered, with what other proceedings the law may justify. Where there is no consul, the evil cannot of course be remedied: as indeed is too often the case.

The official inspection over, the ship is got under weigh for Havannah, or some such other place to which she may be bound, when, on her arrival there, the "emigrants" are sent ashore to the planters, finding themselves, to all intents and purposes, slaves; looking upon their native land as a thing of the past, never again to be visited by them.

Cases are not unfrequent, among foreign vessels, of whole cargoes being kidnapped, being induced to go on board under various pretexts, when they immediately find themselves bundled below, and put into irons. While cruising along the coast, a short time ago, one of H.M. ships ran into a place called Swatow to see that all was right with the English residents, when she found a fine full-rigged French ship, called the "Anaïs," lying there collecting her quantum of Coolies in the following manner.

The captain used to go ashore and sit about among the natives, entering into conversation with them in the most friendly way, with all the volubility of a Frenchman, giving three or four of them a dollar each in the fulness of his heart, before returning to his ship, saying, with his "chin-chin," that he had a large stock of Chinese clothing on board, for which he had no use, and that if they liked to come for them, they should have some. This they of course did, when, it is needless to say, not only was their newly acquired dollar taken from them, but also their liberty, and they were immediately confined below. This stratagem, with some others, proving successful, a full cargo was at length obtained, when the "Anaïs" got under weigh for her destination, and the unfortunate captives, getting terrified as their fate stared them in the face, and rendered desperate as their position forced itself upon them more apparently, rose in a body, running the ship ashore, and murdering every European on board. This is, however, but one case out of many; in fact, so much is a mutiny often anticipated, that sentries are posted about night and day, and arm-chests kept in the tops, so that, should a rise take place, the seamen could ascend the rigging and fire down on the mutineers. The crew of a large English ship running into Singapore saved themselves in this manner but a short time since. Such an occurrence is, however, comparatively rare on board English ships, on account of their being so narrowly inspected before sailing, and all disaffected characters cleared out. In fact, while lying at Amoy, a large ship belonging to a well known London firm was detained many days at that place, the British consul going on board several times, parading the Chinamen before him, and asking each individually whether he were a volunteer or a pressed man. Were this carried out by the representatives of foreign powers also, much of the misery now connected with the Coolie trade would be done away with.

OUR EYE-WITNESS AT SCHOOL.

"How well you're looking."

"Yes, I've just come back from the country."

This little passage of dialogue is not of surpassing novelty. It is not calculated to startle the reader by its audacious originality, nor to impress him by its profundity of meaning; and yet, intensely and banefully common-place as the words are, they have, in connexion with the subject in hand, an important significance.

When Mr. White and Mr. Brown meet in Victoria-street, and inaugurate a long dialogue with the remarks quoted above, they are unconsciously disposing, in some half dozen words apiece, of a subject about which meetings have been called, long speeches made, and prolix discussions entered upon. They are settling a question upon which right reverend prelates, cabinet ministers, gentlemen of great legal experience, gentlemen of great parliamentary experience, gentlemen of no experience, gentlemen who are great politicians, gentlemen who are authorities on all sorts of subjects, and gentlemen who are not authorities upon any, have said their say, have confused themselves and one another, have mystified the public, and made the truth—perhaps not quite for the first time after so much explanation and illustration—a very hard thing indeed to come at.

When Mr. White remarked to Mr. Brown

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that he was looking well, and when Mr. Brown accounted for this phenomenon by attributing it to his recent stay in the country, those two gentlemen settled, in two sentences, the vexed question whether Westminster School ought to remain where it is at present, or ought to be removed to a distance from town.

That so much as five minutes' discussion should have been bestowed upon this matter is almost incredible. With all the prestige of an established name, that most powerful of all arguments in England, the school at Westminster is languishing, and the number of the scholars is continually decreasing. Indeed, how should this be otherwise? What parent, with the choice of Eton, Rugby, Winchester, or Harrow before him, would send his boy to Westminster? Five minutes spent in the playing-fields at Eton, and another five minutes passed in the court-yard at Westminster, where the boys play at rackets, would settle the question (if it ever arose) in the mind of any unbiased man with an ounce of sense in his composition. Take up a position in the Eton playing-fields on a hot summer evening, when the shadows of the tall elms have just begun to lengthen, stretching themselves out from their concealment among the leaves, where they have curled themselves up all day. It is always delightful to see any creature—using the word in its largest sense—in a position in which its peculiar characteristics and nature have full scope for development. It is delightful to see a skylark lifting itself higher and higher from the earth, and recording each inch of upward progress with new revelry of song. It is delightful to see a herd of young heifers scampering about a meadow. It is delightful to see a butterfly in a flower-garden, a horse turned loose in a field, a red-deer on a Scotch mountain—if you can get near enough—or a curlew wheeling overhead. But, better than all these good things is the sight of human creatures in the full enjoyment of life, and youth, and health, and with every means afforded them for developing that bodily strength and activity which, if we fail to consider, we cultivate the mind to little purpose. You will see, as you linger in these Eton playing-fields, or as you walk beside the Thames, what conveniences the place affords, not only for cricket and all the other games which the boys are engaged in, but also for rowing and swimming. You will see that those youngsters who are not in the cricket match are hurrying off to their boats or to the bathing-place for a swim. You will see them return, tired, but healthily tired, and with such an appetite for sleep at bedtime as a London boy can scarcely hope to know.

Go from this place to Westminster. If it is delightful to see the different creatures with which the earth is peopled, each in the full enjoyment of its faculties, and able to use them as nature intended, it is equally distressing to find these creatures in captivity, or in such a situation that they are crippled and confined, and deprived by the nature of their position, of the freedom of action in which they delight. The lark is a wretched object to contemplate when confined in a six-inch cage in a bird-fancier's window; and a curlew in one of the aviaries at the Zoological Gardens is not like the bird which cries so wildly as it poises over a mountain glen in Scotland. Are the country boy and the London youngster more alike? Surely not. The transparent water which glides along so gaily by the Eton fields, and which is so clear that you can see the dace at the bottom, is scarcely less like the Thames at Westminster than the Eton boy is to the Westminster boy. London is for the man, not for the boy. Let his course flow up to it in time as the river's does. Let him reach it when he is wanted there, when he *must* be there, and not an hour before.

We have just been in the playing-field at Eton; let us now glance for a moment into the Westminster racket-court. In the first place, it is thoroughly inconvenient and defective *as* a racket-court. It is not made for the purpose, the extent of wall is insufficient, there are breaks and interruptions in its surface that are fatal to the game, and there are certain recesses under the steps which lead up to the doors of the houses bordering the court into which the ball is for ever getting, and into which it never enters without interrupting the game. When your Eye-witness entered the racket-court, a couple of languid young gentleman in white neckcloths and gowns, and with highly-dressed hair, were playing a game which it made him wretched to look on at. These listless racketers rarely, if ever, hit the ball twice before it dropped. In very successful moments, one of the players would strike the ball, and the other would manage on its rebound to hit it again, but this was very unusual. The ordinary course of the game was less brilliant, and the racketer would generally hit the ball once in a listless manner, taking no note of where it was going; the other would miss it, and would feebly utter a call to some small youth who was loitering about to "send it up." It would then be sent up, and the same process would again be gone through. It was not that the boys were not able to play, but that they were taking no pains, were not interested in their game, and were half inclined to leave off and join the ranks of their friends who were spending their play-hour in lounging about doing nothing. There were some little boys in white neckcloths, sitting about on stone steps, plunged in such depths of depression, that even the arrival of the postman with letters for them directed "esquire," failed to rouse them. As your Eye-witness observed this scene; as he noted the arrival of the milk-woman with the afternoon's milk, and thought of the difference between that milk and the country milk, between the air he was breathing and the country air, and between the bricks and stone which met his eye in all directions and the green and waving trees that border the Eton fields, he felt a depression akin to that of the white-neckclothed

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boys who were sitting on the door-steps, and determined that he would make such use of his pen as in him lay, to help to dig away the foundations of Westminster School.

Nor of that place of education only. There are in the City of London, other and almost more startling examples than that furnished by Westminster, of schools outrageously misplaced and inconveniently surrounded. St. Paul's School, the Charter-house, Christ's Hospital, and Merchant Taylors' were all visited in succession by the Eye-witness with but one conclusion.

It so happened that in every case the moment chanced upon by the E.-W. was that when the boys were at play. We have already seen the Westminster boys at rackets, let us now observe the St. Paul's boys at fives. The Westminster boys were disporting themselves in a ground inconvenient enough for their purpose, the court in which they played was surrounded by houses, the atmosphere was flat, and stale, and unprofitable, but still they were in the open air, and the sky was above their heads. The boys of St. Paul's School enjoy no such luxuries. If the reader will go to St. Paul's Churchyard and stand beneath a certain Grecian portico which projects over the foot pavement on the eastern side of the enclosure, he will find that the columns and pediment of this portico overshadow (and very effectually) a sort of black den enclosed with thick iron bars. Peering into this agreeable place for some time—long enough, in short, for his eyes to become so accustomed to the intense darkness that objects become at last dimly discernible—he will find that he is looking into a sort of crypt: that is to say, he will call it so unless it first occurs to him to liken it to a coal-cellar, a dungeon of the type patronised by the Kings of Naples, or a cage for such wild beasts—if there are any—as flourish where the air does not circulate nor the daylight intrude. As the visitor to this den continues to gaze into the darkness he will become gradually conscious of certain objects moving about, and will finally understand that certain scuffling sounds which have reached his ears are produced by a handful of spectral boys who are at play, in this their *only playground!* There is a vast difference between these lads and the young gentlemen of Westminster. The St. Paul's boys are without white neckcloths, their hair is less symmetrically parted, they are (being unaccustomed to light) much paler than the Westminsters (who are not too ruddy), and their play, as is the case with most things done under immense difficulties, is conducted with great painstaking and conscientiousness. A game at fives in a very dark crypt, closely packed with the columns which sustain the superincumbent building, is a difficult performance, and the players play with close attention, with grave and anxious countenances, and in a silence produced probably by a firm and well-grounded conviction that it is useless to speak, because in that great din and uproar of St. Paul's Churchyard their voices would not be heard.

That frowning dark building under which these silent and attentive boys are playing at fives, looks about as inappropriate for a school—for an establishment where boys are to be brought up, and where their bodies as well as their minds are to be developed into a full growth—as any place can. And yet there is a worse instance of an educational institution in the City of London than even this. In a certain intricate and narrow thoroughfare which is hemmed in in a perfect labyrinth of other intricate and narrow thoroughfares, and which goes by the name of Suffolk-lane, there stands the "Schola Mercatorum Scissorum," or, as it is called in plain English, the Merchant Taylors' School. Except that it is quieter—for the vehicles which once get into Suffolk-lane invariably become locked and intertwined with each other, in such wise that there is no movement among them till all the bales have been craned out of the foremost van which has occasioned the stoppage—except for the superior tranquillity, the school of the Merchant Taylors' is even in a more unsuitable situation than that of Paul's. To shoot backwards and forwards the bolts of their dungeon door, to plunge out wildly into Suffolk-lane, and to dash across it into a neighbouring court and back again—these pastimes seem to be to the boys at Merchant Taylors' what the subterranean fives and the languid rackets are to those of Paul's and Westminster. There are no beefy boys at these schools, no boys who seem charged and running over with vitality, so that it does one good to look at them. The boys of these London schools are thin and long: white, mealy, and flaccid. They are like plants that have been grown in shade.

Even at Charter-house the boys present a poor appearance. It is true that at this last-named establishment there is plenty of space for the Carthusians to play in, but how is that space surrounded? How far off is the country now, from Charter-house-square? How near, on the other hand, to that old enclosure are the factory chimneys? When the Eye-witness visited this interesting old place a cricket-match was going on in the playground of the school. It was in the time—which allows a pretty large margin—of the late heavy rains, and the match between old and modern Carthusians was being played out between the showers. It was rather a miserable festival. The ground was in so swampy a condition that a quantity of sawdust had to be sprinkled where the players stood, to prevent their sinking through altogether; and it was impossible to stop the ball, because the turf was so slippery that when a player made a pounce upon the rolling object he missed his footing and slid down. Of course it is not urged that the fact of a Carthusian cricket-match being played upon a wet day is a reason why the Charter-house School ought to be removed into the country. This circumstance is merely mentioned parenthetically. What really struck the writer as he walked upon the terrace that overlooks the playground and made his observa-

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tions upon the scene before him, was the thickness and deadness of the air which those boys were inhaling when they rushed out from their lessons to their playground, and which passed through their lungs during the long and important hours of a schoolboy's night. The removal of a school like this, and Westminster, is ten thousand times more important than the making of any change in Merchant Taylors' or St. Paul's; because, whilst these last are merely for day scholars, the others are for boarders too.

There is a want, very urgently and widely felt, of a high class public school within the reach of persons of small or moderate means. Can parents with small incomes send their boys to Eton or Rugby? The thing is obviously impossible. Now were a school with such a reputation as Merchant Taylors' removed to some desirable place in the country, and were establishments in connexion with it set up, where the boys might board, it is not too much to predict that a highly useful and satisfactory result would be a certainty. The parents of the boys who now attend these schools as day-scholars, would certainly send them to the country establishment—always supposing it to be conducted with strict economy—and the boys would not be obliged to secure, as they do now, the advantages of a Merchant Taylor's education, at the expense of having to put up with a Journeyman Taylor's physique.

It is an extraordinary thing that people who are ordinarily supposed to be so matter-of-fact as we are, should in some things give way, and that to a most injurious extent, to our sentimental feelings. We find honourable members getting up at the meetings which are occasionally held to determine on the fate of Westminster, and drivelling by the half-hour about their associations with the old school, about the wonderful men who were brought up within its walls, and the sacred memories that attach to its stones. Now this is all very well; but it is the especial function of Progress to ride over many such things. We must remember that the world is not yet at an end, and that it is our business to establish new institutions, which, in their turn, will have antiquarian claims on the men of future and distant ages. To be content to dwell on the glories of the past, and establish no new glories for after generations to look back on, is to be like some old proprietor of an estate who should fence about and prop up his old and decayed timber because of the memories that hung about it, and should neglect the while to plant new trees for the benefit of his heirs. Besides, are we consistent? Do we let these claims of antiquity influence us in other matters? Is there no picturesque charm about the thought of the old messenger, who was to travel "haste, post-haste" a hundred miles, with a letter tied up with silk and labelled, "These, for Master Thomas Brown of London?" Does the telegraph message spin along the wires less rapidly for such memories? Or, to take more recent recollections, is there no charm about what we remember of the old stage-coaches? What great men have been contented to travel by them? Has not Johnson sat in a stage-coach, has not Sheridan, and have not hundreds of others of magnificent memory? Is the vehicle that satisfied these men to be contemptuously put aside? Indeed it is. The Age coach still runs to Brighton in the summer months, but it is as a curiosity, not as a means of conveyance, and the passengers who use it, do so that they may enjoy a drive, not because they are wanting to get from London to Brighton.

Why, then, is this wonderful amount of sentiment to be indulged in only in scholastic matters? Why are these memories that do not keep us at the mercy of messengers and mail-coaches, to hang about the limbs of the young generation, like shackles, and bind and fetter them at every turn? There are such shackles provided for our Blue-coat boys. Their little yellow legs are literally fettered by the heavy close skirt that descends around them, and the unhappy children in their play-hour are compelled either to turn their skirts up and gird them in a great hot wadge about their loins to their immense inconvenience: or to abandon the play project altogether, and hang about the ground doing nothing, or stare like caged animals through the bars that separate Christ's Hospital from Newgate-street.

Here is a school that should go into the country along with Westminster and the Charter House. But think of the associations that attach to the old Christ's Hospital and the memory of Edward the Sixth. Are these to have no weight? Not an ounce, against a similar measure of muscle on the Blue-coat arm. Take the boy away where he can play with energy and breathe fresh air. Put him in a dress in which he can move with activity and pleasure, and if it is still to be a Blue-coat School—and why not?—and if yellow stockings are to be de rigueur, clap him into a blue knicker-bocker, and see how well his yellow legs will look then. Let these improvements be made, and we will talk about the ancient memories afterwards. Get the Westminster School, the Charter House, and Christ's Hospital, away to some fair country place, and it will surely be found that, in spite of the absence of factories, of river-steamers, of grinding traffic of eternal vans and omnibuses, in spite of the absence of every unwholesome and injurious element, moral and physical, that can be assembled to clip and stunt the development of the boy into the man, there will be some compensating force in the pure air. Nay, even the ancient memories so often spoken of, may adhere all the better to the names of the schools, and the associations which we think in such mighty danger may not be altogether blown away by the fresh breezes of the country.

"It is a singular stroke of eloquence," says the author of Tristram Shandy—"it is a singular stroke of eloquence (at least it was so when

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eloquence flourished at Athens and Rome, and would be so now did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you, in petto, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A scar, an axe, a sword, a pinked doublet, a rusty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-ashes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle-pot; but, above all, a tender infant royally accoutred. . . . . When," continues Mr. Sterne, "a state-orator has hit the precise age to a minute, hid his Bambino in his mantle so cunningly that no mortal could smell it, and produced it so critically that no soul could say it came in by head and shoulders —oh, sirs, it has done wonders, it has opened the sluices, and turned the brains, and shaken the principles and unhinged the politics of half a nation."

It would be a curious and interesting experiment, to try the applicability of this wisdom of Laurence Sterne's to the question of the propriety of leaving Westminster School in its present position, or of removing it to some healthy place at a distance from London. It would be an admirable plan, and one calculated to bring the present discussion on this subject to a speedy termination, if some gentleman who has a voice in the consultations could manage to smuggle into the apartment in which those conferences are held, a couple of youngsters, of some ten or twelve years old: one of whom should have been educated in London, and the other in some country village. Were it possible for one orator, in default of a mantle, to conceal two such lads under some tablecloth, or behind some convenient curtain, and, at the moment when the discussion was at its hottest, to draw aside his curtain and reveal the two specimens of town and country breeding, he would surely carry everything before him at a single coup. If no orator can be found who will make use of the method of reasoning suggested by Mr. Sterne, your Eye-witness would strongly recommend a deputation of the boys themselves, to attend the next meeting of the commission, and plead their own cause with their own pale faces. Both courses failing, and Westminster School remaining where it is, Common Sense outside will soon render its removal quite unnecessary, by leaving no scholars there, to be removed.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

BEYOND me and above me, far away
From colder poets lies a land Elysian—
The haunted land where Shakespeare's ladies stray
Through shadowy groves and golden glades of vision;
And there I wander oft, as poets may,
Cooling the fever of a hot ambition,
'Mong ghostly shades or palaces divine,
And pray at Shakespeare's Soul as at a shrine!

Fair are those ladies all, some pure as foam,
And sadder some than earthly ladies are;
From Juliet, calm and beautiful as home,
Whose love was whiter than the morning star,
To Egypt, when the rebel lord of Rome
Lolled at her knee and watch'd the world from far—
Selling his manhood for a woman's kiss,
But fretting in the heyday of his bliss.

There Portia argues love against the Jew,
With quips and quiddities of azure eyes;
Fidele mourns for Posthumus untrue,
And wanders homeless under angry skies;
There white Ophelia moans her ditties new,
Sad as the swan's weird music when it dies;
There roaming hand in hand, as free as wind,
Walk little Celia and tall Rosalind.

And Slender Julia walks in man's attire,
Praising her own sweet face which Proteus wrongs;
Miranda, isled from kisses, strikes the lyre
Of her own wishes into fairy songs;
And stainless Hero, flashing into fire,
Chides with her death the lie her love prolongs;
With buxom Beatrice, whose heart denies
The jest she still endorses with her eyes!

Shipwreck'd Marina wanders through the night,
Blushing at sound, and trembling for the morn,
And blue-eyed Constance rises up her height
To fortify her hope with words of scorn;
The lass of Florizel in tearful plight,
Still seeks her hope in labyrinths forlorn;
And high upon a pinnacle, I see
Cordelia weeping at the wild King's knee!

And in the darkest corner of the land
Walks one with blacker brows and looks of pain,
Heart-haunted by the shade of past command—
The pale-faced Queen, who sinned beside the Thane;
And still she moans, and eyes a bloody hand
That once was lily-white without a stain;
Robbed of the strength which help'd the Thane to climb,
When growing with the grandeur of crime.

But in the centre of a little hall,
Roof'd by a patch of sky with stars and moon,
Titania sighs a love-sick madrigal,
Throned in the red heart of a rose of June;
And round about, the fairies rise and fall
Like daisies' shadows to an elfin tune;
Behind them, plaining through a citron grove,
Moves gentle Hermia, chasing hope and love.

I dream in this delicious land, where Song
Epitomised all beauty and all love,
Familiar as my mother's face, the throng
Of ladies through its shady vistas move;
Time listens to the sorrow they prolong,
And Fancy weeps beside them, and above
Broods Music, wearing on her golden wings
The darkness of sublime imaginings.

O let me, dreaming on in this sweet place,
Draw near to Shakespeare's Soul with reverent eyes,
Let me dream on, forgetting time and space,
Pavilion'd in a golden Paradise,
Where smiles are conjured on the stately face,
And true-love kisses mix with tears and sighs;
Where each immortal lady still prolongs
The life our Shakespeare calentured in songs.

And in the spirit's twilight, when I feel
Hard-visaged Labour recommending leisure,
Let me thus climb to fairy heights and steal
Soft commune with the shapes all poets treasure;

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Vrapt in luscious life from head to heel,
  Swimming from trance to trance of speechless
    pleasure,
ınd now and then, not erring, dream of bliss
Vhose brimful soul runs over in a kiss!

MODERN MAGIC.

Not the magic of Herr Wiljalba Frikell or he Wizard of the North; nothing to do with nvisible Ladies or Robert-Houdin's mighty ıysteries; but magic of the true black and hite sort—witchcraft, demonology, possession, nd the like, revived in the modest phrase of piritualism. This is the great drawing-room xcitement of the day; the phase of spiritual evelopment, which has already turned more han one unstable head, and which threatens to urn a few more before it dies quietly out in its resent form, and leaves only the due residuum f scientific truth.

Spiritualism is nothing new: it is as old as he Egyptian caves and temples and initiatory rials; as old as the time when a certain Hebrew ontended with Jannes and Jambres before Pharaoh that he should let the children of Israel o; as old as Saul and the Witch of Endor (the ews, indeed, were always fond of dabbling in he art, and in Leviticus are expressly forbidden hat indulgence); as old as the Delphic Oracles, nd the Eleusinian Mysteries; as old as the exact ciences, as old as nervous diseases, as superstition nd ignorance, and the habit of jumping to conlusions before the foundations are laid, which we ind everywhere, in proportion to the want of cientific knowledge existing in a community. Vhat is called spiritualism is not all false in its esults, however false in its theory; but what here is of true in it has been so overlaid with rick and deception that it is a hard task to disinguish one from the other, or to draw up a disinct account to which one would sign one's ıame. No one denies that there is an abnormal ondition of the brain and nervous system vhich enables people to say and do things uite foreign to their natural power. We see t constantly in persons afflicted with hysteria, pilepsy, catalepsy, and other congenital diseases; nd it does not seem impossible that the tate may be artificially induced, and that the rain may be acted on other than through the enses. So far, then, certain of the phenomena f spiritualism may be true; but no farther, as videncing some of the subtle harmonies between ıan and universal nature, not yet catalogued nd labelled.

It is almost as presumptuous to say what is bsolutely impossible (relatively, we have few tumbling places) as it is rash to believe without xamination. I should not like to say that this Brompton house in which I write *could* not be ıoved by a Superior Power, and transported odily to Bethnal-green; but I should be very ositive in asserting that it would not be so lealt with. And certainly if a medium, charged vith my conversion, took me in the night rom my library, and carried me in a cab to another library, furnished in exactly the same manner, then bade me believe that he and his spirits had transported my house, and that this was my own library, and none other, I think I should believe, instead, that he had brought me about and about back to my own natural house, or that he had furnished another room according to the pattern of mine—I think I should believe in any trick possible to human ingenuity rather than in the assertion of even the most respectable medium that my house at Brompton had been borne by spirits through the air and placed in Bethnal-green. I know that the usual spirit manifestations are less impossible than this; that table tapping and tipping; spirit hands made visible to the eye and palpable to the touch; spirit communications (for the most part sad rubbish) lying on tombstones, or pinned to curtains; that mediums writing on drawing-room ceilings in the dark; that spirits, tying knots under the table, and turning down the leaves of the Bible, also under the table; that guitars played by invisible hands, and accordions held straight out, as never accordions were held before; I know that all these things are less absolutely impossible, because more susceptible of trick, than taking a brick house off its foundations, and carrying it, like Solomon's carpet, between the clouds and the water. But I have seen nothing yet which cannot be referred to the abnormal, not supernatural, power of high nervous excitement, and to clever conjuring. Of the last I have seen infinitely more than of the first, it being easier to learn a trick than to elaborate brain power.

We must remember, too, as I said before, that nothing of all this is new; the same facts and circumstances having been produced in an endless round for ages and ages past, without ever getting any nearer to usefulness or universality. Take the first and cleverest spiritualists of the middle ages, Dr. John Dee and his assistant, Edward Kelly; why, not Mr. Home, the present high-priest of the mysteries, himself surpasses them in what they said they saw and heard, or in the engaging familiarity of their spirits! They had a practical object, too, in their mediumship, of which we can see the use and direction; but spiritual communications in general have no more rationality, sequence, or practical good in them, than the muttered utterance of a dreamer. Edward Kelly and Dr. John Dee were wiser in their generation, and took care to assume a distinct and positive purpose in their mediumship. Kelly was very "developed." He used to look into the crystal, which the doctor said had been brought to him by spirits, and see more than even any of the Baron Dupotet's extatiques have ventured to declare. As for spirits in the body—spirits visible, audible, palpable—they came as thick as morning callers; and not a bit more terrifying. But the odd thing about them was, they were all spirits of the period; spirits speaking the language then in use, knowing no more than the world knew then, and not advancing a hair's breadth beyond what was considered orthodox and final by

living men. There is the same peculiarity in the modern spirit. One day a pretty little maiden of from four to seven appeared to the two astrologers. Her hair was rolled up in front, but hung down long behind; her gown was of "changeable sey," red and green, and her name was Madimi. Madimi said she was one of six sisters; but would not give much information about herself. "She would be beaten," said the little spirit maiden frankly; not a very pleasant contingency for youthful spirits in the better world! When she disappeared from the table "beside the silk cloth where the show-stone stood," there came a man dressed in red, like one of the cruel men in the Babes of the Wood. He had red close hose, red buttoned-up cap, red jacket, red shoes; and, like the little maiden Madimi, he spoke in an audible voice, and with a certain amount of method and sequence. After the man, came a woman in a red kirtle and a white garment above, with a green coronet about her head under the mantle. On her breast was a precious white stone, and on her back another; she was called Ath, was sharp of tongue, and somewhat shrewish of temper, but a good spirit enough, like a well-conditioned earthly scold: also a character of the period; another and a well-defined instance of the mere local and human transcript of all these appearances. We should not have such a spirit now; neither would our little Madimi say that she would be beaten. Earthly times and manners have changed; consequently the spiritual and the heavenly times and manners have changed with them. All these spirits foretold and prophesied of the next prominent person in this solemn farce; the Lord Albert Lasky, a Polish nobleman, who was to be made into something more than a nobleman, if Dr. Dee and his spiritual plotters had had full swing. When Lasky comes he has a globe of white smoke on his head, and is great as a medium, but foolish as a plotter. The spirits are not always well-behaved. Once a "great black nasty hound" came when he had no business; rebuked as a "hell-hound," he obediently retired; and once a false likeness of our Madimi put on a very naughty appearance, and talked such wicked things, that we do not translate them in the vulgar tongue, but keep them wrapped up in Latin, for the perversion of the learned only. Wicked little Madimi! she argued like a philosopher; but her philosophy was of the laxest. Sometimes the spirits held up their hands, with letters and words springing from their fingers; sometimes they showed hands alone, as at present by Mr. Home and others.

"Cui est habet,
Cui nihil non habet,"

said one hand—the letters written all along the back. Once, a piece of white paper was put on to the mass-table: when mass was said, the paper was found written over by spirit hands. As soon as copied, the writing vanished. For six months, there were no apparitions, and the show-stone was dull and clouded. The young son Arthur was put to see and hear: but he only saw, and that but imperfectly; he could hear nothing: and then his Power came back to Kelly, and he saw, and heard, and translated as before. Once the stone was taken away, and brought back again by invisible hands "in the sight of all," much as bells and bracelets, rings and chaplets are taken now: and we all know of John Beaumont's spirits, who brought a little bell which they rang in his ear. Spirits have always been fond of bells; they are light, and easily managed, and produce grand effects with little expenditure of force.

All this early time, Dee and his companions were made much of by the Emperor of Russia (not France), and talked often with the spirits on Russian (not French) affairs. They got plenty of money, and little Madimi prepared the way for Lasky to be King of Moldavia; which was the meaning of the whole matter. When that scheme was knocked on the head, Prince Rosimberg came on the scene, and he entertained the spirits and their mediums handsomely; but nothing practical resulting, poor Dr. Dee was ultimately left to poverty and distress, with only the planet angel Raphael for his comforter. Kelly died, having broken his leg in escaping out of prison, and Dee lingered on in a wretched state, mixing himself up in plots both domestic and political, between-whiles talking to Raphael, who came to him in the show-stone, but whose coming brought neither meal nor money to the miserable conjuror.

What order and state of mind was in Edward Kelly may be gathered from the following extract made from Dee's memoranda:

"Edward Kelly yesterday had a show of a little thing as big as a pease, of fire as it were, in the stone, going about by the brinks. And because it was not in shape humane, he of purpose would not declare it to me, and so I have noted (as appeareth) of no show. This he told me on Tuesday night (that was yesternight), upon occasion of a great stir and moving in his brains very sensible and distinct, as of a creature of humane shape and lineaments going up and down, to and fro in his brains, and within his skull, sometimes seeming to sit down, sometimes to put his head out of his ear."

We need not wonder at anything reported to be seen or heard by a gentleman who went about with something of humane shape in his skull, given to putting its head out of his ear! The New Book which was to be written by the spirits for Dr. Dee, and which book was to supersede the Bible, the partitioning of states on spiritual principles, the suspension or contravention of the laws of nature by spiritual powers—all become quite easy to us when we know that the medium was afflicted with the sensation of something alive moving about in his head, and when we remember that state plots and intrigues offered the sole active career then open to an enterprising man.

Dee and Kelly strangely prefigured the doings of the present phase. They had a magic crystal

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wherein they saw all their spirits; the Baron Dupotet has a magic mirror (I think it is Cahagnet who gives the receipt for its proper making), Raphael, the weather prophet, also had his, and sensitives say they can see in it spirits and appearances by the score. Dee and Kelly had spiritual friends and companions perpetually with them; so have Mademoiselle Adèle, Mademoiselle Blanche, Mrs. Haydon, Miss Marshall, Mr. Home, and many others; even down to a poor lady with a spiritual husband, who wrote a book the other day announcing her approaching maternity as the result of her union. Dee and Kelly were to be the propagators of a new faith, the writers of a new book or Bible; what says the Seer of Poughkeepsie, what says the authoress of Light in the Valley, what say all who have adopted spiritualism as a new revelation, and regarded it as the gateway of a further dispensation? Dee and Kelly get "direct writing;" so do the Baron Guldenstubbé, and many others; and they got unconscious writing, like the author of that little volume of Spirit Rhymes, which we take leave to say are about the most wretched verse ever printed, like the effusions of all the self-deluding users of the planchette, and like all writing mediums generally. They saw hands, isolated and endued with motion and intelligence; so does Mr. Home, so does Mrs. Marshall, so does Mr. Squire, so do their respective "circles;" but of what substance it would be, perhaps, rash to say: certainly not of spiritual. Later, in the way of time, Richard Jones caused Jane Brooks to be condemned and executed, because he had epileptic fits, rose up in the air, hung by his hands from the ceiling, was carried over the garden wall to the haystack, with many other things like those which people report of Mr. Home, as his ordinary manner of manifestation. Then there was the Demon of Tedworth sent by the angry drummer, who made every article of furniture in Mr. Mompesson's house dance about like mad, but who got wounded one day when knocking about under a pile of wood in the chimney. Some one fired a pistol into the pile, and blood was found afterwards on the hearth and down the stairs. But it seemed quite natural to the Mompessons that a demon should bleed; so that proof of humanity and earthly circumstance went for nothing. This demon was in the habit of lifting tables and chairs into the air, flinging blocks of wood, warming-pans, pitchers, and the like, into the children's beds; of thrusting the old lady's Bible into the ashes face downwards; and marking the floor of the room, strewn with ashes for the purpose, with claws large and small, crosses, triangles, and mystical rubbish past comprehension. The same tricks were played at Woodstock, when the commissioners took possession, and a royalist spirit resolved to dislodge them. The same things are done now, when tables are made to rear up in the air, paw the ground like horses, and rub themselves against you like dogs; when sofas and chairs run of themselves about the room, and cushions and footstools are flung about by unseen hands. It is exactly the same thing now as formerly, the name alone changed to suit the intellectual tendencies of the age.

In the Annual Register for 1802 there is a curious Spectre Story, as it is called, useful in showing how long a time these things have lasted publicly in England, under the exact form of paid mediumship, as at present. A Mr. D., a gentleman of fortune, living in Baker-street, was summoned by a foreigner before the Commissioners of Requests for a debt of one guinea, said to be owing to him for an evening's entertainment "in the spectrological art." The man had good letters of recommendation to the nobility, and among others was engaged by Mr. D., of Baker-street, to "amuse a select party" with his spectres and apparitions. He had no sooner begun than Mr. D. came up to him, put a stop to the proceedings on the plea of their being disagreeable to the company, tendered him half a guinea for his trouble, and sent him off. The foreigner of distinction sued him for breach of contract, and Mr. D. was, of course, compelled to pay the sum agreed on. So that this evening's entertainment in the spectrological art resulted in the outlay of a guinea to cause several young ladies to go off into fits, and in a very sensible lecture from the Chairman of the Commissioners of Requests on the folly of encouraging these equivocal representations. I wonder what the chairman would say now if he saw the marvels of the fashionable world of spirits! I, the writer of this article, have seen something of these spirit doings, and I will state candidly what I have seen, and what I have thought. I do not affect infallibility; but I believe that I am unprejudiced, and I know that I love truth.

In a small street off one of the west-central squares live two women, one old the other young, and both mediums. To them went I and a party of friends; some believing, others wholly sceptical, others, like myself, of no fixed opinion, but anxious to know the truth. When we entered, a clergyman was interrogating the spirits, and seemingly much edified by their answers. After a time he took up the Bible from the floor, and turned the leaves till he came to some which the spirits had doubled, while under the table; but which he scarcely found applicable to his present questions. However, he helped the spirits and the medium handsomely out of the difficulty, by saying that they bore on the subject of his last week's lectures; but as it would be rather hard to find a series of texts that did not bear on any theological subject whatsoever, or that could not be twisted so as to seem to bear on it, I confess I did not think that experiment very satisfactory. The company arriving irregularly, the circle was perpetually disturbed; and as the spirits only rapped when the younger medium was present, it was trying to those who came in good faith, to have to submit to the total cessation every time the medium, and the spirits, and the candle streamed down stairs to answer the door. In

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their absence, the clergyman making some question very urgently, I tried the table; and with a slight and wholly imperceptible movement of my wrists, I tipped it quite easily and made it answer exactly in the same way as the medium had done. This I did twice; no one suspecting, no one seeing, not even the friend who was sitting next me, and who did not believe in spirits. And if I could so easily move the table, and on a first trial, what could not one who had studied its capabilities effect? That table was as easily manipulated as if it had been made of paper, and almost as light; and the slightest movement of the wrists sufficed to tip it. When the medium returned, and the circle closed again, we had a few more "experiences." A spirit announced itself. For whom? Single raps (negative) came; no, no, no, for one and the other; until three affirmative tippings pointed to my friend. Who was the spirit? father? mother? child? brother? Yes: brother. The name? The alphabet was called for, and a name spelt out. "Edward." Now, my friend never had a brother who died, and never one at all, living or dead, of the name of Edward. So much for even the common phenomenon of this medium's thought-reading.

The spirits now promised to do a great deal more. The medium, myself, and two others held an oblong piece of paper by the four corners. Immediately there was a scratching and a tapping on the underside of the paper, close to the medium's hand. It was not impossible for her to have produced those sounds, and I, intently watching her face and movements—having been rendered suspicious by my own easy performances with the table—can distinctly affirm that she did produce those sounds; she and no other. A tray was manipulated in the same way. It was placed upside down on the table, and the medium and ourselves laid our fingers upon it. This tray was of extreme flexibility; it was a lively tray, and somewhat eccentric in its movements. Suddenly, as if tired of being shaken and tapped on, it started up and rapped the knuckles of one of the party —I think of the clergyman, but I am not sure. And here again I distinctly saw the younger medium lift the tray by a sudden pressure of her thumbs, and I saw her rapidly strike the edge against the hand in question. Then the table reared itself up, and sustained itself in the air for some seconds; but again the medium's thumbs were underneath, and her knee was against the top. This I also most distinctly saw—for she is not very accomplished yet in sleight of hand, and a very little careful observation can detect the manner of her tricks. I was then touched underneath the table. My ankle was suddenly grasped by something flexible and springy, but not muscular. Others were grasped too; all but my friend, whose feet were tucked away under the chair, and so were out of the line of the medium's foot. And all the while this was going on I felt the young lady's knee work up and down against mine, as each person cried out he was touched, and she pulled the strings of her puppets at her will. Then an old badly-tuned guitar was held by the clergyman, and played under the table. The clergyman sang the Old Hundreth in a low and tremulous voice, and while he sang a few simple chords were struck out, such as would have suited anything; but I deny that there was any attempt at known melody in the music, or that it was anything more than could have been produced by sweeping the hand or foot over the strings at certain intervals. But some of the believers were quite overpowered with this "manifestation," and one or two were deeply affected. To my ears, not perhaps capable of appreciating what to them seemed such heavenly harmony, it was a simple string sound, such as could have been easily effected by drawing the toes over the strings.

The light was now put out, and the spirits rapped us all to another and more commodious part of the room, where they had promised to show the hands. A double circle was formed, and when we were fairly placed, which was not until we had gone through a great deal of trouble and annoyance—for the spirits were suspicious and full of fancies and caprices, and would not have any one too near, but drove one over-anxious gentleman clean away from the place where they were to show—after many such shiftings and turnings, the mediums got settled, and the spirits seemed to be content. But they would not show the hands, though adjured to do so in the name of God, and also familiarly scolded and rated for their breach of faith. A small bell was then set running about the room—they said it was running through the air—and ringing as it went. We could not see it, but we heard it ringing in different paths, or places, about the room, but always close at hand. Suddenly it seemed to fall over on its side, and then the spirits rapped out their dismissal, and the séance was at an end. One thing I have forgotten: two gentlemen were asked to agree between themselves on a certain moment by the clock, when the spirits would rap as soon as the minute hand reached the spot. They did so, and the raps did come at the very instant. This was the only clever thing in the performance, and, excepting this, the whole affair was a somewhat dull and most barefaced imposition. As I sat and looked at it all, I scarcely knew which filled me with most surprise, the unblushing impudence of the actors, or the marvellous credulity of the spectators. There was not one single thing performed that was not an open and palpable deception; yet here were sane, well-educated English men and women grouped, full of faith and belief, round two illiterate conjurors, whose tricks would have been utterly contemptible but for the painful amount of human trust and reverence given to them. It was something inexpressibly sad to see how these two wretched women were able to play on the holiest and deepest feelings of their audience; how, for the paltry sum which they gained from each as the price of their deceptions, they mocked the most sacred truths,

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and cheated the most earnest faith. It was a degrading exhibition, and all the more so because men of cultivated understandings and women of ordinary perceptions gave into it without question or examination, and set aside the precious mental power of critical reason, in favour of blind, headlong, unreasoning credulity.

I know that I shall be met by believers with the argument that all the greatest scientific truths were, when first propounded, scouted and disbelieved: witness Galileo, Harvey, Jenner, and others. But although truth in all such cases has not prevailed at once, and although the beliefs in them have languished, yet, even when weakest, such beliefs have always been strong enough to leave broad marks behind them—broad enough for the wise to stand upon, whence to assert, and eventually to sustain, them beyond dispute. Truth never dies away without leaving some mark. "Spiritualism," on the contrary, has burnt its feeble light from the earliest times of the Old Testament; it has flickered, then gone out from sheer exhaustion. It has been forgotten, then "discovered" again; then it has flourished amongst a certain class of weak people, and has made a noise—for your hysterical subjects are always very demonstrative. Then belief has been exhausted, and the sickly flame has been extinguished, to peep out again at some future time, and, in the same way, to die out. This seems to be the difference between the reception and destiny of truth, and imposture.

One of the most provoking peculiarities of the spiritualists is the definite manner in which they speak of indefinite things and indefinite sensations. A publication called the Spiritual Magazine is especially full of this sort of unblushing assertion. Things, which in the séances some people say they see, and others only think they see, and others don't see at all, are set down as positive, actual, undeniable facts; as undeniable as this paper on which I write. If, at the distant end of a large room, and in the dark, a medium says he is floated up to the ceiling, it is stoutly asserted that he is so floated up, and that the people present are witnesses of the feat. Not so: the people present are only witnesses of the fact that the medium asserts this, and that he marks the ceiling; they are not witnesses how he got up so high to make his mark. With ottomans, chairs, and darkness, he may have been able to climb, unperceived, so near, as to mark the ceiling otherwise than by being taken up to it by spiritual hands.

Again, is an audience necessarily a collection of converts? If I go merely to see these things, have the exhibitors a right to parade me as a voucher for their truth? A certain nobleman, who took especial pains to guard against such an assumption, is ranked as a convert; and the unbelieving son of the conductor of this journal figures (when he is well on his way to China) in two numbers of the Spiritual Magazine as a believer, for no worse indiscretion than the dangerous one of having gone to see what some experiments were like.* Seeing that it is almost impossible to make examinations during the experiments; that if you are troublesome or avowedly sceptical, the spirits will rap you out of the circle, and, not content with that, rap you out of the room—it is not very easy to detect the manner of the trick: it is less easy, indeed, than with the ordinary conjuror, who stands confessed to all the world before him as simply an ingenious mechanist, with marvellous quickness of hand, and whom every one is trying to find out. No critical tests are allowed; no scientific investigation. Indeed, it would be utterly impossible, at the table of a friend, or even in the house of a person of condition, to take satisfactory measures for the detection and exposure of any such imposture as might be seen or suspected. If you go, you must go prepared to be convinced; and, if you desire to remain to the end, you must be careful not to express doubt or dissatisfaction of anything that you may see. The spirits have a very summary way of getting rid of any one they have reason to fear may prove too inquisitive; and, when the mediums express their grief at the arrangement which expels you, and ask you, piteously, "what can they do? and, how can they help it?" you have no resource but to accept your fate. Thus they enforce the acquiescence of silence while you remain, and then write you down a convert the moment you retire.

THE GRIMGRIBBER RIFLE CORPS.

WE COMMENCE THE "MOVEMENT."

It was not until long after this grand patriotic volunteer movement had been started that we began to talk of it at Grimgribber, and it was much later before we thought of joining it. You see we are rather peculiar at Grimgribber—not aristocratic, perhaps, but decidedly rich, and on that account rather high and stand-off-ish. We live in large houses, considerably given to portico; we carpet our halls, and therein do a good deal in the proof-before-letter prints and stags'-horn and foxes'-foot hat-rail line; we have very large gardens, with graperies and pineries, and everything that can cost money; but we are decidedly not sociable. To tell truth, Grimgribber is, perhaps, a thought overdone with Quakerdom, having been selected as the favoured spot in which some of the choicest spirits of the Peace Society have pitched their mortal tents, and the consequence is, that it requires the greatest exertions to prevent our general notions from becoming too drab-coloured. So that when we read in the

* He is represented in the publication in question, with the utmost hardihood, as telling his father that he (his father) "*has been mistaken throughout. Good faith all these things can be, and are, for I have seen and heard them, father.*" It is absolutely impossible that any statement could be more untrue than this is. He told his father that what he had seen and heard was very absurd, and he gave his father a highly ludicrous detail of the proceedings!—*Editor's Note.*

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newspapers of the formation of the various corps, we merely shrugged our shoulders, and said, "Ah!" in rather an admonitory tone; and it was not until the announcement that the Queen would probably receive the officers and review the troops, that the possibility of there being a Grimgribber regiment dawned upon us. I am bound to confess that the idea did not originate with me, but with Jack Heatly, a young stockbroker, who was always looked upon as a dangerous character, and who, when at a very early stage of affairs he joined a metropolitan rifle corps, was considered as having booked himself for perdition. Under cover of the darkness of night, and with extraordinary mystery (for even his bold spirit quailed at the audacity of his plan), Jack paid me a visit one evening last December, and imparted to me his ideas for the formation of the Grimgribber volunteers. The first of his large-souled propositions was that he should be made captain; the second, that I should undertake all the work; the third, that I should mention the scheme to all likely persons, in my own name at first, but, if it met with approval, in his.

I was struck with Jack's magnanimity, and fell into his views; so likely persons were seen, and agreed at once to the rough outline of the scheme—Grimgribber should have a rifle corps; that was decided on; all detail could be entered into at a public meeting which should be forthwith advertised and held in the lecture-room of our Literary Institute. The consternation into which the drab-coloured portion of our population received this announcement cannot be described; the head-shakings, the hand-upliftings were awful, and the accusative case of the second person singular was joined to every verb of monition and reproach, and applied to us rigorously. But we managed to make way even against this, and we held our meeting. One of the county members had promised to preside, and at eight o'clock the room was crammed and beginning to grow noisy, but the county member had not arrived; then I, as secretary, explained this to the meeting, and proposed that some one else should take the chair, and some one else accordingly took it and had just reached a triumphant point in his peroration, when the door was burst open and the county member walked in, in a white waistcoat and a rage, and we had to begin all over again. But still we had a very great success. I had drawn up a set of rules based on those of Jack Heatly's former rules, and these met with great approval; an enemy had obtained admission, and he caused some disturbance by uttering a very loud and sarcastic "Hear, hear!" after one of them which inflicted a fine of five shillings for discharging the rifle by accident; and when I sat down, he rose and proceeded to comment on this rule, declaring it absurd to punish a person for an offence committed accidentally. But Jack got up, and in an oration of unexampled eloquence, completely demolished our adversary, by proving to him what a consolation it would be to the surviving relations of any unfortunate person who might be thus killed, to think that the cause of the accident had been made to pay for his carelessness. And then an old gentleman, long resident in the village, and reputed to have been the author of some very spirited verses on the Prince Regent's coronation which actually found their way into print, rose, and recited some poetry which he had forged for the occasion, in which Britannia was represented as bestowing crowns of laurel to each of her "commercial sons," and this brought the meeting to a close with a storm of triumph.

OUR COUNCIL AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

On a convenient desk outside the meeting-room we had placed a large broad sheet, to which each intending "effective" member was to sign his name, and before the lecture-hall was closed we had seventy signatures. The seventy pledged ones met the next day and elected their officers—Jack Heatly, of course, being chosen captain; his brother, lieutenant; and I myself receiving the distinguished post of ensign. To any gentleman content with moderate exercise and a good position, I recommend the ensign's berth; his lungs are left intact, for he never has to shout the word of command; he is never in that awful doubt which seizes upon the other officers as to whether they are "on the right flank," as he has simply to walk behind the rear rank in the centre of the company; he is not liable to be shot by the enemy, or by his own men; and he can gain a character for smartness with little trouble, by merely occasionally uttering the caution, "Steady, now!" "Easy in the centre!" "Keep your fours in the wheel!" and such-like mandates delivered in an admonitory voice. He is, in fact, the Lord Burleigh of the company, and best comports himself by grave silence and stern military aspect.

When the selection of officers had been made, we set to work and chose certain gentlemen to be members of council. We had seen that other corps had a council, and it was therefore necessary that we should have one; but, beyond checking the expenses of the regiment, we were not at all clear as to what were the council's functions. We soon found out. The members of the council were exclusively privates, and it appeared that their first and most urgent duties were to oppose every arrangement made by the officers, and to endeavour in every possible manner to set the corps by the ears. Did Jack Heatly, as captain commanding, issue an order, the council was down upon him like a shot, had him up like Othello before the Senate, and harangued him with Old Bailey-like politeness and Central Criminal Court etiquette; did the lieutenant, a shy and retiring young man, make a mistake in his word of command, he was summoned the next day before the Vehmgericht, had his error pointed out to him, was told to make himself immediate master of the few instructions contained in very small type in a fat red-covered quarto volume of some eight hundred pages,

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and was dismissed with a rather more severe reprimand than if he had stolen a watch; did I endeavour to come to the rescue, I was received with bland smiles and disbelieving shoulder shrugs, and with pleasant hints that "the subaltern officers had really better not expose themselves." Now this was trying to all, especially to Jack Heatly, who is as explosive as a volcano, and who used to make a light meal off his lips and tongue in endeavouring to maintain his reticence; but as the members of the council were indefatigable in their zeal at drill, punctual in their attendance, and showed thoroughly that they had the welfare of the corps at heart, we put up with it all, and got rapidly under weigh.

Of course it was necessary that we should accumulate as ample funds as possible, besides the subscription of the members; and with this view the council determined that a select few of us should call upon the inhabitants and ask for donations. The list of names was divided into three portions, and I as junior officer had the most implacable enemies of the movement allotted to me to visit. Now, it has been my fate to have been placed in many humiliating positions during my life. I have been compelled to act a knight in a charade with a tinpot on my head for a helmet and a towel-horse for my charger, and in this guise to make love to a very stout old lady before the grinning faces of deriding friends. I have been asked to "do" an orange "nicely" for a young lady at dessert, and, owing to my having blind eyes and utterly immobile stiff fingers, have bungled thereat in a manner contemptible to behold. On the King's-road, at Brighton, I have ridden a flea-bitten grey horse formerly a member of a circus, which, in the presence of hundreds of the aristocracy then and there assembled, persisted in waltzing to the music of a German band; but never was I so thoroughly ashamed of myself as on the errand of requesting donations for the Grimgribber volunteers. In ten places they told me plainly they would not give anything—and next to those who gave willingly, I liked these best; in others, they shook their heads and sighed, and said it did not augur well for any movement which commenced by sending round the begging-box; some were virtuously indignant, and denounced us as openly inciting foreign attack by our braggadocio; some declined to give because they were comfortably persuaded that the end of the world was so close at hand that our services would never be required; one old farmer, known to be enormously rich and horribly penurious, offered us a threepenny piece, a brass tobacco-box, and a four-bladed knife with a corkscrew in the handle.

But perhaps my noblest interview was with Mr. Alumby, our senior churchwarden, who lives at The Hassocks, close outside the village, and who has the credit of being the best hand at an excuse, of any man in the county. Overwhelmingly polite was Alumby, offered me a chair with the greatest hospitality, spoke about our Queen, our country, our national defences, and the patriotic body of men now coming forward, in a way that made my ears tingle; but he declined to subscribe. On principle, on principle alone; in any other possible manner that he could aid us, he would, but he could not give us money, as he thought such a proceeding *would deprive the movement of its purely voluntary character!* I was so staggered that I paused for a moment, overcome: then I suggested that this feeling might not prevent his helping us in another way: we wanted a large space to drill in—would he lend us his field? He hesitated for a minute, and then asked if I meant his field in Grimgribber, at the back of his house? On my replying in the affirmative, his face expressed the deepest concern; "he could not spare a blade of that grass—not a blade—he required it all for grazing purposes, and it must not be trampled upon; but he had considerable property in South Wales, and if that had been any use to us he could have put hundreds of acres at our disposal." However, notwithstanding these rebuffs, we collected a very respectable sum of money, and thought ourselves justified in really commencing operations. Of course the first and most important operation was:

OUR DRILL.

He to whom our military education was confided was a sergeant in the Welsh Bombardier Guards, and he brought with him a corporal of the same regiment as his assistant. The sergeant was short and stout; the corporal tall and thin; both had hair greased to the point of perfection, and parted with mathematical correctness; perched on the extreme right verge of his head, the corporal accurately balanced a little cap. Off duty the sergeant was occasionally human in his appearance and manners, but the corporal never; in his mildest aspect he resembled a toy soldier; but when, either in giving command, or taking it from his sergeant, he threw up his head, stiffened his body, closed his heels, and stuck out his hands like the signs at a French glove-shop reversed, I can find no word to describe his wooden nonentity. I think we all felt a little awkward at our first introduction to our instructors; they surveyed us, as we were drawn up in line, grimly and depreciatingly; in obedience to a look from his superior, the corporal then fell a pace or two back and assumed the statuesque attitude, while the sergeant rapped his cane against his leg and exclaimed, "Now, genl'men, FALL IN!" the first two words being uttered in his natural voice, the last two in an awful sepulchral tone, and sounding like a double rap on a bass kettle-drum.

We "fell in" as we best could—that is, we huddled together in a long line—and were then "sized" by the sergeant, who walked gravely down the rank, and inspected us as though we had been slaves in the market of Tripoli, and he the Dey's emissary, with a large commission to

buy; and then commenced our preliminary instruction. The first manœuvre imparted to us was to "stand at ease"—a useful lesson, teaching us not only the knowledge of a strategic evolution, but giving us quite a new insight into the meaning of the English language. In our former benighted ignorance we might possibly have imagined that to stand at ease meant to put our hands in our pockets, to lean against the wall, or to lounge in any easy and comfortable manner; but we now learned that, in order to stand really at ease, we should strike the palm of our left hand very smartly with the palm of our right, then fold the right over the back of the left in front of us, protrude our left foot, throwing the weight of the body on the right, and, in fact, place ourselves as nearly as possible in the attitude of Pantaloon when he is first changed by the fairy, minus his stick. It is an elegant and telling manœuvre this, when properly executed, and, possibly, not very difficult of acquirement; but we did not fall into it all at once; there was a diversity of opinion among us as to which was the proper foot to be advanced, and when that was settled, we were at variance as to which was our right foot and which our left, so that it was not until the sergeant had many times sarcastically assured us that "he couldn't hear them hands come smartly together as he'd wished—not like a row of corks a-poppin' one after the other, but all at once;" nor until the stiff corporal had paraded up and down behind us, muttering, in a low tone, "Them left feet advanced—no! no! them *left* feet advanced," that we were considered sufficiently perfect in this respect, and allowed to pass on to grander evolutions. The same difficulty was attendant upon these. On being told to "right face," two gentlemen, of diametrically opposed views on the subject, would find themselves face to face instead of being one behind the other, and neither would give way until they were set right by the sergeant.

It was not until after some time that we hit upon the golden principle of drill, which is—NEVER TO THINK AT ALL! Listen, pay attention to the word of command as it is given, and then follow your first impulse; it will generally be the right one. But the recruit who hesitates, is lost. Under the present system, the simplest movements are taught—not by example, but in directions composed of long sentences abounding in technical expressions, listening to which the unhappy learner, long before the sergeant has come to the middle of his direction, is oblivious of the first part, ignorant of the meaning of the last, and in a thorough fog as to the whole. These directions are learnt parrot-wise by the sergeants, and repeated in a monotonous and unintelligible tone; the men who make use of them know no more what they are saying than those who are addressed, and an example two minutes long does more good than an hour's precept. It is perfectly true that to the educated intelligence of the volunteers is due the superiority which, so far as rapidity of progress is concerned, they have shown over the ordinary recruits; but a very slight exercise of this educated intelligence will suffice for most of the evolutions.

When the command has been received upon the tympanum, act upon it at once, without pausing to reflect. You will see many intelligent men bring upon themselves the wrath of their sergeant, simply because, in analysing and pondering on his instructions, they have missed the right time for action, and are half a minute or so behind the rest of their company. For instance, the command is given—"At the word 'Fours' the rear-rank will step smartly off with the left foot, taking a pace to the rear—Fours!" Or, in the sergeant's language, "Squad! 'shun! at th'wud 'Foz' the rer-rank will stepsma't lyoff-wi' th'leffut, tekkinapesstoth' rare—Fo-o-o-res!" the last word being uttered in a prolonged and discordant bellow. A reflective gentleman in the rear-rank, first translates this dialect into the ordinary language of civilised life, and then proceeds to ponder on its meaning; and when he has discovered it, he probably finds himself deserted by his comrades, who have taken up a position a pace behind him, and an object of disgust to the sergeant, who, looking at him more in pity than in anger, says, in a hoarse whisper, "Now, Number Three—what, wrong agin!"

When I remember the unique series of performances that inaugurated our first lessons in marching, I cannot imagine that we were then the same set of Grimgribber volunteers who defiled so steadily before her Majesty the other day, amidst the bravos of enthusiastic crowds. I think our original evolutions were even sufficient to astonish our sergeant, a man not easily overcome; for, at the conclusion of the first lesson, I observed him retreat to a distant corner of the parade-ground, strike himself a heavy blow on the chest, and ejaculate, "Well, if hever!" three distinct times. I recollect that two-thirds of our number had peculiar theories of their own, and that each trying his own plan led to confusion. For instance, the gentleman who would step off with his right foot, at the third step found his leg firmly wedged between the ankles of his precursor, and utterly lost the use of that limb; the light and swinging gait which was admirably adapted for the pursuit of a country postman, was found scarcely to tally with the sober, slodgy walk of two-thirds of the corps, who were accordingly trodden down from the calf to the heel, and who did not view the matter with all the equanimity which good fellowship should engender. A third step, of a remedial tendency, consisting of a wide straddling of the legs, and an encircling of the feet of the person immediately in front of you by your own, was not agreeably received by the sergeant, and had to be abandoned: so it was some time before we presented that unanimity of action which is necessary to satisfactory marching.

But we stuck to it manfully and progressed well. The sergeant, who at first seemed disposed to give us up in despair, because he could not swear at us as was his custom, began to take an

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interest in us; and when we had overcome what he called the "roodymans" of drill, we took an interest in our instructions. We had a very stormy debate about our uniform, discussed every variety of grey and green, lost an exceedingly efficient member by declining to adopt what he called a "Garibaldi shako," but which in plain English was a green waggoner's hat with a cock's feather at the side, and finally settled upon a very quiet and inexpensive dress. Then, of course, after a very long delay, we received our supply of rifles from the government, and all the difficulties of drill were renewed; but we overcame them at last, and even settled the great question as to which was the best and most intelligible word of command for shouldering arms—"Shalloo humps!" as given by the sergeant, or "Shoolah hice!" as dictated by the corporal. We decided for "shalloo humps," and have stuck to it ever since.

OUR RECEPTION IN PUBLIC.

It is almost unnecessary to say that our formation has made an intense impression on the Grimgribber mind, and that the first day of our appearance in public was anxiously looked forward to. We had purposely kept ourselves unseen by any save our own immediate relatives, and the unveiling of the Great Mokanna never caused greater astonishment than did our first outburst, preceded by the drums and fifes of the United Order of Ancient Buffaloes. We filed out two by two from the lecture-hall, and marched away to a field in the neighbourhood, there to perform our evolutions. Grimgribber was present in its entirety—the richest and the poorest; the men of peace, and fighting ruffians from the beer-shops; crinoline petticoats bulged against drab shorts and white stockings; short clay pipes leered over Cashmere shawls. A roar of delight burst forth as we turned out; we grasped our rifles firmly, raised our heads, inflated our chests, and threw out our sixty left legs like one. It was a proud moment, but we were made to feel that, after all, we were but mortal, and the check we received was given to us by a very small boy, who looked at our ranks with a calmly critical eye, and hit upon a fatal blot. "Ah! and ain't they all of a size, neither!" he exclaimed. His remark was greeted with laughter, for our tallest man is six feet one, and our shortest (whom we hide away in the centre of the company) is only five feet two. However, we bore up nobly; we felt that even the great Duke of Wellington had been insulted in the streets; and that we, who had not yet quite arrived at his eminence in military matters, ought to treat our aggressors with placidity and good humour. So we marched on to the field, and there went through all our evolutions with a steadiness and precision which entirely disarmed the boy, and changed him from a jeering ribald into an admiring spectator.

So it has been ever since; we have made quiet and steady, but efficient, progress; our ranks have been swelled by daily additions; we are labouring away at our target practice, long before the drowsy drabmen have moved from their pillows; and I hope that at the next time of writing I shall have to record that a prize at the meeting of the National Rifle Association has been gained by one of the Grimgribber volunteers.

MUTINY ABOARD THE MINNIE JIMPS.

"HARRY," said my friend Philip Bulkeley, as we sat together after dinner in his comfortable chambers in the Albany, "help yourself. This is 'thirty-four."

The port might have been one thousand and two, for anything I knew, or cared. So I said, "Ha!" and smacked my lips, as though recognising the flavour.

"Henry," resumed my friend—I am "Hal" in his moods of highest mirth, "Harry" under circumstances of calmer conviviality, "Henry," in the dumps—"Henry, it is too much the fashion, now-a-days, to affect a callousness foreign to one's real nature. If a fellow's in love—and if, at *some* period of his life, he isn't, he must be either fool or brute—he denies it to the extremest limit of his conscience; nay, beyond it. He abandons his club, and the other blessed haunts of his boyish—I mean bachelor—days, and is not again seen until, with defiant brow, assumed for the occasion, he struts into the morning-room a married man. He finds no change in the demeanour of his friends. The secretary is as obliging as ever, the waiters as obsequious: he has lent himself in vain to a mean deception. Why did he not speak out like a man? Why be ashamed to admit the truth to which every fibre of his manly frame bore witness, that Selina Pettifold Tibbs was more to him than all the billiards, the whist, the cigars, the dogs, the horses, the etcetera, in the universe? Henry, I reject, I repudiate that course. *I am in love*," said Philip, rising, and leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece; "I confess, I glory in it. Proclaim it where you list. *I love*, sir. And I don't care if I at once connect with that admission the name of Seraphina Pollinger."

"Toasts are almost out of date," I replied; "but the 'thirty-four must pay for this."

We drank a bumper, Philip nodding gravely in acknowledgment of the pledge, after which he continued.

"'Laugh, and grow fat,' is all very well; but it does appear both singular and ridiculous that love should send a fellow up, in four months, from nine-stone-nine to eleven-stone-three! Henry, I hate myself!"

An idea shot across my mind:

"Philip, my boy, go to sea!"

"To sea?"

"To sea. As an active hand."

"Too late—too late!" sighed Philip.

"Not at all. Buy a yacht."

"Yacht! Hem!" said Philip, considering.

"I will join you," I exclaimed, in a burst of friendly enthusiasm. "Philip, rely on me. We will sink or swim together."

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"The former, probably," muttered Philip.

"We two alone—not even cook or cabin-boy. I myself want work—good, hardy, earnest work. We will take watch and watch, and, if it be necessary to climb up the masts to let out sails, tie things, and so forth, *you*, my friend, shall do it."

Bulkeley grasped my hand. I felt that the compact was complete.

"Let's go to Cowes," said Philip, "and see what is to be had."

I suggested Lymington, but a slight colour stole over Philip's face.

"Dabchick Villa, Ryde," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "is let to Mrs. Penquickle. She is aunt to Serry Pollinger."

I at once acceded to the nearer vicinity, and we went down to Cowes on the morrow. We knew nothing whatever of yachting. Beyond an occasional pull to Richmond or Kew, and one voyage to the distant haven of Calais, neither of us had ever dared the deep. "But you learn as much, sir," said Philip, "in an hour's real dead practice, as will make a seaman of you."

That evening, Philip returned to our hotel at Cowes, Isle of Wight, from a solitary stroll, with a huge brown book under his arm.

"I thought," said Philip, "we had better be on the safe side." The book was entitled Hopsetter's Navigation, and might, from its venerable appearance, have formed part of a nautical library inherited by the Ancient Mariner from his grandfather.

My friend seated himself in a deep chair and studied his author for nearly five minutes. Then, he flung the book aside, with the simple interjection, "Bosh!" and turned to the more genial page of Bell's Life in London.

"Why, here," exclaimed Bulkeley, "is the very thing we are in search of. Listen: '*For Private Contract.*—To be sold, a ridiculous bargain, under peculiar circumstances, the celebrated clipper yacht Minnie, twenty-five tons, O.M. With almost fabulous amount of stores. Winner of nineteen cups. Dingey, gig, &c. Apply to Mr. Lawrence Batseye, North Cowes.'"

"I don't quite fancy the name," I said. "For a vessel of that bigness—tonnage, I mean—'Minnie' sounds insignificant. If it had been Minnie something. Stop—an idea! She shall have a surname."

"Very good. What?"

"Jimps."

"Jimps!"

"Precisely. Minnie Jimps. Nothing can be better. The old Crimean conundrum—the often quoted, mysterious, invisible, impossible Minnie Jimps."

Thereupon I related to Philip Bulkeley how Minnie Jimps, like one of those prodigies which forerun great human crises, made her appearance, no man knew whence, in that extraordinary tongue which formed the medium of communication between the English soldiers and the peasants of Bulgaria. But who Minnie was, the nature of the manœuvre she was supposed to execute, and wherefore she jimped at all, are questions still unsettled.

"But," said Philip, "Jimps, according to all human presumption, is a verb. It will hardly do for a name."

"It does for a title. Pippa passes. If Pippa pass unchallenged, shall Minnie Jimps be questioned? My mind is made up. What say you to going at once on board?"

"With all my heart."

Philip started up with an alacrity I had not noticed in him for months past, and, lighting our cigars, we strolled down to the landing-place.

"Boat, sir?"

"Ye—ay, ay," replied Philip. "Presently. I say, where do they put up—lay up, I mean—the Minnie, twenty-five tons, O.M.?"

"She's in the stream, sir. Yonder she lays. There's Jim Stodger, him as has charge of her, just gone aboard, sir. It's pumping day."

"'Pumping day!' Well, shove ahead, we'll have a look at her," said my friend.

The man obeyed, and pulled out in the direction of the Minnie, which proved to be a cutter, low, sharp, and of enormous length, having no beam to speak of, an immense mast, and a bowsprit of proportionate length, parallel to, and all but touching, the water. She had, in fact, so many racing features, that we could distinguish nothing else.

"Just row round her front first," said Bulkeley. "She's precious low in the water, ain't she, Harry?"

"She'll lift a streak, sir," said the boatman; "I 'spose there's a good deal in her."

There was, at all events, a good deal coming out of her; for Mr. Stodger could be distinguished hard at work at a powerful pump, discharging huge volumes of water over her side.

"What, does she let in the sea?"

"Oh, 'tain't nothin'," said the man (we were now alongside); "just keeps her hold fresh. Them clippers are mostly strained, and she's a flier is the Minnie. Hallo, mate! Two gem' to see the craft."

Mr. Stodger touched his cap, and motioned us on board.

"Well, let's see this clipper of yours," said my friend. "Hallo! she isn't much, from one side to the other," crossing her in about a pace and a half.

Her deck was slightly convex, and altogether it was something like standing upon a wall that had a rounded top, and staggered.

"Well," said Mr. Stodger, "she ain't built much for knocking about in heavy weather. But, for gents as don't seem to care for to go foreign and that, she's as nice and lively a little thing as I know on; lovely in stays, and though she *is* so long, you can turn her on a sixpence!"

Philip mechanically took out one of those coins from his pocket, looked at it, and put it in again, wondering how the manœuvre was described in Hopsetter.

We walked up and down the deck, patted the mast, squinted along the bowsprit, felt the ropes, and peeped down below; but were advised not to descend, as there was still an inch or so

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of water in the cabin. Respecting the stores, Mr. Stodger informed us we must apply to the agent, Mr. Batseye.

"Beg pardon, gents," said Mr. Stodger; "if you want a prize-crew, I can pick you out five smart hands, which I know they're up to every——"

"We don't mean to sail wagers much," said Philip. "My friend and I have a fancy for handling our own craft. We shall probably only cruise about the Wight, with an occasional pop over to Havre or Cherbourg, when there's anything going on; so, you see, we don't want anybody."

"Bless my body, gents! You never mean to work the Minnie your two selves?"

"Such *is* our purpose, Mr. Stodger," replied Philip, with some dignity. "Why not?"

"Why, she'd be off with you like a arrow. Bolt clean away, she would; and you'd be picked up in the Bay of Biscay, short o' water, and living on the cat. Don't do nothing of the kind, as you vally your lives. You don't know the Minnie. I do. If there's anything of a breeze, and you show but a yard o' canvas, she's like a mad thing!"

We returned ashore; and, on making our errand known to Mr. Batseye, that gentleman handed us an inventory of the vessel's fabulous stores (consisting, to our secret astonishment, not of provisions, wines, &c., but ropes, chains, blocks, anchors, and other indigestible things), and further informed us that the price was one hundred and thirty-seven pounds fourteen shillings—terms which, as they had been carefully adjusted to the lowest degree short of absurdity, were unsusceptible of further abatement.

We consulted for a moment apart. I owned to some little misgiving; but, observing that Philip's heart was in the matter, and that his love-inflamed imagination already pictured the Minnie darting along past the green slopes of Osborne, rounding to under full sail of Dabchick Villa, and receiving on her ridgy deck the fairy form of Serry Pollinger—apprehending, I say, the vision aforesaid, I nobly pocketed my scruples, and assented to the completion of the bargain. We gave a cheque on the spot, and were masters of the Minnie, thenceforward Minnie Jimps. Mr. Batseye, at the instance of my friend, further entered into an arrangement by which the supply of water for the purpose of keeping the Minnie's hold "fresh" would be materially and very comfortably diminished.

This proved to be an affair of three or four days, an interval employed by us in providing sea-going togs, and other requirements. Philip, however, usually disappeared about the hour of the departure of the steamer for Ryde, sometimes not returning till late at night. I certainly felt that he might have evinced a little less reserve as to his proceedings; but there's no relying upon a man in love, unless he wants you for some purpose.

On the day the Minnie Jimps was pronounced ready for sea, my friend returned home in high spirits. He carried a large parcel in his hand; and, opening it with an air of exultation, spread upon the table a large piece of bunting, on which was wrought what appeared to be a cauliflower grafted upon a cabbage.

"Her favourite plant," said Philip, tenderly. "It's a water-lily. Our distinguishing flag. I've arranged a code of signals besides. The most complete system." And he showed me a vast number of small flags rolled tightly up together.

Immediately after breakfast, on the following morning, we hastened on board, just, as Philip said, "to hoist our flag," and, furthermore, to obtain some general information with regard to the remarkable manœuvre of getting under weigh, my friend having pledged his honour to appear off Ryde on the morrow. The vessel really looked in excellent order. The cabin was dry and clean, the stores were all on board, everything was in its place, as Mr. Stodger, who was still in charge, assured us; and, altogether, our prospects looked so clear, that we shortly afterwards dismissed the last-named gentleman, and determined to remain on board the whole day, and adhere to Bulkeley's plan of finding out everything for ourselves, instead of listening to a mass of technical "cram."

For nearly four hours we studied ropes, and sails, and every part of the vessel's gear, and, as several yachts that had been moored about us got under weigh during the morning, we had an opportunity of watching the practical application of the hints suggested by the mysterious objects we had been examining. Philip's spirits rose so high, that I had some difficulty in overruling his proposal to go out at once and try our speed against a saucy little cutter that dashed past us with an air of challenge, and hauled up direct for Ryde. As, however, the duration of our cruise would be uncertain, it was resolved to postpone it till the morrow.

In the evening, as we were sitting over our wine, arrived Mr. Batseye. His manner was extremely gentlemanly.

"I have to apologise, sir," he said, addressing Philip, whom he evidently regarded as the leading spirit, "for appearing to interpose in a matter beyond my province; but may I inquire if the report that has reached me be correct, that you are preparing to go to sea in the Minnie alone?"

"My friend, sir, accompanies me," said Philip.

"Oh," said Mr. Batseye, "so, of course, I apprehended. But, with regard to crew? I am fully aware of the intrepidity, shall I call it? which characterises our young British yachtsmen; still, excuse me, there is a point at which courage is lost in audacity, and I can apply no term less emphatic to that degree of hardihood which should take the Minnie to sea under the circumstances you propose. Let me beg of you to reconsider it. I can get you a couple —I would rather say three—smart, experienced fellows, and even *then* you will be short-handed."

I saw in Philip's face that the appeal was unsuccessful. It was the difficulty of the scheme

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that supplied its greatest charm; consequently, every sensible word from Mr. Batseye's lips only served to confirm his determination.

"I believe, Mr. Batseye," said Philip, "a man to ten tons is the usual thing. We are but twenty-five, and really we are not quite such novices as you seem to imagine. As for any difficult matters, we have Hopsetter."

"Why, according to the very rule you mention—one from which it is often necessary to depart—you will require," said Mr. Batseye, "at all events, a boy."

"Humph!" said Philip, "a boy. Well, eh, Harry?"

"I shouldn't mind a boy, provided he *is* a boy," said I, stoutly.

"He—that is, the boy I should recommend—is, perhaps, one of the smallest you ever saw. You might have him on board," said Mr. Batseye, carelessly, "whether you use him or not."

"Let the—the urchin," said Philip, "be on board by nine bells to-morrow. We shall certainly start at that hour."

"Nine o'clock, sir! Very good." And Mr. Batseye, apparently smothering a smile, took his departure.

The weather, next morning, was all that could be desired. The lightest imaginable breeze just crisped the glassy surface of the sea. It might, in short, have been a day expressly devised for such a light-heels as the Minnie Jimps. My friend was longer than usual over his toilet; but, when he did appear, the effect was most gratifying. He was every inch, except the tail, the traditional British tar. His white ducks, as loose in one part as they were tight in another, revealed the shining tips—and only them—of his pumps. His blue jacket, with huge lappels, was very much thrown back. He wore no waistcoat; but a patent leather belt with a great gold buckle compressed his swelling waist, almost, as he appeared to conceive, into slenderness. On his head was a naval officer's cap with a deep gold band.

"What cheer, my hearty? How's her head?"

Of course I made what novelists call a "suitable reply;" after which we sat down gaily to breakfast, and, that over, collected our traps, not forgetting Hopsetter, and marched down to the landing-place.

Mr. Stodger met us on the way with the promised boy, whose sole appellation appeared to be "Toby." He was very round and small; had a chubby, stolid face one felt inclined to smack, and seemed a good deal addicted to sucking his thumb. Mr. Stodger touched his hat, popped the baggage and the boy into the boat, and off we paddled towards the yacht.

"Cowes is all alive to-day," remarked Philip, resting on his oar. "What a lot of people walking! There must be something going on."

It certainly appeared so. Besides the people on shore, almost all the yachts had their little party of spectators on deck, and many already showed symptoms of getting under weigh. The windows and balcony of the Royal Yacht Squadron Club-house were crammed with gazers.

"I'll be hanged," said Philip, as we scrambled on to the yacht's deck, and tied up the boat behind it, "if I don't think they're looking at *us!*"

There was no doubt of it. The glasses, of which there were many, were one and all pointed in our direction, and as this notice, though flattering, was somewhat embarrassing, Bulkeley proposed that we should take it easy, and show ourselves in no hurry to be off, until the interest should in some degree subside. Accordingly, having stowed the boy in a corner out of the way, we sat down on the convex deck, and looked about us.

"Her prow's the wrong way," observed the captain. "We shall have to turn her round to get out."

"She'll come round by herself when we pull up the anchor. The tide's going out," replied the first lieutenant.

"Recollect, old boy," said the senior officer, rather hastily; "you pull the rudder the way you *don't* want her to go. The eyes of Cowes are upon us—confound them! It won't do to come to grief just *here*. What upon earth are they gaping at? I vote we go."

"Ay, ay, sir," said his lieutenant, cheerily. "Go it is!"

"I'll help you to wind up the anchor. Then I shall take the helm."

"Come along. I say, though, don't we do something to the sails first?"

"What's the good? We can't sail till she's loose."

"By Jove, no, I forgot. Yo ho! Man the windlass!"

A sort of "ch-chik" from the boy attracted our attention; but we continued our labour. Presently, without any jerk or sense of movement on our part, Cowes, the gazing multitude, the shipping, the distant heights, seemed to be gliding swiftly away.

"She's loose!" shouted the captain. "The sail—the sail, Harry!"

I darted to the mainsail—it was rolled up and covered with a piece of oiled canvas—and, long before I had got the latter off, we had swept past another yacht at anchor, so close, that we all but touched her. Some very strong language issued from the latter, and there were shouts from the shore; but we were far too flurried to attend to them. The Minnie Jimps was away with us, and there was another vessel lying right in our course. Even Toby took his thumb out of his mouth, and was rushing forward, but Philip pushed him out of the way, and flew to help me with the obstinate fastenings of the sail.

"The helm—the helm, Philip!"

Philip bounded aft; but the Minnie scarcely acknowledged the guiding impulse. There was a roar from the threatened vessel, answered, happily, by another close alongside, and Mr. Stodger leaped upon the deck.

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"Lord bless my heart alive! Let go, sir! let go!"

"Let go what? Where?"

Stodger dashed forward. Clank—splash. Minnie Jimps turned her sharp nose to the stream, and once more we rode in safety, though so close to the vessel astern that our dingey touched her, until hauled up alongside.

"That was a close shave, gentlemen," said Mr. Stodger, drawing a long breath. "You Toby—what were you about?"

Toby took his thumb out of his mouth with a pop, but made no observation, and presently put it in again.

"Next time, before you weigh anchor, get your jib and mainsail loose, gentlemen; and I think, sir, you had better pitch that ere wolume overboard, and trust to Toby."

"Toby?"

"He knows a thing or two, does that boy. The babby as he looks, you couldn't hardly puzzle him."

"Couldn't I," said Philip, with profound contempt.

Philip took up Hopsetter, and opening it at a venture, called to Toby, and asked him how a knot was made.

"Which knot?" asked Toby. "Single or double wall, single or double diamond, Matthew Walker, spritsail-sheet, stopper, or shroud?"

The "Matthew Walker" was Philip's selection.

"Unlay end. One strand round the rope, and through its own bight; next strand underneath, through bight of the first, and its own bight; third strand underneath, through both the other bights, and through its own bight," said Toby, quick as lightning.

Philip stood aghast. However, he quickly recovered his equanimity, and muttering, "Mere memory," threw down his book, and motioned Toby back to his corner.

Ever since Mr. Stodger's reappearance it had been evident that our proceedings had ceased to excite the smallest interest, even on board the vessel with which we had so narrowly escaped collision. As the weather continued beautiful in the extreme, we determined, therefore, to recommence our voyage, abating our pride so far as to accept a few hints from Mr. Stodger with respect to our first operations.

Nothing, however, could induce Philip to consent to Stodger's remaining on board one moment after we were fairly under weigh; and, this little business completed, and the Minnie brought to the wind, Mr. Stodger took a reluctant farewell, with a parting caution not to keep her "too full;" to which Philip replied by pointing carelessly to the pump.

Truly, this Minnie Jimps of ours was a flier! No sooner did her snowy sail catch the almost imperceptible breeze, than, leaning gracefully over, she was off like a greyhound. She flew past everything, stooping, and taking fresh bounds along the sea as though she saw in the distance the glimmer of a cup. She obeyed the helm beautifully, the captain declaring he could steer her with a silk thread. Her speed, in fact, was her only fault: we were alongside and past other vessels almost before we had time to avoid them. Still the failing was a noble one.

"This is something like sailing, isn't it?" said Philip. "We shall be off Ryde in twenty minutes. Just get out our flag."

At the instant I caught sight of a black object just before us, on which tiny waves were breaking—a mud-bank.

"I say—here! Hold hard! Buff!—Pluff! (What is it?) Pull *to* you!"

"'Luff,' you mean," said Philip; "ay, ay, sir, luff it is."

Luff it isn't would have been better. The sail, jibbing, nearly sent me overboard; so that, for a second, I could not see what was passing, but I heard a gruff voice nearly under our bows sing out,

"Hollo, you! Wot sort o' game do you call this? Cutter a—ho—o—oy? Isn't there nothin' but monkeys aboard?"

This must have been in coarse allusion to Philip's hairy cap.

In avoiding the Scylla of the mud-bank we had all but stumbled upon the Charybdis of a dredging-machine. Our little dingey slightly caressed the rough side of the latter as we shot past.

We kept further from the land, and, having now a clear field, skimmed gaily past the sunny slopes of Osborne without further misadventure. Here the breeze, light as it was before, fell yet lighter, and, in a few minutes, died entirely away. The Minnie Jimps, nevertheless, continuing her course for some time with almost undiminished speed, stopping at last quite suddenly, as though the absurdity of going on without any wind had just struck her. The sails flapped idly to and fro. The water was like glazed writing-paper. It was a dead calm.

"What's to be done now?" said Philip.

We had run within a mile and a half of Ryde. A portion of Dabchick Villa was clearly distinguishable; and as, with the assistance of the glass, the eye of love could even discover a slender flagstaff on the corner of the roof, Philip resolved to inform Miss Pollinger of our vicinity, and accordingly hoisted, first, the distinguishing colour. The cabbage, however, declined to expand in the still air; and having been presently hauled down, Philip chose three little flags from his signal-chest, and tying them one below the other, hoisted the whole. These, being of lighter texture, blew fairly out, and we now watched the flagstaff with eager interest for a reply.

A considerable pause ensued, and Philip was getting seriously uneasy, when up glided a small white object like a laced nightcap.

"The old lady," said Philip, turning to me with great complacency, "is nodding by the fire."

Philip made the answering signal, whereupon

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the nightcap descended. He then selected other flags, and so animated a conversation followed, that I, having no personal share in this flag-flirtation, lay down on the deck, and endeavoured to go to sleep. I was aroused by the roll and dash of oars, strongly and regularly pulled, and an authoritative voice hailed:

"Yacht, there!"

"Hallo!" said Philip.

"Message from the Port-Admiral."

A twelve-oared barge dashed alongside, and the person who had hailed—an officer in full uniform—demanded,

"What yacht is this?"

"The Minnie Jimps, of Cowes."

"I am directed by the Port-Admiral to ask if you are in distress."

"I think, sir," said Philip, "you are the bearer of a very extraordinary question, especially as I have not the honour of the Port-Admiral's personal acquaintance; but if it would be any satisfaction to him to know that both my friend and I are in easy circumstances, I beg you will say so."

"You misunderstand me, sir," rejoined our questioner, rather sternly, and standing up in his barge. "If you are neither in difficulty, nor an intimate personal friend of Sir Thomas Turnpipes, what explanation have you to offer of the extraordinary communications you have been making to him, and which may probably at this moment be in course of transmission to the Admiralty? During this last half-hour, sir, you have been addressing remarks to the Port-Admiral which none but a lunatic——"

"Port-Admiral! Sir, I give you my honour, I——"

"Allow me, sir, to conclude. No sooner do you arrive off Ryde, than you make signal—('urgent')—to speak the admiral. That distinguished officer attends. Clerks are summoned, the telegraph is put in requisition, and the authorities at the Admiralty are warned that important communications may be expected. Using the private government code of signals, you proceed with this inquiry, '*Darling, how is your naughty toothache?*' Sir Thomas, almost doubting the evidence of his senses, contents himself with simply replying, '*Unintelligible,*' and awaits a second signal. What follows? '*How is the old cat's temper?*' The Admiral ordered me to take his barge, and seek an instant explanation of your conduct."

"I have heard you to the end, sir," said Philip, who, though greatly astonished, had recovered his usual self-possession, "and all I have to say in reply is, that I never entertained the remotest intention of signalling the Port-Admiral. My communications were addressed to—to a totally different authority." And Philip glanced anxiously in the direction of Dabchick Villa, which had just thrown out a new signal.

"You will allow me, sir, to inspect your signal-book?" said the officer, in a tone half-question, half-command.

Philip assented, and handed him that work.

"Is it possible, sir," was the next question, "that you are not aware of the serious offence you are committing, in availing yourself of the government's secret signals? How do you account for the possession of this book?"

My friend at once replied that he had bought it of a Jew slopseller, of whom he had been making some trifling purchases, and who had produced it, with the corresponding flags, from a secret drawer, stating that it was a system he had himself invented.

Our visitor could scarcely forbear smiling, but gave full credence to Philip's ingenuous confession; and, taking with him the book and colours, pulled away.

"So much for *that* adventure!" said Philip, throwing himself listlessly on the deck, and swinging his legs over the side. "After all, Harry, there is a novelty in these little mishaps that cools and refreshes one. Hallo!" he continued, drawing up his legs, "confound it. She *is* low in the water. I'm wet up to the knees."

"She must be a deal deeper than when we left," said I. "We had to climb up to get on board. Hark! Do you hear anything funny?"

"There's a gurgling and washing. It's down stairs. Here, you Toby, jump down and see what that noise is; and, while you're there, look for my cigar-case."

Toby, however, merely squinted down the hatchway, and came back; with his thumb, as usual, in his mouth.

"Well, sir, what's the matter?" asked Captain Philip.

Toby did not answer till the question had been repeated; then, removing his thumb, quietly observed:

"She's going down."

Philip started up.

"Going down? Is there any water in the cabin?"

"Better nor four foot!" was the alarming reply.

"Harry, this is serious. Bustle, bustle!"

It was easy to say "bustle," but neither of us had the most distant idea what step to take, excepting only that single one which should bring us to the boat.

"And there's wind a-coming," croaked Toby, pointing to the distance, where a smart breeze was already tossing up a sea. "That dingey ain't no use. In ten minutes there'll be a sea she can't live in, with us three."

"You imp!" cried Philip, "what do you mean by talking and doing nothing, with the squall almost upon us?"

"What can *I* do? I'm a hurchin," said Toby, and squatted down in his corner.

I looked at Philip. He was pale, and gazing with a troubled expression at the augmenting sea, and the vessels which, in every direction, were hastily shortening sail. But he was too proud to speak. I spoke for him.

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"Come, my lad," I said, "I believe, after all, you're the hand for a ship in trouble. You must be pilot and captain—everything. Jump up! Here it comes!"

"All right. Bear a hand!" shouted Toby, springing up, throwing off his pea-jacket, and darting to the helm. He lashed it for a moment in a particular position, then, flying at the sails, with voice and gestures incited us to certain manœuvres, which had just time to result in a close-reefed mainsail and storm-jib, when the squall was upon us. Prepared as we were, I still thought for a moment that all was over. Skilfully nursed by Toby, the Minnie did, however, once more lift her labouring side, and the squall, for the moment, passed harmlessly away.

"To the pump, both on you!" roared Toby. "Work for your lives."

With some impatient directions from our extraordinary commander, we rigged the machine, and set hotly to work.

"If she'll float till I run her a mile nearer, we're all right; but, look there, you swabs! Don't you see that second jib towing overboard? Bear a hand to haul it in! Look at that peak-halyard. Here, you Philip, catch hold of this a moment. Steady—so—steady!"

Philip obeyed with a touching docility. That supreme disdain of all legislative enactments which characterises necessity, had reduced us both to a state of servility on which it is painful to dwell. Philip's only hope was that Dabchick Villa might yet be unconscious of our humiliation. As for me, I watched the enlarging chimneys of Ryde with gradually increasing gratitude; but the Minnie, losing her speed as she filled, pressed heavily through the water, and every time she dipped her sharp nose, seemed more disinclined to lift it again. Pumping seemed to make no difference; but the tyrannical Toby would not suffer a moment's cessation of the toil, and I was labouring away, mechanically, when I was aware of a smart altercation behind me.

Philip had the signal-halyards in his hand, and had been preparing to hoist his distinguishing flag, when the new commander fiercely interposed.

"Tell'e you won't. If the wind catches that 'ere, she'll turn turtle at once."

"Turtle!" said Philip, "I——"

The vessel gave a feeble lurch, and the water broke over her convex deck.

"She's settlin'," said Toby. "I wish we was half a mile nearer. But they'll pick us up. Haul up the boat. Steady, now, steady."

We obeyed, and reluctantly quitted the sinking clipper; Philip, as his last assertion of authority, hoisting his beloved cauliflower. Toby skipped over our backs, and seated himself comfortably in the stern-sheets.

"Take an oar, sir," said Philip.

"I shan't," said Toby. "You'd be wanting to steer, and you don't know nuffin about it. You and him must pull *me*, and you'd better look alive. Here's the sea coming bigger and bigger! Out oars, I tell yer, and give her headway!"

Philip tugged like a Trojan, but his want of condition told terribly. He flung off his jacket and the dandy cap; and these Master Toby, with the utmost coolness, picked up and put on. To describe the airs the boy gave himself would be impossible. Alternately chaffing and bullying us, he certainly made himself ample amends for his previous silence and submission.

We had not deserted the Minnie Jimps much too soon. Before we had struggled landwards more than five hundred yards, the winner of nineteen cups made a graceful gesture of farewell, and with her sails set, and all her fabulous stores comfortably stowed, went quietly to the bottom.

Once within the friendly shelter of the pier, the water smoothed rapidly, and we had time to take note that a large crowd had assembled to welcome us on shore. Their shouts might be already heard, and a waving of white handkerchiefs from a group in the centre brought the colour to my friend's face. As we approached, we distinguished a Bath-chair, in which sat an elderly lady, while, beside the latter, stood a fair creature in a bonnet, blushing (as we perceived on landing) like a Provence rose.

The last thing we saw of Toby was that youth being carried on people's shoulders, escorted by at least three hundred mistaken men and boys, who regarded him as a hero.

We dined that evening—nay, on several subsequent evenings—at Dabchick Villa. The danger of our position had excited the sympathy of Mrs. Penquickle, and prepared her to receive us with amenity. A few weeks thereafter I found myself in the position of "best man;" Philip Bulkeley being reduced to that of bridegroom, conducting to the hymeneal altar Seraphina Jane, only daughter of the late General Sir Kilpeck Pollinger, of Changaree Doll and Upper Brook-street, Baronet.

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE SECOND. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

XII.

It was between nine and ten o'clock before I reached Fulham, and found my way to Gower's Walk.

Both Laura and Marian came to the door to let me in. I think we had hardly known how close the tie was which bound us three together, until the evening came which united us again. We met as if we had been parted for months, instead of for a few days only. Marian's face was sadly worn and anxious. I saw who had known all the danger, and borne all the trouble in my absence, the moment I looked at her. Laura's brighter looks and better spirits told me how carefully she had been spared all knowledge of the dreadful death at Welmingham, and of the true reason for our change of abode.

The stir of the removal seemed to have cheered and interested her. She only spoke of it as a happy thought of Marian's to surprise me, on my return, with a change from the close, noisy street, to the pleasant neighbourhood of trees and fields and the river. She was full of projects for the future—of the drawings she was to finish; of the purchasers I had found in the country, who were to buy them; of the shillings and sixpences she had saved, till her purse was so heavy that she proudly asked me to weigh it in my own hand. The change for the better which had been wrought in her, during the few days of my absence, was a surprise to me for which I was quite unprepared—and for all the unspeakable happiness of seeing it I was indebted to Marian's courage and to Marian's love.

When Laura had left us, and when we could speak to one another without restraint, I tried to give some expression to the gratitude and the admiration which filled my heart. But the generous creature would not wait to hear me. That sublime self-forgetfulness of women, which yields so much and asks so little, turned all her thoughts from herself to me, and made her first interest the interest of knowing what I had felt, on receiving her note that morning, and what difficulties I might have encountered in hastening my return to London.

"I had only a moment left before post time," she said, "or I should have written less abruptly. You look worn and weary, Walter—I am afraid my letter must have seriously alarmed you?"

"Only at first," I replied. "My mind was quieted, Marian, by my trust in you. Was I right in attributing this sudden change of place to some threatened annoyance on the part of Count Fosco?"

"Perfectly right," she said. "I saw him yesterday; and, worse than that, Walter—I spoke to him."

"Spoke to him? Did he know where we lived? Did he come to the house?"

"He did. To the house—but not up-stairs. Laura never saw him; Laura suspects nothing. I will tell you how it happened: the danger, I believe and hope, is over now. Yesterday, I was in the sitting-room, at our old lodgings. Laura was drawing at the table; and I was walking about and setting things to rights. I passed the window, and, as I passed it, looked out into the street. There, on the opposite side of the way, I saw the Count, with a man talking to him——"

"Did he notice you at the window?"

"No—at least, I thought not. I was too violently startled to be quite sure."

"Who was the other man? A stranger?"

"Not a stranger, Walter. As soon as I could draw my breath again, I recognised him. He was the owner of the Lunatic Asylum."

"Was the Count pointing out the house to him?"

"No; they were talking together as if they had accidentally met in the street. I remained at the window looking at them from behind the curtain. If I had turned round, and if Laura had seen my face at that moment——Thank God, she was absorbed over her drawing! They soon parted. The man from the Asylum went one way, and the Count the other. I began to hope they were in the street by chance, till I saw the Count come back, stop opposite to us again, take out his card-case and pencil, write something, and then cross the road to the shop below us. I ran past Laura before she could see me, and said I had forgotten something up-stairs. As soon as I was out of the room, I went down to the first landing, and waited—I was determined to stop him if he tried to come up-stairs. He made no such attempt. The girl from the shop came through the door into the passage, with his card in her hand—a large gilt card, with his name, and a coronet above it, and these lines underneath in pencil: 'Dear lady' (yes! the villain could address me

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in that way still)—'dear lady, one word, I implore you, on a matter serious to us both.' If one can think at all, in serious difficulties, one thinks quick. I felt directly that it might be a fatal mistake to leave myself and to leave you in the dark, where such a man as the Count was concerned. I felt that the doubt of what he might do, in your absence, would be ten times more trying to me if I declined to see him than if I consented. 'Ask the gentleman to wait in the shop,' I said. 'I will be with him in a moment.' I ran up-stairs for my bonnet, being determined not to let him speak to me in-doors. I knew his deep ringing voice; and I was afraid Laura might hear it, even in the shop. In less than a minute I was down again in the passage, and had opened the door into the street. He came round to meet me from the shop. There he was, in deep mourning, with his smooth bow and his deadly smile, and some idle boys and women near him, staring at his great size, his fine black clothes, and his large cane with the gold knob to it. All the horrible time at Blackwater came back to me the moment I set eyes on him. All the old loathing crept and crawled through me, when he took off his hat with a flourish, and spoke to me, as if we had parted on the friendliest terms hardly a day since."

"You remember what he said?"

"I can't repeat it, Walter. You shall know directly what he said about *you*—but I can't repeat what he said to *me*. It was worse than the polite insolence of his letter. My hands tingled to strike him, as if I had been a man! I only kept them quiet by tearing his card to pieces under my shawl. Without saying a word on my side, I walked away from the house (for fear of Laura seeing us); and he followed, protesting softly all the way. In the first by-street, I turned, and asked him what he wanted with me. He wanted two things. First, if I had no objection, to express his sentiments. I declined to hear them. Secondly, to repeat the warning in his letter. I asked, what occasion there was for repeating it. He bowed and smiled, and said he would explain. The explanation exactly confirmed the fears I expressed before you left us. I told you, if you remember, that Sir Percival would be too headstrong to take his friend's advice where you were concerned; and that there was no danger to be dreaded from the Count till his own interests were threatened, and he was roused into acting for himself?"

"I recollect, Marian."

"Well; so it has really turned out. The Count offered his advice; but it was refused. Sir Percival would only take counsel of his own violence, his own obstinacy, and his own hatred of *you*. The Count let him have his way; first privately ascertaining, in case of his own interests being threatened next, where we lived. You were followed, Walter, on returning here, after your first journey to Hampshire—by the lawyer's men for some distance from the railway, and by the Count himself to the door of the house. How he contrived to escape being seen by you, he did not tell me; but he found us out on that occasion, and in that way. Having made the discovery, he took no advantage of it till the news reached him of Sir Percival's death—and then, as I told you, he acted for himself, because he believed you would next proceed against the dead man's partner in the conspiracy. He at once made his arrangements to meet the owner of the Asylum in London, and to take him to the place where his runaway patient was hidden; believing that the results, whichever way they ended, would be to involve you in interminable legal disputes and difficulties, and to tie your hands for all purposes of offence, so far as he was concerned. That was his purpose, on his own confession to me. The only consideration which made him hesitate, at the last moment——"

"Yes?"

"It is hard to acknowledge it, Walter—and yet I must! *I* was the only consideration. No words can say how degraded I feel in my own estimation when I think of it—but the one weak point in that man's iron character is the horrible admiration he feels for *me*. I have tried, for the sake of my own self-respect, to disbelieve it as long as I could; but his looks, his actions, force on me the shameful conviction of the truth. The eyes of that monster of wickedness moistened while he was speaking to me—they did, Walter! He declared, that at the moment of pointing out the house to the doctor, he thought of my misery if I was separated from Laura, of my responsibility if I was called on to answer for effecting her escape—and he risked the worst that you could do to him, the second time, for *my* sake. All he asked was that I would remember the sacrifice, and restrain your rashness, in my own interests—interests which he might never be able to consult again. I made no such bargain with him; I would have died first. But believe him, or not—whether it is true or false that he sent the doctor away with an excuse—one thing is certain, I saw the man leave him, without so much as a glance at our window, or even at our side of the way."

"I believe it, Marian. The best men are not consistent in good—why should the worst men be consistent in evil? At the same time, I suspect him of merely attempting to frighten you, by threatening what he cannot really do. I doubt his power of annoying us, by means of the owner of the Asylum, now that Sir Percival is dead, and Mrs. Catherick is free from all control. But let me hear more. What did the Count say of me?"

"He spoke last of you. His eyes brightened and hardened, and his manner changed to what I remember it, in past times—to that mixture of pitiless resolution and mountebank mockery which makes it so impossible to fathom him. 'Warn Mr. Hartright!' he said, in his loftiest manner. 'He has a man of brains to deal with, a man who snaps his big fingers at the laws and conventions of society, when he measures himself with ME. If my lamented friend

had taken my advice, the business of the Inquest would have been with the body of Mr. Hartright. But my lamented friend was obstinate. See! I mourn his loss—inwardly in my soul; outwardly on my hat. This trivial crape expresses sensibilities which I summon Mr. Hartright to respect. They may be transformed to immeasurable enmities, if he ventures to disturb them! Let him be content with what he has got—with what I leave unmolested, for your sake, to him and to you. Say to him (with my compliments), if he stirs me, he has Fosco to deal with. In the English of the Popular Tongue, I inform him—Fosco sticks at nothing! Dear lady, good morning.' His cold grey eyes settled on my face—he took off his hat solemnly—bowed, bareheaded—and left me."

"Without returning? without saying more last words?"

"He turned at the corner of the street, and waved his hand, and then struck it theatrically on his breast. I lost sight of him, after that. He disappeared in the opposite direction to our house; and I ran back to Laura. Before I was in-doors again, I had made up my mind that we must go. The house (especially in your absence) was a place of danger instead of a place of safety, now that the Count had discovered it. If I could have felt certain of your return, I should have risked waiting till you came back. But I was certain of nothing, and I acted at once on my own impulse. You had spoken, before leaving us, of moving into a quieter neighbourhood and purer air, for the sake of Laura's health. I had only to remind her of that, and to suggest surprising you and saving you trouble by managing the move in your absence, to make her quite as anxious for the change as I was. She helped me to pack up your things—and she has arranged them all for you in your new working-room here."

"What made you think of coming to this place?"

"My ignorance of other localities in the neighbourhood of London. I felt the necessity of getting as far away as possible from our old lodgings; and I knew something of Fulham because I had once been at school there. I despatched a messenger with a note, on the chance that the school might still be in existence. It was in existence: the daughters of my old mistress were carrying it on for her; and they engaged this place from the instructions I had sent. It was just post-time when the messenger returned to me with the address of the house. We moved after dark—we came here quite unobserved. Have I done right, Walter? Have I justified your trust in me?"

I answered her warmly and gratefully, as I really felt. But the anxious look still remained on her face while I was speaking; and the first question she asked, when I had done, related to Count Fosco. I saw that she was thinking of him now with a changed mind. No fresh outbreak of anger against him, no new appeal to me to hasten the day of reckoning, escaped her. Her conviction that the man's hateful admiration of herself was really sincere, seemed to have increased a hundredfold her distrust of his unfathomable cunning, her inborn dread of the wicked energy and vigilance of all his faculties. Her voice fell low, her manner was hesitating, her eyes searched into mine with an eager fear, when she asked me what I thought of his message, and what I meant to do next, after hearing it.

"Not many weeks have passed, Marian," I answered, "since my interview with Mr. Kyrle. When he and I parted, the last words I said to him about Laura were these: 'Her uncle's house shall open to receive her, in the presence of every soul who followed the false funeral to the grave; the lie that records her death shall be publicly erased from the tombstone by the authority of the head of the family; and the two men who have wronged her shall answer for their crime to ME, though the justice that sits in tribunals is powerless to pursue them.' One of those men is beyond mortal reach. The other remains—and my resolution remains."

Her eyes lit up; her colour rose. She said nothing; but I saw all her sympathies gathering to mine, in her face.

"I don't disguise from myself, or from you," I went on, "that the prospect before us is more than doubtful. The risks we have run already are, it may be, trifles, compared with the risks that threaten us in the future—but the venture shall be tried, Marian, for all that. I am not rash enough to measure myself against such a man as the Count before I am well prepared for him. I have learnt patience; I can wait my time. Let him believe that his message has produced its effect; let him know nothing of us, and hear nothing of us; let us give him full time to feel secure—his own boastful nature, unless I seriously mistake him, will hasten that result. This is one reason for waiting; but there is another, more important still. My position, Marian, towards you and towards Laura, ought to be a stronger one than it is now, before I try our last chance."

She leaned near to me, with a look of surprise.

"How can it be stronger?" she asked.

"I will tell you," I replied, "when the time comes. It has not come yet: it may never come at all. I may be silent about it to Laura for ever—I must be silent, now, even to *you*, till I see for myself that I may harmlessly and honourably speak. Let us leave that subject. There is another which has more pressing claims on our attention. You have kept Laura, mercifully kept her, in ignorance of her husband's death——"

"Oh, Walter, surely it must be long yet, before we tell her of it?"

"No, Marian. Better that you should reveal it to her now, than that accident, which no one can guard against, should reveal it to her at some future time. Spare her all the details—break it to her very tenderly—but tell her that he is dead."

"You have a reason, Walter, for wishing her

to know of her husband's death, besides the reason you have just mentioned?"

"I have."

"A reason connected with that subject which must not be mentioned between us yet?—which may never be mentioned to Laura at all?"

She dwelt on the last words, meaningly. When I answered her, in the affirmative, I dwelt on them too.

Her face grew pale. For a while, she looked at me with a sad, hesitating interest. An unaccustomed tenderness trembled in her dark eyes and softened her firm lips, as she glanced aside at the empty chair in which the dear companion of all our joys and sorrows had been sitting.

"I think I understand," she said. "I think I owe it to her and to you, Walter, to tell her of her husband's death."

She sighed, and held my hand fast for a moment—then dropped it abruptly, and left the room. On the next day, Laura knew that his death had released her, and that the error and the calamity of her life lay buried in his tomb.

His name was mentioned among us no more. Thenceforward, we shrank from the slightest approach to the subject of his death; and, in the same scrupulous manner, Marian and I avoided all further reference to that other subject, which, by her consent and mine, was not to be mentioned between us yet. It was not the less present to our minds—it was rather kept alive in them by the restraint which we had imposed on ourselves. We both watched Laura more anxiously than ever; sometimes waiting and hoping, sometimes waiting and fearing, till the time came.

By degrees, we returned to our accustomed way of life: it was the best, the only means in our power of helping Laura to look away again from that past sorrow and suffering which the inevitable disclosure had recalled to her mind. We all wanted the quiet and repose which we had now found. I resumed the daily work, which had been suspended during my absence in Hampshire. Our new lodgings cost us more than the smaller and less convenient rooms which we had left; and the claim thus implied on my increased exertions was strengthened by the doubtfulness of our future prospects. Emergencies might yet happen which would exhaust our little fund at the banker's; and the work of my hands might be, ultimately, all we had to look to for support. More permanent and more lucrative employment than had yet been offered to me was a necessity of our position—a necessity for which I now diligently set myself to provide.

It must not be supposed that the interval of rest and seclusion of which I am now writing, entirely suspended, on my part, all pursuit of the one absorbing purpose with which my thoughts and actions are associated in these pages. That purpose was, for months and months yet, never to relax its claims on me. The slow ripening of it still left me a measure of precaution to take, an obligation of gratitude to perform, and a doubtful question to solve.

The measure of precaution related, necessarily, to the Count. It was of the last importance to ascertain, if possible, whether his plans committed him to remaining in England—or, in other words, to remaining within my reach. I contrived to set this doubt at rest by very simple means. His address in St. John's Wood being known to me, I inquired in the neighbourhood; and having found out the agent who had the disposal of the furnished house in which he lived, I asked if number five, Forest Road, was likely to be let within a reasonable time. The reply was in the negative. I was informed that the foreign gentleman then residing in the house had renewed his term of occupation for another six months, and would remain in possession until the end of June in the following year. We were then at the beginning of December only. I left the agent with my mind relieved from all present fear of the Count's escaping me.

The obligation I had to perform, took me once more into the presence of Mrs. Clements. I had promised to return, and to confide to her those particulars relating to the death and burial of Anne Catherick, which I had been obliged to withhold at our first interview. Changed as circumstances now were, there was no hindrance to my trusting the good woman with as much of the story of the conspiracy as it was necessary to tell. I had every reason that sympathy and friendly feeling could suggest to urge on me the speedy performance of my promise—and I did conscientiously and carefully perform it. There is no need to burden these pages with any statement of what passed at the interview. It will be more to the purpose to say that the interview itself necessarily brought to my mind the one doubtful question still remaining to be solved—the question of Anne Catherick's parentage on the father's side.

A multitude of small considerations in connexion with this subject—trifling enough in themselves, but strikingly important, when massed together—had latterly led my mind to a conclusion which I resolved to verify. I obtained Marian's permission to write to Major Donthorne, of Varneck Hall (where Mrs. Catherick had lived in service for some years previous to her marriage), to ask him certain questions. I made the inquiries in Marian's name, and described them as relating to matters of personal interest in her family, which might explain and excuse my application. When I wrote the letter, I had no certain knowledge that Major Donthorne was still alive; I despatched it on the chance that he might be living, and able and willing to reply.

After a lapse of two days, proof came, in the shape of a letter, that the Major was living, and that he was ready to help us.

The idea in my mind when I wrote to him, and the nature of my inquiries, will be easily

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inferred from his reply. His letter answered my questions, by communicating these important facts:

In the first place, "the late Sir Percival Glyde, of Blackwater Park," had never set foot in Varneck Hall. The deceased gentleman was a total stranger to Major Donthorne, and to all his family.

In the second place, "the late Mr. Philip Fairlie, of Limmeridge House," had been, in his younger days, the intimate friend and constant guest of Major Donthorne. Having refreshed his memory by looking back to old letters and other papers, the Major was in a position to say positively, that Mr. Philip Fairlie was staying at Varneck Hall in the month of August, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that he remained there, for the shooting, during the month of September and part of October following. He then left, to the best of the Major's belief, for Scotland, and did not return to Varneck Hall till after a lapse of time, when he reappeared in the character of a newly-married man.

Taken by itself, this statement was, perhaps, of little positive value—but, taken in connexion with certain facts, every one of which either Marian or I knew to be true, it suggested one plain conclusion that was, to our minds, irresistible.

Knowing, now, that Mr. Philip Fairlie had been at Varneck Hall in the autumn of eighteen hundred and twenty-six, and that Mrs. Catherick had been living there in service at the same time, we knew also:—first, that Anne had been born in June, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven; secondly, that she had always presented an extraordinary personal resemblance to Laura; and, thirdly, that Laura herself was strikingly like her father. Mr. Philip Fairlie had been one of the notoriously handsome men of his time. In disposition entirely unlike his brother Frederick, he was the spoilt darling of society, especially of the women—an easy, light-hearted, impulsive, affectionate man; generous to a fault; constitutionally lax in his principles, and notoriously thoughtless of moral obligations where women were concerned. Such were the facts we knew; such was the character of the man. Surely, the plain inference that follows needs no pointing out?

Read by the new light which had now broken upon me, even Mrs. Catherick's letter, in despite of herself, rendered its mite of assistance towards strengthening the conclusion at which I had arrived. She had described Mrs. Fairlie (in writing to me) as "plain-looking," and as having "entrapped the handsomest man in England into marrying her." Both assertions were gratuitously made, and both were false. Jealous dislike (which, in such a woman as Mrs. Catherick, would express itself in petty malice rather than not express itself at all) appeared to me to be the only assignable cause for the peculiar insolence of her reference to Mrs. Fairlie, under circumstances which did not necessitate any reference at all.

The mention here of Mrs. Fairlie's name naturally suggests one other question. Did she ever suspect whose child the little girl brought to her at Limmeridge might be?

Marian's testimony was positive on this point. Mrs. Fairlie's letter to her husband, which had been read to me in former days—the letter describing Anne's resemblance to Laura, and acknowledging her affectionate interest in the little stranger—had been written, beyond all question, in perfect innocence of heart. It even seemed doubtful, on consideration, whether Mr. Philip Fairlie himself had been nearer than his wife to any suspicion of the truth. The disgracefully deceitful circumstances under which Mrs. Catherick had married, the purpose of concealment which the marriage was intended to answer, might well keep her silent for caution's sake, perhaps for her own pride's sake also—even assuming that she had the means, in his absence, of communicating with the father of her unborn child.

As this surmise floated through my mind, there rose on my memory the remembrance of the Scripture denunciation which we have all thought of, in our time, with wonder and with awe: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children." But for the fatal resemblance between the two daughters of one father, the conspiracy of which Anne had been the innocent instrument and Laura the innocent victim, could never have been planned. With what unerring and terrible directness the long chain of circumstances led down from the thoughtless wrong committed by the father to the heartless injury inflicted on the child!

These thoughts came to me, and others with them, which drew my mind away to the little Cumberland churchyard where Anne Catherick now lay buried. I thought of the bygone days when I had met her by Mrs. Fairlie's grave, and met her for the last time. I thought of her poor helpless hands beating on the tombstone, and her weary, yearning words, murmured to the dead remains of her protectress and her friend. "Oh, if I could die, and be hidden and at rest with *you!*" Little more than a year had passed since she breathed that wish; and how inscrutably, how awfully, it had been fulfilled. The words she had spoken to Laura by the shores of the lake, the very words had now come true. "Oh, if I could only be buried with your mother! If I could only wake at her side when the angel's trumpet sounds, and the graves give up their dead at the resurrection!" Through what mortal crime and horror, through what darkest windings of the way down to Death, the lost creature had wandered in God's leading to the last home that, living, she never hoped to reach! There (I said in my own heart)—there, if ever I have the power to will it, all that is mortal of her shall remain, and share the grave-bed with the loved friend of her childhood, with the dear remembrance of her life. *That* rest shall be sacred—*that* companionship always undisturbed!

So the ghostly figure which has haunted these pages as it haunted my life, goes down into the

impenetrable Gloom. Like a Shadow she first came to me, in the loneliness of the night. Like a Shadow she passes away, in the loneliness of the dead.

* * * * *.

Forward now! Forward on the way that winds through other scenes, and leads to brighter times.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.

LOCAL ETYMOLOGY.

We have often been struck by a great want in all Gazetteers and books of geography: the absence of any explanation of the meanings of names of places. Books of local topography are generally more particular; but the want is thus only very insufficiently supplied. The names of all countries, towns, provinces, districts, seas, rivers, &c., have a special signification, which frequently involves curious matters of history. Sometimes it may be difficult, or even impossible, to arrive at the meaning, owing to the extreme remoteness of the time at which the place in question received its title. But, in most cases, a conjecture can be formed; in many, the facts can be arrived at with certainty, by the aid of scholarship. It must be confessed, however, that a great deal of all etymology, whether of names of places or of more ordinary words, rests upon nothing better than guess-work; but the guesses are interesting in themselves. The inquiry into the meanings of names of places is a study deserving greater attention than has yet been bestowed on it. Such researches form the tributary streams of history: they add to our knowledge of language; indicate the migrations of races and the progress of colonisation; preserve many wild legends of the past; remind us of extinct customs and superstitions; point out the improvements of science, by showing, in many instances, how natural defects of soil, situation, and climate, have been overcome or modified; and augment our interest in our own and foreign countries by revealing the deep impress of our common humanity, even on what at first appears like a set of purposeless sounds. We have been reading a book on this subject, published somewhat recently, and have jotted down a few points of general interest, which we propose to lay before the reader. The book in question is by Mr. Richard Stephen Charnock, F.S.A., and is entitled Local Etymology: a Derivative Dictionary of Geographical Names. It will require considerable enlargement in later editions; but, even as it stands, it suggests some curious and interesting topics to the philologist.

Who would suppose that any tie existed between the name of the Isle of Wight and that of the kingdom or province of Oude? The two places have half the world between them; the two words have not a letter in common; yet they are linked together in a very singular way. The derivation unfolds a remarkable instance of the wanderings of races, and shews the distant affinity existing between us and those dark people of the Indian peninsula, whom we have subjected by our Northern energy and strength. The word Oude appears to be derived from the Sanscrit *a-yodhyá*, "not to be warred against" (*a*, not; *yudh*, fight). The word Goth, by which we designate one of the most important members of the great Teutonic family, probably comes from the Saxon *guth* (pronounced *yuth*), signifying "war, battle, fight;" and this seems to have had its origin in the Sanscrit *yudh*, expressing, as we have just shown, the same idea. A kindred race to the Goths were the Jutes, otherwise called the Gytas, Ytas, Wights, Guuihts, &c.—words which seem to imply "ravenous warriors." The Jutes settled in the delicate little island which now forms part of the county of Hants, and from them it derived its name. It was at first called Ytaland, or Gytaland; afterwards Wiht-land; and subsequently Wight, or the Isle of Wight. *Jute* is analogous with the syllable *Joud*, occurring in the name Joudpore, in India, and with the word *Oude*. *Goth* appears also to be from the same root as the Sacred Name, God; and Mr. Charnock pertinently remarks that "it is not improbable that the priminitive idea of God among the Goths was that of a warrior." The asserted affinity between the words Goth and Oude is supported by the fact that the Teutonic race originally migrated from the northern parts of India.

A similar relationship between an English and an Indian word has been asserted in connexion with the name Himalaya, applied to the great range of mountains in the north of Hindostan. Mr. Charnock simply describes the name as signifying "the abode of snow;" but we have seen it identified with our own native word "heaven." Thus: Sanscrit (the ancient language of India, and, according to some authorities, the noblest and most perfect tongue in the world), *himala;* Mæso-Gothic, *himins;* Alemannic, *himil;* German, Swedish, and Danish, *himmel;* Old Norse, *himin;* Dutch, *hemel;* Anglo-Saxon, *heofon;* English, *heaven*. Whether this be a genuine or only a fanciful etymology we cannot pretend to say; but, at any rate, it is worth considering.

From the Himalayas let us pass, by a very wide leap, to the North Seas, the region of the Ultima Thule of the ancients. The meaning of "ultima" is clear to all, being simply Latin for "furthest." But what is "Thule?" and where was that mysterious and awful island, beyond which, according to the Greeks and Romans, the earth ceased, and nothing more existed than a dark, wild, limitless ocean? According to Pliny, Solinus, and Mela, this tremendous country was that which we now call Iceland; but other authorities will have it to have been Tilemark in Norway, Jutland, Newfoundland, Ireland, and Shetland. The last named, according to Ainsworth, was by seamen anciently called Thylensel, "the Isle of Thyle." One of the Shetland isles, called Foula, has likewise been suggested;

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the *f* being changed into *th*, which is not uncommon. Isidorus says that Thule derived its name from the sun, "because it here makes its summer solstice, and beyond it there is no day." Another etymology traces the name to a Greek word, signifying "afar;" which makes us think of Thomson's remote, dreamy line about the Hebrides,

Placed far amidst the melancholy main.

Thule, King of Egypt—a gentleman of somewhat apocryphal existence—has been made to stand godfather to the mysterious northern land. But Bochart says "the northern regions are always described as dark, and that some of the poets call this island Black Thule; that the Syrians use the word *thule* to denote 'shades' (*thule ramsa*, 'the shades of evening'); and that the Phœnicians doubtless named it *thule*, darkness, or *Gezirat Thule*, 'island of darkness.'" Whatever the meaning of the word, the imagination cannot but be fascinated by an idea involving so much of shadowy and far-off mystery. We travel in fancy into that dim, tremendous outpost of the habitable globe, and look northward over the solitary ocean that rolls no mortal knows whither (perhaps to the boundaries of the other world, the land of shades and disembodied souls) and out of which, as Tacitus reports, the sound of the sun is heard as he rises. The account of this region, given by the Roman writer, is wonderfully grand. He says that it is the end of nature and of the world, and that "many shapes of gods" are seen on the shores of the great ocean. In fables such as these the natural and supernatural seem to meet on some strange neutral ground.

The mysterious northern island brings to our mind the seldom-visited and little-known Scilly Isles, off the coast of Cornwall. Here, again, there are various derivations; one of which is from the British word *sullih*, "the rocks consecrated to the sun." A late writer, alluded to by Mr. Charnock, says that this etymology will probably be adopted by the traveller who has beheld these islands from the Land's End by sunset, when they appear as if embedded in the setting luminary. The idea thus conveyed is so impressive and poetical that we wish we could adopt it without hesitation; but Solinus calls the islands *Silura*, whence it has been inferred that they were at one time inhabited, and received their name, from the Silures, a nation of Iberic origin. The people, to this day, are a singular race, and are not without a suspicion of having some of the old Phœnician blood in them. The merchants of Tyre are known to have traded with the Scilly Islands, as well as with Cornwall, for tin, and some may have settled there. Before quitting the locality, we may remark that The Cornish names of places are often full of romance. A cavern on the coast is called, in the old British tongue, "the cave with the voice." A whole poem is suggested in those few words.

There is a wild and grotesque popular legend in connexion with the name "Hammersmith." Our London readers must have often noticed, in passing up the river, the two churches of Fulham and Putney, which are so exactly alike in size and general architectural arrangement, that one seems like a reflexion of the other. According to the old story, these churches were built, many ages ago, by two sisters of gigantic stature, who had but one hammer between them. This they used to throw across the river, from one to another, as occasion required; their call and response being, "Put it nigh!" and "Full home!" One day, however, the hammer fell to the earth and its claws got broken. That their work might not stand still, the sister giantesses betook them to a smith, who lived in the locality now called Hammersmith; and this worthy artisan soon set matters to rights. Thenceforward, the name of the place commemorated the act. Bowach, in his Antiquities of Middlesex (1705), is needlessly severe on this amusing legend, which he rather superfluously calls "a ridiculous account." What he adds is scarcely credible, viz. that the story was in his day "firmly believed" by some of the inhabitants of Fulham, Putney, and Hammersmith. But, being resolved to be didactic, the historian draws from the "fantastic relation" he has just given, the grave moral that the ignorant may be imposed on very strangely. Another etymology of the name Hammersmith seems to be from *Ham*, Saxon (a town or dwelling—the same as the modern English word *home*), and *hyde* or *hythe*, Saxon for a haven or harbour. "Therefore," says a writer who has given attention to the subject, "*Ham-hythe* signifies a town with a harbour or creek, which here connects the river with the centre of the town, and forms a convenient quay, or dock, for the landing of various kinds of merchandise, coals, and corn." The conversion, however, of *Ham-hythe* into *Hammersmith* is an extreme instance of the effect of time on words and names.

A legend of a giant is also adduced in explanation of the name of the city of Antwerp. Antigone, a giant with a very Greek cognomen, lived on the banks of the Scheldt; and one Silvius Brubon cut off the hand of the monster, and threw it into the river. Thence, says the story, by means of the two Flemish words, *handt*, a hand, and *werpen*, to throw, comes the name Antwerp. Scarcely less singular, though apparently based on fact, is the story told of the origin of the name Malakoff—a word now associated with one of the most deadly struggles in modern history, and with the ducal title of an illustrious French general. No longer ago than the year 1831, a sailor and ropemaker, named Alexander Ivanovitch Malakoff, lived at Sebastopol, and was celebrated for his wit, his good humour, and his festal habits. He had many admirers and friends; but, being led, when in his cups, into participating in a riot, he was dismissed from the dockyard in which he was employed, and reduced to the last resource of opening a low wine-shed on a hill outside the town. His old friends crowded about him in his new

home, and speedily christened the tavern and the hill after his name. In time, a village grew about the wine-shop; and then arose the fortification which gave the French so much trouble in the Crimean war. Such, at least, is the narrative which was put forth at the time by the Gazette de France.

The etymology of the name of our island—Britain—suggests some curious considerations. The origin of the word seems to be lost in the remoteness of antiquity—a fact which brings very forcibly before the mind the singular union in this country of the most ancient traditions with the most vigorous manifestations of modern life and civilisation. Authorities differ as to the etymology of the name. Some say that it is Syriac, and means "land of tin;" some that it comes through a Greek channel from the old Punic language, and has the same signification; others, again, that we are to seek its origin in the Hebrew word *bara*, to create, which, under certain grammatical modifications, also means "to divide, separate, cut off." Shaw, in his History of Staffordshire, says: "Dr. Boerhaave, fond of chemistry, and willing to do honour to England, from whence he had derived not a few guineas, asserts that, in Chaldee and Syriac, *Brachmanac* means both the kingdom of Jupiter and of tin, which metal the chemists assigned to the god; and that Britain may easily be derived therefrom."

That the word, whatever its remote parentage, comes to us from the aboriginal Celtic inhabitants of this island, the ancestors of the modern Welsh, seems pretty clear. In Welsh, *brith* or *brit* signifies "divers colours, spotted"—an allusion, as some maintain, to the custom which the ancient Britons had of staining their bodies with woad. Owen, in his Welsh Dictionary, fetches the name from "*Prydain* (*pryd*), exhibiting presence, or cognisance; exhibiting an open or fair aspect; full of beauty, well-seeming, beautiful; polished or civilised, with respect to morals. *Ynys Prydain*, 'the fair island,' 'the isle of Britain.' . . Before it was inhabited, the Hord Gali used to call it, 'the water-girt Green Plat;' after obtaining it, the Honey Island; and, after Prydyn, son of Aez the Great, had obtained it, the Isle of Prydyn." The reader will of course exercise his judgment in accepting derivations which rest on such misty traditions; but it is amusing to note their existence.

Another etymology is from a British compound word, meaning "the top of the wave;" and Armstrong, in his Gaelic Dictionary, favours the supposition, and remarks that, "to perceive the force of this, one has merely to imagine himself viewing Britain across the Channel from the north coast of France, whence came our Celtic ancestors; that our island from that quarter seems a low, dark line, lying along the surface of the deep; and that no term could have been found more descriptive of that appearance than *Bràith-tonn*, or *Braith-tuinn* (pronounced *braitonn* or *braituinn*), 'the land on the top of the waves.'" Some etymologists, of a poetical turn of mind, have derived the name of our island from Brutus the Trojan, the fabulous discoverer of the country, and founder of the British monarchy and race. Of this same Brutus, authentic history makes no mention; but some enthusiastic Welshmen, even to this day, contend for the truth of the narration. For ourselves, we shall always look on the fable with respect and affection, because it has been irradiated by the genius of Spenser in the Faerie Queene, and of Milton in his History of England. Milton simply repeats the story for the benefit of the poets, who, says he, will know how to make use of it. From this fable of Trojan Brutus, London derives its poetical name of Troynovant—"New Troy."

And Troynovant was built of Old Troy's ashes cold,

says Spenser, in one of his fine, drowsy, murmuring alexandrines. It is very pleasant to find this modern London of ours, with its ever-augmenting new streets of raw brick-and-mortar, its manufactories, its steam-boats, its railways, and its youthful energies unsurpassed by the newest settlement in the Far West,—thus linked with old-world dreams and fables, with the romance of antiquity, and with the city of which Homer sang, and whose very existence has been doubted by recent inquirers. The story is that Brutus, the great grandson of Æneas, fled into Italy, some time after the capture of Troy by the Greeks, and thence (being compelled by misfortune to become once more a wanderer) took to the open seas, and was directed, by a miraculous vision of the goddess Diana, to a great island in the north-west. Here he arrived in the course of time, named it after himself, conquered the giants by whom it had previously been filled, and, together with his followers, peopled it.

The etymology of the name London is equally obscure with that of Britain; some dozen guesses having been made by various philologists. There is little doubt, however, that the word is British, and very ancient, and that the Saxons only adopted what they found ready to their hand. A great many names of places in England and Scotland are British, the old terms lingering, and indeed obtaining a firm root, after the race who originated them has given way to another and more vigorous stock. In the same manner, we find that in America the aboriginal Red Indian names of places still exist in some instances, though the Red Indians themselves are dying out in the backwoods, and Smith, Brown, Jones, and Robinson have long succeeded to their lands.

Words are the most vital and the most imperishable of man's creations. As they are mysterious in their origin, so have they something of an awful force and intensity of life, which gives to them a perpetuity beyond the decay of races and the revolutions of empires. They spring from some primal instinct of truth, some deep perception of human necessities; and in the darkness of their begin-

ning, no less than in the firmness of their abiding, may most truly be said to have in them the characteristics of a Divine revelation.

A CORNISH GIANT.

NOTHING is perfected in a moment. It was only Cadmus who could raise a crop of full-grown men, ready armed and prepared for action, without the preface of nurses and pedagogues; but Cadmus was as exceptional as his corps of Dragon's-teeth Volunteers. Elsewhere, we find men and things with long periods of infancy and immaturity—wherein dwells the law of their growth; and steam and railroads have had their times of gradual development like the rest. They have not sprung up in a night, nor grown to their perfection in a generation. It is so long ago as 1602 that Mr. Beaumont, of Newcastle, first laid down wooden rails for carriage traffic: an invention improved by Mr. John Curr, in 1776, into a cast-iron railway, nailed to wooden sleepers, for the benefit of the Duke of Newcastle's colliery at Sheffield. For this piece of interference with the vested rights of ponderous labour, Mr. John Curr was forced to fly, and hide himself in a wood four days, in fear for his life, which the colliers thought was better in their keeping than in his. Steam has been still longer in coming to its maturity. Steam was one of the Century of Inventions published by the Marquis of Worcester, generations ago; hints of even earlier discoveries of the dangerous properties of that elastic vapour, lie, half hidden, half revealed, among the dust and mildew of the past. Thus, both steam and railroads have had a longer term of existence than we generally give them credit for, and have not risen all at once to their present full-blown condition of vitality.

The railroad came to its majority first. While tramroads were almost as good as they are now, the carriages that ran on them were of barbarous inequality. From the depths of his inner consciousness, however, Leupold, a German philosopher, did, in 1723, fashion out the idea of a high-pressure steam-engine, which idea he set down in good sound German letters in the Theatrum Machinarum. The idea obtained various supporters, conscious and unconscious. Some projectors, certainly, wanted to propel their railway carriages Chinese fashion, by huge sails; but most of them proposed steam power on the high-pressure system: mixing this up, however, with an earlier and still more favourite project—that of traction by steam on common roads, without the aid of rails. This was Savery's great dream; and Watt—who knew nothing of Leupold's notion but who abhorred the high-pressure principle—included this traction-engine in the specification of his patent of 1769, almost at the same time as when Moore, the London linendraper, took out his patent of moving carriages by steam. Yet the first actual steam-carriage was made by the Frenchman Cugnot; but his model proved unruly, and threw itself in a headlong manner over a wall, wherefore it was considered dangerous, and was suppressed accordingly. Then, in 1772, Oliver Evans, an American, made a steam-carriage for common roads; so did William Symington, one of the inventors of steam-boats; but neither creation came to any good. Symington's; indeed, was exhibited at Edinburgh; but the roads were so bad that it could not be used or brought into any practical use. Two years before this, in 1784, William Murdoch, assistant of James Watt, made one on the high-pressure principle, which went on three wheels, was a foot high, and was worked by means of a spirit-lamp. But the Lilliputian ran away one night, and frightened the parish rector out of his wits; he, being officially more versed in demonology than in mechanics, taking it for a fiery imp of Satan, that had escaped, roaring, from his master. Finally, TREVITHICK, a valiant Cornish man, with whom we have specially to do in this paper, took the matter in hand.

Trevithick was a pupil of Murdoch's, and though ignorant of Leupold, was nevertheless as favourable to the high-pressure principle as Watt was averse to it. He made a steam-carriage for common roads, set it in motion, and away went the creature, tearing like mad along the road to Plymouth, breaking down walls, rushing into the gardens of sober-minded gentlemen intent only on their roses and their peaches, careering through toll-gates flung open free of pay by terrified tollmen—who thought that this, too, was an invention and a device of Satan; perhaps his ordinary chariot, with himself inside, sitting among the live embers. As Trevithick and one Vivian were steaming along the road, the latter caught sight of a closed toll-bar, just as they had torn down the front rails of a gentleman's garden. "Captain" Vivian called to his partner to slacken speed, which he did, and came dead up to the gate, which was opened like lightning by the toll-keeper.

"What have us got to pay?" asked Captain Vivian, careful as to honesty if reckless as to grammar.

"Na—na—na—na!" stammered the poor man, trembling in every limb, with his teeth chattering as if he had got the ague.

"What have us got to pay, I ask?"

"Na—noth—nothing to pay! My de—dear Mr. Devil, do drive on as fast as ever you can! Nothing to pay!" This story rests on the authority of Coleridge; and, "if not true, is too well found," as the Italians say, to be overlooked.

Trevithick's wonderful engine, after performing such exploits, and generally choosing to upset its passengers in a hedge, or over a stone wall, midway to their destination, was exhibited in London. Its owner and originator showing it off, with wonderful effects, in Lord's Cricket-ground; carrying it along the New-road and Gray's Inn-lane, down to that coach-builder's who had supplied the phaeton that ran with it. The next day it was exhibited in a cutler's shop,

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and the machinery worked for the pleasure of all comers; then it was run on a temporary tram-road laid down on the spot now called Euston-square, and thrown open to the public as an ordinary sight of the time. But on the second day Trevithick, "in one of his usual freaks," closed the exhibition, and left hundreds waiting round the ground in a state of great wrath. The engine was about the size of an orchestra drum, and could be attached to a phaeton or other carriage.

But a more useful triumph over difficulties was the railway locomotive, which Trevithick was the first to make; and which was used for the Merthyr Tydvil Railway in 1804. This was an engine of an eight-inch cylinder, placed horizontally, as at present, with a four feet six inch stroke, and which "drew after it upon the railroad as many carriages as carried ten tons of bar iron, from a distance of nine miles, which it performed without any supply of water to that contained in the boiler at the time of setting out, travelling at the rate of five miles an hour." This was considered a great triumph at the time; but Trevithick, like all the earlier locomotive projectors, was retarded and much troubled by the false idea that smooth wheels on a smooth rail would have no bite, and that, when dragging a heavy weight, they would just slip round and round, and do nothing else. Consequently, he put sundry rough projections on his wheels, much on the same plan as "roughing" a horse-shoe; and even we may well wonder at the five miles an hour, with ten tons of bar iron, under all these disadvantages. Trevithick made another engine for the Wylam waggon-way, which at first could not be got to move at all, and, when it did, it flew all to pieces, as its best exposition of the laws of motion. Near this Wylam waggon-way George Stephenson lived, whom all other men's railway failures and short-comings set thinking and planning how he could make things work more easily together. And the result was an engine "which included the following important improvements on all previous attempts—namely, simple and direct communication between the cylinder and the wheels rolling upon the rails; joint adhesion of all the wheels attained by the use of connecting rods; and, finally, a beautiful method of exciting the combustion of the fuel by employing the waste steam, which had formerly been allowed uselessly to escape into the air."

This was in 1815; but, we have no business with such a date yet, and must go back to the time of Trevithick's traction-engine and Lord's Cricket-ground.

Shortly after the creation of that "chariot of the De'il," which ran streaming and shrieking along the road from Camborne to Plymouth, Trevithick and Vivian took out a patent for the application of high pressure to steam-engines, and erected many high-pressure engines in Wales and elsewhere; which, however, were of less value than they might have been, owing to that fallacy of the rough wheels. For, though Trevithick was undoubtedly in advance of his age, and saw the coming of much that neither science nor society was then prepared to receive; though he was a man of vast genius and grand ideas; yet he could not look to everything, and it was reserved for another and a more practical man to disencumber the wheels of locomotives, and take them out of leading-strings. But Trevithick was very vast, very universal, in his science. In the Catalogue of the South Kensington Museum he is described as "inventor and constructor of the first high-pressure steam-engine, and of the first steam-carriage used in England; constructor of a tunnel beneath the Thames, which he completed to within a hundred feet of the proposed terminus, and was then compelled to abandon the undertaking; inventor and constructor of steam-engines and machinery for the mines of Peru (capable of being transported in mountainous districts), by which he succeeded in restoring the Peruvian mines to prosperity; also of coining-machinery for the Peruvian Mint, and of furnaces for purifying silver ore by fusion; also inventor of other improvements in steam-engines, impelling-carriages, hydraulic-engines, propelling and towing vessels, discharging and stowing ships' cargoes, floating docks, construction of vessels, iron buoys, steam-boilers, corking, obtaining fresh water, heating apartments," &c. Surely a sufficiently wide range for one mind to travel over! It was he also who conceived the first idea of the screw-propeller; for nothing seemed to come amiss to him, and his science had a kind of prescient prophetic character only found when there is genius as well as knowledge.

That tunnelling under the Thames was a strange affair. It was the second time the thing had been tried, Ralph Dodd being the first of the unsuccessful borers. In 1809, Trevithick raised a large sum by subscription, and began his work at Rotherhithe. Of course he kept too near the bottom of the river: his object in this, being to save both labour and expense; but he met with no harm until he was nine hundred and thirty feet under the river, when he got into a hole at the muddy bottom; and once, a piece of uncooked beef which had fallen from one of the ships, drifted into the works. He stopped the hole and set to work again, always under greater difficulties, both pecuniary and engineering, than any which his successful successor, Brunel, had to encounter. He made from four to ten feet of excavation a day, and soon got to a thousand feet. And now Mr. Hyde Clarke shall tell the rest:

"On arriving at this distance, according to a previous arrangement with the committee, Trevithick was to receive a hundred guineas, which, after the verification of the work by a surveyor, were paid to him. According to a contemporary—and the end of which seems to be in perfect keeping with Trevithick's character—the surveyor reported to the subscribers confirming the measurement, but asserting that the line had been run a foot or so on one side. This statement, which, if well founded, was not ma-

terial, Trevithick took in high dudgeon, and chose to consider as a severe reflection on his engineering. His Cornish blood was excited; and, with his usual impetuosity, he set to work to disprove the assertion without any regard to his own interests or those of the subscribers. He is said to have adopted the absurd contrivance of making a hole in the roof of the tunnel at low water, and pushing up a series of joint rods, which were to be received by a party in a boat, and then observed from the shore. On the prosecution of this scheme Trevithick was engaged below, and as delays ensued in fitting together the rods, the gulley formed by the opening in the roof at length admitted so much water as to make retreat necessary. With an inborn courage, worthy of a better cause, he refused to move first, but sent the men before, and very nearly fell a sacrifice to his devotion. It has been already observed that the driftway was parallel to the bed of the river, and therefore curved. It necessarily happened that the water would lodge, as in a syphon, at the bottom of a curve, at which part, on Trevithick's arrival, he found so much water as hardly to enable him to escape; and as he got up the slope on the other side, and climbed the ladder, the water rose with him at his neck. The work thus ended, after having reached 1011 feet, being within 100 feet of its proposed terminus, and is a melancholy monument at once of his folly and his skill."

Many great schemes and notable creations came after this practical failure and scientific success of the Thames Tunnel; but the chief part of what was done went to the advancement and better working of the Cornish mines, the increased prosperity of which is principally due to Richard Trevithick and his engines. "To the use of high-pressure steam, in conjunction with the cylindrical boiler, also invented by Mr. Trevithick," says Mr. Williams, one of the principal mine-owners in Cornwall, "I have no hesitation in saying that the greatly increased duty of our Cornish pumping-engines since the time of Watt is mainly owing." The working power now attained doubles and trebles that of the old Boulton and Watt engine, the cylindrical boiler saving at least one-third in the quantity of coal previously consumed. Certainly the man who first put the fire in the boiler instead of under it, who introduced the system of high-pressure steam, made the first locomotive, trebled the working power of engines, and saved one-third of coal in the working, did great things for the world of steam.

Now we come to the most romantic and stirring period of Trevithick's career. In 1811 M. Uvillé, a Swiss gentleman, living in Lima, came to England to see what could be done for the silver mines in the Peruvian mountains, which had been abandoned from the impossibility of getting machinery out there which could clear them of water. But M. Uvillé did not meet with much encouragement. The difficulty of transporting cumbrous machinery on the backs of feeble llamas over the Cordilleras, and the difficulty of working the engines even if they could be got there, seemed imperative. Watt and the rest gave no hope, and Uvillé was in despair. On the eve of departing from England with the conviction that the water in the Peruvian mines must stay there till the day of judgment, the Swiss gentleman chanced to see a small working model of Trevithick's engine in a shop window near Fitzroy-square. This model he carried out with him, and saw it working successfully on the high mountain ridge of the Sierra de Pasco. Flushed with hope and busy with projects, Uvillé returned to England, having obtained from the viceroy the privilege of working some of the abandoned mines. On his way hither he was speaking with a fellow-traveller of his plans, his model, and his desire to discover the maker of that model; whereon, his fellow-passenger, Mr. Teague, said quietly that he was a relation of Trevithick, and could bring them together within a few hours of their arrival. The result of that bringing together was, that in September, 1814, three engineers and nine of Trevithick's engines—Watt and Boulton would not touch the enterprise, and laughed the whole thing to scorn—embarked for Lima and the rich silver mines of Peru. Uvillé and his charge landed under a royal salute, expectation being raised to its highest, and in due time the engines, which had been "simplified to their greatest extent, so divided as to form adequate loads for the weakly llama, and the beams and boilers made in several pieces, were transported over precipices where a stone may be thrown for a league."

The engine was erected at Lauricocha, in the province of Tarma, and the first shaft of the Santa Rosa mine was drained to perfection. In 1817, Trevithick, hearing of this success, gave up family and fortune, home, wife, and children, and embarked for South America. The whole of Lima was in a ferment. When he landed he was received with the highest honours; his arrival was officially announced in the Government Gazette; the viceroy met him with enthusiasm, and the Lord Warden of the Mines was ordered to escort him with a guard of honour to the "seat of his future labours." When the people found that his engines cleared the mines of water, that the mines yielded double produce, and that the coining-machinery was increased sixfold, they were beside themselves with joy. Trevithick was created a marquis and grandee of old Spain, and the Lord Warden of the Mines proposed to raise a silver statue in honour of this commercial Las Casas, this Columbus of the Cordilleras, this greatest of all living engineers, this most valiant of Cornishmen, Don Ricardo Trevithick.

Everything looked bright until the revolution began, and the Cornish engineer found himself in a sufficiently disagreeable position between the two parties. The patriots kept him in the mountains, in a kind of honourable captivity, holding him as the Plutus of the war; while the royalists, holding him as precisely the same thing, "as the great means whereby the patriots obtained the sinews of war, ruined his property wherever they could, and mutilated his engines." They sold his shares, and alienated his mines; Trevithick, never very patient, soon determined to put an end to this kind

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of thraldom, and so made his escape by stealth, ran many dangers, but finally cleared himself and his liberty from the oppressive love and veneration of the mountain patriots. On the 9th of October, 1827, he returned to England, bringing a pair of spurs as the sole remnant of the colossal fortune made—but not realised—in the Peruvian mines. But before he returned he spent four years in Costa Rica, in the countries now so well known as the route of the Nicaraguan transit, and the scene of General Walker's filibuster warfare. Here, he mined and projected mines, had magnificent designs, and foresaw many material improvements which afterwards came to pass; but he realised no permanent good for himself out of anything—not though he had an estate with a mountain of copper ore on it, from which he proposed to lay down a railroad to the sea, that so the working of it might be profitable.

After this return from South America, we hear but little of Trevithick. All we know is, that he prepared a petition to Parliament, wherein, after distinctly stating his claims on his country by reason of the superiority of his machinery, he asks for some grant or remuneration. The saving to the Cornish mines alone, by the use of his engines, he calculates to be 100,000*l*. per annum: adding that but for his invention many of these mines, which produce 2,000,000*l*. per annum, must have been abandoned. Before presenting this petition, Trevithick met with a moneyed partner, who supplied him with the means of perfecting his "never-ceasing inventions." And, as this was all he wanted, the petition was laid on one side, and never taken up again. In 1833 he died, at Deptford, in Kent, and since then his name has almost died out too. Mr. Hyde Clarke is the only man who has attempted a sustained biography of him, and his biography is not longer than this notice. Though the Institution of Civil Engineers offered a reward for a full and sufficient biography of one of our greatest of the craft, no one has yet come forward to claim it. The reputation of Trevithick has suffered, as often happens, because more practical men took up his ideas, and worked them into greater notice. It is well said by one of his friends and greatest admirers, "his reputation has been purposely kept back by the partisans of Watt, on account of the high-pressure engine; of Stephenson, on account of the locomotive; and of Brunel, on account of the Thames Tunnel. But as he was clearly the inventor, not only of the high-pressure steam-engine and the steam-carriage, but also of that boiler without which (or a modification of which) no steamboat could have ventured to cross the Atlantic, he has undoubtedly contributed more to the physical progress of mankind than any other individual of the present century." The first part of this statement may be questioned; the Stephensons and Brunels having been leading members of the Institution when it offered a prize for Trevithick's memoirs. Thanks to Mr. Hyde Clarke, Mr. Edmonds, Mr. Neville Burnard, and some others, we may hope for the fuller recognition of his merits in days to come, and the application to them of that famous old motto, the best of its kind, "Let him who has deserved it, bear the palm!"

Trevithick was born in 1771, in the parish of Sllogan, in Penwith, the most western hundred of Cornwall. His father was a purser of the mines, and one day was not a little amazed when his son Richard, not yet twenty-one, and by no means learned, was made engineer to several mines—rather a more responsible situation than the one the father himself held. It is said that he remonstrated with the gentleman proposers, but they had their own ideas, and Richard was appointed. The lad was not well educated in common things: that is certain. He could not speak good English; he could never write a good hand; he was backward in figures, and he knew but little save his own special subject. But he was sufficiently colossal there. In person he was tall and finely made; six feet high, and broad in proportion. His muscular strength was remarkable, for he could lift two blocks of tin, placed one above the other, and weighing seven hundred-weight. His manners were blunt but unassuming, and his dress was somewhat peculiar for the time and mode: a dress-coat with the skirts very broad, broad trousers: all his clothes made loose. In this small matter, as in larger matters, he went before public opinion and the time. He married and had children, as became a good citizen; had his picture painted by Linnell (now in the South Kensington Museum), and his bust done in marble by Neville Burnard; but he has had no statue, no monument, no biography, and his name is hardly known even by vague report, to people to whom Watt, Stephenson, and Brunel are household words. This is not just; not a meet division of that golden ore of fame which all brave men and gallant souls have the right to demand from posterity and their own generation alike, where they have done their work well, and have borne the heat of the day without flinching. When will Trevithick have done for him what Stephenson, and Watt, and Crompton, and Arkwright, have had done for them, that so the world may know what manner of man he was, and may learn the guise under which his spirit lived, while his body dwelt upon the earth? His history is a good subject for a biographer; that South American time alone is, in itself, a romance, and his sons, who are still alive, could possibly furnish material for a pleasant volume.

FAIRY LORE.

Glad were the children when their glowing faces
  Gathered about us in the winter night,
And now, with gleesome hearts in verdant places,
  We see them leaping in the summer light;

For they remember yet the tales we told them
  Around the hearth, of fairies long ago,
When they could only look out to behold them,
  Quick dancing, earthward, in the feathery snow.

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But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And peoples with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

For them the gate of many a fairy palace
Opes to the ringing bugle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,
Wine-filled, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering;
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic lore;
The foam-bells, down the merry brooklet steering,
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The aim of wisdom, in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stress of callous teaching,
That withers the young heart into the old,

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,
Their vision-fields for ever shorn and bare,
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,
Showing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough of ills to undeceive them,
And cares will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting, leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

HUNTED DOWN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

I.

MOST of us see some romances in life. In my capacity as Chief-Manager of a Life Assurance Office, I think I have, within the last thirty years, seen more romances than the generality of men, however unpromising the opportunity may at first sight seem.

As I have retired, and live at my ease, I possess the means that I used to want, of considering what I have seen, at leisure. My experiences have a more remarkable aspect, so reviewed, than they had when they were in progress. I have come home from the Play now, and can recal the scenes of the Drama upon which the curtain has fallen, free from the glare, bewilderment, and bustle, of the Theatre.

Let me recal one of these Romances of the real world.

There is nothing truer (I believe) than physiognomy, taken in connexion with manner. The art of reading that book of which Eternal Wisdom obliges every human creature to present his or her own page with the individual character written on it, is a difficult one, perhaps, and is little studied. It may require some natural aptitude, and it must require (for everything does) some patience and some pains. That, these are not usually given to it—that, numbers of people accept a few stock common-place expressions of face as the whole list of characteristics, and neither seek nor recognise the refinements that are truest—that You, for instance, give a great deal of time and attention to the reading of music, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew, if you please, and do not qualify yourself to read the face of the master or mistress looking over your shoulder teaching it to you—I assume to be five hundred times more probable than improbable. Perhaps some little self-sufficiency may be at the bottom of this; facial expression requires no study from you, you think; it comes by nature to you to know enough about it, and you are not to be taken in.

I confess, for my part, that I have been taken in, over and over and over again. I have been taken in by acquaintances, and I have been taken in (of course) by friends; far oftener by friends than by any other class of persons. How came I to be so deceived? Had I quite misread their faces? No. Believe me, my first impression of those people, founded on face and manner alone, was invariably true. My mistake was, in suffering them to come nearer to me, and explain themselves away.

II.

THE partition which separated my own office from our general outer office, in the City, was of thick plate-glass. I could see through it what passed in the outer office, without hearing a word. I had had it put up, in place of a wall that had been there for years—ever since the house was built. It is no matter whether I did or did not make the change, in order that I might derive my first impression of strangers who came to us on business, from their faces alone, without being influenced by anything they said. Enough to mention that I turned my glass partition to that account, and that a Life Assurance Office is at all times exposed to be practised upon by the most crafty and cruel of the human race.

It was through my glass partition that I first saw the gentleman whose story I am going to tell.

He had come in without my observing it, and had put his hat and umbrella on the broad counter, and was bending over it to take some papers from one of the clerks. He was about forty or so, dark, exceedingly well dressed in black—being in mourning—and the hand he extended with a polite air, had a particularly well-fitting black kid glove upon it. His hair, which was elaborately brushed and oiled, was parted straight up the middle; and he presented this parting to the clerk, exactly (to my thinking) as if he had said, in so many words: "You must take me, if you please, my friend, just as I show myself. Come straight up here, follow the gravel path, keep off the grass, I allow no trespassing."

I conceived a very great aversion to that man, the moment I thus saw him.

He had asked for some of our printed forms, and the clerk was giving them to him, and explaining them. An obliged and agreeable smile was on his face, and his eyes met those of the clerk with a sprightly look. (I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don't trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.)

I saw, in the corner of his eyelash, that he

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became aware of my looking at him. Immediately, he turned the parting in his hair towards the glass partition, as if he said to me with a sweet smile, "Straight up here, if you please. Off the grass!"

In a few moments he had put on his hat and taken up his umbrella, and was gone.

I beckoned the clerk into my room, and asked, "Who was that?"

He had the gentleman's card in his hand. "Mr. Julius Slinkton, Middle Temple."

"A barrister, Mr. Adams?"

"I think not, sir."

"I should have thought him a clergyman, but for his having no Reverend here," said I.

"Probably, from his appearance," Mr. Adams replied, "he is reading for orders."

I should mention that he wore a dainty white cravat, and dainty linen altogether.

"What did he want, Mr. Adams?"

"Merely a form of proposal, sir, and a form of reference."

"Recommended here? Did he say?"

"Yes; he said he was recommended here by a friend of yours. He noticed you, but said that as he had not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance he would not trouble you."

"Did he know my name?"

"Oh yes, sir! He said, 'There *is* Mr. Sampson, I see.'"

"A well-spoken gentleman, apparently?"

"Remarkably so, sir."

"Insinuating manners, apparently?"

"Very much so, indeed, sir."

"Hah!" said I. "I want nothing at present, Mr. Adams."

Within a fortnight of that day, I went to dine with a friend of mine—a merchant, a man of taste, who buys pictures and books; and the first person I saw among the company was Mr. Julius Slinkton. There he was, standing before the fire, with good large eyes and an open expression of face; but still (I thought) requiring everybody to come at him by the prepared way he offered, and by no other.

I noticed him ask my friend to introduce him to Mr. Sampson, and my friend did so. Mr. Slinkton was very happy to see me. Not too happy; there was no overdoing of the matter; happy, in a thoroughly well-bred, perfectly unmeaning way.

"I thought you had met," our host observed.

"No," said Mr. Slinkton. "I did look in at Mr. Sampson's office, on your recommendation; but I really did not feel justified in troubling Mr. Sampson himself, on a point within the everyday routine of an ordinary clerk."

I said I should have been glad to show him any attention on our friend's introduction.

"I am sure of that," said he, "and am much obliged. At another time, perhaps, I may be less delicate. Only, however, if I have real business; for I know, Mr. Sampson, how precious business time is, and what a vast number of impertinent people there are in the world."

I acknowledged his consideration with a slight bow. "You were thinking," said I, "of effecting a policy on your life?"

"Oh dear, no! I am afraid I am not so prudent as you pay me the compliment of supposing me to be, Mr. Sampson. I merely inquired for a friend. But you know what friends are, in such matters. Nothing may ever come of it. I have the greatest reluctance to trouble men of business with inquiries for friends, knowing the probabilities to be a thousand to one that the friends will never follow them up. People are so fickle, so selfish, so inconsiderate. Don't you, in your business, find them so every day, Mr. Sampson?"

I was going to give a qualified answer; but, he turned his smooth, white parting on me, with its "Straight up here, if you please!" and I answered, "Yes."

"I hear, Mr. Sampson," he resumed, presently, for our friend had a new cook, and dinner was not so punctual as usual, "that your profession has recently suffered a great loss."

"In money?" said I.

He laughed at my ready association of loss with money, and replied, "No; in talent and vigour."

Not at once following out his allusion, I considered for a moment. "*Has* it sustained a loss of that kind?" said I. "I was not aware of it."

"Understand me, Mr. Sampson. I don't imagine that you have retired. It is not so bad as that. But Mr. Meltham——"

"Oh, to be sure!" said I. "Yes! Mr. Meltham, the young actuary of the 'Inestimable'?"

"Just so," he returned, in a consoling way.

"He is a great loss. He was at once the most profound, the most original, and the most energetic man, I have ever known connected with Life Assurance."

I spoke strongly; for I had a high esteem and admiration for Meltham, and my gentleman had indefinitely conveyed to me some suspicion that he wanted to sneer at him. He recalled me to my guard, by presenting that trim pathway up his head, with its infernal, "Not on the grass, if you please—the gravel."

"You knew him, Mr. Slinkton?"

"Only by reputation. To have known him as an acquaintance, or as a friend, is an honour I should have sought, if he had remained in society: though I might never have had the good fortune to attain it, being a man of far inferior mark. He was scarcely above thirty, I suppose?"

"About thirty."

"Ah!" He sighed in his former consoling way. "What creatures we are! To break up, Mr. Sampson, and become incapable of business at that time of life!—Any reason assigned for the melancholy fact?"

("Humph!" thought I, as I looked at him. "But I WON'T go up the track, and I WILL go on the grass.")

"What reason have you heard assigned, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked, point blank.

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"Most likely a false one. You know what Rumour is, Mr. Sampson. I never repeat what I hear; it is the only way of paring the nails and shaving the head of Rumour. But, when *you* ask me what reason I have heard assigned for Mr. Meltham's passing away from among men, it is another thing. I am not gratifying idle gossip then. I was told, Mr. Sampson, that Mr. Meltham had relinquished all his avocations and all his prospects, because he was, in fact, broken-hearted. A disappointed attachment, I heard—though it hardly seems probable, in the case of a man so distinguished and so attractive."

"Attractions and distinctions are no armour against death," said I.

"Oh! She died? Pray, pardon me. I did not hear that. That, indeed, makes it very very sad. Poor Mr. Meltham! She died? Ah, dear me! Lamentable, lamentable!"

I still thought his pity not quite genuine, and I still suspected an unaccountable sneer under all this, until he said, as we were parted, like the other knots of talkers, by the announcement of dinner:

"Mr. Sampson, you are surprised to see me so moved, on behalf of a man whom I have never known. I am not so disinterested as you may suppose. I myself have suffered, and recently too, from death. I have lost one of two charming nieces, who were my constant companions. She died young—barely three-and-twenty—and even her remaining sister is far from strong. The world is a grave!"

He said this with deep feeling, and I felt reproached for the coldness of my manner. Coldness and distrust had been engendered in me, I knew, by my bad experiences; they were not natural to me; and I often thought how much I had lost in life, losing trustfulness, and how little I had gained, gaining hard caution. This state of mind being habitual to me, I troubled myself more about this conversation than I might have troubled myself about a greater matter. I listened to his talk at dinner, and observed how readily other men responded to it, and with what a graceful instinct he adapted his subjects to the knowledge and habits of those he talked with. As, in talking with me, he had easily started the subject I might be supposed to understand best, and to be the most interested in, so, in talking with others, he guided himself by the same rule. The company was of a varied character; but, he was not at fault, that I could discover, with any member of it. He knew just as much of each man's pursuit as made him agreeable to that man in reference to it, and just as little as made it natural in him to seek modestly for information when the theme was broached.

As he talked and talked—but really not too much, for the rest of us seemed to force it upon him—I became quite angry with myself. I took his face to pieces in my mind, like a watch, and examined it in detail. I could not say much against any of his features separately; I could say even less against them when they were put together. "Then is it not monstrous," I asked myself, "that because a man happens to part his hair straight up the middle of his head, I should permit myself to suspect, and even to detest, him?"

(I may stop to remark that this was no proof of my good sense. An observer of men who finds himself steadily repelled by some apparently trifling thing in a stranger, is right to give it great weight. It may be the clue to the whole mystery. A hair or two will show where a lion is hidden. A very little key will open a very heavy door.)

I took my part in the conversation with him after a time, and we got on remarkably well. In the drawing-room, I asked the host how long he had known Mr. Slinkton? He answered, not many months; he had met him at the house of a celebrated painter then present, who had known him well when he was travelling with his nieces in Italy for their health. His plans in life being broken by the death of one of them, he was reading, with the intention of going back to college as a matter of form, taking his degree, and going into orders. I could not but argue with myself that here was the true explanation of his interest in poor Meltham, and that I had been almost brutal in my distrust on that simple head.

III.

On the very next day but one, I was sitting behind my glass partition as before, when he came into the outer office as before. The moment I saw him again without hearing him, I hated him worse than ever.

It was only for a moment that he gave me this opportunity; for, he waved his tight-fitting black glove the instant I looked at him, and came straight in.

"Mr. Sampson, good day! I presume, you see, upon your kind permission to intrude upon you. I don't keep my word in being justified by business, for my business here—if I may so abuse the word—is of the slightest nature."

I asked, was it anything I could assist him in?

"I thank you, no. I merely called to inquire outside, whether my dilatory friend has been so false to himself, as to be practical and sensible. But, of course, he has done nothing. I gave him your papers with my own hand, and he was hot upon the intention, but of course he has done nothing. Apart from the general human disinclination to do anything that ought to be done, I dare say there is a speciality about assuring one's life? You find it like will-making? People are so superstitious, and take it for granted they will die soon afterwards?"

—Up here, if you please. Straight up here, Mr. Sampson. Neither to the right nor to the left! I almost fancied I could hear him breathe the words, as he sat smiling at me, with that intolerable parting exactly opposite the bridge of my nose.

"There is such a feeling sometimes, no doubt," I replied; "but I don't think it obtains to any great extent."

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"Well!" said he, with a shrug and a smile, "I wish some good angel would influence my friend in the right direction. I rashly promised his mother and sister in Norfolk, to see it done, and he promised them that he would do it. But I suppose he never will."

He spoke for a minute or two on indifferent topics, and went away.

I had scarcely unlocked the drawers of my writing-table next morning when he reappeared. I noticed that he came straight to the door in the glass partition, and did not pause a single moment outside.

"Can you spare me two minutes, my dear Mr. Sampson?"

"By all means."

"Much obliged," laying his hat and umbrella on the table. "I came early, not to interrupt you. The fact is, I am taken by surprise, in reference to this proposal my friend has made."

"Has he made one?" said I.

"Ye-es," he answered, deliberately looking at me; and then a bright idea seemed to strike him;—"or he only tells me he has. Perhaps that may be a new way of evading the matter. By Jupiter, I never thought of that!"

Mr. Adams was opening the morning's letters in the outer office. "What is the name, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked.

"Beckwith."

I looked out at the door and requested Mr. Adams, if there were a proposal in that name, to bring it in. He had already laid it out of his hand on the counter. It was easily selected from the rest, and he gave it me. Alfred Beckwith. Proposal to effect a Policy with us for two thousand pounds. Dated yesterday.

"From the Middle Temple, I see, Mr. Slinkton."

"Yes. He lives on the same staircase with me; his door is opposite mine. I never thought he would make me his reference, though."

"It seems natural enough that he should."

"Quite so, Mr. Sampson; but I never thought of it. Let me see." He took the printed paper from his pocket. "How am I to answer all these questions?"

"According to the truth, of course," said I.

"Oh! Of course," he answered, looking up from the paper with a smile: "I meant, they were so many. But, you do right to be particular. It stands to reason that you must be particular. Will you allow me to use your pen and ink?"

"Certainly."

"And your desk?"

"Certainly."

He had been hovering about between his hat and his umbrella, for a place to write on. He now sat down in my chair, at my blotting paper and inkstand, with the long walk up his head in accurate perspective before me, as I stood with my back to the fire.

Before answering each question, he ran over it aloud, and discussed it. How long had he known Mr. Alfred Beckwith? That he had to calculate by years, upon his fingers. What were his habits? No difficulty about *them;* temperate in the last degree, and took a little too much exercise, if anything. All the answers were satisfactory. When he had written them all, he looked them over, and finally signed them in a very pretty hand. He supposed he had now done with the business? I told him he was not likely to be troubled any further. Should he leave the papers there? If he pleased. Much obliged. Good morning!

I had had one other visitor before him; not at the office, but at my own house. That visitor had come to my bedside when it was not yet daylight, and had been seen by no one else but by my faithful confidential servant.

A second reference paper (for we always required two) was sent down into Norfolk, and was duly received back by post. This, likewise, was satisfactorily answered in every respect. Our forms were all complied with, we accepted the proposal, and the premium for one year was paid.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

In the time of Pliny, six different kinds of wheat were cultivated by the Romans; in the present time there are from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty different races of wheat: most of which, however, are distinctly referable to four or five principal types. The minor varieties are by no means permanent in their characters, except under special cultivation, and they degenerate when grown in unfavourable conditions. In like manner, favourable conditions readily bring out improved qualities in inferior kinds. But it must not be concluded from this, that Buffon and the other writers are correct in their views who regard the corn-grains as artificial products. The principal types appear constant, for Decandolle recognised the seeds of "Triticum turgidum" in specimens from the Egyptian mummy-cases; Loiseleur confirms this fact; and the Count de Sternberg, in 1834, raised plants of the common wheat from a sample obtained from an Egyptian tomb. This is further confirmed by a note presented to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Guérin Méneville. Some botanists—to whom the absence of wild wheat in most countries is an indication of the artificial origin of the corn of our fields—regard it as a product of long-continued cultivation.

A few years ago, M. Esprit Fabre, of Agde, gave an account of the supposed production of wheat by a grass called "Ægilops ovata," growing wild in the south of France. It never exceeds a foot in height, and has a short broad ear with but four spikelets, only two of them being fertile. It has long been known to produce a variety called "triticoides," from its approach in some degree to the character of wheat. When this grass, in its wild state, produces this variety, a portion of the characteristic bristles or awns of the valves disappears, and the spikelets are generally barren. The ripe grain is long and

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flattened, and silky at the top. Such were the seeds sown by M. Fabre in his garden: the seeds annually saved being sown year after year, for twelve consecutive seasons. In the first year they produced plants three or four times as high as the original plant. The awns of the valves were still further diminished, and had a greater resemblance to wheat; the spikelets of the ears were more numerous, and most of them were sterile, and the fertile spikelets yielded only one or two seeds. These seeds, however, in the next year, produced more perfect plants; the spikelets in the ears were more numerous than before, and they mostly furnished a couple of grains. The ears, when ripe, separated less early from the axis than the parent plant, and the grain was more farinaceous. A third year yielded still higher products. The fourth year presented no notable change. In the fifth year, the stem grew to a length of three feet, and the grains were large enough when ripe to burst open the valves of the flower. In the sixth year, none of the spikelets had less than two, and some had three grains; the plants had all the appearances of a true wheat (Triticum), and these they retained under cultivation in an open field for four successive years, yielding a crop similar to the corn of the country.

These statements having obtained the corroborating testimony of Professor Dunal, of Montpellier, gave rise to much discussion; and, while some botanists looked upon them as solving the problem of the origin of our cultivated wheats, others saw in them only an illustration of certain laws of crossing or hybridation. M. Godron, of Nancy, whose observations led him to believe that the "triticoides" was a cross, fertilised an ear of the wild "Ægilops ovata" with the pollen of common wheat. The seed of this specimen, when sown in the following year, produced—not the "ovata," but the "triticoides." By fertilising with a beardless wheat, he obtained a short-awned "triticoides," and with a long-bearded wheat a long-awned cross. This was thought to be the true solution of the question. The primitive grass did not develop into corn, but the corn was the result of a cross between the grass and the wheat.

The geographical distribution of the grains is determined not by climate only, but depends on the civilisation, industry, and traffic, of the people, as well as on historical events. Within the northern polar circle, agriculture is found only in a few places. In Siberia, grain reaches, at the utmost, only to sixty degrees; in the eastern parts, scarcely above fifty-five degrees; and in Kamtschatka there is no agriculture, even in the most southern parts, at fifty-one degrees. The polar limit of agriculture on the north-west coast of America, appears to be somewhat higher, for in the more southern Russian possessions, from fifty-seven to fifty-two degrees, barley and rye come to maturity; on the east coast of America, it is scarcely above fifty to fifty-two degrees. Only in Europe, namely, in Lapland, does the polar limit reach the unusually high latitude of seventy degrees. Beyond this, dried fish, and here and there potatoes, supply the place of grain.

The grains which extend furthest to the north in Europe, are barley and oats. These, which in the milder climates are not used for bread, afford to the inhabitants of the northern parts of Norway and Sweden, and the inhabitants of a part of Siberia and Scotland, their principal food. Rye is the next and prevailing grain in a great part of the northern temperate zone, namely, in the south of Sweden and Norway, Denmark, and in all the countries bordering on the Baltic, the north of Germany, and part of Siberia. In the latter, another very nutritious grain, buckwheat, is very frequently cultivated. In the zone where rye prevails, wheat is generally to be found: barley being then chiefly cultivated for the manufacture of beer, and oats supplying food for horses.

There follows a zone in Europe and Western Asia, where rye disappears, and wheat almost exclusively furnishes bread. The middle, or the south of France, England, part of Scotland, a part of Germany, Hungary, the Crimea and Caucasus, as also the parts of middle Asia where agriculture is followed, belong to this zone. Here the vine is also found; wine supplanting the use of beer, barley is consequently less grown.

Next, comes a district where wheat still abounds, but no longer exclusively furnishes bread: rice and maize becoming frequent. To this zone belong Portugal, Spain, the part of France on the Mediterranean, Italy and Greece; further east, Persia, Northern India, Arabia, Egypt, Nubia, Barbary, and the Canary Islands. In these latter countries, however, towards the south, the culture of maize or rice is always greater; and, in some of them, several kinds of Sorghum (Doura) and pea (Poa Abyssinica) come to be added. In both these regions of wheat, rye only occurs at a considerable elevation; oats are more rare, and at last entirely disappear; barley alone affording food for horses and mules.

In the eastern parts of the temperate zone of the Old Continent, in China and Japan, our northern kinds of grain are very infrequent, and rice is found to predominate. The cause of this difference between the east and the west of the Old Continent appears to be in the manners and peculiarities of the people. In North America, wheat and rye grow as in Europe, but more sparingly. Maize is grown more in the Western than in the Old Continent, and rice predominates in the southern provinces of the United States.

In the torrid zone, maize predominates in America, rice in Asia, and both these grains in nearly equal quantity in Africa. The cause of this distribution is doubtless an historical one, for Asia is the native country of rice, and America of maize. In some situations, especially in the neighbourhood of the tropics, wheat is also met with, but always subordinate to these other kinds of grain. Besides rice and maize, there

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are in the torrid zone several grains and plants, which supply the inhabitants with food, either used along with rice and maize, or entirely occupying their place. Such are, in the New Continent, yams (Dioscorea alata), the manihot (Iatropha manihot), and the batatas (Convolvulus batatas), the root of which, and the fruit of the pisang (Banana musa), furnish universal articles of food. In the same zone in Africa, doura (Sorghum), pisang, manihot, and yams, occur. In the East Indies and in the Indian Islands, several palms and cycadeæ, which produce the sago; pisang, yams, batatas, and the bread-fruit (Artocarpus incisa), are eaten. In the islands of the South Sea, grain of every kind disappears; its place being supplied by the bread-fruit-tree and the pisang. In the tropical parts of New Holland there is no agriculture. Nature does all the work; the inhabitants living on the produce of the sago, of various palms, and some species of arum.

In the high lands of South America, the distribution is similar to that of the other degrees of latitude. Maize, indeed, grows to the height of seven thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea, but only predominates between three thousand and six thousand feet of elevation. Below three thousand feet it is associated with the pisang and other vegetables; while, from six thousand to nine thousand two hundred and sixty feet the European grains abound—wheat in the lower regions, and rye and barley in the higher; along with which, Chenopodium Quinoa, as a nutritious plant, must also be enumerated. Potatoes alone are cultivated at a height of from nine thousand two hundred and sixty feet to twelve thousand three hundred feet.

To the south of the Tropic of Capricorn, wherever agriculture is practised, considerable resemblance with the northern temperate zone may be observed. In the southern parts of Brazil, in Buenos Ayres, in Chili, at the Cape of Good Hope, and in the temperate zone of New Holland, wheat predominates; barley and rye make their appearance, however, in the most southern parts of these countries, and in Van Diemen's Land. In New Zealand the culture of wheat is said to have been tried with success; but the inhabitants make the Acrostichum furcatum their main article of sustenance.

Thus, it appears, in regard to the predominating kinds of grain, that the earth may be divided into five grand divisions, or kingdoms: the Kingdom of Rice, of Maize, of Wheat, of Rye, and lastly of Barley and Oats. The first three are the most extensive; maize has the greatest range of temperature; but rice may be said to support the greatest number of the human race.

Corn was the chief export from Britain under the Romans, and in the fourth century the armies of Gaul and Germany depended for their subsistence upon these annual supplies. In the year 359, some of the Roman colonies situated in the Upper Rhine, having been plundered by their enemies, the Emperor Julian built a fleet of eight hundred barks, which he despatched to Britain for corn. The historian Zosimus states that, on its return, the inhabitants of the plundered towns and villages received enough not only to last them during the winter, but, after they had sown their lands in the spring, to leave them sufficient for their subsistence until the next harvest. Malmesbury says that, in the reign of Stephen, "London was a granary where corn could always be bought cheaper than anywhere else." King Richard, after his return from the East, issued a prohibition against the exportation of corn, "that England might not suffer from the want of its own abundance." The violation of this law is stated to have been punished with merciless severity; some vessels having been seized in the port of St. Valery, laden with English corn for the King of France, Richard burned both the vessels and the town, hanged the seamen, and also put to death some monks who had been concerned in the illegal transaction. After all this wild devastation, the king divided the corn among the poor. In 1382, a general proclamation was issued, prohibiting, under penalty of the confiscation of the vessel and cargo, the exportation of corn or malt to any foreign country, except to the king's territories in Gascony, Bayonne, Calais, Brest, Cherbourg, Berwick-upon-Tweed, and other strong places belonging to the king. Twelve years afterwards, all English subjects were allowed to export corn to any country not hostile, on paying the dues.

The grain of wheat, like that of all other grasses, is popularly called a "seed," but botanically it is a fruit; because, in its ripe condition, it is enclosed in the adhering shell (pericarp) corresponding to the loose pod of such fruits as the pea or bean. This husk is formed of a much firmer substance than the body of the grain, and, in the process of grinding becoming separated, takes with it the outer layers of the grain itself. These outer layers differ from the central mass; while the body of the seed is composed of cells densely filled with the white starch granules which give the characteristic appearance to fine flour, the outer layers contain no starch, but oily and albuminous matter instead. Bran contains the husk, the coats of the seed, and the envelope of the body of the seed.

If a portion of the flour be formed into a stiff paste, and then thoroughly washed, the water will carry off a considerable part of the dough, assuming at the same time a milky appearance, and a tenacious solid will be left behind, which is called the gluten. The milky liquid, if allowed to stand, will deposit a sediment, which is the starch. The liquid remaining after the starch has settled at the bottom, is colourless, but holds in solution dextrine, grape sugar, and albumen. It is called the extractive. These are the chief ingredients in flour, and the albumen and gluten are what are termed nitrogenised substances, having, chemically, a close resemblance to the flesh of animals.

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That the skin or cuticle of grasses contains a large proportion of silex is proved by its hardness, and by large masses of vitrified matter being found wherever a haystack or heap of corn is accidentally consumed by fire. It is said that wheat-straw may be melted into a colourless glass by the blowpipe, without any addition, and that barley-straw will melt into a glass of a topaz yellow colour.

ASHING THE PILOT.

It was on a cold, damp, foggy January morning in the south of China—yes, cold, damp, and foggy in the south of China, where every one believes it to be continually broiling hot—that one of the ships of the squadron left the English colony of Hong Kong, with stores and provisions for the men-of-war at Canton, distant about eighty miles. The war with China had been entered into but a very few months, and there was great scarcity of ships at hand, to cope with an enormously superior force of Chinese, had the latter behaved with the pluck of only ordinary cowards, and had all come out in a body to eject the intruders from their waters. But this they did not do, preferring to cruise about in large detachments of a hundred or more junks, up their creeks, where it was too shallow for English ships to venture, and pounce on such undefended merchant craft as had not already taken the hint and cleared out.

But to return to the subject: on the morning in question the entire Escape Creek fleet, consisting of about two hundred and fifty mandarin war junks, in three squadrons, Red, White, and Blue, was at the mouth of the creek from which it took its name, and our man-of-war, when off the Bogue forts (not long captured), found the weather to be too foggy to proceed, the river being a dangerous and intricate one, in consequence of which it was found advisable to anchor, until Phœbus should have come out strong and given one or two of his own peculiar looks at the mist, causing it to vanish in a manner which clearly showed its antipathy to strong rays of heat.

This having at length been brought about, the steamer was again got under weigh, and had not proceeded far, when the signalman reported a large number of war junks ahead, with everything apparently ready for action. Upon this the captain ordered the drummer up to beat to quarters, the first lieutenant standing on the bridge giving his orders: "Action on the fighting bolt, starboard bow!"

As soon as they are within range they let the Chinamen feel how very heavy English shot are, especially when well directed by experienced hands. On the present occasion they have a particularly good opportunity of judging, as the ship in question carries the heaviest guns our navy knows, of which she has four in her broadside now exposed to the enemy. These consist of two weighing 95 cwt., and throwing a 68lb. shot, and two weighing 85 cwt., throwing a 10-inch shot, whose weight is 85lbs. Of these they now proceeded to give the Chinese a taste, who, however, did not appear to be taking the slightest notice of them, and stood to be fired at for about a quarter of an hour without reply. They notwithstanding had all their guns laid for a particular point, and when our ship got within range, they let her have it to the heart's content of the greediest old fire-eater on board. Down came rattling on deck, ropes, backstays, and splinters from wounded spars, to the grief of the poor old boatswain, who was running about with a musket in his hand, taking random shots at the enemy in general, anathematising them, and saying aloud what he thought they deserved for disturbing his masts and rigging.

Never did men work guns better, or stick to them closer than on this occasion, and indeed it required all their energy to administer anything like condign punishment to so preposterously superior a force, who opened the ball on their part in the following manner: After waiting quietly to be fired at until it suited them to "show out," the Admiral of the Red squadron, or senior admiral, fired one gun, which was followed by the next in order, namely, that of the White squadron, then by the Blue, when they all set to as hard as they could, with what immediate effect has been already seen. Never was single ship, perhaps, in a more critical position, and never, perhaps, did single ship maintain that position better, the numerous shot splashing the water up over her decks, cracking into the hull, or whistling overhead, and cutting up the masts and rigging. Presently a heartrending yell was heard below, when, on some one going to see what was the matter, it was discovered that the pilot (a Chinaman, and well known in the old Chinese war) had, while trying to avoid the shot by skulking below, just managed to catch one, not far from the captain's cabin door, which had knocked away his thigh close up to the body. When he was discovered, he was talking Chinese in such a particularly rapid manner, that the generous seaman who carried him to the surgeon in the cockpit declared that it was too fast for him clearly to understand, which perhaps was as well, as he might have been equally unintelligible had he spoken in anything but "Canton English." The shot that had struck him was an extraordinary one, having passed through three cabins and the ward-room, doing more or less damage in each, and after wounding the pilot, had entered the captain's steward's berth, breaking an infinity of Her Majesty's crockery and glass, and falling expended to the deck.

But while this was going on below, other things were being enacted on deck, where some of the most marvellous escapes yet recorded were taking place. The captain of the after gun had just given the word "Elevate!" with a view to improving his shot, the second captain was on the point of stepping in to withdraw the coin (or wedge), when a shot came, and, shivering it to pieces, went crashing through the bulwarks on the other side, not, however, hurting a

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man, though, had it come two seconds later, it must inevitably have killed the second captain of the gun.

But these things are thought nothing of on board ship by the people among whom they happen, coming as they do "in the way of business," as a "commercial" would say. In another part of the deck, two of the officers were standing together, the one asking the other a question, when a round shot came right between their heads, and then went banging into one of the quarter boats hoisted up behind them, the two flying apart, and actually putting their hands to their heads to feel if those necessary appurtenances were still in their possession. At another of the guns, a shot came in and took off the truck (or, as a shore-going person would say, "the wheel"), actually cutting away part of a man's trouser with a splinter, and not hurting one of the gun's crew, who were standing closely round it.

The ship arrived at Canton that evening, and on examining casualties, it was found that the poor old boatswain's department had suffered the most severely; the hull, which was peppered all over, coming next; the human department being found to have suffered little, few being severely wounded, beyond the only one in the ship who had in a cowardly manner gone below, and there received the wound which a few hours afterwards terminated his existence. He had, however, been such a favourite with the men for his comical half English ways, that when his death was discovered, and the carpenters were set to work to build his coffin, a deputation of the petty officers came aft to ask if it might be a swell one, covered with purser's fine blue cloth.

The first lieutenant went down to the captain, who could see no objection, and consequently, when the coffin was made, the carpenter's mate was despatched to the purser's steward for the cloth for the outside and the flannel for the interior, saying that he came by the first lieutenant's order. It was consequently a very respectable affair when complete, being studded all over with brass nails, &c., every one thinking that the deceased man's wife would be very highly satisfied with it, and think it very handsome.

One morning, when the ship had returned to Hong Kong, a tremendous howling was heard not very far off, in which four or five voices were evidently concerned, and on looking over the side, it was found that the interesting family of the late pilot, Ashing, consisting of the widow and some very strong-lunged children, were coming off to fetch the body. They insisted on being shown the shot-holes in the bulkheads, and the direction the shot had taken which had proved fatal to their relative, "for," as a Chinaman said, "s'pose they no see, they speakee man-o'-war man makee killee him." The body was taken ashore in their boat, and as it was lifted over the side, the remark of an old quartermaster was, "Ah! that comes of dodging about down below when he ought to have been conning the ship on deck;" which was indeed true, as the chances are that had he remained at his post he would not have been touched, all those on the bridge having escaped. When on shore the coffin was opened, the body was taken out and put into an orthodox Chinese one, made from the trunk of a tree, the cloth was stripped off and sold to the native tailors to make waistcoats for such naval officers as might order them.

The first lieutenant's state of mind may be faintly imagined when, on pay-day, he found himself charged with the whole of the cloth and flannel used. On applying to the purser's steward for an explanation, that functionary extenuated himself calmly enough by saying, "Well, sir, the man who came for the stuff said that it was by your order." This was true, though the subject had never entered the gallant officer's head before, and nothing more could, therefore, be said. Very likely he had the satisfaction of again paying for some of the cloth on settling his next tailor's bill. The whole of the officers and men in the ship subscribed several days' pay for the future maintenance of the widow, who, according to the customary affection of Chinese wives, thought the money, no doubt, rather a good exchange, and quickly looked out for another husband.

THE WHIP.

Hit-him-hard is an old dog, who has not yet had his day. With the ancients, the whip was the symbol of power. The Romans represented their gods, even gentle Venus, whip in hand, and Cicero thought it an omen when he dreamt that Jupiter gave young Octavian a whip. The regal sceptre is but an ornate form of the stick, which rules.

Although Christian culture brought the art of flogging to perfection, it was an old heathenish habit. The Persians accounted it a great disgrace to be beaten with rods, but their kings thrashed with their own hands high state officers, and the court ceremonial required the objects of this condescension to return thanks to their sovereign for the favour he had so bestowed. Artaxerxes Longimanus thought it unsuitable for the great men of his empire themselves to be so punished, and he ordered that the beating should be given to their clothes.

Distinguished personages deserving favour of the Parthian kings, were beaten with rods in their presence, and ambitious young nobles contested with each other for this mark of royal favour.

With the Indians, the cane was in high esteem. The head of a family had power to cane his wife, daughter, or servant, and even his own mother if a widow. The custom of beating slaves, of course, is as old as slavery, and prevailed amongst the free Scythians, as we know from the story told by Justin, which is to be found in every grammar or reading-book. By the Greeks, even prisoners of war, taken in honest battle, were beaten, and the heroes seem to have found

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pleasure in whipping, with their own hands, the bravest and highest of their adversaries. In one of the tragedies of Sophocles, Minerva intercedes in vain for a prisoner whom Ajax means to whip to death. Greek slaves were very often whipped, especially by the excitable Greek ladies. Greeks beat their wives, and Romans were sometimes beaten by their mistresses, as Ovid tells, when he advises men not to regard such stripes as disgracing.

Annually, on a certain day, all the marriageable Spartan bachelors met at the altar of Juno the young unmarried women, each armed with a whip, to revenge her single-blessedness on the bare backs of the bachelors, by flogging them round the altar.

The whip played a very conspicuous part in both the public and private life of the Romans. The lictors, always attending the consuls, wore their bunches of rods not merely for state show, although it was not permitted to beat Roman citizens except in the case of their being thieves: but slaves were beaten with smooth leather straps, called ferulæ; more painful were the rutivæ, made of several strips of parchment twisted together; and the superlative was the ox-hide, called flagellum, often with right terrible. Most terrible of all was an instrument imported from abroad, the Spanish whip, used only by very severe masters. They had not only the right of whipping slaves at pleasure, but even of killing them. The wit of the people divided the slaves according to the kind of whip with which their backs were most acquainted. Plautus, who had been a baker's servant, and, probably, as such had collected very intelligible notes about the matter on his own back, abounds in jokes and allusions illustrative of this subject; such joking is a poor fellow's astonishment that dead oxen should dance on living men. Some masters, not satisfied with the plain Spanish whip, made it more terrible by fastening small nails or bones, and little leaden balls to it. Slaves were stripped, their hands tied to a tree or post, and their feet hindered from kicking by the clog of a hundred-pound weight. The most trifling faults were punished in this manner, and a poor fellow might even be flogged for the mere amusement of his master's guests. It was no rare occurrence that a slave died under the whip, and there was no more regret than for the loss of a pan or other piece of household property.

The Roman ladies were particularly cruel to their slaves. The poor girls in attendance, scratched and bleeding from wounds made with the long pins the ladies wore as an ornament, sometimes filled the whole house with their cries.

The cruelty towards the slaves increased so much that the emperors made some effort to check it. Laws were made, pursuant to which such masters as would forsake their slaves in sickness forfeited their rights on them after their recovery; and a Roman who would intentionally kill a slave was to be banished Rome. Any lady who would whip or order whipping of a slave, to such a degree that death ensued before the third day, was to be excommunicated for from five to seven years.

The young Roman libertines often chose the disguise of a slave's dress for their love adventure. Rich people kept so great a crowd of slaves, that they did not know them all personally, and thus the introduction into houses was made easy. Sometimes, however, the master of the house got a hint, perhaps from the shrewd lady herself, and the intruder was flogged as a runaway slave, or a spy. Such an occurrence gave particular delight to the real slaves. It was a misfortune that happened to the celebrated historian Sallust, who courted Faustina, daughter of Tulla, and wife to Milo. After having received a severe flogging, Sallust was released on paying a considerable sum.

Caligula used the whip with his own hand, and on the spot; even upon people who, by talking too loudly at the theatre, spoilt his enjoyment of the players. He did not much care who the offender was. Even the vestals were not exempt from this punishment. The vestal Urbinia was whipped by a priest, and led in procession through the streets. Other vestals, we are told, had been whipped for the same offence. The guilty one, covered over with a thin veil, was whipped by a priest in a dark room. Even empresses were not always spared, at least in the Christian time and in Constantinople, where the mother of Justinian II. was so admonished. To be whipped, however, was, in the eyes of a Roman, the lowest disgrace, and for this reason judges ordered Christians to be whipped at their first examination.

The custom of inflicting pain on the body in order to please Heaven did not begin with the Christians. Herodotus relates that, at Bubastis, all the Egyptians, men and women, attending the ceremonies, beat themselves whilst the fire was consuming the sacrifice. The Cariens living in Egypt did even more, as they used to cut their foreheads with knives to show that they were foreigners. The Syrians also beat and maltreated themselves in honour of the mother of their gods, and Apuleius describes a scene only equalled by the performances of mediæval flagellators.

We find the same custom in Greece, and especially amongst the Lacedemonians, who used to flog themselves partly in honour of their gods, partly in order to become inured to pain. On a certain day a great number of youths were cruelly beaten at the altar of Diana; but it was voluntary, and the boys thronged to this rude sport; it having been considered a great honour to be able to endure sharp flogging without uttering a sigh. The ceremony was carried on with great solemnity; a priestess of Diana, holding a small statue of the goddess in her hand, presided, and priests seriously examined the wounds inflicted by the whip, in order to discern future events by them. These painful exercises were encouraged by all parents, although some ambitious youths dropped dead under, or died after, the whipping, without

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having shed a tear. To such young heroes columns were erected in a public place. The custom outlived even the liberty of the Lacedemonians; and, in the time of Tertullian, the father of the Church, this festival was kept. The Thracians had adopted a like custom.

There existed philosophical sects in Greece who instructed the youths in inurement to work, want, and pain. These philosophers and their pupils flogged themselves severely, or tore off parts of their skin with instruments made for the purpose; for which they were often ridiculed by the philosophers of other schools.

In Italy the feast of Lupercal had been kept before the building of Rome. It fell on the 15th of February, and was in honour of Pan. The skins of the sacrificed animals were cut into strips, with which the young men, after having beaten themselves, ran through the streets of Rome to whip all women they met. It was thought to be well with the woman who received a blow. The old religion, the republic, and the empire perished; but this merry festival was kept up by the Roman ladies.

Moses introduced the whip into the law of the Jews. The instrument consisted of three strings, two of which were short, but the middle one long enough to embrace the whole body. The strokes were limited to thirteen, as one stroke more would have been two stripes beyond the law. None of the Jewish writers recommended self-torment till the year in which two rabbis compiled the Babylonian Talmud, which introduced many new superstitions into the Jewish rite. One of them was the voluntary flogging, afterwards called by the Christians "discipline." The Jews proceeded in this manner: Two persons, feeling repentant, retired to a corner of the synagogue. Having confessed to each other their sins, one of them threw himself on the ground, lying north and south. His comrade then applied to his back thirty-nine stripes with a leathern strap, while the prostrate one, incessantly repeating the thirty-eighth verse of the seventy-eighth psalm, struck his breast with his fist whenever the lash fell. When one had received his allowance, the two men changed places, and the ceremony was repeated as before.

This practice became general in the eleventh century. One of its chief patrons was the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, Peter de Damiani. In his works he refers to the exploits of a monk, Dominicus, with whom he was personally acquainted. This monk often got through the penance of a hundred years in six days. According to the rules of his monastery, three thousand strokes were one year's penitence; Dominicus, therefore, gave himself three hundred thousand strokes in less than a week. To accomplish this feat, he armed both his hands with rods, and Damiani tells us that the body of the holy man looked "like the herbs which an apothecary has crushed in a mortar for a ptisan." Becoming used to the rods, Dominicus substituted for them a more solid whip, with several leather tongues. This kind of devotion was not only the rule in all the monasteries and nunneries, but spread over the whole Christian world. The devotees differed upon the question whether it was better to slash the back or the lower parts of the body. Both ways, the upper and the lower discipline, were equally practised. Even princes and princesses were flogged by their severe spiritual directors. The widow of a Landgrave of Hesse and Thuringia, Elizabeth, daughter of King Andreas II. of Hungary, suffered much from the severity of her confessor, Conrad of Marburg. He was suspected of being the lover of the princess, and when one of her friends, Schenk von Argula, hinted at this rumour, she folded back a part of her dress, saying, "You may see the kind of love this holy man bears to me, and I to him." Her skin was torn and bleeding from a severe whipping she had just had for a trifling disobedience.

About the middle of the fourteenth century, a desperate longing for penitence came over the world, first manifesting itself in Perugia, by a great pilgrimage of penitents, who flogged at themselves cruelly. A flogging epidemic spread over Italy and Germany. Ten thousand penitents, headed by the clergy, with crosses and banners, overran the country. At first laughed at, and even refused entrance in the towns, they ended by infecting others with their insane zeal. At this time the Black Death was raging, and the end of the world was believed to be at hand. In Germany almost one half of the population died. The fanatics accused the Jews of having poisoned the wells, and these were persecuted and murdered by the mob, who were assisted by the pilgrims. The fanaticism became so ungovernable as to be dangerous to the Church, and Pope Clement VI. condemned the flagellators in a bull. Nevertheless, their practices were continued for many years, though Church and State combined to put them down. At last, the Church resolved to patronise and take under her own control the brotherhoods of flagellators. In Rome there existed no less than a hundred of such fraternities, and they were also to be found in other Italian towns, in France, and Germany, flourishing especially during the sixteenth century; when the Jesuits patronised them. King Henry III. of France once ran through the streets with his courtiers, barefooted, and clad in sackcloth, all flogging themselves. Many confessors abused this custom of penance, and the discipline is not yet wholly out of date. Within the present century, scenes occurred in the neighbourhood of Salerno as atrocious as any that could have happened half a thousand years ago.

Flogging in schools was customary, both among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Then, as they do now sometimes, masters abused their authority. Plutarch and Quintilian wrote against this manner of punishing children. In monasteries the novices were treated cruelly, and, while monks and priests were everywhere chosen as teachers, the custom of flogging pupils was a thing of course. It was not even thought improper for a young monk to apply the rod to

a young lady if she were his pupil. The history of the unfortunate Abelard is known by every one, and he tells us himself that he often gave the rod to Heloïse, not out of anger, but because of gentler feelings. How dangerous it is to beat young children with the rod Rousseau has argued, but we are told that many French nurses beat children confided to their care, because they think this exercise conducive to their right growth.

The ladies of the New World appear to have been favoured with the power of the whip by law. Such a law prevailed amongst the Moscas, one of the tribes of New Granada, and was seen exemplified one day by the Spanish general Quesada. Happening to call on the chief of a place called Suesca, the general found him writhing under the discipline of all his nine wives. He had got drunk one night with some Spaniards; his affectionate executioners had carried him to bed that he might sleep himself sober, and awoke him in the morning to receive the rigour of the law.

Public schools were everywhere in close association with the monasteries, or, at least, priests were directors of them. In many schools in Austria, particularly in the nunnery schools, the rod is in its glory. In all schools under the direction of the Jesuits, corporal punishment has been thought to be of the greatest importance. In many German colleges the "blue man" was a dread. The pupil in disgrace was led by the father director to the place of punishment, where a masked man awaited him, concealing under a large blue cloak an enormous birch, which he applied with great severity. We find a curious tale in Delolme's Memorials of Human Superstition, about the fathers of St. Lazare, in Paris. Their establishment was a kind of banking-house, at which a cheque, payable in blows, was cashed for the bearer. Many parents or guardians availed themselves of this convenience in favour of refractory sons or pupils. Young people were sometimes clever enough to delude somebody else into the delivery of the sealed cheque for a thrashing, which was always made payable to the bearer, notwithstanding all his protestations. Even ladies took revenge on faithless lovers by sending them with notes to the good fathers of St. Lazare, and the victims of the jest took care not to complain of the treatment they received, lest they should be laughed at by the public. This seminary became at last a terror of Paris. The fathers of St. Lazare lent their hands to such criminal dealings as occurred frequently in private lunatic asylums in England, and the government suppressed the institution.

In Protestant schools the same folly prevailed. One Dr. Maier called the rods and sticks the school-swords given by the Lord into the hands of the schoolmasters after the fall of Adam. He called them also school-sceptres, before which the children were to bow, and school-weapons with which the devil was to be driven out of the hearts of young people. In the last century a particular feast of the rod was kept in some Protestant countries. On this solemn day all pupils made a pilgrimage to a neighbouring wood in order to gather birch branches which they tied into rods. They then returned home, singing half mournful, half jocular songs, paraded through the streets, and finally gave their collection to the school-house.

Amongst the Franks and Burgundians the rod and whip also played an important part in domestic discipline. In the old German epic, the Nibelungenlied, the noble Chriemhild, sister to King Gunthar, was beaten by her adored husband, the hero Sigfried, for having told a secret which had been confided to her. Princess Gudrun, who was kept a prisoner by the wicked queen whose ugly son she had refused to marry, was bound to a bedpost and beaten with thorny rods. Ladies in those times were again more cruel than men, and we find several decrees of synods ordering excommunication for those who would beat their slaves to death.

At the courts, even ladies of honour were beaten. Catherine de Medicis, Queen of France, not seldom laid her ladies over her knees, to punish them with her own hands. At the Russian court the ladies of honour, down to a very recent time, suffered the rod for gossiping or over-freedom. The Semiramis of the North was very free with this kind of punishment, and thought, probably, not much of it, for it is reported that she sometimes got a horse-whipping herself from her favourite Potemkin. Paul the First was also very free with the stick, even upon ladies. The wife of a rich hotel-keeper, named Remuth, having neglected to leave her carriage to kneel down when meeting the emperor in the street, was carried off to the house of correction, and then beaten with rods three days consecutively. The Empress Elisabeth of Russia, jealous of the beautiful wife of the Chancellor Bestuschen, ordered the knout to be given her in public: after which ceremony the poor lady's nose and ears were slit, and she was sent to Siberia.

The rule in the houses and castles of Europe, a few centuries ago, was very strict, and the rod was thought necessary to the orderly management of servants. In many places it was held to be a personal offence to the master if any one dared to beat another person at a less distance than two hundred yards from the entrance. He who committed such an offence was dragged to the kitchen, where every one of the house officers and servants struck him. Punishment over, the head-cook, or the kitchen-master, presented the offender with a slice of bread, and the butler gave him a goblet of claret or other red wine. Such an execution, which in most cases was left to the discretion of the kitchen-people, was great fun to them, particularly if the offender was the house-priest or the jester. The pages of course came into a large inheritance of whipping. Henry the Third of France at one time caused six score of pages and lacqueys to be whipped in the Louvre, for having mimicked, in the servants' hall, the procession of the penitents, by hanging handkerchiefs over their faces with holes in the place of the eyes.

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The people of the north of Europe were particularly cruel towards their dependents, sometimes even disabling them for life. Russia, the land of the knout, has had the worst eminence in this respect. Under the reign of Catherine the Second, lived a Russian princess who excelled in cruelty. When inclined to enjoy herself, she had one of her footmen whipped by one of her maid-servants, or a maid by a footman. This amusement was refined to the utmost in its cruelty, as the princess herself directed the operation, and ordered the most sensitive parts of the body to be struck. An unfortunate hairdresser was kept prisoner for ten years in a sort of dog-kennel, and cruelly whipped from time to time, as safeguard against his revelation of the secret that his mistress wore false hair. More rational is the Chinese custom of giving the court physician a thrashing every day as long as the emperor is ill.

State recognition of the whip still prevails everywhere. The Roman laws used it even for capital punishment, when they condemned libellers to be whipped to death. The nations that adopted Roman law accommodated its practice to their individual taste.

In Italy each province has its particular manner of whipping, and this kind of punishment was most frequently applied to breakers of a fast or to political offenders. The use of the whip was well maintained in Rome itself. Not many years ago, a whipping-post stood in the middle of the Navonne place. It was, however, too much trouble to convey thither all who were to be punished, and some genius invented the cavaletto, which is a small timber giraffe standing on four legs, of which the two hinder ones are shorter. The two gendarmes help the delinquent on the saddle, and, turning his head backward, force him into position. The executioner never forgets to cross himself before beginning his exercitation, and, when all is done, the delinquent has to pay for his ride. This cavaletto haunts chiefly those places where the people crowd together. He who breaks the fast without having bought dispensation receives five-and-twenty lashes on the cavaletto. The keeper of a coffee-shop was punished in this manner for having, during time of fast, put eggs and milk on the breakfast table of an Englishman.

The ancient laws in Germany were very liberal with the whip, but public flogging has now been abolished almost everywhere, except in the houses of correction. The whip has ever been applied to political prisoners in different German countries; for instance, in Hesse. Not long ago a bill was brought in the Prussian chamber for the restoration of the good old flogging laws, of course without effect.

As part of army discipline, corporal punishment was first abolished by the French. Running the gauntlet was very frequent in the Prussian army, when it consisted of the rabble kidnapped from all countries; but it was abolished when every Prussian was obliged to serve his time. The punishment of the laths was substituted for it. The delinquent, thinly clad and without shoes, was put into a kind of low cage, the bottom of which consisted of sharp laths set on edge and placed closely together. This punishment was intensified by short allowance, and its longest term was six weeks; such a sentence only being pronounced where life would have been forfeit in time of war. The laths were abolished about twenty years ago. Caning is, however, not wholly abolished. Thieves, in the Prussian army, are placed "in the second class," which means that they are deprived of military honour. They are distinguished by a grey cockade instead of a black and white one, and liable to punishment by the cane, which is always executed with many military ceremonies, and in presence of the whole battalion. When such a man, placed in the second class, has behaved well for a certain time, he is reinstalled to honour with great ceremonies. The colours of the regiment are waved over his head, and the national cockade is restored to him. In Prussian cadet-houses it is now strictly prohibited to beat the cadets; no master or officer dare touch them, for a stroke is thought dishonouring. Thirty and forty years ago exceptions were made in rare cases, and cadets in Potsdam—where they are of the age from eleven to fourteen—were occasionally punished with birch rods. The general who attempted to punish a cadet in Berlin—where the youths are of the age from fourteen to eighteen—in a similar manner, met with determined resistance; the cadet fortified himself in his bedroom, armed with his sword. When the room was forced open, he wounded a lieutenant in the arm, and the general himself entering, received a sharp stroke over his cocked-hat. Another cadet in Berlin, threatened in the same manner, jumped out of the window from the third story, and was killed on the spot.

In the Austrian army, running the gauntlet is of frequent occurrence.

In our own army, we still hold by the lash; but the use of it is perishing out of our public schools. We trust that the sticks of all the schoolmasters will soon be converted into firewood, and that we may never again read in an English newspaper of suffering, and even death, inflicted upon children by blows from the man who undertakes to help them up the hill of life.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE THIRD. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

I.

FOUR months passed. April came—the month of Spring; the month of change.

The course of Time had flowed through the interval since the winter, peacefully and happily in our new home. I had turned my long leisure to good account; had largely increased my sources of employment; and had placed our means of subsistence on surer grounds. Freed from the suspense and the anxiety which had tried her so sorely, and hung over her so long, Marian's spirits rallied; and her natural energy of character began to assert itself again, with something, if not all, of the freedom and the vigour of former times.

More pliable under change than her sister, Laura showed more plainly the progress made by the healing influences of her new life. The worn and wasted look which had prematurely aged her face, was fast leaving it; and the expression which had been the first of its charms in past days, was the first of its beauties that now returned. My closest observation of her detected but one serious result of the conspiracy which had once threatened her reason and her life. Her memory of events, from the period of her leaving Blackwater Park to the period of our meeting in the burial-ground of Limmeridge Church, was lost beyond all hope of recovery. At the slightest reference to that time, she changed and trembled still; her words became confused; her memory wandered and lost itself as helplessly as ever. Here, and here only, the traces of the past lay deep—too deep to be effaced.

In all else, she was now so far on the way to recovery, that, on her best and brightest days, she sometimes looked and spoke like the Laura of old times. The happy change wrought its natural result in us both. From their long slumber, on her side and on mine, those imperishable memories of our past life in Cumberland now awoke, which were one and all alike, the memories of our love.

Gradually and insensibly, our daily relations towards each other became constrained. The fond words which I had spoken to her so naturally, in the days of her sorrow and her suffering, faltered strangely on my lips. In the time when my dread of losing her was most present to my mind, I had always kissed her when she left me at night and when she met me in the morning. The kiss seemed now to have dropped between us—to be lost out of our lives. Our hands began to tremble again when they met. We hardly ever looked long at one another out of Marian's presence. The talk often flagged between us when we were alone. When I touched her by accident, I felt my heart beating fast, as it used to beat at Limmeridge House—I saw the lovely answering flush glowing again in her cheeks, as if we were back among the Cumberland Hills, in our past characters of master and pupil once more. She had long intervals of silence and thoughtfulness; and denied she had been thinking, when Marian asked her the question. I surprised myself, one day, neglecting my work, to dream over the little water-colour portrait of her which I had taken in the summer-house where we first met—just as I used to neglect Mr. Fairlie's drawings, to dream over the same likeness, when it was newly finished in the bygone time. Changed as all the circumstances now were, our position towards each other in the golden days of our first companionship, seemed to be revived with the revival of our love. It was as if Time had drifted us back, on the wreck of our early hopes, to the old familiar shore!

To any other woman, I could have spoken the decisive words which I still hesitated to speak to *her*. The utter helplessness of her position; her friendless dependence on all the forbearing gentleness that I could show her; my fear of touching too soon some secret sensitiveness in her, which my instinct, as a man, might not have been fine enough to discover—these considerations, and others like them, kept me self-distrustfully silent. And yet, I knew that the restraint on both sides must be ended; that the relations in which we stood towards one another must be altered, in some settled manner, for the future; and that it rested with me, in the first instance, to recognise the necessity for a change.

The more I thought of our position, the harder the attempt to alter it appeared, while the domestic conditions on which we three had been living together since the winter, remained undisturbed. I cannot account for the capricious state of mind in which this feeling originated—but the idea nevertheless possessed me, that some previous change of place and circumstances, some sudden break in the quiet monotony of our lives,

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so managed as to vary the home aspect under which we had been accustomed to see each other, might prepare the way for me to speak, and might make it easier and less embarrassing for Laura and Marian to hear.

With this purpose in view, I said, one morning, that I thought we had all earned a little holiday and a change of scene. After some consideration, it was decided that we should go for a fortnight to the sea-side. On the next day, we left Fulham for a quiet town on the south coast. At that early season of the year, we were the only visitors in the place. The cliffs, the beach, and the walks inland, were all in the solitary condition which was most welcome to us. The air was mild; the prospects over hill and wood and down were beautifully varied by the shifting April light and shade; and the restless sea leapt under our windows, as if it felt like the land the glow and freshness of spring.

I owed it to Marian to consult her before I spoke to Laura, and to be guided afterwards by her advice.

On the third day from our arrival, I found a fit opportunity of speaking to her alone. The moment we looked at one another, her quick instinct detected the thought in my mind before I could give it expression. With her customary energy and directness, she spoke at once, and spoke first.

"You are thinking of that subject which was mentioned between us on the evening of your return from Hampshire," she said. "I have been expecting you to allude to it, for some time past. There must be a change in our little household, Walter; we cannot go on much longer as we are now. I see it as plainly as you do—as plainly as Laura sees it, though she says nothing. How strangely the old times in Cumberland seem to have come back! You and I are together again; and the one subject of interest between us is Laura once more. I could almost fancy that this room is the summer-house at Limmeridge, and that those waves beyond us are beating on *our* sea-shore."

"I was guided by your advice in those past days," I said; "and now, Marian, with reliance tenfold greater, I will be guided by it again."

She answered by pressing my hand. I saw that the generous, impulsive nature of the woman was deeply touched by my reference to the past. We sat together near the window; and, while I spoke and she listened, we looked at the glory of the sunlight shining on the majesty of the sea.

"Whatever comes of this confidence between us," I said, "whether it ends happily or sorrowfully for *me*, Laura's interests will still be the interests of my life. When we leave this place, on whatever terms we leave it, my determination to wrest from Count Fosco the confession which I failed to obtain from his accomplice, goes back with me to London, as certainly as I go back myself. Neither you nor I can tell how that man may turn on me, if I bring him to bay; we only know by his own words and actions, that he is capable of striking at me, through Laura, without a moment's hesitation, or a moment's remorse. In our present position, I have no claim on her, which society sanctions, which the law allows, to strengthen me in resisting *him*, and in protecting *her*. This places me at a serious disadvantage. If I am to fight our cause with the Count, strong in the consciousness of Laura's safety, I must fight it for my Wife. Do you agree to that, Marian, so far?"

"To every word of it," she answered.

"I will not plead out of my own heart," I went on; "I will not appeal to the love which has survived all changes and all shocks—I will rest my only vindication of myself for thinking of her and speaking of her as my wife, on what I have just said. If the chance of forcing a confession from the Count, is, as I believe it to be, the last chance left of publicly establishing the fact of Laura's existence, the least selfish reason that I can advance for our marriage is recognised by us both. But I may be wrong in my conviction; other means of achieving our purpose may be in our power, which are less uncertain and less dangerous. I have searched anxiously, in my own mind, for those means—and I have not found them. Have you?"

"No. I have thought about it, too, and thought in vain."

"In all likelihood," I continued, "the same questions have occurred to you, in considering this difficult subject, which have occurred to me. Ought we to return with her to Limmeridge, now that she is like herself again, and trust to the recognition of her by the people of the village, or by the children at the school? Ought we to appeal to the practical test of her handwriting? Suppose we did so. Suppose the recognition of her obtained, and the identity of the handwriting established. Would success in both those cases do more than supply an excellent foundation for a trial in a court of law? Would the recognition and the handwriting prove her identity to Mr. Fairlie and take her back to Limmeridge House, against the evidence of her aunt, against the evidence of the medical certificate, against the fact of the funeral and the fact of the inscription on the tomb? No! We could only hope to succeed in throwing a serious doubt on the assertion of her death—a doubt which nothing short of a legal inquiry can settle. I will assume that we possess (what we have certainly not got) money enough to carry this inquiry on through all its stages. I will assume that Mr. Fairlie's prejudices might be reasoned away; that the false testimony of the Count and his wife, and all the rest of the false testimony, might be confuted; that the recognition could not possibly be ascribed to a mistake between Laura and Anne Catherick, or the handwriting be declared by our enemies to be a clever fraud—all these are assumptions which, more or less, set plain probabilities at defiance, but let them pass—and let us ask ourselves what would be the first consequence of the first questions put to Laura herself on the subject of the conspiracy. We know only too

well what the consequence would be—for we know that she has never recovered her memory of what happened to her in London. Examine her privately, or examine her publicly, she is utterly incapable of assisting the assertion of her own case. If you don't see this, Marian, as plainly as I see it, we will go to Limmeridge and try the experiment, to-morrow."

"I *do* see it, Walter. Even if we had the means of paying all the law expenses, even if we succeeded in the end, the delays would be unendurable; the perpetual suspense, after what we have suffered already, would be heart-breaking. You are right about the hopelessness of going to Limmeridge. I wish I could feel sure that you are right also in determining to try that last chance with the Count. *Is* it a chance at all?"

"Beyond a doubt, Yes. It is the chance of recovering the lost date of Laura's journey to London. Without returning to the reasons I gave you some time since, I am still as firmly persuaded as ever, that there is a discrepancy between the date of that journey and the date on the certificate of death. There lies the weak point of the whole conspiracy—it crumbles to pieces if we attack it in that way; and the means of attacking it are in possession of the Count——"

"Not in his possession only!" Marian eagerly interposed. "Surely, Walter, we have both of us overlooked, in the strangest manner, the letter which Laura wrote to Mrs. Vesey, and which Mrs. Michelson posted, from Blackwater Park? Even if there is no date to the letter (which is only too probable), the post-mark would help us."

"*I* remembered the letter, Marian—though, in the press of other anxieties and other disappointments on my mind, I may have omitted to tell you about it, at the time. When I went to Mrs. Vesey's to inquire if Laura had really slept there, and when I heard that she had never been near the house, I asked for her letter from Blackwater Park. The letter was given to me—but the envelope was lost. It had been thrown into the waste-paper basket, and long since destroyed."

"Was there no date to the letter?"

"None. Not even the day of the week was mentioned. You can judge for yourself. I have the letter in my pocket-book, with the other papers which I always keep about me. Look. She only writes these few lines:—'Dearest Mrs. Vesey, I am in sad distress and anxiety, and I may come to your house to-morrow night and ask for a bed. I can't tell you what is the matter in this letter—I write it in such fear of being found out that I can fix my mind on nothing. Pray be at home to see me. I will give you a thousand kisses, and tell you everything. Your affectionate Laura.' What help is there in those lines? None. I say it again, the last means left of attacking the conspiracy by recovering the lost date are in the possession of the Count. If I succeed in wresting them from him, the object of your life and mine is fulfilled. If I fail, the wrong that Laura has suffered, will, in this world, never be redressed."

"Do you fear failure, yourself, Walter?"

"I dare not anticipate success; and, for that very reason, Marian, I speak openly and plainly, as I have spoken now. In my heart and my conscience, I can say it—Laura's hopes for the future are at their lowest ebb. I know that her fortune is gone; I know that the last chance of restoring her to her place in the world lies at the mercy of her worst enemy, of a man who is now absolutely unassailable, and who may remain unassailable to the end. With every worldly advantage gone from her; with all prospect of recovering her rank and station more than doubtful; with no clearer future before her than the future which her husband can provide—the poor drawing-master may harmlessly open his heart at last. In the days of her prosperity, Marian, I was only the teacher who guided her hand—I ask for it, in her adversity, as the hand of my wife!"

Marian's eyes met mine affectionately—I could say no more. My heart was full, my lips were trembling. In spite of myself, I was in danger of appealing to her pity. I got up to leave the room. She rose at the same moment, laid her hand gently on my shoulder, and stopped me.

"Walter!" she said, "I once parted you both, for your good and for hers. Wait here, my Brother!—wait, my dearest, best friend, till Laura comes, and tells you what I have done now!"

For the first time since the farewell morning at Limmeridge, she touched my forehead with her lips. A tear dropped on my face, as she kissed me. She turned quickly, pointed to the chair from which I had risen, and left the room.

I sat down alone at the window, to wait through the crisis of my life. My mind, in that breathless interval, felt like a total blank. I was conscious of nothing but a painful intensity of all familiar perceptions. The sun grew blinding bright; the white sea birds chasing each other far beyond me, seemed to be flitting before my face; the mellow murmur of the waves on the beach was like thunder in my ears.

The door opened; and Laura came in alone. So she had entered the breakfast-room at Limmeridge House, on the morning when we parted. Slowly and falteringly, in sorrow and in hesitation, she had once approached me. Now, she came with the haste of happiness in her feet, with the light of happiness radiant in her face. Of their own accord, those dear arms clasped themselves round me; of their own accord, the sweet lips came to meet mine. "My darling!" she whispered, "we may own we love each other, now!" Her head nestled with a tender contentedness on my bosom. "Oh," she said, innocently, "I am so happy at last!"

Ten days later, we were happier still. We were married.

II.

The course of this narrative, steadily flowing

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on, bears me away from the morning-time of our married life, and carries me forward to the End.

In a fortnight more we three were back in London; and the shadow was stealing over us of the struggle to come.

Marian and I were careful to keep Laura in ignorance of the cause that had hurried us back—the necessity of making sure of the Count. It was now the beginning of May, and his term of occupation at the house in Forest-road expired in June. If he renewed it (and I had reasons, shortly to be mentioned, for anticipating that he would), I might be certain of his not escaping me. But, if by any chance he disappointed my expectations, and left the country—then, I had no time to lose in arming myself to meet him as I best might.

In the first fulness of my new happiness, there had been moments when my resolution faltered—moments, when I was tempted to be safely content, now that the dearest aspiration of my life was fulfilled in the possession of Laura's love. For the first time, I thought faint-heartedly of the greatness of the risk; of the adverse chances arrayed against me; of the fair promise of our new lives, and of the peril in which I might place the happiness which we had so hardly earned. Yes! let me own it honestly. For a brief time, I wandered, in the sweet guiding of love, far from the purpose to which I had been true, under sterner discipline and in darker days. Innocently, Laura had tempted me aside from the hard path—innocently, she was destined to lead me back again. At times, dreams of the terrible past still disconnectedly recalled to her, in the mystery of sleep, the events of which her waking memory had lost all trace. One night (barely two weeks after our marriage), when I was watching her at rest, I saw the tears come slowly through her closed eyelids, I heard the faint murmuring words escape her which told me that her spirit was back again on the fatal journey from Blackwater Park. That unconscious appeal, so touching and so awful in the sacredness of her sleep, ran through me like fire. The next day was the day we came back to London—the day when my resolution returned to me with tenfold strength.

The first necessity was to know something of the man. Thus far, the true story of his life was an impenetrable mystery to me.

I began with such scanty sources of information as were at my own disposal. The important narrative written by Mr. Frederick Fairlie (which Marian had obtained by following the directions I had given to her in the winter) proved to be of no service to the special object with which I now looked at it. While reading it, I reconsidered the disclosure revealed to me by Mrs. Clements, of the series of deceptions which had brought Anne Catherick to London, and which had there devoted her to the interests of the conspiracy. Here, again, the Count had not openly committed himself; here again, he was, to all practical purpose, out of my reach.

I next returned to Marian's journal at Blackwater Park. At my request she read to me again a passage which referred to her past curiosity about the Count, and to the few particulars which she had discovered relating to him.

The passage to which I allude occurs in that part of her journal which delineates his character and his personal appearance. She describes him as "not having crossed the frontiers of his native country for years past"—as "anxious to know if any Italian gentlemen were settled in the nearest town to Blackwater Park"—as "receiving letters with all sorts of odd stamps on them, and one with a large, official-looking seal on it." She is inclined to consider that his long absence from his native country may be accounted for by assuming that he is a political exile. But she is, on the other hand, unable to reconcile this idea with his reception of the letter from abroad, bearing "the large official-looking seal"—letters from the Continent addressed to political exiles being usually the last to court attention from foreign post-offices in that way.

The considerations thus presented to me in the diary, joined to certain surmises of my own that grew out of them, suggested a conclusion which I wondered I had not arrived at before. I now said to myself—what Laura had once said to Marian at Blackwater Park; what Madame Fosco had overheard by listening at the door—the Count is a Spy!

Laura had applied the word to him at hazard, in natural anger at his proceedings towards herself. *I* applied it to him, with the deliberate conviction that his vocation in life was the vocation of a Spy. On this assumption, the reason for his extraordinary stay in England, so long after the objects of the conspiracy had been gained, became, to my mind, quite intelligible.

The year of which I am now writing, was the year of the famous Crystal Palace Exhibition in Hyde Park. Foreigners, in unusually large numbers, had arrived already, and were still arriving, in England. Men were among us, by thousands, whom the ceaseless distrustfulness of their governments had followed privately, by means of appointed agents, to our shores. My surmises did not for a moment class a man of the Count's abilities and social position with the ordinary rank and file of foreign spies. I suspected him of holding a position of authority, of being entrusted, by the government which he secretly served, with the organisation and management of agents specially employed in this country, both men and women; and I believed Mrs. Rubelle, who had been so opportunely found to act as nurse at Blackwater Park, to be, in all probability, one of the number.

Assuming that this idea of mine had a foundation in truth, the position of the Count might prove to be more assailable than I had hitherto ventured to hope. To whom could I apply to know something more of the man's history, and of the man himself, than I knew now?

In this emergency, it naturally occurred to my mind that a countryman of his own, on

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whom I could rely, might be the fittest person to help me. The first man whom I thought of, under these circumstances, was also the only Italian with whom I was intimately acquainted —my quaint little friend, Professor Pesca.

The Professor has been so long absent from these pages, that he has run some risk of being forgotten altogether. It is the necessary law of such a story as mine, that the persons concerned in it only appear when the course of events takes them up—they come and go, not by favour of my personal partiality, but by right of their direct connexion with the circumstances to be detailed. For this reason, not Pesca only, but my mother and sister as well, have been left far in the background of the narrative. My visits to the Hampstead cottage; my mother's lamentable belief in the denial of Laura's identity which the conspiracy had accomplished; my vain efforts to overcome the prejudice, on her part and on my sister's, to which, in their jealous affection for me, they both continued to adhere; the painful necessity which that prejudice imposed on me of concealing my marriage from them till they had learnt to do justice to my wife—all these little domestic occurrences have been left unrecorded, because they were not essential to the main interest of the story. It is nothing that they added to my anxieties and embittered my disappointments — the steady march of events has inexorably passed them by.

For the same reason, I have said nothing, here, of the consolation that I found in Pesca's brotherly affection for me, when I saw him again after the sudden cessation of my residence at Limmeridge House. I have not recorded the fidelity with which my warm-hearted little friend followed me to the place of embarkation, when I sailed for Central America, or the noisy transport of joy with which he received me when we next met in London. If I had felt justified in accepting the offers of service which he made to me, on my return, he would have appeared again, long ere this. But, though I knew that his honour and his courage were to be implicitly relied on, I was not so sure that his discretion was to be trusted; and, for that reason only, I followed the course of all my inquiries alone. It will now be sufficiently understood that Pesca was not separated from all connexion with me and my interests, although he has hitherto been separated from all connexion with the progress of this narrative. He was as true and as ready a friend of mine still, as ever he had been in his life.

Before I summoned Pesca to my assistance, it was necessary to see for myself what sort of man I had to deal with. Up to this time, I had never once set eyes on Count Fosco.

Three days after my return with Laura and Marian to London, I set forth alone for Forest-road, St. John's Wood, between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning. It was a fine day—I had some hours to spare—and I thought it likely, if I waited a little for him, that the Count might be tempted out. I had no great reason to fear the chance of his recognising me in the day-time, for the only occasion when I had been seen by him was the occasion on which he had followed me home at night.

No one appeared at the windows in the front of the house. I walked down a turning which ran past the side of it, and looked over the low garden wall. One of the back windows on the lower floor was thrown up, and a net was stretched across the opening. I saw nobody; but I heard, in the room, first a shrill whistling and singing of birds—then, the deep ringing voice which Marian's description had made familiar to me. "Come out on my little finger, my pret-pret-pretties!" cried the voice. "Come out, and hop up-stairs! One, two, three—and up! Three, two, one—and down! One, two, three—twit-twit-twit-tweet!" The Count was exercising his canaries, as he used to exercise them in Marian's time, at Blackwater Park.

I waited a little while, and the singing and the whistling ceased. "Come, kiss me, my pretties!" said the deep voice. There was a responsive twittering and chirping—a low, oily laugh—a silence of a minute or so—and then I heard the opening of the house door. I turned, and retraced my steps. The magnificent melody of the Prayer in Rossini's "Moses," sung in a sonorous bass voice, rose grandly through the suburban silence of the place. The front garden gate opened and closed. The Count had come out.

He crossed the road, and walked towards the western boundary of the Regent's Park. I kept on my own side of the way, a little behind him, and walked in that direction also.

Marian had prepared me for his high stature, his monstrous corpulence, and his ostentatious mourning garments—but not for the horrible freshness and cheerfulness and vitality of the man. He carried his sixty years as if they had been fewer than forty. He sauntered along, wearing his hat a little on one side, with a light jaunty step; swinging his big stick; humming to himself; looking up, from time to time, at the houses and gardens on either side of him, with superb, smiling patronage. If a stranger had been told that the whole neighbourhood belonged to him, that stranger would not have been surprised to hear it. He never looked back: he paid no apparent attention to me, no apparent attention to any one who passed him on his own side of the road—except, now and then, when he smiled and smirked, with an easy, paternal good humour, at the nurserymaids and the children whom he met. In this way, he led me on, till we reached a colony of shops outside the western terraces of the Park.

Here, he stopped at a pastrycook's, went in (probably to give an order), and came out again immediately with a tart in his hand. An Italian was grinding an organ before the shop, and a miserable little shrivelled monkey was sitting on the instrument. The Count stopped; bit a piece for himself out of the tart; and gravely handed the rest to the monkey. "My poor little man!"

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he said, with grotesque tenderness; "you look hungry. In the sacred name of humanity, I offer you some lunch!" The organ-grinder piteously put in his claim to a penny from the benevolent stranger. The Count shrugged his shoulders contemptuously—and passed on.

We reached the streets and the better class of shops, between the New-road and Oxford-street. The Count stopped again, and entered a small optician's shop, with an inscription in the window, announcing that repairs were neatly executed inside. He came out again, with an opera-glass in his hand; walked a few paces on; and stopped to look at a bill of the Opera, placed outside a music-seller's shop. He read the bill attentively, considered a moment, and then hailed an empty cab as it passed him. "Opera-box-office," he said to the man—and was driven away.

I crossed the road, and looked at the bill in my turn. The performance announced was "Lucrezia Borgia," and it was to take place that evening. The opera-glass in the Count's hand, his careful reading of the bill, and his direction to the cabman, all suggested that he proposed making one of the audience. I had the means of getting an admission for myself and a friend, to the pit, by applying to one of the scene-painters attached to the theatre, with whom I had been well acquainted in past times. There was a chance, at least, that the Count might be easily visible among the audience, to me, and to any one with me; and, in this case, I had the means of ascertaining whether Pesca knew his countryman, or not, that very night.

This consideration at once decided the disposal of my evening. I procured the tickets, leaving a note at the Professor's lodgings on the way. At a quarter to eight, I called to take him with me to the theatre. My little friend was in a state of the highest excitement, with a festive flower in his button-hole, and the largest opera-glass I ever saw hugged up under his arm.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

"Right-all-right," said Pesca.

We started for the theatre.

III.

The last notes of the introduction to the opera were being played, and the seats in the pit were all filled, when Pesca and I reached the theatre.

There was plenty of room, however, in the passage that ran round the pit, which was precisely the position best calculated to answer the purpose for which I was attending the performance. I went first to the barrier separating us from the stalls; and looked for the Count in that part of the theatre. He was not there. Returning along the passage, on the left hand side from the stage, and looking about me attentively, I discovered him in the pit. He occupied an excellent place, some twelve or fourteen seats from the end of a bench, within three rows of the stalls. I placed myself exactly on a line with him; Pesca standing by my side. The Professor was not yet aware of the purpose for which I had brought him to the theatre, and he was rather surprised that we did not move nearer to the stage.

The curtain rose, and the opera began.

Throughout the whole of the first act, we remained in our position; the Count, absorbed by the orchestra and the stage, never casting so much as a chance glance at us. Not a note of Donizetti's delicious music was lost on him. There he sat, high above his neighbours, smiling, and nodding his great head enjoyingly, from time to time. When the people near him applauded the close of an air (as an English audience in such circumstances always *will* applaud), without the least consideration for the orchestral movement which immediately followed it, he looked round at them with an expression of compassionate remonstrance, and held up one hand with a gesture of polite entreaty. At the more refined passages of the singing, at the more delicate phrases of the music, which passed unapplauded by others, his fat hands adorned with perfectly-fitting black kid gloves, softly patted each other, in token of the cultivated appreciation of a musical man. At such times, his oily murmur of approval, "Bravo! Bra-a-a-a!" hummed through the silence, like the purring of a great cat. His immediate neighbours on either side—hearty, ruddy-faced people from the country, basking amazedly in the sunshine of fashionable London—seeing and hearing him, began to follow his lead. Many a burst of applause from the pit, that night, started from the soft, comfortable patting of the black-gloved hands. The man's voracious vanity devoured this implied tribute to his local and critical supremacy, with an appearance of the highest relish. Smiles rippled continuously over his fat face. He looked about him, at the pauses in the music, serenely satisfied with himself and his fellow-creatures. "Yes! yes! these barbarous English people are learning something from ME. Here, there, and everywhere, I—Fosco—am an Influence that is felt, a Man who sits supreme!" If ever face spoke, his face spoke then—and that was its language.

The curtain fell on the first act; and the audience rose to look about them. This was the time I had waited for—the time to try if Pesca knew him.

He rose with the rest, and surveyed the occupants of the boxes grandly with his opera-glass. At first, his back was towards us; but he turned round, in time, to our side of the theatre, and looked at the boxes above us; using his glass for a few minutes—then removing it, but still continuing to look up. This was the moment I chose, when his full face was in view, for directing Pesca's attention to him.

"Do you know that man?" I asked.

"Which man, my friend?"

"The tall, fat man, standing there, with his face towards us."

Pesca raised himself on tiptoe, and looked at the Count.

"No," said the Professor. "The big fat man

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is a stranger to me. Is he famous? Why do you point him out?"

"Because I have particular reasons for wishing to know something of him. He is a countryman of yours; his name is Count Fosco. Do you know that name?"

"Not I, Walter. Neither the name nor the man is known to me."

"Are you quite sure you don't recognise him? Look again; look carefully. I will tell you why I am so anxious about it, when we leave the theatre. Stop! let me help you up here, where you can see him better."

I helped the little man to perch himself on the edge of the raised dais upon which the pit-seats were all placed. Here, his small stature was no hindrance to him; here, he could see over the heads of the ladies who were seated near the outermost part of the bench. A slim, light-haired man, standing by us, whom I had not noticed before—a man with a scar on his left cheek—looked attentively at Pesca as I helped him up, and then looked still more attentively, following the direction of Pesca's eyes, at the Count. Our conversation might have reached his ears, and might, as it struck me, have roused his curiosity.

Meanwhile, Pesca fixed his eyes earnestly on the broad, full, smiling face, turned a little upward, exactly opposite to him.

"No," he said; "I have never set my two eyes on that big fat man before, in all my life."

As he spoke, the Count looked downwards towards the boxes behind us on the pit tier.

The eyes of the two Italians met.

The instant before, I had been perfectly satisfied, from his own reiterated assertion, that Pesca did not know the Count. The instant afterwards, I was equally certain that the Count knew Pesca!

Knew him; and—more surprising still—*feared* him as well! There was no mistaking the change that passed over the villain's face. The leaden hue that altered his yellow complexion in a moment, the sudden rigidity of all his features, the furtive scrutiny of his cold grey eyes, the motionless stillness of him from head to foot, told their own tale. A mortal dread had mastered him, body and soul—and his own recognition of Pesca was the cause of it!

The slim man, with the scar on his cheek, was still close by us. He had apparently drawn his inference from the effect produced on the Count by the sight of Pesca, as I had drawn mine. He was a mild gentlemanlike man, looking like a foreigner; and his interest in our proceedings was not expressed in anything approaching to an offensive manner.

For my own part, I was so startled by the change in the Count's face, so astounded at the entirely unexpected turn which events had taken, that I knew neither what to say or do next. Pesca roused me by stepping back to his former place at my side, and speaking first.

"How the fat man stares!" he exclaimed. "Is it at *me?* Am *I* famous? How can he know me, when I don't know him?"

I kept my eye still on the Count. I saw him move for the first time when Pesca moved, so as not to lose sight of the little man, in the lower position in which he now stood. I was curious to see what would happen, if Pesca's attention, under these circumstances, was withdrawn from him; and I accordingly asked the Professor if he recognised any of his pupils, that evening, among the ladies in the boxes. Pesca immediately raised the large opera glass to his eyes, and moved it slowly all round the upper part of the theatre, searching for his pupils with the most conscientious scrutiny.

The moment he showed himself to be thus engaged, the Count turned round; slipped past the persons who occupied seats on the farther side of him from where we stood; and disappeared in the middle passage down the centre of the pit. I caught Pesca by the arm; and, to his inexpressible astonishment, hurried him round with me to the back of the pit, to intercept the Count before he could get to the door. Somewhat to my surprise, the slim man hastened out before us, avoiding a stoppage caused by some people on our side of the pit leaving their places, by which Pesca and myself were delayed. When we reached the lobby the Count had disappeared—and the foreigner with the scar was gone too.

"Come home," I said; "come home, Pesca, to your lodgings. I must speak to you in private—I must speak directly."

"My-soul-bless-my-soul!" cried the Professor, in a state of the extremest bewilderment. "What on earth is the matter?"

I walked on rapidly, without answering. The circumstances under which the Count had left the theatre suggested to me that his extraordinary anxiety to escape Pesca might carry him to further extremities still. He might escape *me*, too, by leaving London. I doubted the future, if I allowed him so much as a day's freedom to act as he pleased. And I doubted that foreign stranger who had got the start of us, and whom I suspected of intentionally following him out.

With this double distrust in my mind, I was not long in making Pesca understand what I wanted. As soon as we two were alone in his room, I increased his confusion and amazement a hundredfold by telling him what my purpose was, as plainly and unreservedly as I have acknowledged it here.

"My friend, what can I do?" cried the Professor, piteously appealing to me with both hands. "Deuce-what-the-deuce! how can I help you, Walter, when I don't know the man?"

"*He* knows *you*—he is afraid of you—he has left the theatre to escape you. Pesca! there must be a reason for this. Look back into your own life, before you came to England. You left Italy, as you have told me yourself, for political reasons. You have never mentioned those reasons to me; and I don't inquire into them, now. I only ask you to consult your own recollections, and to say if they suggest no past cause for the terror which the first sight of you produced in that man."

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To my unutterable surprise, these words, harmless as they appeared to *me*, produced the same astounding effect on Pesca which the sight of Pesca had produced on the Count. The rosy face of my little friend whitened in an instant; and he drew back from me slowly, trembling from head to foot.

"Walter!" he said. "You don't know what you ask."

He spoke in a whisper—he looked at me as if I had suddenly revealed to him some hidden danger to both of us. In less than one minute of time, he was so altered from the easy, lively, quaint little man of all my past experience, that if I had met him in the street, changed as I saw him now, I should most certainly not have known him again.

"Forgive me, if I have unintentionally pained and shocked you," I replied. "Remember the cruel wrong my wife has suffered at Count Fosco's hands. Remember that the wrong can never be redressed, unless the means are in my power of forcing him to do her justice. I spoke in *her* interests, Pesca—I ask you again to forgive me—I can say no more."

I rose to go. He stopped me before I reached the door.

"Wait," he said. "You have shaken me from head to foot. You don't know how I left my country, and why I left my country. Let me compose myself—let me think, if I can."

I returned to my chair. He walked up and down the room, talking to himself incoherently in his own language. After several turns backwards and forwards, he suddenly came up to me, and laid his little hands with a strange tenderness and solemnity on my breast.

"On your heart and soul, Walter," he said, "is there no other way to get to that man but the chance-way through *me*?"

"There is no other way," I answered.

He left me again; opened the door of the room and looked out cautiously into the passage; closed it once more; and came back.

"You won your right over me, Walter," he said, "on the day when you saved my life. It was yours from that moment, when you pleased to take it. Take it now. Yes! I mean what I say. My next words, as true as the good God is above us, will put my life into your hands."

The trembling earnestness with which he uttered this extraordinary warning, carried with it to my mind the conviction that he spoke the truth.

"Mind this!" he went on, shaking his hands at me in the vehemence of his agitation. "I hold no thread, in my own mind, between that man, Fosco, and the past time which I call back to me, for your sake. If *you* find the thread, keep it to yourself—tell me nothing—on my knees, I beg and pray, let me be ignorant, let me be innocent, let me be blind to all the future, as I am now!"

He said a few words more, hesitatingly and disconnectedly—then stopped again.

I saw that the effort of expressing himself in English, on an occasion too serious to permit him the use of the quaint turns and phrases of his ordinary vocabulary, was painfully increasing the difficulty he had felt from the first in speaking to me at all. Having learnt to read and understand his native language (though not to speak it), in the earlier days of our intimate companionship, I now suggested to him that he should express himself in Italian, while I used English in putting any questions which might be necessary to my enlightenment. He accepted the proposal. In his own smooth-flowing language—spoken with a vehement agitation which betrayed itself in the perpetual working of his features, in the wildness and the suddenness of his foreign gesticulations, but never in the raising of his voice—I now heard the words which armed me to meet the last struggle that is left for this story to record.*

"You know nothing of my motive for leaving Italy," he began, "except that it was for political reasons. If I had been driven to this country by the persecution of my government, I should not have kept those reasons a secret from you or from any one. I have concealed them because no government authority has pronounced the sentence of my exile. You have heard, Walter, of the political Societies that are hidden in every great city on the continent of Europe? To one of those Societies I belonged in Italy—and belong still, in England. When I came to this country, I came by the direction of my Chief. I was over-zealous, in my younger time; I ran the risk of compromising myself and others. For those reasons, I was ordered to emigrate to England, and to wait. I emigrated—I have waited—I wait, still. To-morrow, I may be called away: ten years hence, I may be called away. It is all one to me—I am here, I support myself by teaching, and I wait. I violate no oath (you shall hear why presently) in making my confidence complete by telling you the name of the Society to which I belong. All I do is to put my life in your hands. If what I say to you now is ever known by others to have passed my lips, as certainly as we two sit here, I am a dead man."

He whispered the next words in my ear. I keep the secret which he thus communicated. The Society to which he belonged, will be sufficiently individualised for the purpose of these pages, if I call it "The Brotherhood," on the few occasions when any reference to the subject will be needed in this place.

"The object of the Brotherhood," Pesca went on, "is, briefly, the object of other political societies of the same sort—the destruction of tyranny, and the assertion of the rights of the people. The principles of the Brotherhood are two. So long as a man's life is useful, or even harmless only, he has the right to enjoy it. But,

* It is only right to mention, here, that I repeat Pesca's statement to me, with the careful suppressions and alterations which the serious nature of the subject and my own sense of duty to my friend demand. My first and last concealments from the reader are those which caution renders absolutely necessary in this portion of the narrative.

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if his life inflicts injury on the well-being of his fellow-men, from that moment he forfeits the right, and it is not only no crime but a positive merit to deprive him of it. It is not for me to say in what frightful circumstances of oppression and suffering this Society took its rise. It is not for you to say—you Englishmen, who have conquered your freedom so long ago, that you have conveniently forgotten what blood you shed, and what extremities you proceeded to in the conquering—it is not for *you* to say how far the worst of all exasperations may, or may not, carry the maddened men of an enslaved nation. The iron that has entered into our souls has gone too deep for *you* to find it. Leave the refugee alone! Laugh at him, distrust him, open your eyes in wonder at that secret self which smoulders in him, sometimes under the every-day respectability and tranquillity of a man like me; sometimes under the grinding poverty, the fierce squalor, of men less lucky, less pliable, less patient than I am—but judge us not! In the time of your first Charles you might have done us justice; the long luxury of your own freedom has made you incapable of doing us justice now."

All the deepest feelings of his nature seemed to force themselves to the surface in those words; all his heart was poured out to me, for the first time in our lives—but still, his voice never rose; still his dread of the terrible revelation he was making to me, never left him.

"So far," he resumed, "you think the Society like other Societies. Its object (in your English opinion) is anarchy and revolution. It takes the life of a bad King or a bad Minister, as if the one and the other were dangerous wild beasts to be shot at the first opportunity. I grant you this. But the laws of the Brotherhood are the laws of no other political society on the face of the earth. The members are not known to one another. There is a President in Italy; there are Presidents abroad. Each of these has his Secretary. The Presidents and the Secretaries know the members; but the members, among themselves, are all strangers, until their Chiefs see fit, in the political necessity of the time, or in the private necessity of the society, to make them known to each other. With such a safeguard as this, there is no oath among us on admittance. We are identified with the Brotherhood by a secret mark, which we all bear, which lasts while our lives last. We are told to go about our ordinary business, and to report ourselves to the President, or the Secretary, four times a year, in the event of our services being required. We are warned, if we betray the Brotherhood, or if we injure it by serving other interests, that we die by the principles of the Brotherhood—die by the hand of a stranger who may be sent from the other end of the world to strike the blow—or by the hand of our own bosom-friend, who may have been a member unknown to us through all the years of our intimacy. Sometimes, the death is delayed; sometimes, it follows close on the treachery. It is our first business to know how to wait—our second business to know how to obey when the word is spoken. Some of us may wait our lives through, and may not be wanted. Some of us may be called to the work, or to the preparation for the work, the very day of our admission. I myself—the little, easy, cheerful man you know, who, of his own accord, would hardly lift up his handkerchief to strike down the fly that buzzes about his face—I, in my younger time, under provocation so dreadful that I will not tell you of it, entered the Brotherhood by an impulse, as I might have killed myself by an impulse. I must remain in it, now—it has got me, whatever I may think of it in my better circumstances and my cooler manhood, to my dying day. While I was still in Italy, I was chosen Secretary; and all the members of that time, who were brought face to face with my President, were brought face to face also with *me*."

I began to understand him; I saw the end towards which his extraordinary disclosure was now tending. He waited a moment, watching me earnestly—watching, till he had evidently guessed what was passing in my mind, before he resumed.

"You have drawn your own conclusion already," he said. "I see it in your face. Tell me nothing; keep me out of the secret of your thoughts. Let me make my one last sacrifice of myself, for your sake—and then have done with this subject, never to return to it again."

He signed to me not to answer him—rose—removed his coat—and rolled up the shirt-sleeve on his left arm.

"I promised you that this confidence should be complete," he whispered, speaking close at my ear, with his eyes looking watchfully at the door. "Whatever comes of it, you shall not reproach me with having hidden anything from you which it was necessary to your interests to know. I have said that the Brotherhood identifies its members by a mark that lasts for life. See the place, and the mark on it, for yourself."

He raised his bare arm, and showed me, high on the upper part of it and on the inner side, a brand deeply burnt in the flesh and stained of a bright blood-red colour. I abstain from describing the device which the brand represented. It will be sufficient to say that it was circular in form, and so small that it would have been completely covered by a shilling coin.

"A man who has this mark, branded in this place," he said, covering his arm again, "is a member of the Brotherhood. A man who has been false to the Brotherhood is discovered, sooner or later, by the Chiefs who know him—Presidents or Secretaries, as the case may be. And a man discovered by the Chiefs is dead. *No human laws can protect him.* Remember what you have seen and heard; draw what conclusions you like; act as you please. But, in the name of God, whatever you discover, whatever you do, tell me nothing! Let me remain free from a responsibility which it horrifies me to think of—which I know, in my conscience, is not *my* responsibility, now. For the last time,

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I say it—on my honour as a gentleman, on my oath as a Christian, if the man you pointed out at the Opera knows *me*, he is so altered, or so disguised, that I do not know *him*. I am ignorant of his proceedings or his purposes in England—I never saw him, I never heard his name, to my knowledge, before to-night. I say no more. Leave me a little, Walter: I am overpowered by what has happened; I am shaken by what I have said. Let me try to be like myself again, when we meet next."

He dropped into a chair; and, turning away from me, hid his face in his hands. I gently opened the door, so as not to disturb him—and spoke my few parting words in low tones, which he might hear or not, as he pleased.

"I will keep the memory of to-night in my heart of hearts," I said. "You shall never repent the trust you have reposed in me. May I come to you to-morrow? May I come as early as nine o'clock?"

"Yes, Walter," he replied, looking up at me kindly, and speaking in English once more, as if his one anxiety, now, was to get back to our former relations towards each other. "Come to my little bit of breakfast, before I go my ways among the pupils that I teach."

"Good night, Pesca."

"Good night, my friend."

TRIBES AND TONGUES.

It was the fancy of past generations to derive all languages from one common root, all races from one aboriginal man and woman. Then came sundry subdivisions, whose origin remained utterly unexplained, of which the great distinctions were white, yellow, red, brown, and black men, with skulls characteristic of each. As to idioms, a few were deemed the source and origin of all the rest.

Has such a theory any foundation in truth? Will it be confirmed by observation, by tradition, by history? Assuredly not. The better we are enabled to investigate through the past the means by which man holds, or has held, intercourse with man, the more varied, the less resembling one another, will the instruments of that intercourse be found. The tendency of time, of commerce and of civilisation is not to separate languages into many, but to fuse them into one. The languages of knowledge will as assuredly displace and supersede the languages of ignorance, as the superior races dispossess the inferior of their hold upon our common mother earth. The process is, in fact, identical. Imperfect idioms disappear with the beings that employ them; if they contain elements of strength and usefulness, those elements may indeed be preserved in the great transition that is going on. Languages, like other creations, have their progressive developments of improvement, but it is onward from something worse to something better. For ignorance is misty, clouded, complicated and obscure, as are the modes of expression by which it is represented; while knowledge is associated with clearness and simplicity, and conveys to others the lucidity of its own conceptions in the most intelligible, appropriate and acceptable terms. We have not the same means of tracing the mutations of tongues which we possess for marking the different geological eras in the earth's structure, but we know enough and see enough to convince us that the same great law of improvement which is operating slowly and surely on the world of matter, is carrying on its not less important work on the world of mind.

We have not lost, we cannot lose, what antiquity possessed of excellence in the instruments of oral or written communication. The ancient Greek, Latin, Sanscrit and Chinese have left indelible marks on the existing languages of civilisation, but of the hundred, thousand, perhaps ten thousand, jargons which were employed by the rude tribes of remote times, no fragment, no record remains. Of the old Gothic, Scandinavian and Slavonic we find, pervading their derivatives, an impress which represents the better and sounder portions of their earlier forms; but of the idioms disassociated from traditional or historical compositions — from verse, or music, or any other representative of intellectual culture—of these, little or nothing is to be traced, and by them little or nothing could be taught.

The evidence of the very remote civilisation of the Chinese is of the most satisfactory character. Whatever was written in Chinese symbols four thousand years ago is understood now by one third of the human race. How many are there living at the present time who are able to enjoy the original writings of Homer or Herodotus? How many can master a Hebrew text? How many read the Shaster? But those who are now engaged in studying the works of Confucius in the very characters which he employed, may be reckoned by hundreds of millions. Time-changing habits and new necessities have no doubt greatly added to the number of these characters, and the great master, if now living, would not be able to interpret an imperial rescript, nor examine the paper of a modern candidate for literary honours. Yet all that the sage wrote and which is preserved, is intelligible, and is the substructure of the most widely extended influence in the world of letters existing at the present hour.

The fusion of languages is one of the most striking evidences of progression; the absorption of dialects by the Latin, about the Christian era, gave a great impulse to civilisation. It is by superior instruments of intercourse that the more cultivated prevail over the less cultivated races. Imperfect and insufficient idioms are replaced by those which best supply the intellectual wants of society. In these islands the various Celtic dialects, which furnish no adequate expressions for philosophical science, disappear in the presence of our nobler English tongue, with its strong Saxon and Norman roots, which have intertwined themselves with so many classical auxiliaries, its multifarious branches stretching out to seek and find new forms and phrases suited to the progress of

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inquiry and the development of mind. Great Britain—mother country and colonies—will, in a few generations, have but one language. The dialects of France are disappearing; so are those of Italy. German literature is now only represented by the Saxon tongue. The Castilian is driving all the provincial idioms of Spain from the field. The Russian, in the course of centuries, will, probably, alone occupy the Slavonian field. Hundreds upon hundreds of aboriginal tongues have disappeared before the presence of the Saxon and the Spanish races. As the larger water-drops attract, absorb, and combine with the lesser, the languages of commerce and civilisation will, in progress of time, take possession of the whole social field, but rescuing and appropriating whatever is valuable in the instruments of communication they displace. The languages of future ages will be enriched out of the spoils of the present and the past; but of those now spoken the greater part are destined to decay and to disappear.

Little more than a generation has passed since the Adelungs published their Mithridates and the Catalogues of known languages, which amount to several thousand. These are works of great industry, but very incomplete, and altogether insufficient to give a correct idea of the multitudinous forms of speech which have been invented by gregarious man. Imperfect as is the list, many of the idioms of which some account is given are no longer existent.

When the study of language is entered on, the first impulse is to seek resemblances and affinities; but, as the field of observation is extended, one is more and more struck with the wonderful dissimilarities, the absence of links of connexion, the radical differences in words, in grammatical construction, in all that can be said to give to languages their peculiar character. Take any two portions of the globe of which it can be certainly said the inhabitants have never interchanged a thought—take for an example a sentence from the idiom of an aboriginal tribe of central Africa, compare it with one conveying the same meaning from central America, or central Asia, and you will be amazed with the extraordinary unlikeness in the sound, the arrangements, the number of words employed for giving expression to the same idea. What marvellous contrasts between the polysyllabic languages of more than half the world, and the monosyllabic languages of nearly the other half. Explain—but you cannot explain—how some nations revel in words of enormous length, and make every modification of time, place, or circumstance an instrument for adding new elongations to what is already intolerably long, and complicating the complicated with new complications, while in others not a word is to be found exceeding a single syllable.

Not long ago I had an opportunity of watching some of the phases by which the feeble idioms die out, to be replaced by what is stronger and more available for the purposes of daily life. In the Philippine Islands there exist some forty or fifty *vocabularios* of Indian tongues, mostly collected by the friars for facilitating the main object of their missions—the conversion of the heathen to Catholicism. At the present time two native languages, the Tagal and the Bisayan, are gradually invading and absorbing the many native dialects which are or were used among the aboriginal tribes; while the Castilian, which, of course, represents the highest civilisation, is, in its turn, intruding on the Bisayan and the Tagal. It may be laid down as a guiding and positive fact that where there has been no communication between human beings, there will be no resemblance, no affinity, in the various modes by which expression is given to thought or feeling. Non-intercourse makes men alien to one another, by denying to them the means of mutual intercourse. There are in the lower regions of savage life, spoken only by very small groups of mankind, hundreds of idioms of which every century sweeps away the traces. Where wants are few, words will not be many. There are tribes whose numerals only go out as far as one, two, and three, at which point language fails; and *four*, *many*, *incalculable multitudes* are represented by the same word and confounded in the same idea. Where the savage neither cooks his food, but lives solely on wild fruits, roots, or grubs; where he neither clothes nor ornaments his person, but wanders about in primitive nakedness; where he builds for himself no habitation, but, like any other brute animal, seeks shelter in the shades of the forest, or the caves of the mountain, or holes in the ground; where the seasons to his narrow intellect are only represented by the transitions of light and darkness, heat and cold, a very small vocabulary will suffice; but when, either from the visits of neighbours less savage than himself, or his personal wanderings into localities more advanced than his own, something is presented to his senses which becomes an object of desire, that object, which has no name in his own rude jargon, will be represented by the word which he first hears attached to it, and in this simple way the groundwork is laid for the extension of one and the exclusion of another idiom. Again, the savage sees what he had never seen before, the smoking of tobacco. He imitates the smoker—the sensation is pleasurable—a want is awakened. How can he obtain the tobacco? He must give something for it, something that he can himself provide. Then comes the idea of barter, of value. One, two, three, much, many, are insufficient for effecting the exchange; so he finds four, five, six, and so forth, necessary terms, and he learns them, and they become part of his stock of words; but as he finds his own words, one, two, three, &c., will not serve him in his negotiations, he adopts the words of corresponding meaning, which are understood by the seller of the tobacco; and thus it is that similar sounds representing numerals are more widely spread than any other part of the vocabulary. The name *tobacco* is in itself an example of the association of new words with new

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wants; it has found its way, with very slight modifications, into all the languages of Europe, and into many of the Oriental world.

I remember to have heard from Bishop Grégoire (who, during his life, was the object of most cruel and undeserved calumny, and who, since his death, has not been honoured as one so wise and good deserved to be*) that when the first National Assembly met, at the beginning of the Revolution, it was found that of the whole people no more than seven millions spoke or understood the French language, the language of cultivated and literary men. The Bas Breton in Bretagne, the Basque and Béarnais along the Western Pyrenees, the Gascon throughout the regions of the Landes, the Languedocian and Provençal in South-Eastern Gaul, to say nothing of many dialects more confined and local, formed the idioms of the vast majority of the nation. In all the great towns and cities, no doubt, the aristocracy understood and spoke (but often imperfectly) what Chaucer calls the "French of Paris;" Chaucer does not say what was the "French of Stratford atte Bowe," but we may be assured in his days pure Parisian French was of rare acquirement. Attempts have been made to legitimatise the grammar, to revive the literature, to secure the permanence of the provincial dialects of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, but the sentence of extinction is pronounced against them, they move slowly, but most certainly, towards their destined tombs, and, in a few generations, will all be registered among the dead. At the present hour, the number of persons in the French empire who speak the provincial dialects and do not understand French, is not greater than the number of those who half a century ago used classical French as their habitual language. Every now and then a spark of vitality breaks out, generally under poetical inspiration—for France has its Jasmin as Scotland her Burns—and a village bard is borne aloft by provincial enthusiasm; but the field of influence is narrower, and narrowing every day, the number of listeners diminishes hour by hour, and the only hope of immortality must be in some future Raynouard or Fauriel, who may be engaged in literary gleanings up of "things that were" but have ceased to be.

In our own islands, a hundred and fifty years ago, six separate languages were spoken, to say nothing of what are called provincial dialects—six languages so distinct that the speakers of any one of them would be unintelligible to the rest; these were the modern English, the Gaelic, the Erse, the Welsh, the Manx, and the old British, which was only preserved in some parts of Cornwall, but has now wholly disappeared; the last person who spoke it—her name was Dolly Penreath—died at the end of the expired century. At the beginning of the present, the Manx was generally understood through the Isle of Man, and was used in the Church services of many of the districts remote from the larger towns. I believe a Manx sermon is now seldom heard, and though the language is still employed in some official formulæ of the Tynwald (or ancient court) in the same manner as, in our Parliamentary proceedings, la Reine le veult is still the Norman form in which the royal assent is given to an act of Parliament—the ancient idiom of Mona is very near extinction.

The same process is going on with the Welsh. Within the memory of man, it was the language of many market towns, where not a single Cambrian word can now be heard. It is retreating more and more from the busy world to secluded rural districts. Its value, both social and commercial, is constantly diminishing, and it palls in the presence of the sturdier Anglo-Saxon tongue. The difficulty of making it the medium for conveying the advanced knowledge of the time is pretty generally acknowledged. It has brought to literature no valuable contributions of its own. Nothing but curiosity excites an Englishman to study Welsh, while a hundred motives encourage the Welshman to become master of English. For the English opens the door to preferment; it enables the Cymry to start fair with the Sassenach. A Welshman, ignorant of English, will not get into Parliament, he will hardly be made a Justice of the Peace; it may be doubted if he could obtain an appointment as an officer of the excise or customs. The Welshman, like all of the Celtic races, is slow to move, but he moves, notwithstanding. He wrestles against change, but change is too strong even for Cambrian nationality, which is strong in its way, and obstinate into the bargain. How long is the tongue of Taliessin likely to live? The electric telegraph, railways, penny postage, have pronounced its doom. These, and other such mighty ones, repudiate alliances with anything that is backward or retardatory. They are the children of progress, and hold in due reverence their omnipotent sire. Their diplomacy is all carried on in the language of high and advancing civilisation.

There is one mode of dealing with decaying languages which has often succeeded in giving them vitality—persecution. Toleration, emancipation, liberty, conceded to dissenters, brought many of them within the pale of orthodox profession, many who had spurned conformity while non-conformity was visited with disability and disgrace. Pride would not consent to a surrender which implied a recognition of superiority. So a government that wants to give new stamina and firmer roots to a language, had best begin by discouraging, and finish by punishing, those who employ it. The German had been quietly treading on the heels of the Magyar; the Russian had been undermining

* No more energetic, no more persistent, no more eloquent advocate of negro emancipation ever appeared than was the Abbé Grégoire. I do not know what became of the curious library of books which he collected, written by men and women of black African race. They amounted to many hundreds of volumes. When such trouble and expense were employed in gathering together so many specimens of negro intellect, it would be sad to learn that they had been dispersed for the want of some congenial spirit to sympathise with, and carry forward, the good bishop's labour of love.

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the Polish; but the impatience of emperors and tzars could only be satisfied by edicts, whose object was the more speedy extirpation of these national emblems. Then it was that the Hungarian and the Polonian mothers pressed their infants more warmly to their bosoms, and whispered with sweeter and more emphatic eloquence the mother tongue into the ears of the child. This was an influence no despotism could reach, a right against whose exercise no tyranny could avail. The banned languages waxed stronger because they were bathed in the waters of adversity, and the violence with which it was endeavoured to break the bonds only bound and riveted them more tightly and more lastingly.

The current opinions with regard to the origin and dispersion of races and languages are alike unobservant, unphilosophical, and unfounded. It is a sound as well as an ancient doctrine that we ought to reason from the known to the unknown, in other words to build, if possible, our theories upon the solid foundation of knowledge and experience, and not upon the shifting sands of uncertainty or paradox. But, instead of reasoning from the present, which is clear, up to the past, which is obscure, most writers on Tribes and Tongues have chosen to take their departure from the darkness of departed days, and thence, with some preconceived theory—generally a current common-place—to grope their way through twilight into light. If, starting from the fields of observation which now surround us, we would take the torches of present positive knowledge to illuminate the mistiness of "auld lang syne," we should assuredly not so often lose our way in hunting those Wills-o'-the-wisp, which may be amusing enough, but are more treacherous than amusing.

For an example. By far the greatest, the most compact, the most peculiar, the most self-resembling, the most national of all the peoples of the world, is the Chinese people. They comprise certainly more than one-third of the whole human race. We have very lately obtained censuses of the population from independent sources, and we may with tolerable certainty aver that the Chinese empire contains about four hundred and thirteen millions. Surely a little reflection would teach us that such a multitudinous nation was likely to have an origin of its own, to be descended from the aboriginal possessors of the soil, and rather to have given character to, than have received an impress from, the neighbouring nations. We know that at the present hour, tens of thousands —nay, millions—of Chinese migrate to every part of the Oriental world. We find them everywhere in the East, mingling with and modifying the native races, and producing the most marvellous changes in the physical, phrenological and physiognomical character of man. Yet what absurd fancies have been circulated as to the ancient races of China, what they were, and whence they came. The Jesuits would have it that they descended from a Hebrew colony, and that we were to look to Judæa as the cradle of the Chinese people. Sir William Jones believed that they emanated from Hindoo tribes who wandered from India to the Flowery Land. More than one writer insists that they came from the red people of Western America; nay, I have lately seen a speculation that they are of Cambrian origin, a Welsh woman having declared on a visit to Canton that she both understood and was understood by the Chinese people, so many of the words were Welsh. But the most accepted, and the least irrational supposition is, that the Chinese nation has for its ancestry the Manchurian races, who, marching as emigrants, are supposed most naturally to march, towards the rising sun, found the fertile fields of China more attractive than the snowy steppes or the misty mountains of their primitive abodes.

There is no satisfactory authority for any of these surmises. The Tartar tribes, no doubt, Manchus and Moguls, have made their way into China, conquerors in war, settlers in peace. They have established dynasties, possessed themselves of the powers of government, yet they remain from the Chinese multitude nearly as distinguishable and as separate now as at the first moment of their intrusion. In the great cities they occupy separate quarters; scarcely a word of their language has found its way into Chinese conversation or into Chinese books. Their numbers have been calculated at from eight to ten millions. It is probable that much more than half of that estimate have melted into the four hundred millions of the Chinese, having forgotten their own dialects, and lost their distinguishing characteristics. And what we can ascertain to be passing now, we may safely suppose to have occurred in remoter times. History is generally a repetition of itself; and there is profound wisdom in the axiom that there is nothing really new under the sun. The study of what *is*—and we stand on safe ground when engaged in that study—will be our best guide to the knowledge of what *was*.

FAIRIES AND FLOWERS.

CHILDREN who gather common flowers at will,
  And leave them, withering, on the path to lie,
Dream not that sprites, in pain, cling to them still,
  And cannot wander till the moon is high;
When evening's hush is felt on hill and dell,
  The fairies of all flowers round them meet,
And charm the night with tones ineffable,
  And circle o'er the grass with glimmering feet.

The fairies gathered round, with pity view
  The broken flowers lying helplessly,
And trick out the crushed leaves with diamond dew;
  But when the moon is high, the sprites are free.
These, long unhappy, now at freedom set,
  Yet linger for a moment quite forlorn,
Droop o'er their faded flowers with regret,
  Then fly to find new homes before the morn.

Good fairies guard and guide them through the night,
  To waiting buds these lonely sprites they bring,
And to the beauty yet concealed from sight,
  Link them by magic of their wondrous ring;

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The light flows round them with a happy tune,
While the uniting charm is made complete
With hands thrice waved towards the setting moon,
And the buds ope to give us flowers sweet.

HUNTED DOWN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE SECOND.

IV.

FOR six or seven months, I saw no more of Mr. Slinkton. He called once at my house, but I was not at home; and he once asked me to dine with him in the Temple, but I was engaged. His friend's Assurance was effected in March. Late in September or early in October, I was down at Scarborough for a breath of sea air, where I met him on the beach. It was a hot evening; he came towards me with his hat in his hand; and there was the walk I had felt so strongly disinclined to take, in perfect order again, exactly in front of the bridge of my nose.

He was not alone; he had a young lady on his arm. She was dressed in mourning, and I looked at her with great interest. She had the appearance of being extremely delicate, and her face was remarkably pale and melancholy; but she was very pretty. He introduced her, as his niece, Miss Niner.

"Are you strolling, Mr. Sampson? Is it possible you can be idle?"

It *was* possible, and I *was* strolling.

"Shall we stroll together?"

"With pleasure."

The young lady walked between us, and we walked on the cool sea sand in the direction of Filey.

"There have been wheels here," said Mr. Slinkton. "And now I look again, the wheels of a hand-carriage! Margaret, my love, your shadow, without doubt!"

"Miss Niner's shadow?" I repeated, looking down at it on the sand.

"Not that one," Mr. Slinkton returned, laughing. "Margaret, my dear, tell Mr. Sampson."

"Indeed," said the young lady, turning to me, "there is nothing to tell—except that I constantly see the same invalid old gentleman, at all times, wherever I go. I have mentioned it to my uncle, and he calls the gentleman my shadow."

"Does he live in Scarborough?" I asked.

"He is staying here."

"Do you live in Scarborough?"

"No, I am staying here. My uncle has placed me with a family here, for my health."

"And your shadow?" said I, smiling.

"My shadow," she answered, smiling too, "is—like myself—not very robust, I fear; for, I lose my shadow sometimes, as my shadow loses me at other times. We both seem liable to confinement to the house. I have not seen my shadow for days and days; but it does oddly happen, occasionally, that wherever I go, for many days together, this gentleman goes. We have come together in the most unfrequented nooks on this shore."

"Is this he?" said I, pointing before us.

The wheels had swept down to the water's edge, and described a great loop on the sand in turning. Bringing the loop back towards us, and spinning it out as it came, was a hand-carriage drawn by a man.

"Yes," said Miss Niner, "this really is my shadow, uncle!"

As the carriage approached us and we approached the carriage, I saw within it an old man, whose head was sunk on his breast, and who was enveloped in a variety of wrappers. He was drawn by a very quiet but very keen-looking man, with iron-grey hair, who was slightly lame. They had passed us, when the carriage stopped, and the old gentleman within putting out his arm, called to me by my name. I went back, and was absent from Mr. Slinkton and his niece for about five minutes.

When I rejoined them, Mr. Slinkton was the first to speak. Indeed, he said to me in a raised voice before I came up with him: "It is well you have not been longer, or my niece might have died of curiosity to know who her shadow is, Mr. Sampson."

"An old East India Director," said I. "An intimate friend of our friend's at whose house I first had the pleasure of meeting you. A certain Major Banks. You have heard of him?"

"Never."

"Very rich, Miss Niner; but very old, and very crippled. An amiable man—sensible—much interested in you. He has just been expatiating on the affection that he has observed to exist between you and your uncle."

Mr. Slinkton was holding his hat again, and he passed his hand up the straight walk, as if he himself went up it serenely, after me.

"Mr. Sampson," he said, tenderly pressing his niece's arm in his, "our affection was always a strong one, for we have had but few near ties. We have still fewer now. We have associations to bring us together, that are not of this world, Margaret."

"Dear uncle!" murmured the young lady, and turned her face aside to hide her tears.

"My niece and I have such remembrances and regrets in common, Mr. Sampson," he feelingly pursued, "that it would be strange indeed if the relations between us were cold or indifferent. If you remember a conversation you and I once had together, you will understand the reference I make. Cheer up, dear Margaret, Don't droop, don't droop. My Margaret! I cannot bear to see you droop!"

The poor young lady was very much affected, but controlled herself. His feelings, too, were very acute. In a word, he found himself under such great need of a restorative, that he presently went away, to take a bath of sea water; leaving the young lady and me sitting on a point of rock, and probably presuming—but, that, you will say, was a pardonable indulgence in a luxury—that she would praise him with all her heart.

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She did, poor thing. With all her confiding heart, she praised him to me, for his care of her dead sister, and for his untiring devotion in her last illness. The sister had wasted away very slowly, and wild and terrible fantasies had come over her towards the end; but he had never been impatient with her, or at a loss; had always been gentle, watchful, and self-possessed. The sister had known him, and she knew him, to be the best of men, the kindest of men, and yet a man of such admirable strength of character, as to be a very tower for the support of their weak natures while their poor lives endured.

"I shall leave him, Mr. Sampson, very soon," said the young lady; "I know my life is drawing to an end; and when I am gone, I hope he will marry and be happy. I am sure he has lived single so long, only for my sake, and for my poor poor sister's."

The little hand-carriage had made another great loop on the damp sand, and was coming back again, gradually spinning out a slim figure of eight, half a mile long.

"Young lady," said I, looking around, laying my hand upon her arm, and speaking in a low voice; "time presses. You hear the gentle murmur of that sea?"

She looked at me with the utmost wonder and alarm, saying, "Yes!"

"And you know what a voice is in it when the storm comes?"

"Yes!"

"You see how quiet and peaceful it lies before us, and you know what an awful sight of power without pity it might be, this very night?"

"Yes!"

"But if you had never heard or seen it, or heard of it, in its cruelty, could you believe that it beats every inanimate thing in its way to pieces, without mercy, and destroys life without remorse?"

"You terrify me, sir, by these questions!"

"To save you, young lady, to save you! For God's sake, collect your strength and collect your firmness! If you were here alone, and hemmed in by the rising tide on the flow to fifty feet above your head, you could not be in greater danger than the danger you are now to be saved from."

The figure on the sand was spun out, and straggled off into a crooked little jerk that ended at the cliff very near us.

"As I am, before Heaven and the Judge of all mankind, your friend, and your dead sister's friend, I solemnly entreat you, Miss Niner, without one moment's loss of time, to come to this gentleman with me!"

If the little carriage had been less near to us, I doubt if I could have got her away; but, it was so near, that we were there, before she had recovered the hurry of being urged from the rock. I did not remain there with her, two minutes. Certainly within five, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing her—from the point we had sat on, and to which I had returned—half supported and half carried up some rude steps notched in the cliff, by the figure of an active man. With that figure beside her, I knew she was safe anywhere.

I sat alone on the rock, awaiting Mr. Slinkton's return. The twilight was deepening and the shadows were heavy, when he came round the point, with his hat hanging at his button-hole, smoothing his wet hair with one of his hands, and picking out the old path with the other and a pocket-comb.

"My niece not here, Mr. Sampson?" he said, looking about.

"Miss Niner seemed to feel a chill in the air after the sun was down, and has gone home."

He looked surprised, as though she were not accustomed to do anything without him: even to originate so slight a proceeding. "I persuaded Miss Niner," I explained.

"Ah!" said he. "She is easily persuaded—for her good. Thank you, Mr. Sampson; she is better within doors. The bathing-place was further than I thought, to say the truth."

"Miss Niner is very delicate," I observed.

He shook his head and drew a deep sigh. "Very, very, very. You may recollect my saying so? The time that has since intervened, has not strengthened her. The gloomy shadow that fell upon her sister so early in life, seems, in my anxious eyes, to gather over her too, ever darker, ever darker. Dear Margaret, dear Margaret! But we must hope."

The hand-carriage was spinning away before us, at a most indecorous pace for an invalid vehicle, and was making most irregular curves upon the sand. Mr. Slinkton, noticing it after he had put his handkerchief to his eyes, said:

"If I may judge from appearances, your friend will be upset, Mr. Sampson."

"It looks probable, certainly," said I.

"The servant must be drunk."

"The servants of old gentlemen will get drunk sometimes," said I.

"The major draws very light, Mr. Sampson."

"The major does draw light," said I.

By this time, the carriage, much to my relief, was lost in the darkness. We walked on for a little, side by side over the sand, in silence. After a short while he said, in a voice still affected by the emotion that his niece's state of health had awakened in him:

"Do you stay here long, Mr. Sampson?"

"Why, no. I am going away to-night."

"So soon? But, business always holds you in request. Men like Mr. Sampson are too important to others, to be spared to their own need of relaxation and enjoyment."

"I don't know about that," said I. "However, I am going back."

"To London?"

"To London."

"I shall be there too, soon after you."

I knew that, as well as he did. But, I did not tell him so. Any more than I told him what defensive weapon my right hand rested on in my pocket, as I walked by his side. Any more than I told him why I did not walk on the sea-side of him, with the night closing in.

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We left the beach, and our ways diverged. We exchanged Good night, and had parted indeed, when he said, returning:

"Mr. Sampson, *may* I ask? Poor Meltham, whom we spoke of.—Dead yet?"

"Not when I last heard of him; but too broken a man to live long, and hopelessly lost to his old calling."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said he, with great feeling. "Sad, sad, sad! The world is a grave!" And so went his way.

It was not his fault if the world were not a grave; but, I did not call that observation after him, any more than I had mentioned those other things just now enumerated. He went his way, and I went mine with all expedition. This happened, as I have said, either at the end of September or beginning of October. The next time I saw him, and the last time, was late in November.

V.

I HAD a very particular engagement, to breakfast in the Temple. It was a bitter north-easterly morning, and the sleet and slush lay inches deep in the streets. I could get no conveyance, and was soon wet to the knees; but I should have been true to that appointment though I had had to wade to it, up to my neck in the same impediments.

The appointment took me to some chambers in the Temple. They were at the top of a lonely corner house overlooking the river. The name MR. ALFRED BECKWITH was painted on the outer door. On the door opposite, on the same landing, the name MR. JULIUS SLINKTON. The doors of both sets of chambers stood open, so that anything said aloud in one set, could be heard in the other.

I had never been in those chambers before. They were dismal, close, unwholesome, and oppressive; the furniture, originally good, and not yet old, was faded and dirty; the rooms were in great disorder; there was a strong pervading smell of opium, brandy, and tobacco; the grate and fire-irons were splashed all over, with unsightly blotches of rust; and on a sofa by the fire, in the room where breakfast had been prepared, lay the host, Mr. Beckwith: a man with all the appearances upon him of the worst kind of drunkard, very far advanced upon his shameful way to death.

"Slinkton is not come yet," said this creature, staggering up when I went in; "I'll call him. Halloa! Julius Cæsar! Come and drink!" As he hoarsely roared this out, he beat the poker and tongs together in a mad way, as if that were his usual manner of summoning his associate.

The voice of Mr. Slinkton was heard through the clatter, from the opposite side of the staircase, and he came in. He had not expected the pleasure of meeting me. I have seen several artful men brought to a stand, but I never saw a man so aghast as he was when his eyes rested on mine.

"Julius Cæsar," cried Beckwith, staggering between us, "Mist' Sampson! Mist' Sampson, Julius Cæsar! Julius, Mist' Sampson, is the friend of my soul. Julius keeps me plied with liquor, morning, noon, and night. Julius is a real benefactor. Julius threw the tea and coffee out of window when I used to have any. Julius empties all the water jugs of their contents, and fills 'em with spirits. Julius winds me up and keeps me going. Boil the brandy, Julius!"

There was a rusty and furred saucepan in the ashes—the ashes looked like the accumulation of weeks—and Beckwith, rolling and staggering between us as if he were going to plunge headlong into the fire, got the saucepan out, and tried to force it into Slinkton's hand.

"Boil the brandy, Julius Cæsar! Come! Do your usual office. Boil the brandy!"

He became so fierce in his gesticulations with the saucepan, that I expected to see him lay open Slinkton's head with it. I therefore put out my hand to check him. He reeled back to the sofa, and sat there, panting, shaking, and red-eyed, in his rags of dressing-gown, looking at us both. I noticed then, that there was nothing to drink on the table but brandy, and nothing to eat but salted herrings, and a hot, sickly, highly-peppered stew.

"At all events, Mr. Sampson," said Slinkton, offering me the smooth gravel path for the last time, "I thank you for interfering between me and this unfortunate man's violence. However you came here, Mr. Sampson, or with whatever motive you came here, at least I thank you for that."

"Boil the brandy!" muttered Beckwith.

Without gratifying his desire to know how I came there, I said, quietly, "How is your niece, Mr. Slinkton?"

He looked hard at me, and I looked hard at him.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Sampson, that my niece has proved treacherous and ungrateful to her best friend. She left me, without a word of notice or explanation. She was misled, no doubt, by some designing rascal. Perhaps you may have heard of it?"

"I did hear that she was misled by a designing rascal. In fact, I have proof of it."

"Are you sure of it?" said he.

"Quite."

"Boil the brandy!" muttered Beckwith. "Company to breakfast, Julius Cæsar! Do your usual office—provide the usual breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper—boil the brandy!"

The eyes of Slinkton looked from him to me, and he said, after a moment's consideration:

"Mr. Sampson, you are a man of the world, and so am I. I will be plain with you."

"Oh, no, you won't," said I, shaking my head.

"I tell you, sir, I will be plain with you."

"And I tell you, you will not," said I. "I know all about you. *You* plain with any one? Nonsense, nonsense!"

"I plainly tell you, Mr. Sampson," he went on, with a manner almost composed, "that I unde stand your object. You want to save your

funds, and escape from your liabilities; these are old tricks of trade with you Office-gentlemen. But you will not do it, sir: you will not succeed. You have not an easy adversary to play against, when you play against me. We shall have to inquire, in due time, when and how Mr. Beckwith fell into his present habits. With that remark, sir, I put this poor creature and his incoherent wanderings of speech, aside, and wish you a good morning and a better case next time."

While he was saying this, Beckwith had filled a half-pint glass with brandy. At this moment, he threw the brandy at his face, and threw the glass after it. Slinkton put his hands up, half blinded with the spirit, and cut with the glass across the forehead. At the sound of the breakage, a fourth person came into the room, closed the door, and stood at it. He was a very quiet but very keen looking man, with iron-grey hair, and slightly lame.

Slinkton pulled out his handkerchief, assuaged the pain in his smarting eyes, and dabbled the blood on his forehead. He was a long time about it, and I saw that, in the doing of it, a tremendous change came over him, occasioned by the change in Beckwith—who ceased to pant and tremble, sat upright, and never took his eyes off him. I never in my life saw a face in which abhorrence and determination were so forcibly painted, as in Beckwith's then.

"Look at me, you villain," said Beckwith, "and see me as I really am. I took these rooms, to make them a trap for you. I came into them as a drunkard, to bait the trap for you. You fell into the trap, and you will never leave it alive. On the morning when you last went to Mr. Sampson's office, I had seen him first. Your plot has been known to both of us, all along, and you have been counterplotted all along. What? Having been cajoled into putting that prize of two thousand pounds in your power, I was to be done to death with brandy, and, brandy not proving quick enough, with something quicker? Have I never seen you, when you thought my senses gone, pouring from your little bottle into my glass? Why, you Murderer and Forger, alone here with you in the dead of the night, as I have so often been, I have had my hand upon the trigger of a pistol, twenty times, to blow your brains out!"

This sudden starting up of the thing that he had supposed to be his imbecile victim, into a determined man, with a settled resolution to hunt him down and be the death of him mercilessly expressed from head to foot, was, in the first shock, too much for him. Without any figure of speech, he staggered under it. But, there is no greater mistake than to suppose, that a man who is a calculating criminal, is, in any phase of his guilt, otherwise than true to himself and perfectly consistent with his whole character. Such a man commits murder, and murder is the natural culmination of his course; such a man has to outface murder, and he will do it with hardihood and effrontery. It is a sort of fashion to express surprise that any notorious criminal, having such crime upon his conscience, can so brave it out. Do you think that if he had it on his conscience, or had a conscience to have it upon, he would ever have committed the crime?

Perfectly consistent with himself, as I believe all such monsters to be, this Slinkton recovered himself, and showed a defiance that was sufficiently cold and quiet. He was white, he was haggard, he was changed; but, only as a sharper who had played for a great stake, and had been outwitted and had lost the game.

"Listen to me, you villain," said Beckwith, "and let every word you hear me say, be a stab in your wicked heart. When I took these rooms, to throw myself in your way and lead you on to the scheme which I knew my appearance and supposed character and habits would suggest to such a devil, how did I know that? Because you were no stranger to me. I knew you well. And I knew you to be the cruel wretch who, for so much money, had killed one innocent girl while she trusted him implicitly, and who was, by inches, killing another."

Slinkton took out a snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff, and laughed.

"But, see here," said Beckwith, never looking away, never raising his voice, never relaxing his face, never unclenching his hand. "See what a dull wolf you have been, after all! The infatuated drunkard who never drank a fiftieth part of the liquor you plied him with, but poured it away, here, there, everywhere, almost before your eyes—who bought over the fellow you set to watch him and to ply him, by outbidding you in his bribe, before he had been at his work three days—with whom you have observed no caution, yet who was so bent on ridding the earth of you as a wild beast, that he would have defeated you if you had been ever so prudent—that drunkard whom you have many a time left on the floor of this room, and who has even let you go out of it, alive and undeceived, when you have turned him over with your foot—has, almost as often, on the same night, within an hour, within a few minutes, watched you awake, had his hand at your pillow when you were asleep, turned over your papers, taken samples from your bottles and packets of powder, changed their contents, rifled every secret of your life!"

He had had another pinch of snuff in his hand, but had gradually let it drop from between his fingers to the floor, where he now smoothed it out with his foot, looking down at it the while.

"That drunkard," said Beckwith, "who had free access to your rooms at all times, that he might drink the strong drinks you left in his way and be the sooner ended, holding no more terms with you than he would hold with a tiger, has had his master-key for all your locks, his test for all your poisons, his clue to your cipher writing. He can tell you, as well as you can tell him, how long it took to complete that deed, what doses there were, what intervals, what signs of gradual decay upon mind and body, what distempered fancies were produced, what observable changes, what physical pain.

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He can tell you, as well as you can tell him, that all this was recorded day by day, as a lesson of experience for future service. He can tell you, better than you can tell him, where that journal is at this moment."

Slinkton stopped the action of his foot, and looked at Beckwith.

"No," said the latter, as if answering a question from him. "Not in the drawer of the writing-desk that opens with the spring; it is not there, and it never will be there again."

"Then you are a thief!" said Slinkton.

Without any change whatever in the inflexible purpose which it was quite terrific even to me to contemplate, and from the power of which I had all along felt convinced it was impossible for this wretch to escape, Beckwith returned:

"And I am your niece's shadow, too."

With an imprecation, Slinkton put his hand to his head, tore out some hair, and flung it on the ground. It was the end of the smooth walk; he destroyed it in the action, and it will soon be seen that his use for it was past.

Beckwith went on: "Whenever you left here, I left here. Although I understood that you found it necessary to pause in the completion of that purpose, to avert suspicion, still I watched you close, with the poor confiding girl. When I had your diary, and could read it word by word—it was only about the night before your last visit to Scarborough—you remember the night? you slept with a small flat phial tied to your wrist—I sent to Mr. Sampson, who was kept out of view. This is Mr. Sampson's trusty servant standing by the door. We three saved your niece among us."

Slinkton looked at us all, took an uncertain step or two from the place where he had stood, returned to it, and glanced about him in a very curious way—as one of the meaner reptiles might, when looking for a hole to hide in. I noticed at the same time, that a singular change took place in the figure of the man—as if it collapsed within his clothes, and they consequently became ill-shapen and ill-fitting.

"You shall know," said Beckwith, "for I hope the knowledge will be bitter and terrible to you, why you have been pursued by one man, and why, when the whole interest that Mr. Sampson represents, would have expended any money in hunting you down, you have been tracked to death at a single individual's charge. I hear you have had the name of Meltham on your lips sometimes?"

I saw, in addition to those other changes, a sudden stoppage come upon his breathing.

"When you sent the sweet girl whom you murdered (you know with what artfully-made-out surroundings and probabilities you sent her), to Meltham's office before taking her abroad, to originate the transaction that doomed her to the grave, it fell to Meltham's lot to see her and to speak with her. It did not fall to his lot to save her, though I know he would freely give his own life to have done it. He admired her;—I would say, he loved her deeply, if I thought it possible that you could understand the word. When she was sacrificed, he was thoroughly assured of your guilt. Having lost her, he had but one object left in life, and that was, to avenge her and destroy you."

I saw the villain's nostrils rise and fall, convulsively; but, I saw no moving at his mouth.

"That man, Meltham," Beckwith steadily pursued, "was as absolutely certain that you could never elude him in this world, if he devoted himself to your destruction with his utmost fidelity and earnestness, and if he divided the sacred duty with no other duty in life, as he was certain that in achieving it he would be a poor instrument in the hands of Providence, and would do well before Heaven in striking you out from among living men. I am that man, and I thank God that I have done my work!"

If Slinkton had been running for his life from swift-footed savages, a dozen miles, he could not have shown more emphatic signs of being oppressed at heart and labouring for breath, than he showed now, when he looked at the pursuer who had so relentlessly hunted him down.

"You never saw me under my right name, before; you see me under my right name, now. You shall see me once again, in the body, when you are tried for your life. You shall see me once again, in the spirit, when the cord is round your neck, and the crowd are crying against you!"

When Meltham had spoken these last words, that miscreant suddenly turned away his face, and seemed to strike his mouth with his open hand. At the same instant, the room was filled with a new and powerful odour, and, almost at the same instant, he broke into a crooked run, leap, start—I have no name for the spasm—and fell, with a dull weight that shook the heavy old doors and windows in their frames.

That was the fitting end of him.

When we saw that he was dead, we drew away from the room, and Meltham, giving me his hand, said with a weary air:

"I have no more work on earth, my friend. But, I shall see her again, elsewhere."

It was in vain that I tried to rally him. He might have saved her, he said; he had not saved her, and he reproached himself; he had lost her, and he was broken-hearted.

"The purpose that sustained me, is over, Sampson, and there is nothing now to hold me to life. I am not fit for life; I am weak and spiritless; I have no hope and no object; my day is done."

In truth, I could hardly have believed that the broken man who then spoke to me, was the man who had so strongly and so differently impressed me when his purpose was yet before him. I used such entreaties with him, as I could; but, he still said, and always said, in a patient undemonstrative way—nothing could avail him—he was broken-hearted.

He died early in the next spring. He was buried by the side of the poor young lady for whom he had cherished those tender and unhappy regrets, and he left all he had to her

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sister. She lived to be a happy wife and mother; she married my sister's son, who succeeded poor Meltham; she is living now; and her children ride about the garden on my walking-stick, when I go to see her.

NEEDLEWOMAN'S HALL.

Of the grown-up unmarried women in this country, three out of four; of the widows, two in three; of the wives, a seventh part, earn their bread by their labour. Of these working women, nearly half a million live by the needle, and one-half of that number can only live at all by working twelve or sixteen hours a day.

The wretched earnings of the needle are, of course, to be ascribed to the excessive supply of workers, and the helplessness that urges thousands of them to work for any payment that will keep body and soul together. But the low payment of piece-work compels hasty production, and the good needlework in which a well-trained housewife takes delight, cannot be executed by the fingers urged by the fear that sixteen hours of work may fail to get over eighteenpenny-worth of pay.

We speak of skill in the mere act of sewing, quite apart from the sublime science of millinery. Few needlewomen can afford themselves the time to cultivate such skill, yet very many happy wives who are themselves able to sew with deliberation, and delight in the perfection of their own work, can appreciate its value. Thousands of ladies are desiring in vain to know where they can find women who might come to the house of an employer, or take work to their own rooms and put into it stitchery that is all ornament and strength. Ladies are not, we think, unwilling to understand that skilled work is entitled to a price high in proportion to its rarity. But where is it to be found? Where is the careful housewife to look, in such a great bottle of hay as London, for example, when she wants to find the needle that will serve her turn? Wanted, a Needlewoman's Hall.

A great and, for the present, necessary burden under which the needlewoman lies, is the necessity of taking shopwork from the hands of agents or sub-agents, and paying them a serious per-centage of risk money from their wretched earnings. The tradesman requires security for the material he sends out to be made; the needlewoman herself has none but her character to offer. Therefore, a more substantial middleman steps in to take from the tradesman his material and make himself responsible for its return cut and stitched into a certain number of garments, at a stipulated price for each. This man employs the needlewomen, or perhaps sublets part of his contract to others who employ them, and, for the risk of the guarantee, as well as for the profits of the occupation he has taken on himself, the price paid to the needlewoman for her work is made very decidedly to differ from the price paid for it by the person who first gave it out. The deduction is most serious to a class that is obliged to know how—and does know how—to do more with an odd sixpence a week than perhaps any other class of beings upon earth. The tradesman cannot be expected to make weekly distribution of material upon a large scale, to a crowd of poor and suffering women whom he does not know, depending upon nothing but the principles of human nature for his surety. The agency is unavoidable at present; although its abolition, if it could be got rid of, would close a paltry way of money-making, with which men could very well dispense. Wanted, a Needlewoman's Hall.

The want is, of a point of immediate contact between the whole body of the honest needlewomen in a town, and the whole body of the public. We cannot alter the main principles of trade, to raise the needlewoman's profits, but we can study those accidents of her condition which deprive her of the whole advantage to be had of patient industry. If only a little money given by the rich, will set up a machinery that shall secure permanently for some of the hardest and the worst rewarded workers in the land, most of them helpless single women, a condition permanently raised above its present level, let the fact be shown, and the help may be looked for, confidently.

A small beginning has been established this year in London: it is the Institution for the Employment of Needlewomen, Number Twenty-six, Lamb's Conduit-street. This institution may be taken as the germ of Needlewoman's Hall. It is quite modest in its pretension, but quite capable of developing its mustard-seed into a mustard-tree, if benignant showers shall prosper it. The founder of it, is a lady who had been drawn from one spectacle of sorrow to another, into a genuine examination of the state of the different classes of Our Homeless Poor, and who, under that title, told what she had seen of the condition of poor women in London, in a little book published by Messrs. Nisbet, of Berners-street. For example, a poor widow came with her two little boys in the "slack season" of needlework, to the Refuge at Field-lane. Eager to return to honest independence, she was started on her own account in a bare room, and obtained the loan of a chaff bed and bolster. What sum would suffice to furnish her with necessaries? Half-a-crown was all she borrowed for the purpose. She hunted up a chair with three legs and no back, which she could have for threepence, and she knew a carpenter who had a spare leg of a chair. In the same spirit she made successful search for all her other furniture; found a table, a cup, a saucer, a plate, a kettle and so forth; leaving fivepence of surplus when her furniture had all been bought. The fivepence she, with all simplicity of heart, carried back to her benefactor.

At Number Twenty-six, Lamb's Conduit-street, the upper part of a house has been taken; one or two sensible and active ladies manage the affairs; but there is an ornamental committee, and there is a sufficiency of episcopal and noble patrons to attract that part of the public which

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likes best, in doing good, to follow the example of a lord. The institution was opened early in the year, and there resort to it now about sixty needlewomen. It takes work from shops and families; is answerable for its safe return, and distributes it, according to its power, to all women of honest character who come and ask for means of earning bread. From the payment received for the work, it deducts, for expenses, a halfpenny in the shilling from the out-door worker, and a penny in the shilling from the in-door worker—who has, in return, work found, house-room, fire, and a cup of tea. This leaves to the poor needlewoman much more than she could get if her work came to her through the hands of an agent, and this will make the institution self-supporting, if it be once fairly started with a small endowment, and be freely used as an Exchange by needlewomen and their customers. At present the system is one that enables any average needlewoman to earn about six shillings a week, or five and tenpence: some earning more, and a few less: and this may be roughly estimated as a shilling a week above their old rate, besides reduction of an hour or two a day in times of labour. The institution has a scale of reasonable market prices for the proper execution of work sent by private families, and it provides women to work, at the usual price of a shilling or eighteenpence a day and their board, for ladies at their homes. It makes no vain effort to revolutionise the market price of labour, but it goes as far as possible towards securing labour to the needlewoman all the year round, and the best price it will fetch.

In the house in Lamb's Conduit-street are airy workrooms; and every applicant for employment is at first set to earn her money by doing the work she receives, for two or three days, in the house, under the eye of a matron. Her value as a worker becomes known, and if she need improvement, something is, we believe, now done for her help to better skill. Thirty or forty women are now working for twelve hours a day within the home. They bring their own dinners, when—as is not always the case—they have any to bring, and their own bread. But at tea-time, tea is given them—a fact, perhaps, not reconcilable with the strictest principles of political economy, but a kind fact and a good fact none the less. We peeped in on the comfortable family tea-table, surrounded by poor isolated women, whose common distress was the bond of their kindred, that we should be very sorry to hear that the kettle ceased to sing its unpaid song at five o'clock. Besides, do they not pay their penny in the shilling?

In Needlewoman's Hall, then, there shall be a mighty kettle, and it shall be the pleasant labour of the public to support the modest, hearty efforts of the ladies in Lamb's Conduit-street, beginning with the public's representative, the Government. At present that which might be a little social blessing to poor women, Government needlework, passes through the hands of two or three agents, diminishing in value until the half-crown paid by Great Britain for the making of a soldier's coat has yielded eighteenpence to agents and employers, but a shilling only to the actual maker. The shirt-maker's pay is, in this manner, reduced by threepence in the shilling. Government prices paid to those who earn them—as they might readily be through Needlewoman's Hall—would at once secure better employment to a large number of needlewomen, and afford some protection against the hunger of slack times: for Government work is not peculiarly incident to the fashionable season, and might, indeed, often be reserved for the slack time. Let Government, then, set a good example in this little matter—a little matter of hunger, thirst, sleeplessness, disease, ruin, and death, to many helpless women—and let Government see that those who do the nation's needlework, get their employment free of murderous abatement in payment. Were the Government work sent to Lamb's Conduit-street, much would be done at one stroke towards the development of Needlewoman's Hall. There would be no difficulty in finding requisite security. Lamb's Conduit-street can rise to the occasion.

Whoever is already in immediate relation with the needlewomen for whom he or she may have employment, is already doing all that can be done for the class in the way of ordinary business. But whoever, for requisite security against loss, employs needlewomen through an agent, who has his own profit to take out of the weary stitcher's hire, had better change his system, and help towards the establishment of Needlewoman's Hall by using the institution in Lamb's Conduit-street. Let the prudent housewife who does needlework herself, because she does not know where to look for a needlewoman with whose work she will be satisfied, look to Lamb's Conduit-street, and make her wants known to the secretary of the institution there. If anybody wants to endow something with five or ten pounds, and happens not already to have sent the five or ten pounds to one or both of the two prize-fighters, let him give a thought to the plant and machinery of Needlewoman's Hall. Again we say, in the name of London and of every one of our large towns, Wanted a Needlewoman's Hall. Let the institution be brought into busy life, and let its kettle be kept boiling.

ROMAN SHEEP-SHEARING.

The revenue of the Roman popes as temporal princes has been but a trifle compared to the sums they have shorn their sheep of. This source of income is now drying up. It is a puny trickling where Niagara has been. In the old times popes and priests were, like other men, greedy of gain; and in the moral code of Europe, there was place given among the virtues to a pious fraud. The sincere Roman Catholic of our own day partakes of the knowledge of the day and its refinement; he avoids, therefore, wilful deception, even for a pious end. But in the famous days of Bayard, the most accomplished chevalier might, for his own gain, break

his word if he had not given it in writing; and a churchman who excited what he took to be devotion by invention of a pious legend or manufacture of a relic, really believed that he was furthering the interests of humanity, stirring up faith, and giving life to the divine graces in man. Upon this religious conviction rested the worldly fact, that every such fraud enriched the Church; and, of course, the meanest and worst of the clergy were not the least ready to display their ingenuity in this department of Church discipline. Sheep-shearing was much enjoyed by the profligate pope, while to the pious pope it was a means for the advancement of the Church itself as a whole, and of each individual whose spiritual life was awakened by the process.

At the outset, then, we require full allowance to be made for the change in the ethics of Europe; and while we talk of the old days of Roman sheep-shearing, would guard our readers against attributing to the well-educated Roman Catholic of our own day, faults that in their excess were as much faults of a period in the age of society as of a creed. But superstition survives not among Roman Catholics alone. Even otherwise sensible and unprejudiced people often ascribe power to relics, and believe stories in confirmation of such faith. A reverence for relics and belief in amulets exist in all parts of the world, and may be traced amongst the followers of all religions.

The first relic mentioned in the Christian Church is the true cross. The mother of Constantine, Helena, when visiting Palestine, is said to have found this cross. No contemporary author mentions the event, not even the great story-teller Eusebius, who gives an account of this journey of the empress. But it is set down as a fact in the annals of the Church, and celebrated by a feast-day. But Helena was said to have found not only the cross of Our Lord; she found with it those of the two thieves. The inscription of Pilate was not there, and how could she know which cross was the true one? The priests got thus out of the difficulty. They laid a sick man on one of the crosses, and he became worse. Therefore that was the cross of the wicked thief. The sick man was laid on one of the two other crosses. He became much better. This was the cross of the repentant thief. When laid on the third cross, the sick man jumped up, cured in an instant, and the true cross was discovered. Soon the graves of the apostles were discovered also, and their bones were brought to market. If their burial-place was not known, some holy father had a revelation. In this manner the remains of many saints and martyrs were discovered, and they all worked wonders. Although only the priests were generally honoured with such revelations, lay people might also be so blessed, with a priest's assistance. A very devoted woman, at St. Maurin, had taken St. John the Baptist for her patron saint, and for three years prayed daily that he would give her only some little part of his holy body, whichever member he might choose to part with. The saint being inexorable, the woman at last grew desperate, and vowed to eat no food until St. John had granted her request. After a seven days' fast, she found a thumb on the altar. Three bishops wrapped this precious relic with great reverence in linen, and there fell three drops of blood from it, one for each bishop.

Considering the trouble we have to discover the remains of several of our great men, who died revered amongst their countrymen, where births and deaths are registered, it is wonderful to think how the priests found, even after centuries, not only the bones, but also the clothes of obscure men, executed as criminals. And it is yet more wonderful to think how, directed by revelations, the priests discovered of many saints such an abundance of bones, that they would be sufficient for six ordinary sinners. St. Denis, for instance, exists in two complete skeletons, one at St. Denis, and the other at St. Emmeran. There are two more of his spare skulls to be seen at Prague and at Bamberg, and he has a hand in Munich. Thus he must have had at least two bodies, four legs, five hands, and four heads.

The sale of relics was a very good business. But, when the bishops of Rome became popes, they interfered with the business of all general dealers in rag and bone, and assumed the monopoly of this most profitable speculation. They ordered every relic to be sent to Rome for examination, and then, if the possessor had substantial money evidence on its behalf, he got a bull decisive of its authenticity. A good relic was a blessing to a church. At the time of the Crusades, Europe grew rich in precious bones. When a town was taken, the first search of the conquerors was for relics, they being more precious than gold and gems. Louis the Saint, King of France, undertook two crusades, both ending ill; but he comforted himself by the purchase for an enormous sum of some splinters of the cross, a few nails, the sponge, the purple robe, and crown of thorns. When these false memorials arrived, the king and his whole court walked barefoot as far as Vincennes to meet them.

Henry the Lion brought back a great many relics when returning to Brunswick. The gem amongst them was the thumb of St. Mark, for which the Venetians offered him, in vain, a hundred thousand ducats. The whole wardrobe of the Virgin Mary, of St. Joseph, and of many other saints, was discovered. There was found the lance used by the Roman knight Longinus at the crucifixion; also the handkerchief with which St. Veronica wiped the face of Our Lord, and from the quantity of it that has been found, we are convinced that the saint must have had an enormous pocket. Her handkerchief was at least fifty yards square. There was found, also, the basin of green stone which the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon, and out of which the passover was eaten; also there were found the pitchers used at the wedding of Cana, with wine in them which never diminished. Originally, there were only six pitchers, but they multiplied,

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and were shown both at Cologne and Magdeburg. The splinters of the true cross were a year's firewood for any city, and of nails there were found many hundredweight. Thorns from the crown were everywhere, and many of them bled every Friday. The chalice used at the institution of the Lord's Supper was recovered, together with the bread remaining from that supper. Somebody found the dice used by the Roman soldiers when raffling for the tunic, which was to be seen at Treves, Argenteuil, Rome, Triant, and other places; the tunic in each town having a papal bull to prove its authenticity. One pair of the Virgin's slippers was particularly neat, but those she wore when visiting St. Elizabeth are wonderfully large and red. A precious wedding-ring of the Virgin was shown at Perusa, and her hair, which was of all colours, is preserved, together with some of her combs, in many places. Blood of Our Lord was found, sometimes in single drops, sometimes in bottles. Some of it, legend says, was collected by Nicodemus, who worked wonders with it. But the Jews persecuted him, and he was compelled to put it in a bird's beak, with a written document, and throw it into the sea. Of the beak, cast on the shore of Normandy, a miraculous discovery was made. A party, hunting in the neighbourhood, missed suddenly both dogs and stag. They were found at last, kneeling together before the miraculous beak. The Duke of Normandy built on the spot a monastery, called Bec, to which the holy blood brought a rich treasure of gold. At another time the very small breeches of St. Joseph were revealed, together with his tools. One of the thirty shekels of Judas was found, and also the twelve feet of stout rope with which he hung himself, and his small empty purse, with the lantern he used on the night of the betrayal. Even the perch was found on which the cock sat when he warned Peter, and a few of the cock's feathers.

Even relics from the Old Testament were discovered, after having been buried for several thousands of years. Among these were the staff with which Moses parted the Red Sea; manna from the desert; the beard of Noah; the brazen serpent; a piece of the rock out of which Moses struck water, with four holes in it, not larger than peas; the razor used by Dalila in shaving Samson; and the tuning-key of David's harp, which was shown at Erfurt. A relic of great reputation was the cloak of St. Martin, called cappa, or capella, which served as a flag in war. The priests who carried this holy standard were called Capellani, and the church in which it was kept, Capella. These names were afterwards used more generally, and from them are derived our chapel and chaplain.

The belief of the people was so strong, that the priests could venture to show even impossible things, and, before naming a few of them, let us distinctly say that we are not joking. There were to be seen, among other such marvels, the dagger and the shield of the archangel Michael, which he used when fighting the devil; a bottle full of Egyptian darkness; some of the sounds of the bells which rang when Our Lord entered Jerusalem; a beam of the star which guided the three wise men of the East; a few sighs of St. Joseph, caught when he was planing knotty boards; and the thorn in the flesh which gave so much trouble to St. Paul. Pious frauds never seem to have been too gross for a believing crowd. A monk, named Eiselin, came, in the year fifteen hundred, to Aldingen, a little place in Wurtemberg, where he exhibited to the good Christians a feather of the wing of the angel Gabriel. He who kissed this feather—and paid for the kiss—was safe against infection from the plague. This precious feather was stolen; but the monk was none the poorer. In presence of his landlady, he filled the box that had contained the feather with stale hay, which he called hay from the manger in which Christ was laid when born; kiss, therefore, and pay, and be safe against infection. Pictures, libellous daubs, were produced as works of the Evangelist St. Luke. Others that fell from Heaven were not better painted. These pictures were not only revered as relics, but for the sake of their subjects were soon worshipped as idols. Question about the orthodoxy of this kind of service arose, and grew into bloody strife, which lasted for two centuries, occasioning a schism in the Christian Church. The Emperor Constantine the Fifth, who died in the eighth century, declared all pictures to be idols, and swept from the country all pictures of saints, as well as relics. He transformed the monasteries in Constantinople into barracks, and made public scoff of monks and nuns.

In the West, this worship of images and relics also at first found resistance. Bihop Claudius of Turin, says: "If you worship the cross on which Christ suffered, you must also worship the ass on which he rode;" and this was really done afterwards. Other people, however, attached importance to the image service; it was adhered to in Europe, and adopted, at last, by the Greek Church also.

In the first days of the Christian Church, persons who, for gross misdemeanour, had been expelled from the community and were desirous of being readmitted, openly told their sins before the congregation, and this penitence was called confession. When the power of the priests increased, they changed this public confession into a secret one. Pope Innocent the Third, early in the thirteenth century, ordered every Catholic to confess privately to a priest, at least once a year, and submit to the penance he imposed. They who neglected this duty were to be excommunicated and deprived the rites of Christian burial. Thus it was given in the hands of the priest to absolve the confessor or not, and he used his discretion very shrewdly, with one eye upon the sinner's purse.

Purgatory was an invention of Pope Gregory the First, in the first years of the sixth century. The rule of this place was known to none but the priests, and they alone were able to judge how many paid masses were required for any soul's deliverance therefrom. The Crusades were

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at first armed pilgrimages. The popes favoured them in hope of extending their power over Asia. They exercised, therefore, all means to induce people to take the cross. The chief inducement was the promise of indulgence. The pope ordered it to be preached through the Christian world, that all sins committed, were they ever so great, would be forgiven as soon as the sinner took the cross." This invention of indulgences was now worked by the popes in the most ingenious manner, and became their gold mine.

As there were some people who would hardly believe in the power of the pope to forgive sins, Clement the Sixth explained his right to it, and the whole theory of indulgence in this manner, by a bull of the year thirteen hundred and forty-two. He said in it: "The whole human kind might have been saved by one single drop of the blood of Christ, but having shed so much, and certainly not for nothing, this excess formed an inexhaustible Church treasure, which was still increased by the not superfluous merits of the saints and martyrs. The pope is the keeper of this treasure, and may dispense of it to any degree without fear of exhausting it." Whoever made a pilgrimage to this or that image of a saint, or to this or that place of grace, and paid money enough to the altar, received, not only indulgence for the sins he had committed, but even for those he might commit in years to come.

In Germany alone, there were about a hundred images of the Virgin to which pilgrims went. One single author enumerates twelve hundred in sundry lands. The most celebrated in the whole world is that of Loretto, horribly carved in wood (it was said) by the hands of St. Luke. The next in form is that of St. Iago de Compostella, where, on high church feasts, thirty thousand devotees assemble. Waldthuren, in Baden, is celebrated for the wonder-working corporate. This is a napkin, upon which to place the chalice with the plate of wafers. In the fourteenth century, a priest spilt some of the consecrated wine, and every drop of it made a stain like a divine head with the thorny crown. Before and after Corpus-Christi day, some forty thousand pilgrims fetch from the church red silk threads, which have been rubbed against this corporate. They are said to be a cure for erysipelas. More profitable still are those places of pilgrimage at which are kept the *very* holy relics to be seen once only in every seven years. The most precious treasure of this kind is in Aix-la-Chapelle; it contains a very large frock of Mary, the swaddling-clothes of Christ, made of a brownish-yellow felt, and the cloth on which was laid the head of John the Baptist. At the end of the fifteenth century, nearly a hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims came to Aix-la-Chapelle, and the harvest of the priests was very good; but in the present century, when the relics were shown only for a fortnight after a long intermission, they were visited only by forty thousand of the faithful. However, only sixteen years ago, about a million of people went to Trèves to kiss one of the many Holy Coats.

That the pope sheared the Christian sheep is allegory; but it is fact also that he is a breeder of real four-legged ewes and rams, and knows how to sell his wool at a price that would astonish all our farmers. He keeps a little flock of lambs, which have been consecrated over the graves of the Apostles, and from the wool of which the bishops' palls are woven.

The pallium, or pall, is originally a Roman cloak. Emperors, as a token of their grace, used to present such a cloak, dyed in purple and embroidered with gold, to the patriarchs and other bishops. The price set on a pall was very high indeed; the revenue got from this source pleased the popes well, and John the Eighth ordained that every archbishop who had not obtained his pall from Rome after three months' time was to be considered as deposed.

The popes gave, however, in the cloak some little value for the treasure of a price they set upon it; this was yet to be saved, so the cloak dwindled away into a worsted ribbon, a few inches wide, with a red cross for its ornament. Such ribbons are woven by nuns from the consecrated wool, and weigh about three ounces. The wool of the pope's little flock of four-legged lambs would fetch about three millions of florins.

The palls are the more profitable because archbishops are generally old men, who soon die out, and each archbishop is required to pay for a new pall. Nay, he must even do so when transferred to a new place. Some German bishops, those of Würzburg, Bamberg, and Passau, enjoyed like popes this precious right of the pall. The archbishop Marculf of Mayence was compelled to sell the left leg of a golden Christ to pay for his pall. The archbishop Arnold of Treves was very much at a loss when he received, together with the bills, two palls at once, sent to him by two opposition popes disputing each other.

A very golden idea crossed the holy brains of Boniface the Eighth. He was inventor of the Jubilee. They who made a pilgrimage to Rome in such a year, and deposited a certain sum on the altar of St. Peter, were to receive indulgence for all sins committed during the course of their lives. Who would not profit by such an opportunity? Sinners from all parts of Europe flocked to Rome. The year thirteen hundred brought two hundred thousand strangers there, who filled the pockets of the inhabitants, as well as the coffers of his Holiness. Some millions of pounds sterling were brought to the Pope. The harvest surpassed expectation, and it is no wonder that every pope, in his turn, longed to repeat the experiment. A hundred years is a long time. Clement the Sixth ordered that there should be jubilees every fifty years, because St. Peter had appeared to him and said, with a threatening gesture, "Open the gate!" Pope Urban the Sixth contrived three jubilees to the century by shortening the period to thirty-three years, in remembrance of the age of Our Lord. Sixtus the Fourth counted four jubilees to the century by fixing the period at five-and-twenty

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years, "because human life is so short." The second jubilee under Clement the Sixth had a still greater success than the first. The crowd in the church was so great that there were many of the pilgrims crushed to death. Ten thousand of them died of plague; but their loss was not perceived, for the whole number amounted to one million and several hundreds of thousands. The revenue of this jubilee is estimated at more than twenty-two millions of ducats. In the jubilee under Nicholas the Fifth, the bridge over the Tiber could not resist the weight of the crowd; it gave way, and two hundred persons at once, said the priests, fell into Paradise.

The Reformation spoiled the jubilee. At the jubilee of thirty years ago there were not more foreigners in Rome than in other years, and the Italians who went did not give much. The princes also learnt to keep money in their own countries, and put difficulties in the way of pilgrims. The Austrian government even forbade its Italian subjects to go into Rome without a passport from Vienna.

Another good entry in the ledger of the popes came under the head of Annates, that is, the revenue of his first year, payable by every bishop to the pontifical see. The tax for dispensation from fasting, or other stipulations of the Church, was also very productive. That paid by the people who could not marry because of relationship was valuable when marriages between relatives were prohibited to the fourteenth degree. Some one took the trouble to calculate how many such relatives one person might on the average be said to have, and fixed the number at one million forty-eight thousand five hundred and seventy-six.

There was a tariff according to which indulgence for any sin was to be had at a fixed price. This list contained, in forty-two chapters, about five hundred items. If, for example, a clergyman committed wilful murder, he had to pay for absolution about one pound thirteen and sevenpence. The murder of a father, mother, brother, or sister was cheaper, and might be forgiven for some twelve shillings less. A heretic, willing to return to the bosom of the Roman Church, might be absolved and admitted for less than a guinea and a half. A mass at a house in an excommunicated town cost three or four pounds. By such traffic several popes scraped large sums together, and John the Twenty-Second, the son of a cobbler, left sixteen millions in gold and seventeen millions in bullion.

The revenue of the pontifical see, large as it was, did, however, not satisfy the luxurious Leo the Tenth, of the House of the Medicis. His children, relations, actors, singers, musicians, and artists absorbed enormous sums, and the "holy father" was very much at a loss for money. To get out of this disagreeable position, he pretended to want money for carrying on war against the Turks, as well as to finish the Cathedral of St. Peter. But the Turk-tax would not work; it was a worn-out device, and even Cardinal Ximenes, the wise Spanish minister, forbade the collections, saying "he had very reliable intelligence that there was now nothing at all to be apprehended from the Turks." The pope, therefore, issued a bull, by which indulgence was given to all who would contribute to the building of St. Peter's. The whole Christian world was divided into districts, and travellers were sent out, called papal legates or commissioners.

In their price current all manner of crimes were quoted at the lowest figure. Infamous as the document is in itself, the concluding sentence crowns it worthily. Poor people cannot participate in such a comfort, for they, having no money, must do without. For half a ducat even clergymen were free to commit the basest of all crimes. The speculation answered so well, that the sums realised are beyond calculation. Leo the Tenth farmed out his indulgences to eminent persons, by whom they were underlet. One of the chief tenants of indulgences was the Margrave Albrecht of Brandenburg, who was at the same time Bishop of Halberstadt, Archbishop of Madgeburg, and Archbishop and Prince Elector of Mayence, and Cardinal. He owed thirty thousand ducats for pall-money, and hoped, as a dealer in indulgences, to make enough money to pay his debt. Some people bought indulgence for several hundreds of years, although they were old and had but a few years to live. Time to be passed in purgatory was included in these bargains. For such and such a sin, it was said, the penalty is twenty years of purgatory, and for another even thirty; an experienced sinner would thus easily be able to tot up the account against him, and by paying his score to the pope in cash value before he died, go straight to heaven. He who kissed a relic and paid for it, also obtained indulgence for a certain number of years. Archbishop Albrecht had such a treasure in relics, that indulgence was to be had through them for about eight billions of years.

Our own tribute to Rome of Peter's pence was instituted in the year 740 by Offa, King of Mercia, and was a tax payable from every house in England. It ceased when Henry the Eighth renounced the Pope, after having brought large treasure to the papal see.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE THIRD. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

IV.

MY first conviction, as soon as I found myself outside the house, was that no alternative was left me but to act at once on the information I had received—to make sure of the Count, that night, or to risk the loss, if I only delayed till the morning, of Laura's last chance. I looked at my watch: it was ten o'clock.

Not the shadow of a doubt crossed my mind of the purpose for which the Count had left the theatre. His escape from us, that evening, was, beyond all question, the preliminary only to his escape from London. The mark of the Brotherhood was on his arm—I felt as certain of it as if he had shown me the brand—and the betrayal of the Brotherhood was on his conscience—I had seen it in his recognition of Pesca.

It was easy to understand why that recognition had not been mutual. A man of the Count's character would never risk the terrible consequences of turning spy without looking to his personal security quite as carefully as he looked to his golden reward. The shaven face, which I had pointed out at the Opera, might have been covered by a beard in Pesca's time; his dark brown hair might be a wig. The accident of time might have helped him as well—his immense corpulence might have come with his later years. There was every reason why Pesca should not have known him again—every reason, also, why he should have known Pesca, whose singular personal appearance made a marked man of him, go where he might.

I have said that I felt certain of the purpose in the Count's mind when he escaped us at the theatre. How could I doubt it, when I saw, with my own eyes, that he believed himself, in spite of the change in his appearance, to have been recognised by Pesca, and to be therefore in danger of his life? If I could get speech of him that night, if I could show him that I, too, knew of the mortal peril in which he stood, what result would follow? Plainly this. One of us must be master of the situation—one of us must inevitably be at the mercy of the other.

I owed it to myself to consider the chances against me, before I confronted them. I owed it to my wife to do all that lay in my power to lessen the risk.

The chances against me wanted no reckoning up: they were all merged in one. If the Count discovered, by my own avowal, that the direct way to his safety lay through my life, he was probably the last man in existence who would shrink from throwing me off my guard and taking that way, when he had me alone within his reach. The only means of defence against him on which I could at all rely to lessen the risk, presented themselves, after a little careful thinking, clearly enough. Before I made any personal acknowledgment of my discovery in his presence, I must place the discovery itself where it would be ready for instant use against him, and safe from any attempt at suppression on his part. If I laid the mine under his feet before I approached him, and if I left instructions with a third person to fire it, on the expiration of a certain time, unless directions to the contrary were previously received under my own hand, or from my own lips—in that event, the Count's security was absolutely dependent upon mine, and I might hold the vantage ground over him securely, even in his own house.

This idea occurred to me when I was close to the new lodgings which we had taken on returning from the sea-side. I went in, without disturbing any one, by the help of my key. A light was in the hall; and I stole up with it to my workroom, to make my preparations, and absolutely to commit myself to an interview with the Count, before either Laura or Marian could have the slightest suspicion of what I intended to do.

A letter addressed to Pesca represented the surest measure of precaution which it was now possible for me to take. I wrote as follows:

"The man whom I pointed out to you at the Opera, is a member of the Brotherhood, and has been false to his trust. Put both these assertions to the test, instantly. You know the name he goes by in England. His address is No. 5, Forest-road, St. John's Wood. On the love you once bore me, use the power entrusted to you, without mercy and without delay, against that man. I have risked all and lost all—and the forfeit of my failure has been paid with my life."

I signed and dated these lines, enclosed them in an envelope, and sealed it up. On the outside, I wrote this direction: "Keep the en-

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closure unopened, until nine o'clock to-morrow morning. If you do not hear from me, or see me, before that time, break the seal when the clock strikes, and read the contents." I added my initials; and protected the whole by enclosing it in a second sealed envelope, addressed to Pesca at his lodgings.

Nothing remained to be done after this, but to find the means of sending my letter to its destination immediately. I should then have accomplished all that lay in my power. If anything happened to me in the Count's house, I had now provided for his answering it with his life. That the means of preventing his escape under any circumstances whatever, were at Pesca's disposal, if he chose to exert them, I did not for an instant doubt. The extraordinary anxiety which he had expressed to remain unenlightened as to the Count's identity—or, in other words, to be left uncertain enough about facts to justify him to his own conscience in remaining passive—betrayed plainly that the means of exercising the terrible justice of the Brotherhood were ready to his hand, although, as a naturally humane man, he had shrunk from plainly saying as much in my presence. The deadly certainty with which the vengeance of foreign political societies can hunt down a traitor to the cause, hide himself where he may, had been too often exemplified, even in my superficial experience, to allow of any doubt. Considering the subject only as a reader of newspapers, cases recurred to my memory, both in London and in Paris, of foreigners found stabbed in the streets, whose assassins could never be traced—of bodies and parts of bodies, thrown into the Thames and the Seine, by hands that could never be discovered—of deaths by secret violence which could only be accounted for in one way. I have disguised nothing relating to myself in these pages—and I do not disguise here—that I believed I had written Count Fosco's death-warrant, if the fatal emergency happened which authorised Pesca to open my enclosure.

I left my room to go down to the ground-floor of the house, and speak to the landlord about finding me a messenger. He happened to be ascending the stairs at the time, and we met on the landing. His son, a quick lad, was the messenger he proposed to me, on hearing what I wanted. We had the boy up-stairs; and I gave him his directions. He was to take the letter in a cab, to put it into Professor Pesca's own hands, and to bring me back a line of acknowledgment from that gentleman; returning in the cab, and keeping it at the door for my use. It was then nearly half-past ten. I calculated that the boy might be back in twenty minutes; and that I might drive to St. John's Wood, on his return, in twenty minutes more.

When the lad had departed on his errand, I returned to my own room for a little while, to put certain papers in order, so that they might be easily found, in case of the worst. The key of the old-fashioned bureau in which the papers were kept, I sealed up, and left it on my table, with Marian's name written on the outside of the little packet. This done, I went down stairs to the sitting-room, in which I expected to find Laura and Marian awaiting my return from the Opera. I felt my hand trembling for the first time, when I laid it on the lock of the door.

No one was in the room but Marian. She was reading; and she looked at her watch, in surprise, when I came in.

"How early you are back!" she said. "You must have come away before the opera was over."

"Yes," I replied; "neither Pesca nor I waited for the end. Where is Laura?"

"She had one of her bad headaches this evening; and I advised her to go to bed, when we had done tea."

I left the room again, on the pretext of wishing to see whether Laura was asleep. Marian's quick eyes were beginning to look inquiringly at my face; Marian's quick instinct was beginning to discover that I had something weighing on my mind.

When I entered the bed-chamber, and softly approached the bedside by the dim flicker of the night-lamp, my wife was asleep.

We had not been married quite a month yet. If my heart was heavy, if my resolution for a moment faltered again, when I looked at her face turned faithfully to my pillow in her sleep, when I saw her hand resting open on the coverlid, as if it was waiting unconsciously for mine, surely there was some excuse for me? I only allowed myself a few minutes to kneel down at the bedside, and to look close at her—so close that her breath, as it came and went, fluttered on my face. I only touched her hand and her cheek with my lips, at parting. She stirred in her sleep, and murmured my name—but without waking. I lingered for an instant at the door to look at her again. "God bless and keep you, my darling!" I whispered—and left her.

Marian was at the stair-head waiting for me. She had a folded slip of paper in her hand.

"The landlord's son has brought this for you," she said. "He has got a cab at the door—he says you ordered him to keep it at your disposal."

"Quite right, Marian. I want the cab; I am going out again."

I descended the stairs as I spoke, and looked into the sitting-room to read the slip of paper by the light on the table. It contained these two sentences, in Pesca's handwriting:

"Your letter is received. If I don't see you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes."

I placed the paper in my pocket-book and made for the door. Marian met me on the threshold, and pushed me back into the room where the candlelight fell full on my face. She held me by both hands, and her eyes fastened searchingly on mine.

"I see!" she said, in a low eager whisper. "You are trying the last chance to-night."

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"Yes—the last chance and the best," I whispered back.

"Not alone! Oh, Walter, for God's sake, not alone! Let me go with you. Don't refuse me because I'm only a woman. I must go! I will go! I'll wait outside in the cab!"

It was my turn, now, to hold *her*. She tried to break away from me, and get down first to the door.

"If you want to help me," I said, "stop here, and sleep in my wife's room to-night. Only let me go away, with my mind easy about Laura, and I answer for everything else. Come, Marian, give me a kiss, and show that you have the courage to wait till I come back."

I dared not allow her time to say a word more. She tried to hold me again. I unclasped her hands—and was out of the room in a moment. The boy below heard me on the stairs, and opened the hall-door. I jumped into the cab, before the driver could get off the box. "Forest-road, St. John's Wood," I called to him through the front window. "Double fare, if you get there in a quarter of an hour." "I'll do it, sir." I looked at my watch. Eleven o'clock—not a minute to lose.

The rapid motion of the cab, the sense that every instant now was bringing me nearer to the Count, the conviction that I was embarked at last, without let or hindrance, on my hazardous enterprise, heated me into such a fever of excitement that I shouted to the man to go faster and faster. As we left the streets, and crossed St. John's Wood-road, my impatience so completely overpowered me that I stood up in the cab and stretched my head out of the window, to see the end of the journey before we reached it. Just as a church clock in the distance struck the quarter past, we turned into the Forest-road. I stopped the driver a little away from the Count's house—paid, and dismissed him—and walked on to the door.

As I approached the garden gate, I saw another person advancing towards it also, from the direction opposite to mine. We met under the gas-lamp in the road, and looked at each other. I instantly recognised the light-haired foreigner, with the scar on his cheek; and I thought he recognised *me*. He said nothing; and, instead of stopping at the house, as I did, he slowly walked on. Was he in the Forest-road by accident? Or had he followed the Count home from the Opera?

I did not pursue those questions. After waiting a little, till the foreigner had slowly passed out of sight, I rang the gate bell. It was then twenty minutes past eleven—late enough to make it quite easy for the Count to get rid of me by the excuse that he was in bed.

The only way of providing against this contingency was to send in my name, without asking any preliminary questions, and to let him know, at the same time, that I had a serious motive for wishing to see him at that late hour. Accordingly, while I was waiting, I took out my card, and wrote under my name, "On important business." The maid-servant answered the door, while I was writing the last word in pencil; and asked me distrustfully what I "pleased to want."

"Be so good as to take that to your master," I replied, giving her the card.

I saw, by the girl's hesitation of manner, that if I had asked for the Count in the first instance, she would only have followed her instructions by telling me he was not at home. She was staggered by the confidence with which I gave her the card. After staring at me in great perturbation, she went back into the house with my message, closing the door, and leaving me to wait in the garden.

In a minute or so, she reappeared. "Her master's compliments, and would I be so obliging as to say what my business was?" "Take my compliments back," I replied; "and say that the business cannot be mentioned to any one but your master." She left me again—again returned—and, this time, asked me to walk in.

There was no lamp in the hall; but by the dim light of the kitchen candle which the girl had brought up-stairs with her, I saw an elderly lady steal noiselessly out of a back room on the ground floor. She cast one viperish look at me as I entered the hall, but said nothing, and went slowly up-stairs, without returning my bow. My familiarity with Marian's journal sufficiently assured me that the elderly lady was Madame Fosco.

The servant led me to the room which the Countess had just left. I entered it; and found myself face to face with the Count.

He was still in his evening dress, except his coat, which he had thrown across a chair. His shirt-sleeves were turned up at the wrists—but no higher. A carpet-bag was on one side of him, and a box on the other. Books, papers, and articles of wearing apparel were scattered about the room. On a table, at one side of the door, stood the cage, so well known to me by description, which contained his white mice. The canaries and the cockatoo were probably in some other room. He was seated before the box, packing it, when I went in, and rose with some papers in his hand to receive me. His face still betrayed plain traces of the shock that had overwhelmed him at the Opera. His fat cheeks hung loose; his cold grey eyes were furtively vigilant; his voice, look, and manner were all sharply suspicious alike, as he advanced a step to meet me, and requested, with distant civility, that I would take a chair.

"You come here on business, sir?" he said. "I am at a loss to know what that business can possibly be."

The unconcealed curiosity with which he looked hard in my face while he spoke, convinced me that I had passed unnoticed by him at the Opera. He had seen Pesca first; and from that moment, till he left the theatre, he had evidently seen nothing else. My name would necessarily suggest to him that I had not come into his house with other than a hostile purpose towards himself—but he appeared to be utterly

ignorant, thus far, of the real nature of my errand.

"I am fortunate in finding you here to-night," I said. "You seem to be on the point of taking a journey?"

"Is your business connected with my journey?"

"In some degree."

"In what degree? Do you know where I am going to?"

"No. I only know why you are leaving London."

He slipped by me with the quickness of thought; locked the door of the room; and put the key in his pocket.

"You and I, Mr. Hartright, are excellently well acquainted with one another by reputation," he said. "Did it, by any chance, occur to you when you came to this house that I was not the sort of man you could trifle with?"

"It did occur to me," I replied. "And I have not come to trifle with you. I am here on a matter of life and death—and if that door which you have locked was open at this moment, nothing you could say or do would induce me to pass through it."

I walked farther into the room and stood opposite to him, on the rug before the fireplace. He drew a chair in front of the door, and sat down on it, with his left arm resting on the table. The cage with the white mice was close to him; and the little creatures scampered out of their sleeping-place, as his heavy arm shook the table, and peered at him through the gaps in the smartly painted wires.

"On a matter of life and death?" he repeated to himself. "Those words are more serious, perhaps, than you think. What do you mean?"

"What I say."

The perspiration broke out thickly on his broad forehead. His left hand stole over the edge of the table. There was a drawer in it, with a lock, and the key was in the lock. His finger and thumb closed over the key, but did not turn it.

"So you know why I am leaving London?" he went on. "Tell me the reason, if you please." He turned the key, and unlocked the drawer as he spoke.

"I can do better than that," I replied; "I can *show* you the reason, if you like."

"How can you show it?"

"You have got your coat off," I said. "Roll up the shirt-sleeve on your left arm—and you will see it there."

The same livid, leaden change passed over his face, which I had seen pass over it at the theatre. The deadly glitter in his eyes shone steady and straight into mine. He said nothing. But his left hand slowly opened the table drawer, and softly slipped into it. The harsh grating noise of something heavy that he was moving, unseen to me, sounded for a moment—then ceased. The silence that followed was so intense, that the faint ticking nibble of the white mice at their wires was distinctly audible where I stood.

My life hung by a thread—and I knew it. At that final moment, I thought with *his* mind; I felt with *his* fingers—I was as certain, as if I had seen it, of what he kept hidden from me in the drawer.

"Wait a little," I said. "You have got the door locked—you see I don't move—you see my hands are empty. Wait a little. I have something more to say."

"You have said enough," he replied, with a sudden composure, so unnatural and so ghastly that it tried my nerves as no outbreak of violence could have tried them. "I want one moment for my own thoughts, if you please. Do you guess what I am thinking about?"

"Perhaps I do."

"I am thinking," he said, "whether I shall add to the disorder in this room, by scattering your brains about the fireplace."

If I had moved at that moment, I saw in his face that he would have done it.

"I advise you to read two lines of writing which I have about me," I rejoined, "before you finally decide that question."

The proposal appeared to excite his curiosity. He nodded his head. I took Pesca's acknowledgment of the receipt of my letter out of my pocket-book; handed it to him at arm's length; and returned to my former position in front of the fire-place.

He read the lines aloud: "'Your letter is received. If I don't hear from you before the time you mention, I will break the seal when the clock strikes.'"

Another man, in his position, would have needed some explanation of those words—the Count felt no such necessity. One reading of the note showed him the precaution that I had taken, as plainly as if he had been present at the time when I adopted it. The expression of his face changed on the instant; and his hand came out of the drawer, empty.

"I don't lock up my drawer, Mr. Hartright," he said; "and I don't say that I may not scatter your brains about the fireplace, yet. But I am a just man, even to my enemy—and I will acknowledge, beforehand, that they are cleverer brains than I thought them. Come to the point, sir! You want something of me?"

"I do—and I mean to have it."

"On conditions?"

"On no conditions."

His hand dropped into the drawer again.

"Bah! we are travelling in a circle," he said; "and those clever brains of yours are in danger again. Your tone is deplorably imprudent, sir—moderate it on the spot! The risk of shooting you on the place where you stand, is less to *me*, than the risk of letting you out of this house, except on conditions that I dictate and approve. You have not got my lamented friend to deal with, now—you are face to face with Fosco! If the lives of twenty Mr. Hartrights were the stepping-stones to my safety, over all those stones I would go, sustained by my sublime indifference, self-balanced by my impenetrable calm. Respect me, if you love your

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own life! I summon you to answer three questions, before you open your lips again. Hear them—they are necessary to this interview. Answer them—they are necessary to ME." He held up one finger of his right hand. "First question!" he said. "You come here possessed of information, which may be true, or may be false—where did you get it?"

"I decline to tell you."

"No matter: I shall find out. If that information is true—mind I say, with the whole force of my resolution, *if*—you are making your market of it here, by treachery of your own, or by treachery of some other man. I note that circumstance, for future use, in my memory which forgets nothing, and proceed." He held up another finger. "Second question! Those lines you invited me to read, are without signature. Who wrote them?"

"A man whom *I* have every reason to depend on; and whom *you* have every reason to fear."

My answer reached him to some purpose. His left hand trembled audibly in the drawer.

"How long do you give me," he asked, putting his third question in a quieter tone, "before the clock strikes and the seal is broken?"

"Time enough for you to come to my terms," I replied.

"Give me a plainer answer, Mr. Hartright. "What hour is the clock to strike?"

"Nine, to-morrow morning."

"Nine, to-morrow morning? Yes, yes—your trap is laid for me, before I can get my passport regulated, and leave London. It is not earlier, I suppose? We will see about that, presently—I can keep you hostage here, and bargain with you to send for your letter before I let you go. In the mean time, be so good, next, as to mention your terms."

"You shall hear them. They are simple, and soon stated. You know whose interests I represent in coming here?"

He smiled with the most supreme composure; and carelessly waved his right hand.

"I consent to hazard a guess," he said, jeeringly. "A lady's interests, of course!"

"My Wife's interests."

He looked at me with the first honest expression that had crossed his face in my presence—an expression of blank amazement. I could see that I sank in his estimation, as a dangerous man, from that moment. He shut up the drawer at once, folded his arms over his breast, and listened to me with a smile of satirical attention.

"You are well enough aware," I went on, "of the course which my inquiries have taken for many months past, to know that any attempted denial of plain facts will be quite useless in my presence. You are guilty of an infamous conspiracy. And the gain of a fortune of ten thousand pounds was your motive for it."

He said nothing. But his face became overclouded suddenly by a lowering anxiety.

"Keep your gain," I said. (His face lightened again immediately, and his eyes opened on me in wider and wider astonishment.) "I am not here to disgrace myself by bargaining for money which has passed through your hands, and which has been the price of a vile crime——"

"Gently, Mr. Hartright. Your moral claptraps have an excellent effect in England—keep them for yourself and your own countrymen, if you please. The ten thousand pounds was a legacy left to my excellent wife by the late Mr. Fairlie. Place the affair on those grounds; and I will discuss it, if you please. To a man of my sentiments, however, the subject is deplorably sordid. I prefer to pass it over. I invite you to resume the discussion of your terms. What do you demand?"

"In the first place, I demand a full confession of the conspiracy, written and signed in my presence, by yourself."

He raised his finger again. "One!" he said, checking me off with the steady attention of a practical man.

"In the second place, I demand a plain proof, which does not depend on your personal asseveration, of the date at which my wife left Blackwater Park, and travelled to London."

"So! so! you can lay your finger, I see, on the weak place," he remarked, composedly. "Any more?"

"At present, no more."

"Good! You have mentioned your terms; now listen to mine. The responsibility to myself of admitting, what you are pleased to call the 'conspiracy,' is less, perhaps, upon the whole, than the responsibility of laying you dead on that hearth-rug. Let us say that I meet your proposal—on my own conditions. The statement you demand of me shall be written; and the plain proof shall be produced. You call a letter from my late lamented friend, informing me of the day and hour of his wife's arrival in London, written, signed, and dated by himself, a proof, I suppose? I can give you this. I can also send you to the man of whom I hired the carriage to fetch my visitor from the railway, on the day when she arrived—his order-book may help you to your date, even if his coachman who drove me proves to be of no use. These things I can do, and will do, on conditions. I recite them. First condition! Madame Fosco and I leave this house, when and how we please, without interference of any kind, on your part. Second condition! You wait here, in company with me, to see my agent, who is coming at seven o'clock in the morning to regulate my affairs. You give my agent a written order to the man who has got your sealed letter to resign his possession of it. You wait here till my agent places that letter unopened in my hands; and you then allow me one clear half-hour to leave the house—after which you resume your own freedom of action, and go where you please. Third condition! You give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, for your intrusion into my private affairs, and for the language you have allowed yourself to use to me, at this conference. The time and place, abroad, to be fixed in a letter from my hand when I am safe on the Continent;

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and that letter to contain a strip of paper measuring accurately the length of my sword. Those are *my* terms. Inform me if you accept them—Yes, or No."

The extraordinary mixture of prompt decision, far-sighted cunning, and mountebank bravado in this speech, staggered me for a moment—and only for a moment. The one question to consider was, whether I was justified, or not, in possessing myself of the means of establishing Laura's identity, at the cost of allowing the scoundrel who had robbed her of it to escape me with impunity. I knew that the motive of securing the just recognition of my wife in the birthplace from which she had been driven out as an impostor, and of publicly erasing the lie that still profaned her mother's tombstone, was far purer, in its freedom from all taint of evil passion, than the vindictive motive which had mingled itself with my purpose from the first. And yet I cannot honestly say that my own moral convictions were strong enough to decide the struggle in me, by themselves. They were helped by my remembrance of Sir Percival's death. How awfully, at the last moment, had the working of the retribution, *there*, been snatched from my feeble hands! What right had I to decide, in my poor mortal ignorance of the future, that this man, too, must escape with impunity, because he escaped *me?* I thought of these things—perhaps, with the superstition inherent in my nature; perhaps, with a sense worthier of me than superstition. It was hard, when I had fastened my hold on him, at last, to loosen it again of my own accord—but I forced myself to make the sacrifice. In plainer words, I determined to be guided by the one higher motive of which I was certain, the motive of serving the cause of Laura and the cause of Truth.

"I accept your conditions," I said. "With one reservation, on my part."

"What reservation may that be?" he asked.

"It refers to the sealed letter," I answered. "I require you to destroy it, unopened, in my presence, as soon as it is placed in your hands."

My object in making this stipulation was simply to prevent him from carrying away written evidence of the nature of my communication with Pesca. The *fact* of my communication he would necessarily discover, when I gave the address to his agent, in the morning. But he could make no use of it, on his own unsupported testimony—even if he really ventured to try the experiment—which need excite in me the slightest apprehension on Pesca's account.

"I grant your reservation," he replied, after considering the question gravely for a minute or two. "It is not worth dispute—the letter shall be destroyed when it comes into my hands."

He rose, as he spoke, from the chair in which he had been sitting opposite to me, up to this time. With one effort, he appeared to free his mind from the whole pressure on it of the interview between us, thus far. "Ouf!" he cried, stretching his arms luxuriously; "the skirmish was hot while it lasted. Take a seat, Mr. Hartright. We meet as mortal enemies hereafter—let us, like gallant gentlemen, exchange polite attentions in the mean time. Permit me to take the liberty of calling for my wife."

He unlocked and opened the door. "Eleanor!" he called out, in his deep voice. The lady of the viperish face came in. "Madame Fosco—Mr. Hartright," said the Count, introducing us with easy dignity. "My angel," he went on, addressing his wife; "will your labours of packing-up allow you time to make me some nice strong coffee? I have writing-business to transact with Mr. Hartright—and I require the full possession of my intelligence to do justice to myself."

Madame Fosco bowed her head twice—once sternly to me; once submissively to her husband—and glided out of the room.

The Count walked to a writing-table near the window; opened his desk, and took from it several quires of paper and a bundle of quill pens. He scattered the pens about the table, so that they might lie ready in all directions to be taken up when wanted, and then cut the paper into a heap of narrow slips, of the form used by professional writers for the press. "I shall make this a remarkable document," he said, looking at me over his shoulder. "Habits of literary composition are perfectly familiar to me. One of the rarest of all the intellectual accomplishments that man can possess, is the grand faculty of arranging his ideas. Immense privilege! I possess it. Do you?"

He marched backwards and forwards in the room, until the coffee appeared, humming to himself, and marking the places at which obstacles occurred in the arrangement of his ideas, by striking his forehead, from time to time, with the palm of his hand. The enormous audacity with which he seized on the situation in which I had placed him, and made it the pedestal on which his vanity mounted for the one cherished purpose of self-display, mastered my astonishment by main force. Sincerely as I loathed the man, the prodigious strength of his character, even in its most trivial aspects, impressed me in spite of myself.

The coffee was brought in by Madame Fosco. He kissed her hand, in grateful acknowledgment, and escorted her to the door; returned, poured out a cup of coffee for himself, and took it to the writing-table.

"May I offer you some coffee, Mr. Hartright?" he said, before he sat down.

I declined.

"What! you think I shall poison you?" he said, gaily. "The English intellect is sound, so far as it goes," he continued, seating himself at the table; "but it has one grave defect—it is always cautious in the wrong place."

He dipped his pen in the ink; placed the first slip of paper before him, with a thump of his

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hand on the desk; cleared his throat; and began. He wrote with great noise and rapidity, in so large and bold a hand, and with such wide spaces between the lines, that he reached the bottom of the slip in not more than two minutes certainly from the time when he started at the top. Each slip as he finished it, was paged, and tossed over his shoulder, out of his way, on the floor. When his first pen was worn out, *that* went over his shoulder too; and he pounced on a second from the supply scattered about the table. Slip after slip, by dozens, by fifties, by hundreds, flew over his shoulders on either side of him, till he had snowed himself up in paper all round his chair. Hour after hour passed—and there I sat, watching; there he sat, writing. He never stopped, except to sip his coffee; and when that was exhausted, to smack his forehead, from time to time. One o'clock struck, two, three, four—and still the slips flew about all round him; still the untiring pen scraped its way ceaselessly from top to bottom of the page; still the white chaos of paper rose higher and higher all round his chair. At four o'clock, I heard a sudden splutter of the pen, indicative of the flourish with which he signed his name. "Bravo!" he cried—springing to his feet with the activity of a young man, and looking me straight in the face with a smile of superb triumph.

"Done, Mr. Hartright!" he announced, with a self-renovating thump of his fist on his broad breast. "Done, to my own profound satisfaction—to *your* profound astonishment, when you read what I have written. The subject is exhausted: the Man—Fosco—is not. I proceed to the arrangement of my slips, to the revision of my slips, to the reading of my slips—addressed, emphatically, to your private ear. Four o'clock has just struck. Good! Arrangement, revision, reading, from four to five. Short snooze of restoration for myself, from five to six. Final preparations, from six to seven. Affair of agent and sealed letter from seven to eight. At eight, *en route.* Behold the programme!"

He sat down cross-legged on the floor, among his papers; strung them together with a bodkin and a piece of string; revised them; wrote all the titles and honours by which he was personally distinguished, at the head of the first page; and then read the manuscript to me, with loud theatrical emphasis and profuse theatrical gesticulation. The reader will have an opportunity, ere long, of forming his own opinion of the document. It will be sufficient to mention here that it answered my purpose.

His next proceeding was to write me the address of the person from whom he had hired the fly to go to the railway, and to hand me Sir Percival's letter. I read this last with breathless interest. It only contained a few lines; but it distinctly announced the arrival of "Lady Glyde" in London, by the mid-day train from Blackwater, *on the* 29*th of July*, 1850—exactly, as I had supposed, one day after the date of her (assumed) death on the doctor's certificate.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Count.

"I am."

"A quarter past five," he said, looking at his watch. "Time for my restorative snooze. I personally resemble Napoleon the Great (as you may have remarked, Mr. Hartright)—I also resemble that immortal man in my power of commanding sleep at will. Excuse me, one moment. I will summon Madame Fosco, to keep you from feeling dull."

Knowing as well as he did, that he was summoning Madame Fosco, to ensure my not leaving the house while he was asleep, I made no reply, and occupied myself in tying up the papers which he had placed in my possession.

The lady came in, cool, pale, and venomous as ever. "Amuse Mr. Hartright, my angel," said the Count. He placed a chair for her, kissed her hand for the second time, withdrew to a sofa, and, in three minutes, was as peacefully and happily asleep as the most virtuous man in existence.

Madame Fosco took a book from the table, sat down, and looked at me, with the steady, vindictive malice of a woman who never forgot and never forgave.

"I have been listening to your conversation with my husband," she said. "If I had been in *his* place—*I* would have laid you dead on the hearth-rug."

With those words, she opened her book; and never looked at me, or spoke to me, from that time till the time when her husband woke.

He opened his eyes and rose from the sofa, accurately to an hour from the time when he had gone to sleep.

"I feel infinitely refreshed," he remarked. "Eleanor, my good wife, are you all ready, upstairs? That is well. My little packing here can be completed in ten minutes—my travelling-dress assumed in ten minutes more. What remains, before the agent comes?" He looked about the room, and noticed the cage with his white mice in it. "Ah!" he cried, piteously; "a last laceration of my sympathies still remains. My innocent pets! my little cherished children! what am I to do with them? For the present, we are settled nowhere; for the present, we travel incessantly—the less baggage we carry, the better for ourselves. My cockatoo, my canaries, and my little mice—who will cherish them, when their good Papa is gone?"

He walked about the room, deep in thought. He had not been at all troubled about writing his confession, but he was visibly perplexed and distressed about the far more important question of the disposal of his pets. After long consideration, he suddenly sat down again at the writing-table.

"An idea!" he exclaimed. "I will offer my canaries and my cockatoo to this vast Metropolis—my agent shall present them, in my name,

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to the Zoological Gardens of London. The Document that describes them shall be drawn out on the spot."

He began to write, repeating the words as they flowed from his pen.

"Number One. Cockatoo of transcendant plumage: attraction, of himself, to all visitors of taste. Number Two. Canaries of unrivalled vivacity and intelligence: worthy of the garden of Eden, worthy also of the garden in the Regent's Park. Homage to British Zoology. Offered by Fosco."

The pen spluttered again; and the flourish was attached to his signature.

"Count! you have not included the mice," said Madame Fosco.

He left the table, took her hand, and placed it on his heart.

"All human resolution, Eleanor," he said, solemnly, "has its limits. My limits are inscribed on that Document. I cannot part with my white mice. Bear with me, my angel, and remove them to their travelling-cage, upstairs."

"Admirable tenderness!" said Madame Fosco, admiring her husband, with a last viperish look in my direction. She took up the cage carefully; and left the room.

The Count looked at his watch. In spite of his resolute assumption of composure, he was getting anxious for the agent's arrival. The candles had long since been extinguished; and the sunlight of the new morning poured into the room. It was not till five minutes past seven that the gate bell rang, and the agent made his appearance. He was a foreigner, with a dark beard.

"Mr. Hartright—Monsieur Rubelle," said the Count, introducing us. He took the agent (a foreign spy, in every line of his face, if ever there was one yet) into a corner of the room; whispered some directions to him; and then left us together. "Monsieur Rubelle," as soon as we were alone, suggested, with great politeness, that I should favour him with his instructions. I wrote two lines to Pesca, authorising him to deliver my sealed letter "to the Bearer;" directed the note; and handed it to Monsieur Rubelle.

The agent waited with me till his employer returned, equipped in travelling costume. The Count examined the address of my letter before he dismissed the agent. "I thought so!" he said, turning on me, with a dark look, and altering again in his manner from that moment.

He completed his packing; and then sat consulting a travelling map, making entries in his pocket-book, and looking, every now and then, impatiently at his watch. Not another word, addressed to myself, passed his lips. The near approach of the hour for his departure, and the proof he had seen of the communication established between Pesca and myself, had plainly recalled his whole attention to the measures that were necessary for securing his escape.

A little before eight o'clock, Monsieur Rubelle came back with my unopened letter in his hand. The Count looked carefully at the superscription and the seal—lit a candle—and burnt the letter. "I perform my promise," he said; "but this matter, Mr. Hartright, shall not end here."

The agent had kept at the door the cab in which he had returned. He and the maid-servant now busied themselves in removing the luggage. Madame Fosco came down stairs, thickly veiled, with the travelling-cage of the white mice in her hand. She neither spoke to me, nor looked towards me. Her husband escorted her to the cab. "Follow me, as far as the passage," he whispered in my ear; "I may want to speak to you at the last moment."

I went out to the door; the agent standing below me in the front garden. The Count came back alone, and drew me a few steps inside the passage.

"Remember the Third condition!" he whispered. "You shall hear from me, Mr. Hartright—I may claim from you the satisfaction of a gentleman sooner than you think for." He caught my hand, before I was aware of him, and wrung it hard—then turned to the door, stopped, and came back to me again.

"One word more," he said, confidentially. "When I last saw Miss Halcombe, she looked thin and ill. I am anxious about that admirable woman. Take care of her, sir! With my hand on my heart, I solemnly implore you—take care of Miss Halcombe!"

Those were the last words he said to me, before he squeezed his huge body into the cab, and drove off.

The agent and I waited at the door a few moments, looking after him. While we were standing together, a second cab appeared from a turning a little way down the road. It followed the direction previously taken by the Count's cab; and, as it passed the house and the open garden gate, a person inside looked at us out of the window. The stranger at the Opera again!—the light-haired foreigner with the scar on his left cheek!

"You wait here with me, sir, for half an hour more?" said Monsieur Rubelle.

"I do."

We returned to the sitting-room. I was in no humour to speak to the agent, or to allow him to speak to me. I took out the papers which the Count had placed in my hands; and read the terrible story of the conspiracy told by the man who had planned and perpetrated it.

In pursuance of the plan announced at the commencement of The Woman in White, we have the pleasure of presenting to the reader a New Story by Mr. Charles Lever. After the completion of The Woman in White next week, A Day's Ride: a Life's Romance, will occupy

its place on the first page of each weekly number, and will be continued from week to week until finished.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

It has been said, that any man, no matter how small and insignificant the post he may have filled in life, who will faithfully record the events in which he has borne a share, even though incapable of himself deriving profit from the lessons he has learned, may still be of use to others—sometimes a guide, sometimes a warning. I hope this is true. I like to think it so, for I like to think that even I—A. S. P.—if I cannot adorn a tale, may at least point a moral.

Certain families are remarkable for the way in which peculiar gifts have been transmitted for ages. Some have been great in arms, some in letters, some in statecraft, displaying in successive generations the same high qualities which had won their first renown. In an humble fashion, I may lay claim to belong to this category. My ancestors have been apothecaries for one hundred and forty odd years. Joseph Potts, "drug and condiment man," lived in the reign of Queen Anne, at Lower Liffey-street, No. 87; and to be remembered passingly, has the name of Mr. Addison amongst his clients; the illustrious writer having, as it would appear, a peculiar fondness for "Potts's Linature," whatever that may have been; for the secret died out with my distinguished forefather. There was Michael Joseph Potts, "licensed for chemicals," in Mary's Abbey, about thirty years later; and so we come on to Paul Potts and Son, and to then, Launcelot Peter Potts, "Pharmaceutical Chemist to his Excellency and the Irish Court," the father of him who now bespeaks your indulgence.

My father's great misfortune in life was the ambition to rise above the class his family had adorned for ages. He had, as he averred, a soul above senna, and a destiny higher than black drop. He had heard of a tailor's apprentice becoming a great general. He had himself seen a wig-maker elevated to the woolsack; and he kept continually repeating, "Mine is the only walk in life that leads to no high rewards. What matters it whether my mixtures be addressed to the refined organisations of rank, or the 'dura ilia rasorum'—I shall live and die an apothecary. From every class are men selected for honours save mine, and though it should rain baronetcies, the bloody hand would never fall to the lot of a compounding chemist."

"What do you intend to make of Algernon Sydney, Mr. Potts?" would say one of his neighbours. "Bring him up to your own business? A first-rate connexion to start with in life."

"My own business, sir? I'd rather see him a chimney-sweep."

"But, after all, Mr. Potts, being, so to say, at the head of your profession——"

"It is not a profession, sir. It is not even a trade. High science and skill have long since left our insulted and outraged ranks; we are mere commission agents for the sale of patent quackeries. What respect has the world any longer for the great phials of ruby, and emerald, and marine blue, which, at nightfall, were once the magical emblems of our mysteries, seen afar through the dim mists of louring atmospheres, or throwing their lurid glare upon the passers-by? What man, now, would have the courage to adorn his surgery—I suppose you would prefer I should call it 'shop'—with skeleton fishes, snakes, or a stuffed alligator? Who, in this age of chemical infidelity, would surmount his door with the ancient symbols of our art—the golden pestle and mortar? Why, sir, I'd as soon go forth to apply leeches in a herald's tabard, or a suit of Milan mail. And what have they done, sir?" he would ask, with a roused indignation—"what have they done by their reforms? In invading the mystery of medicine, they have ruined its prestige. The precious drops you once regarded as the essence of an elixir vitæ, and whose efficacy lay in your faith, are now so much strychnine, or creosote, which you take with fear, and think over with foreboding."

I suppose it can only be ascribed to that perversity which seems a great element in human nature, that, exactly in the direct ratio of my father's dislike to his profession was *my* fondness for it. I used to take every opportunity of stealing into the laboratory, watching intently all the curious proceedings that went on there, learning the names and properties of the various ingredients, the gases, the minerals, the salts, the essences; and although, as may be imagined, science took, in these narrow regions, none of her loftiest flights, they were to me the most marvellous and high-soaring efforts of human intelligence. I was just at that period of life—the first opening of adolescence—when fiction and adventure have the strongest hold upon our nature, my mind filled with the marvels of Eastern romance, and imbued with a sentiment, strong as any conviction, that I was destined to a remarkable life. I passed days in dreamland—what I should do in this or that emergency; how rescue myself from such a peril; how profit by such a stroke of fortune; by what arts resist the machinations of this adversary; how conciliate the kind favour of that. In the wonderful tales that I read, frequent mention was made of alchemy and its marvels—now, the search was for some secret of endless wealth; now, it was for undying youth or undecaying beauty; while in other stories, I read of men who had learned how to read the thoughts, trace the motives, and ultimately sway the hearts of their fellow-men, till life became to them a mere field for the exercise of their every will and caprice, throwing happiness and misery about them as the humour inclined. The strange life of the laboratory fitted itself exactly to this phase of my mind.

The wonders it displayed, the endless combinations and transformations it effected, were as marvellous as any that imaginative fiction

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could devise; but even these were nothing compared to the mysterious influence of the place itself upon my nervous system, particularly when I found myself there alone. In the tales with which my head was filled, many of them the wild fancies of Grimm, Hoffman, or Musæus, nothing was more common than to read how some eager student of the black art, deep in the mystery of forbidden knowledge, had, by some chance combination, by some mere accidental admixture of this ingredient with that, suddenly arrived at the great SECRET, that terrible mystery which for centuries and centuries had evaded human search. How often have I watched the fluid as it boiled and bubbled in the retort, till I thought the air globules, as they came to the surface, observed a certain rhythm and order. Were these, words? Were they symbols of some hidden virtue in the liquid? Were there intelligences to whom these could speak, and thus reveal a wondrous history? And then, again, with what an intense eagerness have I gazed on the lurid smoke that arose from some smelting mass, now fancying that the vapour was about to assume form and substance, and now, imagining that it lingered lazily, as though waiting for some cabalistic word of mine to give it life and being? How heartily did I censure the folly that had ranked alchemy amongst the absurdities of human invention. Why rather had not its facts been treasured and its discoveries recorded, so that, in some future age a great intelligence arising, might classify and arrange them, showing, at least, what were practicable and what were only evasive. Alchemists were, certainly, men of pure lives, self-denying, and humble. They made their art no stepping-stone to worldly advancement or success, they sought no favour from princes, nor any popularity from the people; but, retired and estranged from all the pleasures of the world, followed their one pursuit, unnoticed and unfriended. How cruel, therefore, to drag them forth from their lonely cells, and expose them to the gaping crowd as devil worshippers! How inhuman to denounce men whose only crimes were lives of solitude and study! The last words of Peter von Vordt, burned for a wizard, at Haarlem, in 1306, were, "Had they left this poor head a little longer on my shoulders, it would have done more for human happiness than all this bonfire!"

How rash and presumptuous is it, besides, to set down any fixed limits to man's knowledge! Is not every age an advance upon its predecessors, and are not the commonest acts of our present civilisation perfect miracles as compared with the usages of our ancestors? But why do I linger on this theme, which I only introduced to illustrate the temper of my boyish days? As I grew older, books of chivalry and romance took possession of my mind, and my passion grew for lives of adventure. Of all kinds of existence, none seemed to me so enviable as that of those men, who, regarding life as a vast ocean, hoisted sail, and set forth, not knowing nor caring whither, but trusting to their own manly spirit for extrication out of whatever difficulties might beset them. What a narrow thing, after all, was our modern civilisation, with all its forms and conventionalities, with its gradations of rank and its orders! How hopeless for the adventurous spirit to war with the stern discipline of an age that marshalled men in ranks like soldiers, and told that each could only rise by successive steps! How often have I wondered was there any more of adventure left in life? Were there incidents in store for him who, in the true spirit of an adventurer, should go in search of them? As for the newer worlds of Australia and America, they did not possess for me much charm. No great association linked them with the past; no echo came out of them of that heroic time of feudalism, so peopled with heart-stirring characters. The life of the bush or the prairie had its incidents, but they were vulgar and common-place; and worse, the associates and companions of them were more vulgar still. Hunting down Pawnees or buffaloes was as mean and ignoble a travesty of feudal adventure, as was the gold digging at Bendigo of the learned labours of the alchemist. The perils were unexciting, the rewards prosaic and commonplace. No. I felt that Europe—in some remote regions—and the East—in certain less visited tracts—must be the scenes best suited to my hopes. With considerable labour I could spell my way through a German romance, and I saw, in the stories of Fouqué, and even of Goethe, that there still survived in the mind of Germany many of the features which gave the colouring to a feudal period. There was, at least, a dreamy indifference to the present, a careless abandonment to what the hour might bring forth, so long as the dreamer was left to follow out his fancies in all their mysticism, that lifted men out of the vulgarities of this work-o'-day world; and I longed to see a society where learning consented to live upon the humblest pittance, and beauty dwelt unflattered in obscurity.

I was now entering upon manhood, and my father—having with that ambition so natural to an Irish parent who aspires highly for his only son, destined me for the Bar—made me a student of Trinity College, Dublin.

What a shock to all the romance of my life were the scenes into which I now was thrown! With hundreds of companions to choose from, I found not one congenial to me. The reading men, too deeply bent upon winning honours, would not waste a thought upon what could not advance their chances of success. The idle, only eager to get through their career undetected in their ignorance, passed lives of wild excess or stupid extravagance.

What was I to do amongst such associates? What I did do—avoid them, shun them, live in utter estrangement from all their haunts, their ways, and themselves. If the proud man who has achieved success in life encounters immense difficulties when, separating himself from his fellows, he acknowledges no companionship, nor admits any to his confidence, it may be imagined what must be the situation of one who adopts this isolation without any claim to superiority

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whatever. As can easily be supposed, I was the butt of my fellow-students, the subject of many sarcasms and practical jokes. The whole of my Freshman year was a martyrdom. I had no peace, was rhymed on by poetasters, caricatured by draughtsmen, till the name of Potts became proverbial for all that was eccentric, ridiculous, and absurd.

Curran has said "one can't draw an indictment against a nation;" in the same spirit did I discover "one cannot fight his whole division." For a while I believe I experienced a sort of heroism in my solitary state; I felt the spirit of a Coriolanus in my heart, and muttered, "I banish *you!*" but this self-supplied esteem did not last long, and I fell into a settled melancholy. The horrible truth was gradually forcing its way slowly, clearly, through the mists of my mind, that there might be something in all this sarcasm, and I can remember to this hour the day—ay, and the very place—wherein the questions flashed across me: Is my hair as limp, my nose as long, my back as arched, my eyes as green as they have pictured them? Do I drawl so fearfully in my speech? Do I drag my heavy feet along so ungracefully? Good Heavens! have they possibly a grain of fact to sustain all this fiction against me?

And if so—horrible thought—am I the stuff to go forth and seek adventures? Oh the ineffable bitterness of this reflection! I remember it in all its anguish, and even now, after years of such experience as have befallen few men, I can recal the pain it cost me. While I was yet in the paroxysm of that sorrow, which assured me that I was not made for doughty deeds, nor to captivate some fair princess, I chanced to fall upon a little German volume entitled Wald Wandelungen und Abentheure, von Heinrich Stebbe. Forest rambles and adventures, and of a student too! for so Herr Stebbe announces himself, in a short introduction to the reader. I am not going into any account of his book. It is in Voss's Leipzig Catalogue, and not unworthy of perusal by those who are sufficiently imbued with Germanism to accept the changeful moods of a mystical mind, with all its visionary glimpses of light and shade, its doubts, fears, hopes and fancies, in lieu of real incidents and actual events. Of adventures, properly speaking, he had none. The people he met, the scenes in which he bore his part, were as common-place as need be. The whole narrative never soared above that bread-and-butter life—Butterbrod-Leben—which Germany accepts as romance; but meanwhile the reflex of whatever passed around him in the narrator's own mind, was amusing; so ingeniously did he contrive to interweave the imaginary with the actual, throwing over the most ordinary pictures of life a sort of hazy indistinctness—meet atmosphere for mystical creation.

If I did not always sympathise with him in his brain-wrought wanderings, I never ceased to take pleasure in his description of scenery, and the heartfelt delight he experienced in journeying through a world so beautiful and so varied. There was also a little woodcut frontispiece which took my fancy much, representing him as he stood leaning on his horse's mane, gazing rapturously on the Elbe, from one of the cliffs off the Saxon Switzerland. How peaceful he looked, with his long hair waving gracefully on his neck, and his large soft eyes turned on the scene beneath him. His clasped hands, as they lay on the horse's mane, imparted a sort of repose, too, that seemed to say, "I could linger here ever so long." Nor was the horse itself without a significance in the picture: he was a long-maned, long-tailed, patient-looking beast, well befitting an enthusiast, who doubtless took but little heed of how he went or where. If his lazy eye denoted lethargy, his broad feet and short legs vouched for his sure-footedness.

Why should not I follow Stebbe's example? Surely there was nothing too exalted or extravagant in his plan of life. It was simply to see the world as it was, with the aid of such combinations as a fertile fancy could contribute; not to distort events, but to arrange them, just as the landscape painter in the licence of his craft moves that massive rock more to the foreground, and throws that stone pine a little further to the left of his canvas. There was, indeed, nothing to prevent my trying the experiment. Ireland was not less rich in picturesque scenery than Germany, and if she boasted no such mighty stream as the Elbe, the banks of the Blackwater and the Nore were still full of woodland beauty; and then, there was lake scenery unrivalled throughout Europe.

I turned to Stebbe's narrative for details of his outfit. His horse he bought at Nordheim for two hundred and forty gulden—about ten pounds; his saddle and knapsack cost him a little more than forty shillings; with his map, guide-book, compass, and some little extras, all were comprised within twenty pounds sterling—surely not too costly an equipage for one who was adventuring on a sea wide as the world itself.

As my trial was a mere experiment, to be essayed on the most limited scale, I resolved not to buy, but only hire, a horse, taking him by the day, so that if any change of mind or purpose supervened, I should not find myself in any embarrassment.

A fond uncle had just left me a legacy of a hundred pounds, which, besides, was the season of the long vacation; thus did everything combine to favour the easy execution of a plan, which I determined forthwith to put into practice.

"Something quiet and easy to ride, sir, you said?" repeated Mr. Dycer after me, as I entered his great establishment for the sale and hire of horses. "Show the gentleman four hundred and twelve."

"Oh, Heaven forbid!" I exclaimed, in my ignorance; "such a number would only confuse me."

"You mistake me, sir," blandly interposed the dealer; "I meant the horse that stands at that number. Lead him out, Tim. He's gentle as a lamb, sir, and, if you find he suits you, can be had for a song.—I mean a ten-pound note."

"Has he a long mane and tail?" I asked, eagerly.

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"The longest tail and the fullest mane I ever saw. But here he comes." And with the word, there advanced towards us, at a sort of easy amble, a small-sized cream-coloured horse, with white mane and tail. Knowing nothing of horseflesh, I was fain to content myself with such observations as other studies might supply me with; and so I closely examined his head, which was largely developed in the frontal region, with moral qualities fairly displayed. He had memory large, and individuality strong; nor was wit, if it exist in the race, deficient. Over the orbital region the depressions were deep enough to contain my closed fist, and when I remarked upon them to the groom, he said, "'Tis his teeth will tell you the rayson of that;" a remark which I suspect was a sarcasm upon my general ignorance.

I liked the creature's eye. It was soft, mild, and contemplative; and although not remarkable for brilliancy, possessed a subdued lustre that promised well for temper and disposition.

"Ten shillings a day—make it three half-crowns by the week, sir. You'll never hit upon the like of him again," said the dealer, hurriedly, as he passed me, on his other avocations.

"Better not lose him, sir; he's well known at Batty's, and they'll have him in the circus again if they see him. Wish you saw him with his fore-legs on a table, ringing the bell for his breakfast."

"I'll take him by the week, though, probably, a day or two will be all I shall need."

"Four hundred and twelve for Mr. Potts," Dycer screamed out. "Shoes removed, and to be ready in the morning."

CHAPTER II.

I HAD heard and read frequently of the exhilarating sensations of horse exercise. My fellow-students were full of stories of the hunting-field and the race-course. Wherever, indeed, a horse figured in a narrative, there was an almost certainty of meeting some incident to stir the blood and warm up enthusiasm. Even the passing glimpses one caught of sporting prints in shop-windows were suggestive of the pleasure imparted by a noble and chivalrous pastime.

I never closed my eyes all night, revolving such thoughts in my head. I had so worked up my enthusiasm, that I felt like one who is about to cross the frontier of some new land where people, language, ways and habits, are all unknown to him. "By this hour to-morrow night," thought I, "I shall be in the land of strangers, who have never seen, nor so much as heard of me. There, will invade no traditions of the scoffs and jibes I have so long endured; none will have received the disparaging estimate of my abilities, which my class-fellows love to propagate; I shall simply be the traveller who arrived at sundown mounted on a cream-coloured palfrey—a stranger, sad-looking, but gentle withal, of courteous address, blandly demanding lodging for the night. "Look to my horse, ostler," shall I say, as I enter the honey-suckle-covered porch of the inn. "Blondel"—I will call him Blondel—"is accustomed to kindly usage." With what quiet dignity, the repose of a conscious position, do I follow the landlord as he shows me to my room. It is humble, but neat and orderly. I am contented. I tell him so. I am sated and wearied of luxury; sick of a gilded and glittering existence. I am in search of repose and solitude. I order my tea; and, if I ask the name of the village, I take care to show by my inattention that I have not heard the answer, nor do I care for it.

Now I should like to hear how they are canvassing me in the bar, and what they think of me in the stable. I am, doubtless, a peer, or a peer's eldest son. I am a great writer, the wondrous poet of the day; or the pre-Raphaelite artist; or I am a youth heart-broken by infidelity in love; or mayhap, a dreadful criminal. I liked this last the best, the interest was so intense; not to say that there is, to men who are not constitutionally courageous, a strong pleasure in being able to excite terror in others.

But I hear a horse's feet on the silent street. I look out. Day is just breaking. Tim is holding Blondel at the door. My hour of adventure has struck, and noiselessly descending the stairs, I issue forth.

"He is a trifle tender on the fore-feet, your honour," said Tim, as I mounted, "but when you get him off the stones on a nice piece of soft road, he'll go like a four-year old."

"But he *is* young, Tim, isn't he?" I asked, as I tendered him my half-crown.

"Well, not to tell your honour a lie, he is not," said Tim, with the energy of a man whose veracity had cost him little less than a spasm.

"How old would you call him, then?" I asked, in that affected ease that seemed to say, "Not that it matters to me if he were Methuselah."

"I couldn't come to his age exactly, your honour," he replied, "but I remember seeing him fifteen years ago, dancing a hornpipe, more by token for his own benefit; it was at Cooke's Circus in Abbey-street, and there wasn't a hair's difference between him now, and then, except, perhaps, that he had a star on the forehead, where you just see the mark a little darker now."

"But that is a star, plain enough," said I, half vexed.

"Well, it is, and it is not," muttered Tim, doggedly, for he was not quite satisfied with my right to disagree with him.

"He's gentle, at all events?" I said, more confidently.

"He's a lamb!" replied Tim. "If you were to see the way he lets the Turks run over his back, when he's wounded in Timour the Tartar, you wouldn't believe he was a livin' baste."

"Poor fellow!" said I, caressing him. He turned his mild eye upon me, and we were friends from that hour.

What a glorious morning it was, as I gained the outskirts of the city, and entered one of those shady alleys that lead to the foot of the Dublin mountains! The birds were opening

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their morning hymn, and the earth, still fresh from the night dew, sent up a thousand delicious perfumes. The road on either side was one succession of handsome villas or ornamental cottages, whose grounds were laid out in the perfection of landscape gardening. There were but few persons to be seen at that early hour, and in the smokeless chimneys and closed shutters I could read that all slept—slept in that luxurious hour when Nature unveils, and seems to revel in the sense of unregarded loveliness. "Ah, Potts," said I, "thou hast chosen the wiser part; thou wilt see the world after thine own guise, and not as others see it." Has my reader not often noticed that in a picture-gallery the slightest change of place, a move to the left or right, a chance approach or retreat, suffices to make what seemed a hazy confusion of colour and gloss a rich and beautiful picture? So is it in the actual world, and just as much depends on the point from which objects are viewed. Do not be discouraged, then, by the dark aspect of events. It may be that by the slightest move to this side or to that, some unlooked-for sunlight shall slant down and light up all the scene. Thus musing, I gained a little grassy strip that ran along the roadside, and, gently touching Blondel with my heel, he broke out into a delightful canter. The motion, so easy and swimming, made it a perfect ecstasy to sit there floating at will through the thin air, with a moving panorama of wood, water, and mountain around me.

Emerging at length from the thickly wooded plain, I began the ascent of the Three Rock Mountain, and, in my slackened speed, had full time to gaze upon the bay beneath me, broken with many a promontory, backed by the broad bluff of Howth, and the more distant Lambay. No, it is *not* finer than Naples. I did not say it was; but, seeing it as I then saw it, I thought it could not be surpassed. Indeed, I went further, and defied Naples in this fashion:

> Though no volcano's lurid light
> Over thy blue sea steals along,
> Nor Pescator beguiles the night
> With cadence of his simple song;
>
> Though none of dark Calabria's daughters
> With tinkling lute thy echoes wake,
> Mingling their voices with the water's,
> As 'neath the prow the ripples break;
>
> Although no cliffs with myrtle crown'd,
> Reflected in thy tide, are seen,
> Nor olives, bending to the ground,
> Relieve the laurel's darker green;
>
> Yet—yet——

Ah, there was the difficulty—I had begun with the plaintiff, and I really hadn't a word to say for the defendant; and so, voting comparisons odious, I set forward on my journey.

As I rode into Enniskerry to breakfast, I had the satisfaction of overhearing some very flattering comments upon Blondel, which rather consoled me for some less laudatory remarks upon my own horsemanship. By the way, can there possibly be a more ignorant sarcasm than to say a man rides like a tailor? Why, of all trades, who so constantly sits straddle-legged as a tailor? and yet he is the especial mark of this impertinence.

I pushed briskly on after breakfast, and soon found myself in the deep shady woods that lead to the Dargle. I hurried through the picturesque demesne, associated as it was with a thousand little vulgar incidents of city junkettings, and rode on for the Glen of the Downs. Blondel and I had now established a most admirable understanding with each other. It was a sort of reciprocity treaty by which *I* bound myself never to control *him*, he in turn consenting not to unseat *me*. He gave the initiative to the system, by setting off at his pleasant little rocking canter whenever he chanced upon a bit of favourable ground, and invariably pulled up when the road was stony or uneven; thus showing me that he was a beast with what Lord Brougham would call "a wise discretion." In like manner he would halt to pluck any stray ears of wild oats that grew along the hedge sides, and occasionally slake his thirst at convenient streamlets. If I dismounted to walk at his side, he moved along unheld, his head almost touching my elbow, and his plaintive blue eye mildly beaming on me with an expression that almost spoke—nay, it did speak. I'm sure I felt it, as though I could swear to it, whispering, "Yes, Potts, two more friendless creatures than ourselves are not easy to find. The world wants not either of us; not that we abuse it, despise it, or treat it ungenerously—rather the reverse, we incline favourably towards it, and would, occasion serving, befriend it—but we are not, so to say, 'of it.' There may be, here and there, a man or a horse that would understand or appreciate us, but they stand alone—they are not belonging to classes. They are, like ourselves, exceptional." If his expression said this much, there was much unspoken melancholy in his sad glance also, which seemed to say, "What a deal of sorrow could I reveal if I might—what injuries—what wrong—what cruel misconceptions of my nature and disposition—what mistaken notions of my character and intentions! What pretentious stupidity, too, have I seen preferred before me—creatures with, mayhap, a glossier coat or a more silky forelock——" "Ah, Blondel, take courage—men are just as ungenerous, just as erring!" "Not that I have not had my triumphs too," he seemed to say, as, cocking his ears, and ambling with a more elevated toss of the head, his tail would describe an arch like a waterfall; "no salmon-coloured silk stockings danced sarabands on *my* back; I was always ridden in the Haute Ecole by Monsieur L'Etrier himself, the stately gentleman in jackboots and long-waisted dress-coat, whose five minutes no persuasive bravos could ever prolong." I thought—nay, I was certain at times—that I could read in his thoughtful face the painful sorrows of one who had outlived popular favour, and who had survived to see himself supplanted and dethroned.

There are no two destinies which chime in so well together as that of him who is beaten

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down by sheer distrust of himself, and that of the man who has seen better days. Although the one be just entering on life, while the other is going out of it, if they meet on the threshold, they stop to form a friendship. Now, though Blondel was not a man, he supplied to my friendlessness the place of one.

The sun was near its setting as I rode down the little hill into the village of Ashford, a picturesque little spot in the midst of mountains, and with a bright clear stream bounding through it, as fearlessly as though in all the liberty of open country. I tried to make my entrance what stage people call effective. I threw myself, albeit a little jaded, into an attitude of easy indifference, slouched my hat to one side, and suffered the sprig of laburnum with which I had adorned it to droop in graceful guise over one shoulder. The villagers stared; some saluted me; and taken, perhaps, by the cool acquiescence of my manner as I returned the courtesy, seemed well disposed to believe me of some note.

I rode into the little stable-yard of the Lamb, and dismounted. I gave up my horse, and walked into the inn. I don't know how others feel it—I greatly doubt if they will have the honesty to tell—but for myself I confess that I never entered an inn or an hotel without a most uncomfortable conflict within: a struggle made up of two very antagonistic impulses—the wish to seem something important, and a lively terror lest the pretence should turn out to be costly. Thus swayed by opposing motives, I sought a compromise by assuming that I was incog.; for the present a nobody, to be treated without any marked attention, and to whom the acme of respect would be a seeming indifference.

"What is your village called?" I said, carelessly, to the waiter as he laid the cloth.

"Ashford, your honour. 'Tis down in all the books," answered the waiter.

"Is it noted for anything, or is there anything remarkable in the neighbourhood?"

"Indeed there is, sir, and plenty. There's Glenmalure and the Devil's Glen; and there's Mr. Snow Malone's place, that everybody goes to see; and there's the fishing of Doyle's river—trout, eight, nine, maybe twelve, pounds' weight; and there's Mr. Reeves's cottage—a Swiss cottage belike—at Kinmacreedy; but, to be sure, there must be an order for that."

"I never take much trouble," I said, indolently. "Who have you got in the house at present?"

"There's young Lord Keldrum, sir, and two more with him, for the fishing; and the next room to you here, there's Father Dyke, from Inistioge, and he's going, by the same token, to dine with the lord to-day."

"Don't mention to his lordship that I am here," said I, hastily. "I desire to be quite unknown down here." The waiter promised obedience, without vouchsafing any misgivings as to the possibility of his disclosing what he did not know.

To his question as to my dinner, I carelessly said, as if I were in a West-end club, "Never mind soup—a little fish—a cutlet and partridge. Or order it yourself—I am indifferent."

The waiter had scarcely left the room when I was startled by the sound of voices so close to me as to seem at my side. They came from a little wooden balcony to the adjoining room, which, by its pretentious bow-window I recognised to be the state apartment of the inn, and now in the possession of Lord Keldrum and his party. They were talking away in that gay, rattling, discursive fashion very young men do amongst each other, and discussed fishing-flies, the neighbouring gentlemen's seats, and the landlady's niece.

"By the way, Kel," cried one, "it was in your visit to the bar that you met your priest, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I offered him a cigar, and we began to chat together, and so I asked him to dine with us to-day."

"And he refused?"

"Yes; but he has since changed his mind, and sent a message to say he'll be with us at eight."

"I should like to see your father's face, Kel, when he heard of your entertaining the Reverend Father Dyke at dinner."

"Well, I suppose he would say it was carrying conciliation a little too far; but as the adage says, 'A la guerre——'"

At this juncture, another burst in amongst them, calling out, "You'd never guess who's just arrived here, in strict incog., and having bribed Mike, the waiter, to silence. Burgoyne!"

"Not Jack Burgoyne?"

"Jack himself. I had the portrait so correctly drawn by the waiter, that there's no mistaking him; the long hair, green complexion, sheepish look, all perfect. He came on a hack, a little cream-coloured pad he got at Dycer's, and fancies he's quite unknown."

"What *can* he be up to, now?"

"I think I have it," said his lordship. "Courtenay has got two three-year olds down here at his uncle's, one of them under heavy engagements for the spring meetings. Master Jack has taken a run down to have a look at them."

"By Jove, Kel, you're right! he's always wide awake, and that stupid, leaden-eyed look he has, has done him good service in the world."

"I say, old Oxley, shall we dash in and unearth him. Or shall we let him fancy that we know nothing of his being here at all?"

"What does Hammond say?"

"I'd say, leave him to himself," replied a deep voice; "you can't go and see him, without asking him to dinner; and he'll walk into us after, do what we will."

"Not, surely, if we don't play," said Oxley.

"Wouldn't he, though? Why, he'd screw a bet out of a bishop."

"I'd do with him as Tomkinson did," said his lordship; "he had him down at his lodge in Scotland, and bet him fifty pounds that he couldn't pass a week without a wager. Jack booked the bet and won it, and Tomkinson franked the company."

"What an artful villain my counterpart must

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be!" I said. I stared in the glass to see if I could discover the sheepishness they laid such stress on. I was pale, to be sure, and my hair a light brown, but so was Shelley's; indeed, there was a wild, but soft expression in my eyes that resembled his, and I could recognise many things in our natures that seemed to correspond. It was the poetic dreaminess, the lofty abstractedness from all the petty cares of every-day life, which vulgar people set down as simplicity; and thus,

> **The soaring thoughts that reached the stars,**
> **Seemed ignorance to *them*.**

As I uttered the consolatory lines, I felt two hands firmly pressed over my eyes, while a friendly voice called out, "Found out, old fellow! run fairly to earth!" "Ask him if he knows you," whispered another, but in a voice I could catch.

"Who am I, Jack?" cried the first speaker.

"Situated as I now am," I replied, "I am unable to pronounce; but of one thing I am assured—I am certain I am not called Jack."

The slow and measured intonation of my voice seemed to electrify them, for my captor relinguished his hold and fell back, while the two others, after a few seconds of blank surprise, burst into a roar of laughter; a sentiment which the other could not refrain from, while he struggled to mutter some words of apology.

"Perhaps I can explain your mistake," I said, blandly; "I am supposed to be extremely like the Prince of Salms Hökinshauven——"

"No, no!" burst in Lord Keldrum, whose voice I recognised, "we never saw the prince. The blunder of the waiter led us into this embarrassment; we fancied you were——"

"Mr. Burgoyne," I chimed in.

"Exactly; Jack Burgoyne; but you're not a bit like him."

"Strange, then; but I'm constantly mistaken for him; and when in London, I'm actually persecuted by people calling out, 'When did you come up, Jack?' 'Where do you hang out?' 'How long do you stay?' 'Dine with me to-day—tomorrow—Saturday?' and so on; and although, as I have remarked, these are only so many embarrassments for me, they all show how popular must be my prototype." I had purposely made this speech of mine a little long, for I saw by the disconcerted looks of the party that they did not see how to wind up "the situation," and, like all awkward men, I grew garrulous where I ought to have been silent. While I rambled on, Lord Keldrum exchanged a word or two with one of his friends; and, as I finished, he turned towards me, and with an air of much courtesy said,

"We owe you every apology for this intrusion, and hope you will pardon it; there is, however, but one way in which we can certainly feel assured that we have your forgiveness—that is, by your joining us. I see that your dinner is in preparation, so pray let me countermand it, and say that you are our guest."

"Lord Keldrum," said one of the party, presenting the speaker; "my name is Hammond, and this is Captain Oxley, Coldstream Guards."

I saw that this move required an exchange of ratifications, and so I bowed and said, "Algernon Sydney Potts."

"There are Staffordshire Pottses?"

"No relation," I said, stiffly. It was Hammond who made the remark, and with a sneering manner that I could not abide.

"Well, Mr. Potts, it is agreed," said Lord Keldrum, with his peculiar urbanity, "we shall see you at eight. No dressing. You'll find us in this fishing costume you see now."

I trust my reader, who has dined out any day he pleased and in any society he has liked these years past, will forgive me if I do not enter into any detailed account of my reasons for accepting this invitation. Enough if I freely own that to me, A. S. Potts, such an unexpected honour was about the same surprise as if I had been announced governor of a colony or bishop in a new settlement.

"At eight sharp, Mr. Potts."

"The next door down the passage."

"Just as you are, remember!" were the three parting admonitions with which they left me.

THE COMING TIDE.

A LONG pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether, is the kind of pull which a thirsty couple, Phœbus and Diana, have agreed to take at the waters of the sea on the sixteenth and seventeenth of September now ensuing. As to its length—from London-bridge to the centre of the Sun is a tolerable distance. As to its strength—a force which is strong enough to suspend the world and save it from falling to the bottom of nowhere, combined with another force which is strong enough to curb the Moon and keep her from running away, cannot be called absolute weakness. As to pulling altogether—those useful hackneys, Sol and Luna, are to be yoked in one team; they are to be in syzygy (see Hederic's Lexicon, or the advanced portion of this article) for that day expresaly. The proposed result is a magnificent tide; a brimming flow, followed by a distant ebb. Old Ocean is to be lifted higher out of his bed than usual; during his absence, inquisitive persons will have an opportunity of seeing how the bed is made, and will rejoice greatly that their own beds at home do not contain so many creeping things as his.

There is a general impression among an ill-used public that a similar pull, given last ninth of March, was a failure, and not half strong enough. People who came down by rail, from the uttermost interior, to the coast—people who would not believe that the sea was salt, till they tasted it—complained. They expressed their disappointment to wondering Jack Tars, that they should have to return without seeing a deluge or even a pretty shipwreck; that they had been able to go to the end of jetties without being drowned; that they had failed to witness in the grocers' cellars the conversion of sugar and salt into brine; that the bladders and the corks with which they stuffed their pockets, and the swimming-belts worn under crinoline, turned out

unnecessary and useless encumbrances. But let all such disconsolate persons take comfort. Although the September pull is expected to be a little less strong than the pull of March, there is a third party, one Æolus, who may think proper to have a voice in the matter; and if he vote on the same side with Phœbus and Diana, the tide will be a plumper.

Meanwhile, expectant observers of this tidal feat may like to hear a few particulars of the nature and manner of the pull in question.

In vast and profound Oceans, and on their coasts, it is observed that the waters rise and sink alternately twice a day. For six hours or thereabouts, they rise, spreading over the shores; this is called the flux, the waters are said to flow, the tide is rising. For a short space of time, a few minutes only, they repose in equilibrium, neither rising nor sinking, which is termed high water; after which they subside again for about six hours, which is called the reflux, or ebb-tide; at the end of which period and a similar short repose denominated low water, they flow again. And so on, throughout all time. During the flow of the tide, the waters of rivers are swollen, and are driven backward to a distance from their mouth varying with the inclination of their bed. In rivers that run through a level country, as the Thames, the tide mounts a considerable way inland; while, in mountain streams which rush headlong into the sea down a rapid slope, the tide may only influence the small portion that lies between high and low water mark. During the reflux, the liberated streams recommence the task of pouring their contents into the bed of the sea.

The principle on which the theory of the tides is founded, is simple; because it is universal in its application, and admits of no exception whatever. No plea, no excuse, can exempt anything from submitting to its sway. A few hard words, easy to explain and easy to understand, are the only impediment to its being readily comprehended by the popular mind.

Anacreon's bacchanalian ode, to the effect, "the clouds drink the dew, the rivers drink the clouds, the sea drinks the rivers, the sun drinks the sea, the moon drinks the sun; everything in heaven and earth drinks; therefore why should not I drink?" becomes a rough description of the system of Nature, as far as we know it, if, for the word "drinks," we substitute "pulls," or "draws." The Newtonian force of Universal Gravitation or Attraction is believed to be the law by which the framework of the universe is held together. Attraction, which is only a Latin word for "pulling to," is the game which is unremittingly played by every particle of created matter. Every material body, great or small, attracts every other material body. It is a constant struggle which body shall annex, appropriate, draw, all other bodies to itself; in this, the strongest body gains the victory. The earth is a ball; an apple on a tree-top is also a ball; but if the apple's hold on the branch be loosened, the big ball soon pulls the small ball to itself, and keeps it, until some stronger force than the earth's attraction—such as the arm of a man or the jaw of a hog—robs the earth of the apple it had taken to itself.

There are two conditions to this law of attraction which it is necessary to know. First: The Attraction exerted by a body is directly proportional to its mass. In simpler language, the larger and more solid a body is, the harder it pulls, at equal distances. An object a hundred miles away from the Sun, is pulled much more violently than the same object a hundred miles away from the Earth; while the pull it will receive a hundred miles away from the earth is considerably stronger than that it would experience if suspended a hundred miles above the Moon. All this, for the reason that the mass of the Sun is much greater than that of the Earth, and the mass of the Earth much greater than that of the Moon.

How large is the disproportion of the masses of the Sun and the Earth, may be briefly mentioned: they are to each other as the sum of 1,400,000 is to 1. The Sun is fourteen hundred thousand times as big as the Earth. But abstract numbers impress the mind faintly. A professor at Angers, in France, wishing to give his pupils a tangible idea of the comparative sizes of the Earth and the Sun, set them to count the number of average-sized grains of wheat contained in the measure called a litre (about a pint and three-quarters). They found ten thousand. Consequently, a decalitre (or ten litres) would contain a hundred thousand grains, and a hectolitre (or a hundred litres) a million. A hectolitre contains a trifle more than a three-bushel English corn-sack. The professor then heaped together one hectolitre and four decalitres of wheat, containing in all 1,400,000 grains. Taking a single grain and placing it opposite to the heap, he said, "This is the volume of the Earth, and that is the volume of the Sun."

The disproportion of magnitude and weight is much less between the Earth and the Moon than it is between the Earth and Sun. In comparison with the size of our globe, our satellite is not so contemptibly little as our globe is in respect to the great centre of the Solar System. The mass of the Moon is eighty-four times less than that of the Earth. It would take eighty-four Moons put together to make one Earth. To follow out the French professor's illustration, if we pile a heap of eighty-four oranges, and place a single orange opposite to the pile, we may say, "This is the mass of the Moon, and that is the mass of the Earth."

But, another condition is mixed up with the question of attraction; for, secondly, the force of gravitation is in inverse proportion to the square of the distance; in other words, a body's attractive force *diminishes* in proportion to the square of the distance. The square of any number is that number multiplied by itself; 49 is the square of 7, and 81 is the square of 9. Therefore, the attraction exerted by a body, as the Moon, on an object at the respective distances of 7 and 9 miles away from it, will be

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diminished, at the greater distance, in the proportion of 49 to 81; that is, if 81 represent the attractive force at 7 miles' distance—at 9 miles it will only be 49. This rapid diminution of attractive force with increase of distance explains how the immense Sun, an enormous way off, may have a weaker pull on an object at the surface of the Earth than the small Moon, which is comparatively close at hand.

As the Earth revolves round the Sun, not in a circle but in an oval, her distance from the Sun is constantly varying slightly; the same thing obtains with respect to the Moon and the Earth. The distances, therefore, from the Earth to the Sun and from the Earth to the Moon, when mentioned in leagues or miles, must be understood to be the mean or average distances. The mean distance of the Earth from the Sun is 95,576,240 miles. The mean distance of the Moon from the Earth is 239,100 miles. Consequently, were there a railroad from the Earth to the Moon, with trains going at the rate of 30 miles an hour, it would require 7970 hours, or 332 days and 2 hours, or nearly 11 months, travelling night and day, to pay a visit to the hills and dales of our bright attendant. At the same speed of locomotion, to reach the surface of the Sun would occupy a period of 363 years (of 365 days each), 249 days, 17 hours, and 40 minutes. Many generations of men must be born and die on the road, in a railway carriage incessantly dashing along at a pace of 30 miles an hour, before their posterity could arrive at the great central luminary. The Sun is about four hundred times further from the Earth than the Moon is. The important point is the great diminution of the attractive force of so large a mass, which is the consequence of so wide an interval.

It happens, then, that two distinct forces, the attraction of the Sun and the attraction of the Moon, are continually pulling at the entire mass of the Earth on which we dwell. The solid portion of the globe—rocks and dry land, mountains and continents—hold together, and obey the combined attractions impressed upon them, all in one piece, in a rigid state. But it is otherwise with the liquid portion of our globe, the outspread oceans, which do not hold together rigidly as if they were frozen, but which flow in the direction of the attractive force, by the same law which causes a brook to stream down a mountain-side, in obedience to the Earth's attraction. And, as the Oceans cover so large a proportion of the surface of the globe, the entire globe may be roughly compared to an india-rubber ball which is pulled out of shape by a couple of strings. There will be a bulging out at the places where the strings pull hardest.

It is thus that the attractions of the Sun and the Moon pull the watery parts of the Earth out of shape. The Ocean is raised in a tidal wave or waves; for, there is a solar tidal wave, caused by the Sun, and a lunar tidal wave, caused by the Moon. The latter is about three times as great as the former, in consequence of the nearness of the Moon, and the distance of the Sun. If the Earth, Sun, and Moon, all remained perfectly still in relation to each other, the waters so raised would remain in a permanent heap; there would be a permanent alteration of the shape of the globe, and that is all. But, as the Earth revolves on her axis, the solar tidal wave carried on by that movement, like everything else on the Earth's surface, rushes back after the attractive force of the Sun; and, as the Moon revolves round the Earth, there is a similar rushing of the lunar tidal wave, caused partly by the Earth's revolution on her axis, and partly by the Moon's changed place in her orbit. In these complicated influences lie some of the causes which produce our changing and yet periodical tides.

The strength of the tides, as well as the hour of the day at which they occur, is governed by the place of the Moon in her orbit, whether she be in syzygy or in quadrature (in conjunction or opposition). Let not those hard words frighten us; for the explanation of a word—its etymology or derivation—often clears away a difficulty. As the Moon revolves round the earth in a plane which is nearly the same as the plane of the ecliptic or the plane of the Earth's orbit round the Sun, it follows that, once in every lunar revolution, the relative position of the Sun, Moon, and Earth, must be this, E——M——S, which is called "in conjunction" (with the Sun), and once this, M——E——S, which is called "in opposition." The former takes place at every New Moon, the latter at every Full Moon. Both are called syzygy, from a Greek word meaning "a yoking together." The Sun and Moon draw in couples; they both pull in one direction. The lunar and the solar tidal waves are combined; the waters rise to an unusual height; spring tides are the result. Of course their contemporaneous absence during the interval between two high waters, occasions an unusually low ebb. The highest tides of all will occur at conjunction, because there is then a combination of attractive force as well as an identity in its direction.

But, when the Moon has performed a quarter of her orbit from either of those positions, that is at her first quarter or her third, the three heavenly bodies (for the Earth is a heavenly body) are no longer in the same line. On the contrary, they are at squares, in quadrature, forming a right angle of which the Earth is the corner, thus, E└——S (M above), or E┌——S (M below). The Sun and the Moon, then pulling different ways, will reduce each other's tidal wave. Union makes strength; division weakness. The tides are weak, or neap; the oscillation of the sea is less; high water is never so high, and low water is never so low, at quadratures as at syzygies.

Wherever the movement of the waters of the Ocean is not impeded by islands, capes, straits, and other similar obstacles, the tides are observed to have three distinct periods: the daily period, the monthly period, and the annual period. Of the two first we have already spoken, as the flux and the reflux, and the spring

tides and neap tides. The third, the annual period, is what will bring about the expected high tide of the 16th or 17th of September—because the tide which will happen about midnight (according to the locality) between the 16th and the 17th may perhaps attain the maximum of elevation. The annual period is manifested at the equinoxes, in March and September, by the spring tides being higher and the neap tides feebler than at other epochs of the year. At the equinoxes, there is a greater inequality in the tides generally; at the solstices, there is a greater general equality.

The cause of these equinoctial high tides, is, that the Sun is then crossing the equator, at which point he is able to give the hardest pull at the bulging waters; he is either actually on the line, or only a little above or below it at the time when the Moon also crosses the equator, and is in syzygy, and sometimes also at her shortest distance from the Earth. It appears, therefore, that the tides are the effect of a combination of varying forces, and that their magnitude is exactly proportional to the strength of those forces. By elaborate and complex calculations, modern astronomers, led on by Laplace, are able to predict the hour and the height of every tide, with a precision which is the admiration of thinking persons. If we suppose the Moon's orbit so changed, that at certain times she would approach the Earth much nearer than she does, the consequence would be tides of such force and elevation as to devastate whole continents. Yet their height, and the date of their occurrence, would be calculable, if men were left to calculate them. However curious we may be to have a nearer view of our splendid satellite, it is better for us, on the whole, that she should continue to keep her present respectful distance.

The exact state of a tide, at any moment, as well as the points of high and low water, may be known in a seaport town by the contrivance of a well having a subterranean communication with the sea, so that the water shall rise in it during the flow, and sink in it during the ebb. By causing the water to enter a tube of this kind by a small orifice, the agitation of the waves without is rendered insensible. Tide-wells of this kind, constructed by M. Chazallon, the French naval engineer, exist at Cherbourg and at Brest. The height of the tide is self-registered by an instrument called a marégraphe.

Laplace was not satisfied with perfecting the mathematical theory of the tides; he looked at it in quite a novel point of view, and was the first to treat of the stability of the equilibrium of the seas. All systems, or collections and combinations of bodies, whether solid or liquid, are susceptible of two sorts of equilibrium, which must be carefully distinguished. In stable equilibrium, the system, if slightly disturbed from its usual position, has a ceaseless tendency to return to it. A well-ballasted ship, sailing with a side wind, leans a little out of the perpendicular, but rights again as soon as the wind falls. The weight of the hull and position of the centre of gravity of that weight are sufficient to retain the whole vessel, with its masts and rigging, in constant stable equilibrium. In the case of unstable equilibrium the reverse takes place; a very slight disturbing force suffices to upset the whole system so constituted. An acrobat balances a ladder on his shoulder; on the ladder, perhaps will mount a child carrying flags, chairs, and sundry articles. The whole are in unstable equilibrium. Although the skill of the acrobat may put the whole system, for an instant, in exact balance, still the slightest tremor or puff of air, causing his burden to lean ever so little on one side, would precipitate the whole to the ground, were he not, by slightly changing his position, to obviate that tendency by restoring the balance.

If the equilibrium of the Ocean be of this latter kind, unstable, the waves caused by the action of the winds, by earthquakes, by sudden displacements of the bottom of the sea, have been able in former times, and will be able at future times, to rise to the summits of the highest mountains. The geologist will have the satisfaction of drawing from these prodigious oscillations, a rational explanation of a great number of phenomena; but then the world must be regarded as liable to new and terrible catastrophes.

We may take comfort, however, from Laplace's assurance that the equilibrium of the Ocean is stable: on the express condition, however (which is established by indubitable facts), that the mean density of the liquid expanse be inferior to the mean density of the Earth. He also assumes that no change will ever occur in the position of the Earth's centre of gravity, like that which forms the basis of Adhémar's theory of periodical deluges. But if, for the actual Ocean (everything else remaining in the same state), we substitute an ocean of mercury, the stable equilibrium will have vanished, the liquid will frequently burst its limits to rush sweeping over terra firma, and will mount even to the snowy peaks above the clouds.

Although the phenomena of the tides be owing to the action of the Moon and the Sun, nevertheless many peculiarities attending them still remain imperfectly explained. For instance, between the tropics, with a few exceptions, the tides are very feeble, although the action of the two great luminaries is there perpendicular to the surface of the water. In some of the South Sea Islands, there is only one tide per day. Calculation demonstrates that the rising of the waters is slight in proportion as a sea is small; and we find that the tides are scarcely perceptible in the Caspian, Mediterranean, White, and Baltic Seas, which are almost lakes: having either no real or no considerable point of communication with the Ocean. In the Black Sea the tides are almost insensible; they ought to be still feebler in the Baltic and the White Seas, in consequence of their distance from the equator. In the Gulf of Venice, the tide is more perceptible than in the rest of the Mediterranean: which

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may be owing to its shape having a tendency to press the waters into a heap.

One long pull which the tides may have taken, is, the drawing of Old World productions to the coast of the New. The sea, by its general motion from east to west, cannot help carrying to the American shores many things which it has stolen from us; whereas it is only very irregularly, and probably by the action of the winds, that it brings hither, any Indian or American productions.

As a corollary from what precedes, we may feel inclined to take it for granted that there are tides also in the atmosphere, and that our satellite must have great influence on the weather. The popular notions of the changes of the Moon affecting the weather, and of prognostics derived from the appearance of the Moon, support the belief that atmospheric tides exist, and must consequently manifest themselves in their effects. The contrary turns out to be the case. Our elastic and agile atmosphere eludes the Moon's grasp. On the theory of Universal Attraction, the Moon's action on the liquid portion of the globe and the phenomena of maritime tides are explained without difficulty; but, for the influence of our satellite on the gaseous envelope which wraps the Earth, we are still in search of facts and data.

A final word must be hazarded on the attacks and insults to which the oldest-established theories are exposed. What theory can have a better position in the world than Newton's Universal Gravitation? It is no parvenu; it has ancestral claims to respect, and innumerable vested rights in the domain of science. Nevertheless, irreverent heretics are beginning to pelt it with paper missiles. William Adolph publishes The Simplicity of Creation, a new theory of the Solar System and the Tides, the latter being caused by pressure, and *not* by the Attraction of the Moon. M. Faye, the eminent French astronomer, thinks he has discovered a new force, totally different from gravitation, which, if he could but confirm it by actual experiment, would replace attraction in the explanation of celestial phenomena. Another scientific speculator, a working man, who signs himself "Rollande," as if he were a peer, shouts to the astonished public that he has caught the unknown force, and is ready to demonstrate its action by a pretty little exhibition. A repulsive force, emanating from the Sun, would seem to be the sole cause of the tails of comets. But electricity is the only known force which possesses repulsive properties. Try, therefore, the following easy experiment:

A ball of elder-pith, or (better) of cork, suspended by a silken thread and put in presence with a stick of electrised sealing-wax, is immediately attracted thereby, and held in contact with it, until it is saturated with the fluid. At that point, the ball is repulsed to a greater or less distance, according to the size of the electrophore or the lightness of the ball. This part of the experiment most people are familiar with. But more surprising things are in store.

If you give to the electrophore a slight circular movement, the ball trembles, shifts its place, and performs a complete revolution round the electro-magnet. For several seconds, the ball describes a circle, but the orbit shortly becomes elongated. A major and a minor axis are formed, and the ellipse is complete with a well-marked aphelion and perihelion. If your surprise at this extraordinary and unexpected motion allows you to pay a close attention to the movements of the ball, you perceive that it assumes a rotatory motion (which would be continuous were it not prevented by the twisting of the silken thread of suspension), and which takes place in an opposite direction to the motion of the ball in its orbit. The greater the density of the ball, the greater is its rotatory activity; the lighter it is, the less that motion is perceived.

This is not all. If you have made, in the upper part of the ball where the thread comes out, a funnel-shaped hollow, and if you throw into it a few grains of sand, the ball, without any interruption of its course, approaches nearer to the electrophore; and in proportion as more sand is added, the diameter of the orbit is diminished. So that if you continue to put more sand, the ball will at last adhere to the electrophore, which has no longer the force to repel a mass whose density has been increased by successive loadings with sand. Consequently, every ball that revolves round a magnetic centre, has a fixed place which it must occupy.

Now, if while the ball is describing its ellipse, you bring another ball saturated with electricity close to the orbit of the first, you will observe, when the two balls are at the shortest distance from each other, a movement of retreat on the part of both, which constitutes a veritable perturbation; but, as soon as that point is passed, the ball which revolves will continue its motion and the other will fall into its original position. The experiment, which displays an extraordinary coincidence between the movements of the ball and those of the planets, may be repeated whenever the atmosphere is in a suitable hygrometric condition. Wet weather is unfavourable to success.

THE LEGEND OF LITTLE PEARL.

"Poor little Pearl, good little Pearl!"
Sighed every kindly neighbour;
It was so sad to see a girl
So tender, doomed to labour.

A wee bird fluttered from its nest
Too soon, was that meek creature;
Just fit to rest in mother's breast,
The darling of fond Nature.

God shield poor little ones, where all
Must help to be bread-bringers!
For once afoot, there's none too small
To ply their tiny fingers.

Poor Pearl, she had no time to play
The merry game of childhood;
From dawn to dark she worked all day,
A wooding in the wild wood.

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When others played, she stole apart
In pale and shadowy quiet,
Too full of care was her child heart
For laughter running riot.

Hard lot for such a tender life,
And miserable guerdon;
But like a womanly wee wife,
She bravely bore her burden.

One wintry day they wanted wood
When need was at the sorest;
Poor Pearl, without a bit of food,
Must up and to the forest.

But there she sank down in the snow,
All over numbed and aching:
Poor little Pearl, she cried as though
Her very heart was breaking.

The blinding snow shut out the house
From little Pearl so weary;
The lonesome wind among the boughs
Moaned with its warnings eerie.

To little Pearl a Child-Christ came,
With footfall light as fairy;
He took her hand, he called her name,
His voice was sweet and airy.

His gentle eyes filled tenderly
With mystical wet brightness:
"And would you like to come with me,
And wear this robe of whiteness?"

He bore her bundle to the door,
Gave her a flower when going:
"My darling, I shall come once more,
When the little bud is blowing."

Home very wan came little Pearl,
But on her face strange glory:
They only thought, "What ails the girl?"
And laughed to hear her story.

Next morning mother sought her child,
And clasped it to her bosom;
Poor little Pearl, in death she smiled,
And the rose was full in blossom.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Having occasion to transact some business with a solicitor who occupies a highly suicidal set of chambers in Gray's Inn, I afterwards took a turn in the large square of that stronghold of Melancholy, reviewing, with congenial surroundings, my experiences of Chambers.

I began, as was natural, with the Chambers I had just left. They were an upper set on a rotten staircase, with a very mysterious bunk or bulkhead on the landing outside them, of a rather nautical and Screw Collier-like appearance than otherwise, and painted an intense black. Many dusty years have passed, since the appropriation of this Davy Jones's locker to any purpose, and during the whole period within the memory of living man, it has been hasped and padlocked. I cannot quite satisfy my mind whether it was originally meant for the reception of coals, or bodies, or as a place of temporary security for the plunder "looted" by laundresses; but I incline to the last opinion. It is about breast-high, and usually serves as a bulk for defendants in reduced circumstances to lean against and ponder at, when they come on the hopeful errand of trying to make an arrangement without money—under which auspicious circumstances it mostly happens that the legal gentleman they want to see, is much engaged, and they pervade the staircase for a considerable period. Against this opposing bulk, in the absurdest manner, the tomb-like outer door of the solicitor's chambers (which is also of an intense black) stands in dark ambush, half open and half shut, all day. The solicitor's apartments are three in number; consisting of a slice, a cell, and a wedge. The slice is assigned to the two clerks, the cell is occupied by the principal, and the wedge is devoted to stray papers, old game baskets from the country, a washing-stand, and a model of a patent Ship's Caboose which was exhibited in Chancery at the commencement of the present century on an application for an injunction to restrain infringement. At about half-past nine on every week-day morning, the younger of the two clerks (who, I have reason to believe, leads the fashion at Pentonville in the articles of pipes and shirts) may be found knocking the dust out of his official door-key on the bunk or locker before mentioned; and so exceedingly subject to dust is his key, and so very retentive of that superfluity, that in exceptional summer weather when a ray of sunlight has fallen on the locker in my presence, I have noticed its inexpressive countenance to be deeply marked by a kind of Bramah erysipelas or small-pox.

This set of chambers (as I have gradually discovered, when I have had restless occasion to make inquiries or leave messages, after office hours) is under the charge of a lady, in figure extremely like an old family-umbrella, named Sweeney: whose dwelling confronts a dead wall in a court off Gray's Inn-lane, and who is usually fetched into the passage of that bower, when wanted, from some neighbouring home of industry which has the curious property of imparting an inflammatory appearance to her visage. Mrs. Sweeney is one of the race of professed laundresses, and is the compiler of a remarkable manuscript volume entitled "Mrs. Sweeney's Book," from which much curious statistical information may be gathered respecting the high prices and small uses of soda, soap, sand, firewood, and other such articles. I have created a legend in my mind—and consequently I believe it with the utmost pertinacity—that the late Mr. Sweeney was a ticket-porter under the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, and that, in consideration of his long and valuable services, Mrs. Sweeney was appointed to her present post. For, though devoid of personal charms, I have observed this lady to exercise a fascination over the elderly ticket-porter mind (particularly under the gateway, and in corners and entries), which I can only refer to her being one of the fraternity, yet not competing with it. All that need be said concerning this set of chambers, is said, when I have added that it is in a large double house in Gray's Inn-square, very much out of repair, and that the outer portal is ornamented in a hideous manner with certain stone remains, which have the appearance of the dismembered bust, torso, and limbs, of a petrified bencher.

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Indeed, I look upon Gray's Inn generally as one of the most depressing institutions in brick and mortar, known to the children of men. Can anything be more dreary than its arid Square, Saharah Desert of the law, with the ugly old tile-topped tenements, the dirty windows, the bills To Let To Let, the door-posts inscribed like gravestones, the crazy gateway giving upon the filthy Lane, the scowling iron-barred prison-like passage into Verulam-buildings, the mouldy red-nosed ticket-porters with little coffin plates and why with aprons, the dry hard atomy-like appearance of the whole dust-heap? When my uncommercial travels tend to this dismal spot, my comfort is, its rickety state. Imagination gloats over the fulness of time, when the staircases shall have quite tumbled down—they are daily wearing into an ill-savoured powder, but have not quite tumbled down yet—when the last old prolix bencher all of the olden time, shall have been got out of an upper window by means of a Fire-Ladder, and carried off to the Holborn Union; when the last clerk shall have engrossed the last parchment behind the last splash on the last of the mud-stained windows which, all through the miry year, are pilloried out of recognition in Gray's Inn-lane. Then shall a squalid little trench, with rank grass and a pump in it, lying between the coffee-house and South-square, be wholly given up to cats and rats, and not, as now, have its empire divided between those animals and a few briefless bipeds—surely called to the Bar by the voices of deceiving spirits, seeing that they are wanted there by no mortal—who glance down, with eyes better glazed than their casements, from their dreary and lacklustre rooms. Then shall the way Nor' Westward, now lying under a short grim colonnade where in summer time pounce flies from law-stationering windows into the eyes of laymen, be choked with rubbish and happily become impassable. Then shall the gardens where turf, trees, and gravel wear a legal livery of black, run rank, and pilgrims go to Gorhambury to see Bacon's effigy as he sat, and not come here (which in truth they seldom do) to see where he walked. Then, in a word, shall the old-established vendor of periodicals sit alone in his little crib of a shop behind the Holborn Gate, like that lumbering Marius among the ruins of Carthage, who has sat heavy on a thousand million of similes.

At one period of my uncommercial career I much frequented another set of chambers in Gray's Inn-square. They were what is familiarly called "a top set," and all the eatables and drinkables introduced into them acquired a flavour of Cockloft. I have known an unopened Strasbourg pâté fresh from Fortnum and Mason's, to draw in this cockloft tone through its crockery dish, and become penetrated with cockloft to the core of its inmost truffle in three-quarters of an hour. This, however, was not the most curious feature of those chambers; that, consisted in the profound conviction entertained by my esteemed friend Parkle (their tenant) that they were clean. Whether it was an inborn hallucination, or whether it was imparted to him by Mrs. Miggot the laundress, I never could ascertain. But I believe he would have gone to the stake upon the question. Now, they were so dirty that I could take off the distinctest impression of my figure on any article of furniture by merely lounging upon it for a few moments; and it used to be a private amusement of mine to print myself off—if I may use the expression—all over the rooms. It was the first large circulation I had. At other times I have accidentally shaken a window-curtain while in animated conversation with Parkle, and struggling insects which were certainly red, and were certainly not ladybirds, have dropped on the back of my hand. Yet Parkle lived in that top set years, bound body and soul to the superstition that they were clean. He used to say, when congratulated upon them, "Well, they are not like chambers in one respect, you know; they are clean." Concurrently, he had an idea which he could never explain, that Mrs. Miggot was in some way connected with the Church. When he was in particularly good spirits, he used to believe that a deceased uncle of hers had been a Dean; when he was poorly and low, he believed that her brother had been a Curate. I and Mrs. Miggot (she was a genteel woman) were on confidential terms, but I never knew her to commit herself to any distinct assertion on the subject; she merely claimed a proprietorship in the Church, by looking when it was mentioned, as if the reference awakened the slumbering Past, and were personal. It may have been his amiable confidence in Mrs. Miggot's better days that inspired my friend with his delusion respecting the chambers, but he never wavered in his fidelity to it for a moment, though he wallowed in dirt seven years.

Two of the windows of these chambers looked down into the garden; and we have sat up there together, many a summer evening, saying how pleasant it was, and talking of many things. To my intimacy with that top set, I am indebted for three of my liveliest personal impressions of the loneliness of life in chambers. They shall follow here, in order; first, second, and third.

First. My Gray's Inn friend, on a time, hurt one of his legs, and it became seriously inflamed. Not knowing of his indisposition, I was on my way to visit him as usual, one summer evening, when I was much surprised by meeting a lively leech in Field-court, Gray's Inn, seemingly on his way to the West End of London. As the leech was alone, and was of course unable to explain his position, even if he had been inclined to do so (which he had not the appearance of being), I passed him and went on. Turning the corner of Gray's Inn-square, I was beyond expression amazed by meeting another leech—also entirely alone, and also proceeding in a westerly direction, though with less decision of purpose. Ruminating on this extraordinary circumstance, and endeavouring to remember whether I had ever read, in the Philosophical Transactions or any work on Natural History, of a migra-

tion of Leeches, I ascended to the top set, past the dreary series of closed outer doors of offices and an empty set or two, which intervened between that lofty region and the surface. Entering my friend's rooms, I found him stretched upon his back, like Prometheus Bound, with a perfectly demented ticket-porter in attendance on him instead of the Vulture: which helpless individual, who was feeble and frightened, had (my friend explained to me, in great choler) been endeavouring for some hours to apply leeches to his leg, and as yet had only got on two out of twenty. To this Unfortunate's distraction between a damp cloth on which he had placed the leeches to freshen them, and the wrathful adjurations of my friend to "Stick 'em on, sir!" I referred the phenomenon I had encountered: the rather as two fine specimens were at that moment going out at the door, while a general insurrection of the rest was in progress on the table. After a while our united efforts prevailed, and, when the leeches came off and had recovered their spirits, we carefully tied them up in a decanter. But I never heard more of them than that they were all gone next morning, and that the Out-of-door young man of Bickle Bush and Bodger, on the ground floor, had been bitten and blooded by some creature not identified. They never "took" on Mrs. Miggot, the laundress; but I have always preserved fresh, the belief that she unconsciously carried several about her, until they gradually found openings in life.

Second. On the same staircase with my friend Parkle, and on the same floor, there lived a man of law who pursued his business elsewhere, and used those chambers as his place of residence. For three or four years, Parkle rather knew of him than knew him, but after that—for Englishmen—short pause of consideration, they began to speak. Parkle exchanged words with him in his private character only, and knew nothing of his business ways, or means. He was a man a good deal about town, but always alone. We used to remark to one another, that although we often encountered him in theatres, concert-rooms, and similar public places, he was always alone. Yet he was not a gloomy man, and was of a decidedly conversational turn; insomuch that he would sometimes of an evening lounge with a cigar in his mouth, half in and half out of Parkle's rooms, and discuss the topics of the day by the hour. He used to hint on these occasions that he had four faults to find with life: firstly, that it obliged a man to be always winding up his watch; secondly, that London was too small; thirdly, that it therefore wanted variety; fourthly, that there was too much dust in it. There was so much dust in his own faded chambers, certainly, that they reminded me of a sepulchre, furnished in prophetic anticipation of the present time, which had newly been brought to light, after having lain buried a few thousand years. One dry hot autumn evening at twilight, this man, being then five years turned of fifty, looked in upon Parkle in his usual lounging way, with his cigar in his mouth as usual, and said, "I am going out of town." As he never went out of town, Parkle said, "Oh indeed! At last?" "Yes," says he, "at last. For what is a man to do? London is so small! If you go West, you come to Hounslow. If you go East, you come to Bow. If you go South, there's Brixton or Norwood. If you go North, you can't get rid of Barnet. Then, the monotony of all the streets, streets, streets—and of all the roads, roads, roads—and the dust, dust, dust!" When he had said this, he wished Parkle a good evening, but came back again and said, with his watch in his hand, "Oh, I really cannot go on winding up this watch over and over again; I wish you would take care of it." So Parkle laughed and consented, and the man went out of town. The man remained out of town so long, that his letter-box became choked, and no more letters could be got into it, and they began to be left at the lodge and to accumulate there. At last the head-porter decided, on conference with the steward, to use his master-key and look into the chambers, and give them the benefit of a whiff of air. Then, it was found that he had hanged himself to his bedstead, and had left this written memorandum: "I should prefer to be cut down by my neighbour and friend (if he will allow me to call him so), H. Parkle, Esq." This was the end of Parkle's occupancy of chambers. He went into lodgings immediately.

Third. While Parkle lived in Gray's Inn, and I myself was uncommercially preparing for the Bar—which is done, as everybody knows, by having a frayed old gown put on in a pantry by an old woman in a chronic state of Saint Anthony's fire and dropsy, and, so decorated, bolting a bad dinner in a party of four, whereof each individual mistrusts the other three—I say, while these things were, there was a certain elderly gentleman who lived in a court of the Temple, and was a great judge and lover of port wine. Every day, he dined at his club and drank his bottle or two of port wine, and every night came home to the Temple and went to bed in his lonely chambers. This had gone on many years without variation, when one night he had a fit on coming home, and fell and cut his head deep, but partly recovered and groped about in the dark to find the door. When he was afterwards discovered, dead, it was clearly established by the marks of his hands about the room that he must have done so. Now, this chanced on the night of Christmas Eve, and over him lived a young fellow who had sisters and young country-friends, and who gave them a little party that night, in the course of which they played at Blindman's Buff. They played that game, for their greater sport, by the light of the fire only; and once when they were all quietly rustling and stealing about, and the blindman was trying to pick out the prettiest sister (for which I am far from blaming him), somebody cried, Hark! The man below must be playing Blindman's Buff by himself to-night! They listened, and they heard sounds of some one falling about and stumbling against fur-

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niture, and they all laughed at the conceit, and went on with their play, more light-hearted and merry than ever. Thus, those two so different games of life and death were played out together, blindfold, in the two sets of chambers.

Such are the occurrences which, coming to my knowledge, imbued me long ago with a strong sense of the loneliness of chambers. There was a fantastic illustration to much the same purpose implicitly believed by a strange sort of man now dead, whom I knew when I had not quite arrived at legal years of discretion, though I was already in the uncommercial line.

This was a man who, though not more than thirty, had seen the world in divers irreconcilable capacities—had been an officer in a South American regiment among other odd things—but had not achieved much in any way of life, and was in debt, and in hiding. He occupied chambers of the dreariest nature in Lyons Inn; his name, however, was not upon the door, or door-post, but in lieu of it stood the name of a friend who had died in the chambers, and had given him the furniture. The story arose out of the furniture, and was to this effect:—Let the former holder of the chambers whose name was still upon the door and door-post, be Mr. Testator.

Mr. Testator took a set of chambers in Lyons Inn when he had but very scanty furniture for his bedroom, and none for his sitting-room. He had lived some wintry months in this condition, and had found it very bare and cold. One night, past midnight, when he sat writing and had still writing to do that must be done before he went to bed, he found himself out of coals. He had coals down stairs, but had never been to his cellar; however, the cellar-key was on his mantelshelf, and if he went down and opened the cellar it fitted, he might fairly assume the coals in that cellar to be his. As to his laundress, she lived among the coal-waggons and Thames watermen—for there were Thames waterman at that time—in some unknown rat-hole by the river, down lanes and alleys on the other side of the Strand. As to any other person to meet him or obstruct him, Lyons Inn was dreaming, drunk, maudlin, moody, betting, brooding over bill-discounting or renewing—asleep or awake, minding its own affairs. Mr. Testator took his coalscuttle in one hand, his candle and key in the other, and descended to the dismallest underground dens of Lyons Inn, where the late vehicles in the streets became thunderous, and all the water-pipes in the neighbourhood seemed to have Macbeth's Amen sticking in their throats, and to be trying to get it out. After groping here and there among low doors to no purpose, Mr. Testator at length came to a door with a rusty padlock which his key fitted. Getting the door open with much trouble, and looking in, he found, no coals, but a confused pile of furniture. Alarmed by this intrusion on another man's property, he locked the door again, found his own cellar, filled his scuttle, and returned up-stairs.

But the furniture he had seen, ran on castors across and across Mr. Testator's mind incessantly, when, in the chill hour of five in the morning he got to bed. He particularly wanted a table to write at, and a table expressly made to be written at, had been the piece of furniture in the foreground of the heap. When his laundress emerged from her burrow in the morning to make his kettle boil, he artfully led up to the subject of cellars and furniture; but the two ideas had evidently no connexion in her mind. When she left him, and he sat at his breakfast, thinking about the furniture, he recalled the rusty state of the padlock, and inferred that the furniture must have been stored in the cellars for a long time—was perhaps forgotten—owner dead, perhaps? After thinking it over, a few days, in the course of which he could pump nothing out of Lyons Inn about the furniture, he became desperate, and resolved to borrow that table. He did so, that night. He had not had the table long, when he determined to borrow an easy-chair; he had not had that long, when he made up his mind to borrow a bookcase; then, a couch; then, a carpet and rug. By that time, he felt he was "in furniture stepped in so far," as that it could be no worse to borrow it all. Consequently, he borrowed it all, and locked up the cellar for good. He had always locked it, after every visit. He had carried up every separate article in the dead of the night, and, at the best, had felt as wicked as a Resurrection Man. Every article was blue and furry when brought into his rooms, and he had had, in a murderous and guilty sort of way, to polish it up while London slept.

Mr. Testator lived in his furnished chambers two or three years, or more, and gradually lulled himself into the opinion that the furniture was his own. This was his convenient state of mind when, late one night, a step came up the stairs, and a hand passed over his door feeling for his knocker, and then one deep and solemn rap was rapped that might have been a spring in Mr. Testator's easy-chair to shoot him out of it: so promptly was it attended with that effect.

With a candle in his hand, Mr. Testator went to the door, and found there, a very pale and very tall man; a man who stooped; a man with very high shoulders, a very narrow chest, and a very red nose; a shabby genteel man. He was wrapped in a long threadbare black coat, fastened up the front with more pins than buttons, and under his arm he squeezed an umbrella without a handle, as if he were playing bagpipes. He said, "I ask your pardon, but can you tell me——" and stopped; his eyes resting on some object within the chambers.

"Can I tell you what?" asked Mr. Testator, noting this stoppage with quick alarm.

"I ask your pardon," said the stranger, "but—this is not the inquiry I was going to make—*do* I see in there, any small article of property belonging to *me?*"

Mr. Testator was beginning to stammer that he was not aware—when the visitor slipped past him, into the chambers. There, in a goblin way which froze Mr. Testator to the marrow, he ex-

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amined, first, the writing-table, and said, "Mine;" then, the easy-chair, and said, "Mine;" then, the bookcase, and said, "Mine;" then, turned up a corner of the carpet, and said, "Mine;" in a word, inspected every item of furniture from the cellar, in succession, and said, "Mine!" Towards the end of this investigation, Mr. Testator perceived that he was sodden with liquor, and that the liquor was gin. He was not unsteady with gin, either in his speech or carriage; but he was stiff with gin in both particulars.

Mr. Testator was in a dreadful state, for (according to his making out of the story) the possible consequences of what he had done in recklessness and hardihood, flashed upon him in their fulness for the first time. When they had stood gazing at one another for a little while, he tremulously began:

"Sir, I am conscious that the fullest explanation, compensation, and restitution, are your due. They shall be yours. Allow me to entreat that, without temper, without even natural irritation on your part, we may have a little——"

"Drop of something to drink," interposed the stranger. "I am agreeable."

Mr. Testator had intended to say, "a little quiet conversation," but with great relief of mind adopted the amendment. He produced a decanter of gin, and was bustling about for hot water and sugar, when he found that his visitor had already drunk half of the decanter's contents. With hot water and sugar the visitor drank the remainder before he had been an hour in the chambers by the chimes of the church of Saint Mary in the Strand; and during the process he frequently whispered to himself, "Mine!"

The gin gone, and Mr. Testator wondering what was to follow it, the visitor rose and said, with increased stiffness, "At what hour of the morning, sir, will it be convenient?" Mr. Testator hazarded, "At ten?" "Sir," said the visitor, "at ten, to the moment, I shall be here." He then contemplated Mr. Testator somewhat at leisure, and said, "God bless you! How is your wife?" Mr. Testator (who never had a wife) replied with much feeling, "Deeply anxious, poor soul, but otherwise well." The visitor thereupon turned and went away, and fell twice in going down stairs. From that hour he was never heard of. Whether he was a ghost, or a spectral illusion of conscience, or a drunken man who had no business there, or the drunken rightful owner of the furniture, with a transitory gleam of memory; whether he got safe home, or had no home to get to; whether he died of liquor on the way, or lived in liquor ever afterwards; he never was heard of more. This was the story, received with the furniture and held to be as substantial, by its second possessor in an upper set of chambers in grim Lyons Inn.

It is to be remarked of chambers in general, that they must have been built for chambers, to have the right kind of loneliness. You may make a great dwelling-house very lonely, by isolating suites of rooms and calling them chambers, but you cannot make the true kind of loneliness. In dwelling-houses, there have been family festivals; children have grown in them, girls have bloomed into women in them, courtships and marriages have taken place in them. True chambers never were young, childish, maidenly; never had dolls in them, or rocking-horses, or christenings, or betrothals, or little coffins. Let Gray's Inn identify the child who first touched hands and hearts with Robinson Crusoe, in any one of its many "sets," and that child's little statue, in white marble with a golden inscription, shall be at its service, at my cost and charge, as a drinking fountain for the spirit, to freshen its thirsty square. Let Lincoln's produce from all its houses, a twentieth of the procession derivable from any dwelling-house one twentieth of its age, of fair young brides who married for love and hope, not settlements, and all the Vice-Chancellors shall thenceforward be kept in nosegays for nothing, on application at this office. It is not denied that on the terrace of the Adelphi, or in any of the streets of that subterranean-stable-haunted spot, or about Bedford-row, or James-street of that ilk (a grewsome place), or anywhere among the neighbourhoods that have done flowering and have run to seed, you may find Chambers replete with the accommodations of Solitude, Closeness, and Darkness, where you may be as low spirited as in the genuine article, and might be as easily murdered, with the placid reputation of having merely gone down to the sea-side. But the many waters of life did run musical in those dry channels once;—among the Inns, never. The only popular legend known in relation to any one of the dull family of Inns, is a dark Old Bailey whisper concerning Clement's, and importing how the black creature who holds the sun dial there, was a negro who slew his master and built the dismal pile out of the contents of his strong-box—for which architectural offence alone he ought to have been condemned to live in it. But what populace would waste fancy upon such a place, or on New Inn, Staple Inn, Barnard's Inn, or any of the shabby crew?

The genuine laundress, too, is an institution not to be had in its entirety out of and away from the genuine Chambers. Again, it is not denied that you may be robbed elsewhere. Elsewhere you may have—for money—dishonesty, drunkenness, dirt, laziness, and profound incapacity. But the veritable shining-red-faced, shameless laundress; the true Mrs. Sweeney—in figure, colour, texture, and smell, like the old damp family umbrella; the tiptop complicated abomination of stockings, spirits, bonnet, limpness, looseness, and larceny, is only to be drawn at the fountain-head. Mrs. Sweeney is beyond the reach of individual art. It requires the united efforts of several men to ensure that great result, and it is only developed in perfection under an Honourable Society and in an Inn of Court.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—Shakespeare.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

PART THE THIRD. THE NARRATIVE OF ISIDOR OTTAVIO BALDASSARE FOSCO. COUNT OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE. KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE BRAZEN CROWN. ARCH-MASTER OF THE ROSICRUCIAN MASONS OF MESOPOTAMIA. ATTACHED, IN HONORARY CAPACITIES, TO SOCIETIES MEDICAL, SOCIETIES MUSICAL, SOCIETIES PHILOSOPHICAL, AND SOCIETIES GENERAL BENEVOLENT, THROUGHOUT EUROPE, &c. &c. &c.

In the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty, I arrived in England, charged with a delicate political mission from abroad. Confidential persons were semi-officially connected with me, whose exertions I was authorised to direct—Monsieur and Madame Rubelle being among the number. Some weeks of spare time were at my disposal, before I entered on my functions by establishing myself in the suburbs of London. Curiosity may stop here, to ask for some explanation of those functions on my part. I entirely sympathise with the request. I also regret that diplomatic reserve forbids me to comply with it.

I arranged to pass the preliminary period of repose, to which I have just referred, in the superb mansion of my late lamented friend, Sir Percival Glyde. *He* arrived from the Continent with *his* wife. *I* arrived from the Continent with *mine*. England is the land of domestic happiness—how appropriately we entered it under these domestic circumstances!

The bond of friendship which united Percival and myself, was strengthened, on this occasion, by a touching similarity in the pecuniary position, on his side and on mine. We both wanted money. Immense necessity! Universal want! Is there a civilised human being who does not feel for us? How insensible must that man be! Or how rich!

I enter into no sordid particulars, in discussing this part of the subject. My mind recoils from them. With a Roman austerity, I show my empty purse and Percival's to the shrinking public gaze. Let us allow the deplorable fact to assert itself, once for all, in that manner—and pass on.

We were received at the mansion by the magnificent creature who is inscribed on my heart as "Marian"—who is known in the colder atmosphere of Society, as "Miss Halcombe."

Just Heaven! with what inconceivable rapidity I learnt to adore that woman. At sixty, I worshipped her with the volcanic ardour of eighteen. All the gold of my rich nature was poured hopelessly at her feet. My wife—poor angel!—my wife, who adores me, got nothing but the shillings and the pennies. Such is the World; such Man; such Love. What are we (I ask) but puppets in a show-box? Oh, omnipotent Destiny, pull our strings gently! Dance us mercifully off our miserable little stage!

The preceding lines, rightly understood, express an entire system of philosophy. It is Mine.

I resume.

The domestic position at the commencement of our residence at Blackwater Park has been drawn with amazing accuracy, with profound mental insight, by the hand of Marian herself. (Pass me the intoxicating familiarity of mentioning this sublime creature by her Christian name.) Accurate knowledge of the contents of her journal—to which I obtained access by clandestine means, unspeakably precious to me in the remembrance—warns my eager pen from topics which this essentially exhaustive woman has already made her own.

The interests—interests, breathless and immense!—with which I am here concerned, begin with the deplorable calamity of Marian's illness.

The situation, at this period, was emphatically a serious one. Large sums of money, due at a certain time, were wanted by Percival (I say nothing of the modicum equally necessary to myself); and the one source to look to for supplying them was the fortune of his wife, of which not one farthing was at his disposal until her death. Bad, so far; but—in the language of the all-pervading Shakespeare—worse remained behind. My lamented friend had private troubles of his own, into which the delicacy of my disinterested attachment to him forbade me from inquiring too curiously. I knew nothing but that a woman, named Anne Catherick, was hidden in the neighbourhood; that she was in communication with Lady Glyde; and that the disclosure of a secret, which would be the certain ruin of Percival, might be the result. He had told me himself that he was a lost man, unless his wife was silenced, and unless Anne Catherick was found. If he was a lost man, what would become of our pecuniary interests? Courageous

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as I am by nature, I absolutely trembled at the idea!

The whole force of my intelligence was now directed to the finding of Anne Catherick. Our money affairs, important as they were, admitted of delay—but the necessity of discovering the woman admitted of none. I only knew her, by description, as presenting an extraordinary personal resemblance to Lady Glyde. The statement of this curious fact—intended merely to assist me in identifying the person of whom we were in search—when coupled with the additional information that Anne Catherick had escaped from a madhouse, started the first immense conception in my mind, which subsequently led to such amazing results. That conception involved nothing less than the complete transformation of two separate identities. Lady Glyde and Anne Catherick were to change names, places, and destinies, the one with the other—the prodigious consequences contemplated by the change, being the gain of thirty thousand pounds, and the eternal preservation of Percival's secret.

My instincts (which seldom err) suggested to me, on reviewing the circumstances, that our invisible Anne would, sooner or later, return to the boat-house at the Blackwater lake. There I posted myself; previously mentioning to Mrs. Michelson, the housekeeper, that I might be found when wanted, immersed in study, in that solitary place. It is my rule never to make unnecessary mysteries, and never to set people suspecting me for want of a little seasonable candour, on my part. Mrs. Michelson believed in me from first to last. This ladylike person (widow of a Protestant Priest) overflowed with faith. Touched by such superfluity of simple confidence, in a woman of her mature years, I opened the ample reservoirs of my nature, and absorbed it all.

I was rewarded for posting myself sentinel at the lake, by the appearance—not of Anne Catherick herself, but of the person in charge of her. This individual also overflowed with simple faith, which I absorbed in myself, as in the case already mentioned. I leave her to describe the circumstances (if she has not done so already) under which she introduced me to the object of her maternal care. When I first saw Anne Catherick, she was asleep. I was electrified by the likeness between this unhappy woman and Lady Glyde. The details of the grand scheme, which had suggested themselves in outline only, up to that period, occurred to me, in all their masterly combination, at the sight of the sleeping face. At the same time, my heart, always accessible to tender influences, dissolved in tears at the spectacle of suffering before me. I instantly set myself to impart relief. In other words, I provided the necessary stimulant for strengthening Anne Catherick to perform the journey to London.

At this point, I enter a necessary protest, and correct a lamentable error.

The best years of my life have been passed in the ardent study of medical and chemical science. Chemistry, especially, has always had irresistible attractions for me, from the enormous, the illimitable power which the knowledge of it confers. Chemists, I assert it emphatically, might sway, if they pleased, the destinies of humanity. Let me explain this before I go further.

Mind, they say, rules the world. But what rules the mind? The body. The body (follow me closely here) lies at the mercy of the most omnipotent of all mortal potentates—the Chemist. Give me—Fosco—chemistry; and when Shakespeare has conceived Hamlet, and sits down to execute the conception—with a few grains of powder dropped into his daily food, I will reduce his mind, by the action of his body, till his pen pours out the most abject drivel that has ever degraded paper. Under similar circumstances, revive me the illustrious Newton. I guarantee that, when he sees the apple fall, he shall *eat it*, instead of discovering the principle of gravitation. Nero's dinner, shall transform Nero into the mildest of men, before he has done digesting it; and the morning draught of Alexander the Great, shall make Alexander run for his life, at the first sight of the enemy, the same afternoon. On my sacred word of honour, it is lucky for society that modern chemists are, by incomprehensible good fortune, the most harmless of mankind. The mass are good fathers of families, who keep shops. The few, are philosophers besotted with admiration for the sound of their own lecturing voices; visionaries who waste their lives on fantastic impossibilities; or quacks whose ambition soars no higher than our corns. Thus Society escapes; and the illimitable power of Chemistry remains the slave of the most superficial and the most insignificant ends.

Why this outburst? Why this withering eloquence?

Because my conduct has been misrepresented; because my motives have been misunderstood. It has been assumed that I used my vast chemical resources against Anne Catherick; and that I would have used them, if I could, against the magnificent Marian herself. Odious insinuations both! All my interests were concerned (as will be seen presently) in the preservation of Anne Catherick's life. All my anxieties were concentrated on Marian's rescue from the hands of the licensed Imbecile who attended her; and who found my advice confirmed, from first to last, by the physician from London. On two occasions only—both equally harmless to the individual on whom I practised—did I summon to myself the assistance of chemical knowledge. On the first of the two, after following Marian to the Inn at Blackwater (studying, behind a convenient waggon which hid me from her, the poetry of motion, as embodied in her walk), I availed myself of the services of my invaluable wife, to copy one and to intercept the other of two letters which my adored enemy had entrusted to a discarded maid. In this case, the letters being in the bosom of the girl's dress, Madame Fosco could only open them, read them,

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perform her instructions, seal them, and put them back again, by scientific assistance—which assistance I rendered in a half-ounce bottle. The second occasion when the same means were employed, was the occasion (to which I shall soon refer) of Lady Glyde's arrival in London. Never, at any other time, was I indebted to my Art, as distinguished from myself. To all other emergencies and complications my natural capacity for grappling, single-handed, with circumstances, was invariably equal. I affirm the all-pervading intelligence of that capacity. At the expense of the Chemist, I vindicate the Man.

Respect this outburst of generous indignation. It has inexpressibly relieved me. *En route!* Let us proceed.

Having suggested to Mrs. Clement (or Clements, I am not sure which) that the best method of keeping Anne out of Percival's reach was to remove her to London; having found that my proposal was eagerly received; and having appointed a day to meet the travellers at the station, and to see them leave it—I was at liberty to return to the house, and to confront the difficulties which still remained to be met.

My first proceeding was to avail myself of the sublime devotion of my wife. I had arranged with Mrs. Clements that she should communicate her London address, in Anne's interests, to Lady Glyde. But this was not enough. Designing persons, in my absence, might shake the simple confidence of Mrs. Clements, and she might not write, after all. Who could I find capable of travelling to London by the train she travelled by, and of privately seeing her home? I asked myself this question. The conjugal part of me immediately answered—Madame Fosco.

After deciding on my wife's mission to London, I arranged that the journey should serve a double purpose. A nurse for the suffering Marian, equally devoted to the patient and to myself, was a necessity of my position. One of the most eminently confidential and capable women in existence, was by good fortune at my disposal. I refer to that respectable matron, Madame Rubelle—to whom I addressed a letter, at her residence in London, by the hands of my wife.

On the appointed day, Mrs. Clements and Anne Catherick met me at the station. I politely saw them off. I politely saw Madame Fosco off by the same train. The last thing at night, my wife returned to Blackwater, having followed her instructions with the most unimpeachable accuracy. She was accompanied by Madame Rubelle; and she brought me the London address of Mrs. Clements. After-events proved this last precaution to have been unnecessary. Mrs. Clements punctually informed Lady Glyde of her place of abode. With a wary eye on future emergencies, I kept the letter.

The same day, I had a brief interview with the doctor, at which I protested, in the sacred interests of humanity, against his treatment of Marian's case. He was insolent, as all ignorant people are. I showed no resentment; I deferred quarrelling with him till it was necessary to quarrel to some purpose.

My next proceeding was to leave Blackwater myself. I had my London residence to take, in anticipation of coming events. I had also a little business, of the domestic sort, to transact with Mr. Frederick Fairlie. I found the house I wanted, in St. John's Wood. I found Mr. Fairlie at Limmeridge, Cumberland.

My own private familiarity with the nature of Marian's correspondence, had previously informed me that she had written to Mr. Fairlie, proposing, as a relief to Lady Glyde's matrimonial embarrassments, to take her on a visit to her uncle in Cumberland. This letter I had wisely allowed to reach its destination; feeling, at the time, that it could do no harm, and might do good. I now presented myself before Mr. Fairlie, to support Marian's own proposal—with certain modifications which, happily for the success of my plans, were rendered really inevitable by her illness. It was necessary that Lady Glyde should leave Blackwater alone, by her uncle's invitation, and that she should rest a night on the journey, at her aunt's house (the house I had taken in St. John's Wood), by her uncle's express advice. To achieve these results, and to secure a note of invitation which could be shown to Lady Glyde, were the objects of my visit to Mr. Fairlie. When I have mentioned that this gentleman was equally feeble in mind and body, and that I let loose the whole force of my character on him, I have said enough. I came, saw, and conquered Fairlie.

On my return to Blackwater Park (with the letter of invitation) I found that the doctor's imbecile treatment of Marian's case had led to the most alarming results. The fever had turned to Typhus. Lady Glyde, on the day of my return, tried to force herself into the room to nurse her sister. She and I had no affinities of sympathy; she had committed the unpardonable outrage on my sensibilities of calling me a Spy; she was a stumbling-block in my way and in Percival's—but, for all that, my magnanimity forbade me to put her in danger of infection with my own hand. At the same time, I offered no hindrance to her putting herself in danger. If she had succeeded in doing so, the intricate knot which I was slowly and patiently operating on, might perhaps have been cut, by circumstances. As it was, the doctor interfered, and she was kept out of the room.

I had myself previously recommended sending for advice to London. This course had been now taken. The physician, on his arrival, confirmed my view of the case. The crisis was serious. But we had hope of our charming patient on the fifth day from the appearance of the Typhus. I was only once absent from Blackwater at this time—when I went to London by the morning train, to make the final arrangements at my house in St. John's Wood; to assure myself, by private inquiry, that Mrs. Clements had not moved; and to settle one or two little preliminary matters

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with the husband of Madame Rubelle. I returned at night. Five days afterwards, the physician pronounced our interesting Marian to be out of all danger, and to be in need of nothing but careful nursing. This was the time I had waited for. Now that medical attendance was no longer indispensable, I played the first move in the game by asserting myself against the doctor. He was one among many witnesses in my way, whom it was necessary to remove. A lively altercation between us (in which Percival, previously instructed by me, refused to interfere) served the purpose in view. I descended on the miserable man in an irresistible avalanche of indignation—and swept him from the house.

The servants were the next encumbrances to get rid of. Again I instructed Percival (whose moral courage required perpetual stimulants), and Mrs. Michelson was amazed, one day, by hearing from her master that the establishment was to be broken up. We cleared the house of all the servants but one, who was kept for domestic purposes, and whose lumpish stupidity we could trust to make no embarrassing discoveries. When they were gone, nothing remained but to relieve ourselves of Mrs. Michelson—a result which was easily achieved by sending this amiable lady to find lodgings for her mistress at the sea-side.

The circumstances were now—exactly what they were required to be. Lady Glyde was confined to her room by nervous illness; and the lumpish housemaid (I forget her name) was shut up there, at night, in attendance on her mistress. Marian, though fast recovering, still kept her bed, with Mrs. Rubelle for nurse. No other living creatures but my wife, myself, and Percival, were in the house. With all the chances thus in our favour, I confronted the next emergency, and played the second move in the game.

The object of the second move was to induce Lady Glyde to leave Blackwater, unaccompanied by her sister. Unless we could persuade her that Marian had gone on to Cumberland first, there was no chance of removing her, of her own free will, from the house. To produce this necessary operation in her mind, we concealed our interesting invalid in one of the uninhabited bedrooms at Blackwater. At the dead of night, Madame Fosco, Madame Rubelle, and myself (Percival not being cool enough to be trusted), accomplished the concealment. The scene was picturesque, mysterious, dramatic, in the highest degree. By my directions, the bed had been made, in the morning, on a strong movable framework of wood. We had only to lift the framework gently at the head and foot, and to transport our patient where we pleased, without disturbing herself or her bed. No chemical assistance was needed, or used, in this case. Our interesting Marian lay in the deep repose of convalescence. We placed the candles and opened the doors, beforehand. I, in right of my great personal strength, took the head of the framework—my wife and Madame Rubelle took the foot. I bore my share of that inestimably precious burden with a manly tenderness, with a fatherly care. Where is the modern Rembrandt who could depict our midnight procession? Alas for the Arts! alas for this most pictorial of subjects! the modern Rembrandt is nowhere to be found.

The next morning, my wife and I started for London—leaving Marian secluded, in the uninhabited middle of the house, under care of Madame Rubelle; who kindly consented to imprison herself with her patient for two or three days. Before taking our departure, I gave Percival Mr. Fairlie's letter of invitation to his niece (instructing her to sleep on the journey to Cumberland at her aunt's house), with directions to show it to Lady Glyde on hearing from me. I also obtained from him the address of the Asylum in which Anne Catherick had been confined, and a letter to the proprietor, announcing to that gentleman the return of his runaway patient to medical care.

I had arranged, at my last visit to the metropolis, to have our modest domestic establishment ready to receive us when we arrived in London by the early train. In consequence of this wise precaution, we were enabled that same day to play the third move in the game—the getting possession of Anne Catherick.

Dates are of importance here. I combine in myself the opposite characteristics of a Man of Sentiment and a Man of Business. I have all the dates at my fingers' ends.

On the 27th of July, 1850, I sent my wife, in a cab, to clear Mrs. Clements out of the way, in the first place. A supposed message from Lady Glyde in London, was sufficient to obtain this result. Mrs. Clements was taken away in the cab, and was left in the cab, while my wife (on pretence of purchasing something at a shop) gave her the slip, and returned to receive her expected visitor at our house in St. John's Wood. It is hardly necessary to add that the visitor had been described to the servants as "Lady Glyde."

In the mean while I had followed in another cab, with a note for Anne Catherick, merely mentioning that Lady Glyde intended to keep Mrs. Clements to spend the day with her, and that she was to join them, under care of the good gentleman waiting outside, who had already saved her from discovery in Hampshire by Sir Percival. The "good gentleman" sent in this note by a street boy, and paused for results, a door or two farther on. At the moment when Anne appeared at the house-door and closed it, this excellent man had the cab-door open ready for her—absorbed her into the vehicle—and drove off.

(Pass me, here, one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting this is!)

On the way to Forest-road, my companion showed no fear. I can be paternal—no man more so—when I please; and I was intensely paternal on this occasion. What titles I had to her confidence! I had compounded the medicine which had done her good; I had warned her of her danger from Sir Percival. Perhaps, I trusted too implicitly to these titles; perhaps,

I underrated the keenness of the lower instincts in persons of weak intellect—it is certain that I neglected to prepare her sufficiently for a disappointment on entering my house. When I took her into the drawing-room—when she saw no one present but Madame Fosco, who was a stranger to her—she exhibited the most violent agitation: if she had scented danger in the air, as a dog scents the presence of some creature unseen, her alarm could not have displayed itself more suddenly and more causelessly. I interposed in vain. The fear from which she was suffering, I might have soothed—but the serious heart-disease, under which she laboured, was beyond the reach of all moral palliatives. To my unspeakable horror, she was seized with convulsions—a shock to the system, in her condition, which might have laid her dead at any moment, at our feet.

The nearest doctor was sent for, and was told that "Lady Glyde" required his immediate services. To my infinite relief, he was a capable man. I represented my visitor to him as a person of weak intellect, and subject to delusions; and I arranged that no nurse but my wife should watch in the sick-room. The unhappy woman was too ill, however, to cause any anxiety about what she might say. The one dread which now oppressed me, was the dread that the false Lady Glyde might die, before the true Lady Glyde arrived in London.

I had written a note in the morning to Madame Rubelle, telling her to join me, at her husband's house, on the evening of the 29th; with another note to Percival, warning him to show his wife her uncle's letter of invitation, to assert that Marian had gone on before her, and to despatch her to town, by the mid-day train, on the 29th, also. On reflection, I had felt the necessity, in Anne Catherick's state of health, of precipitating events, and of having Lady Glyde at my disposal earlier than I had originally contemplated. What fresh directions, in the terrible uncertainty of my position, could I now issue? I could do nothing but trust to chance and the doctor. My emotions expressed themselves in pathetic apostrophes—which I was just self-possessed enough to couple, in the hearing of other people, with the name of "Lady Glyde." In all other respects, Fosco, on that memorable day, was Fosco shrouded in total eclipse.

She passed a bad night—she awoke worn out—but, later in the day, she revived amazingly. My elastic spirits revived with her. I could receive no answers from Percival and Madame Rubelle till the morning of the next day—the 29th. In anticipation of their following my directions, which, accident apart, I knew they would do, I went to secure a fly to fetch Lady Glyde from the railway; directing it to be at my house, on the 29th, at two o'clock. After seeing the order entered in the book, I went on to arrange matters with Monsieur Rubelle. I also procured the services of two gentlemen, who could furnish me with the necessary certificates of lunacy. One of them I knew personally: the other was known to Monsieur Rubelle. Both were men whose vigorous minds soared superior to narrow scruples—both were labouring under temporary embarrassments—both believed in ME.

It was past five o'clock in the afternoon before I returned from the performance of these duties. When I got back, Anne Catherick was dead. Dead on the 28th; and Lady Glyde was not to arrive in London till the 29th!

I was stunned. Meditate on that. Fosco stunned!

It was too late to retrace our steps. Before my return, the doctor had officiously undertaken to save me all trouble, by registering the death, on the date when it happened, with his own hand. My grand scheme, unassailable hitherto, had its weak place now—no efforts, on my part, could alter the fatal event of the 28th. I turned manfully to the future. Percival's interests and mine being still at stake, nothing was left but to play the game through to the end. I recalled my impenetrable calm—and played it.

On the morning of the 29th, Percival's letter reached me, announcing his wife's arrival by the mid-day train. Madame Rubelle also wrote to say she would follow in the evening. I started in the fly, leaving the false Lady Glyde dead in the house, to receive the true Lady Glyde, on her arrival by the railway, at three o'clock. Hidden under the seat of the carriage, I carried with me all the clothes Anne Catherick had worn on coming into my house—they were destined to assist the resurrection of the woman who was dead, in the person of the woman who was living. What a situation! I suggest it to the rising romance writers of England. I offer it, as totally new, to the worn-out dramatists of France.

Lady Glyde was at the station. There was great crowding and confusion, and more delay than I liked (in case any of her friends had happened to be at the station), in reclaiming her luggage. Her first questions, as we drove off, implored me to tell her news of her sister. I invented news of the most pacifying kind; assuring her that she was about to see her sister at my house. My house, on this occasion only, was in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, and was in the occupation of Monsieur Rubelle, who received us in the hall.

I took my visitor up-stairs into a back room; the two medical gentlemen being there in waiting on the floor beneath, to see the patient, and to give me their certificates. After quieting Lady Glyde by the necessary assurances about her sister, I introduced my friends, separately, to her presence. They performed the formalities of the occasion, briefly, intelligently, conscientiously. I entered the room again, as soon as they had left it; and at once precipitated events by a reference, of the alarming kind, to "Miss Halcombe's" state of health.

Results followed as I had anticipated. Lady Glyde became frightened, and turned faint. For the second time, and the last, I called Science to my assistance. A medicated glass of water, and a medicated bottle of smelling-salts, re-

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lieved her of all further embarrassment and alarm. Additional applications, later in the evening, procured her the inestimable blessing of a good night's rest. Madame Rubelle arrived in time to preside at Lady Glyde's toilet. Her own clothes were taken away from her at night, and Anne Catherick's were put on her in the morning, with the strictest regard to propriety, by the matronly hands of the good Rubelle. Throughout the day, I kept our patient in a state of partially-suspended consciousness, until the dexterous assistance of my medical friends enabled me to procure the necessary order, rather earlier than I had ventured to hope. That evening (the evening of the 30th) Madame Rubelle and I took our revived "Anne Catherick" to the Asylum. She was received, with great surprise—but without suspicion; thanks to the order and certificates, to Percival's letter, to the likeness, to the clothes, and to the patient's own confused mental condition at the time. I returned at once to assist Madame Fosco in the preparations for the burial of the false "Lady Glyde," having the clothes of the true "Lady Glyde" in my possession. They were afterwards sent to Cumberland by the conveyance which was used for the funeral. I attended the funeral, with becoming dignity, attired in the deepest mourning.

My narrative of these remarkable events, written under equally remarkable circumstances, closes here. The minor precautions which I observed, in communicating with Limmeridge House, are already known—so is the magnificent success of my enterprise—so are the solid pecuniary results which followed it. I have to assert, with the whole force of my conviction, that the one weak place in my scheme, would never have been found out, if the one weak place in my heart had not been discovered first. Nothing but my fatal admiration for Marian restrained me from stepping in to my own rescue, when she effected her sister's escape. I ran the risk, and trusted in the complete destruction of Lady Glyde's identity. If either Marian or Mr. Hartright attempted to assert that identity, they would publicly expose themselves to the imputation of sustaining a rank deception; they would be distrusted and discredited accordingly; and they would, therefore, be powerless to place my interests or Percival's secret in jeopardy. I committed one error in trusting myself to such a blindfold calculation of chances as this. I committed another when Percival had paid the penalty of his own obstinacy and violence, by granting Lady Glyde a second reprieve from the madhouse, and allowing Mr. Hartright a second chance of escaping me. In brief, Fosco, at this serious crisis, was untrue to himself. Deplorable and uncharacteristic fault! Behold the cause, in my Heart—behold, in the image of Marian Halcombe, the first and last weakness of Fosco's life!

At the ripe age of sixty, I make this unparalleled confession. Youths! I invoke your sympathy. Maidens! I claim your tears.

A word more—and the attention of the reader (concentrated breathlessly on myself) shall be released.

My own mental insight informs me that three inevitable questions will be asked, here, by persons of inquiring minds. They shall be stated; they shall be answered.

First question. What is the secret of Madame Fosco's unhesitating devotion of herself to the fulfilment of my boldest wishes, to the furtherance of my deepest plans? I might answer this, by simply referring to my own character, and by asking, in my turn:—Where, in the history of the world, has a man of my order ever been found without a woman in the background, self-immolated on the altar of his life? But, I remember that I am writing in England; I remember that I was married in England—and I ask, if a woman's marriage-obligations, in this country, provide for her private opinion of her husband's principles? No! They charge her unreservedly, to love, honour, and obey him. That is exactly what my wife has done. I stand, here, on a supreme moral elevation; and I loftily assert her accurate performance of her conjugal duties. Silence, Calumny! Your sympathy, Wives of England, for Madame Fosco!

Second question. If Anne Catherick had not died when she did, what should I have done? I should, in that case, have assisted worn-out Nature in finding permanent repose. I should have opened the doors of the Prison of Life, and have extended to the captive (incurably afflicted in mind and body both) a happy release.

Third question. On a calm revision of all the circumstances—Is my conduct worthy of any serious blame? Most emphatically, No! Have I not carefully avoided exposing myself to the odium of committing unnecessary crime? With my vast resources in chemistry, I might have taken Lady Glyde's life. At immense personal sacrifice, I followed the dictates of my own ingenuity, my own humanity, my own caution—and took her identity, instead. Judge me by what I might have done. How comparatively innocent! how indirectly virtuous I appear, in what I really did!

I announced, on beginning it, that this narrative would be a remarkable document. It has entirely answered my expectations. Receive these fervid lines—my last legacy to the country I leave for ever. They are worthy of the occasion, and worthy of

FOSCO.

PART THE THIRD. HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE, CONCLUDED.

I.

WHEN I closed the last leaf of the Count's manuscript, the half-hour during which I had engaged to remain at Forest-road had expired. Monsieur Rubelle looked at his watch, and bowed. I rose immediately, and left the agent

in possession of the empty house. I never saw him again; I never heard more of him or of his wife. Out of the dark byways of villany and deceit, they had crawled across our path—into the same byways they crawled back secretly, and were lost.

In a quarter of an hour after leaving Forest-road, I was at home again.

But few words sufficed to tell Laura and Marian how my desperate venture had ended, and what the next event in our lives was likely to be. I left all details to be described later in the day; and hastened back to St. John's Wood, to see the person of whom Count Fosco had ordered the fly, when he went to meet Laura at the station.

The address in my possession led me to some "livery stables," about a quarter of a mile distant from Forest-road. The proprietor proved to be a civil and respectable man. When I explained that an important family matter obliged me to ask him to refer to his books, for the purpose of ascertaining a date with which the record of his business transactions might supply me, he offered no objection to granting my request. The book was produced; and there, under the date of "July 29th, 1850," the order was entered, in these words:

"Brougham to Count Fosco, 5, Forest-road. Two o'clock. (John Owen)."

I found, on inquiry, that the name of "John Owen," attached to the entry, referred to the man who had been employed to drive the fly. He was then at work in the stable-yard, and was sent for to see me, at my request.

"Do you remember driving a gentleman, in the month of July last, from Number Five, Forest-road, to the Waterloo-bridge station?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said the man; "I can't exactly say I do."

"Perhaps you remember the gentleman himself? Can you call to mind driving a foreigner, last summer—a tall gentleman, and remarkably fat?"

The man's face brightened directly. "I remember him, sir! The fattest gentleman as ever I see—and the heaviest customer as ever I drove. Yes, yes—I call him to mind, sir. We *did* go to the station, and it *was* from Forest-road. There was a parrot, or summut like it, screeching in the window. The gentleman was in a mortal hurry about the lady's luggage; and he give me a handsome present for looking sharp and getting the boxes."

Getting the boxes! I recollected immediately that Laura's own account of herself, on her arrival in London, described her luggage as being collected for her by some person whom Count Fosco brought with him to the station. This was the man.

"Did you see the lady?" I asked. "What did she look like? Was she young or old?"

"Well, sir, what with the hurry and the crowd of people pushing about, I can't rightly say what the lady looked like. I can't call nothing to mind about her that I know of—excepting her name."

"You remember her name!"

"Yes, sir. Her name was Lady Glyde."

"How do you come to remember that, when you have forgotten what she looked like?"

The man smiled, and shifted his feet in some little embarrassment.

"Why, to tell you the truth, sir," he said, "I hadn't been long married at that time; and my wife's name, before she changed it for mine, was the same as the lady's—meaning the name of Glyde, sir. The lady mentioned it herself. 'Is your name on your boxes, ma'am?' says I. 'Yes,' says she, 'my name is on my luggage—it is Lady Glyde.' 'Come!' I says to myself, 'I've a bad head for gentlefolks' names in general—but *this* one comes like an old friend, at any rate.' I can't say nothing about the time, sir: it might be nigh on a year ago, or it mightn't. But I can swear to the stout gentleman, and swear to the lady's name."

There was no need that he should remember the time; the date was positively established by his master's order-book. I felt at once that the means were at last in my power of striking down the whole conspiracy at a blow with the irresistible weapon of plain fact. Without a moment's hesitation, I took the proprietor of the livery stables aside, and told him what the real importance was of the evidence of his order-book and the evidence of his driver. An arrangement to compensate him for the temporary loss of the man's services was easily made; and a copy of the entry in the book was taken by myself, and certified as true by the master's own signature. I left the livery stables, having settled that John Owen was to hold himself at my disposal for the next three days, or for a longer period, if necessity required it.

I now had in my possession all the papers that I wanted; the district registrar's own copy of the certificate of death, and Sir Percival's dated letter to the Count, being safe in my pocket-book.

With this written evidence about me, and with the coachman's answers fresh in my memory, I next turned my steps, for the first time since the beginning of all my inquiries, in the direction of Mr. Kyrle's office. One of my objects, in paying him this second visit, was, necessarily, to tell him what I had done. The other, was to warn him of my resolution to take my wife to Limmeridge the next morning, and to have her publicly received and recognised in her uncle's house. I left it to Mr. Kyrle to decide, under these circumstances, and in Mr. Gilmore's absence, whether he was or was not bound, as the family solicitor, to be present, on that occasion, in the family interests.

I will say nothing of Mr. Kyrle's amazement, or of the terms in which he expressed his opinion of my conduct, from the first stage of the investigation to the last. It is only necessary to mention that he at once decided on accompanying us to Cumberland.

We started, the next morning, by the early train. Laura, Marian, Mr. Kyrle, and myself in

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one carriage; and John Owen, with a clerk from Mr. Kyrle's office, occupying places in another. On reaching the Limmeridge station, we went first to the farm-house at Todd's Corner. It was my firm determination that Laura should not enter her uncle's house till she appeared there publicly recognised as his niece. I left Marian to settle the question of accommodation with Mrs. Todd, as soon as the good woman had recovered from the bewilderment of hearing what our errand was in Cumberland; and I arranged with her husband that John Owen was to be committed to the ready hospitality of the farm-servants. These preliminaries completed, Mr. Kyrle and I set forth together for Limmeridge House.

I cannot write at any length of our interview with Mr. Fairlie, for I cannot recal it to mind, without feelings of impatience and contempt, which make the scene, even in remembrance only, utterly repulsive to me. I prefer to record simply that I carried my point. Mr. Fairlie attempted to treat us on his customary plan. We passed without notice his polite insolence at the outset of the interview. We heard without sympathy the protestations with which he tried next to persuade us that the disclosure of the conspiracy had overwhelmed him. He absolutely whined and whimpered, at last, like a fretful child. "How was he to know that his niece was alive, when he was told that she was dead? He would welcome dear Laura, with pleasure, if we would only allow him time to recover. Did we think he looked as if he wanted hurrying into his grave? No. Then, why hurry him?" He reiterated these remonstrances at every available opportunity, until I checked them once for all, by placing him firmly between two inevitable alternatives. I gave him his choice between doing his niece justice, on my terms—or facing the consequences of a public assertion of her identity in a court of law. Mr. Kyrle, to whom he turned for help, told him plainly that he must decide the question, then and there. Characteristically choosing the alternative which promised soonest to release him from all personal anxiety, he announced, with a sudden outburst of energy, that he was not strong enough to bear any more bullying, and that we might do as we pleased.

Mr. Kyrle and I at once went down stairs, and agreed upon a form of letter which was to be sent round to the tenants who had attended the false funeral, summoning them, in Mr. Fairlie's name, to assemble in Limmeridge House, on the next day but one. An order, referring to the same date, was also written, directing a statuary in Carlisle to send a man to Limmeridge churchyard, for the purpose of erasing an inscription—Mr. Kyrle, who had arranged to sleep in the house, undertaking that Mr. Fairlie should hear these letters read to him, and should sign them with his own hand.

I occupied the interval-day, at the farm, in writing a plain narrative of the conspiracy, and in adding to it a statement of the practical contradiction which facts offered to the assertion of Laura's death. This I submitted to Mr. Kyrle, before I read it, the next day, to the assembled tenants. We also arranged the form in which the evidence should be presented at the close of the reading. After these matters were settled, Mr. Kyrle endeavoured to turn the conversation, next, to Laura's affairs. Knowing, and desiring to know, nothing of those affairs; and doubting whether he would approve, as a man of business, of my conduct in relation to my wife's life-interest in the legacy left to to Madame Fosco, I begged Mr. Kyrle to excuse me if I abstained from discussing the subject. It was connected, as I could truly tell him, with those sorrows and troubles of the past, which we never referred to among ourselves, and which we instinctively shrank from discussing with others.

My last labour, as the evening approached, was to obtain "The Narrative of the Tombstone," by taking a copy of the false inscription on the grave, before it was erased.

The day came—the day when Laura once more entered the familiar breakfast-room at Limmeridge House. All the persons assembled rose from their seats as Marian and I led her in. A perceptible shock of surprise, an audible murmur of interest, ran through them, at the sight of her face. Mr. Fairlie was present (by my express stipulation), with Mr. Kyrle by his side. His valet stood behind him with a smelling-bottle ready in one hand, and a white handkerchief, saturated with eau-de-Cologne, in the other.

I opened the proceedings by publicly appealing to Mr. Fairlie to say whether I appeared there with his authority and under his express sanction. He extended an arm, on either side, to Mr. Kyrle and to his valet; was by them assisted to stand on his legs; and then expressed himself in these terms: "Allow me to present Mr. Hartright. I am as great an invalid as ever; and he is so very obliging as to speak for me. The subject is dreadfully embarrassing. Please hear him—and don't make a noise!" With those words, he slowly sank back again into the chair, and took refuge in his scented pocket-handkerchief.

My disclosure of the conspiracy followed—after I had offered my preliminary explanation, first of all, in the fewest and the plainest words. I was there present (I informed my hearers) to declare first, that my wife, then sitting by me, was the daughter of the late Mr. Philip Fairlie; secondly, to prove, by positive facts, that the funeral which they had attended in Limmeridge churchyard, was the funeral of another woman; thirdly, to give them a plain account of how it had all happened. Without further preface, I at once read the narrative of the conspiracy, describing it in clear outline, and dwelling only upon the pecuniary motive for it, in order to avoid complicating my statement by unnecessary reference to Sir Percival's secret. This done, I reminded my audience of the date of

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"Lady Glyde's" death, recorded on the inscription in the churchyard (the 28th of July); and confirmed its correctness by producing the doctor's certificate. I then read them Sir Percival's letter announcing his wife's intended journey from Hampshire to London on the 29th, and dated from Blackwater on the 28th—the very day when the certificate asserted her decease in St. John's Wood. I next showed that she had actually taken that journey, by the personal testimony of the driver of the fly; and I proved that she had performed it on the day appointed in her husband's letter, by the evidence of the order-book at the livery stables. Marian, at my request, next added her own statement of the meeting between Laura and herself at the madhouse, and of her sister's escape. After which, I closed the proceedings by informing the persons present of Sir Percival's death, and of my marriage.

Mr. Kyrle rose, when I resumed my seat, and declared, as the legal adviser of the family, that my case was proved by the plainest evidence he had ever heard in his life. As he spoke those words, I put my arm round Laura, and raised her so that she was plainly visible to every one in the room. "Are you all of the same opinion?" I asked, advancing towards them a few steps, and pointing to my wife.

The effect of the question was electrical. Far down at the lower end of the room, one of the oldest tenants on the estate, started to his feet, and led the rest with him in an instant. I see the man now, with his honest brown face and his iron-grey hair, mounted on the window-seat, waving his heavy riding-whip frantically over his head, and leading the cheers. "There she is alive and hearty—God bless her! Gi' it tongue, lads! Gi' it tongue!" The shout that answered him, reiterated again and again, was the sweetest music I ever heard. The labourers in the village and the boys from the school, assembled on the lawn, caught up the cheering and echoed it back on us. The farmers' wives clustered round Laura, and struggled which should be first to shake hands with her, and to implore her, with the tears pouring over their own cheeks, to bear up bravely and not to cry. She was so completely overwhelmed, that I was obliged to take her from them, and carry her to the door. There I gave her into Marian's care—Marian, who had never failed us yet, whose courageous self-control did not fail us now. Left by myself at the door, I invited all the persons present (after thanking them in Laura's name and mine) to follow me to the churchyard, and see the false inscription struck off the tombstone with their own eyes.

They all left the house, and all joined the throng of villagers collected round the grave, where the statuary's man was waiting for us. In a breathless silence, the first sharp stroke of the steel sounded on the marble. Not a voice was heard; not a soul moved, till those three words, "Laura, Lady Glyde," had vanished from sight. Then, there was a great heave of relief among the crowd, as if they felt that the last fetters of the conspiracy had been struck off Laura herself—and the assembly slowly withdrew. It was late in the day before the whole inscription was erased. One line only was afterwards engraved in its place: "Anne Catherick, July 28th, 1850."

I returned to Limmeridge House early enough in the evening to take leave of Mr. Kyrle. He, and his clerk, and the driver of the fly, went back to London by the night train. On their departure, an insolent message was delivered to me from Mr. Fairlie—who had been carried from the room in a shattered condition, when the first outbreak of cheering answered my appeal to the tenantry. The message conveyed to us "Mr. Fairlie's best congratulations," and requested to know whether "we contemplated stopping in the house." I sent back word that the only object for which we had entered his doors was accomplished; that I contemplated stopping in no man's house but my own; and that Mr. Fairlie need not entertain the slightest apprehension of ever seeing us, or hearing from us again. We went back to our friends at the farm, to rest that night; and the next morning—escorted to the station, with the heartiest enthusiasm and good will, by the whole village and by all the farmers in the neighbourhood—we returned to London.

As our view of the Cumberland hills faded in the distance, I thought of the first disheartening circumstances under which the long struggle that was now past and over had been pursued. It was strange to look back and to see, now, that the poverty which had denied us all hope of assistance, had been the indirect means of our success, by forcing me to act for myself. If we had been rich enough to find legal help, what would have been the result? The gain (on Mr. Kyrle's own showing) would have been more than doubtful; the loss—judging by the plain test of events as they had really happened—certain. The Law would never have obtained me my interview with Mrs. Catherick. The Law would never have made Pesca the means of forcing a confession from the Count.

II.

Two more events remain to be added to the chain, before it reaches fairly from the outset of the story to the close.

While our new sense of freedom from the long oppression of the past was still strange to us, I was sent for by the friend who had given me my first employment in wood engraving, to receive from him a fresh testimony of his regard for my welfare. He had been commissioned by his employers to go to Paris, and to examine for them a French discovery in the practical application of his Art, the merits of which they were anxious to ascertain. His own engagements had not allowed him leisure time to undertake the errand; and he had most kindly suggested that it should be transferred to me. I could have no hesitation in thankfully accepting the offer; for if I acquitted myself of my commission as I hoped I

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should, the result would be a permanent engagement on the illustrated newspaper, to which I was now only occasionally attached.

I received my instructions and packed up for the journey the next day. On leaving Laura once more (under what changed circumstances!) in her sister's care, a serious consideration recurred to me, which had more than once crossed my wife's mind, as well as my own, already—I mean the consideration of Marian's future. Had we any right to let our selfish affection accept the devotion of all that generous life? Was it not our duty, our best expression of gratitude, to forget ourselves, and to think only of *her?* I tried to say this, when we were alone for a moment, before I went away. She took my hand, and silenced me, at the first words.

"After all that we three have suffered together," she said, "there can be no parting between us, till the last parting of all. My heart and my happiness, Walter, are with Laura and you. Wait a little till there are children's voices at your fireside. I will teach them to speak for me, in *their* language; and the first lesson they say to their father and mother shall be—We can't spare our aunt!"

My journey to Paris was not undertaken alone. At the eleventh hour, Pesca decided that he would accompany me. He had not recovered his customary cheerfulness, since the night at the Opera; and he determined to try what a week's holiday would do to raise his spirits.

I performed the errand entrusted to me, and drew out the necessary report, on the fourth day from our arrival in Paris. The fifth day, I arranged to devote to sight-seeing and amusement in Pesca's company.

Our hotel had been too full to accommodate us both on the same floor. My room was on the second story, and Pesca's was above me, on the third. On the morning of the fifth day, I went up-stairs to see if the Professor was ready to go out. Just before I reached the landing, I saw his door opened from the inside; a long, delicate, nervous hand (not my friend's hand certainly) held it ajar. At the same time, I heard Pesca's voice saying eagerly, in low tones, and in his own language: "I remember the name, but I don't know the man. You saw at the Opera, he was so changed that I could not recognise him. I will forward the report—I can do no more." "No more need be done," answered a second voice. The door opened wide; and the light-haired man with the scar on his cheek—the man I had seen following Count Fosco's cab a week before—came out. He bowed, as I drew aside to let him pass—his face was fearfully pale—and he held fast by the banisters, as he descended the stairs.

I pushed open the door, and entered Pesca's room. He was crouched up, in the strangest manner, in a corner of the sofa. He seemed to shrink from himself—to shrink from me, when I approached him.

"Am I disturbing you?" I asked. "I did not know you had a friend with you till I saw him come out."

"No friend," said Pesca, eagerly. "I see him to day for the first time, and the last."

"I am afraid he has brought you bad news?"

"Horrible news, Walter! Let us go back to London—I don't want to stop here—I am sorry I ever came. The misfortunes of my youth are very hard upon me," he said, turning his face to the wall; "very hard upon me, in my later time. I try to forget them—and they will not forget *me!*"

"We can't return, I am afraid, before the afternoon," I replied. "Would you like to come out with me, in the mean time?"

"No, my friend; I will wait here. But let us go back to-day—pray let us go back."

I left him, with the assurance that he should leave Paris that afternoon. We had arranged, the evening before, to ascend the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, with Victor Hugo's noble romance for our guide. There was nothing in the French capital that I was more anxious to see—and I departed, by myself, for the church.

Approaching Notre-Dame by the river-side, I passed, on my way, the terrible dead-house of Paris—the Morgue. A great crowd clamoured and heaved round the door. There was evidently something inside which excited the popular curiosity, and fed the popular appetite for horror.

I should have walked on to the church, if the conversation of two men and a woman on the outskirts of the crowd had not caught my ear. They had just come out from seeing the sight in the Morgue; and the account they were giving of the dead body to their neighbours, described it as the corpse of a man—a man of immense size, with a strange mark on his left arm.

The moment those words reached me, I stopped, and took my place with the crowd going in. Some dim foreshadowing of the truth had crossed my mind, when I heard Pesca's voice through the open door, and when I saw the stranger's face as he passed me on the stairs of the hotel. Now, the truth itself was revealed to me—revealed, in the chance words that had just reached my ears. Other vengeance than mine had followed that fated man from the theatre to his own door; from his own door to his refuge in Paris. Other vengeance than mine had called him to the day of reckoning, and had exacted from him the penalty of his life. The moment when I had pointed him out to Pesca, at the theatre, in the hearing of that stranger by our side, who was looking for him, too—was the moment that sealed his doom. I remembered the struggle in my own heart, when he and I stood face to face—the struggle before I could let him escape me—and shuddered as I recalled it.

Slowly, inch by inch, I pressed in with the crowd, moving nearer and nearer to the great glass screen that parts the dead from the living at the Morgue—nearer and nearer, till I was close behind the front row of spectators, and could look in.

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There he lay, unowned, unknown; exposed to the flippant curiosity of a French mob—there was the dreadful end of that long life of degraded ability and heartless crime! Hushed in the sublime repose of death, the broad, firm, massive face and head fronted us so grandly, that the chattering Frenchwomen about me lifted their hands in admiration, and cried, in shrill chorus, "Ah, what a handsome man!" The wound that had killed him had been struck with a knife or dagger exactly over his heart. No other traces of violence appeared about the body, except on the left arm; and there, exactly in the place where I had seen the brand on Pesca's arm, were two deep cuts in the shape of the letter T, which entirely obliterated the mark of the Brotherhood. His clothes hung above him, showed that he had been himself conscious of his danger—they were clothes that had disguised him as a French artisan. For a few moments, but not for longer, I forced myself to see these things through the glass screen. I can write of them at no greater length, for I saw no more.

The few facts, in connexion with his death which I subsequently ascertained (partly from Pesca and partly from other sources), may be stated here, before the subject is dismissed from these pages.

His body was taken out of the Seine, in the disguise which I have described; nothing being found on him which revealed his name, his rank, or his place of abode. The hand that struck him was never traced; and the circumstances under which he was killed were never discovered. I leave others to draw their own conclusions, in reference to the secret of the assassination, as I have drawn mine. When I have intimated that the foreigner with the scar was a Member of the Brotherhood (admitted in Italy, after Pesca's departure from his native country), and when I have further added that the two cuts, in the form of a T, on the left arm of the dead man, signified the Italian word, "Traditore," and showed that justice had been done by the Brotherhood on a Traitor, I have contributed all that I know towards elucidating the mystery of Count Fosco's death.

The body was identified, the day after I had seen it, by means of an anonymous letter addressed to his wife. He was buried, by Madame Fosco, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise. Fresh funeral wreaths continue, to this day, to be hung on the ornamental bronze-railings round the tomb, by the Countess's own hand. She lives, in the strictest retirement, at Versailles. Not long since, she published a Biography of her deceased husband. The work throws no light whatever on the name that was really his own, or on the secret history of his life: it is almost entirely devoted to the praise of his domestic virtues, the assertion of his rare abilities, and the enumeration of the honours conferred on him. The circumstances attending his death are very briefly noticed; and are summed up, on the last page, in this sentence: —His life was one long assertion of the rights of the aristocracy, and the sacred principles of Order—and he died a Martyr to his cause."

III.

The summer and autumn passed, after my return from Paris, and brought no changes with them which need be noticed here. We lived so simply and quietly, that the income which I was now steadily earning sufficed for all our wants.

In the February of the new year, our first child was born—a son. My mother and sister and Mrs. Vesey, were our guests at the little christening party; and Mrs. Clements was present, to assist my wife, on the same occasion. Marian was our boy's godmother; and Pesca and Mr. Gilmore (the latter acting by proxy) were his godfathers. I may add here, that, when Mr. Gilmore returned to us, a year later, he assisted the design of these pages, at my request, by writing the Narrative which appears early in the story under his name, and which, though the first in order of precedence, was thus, in order of time, the last that I received.

The only event in our lives which now remains to be recorded, occurred when our little Walter was six months old.

At that time, I was sent to Ireland, to make sketches for certain forthcoming illustrations in the newspaper to which I was attached. I was away for nearly a fortnight, corresponding regularly with my wife and Marian, except during the last three days of my absence, when my movements were too uncertain to enable me to receive letters. I performed the latter part of my journey back, at night; and when I reached home in the morning, to my utter astonishment, there was no one to receive me. Laura and Marian and the child had left the house on the day before my return.

A note from my wife, which was given to me by the servant, only increased my surprise, by informing me that they had gone to Limmeridge House. Marian had prohibited any attempt at written explanations—I was entreated to follow them the moment I came back—complete enlightenment awaited me on my arrival in Cumberland—and I was forbidden to feel the slightest anxiety, in the mean time. There the note ended.

It was still early enough to catch the morning train. I reached Limmeridge House the same afternoon.

My wife and Marian were both up-stairs. They had established themselves (by way of completing my amazement) in the little room which had once been assigned to me for a studio, when I was employed on Mr. Fairlie's drawings. On the very chair which I used to occupy when I was at work, Marian was sitting now, with the child industriously sucking his coral upon her lap—while Laura was standing by the well-remembered drawing-table which I had so often used, with the little album that I had filled for her, in past times, open under her hand.

"What in the name of heaven has brought

you here?" I asked. "Does Mr. Fairlie know——?"

Marian suspended the question on my lips, by telling me that Mr Fairlie was dead. He had been struck by paralysis, and had never rallied after the shock. Mr. Kyrle had informed them of his death, and had advised them to proceed immediately to Limmeridge House.

Some dim perception of a great change dawned on my mind. Laura spoke before I had quite realised it. She stole close to me, to enjoy the surprise which was still expressed in my face.

"My darling Walter," she said, "must we really account for our boldness in coming here? I am afraid, love, I can only explain it by breaking through our rule, and referring to the past."

"There is not the least necessity for doing anything of the kind," said Marian. "We can be just as explicit, and much more interesting, by referring to the future." She rose; and held up the child, kicking and crowing in her arms. "Do you know who this is, Walter?" she asked, with bright tears of happiness gathering in her eyes.

"Even *my* bewilderment has its limits," I replied. "I think I can still answer for knowing my own child."

"Child!" she exclaimed, with all her easy gaiety of old times. "Do you talk in that familiar manner of one of the landed gentry of England? Are you aware, when I present this august baby to your notice, in whose presence you stand? Evidently not! Let me make two eminent personages known to one another: Mr. Walter Hartright—*the Heir of Limmeridge*."

So she spoke. In writing those last words, I have written all. The pen falters in my hand; the long, happy labour of many months is over! Marian was the good angel of our lives—let Marian end our Story.

THE END.

OLD KING HAKE.

Born of the Sea on a rocky coast
 Was old King Hake,
Where inner fire and outer frost
 Brave virtue make!
He was a hero in the old
 Blood-letting days;
An iron hero of Norse mould,
 And warring ways.
He lived according to the light
 That lighted him;
Then strode into the eternal night,
 Resolved and grim.
His grip was stern for free sword play,
 When men were mown;
His feet were roughshod for the day
 Of treading down.
When angry, out the blood would start
 With old King Hake;
Not sneak in dark caves of the heart,
 Where curls the snake,
And secret murder's hiss is heard
 Ere the deed be done.
He wove no web of wile and word;
 He bore with none.
When sharp within its sheath asleep
 Lay his good sword,
He held it royal work to keep
 His kingly word.
A man of valour, bloody and wild,
 In Viking need;
And yet of firelight feeling mild
 As honey-mead.

Once in his youth, from farm to farm,
 Collecting scatt,
He gathered gifts and welcomes warm;
 And one night sat,
With hearts all happy for his throne—
 Wishing no higher—
Where peasant faces merrily shone
 Across the fire.
Their Braga-bowl was handed round
 By one fair girl:
The Sea-King looked and thought, "I've found
 My hidden pearl."
Her wavy hair was golden fair,
 With sunbeams curled;
Her eyes clear blue as heaven, and there
 Lay his new world.
He drank out of the mighty horn,
 Strong, stinging stuff;
Then wiped his manly mouth unshorn
 With hand as rough,
And kissed her; drew her to his side,
 With loving mien,
Saying, "If you will make her a Bride,
 I'll make her a Queen."
And round her waist she felt an arm,
 For, in those days,
A waist could feel: 'twas lithe and warm,
 And wore no stays.
"How many brave deeds have you done?"
 She asked her wooer,
Counting the arm's gold rings: they won
 One victory more.
The blood of joy looked rich and red
 Out of his face;
And to his smiling strength he wed
 Her maiden grace.
'Twas thus King Hake struck royal root
 In homely ground;
And healthier buds with goodlier fruit
 His branches crowned.

But Hake could never bind at home
 His spirit free;
It grew familiar with the foam
 Of many a sea;
A rare good blade whose way was rent
 In many a war,
And wore no gem for ornament
 But notch and scar.
In day of battle and hour of strife,
 Cried Old King Hake:
"Kings live for honour, not long life."
 Then would he break
Right through their circle of shields, to reach
 Some chief of a race
That never yielded ground, but each
 Died in his place.
There the old Norseman stood up tall
 Above the rest;
Mainmast of battle, head of all,
 They saw his crest
Toss, where the war-wave reared, and rode
 O'er mounds of dead,

And where the battle-dust was trod
A miry red.
For Odin, in the glad wide blue
Of heaven, would laugh
With sunrise, and the ruddy dew
Of slaughter quaff.

But, 'twas the grandest gallant show
To see him sit,
With his Long-Serpent all aglow,
And steering it
For the hot heart of fiercest fight.
A grewsome shape!
The dragon-head rose, glancing bright,
And all agape;
Over the calm blue sea it came
Writhingly on,
As half in sea, and half in flame,
It swam, and shone.
The sunlit shields link scale to scale
From stem to stern,
Over the steersman's head the tail
Doth twist and burn.
With oars all moved at once, it makes
Low hoverings;
Half walks the water, and half takes
The air with wings.
The war-horns bid the fight begin
With death-grip good:
King Hake goes at the foremost, in
His Bare-Sark mood.
A twelvemonth's taxes spent in spears
Hurled in an hour!
But in that host no spirit fears
The hurtling shower.
And long will many a mother and wife
Wait, weary at home,
Ere from that mortal murderous strife
Their darlings come.

Hake did not seek to softly die,
With child and wife;
He bore his head in death as high
As in his life.
Glittering in eye, and grim in lip,
He bade them make
Ready for sailing his War-Ship,
That he, King Hake,
The many-wounded, grey, and old,
His day being done,
He, the Norse warrior, brave and bold,
Might die like one.
And chanting some old battle-song,
Thrilling and weird,
His soul vibrating, shook his long
Majestic beard.
The gilded battle-axe, still red,
In his right hand;
With shield on arm, and helm on head,
They help'd him stand,
And girded him with his good sword;
And so attired,
With his dead warriors all aboard,
The ship he fired,
And lay down with his heroes dead,
On deck to die;
Still singing, drooped his grey old head,
With face to sky.
The wind blew seawards; gloriously
The death-pyre glowed!
On his last Viking voyage he
Triumphing rode:
Floating afar between the Isles,
To his last home,
Where open-armed Valhalla smiles,
And bids him come.
There, as a sinking sunset dies
Down in the west,
The fire went out; the rude heart lies
At rest—at rest,
And sleeping in its ocean bed,
That burial-place
Most royal for the kingly dead
O' the old sea-race!
So the Norse noble of renown,
With his stern pride,
That flaming crown of death pulled down.
And so he died.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER III.

Who has not experienced the charm of the first time in his life, when totally removed from all the accidents of his station, the circumstance of his fortune, and his other belongings, he has taken his place amongst perfect strangers, and been estimated by the claims of his own individuality? Is it not this which gives the almost ecstasy of our first tour—our first journey? There are none to say, "Who is this Potts that gives himself these airs?" "What pretension has he to say this, or order that?" "What would old Peter say if he saw his son to-day?" with all the other "What has the world come tos?" and "What are we to see nexts?" I say, it is with a glorious sense of independence that one sees himself emancipated from all these restraints, and recognises his freedom to be that which nature has made him.

As I sat on Lord Keldrum's left—Father Dyke was on his right—was I in any real quality other than I ever am? Was my nature different, my voice, my manner, my social tone, as I received all the bland attentions of my courteous host? And yet, in my heart of hearts, I felt that if it were known to that polite company I was the son of Peter Potts, 'pothecary, all my conversational courage would have failed me. I would not have dared to assert fifty things I now declared, nor vouched for a hundred that I as assuredly guaranteed. If I had had to carry about me traditions of the shop in Mary's Abbey, the laboratory, and the rest of it, how could I have had the nerve to discuss any of the topics on which I now pronounced so authoritatively? And yet, these were all accidents of my existence—no more ME than was the colour of *his* whiskers mine who vaccinated me for cow-pock. The man Potts was himself through all; he was neither compounded of senna and salts, nor amalgamated with sarsaparilla and the acids; but by the cruel laws of a harsh conventionality it was decreed otherwise, and the trade of the father descends to the son in every estimate of all he does, and says, and thinks. The converse of the proposition I was now to feel in the suc-

cess I obtained in this company. I was, as the Germans would say, "Der Herr Potts SELBST, nicht nach seinen Begebenheiten"—the man Potts, not the creature of his belongings.

The man thus freed from his "antecedents," and owning no "relatives," feels like one to whom a great, a most unlimited credit has been opened, in matter of opinion. Not reduced to fashion his sentiments by some supposed standard becoming his station, he roams at will over the broad prairie of life, enough if he can show cause why he says this or thinks that, without having to defend himself for his parentage, and the place he was born in. Little wonder if, with such a sum to my credit, I drew largely on it; little wonder if I were dogmatical and demonstrative; little wonder if, when my reason grew wearied with facts, I reposed on my imagination in fiction.

Be it remembered, however, that I only became what I have set down here after an excellent dinner, a considerable quantity of champagne, and no small share of a claret, strong-bodied enough to please the priest. I didn't like that priest. From the moment we sat down to table, I conceived for him a sort of distrust. He was painfully polite and civil; he had a soft, slippery, Clare accent; but there was a malicious twinkle in his eye that showed he was by nature satirical. Perhaps because we were more reading men than the others that it was we soon found ourselves pitted against each other in argument, and this not upon one, but upon every possible topic that turned up. Hammond, I found also, stood by the priest; Oxley was *my* backer; and his lordship played umpire. Dyke was a shrewd, sarcastic dog in his way, but he had no chance with me. How mercilessly I treated his church!—he pushed me to it—what an exposé did I make of the Pope and his government, with all their extortions and cruelties! how ruthlessly I showed them up as the sworn enemies of all freedom and enlightenment! The priest never got angry. He was too cunning for that, and he even laughed at some of my anecdotes, of which I related a great many.

"Don't be so hard on him, Potts," whispered my lord, as the day wore on; "he's not one of us, you know!"

This speech put me into a flutter of delight. It was not alone that he called me Potts, but there was also an acceptance of me as one of his own set. We were, in fact, henceforth "nous autres." Enchanting recognition, never to be forgotten!

"But what would you do with us?" said Dyke, mildly remonstrating against some severe measures we of the landed interest might be yet driven to resort to.

"I don't know—that is to say—I have not made up my mind whether it were better to make a clearance of you altogether, or to bribe you."

"Bribe us by all means, then!" said he, with a most serious earnestness.

"Ah! but could we rely upon you?" I asked.

"That would greatly depend upon the price."

"I'll not haggle about terms, nor I'm sure would Keldrum," said I, nodding over to his lordship.

"You are only just to me, in that," said he, smiling.

"That's all fine talking for you fellows who had the luck to be first on the list, but what are poor devils like Oxley and myself to do?" said Hammond. "Taxation comes down to second sons."

"And the Times says that's all right," added Oxley.

"And I say it's all wrong; and I say more," I broke in: "I say that of all the tyrannies of Europe, I know of none like that newspaper. Why, sir, whose station, I would ask, now-a-days, can exempt him from its impertinent criticisms? Can Keldrum say—can I say—that to-morrow or next day we shall not be arraigned for this, that, or t'other? I choose, for instance, to manage my estate—the property that has been in my family for centuries—the acres that have descended to us by grants as old as Magna Charta. I desire, for reasons that seem sufficient to myself, to convert arable into grass land. I say to one of my tenant farmers—it's Hedgeworth—no matter, I shall not mention names, but I say to him——"

"I know the man," broke in the priest; "you mean Hedgeworth Davis, of Mount Davis."

"No, sir, I do not," said I, angrily, for I resented this attempt to run me to earth.

"Hedgeworth! Hedgeworth! It ain't that fellow that was in the Rifles; the 2nd battalion, is it?" said Oxley.

"I repeat," said I, "that I will mention no names."

"My mother had some relatives Hedgeworths, they were from Herefordshire. How odd, Potts, if we should turn out to be connexions! you said that these people were related to you."

"I hope," I said, angrily, "that I am not bound to give the birth, parentage, and education of every man whose name I may mention in conversation. At least, I would protest that I have not prepared myself for such a demand upon my memory."

"Of course not, Potts. It would be a test no man could submit to," said his lordship.

"That Hedgeworth, who was in the Rifles, exceeded all the fellows I ever met in drawing the long bow. There was no country he had not been in, no army he had not served with; he was related to every celebrated man in Europe; and, after all, it turned out that his father was an attorney at Market Harborough, and sub-agent to one of our fellows who had some property there." This was said by Hammond, who directed the speech entirely to me.

"Confound the Hedgeworths, all together," Oxley broke in. "They have carried us miles away from what we were talking of."

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This was a sentiment that met my heartiest concurrence, and I nodded in friendly recognition to the speaker, and drank off my glass to his health.

"Who can give us a song? I'll back his reverence here to be a vocalist," cried Hammond. And, sure enough, Dyke sang one of the national melodies with great feeling and taste. Oxley followed with something in less perfect taste, and we all grew very jolly. Then there came a broiled bone and some devilled kidneys, and a warm brew which Hammond himself concocted—a most insidious liquor, which had a strong odour of lemons, and was compounded, at the same time, of little else than rum and sugar.

There is an adage that says "in vino veritas," which I shrewdly suspect to be a great fallacy; at least, as regards my own case, I know it to be totally inapplicable. I am, in my sober hours—and I am proud to say that the exceptions from such are of the rarest—one of the most veracious of mortals; indeed, in my frank sincerity, I have often given offence to those who like a courteous hypocrisy better than an ungraceful truth. Whenever, by any chance, it has been my ill-fortune to transgress these limits, there is no bound to my imagination. There is nothing too extravagant or too vainglorious for me to say of myself. All the strange incidents of romance that I have read, all the travellers' stories, newspaper accidents, adventures by sea and land, wonderful coincidences, unexpected turns of fortune, I adapt to myself, and coolly relate them as personal experiences. Listeners have afterwards told me that I possess an amount of consistence, a verisimilitude in these narratives perfectly marvellous, and only to be accounted for by supposing that I myself must, for the time being, be the dupe of my own imagination. Indeed, I am sure such must be the true explanation of this curious fact. How, in any other mode, explain the rash wagers, absurd and impossible engagements I have contracted in such moments, backing myself to leap twenty-three feet on the level sward; to dive in six fathoms water and fetch up Heaven knows what of shells and marine curiosities from the bottom; to ride the most unmanageable of horses, and, single-handed and unarmed, to fight the fiercest bull-dog in England? Then, as to intellectual feats, what have I not engaged to perform? Sums of mental arithmetic; whole newspapers committed to memory after one reading; verse compositions, on any theme, in ten languages; and once, a written contract to compose a whole opera, with all the scores, within twenty-four hours. To a nature thus strangely constituted, wine was a perfect magic wand, transforming a poor, weak, distrustful, modest man, into a hero; and yet, even with such temptations, my excesses were extremely rare and unfrequent. Are there many, I would ask, that could resist the passport to such a dreamland, with only the penalty of a headache the next morning? Some one would perhaps suggest that these were enjoyments to pay forfeit on. Well, so they were; but I must not anticipate. And now to my tale.

To Hammond's brew there succeeded one by Oxley, made after an American receipt, and certainly both fragrant and insinuating, and then came a concoction made by the priest, which he called "Father Hosey's pride." It was made in a bowl, and drunk out of lemon-rinds, ingeniously fitted into the wine-glasses. I remember no other particulars about it, though I can call to mind much of the conversation that preceded it. How I gave a long historical account of my family, that we came originally from Corsica, the name Potts being a corruption of Pozzo, and that we were of the same stock as the celebrated diplomatist Pozzo di Borgo. Our unclaimed estates in the island were of fabulous value, but in asserting my right to them I should accept thirteen mortal duels, the arrears of a hundred and odd years unscored off, in anticipation of which I had at one time taken lessons from Angelo in fencing, which led to the celebrated challenge they might have read in Galignani, where I offered to meet any swordsman in Europe for ten thousand Napoleons, giving choice of the weapon to my adversary. With a tear to the memory of the poor French colonel that I killed at Sedan, I turned the conversation. Being in France, I incidentally mentioned some anecdotes of military life, and how I had invented the rifle called after Minié's name, and, in a moment of good nature, given that excellent fellow my secret.

"I will say," said I, "that Minié has shown more gratitude than some others nearer home, but we'll talk of rifled cannon another time."

In an episode about bear-shooting, I mentioned the Emperor of Russia, poor dear Nicholas, and told how we had once exchanged horses, mine being more strong-boned, and a weight-carrier, his a light Caucasian mare, of purest breed, "the dam of that creature you may see below in the stable now," said I, carelessly. "'Come and see me one of these days, Potts,' said he, in parting; 'come and pass a week with me at Constantinople.' This was the first intimation he had ever given of his project against Turkey, and when I told it to the Duke of Wellington, his remark was a muttered 'Strange fellow, Potts—knows everything!' though he made no reply to me at the time."

It was somewhere about this period that the priest began with what struck me as an attempt to outdo me as a story-teller, an effort I should have treated with the most contemptuous indifference but for the amount of attention bestowed on him by the others. Nor was this all, but actually I perceived that a kind of rivalry was attempted to be established, so that we were pitted directly against each other. Amongst the other self-delusions of such moments was the profound conviction I entertained that I was master of all games of skill and address, superior to Major A. at whist, and able to give Staunton a pawn and the move at chess. The priest was just as vainglorious. "He'd like to see the man

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who'd play him a game of 'spoiled five'"—whatever that was—"or drafts; ay, or, though it was not his pride, a bit of backgammon."

"Done, for fifty pounds; double on the gammon!" cried I.

"Fifty fiddlesticks!" cried he; "where would you or I find as many shillings?"

"What do you mean, sir?" said I, angrily. "Am I to suppose that you doubt my competence to risk such a contemptible sum, or is it to your own inability alone you would testify?"

A very acrimonious dispute followed, of which I have no clear recollection. I only remember how Hammond was out-and-out for the priest, and Oxley too tipsy to take *my* part with any efficiency. At last—how arranged I can't say—peace was restored, and the next thing I can recal was listening to Father Dyke giving a long, and of course a most fabulous, history of a ring that he wore on his second finger. It was given by the Pretender, he said, to his uncle, the celebrated Carmelite monk, Lawrence O'Kelly, who for years had followed the young prince's fortunes. It was an onyx, with the letters C. E. S. engraved on it. Keldrum took an immense fancy to it; he protested that everything that attached to that unhappy family possessed in his eyes an uncommon interest. "If you have a fancy to take up Potts's wager," said he, laughingly, "I'll give you fifty pounds for your signet ring."

The priest demurred—Hammond interposed—then, there was more discussion, now warm, now jocose. Oxley tried to suggest something, which we all laughed at. Keldrum placed the backgammon board meanwhile, but I can give no clear account of what ensued, though I remember that the terms of our wager were committed to writing by Hammond, and signed by Father D. and myself, and in the conditions there figured a certain ring, guaranteed to have belonged to, and have been worn by, his Royal Highness Charles Edward, and a cream-coloured horse, equally guaranteed as the produce of a Caucasian mare presented by the late Emperor Nicholas to the present owner. The document was witnessed by all three, Oxley's name written in two letters, and a flourish.

After that, I played, and lost!

CHAPTER IV.

I CAN recal to this very hour the sensations of headache and misery with which I awoke the morning after this debauch. Racking pain it was, with a sort of tremulous beating all through the brain, as though a small engine had been set to work there, and that piston, and boiler, and connecting rod were all banging, fizzing, and vibrating amid my fevered senses. I was, besides, much puzzled to know where I was, and how I had come there. Controversial divinity, genealogy, horse-racing, the peerage, and "double sixes" were dancing a wild cotillion through my brain; and although a waiter more than once cautiously obtruded his head into the room, to see if I were asleep, and as guardedly withdrew it again, I never had energy to speak to him, but lay passive and still, waiting till my mind might clear, and the cloud-fog that obscured my faculties might be wafted away.

At last—it was towards evening—the man, possibly becoming alarmed at my protracted lethargy, moved somewhat briskly through the room, and with that amount of noise that showed he meant to arouse me, disturbed chairs and fire-irons indiscriminately.

"Is it late or early?" asked I, faintly.

"'Tis near five, sir, and a beautiful evening," said he, drawing nigh, with the air of one disposed for colloquy.

I didn't exactly like to ask where I was, and tried to ascertain the fact by a little circumlocution. "I suppose," said I, yawning, "for all that is to be done in a place like this, when up, one might just as well stay abed, eh?"

"'Tis the snuggest place anyhow," said he, with that peculiar disposition to agree with you so characteristic in an Irish waiter.

"No society?" sighed I.

"No, indeed, sir."

"No theatre?"

"Devil a one, sir."

"No sport?"

"Yesterday was the last of the season, sir; and signs on it, his lordship and the other gentlemen was off immediately after breakfast."

"You mean Lord—Lord——" A mist was clearing slowly away, but I could not yet see clearly.

"Lord Keldrum, sir; a real gentleman every inch of him."

"Oh yes! to be sure—a very old friend of mine," muttered I. "And so he's gone, is he?"

"Yes, sir; and the last word he said was about your honour."

"About me—what was it?"

"Well, indeed, sir," replied the waiter, with a hesitating and confused manner, "I didn't rightly understand it; but as well as I could catch the words, it was something about hoping your honour had more of that wonderful breed of horses the Emperor of Roossia gave you."

"Oh yes! I understand," said I, stopping him abruptly. "By the way, how is Blondel—that is, my horse—this morning?"

"Well, he looked fresh and hearty, when he went off this morning at daybreak——"

"What do you mean?" cried I, jumping up in my bed. "Went off? where to?"

"—With Father Dyke on his back; and a neater hand he couldn't wish over him. 'Tim,' says he to the ostler, as he mounted, 'there's a five-shilling piece for you, for hansel, for I won this baste last night, and you must drink my health and wish me luck with him.'"

I heard no more, but sinking back into the bed, I covered my face with my hands, overcome with shame and misery. All the mists that had blurred my faculties had now been swept clean away, and the whole history of the

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previous evening was revealed before me. My stupid folly, my absurd boastfulness, my egregious story-telling—not to call it worse—were all there; but, shall I acknowledge it? what pained me not less poignantly was the fact that I ventured to stake the horse I had merely hired, and actually lost him at the play-table.

As soon as I rallied from this state of self-accusation, I set to work to think how I should manage to repossess myself of my beast, my loss of which might be converted into a felony. To follow the priest and ransom Blondel was my first care. Father Dyke would most probably not exact an unreasonable price; he, of course, never believed one word of my nonsensical narrative about Schamyl and the Caucasus, and he'd not revenge upon Potts sober the follies of Potts tipsy. It is true my purse was a very slender one, but Blondel, to any one unacquainted with his pedigree, could not be a costly animal; fifteen pounds—twenty, certainly—ought to buy what the priest would call "every hair on his tail."

It was now too late in the evening to proceed to execute the measures I had resolved on, and so I determined to lie still and ponder over them. Dismissing the waiter, with an order to bring me a cup of tea about eight o'clock, I resumed my cogitations. They were not pleasant ones: Potts a byword for the most outrageous and incoherent balderdash and untruth—Potts in the Hue and Cry—Potts in the dock—Potts in the pillory—Potts paragraphed in Punch—portrait of Potts, price one penny!—these were only a few of the forms in which the descendant of the famous Corsican family of Pozzo di Borgo now presented himself to my imagination.

The courts and quadrangles of Old Trinity ringing with laughter, the coarse exaggerations of tasteless scoffers, the jokes and sneers of stupidity, malice, and all uncharitableness, rang in my ears as if I heard them. All possible and impossible versions of the incident passed in review before me: my father, driven distracted by impertinent inquiries, cutting me off with a shilling, and then dying of mortification and chagrin—rewards offered for my apprehension—descriptions, not in any way flatteries, of my personal appearance—paragraphs of local papers hinting that the notorious Potts was supposed to have been seen in our neighbourhood yesterday, with sly suggestions about looking after stable doors, &c. I could bear it no longer. I jumped up, and rang the bell violently.

"You know this Father Dyke, waiter? In what part of the country does he live?"

"He's parish priest of Inistioge," said he; "the snuggest place in the whole county."

"How far from this may it be?"

"It's a matter of five-and-forty miles; and by the same token, he said he'd not draw bridle till he got home to-night, for there was a fair at Grague to-morrow, and if he wasn't pleased with the baste he'd sell him there."

I groaned deeply, for here was a new complication, entirely unlooked for. "You can't possibly mean," gasped I out, "that a respectable clergyman would expose for sale a horse lent to him casually by a friend?" for the thought struck me that this protest of mine should be thus early on record.

The waiter scratched his head, and looked confused. Whether another version of the event possessed him, or that my question staggered his convictions, I am unable to say, but he made no reply. "It is true," continued I, in the same strain, "that I met his reverence last night for the first time. My friend Lord Keldrum made us acquainted; but seeing him received at my noble friend's board, I naturally felt, and said to myself, 'The man Keldrum admits to his table is the equal of any one.' Could anything be more reasonable than that?"

"No, indeed, sir; nothing," said the waiter, obsequiously.

"Well, then," resumed I, "some day or other it may chance that you will be called on to remember and recal this conversation between us; if so, it will be important that you should have a clear and distinct memory of the fact, that when I awoke in the morning, and asked for my horse, the answer you made me was——What was the answer you made me?"

"The answer I med was this," said the fellow, sturdily, and with an effrontery I can never forget—"the answer I med was, that the man that won him took him away."

"You're an insolent scoundrel," cried I, boiling over with passion, "and if you don't ask pardon for this outrage on your knees, I'll include you in the indictment for conspiracy."

So far from proceeding to the penitential act I proposed, the fellow grinned from ear to ear, and left the room. It was a long time before I could recover my wonted calm and composure. That this rascal's evidence would be fatal to me if the question ever came to trial, was as clear as noonday; not less clear was it that he knew this himself.

"I must go back at once to town," thought I. "I will surrender myself to the law. If a compromise be impossible, I will perish at the stake."

I forgot there was no stake, but there was wool-carding, and oakum picking, and wheel-treading, and oyster-shell pounding, and other small plays of this nature, infinitely more degrading to humanity than all the cruelties of our barbarous ancestors.

Now, in no record of lives of adventure had I met any account of such trials as these. The Silvio Pellicos of Pentonville are yet unwritten martyrs. Prison discipline would vulgarise the grandest epic that ever was conceived. "Anything rather than this," said I, aloud. "Proscribed, outlawed, hunted down, but never, grey-coated and hair-clipped, shall a Potts be sentenced to the 'crank,' or black-holed as refractory!—Bring me my bill," cried I, in a voice of indignant anger. "I will go forth into the world of darkness and tempest—I will meet the storm and the hurricane; better all the conflict of the

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elements than man's—than man's——" I wasn't exactly sure what, but there was no need of the word, for a gust of wind had just flattened my umbrella in my face as I issued forth, and left me breathless, as the door closed behind me.

AN ETERNAL CITY.

I SIT in Rome, in a gloomy chamber of an albergo giving upon Conductor-street, which is all French in its window hangings, French in its flaming paper, French (and luxurious) in its spring mattress, bluntly English in its strip of carpet: otherwise generally denationalised in its appointments and decorations. There is nothing *curule* about the chairs, which, though perhaps uncomfortable as a form of seat, would have been classical and consoling; and the eye misses that appropriate *triclinium* or reclining couch, on which this famous people were wont to take their rest. So, looking blankly into the sort of domestic brick-kiln where fires are kindled in the severe season, I think there is nothing left for me, but to become generally practical and statistical, and to go forth and look for the noble Roman, and make him a social study after the manner of Mr. McCulloch.

——Halloo!

A grinding, a jangling, a rattling in the court —a straining, as though ship's blocks and cordage were clattering through a storm; and I am at the window. There is a poor old lion's head below, very green and slimy, who has been supplying water through his open mouth for I don't know how many years. At the lion's head converge innumerable tight ropes, which spring upward wildly, and are secured high at lofty garret windows. And now from one special aerie, a tin pail is performing, along its own special rope, a terrific and daring descent. With a cruel bump it comes dangling against poor old lion's head, by this time pretty well used to such treatment, and after struggling to right itself, gets at last straight under the mouth, and is filled satisfactorily. Thence is drawn up with fitful jerks and spasms, scattering great splashes on the court at various stages of elevation. It is common to see a helpless can struggling painfully for many minutes to get itself upright under the mouth, until some passer-by compassionating, steps in and sets the acrobatic can upon his legs. There is something so quaint and lazy in this fashion of drawing water, that I go out into the street in spirits. Only one moment's hesitation on the threshold of the hostelry, one short suspension while the bells ring in the orchestra and the curtain rolls up slowly.

Considering that the two gable ends, as it were, of Conductor-street stand in bold shadow as good and effective flies or side scenes, and bring out, in fine clear light, a good strip of Spanish-place, with a glimpse of many whitened steps ascending the hill at the back, and capped by a church of towers, inside of which you may be sure the organ is playing, and with a practicable fountain boat-shaped well to the front, this scene of "a street in Rome" makes a good opening to the piece. But, when figures in picturesque garb emerge from behind a pillar and begin to descend the steps slowly;—first stragglers of the chorus, who will appear presently and also descend the steps conscientiously, I feel with a certain enthusiasm that the "business" is indeed commencing, and that the dresses and decorations will be all in the best taste.

Two noble figures, with Antinous chests and shoulders, with mournfully roving eyes and coal-black curled beards, who wear peaked hats streaming with scarlet recruiting ribbons, and braided jackets, and loose blue sleeves and scarfs, and stockings wound round and round, with sandals! Here at last are the brave children of the soil, breathing a pastoral simplicity and innocent rusticity; something to be in harmonious keeping with the noble scenic houses, and corners, and famous churches. The modern riff-raff canaille corruption has not encrusted them; they are pure and childlike in sophistication. These are the bold peasantry, "their country's pride," which good Doctor Goldsmith so bemoaned. These are——Tush! some one presently plucks the scales from my eyes. They are no more than walking shams, mere theatrical men; bal masqué peasants, dressed up to order and now on their road to the studio. Models much in demand, they will there exhibit the Antinous chest and coal-black beards at so many Pauls the hour.

Sorrowfully turning into this long attenuated street—which has a kind of irregular straightness, and, in some degree, suggests the Kalver-straat at Amsterdam, only that it lacks the fine vermilion cheek of that thoroughfare, burnished hebdomadally to a shining brightness—I see by a certain legend written in a careless shaking text, that this is the VIA DEL CORSO. But for this information, I should never take these straggling lines of mean houses in shabby plaster coats, and who stand together, now tall, now one short, like an ill-sized regiment; which are dark and louring, and have soiled, unwashed faces, and which show a few mean booths rather than shops, where you may buy Paris pomades and scent-bottles, and old opera glasses, and coloured prints faded out of all colour by exposure in the windows; where, indeed, a huge megatherium of a palace, with windows by the hundred, has intruded itself magnificently, with an olive-tinted church or two, but only to the prejudice of the poorer company it is cheek by jowl with,—but for the legend on the wall, could I think I was walking down the famous street where is held Carnival, Saturnalia, Riot, and the horses run their mad races. Still the scarlet draping of all those balconies must, I can well fancy it, warm the thing up.

With an hour's discursive ramble, aiming at no special point, but striking out, according to whim, now to the right, now to the left, I gather and take home with me a photographic sketch of what sort of thing an Eternal City is. It does not laugh, and sparkle, and blossom luxuriantly into squares and verdure, or reel off exuberantly whole miles of Boulevards. It is of a sombre, morbid temperament, running much

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into dusty, gravel-strewn open places, and dark, louring houses—save, indeed, up by that quarter called Spanish, where the English pale is, and where there is an artificial gaiety, and scenic houses get up spurious smiles for the sake of that wealthy community. So I wind on and on, coming back often to the same spot in sore disappointment, through lane, and alley, and many crooked paths, now again bursting on some strange surprise, some startling effect in that tawny yellow stone. Here, turning this corner sharply, I come upon a whole palace-front fashioned into a monster fountain, with the water tumbling boisterously from about the attic-window, and riotously cascading over huge cliffs, green with slime, and gigantic river gods, sitting on the cliffs in a foaming seething basin below. Far-famed Trèves fount, concerning which the pretty tradition runs that if you drink of its waters you are certain to return to the city. A little more blind wandering, and we plunge upon a small funereal arcade, its stones black as ink, and in shape affecting to be a sort of dwindled Coliseum. Most mournful and most mysterious, the street narrowing specially here, and the sky darkening. Old decayed houses abut on it, and seem crusted to it; and looking through a grated vault entrance, which serves as archway, I catch a glimpse of a dark, dismal court and gloomy arcades, all breathing an inexpressible loneliness and desertion. Then I wind on still further, getting clearly in the Liberties, or Seven Dials of the city, where the population thickens and the general squalor deepens, and, curious to say, business seems riper. For the ground floorstories of all houses seem here gutted through and through for traffic and workshop, and men sit there and turn the thrumming lathes and ply the clattering loom. Prying closely into their grimed, blackened fronts, mouldering like gaunt old tombstones, the details of an old palace come out richly under my eyes;—defaced scutcheons, quaint legends, and corbels eaten away.

Kindred trades herd together here by a mysterious law, and the walls are studded high up, even to the second floor, with ranges of Guy Fawkes hats in symmetrical files, with points foremost. It is whispered that the Masseronis of the hills come down and purchase this portion of their picturesque gear in this locality. Boots! yes, an army of bootmakers sitting like Leprechauns at their own door, tapping, hammering musically for the bare life—nowhere will you purchase shoes to match these. Drinking shops are very thickly sown in this quarter. A frightful drink compounded of turpentine and spirits and such fierce stimulants, is retailed at a farthing a glass. Eating-houses, too, where rich fritters are eternally simmering, and a light wholesome supper of an artichoke exquisitely dressed, with a bit of bread and succulent sauce, may be served to the temperate artisan for one halfpenny.

Mysterious temples, labelled "Spacio dei Tabacchi è Sale," where salt and tobacco are vended together in a comic companionship, turn up very frequently also. And to the little workshops for those delicate miscellanies of tender pinks and soft blues and yellows, yclept Roman scarfs, must reference have been pointed in the legend addressed to English eyes, "*Laboratory* of Roman Scarfs." A wild, bandit-looking population, with fierce eyes and black, half-shaven lips, bent over their work in the darkened corners of their shops. They glower at you (perhaps unconsciously) as you go by; so you think that, when night falls and there is only the one dim, dingy light swinging at the street-corner before the Madonna's image, you will not be found in that quarter.

Through a freer and healthier thoroughfare, out upon the spacious open Piazza Navona, where, if it be Wednesday, there is the quaintest, busiest market that can be conceived. Motley is truly the only wear here. Walk round all those little tables spread under the open air, and admire the comic jumbling of the wares. Your choice, signor, from regiments of old vellum-bound books, at five baiocchi—twopence halfpenny—indiscriminately. Pockets not so well lined may be suited from a loose miscellany marked at one baioccho. With so much quartz, gold is often found. Treasures turn up periodically; and jealous bookworms try to steal marches on each other, coming with the dawn to have the earliest choice, and glare at each other with hostility from contiguous stands. Not alone books, but choice prints, coloured drawings, and sketches by famous men of the brush, with select tables for precious stones, and bits of marble and intaglios, and bits of statues and antiques in general; in short, a rude sort of art bazaar. Then, for a change, you may turn to the hardware department, and select anything—from rusty nails and bolts, ranged symmetrically, to an anchor (Heaven knows how it got there). You can recreate yourself with choice fruits and vegetables, and every edible; choice being only too distracting. By the curious market code that prevails, you may have the wing of a chicken or the leg of a hare cut off and sent home, or, indeed, any special limb you may fancy. Here you see ranks of suspicious little birds, which I fear me much are innocent robins, sparrows, and such fry, our sportsman not discriminating too exactly as to the quality of his game; and here I see a villanous-looking savage busy plucking the feathers from a live fowl, who is struggling and flapping between his legs.

A fragrance scarcely aromatic attends me in all this progress. Our Holy City is, in truth, a savoury capital. It has a special bouquet of its own, which awaits you in fine perfection at the corner of a grand palazzo, where a little stable lane is setting in. As the Dutch capital is individualised in its own particular effluvium, which makes the heart sick unto death, so here is found a delicate stench, from which the voyager flies, his cloak streaming behind him. But, when toiling up the weary stair of the Vatican, and just hovering with a mysterious awe at the threshold of those fairy-like corridors—where the gentle girl-faced Raphael, of the flowing hair and velvet cap, luxuriated in arabesques, and poured his

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soul over the walls in the divinest fancies—when you are thinking of the bold pontiff Julius looking over his shoulder, and of the other noble figures that crowd so thickly into that Art age; when you are being overpowered with these reverent fancies, an unclean zephyr comes brushing rudely by you, so salient, so fearfully appreciable, that the gossamer webs of your art fancies are burst through cruelly, and, holding desperately by the reality of a handkerchief, you see nothing beyond a bare cold stair, with yellow walls, and enter sourly into what your chilled fancy holds to be no better than glazed reformatory galleries, painted indeed, but all chipped and peeled, with the colours sadly washed out and rubbed, as if by careless elbows. That the Aladdin's palace is thus changed must be laid to the account of the reeking zephyrs aforesaid. To what degradation does this overlooking of vulgar sanitary laws bring down the most sacred things!

Dispiriting truly are those blank monster piles—palazzi dead or sleeping—which you come upon in narrow lanes. Great melancholy blocks; grim palatial Newgates with mailed windows and fierce lowering eaves, that seem like frowning eyebrows, they rise smoked and blackened with an awful solitary majesty. They are utterly inappreciable in height and dimensions, for you have but a few feet to step back; being cramped into a mean, narrow street. They look down on us, forlorn dismal riddles—reduced edifices that have seen better days.

Now, through more unsavoury streets, where shattered diligences lie up in ordinary along the footway, and vetturino bravoes burst from ambush and strive with contention as to who shall take you down to Naples. Now past a long yellow building, much defaced, as if giants' children had been drawing their chubby fingers down its walls, and very green at the bases, as if seaweed had been washed up there; which, with a sort of rakish look about the little dark side door, together with a gaseous fragrance therefrom issuing, lets me into the secret that this must be a theatre. It proves to be the one dedicated to Apollo—the Roman Opera. These Temples are truly of the one family all the world over; and have a certain unmistakable dissipated aspect. So do I find out its sister, called La Vallée, a flaunting painted lady: frowned down severely from over the way by austere St. Andrea de la Vallée.

Garc! garc! and there comes on behind—toiling and straining through the narrow street, beating up those straits with difficulty—a heavy berline, with Flemish drays, stepping in a solemn trot. Passers-by stand close as it reels on; and thus bestowed, I wonder whose can be this old sheriff's coach of a flaming fire-engine tint, very red, and very much down behind: why are hearse horses, in brass-studded harness, and crimson bosses on their foreheads, attached to the berline, and why are three mutes in cocked-hats, and shabby blue cloaks down to their feet, hanging on behind?

Ah, there is a glimpse of a snow-sprinkled head, very reverend and venerable, with a flash of purple, and I know that here is a cardinal and his equipage. The ancient vehicle quivers on its gilded springs as it goes by, and a soldier on guard, presenting arms, the glass descends softly half way—quaint fashion of acknowledging a salute. Captains-general of religious orders, whom I meet at times trudging it afoot—for the most part stalwart, powerful figures, of splendid proportions, towering over their attendant chaplains—when they go up to court, fetch out of their convent yards strange and undignified job chariots of uncertain age, and hung preternaturally high. This Dominican, or Barnabite, or Carmelite progress may be known miles off by a jingle, as if an armourer's shop were in full work inside.

Here, just at St. Angelo's Bridge, where the company of smoked statues keep everlasting watch, is something classical and pastoral; sixteen dusty, slate-coloured buffaloes drawing home a monster granite pillar—fragment of an ancient temple—far outside the city. Some have dropped with fatigue, and distil foam upon the crowd, while Rosa Bonheur's herdsmen, armed with the long sharp goad, stand round and discuss the difficulty. A little further down, about the wine-shop door, are more countrymen, perhaps of the same party, burnished and sunburnt to a brick colour, clad in the favourite deep indigo jackets and breeches, garnished plentifully with silver buttons. Some wear, in lieu of boots, a thick leathern casing crossed with straps, such as posting-riders use for protection against the pole; and beside them are positive satyrs, in long-haired goatskin trousers. Some have the strangest likeness to Irish reaping-men who cross the sea to gather in the harvest. I have seen such men driving little kine for Kerries. One of them desires to purchase bread, and has stopped a man carrying loaves in the shape of rings strung upon a long pole.

And to you, kind sir, or gentler lady, let me put this question respectfully: Is this the pet picture of Rome you have had by you, all these years back, drawn from Doctor Goldsmith's Abridgment, and the amiable Doctor Adam's Antiquities? No more than this mingle-mangle of dirty lanes, solemn, sorrow-stricken gaols, a muddy river "rolling rapidly," heavy yellow churches, blue-coated countrymen, flaming cardinals' coaches? No: I will answer for you that the pet picture which hangs in your mind-boudoir, and which you feast yourself with the fancy of beholding one day in the reality, is a gathering of broad streets, heavy houses, built with an iron-grey stone much overlaid with moss; of dark temples and porticos, picturesquely ruined, rising at street corners; of broken shafts and capitals strewn here and there, lying across the road, with peasants using them for seats; of curious trenching and rough earthworks; lines of old Roman circumvallation, together with bright garish dresses, cheerful blue and scarlet, moving among the old grey stones, as displayed on the delicate drop-scenes at our Royal Operas. Such do we roughly

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sketch it in at home at our study table, all fair smooth lines and tones. We cannot then place ourselves atop of the Pincian Hill, with all the roofs of the city at our feet, looking literally like a heap of shattered potsherds, having a general rickety and yellowish baked clay aspect. We have no thought then but that the monster temple is dark, and crushing, and ponderous, instead of being, as it is, a light and airy casket. There is under the broken potsherds much more to charm than you wot of, though not strictly according to preconceived pattern; yet much that will disenchant.

GIANTS THEIR OWN KILLERS.

The present writer has a heavy charge to bring against the British Public. He accuses it of neglecting the giants. In its youthful days, it enjoys the services of these benevolent men; they are as much an institution as the British Lion, the man in armour, or the javelin men; but it cherishes the British Lion, it upholds the javelin men, and it ungratefully forgets the giants.

Not the giants of whom the Knight of the Rueful Countenance was wont to discourse beneath the cork-trees of La Mancha; nor those of whom Spenser sang in his sweet, dreamy, half-finished tales; nor the giants thirty-six feet high found near queenly Athens; nor the monster Mazarino, whose head was the size of a large cask, and whose teeth weighed five ounces each; nor the ancient King of Dauphiny, whose mortal remains rest in a tomb thirty feet long: the said remains being twenty-five feet in length, with teeth the size of an ox's foot, and a shin-bone measuring four feet—which means that, like Mazarino and divers others, he was not a giant at all, but an extinct mole or mammoth, or something of that kind; nor Philargipæ, the "great gigant of Great Britaine;" nor the hairy giants of the South Sea; nor those slain by our immortal Jack; nor a thousand others, for the old monks and chroniclers were somewhat given to credulity, and knew not the bones of a hippopotamus from those of a giant.

No, it is the real domestic giant whose interests are here represented. The writer appears in behalf of the melancholy but benignant-looking giant of the caravan, such as he rises up amidst the dreams of bygone times when the writer was admitted to the privilege of seeing him for twopence, fittingly dressed in a rather antique and very faded suit, and generally accompanied by some other prodigies of nature, which the public was also graciously permitted to view for this ridiculously small sum.

Many a time and oft have we all wondered whether the giant always lived in that small yellow house on wheels, with the bird-cage, regulation chimney, and brass knocker. Whether all through life he continued to give an account of himself every quarter of an hour; whether he ever grew tired of showing the size of his foot, and having his sides poked and his legs pinched by sceptical old gentlemen who won't be put down; whether, when he grew old, he still continued to walk about the streets at two in the morning, lighting his pipe at the lamps; whether he married the giantess, or the pig-faced lady, and retired to live in his castle.

In his youthful days the writer wanted to be a giant himself, and several times thought he had discovered an infallible method of attaining the object of his ambition; such as over-feeding, stretching by dint of violent jerks from beams, &c., to the great amazement of his relations and friends. He failed egregiously.

For this failure he feels grateful. Apart from the fact that the giant is essentially short-lived, and that he is generally a poor credulous blundering creature, he is the most unhappy of all the tribe of wonders. The pig-faced lady may hide her facial angles behind a Shetland veil; the albino can dye her hair and wear spectacles; the living skeleton may now assume any size he likes, by the help of balloon sleeves and pegtops; the dwarf is petted and kissed, retires with a fortune, and a wife three times his size. To the giant alone is denied, alike the pleasure of retirement and the bliss of connubial life. He is interdicted from appearing in public except when there is no public to appear in. He pines while living, and dies of his own greatness ere half the span of life is run.

The unmerited neglect of these eminent men has rendered it rather difficult to procure authentic information respecting them. Such little scraps as have been gotten together by a faithful admirer, are now presented to a repentant British public:

Ireland has long been famous for producing exotics of this kind; and perhaps the largest skeleton to be found is that of O'Brien, or Byrne, in the College of Surgeons. This ambitious young gentleman came over to England and exhibited himself as the Irish giant, and, having died, was dissected and labelled with this title. But at the very time when he was being converted into an interesting specimen of osteology, the real O'Brien and real Irish giant was alive and as well as a giant can be. His name was Patrick Cotter, which he bore till some one persuaded him that he was a descendant of the far-famed Brien Born, upon which he took the name of O'Brien, and agreed with his friends that he very much resembled his ancestor. His genealogy was never very strictly inquired into, and, as his father was a bricklayer, the family must have lost caste, as well as changed their name. He was brought over to England by a rascally showman, who, in order to coerce him into signing articles of slavery for three years, trumped up a fictitious claim for debt; and he would have been sent to Bristol gaol, had not an English gentleman, seeing this simple-minded creature in a state of dire bewilderment and distress, not only rescued him from the clutches of the showman, but enabled him to set up for himself, whereby he realised thirty pounds in ten days. He continued at this work from time to time for twenty-five years, and then, having realised a nice fortune, retired to Bristol, where two

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years afterwards he died of disease of the lungs, in his forty-sixth year: thus reaching the extreme limits of a giant's life. The wonder is that he ever lived so long; as his huge frame seemed to be only half vitalised. When he walked, he never lifted his feet from the ground, but went shuffling along in the most painful manner, sometimes resting his hands upon the shoulders of his companions; and when he stood up, he had to put his hands upon the small of his back, as if his spine wanted keeping in shape.

It was O'Brien who frightened the watchman by lighting his pipe at a street-lamp. The man coming suddenly upon this appalling spectre at dead of night, fell down in a fit, and was carried to the nearest lock-up. Another time the giant's carriage was stopped by a highwayman, when O'Brien, putting his head out of the window, the terrified highwayman immediately clapped spurs to his horse and fled.

O'Brien was the king of his tribe, and—as far as was possible for a giant—enjoyed life. He was wont at times to retire from the busy haunts of man and reside in a mansion near Epping Forest, which had once belonged to a nobleman, and has since been converted into an inn. He seems to have been an amiable, quiet sort of giant, and, up to the last, loved to meet his friends over the cheerful glass and pipe. "His stature increased till he arrived at the age of twenty-five, when his growth abated somewhat" (pretty nearly time), but he continued growing a little after that period, till he attained the height of eight feet seven inches; his foot being seventeen inches, and his hand twelve inches long. He took very good care no one should dissect him, for his grave was dug ten feet deep in the solid rock; after which it was thoroughly fastened, and watched.

The Irish giant, whose skeleton is such a striking object in the Museum of the College of Surgeons in London, had a very brief career of it. Being addicted to whisky, and having one day lost all his money, he gave himself up to such a debauch (to drown care) that his health broke down, and he died at the age of twenty-two.

It was believed by his friends that he was buried at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and his coffin was certainly taken there, though he wished that his remains should be sunk in the sea; but John Hunter was determined to have his body, and actually paid five hundred pounds for it. The skeleton is eight feet high. It is well and strongly made, the huge frame being quite symmetrical, except that the neck of one thigh-bone is longer than the other; the tissue of the bones, however, does not seem to be so compact as in other skeletons. Large as the head looks, there is not more room for brain than in a man of moderate size.

The writer having seen with his own eyes this skeleton, and having learned that the skeleton of this giant's great rival lay ten feet deep in the rock, was not a little startled by being told that the skeleton of the Irish giant was in the anatomical room of Trinity College, Dublin. Sure enough a giant's skeleton is, or was, there, of which the following history has been given:

The celebrated Berkely, Bishop of Cloyne, of tar-water memory, in one of his rambles found a boy seated on a door-step, apparently in an advanced stage of hunger and poverty. Being of a benevolent disposition, the bishop relieved his necessities; but being also of a philosophic turn of mind, he subjected this hapless orphan to a series of interesting experiments: putting him through the same fattening process by which prize pigs and bullocks are brought to the verge of suffocation. These succeeded to perfection; the youth shot up like a scarlet-runner, and at sixteen years of age was seven feet high. M'Grath (that was his name) now made the tour of part of Europe as the "Prodigious Irish Giant." But the bigger he grew, the more fatuous and helpless he became, until at last he died a giant's death of sheer old age, when little more than nineteen.

Dr. Musgrave sent to the Royal Society, an account of a young Irishman, Edward Malme, seven feet six high when he was nineteen. Dr. Molyneux, however, told the Society that he measured this man himself in Dublin, and that he was, at that early age, seven feet seven without his shoes: so we are indebted to Ireland for four authentic modern giants.

One summer evening, as the writer was passing through a beautiful little burying-ground near Hanover, he observed a figure sculptured on a tombstone, more like a Guy Fawkes than anything else, except that it had no pipe in its mouth and stood upright: which of course a genuine guy could not do. Otherwise it had the true tumble-about, helpless, half wide-awake look peculiar to these creations of youthful fancy. It was the likeness of Christoff Munster, born at Erlosen, near Münden, June, 1632, and defunct at Hanover, August, 1676, so that he lived almost as long as the great O'Brien. His effigy is in the costume of the body guards of the Elector, in which he served: the tasseled cap, long single-breasted tunic, and slashed hose. In the simple and pious epitaph he is represented to have been four ells and a half high. The lowest calculation of the old German ell is twenty-four inches French, but a friend accustomed to German measures computed four ells and a half at nine feet and a half.

He also was given to lighting his pipe at the lamps, and had to stoop down to get at them. Being an object of much solicitude to his paternal government, he was allowed eight times as much food as any other person: which he always promptly disposed of, to say nothing of a loaf or two at his own cost into the bargain. Having been guilty of disobedience to his commanding officer, he was put into the stocks, or rather pillory. It is needless to say that he was congratulated respecting this distinction by the boys of the place, who waited in a body upon him, for that purpose. As, in addition to the comfort derived from their very sympathising remarks, he endured all the discomfort

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of an extremely cold winter's day (which in Hanover means something like cold), he resolved to change his quarters, and, having by a desperate effort uprooted the huge pole to which his neck was chained, he took it on his shoulder and walked off with it to the nearest public-house.

It is uncertain whether Belgium or France had produced a real giant, that is to say, something above seven feet and a half; but Holland gave birth to the giant of Utrecht, described by both Diemerbroek the anatomist and Mr. Ray. They agree in their accounts that he was eight feet and a half high, with well-shaped limbs. Leyden possesses the frontal bone of a man who must have been nine feet high at least. It is quite double the size of the frontal bone of an ordinary skull, and from the engraving and careful description of it in the Royal Society's Transactions, there seems no reason to doubt that this size is in no way owing to disease.

Scotland has in modern days given to the world one fair-sized giant—Big Sam, the Prince of Wales's porter, who was nearly eight feet high, robust and well made. His size was no burden to him, and he was as active in his movements as other men. He performed as a giant in the romance of Cymon, at the Haymarket. But his health failed so fast in the prime of life, that he had to return to his native country, and there, we *believe*, soon afterwards died. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has likewise preserved the memory of a gigantic Highland man who shattered a prize-fighter's skull with a single blow of his fist; carried off a cannon he was set to watch, and put it in his bed, thinking this was the best way to take care of it on a wet night. He laid the famous Captain Barclay on the ground as if he had been a child. He was a merry giant, loved the Highland fling, and danced it to a good old age; but, like General Man, Bradly of York, Hales the Norfolk giant, and Walter Parsons King James's porter, he was not much above seven feet, and only fit to rank in a lower class than the Irish and Hanover giants.

England has made one or two tolerable attempts to produce a giant. One of these was chronicled by a Mr. Dawkes, surgeon of St. Ives, in that quaint, vigorous, natural style which gives a peculiar charm to the medical writers of a century and a half ago. The first communications respecting the prodigy in question were made to Dr. Mead and the Royal Society, who encouraged Mr. Dawkes to prosecute his inquiries. This immense creature, long known as the gigantic boy of Willingham, was called Thomas Hall, and was the son of a little father and almost a little mother. He himself, at his entrance upon this scene, was only a fine lusty baby. But he began to grow at a rate which astonished the whole neighbourhood, and, when two years and eleven months old, he was more than three feet nine inches high. Two months later, he had reached the height of three feet eleven: growing at the rate of nearly an inch a month. Nearly a twelvemonth after, he had attained the height of four feet five inches; so that had he grown to manhood at this rate, he would have been at least nine or ten feet high.

The cause of the first check in his growth appears to have been extreme stuffing. After his third year, he was taken about for a show, and created an extraordinary sensation. But, he was so crammed that he soon learned to care for nothing but dainties, and was frequently "debauched with wine;" a nice state of matters for a child three years old! The natural upshot was that he had a crop of boils, fell into ill health, and was checked in his growth. Previously he had been but a small eater and drinker.

His bulk and strength were quite proportionate to his great height. Before he was three years old, the calf of his leg was above ten inches round, and he weighed, in his "cloaths," four stone two pounds. When five years old, he weighed, even after his illness, upwards of six stone. His strength was prodigious. When less than four years old, Mr. Dawkes saw him take a hammer, seventeen pounds' weight, and throw it from him to a considerable distance. When little more than three years old, he could place a large Cheshire cheese upon his head, and lift a runlet (two gallons, Winchester measure) full of ale to his mouth, and drink freely from it. By this time, he was the champion of the school. Boys of seven or eight years had no chance against him; he never condescended to fight with them; he simply collared them and brought them to the ground. Sometimes, at a later date, he would offer to fight all the boys in the school, two at a time, and threaten to put them in his pocket. When he was five years old, and still suffering from illness, Mr. Dawkes got him to exhibit his strength. A wheelbarrow of uncommon size and very heavy, was selected; one of the biggest boys in the school got into it, and Tom trundled him off with ease. Two of the biggest boys then got in, and the young Anak made it move "two rotations of the wheel." This was all he could do—and not amiss either, as the two boys weighed twelve stone two pounds, and he was not well.

Even at a very early age his voice was like a man's. When three years old he seems to have possessed as much sense as boys of five or six, and, by the time he had passed his fifth year, he behaved himself in every way as a grown man. He was extremely fond of music, sculpture, and painting, and "seemed rather inclined to mechanics than to any other kind of learning." His look was rather savage, and always sedate. Though never violent nor cruel, he seems to have had as little of love as of fear in his composition, and of the latter he had certainly little enough, for he was as "indomitable as a panther;" except with Mr. Dawkes, who kept him in awe by threatening him with his dissecting-knife. Even this gentleman never seems to have succeeded (notwithstanding the dissecting-knife) in thoroughly gaining his affections. Always cold and gloomy after his illness,

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he grew more silent as his short life drew to a close.

In January, 1747, Mr. Dawkes found he was ill of fever, and kindly sent him some medicine. This the boy refused to take, and his biographer heard nothing more of him till June in the same year, when meeting Dr. Heberdon, he was informed by him that the poor lad was dying of consumption. He accordingly went to see him. Two days afterwards, he quietly breathed his last, having only grown one inch in the preceding eight months. His strong natural courage never deserted him, and he viewed the approach of death with perfectly undisturbed fortitude; though he disliked to talk about it, as he did about most other matters. Some months prior to this he rejoiced in a thick pair of whiskers, and he had a beard. Old age seemed to gather fast upon him towards his end. His corpse had all the appearance, grey hairs excepted, of a man who had died at extreme old age: so the story told by Pliny of a boy who at three years of age was four feet high, and the story of the lad mentioned by Craterus who married and died, leaving issue in his seventh year, are not so profoundly improbable after all. Mr. White, an eminent surgeon recently dead, mentions a boy who used to come to his house, who was three feet two high when only two years and a half old, and was built like a Farnese Hercules, and lifted forty pounds with ease. M. Breschet showed the phrenologist Spurzheim a boy who, at three years of age, was three feet six and three-quarters. Mr. South, the surgeon, had under his care a boy who, at little more than three years old, was three feet seven high, weighed four stone eight pounds, and had a splendid development of muscle.

In every instance this vast physical development was purchased at the expense of all that renders life precious—health, active energy, intellect, duration of life, enjoyment of society, and the hope of offspring. Even extraordinary stoutness tends to produce similar results: with an instance of which truth this paper shall close.

Every English person has heard of Daniel Lambert, but every English person does not know that he possessed, except as regarded his corpulence, one of the finest constitutions possible, and that he was one of the most temperate and active of men: yet he died apparently of sheer exhaustion, at an early age. The only disorder he ever suffered from was a slight attack of inflammation, or feverishness, although, if he got wet through, he would never change his clothes, and when out boating, was often drenched the whole night. Possibly his extreme temperance contributed to his resistance of cold, as he was a small and careful eater. He never drank anything but water, though, being a fine tenor singer and very fond of society, he was exposed to great temptation. He slept less than other men, and could always wake within five minutes of any time he wished. He was so active, that even when he had grown to be a big man, he could kick to the height of seven feet; and when thirty-two stone weight, he walked from London to Woolwich with less fatigue than several middle-aged men. In his youth he was passionately fond of field-sports, and always retained his taste for them. He was a man of a peculiarly honourable, retiring, and delicate mind. It was long before he could bring himself to endure being stared at as a show, and he always knew how to meet and repel impertinent questions. He was chivalrously brave, and on one occasion when two Savoyards had loosened a bear upon a fine dog which was barking at it, finding all his remonstrances thrown away, he snatched a pole out of the hand of one of the fellows, and dealt the bear such a blow that he stunned her. The dog got away, but, the bear turning upon Lambert, the dog again attacked it in the most gallant style. Lambert aimed blow after blow, and, as he was in the flower of his strength and could carry five hundred-weight with ease, his blows must have rather astonished the bear. Still the bear pressed on, defending her head in the most scientific style, and her antagonist having fallen owing to the slippery state of the ground, she was so close upon him that he felt the heat of her breath. At this crisis he gave her a blow on the skull with his fist which brought her to the ground. She immediately took to flight: the people tumbling over one another in heaps to get out of the way, while a smaller bear, which had been standing upright with a cocked-hat on against a wall staring at the scene, no sooner beheld the issue of the fray, than it took off its hat and turned a somersault at Lambert's feet in token of submission.

Lambert died without any visible disorder, and quite suddenly, in his fortieth year. At that time he weighed nearly fifty-three stone, being almost eleven stone heavier than Mr. Bright, of Maldon. Lambert was nine feet four round the body, and three feet one round the leg; yet so little inconvenience or oppression did his immense bulk occasion him, that Dr. Heaviside said his life was as good as that of any other man. It was necessary to take down the wall and window of the room in which he lay, to allow his coffin to pass to the grave: towards which it was rolled on cog-wheels. Mr. Bright might have emulated Lambert had he not been less temperate. The consequences of self-indulgence, in his frame, were a disease in the legs, which embittered and shortened his existence.

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A SERIES OF OCCASIONAL JOURNEYS,

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER V.

As I walked onward against the swooping wind and the plashing rain, I felt a sort of heroic ardour in the notion of breasting the adverse waves of life so boldly. It is not every fellow could do this: throw his knapsack on his shoulder, seize his stick, and set out in storm and blackness. No, Potts, my man; for downright inflexibility of purpose, for bold and resolute action, you need yield to none! It was, indeed, an awful night; the thunder rolled and crashed with scarce an interval of cessation; forked lightning tore across the sky in every direction; while the wind swept through the deep glen, smashing branches and uplifting large trees like mere shrubs. I was soon completely drenched, and my soaked clothes hung around with the weight of lead; my spirits, however, sustained me, and I toiled along, occasionally in a sort of wild bravado, giving a cheer as the thunder rolled close above my head, and trying to sing, as though my heart were as gay and my spirits as light as in an hour of happiest abandonment.

Jean Paul has somewhere the theory that our Good Genius is attached to us from our birth by a film fine as gossamer, and which few of us escape rupturing in the first years of youth, thus throwing ourselves at once without chart or pilot upon the broad ocean of life. He, however, more happily constituted, who feels the guidance of his guardian spirit, recognises the benefits of its care, and the admonitions of its wisdom, *he* is destined to great things. Such men discover new worlds beyond the seas, carry conquest over millions, found dynasties, and build up empires; they whom the world regard as demigods having simply the wisdom of being led by Fortune, and not severing the slender thread that unites them to their destiny. Was I, Potts, in this glorious category? Had the lesson of the great moralist been such a warning to me that I had preserved the filmy link unbroken? I really began to think so; a certain impulse, a whispering voice within, that said, "Go on!" On, ever onward! seemed to be the accents of that Fate, which had great things in store for me, and would eventually make me illustrious.

No illusions of your own, Potts, no phantasmagoria of your own poor heated fancy, must wile you away from the great and noble part destined for you. No weakness, no faint-heartedness, no shrinking from toil, nor even peril. Work hard to know thoroughly for what Fate intends you; read your credentials well, and then go to your post unflinchingly. Revolving this theory of mine, I walked ever on. It opened a wide field, and my imagination disported in it, as might a wild mustang over some vast prairie. The more I thought over it, the more did it seem to me the real embodiment of that superstition which extends to every land and every family of men. We are Lucky when, submitting to our Good Genius, we suffer ourselves to be led along unresistingly; we are Unlucky when, breaking our frail bonds, we encounter life unguided and unaided.

What a docile, obedient, and believing pupil did I pledge myself to be. Fate should see that she had no refractory nor rebellious spirit in me, no self-indulgent voluptuary, seeking only the sunny side of existence, but a nature ready to confront the rugged conflict of life, and to meet its hardships, if such were my allotted path.

I applied the circumstances in which I then found myself to my theory, and met no difficulty in the adaptation. Blondel was to perform a great part in my future. Blondel was a symbol selected by fate to indicate a certain direction. Blondel was a lamp by which I could find my way in the dark paths of the world. With Blondel, my Good Genius would walk beside me, or occasionally get up on the crupper, but never leave me or desert me. In the high excitement of my mind, I felt no sense of bodily fatigue, but walked on, drenched to the skin, alternately shivering with cold or burning with all the intensity of fever. In this state was it that I entered the little inn of Ovoca soon after daybreak, and stood dripping in the bar, a sad spectacle of exhaustion and excitement. My first question was, "Has Blondel been here?" and before they could reply, I went on with all the rapidity of delirium to assure them that deception of me would be fruitless; that Fate and I understood each other thoroughly, travelled together on the best of terms, never disagreed about anything, but, by a mutual system of give and take, hit it off like brothers. I talked for an hour in this strain, and then my poor faculties, long struggling and sore pushed, gave way completely, and I fell into brain fever.

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I chanced upon kind and good-hearted folk, who nursed me with care, and watched me with interest; but my illness was a severe one, and it was only in the sixth week that I could be about again, a poor, weak, emaciated creature, with failing limbs and shattered nerves. There is an indescribable sense of weariness in the mind after fever, just as if the brain had been enormously over-taxed and exerted, and that in the pursuit of all the wild and fleeting fancies of delirium it had travelled over miles and miles of space. To the depressing influence of this sensation is added the difficulty of disentangling the capricious illusions of the sick-bed from the actual facts of life; and in this maze of confusion my first days of convalescence were passed. Blondel was my great puzzle. Was he a reality, or a mere creature of imagination? Had I really ridden him as a horse, or only as an idea? Was he a quadruped with mane and tail, or an allegory invented to typify destiny? I cannot say what hours of painful brain labour this inquiry cost me, and what intense research into myself. Strange enough, too, though I came out of the investigation convinced of his equine existence, I arrived at the conclusion that he was a "horse and something more." Not that I am able to explain myself more fully on that head, though, if I were writing this portion of my memoirs in German, I suspect I could convey enough of my meaning to give a bad headache to any one indulgent enough to follow me.

I set out once more upon my pilgrimage on a fine day of June, my steps directed to the village of Inistioge, where Father Dyke resided. I was too weak for much exertion, and it was only after five days of the road I reached at nightfall the little glen in which the village stood. The moon was up, streaking the wide market-places with long lines of yellow light between the rows of tall elm-trees, and tipping with silvery sheen the bright eddies of the beautiful river that rolled beside it. Over the granite cliffs that margined the stream, laurel, and arbutus, and wild holly clustered in wild luxuriance, backed higher up again by tall pine-trees, whose leafy summits stood out against the sky; and lastly, deep within a waving meadow, stood an old ruined abbey, whose traceried window was now softly touched by the moonlight. All was still and silent, except the rush of the rapid river, as I sat down upon a stone bench to enjoy the scene and luxuriate in its tranquil serenity. I had not believed Ireland contained such a spot, for there was all the trim neatness and careful propriety of an English village, with that luxuriance of verdure and wild beauty so eminently Irish. How was it that I had never heard of it before? Were others aware of it, or was the discovery strictly my own? Or can it possibly be that all this picturesque loveliness is but the effect of a mellow moon? While I thus questioned myself, I heard the sound of a quick footstep rapidly approaching, and soon afterwards the pleasant tone of a rich voice humming an opera air. I arose, and saw a tall, athletic-looking figure, with rod and fishing-basket, approaching me.

"May I ask you, sir," said I, addressing him, "if this village contains an inn?"

"There is, or rather there was, a sort of inn here," said he, removing his cigar as he spoke; "but the place is so little visited, that I fancy the landlord found it would not answer, and so it is closed at this moment."

"But do visitors—tourists—never pass this way?"

"Yes; and a few salmon-fishers, like myself, come occasionally in the season; but then we dispose ourselves in little lodgings, here and there, some of us with the farmers, one or two of us with the priest."

"Father Dyke?" broke I in.

"Yes; you know him, perhaps?"

"I have heard of him, and met him, indeed," added I, after a pause. "Where may his house be?"

"The prettiest spot in the whole glen. If you'd like to see it in this picturesque moonlight, come along with me."

I accepted the invitation at once, and we walked on together. The easy, half-careless tone of the stranger, the loose, lounging stride of his walk, and a certain something in his mellow voice, seemed to indicate one of those natures which, so to say, take the world well—temperaments that reveal themselves almost immediately. He talked away about fishing, as he went, and appeared to take a deep interest in the sport, not heeding much the ignorance I betrayed on the subject, nor my ignoble confession that I had never adventured upon anything higher than a worm and a quill.

"I'm sure," said he, laughingly, "Tom Dyke never encouraged you in such sporting tackle, glorious fly-fisher as he is."

"You forget, perhaps," replied I, "that I scarcely have any acquaintance with him. We met once only, at a dinner party."

"He's a pleasant fellow," resumed he; "devilish wide awake, one must say; up to most things in this same world of ours."

"That much, my own brief experience of him can confirm," said I, dryly, for the remark rather jarred upon my feelings.

"Yes," said he, as though following out his own train of thought. "Old Tom is not a bird to be snared with coarse lines. The man must be an early riser that catches him napping."

I cannot describe how all this irritated me. It sounded like so much direct sarcasm upon my weakness and want of acuteness.

"There's the 'Rosary;' that's his cottage," said he, taking my arm, while he pointed upward to a little jutting promontory of rock over the river, surmounted by a little thatched cottage almost embowered in roses and honeysuckles. So completely did it occupy the narrow limits of ground, that the windows projected actually over the stream, and the creeping plants that twined through the little balconies hung in tangled masses over the water. "Search where you will through the Scottish and Cumberland scenery,

I defy you to match that," said my companion; "not to say that you can hook a four-pound fish from that little balcony on any summer evening while you smoke your cigar."

"It is a lovely spot, indeed," said I, inhaling with ecstasy the delicious perfume which, in the calm night air, seemed to linger in the atmosphere.

"He tells me," continued my companion—"and I take his word for it, for I am no florist—that there are seventy varieties of the rose on and around that cottage. I can answer for it, that you can't open a window without a great mass of flowers coming, in showers, over you. I told him, frankly, that if I were his tenant for longer than the fishing season, I'd clear half of them away."

"You live there, then?" asked I, timidly.

"Yes; I rent the cottage, all but two rooms, which he wished to keep for himself, but which he now writes me word may be let, for this month and the next, if a tenant offer. Would you like them?" asked he, abruptly.

"Of all things—that is—I think so—I should like to see them first!" muttered I, half startled by the suddenness of the question.

"Nothing easier," said he, opening a little wicket as he spoke, and beginning to ascend a flight of narrow steps cut in the solid rock. "This is a path of my designing," continued he; "the regular approach is on the other side; but this saves fully half a mile of road, though it be a little steep."

As I followed him up the ascent, I proposed to myself a variety of questions, such as, where and how I was to procure accommodation for the night, and in what manner to obtain something to eat, of which I stood much in need? and I had gained a little flower-garden at the rear of the cottage before I could resolve any of these difficult points.

"Here we are," said he, drawing a long breath. "You can't see much of the view at this hour; but to-morrow, when you stand on this spot, and look down that reach of the river, with Mont Alto in the background, you'll tell me if you know anything finer!"

"Is that Edward?" cried a soft voice; and at the same instant a young girl came hastily out of the cottage, and throwing her arms around my companion, exclaimed, "How you have alarmed me! What could possibly have kept you out so late?"

"A broad-shouldered fish, a fellow weighing twelve pounds at the very least, and who, after nigh three hours' playing, got among the rocks, and smashed my tackle."

"And you lost him?"

"That did I, and some twenty yards of gut, and the top splice of my best rod, and my temper besides. But I'm forgetting: Mary, here is a gentleman who will, I hope, not refuse to join us at supper.—My sister."

By the manner of presentation, it was clear that he expected to hear my name, and so I interposed, "Mr. Potts—Algernon Sydney Potts."

The young lady curtseyed slightly, muttered something like a repetition of the invitation, and led the way into the cottage.

My astonishment was great at the "interior" now before me, for though all the arrangements bespoke habits of comfort and even luxury, there was a studious observance of cottage style in everything, the book-shelves, the tables, the very pianoforte, being all made of white unvarnished wood; and I now perceived that the young lady herself, with a charming coquetry, had assumed something of the costume of the Oberland, and wore her bodice laced in front, and covered with silver embroidery both tasteful and becoming.

"My name is Crofton," said my host, as he disengaged himself of his basket and tackle; "we are almost as much strangers here as yourself. I came here for the fishing, and mean to take myself off when it's over."

"I hope not, Edward," broke in the girl, who was now, with the assistance of a servant woman, preparing the table for supper; "I hope you'll stay till we see the autumn tints on those trees."

"My sister is just as great an enthusiast about sketching as I am for salmon-fishing," said he, laughingly; "and for my own part, I like scenery and landscape very well, but think them marvellously heightened by something like sport. Are you an angler?"

"No," said I; "I know nothing of the gentle craft."

"Fond of shooting, perhaps? Some men think the two sports incompatible."

"I am as inexpert with the gun as the rod," said I, diffidently.

I perceived that the sister gave a sly look under her long eyelashes towards me, but what its meaning I could not well discover. Was it depreciation of a man who avowed himself unacquainted with the sports of the field, or was it a quiet recognition of claims more worthy of regard? At all events, I perceived that she had very soft, gentle-looking grey eyes, a very fair skin, and a profusion of beautiful brown hair. I had not thought her pretty at first. I now saw that she was extremely pretty, and her figure, though slightly given to fulness, the perfection of grace.

Hungry, almost famished as I was, with a fast of twelve hours, I felt no impatience so long as she moved about in preparation for the meal. How she disposed the little table equipage, the careful solicitude with which she arranged the fruit and the flowers—not always satisfied with her first dispositions, but changing them for something different—all interested me vastly, and when at last we were summoned to table, I actually felt sorry and disappointed.

Was it really so delicious, was the cookery so exquisite? I own frankly that I am not a trustworthy witness, but if my oath could be taken, I am willing to swear that I believe there never were such salmon steaks, such a pigeon-pie, and such a damson-tart served to mortals

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as these. My enthusiasm, I suspect, must have betrayed itself in some outward manifestation, for I remember Crofton laughingly having remarked,

"You will turn my sister's head, Mr. Potts, by such flatteries; all the more, since her cookery is self-taught."

"Don't believe him, Mr. Potts; I have studied all the great masters of the art, and you shall have an omelette to-morrow for breakfast, Brillat Savarin himself would not despise."

I blushed at the offer of an hospitality so neatly and delicately insinuated, and had really no words to acknowledge it, nor was my confusion unfavourably judged by my hosts. Crofton marked it quickly, and said,

"Yes, Mr. Potts, and I'll teach you to hook a trout afterwards. Meanwhile, let us have a glass of Sauterne together; we drink it out of green glasses, to cheat ourselves into the fancy that it's Rhenish."

"'Am Rhein, am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Reben,'" said I, quoting the students' song.

"Oh, have you been in Germany?" cried she, eagerly.

"Alas! no," said I. "I have never travelled." I thought she looked disappointed as I said this. Indeed, I already wished it unsaid, but her brother broke in with,

"We are regular vagabonds, Mr. Potts. My sister and myself have had a restless paroxysm for the last three years of life, and what with seeking cold spots for the summer and hot climates for winter, we are scarcely ever off the road."

"Like the gentleman, I suppose, who eat oysters for appetite, but carried his system so far as to induce indigestion." My joke failed; nobody laughed, and I was overwhelmed with confusion, which I was fain to bury in my strawberries and cream.

"Let us have a little music, Mary," said Crofton. "Do you play, or sing, Mr. Potts?"

"Neither. I do nothing," cried I, in despair. "As Sydney Smith says, 'I know something about the Romans,' but, for any gift or grace which could adorn society, or make time pass more pleasantly, I am an utter bankrupt."

The young girl had, while I was speaking, taken her place at the pianoforte, and was half listlessly suffering her hands to fall in chords over the instrument.

"Come out upon this terrace, here," cried Crofton to me, "and we'll have our cigar. What I call a regular luxury after a hard day is to lounge out here in the cool night air, and enjoy one's weed while listening to Spohr or Beethoven."

It was really delightful. The bright stars were all reflected in the calm river down below, and a thousand odours floated softly on the air as we sat there.

Are there not in every man's experience short periods in which he seemed to have lived longer than during whole years of life? They tell us there are certain conditions of the atmosphere, inappreciable as to the qualities, which seem to ripen wines, imparting to young fresh vintages all the mellow richness of age, all the depth of flavour, all the velvety softness of time. May there not possibly be influences which similarly affect our natures? May there not be seasons in which changes as great as these are wrought within us? I firmly believe it, and as firmly that such a period was that in which I sat on the balcony over the Nore, listening to Mary Crofton as she sang, but just as often lost to every sound, and deep in a heaven of blended enjoyments, of which no one ingredient was in the ascendant. Starry sky, rippling river, murmuring night winds, perfumed air, floating music, all mingling as do the odours of an incense, and, like an incense, filling the brain with a delicious intoxication.

Hour after hour must have passed with me in this half-conscious ecstasy, for Crofton at last said,

"There, where you see that pinkish tint through the grey, that's the sign of breaking day, and the signal for bedtime. Shall I show you your room?"

"How I wish this could last for ever!" cried I, rapturously; and then, half ashamed of my warmth, I stammered out a good night, and retired.

THE COST OF A BATTUE.

The time may come when the fondest hopes of the Very Reverend Dean Doleful, and Friend Boanerges Broadbrim, will be realised; when all violent muscular amusements having been discontinued, pheasants and partridges having become as scarce as bustards, foxes as rare as the old English black rat, devoured by the brown Hanoverian, hunting and shooting amusements as obsolete as the tournaments of the middle ages, gunpowder mills and kennels will be turned into cotton-factories, or lecture-rooms. About the same time the youth of England will be satisfied with constitutional walks and gymnastic drill, varied by tea-meetings, lectures on the ologies, or part-singing.

The love of sport, as we in England comprehensively term a long line of exciting and pecuniarily unprofitable out-door amusements, is at present one of the marked characteristics of an Englishman. It prevails in all classes, it is understood by both sexes, and it crops out in the most curious and unexpected families. Quakers ride to hounds: one of the greatest masters of horse-knowledge is a distinguished and intellectual member of that mild and stay-at-home sect. A wealthy and serious soap-boiler of our acquaintance, who, from a misdirected letter, learned that his son and partner, in the teeth of parental precept and example, had for several years combined the best shooting and hunting with his annual northern business tours, was by no means alone in his misfortune, although quite as much astonished and nearly as much shocked as if he had discovered his otherwise exemplary offspring robbing a till or forging an acceptance. As will happen with

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others of like tenets now and then, his precepts and example had not crushed a sportsman, but had cultivated a hypocrite.

Shopkeepers, brokers of stock and of produce, lawyers, civil engineers, bankers and their clerks, supply a large proportion of the fishing men, the shooting men, and the hunting men. The navvy grown into a contractor (no uncommon metamorphose a few years ago), the potboy converted into a wine-merchant and landowner, the mechanic who has built up a fortune as well as a factory, the gardener and the fishmonger, the artist and architect, who—from small beginnings and humble origin have risen to be great and famous—all hold shares in the great joint-stock company for cultivating health, exercise, and mental rest, sociality, geniality, hospitality, and other virtues difficult to cultivate in this hard-working, class-divided world of England.

The peculiar school of money-making philosophers who look upon squires, pheasants, and foxes as all alike—vermin—and destined to be extinguished by the march of agricultural improvement, would be rather puzzled if any chance should lead them to join an agricultural-minded public dinner, by the manner in which the toast of "Fox-hunting" wakes up to light and life those down-trodden vassals, the tenant farmers, whom, in their poetical eloquence, they often picture as mourning in their melancholy homesteads, crops destroyed and fences smashed by the red-coated invaders, and poultry decimated by the useless vermin of the chase; it would be amazing to them how the glad tally-hos, triumphant who-whoops, and "one cheer more," come from the very hearts of the farmers; and when the Master of Fox Hounds, who has been sitting very quiet, gets up and says not fluently—for he seldom is fluent except when on horseback—that "he wishes to show sport, but cannot do so without the farmers to back him as they have done, and he hopes they will still," an overflowing simultaneous burst of applause from the brown-red faces drowns the conclusion of the sentence, and enables the M.F.H. to resume his seat. And if our politico-philosophical philanthropist should, by any force less than that of cart-horses and cart-ropes—say in search of a profitable investment—be drawn into a truly rural district to some comfortable four or five hundred acre farm just after harvest, he would learn what genuine hospitality is; and then, in the fox-hunting season, he might note young farmers riding "like mad" in front, and old ones inviting friends and strangers to trot round and take a glass of ale. In fact, he would find that there is not a well-farmed district in England in which *fair* sport is not popular with the real farmers.

But there is another kind of sport, a bastard selfish sport, if sport it can be called, which has been so well dissected and injected and presented in all its hideous deformity, in a pamphlet,* that we cannot do better than take our examples from the anatomical museum of the author—descendant of a long generation of sportsmen.

A battue is a contrivance for killing the largest quantity of game in the smallest time, with the least amount of trouble, by a small select party. It is next door to firing at wild German swine while taking their daily meal of corn, as some German princes do, or shooting into a poultry-yard at feeding time.

The sportsman fond of shooting, expects to walk hard and work hard to fill his bag, as the phrase goes; although, by the way, game in this country is seldom bagged, if it can be helped, but carried daintily by an attendant, in a sort of portable pillory. The peculiar charm of a battue appears to lie, first, in its enormous cost, which places it out of the reach of men of moderate means; next, in the arrangements for wholesale slaughter by people who, being neither good shots nor good walkers, are unable to take advantage of the working of well-trained dogs.

For a battue, it is essential to concentrate an enormous head of game in a confined space. Thus, after birds have been bred on the plan of a well-managed poultry-yard, hatched under hens, and fed regularly on chosen spots, they are driven, if partridges, into selected turnip fields, and if pheasants, into coverts, where certain rides or paths have been stopped up with netting, so that the tame birds may not *run* out of danger.

The landowner or game-renter who determines to indulge in the ostentatious luxury of a battue, begins by engaging a large army of keepers, who are practically, if not legally, invested with an authority that can only be compared in its exercise to the functions and privileges of the police and spies of certain continental states. It is the gamekeeper's business to repress poachers; to encourage the breeding of every kind of game, feathered and four footed, on every acre of land under his master's control; and to destroy everything he chooses to call vermin. Rabbits—the especial enemy of the farmer, being the head gamekeeper's peculiar perquisite—are specially protected and multiplied. A gamekeeper has been known to net three hundred pounds a year by rabbits alone. Hares are the next objects of his care, for they are safe and favourite battue marks, and he does not do his duty unless they are at least as plentiful as sheep on turnips within a mile circle of the principal battue coverts.

Then, in the breeding season, it is his business to find out every outlying pheasant, and every partridge's nest, and have it watched, as a "political suspect" is watched by a French mouchard. The farmer (that is, the tenant-at-will farmer) and his men, are continually under the ever-watchful and malicious eye of the keeper and his understrappers, who are promoted poachers, or lazy labourers. "There is nothing," says Mr. Corbet, "they can do but it is 'his duty' to overlook them. He stands by the mowers to see they do no harm to 'his nests.' He struts into the reaping field to make sure they don't

* The Over-Preservation of Game: a Paper read before the Central Farmers' Club. By Henry Corbet, the Secretary. March 5, 1860.

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harm 'his birds.' The boy with his scarecrow, the shepherd with his dog, and the little lass with her kitten, are alike the objects of his hatred and tyranny. He has been known to wrench a gun from the hand of a farmer's son for shooting a rat; to tell a farmer himself that he should prefer his not firing at the sparrows in the corn, as it was 'such a trouble to be always coming to see what he was after;' to inform against a farmer for picking up a hare his horse had killed in her form; and against a labourer who had taken the dead pheasant out of the snare which he (the keeper), to secure a conviction and confirm his suspicions, had first put there."

Besides these protective duties, the keeper destroys all the birds and animals which feed on and keep down the vermin of the farm. The "windhover" or kestrel, and the barn owl, two birds which prey on mice and beetles exclusively; the weasel, as well as the fox; are pursued by him with relentless activity. The consequence is, that, wherever game is strictly preserved, rats, mice, and beetles, swarm like an Egyptian plague, and foxes are not to be found.

Agricultural improvements come within the range of objects offensive to the view of the battue-preserver. Some years ago, a ukase was issued on certain great estates, against the use of the turnip drill, because partridges were apt to run along the straight lines under the broad green leaves of that invaluable plant, instead of rising on the wing. But the weight of the rent-paying interest, which is fortunately dependent in all partridge counties on the root crop, defeated, after a brief contest, this attempt to stop the way of agricultural progress. Since that time, however, the use of artificial manures, of reaping machines (as cutting the stubble too close), and the wholesome practice of trimming banks and cutting hedges, have successively, and in the last instance too often successfully, been prohibited by zealous and ignorant game preserving landlords.

Where time is an object, where two or three years are too long for the preparations of an impatient battue maniac, then breeding and vermin killing do not suffice, and resort is had to the illegal purchase of eggs and of birds. Tomkins Trotman, thatcher by profession and poacher by taste, is haled off to prison for being caught with a dozen pheasant's eggs in his Jim Crow hat, by the sentence of a magistrate who has through his head gamekeeper bought or sold a couple of thousand eggs that very same season. So large is this illegal traffic, that one of the London game dealers, by whose intermediation such transactions are usually concluded, offered last year, in answer to an application from the executors of a great game preserving landlord, to take one hundred thousand pheasant's eggs, as fast as they could be delivered; and he bought five hundred live pheasants every week for several weeks, from a well-known earl and battue-giver.

The Earl of Washington and Slashington, or Squire Southacre, or the Reverend Mr. Vulpecide, or David Deadun, Esq. attorney and bill discounter, and in virtue of the profits of these professions renter of a mansion with demesnes and the right of shooting over some ten thousand acres—although not the owner of a single acre—having completed, early in the year, arrangements for holding one, two, or at most three, battues between October and Christmas, and having enabled from a dozen to a score of guns to fill a two-horse waggon on each eventful day—and having, also, concluded an arrangement with a London tradesman for the sale of the produce of each day's butchery—will probably not be seen or heard of in the district any more until next year: except through his dogs in office, the gamekeepers, or his viceroys, the law agents who collect the rents.

The consequences of this abuse of sport—this mixture of the game slaughterer's and the game seller's callings—are to be found in crops ill cultivated, because devoured and destroyed before harvest; in discontented farmers and demoralised labourers; in gaols supplied with artificial criminals; in poor-houses tenanted by the wives and children of the imprisoned poachers; in London shops loaded with tame-fed game, wheat-ricks swarming with rats, hedgerows ruined by rabbits, hares taking the place and the food of sheep, and pheasants as wild as Cochin Chinas and a good deal fatter.

Of course the vast cost produces very imposing statistics of the "sport" (?) of the battue manufacturer. The following is an extract from the game book of a nobleman, which last year went the round of the local papers, with some complimentary remarks on the excellent sport which the distinguished peer had shown his friends: "1st day, 178 hares; 2nd day, 292; 3rd day, 60; 4th day, 195; 5th day, 77; in all, 802 hares in five days, besides countless pheasants and rabbits."

A competent authority, Mr. Grey, of Dilston, the agent of the Greenwich Hospital estates in the north, says: "Look at the progress of a single hare in a wheat field; you see him pick a stem here and a stem there, in his course over the field; he will nibble an inch or two from this stem, and he does not stop until he has cut off a great many. It is not the inch he has eaten, but what would have been a wheat-ear, which is thus destroyed." Hares are great travellers. Imagine the damage that eight hundred hares can do in a single night. We have ourselves ridden, in the dusk of the evening, through a forty-acre field—on the farm of a non-resident landlord in Lincolnshire, which was eventually abandoned by the tenant in consequence of the hare nuisance—and have disturbed hundreds of hares, as thick as rabbits in a warren, all eating, and trampling in their play more than they ate.

Rabbits, when strictly preserved, are perhaps even more mischievous than hares. Although they do not travel so far, they multiply more

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rapidly. They undermine hedges, stop up drains, fill ditches with their fresh earthings; thus, between their dainty teeth, their greedy appetites, and their poisonous droppings, vegetation is annihilated wherever gamekeepers are paid by perquisites instead of by salary, as is often the case where the game preserver is non-resident. When we hear of keepers clearing their two and three hundred per annum by the sale of "coneys," we know that the farmer loses at least two for every one hundred pounds thus pocketed. By the law, rabbits are not game, and, therefore, the unlicensed tenant is at liberty to destroy them; but short-sighted landlords step in with a special agreement reserving the nuisance, and then transfer the right to their servant: "that is to say, the gamekeeper has a direct interest in maintaining a stock of the vermin which are above all others the most prolific and most mischievous to the farmer."

Live rats are worth in London, at certain times of the year, two or three shillings a dozen. Let us imagine the sensation that would be produced by a landlord reserving, when letting a farm, the right of catching rats and then transferring the privilege to a servant or London dog-fancier, who would, of course, at once set about annihilating traps, ferrets, and terriers. As it is, gamekeepers not only wage war on the mice-destroying birds, but shoot the terriers, and trap the cats that kill the rats; thus, the balance of nature is, as it were, upset, and vermin increase inordinately.

As for the poor cats, there is strong reason to believe that keepers use drugs, such as valerian, on their domiciliary visits, to entice them to wander from their legitimate pursuits, into unlawful paths, and thus increase the grinning trophies of the "Gamekeeper's museum" nailed on a barn-door. Mr. Buckland, in his amusing Curiosities of Natural History, tells of a gamekeeper who purchased distant and domestic cats to swell the evidences of his zeal. As for dogs, a battue-manufacturer in a moment of candour declared that a farmer had no business with any dogs, and that "the shepherd's collie was a useless nuisance," for ever disturbing and attracting his master's eye to the sacred animals which in England occupy the place of the cats and the ibis of the ancient Egyptians, and the bulls of the modern Hindoo.

Under the influence of this religion, we have had magistrates, and clergymen too, convicting and fining a farmer for picking up a hare killed in her form by his horse's foot;* sending a labourer to prison for pocketing a leveret "the size of a rat," which had been first mortally wounded by a companion's scythe while mowing; and the young daughters of a farmer, returning from a social party along the high road, have been first brutally assaulted by gamekeepers, and then fined on the charge of hunting game with the house-dog they had with them for their protection.

* This conviction was reversed on appeal to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

And what is the repayment for all the destruction of corn and roots, of man's food and cattle food; all the burdens imposed on farmers, poor-rates and gaol-rates, which ought to be called poachers' rates; all this demoralisation of labourers, tempted beyond human endurance by half tame birds and beasts scattered in their path like so many live half-crowns, squeaking "Come sell me! come sell me!" It ends in some half-dozen blasé gentlemen lazily turning out about mid-day, placed with due regard to rank and precedent by the head keeper at certain favoured spots, at the head of rides, where the game driven up by the beaters and stopped by nets comes up in droves on to "hot corners," and the final sport consists in a bouquet of pheasants shot by sportsmen who have nothing to do but blaze away as fast as the loaders can hand them their guns. Which noble result is duly recorded in a paragraph in the Morning Toast-rack, relating how the Earl of Wholesale and Retail, Lord Kickupadust, the Honourable Frank Fastman, and three or four other great guns at his lordship's magnificent seat, the Slaughter-House, in the course of the morning killed some two hundred pheasants, a hundred and fifty hares, three hundred rabbits, two woodcocks and a water-hen, seriously wounded a jacksnipe and a beater; and, it might be, but is not, added, "half ruined a tenant farmer." Well may the Secretary of the Farmers' Club observe: "What exercise—what skill—what of the excitement or the prowess of a sportsman's life is there in this?" The lad who gets his three shots a penny at the tiny running hare in the famous Home preserve at Cremorne, may be quite as good a marksman; the worthy citizen who sits in his punt under Marlow-bridge, pulling up gudgeons as fast as the boatman can pull them off, enjoys a vast deal more of glowing exertion. And, what is more, the punt-fishing enthusiast does give the silly gudgeons a choice and a chance of his line. To parallel the battue, the fisherman should cast his line in a well-stored basin, or a tub duly filled over-night with hungry roach and dace.

The extent to which the mania for easy shooting, and a complimentary puff in the newspaper, is carried, may be illustrated by the fact that a few seasons ago, a nobleman being about to shoot in an outlying wood in which there was little or no game, ordered his keeper to put some pheasants in overnight. The poachers did not, on this occasion, get at the secret, as they sometimes do. In the morning came my lord and his party—pretty good shots all of them—and famous sport they had: so good, in fact, that after lunch they wanted to go back to the big wood; but the keeper hesitated, and, when pressed, explained that "it was of no use my lord going there again; they had killed a hundred and eighty and odd pheasants already, and he had only turned down a couple of hundred."

This is the ridiculous side of the question; but there is a lower deep. Pheasants well fed may be kept at home, and it may be pre-

sumed that, in many instances, or on great estates, they are not fed on the farmer's produce, or, if so fed, that the tenant gains in rent what he loses in game — though this would be rather strong presumption in a case last season, where, on the property of a noted game-preserving peer in Suffolk, towards the close of an autumn afternoon *three hundred* pheasants were counted round a tenant's barley-stack. But then, when the battue is over; when, to paraphrase Dryden,

> They are all shot down and vanished hence,
> Three days of slaughter at a vast expense,

where do they go? To market generally, to compete with the expensively dairy-fed pork and poultry of the farmer class, who feed their landlord's more sacred animals for nothing. After one of these double-barrelled festivals in Essex last year, pheasants and hares were sold at a *shilling a head*, and rabbits were cheaper than meat or poultry. We know a parish within an easy rail-ride of London, where farmers with lands overrun with game, are obliged, when they want a brace of pheasants or a hare, to send to Leadenhall-market and buy them. And their landlord, who does not shoot himself, hires his shooting out to a stranger.

We have referred to the popularity of the Master of the Fox-hounds; we mean, of course, the master who takes pains to make himself liked by all classes; who does not forget the farmers in the game season, or the farmers' wives in personal politeness or payment for poultry. But who is hated like a battue game preserver, especially a pheasant-preserving parson? Ask the farmers in Nottinghamshire, say in Sherwood Forest; ask them in Norfolk or in Suffolk; or, if a great landlord doubts, let him try the toast ingeniously proposed by the Secretary of the Farmers' Club, and give at a lively agricultural dinner after the tally-hos have died away, "The truly British sport of Battue Shooting," and let him, in a neat speech, thank the farmers for having enabled him to kill hundreds upon hundreds of hares and pheasants in a day, "and trust they will still continue to enable him to show sport to his fashionable guests."

The honest truth is, that the battue system is as dishonest as it is ridiculous; and the sooner public opinion, which is much more powerful than acts of parliament, washes it clean away, the better for the landlords in a rent-paying, in a popular, a social, and a political sense. Good sport, on the other hand, is consistent with well-paid rents, and the widest and warmest popularity among tenants. What says Squire Shirley, owner of a fine estate, formerly M.P. for a county, a Conservative in politics, and as good a sportsman as ever followed a brace of pointers, or put a horse at a fence, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Commons?

"I am very fond of shooting, but my amusement is shooting with my own dogs and walking. I never sold any game in my life. I have shot two or three times at battues, and don't like it. In Norfolk, at my brother-in-law's, in a battue, I remember we were ten guns, and there were three or four guns fired at each bird; each man had his servant behind him, who scored the birds to you or to me, so that at the end of the day there was a list of a vast number more heads of game killed, than were in the bag. . . . Before I came into Sussex, I was a game preserver in Warwickshire upon the estate of Lord Digby. I could not afford to spend much upon game preserving, but I had as good shooting as I could wish. And it was preserved entirely by the tenants themselves. I had only one person I could call a gamekeeper. I was dependent entirely on the farmers for my sport; and they were so hospitable, that my difficulty was, not to get tipsy with their strong ale, and indigestion with the pork pies they brought out to me in the field. They had a right to kill rabbits, and hares by coursing, and I would never shoot a hare so as to interfere with their coursing. They marked for me, and the shepherds and labourers kept all intruders off. In my whole life I never knew such civility and kindness."

CAPTAIN WINTERFIELD'S ADVENTURES.

Found with thankfulness in the book-closet of a country-house during a rainy day this summer, an old pamphlet, entitled The Voyages, Distresses, and Adventures of Captain Winterfield, written by Himself. The book bears date 1802, price sixpence, and is one of a series called the English Nights Entertainments, which was printed for Ann Lemoine, Whiterose-court, Coleman-street. The whole series boasts to consist of "a Selection of Histories, Adventures, Lives, &c., by the most celebrated Authors." In reality, it consists of most tremendous "Gothic romances," and most unauthentic ghost stories, with here and there a veracious chronicle of English courage and endurance by sea and land. An account of the adventures of Captain Winterfield are among them.

Grief for the untimely loss of his young wife urged Captain Winterfield into active military service. He sailed for America on the outbreak of the War of Independence, leaving his infant daughter in the care of his widowed mother. This step was the beginning of his strange adventures. He contracted a close intimacy with his superior officer, Colonel Bellinger, who was, like himself, a native of North Britain, and for four years they constantly fought together, and neither of them received the least hurt. At length the captain was slightly wounded in the leg, and during the illness consequent on the wound, was constantly attended by his comrade, who pledged himself, on the honour of a soldier, to provide for the mother and daughter of his friend in case of a more fatal casualty. The colonel, however, almost immediately after-

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wards, was in still greater need of the offices of friendship. A hunting party was planned into a neighbouring wood, consisting of four officers, who agreed to divide two and two, and not to penetrate more than a mile without forming a junction. The colonel and captain were together; they had not advanced above six hundred yards when they were alarmed by a discharge of musketry. Retracing their steps, they found six armed savages engaged with the officers from whom they had just separated. Two more savages lay wounded upon the ground. The colonel and captain levelling their pieces, brought down two, and the remainder precipitately fled towards a thicket where the colonel was stationed; and, before he could reload had beaten him down with their muskets, and would have instantly despatched him with their tomahawks, had not three of them been at the moment transfixed by the bayonets of the three other officers. The fourth savage was in the act of striking the unconscious colonel, when he, too, was brought to the ground by Winterfield and bayoneted. The colonel had sustained two terrible fractures of the skull, and for weeks lay between life and death. The surgeon, in despair of reducing the principal fracture, recommended the application of the trepan; but this was vehemently opposed by the colonel, to whom the captain also gave his support, alleging "that he had seen worse fractures totally healed by a more patient process under a less skilful surgeon." This declaration had its full effect both on surgeon and patient. The colonel recovered without the trepan, and in gratitude to his friend, forced him to accept a present of three thousand pounds.

One morning, word was brought by an officer in command of twenty men, that he had been chased to within half a league of the camp by a band of more than a hundred savages. As the colonel was still confined to his tent, Captain Winterfield ordered out a hundred men, who were to follow at a distance, while he himself, with ten more men, advanced to reconnoitre. At the distance of about five miles they fell into an ambuscade of upwards of a hundred savages. The captain's little party retreated, keeping up a running fire until they reached their reserve, when they immediately turned on their pursuers, and totally routed them. They continued the pursuit until they fell into a second ambuscade of at least fifteen hundred savages, who instantly cut off the foremost of the party. The captain escaped with several wounds, a defeat, and the loss of almost all his company.

His wounds compelled him to return to England, and he set sail from New York, as the bearer of despatches from General Cornwallis. The vessel had only a single deck, and was a bad sailer. The season was the depth of winter, and they frequently shipped such heavy seas that they could scarcely keep the vessel above water, and occasionally they lost their canvas in the heavy squalls of the Atlantic. Having nearly run out their reckoning, they began to look out for land, which they expected to be in the north of Ireland; but, just at that time when the weather became worse, their last standing jib was blown to ribbons, and they had great difficulty in bending the remaining part of the sail. The next day the wind shifted to the north-west, and blew still more violently, carrying away their two fore-main shrouds. And thus it continued for several days, until the only bit of canvas they had left, was the mainsail itself. The long conflict occasioned their vessel to leak exceedingly, and their provisions were so much exhausted that they found it necessary to come to an allowance of two pounds of bread a week for each person, besides a quart of water and a pint of wine a day. They had now been at sea more than two months, and had only spoken two vessels, which were unable to relieve them through the severity of the gale. They soon fell under the necessity of contracting the allowance made to each man, and continued gradually to lessen it until every morsel was exhausted, and not above two gallons of dirty water remained in the bottom of the cask. In this situation they beat upon the water for seven days. Winterfield himself was, from illness and fatigue, obliged to keep the cabin; to complete their misfortunes, the captain of the ship, the only conversable person on board, died in the cot at his side. He had been in a very weakly condition throughout the passage, and sank suddenly under his privations, leaving by will, the vessel—which was his own—in the possession of Captain Winterfield.

The first thing the sailors did, after the captain's death, was to seize the cargo, which consisted of wine and brandy. They then commenced the most reckless excess in drinking and blasphemy. Captain Winterfield abstained from wine, and gladly husbanded the dregs of the water-cask, which afterwards proved of infinite service to him. Their vessel continued to be tossed about by the unabated gale, when suddenly, in the midst of their despair, they were transported with the discovery of a sail to leeward. They hung out signals of distress, and had the unspeakable satisfaction of coming near enough to converse with the ship and receive from the captain an assurance of relief. Scarcely, however, had Winterfield crept back to his cabin, when his people came running below, with looks of unutterable despair, and informed him that the vessel was making off from them as fast as she could. It was too true. The captain had shaken the reefs out of his topsails and mainsail, and in five hours was entirely out of sight. So long as the poor fellows could retain the least trace of him, they hung about the shrouds, or ran in a state of frenzy from one part of the ship to another. They pierced the air with their cries, and strained their eyeballs to preserve the retreating ship in sight. At this time Winterfield was worn to a skeleton with fasting and fatigue; he was labouring under a dreadful flux; and had a severe rheumatism in his left knee; his sight was also considerably impaired.

A desperate kind of gloom now took possession

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of the ship's company. They seemed determined to delay their impending doom till the last moment. They turned their attention to two pigeons and a cat, the only living creatures left on board. The pigeons were killed for their Christmas dinner, and the cat was disposed of the day after. They cast lots for the several parts, as there were no less than nine to partake of the repast. The head fell to the captain, and never did he taste anything so delicious. When the cat was entirely consumed, they began to scrape the barnacles from the ship's bottom; but the relief afforded by this expedient was extremely trivial, as the waves had beaten off the greater number above water, and the men were too weak to hang over the ship's side. Winterfield at this time subsisted entirely on the dirty water, half a pint of which, with a few drops of "Turlington's Balsam," formed his whole allowance for the four-and-twenty hours.

On the twenty-eighth of December they were overtaken again by a most dreadful storm, which tore away their only remaining sail, and reduced the vessel to a complete wreck. At this time they had not an inch of candle, nor a morsel of flesh to make any, having long since eaten up every appearance of either which could be found. The last morsel of meat they had tasted was on the twenty-sixth of December. On the thirteenth of the January following, the mate, at the head of all the people, came into the cabin, half-drunk indeed, but with looks full of horror, and informed Winterfield that "they could hold out no longer; their tobacco was entirely exhausted; they had eaten up all the leather belonging to the pump, and even the buttons of their jackets; they had no chance in nature but to cast lots, and sacrifice one of themselves for the preservation of the rest; they therefore expected his concurrence to the measure, and desired to be favoured with an immediate determination." Winterfield in vain endeavoured to dissuade them from their purpose, and at length bade them take their own course, adding that he would neither give orders for the death of the person on whom the lot might fall, nor partake of the repast. In a few minutes they came back, informing him that the lot had fallen on a negro who was part of the cargo. It was more than probable that the poor black had been unfairly treated, but the wonder was that he was allowed even the appearance of an equal chance with the rest. They dragged him to the steerage, where they shot him.

The crew husbanded the dead negro with the severest economy, and it was not until the twenty-ninth of January that the horrible necessity of another sacrifice, stared them in the face. The men again appeared in the cabin, and opened the dreadful negotiation with the captain. "They did not doubt," they said, "but that he was now hungry, and would of course take his chance with them as he had done before, when his situation was infinitely less desperate." Finding them deaf to all remonstrance, Winterfield made shift to rise in his bed, ordered pen, ink, and paper, and called them all into the cabin. There were seven in all, and "the lots were drawn in the same way as the tickets are drawn for a lottery at Guildhall." The lot fell upon David Flatt, a foremast-man, the best sailor in the ship. The shock of the decision was great, and the preparations for his execution were dreadful. The fire already blazed in the steerage, and everything was prepared for sacrificing the victim immediately. A profound silence took possession of the company, and was only broken by the victim, who appeared quite resigned.

"My dear friends, messmates, and fellow-sufferers," said he, "all I have to beg of you is to despatch me as soon as you did the negro, and to put me to as little torture as you can."

Then, turning to James Doud, the man who shot the negro, he said, "It is my desire that you should shoot me."

Doud reluctantly assented; the poor fellow then begged a small time to prepare himself for death, to which his companions willingly agreed, and even seemed at first desirous to relinquish their claims upon his life, so greatly was he respected. A few draughts of wine, however, soon suppressed those dawnings of humanity; but still, they consented to let him live till eleven the next morning. At the same time they begged of the captain to read prayers; and when he exerted himself to comply with the request, they behaved with decency.

Fatigued by the reading, the captain lay down, and continued to hear the ship's company talking to poor Flatt, assuring him that "although they had never been able to catch, nor even to see, a fish, they would at daybreak put out all their hooks again." Unhappily, however, the poor fellow, unable to stand the shock of his position, grew astonishingly deaf before midnight, and was quite delirious by four in the morning. His messmates then deliberated whether it would not be an act of humanity to despatch him immediately; but the resolution to spare him, preponderating, they all retired to rest, except one, who sat up to take care of the fire.

About eight next morning, two of the crew came running down into the captain's cabin, with looks full of the strangest expression, and seizing both his hands, gave him no little apprehension that they intended to sacrifice him instead of Flatt. They had discovered a sail to leeward, standing towards them. This report was confirmed by the rest, and presently the whole company was watching the approach of a large vessel. At last, they saw a boat drop astern, and rapidly advance. It was soon alongside, but the appearance of the crew was so ghastly that the men rested on their oars, and with inconceivable astonishment demanded what they were. They were safely conveyed on board the American ship Susanna, Captain Thomas Eyres, in the Virginia trade; and were treated with every humanity. Poor Flatt eventually recovered, though not without two relapses.

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Captain Winterfield's voyage, however, was far from being at an end. Near Oporto the Susanna was chased by three Algerine pirates, boarded, and after a short conflict, in which "we had six slain and many wounded," taken.

This was a melancholy reverse, for they were now slaves; but Winterfield, like a brave man, consoled himself with the reflection that even slavery was a relief to their former distresses. For many weeks they were close prisoners at sea. They found a number of Englishmen in the Algerine ships, and from them they learned a smattering of the common language.

At length they arrived at Algiers, and next market day were exposed for public sale. Winterfield was sold to a Tangarene. The first adventure that he met with after he was brought to his patron's house, nearly cost him his life. His patron's father, "being desirous to see his son's pennyworth," commanded him up into the gallery which overlooked the court-yard, and there began to insult him, on the ground of his being a Christian. In reply, he signified, as well as he could, that "their prophet was but a cobbler." His meaning was that Mahomet "had packed up a cento of Jewish and monkish fopperies," which composed their religion. Upon this, the old gentleman, without the preamble of railing words, fell upon him. "Whatever rage or fury his hands or feet could execute, that I felt; and my entreaties did but enrage his choler; so that I saw that I could sooner blow out the fire with a pair of bellows, than lenify his passion with prayers." He only escaped by clapping his hands on the rail of the gallery, and offering to leap into the court; further punishment was then delayed until his patron's return, when the reputed blasphemy was carried full cry to his ears. His patron instantly drew a long knife, and made at him without a word; he was only prevented by the interposition of his wife from putting an end to his slave at once.

His chief employment under this first patron was to attend upon the carpenters and smiths, who were employed in fitting up a man-of-war of more than twelve guns for a piratical expedition. When this ship was ready, his patron told him he must go in her, in spite of his representations that he was no sailor. He gave him some money, bought him clothes, and gave him provisions besides the ship's allowance. The expedition was absent nine weeks, and only effected one insignificant capture. His patron was very much the loser by this ill success, and next had recourse to an expedient which seems to have been commonly used in Algiers. He arranged that his slave should pay him two dollars a month, and live where he would, and get the money as he could. It was hard "to raise increase out of no stock, and to pay interest out of no principal;" but there was no contending, so Winterfield addressed himself to an English slave, who seems to have been circumstanced in the same way, and whom he discovered sitting in a little shop, where, however, nothing was to be seen but bare walls. His fellow-countryman invited him to share the business.

"To what end," asked Winterfield, "since there is nothing to sell?"

"Countryman," replied the other, "I drive an unknown trade; here, I sell lead, iron, strong waters, tobacco, and many other things."

The offer was accepted, and the firm prospered so much that it ventured upon a whole butt of wine. The profits of this were so great as to upset the steadiness of Winterfield's partner, who grew a good fellow and a bad trader, and "went tippling up and down, leaving the concerns of the shop wholly upon me." A fresh partner was eventually taken in, one John Randall who had been taken in the Susanna. This poor fellow was worse off than Winterfield, for he not only had to provide his patron with two dollars a month "out of no principal," but to maintain his wife and child. He was a glover by trade, and proved a sober and honest partner. The business went on very well until one unlucky day, when the partners were detected in walking a little further from the town than was allowed for slaves, and examining the coast with too curious an eye. One of the spies, who were always on guard, ran up, and charged them with an attempt to escape. This they stoutly denied, and were carried before the viceroy and his council. On their way thither, Winterfield managed to convey his purse into the hands of an Englishman whom they met; and it was well that he did so, for before they reached the council-chamber the spies who had seized them conducted them into "a blind house," searched them, and took from John Randall all the money he possessed. Before the council they again denied all, and the batoon was commanded to be brought forth. They replied that they could not accuse themselves falsely, but must abide the pleasure of the council, "and so sat themselves down by the sticks." The council referred the decision of the case to their respective patrons, and the end of the matter was that John Randall received three hundred blows upon the soles of his feet, while Winterfield, though he escaped the batoon, was ordered to leave his shop, and work in the looms with two other English slaves who were weavers. Here he had continued for about a month, when his patron, whose affairs had long been sinking, was compelled to sell all his slaves to pay his debts. Winterfield fell to the lot of "a grave old gentleman, in whom he found not only pity and compassion, but love and friendship." This new patron had a small farm in the country about twelve miles inland, and thither he took Winterfield with him. He carried him to the markets, and taught him how to trade there, and on his return loaded him with provisions, that he might make merry with his fellow-Christians. He evidently entertained the idea of making him overseer of the farm, but the thought of liberty had not deserted Winterfield, and he dreaded being compelled to reside so far from the coast. He therefore persuaded his patron to allow him to return to his old shop

near the sea. Here he contrived a plan of escape.

His plan he communicated first to Mr. Newton, a dissenting minister, who pronounced it practicable, though very hazardous; and then to John Randall, who wished it good success. Neither of them, however, was willing to join in it. Randall could not leave his wife and child; Newton was shortly afterwards ransomed by friends in England. Winterfield then communicated his scheme to six other persons, whom he judged to be sufficient in number for its execution: John Anthony, a carpenter; William Adams, a bricklayer; John Jephs, a seaman; John Wills, a carpenter; and two others whose employment was to wash small clothes by the sea-side. From all he exacted an oath of secrecy. When he broached his idea to his confederates, it was received with enthusiasm. He had conceived the model of a boat, to be formed in parcels and afterwards put together. This was to be "an ark to deliver them from their enemies." But, upon a moment's reflection, many serious difficulties suggested themselves. "Where was this boat to be built, where should it be launched, and where put to sea? How could we escape those Argus eyes which were ever observing us by day, or how get out of the city by night, whose walls are so high, whose gates are so closely shut and strongly guarded? How should we be rigged and victualled for so long a voyage, and whither should we bend our course? How should such a little skiff, rather than a boat, be able to weather all the accidents of the sea?" Such were the grave questions anxiously discussed by the little party of brave spirits.

Winterfield had an answer for every objection. The best place to build the boat was his own cellar; when built, it could be taken to pieces and conveyed out of the city in parcels, and stowed in secret places; it would be time enough to determine where and how to put to sea, when the vessel was ready; the island of Minorca was the best place to land at. They first provided a piece of timber, twelve feet long, for the keel. This was cut into two pieces for conveyance, and fitted to join together again. Their next care was with the ribs of the boat, which they contrived thus: Every rib consisted of three pieces, and joined in two places, because to convey out of the city a piece of timber of the size and shape of a rib would have been liable to suspicion. The joints of these ribs were not made mortice and tenon, but the flat sides of one of the pieces was laid over another, and two holes were bored at every joint, into which two nails were to be put. These two holes were not made parallel with the sides of the pieces, for in that case the three pieces of each rib would have formed one straight piece; but they were so disposed that when both the nails were in, each joint would make an obtuse angle, and so the rib would approach the semicircular form. The next thing wanted, was boarding to clothe the naked ribs. It was impossible for them to have boards. The nailing of them on, would have aroused the Algerine spies; and if they could have been nailed with safety, they would have rendered it impossible to take the boat to pieces for conveyance. They therefore resolved to buy as much strong canvas as would cover their boat twice over, as much pitch, tar, and tallow, as would make a kind of tarpaulin searcloth, and earthen pots to melt these materials in. They fixed a night to execute that part of their labour. The two carpenters and Winterfield undertook this service in the cellar. They had stopped all the crevices, that the steam of the melting materials might not betray them, there being no chimney; presently the strong scent that arose from the work so overcame the captain that he was compelled to retire into the open street, where the fresh air overcame him, and he fell down and bruised his face. There he lay until his companions fetched him in. Another of the three was also taken ill, and the work came to a standstill. At length the door was set open, they soon recovered, and went to work and pitched one half that night. The next night they finished the whole without interruption, and carried it to the shop, which was about a furlong from the cellar, where it was laid up in store. They next had a consultation about conveying it from town, and bestowing it in some trusty place.

As Adams, the bricklayer, had long had employment outside the town, he was pitched upon as the fittest person to convey the keel, especially as he used pieces of similar shape in levelling his work. Trowel in hand, he marched cleanly away with one of the pieces on his shoulder, and hid it in the bottom of a hedge; to which place he not long afterwards conveyed the fellow piece. This succeeding, there was no great difficulty with the timbers; each of the jointed ribs was folded up, and their conveyance was entrusted to one of those whose employment was to wash small clothes in the sea. He put them into a bag with his clothes, and stowed them in different places near the keel. But how to convey the tarpaulin out of town was much more difficult. By night it was impossible, and by day the hazard was great: for the gates were strictly guarded, the spies pickarooning at every corner, the streets thronged, the bulk of the canvas great. At length it was resolved to entrust this also, to the bag of the washer of clothes: a pillow being placed upon it to delude the eye of any one who might open the bag.

They had still many things to provide, among others, oars were absolutely necessary. They took two pipe staves, and, slitting them across from corner to corner with a saw, made "two rude things" in some degree resembling oar-blades. They next procured a small quantity of bread, presuming that their stay at sea would be but short; for either they should speedily recover land, or speedily be drowned, or speedily be brought back. Two goat-skins of fresh water completed their slender victualling.

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They procured some canvas for a sail, which, to stop a dispute that arose on the subject, Winterfield himself undertook to carry out; but he had not gone two furlongs before he perceived the same spy who had seized him before, following him at a quick pace. His presence of mind did not desert him. Observing an Englishman washing clothes by the sea, he proceeded to him, and appeared to ask his assistance in washing the canvas. The spy came and stood upon the rock just above their heads; but they continued unconcernedly washing the canvas, and even spread it out on the rock to dry. The spy at length took himself off, but Winterfield deemed it necessary to carry back the canvas into the city, and reported his failure to his confederates. They comforted and encouraged one another, and entered into a council as to where and how they should meet and put their boat together, and finally put to sea. They agreed to meet on a certain night at eleven o'clock, in a valley surrounded by hedges, about half a mile from the sea; and dispersed different ways, to prevent suspicion, till the time appointed.

All this while, Winterfield kept up his shop, paid his patron his wonted visits, kept fair correspondence with him, and duly paid his demands; but at the same time privately turned his goods into ready money as fast as possible, or carried them off. He stowed all in a large trunk, which he committed to the fidelity of Mr. Newton, who honourably delivered it to the owner on his return to Scotland.

As soon as they were all met together at the appointed place, their first operation was to saw down a small fig-tree, to strengthen the keel of their boat. Two of the number had to ascend the hill for this purpose; but they had scarcely got to the place when they heard the barking of dogs on the hill. Two men with dogs came very near them; but they lay close, and remained undiscovered. The scattered limbs of the boat were at last brought into one place (though not without several narrow escapes), and the whole party set to work. So near were they to persons in the neighbouring gardens, that they could hear them speak; they therefore acted by signs, and "pointed, pulled, and nodded," but were all mutes.

The two parts of the keel were soon joined, the ribs riveted, opened to their full length, and fastened to the top of the keel with rope yarn and small cords; then, small canes were bound all along the ribs lengthwise, both to keep them from wearing, and to bear out the canvas; they then made notches at the end of the ribs, in which the oars were to ply; then tied down the seats and strengthened the keel with the fig-tree, and, lastly, drew on the double tarpaulin canvas case. "Truly," says the captain, "the canvas seemed a winding-sheet for our boat, and our boat a coffin for us all." Four of the people took the boat on their shoulders and carried it down to the sea, which was half a mile off.

When they came to the sea they stripped themselves, laid their clothes in the boat, and carried it and them as far into the sea as they could wade. This was in precaution against stones or rocks, which might easily have torn a boat of so slender a construction. They then all got into her, but quickly discovered that they had miscalculated the tonnage. Their vessel began to sink. One of the company volunteered to quit the enterprise; but still they were so deeply laden that there was no venturing out to sea. At length another went ashore, and then the boat held up her head bravely. Taking a solemn farewell of their two companions, the remaining six launched out, upon the 30th of June, 1782, with the following bill of lading: John Anthony, William Adams, John Jephs, John Wilson, William Oakley, and the captain, Winterfield.

They were now at sea without helm or pilot: without anchor, tackle, or compass. The water very soon began to soak through their canvas, and it became one man's constant work to bale it out. They laboured hard all night, but at daybreak were still within sight of the ships and galleys of Algiers. They tugged at the oar like galley-slaves, and no pursuit seems to have been attempted. They soon began to find their want of forethought in one particular. Their bread was saturated with salt water and spoiled; and their water became nauseous. "But so long as bread was bread," they complained not. With good husbandry it lasted for three days; then both bread and water were gone, and famine stared them in the face. The wind was also dead against them, and they were compelled to labour without intermission for a very trifling advance. A third great evil was the insupportable heat to which they were exposed without shelter. The climate and season were alike raging hot; and when the man who emptied the boat of water threw it upon his comrades, hoping to relieve them, their bodies rose in blisters all over. By day, they steered by a pocket-dial, which answered the purpose of a compass; by night, when the stars appeared, they steered by them; and when the stars disappeared, they guessed their way by the motion of the clouds.

In this plight they continued four days and nights. On the fifth day, they were in despair, and ceased to labour. All they did was to bale the water out of the boat. In this state, as they lay "pulling up and down at the dead ebb of hope," they discovered a turtle not far from them, asleep upon the sea. "We silently rowed to our prey, took it into the boat with great triumph, cut off her head, and let her bleed into a pot; we drank the blood, eat the liver, and sucked the flesh." Supplied with fresh strength, they rowed so heartily that about noon they thought they discovered land, and after some hours of exertion became satisfied of the fact. In the exuberance of their joy, they all leaped into the sea, despite the numerous sharks, and, after a delicious bath, lay down to sleep. Their progress was so slow, with all their labour,

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that it was not until the evening of the second day, after they had sighted land, that they came under the island of Majorca. Whilst they lay under the rocks, a vessel passed closely, which they recognised as a Turkish pickaroon. They, however, remained undiscovered, and speedily found an inlet where they thrust in their weather-beaten boat.

John Anthony and the captain went off immediately to seek for fresh water, but were divided in opinion which way to take. The dispute rose almost to blows; but the captain took his own way, and at last the others followed. They presently came upon a Spanish watch-tower: where the sentinel gave them a mouldy cake, his own ration, and directed them to a well of water. They drank, and ate a bit of the cake. With this assistance they all contrived to creep to the city of Majorca, where public commiseration was greatly excited by their wretched appearance, and where the governor generously provided for them at his own expense, until they could be shipped for England. On his return to his native country, the captain had the happiness of finding his mother and daughter living. His remarkable narrative thus concludes:

"I had now been absent from Old England almost seven years, upwards of five of which I had spent in a tedious thraldom of slavery; therefore, as all worldly things are subject to change, it is to be expected I found my family affairs much altered, but, however, through the benevolence of the Almighty, not so bad but I had infinite reason to be thankful for His manifold mercies."

A LETTER IN BLACK.

A floating on the fragrant flood
Of summer, fuller hour by hour,
With all the sweetness of the bud,
Crown'd by the glory of the flower,
My spirits with the season flowed;
The air was all a breathing balm;
The lake so softly sapphire glowed;
The mountains lay in royal calm.

Green leaves were lusty, roses blush'd
For pleasure in the golden time;
The birds through all their feathers flush'd
For gladness of their marriage prime.
Languid, among the lilies I threw
Me down, for coolness, 'mid the sheen,
Heaven one large smile of brooding blue,
Earth one large smile of basking green.

A rich suspended shower of gold
Hung o'er me, my laburnum crown!
You look up heavenward, and behold,
It glows, and comes in glory down!
There, as my thoughts of greenness grew
To fruitage of a leafy dream,
There, friend, your letter thrilled me through,
And all the summer day was dim.

The world, so pleasant to the sight,
So full of voices blithe and brave,
With all her lamps of beauty alight
With life! I had forgot the grave.
And there it opened at my feet,
Revealing a familiar face,
Upturned, my whitened look to meet,
And very patient in its place.

My poor bereaven friend, I know
Not how to word it, but would bring
A little solace for your woe,
A little love for comforting.
And yet the best that I can say
Will only help to sum your loss,
I can but lift my look, and pray
God help my friend to bear his cross.

I have felt something of your smart,
And lost the dearest thing e'er wound
In love about a human heart;
I, too, have life-roots underground.
From out my soul hath leapt a cry
For help, nor God himself could save;
And tears still run that nought will dry
Save death's hand with the dust o' the grave.

God knows, and we may some day know,
These hidden secrets of his love;
But now the stillness stuns us so,
Darkly as in a dream we move.
The glad life-pulses come and go,
Over our head and at our feet;
Soft airs are sighing something low,
The flowers are saying something sweet,

And 'tis a merry world; the lark
Is singing over the green corn;
Only the house and heart are dark!
Only the human world forlorn!
There, in her bridal-chamber, lies
A dear bed-fellow, all in white;
That purple shadow under eyes
Where star-fire swam in liquid night.

Sweet, slippery silver of her talk,
And music of her laugh so dear,
Heard in home-ways and wedded walk,
For many and many a golden year;
The singing soul and shining face,
Daisy-like glad, by roughest road,
Gone! with a thousand dearnesses
That hid themselves for us and glowed.

The waiting angel, patient wife,
All through the battle at our side,
That smiled her sweetness on our strife
For gain, and it was sanctified!
When waves of trouble beat breast-high,
And the heart sank, she poured a balm
That stilled them, and the saddest sky
Made clear and starry with her calm.

And when the world, with harvest ripe,
In all its golden fulness lay,
And God, it seemed, saw fit to wipe,
Even on earth, our tears away,—
The good, true heart that bravely won,
Must smile up in our face, and fall:
And all our happy days are done,
And this the end! And is this all?

The bloom of bliss, the secret glow,
That clothed without, and inly curled,—
All gone. We are left shivering now,
Naked to the wide open world.
A shrivelled, withered world it is,
And sad, and miserably cold:
Where be its vaunted braveries?
'Tis grey, and miserably old.

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Our joy was all a drunken dream:
This is the truth at waking. We
Are swept out rootless by the stream
And current of calamity,
Out on some lone, and shoreless sea
Of solitude, so vast and deep,
As in a wrong Eternity,
Where God is not, or gone to sleep.

My friend, I see you with your cup
Of tears and trembling, see you sit,
And long to help you drink it up,
With useless longings infinite—
Sit, rocking the old mournful thought,
That on the heart's blood will be nurs'd,
Unless the blessed tears be brought,
Unless the cloudy sorrows burst.

The little ones are gone to rest,
And for a while they will not miss
The mother-wings above the nest,
But down a dream they feel her kiss;
And in their sleep will sometimes start,
And toss wild arms for her caress,
With moanings that must thrill a heart
In heaven with divine distress.

And Sorrow on your threshold stands,
The Dark Ladye in glooming pall;
I see her take you by the hands,
I feel her shadow over all.
Hers is no warm and tender clasp:
With silence solemn as the night's,
And veiled face, and mighty grasp,
She leads her chosen up the heights.

The cloudy crags are cold and grey,
You cannot scale them without scars—
A many martyrs, by the way,
Who never reach'd her tower of stars!
But there her beauty shall be seen,
Her glittering face so proudly pure,
And all her majesty of mien,
And all her guerdon shall be sure.

Well. 'Tis not written God will give
To his beloved only rest;
The hard life of the Cross they live,—
They strive, and suffer, and are blessed.
The feet must bleed to reach their throne;
The brow will burn before it bear
One of the crowns that may be won
By workers for immortal wear.

Dear friend, life beats, though buried 'neath
Its long black vault of night; and see,
There trembles, through this dark of death,
Starlight of immortality.
And yet shall dawn the eternal day,
To kiss the eyes of them that sleep;
And He shall wipe all tears away
From tired eyes of them that weep.

'Tis something for the poor bereaven,
In such a weary world of care,
To feel that we have friends in heaven:
Who helped us here, may aid us there.
These yearnings for them set our arc
Of being widening more and more,
In circling sweep, through outer dark,
To day more perfect than before.

So much was left unsaid, the soul
Must live in other worlds to be;
On earth we cannot grasp the whole,
For that Love has eternity.
Love deep as death, and rich as rest;
Love that was love with all Love's might;
Level to needs the lowliest,
Will not be less love at full-height.

Though earthly forms be far apart,
Spirit to spirit may be nigher;
The music chord the same at heart,
Though one should range an octave higher.
Eyes watch us that we cannot see;
Lips warn us which we may not kiss;
They wait for us, and starrily
Lean towards us from heaven's lattices.

We cannot see them face to face;
But Love is nearness, and they love
Us yet, nor change with change of place,
In their more human world above,
Where love, once leal, hath never ceased,
And dear eyes never lose their shine,
And there shall be a marriage feast
Where Christ shall once more make the wine.

THE NOBLE ROMAN.

Towards evening, when the sun is going down and a refreshing coolness is abroad, should we choose to toil up those steep thousand and one steps which lead to the mount called Pincian—making fresh acknowledgment of the grand eleemosynary element, which here appeals to you as maimed, limbless mendicancy, tumbling adroitly from step to step—we shall presently see the noble Roman develop himself in all magnificence. With all the roofs of the Eternal City spread out at our feet, as like a mass of non-eternal smashed flower-pots as can well be conceived; with that blighted waste of Campagna, stretching away to the right, I sit in the shade under the stunted trees, hearken to the thin piping music of a pontifical band, and watch the company sauntering to and fro, and the carriages trundling round, in a general well-meaning, but on the whole feeble, effort at reproducing London Rotten-row, Spanish Prado, or Parisian Bois de Boulogne. I am not dazzled by any brilliancy of colours and elegance of dress, or by nobility betraying itself in a thousand shapes of form, hue, cut, and bearing. But I can analyse the sad coloured crowd into a shabby dandyism, arm in arm, and bearing hats of a spiral volute pattern: into a sorry sort of dowdyism in the matter of female finery. A sprinkling of wasp-waisted warriors, a dash of square sturdy Britons, whose garments straight and plain run off into no flowing rolls and graceful curves; a flavour of the rascality which devotes itself to "industry;" all pacing those dusty sanded walks round and round, while thin music discourses laboriously. And the exercises derive a little flavour and piquancy from the fact, that if you linger here until it comes on to be cool and duskish, taking care also to keep well to the right where the wall looks down into the blighted Campagna, a horrid goblin will ascend from those reeking seething

marshes, fasten his damp fangs in you, go home with you, and stretch you on your bed for weeks. He is popularly known as Malaria Fever. By-and-by another reflection occurs to me—that, though the shade is of a modest description, there would not be a tree here but for the Napoleonic dictators, who fiercely prescribed that trees should be planted for the citizens' good. And trees were forthwith planted under a decree. And a third reflection occurs to me, namely, how it was that the Romans should have set themselves against this pastoral recreation, trees and all, as they did: not coming in to the thing until some thirty or forty years back, when they flung themselves into it with a strange enthusiasm.

See the Noble Roman, the faded sickly youth with the yellow cheeks, leaning back so languidly in his open carriage, being driven round slowly; and in this feeble, dried-up aristocrat, recognise a hope of Italy and possible pillar of the state. This solitary progress and exclusive monopoly is essential to his state. It is imperative and according to the canons of fashion that he should go forth, the lonely occupant of his vehicle. See his noble peers following slowly, each taking his exercise on the solitary and silent, but at the same time eminently patrician, system. Presently the carriage halting and the Noble Roman descending, room is given for admiring the proportions and general aspect of the distinguished youth. Presently another Noble Roman of sporting tastes, who has been driving a sort of mail phaeton round and round in the contracted ring, with an unaccountable fury, brings his chafed steeds to a stand, and joins his brother noble, the Prince Cornuto, to the right; the fiery charioteer being, indeed, no other than the Marquis Babuino. So arm in arm they loiter round, some three or four times, and presently, growing fatigued, ascend each to his solitary cell, and are driven round slowly once more. Another brother Noble Roman presents himself, borne aloft on a light car, fearfully embarrassed by the two horses which he has presumptuously had harnessed to it tandem-wise. I wonder to myself how it comes to pass that these noble youths have all so sallow and smoke-dried an aspect. Such yellow parchment faces, shaven close, even to discomfort, have been seen gathering under the Haymarket Colonnade in London as the hour for the opera drew on; and in the Noble Roman, and all of his degree, you are sure to detect the foot-light air and stagey look which clings to the person of even the first tenor. The Noble Roman seems to me to be fragrant of the theatre, reeking of the coulisses, and to have newly come from washing away the rouge from off his cheeks.

I meet occasionally long trains of little men, white-faced delicate creatures, marching in school procession, and equipped to a nicety in the costume of elders grown up. They have little hats with little volutes, little tailed coats, and little uncomfortable white ties. These poor little miniatures, marching by with a comic dignity, I take to be derelict orphans of some kind, upon a Foundation, and to be commiserated accordingly; but am told that these are Young Nobility, in training sub ferulâ, and that the little sickly men will at some future date burst into sicklier dukes and princes. No fresh rosy cheeks shining like pippins—no boisterous insubordination and rampant breaking of ranks—no exasperation and continued fretting of solemn usher—but a line of vacant sickly faces; a string of model Lilliputian Mutes and small Dissenting ministers. I have a glimpse of this possible nobleman in the still earlier grub stage; for, with a flash, a handsome family carriage swings round the corner, and I see a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman sitting up stiff and straight with the possible nobleman on her lap. She wears a wreath of flaming satin ribbon, and has a heavy golden arrow stuck in a savage kind of fashion through her hair. She has earrings, and a fiery coloured fichu, and has altogether a gipsy look. The noble mistress sits back with an anxious weary gaze, which I have seen on other noble mistresses taking out their offspring for an airing.

Entering into the fashionable Fotografista's, where the sun is kept hard and fast at work all day long, we shall see the noble Roman hung round in many postures. Most specially does he delight to be glorified in the costume of a noble Guardsman, simpering on us from the walls in all the dandyism of heavy jack-boots, kerseymere breeches, and baldric overladen with embroidery. Into that crack corps—that choice Household Brigade, where the privates are Ducas, Principes, or Marcheses—he has enlisted at an early age, prematurely taking on himself the duties of that arduous service. In those long Vatican corridors—where the walls are outspeaking with voices from the dead, encrusted so thickly with the strange catacomb inscriptions, and where the stranger passes between the two ranks of cold statues, sitting, standing, maimed, corroded, that look upon him sadly as he goes by—into this solemn presence I have seen rude intrusions of these military gallants, tramping it down this sacred gallery some three or four abreast, smoking cigars. They had come from off duty in the Vatican ante-chambers, and as they clinked by defiantly, with "guardians" rising humbly to do them homage and party-coloured Swiss saluting, held themselves privileged for this piece of saucy irreverence. A roving Briton, measuring them with cold eye as they pass, yearns to stay their triumphant progress and whisper some salutary but distasteful memento. Was there not a period, O warriors of the Guard Noble! some twelve years ago, when the people, being angry and in ferment, were howling about the Palazzo, with no gentle designs towards the sovereign, and were with difficulty kept at bay by a handful of sad-eyed Swiss? And was it not at such a critical season that the deserted pontiff cast his eyes around wistfully and found not one of this bedizened body-guard at hand to help him? The Principe and the Duca, who claim it as of right to walk beside their king

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and dazzle the commonalty with their gold and scarlet, where were they then? I will answer for it, there were urgent private affairs in those days. No wonder that braver men, the brisk quick-eyed Frenchmen, when they fall to quarrelling and angry words, flout each other with the derisive title of "Garde Noble," and interchange the scoff, "Vilain soldat du Pape." It is no matter of surprise that one of this body, when named by special grace of the Supreme Pontiff to be a commander in the newly formed Civic Guard, should come like a whimpering child to an English friend of mine, and, half crying, pour out his griefs under the disagreeable honour thrust upon him. "At any other time, indeed," mourn the desponding hero, "'twould have been most kind and gracious of the Santo Padre; but now, when we are on the eve of commotion, when there is fighting and disorder at hand, when blood may be spilled——" The prospect fairly overpowering the honest youth, he hides his face in his hands.

Again. In Conductor-street—down which it is your destiny ever to make but slow progress, owing to those Dalilahs of jewellers' shops which draw you witchingly, now to the right, now to the left, in a sort of zig-zag procession—we pass a great arch which is at the sign of a great red staring eight-pointed cross—the Cradle or Commandery of Malta—a catacomb where is laid up in ordinary the dry bones of the famous Order. The old forms, with perhaps a little of the spirit of the ancient knighthood, are flickering up and down spasmodically; the old machinery of Prior and Brethren, with the theatrical adjuncts and decorations, still has a certain life—for there are revenues to be administered. It is surprising how difficult it is to scotch an institution when there is that one element of vitality left. Nay, there are commanderies and knights in other countries, and there is obedience, and orders, and communication by letters, and so the thing works on somehow. Its members sweep by at public processions in all the theatrical majesty of their robes, in the dark, flowing gaberdine, with the eight-pointed cross upon their shoulder, making up fine monkish figures, very Titianesque. In rank and number they are eminently respectable, but have about the same proportion to the old spirit of the Order, as Mr. Hawkins's Crystal Palace models have to the extinct mastodons and fossil elks. Now, however, that pontifical affairs are at such a crisis, and that levies of moneys and legionaries are being made in foreign countries, a young and spirited knight of Malta who has long been in protest against this pure mumming and playing at religious orders, thinks that now their lawful sovereign having come into such straits, it were fitting time to put life and motion into the defunct mastodon: the quaint two-handed sword might now be put to better use than mere show of gala days. They might fight for the Cross again; not, indeed, against the Crescent, but against the excommunication of Christ's Vicar. And with that he begins to agitate, working on whatever chivalry might be in the ranks. He writes, he preaches, he points to Belgian, French, Austrian, Irish, and general polyglot fighting company, trooping and offering their swords. And with what result?

The Noble Roman, true to his nature, remains inert, prefers the pure sham to the sham vivified, and chants softly his old tune, "Che farà, sarà." Agitator is buffeted like a shuttlecock between chancellor and secretary, between secretary and knights. Will he grow sick and weary? The vis inertiæ of the Noble Roman caitiffs are too much for him, and the fighting order of Malta will not fight.

There is a certain shabbiness, notwithstanding, about these magnificent Guardsmen. Out of their fine tinsel and jack-boots, they look like actors who have just taken off their gaudy clothes in the green-room. A word not elegant, truly, but forcible and appropriate, fits them exactly: they look sadly *scrubby*. See you those two mean windows, squeezed in as a sort of entresol, one of which runs awry, having been shaken out of its right line? That is the Guardsman's "Clob," or Cercle, and the noble members may be seen lounging over the squeezed windows, and hanging about the shop door, which is the entrance, and playing out other little incidents of what they deem to be "Clob" life.

The pay and allowances of these noble gentlemen are ample. The service is therefore desirable for more objects than the mere nobility of the thing. Ingots do not too much abound; and so the little windfall comes in acceptably enough. A noble gentleman whose means are straitened, striving to keep up a show on an ill-lined purse, is to be regarded with a just compassion and respect; yet in those little gusts and whispers which at times sweep across our social circles, are borne to me curious little meannesses and queer bits of shabbiness which I will swear a Spanish hidalgo of bluest blood would not stoop to. Thus the carriage, horses, and liveries of such a grand seigneur may be justly admired; albeit the body seems laid down a little too much on lifeboat lines; yet I hold it scarcely consists with the dignity of such a seigneur to let out his equipage, appointments and all, *on hire*, to the moneyed English. The noble owner, meantime, may tramp it afoot, and must have a quaint and curious sensation as his own vehicle, trundling by, splashes him royally, or goes nigh to running him down at the crossing. It is humbly submitted that this touches ever so nearly on *shabbiness*. Shabby too, but with more reasonable show of excuse, is that letting for hire, by noble persons, of flights and stories in their mansions. To poor straitened nobility, who durst not keep up a gloomy state in the palatial Newgates, such grist may be welcome, and the attitude of il Signor Giovanni Torro from Inghilterra, tendering four hundred scudi per month, utterly irresistible. But for wealthier houses I take it there is no excuse beyond pure greed of money. That noble family whose palace

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rises hard by to the street of the Four Fountains, and which holds the well-known girlish face overshadowed with the white turban, who looks at you so sadly over her white shoulder, does not disdain to take English gold for its highest story, and nothing short of a *very* round sum too. That graceful palace, rising in rich and elegant details, can be reached only by the meanest of gateways, such as would do no honour to a coach-house; a gateway, moreover, set awry, and at an acute angle with the main building. One month's rent in the Saxon's gold would do something in the way of amendment, O noble Barberini! So too, will you seek out the Colonna mansion (his who on Palm Sunday comes up the altar steps in a purple cape to exercise his family's prerogative and wash the pontiff's fingers), and find the tricolor of France and the escutcheon of ducal Grammont over your head. Pass by the long slate-coloured palace in the Corso, which you are told is the Ruspoli Palazzo, and you will find the Ruspoli vanished, and one half the house working a languid business as a café. From the other half round the corner, again flutters that tricolor ubiquitous; and the little compact sentry carries arms, as Goyon the magnificent descends from his horse at the door.

But here does not the old cry fall upon our ears? See how low an evil government can bring a noble people: degrading the fine bold patrician element into a mere lounging vegetable. Yet, without straying into this debatable ground—always thorny, and covered with brakes and briars—there is something to be said, which lays a fair share of his fallen state to the account of the noble Roman himself. Because he is interdicted from the brawl of politics, and not suffered to run riot in newspaper columns, is he to settle down with sunken head and folded arms, and become hopelessly impassive? Are there no other objects upon which a manly nature could expend itself? He is rich; and there is nothing to hinder his free progress into other countries. The police have no instructions to refuse him his passports. So might he go forth and brace his mind with the wholesome currents of northern nations. So goes forth the Russian noble, semi-barbarous, and returns a smooth and enlightened grand seigneur. Has not the Noble Roman horses and dogs, and the broad miles of Campagna prairie, finest riding-grounds in the world? Has he not whole jungles of forest, where lurks the wild boar, ready to furnish him with sport that shall make him manly and quick of eye, and, above all, healthy? Does he not live and have his being in a world of art? Is not his very breath charged with the fragrance of pictures, statues, columns, frescoes, and such noble works?

Still, where are no free presses, no glut and satiety of books, where reading is cramped and manacled under a load of censorship, index, inquisition, and such like, it is hard for a Noble Roman to find proper aliment for his mind. True. Yet here is a startling truth. With all that censorship and index, and these Dominican "masters of the Sacred Palace," whose awful functions are supposed to be those of execution, hanging, drawing, quartering, and disembowelling volumes, still this truth stands firm and uncontrovertible—*any book is to be procured in Rome.* Never was such a bugbear put forward to frighten children, as this one of restriction in the matter of reading. There are booksellers' shops and booksellers—not many, but sufficient. There is to be found, not on their shelves merely, but set out in flaming placards on the outside of their houses, in conspicuous characters, such dangerous and heretical matter as Monsieur Guizot's History of Parliamentary Power, such inflammatory petards as Monsieur Michelet's History of France, together with Monsieur Villemain's Souvenirs, Monsieur Cousin's mischievous Philosophy, and Monsieur Mignet's Historical Compositions. Intelligent librarian, when I enter, shows me an army of French privates in their limp paper covers, comprising all that is newest and best in French literature, with all, too, that is newest and questionable: Memoirs of the immortal age of the Louises newly disinterred, light and loose novels, pamphlets and essays. And when, for the sake of experiment, just to humour the thing, though not without a certain diffidence, I hint at the possibility—just the bare possibility—of procuring the frightful and damnable heresy of one About (here I drop my voice into a hoarse conspirator whisper, and glance round with a fearful caution), intelligent librarian answers cheerfully that he has not, indeed, such a work on hand, but will procure it in his next fortnightly parcel. In the humbler establishments where books are vended in an odd companionship with brass candlesticks, holy pictures, beads, pinchbeck jewellery, and sweetmeats, I see the works of Silvio Pellico in a cheap form: likewise the novels of the tabooed Massimo D'Azeglio, all the romances of Walter Scott rendered into Italian, and the exciting tales of lively Alexander the Elder. I certainly did not observe the adventures of a certain Camellia Lady; but in a Holy City such a person would be clearly out of place. Even the Negro pleadings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe are to be seen here, with a portrait of the deserving and god-fearing Black, the Avuncular Tom, to face the title. Again, not a day passes but there are some two or three book auctions, when books of every country, clime, and degree, are "knocked down" cheap. Moreover, there are stalls where literature of some sort may be found, from a halfpenny upwards. But the intelligent bookseller before alluded to, tells me that trade is very slack indeed, and that the Noble Roman is his worst customer. There are here old book dens, the most delightful and appetising in the world—Erebus-like, and perfect catacombs—but very bandits' caves for treasure. You, being bibliomaniac, may come here and grub and dig for hours, and turn up jewels at every stroke. The proprietor of the cave, with that neat spirit of order which reigns, has all his prizes

ticketed and catalogued, so that he can lay his hand on the particular jewel wanted in an instant.

MORE OF THE GRIMGRIBBER RIFLE CORPS.

OUR NEW CAPTAIN.

AUTUMN being, according to the almanacks, close at hand, and many members of our corps feeling bound to absent themselves from the neighbourhood of the metropolis and to disport in sylvan or sea-side regions, I see some chance of being enabled to get an evening to myself to chronicle our doings since the earliest stages of our formation. Up to this time, it has been impossible. I thought that when I had mastered the difficulties of drill, my labour would be at an end; that I might once a week lead or rather follow the regiment to our parade-ground; that on the other six days my helmet might have been used as a hive for bees, or any other rustic and pacific receptacle; that our bugler would "sing truce" as soon as the Saturday night cloud had lowered, and would not call us again to arms for the entire space of a week; in fact, that so long as we were well up in our manual and platoon, and could put our men through the ordinary evolutions of company and battalion drill, more would not be required of us. I was mistaken—as I often am, and always to my cost. I dare say that, had we remained as we originally formed ourselves, I could have arranged things with Jack Heatly and his brother, and we should have restricted our military ambition within proper limits; but our corps increased so tremendously, so many fresh recruits came flocking to our standard, that we were obliged to form a second company, who, in their turn, elected their officers, and who chose for their captain a gentleman who, from his punctuality, exactitude, and strict attention to business, seems intended by Nature to supply the place of the late Duke of Wellington in these dominions. He was elected because he was a pleasant, strong, active young fellow, a good cricketer and oarsman, and such a maniac for dancing, that he might have been a male Wili, or a victim to the bite of the tarantula. He was elected, and he thanked us; the next day on parade his true character burst forth! He made us a speech in which he said he had observed with regret that the discipline of the regiment was not such as could be wished. He was aware, he said (glancing at Jack Heatly, who was sitting on a camp-stool smoking a short pipe)—he was aware that we had been somewhat loosely looked after, but that we might depend upon a strict supervision in future. You may be astonished to hear that there were certain men who applauded this harangue: rash young men who talked about "sticking to the thing" and "having no child's play," but I myself trembled in my varnished gaiters. The next day, Jack Heatly took a month's leave of absence and went out of town, and the new captain, De Tite Strongbow, became our commander-in-chief. I shall never forget that day! it was a Saturday, and we had just gone through a series of the most complicated evolutions in a pouring rain; I was in the armoury divesting myself of my soaked uniform and rusted sword, and privately wondering why I had voluntarily exposed myself to so much inconvenience, when the senior sergeant of the regiment presented himself before me. A pleasant man is Sergeant Piper, with a jolly round rubicund face, a merry black eye, and a nose that attests the goodness of the port wine at the Sternsail and Tiller on the Essex shore: which hotel he makes his summer residence. But dull was his appearance and solemn his expression as he made his military salute, and, merely saying "From the captain, sir," placed in my hands a large square printed paper. It was headed with the royal arms, and ran as follows:

GRIMGRIBBER RIFLE CORPS.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

MONDAY.—Second squad drill at 2 P.M. by Ensign Rivers.

TUESDAY.—Platoon drill by Ensign Rivers, 2 P.M.

WEDNESDAY.—First instruction in musketry, 7 P.M., by Captain Strongbow, assisted by Ensign Rivers.

THURSDAY.—Second squad drill by Ensign Rivers, 2 P.M.

FRIDAY.—Lecture on the dissection of the lock, by Captain Strongbow, assisted by Ensign Rivers, 4 P.M.

SATURDAY.—The regiment will march out for battalion drill on Squash Common. All the officers will attend. Gaiters, if wet, but no great-coats on any account.

Ensign Rivers is officer of the week, and any gentleman requiring any information on any point must apply to him.

DE TITE STRONGBOW,
Captain Commanding.

I, the present writer, am Ensign Rivers, whose name is so frequently mentioned in this abominable document! I rushed off to Strongbow's rooms—he lives with his father, the eminent drysalter, but has a little outbuilding next the stables specially appropriated to his use. As I neared this pavilion, I heard strange sounds of stamping, mingled with thwacking of weapons, and cries of "Ha! ha! had you there!" Entering, I found Strongbow stripped to his shirt, and busily engaged in belabouring the Corporal, who, wooden as ever, solemnly defended himself with a single-stick. "Hallo!" says Strongbow, "come for more orders, Ensign?" I boil over, I object, I appeal—all in vain. "What will the men say, when they see their officers shirking duty?" Fruitlessly do I urge that I know nothing of the musketry instruction, or the dissection of the lock; he gives me books—enormous volumes—which he bids me study. For a moment I waver in my allegiance, I have a faint notion of requesting Her Majesty to be graciously pleased to accept my resignation of my commission; but better thoughts prevail, and I go to work. I drill the second squad, I pass a bright afternoon in the dull lecture-room of the

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Mechanics' Institute, where the map of Europe glares feebly at me from the damp-stained wall, and where the mullioned windows rattle dismally at the tramping of the recruits. Painfully and wearily do I go through the different evolutions, and tight and Gordian-like is the knot into which I once or twice get myself and all the men, and have to summon the stiff corporal to my assistance, amidst furtive grins and whispered hints of "try back." But I did get through it at last, and next day accomplished the platoon drill, with directions, and in a manner that struck the corporal mute with horror. It has been malevolently remarked that the gentlemen who benefited by my instruction have since been recognisable, principally by a habit of invariably carrying their rifles at full cock, and secondly, by the slight omission of neglecting to withdraw their ramrods after loading with blank cartridge: a disadvantage which is apt to be unpleasantly felt by their comrades when they are placed as "a rear rank standing." But this is mere envy.

THE FIRST INSTRUCTION IN MUSKETRY.

It was so called in the Orders for the week, because it is rather a fine phrase. I believe, however, that the real technical unvarnished name of this performance is "Preliminary Drill for cleaning Arms." A select class attended Captain Strongbow's first instruction lecture on the Wednesday evening, but I shall better be able to give an account of their proceedings by adopting the dramatic form:

SCENE—*Captain Strongbow's rooms. Evening. Moderator lamp alight in centre. Captain Strongbow at head of table, a Long Enfield rifle, and two very ominous-looking red books by his side. Privates and sergeants of the Corps gathered round him. Ensign Rivers standing immediately behind the Captain, where he has the least chance of being seen by him, and looking doubtfully on. The opening portion of the lecture has already been given.*

Capt. Strongbow (*proceeding*). Now, gentlemen, I will once more run through what I have said, before questioning you. Now, gentlemen, the principal parts of the rifle are the stock and the barrel. (*He takes up rifle and points to each part as he names it.*) The stock is divided into the nose-cap, the upper, middle, and lower bands, the swell, projections, lock-side, head, small, trigger-guard, trigger-plate, trigger, butt, and heel-plate. Once more! (*He repeats all the names.*) Now, Mr. Lobjoit, what is this called? (*Laying his hand on the nose-cap.*)

Lobjoit (*who is a horsy man, and is always wishing we were cavalry*). Nose-bag!

Capt. S. (*disgusted*). What do you say, Mr. Pruffle?

Pruffle (*a slow, middle-aged gentleman, who has entered the force with the sole object of learning how to defend his large family*). Night-cap!

Capt. S. (*more disgusted*). Now, Mr. Skull, what is it?

Skull (*looking blankly at it through his spectacles*). 'Pon my soul, I don't know!

Capt. S. (*profoundly disgusted*). Really this is too bad! Is there no gentleman present who can remember what this is called?

Sergeant Fluke. Eh? of course, yes! I can! It's the—the—the nose-cap, of course! (*Aside to next neighbour.*) Gad! what a good shot!

Capt. S. (*overjoyed*). Very good, very good, indeed, Sergeant Fluke! Ensign Rivers, I must trust to your honour not to prompt the gentlemen!

Ensign R. You may rely upon my doing nothing of the sort, sir! (*N.B. This is strictly correct, as Ensign Rivers knows rather less about it than any one in the room.*)

Capt. S. Now, Sergeant Fluke, can you touch any other parts of the stock, and tell me their names?

Fluke. Oh, yes, of course! (*Glibly.*) This is the barrel, and——

Capt. S. Parts of the *stock*, I said; the stock and the barrel are two distinct things.

Private J. Miller (*the funny man of the Corps—aside to his neighbour*). Not at a cooper's or a brewer's; there, the barrels constitute the stock!

Private Miller's neighbour (*derisively*). Ho! ho! ain't you funny!

Capt. S. Silence, gentlemen, pray! Now, Sergeant Fluke?

Fluke. Well, you know, this is the trigger, and this is the butt.

Capt. S. Which is the heel of the butt, Mr. Pruffle?

Pruffle (*touching the wrong end*). This, sir.

Capt. S. No, no! that's not the heel, that's the toe!

Private Miller. Heel and toe! I say, Pruffle, my pipkin, which is the double shuffle?

Capt. S. Mr. Miller, I shall be compelled to call upon you to retire, if you persist in this buffoonery! (*Private Miller makes a grimace of preternatural ugliness behind his neighbour's back, hums the Dead March in Saul, and crosses his hands to simulate a handcuffed deserter about to be shot.*)

Capt. S. Now, then, let us take the barrel.

Private Miller. Ah! some of us have taken to that kindly.

Capt. S. Taken to what?

Miller. To the barrel, sir! Don't mind me! Go on!

Capt. S. (*touching them*). The muzzle, fore-sight, back or elevating sight, nipple, breech, breech-pin. Component parts of the breech-pin: face, tang, and breech nail-hole. What are the component parts of the breech-pin, Mr. Lobjoit?

Lobjoit (*rapidly*). Face, fangs, and breeches-nails!

Capt. S. (*in despair*). This is dreadful! I don't know what they'd say to you at Hythe!

Miller. He'll never go there, sir, no more shall I. I say, Lobjoit, old boy, fancy their catching us playing at Hythe among the Sikhs.

Capt. S. (*with dignity*). I shall leave you out of the course, Mr. Miller! (*Miller feigns to weep, and dry his eyes on the back of his hand.*) Now, once more, before I give up. The com-

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ponent parts of the back or elevating sight are the flanges, flap, slider, spring, and bed. Name them, Mr. Skull.

Skull (yawning). The principal part of the back sight is the spring-bed.

Capt. S. (rising in disgust). No more at present!

(*Exeunt all but Strongbow, who sits up half the night studying the theory of trajectories.*)

THE PRESENTATION OF OUR BUGLE.

We had attended the Wimbledon meeting and the Chiselhurst sham fight, and had covered ourselves with glory at both, but there was nothing to look forward to, and the perpetual platoon exercise and theoretical musketry instruction, began to grow monotonous. The attendance of men was a trifle falling off, and I had suggested to Captain Strongbow that he should hurry on the preparation of our butts, and get us out to "judging distances" and firing with ball cartridge as speedily as possible, when we received intimation of an approaching event which brought back all those who were beginning to lapse. When our numbers increased and we grew too large for the Mechanics' Institute or Toddler's-yard, we looked about for some suitable drill-ground; but there was no place to be had and we were in despair, when the Principal of Dulciss's Grimgribber College, hearing of our extremity, came forward in the kindest manner and placed the grounds of that establishment at our disposal. Dulciss's College is not, as you may probably imagine, a scholastic institution for young gentlemen; it is a retreat, a refuge, a harbour for elderly gentlemen who have been broken and buffeted by the tempests of the world: a roadstead where they may ride safely at anchor for the remainder of their lives, comfortably housed and tended, and provided with a small income to supply themselves with necessaries. The only qualifications for candidates are, that they shall have been born in Grimgribber, shall have exceeded sixty years of age, and shall be without pecuniary resources. It is not difficult to find many who can fulfil these requirements, and the College is always full; there, slowly pacing up and down the shady cloisters, or sitting sunning themselves on the wormeaten old benches outside the porch, are the old fellows constantly to be seen, wearing their old black cloaks and queer shovel hats as decreed by the founder, old Sir Thomas Dulciss, who died two hundred years ago. Attached to their prettily terraced garden, is a fine open meadow of several acres, but the old collegians rarely stroll so far, and when, under the permission of the principal, we held our first drill therein, none of them even came out to look at us, or took the trouble to inquire what we were doing. But a little later, on a fine spring day, they came down in a knot and stood close by watching our movements, and as the words of command rang out, two or three of them, evidently old soldiers, straightened their poor bent backs and cocked their shovel hats with the ghost of a military swagger, and one, a very old man, hobbled back to the college, whence he returned with his black cloak thrown very much back and a Waterloo medal gleaming on his brave old breast; when drill was over, we gave him a cheer that brought the fire into his dim eyes and the flush into his withered cheeks. Then Mrs. Principal, a benevolent old lady, and the two Miss Principals, very dashing girls, got in the habit of coming to watch us, and the Miss Principals brought their friends, and the friends brought their cavaliers, so that at last we used to exhibit before quite a bevy of spectators. One day, Sir Gregory Dulciss, the present representative of the great family, was at the college on business, and hearing of this, we formed on the terrace and saluted the great man, presenting arms to him as he came out. Sir Gregory was greatly touched at this, called it audibly a "dayvlish gratifying mark of 'tention," made us several bows modelled on those of his great friend the late King George the Fourth, and hoped to meet us again. And a few days afterwards it was officially announced that Lady Dulciss intended presenting us with a silver bugle.

This it was that caused the new excitement; this it was that brought up the few laggards and caused the many who had hitherto been indefatigable to show even greater attention. It was determined that we should have a great day; it was understood that a select company would come over from The Radishes, Sir Gregory's house; that the neighbourhood generally would attend; and there was to be a tent with a cold collation for the corps, while the officers were invited to a champagne luncheon at the Principal's. Such furbishing up of arms and accoutrements, such worrying of tailors and armourers, such private drill among the men, and such minute inquiries among the officers as to the exact meaning of "recover swords"!

The day arrived, and the hour. Headed by our band (their first appearance in public—rather nervous and shaky, a trifle agitated in the trombone, and a thought Punch and Judyish about the big drum, but still playing capitally), we marched through the village and into the field. The profane vulgar were not allowed to come inside, but they clustered thickly round the gates and swarmed about the palings, like bees. Very good and searching were the remarks of the boys. "Walk up! walk up! just agoin' to begin!" shouts one, as the band passed. "Hooray for the Workus Corpse," says another, in allusion to our neat grey uniform. "Here's the pauper lunatics with their throats cut," says a third, hinting at the red stripe on our collars. "Hallo, Bill," says a boy perched on the gate, "here's your huncle!" "I see him," responds Bill, a grimy-faced cynical young blacksmith—"I see him, *but I never takes no notice on him when he's with his Wolunteers!*" And we passed on into the field. The white tent glimmered in the sun, and the ground was covered with company. The Dulciss people had brought some great acquaintances with them,

country grandees in their carriages, dashing girls on horseback, and three or four young Guards' officers who came to scoff, and remained to prey—upon the luncheon. To pass this lot was the great ordeal. "Keep up, rear rank!" "Steady in the centre!" "Touch to the left, Jenkins; where the deuce are you going to?" The first and second companies went by splendidly. "Weally, not so bad now, for quill-drivers and mechanics," says young Lithpson of the Bombardiers to Jack Gorget of the Body Guards, mauve. Jack nods approvingly; then, as the third company advances, headed by Tom Exlex, who was in the Spanish service under General Evans and wears his Sebastian medal and San Fernando cross on his breast, Jack says earnestly, though ungrammatically, "Hallo, what's this swell's decorations?" "'Pon my soul I can't say," answers Lithpson; "pwobably some weward for supewiour penmanship."

But we could afford to laugh even at such bitter sarcasm as this, so well were our evolutions performed, and so heartily were they applauded. Finally, we were drawn up in line, and, amidst the cheers of the populace, Lady Dulciss advanced, followed by a portentous servant bearing the bugle on a cushion. Lady Dulciss is a very fine woman: a kind, benevolent, motherly-looking lady, and I've no doubt she made an excellent speech. It was intended for the entire regiment, but she delivered it in a confidential tone to Jack Heatly, who stood in front of her, and all we caught was "Britannia," "bugle," "Grimgribber," and "call to arms." Then she presented the bugle gracefully to Jack, who, in his intense nervousness, instantly dropped it, and she and he and Sir Gregory and the portentous footman all struggled for it on the ground. Then the band played "God save the Queen," the people cheered louder than ever, and we broke off and went in to lunch.

CHINESE FIGHTING MEN.

Although China possesses an enormous army on paper, and a very considerable one in reality, it may be doubted whether, before Admiral Hope's gallant but fatal affair at the mouth of the Peiho river, our arms have ever been fairly encountered by Chinese *soldiers*. This requires explanation, but the explanation is at hand. Among the other features of that gigantic system of shams which the Celestial Empire has degenerated into, one of the most noteworthy, if not the most prominent, is the army. If the Pekin Gazette is to be believed, the Brother of the Sun and Moon possesses an effective force of *three millions and a half of troops!* These colossal numbers are sometimes permitted to vary on a sort of sliding scale, but the effective force of China is seldom, if ever, reduced below a nominal amount of three millions. No Army List is published in China—at least, the writer could hear of none, either among the Hong-Kong merchants or the native Cantonese—and it is very difficult to elicit any particulars with reference to this tremendous host: which is supposed to be at this moment mustering somewhere along the line of the Grand Canal to pour down with overwhelming force upon the Fanquis, or English barbarians. And, indeed, if such an army did exist in an effective condition, the fate of our expeditionary force, averaging, as it will, only from fourteen to twenty thousand rank and file, would inspire apprehension at home, even with the largest allowance made for the weight of British valour and discipline. An old, deeply-rooted opinion is prevalent in England that the Chinese are poltroons. This is unjust and erroneous. The Chinese not only possess a passive courage, which bears them up amid frightful tortures and the preliminaries of a cruel death, but they will confront danger with perfect gaiety. Who that has seen the Canton coolies of our Land Transport Service, cracking jokes, laughing, and capering with uncouth merriment under the fire of their countrymen, can doubt that a Chinaman may be as devoid of cowardice as any one? The camp followers in India are singularly timid and liable to panics, and in the Sutlej campaigns I have known hundreds of them rush among the very sabres of the Sikh horse in irrational terror. But so cool and light of heart are Chinese transport coolies—carrying their weighty loads by bamboo sling-poles under a smart fire of matchlock balls and cannon-shot—that a body of them, if raised and organised, would prove highly efficient. Yet these are the cousins and brothers of the very enemies who fly with such agile pertinacity before the assaults of our people, and who are routed from strong positions by the mere tramp and hurrahs of the "foreign devils," as they have been taught to call us. The fact is, there is little danger of defeat: the Chinaman, like other Orientals, is born to obey, and is a good servant to a good master; his courage, his endurance of peril and wounds, are totally conditional on the example set him. With officers of ability and dash to lead him, he can behave very well indeed; but the military mandarins are, for the most part, very sorry officers, and command neither affection nor respect. The vices inherent in any despotism have sapped the personal bravery which they might be supposed to have inherited from their barbaric ancestors, and peculation, timidity, and corruption of every kind, combine to effect the ruin of the army.

China is not, and, happily for mankind, has never been, a military nation. Any other nation numbering three hundred millions of citizens would, countless ages ago, have overrun the whole earth; would have carried the Dragon standard to Rome and Athens; and have taught the philosophy of Confucius and the worship of Buddha, from the Hoang-ho to the Thames. The Chinese, fortunately, adopted a policy of exclusion. This has kept their neighbours free, but has weakened their own prowess to an incalculable degree. Although caste is not an institution of China, yet custom has rendered callings hereditary. Thus the shoemaker is the descendant of shoemakers, the barber a grand-

son of barbers. Just so, a soldier's son becomes a soldier. The armies of the Flowery Land are composed of the posterity of those warriors who accompanied the present dynasty of Tartar emperors, and of those who unsuccessfully resisted the Mantchou invasion. This causes the division of the army into the two great classes of the Tartar and the Chinese soldiery; the Tartars being subdivided again. Of these classes the Tartars rank the highest: their generals take precedence; to their valour is committed the care of the emperor's person, the sacred city of Pekin, and the standard of the Imperial Dragon. They are better armed and better clad than the Chinese soldier, and their pay is higher. While a Chinese soldier of infantry (the cavalry is entirely Tartar) receives three taels a month, a Tartar foot soldier receives four, and a trooper four and a half, besides an allowance for forage. A tael may average from six to seven shillings. Three taels a month, or from eighteen to twenty-one shillings, for a Chinese soldier, at first sight seems most liberal pay, considering how frugal the people are, and how cheap the rice, and fish, and nondescript vegetables on which they subsist. But, this handsome salary of the soldier only exists on paper. Probably the full amount is drawn from the Pekin treasury, but it melts like snow in the sun, as it passes through the hands of innumerable officials. When the clerks are gorged with plunder, the military mandarin has to be satisfied. Lucky is the soldier if he receive one tael, or from six to seven shillings, for his monthly subsistence; and even this wretched pittance is often months in arrear. Of course, if this were all he had to look to, even the proverbial obedience of the Chinaman would fail; the poor starved wretch would run away, turn pirate, robber, rebel, anything. But if the soldier sees but little of the emperor's money, the emperor asks for but little of the soldier's time. Accordingly, the private soldier is in his leisure moments a boatman, a labourer, or a watchman to merchants' warehouses and barges. He gets leave of absence, and helps to gather in the rice and bean crop, for his relations, or for any one who will pay him. Here, again, comes in the military mandarin, to whose hands two-thirds of his men's pay are sticking already, and he claims a share in the profits of labour. It is said that Yen-Lin-Ti, the very general who so chivalrously abandoned the unhappy city of Nankin to the Taiping rebels, made a constant practice of hiring out the regiments under his command, as leaf-pickers in the tea-groves. Imagine the Buffs, or the Forty-second, employed in agriculture, or working on the railways, to halve their wages with a prudent colonel! Also, there are towns, villages, and tracts of land, which belong to certain hereditary regiments, and which are farmed and inhabited by them. A town on the Yang-tse belonged to the long-descended corporation of the Tartar Bannermen, who were the privileged guardians of the "little" Dragon standard, and who, though numbering ten thousand men, and holding a strong-walled city, shamefully succumbed at the first assault of the Taipings, who butchered them like sheep in the horrible sack of the place. It was razed, and sown with salt.

The Chinese soldier is very variously armed. Strict etiquette requires him to be provided with a shield and a helmet—generally carved and painted into the shape of some fantastic monster—two swords, a bow and arrows, a matchlock, and a spear. But instead of this embarrassing load of weapons, the soldier has usually a gun, or a bow, and perhaps a sword: or, it may be, only a club, like Harlequin's sword of lath. The defensive part of his equipment is generally forthcoming; a man may have a defective matchlock, or bone-tipped arrows, or a worthless sword; but he has usually a quilted linen cuirass, a conical wooden helmet carved into a griffin's head, and a shield of such gaudy ugliness that it would frighten an English child into fits. The Tartars have good swords, however—long, two-edged, and cutting—and are mostly well provided with efficient matchlocks, or, what is almost as good, the national bow. Their cavalry are reported to be well mounted and armed with cuirasses of quilted leather, or brass mail, helmets, long furred boots, and a perfect arsenal of weapons, chiefly missile.

The Tartar army has several subdivisions. Besides those numerous Tartar cohorts which have been naturalised in the rich lowlands, there are, in the imperial pay, the brigades, or hordes (Or-da or O-da is the local name), of the Mongolians, who border on the great unexplored desert of Sha-mo: or, as the Thibet people call it, Gobi. There are the tribes of Chinese Turkistan, said to be singularly warlike and hardy; the Oghuzes, or Irghuzes, a Mongol race verging on the valley of the Amoor; choicest and most valued of all, the horsemen of Mantchouria, of the same stock as the imperial family, and who may be called the emperor's clansmen, the most trusted and faithful of his followers. These Mantchou troops, who are reported to consist of two hundred thousand fighting men, on the lowest computation, form the emperor's real dependence, furnish his body-guard, and afford perhaps the only stable bulwark the imperial dynasty possesses. They do not, it is said, consist exclusively of horse, but have a due proportion of infantry and artillery, well trained by Russian deserters, who are sure of high pay and good treatment if competent drill-sergeants. Those were Mantchou troops who in 1850, on the borders of China, signally repulsed, by a dauntless front and a fire of murderous accuracy, the Russian brigade which was in pursuit of the emigrating tribes of Kipzak Tartars. Mantchou troops, and Mantchou troops alone, have hitherto succeeded in barring the road to Pekin against the victorious Taiping insurgents, who have twice threatened to seize the Grand Canal and starve or storm the capital, but have met with more than their match. Finally, if unvarying Chinese information is to be believed, those were Mantchou veterans who, under their famous general

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Sang-ko-lin-sin (or Yang-ko-lin-tsin, for the name is variously spelt), displayed unusual resolution in resisting Admiral Hope's attack on the Peiho forts, and whose slaughter of our countrymen has been the cause of the present toilsome and costly expedition. Prince Sang-ko-lin-sin ranks, I believe, third among the generals of the Chinese empire; but it is reported, and perhaps truly, that he is the most trusted and most able of all the imperial servants, and had often been mentioned by the Pekin Gazette previous to his encounter with her Majesty's forces at the Peiho. He is beyond question celebrated for the masterly manner in which, with a smaller army, he succeeded in forcing back the Taipings when they menaced the Pekin Canal. He is universally named by Chinese lips as the future generalissimo of China in the event of a regular "barbarian" war, and he certainly proved himself, on the disastrous day of the Peiho, no despicable antagonist, even for British seamen and soldiers.

From this sketch of the existing Chinese army it will be perceived that only a very small portion of it is available for actual hostilities, either with rebels or with European invaders. In fact, the soldiers of Chinese, or Tartar-Chinese descent, have never voluntarily engaged the Taipings. The settled military corporations have waited to be attacked in detail, and have been invariably worsted. The more mobile portion of the army, forced into action by the repeated mandates and threats of the court of Pekin, have waged a feeble strife, mostly from behind stockades and walls, with the unsparing human locusts who devastate the land. The Mantchou and Mongolian troops alone, hardy and faithful, have averted the devastating visit of the Taipings from the metropolis, and have guarded the emperor's palace and person.

Had these been the sole supports of the Chinese government, the rebels, inspired by a thirst for plunder and a furious fanaticism, none the less furious because its purport is unintelligible, would have been the masters of all Southern China years ago. But, although Lowland China has not, as India has, any hereditary families or tribes of martial adventurers, there are generally in every village a few young men who are more restless, bolder, or perhaps poorer and more dissolute, than their neighbours. For these, there are three resources: piracy, Taipingism, enlisting in one of the local corps, whose members are technically styled the "Braves." Of these alternatives, piracy pays the best, Taipingism being decidedly the least lucrative. But every man cannot have opportunities of leading a seafaring life, and the "Brave" has this advantage: his relations will not be exposed to torture or imprisonment as a vicarious means of punishing a distant offender: which often happens when pirates are very obnoxious to the magistrates. The Brave has good pay, much better pay than the nominal soldier, and he really receives it, with only such trifling deduction as a pay corporal may chance to exact. During the first period of our recent hostilities, the Canton Braves received each three hundred cash a day; after the city was taken, and before our famous expedition against the White Cloud Mountains, the Mandarin Committee were alarmed into increasing the remuneration to the extravagant amount of half a tael (three shillings and fourpence) a day for "whole armed" men, and half that amount for "half armed" men, who had only clubs and spears. When our Marines marched to the White Cloud hills, prepared for a hard struggle, and the mandarins found that even Sycee silver could not bribe their braggart retainers into facing the Fanquis, this pay was greatly reduced. I believe these prudent warriors exist now principally on a salary of rice, and many of them have come into Canton in hopes of employment in the service of the "foreign devils."

A "Brave" is variously armed, but he seldom or never bears the bow and quiver of the Tartar troops. A "whole armed" man ought to have a matchlock, two swords, a shield, a helmet, and a bundle of rockets, fire-sticks, firepots, and other pyrotechnic offensive tools. The "half armed" have seldom anything more dreadful than a fish spear and a knotted cudgel, but they are robust in body, and can bear the fatigue of hauling and pointing guns remarkably well. Their officers are always the inferior "one button" mandarins, and are notorious for timidity and incompetence, always keeping well in the rear of their men, so that none of them have ever yet been killed or captured by our people. No pension is given to a "Brave:" for the obvious reason that his service is a brief and temporary one; but he has a claim to be compensated for wounds, and has a large bribe in the shape of "head money." A Taiping's head is paid for, at the rate of one tael: a European's, at four times the amount; but as yet very little money has been thus obtained by the "Braves."

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR life at the Rosary—for it was *our* life now of which I have to speak—was one of unbroken enjoyment. On fine days we fished, that is, Crofton did, and I loitered along some river's bank till I found a quiet spot to plant my rod, and stretch myself on the grass, now reading, oftener dreaming, such glorious dreams as only come in the leafy shading of summer time, to a mind enraptured with all around it. The lovely scenery and the perfect solitude of the spot ministered well to my fanciful mood, and left me free to weave the most glittering web of incident for my future. So utterly was all the past blotted from my memory, that I recalled nothing of existence more remote than my first evening at the cottage. If for a passing instant a thought of bygones would obtrude, I hastened to escape from it as from a gloomy reminiscence. I turned away as would a dreamer who dreaded to awaken out of some delicious vision, and who would not face the dull aspect of reality. Three weeks thus glided by of such happiness as I can scarcely yet recal without emotion! The Croftons had come to treat me like a brother; they spoke of family events in all freedom before me; talked of the most confidential things in my presence, and discussed their future plans and their means as freely in my hearing as though I had been kith and kin with them. I learned that they were orphans, educated and brought up by a rich, eccentric uncle, who lived in a sort of costly reclusion in one of the Cumberland dales: Edward, who had served in the army, and been wounded in an Indian campaign, had given up the service in a fit of impatience at being passed over in promotion. His uncle resented the rash step by withdrawing the liberal allowance he had usually made him, and they quarrelled. Mary Crofton, espousing her brother's side, quitted her guardian's roof to join his, and thus had they rambled about the world for two or three years, on means scanty enough, but still sufficient to provide for those who neither sought to enter society nor partake of its pleasures.

As I advanced in the intimacy, I became depositary of the secrets of each. Edward's was the sorrow he felt for having involved his sister in his own ruin, and been the means of separating her from one so well able and so willing to befriend her. Hers was the more bitter thought that their narrow means should prejudice her brother's chances of recovery, for his chest had shown symptoms of dangerous disease, requiring all that climate and consummate care might do to overcome. Preyed on incessantly by this reflection, unable to banish it, equally unable to resist its force, she took the first and only step she had ever adventured without his knowledge, and written to her uncle a long letter of explanations and entreaty.

I saw the letter; I read it carefully. It was all that sisterly love and affection could dictate, accompanied by a sense of dignity, that if her appeal should be unsuccessful, no slight should be passed upon her brother, who was unaware of the step thus taken. To express this sufficiently, she was driven to the acknowledgment that Edward would never have himself stooped to the appeal; and so careful was she of his honour in this respect, that she repeated —with what appeared to me unnecessary insistence—that the request should be regarded as hers, and hers only. In fact, this was the uppermost sentiment in the whole epistle. I ventured to say as much, and endeavoured to induce her to moderate in some degree the amount of this pretension; but she resisted firmly and decidedly. Now I have recorded this circumstance here—less for itself than to mention how by its means this little controversy led to a great intimacy between us—inducing us, while defending our separate views, to discuss each other's motives, and even characters, with the widest freedom. I called her enthusiast, and in return she styled me worldly and calculating; and, indeed, I tried to seem so, and fortified my opinions by prudential maxims and severe reflections I should have been sorely indisposed to adopt in my own case. I believe she saw all this. I am sure she read me aright, and perceived that I was arguing against my own convictions. At all events, day after day went over, and no answer came to the letter. I used to go each morning to the post in the village to inquire, but always returned with the same disheartening tidings, "Nothing to-day!"

One of these mornings it was, that I was returning disconsolately from the village, Crofton, whom I believed at the time miles away on the mountains, overtook me. He came up from behind, and passing his arm within mine, walked on for some minutes without speaking. I saw

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plainly there was something on his mind, and I half dreaded lest he might have discovered his sister's secret, and have disapproved of my share in it.

"Algy," said he, calling me by my Christian name, which he very rarely did, "I have something to say to you. Can I be quite certain that you'll take my frankness in good part?"

"You can," I said, with a great effort to seem calm and assured.

"You give me your word upon it?"

"I do," said I, trying to appear bold; "and my hand be witness of it."

"Well," he resumed, drawing a long breath, "here it is: I have remarked that for above a week back you have never waited for the post-boy's return to the cottage, but always have come down to the village yourself."

I nodded assent, but said nothing.

"I have remarked, besides," said he, "that, when told at the office there was no letter for you, you came away sad-looking and fretted, scarcely spoke for some time, and seemed altogether downcast and depressed."

"I don't deny it," I said, calmly.

"Well," continued he, "some old experiences of mine have taught me that this sort of anxiety has generally but one source, with fellows of *our* age, and which simply means that the remittance we have counted upon as certain, has been, from some cause or other, delayed. Isn't that the truth?"

"No," said I, joyfully, for I was greatly relieved by his words; "no, on my honour, nothing of the kind."

"I may not have hit the thing exactly," said he, hurriedly, "but I'll be sworn it is a money matter, and if a couple of hundred pounds be of the least service——"

"My dear, kind-hearted fellow," I broke in, "I can't endure this longer; it is no question of money; it is nothing that affects my means, though I half wish it were, to show you how cheerfully I could owe you my escape from a difficulty—not, indeed, that I need another tie to bind me to you——" But I could say no more, for my eyes were swimming over, and my lips trembling.

"Then," cried he, "I have only to ask pardon for thus obtruding upon your confidence."

I was too full of emotion to do more than squeeze his hand affectionately, and thus we walked along, side by side, neither uttering a word. At last, and as it were with an effort, by a bold transition to carry our thoughts into another and very different channel, he said, "Here's a letter from old Dyke, our landlord. The worthy father has been enjoying himself in a tour of English watering-places, and has now started for a few weeks up the Rhine. His account of his holiday, as he calls it, is amusing; nor less so is the financial accident to which he owes the excursion. Take it, and read it," he added, giving me the epistle. "If the style be the man, his reverence is not difficult to decipher."

I bestowed little attention on this speech, uttered, as I perceived, rather from the impulse of starting a new topic than anything else, and taking the letter half mechanically, I thrust it in my pocket. One or two efforts we made at conversation were equally failures, and it was a relief to me when Crofton, suddenly remembering some night-lines he had laid in a mountain lake a few miles off, hastily shook my hand, and said, "Good-by till dinner-time."

When I reached the cottage, instead of entering, I strolled into the garden, and sought out a little summer-house of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, on the edge of the river. Some strange, vague impression was on me that I needed time and place to commune with myself and be alone; that a large unsettled account lay between me and my conscience, which could not be longer deferred; but, of what nature, how originating, and how tending, I know nothing whatever.

I resolved to submit myself to a searching examination, to ascertain what I might about myself. In my favourite German authors I had frequently read that men's failures in life were chiefly owing to neglect of this habit of self-investigation; that though we calculate well the dangers and difficulties of an enterprise, we omit the more important estimate of what may be our own capacity to effect an object, what are our resources, wherein our deficiencies.

"Now for it," I thought, as I entered the little arbour—"now for it, Potts; kiss the book, and tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

As I said this, I took off my hat and bowed respectfully around to the members of an imaginary court. "My name," said I, in a clear and respectful voice, "is Algernon Sydney Potts. If I be pushed to the avowal, I am sorry it *is* Potts! Algernon Sydney do a deal, but they can't do everything—not to say that captious folk see a certain bathos in the collocation with my surname. Can a man hope to make such a name illustrious? Can he aspire to the notion of a time when people will allude to the great Potts, the celebrated Potts, the immortal Potts?" I grew very red, I felt my cheek on fire as I uttered this, and I suddenly bethought me of Mr. Pitt, and I said aloud, "And, if Pitt, why not Potts?" That was a most healing recollection. I revelled in it for a long time. "How true is it," I continued, "that the halo of greatness illumines all within its circle, and the man is merged in the grandeur of his achievements. The men who start in life with high-sounding designations have but to fulfil a foregone pledge—to pay the bill that Fortune has endorsed. Not so was our case, Pitt. To us is it to lay every foundation-stone of our future greatness. There was nothing in *your* surname to foretel you would be a Minister of State at one-and-thirty—there is no letter in *mine* to indicate that I shall be. But what is it that I am to be? Is it Poet, Philosopher, Politician, Soldier, or Discoverer? Am I to be great in Art, or illustrious in Letters? Is there to be an ice tract of Behring's Straits called Potts's Point, or a planet styled Pottsium Sidus? And

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when centuries have rolled over, will historians have their difficulty about the first Potts, and what his opinions were on this subject or that?"

Then came a low soft sound of half-suppressed laughter, and then the rustle of a muslin dress hastily brushing through the trees. I rushed out from my retreat and hurried down the walk. No one to be seen—not a soul; not a sound, either, to be heard.

"No use hiding, Mary," I called out, "I saw you all the time; my mock confession was got up merely to amuse you. Come out boldly and laugh as long as you will." No answer. This refusal amazed me. It was like a disbelief in my assertion. "Come, come!" I cried, "you can't pretend to think I was serious in all this vainglorious nonsense. Come, Mary, and let us enjoy the laugh at it together. If you don't, I shall be angry. I'll take it ill—very ill."

Still no reply. Could I, then, have been deceived? Was it a mere delusion? But no; I heard the low laugh, and the rustle of the dress, and the quick tread upon the gravel, too plainly for any mistake, and so I returned to the cottage in chagrin and ill-temper. As I passed the open windows of the little drawing-room I saw Mary seated at her work, with, as was her custom, an open book on a little table beside her. Absorbed as she was, she did not lift her head nor notice my approach till I entered the room.

"You have no letter for me?" she cried, in a voice of sorrowful meaning.

"None," said I, scrutinising her closely, and sorely puzzled what to make of her calm deportment. "Have you been out in the garden this morning?" I asked, abruptly.

"No," said she, frankly.

"Not quitted the house at all?"

"No. Why do you ask?" cried she, in some surprise.

"I'll tell you," I said, sitting down at her side, and speaking in a low and confidential tone; "a strange thing has just happened to me." And with that I narrated the incident, glossing over, as best I might, the absurdity of my soliloquising, and the nature of the self-examination I was engaged in. Without waiting for me to finish, she broke in suddenly with a low laugh, and said,

"It must have been Rose."

"And who is Rose?" I asked, half sternly.

"A cousin of ours, a mere school-girl, who has just arrived. She came by the mail this morning, when you were out. But here she is, coming up the walk. Just step behind that screen, and you shall have your revenge. I'll make her tell everything."

I had barely time to conceal myself, when, with a merry laugh, a fresh, girlish voice called out, "I've seen him! I've seen him, Mary! I was sitting on the rock beside the river, when he came into the summer-house, and, fancying himself alone and unseen, proceeded to make his confession to himself."

"His confession! What do you mean?"

"I don't exactly know whether that be the proper name for it, but it was a sort of self-examination; not very painful, certainly, inasmuch as it was rather flattering than otherwise."

"I really cannot understand you, Rose."

"I'm not surprised," said she, laughing again. "It was some time before I could satisfy myself that he was not talking to somebody else, or reading out of a book, and when, peeping through the leaves, I perceived he was quite alone, I almost screamed out with laughing."

"But why, child? What was the absurdity that amused you?"

"Fancy the creature. I need not describe him, Molly.. You know him well, with his great staring light-green eyes, and his wild yellow hair. Imagine his walking madly to and fro, tossing his long arms about in uncouth gestures, while he asked himself seriously whether he wouldn't be Shakespeare, or Milton, or Michael Angelo, or Nelson. Fancy his gravely inquiring of himself what remarkable qualities predominated in his nature: was he more of a sculptor, or a politician, or had fate destined him to discover new worlds, or to conquer the old ones? If I hadn't been actually listening to the creature, and occasionally looking at him, too, I'd have doubted my senses. Oh, dear! shall I ever forget the earnest absurdity of his manner, as he said something about the 'immortal Potts.'"

The reminiscence was too much for her, for she threw herself on a sofa, and laughed immoderately. As for me, unable to endure more, and fearful that Mary might finish by discovering me, I stole from the room, and rushed out into the wood.

What is it that renders ridicule more insupportable than vituperation? Why is the violence of passion itself more easy to endure than the sting of sarcastic satire? What weak spot in our nature does this peculiar passion assail? And again, why are all the noble aspirations of high-hearted enthusiasm, the grand self-reliance of daring minds, ever to be made the theme of such scoffings? Have the scorners never read of Wolfe, of Murat, or of Nelson? Has not a more familiar instance reached them of one who foretold to an unwilling senate the time when they would hang in expectancy on his words, and treasure them as wisdom? Cruel, narrow-minded, and unjust world, with whom nothing succeeds except success!

The man who contracts a debt is never called cheat till his inability to discharge it has been proven clearly and beyond a doubt; but he who enters into an engagement with his own heart to gain a certain prize, or reach a certain goal, is made a mockery and a sneer by all whose own humble faculties represent such striving as impossible. From thoughts like these I went on to speculate whether I should ever be able, in the zenith of my great success, to forgive those captious and disparaging critics who had once endeavoured to damp my ardour and bar my career. I own I found it exceedingly difficult to be generous, and in particular to that young minx of sixteen who had dared to make a jest of my pretensions.

I wandered along thus for hours. Many a

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grassy path of even sward led through the forest, and taking one of those which skirted the stream, I strolled along, unconscious alike of time and place. Out of the purely personal interests which occupied my mind sprang others, and I bethought me with a grim satisfaction of the severe lesson Mary must have, ere this, read Rose upon her presumption and her flippancy, telling her, in stern accents, how behind that screen the man was standing she had dared to make the subject of her laughter. Oh, how she blushes! what flush of crimson shame spreads over her face, her temples, and her neck; what large tears overflow her lids, and fall along her cheeks. I actually pity her suffering, and am pained at her grief.

"Spare her, dear Mary!" I cry out; "after all, she is but a child. Why blame her that she cannot measure greatness, as philosophers measure mountains, by the shadow?"

Egotism in every one of its moods and tenses must have a strong fascination. I walked on for many a mile while thus thinking, without the slightest sense of weariness, or any want of food. The morning glided over, and the hot noon was passed, and the day was sobering down into the more solemn tints of coming evening, and I still loitered, or lay in the tall grass, deep in my musings.

In taking my handkerchief from my pocket, I accidentally drew forth the priest's letter, and in a sort of half-indolent curiosity proceeded to read it. The hand was cramped and rugged, the writing that of a man to whom the manual part of correspondence is a heavy burden, and who consequently incurs such labour as rarely as is possible. The composition had all the charm of ease, and was as unstudied as need be; the writer being evidently one who cared little for the graces of style, satisfied to discuss his subject in the familiar terms of his ordinary conversation.

Although I do not mean to impose more than an extract from it on my reader, I must reserve even that much for my next chapter.

THE COMMON ROMAN.

It being long since settled on competent authority that the noblest study for mankind is man, I go forth one fresh morning into the elastic Roman air, with a social stereoscope to my eyes, casting about for slides. From among the lower ranks and inferior strata, where alone the live embers of a nation's nobility may be found smouldering, though extinct elsewhere, I will draw my model and matchless plebeian, in contrast to the Noble Roman represented in my last. "I shall see," I say to myself, warming with a generous enthusiasm—"I shall see in the Common Roman a noble heart bowed down, striving to assert itself. I shall see a brave race, patient in suffering, but full of hope for the future, waiting for the hour, and perhaps the man. I shall see passing in the open street, with downcast yet sadly expectant eye, some possible Rienzi, some undiscovered Brutus. I shall see——"

At this moment, speculation ending, a slide is abruptly presented of an unsatisfactory description; and I grieve to say that, by the time my whole collection is complete, I am helped to this tame and dismal conclusion:—that the highly moral and sternly virtuous Roman plebeian, waiting in patient resignation for the day of his regeneration, is no more than a sad imposture. No vamping of him up into a severe ancient Roman will do. He fits but awkwardly into the classical suit his friends and admirers have provided for him; and to put him as a lay figure through the traditional poses plastiques, arrange him as Marius among the ruins, or Curtius at the edge of the gulf, or as the stoical pattern Roman sitting at his hearth, newly come in from his plough and waving off the deputation from the republic, is a hopeless and dispiriting task. Let us, however, give him full credit for his playing of Belisarius, with the piteous Date Obolum refrain, and expressively extended hat—a poor washed-out article, a pinchbeck Palais Royal imitation of the fine old material—the blood of the Romulus and Remus vagabondage has come down faithfully; yet that other nobler mixture which came in later and fortified the impure current, is drained away altogether.

Shall I look for it in the cheeks of this noble reverend-looking ancient, who comes along leaning feebly with both hands upon his long staff? With those gentle eyes; that matchless beard flowing in such soft lines; that picturesque dress of the sugar-loaf hat (which can never be repeated too often); and the blue toga with the jacket and coloured stockings; he appeals to my warmest sympathies, and rather still to that silver treasury of Pauls which I take abroad with me in an eternal city. I can fancy him a prince of nobles, a marchese, an eccellenza, who has had a palazzo of his own, and broad lands. I am, indeed, heartily and without invitation, inclined to pity the sorrows of this poor old man, whose trembling steps have borne him to my door; likewise, to speculate (adapting a well-known ballad to the situation) of what is the old man thinking as he leans on his oaken staff? But when I turn my eyes on the little woman who clings to the sire's blue toga helplessly: an actual miniature, with tazoletto snowy white, and little tawny neck just peeping out of the linen gathers, with the bodice and coloured skirt all complete: and again turn to the little man who balances her on the other side—a little pocket brigand with Guy Fawkes hat and jacket, and leggings wound round plentifully, all on a reduced scale—the appeals to my silver sympathies become clamorous. Suddenly a thought of recognition; and, it strikes me, that I have seen the face and flowing beard of the reduced nobleman before now. Ridiculous localities, such as Regent-street and the Boulevard des Italiens obtrude themselves with an absurd improbability, and yet with a curious persistency. Surely not grinding at the distracting organ, O reduced nobleman? I re-

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collect it now, and he comes back upon me photographically. He has been a notability in that walk of art, and an effective study. I grow distrustful of the reduced nobleman, and of his picturesque offspring. I look coldly at this outdoor group of Laocoon mendicancy, though Laocoon himself at this moment is pathetically feeding his young from a sort of theatrical gourd or bottle slung round him. And presently it all comes out: that the reduced nobleman is a gentleman in large practice at his profession; that he has made moneys, now out at interest in bank, "Consolidati," or other places of safe investment; that he rides down to his place of business on a special donkey of his own, returning in the same luxurious fashion; that he dresses his little auxiliary mendicants at a costumier's; that he lives on the fat (and lean) of the land; that he lets out his noble features, including his beard and almost divine expression of resignation, to be modelled, photographed, painted, frescoed, rubbed in with chalk, and otherwise artistically dealt with—in short, that he is a sleek and adroit impostor, who has deservedly attained to the highest walk in his profession. The dejected mournful fashion in which the model head droops to one side, together with the hand extended after the Date Obolum pattern of the unhappy Belisarius, and the little innocent lips murmuring plaintively, "Sign-or! Signori-no! Signorino mio!" make up a composition worthy of a better cause.

Later on, when the stranger's face has grown familiar, the little woman becomes insolent and rampant; and, on the least encouragement, thrusts violet bunches on you with importunity, clinging to your hand. Turning impish and a perfect object of hate, she is at last only to be bought off. Yet there is something novel in this mendicancy, on principles of the sublime and beautiful; something stimulating in a poetic beggary which tenders a bunch of violets with one hand and prays a baioccho, only a baioccho, with the other; at the same time assuring you, in endearing tones, that you are its own dearest little signor. Alack! whispers are borne to me already, mysterious whispers, foreshadowing dimly the fate of the little woman with all her pretty ways and innocent prattle. Griping Belisarius will sell her as model first, then sell her into a sadder captivity. O Romans! O plebs populusque Romanus! I have no faith in your millennium. Can I force upon myself any utopian picture of a Noble Roman regenerated, of that noble individual's being fitted out liberally with parliaments, and free presses, and respectable three per cents., and balance at banker's, with spinning jennies, and throbbing steam-engines; with boards of health, and metropolitan drainage committees, and perhaps with clean linen? Can I put faith in his bursting on us one day, a magnificent alliteration, great, glorious, and free, a first flower of the earth, competing horticulturally with other old-established produce? Can we have hope in this marvellous transformation, when, at a touch of the fairy queen's silver wand, the noble creature, now debased by cruel circumstances, shall cast his skin of rags, and be revealed at the footlights, a beatified pastoral being; when I can barely walk a street's length without his proving personally to me, in a hundred ingenious ways, his utter disinclination for such a metamorphosis? With passionate declamation we would bid him arise or be for ever fallen—but here he is, asleep in the sun at noontide, and will not hear. It is to be feared that his bosom is not responsive to the glorious bit of blank verse which enforces the principle that such as desire to be free must themselves strike the blow. Our noble guild of beggarmen would doubtless be free; but would have the striking business transacted vicariously by other parties.

I go forth at noonday when the sun is striking down in the dull fierce way he does here, and I pass by many a church, duplicate San Andreas, San Carlos, and San Gregorios, with their tall hulking fronts and lanky pillars toasting and browning steadily under the oven heat. I know them to be cool as ice-houses, breezy and refreshing, inside; but the great flapping mats are not lifted, nor are the doors opened, until four o'clock. Still the steps afford handsome accommodation, and are converted temporarily into open air dormitories; and here I see and do respectful homage to the slumbering village Hampden, and to the mute inglorious Milton, disguised temporarily in a mendicant's garb. A score of tattered brethren lie about him, in erratic postures—crosswise, upside-down, diagonally—picturesque certainly as a composition, but distasteful in a political economy view; some have recently dined, and, suffused with a grateful sense of repletion, are discoursing most sweet music. One, pursues his profession, mechanically as it were, through uneasy dozes; and when the stranger's footstep is heard, puts forth, with a sort of drowsy instinct, the inverted brigand's hat, held feebly in a tawny brick-red hand. The tawnier face does not so much as lift itself to see what fruit this exertion has borne. Would his mendicancy with the glorious black beard (ex-model doubtless)—would he condescend, for the consideration, say of a Paul, to charge himself with this letter for the post, not two streets away? Answer (blinking languidly at the silver piece, with brigand hat extended): "A baioccho, for the love of Heaven" (chanted in the old regulation whine). "O sweetest signor! O eccellenza! dear little signor! Signorino mio! A baioccho for the love of——" Sleep is gradually sealing up his eyelids, and the words dying off into a murmur, the brigand's hat drops softly from the tawny fingers, and rolls away down the steps. O begging epicurians, waiting to be regenerated, not even in the degraded round of your own profession can you show some heart or earnestness; how shall it be when the millennium comes about?

There is another slide in the stereoscopic series, exhibiting the Epicurean Labourer as he appears earning his daily crust by the sweat of his brow. Let us wait on this gentleman,

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by all means. So, striking out of the long lean Corso, sharply to the left, and pushing resolutely past the palace of the Colonnas, where, between two tawdry shields hung out like sign-boards, flaunts the flag of three colours; and debouching suddenly on the monster area where Patagonians must have been playing at gigantic nine-pins some time before the Flood, so quaintly suggestive of that pastime are the files of blue broken pillars tumbled over in the dust, snapped off short, and crowded together in the huge forum called after Trajan, let us make for the great old established original concern—the grand blighted Forum. In that blasted heath of a place which has gotten enclosed somehow in a sober city; where lorn columns stand up piteously abandoned to their loneliness, and a file of stunted trees stretch away with a melancholy gravity; I see our Noble Roman navvy, with all his best energies aroused, busy excavating. Some hundreds of his brethren, having some leisure moments disengaged, cheer him by their presence. I see him and his fellows disposed in tiers along the side of a great earthen hollow which is being cleared out, plying spade and shovel, indeed, but after the most lounging and loitering system of husbandry that can be conceived. It is the very dolce far niente of digging; the procedure being something in this wise. First navigator, who has been in earnest discourse with a friend above, leaning on his spade top, as it might be a brigand standing at ease, suddenly bethinks him that it is time to make some show of action. Accordingly, the implement is slowly brought to the rest, a little pinch of dust or clay which another languid hand has cast up from below is scraped together, amounting to perhaps a teaspoonful. Rest and refreshment is surely needed after this exertion, and perhaps a little quiet conversation with sympathiser above; then the teaspoonful being lifted on high with infinite pains, the overtasked labourer wipes his brow and sinks exhausted on the bank. The brethren perform this manual exercise with a faithful scrupulosity, scraping up their respective portions of dust in successive acts. Sometimes labour is suspended generally along the whole line, and a scout being placed on a commanding eminence, dirty packs of cards are produced. The monotony of toil is then pleasingly diversified by games of skill or the more exciting finger gambling.

The loading and general management of a barrow, as applied to scavengering, is a matter of serious moment, and requires the service of four or five men: one, to gather the street dust into suitable ant-hillocks; two, furnished with light egg-spoons suited to their strength, to bear the hillocks (by relays) to their vehicle; a fourth, to overlook despondingly the general performance. I have often seen the whole society taking its rest, bestowed, Heaven knows how, on the various projections of the barrow, with one asleep on the wheel. It is the old story, the well-worn joke, of Beppo doing nothing, and Giacomo helping Beppo. Both those worthy sons of toil are idle six days of the week and rest on Sundays.

Yet another slide in this social stereoscope, still further illustrating the extravagant holding by the faith that all work and no relaxation will result in making Jack, or Giacomo, a dull boy. I stand looking over the parapet of one of the melancholy bridges, corroded out of all shape and beauty, beyond its mere purpose of being a bridge and nothing more. I look down at the river below—of a rich coffee colour—gurgling and eddying through the arches, and discover with surprise that industrious Beppo and Giacomo, with a strong force of brethren, are emulating the little busy bee on the old poco curante principles. Beppo and friend, in brigand hats and jackets, have the fee of one parapet; Giacomo and friends have the fee of another; all are carrying on the trade and business of fishing, disposed in shady corners of the piers, fast asleep! Beside each, the coffee-coloured current turns languidly a huge clumsy wheel, and with the clumsy wheel revolves a sort of broad landing net, by which ingenious device Flavus Tiberis is made to fish his own waters. The rickety wheel might have some of the sluggish plebs element in him, so drowsily does he work round, now moving with a creak and spasm, now sticking fast altogether, until some bough or drowned dog is tided full against him, and sets him in motion once more. I wait a full half-hour, looking up and down the river: at St. Peter's yellow casket, glistening afar off in the sun: at the labyrinth of slums to the left yonder, where is the Old Jewry of Rome: at the fringe of tall soiled houses which line the river, all fouled and crusted at their base, like the hulls of old vessels—and am sent off into reveries, as you must infallibly be, should you ever stop to think, even for a minute, in this eternal city. Thence coming down to the sad-coloured bridge again, I find the old wheel turning, turning, creaking as before, with the net still fishless. It revolves many times more with like result. Happy Giacomo and Beppo! They will sleep on, indifferent to what Fortune, fickle jade, may have in store for them. Rusticus expectat (the old worn-out saw), and Rusticus waits, and dreams, and waits, until the river shall go by, and he shall start up regenerated.

But for a reasonable bit of inexpensive luxuriousness—not by any means to be sourly dealt with—commend me to that stereoscopic slide (of the lazy series) depicting light-hearted *cocchiere* —Roman Jehu—sitting aloft on his box and fencing off the sun with a green umbrella: partaking of his halfpenny cigar, too, with an infinite relish. It is no surprise to see him driving furiously through the shower and protecting himself with the same engine of shelter; but it does verge a little on the comical, when the weary stranger, tramping at sultry noontide into cheerful Spanish Place, finds that the whole line of conveyances has deserted its authorised standing place, and is drawn up on the footway in the cooling shade, in utter obstruction of

all foot passengers' rights of way and other privileges. Yet who is there but must cheerfully give place, and step round into the road as a thing of course? for there is no such buffo, quaint, racy, and most diverting class as these Ischvok's (?) pilots of the eternal city—Leporellos of the box. They have the most curious affinity to brethren of the same guild who "direct" jaunting-cars far away down broad Sackville-street, Dublin. From the Corso to Sackville-street, from the august to the familiar, and yet the grand column round which runs spirally an embroidered belt of metal, is a common cab-stand. They are true "gossoons," and invite you rollickingly with the bare twinkle of their eye, making that feature work on you persuasively. Even as his brother of Sackville-street, he will put eloquence into the very top of his whip, and will seduce you with a light joke. Do you stop or hesitate at a street corner doubtful of the road? The horizon is on the instant clouded with wheeled cars converging on you as upon a focus. "Olà! Ho!" "Ecco, signor!" "Hi! hi!" "Voitu, m'sieu?" "Tak a coatch, sair?" is the Babel of invitation showered on the inoffensive stranger, Leporello showing his white teeth all the while from under his moustache pleasantly, gyrating round you adroitly, cutting out his neighbour dexterously, making his highly-trained performing animal describe circles, vehicle and all, of the smallest conceivable diameter. The boxes seem of a sudden peopled with Murillo boys. They invite you in with smiles, they awe you humorously with their horses' heads, they go on performing surpassing feats of drivership. There is no help for it—you must ascend; two Pauls—tenpence—is not appalling even to insolvency, and your walking virtue is broken down with a calembour in mellow Italian. So when making proposals to a fierce Ischvok, bearded like a Calmuck for a pilgrimage to Villa Doria, and the Calmuck being gently remonstrated with for what seems an exorbitant demand, is it possible to resist his sudden adaptation of the laws of political economy to the situation? "Hark you, signor," Calmuck whispers, gutturally, and speaking fast, "I am extortionate, but with a purpose. I demand more than my brothers. But why?" (Calmuck here folds his arms, and pauses for a reply.) "See these steeds, these noble generous Arabians, they will fly the whole way. They cannot be held in. They will do the hour's work in half an hour. I shall be the loser. I shall be ruined in the end. But what matter? Enter, signor!" With Leporello we must deal lightly, for the sake of his sly tricks. But for the hermit from the cell in Vauxhall Gardens, who hangs about hotel entrances in a very fair theatrical suit, and who has his cord and serge and snuffy beard and other appointments got up with tolerable appropriateness, I have no manner of toleration. In very plain speech, I look on him as an unmitigated humbug. He is an amphibious bore; and being neither secular fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor, at the same time, good ecclesiastical red herring, I may so deal with him without irreverence. He is much grimed, very shiny and greasy, and entreats your alms with so smug a smirk and air of confidential sanctity, that I am always inclined to tell him my mind roughly, and ask why he has left the appropriate hut on the mountain where respectable regular hermits are always to be found at home by the faithful when they call.

I find Plebs standing behind my chair at great hostelries, proffering dishes and disguised as a waiter. His heart is not in the business, and he is to the full as languid in his calling as are the epicurean mendicants, navvies, and fishermen just described, in theirs; in fact, he *is* one of that company, thinly varnished over and disguised in the white neckcloth and jacket of the profession. Grattez-le—scrape him with your nail (figuratively)—and the old sluggard's skin will show through. An hour out of employment, and he will be blinking and dozing on the church steps. Dolce far niente is tattooed upon his wrist also. In the half-hour's lull before the din and flurry of the monster dinner sets in, I see him and all his fellows out in the sun, hanging round the great porch; some, relishing the fragrant cigar; some, chattering and grimacing; but most, by preference, dozing profoundly. Anon the bells ring, the sleepers awake, eyes are rubbed, and the ministering elves who bear round the baked meats yawn over you profoundly. Oftentimes the proffered delicacy waits at your elbow, disembowelled long since by your hands; but the ministrant's thoughts are far away, feebly scanning that bella donna Inglese, who sits far down the table. You call to him, and he does not come bounding to you like a ball of caoutchouc, rather walks up with a certain stateliness, and, learning your pleasure, says it is well. He is utterly Bœotian in matters of direction, and will deal in wretched argot, which he calls French. I am with a poor sick gentleman, on whom some of the unwholesome malaria vapours have settled heavily, and who is feebly bespeaking an invalid's apology for a dinner. Bœotic waiter stands before him. "Just the wing of a fowl, cameriere," says the poor sick gentleman, with a strange trusting faith that in the hostelry economy there is room for little sick-room delicacies which the indisposed may "pick;" "I think I *could* manage the wing, with a bit of fried ham, and an orange." "The signor will take soup, of course?" "Soup!" shrieks sick man; "avaunt! you make me ill." "At what hour?" asks Bœotian. "Four o'clock." "It is well, signor." Bœotian retires. Sick gentleman protests that Bœotian is an extra thorn in his sorrows, a hindrance to his being made whole. Reappears Bœotian. "Did the signor say he would take soup? Maître d'hôtel desires to know." "No!" shrieks sick gentleman. "It is well," Bœotian says again, retiring; "the signor shall be served punctually at six." "Four, four!" gasps sick gentleman, resignedly. The Roman waiter is not trim and smart, like his kind of other lands,

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but sadly loutish. If there be a crooked wrong end to your message, as there will be to most messages, he is pretty sure to tender it with that wrong end uppermost.

About the familiar domestics there is a waggish stupidity almost diverting. At a crowded soirée not so long since, the Bishop of X——, then abroad from his English diocese, presents himself in his proper magnificence of apron and stockings, together with Mrs. X——, and the Misses X——. Wondering open-mouthed domestic receives the full style and titles of the dignitaries and those of the accompanying ladies, gasps, rubs his eyes, and has styles and titles repeated to him many times. Finally, in utter despair, he proceeds to his duty, and chants aloud to the astonished company the advent of Il Vescovo Secolare! (the secular bishop). He was mystified with Mrs. Bishop. Another gentleman of Irish extraction—softening down the consonants of his patronymic to fit the Italian mouth—unconsciously scatters terror and consternation among an inoffensive family party by being heralded as Il Vice Re, or the Viceroy. The names of these familiars are sometimes quaintly barbarous, and curiously pagan. Scipio comes to take down your boots; Julius Cæsar will rise drowsily from his seat in the hall, where he sleeps through the day and receive your key. The baked meats which do so furnish forth the elegant table of a friend of mine, were once dressed by a skilful "chief," known awfully as Alcides Hercules!

Here is that mysterious perambulator again, which I have encountered so many times before, making triumphant progress through the city, with an admiring company of the great unemployed waiting on it. The perambulator will be drawn in lottery—open-air lottery—and Romulus and Remus, and their scrubby brethren (what concern, in the name of Jupiter Capitoline, can they have with such a vehicle?), are busy taking tickets. I have a dim suspicion that the child's perambulator will never be "drawn," for I meet it again and again, and always doing a brisk business.

It were well, indeed, if Romulus and Remus did not go beyond this harmless dissipation. But have we not remarked in our walks strange significant little temples, sown thickly in every street: at first a mystery, but presently, from their frequency, mere things of course? The temples are covered from top to bottom with large numbers, have little frames standing out in the street with special figures of their own. Dark spirits are seen inside, pen in hand, entering unholy contracts; and here again are Romulus, Remus, and Company, in their torn shabby suits, entering in a stream. Figures, frames, familiars, all are at the sign of the Lotteria Pontificie. Plebs Romanus spends much of his disengaged hours at these unholy sanctuaries. The business done is surprising indeed, though the local establishments are scarcely equal to the run, and room is found for agencies from Leghorn and Naples and other places. See into what a model figure all these touchings are combining to fashion our Common Roman!

WET WEATHER.

UMBRELLAS from the East, wet weather from the West, and, in this year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, see the jubilee they keep together in Great Britain! It is hardly fair that the Monster Festival should have been held in our part of the world. The attractive example of the Crystal Palace may, indeed, have helped in bringing it about; but although this may be, very possibly, the thousandth, or three thousandth anniversary of the umbrella in India or China, that would be the anniversary of it as a sun-shade, and it is but eighty years—still a score short of the centenary—since it has been used to protect Englishmen from rain. Our girls, indeed, took to it earlier, for they were using it a century and a half ago, when Gay, with manly British scorn of sun and rain, exclaimed,

> Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
> To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
> Britain in winter only knows its aid
> To guard from chilly show'rs the walking maid.

All very well for seventeen twelve; but had this poet been singing—if it were in man to sing—under the summer drip and chill of eighteen sixty, would his note have been the same? By what right the umbrellas have appointed to hold during a whole winter, spring, and summer this great festival among us, putting themselves over everybody's head, and sticking out their ribs so ostentatiously, we shall make bold to ask. They could not, of course, meet in Morocco, if it be true that, there, the emperor's umbrella is the only one permitted in the land. In this showery land everybody *must* have an umbrella, whatever the fatigue of holding it. If it be true, as most people think, while this is being written, that a cycle of rain having set in, there will be no more fine weather until the year nineteen sixty, we accept the rain we cannot stop, as a condition of life; but the umbrella, let it be warned, we do not accept. We cannot give the labour of our right arms to its support for ever.

Our chief rains come from the condensing touch of a chill current of air on the warm moist winds flowing from the southern seas. Rain, says an early pundit, is water that drops down on us out of the sky. The sorts of rain are natural (as cat-and-dog rains, showers and mizzle) and unnatural; the unnatural being divided into hard, as of stones and iron; soft, as of frogs; and fluid, as of blood or milk. Having thus treated of the matter scientifically, we will take it practically. Let it be understood that a fall of an inch in twenty-four hours represents what we in this country consider four-and-twenty hours of heavy rain. Now the regular average allowance of London or Edinburgh is but twenty-five inches a year. The average fall, if

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we could have all our wet-weather at one splash, is of less than four weeks' constant heavy rain against forty-eight weeks of continual fine weather. On our west coasts the warm vapours of the Gulf stream are condensed into excess of rain. Penzance has thirty-seven instead of twenty-four inches a year, Liverpool thirty-four, Manchester thirty-six, Lancaster nearly forty, and the Cumberland Lake district, the rainiest part of England, more than that. At Kendal, fifty-three inches are the average allowance, at Keswick, sixty-seven, and at Seathwaite, a hamlet at the head of the Vale of Borrowdale, upon an observation of three years, the average rainfall was found to exceed one hundred and forty inches. Mr. Miller, the observer of Seathwaite, has found another place a mile and a half distant from that station, where the rainfall is even one-third greater. This place is called "The Stye," or Sprinkling Fell. Instead of an inch, they have had in this, the wettest bit of England, nearly seven inches in four-and-twenty hours. Thirty-five inches a year used to be the figure for all England. It is a great deal drier at Prague, where they have only fourteen, or at St. Petersburg or Copenhagen, where they have only about seventeen or eighteen inches of rain in the year. More than that, as much, indeed, as usually falls in a whole year over London, has been known, says Sir Erskine Perry, to fall in a single night upon the mountains overhanging Bombay. Rain is more plentiful among the hills. At Cherra Ponjee, in the Khasyah mountains, east of Calcutta, the rainfall has been nearly six hundred inches in a year. We sympathise with Cherra Ponjee now, for have we not enjoyed nearly a year of Cherra Ponjee weather? "No," says John Bull, "we have not. At Cherra Ponjee, when it rains, it rains. It comes down and there is an end of it. The weather here is aggravating to me. I am tempted with a smile of light, and when I put my nose outside my door am suddenly attacked and watered as if I were a tulip-bed. If when the sun shines for a minute, I rush out into my garden to gather hastily a sloppy carnation, with which, when I have dried it by my parlour fire, I may teach myself that it is not November, down the storm pours upon my head, while the wet creeps in at the heels of my slippers. You cannot call that Cherra Ponjee weather."

While the rainfall was remaining constant at Paris it increased at Viviers, in forty years, from thirty-one to thirty-seven inches; while at Marseilles, the removal of woods from the hill-tops was supposed to explain a remarkable decrease in the same period—the years being compared not singly but by tens—of twenty-two inches. Nearly the amount of a year's rain in London was taken from the quantity that used to fall at Marseilles. In the first ten years of the forty, fifty-nine inches a year fell; and in the last ten, only thirty-seven inches. Rain again has become more abundant than it used to be in Milan.

We have said that in this country we are to regard the fall of an inch in twenty-four hours as a heavy rain, but it is not only in the lake district of Cumberland that this measure has been totally disregarded by the weather when in an ungovernable state. On Michaelmas Day, 'forty-eight, Mr. Leonard Jenyns, late Vicar of Swaffham Bulbeck, and the author of some valuable Observations in Meteorology, says that there fell in his parish more than an inch and a half in three hours. During the last one-and-twenty years the fall in London has, on four occasions, equalled or exceeded two inches in twenty-four hours. Nearly three inches once fell within that space of time at Newport, Isle of Wight, but there have been much heavier falls on the Continent. At Genoa, on the twenty-fifth of October, 'twenty-two, there was a soaking day. The fall in four-and-twenty hours was not of inches, but of two feet and a half!

Rainfall is not now attributed wholly to the contact of warm and moist with colder breaths of air. It is supposed that electricity has something to do with it. The heavy rain accompanying thunderstorms, and the especial downpour following a clap, have yet to receive a complete explanation. It is an old observation that less rain falls on the top of a house than on the pavement by its side. Experiments showing this were made, long since, at Westminster Abbey, and they were made twenty years ago at York, with this result: There fell in a year, in round numbers, twenty-six inches on the ground, twenty on a housetop forty-four feet high, and only fifteen inches on the top of a tower two hundred and thirteen feet in height. The drops of rain enlarge as they descend; sometimes, perhaps vapour comes down with the rain, and has not condensed into drops till it is near the ground. On the contrary, it sometimes happens that a current of dry air under rain falling from a height returns the waterdrops into the form of vapour, and a shower may be seen falling through the sky and vanishing before it reaches us.

It has been thought that one year in every five is very dry, and one in ten is very wet. Eighteen forty-one and 'fifty-two were the wettest years before this our wet 'sixty, a rough confirmation of the theory of tens. May it be eighteen seventy, then, before we have another year so wet as this! The Rain King has been claiming his tenths, he has had them, and we trust he is now satisfied. Though there are local variations, October and November rank with the meteorologists of England generally as wettest of the months; but they must rain hard this year to maintain their reputation. In seventeen years of measuring, the most watery month that Mr. Jenyns ever registered was that of August, eighteen forty-three.

We get usually most rain in autumn, a great deal in summer, less in spring, and least in winter; although in the winter we have most wet weather. That is because our summer rains are usually short and sharp; an hour's storm bringing down as much as may come in a week of wintry drizzle. The rainfall of eighteen sixty, probably, will represent in no striking degree the persistence of wet weather. But when it is said that, according to Captain Port-

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lock, the average number of days in the year on which no rain falls over London is two hundred and twenty, and the days without rain in this year are looked for and counted upon the fingers, the peculiarity of our wet season becomes conspicuous enough.

Settled wet in this country usually comes from the south-west, and we have had it this year chiefly from the south-west; our disastrous storms that give the year a melancholy prominence in the long annals of English shipwreck were from that quarter. But we have had rain also from all other quarters of the sky. During our wet autumn season the south-west wind commonly prevails; in our dry springs we have north-easters. The wet of summer is associated with winds from between north and west, but these winds act rather by condensing vapour than like the warm and moist currents from the south-west by bringing up the rain. If there is a high temperature with a south-west wind, the vapour may be thin and invisible, the weather most delightful. If the summer be cold, as it is sometimes made in our country by the presence of an unusual number of icebergs in the Atlantic, while the south-west wind blows, the sky must cloud over and the rain must often fall. As the icebergs may chill our summers, so may an unusual extension of the Gulf stream sometimes warm our winters. General Sabine thus accounts for the extreme mildness of the winter of 'twenty-one-'twenty-two, for in that year the Gulf stream, instead of reaching only to about the meridian of the Azores, flowed to the shores of Europe.

CHRISTIANITY UNDER THE TURK.

Every one of our readers must have read more or less of the horrible massacres that have occurred on holy land by one set of Ottoman subjects upon another, while their Turkish governors looked on with indifference, or rather seemed to approve of the bloodshed. But as all may not be aware of the exact relative positions of the two sets of Ottoman subjects, we give a short sketch, condensed from an able contribution by M. John Lemoinne to the Revue des deux Mondes, some little time since.

A vast chain of mountains traverses a portion of Syria, from north to south, under the name of Lebanon; it divides into two branches, which are separated by a broad and fertile valley. The western branch retains the denomination of Lebanon, while the eastern chain, opposite, and nearly parallel to it, is called Anti-Lebanon. The population of this mountainous district is mainly composed of the Maronites and the Druses. The Maronites occupy the most central valleys and the highest ranges of the principal group of Mount Lebanon, from Beyrouth to Tripoli in Syria. Their origin and their settlement on the Mount, date from the earliest centuries of the Christian era.

At the epoch when the eremitical spirit was at its height, there lived on the banks of the Orontes a solitary saint, named Maroun, who, by his fastings and austerities, attracted the veneration of the neighbouring people. It appears that in the quarrels which had already broken out between Rome and Constantinople, he sided with the Western party. His death, far from cooling his partisans, gave new strength to their zeal; it was rumoured that his dead body worked miracles; his disciples raised a tomb and a chapel in Hama; and before long there grew up a convent, which acquired great celebrity in all that part of Syria. Meanwhile, the disputes between the two metropolitans grew warmer and warmer, and the whole empire became involved in the dissensions of the princes and the priests. Towards the close of the seventh century, a monk belonging to the convent of Hama, named John the Maronite, acquired, by his talents as a preacher, great influence throughout the country, and became one of the strongest supporters of the Latin party, or the Pope's partisans. Consequently, the Pope's legate at Antioch consecrated him Bishop of Djebaïl, and sent him to preach in the Lebanon. The missionary made rapid progress, and was followed by nearly all the Syrian Christians. Little by little, instead of founding a congregation, he was in a condition to found a people. The Latins who had fled for refuge to the Lebanon, entrenched themselves in the free mountains, and formed there a society which was civilly, as well as religiously, independent. John kept these mountaineers in regular and military order; he supplied them with arms, and they soon became the masters of all the hill country, as far as Jerusalem. The schism which divided Islamism at that epoch, facilitated their success.

For several centuries, their history remains vague; they lost a great part of their possessions, and were circumscribed within their present limits. Although about the year 1215 they were reunited to the Church of Rome, from which they had never been widely separated, still they for a long time remained under the authority of their patriarchs. In consequence of the events which caused the Christians to lose possession of the Holy Places, the attachment of this people to the Church of Rome was greatly weakened, and the authority of the patriarchs thereby increased. But at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Court of Rome, by able negotiations, induced the Maronites to acknowledge its superiority definitely; and in 1445, under the pontificate of Eugene the Fourth, this acknowledgment was formally renewed. Since that time, Rome has contrived to keep the Maronites within the pale of her communion by prudent concessions and compromises in respect to discipline which we shall shortly mention. Nevertheless, Rome seems to care little about the fate of her afflicted members in the East. In his last allocution, Pius the Ninth speaks long and loudly of the hard treatment which certain Italian bishops have suffered, in not being allowed their own way in stirring up disaffection against Victor Emmanuel; but he cannot find time to say a word in favour of the massacred Maronites. Perhaps his Holiness may consider the Church discipline which

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has been conceded to them, much too Lutheran in principle to be published as an example to the religious world.

The Maronite form of government is quite traditional, and reposes entirely on manners and customs. The people have always retained a great independence; and at the same time that their religious belief kept them united amongst themselves, the nature of their country, which gave to every village and almost to every family the means of resistance by their own proper strength, prevented the establishment of a sole and central power. They live scattered over the mountains in villages, hamlets, and even isolated houses. The nation may be regarded as divided into two classes: the people, and the sheiks or notables. The sheiks exercise a sort of feudal power, and administer justice; but that justice, summarily administered, is not without appeal. The highest jurisdiction belongs, or rather did belong until lately, to the Emir and his divan. Nevertheless, there is a conflicting jurisdiction between this authority and the ecclesiastical authority. The patriarch of the Maronites alone retains the right of decision in every case where the civil law may be at variance with the religious law, such as marriages, dispensations, and separations. The civil authority is obliged to be very careful how it treats the patriarch and the bishops; for the influence of the clergy is immense.

The whole nation of the Maronites is agricultural; every one lives on his own personal labour; and the sheiks are only distinguished from the people by a shabby pelisse, a horse, and a few advantages in respect to food and lodging. Property is as sacred there as it is in Europe. M. Lamartine says: The slopes of these mountains which face the sea, are fertile, watered by numerous streams and inexhaustible cascades. They produce silk, oil, and wheat. The heights are almost inaccessible, and the naked rock everywhere pierces through the mountain-side. But the indefatigable activity of the people, whose only safe asylum for their religion was behind these peaks and precipices, has rendered even the rocks fertile. Stage by stage, up to the topmost crests, as far as the eternal snows, they have constructed with blocks of stone the walls of terraces, up to which they have carried the small quantity of vegetable earth which the waters had deposited in the ravines, and have converted the whole of Lebanon into a garden covered with fig-trees, mulberry-trees, olive-trees, and corn. The traveller cannot recover from his astonishment when, after having climbed for whole days along the peaked buttresses of the mountain, which are nothing but enormous blocks of rock, he suddenly finds, in the hollow of an elevated gorge or on the plain of a pyramid of mountains, a handsome village built of white stone, inhabited by a rich and numerous population, with a Moorish castle in the midst, a monastery in the distance, a torrent which rolls its foam at the foot of the village, and all around a horizon of vegetation and verdure in which pines, chesnut and mulberry trees support the vines or overhang the fields of maize and wheat. These villages are sometimes almost perpendicularly suspended one over the other; you may throw a stone from one village to the other; you can hear and understand spoken words; and the slope of the mountain nevertheless compels so many zig-zags and sinuosities to trace the path of communication between them, that it takes an hour, or even two, to go from one hamlet to the other.

Although the Maronites look up to the Pope as their spiritual chief, it is nevertheless by discreet concessions that the Holy See has maintained her supremacy over the Catholics of Mount Lebanon. She has dispensed with the celibacy of the Maronite priests—that is, of those who belong to the secular clergy; the bishops and monks have to follow the rule observed by the Roman Catholics of Europe. The priests, moreover, can only marry a single woman, and not a widow; nor can a priest marry a second time, in the event of his being left a widower. A Maronite clergyman's wife may therefore expect to be doubly dear, doubly cherished. It appears that this privilege of the Maronite clergy, far from being injurious to the regularity of sacerdotal manners, has proved extremely favourable to morality. Every traveller who has visited the country agrees in affirming that this little Church, isolated in the mountains, presents a most faithful image of the primitive Church.

As to their liturgy, the popes have also conceded much. The mass is celebrated in the Syriac language, which the people, in general, do not understand; but at the Gospel the priest turns towards the people and reads the text aloud in Arabic. The communion is administered in both kinds. The host is a small round unleavened cake. The portion of the officiating minister is marked by a stamp; the rest is divided into small pieces which the priest puts into the chalice with the wine, and which he administers to each individual with a spoon that serves for the whole community. The priests live by the altar and by the labour of their hands. They practise either agriculture or trade. The members of the superior clergy, the patriarch, and the bishops, are in easier circumstances. They collect from their flock a personal poll-tax, to which the curés and the monks have to contribute as well as the laity.

While they recognise the Pope's supremacy, the Maronite clergy have reserved the right of electing a patriarch, or *batrak*. This patriarch is elected by the bishops and approved by the Pope's legate to Mount Lebanon. The legate resides at the monastery of Antoura. There are a very considerable number of bishops in the Mount. A bishop is often met on the roads, riding on a mule, and followed by a single sacristan. The majority live in convents, and they are only distinguished from simple priests by a long crimson robe with a red girdle. They exert undisputed influence throughout Lebanon, and could raise the people with a word. Besides a numerous clergy, Mount Lebanon possesses many monasteries for men and also for

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women. The three religious orders in greatest veneration are the Libanians, the Antonines, and the Halebys or Aleppines. The French Lazarists have a college at Antoura which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, who have still two establishments on the Mount. There is at Rome a Maronite college, founded by Gregory the Thirteenth, which has sent out some celebrated Oriental scholars. Thanks to these educational advantages, the Maronites have often become what the Copts are in Egypt and the Persians are amongst the Affghans—the writers and depositaries of the correspondence of the Turks, and especially of the Druses. Their monastic rule is generally that of Saint Anthony, which the monks practise rigorously. They are clad in coarse woollen cloth; they never eat meat; they observe frequent and severe fasts. They lead a laborious life, tilling the ground and working at trades. Every convent has a shoemaker friar, a tailor friar, and a baker friar. The nuns also are industriously occupied.

Until lately, the Maronites always enjoyed great liberty in the exercise of their worship. They are the only Christian people subject to Mussulman rule, who have been allowed to go in procession outside their churches with crosses and banners in front, and the priests decorated with their sacerdotal ornaments. It is well known what horror the Turks entertain for bells; nevertheless, throughout the Mount the Maronite bells pealed without hindrance or interruption. One of the most tyrannical vexations which a late Turkish governor could inflict on the Maronites, was to stop the ringing of all but wooden bells. The Maronite population may be reckoned at something more than two hundred thousand. They could easily raise thirty thousand fighting men. Nevertheless they are weaker than the Druses, who are much more warlike, and who exercise over them a sort of military predominance, which is so firmly established that, in spite of their religious enmity, several of the great Maronite families, in order to maintain their influence in their tribe, were obliged to put themselves under Druse protection, although the Druses are less numerous than themselves.

The Druses are naturally bloodthirsty and vindictive, although they have great apparent generosity, and exercise boundless hospitality. The Maronites are hospitable, but less so than the Druses: which may be accounted for by religious causes, and by the mistrust which they feel from their isolation amongst infidels—sheep in the midst of wolves. The Druses receive a stranger according to the precept of the Mussulman law: "The first duty of hospitality is to abstain from asking a stranger whence he comes, and in what faith he has been brought up; but it is a duty to ask him if he is hungry, if he is thirsty, and if he has clothing."

The Druses occupy the southern part of Mount Lebanon, the eastern slopes of Anti-Lebanon, and Djebel Sheik. There are thirty-seven towns and villages entirely inhabited by the Druses, in Lebanon, and two hundred and eleven villages by Druses intermingled with Christians. In Anti-Lebanon, the Druses by themselves inhabit sixty-nine villages or towns; a great number of others are heterogeneously peopled by Druses, Maronites, and schismatic Greeks. Like the Maronites, the Druses may be divided into two classes: that of the sheiks and emirs, and that of the people. Their general employment is the culture of land; every one lives on his inheritance, from the produce of his mulberry-trees and his vines. The Emir unites in his person the civil and the military power, and receives his investiture from the Turkish Pasha. He collects the tribute which the Mount pays to the Porte: this tribute, called miri, is imposed on the mulberry-trees, the vines, the cotton, and the corn. The Emir keeps no regular troops, but retains in his service a long following of clients. In case of war, every man capable of bearing arms must serve. Throughout the Levant, the Druses are spoken of as bold, enterprising, and brave even to rashness. They are excessively touchy on the point of honour, and never pardon an injury. Their domestic morality is extremely severe: they have only one wife each, but they may repudiate her and marry again. Infidelity on the woman's part is punished with death, and that by the hand of her own relations. The husband sends her back to her family with a poniard which he received from her on the wedding-day. The father or the brothers cut off her head, and send the husband a lock of bloody hair. The maxim of the Druses is, "Blood always follows dishonour." The authorities never interfere in these acts of domestic justice.

The origin of the Druses is a matter of controversy; one of the national traditions makes them the descendants of a European colony left in the East after the Crusades. It is not rare to hear them boast of belonging to the Gallic race; but it is probable that, like the Maronites, they are an Arab tribe of the Desert, who, having embraced one of the religious parties which arose in the East at the time of the great Mussulman schism, fled to the mountains, and entrenched themselves there, to avoid persecution. As to their religion, that word can scarcely be applied to the corrupt mixture of Mussulman dogmas and Pagan superstitions which constitute this people's creed. The Druses practise neither circumcision, nor fasting, nor prayer; they observe neither feasts, nor times of abstinence. They are divided into two castes: the *akkals*, or initiated, and the *djahels*, or the ignorant. The highest order of *akkals* are distinguished by white turbans. It is said that the secret assemblies of the initiated, resemble the ancient mysteries of Eleusis. The marriage of brothers and sisters is permitted. Their calf-worship appears clearly established by M. de Sacy, in his great work on the religion of the Druses. They have great faith in amulets, which represent to the initiated, masonic signs. An Englishman stuck one of these symbolic calves in his button-hole, as if it were a decoration, and showed it to a Druse chief who hap-

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pened to be in London. The Druse turned white with rage, and told the Englishman that if they had been on Mount Lebanon he would have killed him on the spot. In short, the most marked character of this people's religion is, that it accommodates itself to any circumstances. The Druses are true Pagans. They will consent either to be baptised or circumcised, in case of need; but at bottom they remain Druses, and nothing but Druses. Whenever the Mount is not threatened by foreign domination, the Druses turn oppressors, and persecute the unhappy Maronites. Just now, they carry fire and flame into the Christian villages; and to conciliate the Porte, they offer to turn Mussulmans, exactly as they once turned Christians to ensure the protection of the European powers.

Such are the two races of men, whom the Turks, instead of governing, oppose face to face, until the feebler party shall be exterminated. Mehemet Ali did govern them with an iron hand. It is to be hoped that some one else will soon undertake the task.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

There are not many places that I find it more agreeable to revisit when I am in an idle mood, than some places to which I have never been. For, my acquaintance with those spots is of such long standing, and has ripened into an intimacy of so affectionate a nature, that I take a particular interest in assuring myself that they are unchanged.

I never was in Robinson Crusoe's Island, yet I frequently return there. The colony he established on it soon faded away, and it is uninhabited by any descendants of the grave and courteous Spaniards, or of Will Atkins and the other mutineers, and has relapsed into its original condition. Not a twig of its wicker houses remains, its goats have long run wild again, its screaming parrots would darken the sun with a cloud of many flaming colours if a gun were fired there, no face is ever reflected in the waters of the little creek which Friday swam across when pursued by his two brother cannibals with sharpened stomachs. After comparing notes with other travellers who have similarly revisited the Island and conscientiously inspected it, I have satisfied myself that it contains no vestige of Mr. Atkins's domesticity or theology, though his track on the memorable evening of his landing to set his captain ashore, when he was decoyed about and round about until it was dark, and his boat was stove, and his strength and spirits failed him, is yet plainly to be traced. So is the hill-top on which Robinson was struck dumb with joy when the reinstated captain pointed to the ship, riding within half a mile of the shore, that was to bear him away, in the nine-and-twentieth year of his seclusion in that lonely place. So is the sandy beach on which the memorable footstep was impressed, and where the savages hauled up their canoes when they came ashore for those dreadful public dinners, which led to a dancing worse than speech-making. So is the cave where the flaring eyes of the old goat made such a goblin appearance in the dark. So is the site of the hut where Robinson lived with the dog and the parrot and the cat, and where he endured those first agonies of solitude, which—strange to say—never involved any ghostly fancies; a circumstance so very remarkable, that perhaps he left out something in writing his record? Round hundreds of such objects, hidden in the dense tropical foliage, the tropical sea breaks evermore; and over them the tropical sky, saving in the short rainy season, shines bright and cloudless.

Neither, was I ever belated among wolves, on the borders of France and Spain; nor, did I ever, when night was closing in and the ground was covered with snow, draw up my little company among some felled trees which served as a breastwork, and there fire a train of gunpowder so dexterously that suddenly we had three or four score blazing wolves illuminating the darkness around us. Nevertheless, I occasionally go back to that dismal region and perform the feat again; when indeed to smell the singeing and the frying of the wolves afire, and to see them setting one another alight as they rush and tumble, and to behold them rolling in the snow vainly attempting to put themselves out, and to hear their howlings taken up by all the echoes as well as by all the unseen wolves within the woods, makes me tremble.

I was never in the robbers' cave, where Gil Blas lived, but I often go back there and find the trap-door just as heavy to raise as it used to be, while that wicked old disabled Black lies everlastingly cursing in bed. I was never in Don Quixote's study where he read his books of chivalry until he rose and hacked at imaginary giants, and then refreshed himself with great draughts of water, yet you couldn't move a book in it without my knowledge, or with my consent. I was never (thank Heaven) in company with the little old woman who hobbled out of the chest and told the merchant Abudah to go in search of the Talisman of Oromanes, yet I make it my business to know that she is well preserved and as intolerable as ever. I was never at the school where the boy Horatio Nelson got out of bed to steal the pears: not because he wanted any, but because every other boy was afraid: yet I have several times been back to this Academy, to see him let down out of window with a sheet. So with Damascus, and Bagdad, and Brobdingnag (which has the curious fate of being usually misspelt when written), and Lilliput, and Laputa, and the Nile, and Abyssinia, and the Ganges, and the North Pole, and many hundreds of places—I was never at them, yet it is an affair of my life to keep them intact, and I am always going back to them.

But when I was in Dullborough one day, revisiting the associations of my childhood as recorded in previous pages of these notes, my experience in this wise was made quite inconsiderable and of no account, by the quantity of places and people—utterly impossible places and

people, but none the less alarmingly real—that I found I had been introduced to by my nurse before I was six years old, and used to be forced to go back to at night without at all wanting to go. If we all knew our own minds (in a more enlarged sense than the popular acceptation of that phrase), I suspect we should find our nurses responsible for most of the dark corners we are forced to go back to, against our wills.

The first diabolical character that intruded himself on my peaceful youth (as I called to mind that day at Dullborough), was a certain Captain Murderer. This wretch must have been an offshoot of the Blue Beard family, but I had no suspicion of the consanguinity in those times. His warning name would seem to have awakened no general prejudice against him, for he was admitted into the best society and possessed immense wealth. Captain Murderer's mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. On his marriage morning, he always caused both sides of the way to church to be planted with curious flowers; and when his bride said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I never saw flowers like these before: what are they called?" he answered, "They are called Garnish for house-lamb," and laughed at his ferocious practical joke in a horrid manner, disquieting the minds of the noble bridal company, with a very sharp show of teeth, then displayed for the first time. He made love in a coach and six, and married in a coach and twelve, and all his horses were milk-white horses with one red spot on the back which he caused to be hidden by the harness. For, the spot *would* come there, though every horse was milk white when Captain Murderer bought him. And the spot was young bride's blood. (To this terrific point I am indebted for my first personal experience of a shudder and cold beads on the forehead.) When Captain Murderer had made an end of feasting and revelry, and had dismissed the noble guests, and was alone with his wife on the day month after their marriage, it was his whimsical custom to produce a golden rolling-pin and a silver pie-board. Now, there was this special feature in the Captain's courtships, that he always asked if the young lady could make pie-crust; and if she couldn't by nature or education, she was taught. Well. When the bride saw Captain Murderer produce the golden rolling-pin and silver pie-board, she remembered this, and turned up her laced-silk sleeves to make a pie. The Captain brought out a silver pie-dish of immense capacity, and the Captain brought out flour and butter and eggs and all things needful, except the inside of the pie; of materials for the staple of the pie itself, the Captain brought out none. Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, what pie is this to be?" He replied, "A meat pie." Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, I see no meat." The Captain humorously retorted, "Look in the glass." She looked in the glass, but still she saw no meat, and then the Captain roared with laughter, and, suddenly frowning and drawing his sword, bade her roll out the crust. So she rolled out the crust, dropping large tears upon it all the time because he was so cross, and when she had lined the dish with crust and had cut the crust all ready to fit the top, the Captain called out, "*I* see the meat in the glass!" And the bride looked up at the glass, just in time to see the Captain cutting her head off; and he chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Captain Murderer went on in this way, prospering exceedingly, until he came to choose a bride from two twin sisters, and at first didn't know which to choose. For, though one was fair and the other dark, they were both equally beautiful. But the fair twin loved him, and the dark twin hated him, so he chose the fair one. The dark twin would have prevented the marriage if she could, but she couldn't; however, on the night before it, much suspecting Captain Murderer, she stole out and climbed his garden wall, and looked in at his window through a chink in the shutter, and saw him having his teeth filed sharp. Next day she listened all day, and heard him make his joke about the house-lamb. And that day month, he had the paste rolled out, and cut the fair twin's head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Now, the dark twin had had her suspicions much increased by the filing of the Captain's teeth, and again by the house-lamb joke. Putting all things together when he gave out that her sister was dead, she divined the truth, and determined to be revenged. So she went up to Captain Murderer's house, and knocked at the knocker and pulled at the bell, and when the Captain came to the door, said: "Dear Captain Murderer, marry me next, for I always loved you and was jealous of my sister." The Captain took it as a compliment, and made a polite answer, and the marriage was quickly arranged. On the night before it, the bride again climbed to his window, and again saw him having his teeth filed sharp. At this sight, she laughed such a terrible laugh, at the chink in the shutter, that the Captain's blood curdled, and he said: "I hope nothing has disagreed with me!" At that, she laughed again, a still more terrible laugh, and the shutter was opened and search made, but she was nimbly gone and there was no one. Next day they went to church in the coach and twelve, and were married. And that day month, she rolled the pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut her head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

But before she began to roll out the paste she had taken a deadly poison of a most awful character, distilled from toads' eyes and spiders' knees; and Captain Murderer had hardly picked her last bone, when he began to swell, and to turn blue, and to be all over spots, and to scream. And he went on swelling and turning bluer and being more all over spots and scream-

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ing, until he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall; and then, at one o'clock in the morning, he blew up with a loud explosion. At the sound of it, all the milk-white horses in the stables broke their halters and went mad, and then they galloped over everybody in Captain Murderer's house (beginning with the family blacksmith who had filed his teeth) until the whole were dead, and then they galloped away.

Hundreds of times did I hear this legend of Captain Murderer, in my early youth, and added hundreds of times was there a mental compulsion upon me in bed, to peep in at his window as the dark twin peeped, and to revisit his horrible house, and look at him in his blue and spotty and screaming stage, as he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. The young woman who brought me acquainted with Captain Murderer, had a fiendish enjoyment of my terrors, and used to begin, I remember—as a sort of introductory overture—by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long low hollow groan. So acutely did I suffer from this ceremony in combination with this infernal Captain, that I sometimes used to plead I thought I was hardly strong enough and old enough to hear the story again just yet. But she never spared me one word of it, and indeed commended the awful chalice to my lips as the only preservative known to science against "The Black Cat"—a weird and glaring-eyed supernatural Tom, who was reputed to prowl about the world by night, sucking the breath of infancy, and who was endowed with a special thirst (as I was given to understand) for mine.

This female bard—may she have been repaid my debt of obligation to her in the matter of nightmares and perspirations!—reappears in my memory as the daughter of a shipwright. Her name was Mercy, though she had none on me. There was something of a ship-building flavour in the following story. As it always recurs to me in a vague association with calomel pills, I believe it to have been reserved for dull nights when I was low with medicine.

There was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a Government Yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and *his* father's name before *him* was Chips, and they were all Chipses. And Chips the father had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-grandfather had disposed of himself in the same direction on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long long time. So one day when young Chips was at work in the Dock Slip all alone, down in the dark hold of an old Seventy-four that was hauled up for repairs, the Devil presented himself, and remarked:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I*'ll have Chips!"

(I don't know why, but this fact of the Devil's expressing himself in rhyme was peculiarly trying to me.) Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the Devil with saucer eyes that squinted on a terrible great scale, and that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And whenever he winked his eyes, showers of blue sparks came out, and his eyelashes made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under that arm was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and sitting on one of his shoulders was a rat that could speak. So the Devil said again:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I*'ll have Chips!"

(The invariable effect of this alarming tautology on the part of the Evil Spirit was to deprive me of my senses for some moments.) So Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work. "What are you doing, Chips?" said the rat that could speak. "I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten old away," said Chips. "But we'll eat them too," said the rat that could speak; "and we'll let in the water, and we'll drown the crew, and we'll eat them too." Chips, being only a shipwright, and not a Man-of-war's man, said, "You are welcome to it." But he couldn't keep his eyes off the half a ton of copper or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweethearts, and shipwrights will run away with them whenever they can. So the Devil said, "I see what you are looking at, Chips. You had better strike the bargain. You know the terms. Your father before you was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him." Says Chips, "I like the copper, and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat." Says the Devil, fiercely, "You can't have the metal without him—and *he's* a curiosity. I'm going." Chips, afraid of losing the half a ton of copper and the bushel of nails, then said, "Give us hold!" So he got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the Devil vanished.

Chips sold the copper, and he sold the nails, and he would have sold the pot; but whenever he offered it for sale, the rat was in it, and the dealers dropped it, and would have nothing to say to the bargain. So Chips resolved to kill the rat, and, being at work in the Yard one day with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, he turned the scalding pitch into the pot, and filled it full. Then he kept his eye upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he heated the pitch again and turned it back into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the smelters to put it in the furnace for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red hot, and looking like red-hot glass in-

stead of iron—yet there was the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said with a jeer:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I*'ll have Chips!"

(For this Refrain I had waited since its last appearance, with inexpressible horror, which now culminated.) Chips now felt certain in his own mind that the rat would stick to him; the rat, answering his thought, said, "I will—like pitch!"

Now, as the rat leaped out of the pot when it had spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope that it wouldn't keep its word. But a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner-time came and the Dock-bell rang to strike work, he put his rule into the long pocket at the side of his trousers, and there he found a rat—not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat, he found another; and in his pocket-handkerchief, another; and in the sleeves of his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more. And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the Yard, that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his lodging, and into his bed, and into his teapot, and into his beer, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn-chandler's daughter; and when he gave her a workbox he had himself made for her, a rat jumped out of it; and when he put his arm round her waist, a rat clung about her; so the marriage was broken off, though the banns were already twice put up—which the parish clerk well remembers, for, as he handed the book to the clergyman for the second time of asking, a large fat rat ran over the leaf. (By this time a special cascade of rats was rolling down my back, and the whole of my small listening person was overrun with them. At intervals ever since, I have been morbidly afraid of my own pocket, lest my exploring hand should find a specimen or two of those vermin in it.)

You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips; but even all this was not the worst. He knew besides, what the rats were doing, wherever they were. So sometimes he would cry aloud, when he was at his club at night, "Oh! Keep the rats out of the convicts' burying-ground! Don't let them do that!" Or, "There's one of them at the cheese down stairs!" Or, "There's two of them smelling at the baby in the garret!" Or, other things of that sort. At last, he was voted mad, and lost his work in the Yard, and could get no other work. But King George wanted men, so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, lying at Spithead, ready to sail. And so the first thing he made out in her as he got near her, was the figure-head of the old Seventy-four, where he had seen the Devil. She was called the Argonaut, and they rowed right under the bowsprit where the figure-head of the Argonaut, with a sheepskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat who could speak, and his exact words were these: "Chips ahoy! Old boy! We've pretty well eat them too, and will drown the crew, and will eat them too!" (Here I always became exceedingly faint, and would have asked for water, but that I was speechless.)

The ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to it, and angels will never love you. (Here I felt myself an outcast from a future state.) The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equalled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day he asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. Chips went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Your Honour, unless your Honour, without a moment's loss of time makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship, and her name is the Coffin!" "Young man, your words are a madman's words." "Your Honour no; they are nibbling us away." "They?" "Your Honour, them dreadful rats. Dust and hollowness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Does your Honour love your Lady and your pretty children?" "Yes, my man, to be sure." "Then, for God's sake, make for the nearest shore, for at this present moment the rats are all stopping in their work, and are all looking straight towards you with bare teeth, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never, never, see your Lady and your children more." "My poor fellow, you are a case for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

So he was bled and he was blistered, and he was this and that, for six whole days and nights. So then he again asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. He went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Now, Admiral, you must die! You took no warning; you must die! The rats are never wrong in their calculations, and they make out that they'll be through, at twelve to-night. So, you must die!—With me and all the rest!" And so at twelve o'clock there was a great leak reported in the ship, and a torrent of water rushed in and nothing could stop it, and they all went down, every living soul. And what the rats—being water-rats—left of Chips, at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense overgrown rat, laughing, that dived when the corpse touched the beach and never came up. And there was a deal of seaweed on the remains. And if you get thirteen bits of seaweed, and dry them and burn them in the fire, they will go—off—like in these thirteen words as plain as plain can be:

"A Lemon has pips,
And a Yard has ships,
And *I*'ve got Chips!"

The same female bard—descended, possibly,

from those terrible old Scalds who seem to have existed for the express purpose of addling the brains of mankind when they begin to investigate languages—made a standing pretence which greatly assisted in forcing me back to a number of hideous places that I would by all means have avoided. This pretence was, that all her ghost stories had occurred to her own relations. Politeness towards a meritorious family, therefore forbade my doubting them, and they acquired an air of authentication that impaired my digestive powers for life. There was a narrative concerning an unearthly animal foreboding death, which appeared in the open street to a parlour-maid who "went to fetch the beer" for supper: first (as I now recal it) assuming the likeness of a black dog, and gradually rising on its hind-legs and swelling into the semblance of some quadruped greatly surpassing a hippopotamus: which apparition—not because I deemed it in the least improbable, but because I felt it to be really too large to bear—I feebly endeavoured to explain away. But on Mercy's retorting with wounded dignity that the parlour-maid was her own sister-in-law, I perceived there was no hope, and resigned myself to this zoological phenomenon as one of my many pursuers. There was another narrative describing the apparition of a young woman who came out of a glass-case and haunted another young woman until the other young woman questioned it and elicited that its bones (Lord! To think of its being so particular about its bones!) were buried under the glass-case, whereas she required them to be interred, with every Undertaking solemnity up to twenty-four pound ten, in another particular place. This narrative I considered I had a personal interest in disproving, because we had glass-cases at home, and how, otherwise, was I to be guaranteed from the intrusion of young women requiring *me* to bury them up to twenty-four pound ten, when I had only twopence a week? But my remorseless nurse cut the ground from under my tender feet, by informing me that She was the other young woman; and I couldn't say "I don't believe you;" it was not possible.

Such are a few of the uncommercial journeys that I was forced to make, against my will, when I was very young and unreasoning. And really, as to the latter part of them, it is not so very long ago—now I come to think of it—that I was asked to undertake them once again, with a steady countenance.

VIDOCQ'S WORKS.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the opening sentence of our sketch of Vidocq,* in which it is stated that Vidocq "was no writer, and never knew the most elementary rules of grammar and orthography," and suggests that there must be error somewhere, in consequence of a particular circumstance which came to our correspondent's knowledge.

In the year 1837, a French manufacturer of hand-made lace—a lady—was swindled, by one Courtial, of goods to the amount of some eight hundred pounds. It occurred at Paris, and Courtial escaped to England. The lady consulted her friends, and got plenty of advice. Some told her to put herself in the hands of Vidocq; others gave her letters of introduction to England. She went to Vidocq, had an interview with him, told him her story, paid him his fee, and was much compassionated by him; he knew perfectly how to gain the sympathy of female hearts. He sat down before her, and under her own eyes wrote a letter, now in our correspondent's possession, of which we give the French original with a translation. All this she herself told our correspondent, when she came to London, the week afterwards, to use her letters of introduction. The one addressed to him happened to look the most promising; and, as it turned out, was fortunate for her. On trade inquiry, it was found that the swindler was offering the goods for sale; his residence was traced, himself arrested, and the whole of the property recovered for the owner.

Vidocq's letter, addressed to some obscure man of law near the Strand, was not presented, though the book alluded to was duly sent.

Monsieur,—J'ai l'honneur de vous prier d'avoir la bonté d'être utile et de rendre service à la dame que je charge de vous remettre cette lettre, qui vient d'avoir le malheur d'être volée et trompée par un fripon qui est à Londres en ce moment. Cet individu, à Paris, est sous le coup d'un mandat d'amener, qu'il n'a évité que par la fuite; aussi bien que Lafond-Arnaux, son complice. Ces deux fripons ont agi, à l'égard de cette dame, d'une manière bien infâme.

Je profite de cette occasion pour vous addresser un exemplaire d'un ouvrage que je viens de publier, et qui est bien recherché tant à Paris qu'au dehors. Je m'estimerai heureux et satisfait si vous daignez l'agréer et le communiquer à vos amis. Cet ouvrage peut n'avoir pas le même mérite pour l'Angleterre que pour la france,* mais il vous mettra à même, ainsi que les philantropes* et lecteurs éclairés de votre pays de connaître le langage habituel de nos voleurs, aussi bien que leurs manières de travailler.

Je regrette bien sincèrement, Monsieur, d'être obligé de vous importuner si souvent, et de ne pouvoir vous payer de réciprocité. Si je peux vous être de quelque utilité à Paris, soit pour vous, soit pour vos connaissances, je vous en prie, disposez de moi; vous me rendrez service.

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec une parfaite consideration, Monsieur,

Votre très humble et

Très obeissant serviteur,

VIDOCQ.

Paris, le 21 Avril, 1837.

Sir,—I have the honour to beg you to have the goodness to be useful and to render service to the lady whom I commission to deliver you this letter, who has just had the misfortune to be robbed and deceived by a rogue who at this moment is in London. This individual is liable, at Paris, to the consequences of a mandate to be brought up for examination, which he has only escaped by taking to flight; as well as Lafond-Arnaux his accomplice.

* See All the Year Round, No. 64, page 331.

* Errors in orthography.

These two swindlers have acted, with regard to this lady, in a very infamous manner.

I profit by the occasion to send you a copy of a work which I have just published, and which is much sought after both in Paris and out of it. I shall consider myself fortunate and satisfied if you deign to accept it and to communicate it to your friends. This work may not have the same merit for England as for france,* but it will enable you as well as the philantropists* and enlightened readers of your country to become acquainted with the habitual language of our thieves, as well as their modes of doing business.

I regret, Sir, very sincerely, to be obliged to trouble you so frequently, and not to be able to pay you reciprocally. If I can be of any use to you in Paris, whether for yourself or your acquaintances, dispose of me, I beg of you; you will render me a service.

I have the honour to be with perfect consideration, Sir,

Your very humble and
Very obedient servant,
VIDOCQ.

Paris, the 21st of April, 1837.

Our correspondent's criticism is just; but a comparison of the date of the letter (1837, when Vidocq had nearly completed his sixty-second year) with M. Maurice's reference to the authorship of the book called Vidocq's Mémoires will clearly show that he, M. Maurice, has not made any misstatement of such inaccuracy as to weaken the authority of his biography, but that he has merely made a literary slip of the pen, not expressing himself so clearly as he ought, but saying more than he really intended to say. Vidocq's literary accomplishments may be believed to have been greatly improved after he left the police, and while he was keeping the Information Office. The Mémoires were published in 1828. In nine years, a clever man may make great progress in reading and writing. M. Maurice's words are, "Vidocq n'était pas écrivain et n'avait jamais connu les règles les plus élémentaires de grammaire ou d'orthographe." If he had written, as he ought, "At the time when the Mémoires were published, Vidocq was a very indifferent writer, and up to that date had never learned the rules of grammar and orthography," our correspondent would probably be satisfied. And that, without doubt, is what M. Maurice meant to say; for, towards the close of his volume, he gives, word for word, several letters which Vidocq wrote with his own hand. Here is one in which he presumes to interfere with so literary an enterprise as the starting of a newspaper:

34, Rue Saint-Louis, au Marais,
the 4th of January, 1850.

Monsieur,—It appears that M. Dupont de Bussac, your friend, is the head editor of a journal which ought to make a great noise, and whose success ought to be insured by the merit of the editor.

But you are even better aware than I am that at the present day, the most useful, the best combined enterprises, are jeopardised and often fall into oblivion if they are presented without being preceded and accompanied by puffs (la réclame)! But at the present day, the inquisitive portion of the public has no longer the slightest confidence in newspaper puffs.

It is of no use being afraid to state the fact that the best things in the world will produce nothing better than pump water unless they are helped by charlatanism, which is the touchstone of success. On this point I have certain data, and I am able to give a multitude of examples.

If M. Dupont wishes to succeed, he must lose no time in engaging some intelligent ticklers (chatouilleurs) to run about Paris and its suburbs, with the mission of whisking up (pour faire mousser) the journal, and adroitly obliging eating-house keepers, tavern keepers, lemonade sellers, pot-house keepers, and the masters of dram-shops, to take in the new democratic organ.

I am in a position to undertake this propaganda at a small expense, about the result of which there can be no doubt. You may mention it to your friend, and if he approves of my plan, let him send for me to speak to him. I will prove the efficaciousness of my means to his satisfaction.

Meanwhile, I have the honour to salute you very humbly.

VIDOCQ.

The biographer, therefore, not only proves that Vidocq, in his latter days, could write, but also that he could write much to the purpose, furnishing a useful hint to whoever shall speculate in setting up a rival to the Times or the Morning Post. The book mentioned in our correspondent's letter is probably *not* the Mémoires proper, which excited immense curiosity, and brought in Vidocq some forty thousand francs. At first there were only two volumes, to which he added a third. He then tried to get as far as a fourth; but falling short of autobiographical details, he made it a sort of physiology of malefactors, from the raw pickpocket to the finished sharper. This hotch-potch volume had equal success with the others. Vidocq took it in hand again eight years afterwards, and appending to it a dictionary of Slang-French and French-Slang, made of it a work in two volumes, entitled Les Voleurs—Thieves—of which several editions were sold. This, doubtless, was the present sent to the limb of the law residing in the outskirts of the Strand. To explain the apparent popularity of such a book, it ought to be stated that Vidocq—an extensive money-lender—made every one whose bills he accepted or discounted, take five or six copies of Les Voleurs, at full price, as if they were ready money. Upon the list of his customers, figured almost all the inferior clerks and employés of the public offices. He thus turned them to a double account; he got usurious interest out of them, and he made use of them as spies. They dared not do otherwise than keep him well up to the mark with information.

To give a specimen of this performance: Immediately after the pickpockets, Vidocq places on the ascending scale of crime the Cambrioleurs, or ransackers of chambers and suites of rooms, into which they obtain admission by the aid of false keys or housebreaking. He divides them into three categories; the Cambrioleurs à la flan, simpletons, débutants, who insinuate themselves into a house without obtaining any infor-

* Errors in orthography.

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mation about its inhabitants; who go knocking from door to door, and as soon as they come to one where no answer is given, make use of their picklock. They run the risk of being surprised by the tenant, who may be indulging in a short repose, or who, busy in some back room, may come forward on hearing the noise which they cannot help making. In general, the Cambrioleurs à la flan earn very little money, and are soon arrested.

Formed in the school of prisons, they modify their mode of proceeding, and when they regain their liberty, they take the degree of Caroubleurs; that is, they no longer venture to attack a lodging without coming to an understanding with the servants, the porters, the floor-polishers, or the water-carriers, who not only acquaint them with the tenant's habits, but also supply them with impressions of all the locks, from which they make false keys.

The third variety, the most redoubtable of all, are the Nourrisseurs (nurses or feeders), for the most part liberated or escaped from the galleys. They are so called because they prepare an affair for several months, until the moment of putting it into execution with scarcely any risk be arrived. They know beforehand almost exactly what is to be found in an apartment, the day when the landlord has received his rents, or a retired official his six months' pension.

One of their strange peculiarities is, that when a renowned cambrioleur has adopted a style of cravat and waistcoat, all his colleagues imitate him in respect to those two articles of clothing. Flaring colours, red, yellow, and such-like, are those of which they are the fondest. In 1814, Vidocq arrested a gang of twenty-two thieves, and twenty of the number wore waistcoats of the same form, and made of the same stuff. They seemed to have been cut after the same pattern, and out of the same piece. In general, thieves are like women of bad character; there is always something which betrays their profession. They are very fond of a medley of colours; and with all the pains they take to ape respectable people, the most distinguished air they are able to assume is that of a working man in his Sunday's best. There are very few of them who have not their ears pierced. Rings and hair chains mounted in gold are almost indispensable articles of their dress. The chain is ostentatiously displayed outside the waistcoat; it is always a trophy of love, and is proudly paraded. Plush hats, with one half of the nap smooth and the other half brushed back the wrong way, are their great delight.

Thieves have habits to which they stick all the while they exercise their profession. Some time back, they all bought their shoes of a woman who was called Mother Rousselle, and who lived in the Rue de la Vannerie. At the same epoch, Gravès, in the Rue de la Verrerie, and Tormel, in the Rue Culture Sainte-Catherine, were the only tailors who enjoyed the privilege of clothing these gentlemen. Evil communications corrupted both the tailors; father and son at last turned thieves, and were found guilty. The shoemakeress (at least so Vidocq thinks) resisted temptation better. But, however that may be, her reputation was so notorious, and her shoes of so remarkable a cut, that when an individual was arrested and brought before M. Limodin for examination, he was mercilessly sent to Bicêtre, if unfortunately he wore shoes supplied from the warehouse of Mother Rousselle. The female thieves, for their part, patronised a certain Madame Mulot as their dressmaker. She only, in their opinion, could show off their figure to advantage, and make on the seams the raised ribs which it pleased their ladyships to call nervures.

Perhaps the most talented of Vidocq's compositions is the prospectus of his Information Office, which appeared in all the Paris journals during June, 1833.

VIDOCQ.

OFFICE FOR INFORMATION IN THE INTEREST OF COMMERCE.

Rue Cloche-Perce, No. 12, on the Second Floor, Paris.

There is a want which has been long and acutely felt by commerce, namely, that of a special establishment, having for its object the procuring of information respecting pretended dealers, that is to say, respecting swindlers, who, by qualifying themselves as bankers, merchants, and commissioners, usurp the public confidence, and make daily dupes of bonâ fide commercial men.

Writers who have specially busied themselves with statistical researches in these matters, put down the *industrials* of this class at so high a figure as 20,000. I am willing to admit that there may be some exaggeration in the calculation; but I affirm that the most moderate estimate cannot be lower than 5000. Let us take that datum for our basis.

These five thousand individuals absorb from commerce an average amount of ten francs per day. This is fixing at the very lowest the daily expenses of these *gentlemen*, who habitually lead a merry life, and are ordinarily inclined to the most expensive passions.

Their united expenditure will therefore amount

Per day, to .... 50,000 francs
Per month, to......... 1,500,000 „
Per year, to........... 18,000,000 „

[Eighteen millions of francs make seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling.]

But it ought to be very carefully observed that, in order to obtain the eighteen millions of francs, these *industrials* swindle commerce out of a sum which is at least the double, often the triple of that; because they pay dear for what they buy, they sell at very reduced prices, and they pay to the go-betweens of their dirty affairs very considerable commissions.

We may, therefore, estimate at from thirty-six to forty millions of francs, as the very lowest figure, the sum which they annually filch away from real traders.

It is in order to reduce perhaps to nothing, or at least to a very trifling sum, this immense annual loss of thirty-six or forty millions of francs, that I offer my services to commerce.

An attempt which has been recently made seemed to have an object analogous to that which I propose. The journal The Tocsin was announced as intended to unveil the intrigues of these industrials, and to

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furnish commerce with the required information. But, to say nothing of the defects peculiar to that enterprise, and which must necessarily cause it to miscarry, I am convinced that publicity is neither decent nor profitable in matters of this kind. The most useful idea remains sterile and fruitless as soon as it degenerates into scandal.

The establishment which I have the intention of founding will present none of these grave inconveniences, and its utilitarian object will recommend it, beforehand, to the favourable opinion of commerce, until it shall have acquired a recommendation in its services.

Under the title of *Bureau de Renseignements*, my establishment will furnish, *on the spot*, to the commercial gentlemen who honour it with their confidence, *positive information* respecting the persons who, without being known to them, ask for credit.

To cut short any false interpretation which might throw alarm into real commerce, I hasten to declare that such information will never be supplied with regard to dealers who are really in trade, whatever may be their solvability in other respects. The Information Office will meddle only with false or pretended commercial men, who make a business of buying without paying, that is, of *swindling*.

For a long time past I have been ripening the project which I now submit to the public. I am, perhaps, the only person who can undertake and properly fulfil the task which I propose to myself. The office which I have filled has given me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with swindlers and their tricks. Since I have quitted the public service, I have collected innumerable documents, which the multiplicity of my occupations did not then permit me to procure.

The whole personnel of these swindlers will be severely kept in note. I shall have at my disposal the list of all the individuals who, from twenty-five to fifty years back, have been accused, detained, or condemned for swindling.

Such is my project: I believe it to be eminently useful to my fellow-citizens, and it is with this idea that I undertake it.

The swindlers whose plots I wish to baffle will make personal attacks upon me, in order to injure my establishment. Their hatred will be my title to the confidence of honest men.

My conduct has been severely commented (on a beaucoup glosé sur mon compte): in general, those who talk about me are very ignorant of what I have done, and attribute to me things which I have not done.

In the difficult functions which I have fulfilled, I have never mixed myself up with the political police. I have delivered the capital of thieves who infested it; I now wish to deliver commerce from the swindlers who plunder it.

The compensation which I shall require from persons who give me their confidence is fixed at so extremely low a rate, that it will not be felt at all by the majority of commercial men. For twenty francs a year I engage to furnish information on all occasions to mercantile men who become subscribers to my agency. Those who do not think fit to enjoy this facility, will pay five francs for each inquiry or consultation.

We undertake all sorts of researches and explorations in the interest of families and of injured persons, and of all contentious affairs, whether in France or in foreign countries.

In this establishment will be found an office where, under the seal of secrecy, there will be given, only to known persons, advice suitable for their escape from the snares of thieves and rogues of every class.

The bureaux will be open from ten in the morning till eight in the evening. Every demand should be made in writing, for the sake of expediting business.

None but prepaid letters and parcels are received.

The scheme took; he reckoned as many as eight thousand subscribers; and, as he said with pride on the occasion of his trial, in 1843, not one of them raised his voice to complain of his relations with him. In 1835, he published a sort of report of the principal operations of his agency, from the first of January to the first of March; and he proved that, in the space of those two months, he had helped eleven heads of mercantile houses to recover more than sixty thousand francs' worth of goods that had been hocus-pocussed out of their possession.

Besides the persons who occasionally rendered him paid or gratuitous services, Vidocq employed not less than twenty persons, in either sedentary or active occupations; some for correspondence, for matters in litigation, and for the drawing up of statements, others for explorations, investigations, for watching persons, and inquiries of all sorts. Unfortunately, these underlings, of either kind, were very far from being irreproachable in their antecedents, whilst the actual conduct of several of them gave them no chance of gaining the prize for good behaviour. It was the weak side of Vidocq's enterprise; he felt it so keenly that, as a general rule, one half of his troop employed the greater part of their time in watching the other half.

Besides these inferior gentry, he had a secretary whose task was to edit and keep an eye on the correctness of the literary department.

A young man, who had completed his term of military service, returning to the metropolis which claims to be the capital of the civilised world, with thirty sous in his pocket and hope in his bosom, read on the walls a bill advertisement to this effect:

"Wanted, Rue Neuve-Saint-Eustache, No. 10, at the Office of Commercial Information, an editing secretary" (un secrétaire rédacteur).

The adventurer hastened to solicit the vacant employment, and found himself in the presence of a thick-set man with blue eyes, wide open lips, and an abundance of grisly hair. He was breakfasting off a service of silver gilt, and kept tossing whole sausages to a bull-dog that lay at his feet.

"Monsieur," he said, staring at his visitor like a gendarme who is going to ask you to produce your passport, "do you write well from dictation?"

"I believe so," was the modest reply.

Then, offering a quire of paper, he pronounced the following sentences, to judge of the candidate's capabilities:

"The party is inclined to debauch; but, profligate and very astute, he sometimes makes use of a lead-headed cane and a false nose. Apply to him, first, the sack trick; then, successively, the barrel organ, and the chimney fire."

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While the amanuensis was puzzling his brains over the mystic sense of this communication, the master, satisfied with the performance, neither asked for name, nor position in life, nor testimonial of morality, nor certificate of vaccination, but triumphantly installed him in his office.

"All you will have to do," he added, "is to put into passable French the reports that will be brought to you."

These reports, hurriedly written on the knee, upon scraps of paper of every shade and shape, put the secretary's imagination upon the rack. Here is one as a sample:

"Madame opened her window at nine in the morning; from half-past eight the party had been pacing backwards and forwards in the street like a sentinel. —We followed him without attracting notice.—Madame changed the rose-bush from her side window; then the party waved his handkerchief and went away.

"Madame went out at eleven o'clock—went into a linen shop; we looked at her through the embroidered muslins displayed in the window.—The shopwoman gave her a letter; she read it and returned it, probably to avoid compromising herself;—she left, and went in the direction of the Rue Saint-Honoré.

"She entered the Church of Saint-Roch; we followed her up to the spot where to-day, Holy Thursday, they washed the feet of the poor.—The party was waiting at the grand altar; they went out together, and took the hackney carriage No. 482.

"I lost sight of them.

"I ran as quick as possible to take my place close to the customs officers at the Barrière de l'Etoile. No. 482 passed an instant afterwards; I followed the carriage, holding on behind; it stopped at a house in Auteuil. The carriage went away; I waited till night to no purpose; I found out too late that the house had two entrances."

On the margin of the report, and in red ink, figured these words by the master: "Imbecile, not to try the portfolio trick."

This secretary only remained a fortnight.

It is therefore clear that Vidocq, in his latter days, had remedied some of the defects of his early want of education, so as to render himself independent of literary help from others; and it is probable that, at all times, he could dictate with clearness and ability. The letter in our correspondent's possession is fluently and not inelegantly written. The hand is unusually good for France; and it is nearly free from orthographical error, which is a still greater rarity in that country. Bad spelling stares you in the face from the most unsuspected quarters and in the most unexpected places. At Stork-street, Dieppe, the word Cigogne was, and may be still, spelt with an S. There is not much exaggeration in Paul de Kock's joke of the painter who, being paid by the letter, always spelled Epicier, grocer, with two p's, two c's, and a t at the end.

That Vidocq also eventually arrived at a certain degree of outward polish, follows from his first having penetrated the great world in disguise, and latterly being received by persons belonging to good society. The hard names he applies to scoundrels no greater than himself, belong simply to the part he had undertaken to act. We should smile, if we did not feel disgusted, when he sets himself up as a lecturer on morality; for the kind which he practised in the exercise of his functions would not suit the taste of everybody. It is of no use his talking about his duties; very few people would like to do their duty by the employment of similar means. Even when we read his own proper narratives, we hardly ever feel interested for him, but for those whom we are inclined to call his victims. Some of these stories (that of Henriette, for instance) make the reader's cheek burn with indignation. He died, like a second-rate saint, with all the sacraments of the Romish Church. The Lord have mercy on his soul! But out of the ten thousand individuals whom he sent to the hulks during his eighteen years of office, it is probable that there were not two who were capable of such odious treachery.

TOM IN SPIRITS.

It was no extraordinary thing, some two hundred years ago, for the Evil Spirit to have direct and personal intercourse with mankind. All the witch trials turned on this, the corner-stone of demonology; and devils as goblin pages, familiars, changeling children, and demon lovers, were to be found wherever there was physical deformity or mental weakness. Indeed, anything unusual in mind or body was sure to be referred to demoniacal influence, and even a sudden change of fortune did not escape the universal charge. The Devil did everything. If a man got drunk and dreamed drunken dreams, the devil had carried him off bodily to such and such a place, and showed him in the flesh what his mind alone had fancied; if a man had fits, he was possessed; if a young maid were hysterical, she was bewitched; if an old woman were spiteful, cunning, ugly, or eccentric, she was a witch, and must suffer the doom of witchcraft; if a child were fanciful, lying, or mischievous, the whole country must be up and astir to discover its persecutor, and if none in human form could be decided on, then it was the devil himself who was in fault, and prayer and exorcism must drive him forth.

As for devils haunting houses, they were as common as rats and mice; which undesirable animals indeed often figured in people's imaginations as possessed of hoofs and claws, tail, fiery eyes, and polished horns; according to the most reliable portraits given of those subterrene personages. There was the drummer demon of Tedworth, who plagued Mr. Mompesson and his family out of their senses; and there was the Demon of Woodstock—a royalist devil—who harried the Parliamentary Commissioners to within an inch of their lives, and never ceased until he had harried them clean out of the place; and there was the Devil of Glenluce—a controversial devil,

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and the funniest fellow of them all—showing no end of boldness and broad humour, and eminently deserving the special embalming which he has received.

Now, this was the history of the Devil of Glenluce:

In 1654, one Gilbert Campbell was a weaver in Glenluce: his eldest son, Tom—the important character in the drama—was a student at Glasgow college; and there was a certain sturdy old beggar, Andrew Agnew by name, afterwards hanged at Dumfries for blasphemously saying, "There was no God but salt, meal, and water"—who every now and then came to Glenluce to ask alms. One day old Andrew came to the Campbells as usual, but got nothing; in consequence whereof—so you are required to believe—he sent a devil to haunt the house; for, it was soon after he was refused, that the stirs began, and what could they be but from the Devil sent by old Andrew in revenge? Young Tom Campbell was the worst beset of all; the Demon perpetually whistling and rioting about him. Once, Jennet, the daughter, going to the well, heard a whistling behind her, like that produced by the small slender glass whistles of children, and a voice like the damsel's, saying, "I'll cast thee, Jennet, into the well! I'll cast thee, Jennet, into the well!" About the middle of November, when the days were dark and the nights long, things got very bad. The foul fiend threw stones in at the doors and windows and down the chimney head; cut the warp and threads of Campbell's loom; slit the family coats and bonnets, shoes and hose, into ribbons; pulled off the bed-clothes from the sleeping children, and left them cold and naked; opened chests and trunks, and strewed the contents over the floor; knocked everything about, and ill-treated the bairns; and, in fact, persecuted the whole family in a most merciless manner. The weaver sent his children away, thinking their lives but barely safe; and, in their absence had no assaults whatever—a thing to be especially noted. But on the wise minister's representing to him that he had done a grievous sin in so withdrawing them from God's punishment, they were brought back again, in contrition. Nothing ensued until Tom appeared. Unlucky Tom brought the Devil back with him, and there was no more peace to be had.

On the Sunday following Tom's return, the house was set on fire—the Devil's doing: but the neighbours put it out again before much damage had been done. Monday was spent in prayer; but on Tuesday the place was again set on fire, and again saved by the neighbours' help. The weaver, in much trouble, went to the minister, and besought him to take back that unlucky Tom, whom the Devil so cruelly persecuted: which request, after a while, he "condescended to," though assuring the weaver that he would find himself deceived if he thought that the Devil would quit with the boy. And, indeed, so it proved, for they were soon again sore troubled: the Demon cutting their clothes, throwing peats down the chimney, pulling down turf and "feal" from the roof and walls, stealing their coats, pricking their poor bodies with pins, and raising such a clamour as there was no peace nor rest to be had.

The case was becoming serious. Glenluce objected to being made the head-quarters of the Demon; and the ministers convened a solemn humiliation; the upshot of which was, that Weaver Campbell was positively to take back his unlucky Tom, with the Devil or without him. For this was the point at issue in the beginning, the motive of which is not very hard to be discovered. Whereupon Tom returned; but, as he crossed the threshold, he heard a voice "forbidding him to enter that house, or any other place where his father's calling was exercised." Was Tom, the Glasgow student, afraid of being made a weaver, consent or none demanded? In spite of the warning voice he valiantly entered, and his persecutions, of course, began at once. They were tremendous—in fact, they were so tremendous that he was forced to return to the minister's house; but he evidently left behind him some imitator or disciple worthy of his teaching, for on Monday, the 12th of February, the Demon began to speak to the family, who, nothing afraid, answered quite cheerily, and the family and the Devil soon got so confidential and familiar that they had long talks together; but on what topics does not quite appear. The ministers, hearing of this, convened again, and met at Weaver Campbell's to see what they could do. As soon as they entered, Satan began: "Quum literatum is good Latin," quoth he. These were the first words of the Latin rudiments, as taught in the grammar school. Tom's classical knowledge was coming into play.

After a while he cries again: "A dog! a dog!" The minister, thinking he was alluded to, answered, "he thought it no ill to be reviled of him;" to which Satan replied civilly: "It was not you, sir, I spoke to. I meant the dog there," for there was a dog standing behind backs. They then went to prayer. Always at such times, Tom, or the Devil, remained reverently silent; his education being not carried out yet to the point of scoffing. Immediately after prayer was ended, a counterfeit voice asked, "Would ye know the witches of Glenluce? I will tell ye them," naming four or five persons of indifferent repute; one of whom was dead. The weaver said this, thinking to have caught him tripping, but the Demon answered promptly, "It is true she is dead long ago, but her spirit is living with us in the world."

The minister replied, saying ("though it was not convenient to speak to such an excommunicated intercommuned person"), "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan, and put thee to silence. We are not to receive information from thee, whatsoever fame any person goes under. Thou art seeking but to seduce this family, for Satan's kingdom is not divided against itself."

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After this little sparring there was prayer again; so Tom did not take much by this move.

All this while, the young Glasgow collegian was very hardly holden, so there was more prayer on his special behalf again. The Devil then said, on their rising: "Give me a spade and a shovel, and depart from the house for seven days, and I will make a grave and lie down in it, and shall trouble you no more."

The goodman (Campbell) answered: "Not so much as a straw shall be given thee, through God's assistance, even though that would do it. God shall remove thee in due time." Satan cried out, "I will not remove for you. I have my commission from Christ to tarry and vex this family." Says the minister, coming to the weaver's assistance, "A permission thou hast indeed; but God will stop it in due time." Says the Demon, respectfully, "I have, sir, a commission which, perhaps, will last longer than yours." Furthermore, the Demon said he had given Tom this commission to keep. Interrogated, that young gentleman replied, that "he had something put into his pocket, but it did not tarry."

They then began to search about for the Foul Fiend, and one gentleman said, "We think this voice speaks out of the children." The Foul Fiend, very angry at this, cried, "You lie! God shall judge you for your lying, and I and my father will come and fetch you to hell with warlock thieves," and so the Devil discharged (forbade) the gentleman to speak anything, saying: "Let him that hath a commission speak (meaning the minister), for he is the servant of God." The minister, accepting the challenge, had a little religious controversy with the Devil, who at last confessed simply, "I knew not these scriptures till my father taught me them." Nothing of all this disturbing the easy faith of his audience, they, through the minister whom alone he would obey, conjured him to tell them who he was, whereupon he said that he was an evil spirit come from the bottomless pit of hell, to vex this house, and that Satan was his father. And then there appeared a naked hand, and an arm from the elbow down, beating on the floor, till the house did shake again, and a loud and fearful crying, "Come up, father! come up, father! I will send my father among ye. See! there he is behind your backs!"

The minister said, "I saw, indeed, a hand and an arm, when the stroke was given and heard."

Said the Devil, "Saw ye that? It was not my hand, it was my father's. My hand is more black in the loop."

"Oh!" said Gilbert Campbell in an ecstasy, "that I might see thee as well as I hear thee."

"Would ye see me?" says the Foul Thief. "Put out the candle, and I shall come butt the house [to the outer room] among you like pieballs: I shall let ye see me, indeed!"

Alexander Bailie, of Dunraget, said to the minister, "Let us go ben [to the inner room], and see if there be any hand to be seen." But the Demon exclaimed, "No! let him (the minister) come ben alone. He is a good honest man, his single word may be believed." He then abused Mr. Robert Hay, a very honest gentleman, very ill with his tongue, calling him witch and warlock; and a little after cried out, "A witch! a witch! There's a witch sitting upon the raist—take her away!" He meant there was a hen sitting on a rafter of the house. If the joke had a point then, it has got blunted now, and does not, to us, show wit or wisdom; unless indeed Master Tom meant it as a piece of profound satire, which is scarcely to be believed. They then again went to prayer, and, when ended, the Devil cried out, "If the good man's son's prayers at the college of Glasgow did not prevail with God, my father and I had wrought a mischief here ere now."

Alexander Bailie said, "Well, I see you acknowledge a God, and that prayer prevails with him, and therefore we must pray to God, and commit the event to him." To whom the Devil replied—having an evident spite against him: "Yea, sir, you speak of prayer, with your broad-lipped hat" (for the gentleman had lately gotten a hat in the fashion with broad lips); "I'll bring a pair of shears from my father's which shall clip the lips of it a little." And Alexander Bailie presently imagined that he heard and felt a pair of shears go clipping round his hat, which he lifted, to see if the Foul Thief had meddled with it.

Then the Fiend fell to prophesying. "Tom was to be a merchant, Rob a smith, John a minister, and Hugh a lawyer," all which came to pass. Turning to Jennet, the goodman's daughter, he cried, "Jennet Campbell, Jennet Campbell, wilt thou cast me thy belt?"

Quoth she, "What a widdy [a gallows] wouldst thou do with my belt?"

"I would fain," says he, "fasten my loose bones together."

A younger daughter was sitting "busking [decking] her young puppies, as young girls are used to do." He threatens to "ding out her harns;" that is, according to the commentator, brain her. Says she, quietly, "No, if God be to the fore;" and so falls to her work again. The goodwife, having brought out some bread, was breaking it, so that every one of the company should have a piece. Cries he, "Grissel Wyllie! Grissel Wyllie! give me a piece of that havre bread (for so they call their oat-cake). I have gotten nothing this day, but a bit from Marritt;" that is, as they speak in the country, Margaret. The minister said to them all, "Beware of that! for it is sacrificing to the Devil." Marritt was then called, and inquired of if she gave him any of her havre bread. "No," says she; "but when I was eating my due piece this morning, something came and clicked it out of my hands."

The evening had now come, and the company prepared to depart; the minister, and the mi-

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nister's wife, Alexander Bailie, of Dunraget, and his broad-lipped hat, and the rest. But the Devil cried out, in a kind of agony, "Let not the minister go! I shall burn the house if he goes!" Weaver Campbell, desperately frightened, besought the minister to stay; to which he at last consented, not willing to see them come to mischief. As he turned back into the house, the Devil gave a great gaff of laughing, saying, "Now, sir, you have done my bidding!" which was unhandsome of Tom.

"Not thine; but, in obedience to God, have I returned to bear this man company whom thou dost afflict," says the minister, nowise discomposed.

Then the minister discharged all from speaking to the Demon, saying that when it spoke they must only kneel and pray to God. This did not suit the Devil at all. He roared mightily, and cried, "What! will ye not speak to me? I shall strike the bairns and do all manner of mischief!" No answer was returned: and then the little children were slapped and beaten on their bare persons—where little children are used to be beaten. After a while this ended too, and then he called out to the goodwife, "Grissel, put out the candle!"

"Shall I do it?" says she to the minister's wife.

"No; for then shall you obey the Devil," answered that discreet person.

Upon this the Demon shouted with a louder voice, "Put out the candle!" The candle went on burning. For the third time, "Put out the candle, I say!" Grissel, not caring to continue the uproar, put it out. "And now," says he, "I'll trouble you no more this night."

Once again, the ministers and gentlemen met for prayer and exorcism, when it is to be presumed that Tom was not with them, for everything was quiet; but soon after, the stirs began again, and Tom and the rest were sore molested. Gilbert Campbell made an appeal to the Synod of Presbyters; a committee of which appointed a special day of humiliation in February, 1656, for the freeing of the weaver's house from this affliction; in consequence whereof, from April to August the Devil was perfectly quiet, and the family lived together in peace. But, after this time, the mischief broke out afresh. Perhaps Tom had come home from college, or his father had renewed his talk of binding him to his own trade; whatever the cause, the effect was certain—the Devil had come back to Glenluce.

One day, as the goodwife was standing by the fire, making the porridge for the children, the Demon came and snatched the plate on which was the oatmeal, out of her hand, and spilt all the meal.

"Let me have the tin-plate again," said Grissel Wyllie very humbly; and it came flying back to her. "It is like if she had sought the meal too, she might have got it, such is his civility when he is entreated," says the commentator.

Things after this, went very ill. The children were daily thrashed with heavy staves, and every one in the family underwent much personal damage; until, as a climax, on the eighteenth of September, the Demon said he would burn the house down, and did in very truth set it on fire. But it was put out again, before much mischief was done.

After a time—probably by Tom's going away, or getting afraid of being found out—the Devil was quieted and laid for ever. "This weaver must have been a very odd man that endured so long these marvellous disturbances," says Mr. George Sinclair, from whose Satan's Invisible World Discovered, printed in 1685, I have taken, often verbatim, this strange and most veracious history. It is a singular instance of how much people will believe without examination, and of how far a little boldness, manual dexterity, and unscrupulosity, will impose even on fairly discerning and well-educated men. It is to be remembered, however, that the indiscreet expression of a doubt then, would have subjected the most respectable gentleman in the place—Alexander Bailie, of Dunraget, himself—to the charge of Sadduceeism and atheism; and, if persisted in, might have lighted a fire in Glenluce which only blood would have quenched. For, if the laws were severe against witches and witchcraft, they were no milder towards those who doubted inopportunely; the Black Art was damnable, but unbelief in it was more damnable. Accordingly, Tom played off his demoniacal pranks with very little fear of detection; for who amongst that godly company would have dared to say, "This is no fiend, but a human being; no possession, but simply a boy's froward trick?" The minister himself dared not have said so; and Tom knew full well the illimitable extent of superstition by which he was supported. The Devil of Glenluce was neither more nor less than a fast young lad from college, with a horror of his father's trade, and a quantity of time and energy unemployed on his hands, which he thought he could not do better than use for his own amusement.

Has the race of such young evil spirits quite died out?

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ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER Dyke was one of those characters which Ireland alone produces—a sporting priest. In France, Spain, or Italy, the type is unknown. Time was, when the abbé, elegant, witty, and well bred, was a great element of polished life; when his brilliant conversation and his insidious address threw all the charm of culture over a society which was only rescued from coarseness by the marvellous dexterity of such intellectual gladiators. They have passed away, like many other things brilliant and striking; the gilded coach, the red-heeled slipper, and the supper of the regency; the powdered marquise, for a smile of whose dimpled mouth the deadly rapier has flashed in the moonlight; the perfumed beauty, for one of whose glances a poet would have racked his brain to render worthily in verse; the gilded salon where, in a sort of incense, all the homage of genius was offered up before the altar of loveliness—gone are they all!

Au fond, the world is pretty much the same, although we drive to a club dinner in a one horse brougham; and if we meet the curé of St. Roch, we find him to be rather a morose middle aged man with a taste for truffles, and a talent for silence. It is not as the successor of the witty abbé, that I adduce the sporting priest, but simply as a variety of the ecclesiastical character which, doubtless, a very few more years will have consigned to the realm of history. He, too, will be a bygone! Father Tom, as he was popularly called, never needing any more definite designation, was tam Marte quam Mercurio, as much poacher as priest, and made his sporting acquirements subservient to the demands of an admirable table. The thickest salmon, the curdiest trout, the fattest partridge, and the most tender woodcock, smoked on his board, and, rumour said, cooked with a delicacy that more pretentious houses could not rival. In the great world, nothing is more common than to see some favoured individual permitted to do things which, by common voice, are proclaimed impracticable or improper. With a sort of prescriptive right to outrage the ordinances of society, such people accept no law but their own inclination, and seem to declare that they are altogether exempt from the restraints that bind other men. In a small way and an humble sphere, Father Tom enjoyed this privilege, and there was not in his whole county to be found one man churlish or ungenerous enough to dispute it; and thus was he suffered to throw his line, snap his gun, or unleash his dog in precincts where many with higher claims had been refused permission.

It was not alone that he enjoyed the invigorating pleasure of field sports in practice, but he delighted in everything which bore any relationship to them. There was not a column of Bell's Life in which he had not his sympathy—the pigeon match, the pedestrian, the Yankee trotter, the champion for the silver sculls at Chelsea, the dog "Billy," were all subjects of interest to him. Never did the most inveterate blue stocking more delight in the occasion of meeting a great celebrity of letters, than did he when chance threw him in the way of the jock who rode the winner at the Oaks, or the "Game Chicken" who punished the "Croydon Pet" in the prize ring. But now for the letter, which will as fully reveal the man as any mere description. It was a narrative of races he had attended, and rowing matches he had witnessed, with little episodes of hawking, badger drawing, and cock-fighting intermixed:

"I came down here—Brighton—to swim for a wager of five-and-twenty sovereigns against a Major Blayse, of the Third Light Dragoon Guards; we made the match after mess at Aldershot, when neither of us was anything to speak of too sober; but as we were backed strongly—he rather the favourite—there was no way of drawing the bet. I beat him after a hard struggle; we were two hours and forty minutes in the water, and netted about sixty pounds besides. We dined with the depôt in the evening, and I won a ten-pound note on a question of whether there ought to be saffron in the American drink called 'greased lightning;' but this was not the only piece of luck that attended me, as you shall hear. As I was taking my morning canter on the Downs, I perceived that a stranger—a jockey-like fellow, not quite a gentleman, but near it—seemed to keep me in view; now riding past, now behind me, and always bestowing his whole attention on my nag. Of course, I showed the beast off to the best, and handled him skilfully. I thought to myself, he likes the pony; he'll be for making me an

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offer for him. I was right. I had just seated myself at breakfast, when the stranger sent his card, with a request to speak to me. He was a foreigner, but spoke very correct English, and his object was to learn if I would sell my horse. It is needless to say that I refused at once. The animal suited me, and I was one of those people who find it excessively difficult to be mounted to their satisfaction. I needed temper, training, action, gentleness, beauty, high courage, and perfect steadiness, and a number of such-like seeming incongruities. He looked a little impatient at all this; he seemed to say, 'I know all this kind of nonsense; I have heard ship loads of such gammon before. Be frank and say, what's the figure; how much do you want for him?' He looked this, I say; but he never uttered a word, and at last I asked him,

"'Are you a dealer?'

"'Well,' said he, with an arch smile, 'something in that line.'

"'I thought so,' said I. 'The pony is a rare good one.'

"He nodded assent.

"'He can jump a bar of his own height?'

"Another nod.

"'And he's as fresh on his legs——'

"'As if he were not twenty-six years old,' he broke in.

"'Twenty-six fiddle-sticks! Look at his mouth; he has an eight-year old mouth.'

"'I know it,' said he, dryly; 'and so he had fourteen years ago. Will you take fifty sovereigns for him?' he added, drawing out a handful of gold from his pocket.

"'No,' said I, firmly; 'nor sixty, nor seventy, nor eighty!'

"'I am sorry to have intruded upon you,' said he, rising, 'and I beg you to excuse me. The simple fact is, that I am one who gains his living by horses, and it is only possible for me to exist by the generosity of those who deal with me.'

"This appeal was a home-thrust, and I said, 'What can you afford to give?'

"'All I have here,' said he, producing a handful of gold, and spreading it on the table.

"We set to counting, and there were sixty-seven sovereigns in the mass. I swept off the money into the palm of my hand, and said, 'The beast is yours.'

"He drew a long breath, as if to relieve his heart of a load of care, and said, 'Men of *my* stamp, and who lead such lives as I do, are rarely superstitious.'

"'Very true,' said I, with a nod of encouragement for him to go on.

"'Well,' said he, resuming, 'I never thought for a moment that any possibility could have made me so. If ever there was a man that laughed at lucky and unlucky days, despised omens, sneered at warnings, and scorned at predictions, I was he; and yet I have lived to be the most credulous and the most superstitious of men. It is now fourteen years and twenty-seven days—I remember the time to an hour—since I sold that pony to the Prince Ernest von Saxenhausen, and since that day I never had luck. So long as I owned him all went well with me. I ought to tell you that I am the chief of a company of equestrians, and one corps, known as Klam's Kunst-Reiters, was the most celebrated on the Continent. In three years I made three hundred thousand guilders, and if the devil had not induced me to sell "Schatzchen"—that was his name—I should be this day as rich as Heman Rothschild! From the hour he walked out of the circus our calamities began. I lost my wife by fever at Wiesbaden, the most perfect high-school horsewoman in Europe; my son, of twenty years of age, fell and dislocated his neck; the year after, at Vienna, my daughter Gretchen was blinded riding through a fiery hoop at Homburg; and four years later, all the company died of yellow fever at the Havannah, leaving me utterly beggared and ruined. Now these, you would say, though great misfortunes, are all in the course of common events. But what will you say when, on the eve of each of them, "Schatschen" appeared to me in a dream, performing some well-known feat or other, and bringing down, as he ever did, thunders of applause; and never did he so appear without a disaster coming after. I struggled hard before I suffered this notion to influence me. It was years before I even mentioned it to any one; and I used for a while to make a jest of it in the circus, saying, "Take care of yourselves tonight, for I saw 'Schatschen.'" Of course they were not the stuff to be deterred by such warnings, but they became so at last. That they did, and were so terrified, so thoroughly terrified, that the day after one of my visions not a single member of the troupe would venture on a hazardous feat of any kind; and if we performed at all, it was only some common-place exercises, with few risks and no daring exploits whatever. Worn out with evil fortune, crushed and almost broken-hearted, I struggled on for years, secretly determining, if ever I should chance upon him, to buy back Schatzchen with my last penny in the world. Indeed, there were moments in which such was the intense excitement of my mind, I could have committed a dreadful crime to regain possession of him. We were on the eve of embarking for Ostend the other night, when I saw you riding on the Downs, and I came ashore at once to track you out, for I knew him, though fully half a mile away. None of my comrades could guess what detained me, nor understand why I asked each of them in turn to lend me whatever money he could spare. It was in this way I made up the little purse you see. It was thus provided that I dared to present myself to-day before you.'

"As he gave me this narrative his manner grew more eager and excited, and I could not help feeling that his mind, from the long-continued pressure of one thought, had received a serious shock. It was exactly one of those cases which physicians describe as leaving the intellect unimpaired while some one faculty is

under the thraldom of a dominant and all-pervading impression. I saw this more palpably, when, having declined to accept more than his original offer of fifty pounds, I replaced the remainder in his hand, he evinced scarcely any gratitude for my liberality, so totally was he engrossed by the idea that the horse was now his own, and that Fortune would no longer have any pretext for using him so severely as before.

"'I don't know—I cannot know,' said he, 'if fortune means to deal more kindly by me than heretofore, but I feel a sort of confidence in the future now; I have a kind of trustful courage as to what may come, that tells me no disaster will deter me, no mishap cast me down.'

"These were his words as he arose to take his leave. Of his meeting with the pony I am afraid to trust myself to speak. It was such an overflow of affection as one might witness from a long absent brother on being once again restored to his own. I cannot say that the beast knew him, nor would I go so far as to assert that he did not, for certainly some of his old instincts seemed gradually to revive within him on hearing certain words; and when ordered to take a respectful farewell of me, the pony planted a foreleg on each of his master's shoulders, and, taking off his hat with his teeth, bowed twice or thrice in the most deferential fashion. I wished them both every success in life, and we parted. As I took my evening's stroll on the pier I saw them embark for Ostend, the pony sheeted most carefully, and every imaginable precaution taken to ensure him against cold. The man himself was poorly clad and indifferently provided against the accidents of the voyage. He appeared to feel that the disparity required a word of apology, for he said, in a whisper: '*It*'ll soon furnish me with a warm cloak; it'll not leave me long in difficulties!' I assure you, my dear Crofton, there was something contagious in the poor fellow's superstition, for, as he sailed away, the thought lay heavily on my heart, 'What if I, too, should have parted with my good luck in life? How if I have bartered my fortune for a few pieces of money?' The longer I dwelt on this theme the more forcibly did it strike me. My original possession of the animal was accomplished in a way that aided the illusion. It was thus I won him on a hit of backgammon!"

As I read thus far, the paper dropped from my hands, my head reeled, and in a faint dreamy state, as if drugged by some strong narcotic, I sank, I know not how long, unconscious. The first thing which met my eyes on awakening, was the line, "I won him on a hit of backgammon!" The whole story was at once before me. It was of Blondel I was reading! Blondel was the beast whose influence had swayed one man's destiny. So long as he owned him, the world went well and happily with him; all prospered and succeeded. It was a charm like the old lamp of Aladdin. And this was the treasure I had lost. So far from imputing an ignorant superstition to the German, I concurred in every speculation, every theory of his invention. The man had evidently discovered one of those curious problems in what we rashly call the doctrine of chances. It was not the animal himself that secured good fortune, it was that, in his "circumstances," what Strauff calls "die umringende Begebenheiten" of his lot, this creature was sure to call forth efforts and develop resources in his possessor, of which, without his aid, he would have gone all through life unconscious.

The vulgar notion that our lives are the sport of accident—the minute too early or too late—the calm that detained us—the snow-storm that blocked the road—the chance meeting with this or that man, which we lay such stress on—what are they in reality but trivial incidents without force or effect, save as they impel to action? They call out certain qualities in our nature by which our whole characters become modified. Your horse balks at a fence and throws you over his head; the fall is not a very grave one, and you are scarcely hurt; you have fallen into a turnip-field, and the honest fellow who is hoeing away near comes kindly to your aid, and, in good Samaritan fashion, bathes your temples and restores you. When you leave him at last, you go forth with a kindlier notion of human nature; you recognise that tie "that makes the whole world kin," and you seem to think that hard toil hardens not the heart, nor a life of labour shuts out generous sympathies—the lesson is a life one. But suppose that in your fall you alight on a bed of choice tulips, you descend in midst of a rich parterre of starry anemonies, and that your first conscious struggles are met with words of anger and reproach, instead of sorrow for your suffering you hear sarcasms on your horsemanship, and insults on your riding—no sympathy, no kindness, no generous anxiety for your safety, but all that can irritate and offend—more thought, in fact, for the petals of a flower than for the ligaments of your knee,—then, too, is the lesson a life one, and its fruits will be bitter memories for many a year. The events of our existence are in reality nothing, save in our treatment of them. By Blondel I recognised one of those suggestive influences which mould fate by moulding temperament. The deep-reflecting German saw this: it was clear *he* knew that in that animal was typified all that his life might become. Why should not I contest the prize with him? Blondel was charged with another destiny as well as his.

I turned once more to the letter, but I could not bear to read it; so many were the impertinent allusions to myself, my manner, my appearance, and my conversation. Still more insulting were the speculations as to what class or condition I belonged to. "He puzzled us completely," wrote the priest, "for while unmistakably vulgar in many things, there were certain indications of reading and education about him that refuted the notion of his being what Keldrum thought—an escaped counter-jumper! The Guardsman insisted he was a valet; my own impression was, the fellow had kept a small circulating library, and gone mad with the three-volume novels.

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At all events, I have given him a lesson which, whether profitable or not to *him*, has turned out tolerably well for *me*. If ever you chance to hear of him—his name was Podder or Pedder, I think—pray let me know, for my curiosity is still unslaked about him." He thence went off to a sort of descriptive catalogue of my signs and token, so positively insulting, that I cannot recal it; the whole winding up: "Add to all these, an immense pomposity of tone, with a lisp, and a Dublin accent, and you can scarcely mistake him." Need I say, benevolent reader, that fouler calumnies were never uttered, nor more unfounded slanders ever pronounced?

It is not in this age of photography that a man need defend his appearance. By the aid of sun and collodion, I may perhaps one day convince you that I am not so devoid of personal graces as this foul-mouthed priest would persuade you. I am, possibly, in this pledge, exceeding the exact limits which this publication may enable me to sustain. I may be contracting an engagement which cannot be, consistent with its principles, fulfilled. If so, I must be your artist; but I swear to you, that I shall not flatter. Potts, painted by himself, shall be a true portrait. Meanwhile, I have time to look out for my canvas, and you will be patient enough to wait till it be filled.

Again to this confounded letter:

"There is another reason" (wrote Dyke) "why I should like to chance upon this fellow." ("This fellow" meant me.) "I used to fancy myself unequalled in the imaginative department of conversation, by the vulgar called lying. Here, I own, with some shame, he was my match. A more fearless, determined, go-ahead liar, I never met. Now, as one who deems himself no small proficient in the art, I would really like to meet him once more. We could approach each other like the augurs of old, and agree to be candid and free-spoken together, exchanging our ideas on this great topic, and frankly communicating any secret knowledge each might deem that he possessed. I'd go a hundred miles to pass an evening with him alone, to hear from his own lips the sort of early training and discipline his mind went through: who were his first instructors, what his original inducements. Of one thing I feel certain: a man thus constituted has only to put the curb upon his faculty to be most successful in life, his perils will all lie in the exuberance of his resources: let him simply bend himself to believe in some of the impositions he would force upon others. Let him give his delusions the force acquired by convictions, and there is no limit to what he may become. Be on the look out, therefore, for him, as a great psychological phenomenon, the man who outlied

"Your sincerely attached friend,

"THOMAS DARCY DYKE.

"P.S. I have just remembered his name. It was Potts: the villain said from the Pozzo di Borgo family. I'm sure with this hint you can't fail to run him to earth; and I entreat of you spare no pains to do it."

There followed here some more impertinent personalities as clues to my discovery, which my indulgent reader will graciously excuse me if I do not stop to record; enough to say they were as unfounded as they were scurrilous.

Another and very different train of thought, however, soon banished these considerations. This letter had been given me by Crofton, who had already read it; he had perused all this insolent narrative about me before handing it to me, and, doubtless, in so doing, had no other intention than to convey, in the briefest and most emphatic way to me, that I was found out. It was simply saying, in the shortest possible space, "Thou art the man!" Oh, the ineffable shame and misery of that thought! Oh, the bitterness of feeling! How my character should now be viewed and my nature discussed! "Only think, Mary," I fancied I heard him say —"only think who our friend should turn out to be—this same Potts: the fellow that vanquished Father Dyke in story-telling, and outlied the priest! And here we have been lavishing kindness and attentions upon one who, after all, is little better than a swindler, sailing under false colours and fictitious credentials; for who can now credit one syllable about his having written those verses he read for us, or composed that tale of which he told us the opening? What a lesson in future about extending confidence to utter strangers! What caution and reserve should it not teach us! How guarded should we be not to suffer ourselves to be fascinated by the captivations of manner and the insinuating charms of address! If Potts had been less prepossessing in appearance, less gifted and agreeable—if, instead of being a consummate man of the world, with the breeding of a courtier and the knowledge of a scholar, he had been a pedantic puppy with a lisp and a Dublin accent——" Oh, ignominy and disgrace! these were the very words of the priest in describing me, which came so patly to my memory, and I grew actually sick with shame as I recalled them. I next became angry. Was this conduct of Crofton's delicate or considerate? Was it becoming in one who had treated me as his friend thus abruptly to conclude our intimacy by an insult? Handing me such a letter was saying, "There's a portrait, can you say any one it resembles?" How much more generous had he said, "Tell me all about this wager of yours with Father Dyke—I want to hear *your* account of it, for old Tom is not the most veracious of mortals nor the most mealy-mouthed of commentators. Just give me *your* version of the incident, Potts, and I am satisfied it will be the true one." That's what he might, that's what he ought to have said. I can swear it is what I, Potts, would have done by *him*, or by any other stranger whose graceful manners and pleasing qualities had won my esteem and conciliated my regard. I'd have said, "Potts, I have seen enough of life to know how unjust it is to measure men by one and the same standard. The ardent, impassioned nature cannot be ranked with the cold and cal-

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culating spirit. The imaginative man has the same necessity for the development of his creature faculty as the strongly muscular man of bodily exercise. He must blow off the steam of his invention, or the boiler will not contain it. You and Le Sage and Alexandre Dumas are a category. You are not the Clerks of a Census Commission, or Masters in Equity. You are the chartered libertines of fiction. Shake out your reefs, and go free—free as the winds that waft you!"

To all these reflections came the last one. "I must be up and doing, and that speedily! I will recover Blondel, if I devote my life to the task. I will regain him, let the cost be what it may. Mounted upon that creature, I will ride up to the Rosary; the time shall be evening; a sun just sunk behind the horizon shall have left in the upper atmosphere a golden and rosy light, which shall tip his mane with a softened lustre, and shed over my own features a rich Titian-like tint. 'I come,' will I say, 'to vindicate the fair fame of one who once owned your affection. It is Potts, the man of impulse, the child of enthusiasm, who now presents himself before you. Poor, if you like to call him so, in worldly craft or skill, poor in its possessions, but rich, boundlessly rich, in the stores of an ideal wealth. Blondel and I are the embodiment of this idea. These fancies you have stigmatised as lies are but the pilot balloons by which great minds calculate the currents in that upper air they are about to soar in.'"

And, last of all, there was a sophistry that possessed a great charm for my mind, in this wise: to enable a man humble as myself to reach that station in which a career of adventure should open before him, some ground must be won, some position gained. That I assume to be something that I am not, is simply to say that I trade upon credit. If my future transactions be all honourable and trustworthy—if by a fiction, only known to my own heart, I acquire that eminence from which I can distribute benefits to hundreds—who is to stigmatise me as a fraudulent trader?

Is it not a well-known fact, that many of those now acknowledged as the wealthiest of men, might, at some time or other of their lives, have been declared insolvent had the real state of their affairs been known? The world, however, had given them its confidence, and time did the rest. Let the same world be but as generous towards *me!* The day will come, I say it confidently and boldly, the day will come when I can "show my books," and "point to my balance-sheet." When Archimedes asked for a base on which to rest his lever, he merely uttered the great truth, that some one fixed point is essential to the success of a motive power.

It is by our use or abuse of opportunity we are either good or bad men. The physician is not less conversant with noxious drugs than the poisoner; the difference lies in the fact that the one employs his skill to alleviate suffering, the other, to work out evil and destruction. If I, therefore, but make some feigned station in life the groundwork from which I can become the benefactor of my fellow-men, I shall be good and blameless. My heart tells me how well and how fairly I mean by the world: I would succour the weak, console the afflicted, and lift up the oppressed; and if to carry out grand and glorious conceptions of this kind all that be needed is a certain self-delusion which may extend its influence to others, "Go in," I say, "Potts; be all that your fancy suggests—

Dives, honoratis, pulcher, rex denique regum—
Be rich, honoured and fair, a prince or a begum—

but, above all, never distrust your destiny or doubt your star."

THE UNHOLY LAND.

When people hear the Sublime Porte mentioned, they are so accustomed to the conventional term as to be apt to forget that the high-sounding title means nothing more than the Sublime Gate, or the Sublime Door. At the Théâtre-Français, Paris, they are now performing a comedy, by Alfred de Musset, called A Door ought to be either Open or Shut. Transferring the piece to the Constantinopolitan stage, we should be inclined to alter it to A Sublime Door ought to be Shut up—unless it will forthwith better adapt itself to the practices of Christian Europe. The very next massacre of Christians which occurs in Syria will convince the world that the Crimean war in behalf of the Sultan was a costly mistake, at least as far as his Highness and the Turks are concerned.

As to the door of Syria itself, it is clear that speedily-coming events will decide whether it is to be open or shut for good and all. Either European intervention and occupation will keep it decidedly open and safe for all honest comers and goers to and fro, or the Grand Turk will lock it up close, and put the bloody key in his pocket. Woe to the Christian dogs who cannot get out, but are obliged to remain, after he has so shut it. It will be a pleasant diversion for the Turkish soldiers to look out of window, or down from house-top, whenever the Druses feel inclined to amuse themselves with a battue of Frank or native Christian residents. This closing of the Oriental gate against Occidental travellers increases the interest with which we peruse Trois Ans en Judée, lately published by Monsieur P. Gérardy Saintine. If we once begin to diplomatise with the Porte, instead of taking the law into our own hands, it may be a long while before either an Englishman or a Frenchman has the chance of writing another Three Years in Judæa. The work is, perhaps, mainly intended to serve as a guide to Jerusalem itself; there is, however, a sufficiency of travel and general observation in it, to make a sample of its contents opportune.

Jaffa, one of the most frequented entrances to desecrated Palestine, is built in the form of an amphitheatre, on a rounded sandy hill,

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which, towards the east, overlooks the sea. Its western prospect ranges over fruit-gardens covered with rich and tufted vegetation; the orange, the lemon, and the pomegranate, planted without order or regularity, intertwine their branches, at once laden with fruit and flowers. The town is surrounded with an embattled wall, on which a few small bronze cannon bask in the sunshine. On the highest part of the hill stands a circular fortress, surmounted by the Ottoman flag. The streets are narrow, and singularly dirty. The bazaars are in no wise remarkable, except for the inexperienced traveller who has no idea what the East really is. Jaffa is supposed to derive its name from Japhet, which would give it a very respectable antiquity. But that is nothing; according to tradition, it was founded before the Flood; the ark was built there; and Noah lies buried in a tomb in the rock. With Jaffa are connected the names of Judas Maccabæus, St. Peter, Vespasian, Jonas, and other memorable personages. A Protestant minister, residing at Jaffa, affirmed that the house called Tabitha's was really that of Simon the tanner. The site of Tabitha's house is in the gardens of the modern town. The minister presented his Roman Catholic visitor with a Bible.

The road from Jaffa to Jerusalem has the repute of being the habitual resort of cut-throats and bandits; so our traveller was armed with a double-barrelled gun and a brace of excellent pistols, in spite of which defensive weapons he was curious to learn from his *moucre* the real state of the case. As you have only seven or eight different languages to speak, if you make a tour in Syria, Europeans have invented, for variety's sake, a conventional language, full of hybrid terms. *Moucre* is one of these, meaning a hirer of horses; it is the illegitimate child of the Arabic *mókiari*, from which the Italians derived their *muccheri* when Venice was preponderant in the Levant.

"Inshallah!" said the horse-letter, "we shall arrive safely enough. I have travelled this road for the last ten years, and never had the slightest unpleasantness. Nevertheless, for precaution's sake, I have recruited three or four companions, who are waiting for us at the fountain."

The new escort turned out to be, a couple of Jews, old acquaintances, who were returning to Jerusalem after collecting in India and Egypt the alms of their dispersed brethren; and an old white-bearded white-turbaned Mussulman, armed with a black coral rosary. The cunning guide had granted them the favour of taking them under European protection.

On the way from Jaffa to Jerusalem, European travellers usually halt and repose at the Franciscan convent at Ramleh. Before arriving there, a road to the left leads to Lydda, the Diospolis of the Greeks, whose ancient name survives amongst the Arabs under the form of Lud. The two Jews, feeling no curiosity, went straight to Ramleh with the moucre and the baggage; but Hadji Moustapha, the old Mussulman, declared his intention of passing the night at Lud and rejoining the party next day. It was natural to inquire why he went so far out of his way, instead of following the usual track of people going to Jerusalem?

"We sons of Arabs," he said, "still retain the traditions of our Bedouin life. Because our tents are now made of stone, because our encampments are no longer shifted from the spots we have selected, have we ceased to be children of the desert, and ought we to disavow our ancestors? When they arrived in this country, blessed by God and dear to all the prophets, they had long been divided into two great fractions, the *Kayssi*, the sons of Kays-Ibn-Shaylan, and the *Yemeni*, who came from Yemen. We, their descendants, inhabitants of towns and villages, are still Kayssi or Yemeni, according as the chain of our ancestry or the connexion of our alliances attaches us to one or other of the two parties. Young people may despise old notions if they will, it is of no use; there will always be Kayssi and Yemeni. In vain are the lips of the old wound closed, the scar will never disappear. I, a Kayssi, greatly prefer to lodge with my own people at Lud, than to receive the hospitality of the men of Ramleh, who are Yemeni."

"Is it, then, an implacable hatred which divides the two branches of the Arab family?"

"No, it is not hatred; in the presence of foreigners, we do not forget that we are brethren. But in all our internal quarrels, from canton to canton, from village to village, there is always, at bottom, the trace of the original separation. It is the order of God. He wills that it should be eternally maintained, since he has stamped with it our most pacific customs. When a daughter of Lud, who is a Kayssi, espouses a son of Ramleh, who is a Yemeni, she is conducted by her relations as far as the limit of the territory, covered with a red veil, which is the favourite colour of Kays. There, the cortége is met by the friends of the bridegroom, who drag away the bride with pretended violence over the frontier of Ramleh, after throwing a white veil over her head, the symbol of her adoption by the Yemeni. This custom is as ancient as our race; and in spite of the levity of young people now-a-days, I hope that it will yet last as long as it has already lasted. Are we better than our fathers, that we should act differently to them?"

Here is displayed, in all its simplicity, the sentiment which keeps the Oriental races stationary. The East in some degree resembles those Indian fakirs, whom a long-continued motionless state has rendered paralytic. Christianity alone is able to rouse the East from her lethargy. But she will not accept Christianity; she cuts Christianity's throat instead.

Ramleh—whose Arabic name means sand, and whose soil is in fact sand, although fertile—is called Rama by religious persons in the Holy Land. It is the ancient Arimathea, the home of the disciple Joseph, who deposited the body of Jesus in his tomb. In the time of the Cru-

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sades, Ramleh was an important town, under whose walls bloody battles were fought.

As a general rule in Syria, if you wish to start with the dawn, you must announce your departure for midnight. Railway officials have not yet communicated their pitiless punctuality to the Syrian moucres. You force yourself out of a sleep, still heavy with the fatigues of the preceding day, and grumbling at the enjoyments of a pleasure trip; you dress yourself hurriedly, rubbing your eyes, in order to cause no delay; and when you go down stairs to jump into your saddle, nothing is wanted but—the horses. After two or three messages sent to the khan where they have passed the night, you give a sigh of relief on hearing them approach in file, although with a sleepy step. But have a little patience; they must be saddled, harnessed, and caparisoned. Last night, you were obliged to send them naked to their lodging, because you set a little store by your saddle. In one single night passed in a khan, a European saddle suffers a sad metamorphosis. Everything that was strap, turns to cord: buckles change to knots. Then comes the item of baggage: a man alone cannot load a mule and properly balance its double burden; the moucre, therefore, runs in search of some one to help him, whom he must find, wake, shake, push, and drag, unless the caravan numbers several moucres; and then it is ten times worse: while one wakes, the other falls asleep, the luggage remains on the ground, the travellers kick their heels, and time passes. It is a great feat to get up at three and to be off by five in the morning.

An hour and a half from Ramleh, you leave, a few hundred yards off to the right of the road, on the other side of the brook, the modern village of Berrié (the desert), which has no recollections connected with it. An hour further, you reach an undulation of the ground, surrounded with a cactus hedge, on whose slope to the left lies a considerable village, but disgustingly filthy in its appearance. A note of interrogation, addressed to Hadji Moustapha, draws out the name and history of this delightful residence.

"It is called Kebab (the roasted), from a far distant epoch. The prophet Solomon, health be to him! had reason to complain of the inhabitants who, notwithstanding the immense multitude of their flocks and herds, refused for several years to pay the eleemosynary tithe of their oxen, their sheep, and their goats. The prophet having decided that every proprietor of forty sheep and of thirty oxen should be subject to the tithe, these sons of sin made a secret agreement amongst themselves to elude the law, dividing their flocks, and making women, girls, and infants pass for proprietors, so that nobody owned to owning more than twenty-nine oxen and thirty-nine sheep or goats. Who got angry at this cunning trick? It was the Great Solomon, when he found himself, the ruler of genii, cheated by the astuteness of vulgar peasants. He resolved to punish them. At his command the genii came down to the plain in the form of gaunt tawny wolves, who vomited from their mouths devouring flames and ran in a circle around the cultivated land. The harvest was ripe, and the fire spread rapidly, driving towards the centre all the flocks dispersed over the country. The poor brutes, overcome by terror, all congregated on the spot where Kebab now stands, and were there destroyed by fire. The remains of their bodies formed that hill, and the name of Kebab remains as an eternal monument of the prophet's vengeance. That is what I have always heard tell; Allah only knows the truth."

The legend is clearly a corrupt version of Samson's revenge on the Philistines. But how wonderful is the tenacity of the Hebrew traditions, as if no Greek or Roman period had intervened to break the thread! We have seen how the name Lud pushed the usurper Diospolis aside. Here is another similar instance. To the right of Latroun, about half an hour from the road and beyond the brook, is a shapeless heap of rubbish which is called Emmoas. Formerly it was Nicopolis, the town of victory, destroyed by an earthquake in 131, and rebuilt a hundred years afterwards by Alexander, the son of Mammea, the Syrian woman. It was several times taken and retaken in the supreme struggle in which the Jewish nationality was extinguished. When Judas Maccabæus conquered Georgias, the lieutenant of Nicanor, it bore the name of Emmaüs; and it is this national name which has risen to the surface after the lapse of twenty centuries, transformed into Emmoas, whilst there remains not a trace of the haughty foreigner Nicopolis. This spot must not be confounded with the other Emmaüs, where the disciples met their Lord after his resurrection. Emmaüs was a very common name in Palestine, like Rama, Magdal, and many others. This increases the difficulty of tracing the topography of Scripture.

Latroun, a village that has been deserted for the last twenty years, and completely in ruins, derives its name from Vicus Latronum, the village of thieves, or of *the* thieves. The legend tells that Dimas, the good thief, dwelt there. One day, the Holy Family, passing through it on their flight to Egypt, were stopped by him and his associate, with a demand for a ransom. Dimas, touched by the grace of the divine infant, protected him from the brutality of his accomplice. To this good inspiration he owed the favour of his conversion on the cross, whilst the other thief died in final impenitence.

Close to a fountain of excellent water at the entrance of the village of Abou-Gosch, rises the nave—still entire but very much injured—of a church built during the Crusades in honour of the prophet Jeremiah. It is now used as a stable, and is encumbered with filth. About a hundred and fifty years ago, several Franciscan monks fell victims to the fanatic cruelty of an Abou-Gosch, the great-grandfather and predecessor of the present man, who stifled them to death in an oven. The remembrance of this lamentable event invests this village with a painful noto-

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riety in the eyes of the Roman Catholics in the Holy Land. They persis in calling it Saint Jeremiah, no doubt on account of the patron of the church: identifying it, by an ancient error, with Anatoth, the home of the prophet of the Lamentations.

Arrived at Jerusalem, M. Saintine carefully studied the localities, not as a passing traveller, but as a resident historian. The valley of Jehoshaphat received his early and reverent attention. As you descend it, towards the south and on the left side of the valley is the enclosure of Gethsemane, the Garden of Olives, where Jesus retired with his disciples on the night of his betrayal. This square plot of ground, well cultivated by the Fathers of the Holy Land, contains eight olive-trees of venerable aspect. Doubtless, they are not the same trees which sheltered the Divine Teacher beneath their shade, but very probably they sprang up from the original stumps after Titus had cut down all the trees about Jerusalem. The little iron door which affords admission to the enclosure, opens towards the east. Before the door, is shown a rock on which the apostles slept; a little further to the south, a blind alley, surrounded with dry stone walls, marks the accursed spot where Judas gave the treacherous kiss.

The valley is becoming a veritable cemetery of monumental stones; the supreme ambition of every Jew is to be buried here. If we cross the brook Cedron where the Saviour is said to have crossed it, brutally dragged along by the high-priest's tools, we are shown on a rock the mark of his knees, which he left after falling there. In order to reach on foot the walls of the city, the ascent is steep, and you are glad to repose an instant, under the pretext of admiring the Gilded Gate. This gate, with a double archway, opened in the time of Herod on the eastern portico of the Temple. An ancient prediction foretels that the Christians will one day return through it, as conquerors, to the Holy City, as Jesus once entered thereby in triumph. Consequently the Mussulmans, in spite of their fanaticism, try to avert their destiny by blocking up the gate with a wall of masonry. Throughout almost its entire length, the eastern wall of the city is composed of enormous blocks five or six yards long. It is evidently a remnant of the ancient enclosure of the Temple. Are we to attribute the honour to Solomon? These gigantic stones figured, no doubt, in the edifice raised by the great king, but to deduce the age of the construction from the antiquity of the materials would be reasoning rather too hastily. However that may be, this wall formed part of the old inclosure; it is the only front of ancient Jerusalem about which everybody is agreed. Even if we must give up considering it as one of Solomon's buildings, it is at least as old as Herod, who built so much, and was so fond of colossal proportions. The Jewish historian testifies to the magnitude of the materials he employed. Our Lord also alludes to them.

Proceeding towards the south and continuing to follow the wall, you remark, close to the battlements, the shaft of a column built in and fixed like a piece of artillery protruding out of its embrasure. You may suppose that it is nothing but a whim of some barbaric mason, who stuck, in that strange place and position, this remnant of some antique monument by way of mockery. You are mistaken. You have before your eyes the first stone of an erection which is to last for all eternity. It is the basis of the immense bridge Sirath: that fearful passage which Mussulman tradition throws over the abyss of infernal punishment, and over which all men, at the Day of Judgment, must risk their reaching the abode of peace. This bridge, not particularly convenient at its starting-point, will be finer than a hair, narrower than the edge of a Damascus sabre; and to render the ordeal more difficult, the candidates will have their feet loaded with heavy fetters formed by the reunion of their sins. Many will stumble at the first step and be precipitated into the gulf of Divine wrath; the just, on the other hand, supported under the armpits by two guardian angels, will clear the terrible passage with the lightness of a bird.

Close to the corner of the wall are some projecting stones, in the way of a bracket. There, will be placed the balcony in which the prophet will hold his tribunal. When the last day for the race of Adam arrives, when the spirit of God has conquered the false Messiah (Antichrist or Dedjial), he will summon before him all generations, and every one will receive according to his works. During that time, Mohammed will remain at the foot of the celestial throne, to intercede in favour of the Mussulmans.

Returning to the beaten path, we will follow the aqueduct which carries water to the mosque. This path indicates the ancient line of the walls of the city under King David, at the time when the whole of Mount Sion was comprised within the enclosure. It is difficult to understand why the new fortifications left it without the enclosure. Local tradition relates that Sultan Selim (in whose reign this work was constructed) was so irritated by the blunder, that he ordered the architect's head to be struck off—an easy mode of paying him. To the left, a little lower down, is a grotto to which St. Peter is said to have retired, after the cock crew thrice, to bewail his denial. The cock was a noisy inmate of the high-priest Caiphas's house, since replaced by a small Armenian convent. To the right of the altar is shown a dark retreat in which Jesus was imprisoned. Outside the building, a little to the west, is pointed out the spot where the holy Virgin died.

This small group of buildings forms a sort of isolated citadel in the midst of the southern plain of Mount Sion, and comprises two venerated sanctuaries; one, where the Eucharist was instituted; the other, where the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles. It is clearly the most ancient church in the world, since the communion of the holy sacrament was established there by Our Lord himself; it is also the locality of the first Council, where, in sublime simplicity,

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the profession of the new faith and doctrine was settled in this venerable meeting of the disciples.

The sanctuary of the Eucharist was a convent of Franciscans until the middle of the sixteenth century. At that epoch, a Mussulman dervish learnt in a vision that the tomb of King David was in the foundation of the building; and the Christian monks were obliged to yield the place to Mussulman dervishes. A dream is an easy mode of transfer. The dervishes have religiously kept possession of it to the present day, jealous of a treasure which is not less precious to their pious souls than useful to their interests by the rich gifts and bountiful alms it attracts. It is only by special favour that you are allowed to enter a chamber on the ground floor in which stands the venerated tomb. This tomb, a simple cenotaph covered with green satin drapery, is placed, according to the keepers, exactly over the veritable tomb, which is invisible except to the eyes of faith; for any pilgrim who caught a glimpse of it would lose his eyesight immediately. The old sheik who introduces you to the sanctuary, touched with your pious curiosity or sensible to your offering, will confidentially assure you that beneath the floor of the chamber there passes a staircase cut in the rock and terminating with a closed door, which will not open till the Day of Judgment.

Returning to the interior of the city by the gate of Nebi-Daoud or of Sion, you traverse heaps of rubbish and offal, which, at certain spots, rise higher than the ramparts, and on which vigorous tufts of cactus flourish. On this unclean irregular soil there lives a miserable colony, completely separated from the rest of the population. It is the allotment of the lepers. Here they await—men, women, and children—the arrival of death to release them from their terrible malady. Leprosy is still very frequent throughout the whole of the East; it is not the white or mealy leprosy mentioned in the Bible, but that still more fearful affection which is called elephantiasis. The epidermis assumes violet and reddish-grey tints; pimples forming in the substance of the skin give birth to abscesses frightful to behold. Little by little the extremities of the limbs fall to pieces, leaving nothing but shapeless stumps. The roof of the palate comes away in splinters, which gives to these unhappy wretches a peculiarly hoarse and nasal tone of voice. This terrible infirmity, which is the despair of medical science, is not contagious, but is propagated by hereditary transmission. And the lepers continue to marry among themselves, in and in, increasing, multiplying, and swarming on their overgrown dunghill, without the slightest interference or attention from any quarter, in company with the mangy dogs which you meet around their huts, more numerous, lean, and bald than anywhere else. The wretched dog still remains the faithful friend of the wretched human sufferer.

To escape from these habitations of mourning, you descend the steep flank of Mount Sion, which faces the east. You can scarcely believe yourself in the interior of a city; the deep-sunk road has nothing to offer, to the right or the left, but heaps of rubbish, sweepings, and vegetable offal; it is only on reaching the bottom of the slope that you get sight of the town with its edifices, the mosque of Omar and its handsome leaden cupola. Reascending Mount Sion through filthy and miserable streets, you reach the entrance of a small convent, the convent of the olive-tree (Deir-Zeitoum); it owes its name to an old olive-tree, to which, it is said, the Saviour was bound while the high-priest Anna and his accomplices were contriving the means of destroying him on the following day. This tree grew in the court-yard of the high-priest's house, which was situated on the very spot where the convent is built. It is not here that the Armenians have displayed their wealth, but in the residence of their patriarch, the magnificent monastery of Saint James, which is the admiration of all visitors.

Leaving the Armenian patriarchate, you perceive, in a narrow lane to the right, the remnant of an old wall, which M. Saintine baptises with the name of St. Peter's prison. In fact, with the Acts of the apostles in your hands, it is easy to prove that the prison was within the fortress of Mount Sion; since the apostle, conducted by the angel, "came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went, and passed through one street." The place of imprisonment was, therefore, not in the country, as those maintain who fix it in the Church of the Resurrection. This is the one street through which St. Peter passed till he came to the house of Mary, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark. This holy woman's house stood on the site which you now see occupied by that small Syrian convent with its massive gateway. But, throughout the whole interior of the Holy City, it is very difficult to reconcile all the opinions and all the evidence of historians and travellers. Every stone is an enigma; every ruin assumes the form of a note of interrogation.

The tomb of Jesus is in the centre of the Church of the Resurrection. "For the Christian and the philosopher," says M. Lamartine, "for the moralist or the historian, this tomb is the boundary stone which separates two worlds, the old world and the new world. It is the starting-point of an idea which has renewed the universe, of a civilisation which has transformed everything, of a word which has resounded throughout the globe. This tomb is the sepulchre of the old world and the cradle of the new world. The history of the Holy Sepulchre is the history of Jerusalem itself. Ever since its construction by Constantine, the church has followed the vicissitudes of the unfortunate city. The desire of comprising within its interior the greatest possible number of sanctuaries has been fatal to the regularity of the building, which is covered by two Byzantine domes and a steeple in ruins, doubtless added by the Crusaders. The agglomeration of houses and convents grouped around it, deprives it now of any architectural character.

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The little mosque, which stands in the open space before it, has its legend. It is said that after the taking of Jerusalem by Saladin, it was proposed to the victor to offer his prayer at the holy tomb. It was the custom to convert immediately into a mosque any place where the chief of Islam had knelt. Saladin generously refused the offer made to him. Still, not choosing to quit the tomb of "the prophet Jesus" without returning thanks for the victory, he instantly ordered some rubbish to be cleared away from a corner of the open space, and, prostrating himself there, addressed a prayer to the Eternal. In remembrance of that act, the little mosque was built.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is the property of the Sultan, who allows it to be enjoyed, as usufructuary tenants, by the different Christian communions, under the guard of the Mutewelli of Wakouf. Jews are formally forbidden to approach the temple. If one of them dared to venture even on the open space, he would run the risk of being killed by the inhabitants, whether Christian or Mussulman. Both would reproach him to this very day with the death of their God or their great prophet. In the chapel erected on the spot where Our Lord appeared to Mary Magdalen, tradition has deposited the skull of Adam, the father of the human race. Although the belief be very ancient, since it is the original motive for the presence of a skull at the foot of every crucifix, we may be allowed to feel some difficulty in admitting its authenticity. We may regard it as a philosophical idea, a combination not without its poetry, to make the first drop of redeeming blood fall on the head of the first human sinner.

The religious ceremonies performed around the Holy Sepulchre are very numerous. Those of the Holy Week especially, attract a great concourse of pilgrims from all countries. At that time, the interior of the temple offers the most striking aspect, if we only seek in the reunion of these men (so diverse in their nationality, manners, and dress) one sole and identical thought—the adoration of an only God. On the other hand, the impression would be painful if, confining ourselves to the material spectacle, we regarded as a profanation this installation of three days, during which men, women, and children take up their abode in the church, as if it were their own family tent.

The Roman ceremonies at Easter resemble those at Rome itself, simply deriving a more solemn character from taking place on the sacred spot. The curious ceremony of "the new fire" is that most held in honour amongst schismatics.

On Holy Saturday, at noon, the Sultan's soldiers enter the church in order to maintain tranquillity amongst the numerous dissenting pilgrims who invade the enclosure. They place them in two files around the Holy Sepulchre, and they have great difficulty in checking the cries, the songs, and the dances, of these impatient fanatics. The Greek, Armenian, Coptic, and Abyssinian clergy, not united but separately, march in procession round the tomb. The over-excitement of the crowd increases. At last comes the bishop, who proceeds to the Chapel of the Angel, whose doors are carefully closed after his entrance. After a few minutes spent in prayer, the bishop thrusts through a couple of holes in the chapel wall, a bundle composed of thirty-three lighted wax-candles, representing the thirty-three years of the Saviour's life. This flaming bundle is received by an individual whose family has enjoyed that privilege from time immemorial. The honour is not without its danger. Scarcely is he in possession of the fire before the crowd rushes down upon him, striving to light a similar bundle of candles. Nothing can give an idea of the scene which then takes place; it is an infernal mêlée of human beings illuminated by the red light of seven or eight thousand torches. They are all shouting at the top of their voices, pushing, and throwing each other over. The frenzied men burn their faces and their arms; the women follow the example, with exaggeration. It is difficult to say where the mad outbreak would stop, if the Turkish soldiers, passive spectators of the disorders, did not put an end to it. Every one then extinguishes his wax-light by the aid of his tékié, or white turban-cloth, which he carries home with him and carefully preserves, to cover his head after he is dead.

To crown the surprise of calm lookers-on, and to strike more vividly the imagination of the people, the Greek bishop whose prayers have just worked a miracle by drawing down fire from heaven, runs at full speed out of the Chapel of the Angel, and makes straight for his own convent, clad in a simple shirt, with haggard eyes, disordered hair, and the complete aspect of an inspired person who has just been in immediate communication with the divinity.

Happy those who, at that moment, can touch the holy man as he rapidly passes.

DOWN THE RIVER.

How merry a life the little river leads,
Piping a vagrant ditty free from care;
Now singing as it rustles through the reeds
And broad-leaved lilies sailing here and there,
Now lying level with the clover meads
And musing in a mist of silver air!
Bearing a sense of peace where'er it goes,
Narrow'd to mirth or broadened to repose:
Through copsy villages and tiny towns,
By belts of woodland, singing low and sweet,
Pausing to pray where sun and shadow meet
Without the long broad darkness of the downs,
Bickering o'er the keystone as it flows
'Neath mossy bridges arch'd like maiden feet—
But slowly widening as it seaward grows,
Because its summer mission seems complete.
I love the very spots it honours most:
The haunts of alders where the fairy host
Of speedwells linger swinging cups of gold,
Trout-speckled shallows where the sun is lost
'Mid silver-coated willows manifold,
The homes of water-loving daffodils,
And thymy grottos belted in the hills.
And so the stream and I
Are bound together by a natural tie.

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I love it with a poet's love; we hold
An open-air communion now and then,
Linked to each other by the ends which mould
The shapes of song in rivers and in men—
It struggles seaward as my spirit strives
With tones of music for a sea of lives.
Come, let me cast my idle books away,
And follow it to-day.

This is the early season of the year,
Half spring, half summer, unto poets dear.
Now the hush'd world stands trembling and prepares
To put the summer on like marriage blisses;
Still as a bride whose heart is making prayers,
Who clings a moment to the life she wears,
Looking far backward with a parting glance—
Then loosens that familiar life with kisses,
And takes the bridegroom in a golden trance.

Run seaward, for I follow!
Let me cross
My garden-threshold ankle-deep in moss.
Sweet stream, your heart is beating and I hear it,
As conscious of its pleasure as a girl's:
O little river whom I love so well,
Is it with something of a human spirit
You twine those lilies in your sedgy curls?
Take up the inner voice we both inherit,
O little river of my love, and tell!

The rain has crawled from yonder mountain-side,
And passing, left its footprints far and wide.
The path I follow winds by cliff and scar,
Purple and dark and trodden as I pass,
Save where the primrose lifts its yellow star
Set like a gem in scanty braids of grass—
The primrose in its crevice damp and dun,
Second to light its censer at the sun!
Dwarf birches show their sodden roots and shake
Their melting jewels on my bending brows,
The mottled mavis pipes among their boughs
For joy of five unborn in yonder brake.
The river, narrow'd to a woody glen,
Leaps trembling o'er a little rocky ledge,
Then broadens forward into calm again
Where the grey moor-hen builds her nest of sedge;
Caught in the dark those willow-trees have made,
Kissing the yellow lilies o'er and o'er,
It flutters twenty feet along the shade,
Halts at the boulder like a thing afraid,
And turns to kiss the lilies yet once more.

Following my fancies by the river's brim,
Fitting to things around me meanings dim,
Such fitful meanings as were never spoken,
Because they flutter in the brain and die,
I hear the brooding silence startle, broken
By distant echoes of the shepherd's cry,
The bleating of the herds on mountains high,
And seasonable sights which leave a token
Of something, which we only feel akin
Between the life without and life within.
The tender azure heaven bends above,
Pencilled with fleecy cloud as white as snow,
Sweetly and calmly does its silence prove
That thought of kindred truer than I know.
There's heaven enough beneath me as I move,
And heaven enough within my heart, to show
Those skies and this small earth unite to give
That second union by which I live!

Those little falls are lurid with the rain
That ere the day is done will come again.
The river falters swoll'n and brown,
Falters, falters, as it nears them,
Shuddering back as if it fears them,
Falters, falters, falters, falters,
Then dizzily rushes down.

But all is calm again, the little river
Smiles on and sings the song it sings for ever.
Here at the curve it passes tilth and farm,
And faintly flowing onward to the mill
It stretches out a little azure arm
To aid the miller, aiding with a will,
And singing, singing still.
Sweet household sounds come sudden on mine ear:
The waggons rumbling in the hoof-plod lanes,
The village clock and trumpet Chanticleer,
The flocks and lowing steers on neighbouring plains,
With shouts of urchins ringing loud and clear;
And lo! a village, breathing breath that curls
In foamy wreaths through ancient sycamores,
Sending a hum of looms through cottage doors.
I stumble on a group of market girls
Barefooted in the deep and dewy grass;
Small urchins rush from sanded kitchen-floors
To stare with mouths and glances as I pass.

But yonder cottage where the woodbine grows,
Half cottage and half inn, a pretty place,
Tempts ramblers with the country cheer it shows;
Entering, I rob the threshold of a rose,
And meet the welcome on a mother's face.
Come, let me sit. The scent of garden flowers
Flits through the casement of the sanded room,
Hitting the sense with thoughts of summer hours
When half the world has burgeon'd into bloom.
Is that the faded picture of our host
Shading the plate of pansies where I sit—
That lean-limb'd stripling straighter than a post,
Clad in a coat that seems a sorry fit,
Staring at nothing like an ill-used ghost?
I drink his health in this his own October,
That bites so sharply on the thirsty tongue;
And here he comes, but not so slim and sober
As in the days when Love and he were young.
"Hostess!" I fill again and pledge the glory
Of that stout angel answering to my call,
Who changed him from the shadow on the wall
Into the rosy tun of sack before me!

Again I follow where the river wanders.
The landscape billows into hills of thyme,
Up to whose purple summits larkspurs climb;
Till in a glen of birchen-trees and boulders
I halt, beneath a heathery mountain ridge
Clothed on with amber cloud from head to shoulders.

I wander on and gain a little bridge,
And watch the angling of a shepherd boy;
Below the little river glimmers by,
Touched with a troubled sense of pain or joy
By some new life at work in earth and sky.
The pastures there steam mist from hidden springs,
Deep-hidden in the marsh the bittern calls,
And yonder swallow oils its ebon wings
While fluttering o'er the little waterfalls,
Below my feet the little budding flower
Thrusts up dark leaves to feel the coming shower:
I'll trust these weather-signs and creep apart
Beneath this crag until the rain depart,
'Twill come again and go within an hour.
The moisty wind has died and fallen now,
The air is hot and hushed on flower and tree,
The leaves are troubled into sighs, and see!
There falls a heavy drop upon my brow.
The cloudy standard is above unfurled;
The aspen fingers of the blinded Rain
Feel for the summer eyelids of the world
That she may kiss them open once again.

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Darker and darker, till with one accord
The clouds pour forth their hoard of twice an hour,
A sunbeam rends their bowels like a sword
And frees the costly shower!

Fluttering around me and before me,
Stretched like a mantle o'er me,
The rushing shadows blind the earth and skies,
Dazzling a darkness on my gazing eyes
With troublous gleams of radiance, like the bright
Figments of gold that flutter in our sight,
When with shut eyes we strain
Our aching vision back upon the brain.

Across the skies and o'er the plain
Fast fly the swollen shadows of the Rain;
Blown duskly on from hill to hill they fly,
O'er solitary streams and windy downs,
O'er little villages and darkened towns—
Blinding the sky
With pinions black as night;
Slow-squadroned by a wind of rushing light,
That rends them down to music as they roll,
Sobbing, sobbing with a voice that seems
Like something lovely lost among my dreams,—
Sobbing like a human Soul!

I crouch beneath the crag and watch the mist
More on the skirts of yonder mountains grey,
Until it bubbles into amethyst
And softly melts away.
The thyme-bells catch their drops of silver dew,
And quake like fairies 'neath the sparkling load,
The squadron'd pines that shade the splashing road,
Are glimmering with a thousand jewels too.
And hark! the Angel of the Rain
Sings to the Summer sleeping,
Pressing a dark damp face against the plain,
And pausing, pausing, not for pain,
Pausing, pausing ere the low refrain,
Because she cannot sing for weeping.
She flings her cold dim arms about the earth
That soon shall wear the blessing she has given,
Then brightens upward in a sunny mirth
And warbles back to heaven.

A fallen sunbeam trembles at my feet,
And as I sally forth the linnets frame
Their throats to answer yonder laverock sweet.
The jewelled trees flash out in emerald flame;
The bright drops fall fulfilling peaceful sound,
And melt in circles on the shallow pools
That simmer on the red and sodden ground.
The Rainbow issues from her cloudy shrine,
Trembling alone in heaven where she rules,
And arching down to kiss with kisses sweet
The little world that brightens at her feet,
Runs liquid through her many hues divine.

FALLACIES OF FAITH.

The extent to which human belief will go, and the little pains which people will take to sift evidence, are simply marvellous. Formerly, it was enough if a malicious person swore that he had seen an old woman wriggle out of her chimney on a broomstick;—no further evidence was wanting; the old woman was an undoubted witch; rationalistic explanations were thrust aside as impious; and the luckless old soul was put to death. If a husband, tired of his wife, cut off her hand, or gashed her with his knife, then swore that he had done this to a creature in wolf's form, and that therefore his wife was a wehr-wolf and accursed; no one thought of disputing his justification. The severed hand, the bleeding breast, were quite enough for the judge and jury of the time. The woman was not an unloved wife, but an impossible monster under compact with the devil, and must be burned or beheaded without delay. The unlimited power of the supernatural showed itself in other ways, and altered the whole laws of life. That a cat should fall in love with a hen occupied in her maternal duties, and should insist on sharing the packet of duck's eggs laid under her—that these eggs should then bring forth little monsters, half cat, half duck—seemed by no means an impossibility to the good Dr. Vimond, who attests this fact as having actually taken place in Normandy, in the year of grace 1778. But does any one believe his assertion now? Would Agassiz, or Professor Owen believe it? What should we think, now-a-days, if a paragraph went the round of the newspapers, stating that a fox or hare in a recent hunt, had suddenly changed into an old woman, well known in the district, and that Mr. Blank, the master of the hounds, was ready to swear to the fact? Or, that a certain person, lately deceased, had returned to upper earth as a vampire, and had caused the death of sundry children, by sucking their blood while asleep? Or, that a certain farmer dispensed with flesh and blood labourers, and employed only a huge hairy Brownie, who did the work of ten men, on condition of an evening supper of cream, and not being looked after in his hours of retirement? Or, that ordinary women, the wives of ordinary men, had given birth to a parcel of frogs; to a litter of rabbits; to a lion cub, and a baby elephant; to a man's head, a snake with two feet, and a small pig, in rapid succession; to a black cat; to seventy children; to a hundred and fifty children, all perfectly well-formed, but no bigger than one's thumb; to a boy with a fine flowing goat's beard; to a creature with an elephant's trunk where his nose should be, with web feet instead of hands, with cat's eyes in the middle of his stomach, with a dog's head on each knee, with two ape's faces on his body, and a tail as long as a Brabant yard: which creature lived four hours, and when in the throes of death howled piteously through the dog's heads on its knees? Should we accept these several paragraphs as true and undoubted, or should we suspect a hoax, and be sure of a lie? I think the latter, supposing we had any judgment or critical faculty in us. Yet all these things were once reported and believed in, religiously. All these things were once put forth as facts, and were supported by the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses.

Dr. Vimond affirmed that a cat hatched some duck's eggs, and brought forth a brood of kitten ducklings as the result; a Court Physician affirmed that a woman brought forth rabbits; all the witnesses of all the witch prosecutions swore to things which we know now to have been impossible; to old women

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having caused shipwrecks, storms, and tempests by means of muttered charms and mightily unpleasant spells; to having seen imps of unearthly form come at the call to be nourished by the milk of aged crones; to having witnessed the transformation of hares, birds, cats, wolves, &c., into living men and women, with only two legs and no more hair than their neighbours; to actual intercourse with Satan; to turning straws and broomsticks—goats, too, on occasions—into jolly little horses, not at all particular about Macadam; to having been present when afflicted youths and maidens vomited crooked pins, rusty nails, toads, mice, and other like objects. Credible witnesses were they, persons of unsullied good faith and the best of reputations, with no object to gain, no purpose to serve; yet they swore to things which they never saw, nor could by any possibility have seen, and their testimony was accepted against the direct evidence of reason and common sense. And those who doubted or denied, ran great chance of losing their lives as the consequence of their temerity. Happily times are more liberal at present, and I may say my little word of denial of the modern phase of witchcraft, with no greater danger than that of being called a Sadducee by my amiable friend and contemporary, the Spiritual Magazine, or a learned pig, or a pig not learned, or a Homo Talpæus, according as he is religiously or facetiously abusive. The penalty does not seem to me very terrific. It would have been different two hundred years ago, when my amiable friend would have had me pricked and swum for a wizard, because not believing in witchcraft, and finally strung up to the "leafless tree" as a warning to all misguided Sadducees and atheists.

Yet the course of time has brought round the old tablets on the wheel; the spiritualists, who believe in the physically impossible, by means of bodiless agents; the Sadducees, who take their stand on the Positive Sciences, and relegate the souls of the dead to a far different and far more solemn audience than is to be found in a modern drawing-room, or the palace of an emperor. The first prefer imagination to logic, and superstition to criticism; the second receive the testimony of nature in preference to the fallacious phantasies of man; and believe in reason rather than in credulity.

The initial article of faith to which the world is required to subscribe, is the intellectual development of tables. I, the writer of this paper, have seen tables move about the room, with (apparently) only the tips of fingers on them, waltz on one leg, and rub themselves with a caressing dog-like motion against the medium. I have seen them tip and tumble and rise some four feet from the floor, and I have heard them rap out common-place sentences by means of the alphabet; but I have not, for all that, become convinced of the supernatural character of such phenomena, nor do I assent to the proposition that the tables did these things of "their own volition." Every rational being knows, as certainly as that two bodies can never occupy the same space at the same time, or that two and two can never be more nor less than four, that lifeless matter cannot move without some external application of force, or withdrawal of support. I also know that imposture is the easiest thing in the world to be practised, even by persons irreproachable and above suspicion; for imposture may, and often does, spring from self-deception quite as much as from intentional deceit. I, as a sceptic, may not be able, or allowed, to detect the imposture on the spot; yet, inasmuch as I am told that a law of nature, as certainly ascertained and as certainly unchangeable as the motions of the planets and as the rules of arithmetic, has been violated—in other words, that something impossible has happened—the inference of imposture is inevitable: especially when persons are present who might be the impostors. At that west-central house of which I have made mention in a previous article,* I saw all the ordinary phenomena of table tipping and moving, performed by distinct mechanical agency; and in my own house I have for my own amusement and better convincing, manipulated a moderately-sized round table, much as I have seen such table manipulated by professed mediums. I have not been able to do all that they have done, or said that they have done; but I am not yet an expert in sleight of hand, and I am learning without a master. One thing I have proved: that it is quite possible to tilt a table to an angle of forty-five degrees, yet not move book, or vase, or box, or pencil that may chance to be on it; that is, if the table be covered with a velvet or cloth cover. Let some of my readers try this for themselves and they will find themselves able to tilt a table to as acute an angle as the medium did who made this feat a proof of spiritual agency. This is one of the spiritualists' "facts," which no one thinks of verifying for himself, and which are therefore allowed to drift into the category of proofs, unquestioned and uncontradicted. What more is done by mediums than what I, or any other can do, I believe to be done by trick. I do not think the cat hatched a cat-duck out of the hen's eggs, and I do believe in the universality of natural laws, which do not grant a table independent volition, intelligent action, the power of foretelling events, or the gift of thought-reading. Rather than accept the stultification of nature, I accept the theory of deception—conscious and unconscious. An amiable friend of mine speaks of a table weighing twenty pounds, which made a leap over the heads of an assembled party, and afterwards rested lightly on the head of one of the company. He says this was done by the table, of its own mahogany free will, without any external or mechanical agency. I say it was not. If done at all, it was done by means of some trick which Robert-Houdin or Herr Wiljalba Frikell might explain.

A most interesting book lies at this moment

* Modern Magic, No. 66, page 370.

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on the table beside me: the book of a scholar and a gentleman, a man deserving of respect. But even here I find the most marvellous acceptance of insufficient evidence, the most wholesale system of uncritical belief. This book—Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, published at Philadelphia, and written by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, formerly Member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples—deals only with the "natural," not "evoked" phenomena of spiritualism; it has nothing in it of table-turning, but it has a good deal about ghosts; and among these natural spiritual phenomena, and holding rather a prominent position, I stumble over the familiar figure of our old friend, the Dæmon of Tedworth—Mr. Mompesson's unruly drummer! Now I do not think that Mr. Owen could have chosen a more unlucky subject for one of his incontestable stories. Very loosely told by Glanvil himself (and conceive Glanvil adopted as an authority of fact, at this time of day!), it is repeated with variation by Sinclair; and in neither account is there the remotest hint of cross-examination, or of any critical care to probe the matter for the purpose of conviction and discovery. On the contrary, every one accepted the supernatural origin of the disturbances as of course, and no one seems to have planned or acted for the discovery of the truth. Even that very material test, of blood flowing after a shot had been fired in the direction of the noises, does not seem to have awakened suspicion; though to my mind this one fact alone would be conclusive of human agency. I do not believe that the most familiar spiritualist—he who dwells for ever amidst rappings, and luminous hands, and direct writings—would grant the spirits all the material properties of humanity, or expect to see blood on the hearth and stairs, after he had fired into the pile of wood which a "dæmon" was stirring. Another very human trait in this demoniacal business was, that during Mrs. Mompesson's maternal troubles, all noises and annoyances ceased, and the poor mother was suffered to go through her "gissane" unmolested. If demons have so much consideration and good feeling, they are not so very objectionable after all. But, supposing the agency in this case to have been a simple human material agency; that the disturbing creature was a creature with joints and muscles and free flowing blood and a kind heart at the bottom, the whole story resolves itself into a perfectly coherent drama of trick and delusion. And when we remember that this precious story dates in 1661, at a time when the witch mania was at its height; when no monstrosity was too great for the public credulity to swallow; when the laws of evidence were not understood, and when the familiar bodily presence of the devil and all his angels was firmly believed in, I think we shall not be inclined to give much value to Mr. Owen's endorsement of Glanvil's tale of mystery, but that even "believers" among us will quietly relegate it to the place of the Impossible or the Deceptive, and as utterly worthless in the way of testimony.

Again: the story of Gaspar, communicated to Mr. Owen, is an undeniable bit of family mystification. Knocks are first heard, then a voice (is there no such thing as ventriloquism, and has this art never been employed for even graver purposes than the playful personation of a ghost?), then the smiling man in a large cloak and broad-brimmed hat, seen on the farthest side of the square, but seen *by the brother only*, and finally the leave-taking when the family quitted France: all seems clearly enough to point to a trick by some member of the family, which, begun originally in innocence and fun, was carried on so long that at last the person grew ashamed to confess. Supernatural and ghostly things almost always happen where there are young people. This explains away two aspects of these stories—their mere fun and frolicsomeness when they are confessedly tricks, or their nervous character when they pass out of the domain of physical circumstance into that of physiological condition. Gaspar's knockings, good advice, appearance, and final leave-taking, were palpable tricks, which will not bear the weakest amount of critical handling. It is a mere assertion to say that they were supernatural: an assertion destitute of every kind of proof.

Mr. Owen refers to the Stockwell case, which is always a stock part of these books, and will probably remain so as long as such books are written, *notwithstanding that that imposture was afterwards confessed by the servant-maid*, in whose presence always, the furniture was knocked about, and the uproar raised. Mr. Owen asks whether it is likely that, for the sake of deception, any person would—supposing any person could—play such tricks? The answer is, that it is not only likely, but certain. It has been done. It has been proved to have been done. The commissioners at Woodstock had a servant who played off such a deception, and the Stockwell lady had a servant who did the same. "We are not," says Mr. Owen, touching this absurdest class of spirit stories, "in the habit of denying such phenomena as an eruption of Vesuvius, or a devastating earthquake, on account of our inability to comprehend why Providence ordains them." I say, on the other hand, that we do in our dim little way, comprehend why Providence ordains those terrific disasters. Little as we know in this short state of existence, we are permitted to know enough of natural laws, to be assured that an eruption of Vesuvius, or a great earthquake, is the gigantic action of pent-up forces within the earth; of the existence of which forces we know beforehand, and of the dangerous concentration of which forces in every place where it is working, we mostly (if not always) know beforehand through natural evidence inseparable from those natural laws. Which of two events does Mr. Owen consider any moderately reasonable human being to be the more logically prepared for: an earthquake

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at Naples, or a legion of spirits playing at skittles with the crockery in the kitchen of the King of Naples? We are not in the habit of denying such phenomena as a devastating earthquake? Truly no. But which is the more intelligible, and the more reconcilable to our humble and remote knowledge of the workings of the Almighty Creator of the vast Universe—the earthquake that swallowed Lisbon, or Mr. Mompesson's spiritual drummer that "for an hour together would beat Round-Heads and Cuckolds, the Tat-too, and several other points of war, as well as any drummer"? I am very sorry to find, in connexion with these most ridiculous stories, such a man as Mr. Owen asking, "If we are to reject as fable the narratives here submitted, are we not tacitly endorsing the logic of those who argue that Jesus Christ never lived?" This might be well enough for Spiritual Magazines and such like, but O Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, do you find no internal evidence in the New Testament, of a Divine commission and a Sacred Truth, a little above Mompesson drummers, Rochester knockings, and Stockwell breakages of kitchen-ware?

It is utterly unavailing to collect any number of names, and parade them as the names of people who believe or who have believed in any manifestation whatsoever, opposed to the common sense and experience of mankind. Dr. Johnson and many persons of his time, considerably above the average in respect of intellect and acquirement, believed in the Cock-lane Ghost. The Cock-lane Ghost happened to be found out—chiefly because it was so malicious as to make a very serious charge against an individual, and consequently imposed a peculiar responsibility on persistent investigators. Otherwise, it might not have been found out. But if the Cock-lane Ghost had not been found out, would that array of names have any right to silence me, who utterly deny the spirituality of Cock-lane? Not in the least. I should not set merely myself against the names; I should set against them—possibly with some warmth of indignation—the reverent experience of mankind in general, of God's great ways and laws. "What does the Lord mean by this? I am certainly dying," said Mrs. Southcote in her extremity. Had I been at her bedside, along with Mr. Sharpe the engraver, and other unimpeachable disciples, I would have taken leave to reply, "What the Lord means, O Joanna, I, poor child of clay that I am, do not undertake to say; but as to what the Lord does *not* mean, I am occasionally visited with glimpses of the truth; and that He never meant to deify *you* on earth, and that you cannot hide your swindling old countenance in earth's kind bosom too soon, I venture with confidence to asseverate. And I take the liberty to say this, Mrs. Southcote, you will please to observe, not in a knowledge of the Lord's ways, but in a knowledge of your ways."

O reader, possibly halting between spiritual evenings in darkened drawing-rooms, and the broad true world outside, think of that figure of the dear beloved one dead. Think of the sacred affections and secrets of the heart that have been between you and that impassive image. Think of the parting, think of the hope to meet again, think of your agony of spirit, of your unspeakable sorrow, of the struggle you have come through under no eye but the eye of Heaven. Then look at the professional lady or gentleman in the dark corner—the Medium with the hands on the mahogany table—who will make you the tour of Europe, and (always with the aid of a table) raise your beloved one in any town or city on short notice, to pull any chatterer by the skirt, or ring a bell, or play a note or two on an accordion, or drivel out a platitude in raps for the excitement of exhausted gentility; and then ask yourself whether *this* seems a fitting exponent of your love and misery; whether *this* seems a fitting stage in the progress of the soul; whether *these* ways are like the ways of the Providence unto whom all hearts are open and from whom no secrets are hid.

To return to Mr. Owen. In the story of Mr. Thompson, an Apparition of the Living, seen by Mother and Daughter, the fetch or double of a man lying in his ordinary night-shirt in bed, is met by two ladies not specially interested in him. The fetch is dressed in a blue frock-coat, black satin waistcoat, black pantaloons, and hat, with linen particularly fine, and apparel carefully adjusted. There is the same comfortable faith that no mistake was possible in this case, as in every other. The ladies could not have been deceived as to the person; the story could not have become exaggerated. It was certainly the fetch or double of the sick man whom they met, dressed in his Sunday's best; logical or illogical, the facts must be accepted in their integrity. This story opens the question of a spiritual life in clothes, and how a ghost could dress itself with scrupulous care, and with a special attention to its laundry. In the aforesaid Spiritual Magazine of last month, there is another story, "What was It?" similar to this I have quoted from Mr. Owen. A gentleman and his wife are seen driving in their chaise along a certain road. They pass their intimate friends and relations without speaking, to their infinite terror and confusion; and when, shortly after, they do actually appear in good honest beef-fed flesh and blood, every one cries out, "A ghost, a ghost!" horse, chaise, rugs, caps, bonnets, reins, wheels—all ghosts too! The Fata Morgana is a natural fact; so is the mirage; so are certain stories of ships, and horsemen, and armies, where never actual ships or horsemen or armies were, or could be; but meteorologists explain away all this class of spectral illusions in a very satisfactory manner; and I think that the ghostly horse and chaise, with many other ghostly circumstances, might also be explained away scientifically, if worth the trouble of meeting with gravity and earnestness. And granting even that we cannot always find out the cause of everything, is that a reason why we should straight-

way believe in the supernatural? Was that poor little child at Road, murdered by spirits? Was the Waterloo-bridge mystery the work of Mr. Mompesson's demon? No one—not even the most enthusiastic spiritualist—goes the length of saying that these things were done by other than living agents. But when it comes to knocks against the floor, disguised voices in the air, falling crockery, and locomotive bolsters, with any other utterly useless and extravagantly absurd physical manifestations, human agency is thrust aside; the power of sleight of hand, which our conjurors have rendered familiar to us, is ignored; the most ordinary requirements for reliable evidence are abandoned; the loosest accounts are taken as of mathematical accuracy and undeniable truth; no allowance is made for natural exaggeration, or for natural mistakes; the most shadowy idea, the least definite perceptions, are put into strong, broad, trenchant language; and we, unbelievers, are required to subscribe to the whole account, under pain of being set down as animals or atheists. The ordinary amusement of each person, in a large company, writing down a certain story which has to be whispered from one to the other, and the strange variations between the first version and the last, might supply to the most credulous, a startling instance of growth by repetition. There are few of us who can repeat a circumstance exactly as we saw it, or tell a story in the same words and spirit as that in which it was told to us. Indeed, the very fact of embodying a thing in words at all, often gives it a weight and value which it did not originally possess. The Law Reports are full of these discrepancies; yet evidence, which would not be admitted when dealing with the theft of a pocket-handkerchief, is to pass unquestioned when the subject is that wondrous mystery, the Spirit World, and its connexion with man.

My amiable friend and contemporary calls on the Conductor of this Journal to "stand up" to the question of how a certain medium obtained the name and address of a country curate, whose friends were assisting at the séance, together with certain passages of his history. I beg it to be understood that I, the writer, "stand up" to it for myself, and not for him. Granting even that the guess was right—and without something more explicit in the way of testimony I would *not* grant it—yet am I to balance one lucky guess against half a dozen unlucky guesses, and assume the spiritual veracity of the one, but by no means the material humbug of the other? The spirits never, by any chance, spell a name, or rap out a fact right through, without hesitation. Glib enough in mere common-places, no sooner do they come to facts than they stutter, stammer, hesitate, try back, make mistakes, so as to give the medium ample time for studying the countenance of the person to whom the message is being addressed; and, unless the one is a sad bungler, or the other more reticent and self-composed than most people are, a possible name is rapped out, which fills every one with amazement. In the case of my friend, spoken of before, a very impassive face, a steady hand, and an unfaltering voice, threw the medium off the scent; and a name was given which had as much connexion with him as with myself. If any one watches the hand of the person trying the alphabet, unless there is an unusual amount of self-control, the pencil will linger at certain letters wished for, and a keen sight and ready brain will make these the letters rapped out. But I concede the power, also, of the mesmeric thought-reading: a power that I think to be far more rare than its upholders assert, but far more frequent than its deriders would allow.

Nothing is rejected by the partisans of this superstition. Even Mr. Owen, scholar, and gentleman of careful training as he is, accepts everything that falls into his way with a most remarkable wholeness of belief. Things which have been exploded as confessed impostures years ago, he repeats in this Footfall book of his with a naïveté that makes one stare. John Wesley's rapping demon, the Fox imposture, the hoax carried on at the Castle of Slawensik, Mademoiselle Guldenstubbé's account of the uncomfortable young Governess with a Double: in a word, all the supernatural stories with names and dates to them which have been current of late years, he adopts.

The story of the Governess with the Double, excellently told as a narrative, is not a bad instance of the way in which "proof" of such things accumulates. The story is related to Mr. Owen by *one young lady*. That one young lady tells Mr. Owen that the incidents occurred at a certain seminary where she was one of forty-two pupils. Also, that the seminary was under the "superintendence of Moravian directors." Also, "that every person in the house saw the Double." Hereupon Mr. Owen tells the story as if it had been told to him by the forty-two pupils, the Moravian directors, and all the servants in the establishment, and as if they all agreed in all the particulars! Yet on examining the text, I do not find the least hint that Mr. Owen has made any inquiry into the narrative of any human being but the one young lady! "Corroborative evidence," he says, indeed, "can readily be obtained by addressing the directors;" but he neither says what corroborative evidence, nor that he has ever referred to one of them (or to any one of the remaining one-and-forty pupils) for a single word of corroboration.

Tried by the ordinary rules of evidence, not one of these stories can stand; nevertheless, I rise from the perusal of this book with a high regard for Mr. Owen, personally. He is a gentleman of a sweet temper, and expresses himself as a gentleman should: using none of the many very offensive missiles abundantly stored in the Spiritual Magazine. He is a very good writer, and has an admirable power of telling a story. That one of his stories which is called THE RESCUE, is by far the best of its kind to be

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found. Excellent throughout, it is told with a singular propriety, modesty, clearness, and force.

STRONG GUNS.

If there arose in this country a great magician who, by the magic of genius joined to intense labour, solved every unsettled question that now stands in the way of our knowing how to make an absolutely strong and serviceable field gun, what would his chance be with the Ordnance Select Committee? So many minds are now devoted to gun-making, that about thirty inventions a week come before that committee for discussion. This committee consists of specially informed men, who, as we are quite disposed to believe, do their best. But the subject is one about which the wiser a man is, the more numerous are his uncertainties. As for the test of proof, it is notorious that an inventor's gun bursts only because of one out of a thousand reasons that do not affect the credit or the principle of the invention. There is a rush against the old cast-iron artillery; the taste of the day is for guns that are built, not cast. But who shall be gun-builder? We read the other day, that the bursting of a large gun at Dover had destroyed several artillery volunteers, including the coroner who should have held the inquest on the killed, and, in the same newspaper, the false news that Mr. Whitworth's ideal of a piece of ordnance had been rejected by the select committee. Sir William Armstrong does not pass uncriticised. We are not suffered to settle down in the belief that it is he who is the happy benefactor of his country. As for the Lancaster guns, how they burst!—for reasons, of course, that have nothing to do with their merits.

There were held, early in the year, half a dozen meetings of the institution of Civil Engineers, at which, on the test of a paper by Mr. James Atkinson Longridge in exposition of his own view of perfect artillery, nearly all the great authorities on the subject of artillery and the inventors entered into discussion with each other. Hardly an opinion was expressed that was not contradicted, and we might almost add no fact was stated that was not denied. The paper and discussion, giving the best extant view of the pros and cons of one of the great questions of the day, have been edited by Mr. Charles Manby and Mr. James Forrest, the Honorary Secretary and Secretary of the Institution, in a book which we have read carefully through. We have got out of it, a lively sense of the sufferings of the select committee, that must sit in judgment upon questions so unsettled.

Questions of range and aim are easily disposed of. It is almost admitted that the round shot from the old-fashioned artillery has in the beginning of its course a swifter pace than the shot from a rifled gun, and that it is, for close firing, to be preferred: while the long ranges are obtained by means for securing an extreme force of gunpowder which have to be borne and resisted by the metal of the gun itself. The gunpowder manufacture in this country has been so much improved that its explosive force is greater than that of the powder made for governments abroad. Also, we test guns to extremity by our new ways of using them; in experiment we test them wilfully to the utmost, by adding steadily to the force of the explosion until we discover what strain they will bear before they burst. The great unsolved problem is, to find a gun that is not to be burst by any force of gunpowder. The force of gunpowder being first ascertained, and the strain that solid substances will bear, being also known to the engineer—how to construct a gun that will bear more than the utmost possible strain produced by the explosion of gunpowder, is the question.

But the explosive force of gunpowder, a knowledge of which is the first condition of inquiry, has not been settled yet by the philosophers. It has been variously estimated at anything between seven and seventy tons to the square inch. As Captain Boxer said, in the course of the discussion, "notwithstanding the most careful calculations, involving the highest order of mathematics, made by those practically acquainted with the subject, no satisfactory results had yet been obtained." The gentleman who opened the discussion fixed it at seventeen tons on the square inch. Mr. Bidder, the President of the Institution, had calculated it at twenty; Mr. Vignoles found it often nearer to thirty; and Professor Airy had thought that under certain circumstances the force was much greater. One great authority attributed to gunpowder, two forces: one statical, and one percussive. To which an equally great authority replied, that statically a pound of gunpowder cannot do more to generate speed than a pound of butter, and that if it were to act percussively it must destroy both shot and gun.

As to what might be determined upon the strength of material, the results of experience—and most clearly in the case of cast iron—appear to vary within quite as wide a range. The settled fact, however, is that the construction of gunpowder-proof artillery is a problem of which the solution, sure to be attained some day, seems to be only just beyond the reach of science in the present hour.

Also there is an admitted theory to work upon if necessary. It is being worked upon more or less closely, by recent inventors of artillery; but there are men of authority who, while they admit it, hold that for divers reasons we gain nothing by its application. The discussion to which we have referred was opened by Mr. Longridge, with an account of an invention based upon that theory, and admitted by all disputants to represent the most complete acceptance of it. Roughly expressed, the theory is this:—Metals have in their way, like india-rubber, tensile power, and when strained beyond it, they are broken. Now, in a solid cast-iron gun—assuming it to be uniform throughout—when the discharge takes place, the greatest strain is on the inner surface, and the strain lessens as we advance to the outside, through the thickness of the metal;

so that, among the several parts of the one piece of metal, unequal forces are exerted, and the whole suffers a strain in its texture by which it is the more likely to be burst. It happens, also, that the iron guns, cast formerly in one piece and then bored, cooling and contracting first upon the surface, and last in the centre, became in the centre least contracted; that is to say, had least power of bearing tension where the greatest tension was to be applied. This great defect is partly met by the new practice of casting hollow guns, and has been most completely recognised in the plan instituted by Captain Rodman, of the American service. That gentleman not only established the casting of guns hollow, but after they were cast, maintained the outside heat by fires, and caused the contraction to begin on the inside by passing a stream of cold water sixty times the weight of the casting, night and day for three whole days, through the core of the gun. A solid and a hollow eight-inch gun, both run from the same furnace, and made from the same metal, being tested, one burst at the seventy-third discharge, the other endured one thousand five hundred discharges, and then did not burst.

Now, therefore, says theory, instead of casting a gun in one piece of metal, build it so as that the stretching power of its inmost part shall exceed the utmost strain of gunpowder explosion, and see that the stretching power of each layer of its substance, counted from within outwards, shall diminish in exact proportion to the diminution of the strain. Then when the gun is fired, the tearing force will be the same at every point throughout its substance. Artillery so made, if there were no joints in it to be rent asunder, could not burst. But how to make it so, is one question; and how far it is worth while to make it so, is another.

There was independent application, with full recognition of the theory, by Captain Blakely and others, at the time when Mr. Longridge, working it out for himself, produced what he thought to be its best solution. Around an inner tube he tells us to wind coils of wire. The stretching power of wire is to be calculated easily, and the use of it can be regulated by machinery. In the Armstrong gun, and others, the same end is sought by the use of hoops: each, set in its place while hot, and compressing that below it as it cools. Mr. Longridge argues that the gradation or stretching power is, in the substance of guns, contracted from hoop to hoop by abrupt jumps, but that in his wire coils it may be made to follow the desired curve more exactly. It is urged by others that, after a time, rings will be loosened by the frequent shock of discharges; while against Mr. Longridge's wire coils, it is urged especially that they do not protect the breech, but that the guns as he would construct them, have the breech so clumsily attached that it may be too easily blown off. His wire also, if there be one break in it, may be uncoiled by the explosion. Of course, also, in assertion or denial of the power of adjusting properly the tensile power of successive rings or coils of wire, all shades of opinion appear.

And if it can be done, what then? The tide of fashion is now strong against cast-iron artillery, but even cast-iron artillery has doughty supporters. Some speak of it as if it were glass, and would have us understand that the cast-iron guns are habitually blowing themselves up. An artillery officer rises and says that he has had twenty years' experience, and has not yet seen a gun burst. Sir Charles Fox thinks that the best guns will be those made of iron mixed with some other metals, such as wolfram and titanium, so as to ensure the greatest strength and density. Much again is to be urged on behalf of the great elasticity of steel. A steel gun cast in one mass by Mr. Krupp at Essen in Prussia, has been tested in this country and found almost impossible to be burst. The Prussian rifled field guns are now all made of cast steel, with every expectation that they will equal the guns built in France or England. As for the old gun metal (an alloy of copper and tin), that is now becoming altogether obsolete; but the chemist to the War Department avers that a far superior metal, and one that might have come into use but for the great recent improvements in the construction of field guns, is made by adding to copper two or four per cent. of phosphorus.

Not only the gun and its powder, but the shot used, must be well considered in relation to the great question of strength. The shot of the ordinary unrifled service gun is round, as everybody knows, and does not fit tightly to the barrel. It runs home to its place easily in loading, and that would be a great advantage, say in a sea fight. It is easily projected, but, of course, with windage, does not perfectly pen up the gases of explosion till it leaves the muzzle, and is therefore less liable to be accessory to any bursting of the gun. But for the same reason it requires almost double allowance of gunpowder, and it is less certain of aim: because the course it takes, will be determined by its parting touch upon one side or other of the muzzle. Again, though it leaves the cannon's mouth more swiftly than any of the close fitting projectiles, its force is sooner spent; in other words, its range is more confined. And it is not even universally admitted that the gun suffers less damage from a shot that beats against the sides as it runs out, than from powder that explodes behind a tightly fitted shot.

It is possible to fit a new-fashioned projectile to this old-fashioned gun. Mr. Britten has one method, and Mr. Haddan has two methods, of converting service guns. But these gentlemen stand forward with others in the debate among engineers, civil and military, opened by Mr. Longridge's account of his applied theory. It was a learned and practical debate, summed up by the president's statement of the fact that we are in the year eighteen sixty "before anything has been realised in the true science and practice of gunnery, although, thanks to Whitworth and Armstrong, the mechanical department is fast approaching perfection." We seem to be upon the verge of getting exact practical knowledge, but we really do not

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know much more when we hoop Armstrong guns, than they did of old who hooped Mons Meg and fired out of her more than three hundred pounds of granite in a lump. Cannon formed of prismatic bars of wrought iron hooped together were known in the old times of India, the oldest nation known.

Mr. Longridge begins by recalling the names of Robins and Hutton from the past, and citing those of Nasmyth, Whitworth, Mallet, and Armstrong in the present. He describes his plan of a wire gun, and expounds it theoretically on high grounds of mathematics. The experimental gun that failed, was a mere specimen cylinder of which the end was blown off, as predicted. He has plugged close cylinders with government cannon powder, and has found that a cylinder with ten coils of wire on it could not be burst. Our improved gunpowder tries guns. A shot fired with John Chinaman's powder, General Anstruther said in the subsequent discussion, was sent three hundred yards, and a like shot, impelled with John Bull's powder, went twelve hundred yards. "It is said," observes Mr. Longridge, "that no sixty-eight pounder in the service can now be fired with safety with a full charge of powder. Our powder in old days was slower of combustion than it now is. We must not ascribe, therefore, to their being more dishonest traders now than of yore, the more frequent bursting of guns in the present day." Several best authorities add the fact—if it be one, for several as good authorities deny it—that a cannon just made is more likely to burst, than a cannon that has been set aside unused for a few years after its manufacture. In the United States, guns of the same description, tried thirty days after casting, burst after about eighty rounds; one, kept six years, endured eight hundred discharges before it burst; another, fired two thousand five hundred and eighty-two times, had not burst at all. Again, in old days past, their charge of powder was blown out of the guns unconsumed; now, thanks to the tightly fitting shot, every particle explodes before the shot has left the chase.

Then, as to the material of cannon; Mr. Longridge recals the bursting of a steel gun of Mr. Krupp's at Woolwich, to which it is replied afterwards: This was because the gun was designed for a sixty-eight pound shot, and a shot weighing two hundred and sixty pounds was used. A twelve pound howitzer of Mr. Krupp's had been tried to the utmost, till it was itself blown high up into the air by the force of explosion, but it was not to be burst. There is no certainty about cast iron; in one case, a cast-iron gun sustained fifteen hundred or two thousand rounds: while another, said to have been cast from the same metal, under precisely the same conditions, did not last out a day. Mr. Longridge looks upon wrought iron and steel as improvements in material that do not touch the real defect, but which leave us with the want of a gun like his wire gun, that is mathematically adjusted to the different degrees of strain suffered by each part of its substance in the moment of explosion. Mr. Mallet, Captain Blakely, and others, had fallen upon Mr. Longridge's idea. Five years ago, he adds, when he mentioned the principle to Sir William Armstrong, and his method of applying it, that gentleman said Mr. Brunel had also entertained the same idea, and had spoken to him with reference to making a gun on this principle, but finding another man engaged on it, had dropped the subject.

Mr. Longridge's method, in practice, was to coil a quantity of wire on a drum, fixed with its axis parallel to that of a lathe on which the gun was placed. On the axis of this drum, there was another drum, to which was applied a break so adjusted as to give the exact tension proper for each coil of wire. Accuracy of tension with hoops Mr. Longridge regards as impracticable. The process of shrinking on, he is convinced, is not to be depended upon. In his own method he looks upon the inner cylinder, about which wire is coiled, "simply as a means of confining the gases and of transmitting the internal pressure to the wire." His principle is, of course, applicable to the cylinders of powerful hydraulic presses. And five or six years ago, Captain Blakely, in the specification of a patent for ringed guns, referred to an outer covering of wire, or rods wound spirally in one, as means of strengthening old guns.

Mr. Longridge's theory passed the debate undisputed, though for reasons already cited there was little expression of faith in the power of applying it. Mr. Bidder, the president, did not forget to remind the debaters, that wire could not only be applied with the greatest ease, exactly in the way indicated by theory, but that it is the strongest material known. Iron bears twice the strain as wire, that can be safely applied to it when in the bar.

Mr. Gregory, who had been for two or three years a member of the Select Committee of Ordnance, thought that the hooped guns, if less perfect theoretically, were less liable to subsequent injury. Several disputants, indeed, suggested that if a wire gun were to be hit by a shot of the enemy, and three or four wires were to be broken, it would be disabled. Mr. Longridge denied that. He would also bind his wires with solder, and protect them under a cast-iron sheath. Captain Blakely described trials withstood by his cast-iron gun, with three wrought-iron hoops shrunk on it. It was fired at Shoeburyness during nineteen months, and it proved by seven to one more durable than the cast-iron service gun, and three times better than the brass gun. But he agreed in praise of wire, and said, "Indeed, if monster cannon were wanted—mortars to throw several tons several miles, for example—recourse must be had to wire."

Mr. Britten then told his experience as to the rifling of our ordinary service guns. It enabled shot half as heavy again to be used, conical instead of round, which might be shells able to carry a bursting discharge three times as great as that of round shells. The smooth bore gun varied in a range of twenty-seven hundred yards, as much as twenty-three yards from the line of aim. The same gun when rifled, at a

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range increased by eight hundred yards or more, varied not four yards. The country has in stock, fourteen or fifteen thousand such guns. Are they to be all sold off as old metal? The rifling costs about thirty shillings a gun, and may be done by a portable machine. The service gun unrifled, has a recoil on the platform at Shoeburyness of nine feet three inches, with its charge of ten pounds of powder and a thirty-two pound solid shot. The same gun rifled, with a fifty-pound shell and five pounds of powder, has a recoil two feet less. Does this confirm the dread of risk from greater strain? The degree of strain may depend much, upon the nature of the projectile. Mr. Britten fits his rifling with five thin projections of soft lead upon the surface of cast-iron shells.

Touching the simple question of the real cost of each kind of gun, there was almost as much confusion of opinion as upon any point of science. Mr. Britten's estimate of the cost of the Armstrong twelve-pounder three-inch gun, weighing eight hundred-weight, was a quarter of a thousand pounds. A cast-iron nine-pounder of twice the weight, costs less than twenty pounds. In all close fighting the old service guns would have the advantage of the new inventions, except in precision of aim. Precision of aim at shorter distances, is the most valuable thing indicated by great length of range. In proportion to the distance to which the shot is sent, must be the elevation of the gun; a shot that comes to the ground five miles from the point of discharge, does not mow its way like short-range shot, through hostile ranks, but comes down from the sky, and if it be only a solid ball, must take the little chance it has of finding a man's head, or something else that is worth breaking, placed exactly where it falls. The cost of an eight-inch cast-iron gun, said Mr. Britten, is about a hundred pounds; and he thought it doubtful whether either an Armstrong or a Whitworth rifled breech-loader of the same size could be made for much less than a thousand pounds. Between the shots used by each kind of gun, he thought there was a similar relation of expense. But Sir John Burgoyne had authority to say that a penny a shot was the additional expense of Mr. Whitworth's method of shaping. We may remark, by the way, that Sir John Burgoyne also valued the long-range guns less for their mere range than for accuracy, and for the power they had of being fired at lower angles. Mr. John Anderson, whose connexion with the manufacture of the Armstrong gun gave him a right to speak, said that the Armstrong twelve-pounder complete, now made at Woolwich, costs, not two hundred and fifty pounds, but ninety. Mr. Krupp's Prussian breech-loader of the same size, made of mild cast steel well hammered, costs one hundred and fifty. The cost of the old twelve-pounder brass gun was about twice as great. Somebody afterwards observed that the old brass guns when worn out were worth nearly their first cost as old metal. Sir William replied to this with a belief that *his* guns never would wear out.

The other gentleman who has confined his operation to the service gun is Mr. Haddan. He considered Whitworth and Armstrong plans of rifling to be unsuited to cast-iron guns. The large cast-iron guns bored on the Whitworth system, had burst: owing, as Mr. Haddan believed, to the quickness of the rifle twist. He had himself fired a shell weighing ninety pounds with a twist of about one turn in forty feet, while the Whitworth three-pounder has twist of one turn in forty inches. Mr. Haddan gives this very gradual twist, not to a sharp cut, but to a broad smooth groove, and shuts out windage with a wooden wad at the conical back of his projectile. When his proposition was brought before the government authorities, there were, he says, already before government, eighteen or twenty different plans for rifling the service guns. He understood that Sir William Armstrong had made two attempts with service guns, both of which had burst; and that Mr. Whitworth had been equally unsuccessful. But of several such guns rifled by Mr. Britten, not one had burst. The guns experimented on by Captain Scott, R.N., Mr. Jeffries, and others, had not burst: neither had the sixty-eight-pounder rifled by Mr. Haddan himself been injured.

There is an important element in the strength of cast guns, to which Captain Scott called special attention, and as to which others confirmed his statement. The surface of the cooling mass after it has been cast, hardens into a "skin," which is of great toughness, and would do much that is now expected from the iron bands, if we did not remove it. In reality, we do worse than remove it when we leave rings and patches of it round the muzzle, round the breech, and at the trunnions, interfering with the uniform expansion and vibration of the particles of metal when the gun is fired. Water in a gun-barrel, witnessed Mr. Conybeare, cannot be forced by hydrostatic pressure through this kind of skin. The water has been known to get underneath it through a chance crack and then raise the metal skin into a blister which must break before there is free access to the substance of less compact metal. Now, the gases produced by explosion of gunpowder are more penetrating than water, and their presence is great. Obviously, then, the removal of the inner skin from any gun cast hollow will make it less durable. When Mr. Lancaster accounted for the bursting at the muzzle of three of his guns in the Crimea, he said it was because they were not guns specially made to his design, but service guns bored oval on his system. He attributed the mishaps, however, to a defect, afterwards corrected, not in the guns, but in the shells supplied for them to fire. The shells, because of a defect in the welding, were liable to burst inside the gun.

An improvement in gunnery, adopted already in the American navy, is the idea of Captain Dahlgren. He adapts the thickness of the metal in the length of the gun, to the varying shock of the explosion as the shot is passing on. The

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Dahlgren guns, twelve inches in diameter, now used as pivot guns in the American navy, have withstood every proof.

The Whitworth and Armstrong guns and projectiles were fully described by their inventors in the course of the discussion. The Armstrong gun, as everybody knows, is a built gun, strong by might of binding rings; the Whitworth is a casting of what is called "homogeneous iron:" in fact, a mild steel, forged solid and bored out in the usual manner. Sir William Armstrong first designs the most effective shot to fire, and, when he has invented his projectile, makes artillery to fire it. His outer layers and rings of metal are put on without any of the mathematical calculation upon which Mr. Longridge relies; but are simply applied with a sufficient difference of size to secure all the shrinking that the metal could bear without hurt.

If we and our readers are much puzzled after we have gone through all these facts and doctrines, we are evidently not more puzzled than our teachers. Ignorance never doubts; there is a time when knowledge is all doubt. New paths of inquiry lead to unsuspected difficulties, and the more study the more mystery; till, in an hour, the work of years comes to an end in full achievement. It concerns all men, however, to know what doubts are still besetting the whole question of improved artillery. "If," said a gentleman, in the course of this debate, "cost were essential to great and undoubted superiority, the English nation ought to rejoice at it, as giving at once the advantage to their long purse. But if an equal effect, or a greater effect, could be produced by simpler means, then it would be a sorrowful disadvantage to the English nation to make expensive guns while their foes were making cheaper ones." It is hard to think that we must spend much, and hope that we spend well, on guns, when such a debate as this to which we call attention represents the present state of knowledge. It was closed with the chairman's conviction that we had "made little progress in the science of gunnery; a few weeks ago, he thought that he was on the eve of ascertaining some definite results; but he felt now, after a more careful investigation"—and after a five nights' discussion among the chiefs of the science—"that far from being at all advanced in the science, the threshold was only just reached, and scarcely anything was really known."

A ROMAN DONNA.

A fierce sultry day, with the sun grilling steadily into toast the yellow church walls, has glided on into cooler evening, and the great luminary now lets down his huge furnace fires slowly, light cool breezes come like breaths round corners, and up narrow streets. Mendicancy finds it chilly, and lifts itself from the grateful steps uneasily: presently shoulders its crutch (not with descriptive views), and is gone. The well-ordered mind should be gone also and at home; for bells gastronomic will be presently ringing out cheerful invitation to "host's table." And but for a horrid mysterious familiar, who chooses precisely this season—neither earlier nor later—to steal in through the great Gate of the People, gliding by unconscious blue-friezed guard, lean enough to be excellent company for him, I should be well content to stay awhile and flâner it up and down the long Corso. Even, however, as I stop for a second to look in at Antonelli's meagre print store (no familiarity is here intended with the name of S. E. the Cardinal Secretary, but allusion is made to a feeble printseller of the same name), and turn away nauseated by those hard-lined presentments of that famous church and its dome, with other public edifices, reduplicated in a rough harsh manner, I feel his hot purulent breath over my shoulder, and am crushed by his skinny fingers. When, at this special hour of the day, you are about turning homeward cheerfully, and feel a dampness of a sudden on the forehead, with a quick tremor and shivering, as though a cold hand were laid upon your spine, know that Miasma, who has his lodgings in the Campagna fens, and who takes horse exercise in marsh mist, is passing, and has hinted that it were only wise to make for home with all speed. Curiously opportune and grimly appropriate to this vein of thought, comes swinging round the corner, the heavy lumbering railway omnibus, mountainous with baggage, crowded with travellers and blue familiars of the institution hanging out from inconceivable places. And I recollect how, years ago, when there was a fierce plague at work, these very public carriages bore a shape slightly altered, and trundled daily out at the city gates with a horrid complement of corpse passengers inside. These two or three vehicles, which so often run jingling by, do indeed suggest the hearse, and were hearses once—so the legend runs—giant dead-carts. Burgher Romanus—eminently practical in his views—when the plague time passed over, had these carriages on his hands, and, adapting himself happily to the spirit of the times, made alterations in cushioning and interior economy, and thus utilised his mortuary vehicles. It is a dismal proof of that reckless demoralisation which hangs by the skirts of ravaging plague and pestilence, that this diurnal sortie and re-entry of the omnibus dead-cart was ingeniously perverted to wholesale smuggling purposes: contraband wares being concealed under the heaps of mortality. No wonder that customs officers at the gates, shrinking back from search, should bid the black wain go on its way unvisited.

And yet it is precisely about this unwholesome season that our noble ladies of quality are wont to break their boudoir shells, and flutter forth, in state, upon the public places. It is not the mere breath of a passing "aria cattiva," as Romans lightly style it, that will keep preux chevaliers on their travels—and for whom women's looks are books, and those by no means sealed—from lounging down the great thoroughfare of the "Course," and seeing the

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pageant of beauty pass by. We have all of us that pet portfolio, that ideal gallery, *in nubibus*, of portraits by the good old master, Fancy, into which we withdraw privately and feast our eyes. And in this retreat we are pretty sure to find the noble Roman lady according to pattern, with eyes "flashing" or "lustrous," or at least large, round, and devouring; with hair "rich" and black, according to pattern; with the usual amount of "exquisite chiselling;" with expression haughty, or contemptuous, or fierce, or melancholy, all according to pattern and the portrait of the pet portfolio. So, standing cautiously to one side, holding strictly by such scant accommodation as a bare three feet of flagway affords on which we must balance ourselves from all jostling influences and step delicately as though walking the plank, we will wait for the noble company—the ladies Volumnia, and Æmilia, and Cecilia Metella—to break from their cloud of phantasy, and magnificently trundle by.

They are at this present moment busy completing that previous function which their stern and cruel Moloch god, Fashion, has fixed for portion of his inflexible ritual. They have been doing their part in feeble reproduction of famous Hyde Park Ring and Bois de Boulogne raree-show, and for the last hour or so have gyrated decently on Monte Pincio. Round and round have the sad family quadrupeds—heavy shapeless animals, useful for ploughing purposes—drawn the family barouche. The noble ladies have played out their daily little comedy business of simpering and small-talk with the tightened sallow-cheeked dandyism which lolls affectedly upon their carriage-doors. Elegant Materfamilias has descended, too, avec toute la boutique—showy nurse, that is, and child—and takes the constitutional saunter round and round, showy nurse following behind, with Masters Giacomo and Luigi, offspring without vice or precocious rebellion, being, in fact, Principini, only too well behaved. And now this passage in her fashion's ritual being got through scrupulously, it is time to reascend and bid cocchiere (who looks as though he were hired for the day, and is out-speaking of "job" associations) trundle away to that long spine of the city called "il Corso."

Now, at many a deep-mouthed archway, over which topple aslant the great escutcheoned shields—gaudy once, and still proclaiming a sort of faded grandeur—the bulky Swiss, who lets out his proportions for hire, brings his drum-major's bâton handsomely to the present, as the carriage of his noble mistress rolls past him. A great palatial Newgate may look peeled and mildewed, may gape in cracks, may have been stranger to the refreshment of paint for years, may betray other no less certain symptoms of running to decay in company with its proprietor; but the bulky Swiss will lean upon his instrument of office unto the end. Si fractus illabatur orbis—that is, until the final crash comes—that fattened official will look out upon the street and the lively incidents of street life, in undiminished splendour.

See, they come at last! And we, who have again fallen into scrutiny of Giacomo Antonelli's rough-lined drawings (again is all allusion disclaimed to a most eminent personage), turn hastily and with rapture as the paved street, overburdened, shakes and quivers, and the sound of noisy clatter draws near. Now surely we, who have Fornarina faces dancing before us, and divinest Madonnas whom Raphael, divine himself, fetched from street corners, and placed sitting before his easel, shall see such counterfeit presentments in fairest flesh flitting by in a sort of Beauty's Progress! Instead, some rough fingers pluck the scales with unnecessary violence from my eyes, and I, to use the happy idiom of the place, "remain in stucco."

Most rude disenchantment! With a little gentleness in the breaking of it, it might have been borne; though, for all that, a heavy tribulation. Where you have reckoned on a diamond of many carats, to be presented with a slate; where you had hoped for peaches, to find only jaundiced pears! I groan over this spilled pail of romance, and, in a general way, mourn the hopes that leave me. I measure despondingly the heavy vehicle so ill swung, built with a revolting degree of strength, without a graceful line or sinuous curve, and which, shining with new varnish, clatters by, as springless as an artillery tumbril. And for Fornarinas, Cencis, and such ravings, where shall I look? Not surely to this faded white-cheeked lady, who lolls back in a fashionable inanition and is sole tenant of her cumbrous vehicle, and whose complexion is of chalk chalky, whose eyes are lacklustre, and whose hair is drawn away with violence from her forehead after that well-known manner which the Empress Eugénie does *not* affect. No apple glow upon the cheeks, no coral upon the lips, noble Lady Latona or Cecilia Metella! She sets me thinking uncomfortably, of dyspepsia, of nausea after that unseasonably early repast of hers (for the noble lady has been "served" as the nursery chimes rang out two o'clock, and has had to huddle through that banquet to be in time for these later "spiritual exercises"), and of laces drawn to fearful tightness by muscular waiting women. I see many more of her sisters of quality, the Ladies Fulvia and Æmilia, the Duchess Agrippina, the Princess Tiberia, all following, fulfilling the silent and solitary system in *their* cells of barouches, all, with a few variations and accidental trespassings on the debatable land of beauty, sad and sickly replicas of that white-cheeked type.

Most free and ungallant criticism this, but most truthful. Albeit, an informant at my ear tells them off as they go by, and makes me start by the roll and heraldic ring of great sounds. "Hush! no irreverence here!—a princess of princesses! Crowd in with the world to the new ambassador's reception next Thursday night, and you will see that noble dame, so wonderfully yet so fearfully made, literally coiled and roped with jewels; her stomacher will glitter like a steel coat of mail!"

Their finery and decorations—and I do believe the aim of that silent and solitary system is to let flounces and furbelows overflow the panels with the better effect—savour terribly of provinciality. The skimmings of Parisian fashion, after oozing down through Lyons, and then on to Marseilles, would seem to reach here, in a refreshing but diluted shower, at about the second generation. I can take on me to say—though, as not coming from an expert, this testimony should be received with caution—that these deliciously barbaric jackets, which our own empresses of fashion have snatched from the fighting Algerians, and have covered so daintily with rich embroidery, had not passed the Eternal customs at this date. A corner-shop in the great "Course" stands dedicate ex voto to the goddess of millinery; and is, I believe, the sole temple of their vestiary worship. The noble come hither to purchase, inconveniently crowding the thoroughfare, and make but an indifferent show after all. None of that delicate pairing of undefined tint, with tint yet more undefined, that matchless power of combining pure nothings, in which their Parisian sister of the guild excels. *She* can dress as from a palette, and mix her tints of ribbons and silks as with a brush. Beside a strip, say one hundred yards of this unrivalled French boulevard, where are the shop palaces running up in sculptured stories, one stage of rich detail after the other, and embroidered so thickly with gold and bronze balconies, where are the richly stored bazaars—not shops—and the green foliage waving over the windows, and the quaint pagodas, so Eastern with their gold and gaudy proclamations, and the shifting crowd, polygot, and polychromatic, halting, staring, chattering, lounging, and coffee-sipping, and where the canoe-shaped carriages, exquisite in their fine lines and appointments, bounding and springing under their light freight—all with a freight—whose robes do indeed overflow their panel sides, but as a cloud of vapour or airiest écume de mer—beside this hasty glimpse out of the gay Paris kaleidoscope, does not our poor Roman exhibition fade out utterly into a dull rubbed and battered bit of scene paint, on which the daylight comes inopportunely through a skylight?

To my mind, the prettiest piece of a lady's ball-room furniture is that sweet-smelling bouquet of many colours which she now inhales (the carpets of novels must be strewn with the prodigious quantity of "petals" that have been "picked" to pieces at embarrassing situations), and which now she lays upon her chair to keep her place. With a strange eccentricity, our noble Roman ladies shrink from flowers as from the deadly upas. But a few years back, it was a gross infringement upon taste to introduce flowers into a room. There are traditions of ladies stricken down mysteriously in a sudden faint, and of the cause being at last discovered—a bunch of flowers which she had incautiously approached too near. And though even now at many a corner you see men and boys at counters with heaps of cut flowers before them, making up those charming combinations specially Roman, concentric rings of white, red, and blue, and hanging them afterwards on a sort of improvised clothes-horse, a gaudy show: still the eye wanders vainly round the line of boxes at the Opera, idly searches the tossing mêlée of the ball-room, for this welcome and refreshing adornment. Let the wicked Jew that Shakespeare drew, add this to his list of mysterious repugnances. The same inexplicable distaste has extended to perfumes and fragrant essences; and, not many years back, when the sweet waters which Cologne distils were first scattered in refreshing showers over the world—the source itself remaining, like Gideon's fleece, in perfect dryness and unsavouriness—an unconscious lady, going out to an evening party with the new-found perfume on her handkerchief, found herself shunned as plague-stricken, contiguous noble ladies being taken with qualms, and rustling away in angry dignity from the scented intruder. Is this fear of flowers and scents a remnant of the wicked old Italian days when flowers and scents were poisoned, perhaps?

Thinking, as I do often, very sadly, of those noble ladies, and of the weary groove of early dining and monotonous charioteering at fixed hours, with perpetual holding out of their sickly wan cheeks, on eternal view, as it were, to the lieges—to Plebs and Populus—I wish that the great donjon walls of their gloomy prisons would part slowly to the right and left, as such counterfeit structures do in the plays, and let me look into the select cell or boudoir where madame lives her inner and domestic life. There, am I convinced, does she sit beating moral hemp and picking social oakum: so slow and stagnant, so wearily, runs by the course of her days. I half suspect she is about as free as one of the Grand Seignior's Circassian ladies: about as bond a slave to fashion as a Chinese woman, though she does not cramp her feet into slippers. I have a dim conviction that their noble spouses, the Principe Babuino and the Duca di Cornuti, are not tender solicitous husbands; nay, may be neglectful careless lords, walking abroad and offering sacrifice at other temples. Though for this hint—Heaven help me!—I have no reason in the wide world beyond what is to be read in those weary aspects. And yet those books called women's looks are not such deceiving guides after all. I wonder, do such as have grand galleries attached to their prisons, great glittering halls very cold and very chilling, do they ever, when the gaping public has closed its knowing glasses, and laid by the screen-shaped catalogue, and duly feed the custode, and has dismissed the wise connoisseur expression, and gone its road with an aching nape of the neck—I wonder, I say, does the noble lady ever wander down into her frigid Valhalla, and find poor comfort in her magnificence? Does she take exercise over the shining slippery marble floor, wherein she can see herself reflected, and trip lightly against the great round shot which lies sacredly in its old spot where it first alighted from the

French cannon? Does she walk round slowly, that silent melancholy lady, and take counsel, with her portraits looking out at her to the full as sadly? Does she, who is queen of the Ruspigliosi, ever fling herself wearily back in her chair, and, with face upturned, feast on the glories of the rising morn, on the bright yellows, the melting gold, the delicate turquoise tinge, that wait on that dazzling procession of the young Aurora, sung by Guido? What a hymn, and what a singer! O noble lady! were your heart heavy as stone, here is comfort and balm, such as lies not in Gilead! With such a thing of beauty and joy for ever, enshrined as plafond for your ceiling; with that delicious progress trooping out each morning with the sun; with that glorious company but a room away, waiting rapturous visits and a daily homage; can we conceive you down-hearted? The idea intoxicates; and yet here descend the great stair, some homely-clad ladies, with the eternal children behind, going out for an airing in the sober practical clarence that waits drawn up at the door. And something whispers me that Aurora in her car is no more for them than the house keys, than the ordering of dinner, the hiring of a servant.

Strict are the laws of caste, and grim is the heraldic faith of the suttees in the faubourg of St. Germain; and yet those lean but blue-veined dowagers are not fiercer in their creed than our Roman dames. There is but one exclusive religion (of fashion), and out of that there is no salvation. You and I, mere strangers, are not worthy to touch their garments' hem. It is their boast that they keep the shopkeeping islanders at a distance. Armed even with letters, you can scarcely break that hollow square, bristling with points; not the right-hand of fellowship, but the frigid welcome of the finger tip is held out to you. But their gentility has sustained cruel shocks. Needy members of their guild have at times intermarried with daughters of the shopkeeping nation, seduced by the golden scales of such mermaidens; which grievous trials are happily unfrequent, and in a manner exceptional, for our noble princes, true to their character, will chaffer and higgle, and set themselves up, as it were, in market overt, and cry off on an issue of a few hundreds. There was Miss Smith, of Bloomsbury. She might have queened it there for years to come, had not her aunt made that now famous pilgrimage to the City Eternal. How her heavy balances with the prince banker, and her scattering of her pieces broadcast, with the remains of her handsome fortune —forty thousand, not a shilling less, believe me—made her an honoured guest at that moneyed person's entertainments, and how the Principe Liquorista first saw her in those gilded saloons, and thereon became desperately enamoured, and turned Miss Smith into the Princess Liquorista, having previously had all things settled to his use, these things are, in a manner, matters of history, enrolled in the fasti of the house of Smith. So was it, too, with the Signora Murphiana, long nymph of the river Lee, and known with honour in Cork. The Marquis Babuino came and wooed the simple maid (her ingots came of the justly celebrated staple of that city), and she now sits in a cold chamber of a barrack, and has positively a Guido or Domenichino, which strangers, cognoscenti, ask for! But the noble dames welcome these gentle aliens but coldly, and tolerate them only on the bare edge of those select slopes where they air their nobility.

As I return home late in the evening and stride magnificently up the marble staircase of my palace, in which I play prince and duke at so many scudi a day, there flashes out upon me suddenly, from adjoining door, the figure of the well-known bandit chieftain's wife, of the melodrame—Maria Grazia, or Graziella, or some such name. I had thought that she, with all her sisterhood, were long since dead, and only walked by night as wraiths, when the foot-lamps were lit, or at least, in masqued balls; but here is a real flesh and blood Italian woman, such as I sought vainly all day long, perfect in dress and feature, carrying a water-pail.

Maria Grazia, or Graziella (I protest I cannot vouch for the accuracy of either name), had taken service as a chambermaid—a highly picturesque chambermaid—the old long-lost type. Richest glossy black hair, so massive it must be pounds in weight, the even peach blossom tint of skin, the large eyes, the heavy features, the air of magnificent dulness and repose, the barbaric gold in her ears, the ropes of coral twisted about her neck, the white bodice and Indian red of her short petticoat throwing out the figure in finest relief,—this apparition, I say, was positively refreshing and inspiring. There is a superb stolidness about her; a stolidness that could be wakened into savageness. Incredulous before, I now accept the history of my Lord Byron's Italian—that magnificent "animal"—and can well imagine this one too, lying in wait with a knife, or flinging herself madly on the earth, or casting herself into the lake with furious persistence in being drowned.

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER VIII.

So absorbed was I in the reflections of which my last chapter is the record, that I utterly forgot how time was speeding, and perceived at last, to my great surprise, that I had strayed miles away from the Rosary, and that evening was already near. The spires and roofs of a town were distant about a mile at a bend of the river, and for this I now made, determined on no account to turn back, for how could I ever again face those who had read the terrible narrative of the priest's letter, and before whom I could only present myself as a cheat and impostor?

"No," thought I, "my destiny points onward—and to Blondel; nothing shall turn me from my path." Less than an hour's walking brought me to the town, of which I had but time to learn the name—New Ross. I left it in a small steamer for Waterford, a little vessel in correspondence with the mail packet for Milford, and which I learned would sail that evening at nine.

The same night saw me seated on the deck bound for England. On the deck, I say, for I had need to husband my resources, and travel with every imaginable economy, not only because my resources were small in themselves, but that having left all that I possessed of clothes and baggage at the Rosary, I should be obliged to acquire a complete outfit on reaching England.

It was a calm night, with a starry sky and a tranquil sea, and, when the cabin passengers had gone down to their berths, the captain did not oppose my stealing "aft" to the quarter-deck, where I could separate myself from the somewhat riotous company of the harvest labourers that thronged the forepart of the vessel. He saw, with that instinct a sailor is eminently gifted with, that I was not of that class by which I was surrounded, and with a ready courtesy he admitted me to the privilege of isolation.

"You are going to enlist, I'll be bound," said he, as he passed me in his short deck walk. "Ain't I right?"

"No," said I; "I'm going to seek my fortune."

"Seek your fortune!" he repeated, with a slighting sort of laugh. "One used to read about fellows doing that in story books when a child, but it's rather strange to hear of it nowadays."

"And may I presume to ask why should it be more strange now than formerly? Is not the world pretty much what it used to be? Is not the drama of life the same stock piece our forefathers played ages ago? Are not the actors and the actresses made up of the precise materials their ancestors were? Can you tell me of a new sentiment, a new emotion, or even a new crime? Why, therefore, should there be a seeming incongruity in reviving any feature of the past?"

"Just because it won't do, my good friend," said he, bluntly. "If the law catches a fellow lounging about the world in these times, it takes him up for a vagabond."

"And what can be finer, grander, or freer than a vagabond?" I cried, with enthusiasm. "Who, I would ask you, sees life with such philosophy? Who views the wiles, the snares, the petty conflicts of the world with such a reflective calm as his? Caring little for personal indulgence, not solicitous for self-gratification, he has both the spirit and the leisure for observation. Diogenes was the type of the vagabond, and see how successive ages have acknowledged his wisdom."

"If I had lived in *his* day, I'd have set him picking oakum for all that!" he replied.

"And probably, too, would have sent the 'blind old bard to the crank,'" said I.

"I'm not quite sure of whom you are talking," said he; "but if he was a good ballad-singer, I'd not be hard on him."

"O! Menin aeide Thea Peleiadeo Achilleos!" spouted I out, in rapture.

"That ain't high Dutch," asked he, "is it?"

"No," said I, proudly. "It is ancient Greek—the godlike tongue of an immortal race."

"Immortal rascals!" he broke in. "I was in the fruit trade up in the Levant there, and such scoundrels as these Greek fellows I never met in my life."

"By what and whom made so?" I exclaimed, eagerly. "Can you point to a people in the world who have so long resisted the barbarising influence of a base oppression? Was there ever a nation so imbued with high civilisation, as to be enabled for centuries of slavery to preserve the traditions of its greatness? Have we the record of any race but this, who could rise

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from the slough of degradation to the dignity of a people?"

"You've been a play-actor, I take it?" asked he, dryly.

"No, sir, never!" replied I, with some indignation.

"Well, then, in the Methody line? You've done a stroke of preaching, I'll be sworn."

"You would be perjured in that case, sir," I rejoined, as haughtily.

"At all events, an auctioneer," said he, fairly puzzled in his speculations.

"Equally mistaken there," said I, calmly; "bred in the midst of abundance, nurtured in affluence, and educated with all the solicitous care that a fond parent could bestow——"

"Gammon!" said he, bluntly. "You are one of the swell mob in distress!"

"Is this like distress?" said I, drawing forth my purse in which were seventy-five sovereigns, and handing it to him. "Count over that, and say how just and how generous are your suspicions."

He gravely took the purse from me, and, stooping down to the binnacle light, counted over the money, scrutinising carefully the pieces as he went.

"And who is to say this isn't 'swag?'" said he, as he closed the purse.

"The easiest answer to that," said I, "is, would it be likely for a thief to show his booty, not merely to a stranger, but to a stranger who suspected him?"

"Well, that is something, I confess," said he, slowly.

"It ought to be more—it ought to be everything. If distrust were not a debasing sentiment, obstructing the impulses of generosity and even invading the precincts of justice, you would see far more reason to confide in, than to disbelieve me."

"I've been done pretty often afore now," he muttered, half to himself.

"What a fallacy that is!" cried I, contemptuously. "Was not the pittance that some crafty impostor wrung from your compassion well repaid to you in the noble self-consciousness of your generosity? Did not your venison on that day taste better when you thought of his pork chop? Had not your Burgundy gained flavour by the memory of the glass of beer that was warming the half chilled heart in *his* breast? Oh, the narrow mockery of fancying that we are not better by being deceived!"

"How long is it since you had your head shaved?" he asked, dryly.

"I have never been the inmate of an asylum for lunatics," said I, divining and answering the impertinent insinuation.

"Well, I own you are a rum 'un," said he, half musingly.

"I accept even this humble tribute to my originality," said I, with a sort of proud defiance. "I am well aware how *he* must be regarded who dares to assert his own individuality."

"I'd be very curious to know," said he, after a pause of several minutes, "how a fellow of your stamp sets to work about gaining his livelihood? What's his first step? how does he go about it?"

I gave no other answer than a smile of scornful meaning.

"I meant nothing offensive," resumed he, "but I really have a strong desire to be enlightened on this point."

"You are doubtless impressed with the notion," said I, boldly, "that men possessed of some distinct craft, or especial profession, are alone needed by the world of their fellows. That one must be doctor, or lawyer, or baker, or shoemaker, to gain his living, as if life had no other wants than to be clothed, and fed, and physicked, and litigated. As if humanity had not its thousand emotional moods, its wayward impulses, its trials and temptations, all of them more needing guidance, support, direction, and counsel, than the sickest patient needs a physician. It is on this world that I throw myself; I devote myself to guide infancy, to console age, to succour the orphan, and support the widow —morally, I mean."

"I begin to suspect you are a most artful vagabond," said he, half angrily.

"I have long since reconciled myself to the thought of an unjust appreciation," said I. "It is the consolation dull men accept when confronted with those of original genius. You can't help confessing that all your distrust of me has grown out of the superiority of my powers, and the humble figure you have presented in comparison with me."

"Do you rank modesty amongst these same powers?" he asked, slyly.

"Modesty I reject," said I, "as being a conventional form of hypocrisy."

"Come down below," said he, "and take a glass of brandy-and-water. It's growing chilly here, and we shall be the better of something to cheer us."

Seated in his comfortable little cabin, and with a goodly array of liquors before me to choose from, I really felt a self-confidence in the fact that, if I were not something out of the common, I could not then be there. "There must be in my nature," thought I, "that element which begets success, or I could not always find myself in situations so palpably beyond the accidents of my condition."

My host was courtesy itself; no sooner was I his guest than he adopted towards me a manner of perfect politeness. No more allusions to my precarious mode of life, never once a reference to my adventurous future. Indeed, with an almost artful exercise of good breeding he turned the conversation towards himself, and gave me a sketch of his own life.

It was not in any respects a remarkable one; though it had its share of those mishaps and misfortunes which every sailor must have confronted. He was wrecked in the Pacific, and robbed in the Havannah; had his crew desert him at San Francisco, and was boarded by Riff pirates, and sold in Barbary just as every other blue jacket used to be, and I lis-

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tened to the story, only marvelling what a dreary sameness pervades all these narratives. Why, for one trait of the truthful to prove his tale, I would have invented fifty. There were no little touches of sentiment or feeling; no relieving lights of human emotion in his story. I never felt, as I listened, any wish that he should be saved from shipwreck, baffle his persecutors, or escape his captors; and I thought to myself, "This fellow has certainly got no narrative gusto." Now for my turn: we had each of us partaken freely of the good liquor before us. The captain in his quality of talker, I, in my capacity of listener, had filled and refilled several times. There was not anything like inebriety, but there was that amount of exultation, a stage higher than mere excitement, which prompts men, at least men of temperaments like mine, not to suffer themselves to occupy rear rank positions, but at any cost to become foreground and prominent figures.

"You have heard of the M'Gillicuddys, I suppose?" asked I. He nodded, and I went on. "You see, then, at this moment before you the last of the race. I mean, of course, of the elder branch, for these are swarms of the others, well to do and prosperous also, and with fine estated properties. I'll not weary you with family history. I'll not refer to that remote time when my ancestors wore the crown, and ruled the fair kingdom of Kerry. In the Annals of the Four Masters, and also in the Chronicles of Thealbogh O'Fandlemh, you'll find a detailed account of our house. I'll simply narrate for you the immediate incident which has made me what you see me—an outcast and a beggar:

"My father was the tried and trusted friend of that noble-hearted but mistaken man Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The famous attempt of the year 'eight was concerted between them, and all the causes of its failure, secret as they are and for ever must be, are known to him who now addresses you. I dare not trust myself to talk of these times or things lest I should by accident let drop what might prove strictly confidential. I will but recount one incident, and that a personal one, of the period. On the night of Lord Edward's capture, my father, who had invited a friend—deep himself in the conspiracy—to dine with him, met his guest on the steps of his hall door. Mr. Hammond—this was his name—was pale and horror-struck, and could scarcely speak, as my father shook his hand. 'Do you know what has happened, Mac?' said he to my father? 'Lord Edward is taken, Major Sirr and his party have tracked him to his hiding-place; they have got hold of all our papers, and we are lost. By this time to-morrow every man of us will be within the walls of Newgate.'

"'Don't look so gloomily, Tom,' said my father, 'Lord Edward will escape them yet; he's not a bird to be snared so easily; and after all we shall find means to slip our cables too. Come in, and enjoy your sirloin and a good glass of port, and you'll view the world more pleasantly.' With a little encouragement of this sort he cheered him up, and the dinner passed off agreeably enough; but still my father could see that his friend was by no means at his ease, and at every time the door opened he would start with a degree of surprise that augured anxiety of some coming event. From these and other signs of uneasiness in his manner, my father drew his own conclusions, and with a quick intelligence of look communicated his suspicions to my mother, who was herself a keen and shrewd observer.

"'Do you think, Matty,' said he, as they sat over their wine, 'that I could find a bottle of the old green seal if I was to look for it in the cellar? It has been upwards of forty years there, and I never touch it save on especial occasions; but an old friend like Hammond deserves such a treat.'

"My father fancied that Hammond grew paler as he thus alluded to their old friendship, and he gave my mother a rapid glance of his sharp eye, and, taking the cellar key, he left the room. Immediately outside the door, he hastened to the stable, saddled and bridled a horse, and slipping quietly out, he rode for the sea-coast, near the Skerries. It was sixteen miles from Dublin, but he did the distance within the hour. And well was it for him that he employed such speed! With a liberal offer of money, and the gold watch he wore, he secured a small fishing-smack to convey him over to France, for which he sailed immediately. I have said it was well that he employed such speed; for, after waiting with suppressed impatience for my father's return from the cellar, Hammond expressed to my mother his fears lest my father might have been taken ill. She tried to quiet his apprehensions, but the very calmness of her manner served only to increase them. 'I can bear this no longer,' cried he at last, rising in much excitement from his chair; 'I must see what has become of him!' At the same moment the door was suddenly flung open, and an officer of police in full uniform presented himself. 'He has got away, sir,' said he, addressing Hammond; 'the stable-door is open, and one of the horses missing.'

"My mother, from whom I heard the story, had only time to mutter a 'Thank God!' before she fainted. On recovering her senses, she found herself alone in the room. The traitor Hammond and the police had left her without even calling the servants to her aid."

"And your father—what became of him?" asked the skipper, eagerly.

"He arrived in Paris in sorry plight enough; but, fortunately, Clarke, whose influence with the Emperor was unbounded, was a distant connexion of our family. By his intervention my father obtained an interview with his majesty, who was greatly struck by the adventurous spirit and daring character of the man; not the less so because he had the courage to disabuse the Emperor of many notions and impressions he had conceived about the readiness of Ireland to accept French assistance.

"Though my father would much have preferred taking service in the army, the Emperor,

who had strong prejudices against men becoming soldiers who had not served in every grade from the ranks upwards, opposed this intention, and employed him in a civil capacity. In fact, to his management were entrusted some of the most delicate and difficult secret negotiations; and he gained a high name for acuteness and honourable dealing. In recognition of his services, his name was inscribed in the Grand Livre for a considerable pension; but at the fall of the dynasty, this, with hundreds of others equally meritorious, was annulled; and my father, worn out with age and disappointment together, sank at last, and died at Dinant, where my mother was buried but a few years previously. Meanwhile, he was tried and found guilty of high treason in Ireland, and all his lands and other property forfeited to the Crown. My present journey was simply a pilgrimage to see the old possessions that once belonged to our race. It was my father's last wish that I should visit the ancient home of our family, and stand upon the hills that once acknowledged us as their ruler. He never desired that I should remain a French subject; a lingering love for his own country mingled in his heart with a certain resentment towards France, who had certainly treated him with ingratitude; and almost his last words to me were, 'Distrust the Gaul.' When I told you a while back that I was nurtured in affluence, it was so to all appearance; for my father had spent every shilling of his capital on my education, and I was under the firm conviction that I was born to a very great fortune. You may judge the terrible revulsion of my feelings when I learned that I had to face the world almost, if not actually, a beggar.

"I could easily have attached myself as a hanger-on of some of my well-to-do relations. Indeed, I will say for them, that they showed the kindest disposition to befriend me; but the position of a dependent would have destroyed every chance of happiness for me, and so I resolved that I would fearlessly throw myself upon the broad ocean of life, and trust that some sea current or favouring wind would bear me at last into a harbour of safety."

"What can you do?" asked the skipper, curtly.

"Everything, and nothing! I have, so to say, the 'sentiment' of all things in my heart, but am not capable of executing one of them. With the most correct ear, I know not a note of music, and though I could not cook you a chop, I have the most exquisite appreciation of a well-dressed dinner."

"Well," said he, laughing, "I must confess I don't suspect these to be exactly the sort of gifts to benefit your fellow-man."

"And yet," said I, "it is exactly to individuals of this stamp that the world accords its prizes. The impresario that provides the opera could not sing nor dance. The general who directs the campaign might be sorely puzzled how to clean his musket or pipeclay his belt. The great minister who imposes a tax might be totally unequal to the duty of applying its provisions. Ask him to gauge a hogshead of spirits, for instance. *My* position is like *theirs*. I tell you, once more, the world wants men of wide conceptions and far-ranging ideas—men who look to great results and grand combinations."

"But, to be practical, how do you mean to breakfast to-morrow morning?"

"At a moderate cost, but comfortably: tea, rolls, two eggs, and a rumpsteak with fried potatoes."

"What's your name?" said he, taking out his note-book. "I mustn't forget you when I hear of you next."

"For the present, I call myself Potts—Mr. Potts, if you please."

"Write it here yourself," said he, handing me the pencil. And I wrote in a bold vigorous hand, "Algernon Sydney Potts," with the date.

"Preserve that autograph, captain," said I; "it is in no spirit of vanity I say it, but the day will come you'll refuse a ten-pound note for it."

"Well, I'd take a trifle less just now," said he, smiling.

He sat for some time gravely contemplating the writing, and at length, in a sort of half soliloquy, said, "Bob would like him—he would suit Bob." Then, lifting his head, he addressed me: "I have a brother in command of one of the P. and O. steamers—just the fellow for *you*. He has got ideas pretty much like your own about success in life, and won't be persuaded that he isn't the first seaman in the English navy; or that he hasn't a plan to send Cherbourg and its breakwater sky high, at twenty-four hours' warning."

"An enthusiast—a visionary, I have no doubt," said I, contemptuously.

"Well, I think you might be more merciful in your judgment of a man of your own stamp," retorted he, laughing. "At all events, it would be as good as a play to see you together. If you should chance to be at Malta, or Marseilles, when the Clarence touches there, just ask for Captain Rogers; tell him you know me, that will be enough."

"Why not give me a line of introduction to him?" said I, with an easy indifference. "These things serve to clear away the awkwardness of a self-presentation."

"I don't care if I do," said he, taking a sheet of paper, and beginning "Dear Bob,"—after which he paused and deliberated, muttering the words "Dear Bob" three or four times over below his breath.

"'Dear Bob,'" said I, aloud, in the tone of one dictating to an amanuensis,—"'This brief note will be handed to you by a very valued friend of mine, Algernon Sydney Potts, a man so completely after your own heart that I feel a downright satisfaction in bringing you together.'"

"Well, that ain't so bad," said he, as he uttered the last words which fell from his pen—"'in bringing you together.'"

"Go on," said I, dictatorially, and continued: "'Thrown by a mere accident myself into his

society, I was so struck by his attainments, the originality of his views, and the wide extent of his knowledge of life——' Have you *that* down?"

"No," said he, in some confusion; "I am only at 'entertainments.'"

"I said '*at*-tainments,' sir," said I, rebukingly, and then repeating the passage word for word, till he had written it,—"'that I conceived for him a regard and an esteem rarely accorded to others than our oldest friends.' One word more: 'Potts, from certain circumstances, which I cannot here enter upon, may appear to you in some temporary inconvenience as regards money——'"

Here the captain stopped, and gave me a most significant look: it was at once an appreciation and an expression of drollery.

"Go on," said I, dryly. "'If so,'" resumed I, "'be guardedly cautious neither to notice his embarrassment nor allude to it; above all, take especial care that you make no offer to remove the inconvenience, for he is one of those whose sensibilities are so fine, and whose sentiments so fastidious, that he could never recover in his own esteem the dignity compromised by such an incident.'"

"Very neatly turned," said he, as he re-read the passage. "I think that's quite enough."

"Ample. You have nothing more to do than sign your name to it."

He did this, with a verificatory flourish at foot, folded and sealed the letter, and handed it to me, saying,

"If it weren't for the handwriting Bob would never believe all that fine stuff came from *me*; but you'll tell him it was after three glasses of brandy-and-water that I dashed it off—that will explain everything."

I promised faithfully to make the required explanation, and then proceeded to make some inquiries about this brother Bob, whose nature was in such a close affinity with my own. I could learn, however, but little beyond the muttered acknowledgment that Bob was a "queer 'un," and that there was never his equal for "falling upon good luck, and spending it after," a description which, when applied to my own conscience, told an amount of truth that was actually painful.

"There's no saying," said I, as I pocketed the letter. "If this epistle should ever reach your brother's hand, my course in life is too wayward and uncertain for me to say in what corner of the earth fate may find me; but if we *are* to meet, you shall hear of it. Rogers"—I said this in all the easy familiarity which brandy inspired—"I'll tell your brother of the warm and generous hospitality you extended to me, at a time that, to all seeming, I needed such attentions—at a time, I say, when none but myself could know how independently I stood as regarded means; and of one thing be assured, Rogers, he whose caprice it now is to call himself Potts, is your friend, your fast friend, for life."

He wrung my hand cordially—perhaps it was the easiest way for an honest sailor, as he was, to acknowledge the patronising tone of my speech—but I could plainly see that he was sorely puzzled by the situation, and possibly very well pleased that there was no third party to be a spectator of it.

"Throw yourself there on that sofa," said he, "and take a sleep." And with that piece of counsel he left me, and went up on deck.

OF RIGHT MIND.

I SHOULD like to know how many people in the world have absolutely healthy minds. I reckon up my friends and enemies upon my fingers, and, beginning with my best friend, or worst enemy, myself, find one with a twist here, one with a soreness there, one with this eccentricity, and one with that infirmity. Ideal health of body is not possessed by one in a million of civilised men, and I almost doubt whether there be a man in Europe with an absolutely healthy mind. If there be such a man, rely upon it he stands at the head of the class of social bores. For he must have, to be healthy, that abomination of desolation, a well-balanced mind, in which, because there is everything in equal proportion, there is nothing in agreeable excess. Anything like exclusive regard for a particular idea upsets the balance; and so it is that to the men whose minds are not whole, round, and perfect, we owe all the progress of the world.

There should be fuller recognition than there is yet of the set of truths that run from such a starting-point. Complete health of body is rare, though we know pretty well what to eat, drink, and avoid, in the way of corporal nourishment, and have not much power of interference with the growth of our own legs and arms. But we commit minds to absolute starvation; we bend, dwarf, maim, and otherwise disfigure or distort the ideas of the young, looking at schools too often as if they were jelly-moulds, and the young mind a jelly. The result to the mind is very much what it would be to the body if we grew infants in moulds for the improvement of their figures. We do not get improvement of the figure, but distortions of an unexpected form, and lasting sickness. The mind, which every word that reaches it affects, is meddled with so easily, so hardly understood, the signs of health or sickness in it are so undetermined by the multitude, that we should fall into the most hopeless confusion of wits but for the truth underlying social intercourse of every sort, that men and women are good fellows in the main, and that there is an unseen guiding and sustaining hand upon the instincts and the strivings of their nature.

Perkins's temper is an asthma to his mind; Wilkins's nervous sensitiveness a tic doloureux; Jones's eternal talk about himself is an obesity of consciousness that retards all the movements of his wit; fidgety Smith has St. Vitus's dance in the brain. A hermit's cell—perhaps the nutshell within which so many things are said to lie—would contain all the absolutely

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sane men in the land. But if this be true, or if anything like this be true, what becomes of the broad line that is drawn between the man in the lunatic asylum and the man on 'Change? The law declares men lunatics when they are dangerous to society, or when they are incapable of managing their own affairs. One of these conditions lunatics share with the criminals, who are all persons of diseased mind, although not the less righteously punishable for their offences. To the other class how many of our friends belong! What rash speculation, indiscreet and unjust quarrels, stupid prejudices, and idiotic credulity cause men to bring their worldly state to ruin is not to be learnt only in the Bankruptcy Court.

We would not, of course, convert the gaol into a lunatic asylum. There can be nothing wholesomer than the determination to push human responsibility to the utmost. With the unsound bit in the mind, there is commonly more than enough of serviceable reason to control a pet excess within the bounds of common justice and morality. When, as happened lately, a soldier of marked eccentricity spends a night in cutting the throats of his wife and six children whom he loves, and prepares also to blow up the fort in which he is stationed, a just pity recognises the plea of insanity. But when, as also happened lately, a schoolmaster with a perverted sense of duty flogs a boy to death, though we may understand the twist of his mind, we condemn him to the uttermost. The law, in fact, admits already too often the plea of insanity, or unsoundness of mind, in bar of responsibility. The obvious rarity of a sound body, which is so much easier of acquisition than a sound mind, is enough to suggest to us how constantly and universally more or less unsoundness of mind must live subject to full responsibility. There is no line of demarcation between sane and insane, the healthy and the sickly hues of mind shade one into the other by the most imperceptible gradation of tint. But there is to be drawn somewhere an arbitrary line, and we believe the number to be very small of those whom such a line can safely or wisely put on the side of the irresponsible. Men with a tendency to go wrong in any particular direction, are not to be kept within bounds by removal of the common restraints of society.

When we accept fairly this doctrine, we get rid of one bar to the improvement of a dangerous class of sick minds, in the terror with which people still regard insanity. And yet insanity is but the Latin term for "want of health" of mind. This is a terror left from the old days of whips, chains, cells, and straw pallets. There is an extreme insanity of mind dependent upon well-marked bodily diseases altering the condition of the brain, with which the physician now knows how to deal. But minor differences in the health and constitution of the brain, to be recognised only by their effect on the workings of the intellect or temper, are innumerable. In their first arising, they are influenced by wholesome treatment, physical and mental, to a most remarkable degree, and so it is that the first movements of the minds of children may be regulated to their life-long advantage, in a quiet, wisely ordered home. Prejudices, everybody knows, may be removed easily when they are but a few months old, hardly, or not at all, when of long standing. As of prejudices, so of all mental unsoundness. Of cases of insanity brought into the York Retreat, the recoveries were four to one from attacks not more than three months old, but only one in four from attacks older than a twelvemonth.

Until we have bridged over with a little better knowledge and some honest admissions the gulf now set between insanity and sanity of mind, the repugnance to whatever looks like an admission even of a possible insanity, will keep a vast number of diseased minds out of asylums during those earlier stages of infirmity in which they are to a considerable extent open to remedy. Moreover, as it was urged at the last meeting of the Social Science Association by one of the best practical authorities upon this topic, Mr. Samuel Gaskell, now Commissioner in Lunacy, most insufficient means of help are offered to the labouring and middle classes when attacked or threatened with disease of the mind. The law has already done much for the insane pauper, but in England and Wales for those who are not paupers, there is lamentable want of proper means of care and treatment. Mr. Gaskell believes that for the support of such asylums adequate funds could be derived from the patients, if the land and buildings were once furnished by the public, and there are few ways in which expenditure would lead to as much return of public good.

But Mr. Gaskell urges also that view of the case on which we are now more particularly dwelling, when he reminds us "that diseases of the mind, as well as diseases of the body, assume an infinite variety of forms, varying both in kind and intensity." He thinks it unwise that "the same certificates, orders, returns, restrictive regulations, and penalties are applicable to all patients, whether affected merely by the slightest aberration, or suffering from total loss of mental power and self-control.

"How marked a difference," he says, "is here observable in respect to bodily complaints, for which we have hospitals both general and special, dispensaries for milder cases, as well as convalescent and sea-side houses. And why, it may with good reason be asked, have we not asylums adapted to the slightest as well as the most severe form of disease?"

The particular suggestion made by Mr. Gaskell is for the legal sanctioning of a sort of asylum, in which, under wise medical supervision and with quiet oversight, care might be had of slight affections, or the slight beginnings of disease, that neglect only, or mismanagement, would cause to be severe. This should be a recognised asylum, lying outside the operation of the present lunacy laws, and use might be made of it as a sort of probationary house for insane patients, discharged as cured from asylums of

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the present sort. In such a house assurance might be had that the discharged patients are reasonably safe against those relapses which are now perpetually bringing them to the bar of our courts for wild, distressing crimes. There are a thousand suicides among us every year, of which the greater number come of an uncontrollable diseased impulse.

There never will be room for all who require treatment. Perverse temper, wrong-headed action, undue distress over trifles, and almost uncontrollable impulses to do this or that wild thing, never can, to their full extent, be practically recognised as what they are. It is, on the whole, quite right and necessary to consider them as points of character to which a full responsibility attaches. We only urge, in aid of Mr. Gaskell's argument, a consideration that should soften very greatly our impression of the difference between soundness and unsoundness of mind. If houses of voluntary retirement, under any sense of infirmity or trial of mind, are to be established, let us have with them, we say, a fair sense of the fact that in variety and extent mental disorder is like bodily disorder, and that there is a wide range of mental as of bodily affection very far short of mutilation, nay, that there are whole pieces of mind that many a man contrives to do without, as he might do without an arm or an eye, or both his eyes. Let men feel that there is a common lot to them all in mental as in bodily affliction, and let nobody suppose that, although like people in hospital he also is liable to his headaches and sicknesses, his mind never feels any of the infirmity over which science and humanity keep watch in lunatic asylums. We must not only dismiss the strait-waistcoats and the chains, but also much of the old vague horror of insanity. In this, as in other matters, there is to be established a yet closer sense of fellowship among men than was recognised in the old days that are gone. Who knows? We may live to see a Committee of Physicians managing a Sulky Club, a Physician taking out his license for an Hotel of the Thousand Passions, and the best half of the town may spend its holiday under the doctor in a School for Scandal.

The extent of the old error is suggested by the phrase left to us for insanity, that it is a man's being "out of his mind," or "beside himself." He and his mind are, of course, not parted, but his mind is out of some part of its health, and, as was said at starting, I should like to know how many people in the world have absolutely healthy minds.

Again, however, let it be urged that this view of the general condition of men's brains contracts instead of extending the bounds within which pleas of insanity are justifiable in bar of criminal responsibility. No man would commit a wilful crime being right minded; and as long as a man is wrong minded he is best warned into self-restraint by certainty of penalty for hurt inflicted on his neighbours. Let the pleas of infirmity be met by the general persuasion that we are all more or less infirm, and let us abide by the wholesome maxim of law, that every offender must be answerable for a crime of which he has sense enough to know that he committed it. To knock out a man's brains under the real belief that one is breaking a glass bottle, is, for example, the only kind of insanity that should protect homicide from punishment.

THE LAST NEW SAINT.

Until an Englishman has resided for a while out of Great Britain, he does not appreciate how national an institution is his habit of assembling in public meeting. Whether he has a censure to pass, a vote of praise and thanks to express, a right to enforce, or an abuse to abolish, he commences his task by convening his compeers in public meeting. No Englishman, therefore, will blame the convocation of the public for the furtherance of interests, or the announcement of opinions, which may be supposed to be connected with the general welfare.

But there are two ways of undertaking an enterprise—a straightforward way, and a crooked way. With us, an object that is proposed to be obtained through the influence of general opinion, must be openly attacked boldly in the face, or it had better be left to repose in quiet. We make a regular siege on the obnoxious principles; we fire off our motions, our speeches, our resolutions, straight at the mark, instead of employing any of the stratagems of military tactics. We want to abolish the corn-laws, and we call a meeting for their abolition, in which the whole proceedings are consistently directed to that end, and to nothing else. We do not call a meeting avowedly for the abolition of the corn-laws, but indirectly for the abolition of the House of Lords. Our public meetings are eminently straightforward.

But we can imagine reunions of agitators which might be less frank and sincere in their character. Bodies of men will sometimes offer the concentrated expression of the character of the individuals of whom they are composed. If the leading members, singly, are men of tortuous and mole-like habits, it is possible that a meeting, while professing to point its muzzle to the right, will be really discharging its grape-shot to the left.

There has just closed (not in the Queen's dominions) a party manifestation, of which it is not harsh to say that it means more than it openly announces. It can hardly be called a public meeting, because there was no free discussion; in spirit, it was more like the parading of our operatives through the streets, six or eight abreast, in times of trouble or penury. Three-and-twenty archbishops and bishops, including a cardinal, assembled at Arras, to walk about the town in procession and make a grand display of relics, vestments, trade guilds with images of their patron saints, and school children in fancy costume. The various approaches to the city were like the road to Epsom races; people on foot, people on donkeys; people, thirty and more, crammed into huge Flemish waggons; people in elegant private carriages; people in tumbrils used for manure, swept and garnished for the occasion; people by railway; people by canal.

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The ostensible object was three days' religious fêtes to celebrate the transportation of the relics of the last new saint beatified at Rome, and thence brought to Arras by Monseigneur the Bishop Parisis. For three days the relics were exposed to public veneration on a splendid throne erected behind the high altar of the basilica. The cathedral, richly draped with crimson velvet, hung with flowers and green leaves, pealing with new music, filled with a struggling and inquisitive crowd, and with no ventilation except the open door, recalled the historical temperature of the famous Black Hole. Except to a favoured few around the prelate, the Archbishop of Rouen's sermon was rendered inaudible by the shuffling bustle of comers and goers, and the disputes between persons who hire chairs by the year, and those who only hire them by the day. The procession, especially, gave the old Spanish streets of Arras the aspect of an opera-house in which the manager is determined to ruin himself. It closed with the cortége of the Bienheureux and the said three-and-twenty bishops. As the Saint's mortal relics remained enthroned in the cathedral, and were not carried through the streets, he was represented by a group consisting of his own statue reposing on a cloud, surrounded by angels, and crowned by the Virgin, with the serpent smitten and precipitated in the direction of the bottomless pit.

And who is this last new saint? The reader shall hear.

The Bienheureux (the Blessed) Benoît Joseph Labre, the eldest of fifteen children, was born at Amettes, a village lying in the province of Artois, south of the town of Aire, and north of Arras, on the 26th of March, 1748, and died at Rome, in the odour of sanctity—by no means a figurative expression—on the 16th of April, 1783. The whole of his earthly biography was, therefore, completed before the outburst of the grand tempest of the first French revolution. Of his posthumous adventures, the most wonderful, up to the present date, took place on Sunday, the 15th of July, 1860, and the two following days.

The Blessed Benoît Labre's epoch is not so far removed from our own time, but that there remains in his native neighbourhood some tradition derived from personal reminiscences. Those are not flattering; verily, in his own country, he is no prophet for a multitude of scoffers though not heretics. By such profane persons he is spoken of as the prince of idle and filthy fellows; his name, Labre, is even purposely pronounced Ladre, meaning scabby, mangy, leprous. He came of an ultra-religious (perhaps we might say credulous and superstitious) family, several of whose members manifested their dreamy and fanatic tendencies by retirement into monasteries and nunneries. Jean-Baptiste, the Blessed Benoît's father, was the proprietor of eighty acres of land and a substantial house; all which, according to the then custom of the Boulonnais, would have gone to the eldest son. There were also very comforting expectations of inheritances from ecclesiastical uncles.

The blessed boy was unlike other children; no play for him, but plenty of church. He was so fond of mass, that, when he came back from it, he set up a little toy-altar and repeated all the ceremonies before it. Whenever he was naughty, as the most blessed boys will sometimes be, he was set some little penitence, such as holding his arms in a cross, or other corporeal mortification. The severest punishment would have been to make him learn his lessons. His Paters, and Aves, and genuflexions, and crossings, left no room in his brain for earthly knowledge. When house, and lands, and all were spent, dirt and ignorance were most excellent. In a vision, an angel whispered to him, "Multiplication is vexation, Division is as bad; the Rule of Three will puzzle thee, and Fractions drive thee mad." So he never crossed the ass's bridge; Latin was a stumbling-block; and he never set foot on the Gradus ad Parnassum. At all his attempts to enter the Roman Catholic priesthood—for which his uncles did their best to "cram" him—he was what flippant Cantabs call "plucked," although the classical attainments then required were not those of an Oxford first-class man. Books of piety were all they could get him to read; prayer, penitence, and meditation, were all they could get him to do. Still he was a very good boy indeed; his conscience would not allow him to eat even the windfall fruit in his uncle's garden, and his humility was such that he obeyed his uncle's servants as if they were his superiors. Once, when his father sent him to lift some corn that was sprouting in the field in consequence of wet weather, he set about the task so stupidly as to get a parental scolding. To which he meekly replied, that he was not called to do the things of this world. When his uncle told him to work harder at Latin, or, at least, to set about doing *something*, he answered that he intended to enter a Trappist convent. As he was too pious to be a farmer, and too illiterate to be a parish priest, he consoled himself with the belief that his fit vocation was to be a friar. When his parents begged him, with tears and entreaties, to give up the idea of burying himself alive, he answered that his conscience would allow of no truce or delay; that he ought to obey God before any one else, and that he could not resist His will. So he went on his way rejoicing.

But the Trappists would not have him; he was too young, they said—not quite twenty, and small and weakly too. Their youngest member must be twenty-four. He then tried the Chartreuse de Longuenesse, near St. Omer. He was politely received; the mansion pleased him greatly; the regularity which reigned in that pious retreat increased his desire of being taken in. They could not oblige him, just then, because the monastery had received considerable injury from fire; they advised him to apply to the Chartreuse de Montreuil, where they promise to receive him, if he will first learn the elements of philosophy and church music.

Unreasonable Carthusians, to exact such se-

vere conditions from one destined to become a blessed servant of Heaven! Whether he fulfilled them, is very doubtful; but he got in, nevertheless—and soon got out again. The discipline was too gentle to his liking, the mortification was insufficient. The prior sent him back to his parents, accompanied by a servant of the convent, with his best compliments. La Trappe, tried again in spite of his parents' remonstrances, would have nothing to do with him: then at least, although they allowed him to stay a few days—perhaps to discover what sort of stuff he was made of.

His parents were delighted; his mother urged him to prepare himself sufficiently for ecclesiastical orders, and sent him to visit his relations and uncles. But the Abbey de Sept-Fonts ran in his mind. At night he used to get out of bed and sleep on the ground, to train himself for the noble profession which it was the will of Heaven that he should adopt.

He re-entered the Chartreuse de Montreuil, left it, and wrote a first letter to his parents:

"MY VERY DEAR FATHER AND MY VERY DEAR MOTHER,—I inform you that the Carthusians having judged me unfit for their profession, I left on the 2nd of October (1769). I regard that as an order of Divine Providence, calling me to a more perfect state. They told me it was the hand of God which took me away from them. I am, therefore, on the way to La Trappe, the place which I have so long and ardently desired. I beg your pardon for all my disobediences, and for all the sorrow which I have caused you; I pray you both to give me your benediction, that the Lord may accompany me. . . Have care of your salvation; read and practise what Father l'Aveugle teaches; it is a book which shows the way to heaven, and without doing what he says there is no salvation to be hoped for. Think of the frightful pains of hell, where people suffer a whole eternity for a single mortal sin which is so easily committed; force yourselves to be of the small number of the elect. . . Procure for my brothers and sisters the same education as you have given me; without instruction it is impossible to be saved."

But La Trappe would not have him. So he took the habit, in the monastery of Sept-Fonts, or the Seven Fountains, and became Friar Urbain. In six months he left. The abbot gave his uncles to understand that the inexpressible sensibility of Benoît's conscience leaving them no hope of making him of any service to the establishment, they had not taken any steps to keep him there. He became a pilgrim by trade, and condescended to write a second and last letter to his parents, informing them that he was on his way to Rome, and giving them another dose of good advice.

He went to Loretto, to visit the Holy House which had flown through the air; he went to the birthplace of the seraphic founder of the Franciscan order; he went to the capital of the Christian world. Wherever he went, he made himself remarkable for his great compassion for souls in purgatory; for his contempt for his own person —never mentioning it except in terms which, though not polite, still showed the little store he set by it; and for a great love of his neighbour. He prayed fervently for everybody, and he gave to the poor the greater part of the alms he received, only keeping what was necessary for his wretched daily maintenance, without thinking of the morrow. Benoît went to church early in the morning. He was clad like a veritable pauper. His habit was of ashy grey; over it, he wore a very short cloak, a rosary round his neck, an old rope by way of girdle, a wooden cup on one side, and small bundle on the other. Till noon, he heard every mass with the greatest devotion, continually motionless, and with his hands joined: to the great edification of the persons present, who admired the modesty and piety of this good pauper, and who all, as they came out of church, said he was a saint. The sacristan stated that he never stirred out of the church; after dinner, he was always found in the same position as in the morning, with his hands joined and his eyes fixed on the statue of St. James. In the evening, instead of leaving the church, he endeavoured to remain there all night, although he had taken no food all day. Such a remarkable penitent was far too valuable to be suffered to starve himself to death; but when they obliged him to retire to an hospital hard by, he would never indulge in the luxury of a bed.

He made pilgrimages to Naples, Switzerland, and Germany, and then back again to Rome for the jubilee, all in the same fakir-like style of life; but his favourite pilgrimage was to Loretto, whither he made an annual trip, although Rome was his permanent residence. Near the Coliseum is still to be seen an ancient wall almost completely in ruins. The blessed pilgrim found therein, a hollow big enough to hold a man and shelter him from the rain; his choice was soon made, and for several years he had no other lodging. He there took a short night's rest, after spending the day in prayer, standing or kneeling, constantly fixed and motionless, in some of the churches, and after listening to the instruction given to the poor in the hospital which has just been mentioned. His health suffered; he could ill be spared from the tableaux vivants of the Roman places of worship; care was taken that he should sleep under a roof, but never was he known to undress himself to go to bed. From morning till noon he remained kneeling in prayer in some church, although occasionally he spent half the morning in one church, continuing until noon in another. He then went to receive a dole of soup at the door of some religious house. Thence, he went to some church where the Holy Sacrament was exposed for the forty hours' prayers, where he remained till night. In eating his soup and the morsel of bread that accompanied it, he first took the bowl in his two hands, held it over his head as if he were offering it up in sacrifice, and prayed for the space of five or six minutes completely absorbed in ecstasy.

At Loretto he first obtained the complimentary remark, "Either he is a madman or a saint." They wished to find him some shelter in a farm, but they dared not propose, even

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to Lorettan farm-servants, the company of so ragged and filthy a person as the blessed Benoît. The difficulty was overcome by lodging the pilgrim in the oven. Perhaps they thought that afterwards it would be more suitable for the baking of fancy bread. During his last three visits to Loretto he was accommodated with a fixed lodging by a married couple named Sori. They prepared for him an upper chamber with a bed; but he found the chamber much too comfortable, preferring one that was below the level of the street.

Signor Sori, perceiving that his diet consisted entirely of a few leaves of salad, bits of cabbage, and other offal, which he picked up in the town for his evening's repast, did not like to see him living so wretchedly, and offered him meat, fish, or a little good soup. But he always refused to taste it. "Those," he said, "are not paupers' dishes. I am a pauper, and I may not eat of them." On Easter-day only, and that for the great motive of obedience, he accepted a morsel of lamb and drank a little wine. Ordinarily, he would only take hard and dry bits of bread, such as no one else would eat. If they offered him a whole loaf, he declined to touch it, observing, "A loaf is not for paupers; paupers eat remnants." His hosts used to play him a charitable trick, for they more than suspected they were lodging a saint. They took a whole loaf and broke it into little pieces. The holy man, not gifted with clairvoyance, took them for remnants, and swallowed them without straining.

Signora Sori was a woman, and distantly related to Bluebeard's wife. Benoît changed his habits in one respect at Loretto; the bundle which elsewhere never left him was there deposited in his sleeping-room. For Signora Sori not to open and inspect it, was impossible. She found a few ragged shirts, a breviary, some religious books, and a tin box containing certificates of confession, and of having been a novice for several months at the monastery of the Seven Fountains. He also changed his habits in another way. His small-clothes being full of holes, the sacristan enabled him to substitute others that were less permeable to the winds of heaven. Clad and comforted with these, he turned his back on the Holy House, never to return to it.

The man of God (as his canonisers call him) absolutely refused everything that exceeded strict necessaries. He would accept no regular alms or fixed allowance. When he had a choice of the three first of human wants—food, clothing, lodging—he invariably chose the worst. He courted contempt; he got himself to be regarded as the off-scouring of the earth; he purposely wore filthy and disgusting rags which inspired repugnance at his approach. He had no objection to peltings with stones, beard-pluckings, and blows. Somebody gave him an alms of two very small pieces of money, which he instantly handed over to another pauper. The Somebody, taking it as an affront to himself, gave him a blow with his stick, asking, "Did you expect I was going to give you a sequin?" Patient Benoît walked on without saying a word. Through a sentiment of humility and extraordinary mortification, he took no measures to avoid the consequences of his perennial uncleanliness, but endured that degrading form of torture during all the latter days of his life. The wooden bowl in which he received his soup at convent doors, was cracked in two, mended with rusty iron wire, broken on one side, and expressly untidy. He almost always came last to receive that soup, and occasionally had to go without it. One day, entering into the court of Monseigneur della Porta's palace, he saw on a dunghill, a lump of coagulated soup which the cook had thrown out. Benoît looked round in all directions, to see whether he were observed. Believing that no one was watching him, he went down on his knees on the dunghill and ate the remnant of sour soup, to the astonishment of the cook and butler, who were peeping at him through the window.

He was sparing of his speech; he would pass a month or more without uttering a syllable that was not absolutely necessary. He was diffident of his own opinion. A single word from persons who, in his eyes, held their authority from God, sufficed to vanquish any repugnance he *might* feel, and to lead him whithersoever they would. He was as submissive to the voice of his spiritual father—his director or confessor—as he had been firm and determined when his parents tried to dissuade him from the career to which he believed himself called by Divine inspiration. He considered himself a monster of ingratitude towards God, and a great sinner. He more than thought it; he said it with an intimate persuasion. He went so far as to find the greatest satisfaction in passing for a vagabond, a useless fellow, a hypocrite, an ignorant creature, a madman. He regarded the authors of such humiliations, as his brethren, and as instruments sent by the Divinity to purify his imperfections. During the continual journeys which he took through picturesque countries to remarkable sites, the peculiar spirit of his devotion would never allow him to enjoy the legitimate and innocent pleasure of examining the beauties, the edifices, the rarities, or the monuments. He spoke no more of his own country or of his parents and relations, than if he had no one on earth belonging to him.

Such are what his admirers and beatifiers call the Christian virtues of the last new saint!

He believed, with Saint Theresa, that imperfect confessions precipitate multitudes of Christians into the place not mentioned to ears polite. When he was nothing but a skeleton covered with skin, he still did his utmost to mortify his body. He fell a martyr to his asceticism. He died of weakness and exhaustion. In reward, are attributed to him not merely ordinary graces, but also those which Roman theologians call gratuitous; such as the discernment of spirits, the penetration of the secrets of hearts, the gift of miraculous cures, the spirit of prophecy, and others. He foresaw the honours that would be rendered to him after death.

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Fainting on the steps of Our Lady of the Mountains, he was carried to the house of one Zaccarelli, a butcher, where he breathed his last. "The saint is dead! the saint is dead!" was shouted up and down the street, next day, all over the neighbourhood. The whole of Rome was agitated. Crowds came to Zaccarelli's house, demanding to see the body, and forcing an entrance. Zaccarelli resolved that the funeral should be magnificent, and took the expenses upon himself. The curés of two adjoining parishes, each anxious to secure the body for his own church, disputed in which of the parishes Zaccarelli's house stood. The relic market was clearly on the rise. The exposure of the body and the interment were the occasion of scenes of fanaticism which were only repressed by the presence of soldiers and by the closing of the church. The tomb was enclosed by a railing, around which a military guard had to remain two months, to prevent riot and scandal.

Scarcely was the holy man under ground, when his portrait was engraved; the prints were distributed before they were dry. Likenesses in all sorts of attitudes were sold by hundreds of thousands. Everything that had belonged to him, far and near, was importunately sought for, and treasured as precious relics. His rags, and everything attached to his personal uses, were torn and broken up, to be dispersed bit by bit. The wood and stone of the places where he used to pray, was scraped and grated; the spout of the fountain where he ordinarily quenched his thirst, disappeared. Pious enthusiasm felt no remorse at pious thefts. Labre was canonised by the voice of the people.

A number of miraculous cures followed his death—some two hundred miracles in all. We fail to appreciate them. One of the most remarkable was the conversion to the Roman faith of Mr. Thayer, an American, and a Protestant minister. A nun in the convent of Saint Apollonia broke a blood-vessel in her lungs, which so weakened her that she could take no nourishment. She invoked the venerable Labre, and drank, with faith, a liquor in which one of his relics had been steeped. She was cured in an instant. That very day she joined the other nuns in the choir, and ate her dinner without any unpleasant consequences, as testified by the lady superior and six nuns of the same community.

In 1784, the then bishop of Boulogne-sur-Mer solicited the beatification of the holy pauper, as likely to afford an admirable spectacle for angels and men. The storms by which St. Peter's bark was subsequently assailed, postponed the scheme till 1807. Again interrupted by new vicissitudes, the cause was resumed in 1817; fresh miracles had fixed attention and excited confidence. But the matter remained in suspense until 1847, when it was resumed under the pontificate of his Holiness Pius the Ninth, now reigning. On Ascension Day, 1859, the Holy Father solemnly decreed the desired beatification; and on the 20th of May, 1860, the basilica of St. Peter was most splendidly adorned, to celebrate the solemn fête of the humble pilgrim's canonisation. If candles could do it, the ceremony was effectual. More than five thousand wax tapers shed their light around; more than forty thousand persons were present. Benoît was one of the celestial hierarchy at last.

Poor Benoît, in the flesh, was a harmless creature; a little vain of his dirt, a little cunning in his devotion. But is he an example for general imitation? In the first place, if everybody were like him, the human race would speedily come to an end—and would richly deserve that consummation. Do we want any more new saints? If we did want them, should we want such dirty and do-nothing saints? A succession of saints like Benoît Labre, would raise the price of chloride of lime and sulphur ointment.

Monseigneur Parisis, who brought the saintly bones from Rome, and who got up the meeting and show at Arras, is the same prelate who vainly endeavoured to exclude Protestant children from French schools, under pain of excommunicating the Roman Catholic masters and mistresses who should receive them without working hard at their conversion. For that move, his grandeur got a gentle rebuke from the minister; but he cares so little for it, that he is ready to attack heresy in any form, and almost with any weapon.

At this moment there is a hard struggle between the French government and the Ultramontane priesthood. On the first proposal of the religious fêtes, authority forbade the procession to pass through the streets, believing it intended as a manifestation of sympathy and an ovation for Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans and libeller of the dead. Monseigneur's absence being guaranteed, the out-door pageantry was reluctantly permitted. But the whole affair is less an apotheosis of a wretched ascetic than a menace—to this effect:

"Take care, you in high places, how you press too hard on the temporalities of the Pope. You see how we can assemble and rouse the people; our spiritual power is not yet paralysed. If with one dead saint we can rally around us the devout supporters of his Holiness,—with another, perhaps, we may send you to Jericho, and bring back our beloved Henry the Fifth."

SONNETS ON GODSENDS.

I.

STRAIGHT from the hand of God comes many a gift,
   Fraught with healing and with consolation
   For a world of toil and tribulation;
And yet from which we blindly shrink and shift,
As from a burden onerous to lift.
   Work itself, hard, drudging occupation,
   Comes in shape of blessed dispensation
To those who wisely can perceive the drift
   Of such a boon to assuage the pangs of mind,
Sadness, suspense, anxiety, or worse,
   Rankle from wounding words and looks unkind,
The desolation of friends' eyes averse,
   Nay, e'en the anguish of a recent loss,
   Akin to that was felt beneath the Cross.

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II.

Work is a Godsend most divine, direct:
The call to active duty, the stern need
For prompt alacrity and instant deed,
Teaches the soul its forces to collect,
Assists it still to raise itself erect
When beaten prostrate like the wind-blown reed
By stormy flaw; it sows the fruitful seed
Of vigorous resolves, that will protect
And grow around fresh shoots of budding hope,
Preserving them from frost of chill despair,—
Will keep them free from canker-slough, with scope
For spreads of tender leaflets, and prepare
The way for future blossoms that may twine
A garland for the brow no more supine.

III.

All the year round come Godsends evermore,
Manifold and multiform, like wild flowers
In summer-time, when warmth and genial showers
Have made the lanes and meads a broider'd floor,
Rainbow-hued, bright, and deep-ingrainèd more
Than hall for dancers' footing, where the hours
Bring speedy blur: proudly the foxglove towers,
Behung with white or purple bells, a store
Of pyramided beauty; faintly blush
Dwarf mallows, lilac, veined with soft threading;
Poppies, casting their vivid scarlet flush
Athwart the golden corn; umbel-spreading
Hemlock; meek-eyed violets, amid the rank
Tall rampant clamberers up hedge and bank.

IV.

Not more variety in wayside weeds
Than in the Godsends lavishly bestow'd
On man, who takes them often like a load
Of worthless or unvalued waifs; and heeds
No jot their purpose, nor discerning reads
Their undevelop'd good; upon the road
He lets them lie, trod like the toad
Beneath his foot; and, thoughtless, on proceeds.
But, like the jewel in the reptile's head,
Or, like the wholesome virtues in the herb,
Latent, unnotic'd, dully left unread,
Cast by in carelessness, or mood acerb,
The gem-bright eyes unseen, the healthful juice unsought,
The Godsend's sacred lesson still remains untaught.

V.

A stormy sky, with glimpse of promise fair;
A trial bravely borne; a sickness gone;
An unexpected sob from heart of stone;
A touch of magnanimity—too rare—
In one whose candour takes you unaware;
The luxury of weeping when alone,
What time volition lies all prone
After stout will has done its best to bear
The tension of composure hard-sustain'd
Before the eyes of others; a child's cry,
Where loud roaring ends in laughter gained;
A smile from sadden'd heart, you scarce know why:—
These sweets distill'd from bitterness of gall,
To my thought, are no less than Godsends all.

VI.

An old expressive simple word is this
Of Godsend, just a something sent from God,
The fountain of all good: an almost odd,
And quaint directness,—like a given kiss;
Familiar-holy, pure in granted bliss.
Free and offhand, perhaps, as friendly nod;
But dear and cherish'd as the grassy sod
That lies above the head we daily miss
From out our life, making that life a kind
Of death. As special graces, treasure Godsends!
Oh, let us grateful-hearted bear in mind
The more inobvious, as the clearer ends
For which they are vouchsaf'd to those on whom
They fall, like stars, to brighten night and gloom.

THE SYSTEM JONES.

A GREATER man than Soyer is no more. Mr. Hyacinth Jones died suddenly at his villa near London, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was a great benefactor to London society, yet he may be said to have died almost unknown by the gay and thoughtless and light-hearted, who eat and drink and dance through the butterfly months of this vast Babylon; but he was well known to those who wear the "iron crown" of housekeeping. It was by his wonderful efforts alone that the master and mistress of the house were enabled to sit without aching brows at their own dinner-tables; nay, positively to enjoy the gastronomic triumphs of the repast.

Hyacinth Jones's place of business was situated in one of the offshoot streets of Bond-street—a small private house. You knocked at the door, a respectable waiter-like person gave you admittance. No repulsive steam of dinners offended the nose; you were at once ushered into a well-furnished room. A faint, disagreeable smell was observable. This arose from a mass of newly-printed books, pamphlets, blue-books, reviews, journals, magazines, British and foreign, which were arranged in order on mahogany ledges against the walls. At one glance round that room you beheld the sum total of the world's latest intellectual efforts, damp and steaming from the press. Then there were auctioneers' catalogues of all recent sales of interest—rare books, old wine, pictures, china, coins, old furniture, and the thousand other curious objects of taste which circulate through rich society. Above the ledges were shelves filled with valuable books of reference on every conceivable subject—history, natural science, politics, theology, sport, &c. &c.

"And who read all this mass of print? Hyacinth Jones?"

"You doubt, madam? Remember the catalogue of books Mr. Buckle has read."

"But what has all this to do with dinners?"

"In a little while, you shall know, madam."

Some folks affirm that a partisan ought not to be a biographer. But, behold my dilemma! I am a partisan, yet, as Hyacinth Jones was far more unreserved with me than with any other person living, I alone possess the materials necessary to sketch his life. He was, in truth, remarkably secretive, rivalling the present Napoleon in that quality; but, with regard to the outer man, and particularly in the character of his face, he always reminded me of the portraits of the greater Emperor. I did not make Mr. Jones's acquaintance until middle age had destroyed the fineness of his features, rendering them full and puffy; but even then his

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eyes possessed great force. In earlier years, the poetic period before he had eaten many dinners and begun to philosophise, his eyes must have been dominant over all his features, like the deep eyes of young Napoleon, as you see him in that French picture riding on the dromedary in the shadow of the pyramid.

There is an aphorism attributed to the Emperor Napoleon which was always in the mind of Mr. Jones: "Men are governed by their stomachs." He acknowledged the truth of this assertion up to a certain point. "Eating," he would affirm, "is a condition of our nature, the very basis of our well-being and happiness, but not the summum bonum of our lives. Its limitations are too contracted to satisfy the boundless aspirations of the soul. I challenge," said he, "the greatest gastronomists to deny this. Their science affords them certain cardinal principles, distinctive flavours recognised by the palate, to deal with. They have the power of treating certain constituents in a pure form, which group themselves under specific heads; thus, savoury, sweet, acid, hot, cold, &c.; these are subject to all the modifying conditions of consistence, proportion, and quality. Upon this elemental basis rises the highest art of cookery, the mixed form, the blending by certain laws of these distinctive flavours, producing as the result an harmonious union, or a totally new flavour. This has been not inaptly termed the 'thorough bass' of cookery. Undoubtedly, the mathematician could show you the possibility of varying these blendings ad infinitum, just as the musician can vary sound; but the palate, far inferior in its sensitiveness, to the ear, cannot appreciate these delicate distinctions: after a certain period the originality of cookery is exhausted."

I well remember the evening when he defined these limitations of cookery. Like all great men, he loved to be sometimes alone. I had broken in suddenly upon his reverie. I saw there were tears in his eyes.

"Papa Jones," said I—that was my familiar mode of addressing him—"why do you weep?"

"Behold, my son!" and he pointed to the table.

There was a singed moth close to the foot of the candlestick. I knew what he meant; his sympathy was with the symbolic idea, not with the individual insect.

"It has ceased to affect me, the moral of singed moths and skylarks," I replied. "Poets and philosophers have worked the subject threadbare."

"The moral is true for all that," said Papa Jones, mournfully. "Ah me!" he continued, with a sigh, "why wasn't I content with that?" And he drew from his waistcoat a white cotton cap, which he had evidently hidden away when I entered the room, and placed it on the table.

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

Then, in a sudden burst of confidence, he answered: "I began my life in the kitchen; my father, my grandfather, were great cooks. The talk of greatness which fired my young ears was the greatness of cookery. I was governed by the ideas which surrounded me. I should have certainly seized with as great enthusiasm upon the æsthetic principles of poetry, sculpture, or painting, had either of those arts been the object of our lives, as I did of cookery. As soon as I was old enough I was placed under the care of the great chef Jerichau. I was his pet pupil—I was so easy to teach, so enthusiastic. I would sit alone for hours in my room over the creation of an entrée. At these times I have almost fainted for want of food; all I had to do was to keep my mind perfectly blank, and sooner or later the idea would flash upon me, and then I hurried into the kitchen to embody it in all its freshness and spontaneous force. My master was astounded by the originality of my creations. I was so young—I was all feeling, inspiration—not one atom of reflection to mar the force of my conceptions. Oh, splendid power of youth! without reflection, therefore without doubt—faith illimitable!"

Mr. Jones saw an involuntary smile on my countenance.

"Ah," said he, "it's almost impossible for you to comprehend my feeling for cookery. What do you understand by the term 'beautiful?' For my part, I consider it to be a latent sense of harmony in the soul, which is capable of being excited by numberless methods, many paths to a common goal—whether music, by appealing to that sense through subordination to its own laws of harmony—or painting, by submission to the laws of colour and outline—or science, by revealing to us the harmony of the laws of nature. I need not multiply instances. If my theory is correct, it enables us to dispense with a vast amount of the pity with which we regard certain avocations of man. That chamber of the parchment-visaged lawyer becomes a shrine of 'the beautiful'—the perfect logic of a fine argument, dry and wearisome to the natural man, is an inlet to the learned counsel's sense of harmony—the law books in calf hold the laureates of equity. In like manner, to the mathematician, are the laws of numbers and proportion.

"I don't doubt for a moment" (pursued Mr. Jones) "but that Lord Eldon and Sir R. Bethell minister to some men's sense of 'the beautiful,' just as Raphael and Titian do to others—that Babbage's calculating machine may produce exactly the same *inward* effect as a symphony of Mozart.

"Cookery had this effect upon me, I felt 'the beautiful' in the harmony of its laws. But after all, ambition formed the basis of my efforts. Those words of Napoleon sounded in my ears like an unconscious prophecy which was yet to be fulfilled: 'Mankind are governed by their stomachs.' I aspired to give a power and influence to cookery of which the world had never dreamt of.

"My master possessed the highest talent and the most generous spirit. In a very short time he declared that I had learnt all that he could teach — that a European fame awaited me.

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One day I submitted to him the rough notes of a new entrée hastily jotted down on the inspiration of the moment. With the high power of the great artiste he could realise the full flavour of a dish from the receipt, just as the great musician, by merely reading the score, can realise the full significance and harmony of the music with all its light and shade. Generally Jerichau was demonstrative in his admiration, but he perused my MS. in silence. As I watched his countenance, I could perceive the inward struggle which was taking place. Tears rolled down his cheeks. The marmitons, moved by unconscious sympathy with their master, had left their occupations to gather round him. He strove to address me, but was unable to utter a word. He drew this very cotton cap off his head and placed it on mine, and then, pressing his lips to my forehead, he left the kitchen."

"Papa Jones," said I, "I can realise the situation; it was the general tearing the cross off his own breast to place it on the breast of the heroic soldier."

"No, my son," he replied, "it was far grander than that. It was the formal act of abdication. I have searched history in vain for a more magnanimous deed. Charles the Fifth was gouty and worn out when he gave the crown to Philip; Jerichau was in the full vigour of his life and the full tide of his reputation."

"It was a magnificent triumph!" I exclaimed.

"It was," he answered; "but I only regarded it as a means to my great end—the power of influencing mankind. I know my comrades were perplexed by my showing so little elation; such insensibility in an artiste was incomprehensible; but I hid my aspirations in my own bosom."

He paused awhile in his narrative, and seemed buried in thought.

"'Ah, me!" he exclaimed, breaking from his reverie, "that was the beautiful period of my existence; life carpeted with rose-leaves; intuition and faith which vanquished every difficulty without a struggle, and achieved every object without the curse of labour. And yet I know my faculties were but half developed; I had never reasoned, because I had never doubted.

"One day I grew dissatisfied with my efforts. My work appeared to grow less and less original. I was forced to *reflect*, and, to my dismay, I found for a long period that I had been only working in a circle. Do what I would, I could never advance beyond a certain point. Could it be possible that I had already arrived at the boundaries of my art? I strove and strove, as a bird beats against the bars of its cage, but it was all in vain.

"Slowly and painfully, I reasoned out the limitations of that organ of sense, the palate, through which I sought to address the soul. In my exultation at the unbounded possibilities numerically of combining flavours, I had entirely overlooked the rigid limits of the capacity of taste. I shall never forget the utter bitterness of heart with which I struggled to this conviction, and beheld the fallacy of my hopes. In the early days, there used to be such thrilling brilliancy in the bright rows of copper stewpans, and now the gleam was horrible to my eyes. Day by day my powers left me; my hand, which had been as light as the most delicate woman's, but nerved with steel, grew as heavy as lead. I became far less capable than the lowest marmiton, against whose crass stupidity my master, in the grief of his soul, used to protest by perpetual oaths. They tried in vain to account for this change. Was it my bodily health? The doctor declared I was perfectly well. Was it love? The doctor shrugged his shoulders and smiled, in default of a better answer. They could never comprehend my case. Neither my father, nor my uncles, nor Jerichau, and they held many anxious consultations on the subject.

"I said that I had exhausted cookery.

"'Think of the splendid engagements your genius will command,' exclaimed my father, overcome by sorrow no less than anger.

"'The mouth of Europe watering for your efforts!' cried Jerichau, with poetic energy.

"'What is cookery?' I asked.

"'The science of feeding the world,' they answered.

"If that was their definition of cookery, it was impossible that they could ever understand the grandeur of my aspirations, so I held my peace and wept."

"And then, Papa Jones?" said I to him, gently, for he was quite overcome by his narrative.

"Through the greatness of the idea I rose; through the greatness of the idea I fell. The moral, my son, of singed moths and exhausted skylarks." In the agitation of the moment, he wiped his eyes with the cotton cap.

Up to the time of this confession, I had been completely puzzled how it came to pass that Mr. Jones was continually making use of that aforesaid expression of the Emperor Napoleon, but at the same time urging the fallacy contained in it, and asserting the dominant influence of intellect. I then perceived that he acted on the principle of a zealous convert, whose old dogmas might be perpetually in his mouth for the purpose of denying their truth.

To describe the "system Jones."—Thousands had felt the inadequacy of gastronomic science to satisfy the soul of man, but Hyacinth Jones had felt it with an intensity which led him to seek and discover a remedy. Thousands had sat, as guests, bored and gloomy over the most artistic cookery, and had experienced a dismal vengeance, as hosts, by beholding their friends bored and gloomy in return, till at length the thought of a dinner party was associated with a dulness *felt* like the darkness in Egypt, falling, like the catastrophe of the Dunciad, with a pall on the spirits. Now many people of superficial mind believed that this miserable condition was induced by some latent error in the science of cookery itself, and consequently sought a remedy by extraordinary culinary efforts, ignorant that the capabilities of the art were stretched to their utmost verge. Some persons gifted with clearer perceptions managed to hit the true source of the evil, and

endeavoured to get professed "diners out" to enliven the tedium of the table. But the practical success of the truest principle depends upon its being worked on a sound system. At times the "diner out" was not up to the mark, or he was sulky and silent owing to the presence of a rival, or his position at the table prevented him from talking with effect, and finally all minor matters being favourable, it frequently happened that his mental bias was not in unison with that of the company generally. Nevertheless, a belief in the necessity of *mind* at the dinner-table was the chief point to be gained. It was the glory of Mr. Jones that he created a *systematic* association of intellect with gastronomic enjoyment.

O reader! dwell awhile on the comprehensiveness of the "system Jones." Recollect that dinner is the law of civilised humanity. Cœnandum est omnibus! politicians and poets, men of science, men of art, men of sport, transcendentalists, materialists, stout-bodied theologians, and slim damsels with golden hair and violet eyes—all, all are the slaves of that law. It was necessary that Mr. Jones should be en rapport with the whole circle of human interest, from the merit of the last prima donna and the crinoline question, up to the profoundest questions of philosophy, and the combat of Sayers and Heenan.

The "system Jones" was carried on in the following method. I will suppose that you have asked your friends to dinner, and received their reply, taking care always to leave one or two vacant places at the table, and that you have finally decided on the menu with your chef. You then called by appointment on Mr. Jones, and gave him a list of your guests, with the best description in your power of their mental bias and taste, and also a copy of the menu. After making careful notes and asking a few definite questions, Mr. Jones bade you good morning, taking a preliminary fee of a guinea. On the evening of each day Mr. Jones carefully read over his notes and settled in his mind the topics of conversation, and the method of treatment which would be most interesting to your guests generally. I need scarcely say that this was a most difficult operation. For instance, given an evangelical Dean hot on revivals, and an enthusiastic fox-hunter, to find the bond of common interest between the two; and yet so great was the sympathetic power of Mr. Jones, that he was enabled to devise a line of conversation equally interesting to the parson and the sportsman. If this were wonderful in the case of two persons of opposite tastes, how much more wonderful the power he possessed of arranging a conversation which was capable of engaging the sympathy of perhaps half a dozen persons of distinct pursuits and inclinations? Of course this was very difficult to effect: the result often of hours of laborious thought. The charge for a dinner of this kind was far higher than for one in which the guests had been asked with some regard to community of sentiment; still, if you chose to pay for it, you might with safety ask your friends pell-mell, and rest with happy confidence in the success of your dinner.

The menu was an object of importance as a secondary point in Mr. Jones's calculations. His early studies with regard to the palate, as an inlet of consciousness to the mind, were by no means valueless to him, now that they were divested of youthful extravagance. The current of conversation was set in responsive harmony with the character of each plat, in the way that the mere gastronomist associates certain wines with certain dishes. So with a piquante sauce there was a stronger dash of irony and persiflage, a more serious tone with a brown sauce than a white sauce, lightest and most brilliant fancy with the soufflé, deepest tones of all with the rôti.

Mr. Jones's final arrangements with regard to the conversation were noted into a book under the date of your dinner party. It will be obvious, with such nicety of arrangement, that if one of the guests failed at the last, he or she could only be replaced by a person whose tastes and sentiments were in accordance with those of some of the original guests, because the introduction of an entirely new mental element would have destroyed the plan of the conversation. A few days after your interview with Mr. Jones, you received a note giving the names of the *two* professional conversationalists who would attend your dinner; the places that they ought, if possible, to occupy at the table so as to give them the power of talking with due effect. Many people objected to giving up two chairs, but on this point Mr. Jones was very emphatic—it was his maxim that the conversation must *flow*, that there must be no abrupt jumping at points. Unless the topic was opened by a second person it was impossible for the "talker" to make his points with apparent spontaneity. Mr. Jones affirmed that he had frequently known some of the most perfect stories and bons mots fall utterly lifeless because the narrator had been obliged to *force* them without a natural introduction; he would never guarantee the success of a dinner unless he was allowed to send a "leader," as he was technically termed, to open the line of conversation for his coadjutor. The two conversationalists duly arrived at the hour appointed for dinner, but never in one another's company,—they were ushered into the drawing-room, and received with the same courtesy as the real guests—the whole charm would have been broken had their professional character been for a moment suspected. With regard to those heavy, sullen minutes before dinner is announced, Mr. Jones confessed his inability to afford any relief; indeed, he held that all conversation at that period was an utter waste of power, as the human mind, like the caged tiger prior to feeding-time, was in too disquieted a condition to receive any impression with effect.

Perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance connected with the "system Jones" was the fact that very frequently the professional talkers ap-

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peared to be the most silent people at the table. The acute observer alone could perceive that it was through the most exquisite skill, by a few words thrown here and there, that the special sympathy of each guest was evoked, and the current of each individual mind set flowing towards a common centre of interest. The whole table was alive with conversation, bons mots breaking out here and there with dazzling effect, yet all in their due order, not boldly thrust in without a contest, but, as it were, brilliant emanations thrown off in the natural course of the conversation. The perfect concealment of all artifice and effort was a thing to be wondered at: in all probability each of those bons mots with its introduction had cost hours of laboured preparation.

Some people, indeed, because they only beheld the result, and not the method, affected to disbelieve in Mr. Jones's greatness. Oftentimes, in sheer vexation of spirit, I have been tempted, when I have seen people assembled in drawing-rooms with their long hungry faces, to proclaim the greatness of Mr. Jones, and say to them: "You come here for enjoyment, and you get it, thanks to Mr. Jones. O hungry man of science! Mr. Jones has been up half the night working at chemistry, that he may obtain some new idea, the germ of which, cast before you, is to unlock your tongue. O hungry physiologist! Mr. Jones has been at work for your sake on some new principles educed from the book of Darwin. O hungry politician! Mr. Jones has constructed for you a wonderful canard evolved from plausible political possibilities. O golden-haired, but yet hungry heroine of a thousand deux-temps! Mr. Jones has been mindful of you. Of you too, O devotee of old china and old masters! And he has wrought, moreover, your antagonistic ideas into an harmonious whole, as Meyerbeer deals with the triple chorus in the Etoile du Nord.

"O Papa Jones!" I have exclaimed many a time, "why not be a great chemist or a great philologist, or anything else great you like? The choice rests with yourself; stand before the world as the Philosopher Jones."

"Que voulez-vous, my son?"—and he would lay his hand solemnly on his banker's book—"am I a boy that I should prefer a little κῦδος to solid pudding? What emolument should I make as a philosopher? In this land we stone the prophets—genius sows, and men of capital reap. I have made intellect a source of amusement, and therefore I am a reaper. I have done some little good in my generation: I have found men of good breeding and education, hungry and without employment; I have opened to these men a nourishing course of dinners, and an honest way of industry."

I shall fitly close this narrative by describing the grand triumph of the "system Jones." One of Mr. Jones's patrons had in a rather depreciatory manner asserted, "that after all the cook was the keystone of a dinner."

"I'll carry you through the worst dinner ever cooked!" replied Mr. Jones, with quiet confidence; "no one shall be able to say whether the dishes are good or bad."

I confess, even with my strong faith, I trembled for the result. The list of the guests was duly furnished to Mr. Jones. For one entire week, he saw nobody; for two whole days he was engaged in instructing his most trusty conversationalists. He himself attended in the dining-room dressed as a waiter; for, lest there should be any failure, he had elaborated three complete lines of conversation, and with one wave of his hand, had he found any flagging, a new line could have been taken up.

The dinner was truly execrable. It was conceived in the highest principles of French art; the preparations were conducted, up to within an hour of dinner, by an eminent chef; and then the whole was left to "a good plain cook."

The host apologised to his guests—the chef had been suddenly taken ill. Apology was needless, the triumph was with Jones: no one could find a moment for gastronomic criticism, so entirely absorbing was the conversation. When the gentlemen left the table, Mr. Jones fainted in the arms of a tall footman, his intellectual excitement had been so intense. I saw him soon after his return from this dinner. He was seated in his easy-chair; a glass of eau sucrée stood before him; he was moulding a flake of his favourite "caporal" into a cigarette. He appeared perfectly calm, but the flush of strong mental effort was visible in his countenance. "Intellect," said he, with a placid smile, "has triumphed. After this dinner, my son, I shall die happy."

A ROMAN BURGHER.

It is a sad pity that Menenius left no heirs male of his body, or even heirs general. I doubt very much if there be a Menenius left within the length and breadth of this city of Rome.

Shall we go and look for him up at that fan of streets which branches off from bright Spanish Place, where is the English settlement, and where our Brother Briton lounges it in his Angola checks and stripes and familiar shapes of hat, and flutters in and out of the dazzling bazaars opened here for his special behoof; where, too, he lights his modestly priced cigar, whose cost fluctuates between economy and luxury—two farthings for the fair average run, two farthings and a half for sigari schelti, or the choicer and selected stimulants.

Here, sitting in his bazaar, and battening on Signor Giovanni Torro from England, surrounded with glittering wares, with jewellery, mosaic tables, photographs of public places, gaudy scarfs, and succulent confectionary—for these are the staples for which our traveller will barter with the natives—we shall find Signor Menenio, burgher, bourgeois, plain shopman in fact. He is an unit of the middle order; being a little contemptuously included in a class composed of all that is not sacerdotal, aristocratic, official, or eleemosynary. I find him, like many other burghers of many other cities, fair, rotund, and lined, if not with good capon, at least with those richer dainties with which his city abounds.

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His opinions he takes out of his till, his political economy is hazily associated with the English customer, and he believes generally in the bank.

As to political convictions, he is a sad tergiversator, and plays Bifrons Janus, the old god of his city, to a melancholy degree. One—a notable curiosity-monger, with the most astounding likeness to that accomplished artist, Signor Tagliafico—will chatter whole newspaper columns as you turn over his rococo wares. My friend W——, who is ecclesiastically Conservative and staunchest Ultra Mountaineer, often falls to a delving among these treasures, while Signor Tagliafico's double maunders out good Tory port wine sentiments, breathing intensest devotion to Church and State: "These are days of civil dudgeon, critical days," chants the Tagliafico's double. "Such as are not with us, are against us. The Lord is chastening the Santo Padre for his own ends, for is it not well known whom He loveth he chasteneth? Good men are timorous and weak; did they but know their own strength and hold together, they need not fear any of these brigands." But return another day when your face has passed from his memory, and, disguising yourself in a liberal capote, talk loudly concerning annexations, and "il Rè galantuomo," and of Cavour the Bespectacled, and our Tory Tagliafico becomes obsequiously Republican; mutters gutturally the word, "Preti," conveys depreciation of the Government of the Keys, annexation to the new kingdom, general subversion of things that be, in one meaning shrug; would go into details, but that he looks over his shoulder at spectral sbirro or police agent. Still the noble stranger will understand that he is for liberty and liberal ideas all the world over. He would now show the signor one of the most exquisite little ivory carvings, found only the other day in the Casa Bella—and so forth.

Still it must not be concealed that this year the noble Englishman has fallen into disfavour. The glorious British Constitution is taken to be on its trial, and the decadence of Albion the perfidious to have at last set in, because her children have been slack in flocking to the city called Eternal. The costly golden wares of Conductor-street are unsold; the yellow Etruscan necklaces lie in the windows of Achille Rey, glittering unprofitably. The monster photographs of the corroded pillars of the Forum are hung out idly, or fade away in stock. The scarfs gaudy, yet not glaring, refreshing the eye with their Eastern eccentricity, have their flashing colours dulled, all because the timorous Britisher has stayed at home panic-stricken, like a perfidious Albionite as he is. Burgher's judgment has been deceived, he has been taken in. How different was it with you, O Tagliafico! during that last year of grace, that perfect jubilee of 'fifty-nine, when the Saxon, demented almost, came crowding tumultuously in—was it thirty thousand of these Norsemen? —and flooded hostelries and lodgings to overflow, accepting even garret accommodation with gratitude! Then flourished the English "Cercle," or "Clob," choked with members; then came Lord Tom Salamander, with his brethren by the score. Then the noble Englishman brought his carriages and horses, and his four hunters, with Bowles, his English groom. Then spotless Christina, ex-queen, held revels, masked balls, and what not, where motley was the only wear. Then was the fox imported, and astonished peasants of the Campagna held up their hands with amazement as the scarlet rout swept by them. "Gran Dio!" the question is reported to have been, "whom do they fear; whom fly from?" with utter contempt and disbelief when it was expounded that these flying men in scarlet, whipping and spurring with such fury over the field in such force and numbers, were pursuing with fierce animosity the little unsavoury brown four-footed thing which flew past panting but a few seconds before. Those Campagna folk are wondering to this hour—explain it as you will, they cannot comprehend—and some have sagaciously set it down as a religious rite of the English heretics. The yellow jewellery was sold abundantly to the unbeliever; and the tabernacle of Achille Rey was entered burglariously and most ingeniously from below the shop shutter, and every Etruscan and Byzantine ornament swept away, without a trace having ever been discovered of the thief. Still the harvest poured in so plentifully that the loss fell upon him lightly.

But this present year it is all changed—from Pandemonium to a desert—from abundance to the abomination of desolation. One thousand Saxons instead of thirty, make but a poor show. No winters, no balls, no riot, no unspotted Christina. In Ossianic language, Desolate is the dwelling of Morna; lonely thy halls, O "Clob!" There is no strength in thy spear, Restorer Spillman; thy business must be, to all appearance, slack. You should have come in thy beauty, Bull, Son of the Morning. You should have come—for fallen, fallen is the price of lodgings. Can I not name a lady, now enjoying a second piano (not a semi-grand instrument, but a second story), with drawing-room, parlour, and some half a dozen rooms, for the ridiculous figure of twenty-four pennies per day! And the notice of stolen jewellery, a few lines up, brings to my mind what I have seen posted up in the Italian tongue at the corner of Spanish Place, touching some lost trinkets, rendered also into English, for the benefit of the ignorant of that nation. "Lost," says the little notice, "between *the* Piale's Library and the Corso, a small Cox, containing Jewellers! Any one bringing," &c. Such, as Mr. Ruskin says, "are very precious," and we would not willingly let them die.

Returning to Burgher Tagliafico, and keeping still within the vilified middle order or Mezzo Ceto, I find that the whole wealth of the city is centred in this order. They are very rich, and do not hoard their gains. It is not the most noble noble duca or princesse who buys, but simple, despised Mezzo Ceto. And now I discover the secret of that shabby dressing of those fine ladies—it is Mezzo Ceto who is the milliner's best customer, and recklessly purchases all her

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showiest Paris goods, richest silks, and costliest laces. He loves to see Madame and Mademoiselle Mezzo Ceto well dressed, and grudges them nothing. And if we look in at San Andrea's or San Gregorio's, the Gesu, or other chapel, at the messe musquée, or scented and fashionable mass—so a lively prelate once put it—when the organ is at those curious pranks of his, jingling bells by machinery, we shall see these ladies flashing in superb raiment that positively dazzles. Burgher Tagliafico is ambitious, too; and with needy ducas and princesses hovering in their own aërial realms, ready to swoop where they see a fair dowry, there is a possible chance of a young daughter of the people being drafted over the border into the grand order of nobility. Still it is surprising that these burgher maidens should boast attractions sufficient to overbear the inert momentum of caste; for at that Sunday worship you will assuredly see no Canova angel, or crinolined Venus de Medici, prostrate over their straw-seated chairs. Nota, too, that tendency to contracted shoulders and high drawn up neck, from which no draped shawl can be made by any art to slope away with pyramidal descent. The root of which anatomical deformity lies in that semi-barbarous fashion of teaching tiny Mezzo Ceto to walk, suspending him with an endless belt under his little armpits. So is the young idea educated into toddling, and the young succulent shoulders are swung into an unsightly contraction. So do the Roman matrons of a lower order still swaddle their infants in tight compact parcels, and lay them fearlessly on a wall, or the outer edge of a fountain, as they would a stone or block of wood: then set their arms akimbo, and hold sweet gossip with Roman Gaffer Gray. Some young ladies of the Mezzo Ceto, who succeed in living down the swathing process and the swinging belt, are ticketed at fabulous dowries. I could direct you at this moment to an obscure cabaret—say pothouse—lying in a slum, worth, upon the city valuation, if there be such a return, a bare ten pounds yearly, where you shall find a pearl of estimable price, with ten thousand scudi and more to her fortune. And this nuptial fusion of high and low caste sets me thinking of a little picture from the life.

One Sunday morning I wander into the church of San Marcello, which beards that huge waste of Palace called Doria Pamphili. Friend C——, cheeriest and most jocund of the sons of men, has led me thither, whispering me with mystery, "You shall see what you shall see!" And so I kneel on a wicket-chair, but a few paces from the plain slab which covers over the gentle Gonsalvi, with many men and women picturesquely prostrate about me. I grieve to say I think more of one Roberts, R.A., and Luigi Haghe, who would have dealt magnificently with these kneeling worshippers, and strewn them effectively over a choice cathedral piece, than of holier and more becoming subjects. Services, too, proceeding contemporaneously at the high altar in front, at the smaller altar directly on my right, at the altar directly on my left, at remoter altars rather behind me well down the church, help to make it a matter of much nicety and embarrassment how to deport myself with due reverence to each contemporaneous service. Thus, turning my face to Mecca, or to the high altar, I am clearly wanting in respect of a remote altar, having my back towards that ritual. Striving to adapt myself to a position which would look all ways at once, and in which the reverse of the human figure would be turned to no special direction, the result is, that I find myself looking a prostrate lady steadily in the face who is following a far-off service directly over my shoulder. Thus failing in this well-meaning attempt at trimming, as all trimming attempts usually do fail, I at length think—with surprise, too, at its being so long unthought of—of the business that has brought me there. Presently, the services being done, C—— draws near, and touching me mysteriously, whispers hoarsely, and simply points. Points whitherward? My eye runs along his extended finger, and reaches a portly pair kneeling just by, who have a general air of licensed victualling. The finger encourages me; and, knowing that I burn, I measure the fair closely, and see that the licensed victualler is burly and compressed, and gathers up his wife's prayer-books with much humility. Licensed victualler's wife I find to be a great frouzy wench, with a mottled face, inflamed (perhaps with licensed victualling), and a variegated shawl, richly dressed in flaming silks, with a bright yellow bonnet.

Trooping out presently in the flux of population, C—— takes me by the arm with "effusion," and says,

"Did you see? Tolla!"

I start—"Tolla? What, the licensed victualler's wife? Impossible!"

"But it is so. That was Monsieur and Madame Savarelli, father and mother of Tolla—of poor, unhappy, betrayed Tolla!"

If there be a sweet tale in this world, or one which, by its natural tenderness and clear unaffected simplicity, makes us for a moment think of a story of a certain dear clergyman who was some time incumbent of Wakefield, it is this true history of trusting Tolla. I think how strange it is that such a legend should have come from a cynic's lips, unbroken by a sneer—and from one who, in his small way, is a professed mimic of the great Voltaire.

Do we not most of us know that touching legend? It is no new thing that M. About should bring on his little stage a false and noble Lelio, who wins the heart of an humble maid of a rank far below him. Not unnatural, too, that the princely family should set themselves against this unequal alliance; nor is it startling to the conventional morality of the world that they should send out the noble youth upon his travels, furnished with a sort of devilish Mentor, smooth and artful, who, by adroit distraction, shall gradually fill his mind with other thoughts. Gradually the letters grow slack—perhaps are

intercepted, according to the old code of villany in such cases made and provided. Hope deferred, suspense, neglect, and finally desertion and utter blank for the gentle Tolla. Then is superadded ingenious web of invention: rumours of marriage for the noble youth, with, finally, this miserable but hoped-for result—breaking of heart and death for poor Tolla. Just then have the scales fallen from Lelio's eyes—for, though he is weak, he is well intentioned. He discovers the base intrigue, posts home, and reaches the city just in time to meet a funeral. This is M. About's legend, founded on the precise facts. The bourgeois family to which Tolla belonged, called Saverelli, published all the letters relating to this sad business, appealing to the public of Italy for justice. They created a perfect storm of prejudice against the noble family.

The noble Lothario, or deceiver, as is well known, had all his palatial windows shivered by a virtuous mob. For years he durst not return with safety; and now tarries abroad from choice; his name is on every man's tongue; it is no secret, it has travelled through the length and breadth of chattering French circles; it is known to all who care to learn it. But again, as we turn the street corner, I face the mother of Tolla;—truly a frousy Trojan of a woman, with the mottled flaring face, the flaunting dress, and the coarse stride!

A HORRIBLE REFLEXION.

I DID not at all like the face of that grinning Italian boy, who came up to the omnibus door, and sold me this cheap looking-glass, a foolish gimcracky sort of article, which, when it is shut up, looks like a broad, flat, tin watch, and which, when it is open, is to stand on the table, and reflect my chin to me during the process of shaving. Why did I buy the trumpery? I'm sure I don't know. I have plenty of mirrors in my own house, and I do not at present contemplate any emergency that would cause me to shave with my glass upon the table. Indeed, I never shave myself at all, but invariably employ a barber.

Some purchases are only made under the influence of a certain mania for disbursement, which may be reckoned among the most essential qualities of human nature. Who in the world ever dreams of using a knife, with a handle upwards of an inch thick, and half a dozen blades, including a corkscrew? No one; yet such articles are constantly bought, or they would not be constantly manufactured. Machines for damping post-office stamps, for depriving cigars of their early tails, for curiously igniting tapers, are invented every year, and are bought by persons, who are thoroughly aware that nature has provided man with the simplest and most efficient means for wetting stamps and nipping cigars, and that no instrument devised for the purpose of speedy ignition is superior to the common lucifer, or the more delicate Vesta. They know the old plans, and in the depth of their hearts intend to abide by them, yet they wantonly patronise innovations that are no improvement.

Children, with the exception of a few precocious misers, are habitually under the influence of the disbursing mania. According to a proverbial expression, their money "burns a hole in their pockets," a phrase doubtless invented by some close-fisted philosopher, who, regarding avarice as essential to humanity, attributed the rapid separation of children and their money, not to a prodigal instinct in the opulent juveniles, but to a disposition in the coin itself to escape from a narrow pocket—a disposition perfectly consistent with its character as a circulating medium. When I look at the rubbish in my hand, which it would be flattery to call a bauble, but which is too useless to be called anything else, I am inclined to think that the doctrine implied by the close-fisted philosopher was not altogether absurd. It cost me sixpence, and most assuredly sixpence could not have been so expended as to have procured a smaller amount of enjoyment than this wretched machine will afford. Shall I say, then, that I bought it, not because I wanted it (which I certainly did not), but because the sixpence longed to get out of my pocket, and seized on the first available means of escape? I don't know; I feel humiliated when I fancy that the coin would less willingly remain in my possession than in that of the ill-favoured Italian.

I become dozy under these reflections, which, goodness knows, are dull enough to justify any amount of sleepiness, when I am suddenly wakened up by a most extraordinary circumstance—yes, by something really harrowing.

Idly glancing at the trumpery glass which I hold in my hand, I perceive that the face it reflects is—not my own!

A man may fairly set a just value on his own merits, without incurring the suspicion of vanity. Goethe once declared, that if on the one hand he considered himself far inferior to Shakespeare, he deemed himself, on the other hand, better than Ludwig Tieck. In a similar spirit I affirm that, if I am a trifle less handsome than Hubert Binsdale, I am infinitely better looking than the face which is reflected in the cheap glass.

Have I bought a picture instead of a glass? No! I screw up my delicately-chiselled nose, and make a grimace at it; with its rough-hewn proboscis it returns the compliment. I wink at it with, I am sure, the most refined insinuation of shrewdness; it returns the wink with a repulsively knowing air, as if it invited me to take part in a burglary. Ugly, incorrect, abominable as it is, the face is still no pictured physiognomy, but really and truly a reflexion of my own.

Ah, there are articles called cylindrical looking-glasses, which, like the inside of a table-spoon, confer ridiculous length or breadth on the countenance they reflect. I recollect that on one occasion, when I was at a public dinner, extremely angry and discomposed at the tardy appearance of the viands, I saw my own face

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in the opposite tablespoon, grinning with idiotic delight. Cylindrical looking-glasses produce these distortions much more efficiently than tablespoons; but they don't change the colour of the hair, the eyes, the complexion, like this thing in my hand. Decidedly it is not a cylindrical looking-glass.

The omnibus stops at New Fangle Villa, where I am to dine. I slip the hateful commodity into my pocket, pay my fare, and, after the usual preliminaries, enter my host's drawing-room. My embarrassment is increased by the circumstance that I do not know a single person in the assembly except the host, with whom I am very slightly acquainted. I say to a hard-featured old lady (my host's mother), "How's your glass!" and I ask the host himself if his face is improved. I desperately correct my blunders, try to drown them in a laugh in which nobody joins, and observe two cubs in their teens looking at me from a corner, and whispering.

Must I pass a whole evening in the midst of this uncongenial society, with an unsolved mystery in my coat-pocket? Ah, one gentleman is alone in the back drawing-room, turning over a volume of prints. He shall be my unconscious assistant in my search after truth. I place myself at his side.

"Engravings," I observe, violently endeavouring to connect the subject of my thoughts with the object of his meditations—"engravings, however carefully and skilfully executed, are, under ordinary circumstances, less faithful semblances than the reflexion in a mirror."

"Under *any* circumstances," replies the gentleman, dryly. He thinks I have uttered an absurd truism. He is not aware, like myself, of the frightful exception to the general rule.

"Some engravings are very cheap," I proceed, with as much wisdom as I can muster.

"Some engravings are dear at any price," sulkily answers the gentleman.

"But of all the cheap things I ever saw, nothing equals this." So saying, I pull the glass from my pocket.

"Things like that cost fourpence, I believe," remarks the gentleman. The remark is discouraging, but I continue, putting the glass in his hand: "Look in that, and tell me if you perceive anything singular in the countenance."

"I see nothing but my own face," replies the gentleman, and disdainfully returning the glass, he stalks, with an offended air, into the front drawing-room. For the first time I observe that he has a broken nose, and it is evident that he detects in my question an allusion to that circumstance.

But what care I for the feelings of that morose lover of art? I have enough to occupy my mind during dinner-time. The curmudgeon has enlightened me as to the fact that the glass can reflect other faces faithfully, though it persists in mendacity when my own is presented. Its attack upon me is clearly personal.

Conversation turns upon an artist who painted his own likeness, and somebody observes that this operation is attended with more than ordinary difficulty, inasmuch as a man never retains in his mind so clear an image of himself as of another person. Is it possible that I have been mistaken as to my own face, and that the hideous reflexion in the sixpenny mirror is faithful after all? While the rest are engaged in talk, I furtively snatch the glass from my pocket, and holding it below the level of the table, regard it with a hasty glance, and perceive the old vulgar, villanous countenance. I raise my eyes in disgust, and I observe that one of the cubs who were whispering in the corner is telegraphing to a very young lady on the opposite side of the table, and that I myself as I sit, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of my own knees, furnish matter for his communications. I drop the glass, and in my efforts to pick it up again without observation, render myself generally conspicuous. I succeed in slipping it into my pocket, but not till it has been seen by the surly lover of art, whose eyes meet mine, and are then instantly averted, with the expression of a revived sense of wrong.

I now look forward with terrible interest to the return of the company to the drawing-room. I intend to look at myself in the large mirror over the mantelpiece, and to compare the reflexion there with that in the sixpenny glass. Then shall I know to a certainty whether my memory, under the influence of some unknown feeling of vanity, has been inaccurate in its record of my personal appearance, or whether the glass has been the deceiver.

My host's wine is excellent, but I detest it as an obstacle that retards our return to the drawing-room, and when he cheerfully orders another bottle of singularly choice claret ('37, *I think*), he renders me as fidgety as though he had ordered a bowl of the Borgia poison. I empty my glass very fast, as though I should thus accelerate the moment of retiring. It comes at last: I jump up with avidity at my host's proposal to "join the ladies;" I am first on the staircase; first in the front drawing-room, where I nod hastily, utter a senseless compliment to the galaxy of beauty that presents itself; and then retreat through the folding-doors to the adjoining apartment, which is fortunately empty. I place myself in front of the looking-glass over the mantelpiece, I draw the small mirror from my pocket, I compare the reflexions in both, and—my vanity is satisfied. The face in the large glass is just such a face as I thought I possessed; the vulgar, villanous countenance which the small one still presents is not a bit like it.

Yes, my vanity is satisfied, but at what price? Of what horrible article am I the possessor? I have made every possible attempt to account for the perverse reflexion on natural grounds, and all have failed. Am I the owner of a bottle-imp, with the bottle squeezed flat and quicksilvered into a mirror, and the imp attenuated into the semblance of an inaccurate reflexion?

How long I am occupied with these meditations, which I pursue in front of the large glass, holding the small one open in my hand, I cannot say, but they are brought to an end by the sound

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of a distant titter. My eye is directed to the front room, and I perceive that I am carefully watched by the two cubs and the very young lady, who are now seated on a sofa which perfectly commands my position.

I take a hasty leave, and, though I am the first to depart, the host does not press me to stay. He never asked me before; my visit has proved a failure, and he will never ask me again. His mother is still wondering what I could mean when I made inquiries respecting her glass; the supposed allusion to his broken nose still rankles in the bosom of the connoisseur. During dessert I offended another gentleman—a talkative admirer of Garibaldi—by the stupid remark that I felt no sympathy for Italians who sold bad looking-glasses. Then I always allowed myself to be addressed twice before I vouchsafed an answer, when I would start up, as if awakened from a dream, and generally utter a reply altogether inappropriate to the question. Decidedly I shall never be invited to New Fangle Villa again. My image will fade away from the minds of all those genteel ladies and gentlemen, never to be recalled; it will linger longest in the memory of the three juveniles, of whom the males will call me a "guy;" the female, a "quiz."

I do not ride home, though my humble residence is somewhat distant from the very genteel district in which New Fangle Villa is situated. In the first place, I seem to have had enough of omnibuses; in the second, the exercise of walking is a kind of relief to the perturbed state of my mind. And yet there is a drizzling rain, and the conductors of the cumbrous vehicles are more than ordinarily solicitous for my patronage.

Some shops are still open, and whenever I pass one of uncommon brilliancy, I make a dead halt, and by the light of the gas take another survey of my hideous acquisition. I am desperately resolved to prove myself mistaken, but I can't succeed. By the light which is transmitted through a druggist's crimson bottle, the terrible "sham" appears absolutely appalling—a demon surrounded with a burning atmosphere.

At last I am at home, in my bedroom on the second floor, as I clearly ascertain by the correct reflexion of my face in the looking-glass that stands on my own toilette-table. I go to bed, having, after another inspection, carefully placed the dreadful little mirror under my pillow. Those who wonder why I do not pitch my abominable property out of window will never be able to understand the relation of the bird to the rattlesnake. I hate that loathsome mirror. I curse the hour in which I bought it; the Italian boy who sold it; the omnibus in which the purchase was made. But I would sooner have cut off my right hand, and cast it out of the window, than I would have flung away that sixpenny imposture. I even put my hand under my pillow before I doze off to sleep, that I may assure myself of its perfect safety.

I do not attain a thoroughly sound sleep; for at the last stage of dozing, in which the boundary line between the actual and the imaginary is faint and indistinct, I am suddenly aroused by a thundering single knock at the street door. Who can it be? I am the only lodger in the house, and I am not accustomed to receive guests at this hour. My asthmatic old landlady goes to bed at ten, and cheerfully allows me a latch-key, as a talisman that will secure her own rest from interruption. Poor old creature, she would be frightened out of her wits did she hear the ill-timed noise. At all events, it must not be repeated. I will open the door myself.

I descend the stairs barefooted, for I cannot stay to grope about for my slippers, and when I reach the passage, the cold of the oil-cloth enters my soul, like the iron of Sterne's captive. The feel of the mat is comparatively warm, but harsh and ungrateful. I open the door, and——

Yes, I *have* opened the door, AND—clear in the light of the street gas, I see before me the owner of the face that is habitually reflected by my hateful little glass. I can't be mistaken in those coarse features, that air of vulgar familiarity and low cunning. No; there stands the original of the dreadful portrait that has dared to thrust itself where a reflexion of my own comely physiognomy ought to be. There he stands; and by him stands the Italian boy.

What am I to surmise from this visit? Has the Original—as I will briefly call him—has the Original already seized the Italian as the purloiner of his reflected countenance, and does he now come upon me as the receiver of the stolen property? Is this a sort of Peter Schlemihl affair, with an infusion of the Old Bailey?

The Original lays his hand on my shoulder, firmly, ponderously, as though he would press me through the door mat, and in a hoarse voice he says,

"Now then, governor, I think you wanted New Fangle Villa?"

The whole scene is changed, save that the Original and the Italian boy are still plainly in my presence. I am in an omnibus, occupying the corner next the window; the Original is the conductor, who has just wakened me out of a sound sleep, and the Italian boy, as his particular friend, has been blessed with the privilege of standing on the step.

The glass is in my hand, open—that, at least, is no illusion. I look into it; my own proper really good-looking face is reflected; a little spoiled, perhaps, by an expression of anxiety and alarm, but still my own delightful countenance. These expressions are not to be attributed to inordinate vanity but to the rapture which every man has a right to feel when the extraordinary good fortune befals him of finding his own face when he thinks he has lost it.

"Now then, governor, I think you wanted New Fangle Villa," repeats the conductor, somewhat impatiently.

"How long have I slept?" I ask, hurriedly.

"Why you dropped asleep a'most as soon as you had bought that 'ere harticle of this 'ere party. You nodded over it like."

With a little reflection—of the right sort—

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the mystery is explained. Sitting with the glass open in my hand, and placed at such an angle that it reflected the conductor's face instead of my own, I fell asleep, and was visited by a dream, of which the strange countenance was the foundation.

APPENDIX.

The incidents at New Fangle Villa do not in the least correspond to those prefigured in my dream. No ladies are present; my host is the jovial president of a bachelor's party; Garibaldi is not once mentioned; there is no scowling connoisseur with a broken nose,—everything goes on as cheerfully as possible, and I tell all my best stories amid unbounded laughter and applause.

JACK'S CASTLE UP THE LANE.

I HAD taken one of the omnibuses which run through the City to the Bank, and, seated by the side of the driver, was watching with much interest the manifold impediments which beset the way, when a peculiar rattle of iron and stone together, and the backing of a Hansom cab in our front, seemed to say there was a horse down upon the stones. And so it proved; and after the usual unlooping of chains, unbuckling of straps, and hauling at tangled traces, the omnibus (it was an omnibus horse) was set rolling upon the fallen animal, the other horse was whipped up smartly, and with another rattle and a strong plunge the prostrate beast scrambled to its feet. This was the third time in the course of the day that the like accident had occurred before my eyes, and it set me thinking of the perils and mischances to which our working horses in the streets of London are hourly exposed. I took the driver into my confidence:

"How long, now, will a horse stand this kind of racket?"

"Well," was the slow contemplative reply, "it depends on the horse, and the way he's drove."

"But how long, on an average, does an omnibus horse last?"

"Well, some on 'em last an uncommon long time. This one now," touching the head of the near horse in a tender way with the top of his whip, "this one I've had good sixteen year. But he's a wonder."

"Are there many horses killed in the streets?"

"Not many. They mostly get wore out. We often change our horses. Horses has tempers, like people, and some of 'em can't stand the worry and tearing in a 'bus. It's trying. Some horses get done right off. Sometimes they don't last more nor two or three months. But on the average, I should say, omnibus horses will last about five year."

"The cab horse, now, has a better time of it?"

"Well, I don't know that. They get more rest on the stand, to be sure; but they're haggled, while they're at it, terrible."

"I suppose your horses are not fit for much when you have done with them?"

"Not much; unless they're done with through bad temper. Certainly, there's some kind of work they can do—turn a mill, perhaps—but they worry often get hurt, if they don't get killed by falling and other accidents, and then it's all up with 'em."

"And they soon find themselves in the knacker's yard?"

"Why, yes," with a half sigh, and a gentle stroke of the whip on the side of the near horse. "They either gets a knock on the head at once, or, if they can walk, they're trotted up the Lane to 'Jack's,' and there's an end."

What horse, in a sane state of mind, can expect to die a natural death? It is true we occasionally hear of some gallant Bucephalus to whom his equally gallant master has, by codicil to his will, bequeathed an annuity of beans and oats and fresh pasture, in order that he may "pass away" in the due course of nature. But this is an excess of weakness which very few riders are guilty of, and a species of philanthropy which is oftener sneered at than imitated. What between the rough chances of the road and the poleaxe, the horse has very little prospect of living to a green old age; and sometimes we read of his immolation by pistol-shot, if he happen to have had a trooper for his master, over the grave of the dead soldier. A short life, if not a merry one, is the inevitable destiny of the working horse; and let no proud steed, in his moment of pampered ease, imagine he can escape the curse of labour, with the moral certainty of at last becoming the food of a lower race of animals.

Whenever a horse is down in the street, it will be noticed that the professional public—the horse public—take to "holding his head" in a very determined way, while the entanglement of straps and buckles is cleared; and that the favourite method of holding the animal's head is by sitting on it: a process no doubt very sedative and comforting to the beast itself. In this case, however, we will suppose there is no hope for the wounded creature. The horse public shakes its tousled head, and decides peremptorily: "He's a done-er, and no mistake!" A little while, and a clean trim cart, painted red, with a few fancy lines in white and black, and an open back and flap, dashes to the side of the prostrate animal. A sharp quick blow of the bright axe, a rapid motion with a lithe cane, a plunge or two on the part of the horse, and all is over. By the aid of a strong rope, the carcase is soon lifted into the open cart; and with swinging legs and hanging mane, and a fearfully disjointed motion of the head, the "poor old horse" is borne "up the lane" to Jack's private premises—Jack the horse-killer, or, according to his own style and title, "Horse Slaughterer to Her Majesty."

The "lane" is a mournful stretch of road, beginning with the dead side wall of a railway station, and ending in the dead side wall of a cattle market. It is cut into bits by a canal

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and several railway bridges; has a tile-kiln in its centre; and is distinguishable throughout by dirt, dinginess, and obvious desolation. Vegetation has long since died throughout its whole length under the united influence of ash-dust, brick and tile burning, and the oleaginous vapour from more than one slaughter-house, and their contiguous manure depositories. The only lively things in it are a rope-yard, and an ink manufactory. Near its upper end is the famed "Belle-isle"—beautiful island—suggestive to a London ear of dust-heaps and dustmen; upon its south-western edge stands Jack's Castle: a substantial modern erection, of thoroughly respectable appearance.

As we have rattled up the lane in the rear of the red cart with its helplessly jolted burden, we have come upon another cart of the same colour, to the tail-board of which is tied a melancholy piece of horse-flesh, still alive, and with a jaunty skittishness in its motions, as if, in the unaccustomed freedom from collar, harness, and other similar restraints, it had forgotten all its past ills, and had some wild notion of being out "for a lark." And yet, he is going to Jack's too. We all pass together under a railway arch, and are upon the edge of Jack's demesne; made up of the horse-yard, a public-house, and the castle aforesaid.

If a momentary palpitation be awakened in our bosom by the thought of the reception we are likely to meet from Jack the horse-killer in our intended investigation of his premises, it is soon allayed by the bearing of Jack himself. A hale elderly man, tall and stout, with an open countenance and a clear eye, received our request for information, with the frank reply, "Go down the yard."

The yard-gate has nothing to defend it but a simple latch, and we walk in. On the left hand, as we enter, we almost stumble upon the disjecta membra of the dead, in the shape of a heap of horses' feet, cut off at the first joint, and piled up a yard and a half high in the corner. On the right hand, and stretching away under a shed at the end of the yard, are some eighteen or twenty live horses, tethered by ropes to staples in the wall. They have a few wisps of hay scattered at their feet, and although all in a more or less sorry condition, exhibit something of the jaunty spirit which was evident in the unharnessed hack we overtook on the road.

The stone-paved yard is cleanly swept and washed, and we sniff no unpleasant odours in the air. To be sure there are small clouds of flies here and there hovering over the dead feet and the live horses, but even they are not so numerous as one might expect. We tap at the open door of a small house at the end of the yard, and are speedily joined by a small dapper man in a wide-awake: Mr. Frankman, who, in an off-hand, ready way, offers at once to conduct us over the premises. He talks as he proceeds:

"Them horses, now, are waiting their turn. Some of 'em will be for to-morrow morning, according to number of dead ones brought in. We slaughter about twenty a day, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and thirty a week. We must have some live stock to make up with. Them feet, you see, are only waiting to be taken away. We sell them as they are; they take the shoes off, and make glue and buttons of the rest. This is the slaughter-house."

We stand before an open folding-door on the left hand of the yard, leading into a large substantial barn-like building. We enter with our guide. At a rough guess it is about twenty feet broad by forty feet deep, and is paved with broad flags sloping from the side to the centre, so as to form a gutter throughout two-thirds of its length, and in the middle of which is a square iron grating. On either hand, lie the carcases and bones of horses in different stages of slaughterdom. Two lie untouched as they fell: a third is skinned, has had its legs taken out at the socket, and is in course of being stripped of its flesh. Spread out towards the upper end on the right, is collected the flesh of a horse, ready for boiling.

"And a fine animal he was, with more than two hundred-weight of meat on his bones."

Some few ragged bundles of cooked meat hang on hooks against the wall. This on the right hand. On the left, the most conspicuous object is the red skeleton of a horse, without the head and legs. The head lies close by. Stripped by a skilful hand of every particle of flesh, it offers its ghastly outline to the sight, awaiting the bone-boiler. In the corner, packed into neat square bundles, and looking something like the wet knapsacks of Prussian soldiers, are the separate skins of horses. These also are sold. All this is much less revolting to the eye than in print. The sloping nature of the pavement readily conducts offence to the grating, through which it passes, and is saved for manure and other purposes. There is evidently plenty of water, and no lack in the use of it. The place is excessively clean. In the centre of the shed at the upper end stands a square brick furnace, and on either hand a large iron boiler with the lid raised. Both are dry and clean, and Mr. Frankman points out, with a dry chuckle and evident pride, a large iron syphon through which the vapour from the boilers is conducted into the furnace and there consumed.

The entrance of Jack at this moment gives us an opportunity of testing his opinion of our French friends' late experiments in hippogastronomy. He chuckles audibly over the notion of making horseflesh the ordinary food of any living creatures but dogs and cats: at the same time delivers a decided opinion in preference of a meal off a good sound horse, any day, to one off any of the diseased cows of which he often sees a number in the adjoining cattle market. A short visit, at the suggestion and under the conduct of our dapper guide, to the "guv'nor's" own stables, shows us a different quality of horseflesh. Seven sleek well-groomed horses, of unexceptionable proportions, each in his clean, wholesome stall, give us a good notion of the

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care and taste of the "guv'nor," and of the requirements of his trade. "We must have good horses for our work," says Mr. Frankman, "and the guv'nor is *so* partickler in everything. A man to clean the harness, a man to see to the feed, and to the stables, makes everything as it ought to be; and he WILL have it as it ought to be, in the yard and in the slaughter-house, as well as in the stables."

So it appears to us also; and although we have our private opinion—and it is a very strong one—as to the wrongful state of the law which permits the carrying on of such trades, however necessary in themselves, in baneful proximity to an overcrowded city, we admit that the "guv'nor" conducts a most offensive business in the least offensive way possible. And so, good day to Jack the horse-killer, and his castle.

Within a radius of five miles from Charing-cross there die, on an average, three hundred horses a week. Some are killed outright, but the majority are slaughtered. A dead horse, or one sold to the knackers, will fetch from twenty to sixty shillings, according to his size and condition. Average value, forty shillings. The weight of a single animal varies from six hundred and eighty to one thousand one hundred and forty pounds. Average weight, nine hundred and fifty pounds. As for the produce, only general results can be arrived at; there are secrets in all trades, and the horse trade is no exception. Taking the average as before, each horse will yield a pound and a half of hair, in value from eightpence to a shilling a pound. This is employed in the manufacture of hair-cloth bags, mattresses, and plumes—those lustrous plumes which crown the hearse. The hide, weighing about thirty pounds, will fetch some eight shillings for crushing seed in oil-mills, and is used besides as the covering of hair trunks. The tendons may weigh six pounds, and yield glue and gelatine. Of meat boiled, a horse will yield, on an average, two hundred and twenty-four pounds, which at three halfpence a pound, gives twenty-eight shillings. Three hundred horses, giving two hundred and twenty-four pounds of boiled meat each, yield a total of thirty tons of cat's-meat a week! It is, of course, generally understood that this vast produce is especially provided for cats and dogs only, but there is a strong suspicion abroad that it is sold to some extent for human food. Next comes the blood, which will weigh about sixty pounds, and is converted into prussiate of potash, and most valuable manure. Of the heart and tongue, the less said, the better. We might not enjoy our neat's tongue the more, if we suspected it to be a horse's; and the suspicion that our coffee, besides its proportion of chicory, was seasoned with a horse's baked heart and liver, properly ground, might abate our thorough enjoyment of the soothing cup. The intestines will weigh about eighty pounds, and are employed as skins for sausages, "small Germans," and the like. Twenty pounds of fat will be worth about three shillings and sixpence, and, when distilled, become excellent lamp oil. Of bones there will be about one hundred and sixty pounds' weight, at four shillings and sixpence a hundred-weight, and they are made available for a great variety of purposes. They yield phosphorus and superphosphate of lime, when they are not manufactured into snuff-boxes, knife-handles, and a hundred other knick-knacks of more or less utility. The hoofs will weigh six pounds, and, when not devoted to the production of gelatine and prussiates, make very handsome buttons. The shoes are always worth the price of old iron, and are more valuable to some people for good luck.

It will be seen that the best use possible is made of the horse after death; might not something be said in favour of his better treatment when living, by a horse-loving nation such as we are? Let us hope that, under the instruction of our modern horse-professors, a new law of kindness will be brought into force.

My driver of the City 'bus had a word to say to the public on that subject: "The public ought to be told—and it's surprisin' to me they're not told already—that they do not—no they do NOT—use the 'bus horses fair. They're continually stoppin' of 'em when in full run. They won't walk two yards, the public won't, to save stoppin' the 'bus. One minit it's 'Whoa!' and there's the public half a dozen yards a head on the near side, a makin' us stop a purpose for 'em. I don't say it's done out of spite—the public is werry considerate—but they ought to be told that this sort of thing knocks up the omnibus horses worse than all. If the public had a 'bus behind 'em of over a ton weight, and twenty passengers added on, they'd werry often think twice afore they'd call out 'Whoa!' when they could help it."

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IX.

NEXT mornings are terrible things, whether one awakes to the thought of some awful run of ill luck at play, or with the racking headache of new port, or a very "fruity" Burgundy. They are dreadful, too, when they bring memories—vague and indistinct, perhaps—of some serious altercations, passionate words exchanged, and expressions of defiance reciprocated; but as a measure of self-reproach and humiliation, I know not any distress can compare with the sensation of awaking to the consciousness that our cups have so ministered to imagination, that we have given a mythical narrative of ourself and our belongings, and have built up a card-edifice of greatness that must tumble with the first touch of truth.

It was a sincere satisfaction to me that I saw nothing of the skipper on that "next morning." He was so occupied with all the details of getting into port, that I escaped his notice, and contrived to land unremarked. Little scraps of my last night's biography would obtrude themselves upon me, mixed up strangely with incidents of that same skipper's life, so that I was actually puzzled at moments to remember whether *he* was not the descendant of the famous rebel friend of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and *I* it was who was sold in the public square at Tunis.

These dissolving views of an evening before are very difficult problems—not to *you*, most valued reader, whose conscience is not burglariously assaulted by a riotous imagination, but to the poor weak Potts-like organisations, the men who never enjoy a real sensation, or taste a real pleasure, save on the hypothesis of a mock situation.

I sat at my breakfast in the Goat meditating these things. The grand problem to resolve was this: Is it better to live a life of dull incidents and common-place events in one's own actual sphere, or, creating, by force of imagination, an ideal status, to soar into a region of higher conceptions, and more pictorial situations? What could existence in the first case offer me? A wearisome beaten path, with nothing to interest, nothing to stimulate me. On the other side, lay glorious regions of lovely scenery, peopled with figures the most graceful and attractive. I was at once the associate of the wise, the witty, and the agreeable, with wealth at my command, and great prizes within my reach. Illusions all! to be sure; but what are not illusions—if by that word you take mere account of permanence? What is it in this world that we love to believe real is not illusionary—the question of duration being the only difference? Is not beauty perishable? Is not wit soon exhausted? What becomes of the proudest physical strength after middle life is reached? What of eloquence when the voice fails or loses its facility of inflexion?

All these considerations, however convincing to myself, were not equally satisfactory as regarded others, and so I sat down to write a letter to Crofton, explaining the reasons of my sudden departure, and enclosing him Father Dyke's epistle, which I had carried away with me. I began this letter with the most firm resolve to be truthful and accurate. I wrote down not only the date but the day, "Goat, Milford," followed, and then, "My dear Crofton,—It would ill become one who has partaken of your generous hospitality, and who, from an unknown stranger, was admitted to the privilege of your intimacy, to quit the roof beneath which the happiest hours of his life were passed without expressing the deep shame and sorrow such a step has cost him, while he bespeaks your indulgence to hear the reason." This was my first sentence, and it gave me uncommon trouble. I desired to be dignified, yet grateful, proud in my humility, grieved over an abrupt departure, but sustained by a manly confidence in the strength of my own motives. If I read it over once, I read it twenty times; now deeming it too diffuse, now fearing lest I had compressed my meaning too narrowly. Might it not be better to open thus: "Strike, but hear me, dear Crofton, or, before condemning the unhappy creature whose abject cry for mercy may seem but to increase the presumption of his guilt, and in whose faltering accents may appear the signs of a stricken conscience, read over, dear friend, the entire of this letter, weigh well the difficulties and dangers of him who wrote it, and say, is he not rather a subject for pity than rebuke? Is not this more a case for a tearful forgiveness than for chastisement and reproach?"

Like most men who have little habit of composition, my difficulties increased with every new attempt, and I became bewildered and

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puzzled what to choose. It was vitally important that the first lines of my letter should secure the favourable opinion of the reader; by one unhappy word, one ill-selected expression, a whole case might be prejudiced. I imagined Crofton angrily throwing the epistle from him with an impatient "Stuff and nonsense! a practised humbugger!" or, worse again, calling out, "Listen to this, Mary. Is not Master Potts a cool hand? Is not this brazening it out with a vengeance?" Such a thought was agony to me; the very essence of my theory about life was to secure the esteem and regard of others. I yearned after the good opinion of my fellow-men, and there was no amount of falsehood I would not incur to obtain it. No, come what would of it, the Croftons must not think ill of me. They must not only believe me guiltless of ingratitude, but some one whose gratitude was worth having. It will elevate them in their own esteem if they suppose that the pebble they picked up in the highway turned out to be a ruby. It will open their hearts to fresh impulses of generosity; they will not say to each other, "Let us be more careful another time; let us be guarded against showing attention to mere strangers; remember how we were taken in by that fellow Potts; what a specious rascal he was—how plausible, how insinuating!" but, rather, "We can afford to be confiding, our experiences have taught us trustfulness. Poor Potts is a lesson that may inspire a hopeful belief in others." How little benefit can any one in his own individual capacity confer upon the world, but what a large measure of good may be distributed by the way he influences others. Thus, for instance, by one well sustained delusion of mine, I inspire a fund of virtues which, in my merely truthful character, I could never pretend to originate. "Yes," thought I, "the Croftons shall continue to esteem me; Potts shall be a beacon to guide, not a sunken rock to wreck them."

Thus resolving, I sat down to inform them that on my return from a stroll, I was met by a man bearing a telegram informing me of the dying condition of my father's only brother, my sole relative on earth; that, yielding only to the impulse of my affection, and not thinking of preparation, I started on board of a steamer for Waterford, and thence for Milford on my way to Brighton. I vaguely hinted at great expectations and so on, and then approaching the difficult problem of Father Dyke's letter, I said, "I enclose you the priest's letter, which amused me much. With all his shrewdness, the worthy churchman never suspected how completely my friend Keldrum and myself had humbugged him, nor did he discover that our little dinner and the episode that followed it were the subjects of a wager between ourselves. His marvellous cunning was thus for once at fault, as I shall explain to you more fully when we meet, and prove to you that, upon this occasion at least, he was not deceiver but dupe!" I begged to have a line from him to the Crown Hotel, Brighton, and concluded.

With this act, I felt I had done with the past, and now addressed myself to the future. I purchased a few cheap necessaries for the road, as few and as cheap as was well possible; I said to myself, fortune shall lift you from the very dust of the high road, Potts, not one advantageous adjunct shall aid your elevation!

The train by which I was to leave did not start till noon, and to while away time I took up a number of the Times, which the Goat appeared to receive at third or fourth hand. My eye fell upon that memorable second column, in which I read the following:

"Left his home in Dublin on the 8th ult., and not since been heard of, a young gentleman aged about twenty-two years, five feet nine and a quarter in height, slightly formed, and rather stooped in the shoulders, features pale and melancholy, eyes greyish inclining to hazel, hair light brown, and worn long behind. He had on at his departure——"

I turned impatiently to the foot of the advertisement, and found that to any one giving such information as might lead to his discovery, was promised a liberal reward on application to Messrs. Potts and Co., Compounding Chemists and Apothecaries, Mary's Abbey. I actually grew sick with anger as I read this. To what end was it that I built up a glorious edifice of imaginative architecture, if by one miserable touch of coarse fact it could crumble into clay? To what purpose did I intrigue with Fortune to grant me a special destiny, if I were thus to be classed with runaway traders or strayed terriers? I believe in my heart I could better have borne all the terrors of a charge of felony, than the lowering, debasing, humiliating condition of being advertised for on a reward.

I had long since determined to be free as regarded the ties of country. I now resolved to be equally so with respect to those of family. I will be Potts no longer. I will call myself for the future—let me see—what shall it be that will not involve a continued exercise of memory, and the troublesome task of unmarking my linen? I was forgetting in this that I had none, all my wearables being left behind at the Rosary. Something with an initial P was requisite, and after much canvassing, I fixed on Pottinger. If by an unhappy chance I should meet one who remembered me as Potts, I reserved the right of mildly correcting him by saying, "Pottinger, Pottinger! the name Potts was given me when at Eton for shortness." They tell us that amongst the days of our exultation in life, few can compare with that in which we exchange a jacket for a tailed coat: the spring from the tadpole to the full-grown frog; the emancipation from boyhood into adolescence is certainly very fascinating. Let me assure my reader that the bound from a monosyllabic name to a high-sounding epithet of three syllables, is almost as enchanting as this assumption of the toga virilis. I had often felt the terrible brevity of Potts; I had shrunk from answering the question, "What name, sir?" from the indescribable shame of saying, Potts; but Pottinger could

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be uttered slowly and with dignity. One could repose on the initial syllable, as if to say, "Mark well what I am saying: this is a name to be remembered." With that, there must have been great and distinguished Pottingers, rich men, men of influence and acres; from these I could at leisure select a parentage.

"Do you go by the twelve-fifteen train, sir?" asked the waiter, breaking in upon these meditations. "You have no time to lose, sir."

With a start, I saw it was already past twelve, so I paid my bill with all speed, and taking my knapsack in my hand hurried away to the train. There was considerable confusion as I arrived, a crush of cabs, watermen, and porters, blocked the way, and the two currents of an arriving and departing train struggled against and confronted each other. Amongst those, who like myself were bent on entering the station-house, was a young lady in deep mourning, whose frail proportions and delicate figure gave no prospect of resisting the shock and conflict before her. Seeing her so destitute of all protection, I espoused her cause, and after a valorous effort and much buffeting, I fought her way for her to the ticket-window, but only in time to hear the odious crash of a great bell, the bang of a glass door, and the cry of a policeman on duty, "No more tickets, gentlemen! the train is starting!"

"Oh, what shall I do!" cried she, in an accent of intense agony, inadvertently addressing the words to myself. "What shall I do!"

"There's another train to start at three-forty," said I, consolingly. "I hope that waiting will be no inconvenience to you. It is a slow one, to be sure, stops everywhere, and only arrives in town at two o'clock in the morning."

I heard her sob; I distinctly heard her sob behind her thick black veil, as I said this; and to offer what amount of comfort I could, I added, "I, too, am disappointed, and obliged to await the next departure, and if I can be of the least service in any way——"

"Oh, no, sir! I am very grateful to you, but there is nothing—I mean—there is no help for it!" And here her voice dropped to a mere whisper.

"I sincerely trust," said I, in an accent of great deference and sympathy, "that the delay may not be the cause of grave inconvenience to you; and although a perfect stranger, if any assistance I can offer——"

"No, sir; there is really nothing I could ask from your kindness. It was in turning back to bid good-by a second time to my mother——" Here her agitation seemed to choke her, for she turned away, and said no more.

"Shall I fetch a cab for you?" I asked. "Would you like to go back till the next train starts?"

"Oh, by no means, sir! We live three miles from Milford; and besides, I couldnot bear——" Here again she broke down, but added after a pause, "It is the first time I have been away from home!"

With a little gentle force, I succeeded in inducing her to enter the refreshment-room of the station, but she would take nothing; and after some attempts to engage her in conversation to while away the dreary time, I perceived that it would be a more true politeness not to obtrude upon her sorrow; and so I lighted my cigar, and proceeded to walk up and down the long terrace of the station. Three trunks, or rather two and a hat-box, kept my knapsack company on the side of the tramway, and on these I read, inscribed in a large hand, "Miss K. Herbert, per steamer Ardent, Ostend." I started. Was it not in that direction my own steps were turned? Was not Blondel in Belgium, and was it not in search of him that I was bent? "Oh, Fate!" I cried; "what subtle device of thine is this? What wily artifice art thou now engaged in? Is this a snare, or is it an aid? Hast thou any secret purpose in this rencontre, for with thee, there are no chances, no accidents in thy vicissitudes, all is prepared and fitted, like a piece of door carpentry?" and then I fell into weaving a story for the young lady: She was an orphan. Her father, the curate of the little parish she lived in, had just died, leaving herself and her mother in direst distress. She was leaving home—the happy home of her childhood (I saw it all before me—cottage, and garden, and little lawn, with its one cow and two sheep, and the small green wicket beside the road), and she was leaving all these to become a governess to an upstart, mill-owning, vulgar family at Brussels. Poor thing, how my heart bled for her! What a life of misery lay before her! What trials of temper and of pride! The odious children—I know they are odious—will torture her to the quick; and Mrs. Treddles, or whatever her detestable name is, will lead her a terrible life from jealousy, and she'll have to bear everything, and cry over it in secret, remembering the once happy time in that honeysuckled porch, where poor papa used to read Wordsworth for them.

What a world of sorrow on every side! and how easily might it be made otherwise. What gigantic efforts are we for ever making for something which we never live to enjoy. Striving to be freer, greater, better governed, and more lightly taxed, and all the while forgetting that the real secret is to be on better terms with each other; more generous, more forgiving, less apt to take offence, or bear malice. Of mere material goods, there is far more than we need. The table would accommodate more than double the guests, could we only agree to sit down in orderly fashion; but here we have one occupying three chairs, while another crouches on the floor, and some even prefer smashing the furniture to letting some more humbly born take a place near them. I wish they would listen to me on this theme. I wish, instead of all this social science humbug and art-union balderdash, they would hearken to the voice of a plain man, saying, Are you not members of one family—the individuals of one household? Is it not clear to you, if you extend the kindly affections you now reserve for the narrow circle wherein you live to the wider area of mankind, that, while diffusing countless blessings to others

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you will yourself become better, more charitable, more kind-hearted, wider in reach of thought, more catholic in philanthropy? I can imagine such a world, and feel it to be a Paradise—a world with no social distinctions, no inequalities of condition, and consequently no insolent pride of station, nor any degrading subserviency of demeanour, no rivalries, no jealousies—love and benevolence everywhere. In such a sphere the calm equanimity of mind by which great things are accomplished would in itself constitute a perfect heaven. No impatience of temper, no passing irritation——

"Where the —— are you driving to, sir?" cried I, as a fellow with a brass-bound trunk in a hand-barrow came smash against my shin.

"Don't you see, sir, the train is just starting?" said he, hastening on; and I now perceived that such was the case, and that I had barely time to rush down to the pay-office and secure my ticket.

"What class, sir?" cried the clerk.

"Which has she taken?" said I, forgetting all save the current of my own thoughts.

"First or second, sir?" repeated he, impatiently.

"Either, or both," replied I, in confusion; and he flung me back some change and a blue card, closing the little shutter with a bang that announced the end of all colloquy.

"Get in, sir!"

"Which carriage?"

"Get in, sir!"

"Second-class? Here you are!" called out an official, as he thrust me almost rudely into a vile mob of travellers.

The bell rang out, and two snorts and a scream followed, then a heave and a jerk, and away we went. As soon as I had time to look around me, I saw that my companions were all persons of an humble order of the middle class—the small shopkeepers and traders probably of the locality we were leaving. Their easy recognition of each other, and the natural way their conversation took up local matters, soon satisfied me of this fact, and reconciled me to fall back upon my own thoughts for occupation and amusement. This was with me the usual prelude to a sleep, to which I was quietly composing myself soon after. The droppings of the conversation around me, however, prevented this; for the talk had taken a discussional tone, and the differences of opinion were numerous. The question debated was whether a certain Sir Samuel Somebody was a great rogue or only unfortunate. The reasons for either opinion were well put and defended, showing that the company, like most others of that class in life in England, had cultivated their faculties of judgment and investigation by the habit of attending trials or reading reports of them in newspapers.

After the discussion on his morality came the question, Was he alive or dead?

"Sir Samuel never shot himself, sir," said a short pluffy man with an asthma. "I've known him for years, and I can say he was not a man to do such an act."

"Well, sir, the Ostrich and the United Brethren offices are both of your opinion," said another; "they'll not pay the policy on his life."

"The law only recognises death on production of the body," sagely observed a man in shabby black, with a satin neckcloth, and whom I afterwards perceived was regarded as a legal authority.

"What's to be done, then, if a man be drowned at sea, or burned to a cinder in a lime-kiln?"

"Ay, or by what they call spontaneous combustion, that doesn't leave a shred of you?" cried three objectors in turn.

"The law provides for these emergencies with its usual wisdom, gentlemen. Where death may not be actually proven it can be often inferred."

"But who says that Sir Samuel is dead?" broke in the asthmatic man, evidently impatient at the didactic tone of the attorney. "All we know of the matter is a letter of his own signing, that when these lines are read I shall be no more. Now, is that sufficient evidence of death to induce an assurance company to hand over some eight or ten thousand pounds to his family?"

"I believe you might say thirty thousand, sir," suggested a mild voice from the corner.

"Nothing of the kind," interposed another; "the really heavy policies on his life were held by an old Cumberland baronet, Sir Elkanah Crofton, who first established Whalley in the iron trade. I've heard it from my father fifty times, when a child, that Sam Whalley entered Milford in a fustian jacket, with all his traps in a handkerchief."

At the mention of Sir Elkanah Crofton, my attention was quickly excited; this was the uncle of my friends at the Rosary, and I was at once curious to hear more of him.

"Fustian jacket or not, he had a good head on his shoulders," remarked one.

"And luck, sir! luck, which is better than any head," sighed the meek man, sorrowfully.

"I deny that, deny it totally," broke in he of the asthma. "If Sam Whalley hadn't been a man of first-rate order, he never could have made that concern what it was—the first foundry in Wales."

"And what is it now, and where is he?" asked the attorney, triumphantly.

"At rest, I hope?" murmured the sad man.

"Not a bit of it, sir," said the wheezing voice, in a tone of confidence; "take *my* word for it, he's alive and hearty, somewhere or other, ay, and we'll hear of him one of these days: he'll be smelting metals in Africa, or cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Heaven knows what, or prime minister of one of those rajahs in India. He's a clever dog, and he knows it too. I saw what he thought of himself the day old Sir Elkanah came down to Fairybridge."

"To be sure, you were there that morning," said the attorney; "tell us about that meeting."

"It's soon told," resumed the other. "When

Sir Elkanah Crofton arrived at the house, we were all in the garden. Sir Samuel had taken me there to see some tulips, which he said were the finest in Europe, except some at the Hague. Maybe it was that the old baronet was vexed at seeing nobody come to meet him, or that something else had crossed him, but as he entered the garden I saw he was sorely out of temper.

"'How d'ye do, Sir Elkanah?' said Whalley to him, coming up pleasantly. 'We scarcely expected you before dinner-time. My wife and my daughters,' said he, introducing them; but the other only removed his hat ceremoniously, without ever noticing them in the least.

"'I hope you had a pleasant journey, Sir Elkanah?' said Whalley, after a pause, while, with a short jerk of his head, he made sign to the ladies to leave them.

"'I trust I am not the means of breaking up a family party?' said the other, half sarcastically. 'Is Mrs. Whalley——'

"'Lady Whalley, with your good permission, sir,' said Samuel, stiffly.

"'Of course—how stupid of me! I should have remembered you had been knighted. And, indeed, the thought was full upon me as I came along, for I scarcely suppose that if higher ambitions had not possessed you, I should find the farm buildings and the outhouses in the state of ruin I see them.'

"'They are better by ten thousand pounds than the day on which I first saw them; and I say it in the presence of this honest townsman here, my neighbour'—meaning *me*—'that both *you* and they were very creaky concerns when I took you in hand.'

"I thought the old baronet was going to have a fit at these words, and he caught hold of my arm and swayed backwards and forwards all the time, his face purple with passion.

"'Who made you, sir? who made you?' cried he at last, with a voice trembling with rage.

"'The same hand that made us all,' said the other, calmly. 'The same wise Providence that, for his own ends, creates drones as well as bees, and makes rickety old baronets as well as men of brains and industry.'

"'You shall rue this insolence—it shall cost you dearly, by Heaven!' cried out the old man, as he gripped me tighter. 'You are a witness, sir, to the way I have been insulted. I'll foreclose your mortgage—I'll call in every shilling I have advanced—I'll sell the house over your head——'

"'Ay! but the head without a roof over it will hold itself higher than your own, old man. The good faculties and good health God has given me are worth all your title-deeds twice told. If I walk out of this town as poor as the day I came into it, I'll go with the calm certainty that I can earn my bread—a process that would be very difficult for *you* when you could not lend out money on interest.'

"'Give me your arm, sir, back to the town,' said the old baronet to me; 'I feel myself too ill to go all alone.'

"'Get him to step into the house and take something,' whispered Whalley in my ear, as he turned away and left us. But I was afraid to propose it; indeed, if I had, I believe the old man would have had a fit on the spot, for he trembled from head to foot, and drew long sighs as if recovering out of a faint.

"'Is there an inn near this,' asked he, 'where I can stop? and have you a doctor here?'

"'You can have both, Sir Elkanah,' said I.

"'You know me, then?—you know who I am?' said he, hastily, as I called him by his name.

"'That I do, sir, and I hold my place under you; my name is Shore.'

"'Yes, I remember,' said he, vaguely, as he moved away. When we came to the gate on the road he turned around full and looked at the house, overgrown with that rich red creeper that was so much admired. 'Mark my words, my good man,' said he—'mark them well, and as sure as I live I'll not leave one stone on another of that dwelling there.'"

"He was promising more than he could perform," said the attorney.

"I don't know that," sighed the meek man; "there's very little that money can't do in this life."

"And what has become of Whalley's widow—if she be a widow?" asked one.

"She's in a poor way. She's up at the village yonder, and, with the help of one of her girls, she's trying to keep a children's school."

"Lady Whalley's school?" exclaimed one, in half sarcasm.

"Yes; but she has taken her maiden name again since this disaster, and calls herself Mrs. Herbert."

"Has she more than one daughter, sir?" I asked of the last speaker.

"Yes, there are two girls; the younger one, they tell me, is going, or gone, abroad, to take some situation or other—a teacher, or a governess."

"No, sir," said the pluffy man, "Miss Kate has gone as companion to an old widow lady at Brussels—Mrs. Keats. I saw the letter that arranged the terms—a trifle less per annum than her mother gave to her maid."

"Poor girl!" sighed the sad man. "It's a dreary way to begin life!"

I nodded assentingly to him, and with a smile of gratitude for his sympathy. Indeed, the sentiment had linked me to him, and made me wish to be beside him. The conversation now grew discursive, on the score of all the difficulties that beset women when reduced to make efforts for their own support; and though the speakers were men well able to understand and pronounce upon the knotty problem, the subject did not possess interest enough to turn my mind from the details I had just been hearing. The name of Miss Herbert on the trunks showed me now who was the young lady I had met, and I reproached myself bitterly with having separated from her, and thus forfeited the occasion of befriending her on her journey.

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We were to sup somewhere about eleven, and I resolved that I would do my utmost to discover her, if in the train; and I occupied myself now with imagining numerous pretexts for presuming to offer my services on her behalf. She will readily comprehend the disinterested character of my attentions. She will see that I come in no spirit of levity, but moved by a true sympathy and the respectful sentiment of one touched by her sorrows. I can fancy her coy diffidence giving way before the deferential homage of my manner; and in this I really believe I have some tact. I was not sorry to pursue this theme undisturbed by the presence of my fellow-travellers, who had now got out at a station, leaving me all alone to meditate and devise imaginary conversations with Miss Herbert. I rehearsed to myself the words by which to address her, my bow, my gesture, my faint smile, a blending of melancholy with kindliness, my whole air a union of the deference of the stranger with something almost fraternal. These pleasant musings were now rudely routed by the return of my fellow-travellers, who came hurrying back to their places at the banging summons of a great bell.

"Everything cold, as usual. It is a perfect disgrace how the public are treated on this line!" cried one.

"I never think of anything but a biscuit and a glass of ale, and they charged me elevenpence halfpenny for that."

"The directors ought to look to this. I saw those ham sandwiches when I came down here last Tuesday week."

"And though the time-table gives us fifteen minutes, I can swear, for I laid my watch on the table, that we only got nine and a half."

"Well, I supped heartily off that spiced round."

"Supped, supped! Did you say you had supped here, sir?" asked I, in anxiety.

"Yes, sir; that last station was Trentham. They give us nothing more now till we reach town."

I lay back with a faint sigh, and from that moment took no note of time till the guard cried "London!"

SLAVES OF THE RING.

"Pray tell me," we overheard a country squire style of man of about thirty, say to a very excited friend of his, of about twenty years of age, whom he had stopped, as with betting-book in hand he was rushing into the ring at Epsom—"pray tell me from which of those acute-looking gentlemen do you expect to win your money?"

Betting is the favourite form of gambling in modern England; with the help of railroads and telegraphs, it seems to have almost absorbed the other dragons that formerly consumed the fortunes of our aspiring youth. There has been no successor to the fishmonger who built the palatial hall in St. James's-street, made it an exclusive club and hell, and, before his death, devoured the fortunes of numbers of his customers. The Jew orange boys, who, by a hundred arts, rivalled the ghoul Crockford, have departed without leaving room for imitators. Swindling speculators in roulette or French hazard hide in dirty attics, hunted like rats by the police. Not that it is the police who have killed the noble games of chance; it is the taste and fashion that have changed. In days long gone by, Charles James Fox, and the noblest and wittiest in the land, sat night and day up to their knees in cards, at White's, with gauntlets to protect their ruffled sleeves, and chairmen's coats to keep out the cold; ruining each other without its being considered either novel or strange. There is no "Wattier's" now where a Brummel could win thirty thousand pounds in one season. There are neither the preserves nor the game that formerly tempted bold sportsmen to cards and dice.

But although England has no Hombourg or Baden-Baden; although our small shopkeepers and mechanics are not to be seen, like their fellows on the Continent, at the billiard-table, or deep in écarté in an open café, in the middle of the day; although the "gents" who pursue such amusements are careful to retire from public view; although card-playing in a public-house involves the forfeit of the landlord's license; we must not plume ourselves on our superior virtue. The ring—the betting ring—appears to swallow up all other English gambling tastes, and to have stomach for them all. Even of the section who prefer the time bargains of the Stock Exchange, not a few are found in both places, and combine the financial respectability of Capel-court with electrotype fashion of Hyde Park-corner.

To accommodate the widely pervading taste which prevails as fiercely in cotton-worshipping Lancashire and horse-worshipping Yorkshire, as among the idlest and fastest society of London, the business instincts of England have created a class of professionals "who do for a living what noblemen and gentlemen are supposed to do for pleasure;" parallel in position and calling to the brokers and jobbers of the Stock Exchange, they bet on commission for those who do not wish to appear, who desire to back or bet against their own horses, or who are ready, at a price, to back or lay the odds against any horse for any race, and thus accommodate the many who, without being gamblers, once or twice in the year take a ticket in the turf lottery by risking a few pounds on a favourite local horse.

Legs—that is Blacklegs—the betting brokers were formerly called; but now, established compact and numerous, that title is voted ungenteel, and they are Turfmen or Commissioners. Among the motley mob of sharks who live "by setting their polished wits against the folly and ignorance of young gambling enthusiasts, great fortunes are realised, and these, chiefly, by losing, not by winning horses. Hence, familiar in their mouths are such phrases as "a dead un," "as good as boiled," and other sentences expressive of the advantage of betting

against a horse that can by no possibility win: for "dead" is a metaphorical mode of expressing the condition of an animal sure not to run, or, if running, "made safe not to win." In the old rude times of this profession, a man, one Dawson, was hanged for poisoning a batch of horses at Newmarket, in order to make sure the bets of his employers, some of whom were of considerable "turf" respectability; but the march of knowledge has abolished such rude methods, and it is found that a bucket of water and a little hay administered by a bribed groom-boy at a wrong time, are less penal, and equally effective in "stopping a flyer's gallop."

The great art of modern turf gambling is not to ascertain what horse will win, but what horse is sure, or can be made sure, to lose. A stolid countenance, a comprehensive memory, quick powers of calculation, hawk-like decision, iron nerves, and no scruples, are the chief elements of prosperity, in this now thoroughly organised profession. If to these be added an appearance of candour, either under the disguise of blunt frankness, or bland politeness, greater success is probable. Legs include men of all ranks: successful pimps and broken country squires. Even a convicted thief, if once introduced into the ring, and punctual in his payments, may become in a very few years a great and honoured capitalist. Undoubtedly the most successful are those who are unhampered by the impediment of respectable associations, recollections, or education. The keenest graduate of Cambridge has little chance against a calculating boy-groom. And it is among a mob of these hard-headed, india-rubber-hearted gentry that our callow youth, fresh from the school and the university, plunge, in the hopeful speculation of making a profit out of horse-racing.

Wonderful are the mnemonics of the veterans of five-and-twenty Derbys or St. Legers, and cunning is the arithmetic which enables them to calculate the odds at a moment's notice, a few points in their own favour. Considering the character we have on the Continent for cold-blooded common sense, it is really extraordinary to note how every year from the shop and the factory—from the schools and the universities—from the citizen's snug villa and the peer's mansion—from the parsonage and the dissenting minister's house—from the army and even from the navy—a crowd of young and tender aspirants for turf successes come forth to feed and fatten these gentry. Of course, out of the great annual supply of recruits to the turf, some are endowed with special qualifications for "robbery"—that is the playful term by which the turfman, in his familiar moments, designates his large hauls, his "great pots"—and thrive, or survive, being by nature's gifts, although young, incipient sharks—snakelings not yet come to their poison teeth, or use of slime, or suffocating power of tail. But the greater number of the juveniles who pit their velvet skins against the tough-hided, crafty Pythons, either perish in the conflict, or retire permanently wounded.

To some, ruin means ten pounds; to others, a hundred; to others, a thousand; to others, ten thousand; of those who can afford to lose and pay, some few return to honest work, others sink to the lowest depths of unsuccessful roguery. A select few acquire strength as they go, after expending the income of a German prince in acquiring experience. The demigod of the passing generation of Turfites is said to have lost a hundred thousand pounds before he was able to turn the tables on his tutors, and, by betting *through commissioners* against his own horses, "sell the ring a real bargain."

It is of him the story is told that, having written instructions to one of his travelling financial agents staying in Cottonopolis, to bet for and against certain of his lordship's stud, which were in favour with the public, but not all intended to win, he was alarmed, after a time, at seeing grave alterations in the price current of the betting market. He received no answer from his commissioner, and a special messenger, after instituting searching inquiries, ascertained that the letter, partly misdirected, had never been delivered. But, by some mysterious intuition, the sporting clerks of the post-office happened to have acted in accordance with my lord's instructions.

No doubt there are unblemished gentlemen who, being rich, acute, and calm, play with the turf as they might play at whist, for nominal stakes, and run their horses for pleasure without troubling themselves with the toil of abstruse combinations. To these the turf is a gentle relaxation from more severe pursuits, and a means of killing a little idle time.

There is a story current of a distinguished nobleman who, many years ago, when he was poor and not so famous as he is now, deferred paying his "honest" trainer's bill so long and so ingeniously, that the trainer was obliged to let his lordship's filly win a great race, and thus squared the account, leaving a balance for his employer. But only a diplomatist of the first rank is equal to such a feat.

Constant in his attendance at Newmarket is the Earl of Gallowglass. For nearly forty years he has never missed a race meeting there. Violently rubbing his head, as if his whole fortune depended on the event, he watches the running of his remarkably unlucky colts and fillies, which are found sometimes in front within a few lengths of the winning-post, often second, very rarely first, and thus soliloquises softly: "Gallowglass wins—Gallowglass wins;" a little louder, "Gallowglass wins!" in a scream, "No he don't!—no he don't!" then, sotto voce, as he walks his hack away in disgust, "Gallowglass is a fool!" This enthusiastic old gentleman has some forty or fifty thousand a year, and spends ten thousand of it every year in breeding, training, and running a most unfortunate stud, considering, apparently like Charles Fox, that, next to the pleasure of winning, losing is the greatest pleasure in life. On the same heath, which was solely dedicated to the

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serious business of racing, until the innovation of excursion trains brought down a few cockneys, might be seen, not long since, a young nobleman, little past his majority, with ready money in six figures, and estates in the counties, moved almost to tears at the loss of a thousand pounds, risked on the private secret information of one of the dear friends who surround such deep-woolled sheep. A thousand pounds to this young gentleman represents something less than five pounds to the earner of five hundred a year.

We have ourselves seen the great Baron Bullion, whose words can make emperors flinch, led away almost hysterical by his humbling toadies when his favourite colt Contango ran all behind for that blue riband of the turf the Chalk Down stakes.

In a word, if you would see the proudest and the wealthiest brought down to a level with the meanest and the neediest, watch the aspect of the betting ring before and after a great race. In the height of the excitement of winning a great race, a duke has been known to accept the congratulations and shake the hands of a burglarious cat's-meat dealer.

The solemn festivals—the "settling" days after great races—at that methodist-chapel-looking building between Tattersall's sale-yard and the cows' grass-plot, where bank-notes are carried by sheaves, and wafted about like waste paper, bring to a crucial test the one virtue essential for standing on the first line—the grenadiers of the guard of turf men—*payment, prompt payment.* You may be a fraudulent bankrupt, a pickpocket, a forger, free by a flaw in the indictment; you may be guilty of the foulest crimes, or notorious for the basest propensities; but, so long as you pay, you will be admitted freely to the subscription-rooms, and the betting rings. You are sure of the familiar if not friendly companionship of your fellow-professionals, and you may probably find yourself honoured with some playful nickname, descriptive of your peculiar rascality. Palmer, who never entered the London betting mart, had acquired, long before his detection, the sobriquet among his fraternity, implying his propensity for "dosing"—that was the mild word.

Extremes meet on the turf, and part, too; the lowest rise and the highest fall; Boots becomes a squire; an earl's son becomes a felon. The old adage that hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue, is to be seen worked out in the gradual approach to forms and practices of respectability, to an imitation of the habits of more scrupulous men, in the closing day of the career of a successful turfman, who, secure in his hundred or two hundred thousand pounds, abandons the ways of his youth, and sets himself down to found a family. He buys an estate, or two, or three; he builds a church; he subscribes splendidly to charities; he has the best shooting in the county, and the best people he can get to shoot over it; he is easy with his debtors of good family, and prepared with ready money to lend, on good security; he marries his daughters to clergymen, and provides the husbands with benefices. And thus with quiet manners our blackleg adventurer gets on, until people of the money-worshipping sect begin to say that really Mr. Crossit is a very decent, respectable man. And yet there is scarcely one of these millionnaires whose life would bear investigation, whose turning-point of success will not be found to rest on some "famous robbery."

It would be rather curious to see our noblemen, our gentlemen, our squires, our military heroes, the soul of honour and pink of gentility, men proud of their position and their pedigree, parsons, doctors, lawyers, booking bets, bandying jests, and exchanging compliments with an ex-pickpocket, who, after having been ducked in divers horse-ponds and cropped in many gaols for petty larcenies, has abandoned a pursuit unworthy of his genius, now has his town house and country mansion, and a string of race-horses whose losings pay him quite as well as their winnings. A race-dinner of the present day is a fine sight: the ex-pickpocket's health is proposed by Major Malachi O'Donohue, lineal descendant of the kings of Ireland; and, close beside, might sit hobbing and nobbing, planning future and rejoicing in past robberies, prize-fighting publicans, ex-grooms, ex-shoeblacks, and ex-waiters, all prosperous, luxurious, dressed by the best tailors, jewellers, and bootmakers, all paying, and, therefore, all jostling on terms of perfect equality, seeking some private information, some secret advantage, all living and struggling in the hope of getting the best of each other. For the essential distinction between trade and gambling is, that in trade both parties may profit, in gambling one must lose.

On the Stock Exchange, there is a legitimate business to be done, there are tangible securities to transfer, which afford a legitimate science to men of high character and honour. On the turf, a small army, whose natural talents for roguery have been sharpened by long experience, thrive on folly. Every year produces its crop of recruits, and of victims, the greater number obscure. But every now and then a great light breaks in. Four or five years ago, the handsomest, the haughtiest, the boldest member of the turf was a man of noble family, of literary and social accomplishments above the average, to whom, by ability as well as by position, high office was open. As to his means, who limits the means of a great peer's son? It was known that he betted largely, borrowed largely, and paid punctually. At length the bubble burst; the great gentleman who, unlike many of his class, never permitted the slightest familiarity on the part of his low-born associates, disappeared. There was a groan of distress from Hebrews calling for some sixty thousand pounds; Christian bill discounters claimed a like sum; a wealthy racing peer, who did not say a word, could have claimed twenty thousand pounds. Another peer, who had been, before he took to the turf trade, one of the wealthiest of his class, found the result of joint racing speculations in a loss

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of a hundred thousand pounds; by degrees rumour grew into certainty, confirmed by the verdict of a court of law. It then appeared that this great, haughty, historically named gentleman had forged on all his friends in every shape; in cheques, for which at the last moment he obtained cash; in acceptances, by which, with a real income of less than a thousand a year, he had for many years paid thirty thousand a year in interest at sixty per cent. This is one great example of turf education; but innumerable smaller instances occur; Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, supply their full quota to the general ruin. Every year, instances of larceny, instances of forgery. As for forgery, it is so common a sequence of unsuccessful turf speculation, that the young gentleman who takes to the betting-ring as an easy and genteel mode of increasing his income, may make pretty sure of shaking hands with a gentleman who has forged, or is about to forge. It is an old rule with the sixty per cent. discounter, that from a man of respectable connexions a forged acceptance is a better security than a genuine bill.

SHOOTING IN THE ADIRONDACK.

Apollos Smith was our guide on my first tramp among the Adirondack Mountains in New York. He is a famous fellow, Pollos, or Paul, as he is called. A tall athletic Yankee, with no superfluous flesh about him, raw-boned, with a good-natured twinkle in his blue eye, brimful of genuine Yankee humour; he has no bad habits, and is, withal, the best rifle-shot, paddler, and compounder of forest stews in the whole region. Let me tell his last exploit. In Yankee parlance, he was "courting a gal," and in a strait to get married, so he resolved to build him an hotel, and settle. He knew a little lake, or rather pond, on the middle branch of the St. Regis River suited to his purpose. There was a log shanty on it, with two springs close by; it was in a part of the forest little hunted, and abounding in deer and trout, and it communicated directly with the great St. Regis Lake, and other ponds. The winter in those elevated regions is almost Arctic. In the month of January, 1859, he plunged into the forest with two lumbermen, took possession of the shanty, and began his clearing. The snow was five or six feet deep, and the cold intense. They felled the gigantic trees, pines, hemlocks, firs, and cedars, cut out beams, split shingles, and laid the foundation of a large house on the bank of the lake. The boards were sawn at a mill down the river. They cut out a road through the wilderness to the nearest point of a neglected military road, which traverses the St. Regis country from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence. During this time, Smith, as he told me, went a courting every Sunday, a trifle of thirty miles, sometimes on snow-shoes. He also went to New York and selected his furniture, besides visiting Boston. The house, a large frame building, was completed and furnished, and Paul was married and settled, before June.

It was for this new establishment, and according to directions received from Smith, that our little party of three left Boston in August. By rail to Burlington, Vermont, eleven hours; across Lake Champlain to Port Kent, New York, and by stage to Keesville, on the Au Sable River, before night. I could give but a meagre description of our fifty-mile ride in an Adirondack waggon on the following day, for words feebly express what one feels in passing through sublime mountain scenery.

I should like to describe an Adirondack village, made up of some half-dozen log-houses of the rudest description, with sometimes an unpainted frame-house, with the sign "Post-office" on it. The only appearance of thrift is seen at the smithy; no hotel, no "meeting-house;" a school-house, falling to decay; "Cash Store," in drunken letters over some doorway; a lazy deer-hound or two; some ragged, timid, tow-headed children playing in the road; a frouzy, gipsy-looking face peering through a window; a dense forest hemming in the whole. Sometimes we passed a pretty group of plastered cottages, with white window-curtains, and women in snowy caps, belonging to French Canadians. Anon, one of Gerrit Smith's black settlements, the houses more dilapidated than the rest, with perhaps a laughing black boy, with a rim of old hat upon his woolly head, dancing in the doorway. We saw one village utterly deserted; a freshet swept away its mill several years ago, and the inhabitants abandoned it. It was called New Sweden. Then, we met a long train of waggons, drawn by mules, coming from the iron villages, the chief of which is Au Sable Forks. The people in these wilds, excepting the miners and charcoal-burners, live chiefly by logging in the winter and spring, and by hunting and farming in the fall and summer. Every man and boy carries a rifle. At Franklin Falls, on the River Saranac, we met a man who had been to drive his cow from pasture. I asked him if he always carried his rifle? He said that a few days before he had neglected to take it, as usual, and had met a fine buck standing in the path, which seemed to dispute his right of way. Next day he took his gun, and there was the buck again. He fired, and missed him; but the deer, instead of bounding away, stood stamping and "whistling"—*i.e.* snorting—until he reloaded his rifle and shot him.

We arrived at Smith's, long after sundown, and had a hearty supper of venison and trout; made arrangements for starting on the morrow, and then to bed.

In the morning we found that Smith had, in Emerson's phrase, "builded better than he knew." Right opposite, across the lake, arose the noble St. Regis range, purple with the tints of morning and flecked with white mist. In front of the house stood a tall weird pine, which seemed to be whispering something to the lake as it leaned towards its rippled surface. On the left was a pretty rocky island to which we paddled for our morning bath. Some black

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ducks flew out of a little cove and saluted us; the loons hallooed and laughed at our approach; and the trout leaped from under our prow. Breakfast done, we dressed in our hunting gear of shirts and pantaloons of woollen—the only fabric for the woods—got ready our rifles and ammunition, and set out with one Paul and one Warren for the woods. Warren was a handy little black fellow, with all the amusing peculiarities of the African race developed to the highest degree; knowing that he would be not only very useful but an inexhaustible fund of merriment, I engaged that he should accompany us in the capacity of cook. I cannot describe him better than in the language of Smith, who said that he was "three niggers rolled into one." We reached the borders of a pretty pond on the southern branch of the St. Regis, and immediately put out the dogs we had brought with us, but without driving any deer into the water. Meanwhile, we had got ready the boats Smith had sent over, and pushed out into the pond. After waiting until the baying of one of the dogs had died away in the distance, and the other had returned to the shore, we visited the shanty where we were to pass the night. This shanty was a flimsy affair, hastily constructed of boughs, and half covered with bark; but as the day was very promising, we took no pains to improve its condition. While the rest of the party were fishing, Paul and I, in one of the boats, took the inlet of the pond and followed up the river to its source. Then, leaving the boat we crossed a two-mile carrying-place to the upper waters of the north branch of the Saranac. Here we found a beautiful pond six miles in length, called Rainbow, with a long ridge of granite boulders, probably of glacial formation, running along its side.

In this place, I once passed a night with Paul, wrapped in our blankets, with the earth for a mattress and the stars for a canopy, after a weary and unsuccessful night hunt. It was upon this very ridge, at a point only a few rods in width, where it separates Rainbow Pond from another beautiful sheet of water called Clear Lake. I was awakened during the night by a sound, wailing and prolonged—now rising quick and sharp like the cry of a dog, again sinking into a moan—which I had not heard before, and which seemed to come from a neighbouring hill. I awoke Paul to ask what it was.

"Waal neow, them's wolves. Sure as you're alive them 'ere's in full chase after a deer, and they'll never leave him till they run him down."

"But," said I, "suppose they should run along this ridge?" thinking we should stand about as good a chance of escape as a driver who should take the railroad track for a highway. But Smith had dropped asleep again immediately, so I concluded that the danger could not be great, and followed his example. After gazing my fill at this lovely sheet of water, and watching a deer in distant meadow, we returned to our camp. On the way across a "mash" (Anglicè, meadow) I stepped upon some floating moss on the bank of a stream and immediately found myself waist-deep in black mud, from which I was extricated by the guide.

"Neow, that 'ere puts me in mind it was just about here that I put Mr. Waddy in once. That 'ere Mr. Waddy was the curousest man to go a huntin' that ever you went anywheres. Why, he used to dress himself in these woods just as nice as if he was goin' to a ball! Used to ile his hair and put on them little thin gloves, and a stand-up dickey and a breast-pin, and a swallow-tailed coat. If he got a spot on his shirt-bosom he would go and change it. He had the awfullest sight of traps ever you see, and them had to be all carried. He couldn't shoot at all unless everything sot just right. He was a good hand at a mark, but he had the ague so bad he never could hit a deer. I gave him more shots in these parts than I ever gave to any one man. He couldn't hit nothin'. Waal, I'd got awful tired of him, so one morning, as I was paddling him along this stream, I saw a buck under them tamaracs.

"'Now, Mr. Smith,' says he, 'if you'll be kind enough to let me step ashore, I think I could hit that one; this boat shakes so I can't shoot.'

"'I guess that air's the trouble, Mr. Waddy,' says I; and I shoved in agin some of this floatin' stuff. 'Look eout where you're a goin' to,' says I. But he was lookin' hard at the deer, and as soon as he stepped out o' the boat, he went down, and that was the last I see on him for as much as a minute. More 'n half an acre of the stuff shook and swashed round, and this 'ere black mud bubbled up, and I thought I'd lost Mr. Waddy. Pretty soon I see his head and pulled him into the boat.

"'Oh, Mr. Smith, this is an awful piece of business! This is positively frightful! Take me home,' says he.

"Waal, that air Mr. Waddy, he was the curousest crittur to hunt ever you see. He had a great long knife shaped like a sword, with a red leather scabbard all covered over with carving and silver, and he used to lug that reound with him. He couldn't never kill nothin', and he never drawed it but once as I remember. I paddled him one day close up to a little fahn, and he fired and wounded him so that he set right down on his hind-quarters.

"'Neow,' says I, 'Mr. Waddy, 's a chance for you to blood that 'ere handsome knife o' yourn. Get out and catch him by the ears and cut his throat.'

"Waal, he went at that fahn just as though he was afeered on him, and every time he'd offer to lay a hold on him that fahn 'd dodge away his head, and then Mr. Waddy he'd go at him agin. By-and-by, he'd got hold, and he drawed that big knife, and was just a puttin' it to his throat, when the little crittur opened his mouth and baaed right out at him.

"'Oh! Mr. Smith,' says he, letting go, with a kind o' plaintive voice, as though he was sick to his stomach, 'did you hear that melancholy

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noise? Oh, what a doleful sound! I can't do it, Mr. Smith.'

"Waal," says I, "Mr. Waddy, I guess you and me 'd better go home, your feelin's is too tender to go a hunting."

It was late in the afternoon before we arrived at the shanty again. There were heavy clouds in the sky, and there was an ominous moaning in the forest. Supper over, we set about repairing our roof with the bark of a large hemlock, until we were driven in by the rain. Soon the terrific thunder and lightning obliged us to abandon our cherished plan of night hunting, and, after a pipe and a few yarns from Paul, we turned in. Towards morning I awoke, to find myself lying in a puddle of water, and feeling, withal, very miserable. I expressed aloud my not flattering opinion touching the shanty, as I stepped out to the fire; by the side of which Warren was stretched on a log, in the midst of the drenching rain.

"Go way, ole shanty," said he, laughing, "you ain't nowheres. Here's comfort! It melts just as fast as it falls, and runs right off. I b'lieve dis yere roast's a getting done too much on one side," said he, turning himself over.

So I found the boat, and paddled out into the lake to warm myself by exercise. As soon as day broke, we called a council, and agreed to return and go to St. Regis Lake, which was at that time unoccupied, but which, as it was now the middle of the season, might be seized upon by some one before us if we delayed.

Hurrah for St. Regis! It was a beautiful morning after the two days' rain when we rowed up that broad river, six miles, through Spitfire Pond, and into that superb lake, always overshadowed by those noble mountains. St. Regis Lake is one of the grandest of the region, and comparatively little visited. Sixteen miles of unbroken forest make its margin, numerous islands stud its surface, and high mountains frown upon it from every side. What a week we passed there! We leaped and halloed like madmen. Hurrah! No more artificial restraints, not even a fence! Our log-shanty, on an island in the middle of the lake, was a model one, perfectly new. Its owner, or rather its builder, was a friend and patron of Smith, and kindly offered it to us. By day our hounds bayed in the forest, while we watched on some shady point for the deer to come into the lake, with a smudge near by to keep off "dem ere disreputable midges," as Warren called them. These midges were our chief, I had almost said our only, annoyance. They are a very minute fly that appears in swarms, filling the air, and finding its way through and beneath the clothing to every part of the skin, causing in some persons more irritation than the mosquito. They were particularly fond of the black boy, so that in any doubtful case we would refer to him to know if there were any midges about. At night some mysterious agency seemed to impel us, as we glided, without a sound from the paddle, through the level black, starting at the white statues which our fancy made of the upturned roots of fallen pines. Marble-like they burst out of the black air as our light struck upon them. Then the challenging "whistle" and stamp of the deer, the silent rapid movement towards the shore, the startling splash of the otter, disturbed in his slumber; then the two balls of fire in a ghastly outline of deer, and the crack of the rifle, which, waking a hundred echoes in those wilds, made our hearts leap into our throats; then a silence, stunning as the report, and a darkness, dazzling as the flash.

At last we set out for Tupper's Lake, fifty miles distant. We took, besides rifle-guns and ammunition, our blankets, hatchet, and compass, salt pork and hard bread, tea, sugar, stewpan, and teapot. We had also two guides and two boats. The latter, long graceful lapstreaks, roomy and stiff, yet so light that a man with a neck yoke can carry one, half a mile. (The canoe, since the departure of the Indians, is little used; though light to carry, it is too crank for comfort on a long row.) We took Warren as cook. His droll conceits and rollicking good humour, his grotesque attitudes and grimaces, and his great muscular strength and agility, made him a valuable addition to the party. His negro partiality for long words was always amusing. Camping at a little pond called Bon-bon one night, we applied ourselves in Warren's absence to make some tea which should be better than the miserable decoction known as black tea, or camp tea, made by the guides. We had, of course, but one kind of tea, but we filled the teapot with the leaves, and then poured on boiling water, and allowed it to simmer. When Warren returned, we asked him to try it. "Golly," said he, "dat ere's intosticating—dis nigger's inebriated." Often afterwards he referred to that tea. "Now, gen'lemen, dere's three kinds of tea at dis Metropolitan Hotel. In de first place, dere's Bon-bon tea; den dere's black tea; and den dere's camp tea. Now, doctors, what kind of tea do you diagnosticate upon to-day?" On the way down the Racquette, he spied some ruffed grouse, and one of us lent him a fowling-piece to shoot them. They were in a tree, and, more singular still, allowed him to kill them one after another without offering to fly. "Warren," said I, "you'll never make a sportsman; you pointed your gun at each partridge full a minute before you could make up your mind to fire." "I knowed we was out of grub," said he, grinning, "and so I took aim at dem fellers wid de eye of despair. I wanted to make anoder of dem inexceptionable stews."

We traversed the St. Regis Ponds, a succession of beautiful woodland lakes, and passed over seven carrys to Little Clear Pond. Then we poled down the river Sticks, as it is facetiously named by the hunters, on account of the number of snags in it, to Upper Saranac Lake. This is nearly fifteen miles in length, and presents mountain, lake, and forest scenery of the grandest description. As we entered it at nightfall, we were all reminded of Landseer's picture of The Sanctuary. On our left arose the whole

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range of the Adirondacks, Baldface and Mount Seward close at hand, and far in the south the cone of Marcy. That night we slept at a log-house, on the Indian carrying-place. Next day we crossed the carry at daybreak, took the Stony Creek Ponds, and entered the Racquette, twenty miles above Tupper's Lake. Near Tupper's Lake we passed the clearing of an old hunter named Symonds, who lived forty years a hermit in these wilds, and died here all alone. He retired from place to place before the approach of men, traversed the woods without compass or blaze (a mark made by the hunters upon trees to indicate the way), and procured the few articles of necessity which the forest could not afford, in exchange for skins.

Tupper's Lake is the most romantic and picturesque spot in the Adirondacks. But, all the Adirondack forests, lakes, and mountains are for me invested with the same charm which, as a boy, I used to feel in the woods where I passed my school vacations.

> Strange and awful fears begin to press
> The bosom with a stern solemnity

in the presence of those whispering pines and frowning mountains.

THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Being in a humour for complete solitude and uninterrupted meditation this autumn, I have taken a lodging for six weeks in the most unfrequented part of England—in a word, in London.

The retreat into which I have withdrawn myself, is Bond-street. From this lonely spot I make pilgrimages into the surrounding wilderness, and traverse extensive tracts of the Great Desert. The first solemn feeling of isolation overcome, the first oppressive consciousness of profound retirement conquered, I enjoy that sense of freedom, and feel reviving within me that latent wildness of the original savage, which has been (upon the whole somewhat frequently) noticed by Travellers.

My lodgings are at a hatter's — my own hatter's. After exhibiting no articles in his window for some weeks, but sea-side wideawakes, shooting-caps, and a choice of rough waterproof head-gear for the moors and mountains, he has put upon the heads of his family as much of this stock as they could carry, and has taken them off to the Isle of Thanet. His young man alone remains—and remains alone—in the shop. The young man has let out the fire at which the irons are heated, and, saving his strong sense of duty, I see no reason why he should take the shutters down.

Happily for himself and for his country, the young man is a Volunteer; most happily for himself, or I think he would become the prey of a settled melancholy. For, to live surrounded by human hats, and alienated from human heads to fit them on, is surely a great endurance. But the young man, sustained by practising his exercise, and by constantly furbishing up his regulation plume (it is unnecessary to observe that, as a hatter, he is in a cock's-feather corps), is resigned, and uncomplaining. On a Saturday, when he closes early and gets his knickerbockers on, he is even cheerful. I am gratefully particular in this reference to him, because he is my companion through many peaceful hours. My hatter has a desk up certain steps behind his counter, enclosed like the clerk's desk at Church. I shut myself into this place of seclusion, after breakfast, and meditate. At such times, I observe the young man loading an imaginary rifle with the greatest precision, and maintaining a most galling and destructive fire upon the national enemy. I thank him publicly for his companionship and his patriotism.

The simple character of my life, and the calm nature of the scenes by which I am surrounded, occasion me to rise early. I go forth in my slippers, and promenade the pavement. It is pastoral to feel the freshness of the air in the uninhabited town, and to appreciate the shepherdess character of the few milkwomen who purvey so little milk that it would be worth nobody's while to adulterate it, if anybody were left to undertake the task. On the crowded sea-shore, the great demand for milk, combined with the strong local temptation of chalk, would betray itself in the lowered quality of the article. In Arcadian London, I derive it from the cow.

The Arcadian simplicity of the metropolis altogether, and the primitive ways into which it has fallen in this autumnal Golden Age, make it entirely new to me. Within a few hundred yards of my retreat, is the house of a friend who maintains a most sumptuous butler. I never, until yesterday, saw that butler out of superfine black broadcloth. Until yesterday, I never saw him off duty, never saw him (he is the best of butlers) with the appearance of having any mind for anything but the glory of his master and his master's friends. Yesterday morning, walking in my slippers near the house of which he is the prop and ornament—a house now a waste of shutters—I encountered that butler, also in his slippers, and in a shooting suit of one colour, and in a low-crowned straw hat, smoking an early cigar. He felt that we had formerly met in another state of existence, and that we were translated into a new sphere. Wisely and well, he passed me without recognition. Under his arm he carried the morning paper, and shortly afterwards I saw him sitting on a rail in the pleasant open landscape of Regent-street, perusing it at his ease under the ripening sun.

My landlord having taken his whole establishment to be salted down, I am waited on by an elderly woman labouring under a chronic sniff, who, at the shadowy hour of half-past nine o'clock of every evening, gives admittance at the street door to a meagre and mouldy old man whom I have never yet seen detached from a flat pint of beer in a pewter pot. The meagre and mouldy old man is her husband, and the pair have a dejected consciousness that they are not justified in appearing on the surface of the earth. They come out of some hole when

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London empties itself, and go in again when it fills. I saw them arrive on the evening when I myself took possession, and they arrived with the flat pint of beer, and their bed in a bundle. The old man is a weak old man, and appeared to me to get the bed down the kitchen stairs by tumbling down with and upon it. They make their bed in the lowest and remotest corner of the basement, and they smell of bed, and have no possession but bed: unless it be (which I rather infer from an under-current of flavour in them) cheese. I know their name, through the chance of having called the wife's attention, at half-past nine on the second evening of our acquaintance, to the circumstance of there being some one at the house door; when she apologetically explained, "It's on'y Mister Klem." What becomes of Mr. Klem all day, or when he goes out, or why, is a mystery I cannot penetrate; but at half-past nine he never fails to turn up on the door-step with the flat pint of beer. And the pint of beer, flat as it is, is so much more important than himself, that it always seems to my fancy as if it had found him drivelling in the street and had humanely brought him home. In making his way below, Mr. Klem never goes down the middle of the passage, like another Christian, but shuffles against the wall as if entreating me to take notice that he is occupying as little space as possible in the house; and whenever I come upon him face to face, he backs from me in fascinated confusion. The most extraordinary circumstance I have traced in connexion with this aged couple, is, that there is a Miss Klem, their daughter, apparently ten years older than either of them, who has also a bed and smells of it, and carries it about the earth at dusk and hides it in deserted houses. I came into this piece of knowledge through Mrs. Klem's beseeching me to sanction the sheltering of Miss Klem under that roof for a single night, "between her takin' care of the upper part of a 'ouse in Pall Mall which the family of his back, and another 'ouse in Serjameses-street, which the family of leaves towng termorrer." I gave my gracious consent (having nothing that I know of to do with it), and in the shadowy hours Miss Klem became perceptible on the door-step, wrestling with a bed in a bundle. Where she made it up for the night I cannot positively state, but, I think, in a sink. I know that with the instinct of a reptile or an insect, she stowed it and herself away in deep obscurity. In the Klem family, I have noticed another remarkable gift of nature, and that is a power they possess of converting everything into flue. Such broken victuals as they take by stealth, appear (whatever the nature of the viands) invariably to generate flue; and even the nightly pint of beer, instead of assimilating naturally, strikes me as breaking out in that form, equally on the shabby gown of Mrs. Klem, and the threadbare coat of her husband.

Mrs. Klem has no idea of my name—as to Mr. Klem, he has no idea of anything—and only knows me as her good gentleman. Thus, if doubtful whether I am in my room or no, Mrs. Klem taps at the door and says, "Is my good gentleman here?" Or, if a messenger desiring to see me were consistent with my solitude, she would show him in with "Here is my good gentleman." I find this to be a generic custom. For, I meant to have observed before now, that in its Arcadian time all my part of London is indistinctly pervaded by the Klem species. They creep about with beds, and go to bed in miles of deserted houses. They hold no companionship, except that sometimes, after dark, two of them will emerge from opposite houses, and meet in the middle of the road as on neutral ground, or will peep from adjoining houses over an interposing barrier of area railings, and compare a few reserved mistrustful notes respecting their good ladies or good gentlemen. This I have discovered in the course of various solitary rambles I have taken Northward from my retirement, along the awful perspectives of Wimpole-street, Harley-street, and similar frowning regions. Their effect would be scarcely distinguishable from that of the primeval forests, but for the Klem stragglers; these may be dimly observed, when the heavy shadows fall, flitting to and fro, putting up the door-chain, taking in the pint of beer, lowering like phantoms at the dark parlour windows, or secretly consorting underground with the dust-bin and the water cistern.

In the Burlington Arcade, I observe, with peculiar pleasure, a primitive state of manners to have superseded the baneful influences of ultra civilisation. Nothing can surpass the innocence of the ladies' shoe-shops, the artificial flower repositories, and the head-dress depôts. They are in strange hands at this time of year—hands of unaccustomed persons, who are imperfectly acquainted with the prices of the goods, and contemplate them with unsophisticated delight and wonder. The children of these virtuous people exchange familiarities in the Arcade, and temper the asperity of the two tall beadles. Their youthful prattle blends in an unwonted manner with the harmonious shade of the scene, and the general effect is, as of the voices of birds in a grove. In this happy restoration of the golden time, it has been my privilege even to see the bigger beadle's wife. She brought him his dinner in a basin, and he ate it in his arm-chair, and afterwards fell asleep like a satiated child. At Mr. Truefitt's, the excellent hairdresser's, they are learning French to beguile the time; and even the few solitaries left on guard at Mr. Atkinson's, the perfumer's round the corner (generally the most inexorable gentlemen in London, and the most scornful of three-and-sixpence), condescend a little as they drowsily bide or recal their turn for chasing the ebbing Neptune on the ribbed sea-sand. From Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, the jewellers, all things are absent but the precious stones, and the gold and silver, and the soldierly pensioner at the door with his decorated breast. I might stand night and day for a month to come, in Saville-row, with my tongue out, yet not find a doctor to look at it for love or money. The dentists' instruments

are rusting in their drawers, and their horrible cool parlours, where people pretend to read the Every-Day Book and not to be afraid, are doing penance for their grimness in white sheets. The light-weight of shrewd appearance, with one eye always shut up, as if he were eating a sharp gooseberry in all seasons, who usually stands at the gateway of the livery stables on very little legs under a very large waistcoat, has gone to Doncaster. Of such undesigning aspect is his guileless Yard now, with its gravel and scarlet beans, and the yellow Break housed under a glass roof in a corner, that I almost believe I could not be taken in there, if I tried. In the places of business of the great tailors, the cheval-glasses are dim and dusty for lack of being looked into. Ranges of brown paper coat and waistcoat bodies look as funereal as if they were the hatchments of the customers with whose names they are inscribed; the measuring tapes hang idle on the wall; the order-taker, left on the hopeless chance of some one looking in, yawns in the last extremity over the books of patterns, as if h were trying to read that entertaining library. The hotels in Brook-street have no one in them, and the staffs of servants stare disconsolately for next season out of all the windows. The very man who goes about like an erect Turtle, between two boards recommendatory of the Sixteen Shilling Trousers, is aware of himself as a hollow mockery, and eats filberts while he leans his hinder shell against a wall.

Among these tranquillising objects, it is my delight to walk and meditate. Soothed by the repose around me, I wander insensibly to considerable distances, and guide myself back by the stars. Thus, I enjoy the contrast of a few still partially inhabited and busy spots where all the lights are not fled, where all the garlands are not dead, whence all but I have not departed. Then, does it appear to me that in this age three things are clamorously required of Man in the miscellaneous thoroughfares of the metropolis. Firstly, that he have his boots cleaned. Secondly, that he eat a penny ice. Thirdly, that he get himself photographed. Then do I speculate, What have those seam-worn artists been who stand at the photograph doors in Greek caps, sample in hand, and mysteriously salute the public —the female public with a pressing tenderness— to come in and be "took"? What did they do with their greasy blandishments, before the era of cheap photography? Of what class were their previous victims, and how victimised? And how did they get, and how did they pay for, that large collection of likenesses, all purporting to have been taken inside, with the taking of none of which had that establishment any more to do than with the taking of Delhi?

But these are small oases, and I am soon back again in metropolitan Arcadia. It is my impression that much of its serene and peaceful character is attributable to the absence of customary Talk. How do I know but there may be subtle influences in Talk, to vex the souls of men who don't hear it? How do I know but that Talk, five, ten, twenty miles off, may get into the air and disagree with me? If I get up, vaguely troubled and wearied and sick of my life, in the session of Parliament, who shall say that my noble friend, my right reverend friend, my right honourable friend, my honourable friend, my honourable and learned friend, or my honourable and gallant friend, may not be responsible for that effect upon my nervous system? Too much Ozone in the air, I am informed and fully believe (though I have no idea what it is), would affect me in a marvellously disagreeable way; why may not too much *Talk*? I don't see or hear the Ozone; I don't see or hear the Talk. And there is so much Talk; so much too much; such loud cry, and such scant supply of wool; such a deal of fleecing, and so little fleece! Hence, in the Arcadian season, I find it a delicious triumph to walk down to deserted Westminster, and see the Courts shut up; to walk a little further and see the Two Houses shut up; to stand in the Abbey Yard, like the New Zealander of the grand English History (concerning which unfortunate man a rookery of mares' nests is generally being discovered), and gloat upon the ruins of Talk. Returning to my primitive solitude and lying down to sleep, my grateful heart expands with the consciousness that there is no adjourned Debate, no ministerial explanation, nobody to give notice of intention to ask the noble Lord at the head of her Majesty's Government five-and-twenty bootless questions in one, no term time with legal argument, no Nisi Prius with eloquent appeal to British Jury; that the air will to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, remain untroubled by this superabundant generating of Talk. In a minor degree it is a delicious triumph to me to go into the club, and see the carpets up, and the Bores and the other dust dispersed to the four winds. Again New Zealander-like, I stand on the cold hearth, and say in the solitude, "Here I watched Bore A 1, with voice always mysteriously low and head always mysteriously drooped, whispering political secrets into the ears of Adam's confiding children. Accursed be his memory for ever and a day!"

But I have all this time been coming to the point, that the happy nature of my retirement is most sweetly expressed in its being the abode of Love. It is, as it were, an inexpensive Agapemone: nobody's speculation: everybody's profit. The one great result of the resumption of primitive habits, and (convertible terms) the not having much to do, is, the abounding of Love.

The Klem species are incapable of the softer emotions; probably, in that low nomadic race, the softer emotions have all degenerated into flue. But with this exception, all the sharers of my retreat make love.

I have mentioned Saville-row. We all know the Doctor's servant. We all know what a respectable man he is, what a hard dry man, what a firm man, what a confidential man: how he lets us into the waiting-room, like a man who knows minutely what is the matter with us, but

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from whom the rack should not wring the secret. In the prosaic "season," he has distinctly the appearance of a man conscious of money in the savings bank, and taking his stand on his respectability with both feet. At that time it is as impossible to associate him with relaxation, or any human weakness, as it is to meet his eye without feeling guilty of indisposition. In the blest Arcadian time, how changed! I have seen him, in a pepper-and-salt jacket—jacket—and drab trousers, with his arm round the waist of a bootmaker's housemaid, smiling in open day. I have seen him at the pump by the Albany, unsolicitedly pumping for two fair young creatures, whose figures as they bent over their cans, were —if I may be allowed an original expression—a model for the sculptor. I have seen him trying the piano in the Doctor's drawing-room with his forefinger, and have heard him humming tunes in praise of lovely woman. I have seen him seated on a fire-engine, and going (obviously in search of excitement) to a fire. I saw him, one moonlight evening when the peace and purity of our Arcadian west were at their height, polk with the lovely daughter of a cleaner of gloves, from the door-steps of his own residence, across Saville-row, round by Clifford-street and Old Burlington-street, back to Burlington-gardens. Is this the Golden Age revived, or Iron London?

The Dentist's servant. Is that man no mystery to us, no type of invisible power? The tremendous individual knows (who else does?) what is done with the extracted teeth; he knows what goes on in the little room where something is always being washed or filed; he knows what warm spicy infusion is put into the comfortable tumbler from which we rinse our wounded mouth, with a gap in it that feels a foot wide; he knows whether the thing we spit into is a fixture communicating with the Thames, or could be cleared away for a dance; he sees the horrible parlour when there are no patients in it, and he could reveal, if he would, what becomes of the Every-Day Book then. The conviction of my coward conscience when I see that man in a professional light, is, that he knows all the statistics of my teeth and gums, my double teeth, my single teeth, my stopped teeth, and my sound. In this Arcadian rest, I am fearless of him as of a harmless powerless creature in a Scotch cap, who adores a young lady in a voluminous crinoline, at a neighbouring billiard-room, and whose passion would be uninfluenced if every one of her teeth were false. They may be. He takes them all on trust.

In secluded corners of the place of my seclusion, there are little shops withdrawn from public curiosity, and never two together, where servants' perquisites are bought. The cook may dispose of grease at these modest and convenient marts; the butler, of bottles; the valet and lady's maid, of clothes; most servants, indeed, of most things they may happen to lay hold of. I have been told that in sterner times loving correspondence otherwise interdicted may be maintained by letter through the agency of some of these useful establishments. In the Arcadian autumn, no such device is necessary. Everybody loves, and openly and blamelessly loves. My landlord's young man loves the whole of one side of the way of old Bond-street, and is beloved several doors up new Bond-street besides. I never look out of window but I see kissing of hands going on all around me. It is the morning custom to glide from shop to shop and exchange tender sentiments; it is the evening custom for couples to stand hand in hand at house doors, or roam, linked in that flowery manner, through the unpeopled streets. There is nothing else to do but love; and what there is to do, is done.

In unison with this pursuit, a chaste simplicity obtains in the domestic habits of Arcadia. Its few scattered people dine early, live moderately, sup socially, and sleep soundly. It is rumoured that the Beadles of the Arcade, from being the mortal enemies of boys, have signed with tears an address to Lord Shaftesbury, and subscribed to a ragged school. No wonder! For they might turn their heavy maces into crooks and tend sheep in the Arcade, to the purling of the water-carts as they give the thirsty streets much more to drink than they can carry.

A happy Golden Age, and a serene tranquillity. Charming picture, but it will fade. The iron age will return, London will come back to town, if I show my tongue then in Saville-row for half a minute I shall be prescribed for, the Doctor's man and the Dentist's man will then pretend that these days of unprofessional innocence never existed. Where Mr. and Mrs. Klem and their bed will be, at that time, passes human knowledge; but my hatter hermitage will then know them no more, nor will it then know me. The desk at which I have written these meditations will retributively assist at the making out of my account, and the wheels of gorgeous carriages and the hoofs of high-stepping horses will crush the silence out of Bond-street—will grind Arcadia away, and give it to the elements in granite powder.

A ROMAN SUNDAY.

Once upon a time, there entered into Jerusalem a mysterious and unique procession of men and women, who shouted Hosannas loudly, and cast down their garments upon the ground, and carried great palm branches in their hands, all in honour of One who came riding in meekly, seated upon an ass.

To see this famous progress commemorated—first scene in the most touching of all earthly dramas—I find myself, of a fierce grilling morning, with the air beating down in dull oppressive waves as from a hothouse—standing under the shadow of the monster temple we have called Saint Paul's elder and handsomer sister. She looks a little too flaunting and gay, in that bright golden-coloured dress of hers, considering the sad and solemn character of the occasion;

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and, as I stand, a perfect mite at the very hem of her garment, I fancifully fashion the curved piazzas into long winding arms, tapering gracefully, and rounded encouragingly, as if to gather up all her children into her bosom. I look down and see them come, the famous Populus and Plebs, blackening the circular space into a huge plate of poisoned flies. They come—the more respectable Populus that is—in their coaches, hired, it may be, at fabulous rates, and in ancestral chariots. From the iron clatter over the stones, we might as well be in a gigantic mill with legions of wheels flying round; so many Tom Thumb carriages converging noisily to set down their burden at the steps. Here are the flamina: high priests or cardinals, lumbering up in their great scarlet wains, with the blue-cloaked mutes hanging on behind. And here is a string processional of yellow and red coaches, with genuine beef-eaters (at least, as regards the caps affected by those officials) hanging on behind, and S.P.Q.R. reposing luxuriously inside. The senate is privileged to exhibit those mysteriously classic hieroglyphics on shields, over their doors, on their panels, on every available space that can be forced into a showboard. The flood set down, overflows the edges of the plate, comes buzzing up the steps, and is absorbed into a monster hive, as it were. I bow my head, pass reverently into the cathedral under the heavy flapping mat, and become a fly temporarily with the rest.

The well-known pantomimic process which transports the enraptured beholder from the cave of the designing gnomes, incalculable feet below the surface of the earth, to the dazzling realms of effulgence, is here reversed; and being drifted in helplessly on the surface of a shuffling and contentious crowd, I become of a sudden a fly, a mite, a midge! Marvellous pantomimic change of the old pattern, at which little ones in the front row of the boxes have shrieked frantically and clapped their tiny hands. From the realms of dazzling effulgence to the underground palace of the gnomes, from fierce glare and overpowering sunlight, to a wilderness of grateful shade, and the giant's icehouse! The floor is darkened with a perfect plague of human flies, shifting, eddying, rolling east and west, and crossing each other in great black streams. There is a buzz and drone abroad, as though a monster sea-shell were being held at the ear. With face upturned to the unsubstantial arching hanging airily above, with a strange mistiness which seems to swallow up all details, and resolve the whole into pure atmospheric effect, and not without an irresistible longing to sacrifice all selfish thought of place and seat, and fall there and then into the authorised raptures over the warm bluish grey toning of the whole, in which sink and are drowned all lesser tints, pink and yellow incrustations, we move onwards steadily and slowly, being drifted on, as it were, over the harmony, the surpassing lightness of that vast Maëlstrom of a dome which seems to draw you *upwards* into its deep air vortex, and makes you dizzy with looking up into it. I have not time to suffer the regulation disappointment, as laid down by the Reverend Mr. Eustace and the classical explorers who have since walked in his dismal steps, nor to exhibit the pleased regulation surprise at the little chubby fellows supporting the holy water between them, turning out on measurement to be very monstrous infants, and over six feet high; but I have time to enter indignant protest against the strips of theatrical red damask, set off with tinsel and gewgaws, which some tasteless hands have let run down every pillar—a well-meaning effort to signify special adornment and extra festivity. With what discord do those coarse flaunting bands jar upon the mellow tones and delicately blended tints which the eye takes in as it looks down the long sweep of nave! O Dean and Canons of that unique cathedral! occupants of stalls ad limina apostolorum! should you not have Chevreul's colour-Testament beside those heavy-clasped breviaries that lie upon your desks, and read with your other Hours, an art-office out of Ruskin and Owen Jones? Anathema (artistically speaking) be upon ye, for this adapting of confectionary laws and bonbon tinsel to an immortal marble Epic!

So, with the plague of insects still swarming over the pavement, hiding out altogether that startling mosaic tiara, fitted only for a Brobdingnagian head, and the mammoth cross-keys, saltierwise underneath, and the great sea-shell murmuring yet louder, we drift on—drift up to the great bronze canopy, whose four huge pillars bend and wind like snakes, and by which more reasonable standard the flies magnify into men and women, into white ties, and brilliant waistcoats and dress-coats, and attire generally suggestive of evening parties. A compact floating mass, shifting its place constantly, faces straining and looking out eagerly into some indistinct mystery beyond the serpent pillars. Heads and faces laid closer and thicker as it gets nearer to the mystery. Row of horsehair plumes beyond, tossing above the heads, dimly suggestive of something guarded and kept clear.

And now, out of the strange cosmopolitan miscellany, out of the mass of dandies arm-in-arm and ready for a ball—fair young Britons, strongly built and contemptuous, snake-eyed French, sallow Americans lanky and coal-bearded, short black priests, tanned monks, French soldiers, all passing and being shuffled together like a pack of cards—rise two amphitheatres, right and left, where are some thousand dark-eyed Spanish señoras, mantillas, and veils, and high combs, and glistening gold pins, and rustling fans, and accroche-cœurs, and everything complete—altogether the most effective bit of masquerade we can conceive. Surely, to see these ranks of dark donne in eternal motion, stooping across, whispering, rustling, fluttering, scintillating, working their fans fiercely, and telegraphing to remote friend in dress-coat, with whom they durst not otherwise commune, and kept in cruel tyrannical bondage, by a grim jealous Swiss leaning on his pike at the

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door of their cage—is enough to move the heart of a stone. But I put it to you, O well-meaning but indiscreet Canons and Dean before apostrophised, is this wholly wise, this concentration, this focussing, as it were, of mundane charms, during the holy offices? Or, turning to you, Monsignore and Eccellenza, il Maggiordomo di Sua Santità, who has signed and issued the ladies' yellow ticket I have now in my hand, I would know if this be the interpretation of the austere admonition inscribed thereon: "No one shall be admitted who is not decentemente vestita and adorned with a veil or cuffia." See how this simple sumptuary law has been artfully wrested by the wily señoras. Foolish Maggiordomo di Sua Santità! you bid them come decently attired in black, and they burst upon you a dangerous band of Perea Nenas.

But we are drifting on again, through lanes that open spasmodically, as the great Briton abroad, a lady on either arm, comes placidly by, round by this corner, through many red-draped enclosures, whence the sad-eyed Swiss, lifting the corner of a curtain, looks out mournfully and scrutinises your yellow biglietta, as though he were the scarlet gaoler of Mr. Millais. Then, past the sad-eyed—who is satisfied, yet half mistrustful—and we have emerged into a pew hard by to the Chair of St. Peter, hard by to the great crimson canopy and throne of many steps where the grand functions of the day are to be rehearsed.

A green lawn of many acres, speckless, newly mown, as it were plaisaunce on which the glittering figures shall come, and go, and bend, and defile, has grown up at our feet, and we stand at the edge of the lawn, only that two lines of heads directly in front—heads ecclesiastical, smoothly shaven to the very poll, with bared brawny necks attached—are at times a little obstructive. Chiefs, these, of Dominican, Barnabite, and other orders: stalwart, burly, religious generalissimos, who sit sturdily in their places and change snuff-boxes. I look between the heads, and see again the great bronze canopy with the sinuous pillars rising afar off under the poised dome, where a dark dusky mass that shifts, and swells, and heaves, and rolls back and forward mistily, is brought to bay as by a great sluice gate. And there is being borne up to us at times from the sluice gate, the old hum and subdued murmur of feet moving and shuffling, and of babbling voices monotonous as a far-off sea washing over pebbles and shells, when presently a bright sun ladder bursts in suddenly, and comes down aslant the solemn mosaic prophets in the galleries, lying an instant on the edges and points of gilt cornices, and just tipping the gold pins and combs of the Spanish captives, whose faces all look this way from afar off over their fans.

All this time, a living fringe border has been growing up by the edge of the green lawn: more monastic captains have strode in—tall brawny men of Homeric proportions—and had sat them down. Now, military music is heard afar off, it might be a mile or so away, and Verdi is borne up to us from the distance. Now, through the sea-shore hum, the crash of grounding arms is heard, and communicative little abbé tells how the gaudy Palatine Guard is forming in two purple and gold lines down the nave. There is plainly abroad that flush and restlessness of expectation which waits on a coronation, and other such magnificent functions. Officials flit across the green lawn desperately. With the black waves still surging and fretting at the sluices, there enters on the green sward two superb files of warriors, magnificent in gold helmets and plumes, baldrics, and great jack-boots, which step together within an hair's breadth. All eyes on the warriors. Halt in the centre—flash swords—sweep to the right and to the left—and in a second, two sides of the green sward have a gorgeous supplemental fringe. The Noble Guard, this—Guardia di Nobili—whispers communicative abbé, Guards of the body di Sua Santità. Rustle and flutter again on the left, and a crimson velvet box or orchestra near me becomes of a sudden bursting and flashing with golden dolls. It needs no prophet to help me to the knowledge that the golden dolls, whose faces are lean and wizened, and who are packed tightly into their golden clothes, and who have the air of being rasped eternally under the chin by their sharp golden collars, and who groan under heavy orders that seemed nailed to their wooden chests, are the awful Brethren of Diplomacy, who bend and smile on each other with the smile plenipotential as they take their seats. How many lorgnettes are at that moment raking that bench of protocols!

Hush! Here it comes, the long expected, the eagerly attended pageant—the march, the progress, the procession. From far down below, from out of the dark clouds, it is being unwound in some mysterious fashion. It floats on, over the green lawns, as though it were a cloud—white, scarlet, purple, silver, golden; it rolls forward, to the right and to the left, in great waves—waves episcopal, priestly, diaconal, patriarchal, cardinational—rolling in like a foaming tide, and flooding the green lawn, with the chief priest of all the Churches, Pius Nonus, Pontifex Maximus, borne in aloft on men's shoulders. Flutter and settle in your places, O white-robed army! closing up your ranks fast, leaving lawn clear, and overflowing up the steps to the throne of state. Crowd upon the steps in grouping gracefully irregular, and now let the music steal from behind the gilded grates, and the incense fume, and the functions commence.

It has been sung many times over before now, the magnificence of that ceremonial. Writing men have struck out wildly for words, striving to describe what can be but poorly described. Words, alas! are not colours! Still there is one stage of that phantasmagoria, when the great white-robed drifts into a glittering procession, and for the space of an hour, and yet longer, streams by—an unique pageant, and most dazzling progress—

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which will bear a little painting in, even by a feeble hand. I see a clustering of snowy figures about the white sitting figure in the great chair, with a sudden suspense and expectancy; then, without formal commencement, it has set in and begun to flow. Flux and reflux of white-robed, ascending crimson steps, prostrate them before the patriarchal chair, and return freighted with a huge yellow branch, all curled and twisted, which looks like a monster sheaf of corn, but which I know to be a Palm; music breathing softly from behind the golden grates, and the eye is resting on the two lines which edge the lawn like a border of violets; princes ecclesiastical of the snowy ermine capes and scarlet caps, whose robes, flowing over their feet in folds voluminous, give them a fanciful likeness to purple mermaidens, folds that gather about the hapless chaplains sitting coiled up at their feet; music of the spheres still breathing from the golden grate, and pageant still moving forward dreamily. Presently, the violet mermaidens are being drawn in, and a deep-toned ribbon, shot with downy white and just flecked at the edges with flashing spots of scarlet, is being unwound slowly. These are so many portrait-figures, rich and mellowed, taken down from their frames, advancing, some with a haughty dignity—modern Mazarins and Richelieus from the Louvre gallery—some, bent and decrepid, tottering on feebly. One face, swarthy and shaded ever so delicately, with a blue clouding over the lips and chin, must be a Velasquez stolen from the Escurial, so olive is it, so fine in the lines, so mellow in the tones. Voices, some way connected with excited fingers pointing out all things, whisper across me that the Velasquez picture belongs to the noble House of Altieri, sounds which ring sweetly on the ear; and other voices jostling each other in their eagerness, whisper that he is Camerlengo, office of awful significance, second only to the ruler; and that when the gentle Pio shall have laid by his tiara for ever, the noble Velasquez is already marked out for one who shall step upon the throne temporarily, and enjoy, say a three weeks' brief kingship, coining moneys, and walking with guards and state. I see, too, pass by, the round florid face of a famous English cardinal, whose new ennoblement and scarlet investiture raised through the length and breadth of his country a storm and hurly-burly barely laid now: yet he is not so full and stately as of old—there are lines and care in the florid spectacled face, and the great form is wasted. So he passes by, absorbed into the line, and descends, bearing his huge furbelowed Palm; passes by, too, the most eminent Ugolino, name that almost startles and sends you musing back to your Dante; passes by, too, ascetic Borromeo—tall and hatchet-faced, with Merode the gaunt and lean-necked, whose fierce ancestor supplied our English tongue with the useful word *marauder*. Passes by also one that bears the name of him who comforted the Sixth Pius in his exile, and wrote the story of both their sufferings—Pacca, Monsignore e Mæstro di Camera to his present sovereign—young, handsome, insinuating, and, though so young, presently to fence off the sun's rays with broad-leafed scarlet hat. After him, come strands patriarchal—mysterious chief priests of far-off churches, who look like sheiks and dervishes, and are gorgeously barbaric in royal crowns and violet robes strewn with gold and fleur de lys—venerable men, with long rusty grey beards, and strange exceptional privileges in the matter of rites. After them, come strands episcopal—a satiety of mitres positively cheap on this occasion — Greek, Armenian, English, French, German, American—all being wound and wound slowly into the grand gaudy chromatic cord. A grand bearing and stately walk in these dignitaries, each advancing in kingly fashion, erect and with head thrown back, not crowding on his predecessor, but leaving a handsome space before and behind. Follows, the stream of minor churchmen, a turning kaleidoscope of purple, white, scarlet, dazzling and confused, and they all pass by and descend, glorified with a branch of Palm. Looking round, I see on all sides yellow corn-sheaves tossing and rustling in the air. It is perfect harvest-time, and they rustle to the music from the golden lattice-work, undying and beautiful,—almost monotonous from being so long sustained.

Now, the threads ecclesiastical are spun out and a yet gaudier strand is being fastened on—a mass of pure gold embroidery—and after fluttering unsteadily, settles at last into types diplomatic, the golden wooden dolls, stiff, ossified, and iron-jointed, suffering a magnificent strangulation. They are joined on insensibly to the other strands. Walking solitary, seeming as a figure of molten gold, advances the superb Grammont, now moving a few paces, now stopping short, with a thousand eyes concentrated on him. First of the line, of stately presence and many cubits high, he has the true sickly jeune premier face—M. Adolphe or Edouard, of the oiled moustache and fringe of whisker, half Murat, three-quarters coiffeur. He might tell his bonnes fortunes upon his beads, being once adored of ladies, and having sat, it is whispered to me, for the love-sick Alfredo in the naughty opera. But now, though still magnificent, still glossy, I note the crow's feet gathering under his eyes; and now, fading a little, and un peu usé, he becomes devout, and reads his book scrupulously all through the offices. Follow him, his brethren accredited, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Spain, and smaller fry, all molten gold dolls, behind whom cluster a line of auxiliaries, smooth-shaven dependents of legation, in agonies of minor choking. And they all pass by, and are all glorified with the yellow wheat-sheaves. No clogging of the machinery all this while; no halts or unseemly gaps; all flowing on with a tranquil smoothness. How many hours flowing now?—and yet we look on unfatigued. Diplomatic strand now spun out, fines off to a point as it were, seems to languish, and is at last spent. Yet see yonder, at the misty corner, fresh sparkle and glitter: a band

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of new colour is being unwound! Flutters the French crimson and dark blue and gold; and Goyon the Magnificent is drawing on, alone, with a clear span before him, so that all may have opportunity to gaze, and he may stand out handsomely on the shifting many-coloured background of grouped staff officers, all glancing with gold, and blue, and crimson, all stopping short, and moving a pace as he does. Superb in his horseman's jack-boots, overlaid and crusted on his rounded chest with orders, with broad ribbons striping him across in polychromatic abundance, with his unwrinkled kid gloves, his dainty little toy of a cocked-hat, flecked like a lady's fan with swans—he is the perfect figure of the day of perfect figures. Commend me, I say, to this matchless histrionic! Many minutes is he making progress over the green sward, yet each minute of that time he acts and poses. At each halt, a perfect attitude; well trained staff at decent interval behind, shifting and glittering, and throwing him out with fresh effect. He is perfect in all points, even to the tint of his moustache and tuft, which should be white, but is of the fitting *iron grey* tint, such as becomes the fierce warrior. The smile of dignity is matchless, the harmony of the whole is sublime. Pass by, military histrionic, we shall see you again!

Religious threads are now being woven in again, taking shape as a long black cord of dark, funeral-robed priests, with black silk mantle hanging lightly behind, and white circle for tonsure. They crowd on in close file—ecclesiastics in posse, deacons sub and simple, and then students of the nations: Scotch in purple robes, German in dazzling scarlet, Irish in green, others (unknown) in white—the quaintest show imaginable. Heads of orders—Capucini, Camaldolesi, Dominicans—tall giants, white, brown, and grey, striding on, with their capes, and hoods, and cords, pass by, and are gone!

And now, you profound ritualist, who stand near me, expounding and translating, ex cathedrâ, each mystic gesture and dazzling rite, fitting names to this figure and to that, say, what signify this dozen or so of cloaked and frilled gentlemen—like the comic chamberlains that step on, to music, in the suite of extravaganza monarchs—each carrying a short silver mace club-shaped? Officers of the pontifical household. And these inimitable Vandykes, these walking replicas of Gevartius from our own National Gallery, whose white crimped ruffs contrast superbly with their black silk and velvet dress; who have chains of gold across their chests, like Venetian senators, and puffed trunk hose of the Raleigh pattern, and who affect the antique model even in the training of moustache and peaked beard—most picturesque of figures, on this day of living pictures? Chamberlains of the household. No theatrical dressing this, but their every-day manner of costume. You meet them on the Vatican staircase, in lobbies, in the spacious ante-rooms, in famous keeping with such a background. They pass by, and their line, dissolved like chaff, becomes elemental corn-sheaves. Music, still sustained, floats from the golden cages. The sun steadily lights the warm bluish grey columns, crimson stripes, and golden atmosphere. The sea of heads, down by the sluice-gates, shifts and plays mistily. Still the strands are being spun; and still we are not weary. Lay threads are now twisted in. A dash of scarlet and gold coats, with yellowish serge trousers striped with gold, rich in effect—Spanish knights of Santiago. Scarlet coat again, with dazzling white facings, and white trousers, and the great cross-handed sword—type of Knight of Saint John, Cavaliere di Malta; not, of this festive morning, shrouded in robes monastic with the cross of eight points. Now, come knights and soldiers commingled, the gayest and most glittering strand of all. White-coated Austrian, blue-frocked Belgian, scarlet Englishman, turquoise coloured Magyar, with his fur and silver braiding. Behind whom, stalking majestic, followed with wondering eyes and pointed finger, advances one gigantic Highlander, six feet two inches high, in full costume of Royal Edinburgh Volunteers. British eye rests on him with pride; but Roman eye, descending to that kilt and brawny limbs quite visible, is troubled, and knows not how to take it. I feel a justifiable pride in the gigantic Highlander; for have we not driven this morning in triumphant progress along the crowded street, with gendarmes and sentry saluting and bringing to the present arms, at every turn and corner? Thus paying, to the bonnet and brooches and massive cairngorm poniard, a handsome homage.

The dark halting line and miscellany of strangers unglorified by calling or uniform, and displaying the "court" suit and neat mourning costume of black evening coat, small clothes, and black silk stockings, begins to wax thin. Gradually it fines away, dropping off imperceptibly. Finally the green sward is bare and clear, and the cord of many strands is twisted and run out.

HOLDING UP THE MIRROR.

If the writer of these presents prides himself upon one point—and he is afraid he prides himself upon a good many—it is on his possessing an extraordinary stock of theatrical information. This stock is derived entirely from a weekly paper which is dropped down his area every Sunday morning, and the perusal of which is one of his greatest enjoyments. This journal, well conducted and highly respectable, is the chronicle of the theatrical, musical, and "entertaining" world; its columns teem with advertisements from professionals of every description; from it the manager learns what talent is disengaged, the actor what situations are vacant, the author where his pieces are being played, and to whom he is to look for remuneration; it contains a synopsis of all the theatrical performances in this country, and American hints as to new pieces which are coming out across the Atlantic; it gives profuse and erudite criticisms on those which have been recently played; it

supports in vigorous language all dramatic charities and institutions; it attacks in fiery terms any short-seeing stiff-necked bigotry; in a word, it is the actor's hebdomadal monitor and friend.

But woe be to you, O general public, if (not being theatrical) you take refuge in the excellent Newspaper that has enlightened the writer, and purpose therewith solacing the tedium of your journey to Bolton-le-Moors or Stow-on-the-Wold! How can you grasp the fact, that there are at present wanted at the Belvidere Rooms, Seagate, "Heavy Leading Gentleman, Juvenile Leading Ditto, Second Low Comedy to combine Singing, Heavy Leading Lady to combine First Old Woman, also a few good Ability Ladies and Gentlemen"? What do you make of the announcement that "a couple of first-rate funny niggers may write"? What is your notion of a "window-distributor who can ensure a large display"? Would anything puzzle you more than to find "tenants for the Rifle Gallery, Hermit's Cave, Fancy Bazaar, Tea and Coffee stands and Confectionary Bar at the Peckham Paradise"—unless it were to discover that you had suddenly obtained the appointment of "stunning first-rate go-ahead agent in advance" to the "Lancashire clog-dancer and dulcimer-player, and the comic gentleman (Irish)"? You have to dispose of no paintings on glass of the best description suitable for a pair of lanterns with three and a half inch condensers to use with oxy-calamic and oil lights; you could make but little use of the fighting tiger, the property of the late King of Oude, and Champion of the Arena; you would stand no higher in the estimation of your serious aunt at Clapham from whom you have expectations, even though you were to appear at Ebenezer Villa in company with Mr. and Mrs. Jacopo Bligh the celebrated duologue duetists; neither would your Angelina love you more dearly were you to have "pegtop whiskers," or even the "real imperceptible shape," which is not to be equalled at the price! Worse than Greek, Hebrew, Double-Dutch, or that mysterious language passing under the title of Abracadabara, would be these advertisements to you, but the writer was cradled in a property washing-basket, was nursed by a clown, was schooled at Dr. Birchem's Establishment for young gentlemen (Scene 3rd: Usher, Mr. Whackemhard; Scholars, Masters Sleepy, Dozy, Yawn, Sluggard, and Snore; Dunce, Master Foolscap), and has since graduated in the university of the great theatrical newspaper.

An advertisement in bold type, at the top of the second column of the paper, runs thus: "DACRE PONTIFEX.—This popular tragedian appears at Frome, Glastonbury, Yeovil, Lyme Regis, and at Bridport, on the 25th of April. Managers wishing to secure the services of this celebrated *artiste* are requested to apply to the theatrical agent, Mr. Trapman, Rouge-street, Blanco-square." Ah! a very few years ago and the inhabitants of Frome and Glastonbury might as well have wished for a sight of the extinct dodo as of Dacres Pontifex! Managers of the first London theatres fought for him, it was whispered that marchionesses were dying in love for him, to be seen in his company was an honour even for the most radiant gentleman in the crackest of crack regiments. Dacre Pontifex had been but a short time in London, when he attracted the notice of Mr. Bellows, the great tragedian, then about to start on his American tour. Mr. Bellows took Pontifex with him, taught him, polished him, and turned him into a master of his art. When he returned to England, one of those fits of Shakespearian enthusiasm which periodically seize upon the town had just begun to germinate, newspapers were referring to the Bard and the Swan, and several gentlemen were lashing themselves into a state of fury touching the immoralities of the French stage, and the triumphs of vice. Wuff was the manager of the T.R. Hatton-garden at that time, and Wuff was a man of the age; he knew when Pontifex was to return, and no sooner had the fast-sailing Cunard packet Basin been descried off Liverpool, than Wuff and the pilot were on board together, and in the course of half an hour a document duly signed by Pontifex was in Wuff's pocket. "I'll bill you in letters three feet long, my boy, on every dead wall in town, and, please the pigs, we'll resuscitate the British drayma, and put Billy on his legs again!"

Shakespeare, thus familiarly spoken of by Mr. Wuff as Billy, proved once more the powers of his attraction, and the success of the new actor was beyond all question. Whether he raved in Hamlet, languished in Romeo, stormed in Othello, or joked in Benedick, he invariably drew tremendous houses and received overwhelming applause. His portrait was in the illustrated journals, and in chromo-lithographic colours on the title-page of the Pontifex Waltz (dedicated to him by his humble admirer, Sebastian Bach Faggles, chef d'orchestre, T.R. Hatton-garden). Old Silas Bulgrubber, the stage door-keeper, grumbled furiously at the number of applications for Mr. Pontifex, and at the shower of delicately tinted notes for that gentleman, which were perpetually pouring into Silas's dingy box. The odour of the patchouli and sandal-wood essences from these notes actually prevailed over the steam of the preparation of onions and mutton which was always brought in a yellow basin to Silas at twelve o'clock, and which made the porter's habitation smell like a curious combination of a hairdresser's and a cook-shop. Wuff, the great impresario, as in those days the favourite journal not unfrequently designated him, was in ecstasies; his celebrated red velvet waistcoat was creased with constant bowings to the aristocracy of the land; he gave a magnificent dinner to Pontifex at Greenwich, at which was present a large and miscellaneous company, including the Marquis of Groovington, who had married Miss Cholmeleigh, late of the T. R. H. G.; Sir Charles Fakeaway; Four-in-hand Farquhar, of the Royal Rhinoceros Guards; Mauve; Captain Kooleese; Tommy Tosh, well-known at the clubs; Mr. Trap-

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grove, the dramatic author; Mr. Replevin, Q.C., the Star of the Old Bailey, and Honorary Counsel to the Society of Distressed Scene-shifters; Mr. Flote, the stage-manager; Slogger, Champion of the Middle Weights; Signor Drumsi Polstoodoff, the Egyptian Fire-annihilator; and many others. The banquet cost Wuff a hundred pounds, caused the consumption of an immense quantity of wine, and ended in the Fire-annihilator's springing into the middle of the table, kicking the decanters on to the floor, and, in a strong Irish accent, requesting any gentleman present to tread on the tail of his coat.

From this Greenwich dinner may be dated the beginning of Pontifex's extremely bad end. That little dare-devil, Tommy Tosh, and that fastest of fast men, Four-in-hand Farquhar, who were first introduced to Pontifex at the Wuffian banquet, no sooner made his acquaintance, than they showed themselves perfectly enraptured with his company. They pervaded the dressing-room which he shared with Mr. Deadwate, the low comedian, and "stood" brandy-and-water to that eminent buffo; they waited for Pontifex at the close of the performance, and took him away to Haymarket orgies, to private suppers, to where the frequenters of the Little Nick worshipped their divinity with closed doors and on a green baize-covered altar, and to every scene of dissipation which the town could boast (or not boast) of. One sultry day in July, when Wuff was thinking of speedily closing the T. R. H. G., and transporting all his company to some sea-side watering-place for the combined benefit of their healths and his pocket, Mr. Flote tapped at the door of the managerial sanctum, and entering, informed his chief, that though the orchestra was already "rung in," Mr. Pontifex, who was to appear in the first scene, had not arrived at the theatre. The overture was played and twice repeated, and during the third time of its repetition Pontifex arrived. Mr. Flote, who had been watching for him at the stage-door, turned ghastly pale when he saw him, and followed him anxiously to his dressing-room, then descended to the wing, and waited until he should appear. The British public, which had grown very irate at being kept waiting, and which had treated with the utmost scorn the explanation which Mr. Slyme, the "apologist" of the theatre, had offered for the delay, was now softened and soothed by the expectation of their favourite's appearance, and when the cue, which immediately preceded his entrance was given, those acquainted with the play commenced an applause which swelled into a tumultuous roar of delight. The effect of this ovation upon its recipient was very singular; he started back, covered his head with his hand, and staggered to a chair, into which he fell. The applause ceased on the instant, and in the sudden lull, Mr. Flote's voice was heard urging somebody "for Heaven's sake to rouse himself." Mr. Pontifex then rose from the chair, balanced himself for a few seconds on his heels, looked gravely at the audience, informed them in a high-pitched key that he was "all right," and fell flat on his back. In vain did Mr. Slyme, Mr. Flote, and even the great Wuff himself (that theatrical Mokanna who was never unveiled to the public save to receive their compliments upon his transformation scene on Boxing-nights), appear before the baize and appeal to the audience; it would not brook Mr. Dacre Pontifex any longer, and hence we find his advertisement in the favourite journal, and his intention to visit the lively localities already set forth.

What next, among the advertisements in the favourite journal? "TO BE LET, with extensive cellarage attached, suitable for a wine-merchant, the CRACKSIDEUM THEATRE ROYAL. Apply at the stage-door." The Cracksideum to let again! That old theatre has seen some strange vicissitudes. Once, it was taken by Mr. Stolberg Stentor, a country tragedian of enormous powers of lung, who had roared his way to the highest point of theatrical felicity in the Bradford and Sheffield regions, and who only wanted an opening in London to be acknowledged as the head of the theatrical profession. A good round sum of money, honestly earned by hard work in the provinces, did Mr. Stentor bring with him to London, and the old Cracksideum looked bravely in the new paint and gilding which he bestowed upon it. A good man, Mr. Stentor, an energetic, bustling, never-tiring actor, a little too self-reliant perhaps, playing all the principal characters himself, and supporting himself by an indifferent company, but still a man who meant to do something, and who did it. What he did was to get through his two thousand pounds in an inconceivably short space of time. The public rather liked him at first, then bore him patiently, then tolerated him impatiently, then forsook him altogether. Stentor as Hamlet in the inky cloak, Stentor as Richard in the velvet ermine, Stentor as the Stranger in the Hessian boots, Stentor as Claude Melnotte, Stentor as the Lonely Lion of the Ocean, Stentor as Everybody in Everything, grew to be a bore, and was left alone in his glory. Still he never gave in; he received visitors sitting in his chair of state; after the first word he never glanced at a visitor, but continued practising the celebrated Stentor scowl and Stentor eye business in the mirror; he kept the carpenters at a respectful tragic distance; he awed the little ballet-girls with the great Stentor stride, and he remained monarch of all he surveyed, until he played his last great part of Stentor in the Insolvent Court, the minor characters being sustained by one Mr. Commissioner, and some "supers" named Sargood and Linklater. His appearance here was so great a success, that his audience requested to see him again in six months' time.

An Italian, the Favourite Prestidigitateur of his Majesty the King of the Leeboo Islands; Mr. Lens's Starry Carpet, or the Heavens at a Glance; the Female Wilberforcists or Emancipated Darky Serenaders; and Mr. Michael O'Hone, the celebrated Hibernian orator; succeeded each other rapidly at the Cracksideum,

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and, after a few nights' performance, vanished, leaving no trace behind, save in their unpaid gas bills. One morning, mankind read in the favourite journal that the house had been taken, and would shortly be opened by Mr. Frank Likely, with the assistance of a talented company. I walked down to the theatre to satisfy myself, and saw in a minute that the announcement was true. A chaos reigned in the interior of the old theatre; all the worm-eaten pit benches, under which the rats had so often enjoyed a healthy supper of sandwich fragments and orange-peel, were piled up in a heap in a corner of the outside yard; stalls covered with Utrecht red velvet were being screwed down in their place; Leather-lane had emptied itself of mirrors, which paper-capped men were fixing all along the passages; one set of bricklayers was tearing to pieces the old dwelling-house, another was building the portico; pendent from the roof, and straddling across planks supported by flimsy ropes, sat deep-voiced Germans, decorating the ceiling in alternate layers of blue and gold, and issuing guttural mandates to assistants hidden in the dome; carpenters were enlarging the private boxes, scene-painters were looking over the old scenes, and in the midst of all the confusion stood Mr. Frank Likely himself, dressed in a dark-blue frock-coat, with a camellia of price in the button-hole, lavender trousers, amber-coloured gloves, and smoking a choice cigar as he superintended the preparations. Under the Likely management the Cracksideum was something like a theatre: none of your low melodramas or funny farces, but choice little vaudevilles, torn up like mandrakes with shrieking roots from the Boulevards, and transplanted all a-blowing to the Strand; comediettas of the utmost gentility, and burlesques teeming with wit and fancy, and giving opportunities for the display of the series of magnificent legs belonging to a picked corps de ballet, and to such brilliancy of scenery as only the great genius of the accomplished Scumble could invent and execute. Filling the house with the great names in which the fashionable world rejoices, princes of the blood, blue ribands, and gold cordons, heavies of the household troops, wicked wits, old gentlemen living with and on young gentlemen, a few lovely ladies with very brilliant eyes and pearly complexions, but the audience principally of the male sex, and generally to be described as loose. Behind the curtain, and filling the elegantly appointed green-room, the literary staff of the theatre; Horsely Codaridge, the young burlesque writer, ragged, hoarse, dirty, and defiant; Smirke, the veteran dramatist, serene, calm, and polished from the top of his bald head to the sole of his evening boots; Lovibond and Spatter, critics who dined on an average three times a week with Likely, and spent the remainder of the evening receiving theatrical homage; little Dr. Larynx, medico in ordinary to the profession; and a sprinkling of the aristocracy, who had panted for his distinction ever since they left Eton, but who, having achieved it, found themselves not quite so happy as they had anticipated. Grand days, glorious days, but not calculated to last; the entertainment was soon found to be of too light and airy a description for the old audiences of the Cracksideum, and the new audiences ran into debt at the librarian's for their stalls and boxes, and very little ready money found its way into the pockets of the management. Nevertheless, Mrs. Frank Likely still kept up her gorgeous bouquets, still put on two new pairs of lavender gloves per diem, and still kept up her Sunday evening parties at that cottage on Wimbledon Common, which was the envy of the civilised world; likewise, Mr. Frank Likely still betted highly, smoked the best Havannahs, dressed in the best taste, and drove in his curricle the highest-stepping pair of greys in London. But Black Care soon took up her position in the back seat of the curricle; behind the high-stepping greys, gentlemen of Hebraic countenance were frequent in their inquiries for Mr. Likely; little Mr. Leopop, of Thavies Inn, had a perpetual retainer for the defence; the manager darted from his brougham to the stage door through a double line of stalwart carpenters, who sedulously elbowed and kept back any evil-looking personages; and finally Mr. Likely, after playing a highly eccentric comic character, with a bailiff waiting at each wing, and one posted underneath the stage to guard against any escape by means of trap-door, was carried from his dressing-room to a cart in the hollow of the big drum, and the advertisement just quoted appeared in the favourite journal, announcing the Cracksideum as again To Let.

"Wanted, for an entertainment, a professional gentleman, of versatile powers, age not over thirty. Characters to be sustained: a Young and an Elderly Gentleman, a Modern Fop, a Frenchman, and a Drunken Character in Low Life." Can I not check off on my fingers twenty gentlemen who could undertake this responsibility? Young Gentleman: blue coat, wrinkled white trousers, stuffed and grimy at the knees, Gibus hat, and brown Berlin gloves; carries an ebony cane with a silver top, and smacks therewith his leg approvingly; talks of his club and his tiger; of Julia and his adoration for her, sings a ballad to her beauty, and regards her father as an "Old Hunks." Elderly Gentleman—"Old Hunks," aforesaid: hat with a curled brim, iron-grey wig, with the line where it joins the forehead painfully apparent, large shirt frill, Marsala waistcoat, blue coat with brass buttons, nankeen pantaloons fitting tight to the ankle, ribbed stockings with buckle, thick stick with crutch handle; very rich, very gouty, loves his stomach, hates young gentleman, speaks of everybody as a "jackanapes," is unpleasantly amorous towards lady's maid, whom he pokes in ribs with stick, and carries all his wealth (which is invariably in notes, to "double the amount" of any named sum) in a fat pocket-book, which he bestows as a reward to virtue at the finale. Modern Fop: brown coat with basket buttons, enormous peg-top trousers, whiskers

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and moustache, eye-glass—which is his stronghold in life—says nothing but "ah!" and "paw-sitive-ly damme!" except words abounding in the letter "r," which he pronounces as "w." Of the Drunken Character in Low Life it is unnecessary to speak: a depressed eyelid, a hiccuping voice and staggering legs, and there is the "drunken character" complete. The professional gentleman of versatile powers, who places himself in communication with the proprietor of the entertainment, will probably find himself expected to purchase the manuscript, dresses, and properties appertaining thereto, and to start entirely on his own account. He is not unlikely to agree to this. He has been for some time out of employment, and when last engaged at Stow-in-the-Wold, he had to play Horatio, when every one knows that Laertes is his right line of business. He thinks it a good opportunity, too, to let the managers see what stuff he has got in him. And then he has a wife—a pale-faced consumptive woman—who can play the piano and accompany his songs; and so, finally, he invests the remnant of his savings, or borrows money from his wife's family, who are in the serious book-binding interest, and who look upon him with horror, not unmixed with fear, and commences his tour. Oh! on what dreary journeys does the "Portfolio," or the "Odds and Ends," or whatever the poor little show is called, then go! To what museums and literary institutes, where the green damp is peeling off the stucco, where the green baize-covering is fraying off the seats in the "lecture-hall," where there are traces of the chemical professor who held forth on Acids and Alkalis last week, in pungent smelling phials and the top of a spirit lamp; and where the pencil memorandum on the whitewashed wall of the ante-chamber, "coffee, baby, spurs, watch, umbrella, rabbits," with a mark against each item, is evidently attributable to the conjuror who gave such satisfaction the week before last, and was so particular as to his properties! In dull gaunt "assembly-rooms" of country old-fashioned inns, where the unaccustomed gas winks and whistles in the heavy chandelier, and where the proscenium is formed by an old-fashioned leather screen, which has been dragged from the coffee-room, where for countless years it has veiled the cruet-mixings of the waiter from vulgar eyes; where the clergyman who sits in the front row feels uncomfortable about the "modern fop," as tacitly reflecting upon the eldest son of the lord of the manor; and where the landlord and the tapster who keep the door a few inches ajar, and are perpetually running to look, when there is no one in the bar, declare the "drunken character in low life" to be out-and-out and no mistake. Poor little show, whose yellow announce-bills are handed in with such cringing courtesy at the shops of the principal tradesmen, and are seen fluttering in damp strips, weeks afterwards, on all available posts and palings. Poor little show!

The Music Halls are only of recent introduction among the amusements of London, but their advertisements occupy at least one-half of the front page of the journal. Here they are: the Belshazzar Saloon and Music Hall, Hollins's Magnificent New Music Hall, the Lord Somerset Music Hall, and half a score of others: to say nothing of the old-established house, Llewellyn's, where there are suppers for gentlemen after the theatres. Magnificent places are these halls, radiant and gay as those in which the lady dreamt she dwelt, miracles of gilding and plate-glass and fresco-painting, doing a roaring trade—which they deserve, for the entertainment given in them is generally good, and always free from offence. These are the homes of the renowned tenors, the funny Irishmen, the real Irish boys, the Tipperary lads (genuine), the delineators of Scotch character, the illustrators of Robert Burns, the Sisters Johnson, the world-celebrated duologue duetists, the sentimental vocalists, the talented soprani, the triumphant Rodger family (three in number), and the serio-comic wonder, who is at liberty to engage for one turn. It is curious to observe how completely monopoly has been overset at these places; no sooner does a gentleman achieve success at one place than he is instantly engaged at all the others, rushing from one to the other as fast as his brougham can take him, singing the same song in different parts of the metropolis seven or eight times during the evening, and making a flourishing income.

Change of manners has done away with the theatrical tavern which flourished twenty years ago, with its portraits of theatrical notabilities round its walls, and its theatrical notabilities themselves sitting in its boxes; where leading tragedians and comedians of intense comic power would sit together discussing past and present theatrical times, while theatrical patrons of the humbler order looked on in silent delight, and theatrical critics were penning their lucubrations in neighbouring boxes. Famous wits and men of learning clustered round the dark-stained tables of the Rougepot in Playhouse-court, and half the anecdotes and good sayings which have saved many an otherwise dull book, and made many a dull man's reputation, first saw gaslight beneath its winking cressets. But we have changed all that. The famous wits are dead, and the men of the new generation know not the Rougepot; the theatrical critics go away to their newspaper-office to write, the actors' broughams are in waiting after the performance to bear away their owners to suburban villas, and the old tavern is shut up. Still, however, exists the theatrical coffee-house, with its fly-blown playbills hanging over the wire blind; its greasy coffee-stained lithograph of Signor Polasco, the celebrated clown, with his performing dogs; and its blue-stencilled announcement of Mr. Trapman's Dramatic Agency Office, up-stairs. Still do Mr. Trapman's clients hang about his doors; old men in seedy camlet cloaks, with red noses and bleared eyes; dark, sunken-eyed young men, with cheeks so blue from constant close shaving that they look as though they were stained with woad; down

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Mr. Trapman's stairs on autumn evenings, troop portly matrons who have passed almost their entire life upon the stage, and who at five years of age made their 'first appearance as flying fairies; sharp, wizen-faced, little old ladies, who can still "make up young," and are on the lookout for singing-chambermaids' situations; heavy tragedians with books full of testimonials extracted from the pungent criticism of provincial journals; low-comedy men, whose own laughter, to judge from their appearance, must, for some period, have been of that description known as "on the wrong side of the mouth." There you may see them all day long, lounging in Rouge-street, leaning against posts, amicably fencing with their ashen sticks, gazing at the playbills of the metropolitan theatres, and wondering when their names will appear there.

One more advertisement and I have finished. "To Barristers, Clergymen, and Public Speakers.—Mr. Cicero Lumph, Professor of Elocution, Principal Orator at the various universities, and for upwards of thirty years connected with the principal London theatres, begs to represent that he is prepared to give instruction in public speaking by a method at once easy and efficacious, and that he can point with pride to some of the first orators of the day as his pupils. N.B. Stammering effectually cured." Many years ago, Cicero Lumph was a dashing captain of dragoons with a handsome face, a fine figure, and splendid expectations from an old aunt who adored him. His craze was theatrical society, and he was at home in every green-room, called all actors and actresses by their Christian names, and spent his money liberally upon them. The old aunt did not object to this, she rather liked it, and used to revel in her nephew's stories of those "humorous people, the performers." But when the captain so far forgot what was due to himself and his station as to enter into an alliance with one of these humorists (he married Bessie Fowke, a meek little coryphée of the Hatton-garden ballet), the old lady's rage was terrific; and she only had time to alter her will and to leave all her property to a Charitable Society, before her rage brought on a fit of apoplexy and she expired. Poor Lumph, finding all supplies thus summarily cut off, was compelled to resign his commission, and of course took to the stage, but the stage did not take to him, and he failed; then he became secretary to Mr. Tatterer, the great tragedian, wrote all his letters, made all his engagements, and (some said) prepared all the newspaper criticisms which appeared on that eminent man. When Tatterer came up to London and took the Pantechnicon Theatre, where the early Athenian drama was revived at such an enormous expense, and with so much success, Lumph became his treasurer and continued his toady, and then Tatterer died in the heyday of his triumph. Lumph found that he had netted a considerable sum of money, and that he could pass the remainder of his life without any very hard exertion; so he became an instructor in elocution. He is an old man now, with a small wig perched on the top of his head, bushy eyebrows overhanging little grey eyes, and a large cavernous mouth, with three or four teeth sticking upright and apart in the gums, like rocks. His body is bloated and his legs are shrivelled, but he has still the grand old Tatterer stride, the Tatterer intonation of the voice, the Tatterer elevation of the brow, the Tatterer swing of the arm, all imitated from his great master. He lives in a handsome old-fashioned house in Hotspur-street, Douglas-square, and his knocker all day long is besieged with candidates for instruction. Thither come blushing young curates who have stammered along well enough in the country parishes to which they were originally licensed; but who having obtained preferment, think they must be polished up for the London or watering-place congregation which they are to have in care; thither come stout members of Parliament, big with intentions of catching the Speaker's eye, but doubtful of their powers of execution when they have ensnared that visual organ; thither come amateur Othellos, Falstaffs, and Sir Peter Teazles, who are about to delight their friends with private theatricals: and the door is often blockaded by stout vestrymen or obnoxious churchwardens anxious to show bravely in a forthcoming tourney in some parochial parliament. There, in a large drawing-room, do they mount an oaken rostrum and thunder forth the orations of Sheridan, and Burke, and Curran; there, does the sofa-bolster become the dead body of Cæsar, and over it do they inform Lumph, who is sitting by and critically listening, that they are no orator as Brutus is.

I could go on for pages upon pages about my favourite journal and those whose interests it supports, but no more shall be said than this—Deal gently with these poor players. That they are the "chronicles and abstract of the time" now, whatever they were in Shakespeare's day, I cannot pretend; for perhaps among no other set of human creatures will so pure and thorough a system of conventionality, handed down from generation to generation, be found to exist; but they are almost universally honest, kindly, hard-working, self-supporting, and uncomplaining. And in no other class will you find more zeal, gentle-heartedness, and genuine philanthropy, than among those whose life is passed in Holding up the Mirror.

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"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER X.

"YOUNG lady in deep mourning, sir—crape shawl and bonnet, sir," said the official, in answer to my question, aided by a shilling fee; "the same as asked where was the station for the Dover line."

"Yes, yes; that must be she."

"Got into a cab, sir, and drove off straight for the Sou'-Eastern."

"She was quite alone?"

"Quite, sir; but she seems used to travelling—got her traps together in no time, and was off in a jiffy."

"Stupid dog!" thought I; "with every advantage position and accident can confer, how little this fellow reads of character. In this poor forlorn, heart-weary orphan, he only sees something like a commercial traveller!"

"Any luggage, sir? Is this yours?" said he, pointing to a woolsack.

"No," said I, haughtily; "my servants have gone forward with my luggage. I have nothing but a knapsack." And with an air of dignity I flung it into a Hansom, and ordered the driver to set me down at the South-Eastern. Although using every exertion, the train had just started when I arrived, and a second time was I obliged to wait some hours at a station. Resolving to free myself from all the captivations of that tendency to day-dreaming—that fatal habit of suffering my fancy to direct my steps, as though in pursuit of some settled purpose—I calmly asked myself whither I was going—and for what? Before I had begun the examination, I deemed myself a most candid, truth-observing, frank witness, and now I discovered that I was casuistical and "dodgy" as an Old Bailey lawyer. I was haughty and indignant at being so catechised. My conscience, on the shallow pretext of being greatly interested about me, was simply prying and inquisitive. Conscience is all very well when one desires to appeal to it, and refer some distinct motive or action to its appreciation; but it is scarcely fair, and certainly not dignified, for conscience to go about seeking for little accusations of this kind or that. What liberty of action is there, besides, to a man who carries a "detective" with him wherever he goes? And lastly, conscience has the intolerable habit of obtruding its opinion upon details, and will not wait to judge by results. Now, when I have won the race, come in first, amid the enthusiastic cheers of thousands, I don't care to be asked, however privately, whether I did not practise some little bit of rather unfair jockeyship. I never could rightly get over my dislike to the friend who would take this liberty with me; and this is exactly the part conscience plays, and with an insufferable air of superiority too, as though to say, "None of your shuffling with *me*, Potts! That will do all mighty well with the outer world, but *I* am not to be humbugged. You never devised a scheme in your life that I was not by at the cookery and saw how you mixed the ingredients and stirred the pot! No, no, old fellow, all your little secret rogueries will avail you nothing here!"

Had these words been actually addressed to me by a living individual, I could not have heard them more plainly than now they fell upon my ear, uttered, besides, in a tone of cutting, sarcastic derision. "I will stand this no longer!" cried I, springing up from my seat and flinging my cigar angrily away. "I'm certain no man ever accomplished any high and great destiny in life who suffered himself to be bullied in this wise; such irritating, pestering impertinence would destroy the temper of a saint, and break down the courage and damp the ardour of the boldest. Could great measures of statecraft be carried out—could battles be won—could new continents be discovered, if at every strait and every emergency one was to be interrupted by a low voice, whispering, 'Is this *all* right? Are there no flaws here? You live in a world of frailties, Potts. You are playing at a round game, where every one cheats a little, and where the rogueries are never remembered against him who wins. Bear that in your mind, and keep your cards "up."'"

When I was about to take my ticket, a dictum of the great moralist struck my mind: "Desultory reading has slain its thousands and tens of thousands;" and if desultory reading, why not infinitely more so desultory acquaintance. Surely, our readings do not impress us as powerfully as the actual intercourse of life. It must be so. It is in this daily conflict with our fellow-men that we are moulded and fashioned, and the danger is, to commingle and confuse the impressions made upon our hearts—to cross the writing on our natures so often

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that nothing remains legible! "I will guard against this peril," thought I. "I will concentrate my intentions and travel alone." I slipped a crown into a guard's hand and whispered, "Put no one in here if you can help it."

As I jogged along, all by myself, I could not help feeling that one of the highest privileges of wealth must be, to be able always to buy solitude—to be in a position to say, "None shall invade me. The world must contrive to go round without a kick from *me*. I am a self-contained and self-suffering creature." If I were Rothschild I'd revel in this sentiment; it places one so immeasurably above that busy ant-hill where one sees the creatures hurrying, hastening, and fagging "till their hearts are broken." One feels himself a superior intelligence—a being above the wants and cares of the work-a-day world around him.

"Any room here?" cried a merry voice, breaking in upon my musings, and at the same instant a young fellow, in a grey travelling suit and a wide-awake, flung a dressing-bag and a wrapper carelessly into the carriage, and so recklessly as to come tumbling over me. He never thought of apology, however, but continued his remarks to the guard, who was evidently endeavouring to induce him to take a place elsewhere. "No, no!" cried the young man; "I'm all right here, and the cove with the yellow hair won't object to my smoking."

I heard these words as I sat in the corner, and I need scarcely say how grossly the impertinence offended me. That the privacy I had paid for should be invaded was bad enough, but that my companion should begin acquaintance with an insult was worse again, and so I determined on no account, nor upon any pretext, would I hold intercourse with him, but maintain a perfect silence and reserve so long as our journey lasted.

There was an insufferable jauntiness and self-satisfaction in every movement of the new arrival, even to the reckless way he pitched into the carriage three small white canvas bags, carefully sealed and docketed; the address—which I read—being, "To H.M.'s Minister and Envoy at ——, by the Hon. Grey Buller, Attaché, &c." So, then, this was one of the Young Guard of Diplomacy, one of those sucking Talleyrands, which form the hope of the Foreign-Office and the terror of middle-class English abroad.

"Do you mind my smoking?" asked he, abruptly, as he scraped his lucifer match against the roof of the carriage, showing by the promptitude of his action how little he cared for my reply.

"I never smoke, sir, except in the carriages reserved for smokers," was my rebukeful answer.

"And I always do," said he, in a very easy tone.

Not condescending to notice this rude rejoinder, I drew forth my newspaper, and tried to occupy myself with its contents.

"Anything new?" asked he, abruptly.

"Not that I am aware, sir. I was about to consult the paper."

"What paper is it?"

"It is the Banner, sir, at your service," said I, with a sort of sarcasm.

"Rascally print—a vile, low, radical, mill-owning organ. Pitch it away!"

"Certainly not, sir. Being for *me* and *my* edification, I will beg to exercise my own judgment as to how I deal with it."

"It's deuced low, that's what it is, and that's exactly the fault of all our daily papers. Their tone is vulgar; they reflect nothing of the opinions one hears in society. Don't you agree with me?"

I gave a sort of muttering dissent, and he broke in quickly,

"Perhaps not; it's just as likely *you* would not think them low, but take *my* word for it, *I'm* right."

I shook my head negatively, without speaking.

"Well, now," cried he, "let us put the thing to the test. Read out one of those leaders. I don't care which, or on what subject. Read it out, and I pledge myself to show you at least one vulgarism, one flagrant outrage on good breeding, in every third sentence."

"I protest, sir," said I, haughtily, "I shall do no such thing. I have come here neither to read aloud nor take up the defence of the public press."

"I say, look out!" cried he; "you'll smash something in that bag you're kicking there. If I don't mistake, it's Bohemian glass. No, no; all right," said he, examining the number, "it's only Yarmouth bloaters."

"I imagined these contained despatches, sir," said I, with a look of what he ought to have understood as withering scorn.

"You did, did you?" cried he, with a quick laugh. "Well, I'll bet you a sovereign I make a better guess about *your* pack than you've done about *mine*."

"Done, sir; I take you," said I, quickly.

"Well; you're in cutlery, or hardware, or lace goods, or ribbons, or alpaca cloth, or drugs, ain't you?"

"I am not, sir," was my stern reply.

"Not a bagman?"

"Not a bagman, sir."

"Well, you're an usher in a commercial academy, or 'our own correspondent,' or a telegraph clerk?"

"I'm none of these, sir. And I now beg to remind you, that instead of one guess, you have made about a dozen."

"Well, you've won, there's no denying it," said he, taking a sovereign from his waistcoat pocket and handing it to me. "It's deuced odd how I should be mistaken. I'd have sworn you were a bagman!" But for the impertinence of these last words I should have declined to accept his lost bet, but I took it now as a sort of vindication of my wounded feelings. "Now it's all over and ended," said he, calmly, "what are you? I don't ask out of any impertinent curiosity, but that I hate being foiled in a thing of this kind. What are you?"

"I'll tell you what I am, sir," said I, indig-

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nantly, for now I was outraged beyond endurance—"I'll tell you, sir, what I am, and what I feel myself—one singularly unlucky in a travelling companion."

"Bet you a five-pound note you're not," broke he in. "Give you six to five on it, in anything you like."

"It would be a wager almost impossible to decide, sir."

"Nothing of the kind. Let us leave it to the first pretty woman we see at the station, the guard of the train, the fellow in the pay-office, the stoker, if you like."

"I must own, sir, that you express a very confident opinion of your case."

"Will you bet?"

"No, sir, certainly not."

"Well, then, shut up, and say no more about it. If a man won't back his opinion, the less he says the better."

I lay back in my place at this, determined that no provocation should induce me to exchange another word with him. Apparently, he had not made a like resolve, for he went on: "It's all bosh about appearances being deceptive, and so forth. They say 'not all gold that glitters;' my notion is, that with a fellow who really knows life, no disguise that was ever invented will be successful: the way a man wears his hair"—here he looked at mine—"the sort of gloves he has, if there be anything peculiar in his waistcoat, and, above all, his boots. I don't believe the devil was ever more revealed in his hoof than a snob by his shoes." A most condemnatory glance at my extremities accompanied this speech.

"Must I endure this sort of persecution all the way to Dover?" was the question I asked of my misery.

"Look out, you're on fire!" said he, with a dry laugh. And, sure enough, a spark from his cigarette had fallen on my trousers, and burned a round hole in them.

"Really, sir," cried I, in passionate warmth, "your conduct becomes intolerable."

"Well, if I knew you preferred being singed, I'd have said nothing about it. What's this station here? Where's your Bradshaw?"

"I have got no Bradshaw, sir," said I, with dignity.

"No Bradshaw! A bagman without Bradshaw! Oh, I forgot, you ain't a bagman. Why are we stopping here? something smashed, I suspect. Eh! what! isn't that she? Yes, it is! Open the door!—let me out, I say! Confound the lock!—let me out!" While he uttered these words, in an accent of the wildest impatience, I had but time to see a lady, in deep mourning, pass on to a carriage in front, just as, with a preliminary snort, the train shook, then backed, and at last set out on its thundering course again. "Such a stunning fine girl!" said he, as he lighted a fresh cigar; "saw her just as we started, and thought I'd run her to earth in this carriage. Precious mistake I made, eh, wasn't it? All in black—deep black—and quite alone!"

I had to turn towards the window, not to let him perceive how his words agitated me, for I felt certain it was Miss Herbert he was describing, and I felt a sort of revulsion to think of the poor girl being subjected to the impertinence of this intolerable puppy.

"Too much style about her for a governess; and yet, somehow, she wasn't, so to say—you know what I mean—she wasn't altogether *that*; looked frightened, and people of real class never look frightened."

The daughter of a clergyman, probably," said I, with a tone of such reproof as I hoped must check all levity.

"Or a flash maid! some of them, now-a-days, are wonderful swells; they've got an art of dressing and making-up that is really surprising."

"I have no experience of the order, sir," said I, gravely.

"Well, so I should say. *Your* beat is in the haberdashery or hosiery line, eh?"

"Has it not yet occurred to you, sir," asked I, sternly, "that an acquaintanceship brief as ours should exclude personalities, not to say—not to say——" I wanted to add "impertinences," but his grey eyes were turned full on me with an expression so peculiar, that I faltered, and could not get the word out.

"Well, go on—out with it: not to say what?" said he, calmly.

I turned my shoulder towards him, and nestled down into my place.

"There's a thing, now," said he, in a tone of the coolest reflection—"there's a thing, now, that I never could understand, and I have never met the man to explain it. Our nation, as a nation, is just as plucky as the French—no one disputes it; and yet, take a Frenchman of *your* class—the commis-voyageur, or anything that way—and you'll just find him as prompt on the point of honour as the best noble in the land. He never utters an insolent speech without being ready to back it."

I felt as if I were choking, but I never uttered a word.

"I remember meeting one of those fellows—traveller for some house in the wine trade—at Avignon. It was at table d'hôte, and I said something slighting about Communism, and he replied, 'Monsieur, je suis Fouriériste, and you insult me.' Thereupon he sent me his card by the waiter—'Paul Deloge, for the house of Gougon, père et fils.' I tore it, and threw it away, saying, 'I never drink Bordeaux wines.' 'What do you say to a glass of Hermitage, then?' said he, and flung the contents of his own in my face. Wasn't that very ready? *I* call it as neat a thing as could be."

"And you bore that outrage," said I, in triumphant delight; "you submitted to a flagrant insult like that at a public table?"

"I don't know what you call 'bearing it,' said he; "the thing was done, and I had only to wipe my face with my napkin."

"Nothing more?" said I, sneeringly.

"We went out, afterwards, if you mean *that*,"

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said he, quietly, "and he ran me through here." As he spoke, he proceeded, in leisurely fashion, to unbutton the wrist of his shirt, and baring his arm midway, showed me a pinkish cicatrice of considerable extent. "It went, the doctor said, within a hair's breadth of the artery."

I made no comment upon this story. From the moment I heard it I felt as though I was travelling with the late Mr. Palmer, of Rugeley. I was, as it were, in the company of one who never would have scrupled to dispose of me, at any moment and in any way that his fancy suggested. My code respecting the Duel was to regard it as the last, the very last, appeal in the direst emergency of dishonour. The men who regarded it as the settlement of slight differences, I deemed assassins. They were no more safe associates for peaceful citizens than a wolf was a meet companion for a flock of South Downs. The more I ruminated on this theme, the more indignant grew my resentment, and the question assumed the shape of asking, "Is the great mass of mankind to be hectored and bullied by some half-dozen scoundrels with skill at the small sword?" Little knew I that in the ardour of my indignation I had uttered these words aloud—spoken them with an earnest vehemence, looking my fellow-traveller full in the face, and frowning.

"Scoundrel is strong, eh?" said he, slowly; "*very* strong!"

"Who spoke of a scoundrel?" asked I, in terror, for his confounded calm, cold manner made my very blood run chilled.

"Scoundrel is exactly the sort of word," added he, deliberately, "that once uttered can only be expiated in one way. You do not give me the impression of a very bright individual, but certainly you can understand so much."

I bowed a dignified assent; my heart was in my mouth as I did it, and I could not, to save my life, have uttered a word. My predicament was highly perilous; and all incurred by what?—that passion for adventure that had led me forth out of a position of easy obscurity into a world of strife, conflict, and difficulty. Why had I not stayed at home? What foolish infatuation had ever suggested me the Quixotism of these wanderings? Blondel had done it all. Were it not for Blondel I had never met Father Dyke, talked myself into a stupid wager, lost what was not my own; in fact, every disaster sprang out of the one before it, just as twig adheres to branch and branch to trunk. Shall I make a clean breast of it, and tell my companion my whole story? Shall I explain to him that at heart I am a creature of the kindliest impulses and most generous sympathies, that I overflow with good intentions toward my fellows, and that the problem I am engaged to solve is, how shall I dispense most happiness? Will he comprehend me? Has he a nature to appreciate an organisation so fine and subtle as mine? Will he understand that the fairy who endows us with our gifts at birth is reckoned to be munificent when she withholds only one high quality, and with me that one was courage? I mean the coarse, vulgar, combative sort of courage that makes men prize-fighters and bargees, for as to the grander species of courage, I imagine it to be my distinguishing feature.

The question is, will he give me a patient hearing, for my theory requires nice handling, and some delicacy in the developing. He may cut me short in his bluff, abrupt way, and say, "Out with it, old fellow, you want to sneak out of this quarrel." What am I to reply? I shall rejoin: "Sir, let us first inquire if it be a quarrel. From the time of Atrides down to the Crimean war there has not been one instance of a conflict that did not originate in misconceptions, and has not been prolonged by delusions! Let us take the Peloponnesian war." A short grunt beside me here cut short my argumentation. He was fast, sound asleep, and snoring loudly. My thoughts at once suggested escape. Could I but get away I fancied I could find space in the world, never again to see myself his neighbour.

The train was whirling along between deep chalk cuttings, and at a furious pace; to leap out was certain death. But was not the same fate reserved for me if I remained? At last I heard the crank-crank of the break! We were nearing a station; the earth walls at either side receded; the view opened; a spire of a church, trees, houses appeared; and our speed diminishing, we came bumping, throbbing, and snorting into a little trim garden-like spot, that at the moment seemed to me a paradise.

I beckoned to the guard to let me out—to do it noiselessly I slipped a shilling into his hand. I grasped my knapsack and my wrapper, and stole furtively away. Oh, the happiness of that moment as the door closed without awakening him!

"Anywhere—any carriage—what class you please," muttered I. "There, yonder," broke I in, hastily—"where that lady in mourning has just got in."

"All full there, sir," replied the man; "step in here." And away we went.

My compartment contained but one passenger; he wore a gold band round his oil-skin cap, and seemed the captain of a mail steamer, or Admiralty agent; he merely glanced at me as I came in, and went on reading his newspaper.

"Going north, I suppose?" said he, bluntly, after a pause of some time. "Going to Germany?"

"No," said I, rather astonished at his giving me this destination. "I'm for Brussels."

"We shall have a rough night of it, outside; glass is falling suddenly, and the wind has chopped round to the south'ard and east'ard!"

"I'm sorry for it," said I. "I'm but an indifferent sailor."

"Well, I'll tell you what to do: just turn into my cabin, you'll have it all to yourself; lie down flat on your back the moment you get aboard; tell the steward to give you a strong glass of brandy-and-water—the captain's brandy say, for it is rare old stuff, and a perfect cordial,

and my name ain't Sladders if you don't sleep all the way across."

I really had no words for such unexpected generosity; how was I to believe my ears at such a kind proposal of a perfect stranger. Was it anything in my appearance that could have marked me out as an object for these attentions? "I don't know how to thank you enough," said I, in confusion; "and when I think that we meet now for the first time——"

"What does that signify," said he, in the same short way. "I've met pretty nigh all of you by this time. I've been a matter of eleven years on this station!"

"Met pretty nigh all of us!" What does that mean? Who and what are we? He can't mean the Pottses, for I'm the first who ever travelled even thus far! But I was not given leisure to follow up the inquiry, for he went on to say, how in all that time of eleven years he had never seen threatenings of a worse night than that before us.

"Then why venture out?" asked I, timidly.

"They must have the bags over there, that's the reason," said he, curtly; "besides, who's to say when he won't meet dirty weather at sea—one takes rough and smooth in this life, eh?"

The observation was not remarkable for originality, but I liked it. I like the reflective turn, no matter how beaten the path it may select for its exercise.

"It's a short trip—some five or six hours at most," said he; "but it's wonderful what ugly weather one sees in it. It's always so in these narrow seas."

"Yes," said I, concurringly, "these petty channels, like the small events of our life, are often the sources of our greatest perils."

He gave a little short grunt: it might have been assent, and it might possibly have been a rough protest against further moralising; at all events, he resumed his paper and read away without speaking. I had time to examine him well, now, at my leisure, and there was nothing in his face that could give me any clue to the generous nature of his offer to me. No, he was a hard-featured, weather-beaten, rather stern sort of man, verging on fifty-seven or eight. He looked neither impulsive nor confiding, and there was in the shape of his mouth and the curve of the lines around it that peremptory and almost cruel decision that marks the sea captain. "Well," thought I, "I must seek the explanation of the riddle elsewhere. The secret sympathy that moved him must have its root in *me*; and, after all, history has never told that the dolphins who were charmed by Orpheus were peculiar dolphins, with any special fondness for music, or an ear for melody; they were ordinary creatures of the deep—fish, so to say, taken "ex-medio acervo" of delphinity. The marvel of their captivation lay in the spell of the enchanter. It was the thrilling touch of *his* fingers, the tasteful elegance of *his* style, the voluptuous enthralment of the sounds *he* awakened, that worked the miracle. This man of the sea has, therefore, been struck by something in my air, bearing, or address; one of those mysterious sympathies which are the hidden motives that guide half our lives has drawn him to me, and he has said to himself, 'I like that man. I have met more pretentious people, I have seen persons who desire to dominate and impose more than he, but there is that about him that, somehow, appeals to the instincts of my nature, and I can say I feel myself his friend already.'"

As I worked at my little theory, with all the ingenuity I knew how to employ on such occasions, I perceived that he had put up his newspaper, and was gathering together, in old traveller fashion, the odds and ends of his baggage.

"Here we are," said he, as we glided into the station, "and in capital time, too. Don't trouble yourself about your traps. My steward will be here presently, and take all your things down to the packet along with my own. Our steam is up, so lose no time in getting aboard."

I had never less inclination to play the loiterer. The odious attaché was still in my neighbourhood, and until I had got clear out of his reach I felt anything but security. *He*, I remembered, was for Calais, so that, by taking the Ostend boat, I was at once separating myself from his detestable companionship. I not only, therefore, accepted the captain's offer to leave all my effects to the charge of his steward, but no sooner had the train stopped, than I sprang out, hastened through the thronged station, and made at all my speed for the harbour.

Is it to increase the impediments to quitting one's country, and, by interposing difficulties, to give the exile additional occasion to think twice about expatriating himself, that the way from the railroad to the dock at Dover is made so circuitous and almost impossible to discover? Are these obstacles invented in the spirit of those official details which make banns on the church-door, and a delay of three weeks, precede a marriage? as though to say, Halt, impetuous youth, and bethink you whither you are going! Are these amongst the wise precautions of a truly paternal rule? If so, they must occasionally even transcend the original intention, for when I reached the pier the packet had already begun to move, and it was only by a vigorous leap that I gained the paddle-box and thus scrambled on board.

"Like every one of you," growled out my weather-beaten friend; "always within an ace of being left behind."

"Every one of us!" muttered I. "What can he have known of the Potts family, that he dares to describe us thus characteristically? And who ever presumed to call us loiterers or sluggards?"

"Step down below, as I told you," whispered he. "It's a dirty night, and we shall have bucketing weather outside." And with this friendly hint I at once complied, and stole down the ladder. "Show that gentleman into my state-room, steward," called he out from above. "Mix him something warm, and look after him."

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"Ay, ay, sir," was the brisk reply, as the bustling man of brandy and basins threw open a small door, and ushered me into a little den, with a mingled odour of tar, Stilton, and wet mackintoshes. "All to yourself here, sir," said he, and vanished.

AFTER AN OSTRICH.

In lion-hunts and in tiger-hunts, and in boar-hunts, there are joys and risks of which all men have heard; but of the ostrich hunt the world that is not used to running after ostriches, has heard very little. Little more, indeed, than some broken-down story about negroes who, being dressed in the skins of the birds, are mistaken by the flock for actual ostriches, and are suffered to come near enough to shoot any bird they may pick out with their arrows. There is also a pretty fable (which is only a fable), that the ostrich when pursued will hide his head in the sand, and believe himself invisible. I know the ostrich has a stupid face, but he is, for all that, a sharp fellow, who knows his own interest as well as the rest of us. He is wary and long-sighted, one of the last creatures to put his own head in a hole. I have hunted him in his own deserts and can testify.

Every year as summer sets in, horsemen arrive at the oasis of Derej from the mountains in the north, distant about six days' journey. They come after the ostrich, and stay only during the summer; as it is only when the heat is greatest that a horseman can have any chance of overtaking the swift-footed bird. In cold weather he will outstrip every pursuer.

An Arab friend of mine, with the short name of Sidi Mohammed ben Omar ben es-Sheikh Abderrahman Burjoob el-Rujbani, who was bound for the hunting-ground, persuaded me to go with him and try my skill at running down an ostrich. My friend Sidi Etcetera has a grand air, and lost no dignity although his trip to Derej was made for the sake of gain. I, who went only for sport, was looked upon with much respectful wonder by my fellow-sportsmen.

We managed to reach Derej a day or two before the hunt, that we might rest and prepare for our fatigues to come. The hunt began on a sultry morning in the middle of July. The hot Gibli wind or simoom had been blowing for several days, and the thermometer had only fallen to ninety-eight degrees, or blood-heat, just before sunrise. We were to have one of the hottest days of a Saharan summer. So much the better. The warm-coated ostriches shall find it hot, and so shall we. The dangers of this chase do not arise from the fierceness of the animal pursued, but from the fierceness of the sun that may strike down the huntsman. An Englishman is much more likely to come off unscathed from an encounter with a lion, than to return from an ostrich-hunt without getting sunstroke or brain fever.

Our party consisted of ten horsemen, and a few scouts who had been sent out at daybreak to explore the sand for footprints of ostriches, and track them to their feeding-ground. We were fairly mounted upon animals not so fat as to conceal the beautiful lines of their ribs. The bones of their haunches seemed ready to start out through the skin. These features, however, are common enough in Arab thoroughbreds. We ourselves were as light weights as we could be, having dispensed with four out of five thick pieces of felt which invariably form an Arab's saddle-cloth, and thrown off every superfluous article of clothing; only taking care to have our heads well wrapped up as precaution against danger from the sun.

We started about two hours after sunrise, and followed leisurely on the trace of our scouts. After proceeding thus for about six miles, we came upon a scout who said that five fine birds were a little way off, grazing in a wady. Knowing that they would not stray far, we dismounted to give ease for a few minutes to our horses and ourselves, and to allow our time to run still further into the "kaila," or mid-day heat. A sultry feverish wind blew from the south, and the sun's glow was returned from the white sand under our feet with almost unlessened strength. What a drying-ground was here for washerwomen! Wet clothes, dry in three minutes, might be taken in as fast as they were taken out.

The Arabs, who are made of very porous clay, absorbed long draughts of water, and hung little gourd bottles of water to their saddle-bows. We mounted again and set off. From the top of a little hill, if you could call by that name a height of about ten yards above the bottom of the wady, we saw the ostriches; I suspect they had some knowledge of us before we were visible. They had already started at full trot; and seemed to skim along without any exertion, flapping their small downy wings to help them onward, and, like horses in full career, kicking up stones behind them. We went after them at a canter: had we tried at once to catch them in a gallop, our horses would soon have been blown, and the birds would have got out of reach. Our plan was to follow them as closely as might be, without frightening them into their quickest pace, and to keep them in view.

The birds soon parted: two going together one way, and the others starting each in a different direction. We followed a single ostrich, a fine male; the feathers of the male being more valuable.

Noon passed, and the sun was rapidly declining. We had been following our ostrich for more than four hours; but not in a straight line, since these creatures have a whim for running in large circles. My hands and face began to feel as if they had been skinned and salted. The excitement and emulation amongst us made me, however, forget everything but the object of our chase. One by one the horses of the Arabs dropped behind, dead beat. Sidi Etcetera, two of the Arabs, and myself, being the best mounted, alone kept up the hunt. Our aim was to turn the ostrich, and so drive him back to our companions. The

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two Arabs pricked their steeds into a full gallop, one to the right and one to the left, and tried, by making a circuit, to get ahead of him. Sidi did not like the idea of being outdone by the other Arabs, so he made a dash at the game on his own account. His horse had a little spirit left, and a few long bounds brought him alongside. The bird saw that he was outrun and outwitted. With a little stick, such as we all carried for this especial purpose, Sidi tapped him on the neck, turned him, and drove him back to me like a tame creature. Our two companions now rejoined us, crying out, "Sahait! sahait! Allah yatick es-saha!" which means, "Well done! well done! God gives you strength!"—Arab equivalent for "Hurrah! hurrah! go it again, old boy!"

The ostrich was, of course, a Mussulman, and was convinced that it was in vain to strive against his fate. One by one we came up with our beaten companions; and we then surrounded our bird, caught him, and cut his throat, with the pious words, "Bism-Illah Akhbar" (in the name of the great God). It would have been simpler to tap him on the head and strangle him, for then there would have been no fear of damaging the feathers with the blood. But such a death is not in accordance with the Moslem creed concerning holy and unholy food; and of an animal so slaughtered, the flesh could not have been eaten.

Ladies, I trust, are satisfied with the amount of trouble taken to get for them their court plumes. But it is a pity that each feather which costs them a guinea scarcely brings a shilling to the Arab sportsman.

When we had skinned our bird and cut off the best joints, we rode leisurely back to Derej, which we reached a little after sunset, pretty well knocked up. Heartily glad was I, after a good supper of broiled leg of ostrich—which is a meat, not choice but welcome to the hungry—to lie on the soft sand and take a nap that lasted until sunrise the next morning.

I passed the following day with my fellow-sportsmen, and learned much about the habits of the ostrich, and the various ways of taking it. Running it down in the manner just related is considered the best way, though the most tedious, for it involves least chance of injuring the feathers. The commonest plan, however, is to lay snares of rope in places which the birds frequent. Another way is to dig a hole in the earth near a bush, or some slight cover, in a valley to which the ostriches come to graze. One of the hunters, armed with his long gun, hides in the hole, and his companions having strewed brushwood over him, efface their footmarks from the sand. The pitman remains, with only the muzzle of the gun visible outside his hiding-place, until an ostrich passes: when, if the bird be near enough, he is an easy prey.

Ostriches pair about the beginning of March, and the female begins laying her eggs towards the end of April. She generally puts a score or two dozen in her nest, which is but a shallow basin scraped out of the sand. She arranges the eggs in a triangle, with the point in front of her when she is sitting. Two or three of them, therefore, do not get sufficiently warmed by her body, and these unhatched eggs she breaks to provide food for the young birds during the first few days after they have left their shells. The young birds, hatched in six weeks, take three years to attain their full size; they appear to live much with their parents, and even make their nests near theirs. Thus, sometimes there will be found the nests of a whole family together, grandfather and grandmother in the middle, and the younger generations round about. Does the patriarch in the middle receive from the young ostriches upon the outskirts of such a colony the reverence to which he may suppose himself entitled? In the first year of her breeding, the female lays smaller eggs than afterwards; but the birds hatched from them grow to the usual size. Cock and hen sit on the eggs alternately; one sitting whilst the other goes for food; never, in the Sahara, do they leave their eggs to be hatched by the sun.

The male is very attentive when he begins his courtship, and follows the lady about wherever she goes. After marriage, however, his conduct undergoes a change. If, while sitting, he smells danger, he immediately leaves the eggs, fetches his wife, and makes her take his place. He then watches at a distance, and if after a long delay he satisfies himself that all is safe, he allows his mate to return to her meal, and resumes his place over the eggs. The Arabs, when they find a nest near any convenient bush or other shelter, make a pit as before described. The birds, on their approach, take flight. The men having worked as fast as possible, leave one of their number with his gun in the pit, and disappear. When the birds come again to reconnoitre the ground, if they think matters satisfactory, the hen is sent to sit, and she often remains sitting for twelve hours. The sportsman does not shoot her, as his aim is to bring down the male. He waits, therefore, till she is relieved in her duties by the bird he wants. The best shot among the Arabs is always chosen for pitman. When he kills the bird, he receives double share of the profits; when he misses the bird, he must pay a fine and lose his office. After the male is killed, the female will frequently come to look for him, and to visit the eggs, when she also may be taken. But were the female bird shot first, the male would never trouble himself any more about the eggs, but would go from the spot, probably for ever.

Ostriches are not particular in the selection of their food. They live generally on grass, seeds, and even insects; but they have, when domesticated, a great partiality for halfpence, steel pens, nails, keys, spoons, snuff-boxes, and so forth. Whether they can digest these titbits, I do not know, but I have heard many tales of ostriches being found with such things half-digested in their stomachs. Certainly they swallow them with great avidity, and must find it in some way to their advantage so to do. They are a sort of bird easily tamed, and,

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when once used to the society of men, are very sociable, wandering about the neighbourhood of their owner's house, and paying visits wherever they find an open door. When annoyed, they are dangerous; for, besides biting, they will knock a man down with a flap of the wing, or a stroke of the foot. They are generally sedate silent birds, and if not frightened, walk about slowly and solemnly. Their cry is a short roar, but with this they seldom favour human ears, though when out of temper they will sometimes utter a low hissing noise. The upper part of the neck of the ostrich is bare. Then come very delicate black feathers, which, increasing in size towards the tail, cover the whole body. In the wings and tail, are the beautiful white feathers so much admired upon the heads of ladies. The female has not such fine white feathers as the male, and even her black feathers want his raven hue. Indeed, the greater part are rather greyish brown than black. The skin of the female (Rabda, it is called by the Arabs) does not fetch nearly so high a price as that of the male (Dhaleem). One of the best skins in its nuptial plumage, will sometimes bring the Arabs seven or eight pounds. But this is an unusually high price.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

It is probable that the greatest alterations in the aspect of England since the fourteenth century have been wrought within living memory. A lapse of five hundred years is a geological second, and no instances of upheaval or subsidence on a large scale are recorded within the period. The railway system, by its junction of town and country, its creative operations within its line of progress, and its destructive influence elsewhere, has effected in thirty years the work of ages. Yet the city or town keeps its cathedral, churches, and castle, its gateways, market-cross, and town-hall, scarcely altered in external appearance. The village has still its Gothic church, its mill, its pond, its green, sometimes even its maypole. Essex, Kent, and Lincoln yet have their marshes; Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Berkshire their forests; Westmoreland and Cumberland their lakes; Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Surrey, their moors and commons. Even the Roman roads preserve their traces. If the bridge has somewhat changed its form, it has kept its position. Though often ruinous, the baronial castle still occupies the heights, and the abbey nestles among woods beside the stream. North, south, east, and west, those immemorial landmarks, the church and the mill, unfailingly meet the eye. In the rural districts, at least, the typical timbered mansion is scarcely less common than its successor in stucco. Prior to the present century the labourer's cottage might have defied art-critics and antiquaries to predicate its age rom its style.

As with the work, so with the worker. Despite the mediævalists, the Englishmen of the nineteenth century prove themselves of the same calibre as those of five hundred years ago. The enormous increase of population has necessitated a greater division of labour, and created a larger class of brain-toilers; but that the mettle which won Cressy and Agincourt has lost nothing in quality or quantity by the lapse of time, is periodically demonstrated whenever a war, a rumour of invasion, an Arctic expedition, or a shipwreck, calls it forth. What national peculiarities characterised our forefathers that do not characterise ourselves?

The same political and social contentions that we witness, agitated the Englishmen of the middle ages. The contest between free trade and protection was just as violent. Labour and capital were as often at war, and as quickly and inevitably reconciled. The readiness of the rich to tax, and the disinclination of the poor to pay, were as strongly asserted. Commercial panics and religious revivals were as frequent phenomena. Fraudulent bankers, swindling speculators, frantic preachers, and credulous fools, were quite as numerous. How little have we deviated from many modes of life familiar to mediæval Englishmen! Could they reappear on the scene, they would recognise the main features of their own social fabric. The peer would meet his fellows in the Upper House; the knight of the shire his fellows in the Commons. The priest would find little difference in the form and arrangement of his church, and would remember the greatest portion of the service. The lawyer would have few formulas to forget or to learn in the process of an action at the Exchequer or Common Pleas. The citizen might take his place among his brethren at wardmote or common council, and scarcely feel a stranger. The lord of the manor would hold his court baron, and pocket his chief rents and fines as of yore. If he missed his hawking, and thought shooting new-fangled, he would turn with the old zest to hunting and fishing. The labourer on many a farm would handle plough, harrow, and fork, and see no change in his tools. The jollity at Christmas, the fasting in Lent, crossed-buns on Good Friday, and salt fish on Ash Wednesday, would go far to persuade the risen generation that England had stood still.

There is a healthy sense in the scorn wherewith business men of average intellect and education, treat the proceedings of most of our antiquarian societies. The error into which such scorners fall, is in supposing that the gentlemen who "communicate" their twaddling lucubrations touching fragments of Roman pipkin and mediæval parchment are archæologists. The error is natural, however, for until lately the professors of antiquarian science in England—with honourable exceptions—were all of this kidney. Accordingly, while the soil of the Wiltshire downs has been probed and honeycombed again and again, the dust on our public records has never been blown off. Profoundly acquainted with the mode in which our ancestors were buried, we have remained ignorant as to the mode in which they lived.

But, for those who care to study the per-

sonal and domestic life of our forefathers there are daily fresh materials provided. Mr. Hudson Turner's Domestic Architecture, Mr. Shaw's Illustrated Dress and Decoration, the Household Accounts published by the Roxburgh and Camden Societies, are full of details for ample and correct mediæval pictures. During the last three years the present Keeper of the National Records, the Master of the Rolls, has been unearthing and publishing, through the commendable munificence of the powers at Whitehall and Downing-street, a collection of manuscripts, chronicles, or historical memorials, of all periods connected with the public biography anterior to the reign of Henry the Eighth.

Respecting the men and women, the business and play, the houses, dress, and food of England five hundred years ago, our information could scarcely be fuller than it is. The amount of alteration and the extent of advance that we have made in political and social life during the period can only satisfactorily be shown in detailed sketches.

The reader is requested to put himself unreservedly in our hands for an imaginary tour through the England of five centuries ago; and he must, taking the Barmecide's feast as a precedent, accept the ideal as actually tangible. We will begin with a walk round the walls of London.

One morning of the year 1360, some eighteen years before the close of the reign of Edward the Third, we are met at the landing-place of Queenhithe, on the Middlesex side of the river Thames. It is well you have not much luggage, as the wharfage dues are heavy. The civic regulations, however, allow of your bringing ashore, without payment, that small malle or bundle of clothes. Let us give it to yonder varlet of the hostel to which we have commended you, situate not far hence in Thames-street, or Stockfishmonger-row, by the river-side, where the hostelers chiefly dwell. Here we have secured you a privy-chamber—a luxury not indeed universally accorded to guests, but not so rare amongst us as many of your travelled countrymen would have you think. Your host will inform you of the rules which he is enforced by the authorities to see observed by his guests. The law forbids the carrying of arms, save to the servants of royal and noble families, leave, therefore, your weapons, if you have any, with the malle. As you do not need refreshment, let us sally forth to obtain the bird's-eye view of the City which you desire.

The walls are little more than two miles in circuit, and as the town ditch which surrounds them has not long since been cleansed, the walk is a pleasant one. Turn back first, however, to look at the river and its bridge. This noble Thames, which is the glory and support of our City, is deservedly the object of its tenderest care. The mayor and corporation are its conservators, and bound to exercise the strictest observance of the laws passed respecting it. If they fail, their negligence will be stoutly petitioned against by the citizens, to the king and his council. Fine and imprisonment of inferiors and superiors concerned, have been in most cases the immediate reply. The bridge, which has recently received repair, is not unworthy of the stream. Its architect, Peter de Colechirche, lies buried in the chapel on the eastern side, where there is daily performed divine service. That drawbridge is movable for the passage of vessels to this haven of Queenhithe, crowded with foreign ships. We will stop to inspect it on another occasion, when we show you the chief abodes of our commerce. We may say, in passing, that the place takes its name from one of the Norman queens, to whom the landing-place and customs were granted by her husband.

Crossing Thames-street, we see to our left the turning to Old Fish-street, where a fish market is held. Yonder house is the Bishop of Hereford's inn or mansion. It was formerly the residence of the Lords Montalt of Mold, in North Wales, and the church hard by, which was their chapel, retains their name in its title of St. Mary Monmouth. Turning to the right, we come to the street called La Reole, from yonder mansion of that name. It is often known as the Queen's Wardrobe, having been given by our present sovereign to his late queen, who so used it; but of late, since her lamented death, he has bestowed it on his college of St. Stephen's, Westminster. On the left, at the corner of Knightrider-street, is the residence of one of our wealthiest Flemish merchants and money-lenders, John of Ipres. Here, was lately an attack made by the citizens upon the Duke of Lancaster and Sir Henry Percy, who chanced to be unpopular. They were at dinner with the said John, when one of the duke's knights brought news that the citizens, after a vain search at the Savoy Palace, were coming hither with murderous intent. Thereupon the duke and Sir Henry forthwith fled from the house, and escaped by boat into Surrey—on the other side of the river—taking refuge at the royal manor of Kennington.

Further on, in the same direction, you see a large mansion, with arched gates of Caen stone, the residence of the Gisors, a rich citizen family. It is known as Gisor's Hall. Our course is across the old Roman road of Atheling or Watling-street, and so into Sopers-lane, where dwell most of our pepperers, who have been recently incorporated under the title of Grocers. The street into which it leads us, is that of Westchepe, or Chepeside, one of our largest thoroughfares and market-places. To day we will pass by these goldsmiths' shops and market-stalls, which would too long detain us. Chepe has other than commercial fame alone: it was a goodly sight, as we all remember, in the fifth year of the new king's reign, when he held a jousting here for three days; all the paving was strewn with sand, that the horses should not slip; and a wooden gallery was built across the street, whence Queen

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Philippa might gaze on the show with her ladies. Many a course had been run, many a spear shivered, and many a gallant knight unhorsed, when suddenly the wooden gallery, on which the queen and her maidens were seated, gave way. Though the royal party happily escaped harm, many others were grievously wounded, both of those who were thrown down, and those on whom the timbers fell. The king was fiercely wrath with the carpenters who had built up so weak a framework, and would have condignly punished them, had not the queen, ever tender-hearted, unwilling that the day's tragedy should be increased, begged off the culprits; whereby she gained for herself yet more love, if that might be, than her sweetness of nature had already won from all men. To avoid accidents hereafter, the king ordered yonder shed of stone to be erected, near the church of St. Mary-le-Bow (not a little to its disfigurement), that thence the court might behold the joustings in safety. This shed is called the Crowne silde. The cross near it, in the centre of the street, is the Standard of Clife, where public proclamations are issued, and executions of felons occasionally take place. To the right, where you see the water-carts standing, is one of our largest conduits. The water, which we are strictly charged not to waste, is brought in leaden pipes from the brook of Tyebourne, in the village of Paddington, of which the Lord Abbot of Westminster has the seignory. Advancing up Chepe, we pass Fryday-street, with its hide market. Down that further turning to the left, is the King's Exchange, where the assay of metal for coinage is carried on. Near thereto dwell also the chief moneyers of the City.

The houses are nowhere statelier in London than here. They appear mean to your eyes, doubtless, accustomed to structures of many stories high, whereas these have rarely more than two, of which the upper almost uniformly projects; yet, to our view, what is thereby lost in grandeur, is partly recompensed in quaint picturesque beauty, by the long white lines of overhanging chambers, and angular gables, mingling with the church spires and towers. The height of the footway, which is raised on piles above the road, adds to the effect presented by Westchepe in particular. You will observe that we use wood for building purposes far more commonly than stone, though, by an ancient regulation or Assize of the City, the party walls of each house are ordained to be of stone. We have a great liking, too, for this clean whitewashed aspect, to which in your country such objection prevails. It is not long since there was so great an outcry raised against the dyers and brewers for using sea-coal, which blackened the houses with smoke, that its employment was rendered penal; but of late years the needs of trade have reconciled men to the annoyance. These kennels on each side of the road are made to receive the droppings from the house gutters. No nuisance need arise from them, if the rakeres appointed by each ward to clear the streets of garbage do their duty. The pavement of the road is kept in repair by the civic officers, who levy a toll, called "pavage," from carts entering and leaving the gates—and that of the pathway by the householders, each of whom is bound to pave in front of his own house.

We leave to our right the little church of St. Michael in the Quern (or Corn, from the market held here) and the old cross at its eastern end. And now comes in sight the great cathedral church of St. Paul, covering a space of nearly four acres in extent. Let us enter for a moment and glance at the Norman nave and transepts, the pointed choir, and lady chapel, and the rich rose window at the east. The high altar is a miracle of costliness and splendour. St. Erkenwald's shrine yonder has recently been enriched by the dean and chapter with precious metals and gems, being a great resort of the devout, on whom many miracles have been there wrought. Beneath the cathedral is the crypt church of St. Faith. Adjoining the southern transept you see the circular chapter-house, which leads into the pointed cloister, two stories in height. Returning now to the churchyard, you see the bishop's palace on the north-western side, a stately and spacious pile. On the opposite side dwell the dean, prebendaries, and other dignitaries of the church. In this churchyard, before the wall was built round it, the citizens were wont to hold their folkmotes, or popular assemblies, being thereto summoned by the great bell in the steeple. On every Sunday forenoon, yonder wooden pulpit cross, with its stone steps, is occupied by some eloquent priest or monk, round whom the citizens flock. If the weather be wet, the preacher takes his stand under the penthouse beside the cathedral, known as the Shroudes.

In the street of Paternoster-row, on the right, dwell bead-turners for rosaries, and the writers of texts, aves, and paternosters. Further on in that direction are the mansions of the Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Bretagne. Passing down Bowyer-row, where many of the Bowyers dwell, we soon come upon the turning to the Baylye, where the City Chamberlain holds his court. Our course is through the gate named Ludgate, which takes its name from a fabled King of Britain, whose quaint image, with that of many another monarch, fabled and historic, adorns the front. There is a talk of shortly turning the gatehouse into a debtors' prison. At present, like the other city gates, it is inhabited by a serjeant-at-arms, who, with an attendant provided by himself, keeps watch at night. The two armed men on guard, are daily furnished by the ward or district in which the gate is situated. Crossing the drawbridge of the town ditch, which is about two hundred feet in width, we are now without the walls. Their materials are ragstone and flint, with layers of vari-coloured tiles, and in places they are nearly ten feet thick, and eighteen deep. The turrets, to the left, are those of the tower on the

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river wall, and Baynard's Castle, the latter a strong fortress beside the river, where dwells the Lord Fitz Walter, who enjoys hereditarily the office of City banner-bearer, with divers other privileges. The massive building not far from the castle, with its luxuriant gardens, is the monastery of the Black or Preaching Friars, a vast and wealthy house. Hard by it, is the King's Wardrobe. The grim walls close beside us are those of the prison called the "Fleet." The bridge we are just crossing is built over the river Fleet, a tributary of the Thames, into which it flows not far from the Black Friars' house. It rises in the heath of Hampstede, certain miles north of the City. The vessels near the bridge, are laden with sea-coal, charcoal, and lime, which they carry to and from the wharves on the Fleet banks. The street into which we have entered is also known as the Fleet-street. Though without the walls, it is yet a Liberty of the City, and within its jurisdiction, which extends in this direction to yonder posts, linked together with chains, known as the "Bars." This street is chiefly inhabited by brewers of ale—who, in this country, are mostly women—and makers of felt hats, yet has a few notable buildings. First on the left is the royal palace of St. Bridget's, or Bride's, near the well dedicated to that saint. It is an ancient residence, and little used. Next comes the Bishop of Salisbury's Inn. The monastery beyond it is that of the Carmelites or White Friars, and has of late been rebuilt for them by the munificent hand of the Earl of Devon. That large building with the round church, still further on near the Bars, is the New Temple. You know, doubtless, that it derives its name from the Knights Templars, who removed hither from the Old Temple in the street of Ouldburne. On the recent suppression of that order, the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, called "Hospitallers," shortly became its possessors, but having a larger establishment in Clerkenwell, they not long since leased the New Temple to the students of common law, who have converted it into an Inn of Court. Opposite thereto, you see another Inn of Court, called "Clifford's," from the lessor thereof, Dame Isabel Clifford. Beyond the Bars is the river-side road called "Strand-street." It was sorely in need of paving until lately, when a tax for its repair was levied on all goods carried along it to the Staple at Westminster. Here, many lords, spiritual and temporal, have goodly inns, of which you can see but two or three; the Bishop of Exeter's close on the left; the Bishop of Bath's beyond it; and the Bishop of Chester's, with the old stone cross before it. At that cross the judges have sometimes sat to try pleas. The palace which you can just see to the left is the Savoy, so called from Peter, Count of Savoy, who built it in the reign of our Henry the Third, whose queen was the count's niece. Now the Duke of Lancaster is the owner thereof, and John, the captive King of France, lodged there not long since. The bridge over the lane in the centre of the road is called "Strand-bridge." On the right of St. Clement's Danes Church you see the wells of St. Clement's and Holy Well; and, beyond them the vineyard and convent garden of the Abbey of Westminster, skirted by the woods of Long Acre. The church among the fields, in the distance, is St. Martin's.

We will turn now to the right, by New-street, or, as it has lately been called, "Chauncery-lane." The change was made, by reason of the king's having placed the House of Jewish Converts—that building with the chapel, to the right—under the supervision of the Master of the Rolls of Chancery. The house was established by Henry the Third, as a refuge for those who, under pressure or conviction, left the Jewish for the Christian faith; but, since the edict of Edward the First for expelling all Jews from England, the number of converts, being without replenishment, has fallen away. On the left, are the mansions of the Bishop of Chichester and the Earl of Lincoln, built on the site of the Black Friars monastery, when they removed to their new house, which you saw by the river. On the right, is the inn of the Bishop of Lincoln. The ruins just beyond it are those of the Old Temple. We are now in the street called Oldbourne, from the stream of that name which we shall shortly cross. The road to the left leads to Tyebourne, where we hang convicted traitors and felons. Half a mile down the road is the royal manor of Lanesbury, where the king has large stables. Near it you may just see the walls of the Hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields. The lane in front of us, called "Portpool," is the high northern road out of town. A little to the left of it, is the inn of the Lord Gray, by him leased to the students of the law. The village of Iseldune lies among the distant woods and fields. Our course is to the right, down the hill of Oldbourne, passing on the left the great mansion of Sir William de Furnivall. Somewhat to the north, lies the seat of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell. The place takes its name from the clerk's well, one of the many springs thereabouts, hard by which the youth of our city take their sport of an evening, and where shows and interludes are oftentimes played out. The garden, vineyard, and saffron fields that intercept our view are those of the Bishop of Ely, whose inn stands a little further down the hill. Beyond the river, to the right, is the Smooth Field, which is vulgarly called West Smithfield, a notable place for the cloth fair and cattle market held there. Passing on the right Thaive's Inn, another abode of law students, rented of an armourer named Thaive, we cross the bridge over the Fleet where it receives the Oldbourne. The river is known hereabouts as the River of Wells, from the springs which hence feed it.

We are now within sight of the Elms and Horsepool of West Smithfield. A splendid jousting was held here in the thirty-first year of the king's reign, when he and the captive monarchs of France and Scotland were spectators. Five years afterwards, there was a tournament for many days together, in the presence of the

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king and queen, when all the chivalry of England and France met in the lists. On those elms, the City officers have hanged many a caitiff. There, soon after the king's accession, was Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, executed for his treason: his body remaining on the gallows for two days and nights. The pool, wherein you varlet is washing his master's horse, takes the name of Horsepool from the practice which he follows.

Let us pass on now, and look over the Bars, whence, on the right, you catch sight of a large monastery and chapel, erected by Sir Walter de Mauny for the Carthusians. The burial-place near it, is called Pardon Churchyard: therein are buried the bodies of those who die by their own hands, or are executed for felony, for whose souls the brethren of the monastery sing mass. The same Sir Walter purchased the adjoining plot of land as a burying-place for those who died of the great pestilence in the year 1348. There, also, are interred, by his desire, the bodies of the poor, sick, and way-faring, who happen to die friendless within the City. In front of us, you see the priory and hospital of St. Bartholomew, to which belong this soil, and thereby the tolls of the cloth fair. Turning to the right, the church and monastery of the Franciscans or Grey Friars, who began life in England as a mendicant order, whose house is now among the largest and most beautiful buildings in the City. You can now see the walls again, with the Aldersgate. Just on this side of it are the mansions of the Duke of Bretagne and the Earl of Westmoreland. On the other side, within the wall, is the ancient college of St. Martin's-le-Grand, owning a sanctuary established by the Conqueror. The wooden gallery across the road, was built by the license of Edward the First, to enable the canons to pass from their lodgings to the church without soiling their feet. Near to the college, the Earl of Northumberland has a mansion. Following with your eye the course of the wall backwards, you will see the gate called Newgate, which is converted into a prison. Hard by, are stretched out the precincts of the above noted house of the Friars Minors, on the pavement before which is a famous corn market. Beyond it, is a meat market called, from the neighbouring church, St. Nicholas Flesh-shambles.

Turning towards the left, we see in the distance the moor of Fensburie, one of the great City playgrounds, where are continual exhibitions of wrestling, archery, football, and other sports. Moving in this direction, we pass the chapel and hermitage of St. James-in-the-Wall, which is attached to the Abbey of Garendon in Leicestershire. In front of us is the well which supplies the hermitage, known as the Monk's Well. On the right, we leave the street of Aldermanbury, where is the court or bury of our civic magistrates, commonly called the Guildhall. It is rather a mean building for so great a city, and may probably give place to a worthier ere many years. From hence, we come to the Cripplegate, once the haunt of lame beggars. The gatehouse is a debtors' prison. The church, just without it, is dedicated to St. Giles, the beggar's patron saint. There, yonder to the left, is the disused cemetery of the Jews, still bearing a trace of their name. Hereabouts, as far as Fensburie, dwell the fletchers and others who gain their living by the archery there practised.

Within the walls, some distance on the right, is a large mansion called Bakewell Hall, formerly Basing's, from the family of that name. There is a talk, among our woollen traders, of purchasing the same house for the use of their trade. The street to the right of it was the chief haunt of the Jews before their expulsion, and preserves their name of Jewry. The king has a Wardrobe House there, built on the site of some of the Jews' dwellings. They had a synagogue at the end of the street, which was afterwards turned into a chapel for the Penitential Friars. This body having decayed (in consequence of the reduction of the mendicant orders by the council of Lyons), the chapel has been annexed to the mansion of the Fitz Walters, adjoining. In this neighbourhood, dwell many of the tailors and linen-armourers. Beyond, in the street of Lotisburie, dwell the founders, braziers, and makers of kitchen wares. Advancing a little, you see Three-needle-street. Yonder building is the Hospital of St. Anthony; those swine with bells on their necks, feeding beside the court, are the property of the master or renter of the hospital, and the only animals of that unsavoury kind which the civic officers suffer to feed at large. St. Anthony is the pig's patron. That church, with the graceful spiral steeple, is attached to the monastery of the Augustine Friars, and is among the most renowned of the City churches, by reason of its containing the dust of so many of our mightiest nobles and worthiest citizens.

The course of the walls now leads us past the fen of Moorfields on the left, at the corner of which are the kennels of the hounds wherewith the mayor and aldermen hunt stags and other beasts of chase in Epping Forest. Leaving the stream of Walbrooke on the right, we come to the Bishopsgate. Those large buildings in the distance beyond the walls, are the priory, and hospital of St. Mary, known as St. Mary's Spital, whose brethren are worthily famous for their bounty to the poor and sick. Yonder pulpit-cross in the churchyard is a place of public proclamation, and on certain festivals, sermons are preached there. That field of Lollesworth is a favourite playground. The church just without the gate, is St. Butolph's. Beside its churchyard is Petty France, the French quarter of London. To the left, you see the hospital of St. Mary of Bethlem, for persons mentally distraught. Hereabouts dwell many of the skinners, who have been recently incorporated by royal license. Looking over the fields beyond the gate, you may note the villages of Shoresdich, Hochestune, Hakeyly, and others. Within the gate, along the street of Bishopsgate,

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you see St. Helen's Priory of Black Nuns, with the parish church dedicated to the same saint. Beyond it, is the mansion of the Nevills, called Leadenhall. At the four-faced crossway or carfeux, by the corner of this house, are placed the stalls of the poulterers who are not freemen. The steeple on the other side is that of St. Andrew's church, known as Undershaft, because every May-day a taller maypole or shaft is set up beside it.

The town ditch has here acquired the name of Houndsditch, from the noisome practice of casting dead dogs therein. Notwithstanding this, the neighbourhood is too near the fields not to be a favourite resort. You may see it crowded on Fridays, and other fast days, with pious and charitable citizens, for whose alms divers bedridden people dwelling in these cottages wait expectantly at the open windows, holding out a linen cloth and a pair of beads, as tokens that they will recompense the gift with prayers. The large building to the right is the Priory of the Holy Trinity. The gate to which we are approaching, is the Aldgate, the name whereof attests its antiquity. The church beside it is St. Botolph's. Beyond, is the Abbey of the Nuns of St. Clare, commonly called the Minories. The farm where the cows are feeding, is attached to the nunnery. The ward without the walls is known as the Portsoken or Knighten Guild, from a company of gallant knights on whom the Saxon king Edgar bestowed it. The church in the fields beyond is Whitechapel, or St. Mary Matfelm. The latter name has received many ingenious explanations, all wide of the mark. A learned brother of the Hospitallers, who has visited the Holy Land, informed us that the word is Hebrew, and signifies "with the child."

Passing through the postern-gate, we are now on Tower-hill, and within view of the Tower, the stateliest and the strongest fortress in the kingdom. The western gate and its adjacent bulwark are the newest parts of the building. The fosse round them is of great size, and being a royal precinct, it is a capital crime to bathe therein. In the bulwark are kept divers lions and leopards under safe charge. Close behind the Tower, is the Hospital of St. Catherine. To the east, beyond the walls, you see East Smithfield, with its burial-ground for the plague-stricken in 1348. There, too, is the new Cistercian monastery called Grace Abbey, or East Minster, lately founded by the king in gratitude for his escape from shipwreck. Thence you may pass, if you will, through avenues of elms to the suburbs of Radcliffe and Shadwell. The church tower among the fields, in the distance, is that of Stebenhede or Stebenheth, a village where the Bishop of London has a palace. Beside the river, is Wapping, on the shore of which you can see the gallows whereon our brave seamen hang any pirates whom they chance to capture. Those vessels which throng the Pool are of all nations. The Flemish scuts are freighted with wheat and firewood. The Hanse ships bear wax, copper, tin, and other wares to Queenhithe. Yonder French vessels are laden with the wines of Gascony, which they will unship at the Vintry; those oyster Lubeck-boats are bound for Billingsgate.

Let us pass down Tower-street. In Hart-street, to the right, the Friars of the Holy Cross, commonly called Crouched Friars, have their house. Beyond it, is the former haunt of the poorer Jews, still known as Poor Jewry. Close beside us, is the King's Chapel of Allhallowes, Barking. Further on, we come to Mincheon-lane, so called from the nuns or minchuns of St. Helen's, who own many houses therein. Here, dwell most of the Genoese traders, known to the vulgar as galley-men, from the vessels in which they voyage. Their landing-place of Galley-key is hard by, in Thames-street. Hence, we pass into Eastchepe, where dwell the butchers and cooks. Here, is a flesh and fish market; and ready-cooked dishes of divers sorts may be also had. Beyond, on the left, is New Fish-street, with its market adjoining London-bridge. The fish-wharf of Billingsgate is hard by. Our course is into Fen-church-street, across the little brook of Langbourne. To the left is the market of Graschirche, where corn, vegetables, salt, and other commodities are sold. Beyond, near the corner of the entrance to London-bridge, you see a large stone mansion, which was the residence of our lamented Edward Prince of Wales. The church on the opposite side is dedicated to St. Magnus. To the right you see where Eastchepe leads into Candlewyke-street, which takes its name from the candle-wrights, who, with many of the drapers and weavers, reside there. Opposite to where we stand, is Lombard-street, the resort of the great Italian money-lenders.

Turning to the right hand, let us pass into Cornehill-street, which, next to Westchepe, is our most populous and busy thoroughfare. This street and its neighbourhood form a separate liberty, or soke, of the Bishop of London, who has divers privileges and immunities herein. Among them, is the possession of a seignorial oven, whereat all his tenants are bound to bake their bread, and pay him therefore the due of furnage. These sokes were formerly more numerous than now, but have fallen into decay, greatly to the benefit of the civic magistrates, with whose rules of trade and jurisdiction over felons they did grievously interfere. Those that still remain, are chiefly in the hands of ecclesiastics. Yonder circular building is the inn, a place of custody for incontinent persons, and other misdoers. Those two churches are St. Peter's and St. Michael's. On the western side of the latter, are placed the stalls of the poulterers, who are freemen of the city. We are here in a world of markets. The street takes its name from an ancient corn-market here holden. In the centre of the road, stand sellers of bread, cheese, and herbs. Those carts beside the pathway are laden with charcoal and firewood for sale. Here, too, you may purchase bows and quivers, with every kind of wooden and iron implement that you can want. Passing down the street, we

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come to Birchover-lane, where the fripperers, or sellers of old clothes, dwell. Of an evening, you may often see an eve-cheping or night-market of these fellows on London-bridge: yet, being against the laws of the City, it is sometimes put down by force. Leaving to the left an ancient house, formerly a royal residence, we come upon the Stokkes-market, where flesh and fish are sold on flesh and fish days. The place derives its name from the stocks which stood there. Hard by, is the church of St. Mary, called Wool-church, because in its haw or churchyard is the beam whereby wool is appointed to be weighed.

We have now entered the Poultry, the chief abode of the poulterers. Down that turning, on the left, where you see barges moored beside the house, the stream of Walbrooke flows into the Thames. Here is Soper's-lane, by which we will repass into Thames-street. Ere you betake yourself to your hostel, you must glance at the vast stone vaults of the Vintry, where the French merchants store their wines. In this mansion, some few years since, Master Picard, then mayor, did like a king feast the king himself, with the three other kings of France, Scotland, and Cyprus, the Prince of Wales, and divers nobles. After the feast, we remember that the halls were freely thrown open to all comers who would play at dice and hazard. Next, you see the Scrope's mansion of the Erber. Beyond, we catch sight of the arched gates and watch-tower of the Stilliard. Here, was formerly kept the royal steelyard, or beam, for the tronage of imports, now removed elsewhere. This place is at present the guildhall and storehouse of the Hanse merchants, who enjoy under royal charters many trading privileges. The last building of note is the mansion of Coldharborough, lately inhabited by Sir John Poultney, four times mayor of the City. Your hostel is hard by, where you need to repose after your travel, and at which for the present we leave you.

WILLIAM GURNEY.

THE hundred acres, golden with the hopes
Of Farmer Morton, murmured to the toil
Of many reapers, and the listening farm
Lay buried to the eaves in harvest-home.
The land was big with harvest and the sun
Smiled bright approval on the golden days,
When Mary Morton fled her father's door,
And William Gurney took his scythe to reap
Among the reapers.
Men and women shrank
And sought not commune with their moody mate;
For William, with his three-and-twenty springs,
Was counted old in evil, having won
A name below all envy. But he toiled
Early and late, nor sported in his toil,
And reaped his golden acre while his mates
Mowed in their gladness at their golden roods.
So that he garnered favour in the eyes
Of Matthew Morton, and the Farmer held
The man was goodlier than his merry mates.
But William Gurney, thinking as he reaped
Among the reapers, dreamed a bitter dream
About a weeping woman whom he loved
Less than he wished to love her; oftentimes
Her voice would seem to mingle with the sounds
Of harvest, and the music of her tears
Came in the sobbing of the autumn rain.
Her father, who had loved to think
Of a dear daughter in her bridal dress,
Sought long and vain the author of her wrong.

The reapers frolicked in the sun-kissed field
Breast-deep in dingy gold, and William toiled
Both late and early. Then it came to pass
In the mid-harvest, that the Farmer's dame
Fulfilled her travail once again, and bore
Her second babe, a boy; and Matthew gave
A feast in honour of his happy dame
And of her boy. So all the place was loud
With holiday, and men and women donned
Their best to dance away a merry night;
But bitter William Gurney hung apart,
Caught in a mood that fretted at the din
Of merry-making. Then the Farmer's heart
Waxed wroth; and, chafing in his age he joined
The hue-and-cry among the harvesters,
And argued all his babe against the man.
But on the morrow morning William toiled
In silence, never sporting in his toil.

And when the land was laid and Autumn died
'Mid her drained vintage and her slanted sheaves,
The reaper William Gurney took his hire
And went his way. But, when the planteous days
Of vintage and of harvest came again,
And farmers' hearts were high, he reaped once more
Among the reapers—toiling, sick at heart,
Early and late, nor sporting in his toil.

One autumn noon the Farmer and his dame
Walked through the fields of harvest with their child,
Glad with the season: when it came to pass
She laid the little babe 'mid harvest home
Close to the spot where William bound the sheaves,
And walked away a hundred yellow yards,
Seeing not William. But the little babe
Rolled in the sun and kicked among the corn,
Laughing and crowing, stretching pinky arms
To cling about the reaper while he toiled.
Then William frowned, and bitter wrinkles rolled
Up to his eyes and hardened on his brows,
And pain lay heavy on him; but at last
His heart flashed up and brightened unaware,
And lights of laughter dimpled in his cheeks,
And blushing like a girl he leaped a hedge
And held the youngling in his hot hard hands,
Talking a woman's nothings to it, weak
As a girl-mother. When the happy dame
Came back to take her own, she lifted hands
And flung a merry blessing from her merry eyes,
To see the babe a-ride on William's back,
And William Gurney on his hands and knees
Aping the canter of a four-year-old,
As bashful as a milk-maid when she blows
The soft sow-thistle. So the woman took
Her own, and thanked the man with merry words,
And clapped his shoulders thrice; and William toiled
Early and late, but sported in his toil.

So William Gurney, casting off his scorn,
Took kindly to the infant; and the dame
Knew with a woman's instinct that its face
Had thawed a childhood in the bitter heart
Which loved it. When the yellow sheaves were laid,
And Matthew Morton gathered in the year,
The Farmer and his dame thought kindly thoughts
Of William. When the reapers took their hire,
Broad Matthew Morton kissed the babe and made
A goodly offer to the moody man

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Who loved it. William Gurney in the end
Made sullen pledge to see the winter out
And do a labourer's work about the farm.

But when the Year had grown white-hair'd and old,
Shrill-voiced, and thin, and gruesome in its age,
It came to pass that men and women stole
On tiptoe through the chambers of the farm,
And Matthew Morton, peevish in his fear,
Fretted amid his household. For the babe
Lay grieved with sickness. William Gurney toiled
And wore the old dark looks; but when the night
Stole down and darkened in the grievous house,
He watched the little infant now and then,
And read the crying wishes in its eyes
As with a woman's instinct, feeling all
The tenderer man at work about his heart.
And when the little life was laid asleep,
Dressed in its milk-white garments for the grave,
And when the music of the churchyard bells
Broke through the blood of Matthew and his name,
He spoke not, weak as foam. But the good God
Who willed so well that every mortal man
Should know that he was once a little child,
Heard William, when the pretty baby died,
Mourn with a sense of joy. Ah! true it is
That fellowship with pity made this heart
Yearn to a weeping woman and her babe,
Just for the gladness held in utter tears.

So in the very end it came to pass,
When May was singing with a shining face,
Like some fair angel singing songs of God,
And writing God's soft poems with the flowers,
That Matthew Morton's household caught a joy
Due to the season, and the season spread
Its many bounties with a sowing hand.
For there had sprung in William Gurney's heart
A second birth of love, completer far
Than first-love kisses; and the love had borne
Hopes sheltered in the bosom of stern will.
Then erring Mary Morton, with her child,
Knelt at the Farmer's feet in tender tears,
And William said, "I bring you back your child;
I, William Gurney, he who sinned the sin,
And taught her tears, do bring you back your child
My wedded wife." But Matthew Morton shook,
And turned away his face; when William said,
"Behold the sin is chastened, and she is
My wedded wife." But Matthew Morton shook
Down to the roots of life, and hid his face
Between his hands. Then William, frowning, said,
"She is my wedded wife—my love and wife;
I love her, Matthew Morton. For the sake
Of all she was, or only for the sake
Of the poor youngling ye have lost, I say,
Father, forgive her!"—when the old man's soul
Broke, and he fell upon his knees and wept,
Praying. So William Gurney stood apart,
While Matthew raised his daughter from the earth,
Answering the love and gladness in her heart
With smiles, and tears, and kisses. Thus the house
Brightened, and listened to the light footfall
Of Mary Morton's child; and William toiled
Both late and early, happy in his toil.
And Matthew took delight in Mary's child,
And loved it even as his own asleep;
And heard his name make music on its lips,
Link'd to the lovely name which Mary gained
After her travail. William Gurney toiled,
Happy in toil, and many happy years
Did Mary Morton live a thrifty life
Among her children. William throve, and soon
Had earned some golden acres of his own,
And, dwelling in his household till the end,
Sought out and brought to light the golden chain
Which links a homely happiness to God.

DOWN A CREVASSE.

I ARRIVED in Chamouny on the 6th of August, 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman like myself. We two had been about five weeks in Switzerland, and in that time had "done" everything considered necessary by our countrymen. We had acquired some experience in glacier work, having ascended the Alitsch Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by an Englishman, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and were proud of having been the second exploring party to stand on its lofty peak, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days on the snow and glacier.

I remembered well the first glimpse I had had into one of those terrible crevasses which intersect glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink and gazed carefully into the fathomless abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the convexity of the crevasse. Usually, I believe, the great split ends only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

"No one who falls into one of these ever comes out alive," said one of our guides. "Yes," said another, "a man once escaped, and lives still at the Grindelwald; he was a chamois hunter, and when coming home alone over the glacier, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice; which, however, gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet, he reached the bottom of the glacier, with a leg and an arm broken. He found a hollow space between the ground and the ice, through which a stream of water ran. Instinctively he followed its course, despite the great pain he endured, and after crawling along for three hours, found himself freed from the glacier."

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom. And then, unless there should be ropes at hand long enough and strong enough, what an awful death! An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half frozen, half squeezed to death, the heat of his body ever melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper and deeper into his dreadful grave.

My companion and I ascended the Brevant, and, as few climbing travellers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work, we left Chamouny in the

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evening and slept at Montanvert, a solitary little mountain inn on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with some eatables, and wine, and started with our guide, whom we had brought from Courmayeur. It was a glorious morning, and promised well for our expedition. Our road, for about half an hour, was along an uneven path skirting the glacier, which lay below us on our left hand, very much crevassed and covered with débris. The path then came to an end, and the guide said we must now take to the glacier. We descended on to it, and threaded our way among the numerous crevasses.

The excursion to the Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular glacier expedition, is not made with the attendant precautions of axes or ropes. We had neither. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quickly, indeed, that our guide, who had fallen behind, cautioned us once or twice, and requested us to allow him to take, and keep, the lead. Just then, our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left, I perceived that it terminated, some twenty feet from us, in a steep slope of ice, which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to try this slope rather than go round by the other end.

Using my Alpenstock instead of an axe, therefore, I began making foot holes in the ice with it. The guide had now come up with us. He looked at the ice slope and the wide crevasse, and said, very seriously, "It is dangerous, let us go round." By this time I had, with the aid of my Alpenstock, climbed about half way up the slope. I had already come to the conclusion that it was much too steep to scale without an axe, and had determined to retrace my steps. So, when the guide had spoken, I carefully stretched back my right leg, feeling for the last hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt that I was slipping. There was not the least projection that I could grasp. The slope became perpendicular, and I fell head foremost into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow-traveller and the guide. My own sensations cannot be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was being bumped from side to side between the two walls of ice; that I was falling a great depth; that I was being hurled to utter destruction—to a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something: that I hung suspended. I was able to take breath, and to call out for "A rope! a rope!"

By the most extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse like a bridge. On this frail structure, not more than two inches wide at the top, and (as well as I could judge) about two feet deep, I had fallen, so that my head hung down on one side, my legs on the other. Instinctively and immediately, by means which I cannot at all recal, I raised myself from this dreadful position to a standing one on the ledge, in which there was a little niche sufficiently wide to admit one foot. I was now so far collected that I could hear my fellow-traveller saying from above, "We never hoped to hear your voice again. For God's sake, take heart. The guide is running to Montanvert for men and ropes, and will soon be back."

"If he is not," I answered, "I shall never come up alive."

My position was an awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both my feet upon it. I was, in fact, supporting myself on one leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my head against the opposite side. It was perfectly smooth, and there was nothing to grasp. A stream of water poured over my shoulders, drenching me to the skin, and freezing me with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the long narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the mouth of the crevasse. There was a terribly stolid, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the crevasse looked as if they would unite to crush me rather than relinquish their victim. Numerous rills of water poured into the crevasse, but in the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge on which I had so miraculously chanced to fall.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six inches on either side of the little ledge I must inevitably have been jammed in head downward, at a depth where no ropes that could have been brought there could possibly have reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from giving way, looking up at the blue sky above me and the clear ice on all sides, but seldom daring to cast a glance into the abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from a cut in my cheek, and I felt that my right leg (fortunately the idle one) was badly bruised. In the mean while my left leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was growing benumbed by the intense cold of the ice against which I was leaning, and of the stream of water from under which I durst not move.

I called to my fellow-traveller to know if any one were in sight? There was no answer. I called again. No human being seemed to be within hearing. A dizziness came over me, as the thought struck me, "He has gone to look if any help is coming, and he cannot find his way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost."

Again I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to throw myself down and have the

agony over. At that miserable time, I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if he could discern the guide; and, when he turned round to retrace his steps, had been thunderstruck to see the surface of the glacier intersected by innumerable crevasses; all so similar in appearance as to leave him no landmark by which to know my living grave. Thank Heaven! he had caught sight of a little knapsack left at the mouth of the crevasse by the guide. This had directed him back. I called to him to look at his watch—five minutes more were past. The cold was growing more intense. It is no figure of speech to say, that I felt the blood freezing in my veins. I called to him again, to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty-five minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. It was most unlikely that he could be back so soon, for we ourselves had been three-quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer; and besides that, I did not know at what moment the little ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under my weight. I remembered that I had a large clasp-knife in my pocket, and I determined to try to rescue myself with its aid. I called to my fellow-traveller above that I was going to attempt it. He implored me not to try; but my situation was becoming so desperate, that I did try. I began by making a little hole in the ice as high up as I could reach, large enough to admit one hand. My next endeavour was to cut a deep foothole about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my foot in it, holding fast by the place I had made for my hand, and, at the same time, pressing with my back against the opposite side of the crevasse with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. I again let myself down on the ledge, and commenced cutting another foothole, about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might escape from my icy prison; but, a single slip or a false step, and I knew I must be precipitated down the crevasse.

I was working diligently at the second foothole, when I heard a joyful shout from above. "They are in sight—three men with ropes—running as hard as they can!"

I steadied myself on my terribly narrow and slippery footing, in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when thrown to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head. "Merciful God! It will not reach me! It is too short!" "We have got another rope," was answered from above; and it was knotted on and lowered. I caught the end, and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope above, with both hands, I gave the word. The strain began, and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier. I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single instant.

When I felt myself once more upon a firm footing, an all-pervading sense of gratitude for the wonderful escape I had had came over me and made me faint, and I should have fallen if they had not held me up. This was soon over, and we prepared to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the mouth of the crevasse, which had so nearly been my sepulchre. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out, as I had been trying to do. The mouth was so wide that, as I approached it, I could have had no support from behind; and without such support, not even a cat could have scaled the perpendicular wall.

Our guide was in a terrible state, and had run the whole way to Montanvert; but could find no rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair, and was starting off to Chamouny, when two muleteers met him. Their mules were laden with wood fastened on with ropes; he begged hard for those ropes, telling the men that a young Englishman was being frozen to death in a crevasse. They threw the wood from the backs of the mules, and came to my rescue with the guide, bringing the ropes with them. Knotted together (it seemed there were three in all), they made up a length—about sixty feet—enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers, I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert. Here I was immediately put into a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen) were carefully dressed. I dreamed, with unspeakable dread, of what had happened, when lying in that bed, and I have dreamed of it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among ice and snow now, without a long and strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travellers in Switzerland, out of a great experience and a great escape.

GOYON THE MAGNIFICENT.

There skims past me along the Corso, with wheels that spin and glisten in the sun like looking-glass, a light open carriage lined with white, with a dazzling plumed chasseur, in green and gold, on the box. Driver holds his reins well forward, as though he were directing a drosky, and has his flying steeds well in hand; and there are two superb gold-laced lay figures reposing languidly back, draped with all art, and undisguised intent of being on view. No men but Frenchmen can group so effectually for carriage exercise, or exhibit such harmonious poses plastiques when driving. They are swept away in a cloud of dust; but some one whispers that I have seen Goyon the Magnificent! There has come about, as the world knows, a fifth or sixth invasion of Rome by the barbarians, and Brennus, in jack-boots and snowy breeches, is chief of the army of occupation.

Not a man, but an institution. Not only Captain of the Gauls, but dramatic representative of his sovereign, he is on the boards from morning until night; at church or at state, sacred or

mundane, he is the most painstaking, conscientious actor. Even as he flew by in his dust-cloud a few seconds ago, was he playing. To-morrow, or a few days hence, of an ordinary Friday, when I wait on the steps of Saint Peter's to see the public come forth from its half-hour's customary devotion, I shall see him come out in a sort of subdued or mitigated condition adapted to the occasion, and almost immediately draw up his curtain and begin to play. He plays to a thin and shifting house, but more specially to the purpled monsignore, whose light mauve silk drapery flutters in the sun behind him. Yet, thus cramped and under unfair disadvantage, what a shower of nods and becks, vigorous and expressive, what stoopings, contractions, shruggings, modelled clearly after the well-known historic Dumb Girl of Portici, does he crowd into that short span! How he does work his audience, playing at them through the passive purple lay figure, who is useful to him as is the obsequious confidant to his leading tragedian.

I note that of all this miscellany of devout Christians, pagans, atheists, and general unbelievers, together with the many who come to scoff and on no pretence remain to pray, the ecclesiastical element, the great dark-robed, overshadowed with the sinuous sombrero, are most profuse in their salutations to Goyon the Magnificent. The most juvenile Friar Minim, on a day's furlough from his seminary, seems to me to watch for him to get in his way, to have opportunity of doing him profound ko-too. Superabundant is the return of homage; Minim Friar is paid back a hundredfold in that coin. The Magnificent, drowning him in his cascade of words and gesture, is scrupulously exact in his payments. Not one of the black-robed, be his gaberdine ever so dusty, but is repaid with effusion, with gratitude; and Friar Minim takes home with him that flourish of the foam-crested cocked-hat and the picture of the gracious warrior. So flourishing, Goyon reaches gradually to where his car waits with his plumed green man standing at the door, flourishes himself gracefully off at the wings, and is gone, riding on his cloud.

The Gaulic emperor being but in ill odour on the Seven Hills just now, I marvel how it is that the imperial lieutenant should be in such high esteem—so precious in the eyes of the dark-robed. But the footing of Brennus-in-the-Boots is of a singular character. When first he stamped in, some years back, with his patent in his pocket, he made as though he would pluck the beards of the reverend senators sitting in the Capitol. He, the rough and ready soldier, would stride into the Vatican noisily, striving to have his will carried out with noise and bluster, striving to bully and browbeat the Santo Padre. But the bluster was cast back in clouds of foam as from a rock—Goyon the Magnificent took nothing by that game. He broke down sadly in Timour the Tartar, Bajazet, and such favourite pieces: and, to the agreeable surprise of his friends, made his bow one morning in a round of new and milder parts. From that day forth, he became eminently ecclesiastical. He is the good fighting captain whom duty compels to serve under a barbarian and unscrupulous prince; ostensible instrument of a wicked sovereign, he artfully softens the side-blows aimed at the power of the holy father, and tempers the wind to the shorn. He is taken to be well intentioned on the whole—an honest soldier who will do no more harm than he can help. Hence the flourishing of sombreros and counter-flourishing. Hence it is that Santo Padre himself has placed across his shoulders the broad ribbon of his own special order—the Order of Christ—with the rich Latin-shaped cross about his neck; though it must be confessed that the dull crimson hue of that ribbon does not harmonise too well with the bright scarlet of the Legion of Honour. The Magnificent wears both. He is gorgeously indeed hung all over with jewelled crosses, and crescents, and ribbons, like a jeweller's window. I am shown, too, one day, a huge copper medal, very heavy, and very shining, struck by a grateful municipality and presented (in gold) to Master Goyon, of the first form, for his excellent behaviour during a course of years at this foreign academy.

We have followed Goyon the Magnificent on the Sunday of Palms, as he sparkled and glinted, all up the procession; contributing, by his admirable attitudes of the human figure in repose, to the success of that ceremonial as a ceremonial. Not to be forgotten the calm invitation to closest scrutiny, the quiet sense of security that not a wrinkle was astray, as who should say, "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen (ladies more especially), there is no deception (beyond the legitimate supplement to nature's short-comings). Please to direct your glasses this way. Je me flatte que je me suis bien posé." Not to be forgotten that calm dignity with which he, standing there, tall, alone, and in one of his well-known Talma attitudes, waved off a poor distraught sort of harlequin who, blinded with agitation, was floundering across the line processional. There were to be so many cubits in front of the Magnificent, and so many behind. This rude interruption would have interfered with the fitness of things, and general harmony of the perspective. A smile of dignity from under the iron-grey moustache, and a superb wave of the creaseless kid-gloved hand, and intruder is motioned off: the laws of harmony are saved from disturbance. We have seen him thus go off at the end of his first act, amid a shower of bravos and general approbation. Now, when the curtain rises for the second act, he is there at the side scenes, fresh and radiant, without so much as a hair turned. We are in the heat and flurry of that Maunday morning, swept hither and thither, sucked into great roaring human waves and cast up on strange shores. There are strangest groupings, unique ceremonials, waiting here and there, at this corner and that; mysterious figures will flit by presently and pass into nothing. There

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is a sense of expectancy, of flutter and weary anxiety upon all men, distracting sights calling importunately from every side the polyglot company and hydra-faced miscellany which has travelled down conscientiously through all the stages of this shifting week, pursuing, in greedy overwhelming billows, every fresh spectacle. The great prairie of faces, that shifts and flashes all in one direction, lies there spread out expectant: the great sea-shell is at the ear again. We have dressed for a thousand ball-rooms and evening parties, and there is an extravagant flux and reflux of evening coats glistening with their silken facings and white ties ecclesiastical. All are clean and in order, as it were, and the flood has come tossing and eddying up to the great eastern arm of the eternal temple. Knots of babbling Frenchmen who have struggled well to the front, seem to have extemporised a Café Parisien, so inexpressibly comic are they, and, it must be said, so inexpressibly profane: while the Great Briton, square cut as to whisker, and with a smile of complacent curiosity, elbows a path forwards slowly but surely, burdened as he is with two spreading females. And here, again, in a long amphitheatre rising in rows, are the dark señoras in prison, with a sort of sour Turk in a frill, guarding them jealously. Pretty innocents, how consciously they rattle their fans, and whisper to the right and to the left. But they will have the best view in the world of this famous washing of feet to commence presently. I wonder, as a matter of pure speculation, *do* they feel interest in such unattractive ablution! Do you know I half suspect they take a certain pride in their picturesque incarceration, and do not absolutely hate Mesrour the gaoler? We may be sure the babbling Frenchmen have very soon moved up their café that way; and flânent conspicuously under the balconies of the Spanish señoras.

The scarlet-hung boxes all round are being peopled slowly; noble and bespangled persons dropping in and settling themselves at their ease. The great unemployed flash ten thousand eyes upon them simultaneously, and call their name and pedigree in a mighty hum. Grand-ducal Rusky has a sort of high grand stand all to itself, and in matter of uniform is a perfect blaze of gridiron. It is filling fast; the old decorative elements come in thickly—diplomatic, military, and ecclesiastical. See, there he is! He is making telling entrance into his box, coming well to the front, Goyon the Magnificent! He stands a few seconds to let the glittering torso produce its full effect, then exquisitely distributes his salutations, guided by that dainty little double eye-glass. To be near-sighted and have the manipulation of that little toy is a positive blessing. Judiciously he graduates that gentle shower of bows: profusely low, with smile and pleasant quip, for such as are near; something shorter and not quite so profound for such as are further away; slight nod, with shrug of despair—as who should say, "Pity me! you are hopelessly inaccessible!"—for the remote perspective. Standing up smiling, with a new pose for every second, he turns gracefully as on a pivot, the imperceptible double eye-glass resting only an instant on its place, discovers fresh objects of salutation behind. Accompanies all this pantomime gay French chatter, to the right, to the left, in front, behind, everywhere. He is playing admirably, though the play has hardly yet well begun. The burden of the piece is thrown on him so far.

I wonder if those French ladies—not by any means in the regulation Spanish toilette, and wandering at large outside those gaol precincts—have been disposed by him specially to be as foils for his acting, who should bow and simper responsive, and bring out his matchless powers of by-play. His disporting in this new pasture is positively marvellous: it is military quicksilver. He is three mimes at once: he is all points—fifty imperceptible eye-glasses, fifty shrugging shoulders. Just now the rolling prairie is strangely tossed and agitated, and the great waste of faces shifts suddenly to that high crimson stage along which the twelve white figures are picking their way slowly, one of whom is, unhappily, but too round and comfortable for any such solemn business, with a round twinkling face, positively dewy with an ineffable humour, such as you might place on the shoulders of Levasseur of the Palais Royal. On this injudicious selection do irreverent Frenchmen fling themselves in a tempest of mirth. They might literally be in the parterre of that exquisite home of Momus, for the raised stage on which the unhappy twelve sit is about on a level with irreverent Frenchmen's eyes. They point to him with an outrageous publicity, they bend to the ground in shrieks of inextinguishable laughter. Adolphe leans on Edouard, exhausted with the joke, and rolls out, "R-r-r-egar-r-r-dez!" this or that comic point. They compete in finding out broad points of humour, until poor Levasseur sitting up there gets restless and uneasy under the fire, but for all that lets a broad twinkle break out over his rollicking face.

Now, along a sort of avenue, coasting by the crimson-hung boxes, come the train and procession: gold, silver, priests, cardinals, and supreme pontiff, as before, with benediction scattered broadcast. Bending and swaying of heads as he passes by, and I see Goyon the Magnificent drop with great nicety upon one knee. He is now grouped for what is considered his best pose plastique. Ladies and gentlemen, this represents the Pious Soldier, or the Soldier in Prayer! It must be painful, considering the contracted space, that one-knee'd attitude; perhaps, too, he is a little uneasy on the score of the spotless breeches. Under that set smile lurks, perhaps, cankering care; for there is a cardinal rumoured to be well affected to France, passing below, and the cardinal rumoured to be well affected to France will not let him catch his eye. I can see it troubles him. Anon, he is happy—the cardinal well affected to France *has* seen him; and Goyon the Magnificent, acting his best now, and with the growing pain from the limb, now too long contracted, exquisitely

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varnished over with a seraphic smile, takes the pontifical benediction. I will answer for it that warrior will pass off his stage, at the end of all, with grace, decency, and dignity, and histrionically. In that great hit of his, when just passing off at the coulisses of the grave, he will not be unmindful of the unities. Sic vixit! Let him then murmur becomingly, "Vos plaudite!"

I see him perform again in no more than a short, simple little scene, not a second in length; something suddenly improvised not strictly in the piece, and taking him by surprise. It is early of that bright festive Easter morning, and the great pale blue waste—the temple where we have followed so many scenes—is as yet thinly tenanted, and stretches away, broad and unpopulated. Little specks of figures dot the pavement here and there; and I look up with strained eyes to one of the little balconies, or loggie, perched aloft like bird-cages, whence look down a black speck of a Spanish doña or two upon the tinier specks flitting below. Here as I wander round and round, thinking how superbly has Saint Paul's elder sister dressed herself of this festive morning, I see the blue and gold soldiers marching in, and forming two bright glaring lines one on each side. Not often do they manœuvre on such parade-ground as that. And I see, too, a glimmering down at the far end, at the great door, resolving itself into stars and bejewelled chests, and glaring jack-boots—in fact, into Goyon the Magnificent. He will play once more this morning, and, with the minor actors spread out behind, makes slow and gorgeous progress up that glittering avenue. Musically do the muskets rattle, as the histrionic general is saluted; most gracefully does he bow and posture to the right and to the left; he has the whole width of the stage clear and unimpeded for display; the double eye-glass works effectively; he falls into groupings by the aid of a subsidiary lay figure who walks a little behind.

Now, there has been standing, all this time, under the dome, watching the progress, a scarlet figure in plaid sash and brooches, with plume bonnet under his arm: an English Highland colonel. The Highland colonel stands out conspicuous, cold, supercilious; and, with a bearded friend, is merry on the foreign soldiers. Is it not a truth well-established, that there is no real genuine nobility but English; and that all your French, and German, and Italian baronships are pure Brummagem things, and pinchbeck imitations? So with soldiers. Highland colonel bursts into rude scoffing laughter as the foreign muffs defile before him, and, as it appears to me, defile respectably enough. Histrionic Goyon comes on slowly, with a sort of lounging swinging gait, in the direction of Highland colonel. Highland colonel, just barely done with the wretched foreign soldiery, finds himself of a sudden face to face with—in fact barring the further triumphant progress of—Goyon the Magnificent. People look round curiously at this meeting; they think of the entente cordiale—of the Crimea—nay, of the common courtesies between soldiers always, especially between such as are of superior rank. The gallant comedian who has seen the scarlet of Albion the perfidious through his double glass, has worked up a beatific smile of encouragement: has sniffed from afar the opportunity for some splendid stroke of acting. Now, Highland colonel, I have to blush. Highland colonel with a scowl of contempt measures the general, and in an awkward clumsy fashion turns his back upon the hereditary enemy of his country. But actor Goyon, how does he take it? Is he checked, or thrown off his centre? It becomes his most telling point of that day. He merely shrugs a protracted shrug to bystanders—a pitying, commiserating, contemptuous shrug—which spoke out softly: "My friends, que voulez-vous?—What would you have?—C'est un sot, un fat. It is his nature, not his fault. Have we not seen his kind in Paris the Beautiful?—and there is a good-natured toleration for these enfans mal élevés *there*. Shall we not have the same? Passons!" There is all this in the shrug, comprehensive as Lord Burleigh's head shaking. He has the best of it. I fancy he is glad on the whole that it fell out so. He takes his audience with him, and goes off with immense applause.

There is hung up in some church or palace a certain commemorative picture which celebrates the escape of the Santo Padre on the falling in of a floor in either a chapel or a convent hall. As to the particulars I am by no means clear; but I know that the picture was painted to order, and that the dramatic situation is happily rendered. There are the Pope and his ministers and the falling functionaries, and the dust and the shattered rafters; but what rivets the eye, to the prejudice of other actors in the composition, is the figure of the French general, exposing in his face and gesture the liveliest and almost abject sense of fear and terror. The artist, working in the best faith, and with a view to good dramatic effect, thought he would thus fittingly convey the danger of the situation, and so made the general a prey to this unmanly emotion. It is said that the ambassador of France accredited to the Holy See made strong representations, on the part of his government, against this inglorious apotheosis, with what result I cannot take on me to say. The story may be a comic fabrication, a legend not true, but ben trovato—well found—often more amusing than truth. Let us accept it as it is. For it chimes in admirably with those other traits of the incomparable actor, Goyon the Magnificent.

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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