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MISCELLANY.

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# BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

## OLD COURT.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

Book the Third.

CLARENCE CHETWYND.

I.

MR. LA HOGUE MAKES A DISCLOSURE TO CLARENCE.

MANY hours did not elapse after Mr. La Hogue's arrival at Old Court, before he had visited almost every part of the premises, including the stables, and during his survey of the latter he satisfied Drax and his helpers that he was a very good judge of horseflesh. He also paid a visit to Mrs. Mansfield, who was by no means pleased with his free-and-easy manner, and quite shocked when he proposed to come and smoke a cigar in her room in the evening. However, she civilly declined the proposition, on the plea that she could not allow smoking, for the good old dame, though disliking his manner, was anxious not to give him offence. All the household were astonished by the gentleman's extraordinary assurance, and wondered what Sir Hugh would say to him when he came back. Poor old Jodrell began to be apprehensive that he should incur his master's displeasure by the step he had taken, but he comforted himself by reflecting that he had acted for the best. Besides being excessively familiar, Mr. La Hogue was very prying and inquisitive, and examined all the papers lying on the writing-table in Sir Hugh's study. When Pigot went up-stairs with him, he asked the young man to show him Sir Hugh's bedroom, and the door being open, he marched in and gazed around as curiously as if he were taking an inventory of the furniture. An old desk in one corner particularly attracted his attention.

As will have been conjectured, Mr. La Hogue had a design upon Clarence—as we shall henceforth style that young gentleman, now that his right to the appellation is fully established—but he postponed the execution of the plan until after dinner. First satisfying himself that there was no one behind the large screen which was drawn round the table, he began:

“I've a few words to say to you on a very serious subject—no

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less than your father's murder. That is a very mysterious affair. There's more in it than has yet come out. A very important person, to whom no suspicion attaches, was the main actor in the terrible business. The murderer, I say, was a person of importance—a near relative of the victim."

"I can come to no other conclusion," rejoined Clarence, looking fixedly at his companion, "than that your dark suggestion refers to the master of this mansion."

"Ah! you fancy so, eh?" observed La Hogue.

"And therefore I dismiss it as improbable, almost impossible," pursued Clarence. "Sir Hugh Chetwynd can never be guilty of so terrible a crime."

"You bring the accusation against him, not I," remarked La Hogue. "I never said he murdered his brother."

"Not directly, but you implied it," said Clarence.

"If you will draw such an inference from the few words I let fall, I cannot help it. You don't seem inclined to move in the matter, so we'll let the subject drop."

"No, you have gone too far. It cannot be dropped now," cried Clarence, vehemently. "I do not believe Sir Hugh can be guilty; but if I did, nothing should prevent me from bringing him to justice."

"Really, my dear boy, I must call you to order," remarked Mr. La Hogue. "Consider what you are saying, and where you are saying it. Recollect that Sir Hugh is your uncle—your nearest living relative—and that you are under his roof. Above all, recollect that your future prospects depend entirely on him."

"But you have hinted—more than hinted—that he is my father's murderer," rejoined Clarence. "I repeat, that I do not believe the foul charge; but were I satisfied of its truth, I would not screen him from the consequences of his crime, were he thrice my uncle. My father must, and shall be avenged."

"Very proper," said the imperturbable listener; "but I will show you the best way of avenging him. Listen to me, my dear boy, and listen patiently. It is useless to excite yourself, because excitement answers no purpose. I can assist you to obtain money from your uncle, but nothing more. Vengeance is against my principles. Of course it will be necessary to alarm Sir Hugh, but this you may leave to me. Have I not said enough? You must be monstrous slow if you don't comprehend me."

"I see plainly what you mean," cried Clarence, scarcely able to conceal his disgust. "But what proofs have you of the truth of your assertion?"

"Proofs are unnecessary. A few words from me will suffice to produce the desired effect on Sir Hugh, and compel him to agree to our terms."

The young man shuddered, for he felt, from the expression of La

Hogue's face that that unscrupulous personage believed Sir Hugh to be completely in his power.

"You pretend to have been my father's friend," he said, at length; "but how comes it, if you are in possession of this terrible secret connected with his fate, that you have kept silence so long?"

"I do not feel called upon to explain the cause of my silence," said La Hogue, "but I had no particular motive for revealing the secret. I have no grudge against your uncle. But I have a hold upon him—a tremendous hold—and must turn it to account. I had fixed with myself the sum I intended to demand. I shall double it, and give half to you. You look indignant, but you ought really to be obliged to me for procuring you a fortune. Your father was a deuced knowing fellow, and never threw away a chance. He would always make a bargain where a bargain was practicable, and saw in a moment what line of conduct would pay best. He might have thought revenge sweet, but he thought money a great deal sweeter. And in my own opinion that was a very sensible way of viewing things. An important secret is very valuable to its possessor, and if my sharp-witted friend, Clarence Chetwynd, had had such a secret as this in his keeping, he would have made the most of it, you may depend. Remember, my dear boy, I knew him well."

"Answer me one question, sir," said Clarence. "Was my father on bad terms with his brother?"

"On very bad terms, and I'll tell you why. Your father lived fast—spent a great deal—and Sir Hugh had to pay his debts more than once. Well, a brother might do this and get over the annoyance, but your father mortally offended Sir Hugh by supplanting him in the affections of a lady—of your mother, in short."

"Was Sir Hugh attached to her?" demanded Clarence.

"He would have married her if his brother had not been in the way," replied La Hogue.

"This, then, was the motive for the dreadful deed?" cried Clarence, astounded.

"Now you begin to see it. But don't be downcast. Take a glass of claret, and cheer up. No use in fretting about a matter that occurred before you were born. Nothing we can say or do will bring your worthy father to life again, but he has left you a nice little legacy—a nice little legacy, my boy—which I, as his executor, will take care shall be duly paid by your uncle. Don't be foolish enough to interfere with the testator's intentions. Place the matter in my hands, and as soon as your uncle comes back I'll arrange it to your entire satisfaction."

Clarence made no reply, and seemed completely overcome by painful emotions.

"Well, we won't say any more on the subject to-night," said La Hogue, feeling certain he had produced the desired effect. "Very

likely Sir Hugh may return to-morrow, but let him come back when he will, he shall find us prepared. Rest quite easy as to the result. Your fortune is made, my dear boy—and so is mine," he added to himself. "This claret is deuced good, but I've had enough of it. I'll go and smoke a cigar on the terrace. Will you come?—No? Then adieu, for the moment."

So saying, he quitted the dining-room. In the entrance-hall he encountered Jodrell and Pigot, who were bringing in coffee, so he stopped for a moment to help himself, and then passed out into the garden, where he remained for nearly an hour, pacing to and fro on the terrace. When he re-entered the house, he found that Clarence had retired for the night, and, not knowing exactly what to do with himself, determined to follow the young man's example. Previously, however, to ascending the grand staircase, he accepted Jodrell's offer of a glass of soda and brandy.

## II.

### A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE.

FAIN would Clarence have disbelieved the revelation made to him, but he felt there must be truth in it, or La Hogue would never have ventured to cast such a terrible imputation on Sir Hugh. Neither, if Sir Hugh were guiltless, would the plan of intimidation be successful.

Startling and improbable as was the statement—unworthy of credit as appeared the accuser—Clarence nevertheless believed the charge, for Sir Hugh's solitary life and moody fits, of which he had heard, seemed to proclaim that the unhappy man had a heavy weight upon his soul. That no suspicion had fallen upon him of his connexion with the tragical affair might be accounted for in many ways. Perhaps he had already purchased La Hogue's silence, and the villain had returned, at a most opportune moment, to claim a further reward, and sought to increase his demands by linking him in the plan. It might be so.

While thinking over the accidental meeting with Sir Hugh, Clarence began to persuade himself that the baronet's strange and startled looks, which had surprised him at the time, evidenced his guilt. And Sir Hugh's subsequent conduct, otherwise inexplicable, tended to confirm the idea. Why had he shunned him throughout the day of his arrival, except that his presence was unreportable?

Not for a moment did Clarence dream of becoming a party to the infamous scheme proposed by La Hogue, but he felt the necessity of caution while dealing with so unscrupulous a person.

The position in which the young man was placed was beset with difficulties, and, on whichever side he turned, they rose before

him. Impressed with the idea that a stern duty was imposed upon him, and that he ought to be inflexible in its discharge, he yet felt unequal to the formidable task. To undertake it he must harden his heart—check all natural feelings—disgrace a proud and honourable family—and for ever destroy the peace of her who owed her being to Sir Hugh.

Could he do this? Could he rise up as an inexorable avenger and strike a terrible blow, the results of which must be fatal to the happiness of one in whom he was already deeply interested? Could he destroy her father?

And yet his own father must be avenged. He could not suffer the murderer to escape.

Occupied by such thoughts, he remained seated in an arm-chair by the fireside. More than once he had replenished the andirons with logs of wood taken from a basket standing near the mantelpiece, and the flames for a time gave a cheerful air to the sombre room. At last Nature asserted her sway, and he fell asleep. How long he slumbered he could not tell, but he was aroused by the opening of the door. It was opened very cautiously, but nevertheless the sound disturbed him. His taper was still burning, but it was placed at the farther end of the room, and gave a dim light, and the logs had burnt down to ashes. He fancied he saw some one look into the room, but the figure instantly disappeared, and the door was closed.

As soon as he could collect his senses he went out to ascertain who was the intruder. It was a bright moonlight night, and every object was clearly distinguishable in the corridor. But no one was there. His room adjoined that of Sir Hugh, and it occurred to him to go in. The door was fastened. He had every reason to believe the room unoccupied, but as he listened he felt convinced that some one was moving about inside. Resolved to satisfy himself on this point, he tapped at the door, but no answer was returned, and the noise instantly ceased. He knocked again yet more loudly, and called out. Still no answer was returned, and all remained perfectly quiet. Suddenly recollecting that Sir Hugh's dressing-room communicated with the bed-chamber, he flew to the latter, and meeting with no obstruction, entered it. The window-curtains were undrawn, and the chamber was flooded with moonlight, and appeared entirely deserted. There stood the old armoire, with the portrait on which he had gazed in the morning reared against the table. No living thing met his eye.

Casting a hasty look around, he then went to the side-door. It was fastened. Again he knocked, but with the same result as before, and after waiting for a minute or two, he returned to his own room.

Puzzled by the occurrence, and not altogether satisfied, he was considering whether to retire to rest or keep watch, when his

door, which was left ajar, was opened, and Jodrell came in with a lighted candle. The old butler, who did not look more than half awakened, had only partially huddled on his clothes, and presented a very grotesque appearance in his tall cotton nightcap.

"What! not a-bed, sir?" he cried. "Why, it's past two o'clock. Nothing the matter, I hope?"

"Were you here just now, Jodrell?" asked Clarence.

"Here!" exclaimed the butler, staring. "Lord bless you! no. I'm only just out of my warm bed. Hearing a noise below, I came down to see what caused it."

"You heard me knocking at Sir Hugh's door," replied Clarence. "There's somebody in the room—somebody locked in—and the person came to my room first."

"There ought not to be any one in Sir Hugh's room," cried Jodrell, now fully awakened. "I must find out who's there instantly."

"I'll go with you," replied Clarence.

So they sallied forth, each provided with a candle. Sir Hugh's room was but a few steps off, and on arriving at it, to Clarence's great surprise the door instantly yielded to Jodrell's touch, and they both went in. No one was in the room, and there was no appearance of any one having been there.

"You must have been mistaken, sir," remarked the butler.

"I could not have been mistaken," rejoined Clarence. "The door was certainly locked, and so was the side-door."

Jodrell examined the door in question, and finding it unfastened like the other, shook his head as sagaciously as Lord Burleigh. They then proceeded to search the room, looking behind the heavy curtains of the old oak bedstead, under the bed, behind the window-curtains, into the closets; looking everywhere, in short, where it was possible for a person to be concealed, but without making any discovery.

"Well, sir," said Jodrell, with a comical expression, "if you had gone to bed, I should say you had been dreaming."

"I have been sleeping in my chair," replied the young man, "and I may have fancied that some one looked into my room, but I could not have been mistaken about the doors. They were both locked a few minutes ago."

Just then, a cough announced that some one was outside, and immediately afterwards Mr. La Hogue entered, bearing a light, and imperfectly costumed in a pair of loose Turkish trousers, with slippers attached to them.

"What's the row?" he cried, with a yawn. "Why have you disturbed me from my peaceful slumbers? I thought robbers must be breaking into the house."

"Robbers may have broken in, sir, only we can't find 'em," replied Jodrell. "There have been mysterious noises in this room, and the doors have been locked inside."

"Locked inside, eh?—then how the deuce did you get in? Is the room haunted?"

"I don't know," replied Jodrell. "It's Sir Hugh's room."

"The ghosts must have taken advantage of his absence to visit their old quarters," said La Hogue. "When he's at home, he frightens 'em away. But as I don't like their company, I shall be off. I must have an hour's extra sleep in the morning," he added, with a tremendous yawn. "Good night."

With this he departed, and made his way back to his own room, which, we may presume, he had just quitted.

"I'll lock up the room now, at any rate, and take the keys with me," said Jodrell. "Ghosts or no ghosts, they shall remain here till morning, unless they can get through the keyhole."

This done, he attended Clarence to his room, and then bade him respectfully good night. Though by no means satisfied, the young man postponed all further reflection till the morrow, and shortly afterwards sought his pillow.

### III.

#### A TELEGRAM FROM LUCETTA.

NOTHING further occurred during the night to alarm the inmates of Old Court, and when Jodrell and Mrs. Mansfield examined Sir Hugh's room next morning, they could not discover that anything had been disturbed in it.

Notwithstanding his short allowance of sleep, Clarence arose early, and wishing to have as little as possible of Mr. La Hogue's company, took breakfast with Mrs. Mansfield, for whom, as we have intimated, he had conceived an almost filial regard. Gladly would he have made her his confidante, and asked her advice, but this being impossible, he contented himself with talking to her about Sir Hugh, and the description she gave of the baronet's mode of life convinced him that the unhappy man was suffering from the pangs of remorse.

"Ah! my dear," she said, quite unconscious that she was confirming her hearer's suspicions, "Sir Hugh has been a changed man ever since your poor father's death. He might reproach himself for some unkindness shown to his brother—I can't say, though his manner looked like it—but he couldn't bear to hear Clarence's name mentioned, and became liable to terrible fits of despondency. It is true that, during my poor lady's lifetime, he got rid in some degree of his melancholy; but even then he was far from happy."

"I suppose he is fond of his daughter?" inquired Clarence.

"Fond of her! he dotes upon her. And well he may, for there isn't her match in all England. Talking of her, I'll show you a letter which I received only a few days ago. She constantly writes to me. Here it is," she added, after rummaging her capacious pocket. "She calls me by a pet name, which she has

used ever since she was a child. You may, perhaps, think she writes too freely—but it's excusable, for I was her nurse."

On opening the letter, Clarence was struck with the beauty of the hand-writing. He then read as follows:

"Old Goody will think I have quite forgotten her. But the darling old creature will be quite wrong. Were I to tell you all I have been doing, I must send a letter longer than you would have patience to read, or than I could find time to write, so I must content myself with saying that I have been excessively gay, and have been to dinners, concerts, and balls innumerable. Sometimes to as many as four balls in one night. Are you not shocked, Goody? To tell you the truth, I did find this rather too much of a good thing. But the parties at Brighton are very agreeable—especially those given by the Courcy Dormers, which are really splendid. They do everything in the Russian style. I shall astonish you by describing their concerts and suppers when I come back. What do you think, darling Old Goody? I went out the other day with the Southdown foxhounds, and brought away the brush. I mean to hang it up in the entrance-hall at Old Court as a trophy. Well, now, I dare say you will ask how I like Brighton. I'll tell you. It's a charming place for a couple of months, but I don't desire to live here. I prefer our dull Old Court. However, it is very pleasant to ride and drive upon the cliffs—to see so many brilliant equipages—and to meet hundreds of people whom one knows; and I do so enjoy a gallop on the downs.

"There, I don't think I have anything more to tell you. Oh! yes, the 40th Hussars are here, though I don't suppose the information will interest you much. But the officers are very agreeable, and make a great addition to our balls and parties. In fact, I don't know what we should do without them, for most of the other men one meets are tiresome and insipid. Two in particular—a Mr. March Ripley, and a Mr. Gerard Hunsdon, who pester me with their attentions—are dreadful plagues. They form a perfect contrast in looks and manner to Captain Rainald Fanshaw, one of the officers I have alluded to, whose attentions are rather marked, and whom I don't find altogether disagreeable. Captain F. has a very distinguished appearance, and is certainly the most agreeable person I have met. He is the only son of Sir Nevil Fanshaw, Bart.

"Now I have told you all, or nearly all. So adieu, dearest old Goody! Your affectionate

LUCETTA.

"P.S.—Don't imagine that Captain R. F. has produced any decided impression upon me. I think him very handsome and very agreeable—that's all. I shall meet him to-night at the Ca-



penhursts' ball, and to-morrow at the Courcy Dormers'. Once more, adieu!"

The concluding portion of the letter gave Clarence exquisite pain, and he exclaimed,

"It is plain this Captain Fanshaw has gained her affections."

"I hope not, my dear," replied Mrs. Mansfield. "She is pleased with him, no doubt, but——"

"She is in love with him, I tell you," interrupted Clarence. "This is a bitter disappointment to me, for I will own to you that the image of my lovely cousin has haunted me ever since I first gazed upon her portrait. Yet what right have I to complain? She has never seen me, and is not even aware of my existence. I have allowed myself to indulge in an idle dream about her, and am now rudely awakened."

"I shall be very sorry if your notion should prove correct, my dear," said Mrs. Mansfield. "Captain Fanshaw may be all your cousin Lucetta represents him, but I am sure I shall never like him."

"Whatever he may be, it is certain he has won her heart," sighed Clarence.

"I won't believe it," cried the old housekeeper. "She has only written this silly nonsense to make me laugh. And I do laugh at it."

But her looks contradicted the assertion, for she appeared uncommonly serious.

Just at this moment Pigot entered the room with a letter.

"A telegraphic message for you, ma'am," he said. "Please to sign the receipt for the messenger."

Mrs. Mansfield having complied, the footman departed, and the old dame, having put on her spectacles and opened the letter, cried out,

"Bless me! it's from Lucetta."

The despatch was thus worded:

"FROM MISS CHETWYND  
TO MRS. MANSFIELD,  
WITH SIR HUGH CHETWYND, BART.,  
OLD COURT HOUSE, KENT.

"R. F. will come to see papa to-day. Prepare."

"R. F.! That must be the odious Captain Rainald Fanshaw himself," cried Mrs. Mansfield, dropping the despatch, which Clarence picked up. "What business can he have with Sir Hugh, I wonder?"

"He can only have one business," rejoined Clarence, sadly. "This brief message speaks volumes. Coupling these few words with Lucetta's letter, you are given to understand that Cap-

tain Fanshaw has been accepted by her, and is coming hither to ask her father's consent to their marriage. That's the explanation," he added, bitterly.

"Oh dear! oh dear! I shall go distracted!" exclaimed Mrs. Mansfield. "Such a nice plan as I had formed—and to have it frustrated! What a lucky thing Sir Hugh is not at home."

"He may return before Captain Fanshaw arrives," remarked Clarence. "Besides, his absence will only cause a little delay. All my hopes are destroyed."

"Don't say so," cried the good old dame. "Something unexpected may turn up. Sir Hugh may refuse his consent—and, indeed, that's not at all improbable."

"But if she loves this Captain Fanshaw, I must think of her no more," said Clarence. "I ought never to have aspired to her even in thought, and am properly punished for my presumption."

"Presumption, indeed! You deserve her a great deal better than the captain. I shan't be able to be decently civil to him when he comes."

At this moment Jodrell entered the room, and, addressing Clarence, said,

"Mr. La Hogue is just come down to breakfast, sir, and is inquiring for you."

"I don't want to see him," replied the young man. "Captain Fanshaw ought not to find that person here," he added, significantly, to the housekeeper. "Can't you give him a hint to depart, Jodrell?"

"Not I, sir," rejoined the butler. "It would require a pretty strong hint, I suspect, to make him go. But who is the gentleman you were speaking of—Captain Fanshaw? I never heard of him."

"You'll hear enough about him presently," rejoined Clarence. "But, I repeat, he must not meet Mr. La Hogue."

"If the captain is coming here, I don't see how a meeting is to be avoided, sir," said Jodrell, "for it's quite certain Mr. La Hogue won't remain in the background."

"It must be managed, even if you give him offence," said Clarence. "Mrs. Mansfield will tell you more about Captain Fanshaw. I am going out into the park."

So saying, he hastily quitted the room, leaving the astounded butler to ask for some explanation from Mrs. Mansfield.

#### IV.

##### MR. LA HOGUE MANAGES TO MAKE ACQUAINTANCE WITH CAPTAIN FANSHAW AND MAJOR TREVOR.

MR. LA HOGUE had gone very leisurely through his breakfast, and was leaning back indolently in an easy-chair, thinking how delightful a cabana would be, but not venturing to indulge in one there,

when Jodrell entered, and as he hobbled towards him, the old butler's countenance betokened that he had something to communicate. Noticing this, Mr. La Hogue inquired, with some appearance of interest, whether he had heard from Sir Hugh. The butler replied in the negative. A telegraphic message, however, had been received from Miss Chetwynd, announcing that a visitor might be expected in the course of the day. Mr. La Hogue was curious to know who the visitor could be, and learnt that it was Captain Fanshaw, of the 40th Hussars, who was coming from Brighton.

"I shall be delighted to see Captain Fanshaw," said La Hogue. "You have no idea what brings him here, Jodrell?"

"Not the slightest, sir. His visit is quite unexpected. But I think, sir, that Sir Hugh will hardly like to find you here as well. He dislikes much company."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, Jodrell. I have made up my mind to stay, and stay I shall. Attend to your young lady's recommendation, and do the best you can for the captain. Now, what's your own opinion about him, Jodrell?—don't you fancy he's a suitor—ha?"

"I never venture to have an opinion on such points, sir."

"Ten to one he is. I'll soon settle the point when he arrives."

"Really, sir, if you'll allow me—I think you'd much better pack off after luncheon."

"Pack off, you impertinent rascal. Mind your own business. Take care we have a good dinner. By-the-by, have you found out the cause of the disturbance last night? Something supernatural—eh?"

"I don't know what to think of it," replied the butler.

"But I do," rejoined La Hogue. "You don't suppose I'm such an ass as to believe in ghosts; but I *do* believe in somnambulism. Mr. Chetwynd must have been walking in his sleep. No other explanation is possible. If you want to keep him quiet, I would recommend you to lock him in his room to-night."

"Shall I lock your door as well, sir?" inquired Jodrell, dryly.

"In my case the precaution is unnecessary. I don't walk in my sleep. Indeed, I walk as little as I can, at any time. And that reminds me that I shall ride to-day—after luncheon. Sir Hugh's horses want exercise—so do I. Tell Mr. Chetwynd, when he comes in, that I hope he'll ride with me."

The butler promised compliance, but his manner seemed to intimate that the proposition would very likely be declined. And so it turned out.

Mr. La Hogue spent the interval between breakfast and luncheon in the stables, for which part of the establishment he evinced a great predilection, and where he seemed to be quite at home. Seated upon a corn-bin, he chatted familiarly with Drax, critically examined the horses, smoked several cigars, admired

a couple of bull-terrier pups belonging to the coachman, and having gained an appetite in this way, went back to luncheon. Again Clarence did not make his appearance. He had not returned from his walk in the park, Jodrell asserted—but the sly old fellow knew better. Mr. La Hogue looked surprised, and rather vexed, but he sat down to luncheon by himself, and did tolerably well. He had ordered horses to be ready for himself and the young gentleman at half-past two, and a couple of excellent hacks were brought round at that hour; but as Clarence did not turn up, he was obliged to set off with no other company beyond that of a groom.

"He sits a horse uncommon well, that 'ere lively blade," remarked Drax to Jodrell, as they stood together at the door looking after him, "and he knows quite as much about horses as I do myself. He's werry agreeable and conversable, I must say."

"I wish we were rid of him, Drax," rejoined Jodrell. "There'll be a pretty to-do, I expect, when Sir Hugh returns."

"Why didn't our young gent ride wi' him?" asked the coachman.

"'Cos he don't like him, that's why, Drax," replied the butler.

"Well, I *do* like him; he makes hisself so remarkable pleasant," replied the coachman. And he trotted off to the stable.

Mr. La Hogue enjoyed his ride very much, but only accomplished a few miles, for the ground being frosty and hard, he could not go fast with safety, so, having reached an eminence crowned by a windmill which he had fixed as his limit, he turned back. When he was within a mile of the park, and walking his horse slowly along, he heard the sound of wheels behind, and, looking back, perceived a small open phaeton, in which two gentlemen were seated.

From the military appearance of these gentlemen he entertained no doubt whatever that one of them was Captain Fanshaw, and determined to make his acquaintance without loss of time. Accordingly, he halted to let the phaeton come up. Seeing our free-and-easy friend mounted on a remarkably handsome bay horse, and attended by a groom, the two officers naturally supposed him to be a gentleman. Besides, Mr. La Hogue looked much better on horseback than in any other position, and his grey French paletot, tight blue pants, and Parisian hat, gave him rather a stylish air. Motioning the driver to stop, and politely raising his hat as he approached the phaeton, La Hogue inquired whether one of the gentlemen was not Captain Fanshaw.

"I am Captain Fanshaw, sir," replied Rainald, removing a cigar from his lips, and returning La Hogue's salute.

"I felt quite certain of it," said La Hogue, "and have therefore taken the liberty of addressing you. I am staying at Old Court, whither, I conclude, you are bound, and where you are ex-

pected. Allow me to introduce myself to you as Mr. Vandeleur La Hogue."

"Upon my honour, Mr. La Hogue, you quite astonish me," replied Rainald. "I had no idea I was expected. My brother-officer, Major Trevor."

Salutes were then exchanged, and Rainald continued:

"Now do tell me, my good sir, how it comes to pass that I am expected at Old Court?"

"The explanation is very simple, captain," replied La Hogue, smiling. "A telegraphic message has been received from Miss Chetwynd."

La Hogue noticed the look that passed between the two officers, and felt that his conjecture as to the captain's errand was correct.

"Is Sir Hugh Chetwynd at home, may I inquire, Mr. La Hogue?" said Rainald.

"He is not," replied the personage addressed, "but he may return at any moment."

"'Twas he we met at Red-hill! I told you so," observed Rainald to the major.

"You have seen him, then?" cried La Hogue.

"Accidentally," replied Captain Fanshaw. "And I am able to tell you that he is gone to Brighton, and will not be back till to-morrow."

"I hope you will stay till then," said La Hogue. "You won't find the place very lively, but we'll do our best to amuse you."

"Oh yes, we'll stay!" rejoined Rainald.

The phaeton moved slowly on, and Mr. La Hogue kept near it, talking to the officers.

"Are there any guests at the house just now?" inquired Major Trevor, who, judging from the specimen before him, began to think Mainwaring's description of the place might be correct after all.

"Only myself and Sir Hugh's nephew," replied La Hogue.

"His nephew!" exclaimed Captain Fanshaw, surprised. "I was not aware that Sir Hugh had a nephew."

"Sir Hugh was not aware of it himself two days ago," rejoined La Hogue, laughing.

And he then proceeded to narrate, in his own way, all the particulars connected with Clarence that had come to his knowledge, increasing the wonderment of both his listeners by the singular details he gave them.

"Clarence has not yet been formally acknowledged by Sir Hugh as his nephew, but he will be so immediately, I suppose," he said, in conclusion. "He is a devilish good-looking young fellow, as I am sure you will admit—the image of his father, my old friend, Captain Chetwynd."

"I am curious to see him," replied Rainald. "Upon my soul,

this is a very curious story you have told us—quite a romance. No doubt Sir Hugh was about this business when we met him at Red-hill with Mr. Mainwaring," he observed to the major.

By this time they had reached the park gates, and the driver of the phaeton, on entering the noble domain, increased his speed, and left Mr. La Hogue behind; but that gentleman came up again presently, and renewed the conversation, rather to the annoyance of Rainald, who had no sooner caught sight of the picturesque old mansion, than he was seized with a sentimental fit. Meantime, the groom had ridden on to announce the visitors, so that on their arrival they found the principal members of the household waiting at the door to receive them.

"Mr. Jodrell, I suppose," said Rainald, as the old butler advanced with Pigot. "I have a letter for you."

"From Sir Hugh, I perceive," replied Jodrell. "Excuse me, sir," he added, opening the letter. "Ah! I see, he merely recommends me to pay every attention to Captain Fanshaw—yourself, I presume, sir," bowing, "and Major Trevor," bowing again, "who will remain till his return. Rely upon it, gentlemen, I'll do my best to carry out my master's orders."

The officers then alighted, and Rainald, having paid the driver of the phaeton and dismissed him, threw his overcoat to Pigot, but, instead of entering the house at once, he walked to a short distance along the broad gravel drive to gaze at the picturesque façade, and indulge his romantic fancies.

"And this, then, is the house in which she has dwelt!" he mentally ejaculated. "A fine old place—exactly what she described it—and I trust we shall pass away many years of happiness beneath its roof. But what a strange story is that I have just heard of the newly discovered nephew! I can't get it out of my head. I wonder how I shall like our new cousin. Ah! this is he, I'll swear," he added, as a tall youthful figure appeared upon the terrace.

It was Clarence. He had been in the garden, and hearing the arrival of the new comers, was returning to the house. As he approached, Rainald scrutinised him with a critical eye. There was no want of breeding about the young fellow, the captain thought, and if his manner was a little boorish, it was wholly free from awkwardness and embarrassment. There could be no question about his good looks. While noting all this, Rainald felt—he didn't exactly know why—repelled by the young man. On his part, Clarence was similarly influenced, but in a much stronger degree, for the moment he set eyes upon the tall and graceful figure of the young officer, he knew it must be his rival, and conceived an aversion to him.

Just before Rainald came up, Mr. La Hogue, who had dismounted and given his horse to the groom, hurried forward, and, whispering to Rainald that it was Sir Hugh's nephew whom he saw,

went through the ceremony of introducing the young men to each other. This interference was displeasing to Clarence, and made his manner appear so stiff and cold that he sank greatly in the estimation of the polished officer of hussars. "Nature has done a good deal for him, but he is sadly deficient in manner," thought Rainald. And as he allowed the opinion to be rather too plainly expressed in his looks, Clarence read it there, and at once set him down as a supercilious puppy. Under these somewhat unfavourable circumstances the introduction took place. The young men shook hands, and after a few words of common civility drew back from each other, and it was rather a relief to Rainald when La Hogue proposed that they should go into the house.

Meanwhile, Major Trevor had been standing on the steps with Jodrell, and availed himself of the opportunity of questioning the old butler about the Serchial Madeira and Sir Christopher's port.

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed Jodrell, "Mr. Mainwaring likes both of those wines. Many a bottle of Roritz port has he crushed in this house, and Sir Christopher—he was the late baronet, sir—used to say that there wasn't so good a judge of port wine in the kingdom as Mr. Mainwaring."

"I dare say Sir Christopher was no bad judge himself," remarked the major.

"Not equal to Mr. Mainwaring, sir. You shall taste the Roritz port and the old Madeira, and any other wines you may choose, for we have a famous cellar, thanks to Sir Christopher."

"I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. Jodrell," observed the major. "I leave the choice of the wines entirely to you. Serve me as you would Mr. Mainwaring."

"Then you must stick to the Roritz port, sir."

"Don't omit claret altogether, my good friend. Captain Fanshaw is not a port-wine man."

"Never fear, sir," replied the old butler. "I can suit all tastes."

By this time the others had come up, and the major in his turn was introduced to Clarence. In this case there was no antagonistic feeling, so they got on very well together, and the whole party went in.

## V.

### WHAT MRS. MANSFIELD THOUGHT OF THE CAPTAIN.

AFTER they had inspected the martial implements and knightly accoutrements with which the entrance-hall was bedecked, the newly arrived guests were conducted up the great staircase by Jodrell. On reaching the principal corridor they were met by Mrs. Mansfield, who, though strongly prejudiced, as we know, against Captain Fanshaw, desired to see what he was like; and

now that he stood before her, she was rather vexed than otherwise that she could not find fault with his personal appearance.

"So you are Mrs. Mansfield," said the handsome captain, regarding her with a look of great interest, whether feigned or real we won't pretend to determine. "I must shake hands with you, my dear madam—I must, upon my soul. I've often heard Lucetta speak of her dear old Goody—that's her pet name for you, eh?" She sends her love to you, and would have sent something more, I'm quite sure, if she could have trusted me with it. Do you know, Mansfield," he continued, looking hard at her, "I felt quite jealous of you; but now I perceive what a nice old body you are, upon my soul I don't wonder at Lucetta's fondness for you. I shall become very fond of you myself."

"And then somebody else will become jealous," laughed the major.

There was no resisting such an address as this. Rainald had conquered. Mrs. Mansfield could not call up a single frown. Such good nature and good humour as the captain evinced would have disarmed a stronger-minded woman than our old housekeeper. But the captain pursued his victory. When Mrs. Mansfield showed him the room she had prepared for him, and in which a fire was blazing, he detained her, made her sit down, and after talking in rapturous and perhaps extravagant terms of her young mistress—though the language did not seem at all too high-flown to his listener—concluded by explaining to her the object of his visit to Old Court.

Thus treated, thus flattered by being taken into the confidence of her young lady's lover, what could tender-hearted Mrs. Mansfield say and do? Only what she did say and do. She could not belie her conscience, and affirm that she hoped, for her young lady's sake and his own, that the match might take place, but she somehow contrived to persuade Rainald that he had her best wishes for the consummation of his happiness. And, in reality, the good old dame began to feel that the dreams she had indulged in with regard to Clarence were at an end. Now that she had experienced the influence of Rainald's refined and captivating manner, she did not wonder that Lucetta had accepted him, and was forced to admit that Clarence would have had a very poor chance with such a rival, even if matters had not gone quite so far as they had done. Besides, if the decision had rested with herself, instead of with Sir Hugh, she could never have opposed her darling Lucetta's inclinations. Here was the man of the dear girl's choice, and so far as appearances went, a very good choice had been made. No, no—poor Clarence's chance—if he had ever had a chance—was utterly gone.

Little had the good old dame anticipated that such would be the result of her first interview with the handsome cap-



tain. Little did she imagine that her loyalty to Clarence would be shaken by a few honeyed words. She went down-stairs to her own room not altogether satisfied with herself, and feeling that her sympathies were enlisted on the wrong side. She went to her own room, we say, and there found Clarence.

"Well, have you seen him, Mansfield?" cried the young man, cagerly.

"Yes, I have just left him," she replied, knowing that he alluded to Captain Fanshaw. "It is just as we suspected. I have heard all about it. He has been telling me of his attachment to your cousin Lucetta."

"She loves him, then?" cried Clarence.

"Yes, yes, she loves him," replied the good woman, deeming it right to crush his hopes effectually. "She has accepted him. I now feel, my dear, that it was very foolish in me—very wrong—to put any notions into your head respecting your cousin. I ought to have known better. But I shan't forgive myself for my folly, if I have caused you any real disappointment. You must not view the matter too seriously. The prize—for my darling young lady is an inestimable prize—which I hoped was reserved for you has fallen into other hands. But that can't be helped. You must reconcile yourself to the loss."

"But I cannot reconcile myself to it," exclaimed Clarence. "Lucetta has obtained complete mastery over me. I know this is madness, or the next thing to it, and that I ought to overcome the feeling, but I cannot. I hate this Captain Fanshaw, who has robbed me of the being whom I feel I could have loved, and who but for him might have been mine. I hate him, Mansfield. I won't meet him again."

As he gave vent to this almost boyish ebullition of anger, the old housekeeper thought him more than ever like his father.

"You must not talk in this way, my dear," she said, in a gentle persuasive voice, and with a kindly maternal look, drawing him as she spoke towards a chair. "There, sit down and listen to me. You have raised your expectations too high, and gone too fast. But the fault is mine. To lament over impossibilities would be idle, and I am sure you are incapable of such weakness. You must manage to endure Captain Fanshaw's society. The feelings of dislike you entertain for him will speedily wear off. You will find him, I am sure, a perfect gentleman, and I persuade myself you will shortly become great friends."

"Never! Mansfield," exclaimed Clarence, energetically. "Never!"

"Yes you will," she rejoined. "Now, be a good boy, as I used to say to your poor father when he was self-willed, and do as you are bid. Make yourself agreeable to the captain."

"I can't, Mansfield."

"You mean, you won't. But I say you must. All will then be right, and I shall have the consolation of reflecting that if I have acted unwisely, I have made amends for the indiscretion. You won't make me unhappy, I am sure. Promise me not to quarrel with the captain."

"Well, I will promise," replied Clarence, rather reluctantly. "But I won't promise not to quarrel with Mr. La Hogue."

"Don't quarrel with him or with any one else, I entreat," said the kind-hearted old dame. "I have no very exalted opinion of the gentleman in question, from what I hear of him from Jodrell. But a misunderstanding with him might lead to unpleasant consequences. Don't meddle with him, my dear, but leave Sir Hugh to settle with him on his return."

"You are right," rejoined Clarence. "I will follow your advice."

"It is dictated by real love for you, my dear," said the old dame, with a truly motherly look. "I cannot do all I could wish for you, but I will do the best I can. And now go and look after the guests. Remember, you are your uncle's representative in the house, and act accordingly. Ah! who's there?" she exclaimed, as her quick ears caught the sound of footsteps outside.

No one answered. Mr. La Hogue, however, had been listening at the door, which was left ajar, and had heard all that had passed between the young man and the housekeeper.

Before Clarence came out he was gone. The young man's disappointment at the loss of Lucetta gave him a hint for a slight modification in his plans.

## VI.

### TEMPTATION.

OUR military friends passed the rest of the day more agreeably than they had anticipated. Accompanied by Mr. La Hogue and Jodrell, they explored the old house, looked at the portraits in the gallery, admired the old furniture in the dining-room, lounged about the library, but did not trouble the goodly tomes upon the shelves. Major Trevor, indeed, wondered who the deuce was going to read all those big books; whereupon Mr. La Hogue shrugged his shoulders, and said he was not the man to do it.

After pointing out several objects which appeared to have a special interest to Rainald, the old butler happened to mention that Miss Chetwynd's portrait was hung up in the room occupied by Clarence, upon which the captain went there at once, and was so charmed with the picture that he took it down, with the intention

of conveying it to his own room. Just as he was moving off, Clarence made his appearance, and looked disposed to repossess himself forcibly of the treasure.

"Excuse me," rejoined Rainald, who, though inclined to resent the young man's rudeness, thought it best to treat the matter as a joke. "I dare say you value the portrait. But I think I have a better title to it than you have. Be so good as to place it in my room, Mr. Jodrell," he added, giving it to the old butler. "Come along, major. Let us go down-stairs."

As they paced along the corridor, he remarked to Trevor that he was afraid he should have to give the young fool a lesson.

Meanwhile, Clarence, irritated with himself for so soon breaking his promise to good Mrs. Mansfield, walked to the farther end of the room, and flung himself into a chair. Thinking his opportunity had arrived, La Hogue whispered to Jodrell to take away the picture, engaging to set all right, and then, closing the door after the butler, went up to the young man.

"I see you are put out, my dear boy, and I understand why," he said. "You have fallen in love with your charming cousin—don't interrupt me, if you please—but you won't gain your object by quarrelling with the captain. I'll show you how to throw him over," he added, with a significant smile.

Clarence looked inquiringly at him, but did not speak.

"Shall I tell you what I would do, if I had a hated rival?" continued La Hogue.

"You would kill him, I suppose?" rejoined Clarence. "Few scruples, I should think, would restrain you."

"No, I wouldn't kill him, but I would get rid of him just as effectually. Captain Fanshaw loves your cousin Lucetta, and feels certain of obtaining her hand. Everything justifies the expectation. The young lady has accepted him—at least, I suppose so—and her father is not likely to refuse his consent."

"Why tell me this? I know it," cried Clarence, impatiently.

"Stop a minute," rejoined La Hogue, with a smile. "There is an obstacle on which the captain has not counted. He has omitted me in his calculations. Safe as he deems himself, he will find that I can thwart him. He is coming in easily, but he won't win. A young untried horse, whom nobody thought worth backing, will beat him."

And he laughed merrily at his own conceit.

"Now listen to me, my dear boy," he continued. "The odds are fearfully against you at this moment; but I'll show you how to beat the favourite. You shall carry off your cousin. You shall wed her, my boy—wed her."

Clarence's flushed cheek and flashing eyes betrayed his excitement, and La Hogue hastened to improve the effect which he saw he had produced.

"Only say the word," he continued, more earnestly than before,

"and I will force Sir Hugh to refuse Captain Fanshaw and give Lucetta to you."

"I doubt your power," said Clarence.

"You doubt it, eh? Well, you shall see. Say the word, and this haughty captain, who would deride your pretensions, shall go back discomfited."

"I should like to mortify him, I own, but not in this way," said Clarence.

"You can mortify him in no other way. He is vulnerable in one point only, my dear boy. Hit him there, or you do nothing. You have too much pluck to let him get the better of you. I see we are agreed," he added, clapping the young man on the shoulder.

"Agreed to what?" demanded Clarence, shrinking from him almost with loathing.

"To act in concert, for the purpose of bringing Sir Hugh to book. The management of the business may be safely left to me, but I shall require your aid. In addition to whatever else you may acquire by the arrangement, you will gain Lucetta and balk your rival. It doesn't appear to require a moment's consideration, but think it over. And now, dear boy, let me give you a word of caution. Play your cards carefully. Don't quarrel with the captain. You may be well content to let him have the picture, since you will have the original. Meet him in good humour when you come down. You'll soon have your revenge."

With this, he relieved Clarence of his presence.

## VII.

### DINNER, AND A LITTLE ÉCARTÉ AFTER IT.

ON going down-stairs, La Hogue found that the two officers had walked out into the garden in order to smoke a cigar, and he presently joined them there. Captain Fanshaw was talking to Simpson, the head gardener—a very intelligent man, and an especial favourite with Lucetta—who showed them over the hothouses and greenhouses, and, while exhibiting many rare and beautiful plants, talked a great deal about his young mistress, and her fondness for flowers. The garden investigated, the party repaired to the stables and looked at Sir Hugh's horses, with which the two officers, who were both very good judges, were tolerably well pleased. Unluckily, the pride of the stable, Mazeppa, was in Brighton, with two other nearly thorough-bred hunters, so they could not be admired. But Drax, who had got his cue, having learnt from the captain that Lucetta had gained the brush with the Southdowns, launched into such a panegyric of her horsemanship, declaring that no young lady in the whole county of Kent could ride like her, that Rainald could not help tipping him hand-

somely. Thus they beguiled the flagging hours, until the first bell announcing that it was time to dress for dinner, they returned to the house.

Small as the party was, such a dinner had not been given at the Hall for many years, for Sir Hugh rarely entertained a friend, and lived very simply. On the present occasion, as he had directed that every attention should be paid his guests, Mrs. Mansfield determined to give them a really good dinner—a dinner that should do credit to her master. Accordingly, some of the best of the old family plate was displayed, and very handsome it looked, and very much Rainald and the major admired it—for they both liked old plate. Then, though no disciple of Francatelli, the cook was far from deficient in skill, and, under the guidance of Mrs. Mansfield, produced a series of old-fashioned dishes, very different from the everlasting French entrées—the *noix de veau*—the *filets de bœuf piqué*—the *canetons aux petits pois*—the *vols au vent à la béchamel*—the *salmis*, the *sautés*, the *timbales*, *soufflés*, the *croquenbouches*, and the *plombières*, to which the two officers were accustomed at the grand dinners at Brighton—but all excellent of their kind, and a very agreeable change to men tired of *cotelettes de lièvre*, *dindes en daube*, and *galantines*. Major Trevor, indeed, who was no bad judge, declared he had rarely dined so well. And yet the cook had only the resources of a large country-house to apply to. To be sure, there was plenty of mutton, poultry, and game, and even a *cochon de lait*, ready for the spit, so what more could be desired. Jodrell took care that the best wine the cellar afforded should be produced. The *Sercial Madeira* was introduced at the right moment, and Sir Christopher's old *Roritz port* elicited the fastidious major's unqualified approbation. There was no mistake about it, he said, and he only wished they had a good stock of it at the mess. As a matter of curiosity, and perhaps to please Jodrell—for he wished to stand well in the old butler's good graces—Captain Fanshaw tried this famous wine, but he quickly deserted it for the claret, which was *Lafitte* of the first growth. In other respects, the dinner passed off pleasantly enough. Mr. La Hogue talked about racing and steeple-chasing at Paris, Chantilly, Dieppe, and Baden-Baden, and related a good many anecdotes which amused his hearers. Major Trevor, who was of a jovial turn, rattled away very easily and agreeably, so that there was no flagging in the conversation. Even Clarence was not proof against Rainald's refined and prepossessing manner, and took quite a liking to the cheery major. As his ill humour wore off his manner improved, and Rainald thought that something might be made of him in time.

After a while, the party adjourned to the back part of the house, where a comfortable smoking-room had been improvised by Jodrell. Here they not only smoked, but played a little *écarté*, cards having been provided for them by the obliging old butler. The major

piqued himself, and with good reason, on his play, but he was no match for Mr. La Hogue, and lost five-and-twenty pounds to that personage, who proved to be an adept in the game. Rainald was equally unsuccessful—in fact, the luck seemed to be entirely on Mr. La Hogue's side.

Clarence withdrew as soon as the cards were introduced, not liking to confess that he could not play. His education had been somewhat neglected, Mr. La Hogue observed.

It was quite the witching hour when the others retired to rest, and as they passed through the gallery, the grim old family portraits seemed to frown upon them for their unlicensed intrusion.

If Rainald formed any such fancies they were dispelled by the sight of Lucetta's portrait, which he found in his room. Whatever her ancestors might do, *she* seemed to smile upon him, and so sweetly, that he could not help pressing his lips to the picture.

Need we inquire of whom he dreamed?

### VIII.

#### A SECOND TELEGRAM FROM LUCETTA.

RAINALD was awakened next morning by Pigot, and his first thought being of the portrait, he directed his eyes towards the spot where he had placed it overnight, but not discerning it, he questioned Pigot, who informed him that he had seen it, not many minutes ago, in Mr. Clarence Chetwynd's room. All the household, we may incidentally mention, had agreed—at Mrs. Mansfield's request—to give the young gentleman that designation. Very much surprised, and rather angry, the captain wanted to know how it came there, but this was more than Pigot could explain.

"Mr. Clarence was just as much surprised as you appear to be, captain, when he found it," said the footman. "The ghosts seem to be playing strange tricks just now. The night before last both doors of Sir Hugh's bedroom were locked inside—nobody could tell how—and now a picture flies from one room to another without anybody touching it. Very mysterious, ain't it, captain?"

"Not in the least mysterious, man," rejoined Rainald, sharply. "I have my own opinion as to the way in which the trick has been performed. Ghosts don't amuse themselves by carrying off pictures. Step to Mr. Clarence Chetwynd's room, and bring back the portrait directly."

"Sorry I can't do it, captain," rejoined Pigot, with difficulty repressing a laugh. "Mr. Chetwynd has just gone out, and has locked his door."

Happily, our armies no longer swear terribly in Flanders or

anywhere else, or Rainald, who was greatly exasperated by the information, might have given vent to a few well-rounded oaths. As it was, he sent for Jodrell, and he could not have adopted a wiser course, for the old butler presently answered the summons, and brought with him the missing portrait. Clarence, it appeared, on going out, had left the key of his room with him, and Jodrell was thus enabled to appease the captain's anger by bringing back the treasure. However, he declared positively that Mr. Chetwynd had had no hand in the mysterious affair, and that if a practical joke had been played, that young gentleman was not the actor.

When Rainald went down-stairs, after completing his toilette, he found the major and La Hogue in the dining-room, where the breakfast equipage was set out, and they both laughed immoderately on hearing of the mysterious abstraction of the portrait. Their merriment had not ceased when Clarence came in. He looked grave, but, when rallied by the major, felt that the incident was too absurd to be treated seriously, and laughed like the others. As to Rainald, though by no means satisfied, he thought it best not to trouble himself further about the matter. When Mr. La Hogue had done laughing, he expressed his firm conviction that Clarence was a somnambulist, and Rainald began to think that this was the true solution of the difficulty.

So many good things had been provided by Mrs. Mansfield for breakfast, that their discussion took up a long time, but the repast being at length ended, havannahs became the order of the day, and it was very well that Sir Hugh did not see the party while thus employed upon the terrace, or his peace of mind might have been grievously disturbed. By this time Rainald began to feel quite at home at the old place, and told the major, as they sauntered along the broad terrace, ever and anon stopping to contemplate some of the beautiful architectural details of the mansion, that he liked the place so much that he should certainly pass three or four months there in every year.

"A month, I should say, would be quite long enough," rejoined the major, who didn't see it in the same light. "Even with a daily allowance of the Roritz port, I should die of ennui in a week. You might manage to spend your honeymoon here, and all that sort of thing, but I shouldn't advise it. You'd be dreadfully bored—perhaps even with your wife."

"Impossible, major!" cried Rainald. "Lucetta would make a wilderness enchanting. My only misgiving is in regard to Sir Hugh. No getting rid of him, I fear, and not much chance of getting on with him either. Fancy a tête-à-tête dinner with him in that large dining-room. It's too dreadful to contemplate. Yet I have many such before me."

"I can't say I envy you, my dear fellow," rejoined the major. "A father-in-law is a confounded nuisance. If ever I commit matri-

mony, it shall be with a wealthy widow, without incumbrances, and without father or mother, who are worse than incumbrances. As I am not likely to meet with such a paragon, I don't suppose I shall marry at all. But the thought doesn't afflict me much. Ask me down here for a couple of days—not longer—when you want cheering up. A propos of Sir Hugh, has anything been heard of him this morning?"

"Nothing whatever, so Jodrell tells me. We shall have him here soon enough, no doubt. I wish to Heaven my interview with him were over! I dread it more than I did yesterday."

The party remained for some little time on the terrace, chatting on various matters, and looking about them. The morning was very fine, and despite the rigour of the season, the park, with its thick groves and long sweeping vistas, looked beautiful—at least, it would have looked so in the eyes of true lovers of nature—but none were there save Clarence, and he was in no mood then for enjoyment of scenery. Though he contrived to maintain a tolerably calm exterior, his breast was in a turmoil, and he looked forward with feverish impatience for Sir Hugh's return, though he could not foresee what would happen then. That a most important crisis was at hand, as far as he himself was concerned, he felt assured, but how others would be affected baffled his powers of calculation. La Hogue's society was almost unsupportable, and even that of Rainald was distasteful to him, but he determined to submit to both annoyances for a time; however, as he had not much practised the art of self-command, he was in constant danger of losing his temper, and, aware of this, he was glad when La Hogue suggested a ride, and the two officers agreed to the proposition. He had then a reasonable excuse for quitting them, and declined to be of the party. Accordingly, a visit to the stables was paid, and a selection from Sir Hugh's stud made, and by-and-by the horses were brought round.

Just as the cavaliers were about to mount, a messenger was despatched galloping up the ascent to the Hall, and as he might bring a telegram from Sir Hugh, it was thought advisable to await his arrival. In a few minutes the man came up, and proved to be the bearer of a telegraphic despatch for Mrs. Mansfield. Jodrell at once carried off the letter, but presently returned, saying that Mrs. Mansfield desired to speak with Captain Fanshaw, whereupon Rainald immediately accompanied him to her room. Apologising for the liberty she had taken in sending for him, but persuaded he would excuse her, the old housekeeper showed him the telegraphic message, which was from Lucetta, and ran as follows:

"Papa has just started from Brighton. I am coming by next train with Lady D. Send the carriage to meet us at Edenbridge."

"I do not desire to alarm you, sir," replied Mrs. Mansfield,



"but I fear something has gone wrong. What it is I can't pretend to say, but it is certain that Miss Chetwynd and her aunt deem their presence necessary here, or they would not follow Sir Hugh so quickly. Lady Danvers, I am sure, would not have come at all, unless compelled. Most likely Sir Hugh is unaware of their design, or he would have escorted them; at least, I fancy so. My belief is that this message, though addressed to me, is sent as a caution to you, sir. Unless I am mistaken, my dear young lady evidently fears that some misunderstanding may occur between you and her father, and wishes to put you on your guard. If I may venture to advise, I would recommend you not to see Sir Hugh until after her arrival."

"I am quite sure you are right, Mansfield, and I will act as you advise," replied Rainald. "I won't return from the ride I am about to take till the ladies have returned."

"You might meet the carriage," said Mrs. Mansfield. "You know the road to Edenbridge. You came from the station yesterday."

"An excellent suggestion. I'll do it," cried Rainald.

He then left the room, and returned to the party assembled at the door, who were curious to know the purport of the telegraphic message. On learning that Sir Hugh was expected, and that Miss Chetwynd and her aunt were coming by the next train, Mr. La Hogue made an excuse for not joining the equestrians. As the officers were not particularly desirous of his company, this made no difference whatever to them, so they set off without him, attended by the groom.

## IX.

### MR. LA HOGUE COMMENCES OPERATIONS.

It was about two o'clock when Sir Hugh and Mainwaring arrived.

Mr. La Hogue was at luncheon in the large dining-room, but he did not think it necessary to disturb himself in the least, but went on quietly with his repast; and even when, a few minutes afterwards, Sir Hugh, followed by Mainwaring, entered the room, manifesting by his looks and manner surprise and anger at the stranger's intrusion, he did not betray the slightest confusion, but, rising from the table in the easiest manner possible, saluted the baronet, saying he was very glad to see him back again.

Astounded by his coolness, Sir Hugh repressed the angry words that rose to his lips, and seemed to be considering what course he should pursue. Mr. La Hogue, however, did not give him much time for reflection, but went on:

"Jodrell will have mentioned my name to you, Sir Hugh," he

said. "Mr. Vandeleur La Hogue. I was a very intimate friend of your brother Clarence."

"I knew all Clarence's friends," interposed Mainwaring, "and I never heard him mention your name—that I'll swear."

"Mr. Mainwaring, I presume," said La Hogue. "I've often heard Clarence speak of you. You did not know *all* his friends, sir."

"Possibly not," returned that gentleman, gruffly. "But I knew all the respectable part of his acquaintance."

"What brings you here, sir?" demanded Sir Hugh, sharply. "How is it that I find you installed in my house—uninvited—ha?"

"I have perhaps presumed too much on your hospitality, Sir Hugh, by taking up my quarters here," replied La Hogue, with inimitable coolness, "but I feel sure you will forgive me when I explain that I have come here on very important business connected with your late brother."

Slightly changing his tone as he pronounced the latter part of the sentence, he succeeded in producing an impression on the baronet.

"Even if you have business with me, sir, that circumstance does not warrant your extraordinary intrusion," said Sir Hugh, haughtily. "But I am not aware of any business that you can have connected with my late brother."

"My business is of a strictly private nature," said La Hogue, significantly. "I have a communication to make to you. You will recognise its importance when I have an opportunity for explanation."

"I'll leave you with him and go to your nephew," said Mainwaring to the baronet. "What the deuce has he got to tell, I wonder?" muttered the old gentleman, as he withdrew.

As soon as the door was closed, La Hogue glanced round the room as if to satisfy himself there was no listener, and then, fixing his keen eye upon the baronet, said,

"I think I have a right to complain of the way in which you have received me, Sir Hugh, and I feel persuaded you will regret your want of courtesy. You may be quite sure that I did not come here on any idle errand."

"To the point, sir!" cried Sir Hugh, impatiently. "Your business?"

"Permit me to proceed in my own way," rejoined the other, with provoking calmness. "However, I won't keep you in suspense, but state at once that I am in possession of a most important secret—a secret which you believe known only to yourself—a secret affecting your character, your position, your very life. Now that you begin to understand my business, you will perhaps think it worth while to treat me with a little more consideration."

"Go on, sir," said Sir Hugh, who had become pale as death.

"I must go back a long time, Sir Hugh—some two-and-twenty years—and take you on a dark night to a solitary spot on the downs near Aylesford. You have heard of Kit's Coity House, I dare say? Well, it was at that old cromlech, on the night in question, that a meeting took place between two brothers—between two brothers, Sir Hugh. They quarrelled—yes, they quarrelled about a lady—Amice her name, if I recollect right—and the elder brother shot the younger—shot him dead."

The unhappy baronet groaned aloud, but offered no other interruption to the narrator.

"The murderer then fled," pursued La Hogue, after pausing to give full effect to his words, "thinking the bloody deed had been unwitnessed. But he was mistaken. There were two witnesses. One is dead, but the other survives, and stands before you."

"And you unblushingly avow, villain, that you are one of the wretches who plundered my brother's lifeless body," cried Sir Hugh. "You have long evaded justice, but you will not escape now."

"I laugh at the threat," rejoined the other, in a tone of defiance. "My crime—if I have committed any—is not of the magnitude of yours. I am not a fratricide. I heard you exclaim on that fatal night that the curse of Cain would be on you evermore—and so it will be—and so it will be!"

As if struck by a mortal blow, Sir Hugh caught at a chair for support. La Hogue laughed internally.

"Mark the consequence of that crime," he continued. "Another life besides that of your brother was sacrificed on that fatal night. A poor wretch was drowned in the Medway. To whom was his death attributable? You can answer that terrible question, Sir Hugh. But this was not all. You artfully contrived to fix the guilt of your foul crime upon an innocent man, and would have brought him to the gallows—if you could."

"No, no, you wrong me there," cried the wretched man. "That would never have happened."

"Excuse my doubts. Luckily for both of us, the opportunity did not occur. Now, though you intended to deal with me thus—though you forced me to fly from my country for safety, and undergo a long exile in foreign parts—I bear you no malice, Sir Hugh. On the whole, my expatriation has been of service to me. My circumstances are considerably improved since I left England twenty-two years ago, and I have mixed with rather better society. I have changed my name, as you are aware, so that my identity with the proscribed Neal Evesham is lost, and personally I am so much altered—and, without vanity, I may say so much improved—that I have no fear of being recognised as that individual. But to business. We are in each other's power, and therefore bound

together—but I have the stronger hold upon you. Agreed. I am willing to keep your secret, and to let you live on in peace and comfort, and go to the grave with an unblemished character, but I must be paid for my forbearance—handsomely paid. Do we say 'Agreed' to that, Sir Hugh?"

"What do you require?" demanded the baronet.

"It is rather difficult to estimate the value of such a secret as I possess, and the bargain cannot be concluded in a moment. But if we can come to a distinct understanding, it will be sufficient, for I know you are a man of honour. Whatever the arrangement may be, your nephew must be included in it."

"My nephew!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, fiercely. "Is he leagued with you in this infernal plot against me?"

"It was necessary to my safety to have him with me," replied La Hogue. "Besides, I wished to provide for the son of my old friend."

"And you have told him that I——"

"I was obliged to tell him that you murdered his father."

"You lied, villain," cried the baronet, seizing him by the throat. "I did not murder him. His death was accidental, and you know it."

"Hands off, Sir Hugh, or you will have another murder to answer for!" cried La Hogue, disengaging himself. "This prevarication is useless with me. The deed was not premeditated, I know, and if you desire to have a salvo for your conscience, you may call it accidental. But I know better. The pistol was in your hand when your brother dropped."

"No more of this," cried Sir Hugh, passionately. "I will give you the sum you may require. But leave the house instantly."

"Don't think to get rid of me quite so easily, Sir Hugh. We have not come to any definite arrangement as yet, and we cannot do so without a good deal of discussion. Your nephew has to be consulted. You must be content to tolerate my society a little longer. I will do my best to make myself agreeable to you and your guests."

"Begone, I say," cried Sir Hugh, "or you will force me to do something desperate."

"For your own sake let me counsel calmness," rejoined La Hogue. "When you are disposed to listen to me, I will show you how to settle matters satisfactorily to your nephew and myself. But you mustn't order me to leave the house, for that I can't stand. Any concessions I may make must be purchased by civility."

An interruption was offered at this juncture by Clarence, who closed the door as he entered the room.

As he advanced, Mr. La Hogue signed to him that he had spoken to Sir Hugh, and then moved off towards a window,

feigning to be looking out at the garden; but he kept his ears wide open, and ever and anon stole a sidelong glance at the others.

## X.

## UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

SIR HUGH did not offer his hand to his nephew, and indeed scarcely saluted him. But his looks were so sad, so full of mental anguish, that Clarence could not help being deeply touched by them. There was a painful pause, during which they regarded each other in silence. At length Sir Hugh spoke, but his voice sounded strange and hollow.

"Mr. Mainwaring, I suppose, has informed you of the result of our expedition?" he said. "He has told you that I have obtained undoubted proofs of your birth, and that I design to recognise you as my brother's son?"

"He has told me this," replied Clarence, "but I would rather have remained for ever in ignorance of my relationship to you than have learnt the terrible secret connected with my father's fate. The proofs you have obtained that I am of your own blood, Sir Hugh, and your intended recognition of me as your nephew, compel me to become the avenger of my father."

"You have nothing to avenge," rejoined Sir Hugh, mournfully.

"Dare you affirm your innocence?" cried Clarence. "Say that the accusation is false—say so, and I will believe you, even against the oath of yon man, who has preferred the charge against you. Say that my father did not fall by your hand, and you will take a weight from my soul."

"I cannot say that," replied Sir Hugh, sadly.

"Then you are guilty?" cried Clarence.

"Not of murder," rejoined Sir Hugh. "Your father was accidentally killed."

"That assertion will not avail you, Sir Hugh," said La Hogue, stepping towards them. "I have proofs that will convict you of the crime."

"What proofs?" demanded the baronet, sternly.

"They are here," replied the other, producing a small notebook. "In these leaves are confessions of guilt under your own hand."

"How came you by that book?" cried Sir Hugh, fiercely. "You have stolen it from my desk, and now seek to use it as an evidence against me."

"No matter how I came by it," rejoined La Hogue. "The book is here to confound you. You cannot deny that the confessions,

which you have been indiscreet enough to commit to these pages, though you did not imagine they would meet any eye but your own, are in your own handwriting."

"They are no confessions," cried Sir Hugh. "They are outcries of a troubled spirit—supplications for mercy to Heaven."

"Your nephew shall hear a few passages and judge," said La Hogue. "When a man is perpetually praying for forgiveness for shedding his brother's blood, it appears to me that he confesses to the murder of his brother. Is not that your opinion?" he added, appealing to Clarence.

"I am convinced," replied the young man.

"Convinced of my guilt?" cried his uncle, quickly.

"Ay," rejoined Clarence, sternly.

"Heaven rejects me," cried the unhappy man, in a despairing voice, and sinking into a chair. "All my efforts at atonement are frustrated."

"He is ours," whispered La Hogue, with a grin worthy of Mephistopheles.

But Clarence turned from him in disgust.

Presently Sir Hugh recovered himself, and in a firm but profoundly melancholy voice said to his nephew:

"Think of me as you please, Clarence—act towards me as you will—it matters little now. But understand that the course I am about to pursue in regard to you is not occasioned by the discovery you have made of my secret, or by any apprehension of your threatened vengeance. Understand that distinctly. My determination has long been made. Years ago, in my last interview with your mother, which occurred here—in this house—and before your birth—I solemnly promised that her child should be heir to all my possessions. I mean to fulfil my promise."

"Do I clearly understand you, Sir Hugh?" cried La Hogue, eagerly. "Do you mean to make Clarence your heir?"

"I intend to put him in immediate possession of this house, and of the bulk of my property," replied the baronet, gravely and deliberately.

"Well done!" exclaimed La Hogue. "After that, I am sure he will feel that you make complete atonement, and behave most handsomely. As to the painful occurrence to which we have been compelled to advert, it will be buried in oblivion. I sincerely congratulate you, my dear boy," he added, turning to Clarence. "You're the luckiest dog in the world, and have the best and most generous of uncles."

The words fell idly. Clarence was so overcome by conflicting emotions that he scarcely heard them.

"Accept the offer, my dear boy—accept it at once, or it may be withdrawn," urged La Hogue, in a whisper. "Ask him for his daughter. Now's your time! He can't refuse you."

He might have said more, but a look from Clarence checked him.

"Have you no word for me?" said Sir Hugh, regarding his nephew with a look of disappointment. "It is not a slight gift that I am about to make."

"Slight gift!" exclaimed La Hogue. "It is princely—regal—orientally magnificent. Your nephew is intensely grateful, Sir Hugh, but he has an odd way of showing his gratitude. For Heaven's sake, thank him, my dear boy, or he'll retract to a certainty."

"What answer do you make, Clarence?" said Sir Hugh to his nephew, who continued silent, and apparently irresolute.

"I can make none now," replied the young man. "I am fully sensible of the importance of the offer, and appreciate the motive with which it is made. But I am too bewildered to come to any decision, and must have time for reflection."

"Take time, then," said Sir Hugh. "When you have decided, come to me."

So saying, he arose, and went out by a side-door communicating with the library.

"What the devil are you thinking about, my dear boy?" cried La Hogue, angrily. "You ought to have jumped at the offer. If it should go off, you'll lose the best chance man ever had. This house and the bulk of the property! and to hesitate about their acceptance. Such folly is enough to drive a sensible man frantic. After him at once, and close with him. And don't forget his daughter. Mind, if he gives you the bulk of his property he can't make any settlements, and consequently will be unable to marry her to Captain Fanshaw, so he will be glad to let you have her. Don't you see, my dear boy?—don't you see?"

"I did not think of that," rejoined Clarence. "I'll go to him at once."

He stepped towards the entrance to the library, but suddenly changing his mind, went out by the principal door.

Rather perplexed, Mr. La Hogue helped himself to a glass of sherry.

"That obstinate young fool will require some management," he thought, "or my promising scheme may miscarry. I must also keep a careful watch upon Sir Hugh. I know how to get into the library unperceived."

## XI.

## THE MEETING BETWEEN THE COUSINS.

ABOUT an hour later Clarence entered Mrs. Mansfield's room. She was alone. From his looks the good old dame perceived that he was greatly troubled.

"Do tell me what is the matter with you, my dear?" she said, kindly. "Something, I see, has gone wrong. If I know what it is, I may perhaps be able to set it right."

"It is not in your power to help me," returned Clarence. "I am placed in a very difficult position. I wish I could have your advice—but that is impossible."

"I do not seek to be taken into your confidence," she said; "but since you tell me you are in a difficulty, I counsel you to act in such a manner as will cause you no regret hereafter. Try to act rightly, and heaven will direct you."

"I am about to depart immediately," rejoined Clarence. "My little luggage is ready, and I shall ride to Edenbridge. One of the grooms will go with me, and bring back the horses. You know how anxious I was to see my cousin Lucetta, but now I am just as anxious to avoid her."

"What for, in the name of goodness?" cried the old house-keeper. "Why should you run away in this foolish manner?"

"Don't ask me, Mansfield. I can't explain. Believe me, I have good reasons for what I do."

"I won't believe it," said the old dame. "I now perceive what's the matter with you. You are piqued and disappointed, and can't bear to witness the captain's success. But that's very silly."

"You are quite wrong, Mansfield," rejoined Clarence. "I have conquered my feelings for Lucetta, and most sincerely hope she may be united to Captain Fanshaw, as I think he is worthy of her, and will make her happy."

"Now, indeed, you perplex me," said the old dame. "But if you must go, you will soon come back, will you not?"

"I cannot say," rejoined Clarence, moodily.

Just then, light quick footsteps were heard in the passage, and a pleasant musical voice exclaimed:

"No, don't call her. I'll go myself."

"Why, there she is, I declare! There's my dear young lady!" cried Mrs. Mansfield, rising joyfully from her chair. "Stay where you are, I entreat!" she added to Clarence.

With this, she hurried to the door, and just reached it in time to meet Lucetta, who sprang into her arms and almost smothered her with kisses.



"Dear, dear Old Goody! how delighted I am to see you!" cried Lucetta, following the exclamations with fresh kisses. "And now let me come in and talk to you. I've a hundred questions to ask. Dear me! who's this?" she added, perceiving Clarence, who had risen on her entrance.

"This is your cousin, Mr. Clarence Chetwynd," rejoined the old housekeeper.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Clarence's self-possession should desert him when he was thus unexpectedly brought face to face with his lovely cousin. He blushed deeply, and scarcely dared to raise his eyes towards her. As to Lucetta, though greatly surprised, she was not in the least embarrassed.

"Is this my new-found cousin?" she exclaimed, regarding him with unaffected interest. "I had heard of him, but did not expect to find him here." With charming frankness she then extended her hand to him, saying, "I am very glad to see you, cousin—very glad indeed."

"And I am equally glad to see you, cousin," rejoined Clarence.

And as he took the little hand offered him, its pressure vibrated to his heart.

"I have just heard something of your extraordinary story," she said, "but I must have all particulars by-and-by from your own lips. How did you contrive to hide yourself for so many years? And how fortunate it is that we have discovered you at last. Really, you have a Chetwynd face. Don't you think so, Mansfield?"

"Indeed I do, miss," replied the housekeeper. "Mr. Clarence is the exact image of his father."

"So Jodrell told me just this moment," said Lucetta.

Clarence smiled, and was about to quit the room, but she stopped him.

"Don't go just yet," she said. "You are one of the family, and I need have no secrets from you. You have seen Captain Fanshaw, I am aware, and of course know why he is here. He is going to ask papa an important question, and upon the answer to that question, the future happiness of two young people mainly depends. I'm sure you hope it may be favourable, cousin?"

"I do," he replied, earnestly.

"I didn't feel the slightest doubt on the subject until this morning," continued Lucetta, "when papa unexpectedly called on us at Brighton, and intimated, in a mysterious sort of way, that he meant to test the sincerity of Rainald's affection for me. This naturally alarmed me, for I feared——"

"That Captain Fanshaw would not be able to stand the test," supplied Clarence, with a faint smile.

"No, not that exactly," continued Lucetta. "But I feared

papa might do something odd. Therefore I resolved to follow at once and prevent mischief, and I persuaded my aunt, Lady Danvers, to accompany me."

"You did quite right, miss," said Mrs. Mansfield; "and I am exceedingly glad, on all accounts, that you have come. Have you seen Sir Hugh?"

"Not yet," replied Lucetta. "We took the carriage round to the back of the house, so that he is not even aware of our arrival. On consideration, we thought it desirable that Rainald should see papa first, and then we could act according to circumstances. Now, my dear cousin Clarence," she added, laughingly, "isn't it absurd to think of testing a man's affections? As if any of you were disinterested. Such an idea would never have entered any other head but papa's."

"There is danger—greater danger than you imagine," said Clarence.

"You alarm me!" she cried. "Has papa said anything to you?"

"Enough to enable me to judge of his intentions. But do not be uneasy. I can serve you in the matter—serve you effectually—and I will."

"Oh, thank you!—thank you a thousand times! my dear cousin," she rejoined. "If you have any influence with papa, pray exert it now."

"I will go to him at once. I must see him before he has an interview with Captain Fanshaw. You may depend on me."

"I feel I may, cousin. You have a loyal look."

And she gave him her hand once more, which Clarence now pressed warmly.

With a heart throbbing with emotion, he was about to quit the room, when the door opened and admitted Lady Danvers. Her ladyship, who was greatly surprised at seeing the young man, stared very hard at him, but he merely bowed and passed out.

"That is your new cousin, I'm certain, Lucetta," remarked Lady Danvers. "Upon my word, he is very good-looking." She then addressed herself to Mrs. Mansfield, and after a few condescending observations to the old housekeeper, and inquiries after her health, sat down. Turning to her niece, she then continued: "Well, Lucetta, your fate will be soon decided—perhaps it is decided by this time. Captain Fanshaw is now with Sir Hugh in the library."

"Oh dear, is he, aunt?" cried Lucetta, turning pale. "How unlucky! Then my cousin Clarence won't see papa first."

"What does that matter?" rejoined her ladyship. "I don't suppose Sir Hugh will consult *him* on the subject."

"He appears to have considerable influence with papa, from what cause I know not."

"Well, it may be so," rejoined Lady Danvers. "Sir Hugh never acts like other people, so the young man *may* have an influence with him—though it seems unlikely."

"I'm sure Mr. Clarence would never say more than he is justified in saying," interposed the housekeeper. "I am glad your ladyship is pleased with him."

"I am extremely pleased with his appearance, Mansfield," replied Lady Danvers, graciously. "He has very good features—a fine figure—and is, in fact, very handsome. Not at all the sort of person I expected."

"What sort of person did your ladyship expect, may I venture to ask?" said the housekeeper.

"I don't know, but certainly not such a fine young man. I hope I haven't put you to inconvenience, Mansfield, by coming here so unexpectedly—but I couldn't refuse my niece."

"Oh dear, no—not in the least, my lady," replied the housekeeper. "Your rooms are ready, and I hope you'll stay a long time, now you are come."

"I thought you had known me better, Mansfield," replied her ladyship, with a smile. "If possible, I shall be off to-morrow morning."

"I know your ladyship can't find much amusement in this dull old place," said the housekeeper.

"Oh, I might be able to amuse myself, I dare say," rejoined Lady Danvers, looking eaten up with ennui already; "but I have many engagements in Brighton, and must get back."

"Oh, aunty!" cried Lucetta, "I'm growing dreadfully nervous and fidgety. I must go and see what they are about."

"You must control your impatience, my love," said Lady Danvers.

"But I can't, aunty dear!—I can't! So come with me."

And seizing Lady Danvers's hand, she almost dragged her out of the room.

## XII.

### RAINALD'S ORDEAL.

WHEN Captain Fanshaw and Major Trevor returned from their ride, in the course of which, as will have been gathered from Lucetta's observations, they contrived to meet the carriage and exchange a few words with its occupants, they were very cordially welcomed by Mainwaring, who was standing in the entrance-hall to welcome them, and after a little merry chat, and not a little laughter—for the cheery old boy could not help bantering them about the rencounter at Red-hill—the captain was made rather serious by the information which Mainwaring imparted to him with a knowing wink, that Sir Hugh was

in the library—alone—and would be glad to see him. Rainald's sudden change of countenance and grave look diverted the old gentleman so much that he made the hall ring with his laughter, and even Major Trevor and Jodrell joined in the merriment.

"Get it over, my dear fellow," said the major, laughing; "we'll come to the rescue if required."

"Don't be frightened, captain," added Mainwaring. "Sir Hugh is not so fierce as he looks. Face him boldly—ha! ha!"

With this laughter ringing in his ears, Rainald was ushered into the library by Jodrell. Sir Hugh, who was seated at a table apparently writing, immediately rose to receive him, and saluted him with formal courtesy; but the gravity of his manner, and the sad severity of his features, which no smile illumined, tended to disconcert the captain. However, he tried to look easy, made a few observations, and took the chair offered him by the baronet. While this was going on, Jodrell had retired.

"You are aware of the object of my visit, Sir Hugh," began Rainald.

"I am quite aware of it, sir," said the baronet, stopping him suddenly. "You have come hither to ask my daughter's hand in marriage. Is it not so? You will tell me that you love her—"

"Permit me to interrupt you for a moment, Sir Hugh, and to assure you that I *do* love her—love her devotedly."

"I quite believe you, sir. I am not blinded by parental partiality, but I really think Lucetta is calculated to inspire a deep and lasting affection. In her relations with me she has been all that a daughter should be—dutiful, affectionate, cheerful—and has ever borne with my wayward humours. I feel certain, therefore, that she will make an excellent wife."

"There cannot be a doubt of it, Sir Hugh," the captain hastened to say.

"She has been the sole delight of my life for many years," continued the baronet, as if dwelling upon the past with tender regret—"my sole delight—the single ray of sunshine that has illumined my cheerless existence—and when she is gone life will be a blank to me."

"You will not lose her, Sir Hugh," cried Rainald. "As the old adage says, 'A daughter is *always* a daughter.'"

"I am not so selfish as to desire to interfere with her happiness," rejoined Sir Hugh. "And I have always resolved, if her choice should be well made, that I would not oppose it. I am bound to say, Captain Fanshaw, in your instance, from the flattering report I have received of you, from all I know of your family, and from personal qualifications which I can readily discern, that you appear to be, in all respects, worthy of her."

"Delighted to hear you say so, Sir Hugh," cried Rainald, brightening up. "I presume, from the gratifying opinion you are pleased to express of me, that I may calculate upon your consent."

"I shall not withhold it if you continue in the same mind when I have explained Lucetta's exact position," said the baronet, gravely.

"Now comes the terrible ordeal," thought Rainald; "but he shall find me equal to it."

"You have no doubt shared the general impression," continued Sir Hugh, with increasing gravity, "that Lucetta, being an only child, will inherit all my property."

"I know she is regarded as the heiress of Old Court, Sir Hugh," said the captain, with the most disinterested air he could assume, "but that circumstance, I can assure you, has never entered into my consideration. I look to herself—not to her property."

"It is quite true that, but for unforeseen circumstances, my daughter would have had a large sum settled upon her," continued Sir Hugh. "But this, I lament to say, cannot be done now. I cannot give her much, and I cannot bequeath her my estates. She will be almost penniless. You will readily believe, sir, that this avowal gives me infinite pain, but I am bound, as a gentleman, to make it before entertaining your proposal. Now that you are acquainted with the truth, it will be for you to consider whether you will proceed or withdraw."

The evident sincerity with which these words were uttered quite staggered Rainald, and he vainly endeavoured to hide his confusion and disappointment from the baronet's searching eyes.

"I suppose you have had some very heavy losses of late, Sir Hugh?" he said. "Like a great many other people, you have no doubt been speculating in those confounded Companies and Railways, and have come to grief. My father, Sir Nevil, has lost a few thousands by the smash of that great Credit Company. Luckily, it won't hurt him. But I fear, from what you say, that you must be seriously hit. I am excessively sorry to hear it."

"My loss of property is not caused by imprudent speculation, sir," replied Sir Hugh. "I have no shares in any Railway or Credit Company. I have to discharge an obligation incurred many, many years ago, before the birth of my daughter. It is a sacred obligation, and I must fulfil it."

"A debt of honour must of course be paid. But does this involve *all* your property, Sir Hugh?"

"Nearly all," rejoined the baronet. "The payment will sweep away this mansion, the park, all my estates. Thus you perceive that you have to deal with a ruined man, Captain Fanshaw," he continued, fixing his piercing eyes upon him—"a man not ruined

by extravagance, gambling, or reckless speculation, but because he has a solemn promise to fulfil."

"Oh, it is only a promise!" exclaimed Rainald. "Then I scarcely think it can be binding."

"It is binding upon me," said Sir Hugh, with solemn emphasis.

"I am fairly puzzled," thought Rainald. "He doesn't look as if he were hoaxing me, but the circumstances seem incredible."

Suddenly an idea flashed across him, and he said, with some eagerness,

"Pray excuse the question I am about to put, Sir Hugh. I I can't help fancying that the promise you have made is connected with your newly discovered nephew."

"You are right, sir. It is. I have bound myself to give him my property. But understand! The promise was made before my daughter's birth—before my marriage with her mother."

"Then I hold it to be cancelled," cried Rainald.

"I cannot so regard it," rejoined Sir Hugh. "I have already acquainted my nephew with my determination."

"Then the matter is settled," cried Rainald, springing to his feet, and pacing the room in great agitation. "A jest could never be carried so far," he thought. "This is terrible earnest."

"No, it is not yet settled," said Sir Hugh, who was watching him. "My nephew has not yet decided."

"Not decided to accept the property!" cried Rainald, incredulously. "I should think it won't take him long to come to a decision."

"Here he is," said the baronet, as the door opened and Clarence entered. "You will learn his determination from his own lips."

### XIII.

#### CLARENCE ANNOUNCES HIS DECISION.

As Clarence slowly advanced he had to encounter the fierce glances thrown at him by Rainald, who now felt eager, and indeed resolved, to pick a quarrel with him.

"Speak freely," said Sir Hugh to his nephew. "I have told Captain Fanshaw all."

"Yes, sir," cried Rainald, "your uncle has informed me of his intentions towards you. He declares that he conceives himself bound by a promise made before the birth of his daughter, to bestow the bulk of his property upon you. I cannot for a moment believe that, however beneficial the arrangement may be to yourself, you will allow such an improper disposition to be made, and deprive Miss Chetwynd of the property to which she is justly entitled."

"You will not dispute my uncle's right to deal with his property

as he may deem fit?" rejoined Clarence, deeply offended. "As to myself, I have no explanation to give you. I came here to speak to Sir Hugh."

"Shall I retire?" said Rainald to the baronet.

"No, sir, remain," rejoined Sir Hugh. "But do not blame my nephew. If wrong be done in the matter, it is not by him."

"Let him act fairly and honourably, then," cried Rainald. "He has an opportunity of proving himself a gentleman, and I shall judge him by his conduct on this occasion."

"Had you waited for a moment, Captain Fanshaw," said Clarence, sternly, "you would have seen that the hasty opinion you have formed of me is unjust and uncalled for. I have no intention of depriving my cousin Lucetta of any portion of her property. I came here to prevent the chance of misunderstanding between you and Sir Hugh, and I trust I have not come too late. I came to say that I absolve Sir Hugh of his promise. I came to say that I decline the gift of property to which I have neither right nor title; or, if it must be bestowed upon me, in accordance with the promise made to my mother by my uncle, I shall instantly restore it to Lucetta. This, sir, is what I came to say."

There was so much dignity in Clarence's looks and manner as he uttered these words, that his uncle regarded him with admiration.

Rainald did not hesitate a moment, but stepping up to him, offered him his hand, and sincerely apologised for his intemperate language.

During the scene just described the side-door communicating with the large drawing-room had been left partially open, though the circumstance had escaped the notice of Sir Hugh, and from this door, to the great surprise of all present, Lucetta now issued, closely followed by Lady Danvers, and more slowly by Mr. Mainwaring and Major Trevor.

Walking quickly up to her cousin, her cheeks glowing and her bright eyes glittering with tears, she yielded to an irrepressible burst of gratitude, flung her arms round his neck and kissed him, heedless of the presence of Rainald, who looked on in astonishment.

"Thank you, my dear cousin!—a thousand times thank you!" she cried. "You have acted nobly, most nobly, and have proved yourself a true Chetwynd. I have overheard all that has passed, and have heard nothing that does not do you the greatest credit. I know it was very wrong in me to listen, but I cannot feel sorry for doing so, since I should not otherwise have known you as I know you now. But I cannot allow you to give way thus to your generous impulses. I cannot—will not—accept all the property from you."

"Cousin," faltered Clarence, who was deeply moved, "I think you will understand me when I say that I will accept no part of this property. It is not mine by right, and I should hold myself in contempt if I could deprive you of any portion of it. Your father has bound himself by a rash vow, which he has worthily fulfilled. But I cannot profit by his rashness—least of all, at your expense. Little did I dream, when I first gazed upon your picture, that I should be able to say to you, as I do now, 'Be mistress of this old mansion, Lucetta—be mistress of those lordly domains—be mistress of all that your father would have bestowed upon me—and may you long, long enjoy them—blest with every happiness!'"

"I declare this is quite a sentimental drama," said Lady Danvers, drying her tears, "and quite worth coming from Brighton to witness."

"My happiness will be incomplete, cousin," said Lucetta, with much emotion, "unless you remain with us."

"Yes, yes, I must insist on that," cried Sir Hugh.

"I have no right to meddle in the matter, or I would say that I insist too," added Rainald.

"No, Lucetta," said Clarence, in a melancholy voice. "Such happiness cannot be mine. It would be pleasant to me to dwell here, to be near you, but it cannot be. I shall leave this house immediately, never, perhaps, to return."

"Leave it—never to return!" cried Lucetta. "Indeed you shall do no such thing, you perverse creature. What is the use of discovering a cousin, and liking him—yes, liking him, do you hear that, sir?—if he is to disappear as soon as found? Why, you have only just seen me—only just seen Rainald—only just seen papa—and yet you talk of leaving us. But you shan't go, that I can tell you, sir. Shall he, papa?"

"Undoubtedly not, if I can prevent him," rejoined Sir Hugh. "Why have you come to this resolution, Clarence? Stay here, since all desire it."

"Stop with us and be happy," said Lucetta, taking his hand, and regarding him with a bewitching smile.

Clarence was momentarily subdued, but he successfully resisted the fascination.

"No, Lucetta," he said. "Even you cannot persuade me to stay."

Then pressing his lips to her hand, he relinquished it, murmuring, "Farewell, for ever!"

"Not for ever?" she cried.

"Yes, for ever," he repeated.

"Stay!" cried Sir Hugh; "I forbid you to depart."

"Forbid me!" exclaimed Clarence, haughtily. "I do not re-



cognise your authority over me. You may be glad that I do depart. Farewell, sir."

And, with a valedictory glance to all around, he quitted the room; such determination being written in his countenance that no one attempted to detain him.

Lucetta burst into tears, and turning away from Rainald, threw herself into her aunt's arms. Her ladyship immediately produced her vinaigrette, fearing her niece was about to faint. All the rest of the company looked confounded, and a few words only were exchanged in whispers.

All at once the trampling of horses was heard outside, and there was a sudden movement towards a window that commanded a side-view of the drive. Clarence was then seen galloping off, followed by a groom charged with a small portmanteau.

"Is it he?" cried Lucetta, raising her head with a scared look.

"Yes, he is gone," rejoined Rainald, who was among the spectators at the window, "and he has not once looked back."

"Gone for ever!" ejaculated Lucetta.

And she again buried her head in her aunt's bosom.

When his nephew quitted the room, Sir Hugh withdrew from the others and sank into a chair. He was roused by a slight touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, beheld La Hogue, whose countenance wore a diabolical grin. How he came there Sir Hugh knew not, but there he stood.

"You have contrived to settle with your nephew, Sir Hugh," said La Hogue, in a low voice, "but you have not yet settled with me. My turn is to come. Clarence has shown himself very generous, and has given up a fortune and a fair lady, but your daughter's marriage won't take place without my consent."

End of the Third Book.

## OUR NORLAND.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

WE have no Dryads in our woods,  
 No Fairies in the hills;  
 No Nereids in the crystal floods,  
 Nor Undines in the rills;  
 No jolly Satyrs, such as he  
 The gentle Spenser found  
 In that rare dream of chivalry  
 With which his muse is crown'd;

No sacred Fauns, no Druid Oaks,  
 No sylvan Deities;  
 No Ouphs to hold along the brooks  
 Their midnight revelries;  
 No Ogres guarding castle keeps,  
 No Witches wild and lean,  
 No crafty Syrens from the deeps,  
 Nor Genii from the green;

No mellow-throated Nightingales,  
 Drowsing the wilds with song,  
 While echo wakes through all the vales  
 The sweet notes to prolong;  
 No Larks, at heaven's coral gate  
 To celebrate the morn  
 In fiery strains, and passionate  
 Wild bursts of lyric scorn;—

But we have birds of plumage bright,  
 And warblers in our woods,  
 Whose hearts are well-springs of delight,  
 Whose haunts the solitudes—  
 The dim, untrodden wilderness,  
 Where wildness reigns supreme;  
 God's solemn temple none the less  
 Than some stupendous dream;

Vast e'en beyond the thought of man,  
 Magnificently grand;  
 Coeval with the first rough plan  
 From Nature's artist-hand;  
 Deep within deep, and wild on wild,  
 In savage roughness rolled;  
 Grandeur on grandeur heaped and piled  
 Through lusty days of old.

The lofty cape, the stern-brow'd peak,  
 Round which the mists are curl'd,  
 As if nature gave us, in some freak,  
 The freedom of the world.  
 Broad inland seas and lovely lakes  
 Their tributes seaward pour;  
 And cataracts whose thunder shakes  
 The granite-belted shore.

The rugged oak, the regal pine,  
 Our woodland monarchs these,  
 Round which the kingliest garlands twine  
 For countless centuries.

Their reign was from the days of eld,  
 Their hosts were mighty peers,  
 Who fought and fell, as time compelled,  
 The battle of the years.

How great the forest heroes are  
 That stand on every hill!  
 How have they scoffed at scathe and scar,  
 And scorned each threatening ill!  
 Knew we their chronicles of fame,  
 The record of their deeds,  
 They'd crowd us from the scroll, and shame  
 Our catalogue of creeds.

We have no feudal castles old,  
 Like eyries perched on high,  
 Whence issue knights and barons bold,  
 To ravage and destroy;  
 But we've the remnant of a race  
 As bold, as brave as they,  
 Whether in battle or the chase—  
 The Red Men of to-day.

How brave, how great, in days of yore,  
 Their scanty legends tell;  
 The soul, an hunger'd, craves for more,  
 But, lo! beneath the swell  
 Of Time's resistless, onward roll  
 The unwritten secrets lie,  
 No voice from out the distant goal,  
 No answer but a sigh.

For Time, like some old miser, keeps  
 The record of the tribes,  
 And will not yield it from the deeps  
 For promises or bribes.  
 What matchless Chiefs, what Sachems grey,  
 What multitudes of Braves!  
 But what remains of these to-day?  
 A continent of graves!

And in their stead the old world pours  
 Her streams of living men—  
 Her hearts of oak—along our shores,  
 To people hill and glen;  
 To battle through a nation's youth,  
 Until by Heaven's grace  
 We rise in Freedom and in Truth,  
 Another British race.

Stand up, then, in thy youthful pride,  
 O nation yet to be,  
 And wed this great land to its bride,  
 The broad Atlantic sea;  
 Fling out Britannia's flag above  
 Our heaven-born endeavour,  
 One chain of waves—one chain of love—  
 Uniting us for ever!

## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MARRYAT.

## PART II.

## XVI.

## OUTWARD BOUND.

No summer's morning ever arose fairer or clearer than on the day on which David was to take his departure. The sun shone brightly as he left the office in Liverpool, where he had been to secure his berth on board the *Africa*.

The vessel did not sail till the afternoon, and to while away the time he loitered listlessly upon the quay, watching the shipping. But it was in vain that he strove to divert his thoughts from his own sorrows. The very brightness of the day, and the happy, contented faces he encountered, only seemed to mock his grief.

The iron had entered his soul too deeply, and he felt as though, like the shirt of Nessus, he should never be rid of it until the body was destroyed and the soul released from its earthly thralldom.

He retraced his steps until he found himself at the entrance of the hotel. An unusual bustle was going on there, but, taking no notice of it, he proceeded leisurely to cross the hall in search of the key of his apartment.

A fresh detachment of fellow-passengers had just arrived by the mid-day train, and loud lamentations and wailings were heard from the female portion of the community as they were informed by the messenger of the impossibility of obtaining sufficient berths for the entire number.

David glanced up as the voices reached his ear, and recognised in one of the berthless ladies an old friend—old in friendship, though not in years. David had become acquainted with pretty, laughing Gwendoline Ainsworth at a town where he had once been quartered. They had become very intimate, and, as she was the nicest girl in the place, and the best waltzer into the bargain, he had struck up a kind of platonic friendship with her.

Love had never entered their thoughts—at least, it never had entered David's—and Miss Ainsworth was much too acute an observer of character not to be quite aware, after a short acquaintance, that he only esteemed her as a lively, pleasant companion, and was never likely to solicit her hand for any other purpose than as a partner for some half-dozen waltzes nightly, which he did simply from the fact of her skill in that accomplishment.

It is true that, after this had gone on for some time, it began to be whispered that Captain Chetwynde was behaving shamefully to Miss Ainsworth, qualified, however, occasionally with the remark that the said Miss Ainsworth was a sad flirt; still a few were charitable enough to express an opinion that as it was exclusively a matter of private interest, it in no way concerned the lookers-on.

Captain Chetwynde was perfectly aware of all this gossip, and so was Miss Ainsworth, but it caused them no sort of anxiety. After a few months of this acquaintanceship, however, a certain Captain Norreys appeared on the field, and, before many weeks had elapsed, an engagement between the gallant Captain Norreys and that sad flirt Miss Ainsworth was the topic of conversation everywhere.

They were married just before David had sailed for India, and his presence at the wedding, and the sumptuous gift which he bestowed on the fair bride, had also afforded food for much gossip.

Absence from England and the lapse of years had caused the once well-known face to fade almost from his remembrance, until the voice which he had so often heard with pleasure in days of yore sounded familiarly in his ear as it was heard in deep lament at the non-success of the messenger whom she had sent to the booking-office for tickets.

He started as he heard it, and turning round—in spite of her face being half concealed by a most perplexing and coquetish little veil—recognised the almost forgotten friend of old.

How glad she was to see him—especially at that moment! Her grievances were soon unfolded. Mrs. Norreys was not one of the class of women who bear their burdens uncomplainingly, and as with tears in her large black eyes, and a rueful expression stealing over the corners of her pretty mouth, she detailed her woes, and declared that all sorts of things would happen unless she joined her husband in Bermuda by this mail, David made up his mind that, unless a proper berth could be secured for her and her child, his own should be placed at her disposal forthwith.

A satisfactory arrangement, however, was finally arrived at; for, having once set her foot on board, no reasoning could persuade Mrs. Norreys to return on shore. "There she would remain," she emphatically remarked; and remain, therefore, she did.

A ten days' voyage by sea is not such a very bad thing after all, provided you are not tormented by sea-sickness, and are surrounded by amusing companions. The total change in the mode of life, and the fresh invigorating sea-breezes, cannot fail at first to exhilarate and amuse the most wretched and sorrowful of mortals, and even David in some measure felt its influence. Besides, little Mrs. Norreys demanded incessant attention, and exacted from her newly recovered acquaintance an implicit obedience to all her whims and fancies.

She was sea-sick, or pretended to be, which did just as well, in fact, better, for it gave her a claim to his services without the attendant nausea, and the baby and its nurse also soon learnt to run to David for consolation at the most trivial mishap.

Before the tenth day had quite expired they entered the harbour at Halifax, and David had mentally to confess, as he handed Mrs. Norreys into the carriage which was waiting to convey her to the boarding-house (where she was to remain until the steamer started for Bermuda), that the occupation which a compliance with her innumerable caprices had afforded him had so far proved of service in that it had left him but little time to ponder over his own miseries.

Much as this lady had tried, with true womanly tact, to discover the reason of his altered looks, not a word from David had enlightened

her on the subject. His wound was far too deep and painful to allow of probing, or of any consolation being derived from the sympathy of another, and Gwendoline Norreys confessed herself completely puzzled. After having wished her a happy meeting with her husband, he fondly kissed the little girl, who had learnt during the voyage to love him as children do love.

"I wish," said the little prattler, as she unblushingly returned the caress—"I wish, my David, you would come and live with mamma and me for ever." And as the child put aside the thick curls of his hair in her play, Mrs. Norreys could not fail to remark the streaks of grey which had lately made their appearance there.

She sighed as she thought how deep the sorrow must be which he attempted to conceal, and yet was so clearly depicted in his face and bearing, and lamented at the sight of the grey in the curls she had at one time so much admired; indeed, for some months afterwards the look upon his face, which she had so often noticed during the days they had passed together, would haunt her memory, and confirm her more and more in her opinion that something very dreadful must have happened to have so altered one whom she remembered so light-hearted and full of life.

## XVII.

### THE SHADOW CAST BEFORE.

SYBELLA'S convalescence progressed but slowly. A month had passed since the day of David's exile, and she still continued so weak as to require constant medical attendance.

Mrs. Elliott's well-meant plans to bring about a reconciliation between Captain Travers and his wife had retarded her recovery considerably. "Better that I should die," she thought; "*he* at least would be spared the living misery!"

Ever since the evening on which she had shown David's letter to her husband, her spirit seemed to have been broken. No one heard her complain; but the fixed dreamy look and the heart-broken sighs told plainly of the mental suffering she endured.

During this month of suspense, Captain Travers had been unremitting in his inquiries, though never again admitted to see her. The effect which his first visit produced on Sybella deterred Mrs. Elliott from a renewal of the attempt; at all events, until she was stronger.

His subdued manner and the contrition he displayed for his past neglect, however, had quite won the old lady's heart, and she congratulated herself daily upon the probability of a happier conclusion to the sad history of Sybella's life than at one time seemed possible.

A marriage contracted as this had been, without love on either side, had never entered her imagination; she fancied in her ignorance that the affection which Sybella must at one time have had for her husband, and which his long absence had doubtless rendered dormant, might spring up again at the sight of his repentance. She never knew that affection such as a wife ought to entertain towards her husband, had never been felt by poor Sybella for Captain Travers.

He appeared so anxious to make up for the past, and to suffer so much remorse for the misery he had brought upon her, especially when he heard of the trials and privations she had had to endure, and of the fruitless attempts she had made to return to him (all of which had been fully detailed by Miss Saunders), that Mrs. Elliott entertained great hopes that the past might yet be forgiven and forgotten by both. And then she augured well from the absence of any display of indignation on Sybella's part respecting Captain Travers's life during his long absence from her, and the connexion he had formed with another. She knew not that Sybella, although praying for strength to act aright when it pleased God to raise her from her bed of sickness, bestowed not a thought upon her husband's infidelities; she had never possessed sufficient affection for him, and despised his conduct too much ever to entertain any feelings of jealousy on his account, even had her love for David not rendered her perfectly indifferent to it; but it gnawed her heart to think that David's happiness and her own had been blasted from so unworthy a cause. She had hoped, after her husband had read his last letter to her, and had become fully acquainted with the facts, as well as from the very indifference he had always manifested almost to her very existence, that he would either have departed as he came, or have left her to pass the remainder of her life in peace; but as yet he had shown no such intention; on the contrary, now that another had discovered the value of the jewel he had so recklessly thrown away, he appeared to wish to put forward his claim to its sole possession, trusting to Sybella's strong sense of duty and his own powers of pleasing to obliterate the impression which his rival had made. Hence her depression and slow recovery, for poor Sybella was a mortal woman after all, and the brief glimpse of happiness she had experienced was too bright, and the contrast it formed with what she had undergone, both before and since, too vivid, to allow her to banish, if she would, the recollection of it from her mind, or David's image from her heart.

It was all that remained to her, the solitary ray of light which penetrated the gloom of her darkened existence, rendering the darkness more palpable, but still comforting by its simple presence.

At the end of the month, Sybella's health appearing worse instead of better, it was thought advisable, after some deliberation, that she should be removed from London into a purer air, and the eager look she gave when Mrs. Elliott suggested that the removal should take place at once, and to her own house at Twickenham, was unmistakable.

Captain Travers informed them that his absence just then was unavoidable, as he had to go down to Wilmington for a few days to see a man, who had been his late father's bailiff, on a matter of business, and expressed his regrets at having for the present to decline the invitation which Mrs. Elliott had extended to himself, but assured her that, directly he could do so, he would avail himself of their hospitality until—and he hoped the change would soon effect it—Sybella's health was sufficiently re-established to allow her to accompany him on the continental tour which he contemplated taking directly her recovery permitted it.

The sharp autumnal winds had scattered the withered leaves far and wide over the extensive lawn at the Twickenham villa. The glory of the chesnuts had quite departed, showing nothing but blackened boughs through the rain which came pattering down, making everything out of doors look damp and dreary.

The welcome fire broke out into a cheerful blaze as the coals were stirred, and the large sofa—with its heap of shawls arranged by the careful hand of the hostess—which was drawn up at the side of it had quite a cozy appearance.

This was the first time Sybella had left her bedroom since her illness, and, as she lay and witnessed the efforts of her hostess to make her comfortable, she earnestly thanked her for all her past and present kindnesses.

A fortnight had elapsed since her removal from Brompton. Captain Travers had not yet been to Wilmington, but was staying with an old friend near Twickenham, whence he sent daily inquiries after her state of health; and she now trembled (in spite of herself) as she heard the sound of a footstep in the hall, fearing that it might be his.

It proved, however, to be that of the master of the house, who shortly afterwards entered the room, and congratulated Sybella on the visible progress she had made.

Mrs. Elliott, who had been called out of the room a short time previously, returned whilst her husband was still talking, and, drawing him aside, expressed a wish to impart to him something which had much annoyed her.

It appeared that a young woman had called there that morning requesting to see Sybella, and, on being denied access to her chamber, had inquired for the mistress of the house.

She had sent in a most pressing message, to the effect that, unless she could see some one, the consequences to Mrs. Travers would be very serious.

"I descended, therefore," said Mrs. Elliott, "into the breakfast-room, and the girl, on being brought in, proceeded at once to state that she was the lawful wife of Captain Travers, that, in fact, Sybella had been deceived by him, and that she could prove her own claims; she had seen Captain Travers, and so had her grandmother, she said, but he treated them with contempt; and she had told him that she would be revenged on him, and let his wife know everything; but he had only laughed at her threat.

"I am sure she is mad," continued the excited old lady; "for, although I tried my utmost to reason with her, I could gather nothing from her but that she was determined to be revenged on the author of her wrongs. She swore dreadfully, too, about his perfidy, and said, in conclusion, that if no one would help her, she would find a means of righting herself, until at last I was so frightened that I contrived by soothing promises to get rid of her. Can there be anything in what she says, think you?"

Mr. Elliott smiled sadly as he shook his head in denial.

"At one time I would have given half my fortune to have been able to prove it," he rejoined, "but the case is too clear. This girl was



deceived by Sybella's husband, who soon tired of her, and was afterwards pensioned off by his father, Mr. Travers. Finally, this cruel desertion rendered her insane, and for some time she was an inmate of the hospital of which I am a governor. You surely must remember her as the girl who flew so wildly at Sybella when we made up that party with the Pierreponts to visit the asylum.

"Doubtless some vague association caused her to conduct herself in that manner towards her rival (as she thought her), although Sybella never saw her to her recollection.

"She is hardly yet sufficiently sane to be loose, but her old grandmother took her away some six weeks back, on the plea that she could manage her better than we could, and that she was of assistance to her in looking after and teaching her brother.

"Fancy her having seen Travers. I suppose, since his return, he has already visited Wilmington, where Mrs. Robson, the grandmother, and she live."

"I thought I recollected the face," replied his wife, "and I feel convinced that I shall not forget it again easily, or the strange wild expression of her eyes. She was accompanied by a boy, whom she held tightly by the hand during our interview. Her little brother, I think she said."

"Poor Sybella! Well, this must be kept from her knowledge, for any emotion in her present state might undo all our work, and bring on a relapse. "I wonder why her husband has not sent to-day? He always seems most anxious about her recovery."

The dinner-hour arrived, and Sybella found herself alone, the weakness she still laboured under not permitting her to leave the sofa. A sharp ring at the door-bell aroused her from the doze into which she had fallen, and as she listened she heard her husband's voice.

He had just returned from transacting some business in London, would accept of no dinner, and had only called in to see how she was before returning to his friend's house.

He looked pale and haggard, and answered one or two questions which Mrs. Elliott put to him at random. Something had occurred, seemingly, to annoy him.

The night was dark and cloudy, with rain at intervals—a nasty misty drenching kind of rain—but he refused the offer of a bed, he had so short a distance to go. As he said this, he advanced towards the fire with a kind of shiver, and Mrs. Elliott noted the mournful expression of his face, and the careworn look which pervaded his entire bearing.

The long tawny moustaches were luxuriant as ever, and the form was still that of one in the prime of manly beauty, but the face was harder, and there were deep and rugged lines where once all had been so smooth and fair.

"I must be off now," he said, suddenly rising to take the hat which was lying on a table at his side; and as, after a few words denoting satisfaction at the improvement which had taken place in Sybella's health during the last week, he was taking his leave, Mrs. Elliott could not help expressing a hope that he would find an early opportunity of noting himself the progress she was making.

The night was cloudy, and it still rained when he quitted the house, and although the moon peeped out now and then, it was quickly hidden again behind the clouds; and Mrs. Elliott, as she assisted Sybella to her couch, remarked to her that Captain Travers would have a dreadful walk back, and that it would have been far wiser had he accepted the shelter offered him, instead of obstinately rushing home at the risk of a severe cold.

## XVIII.

## A SAD AFFAIR.

THE grandmother of the unfortunate Marie had changed her quarters since we left her some two months back.

When she withdrew her granddaughter from the asylum, Mrs. Robson found it advisable, for various reasons, to leave Wilmington, and she had since taken up her abode at a cottage not very far from Twickenham, where both grandmother and grandchild now resided.

The cottage which they tenanted was situated at the end of a row, and possessed an advantage over the rest in having a projecting window in the front room, which allowed the occupants to see a long way down the road, and afforded them, besides, a commanding view of the adjacent churchyard.

It was a light cheerful little room, and the well-scrubbed floor and neatness displayed in the arrangement of its homely furniture gave it a clean and comfortable look.

The geraniums with which the window was crowded, their long sickly branches extending almost to the whitewashed ceiling, were a source of no small pride to old Mrs. Robson, whilst an overgrown, weedy-looking musk, trained upon an extraordinary structure formed of small green wooden laths, occupied the most conspicuous place. Wo betide the unwary one who might accidentally chance to break a branch off one of her favourites!

"Were they not given her by Miss Harcourt herself, bless her! when living up at Stafford Hall along with her guardian, the good gentleman now dead and gone?"

Thus the plants were respected and duly admired by the coterie of old dames who sometimes favoured Mrs. Robson with their company to tea and gossip.

The gaudy clock which hung by the side of the fireplace gave forth a whirring noise, as though it imagined that the lapse of another hour was not an event to be recorded without due preparation.

Rising from her seat, spectacles on nose, at the first announcement of the important fact, Mrs. Robson laid her work down on the well-polished round table in front of her, and gave expression to the thoughts which the sound had aroused within her in an emphatic "Lawk a daisy me!"

Six was the hour now ushered in with so much unnecessary bustle by the energetic cuckoo; and as the old dame counted the strokes, to make sure that her eyes did not deceive her, the well-dusted chairs received an extra wipe down from her careful hand, and, ere long, the

best china was brought out from the cupboard, from whence it issued only on state occasions, and arranged with due ceremony upon a tea-board, whereon a remarkable lake scene was depicted in all the colours of the rainbow.

A vigorous thump, evidently from a fist of no fairy proportions, on the exterior of the closed door announced the advent of Mrs. Jones, friend in chief and general confidante of the mistress of the abode.

Mrs. Robson started from the polishing up of the last teacup, and welcomed her visitor with a cordiality befitting the importance of her position.

"Mrs. Gibbons will be here directly," exclaimed the new comer, hanging up her coal-scuttle bonnet and shawl of many colours on a peg behind the door. "She's only a-waiting to put her Mary Ann to bed, and the child is that fractious to-night I never did——"

Whether Mrs. Jones was about to add anything more, or whether she considered her speech complete as it stood, and fully expressive of her meaning, it would be impossible to say, all further exposition of her opinions on the subject being stopped by the sudden entrance of Mrs. Gibbons herself; and the usual ceremonies having been gone through, they drew round the blazing hearth, in order to have a good warm (they said) whilst the tea was brewing.

"Now, did you ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Robson, glancing up at the clock as she spoke. "If that girl Marie haven't been out since twelve to-day a-roaming them fields along with Joe. She shan't go out again, or my name ain't Robson."

Mrs. Gibbons winked slyly at the other visitor, who, on her side, gave a knowing look at the mention of Marie's name. The madness of the girl was a common topic of conversation with both; her old grandmother, in fact, was the only person who was blind to it.

Ever since her removal from the asylum, she and her vagaries had been the talk of the neighbours; still she was considered harmless, her time being chiefly occupied in wandering about in every direction, accompanied by Joe, her youngest brother, as if in search of something, no nook or corner apparently escaping her notice.

The tea being sufficiently brewed, the trio drew their chairs to the table, and at once opened an attack upon the piles of buttered toast and bread-and-butter which spread the board, washing it all down with frequent cups of the favourite hot and fragrant beverage, without bestowing a further thought on the absent girl and her brother.

"Law, how you startled me!" cried out Mrs. Jones, as the youthful scion of the house of Robson—the boy Joe—made his noisy entrance.

"And where's Marie?" asked his grandmother, as she heaped his plate with slices from the piles before her, and stroked fondly the towy hair which was matted over his brow.

"She's a-coming soon," was the boy's curt reply, stuffing a mouth already filled with toast, and trying to swallow some boiling hot tea, which scalded his throat, and made him splutter it all over the table.

No further information could be gained from this taciturn young hero than that they had been out together as far as Twickenham, and seen a lady there, since which they had hunted adders in the river

meadows, and that Marie had promised to teach him how to shoot with a pistol.

At this last announcement all three ladies screamed, and the tea-cups, poised mid-air in the act of being conveyed to their mouths, were replaced suddenly on the table. Joe was now severely catechised as to what he and his sister had been doing, but no number either of scoldings or coaxings could extract anything more from him.

"She really *must* be kep more quieter," remarked Mrs. Jones, in an undertone, to Mrs. Robson as they gathered again around the fire; for the viands having disappeared, they had now leisure to resume their talk about poor Marie and her wrongs, which her grandmother was not backward in descanting on.

"Yes, and to think," continued she, settling her spectacles more securely on her nose—"to think that all this here number of years I should have been receiving favours from the hand of his poor father, now dead and gone, and not known till t'other day as how it was his son that had brought about my girl's ruin.

"Captain Travers behaved most scandalous to come over a poor lone girl as he did, and I telled him so, too, to his face only yesterday was a week.

"Oh! Mrs. Robson,' he say, quite glib, 'I should be very happy to increase the allowance which my father made you.'

"Just as if paying could make up for it! Well, I never could abear them millingtary," continued the now irate lady, "nor them trains, neither."

This little prejudice of Mrs. Robson's was already familiar to her friends, though why these objects of her dislike should always be coupled together in her imagination, remained a complete mystery. Whether she thought that one was a consequence of the other, or that they were both the especial inventions of Satan, was a piece of information which she had never vouchsafed to impart even to her most familiar friends.

The gossip now took a different turn, but, ere the ladies had had their fill of it, or had given a thought to the manner in which time flies in this occupation, the church clock called their attention to it by striking eight, in which it was briskly seconded by the lively bird near the fireplace.

"Wherever is Marie?" said Mrs. Robson, breaking the silence which the warning strokes of the clock had cast over the assembled dames; and turning towards Joe, who was now considered as the delinquent, from the fact of his having quitted the poor girl in order to get home in time for his tea, it was discovered that he had gently sunk into a deep slumber.

Tired out by his morning's diversion in looking after adders, he slept away unconscious of the thumps inflicted upon him by the energetic Mrs. Jones.

"Whatever can be the matter?" suddenly exclaimed all three women in a breath, as a confused murmur of voices was heard outside.

The noise continued, and, throwing open the door for the purpose of learning the reason of all this unusual clamour, the tall, gaunt

figure of Mrs. Jones's lord and master, dripping with the rain, which was coming down in torrents, stood before them.

"Well! missus, this here's a bad night's job," he grunted out, sullenly addressing Mrs. Robson, and eyeing his wife with no favourable mien on account of her having deserted the matrimonial board, and thereby left him to the enjoyment of a cold supper in solitary state.

"This here's been a bad job," he repeated, shaking his head ominously as the expectant faces met his gaze; "and I hope whoever have been and done it will swing for it."

"*What—what is it?*" was instantly echoed from all three mouths, as the open door admitted some half-dozen or more of their acquaintance.

The tale was soon told, and the previous gossip shrunk into insignificance before the shocking news with which the chief spokesman was now filling their eager ears. Captain Travers (who was known to many in the neighbourhood) had been found murdered—shot through the body on his way home through the Twickenham meadows.

He was discovered, extended and lifeless, on the river bank by the speaker, who had conveyed him to his cottage, where he now lay, unconscious and speechless. The doctor had been sent for at once, and, together with another gent, had gone to see what could be done.

And Marie?

Mrs. Robson, as she tied on her bonnet—hastily drawn from its receptacle—as well as her trembling fingers would allow, tried in vain to put aside the dreadful suspicion which suddenly crossed her brain.

Many little circumstances which she had thought nothing of at the time, or of which she had attributed the occurrence to poor Marie's unhappy condition, now rushed into her mind. What if it should be as she dreaded? And as the poor woman ran out, regardless of the storm, in quest of the missing Marie, the bare thought of such a calamity agitated her so much that her limbs almost refused to support her.

"What could Joe mean about them pistols?" she said, as, after a fruitless search of more than two hours, she returned home for the purpose of questioning the boy, in the hope of getting from him, if possible, some clue to this fearful mystery.

As soon as she could wake him, she inquired whether Marie had a pistol in her possession.

"Yes, Marie had a pistol; such a pretty one," he drawled out, in a drowsy, half-awake manner. "He and she together had got it at a shop a long way off; he went in and bought it, and she gave him the money. Marie knew how to shoot well; she'd been taught years ago, she told him, by a captain she knew in Scotland."

This piece of information only served to confirm the worst fears of the poor old dame, and she sat up the whole of that weary night, watching, with a mind full of anxiety, for the wanderer's return.

As soon as it was light enough, she rose, and, putting on her bonnet, turned her steps in the direction of Mrs. Jones's cottage (where Captain Travers had been taken), to inquire if they had seen or heard anything of her poor Marie. On arriving there, although she could

obtain no information about her granddaughter, she found to her great joy that Captain Travers was still alive; but——

“Bad—wery bad,” Mrs. Jones informed her, as she cautiously closed the door behind her, and came out to speak to Mrs. Robson. “The doctor and Mr. Elliott haven’t left him for one instant. He be wounded somewhere in the hip,” she continued. “And as they tell me that he has been once before wounded by an accident in the same place, why, of course, it makes matters worse. Whoever shot him must have took good aim, for the bullet went straight into him, and the doctor says has injured some vital part. Poor gentleman, he suffers awful at times.”

However, there was some comfort in the fact that he was alive, and might recover, and grateful she felt for the information.

She returned home after this, somewhat less burdened in her mind, and, summoning the drowsy Joe, prepared to make a dish of tea, as a “freshener” after the night’s vigil.

But before she had proceeded far in her preparations, the measured tramp of men’s feet was heard approaching her door, and, teapot in hand, she listened attentively as they came nearer and nearer, an instinctive feeling telling her that the sound boded her no good.

On they came, until they reached the cottage porch, when the footsteps ceased. Opening the door quickly to learn what it meant, she saw a number of men standing round a sort of bier, which they had just set down, and on which was lying the dripping inanimate form of a woman. She recognised it at a glance; it was that of her poor Marie!

“Now don’t take on so, missus,” said the bearers, soothingly, after having carried in their wet burden as tenderly as they could, and laid it on a bed in the inner room.

“Mayhap she ain’t dead yet,” continued the first speaker, in the hope of comforting her, although he was well aware that life had been extinct for hours.

The pistol still grasped firmly in the clenched hand told too plainly the tale, and the fixed look of the features left no doubt that she had sought a refuge from her own misery by drowning herself, immediately after the deed, which she had planned with maniacal cunning, had been accomplished.

Poor girl! not accountable for that or for her own death by reason of her insanity, she was at last released from all her woes!

No lack of attendants now; the little room was soon besieged by the anxious crowd. No one could touch the body till the coroner came, and the one policeman, who bestowed his time and his services on that unpretending locality, bustled about with a vast amount of importance, and ordered the excited women off the premises as they crowded round the body of the drowned girl.

The doctor hurried in from the bedside of the more wealthy patient, whom he had never left all night, and shook his head gravely as he let fall the cold lifeless hand and pressed his own against the heart, which now lay quiet enough.

The poor grandmother, who tried to smoothe the dishevelled hair whilst he was viewing the body, saw by the expression of his face that there was no hope.

The water trickled slowly from the garments of the corpse on to the neatly sanded floor. The long yellow hair had a rivulet from each tress, and the moisture oozed from the nostrils and mouth as fast as it was wiped off by the poor old woman, who was soon left alone with her grief.

After Captain Travers had regained consciousness, he recollected perfectly all that had taken place.

"I left the residence of the Elliotts," he said, some few days afterwards, when he was recovered sufficiently to be able to converse in a low voice, and when the account of Marie's suicide had been told him guardedly by the friend with whom he had been staying, "at about half-past seven o'clock, and, as it was raining in torrents, I sought shelter under the archway of a large house just outside the village.

"The gas was burning brightly, and from my retreat I saw distinctly a female figure flit past me along the road, and, as I fancied, gaze intently into the doorway under which I was standing. The rain having abated, I thought I had better make the best of my way home during the temporary lull.

"Nothing happened until I arrived at a point of the road overhung by trees, and where at the right of the pathway there is a large pond, which, I remarked, was very much increased in size by the recent heavy rains.

"I felt myself touched on the shoulder, and, on turning round quickly, I heard my name called out, and recognised the girl Marie by her voice, for I could hardly discern her features.

"She began by pouring out a heap of abuse against me for not acknowledging her as my wife, and made use of all sorts of threats. I gently pushed her on one side, and attempted to pass on.

"I had walked a few steps in the direction of home, when she flung herself upon me, and positively tried to make her teeth meet in my throat. I grappled with her, and the next instant the pistol, which of course I was ignorant she possessed, was discharged, and I fell almost lifeless. I recollect distinctly hearing her, ere I lost consciousness, scream and plunge into the water."

This recital so exhausted the wounded man, that the strictest silence was enjoined for the future.

A week passed, and Sybella was by the side of her husband. The news of the accident, which could not be kept from her for many days, produced a different effect upon her to that which they had anticipated.

The intelligence which reached her of her husband's extremely dangerous state appeared to arouse all her energies, and no sooner was she made fully aware of it, than, in spite of all attempts to prevent her, she prepared herself to visit and tend him in his illness.

To lie supinely upon her couch at a time when every hour might prove his last she felt was impossible, and, whilst she could not help acknowledging that he had wrought out his fate, and that the chastisement he had received in so inscrutable a manner at the very hands of his victim had been brought upon him by his own misdeeds, still she was his wife, and the office she was called upon to perform was that of a wife, and not of a judge.

His sin had, indeed, found him out at the very time when, as he

fondly imagined, a new life was opening to him, in which the errors of his youth might be blotted out; and lo! when least expected, the avenger appeared, and struck him down in his prime.

For, though it appeared possible that his life might be spared, and that he might yet be allowed in mercy the time to atone in some measure for the past, henceforth the once-fascinating Captain Travers would be a cripple, and perhaps confined to a couch, till his last resting-place received him.

The funeral of the unfortunate Marie was over, and the nine days' wonder of her suicide and attempt to murder Captain Travers had ceased to occupy people's minds.

Sybella appeared to have completely shaken off her languor, and was constant in her attendance upon her husband; but his strength was rapidly failing, and each succeeding day showed too plainly that the end was drawing near. She had the great consolation—and she thanked God for it—of knowing that her words had comforted him, and that her presence had done him good; she had also the sincere gratification before he died of seeing him repent of his past errors, and meekly lay his sins at the throne of mercy.

Just before his death he called her to his side, and, testifying a strong desire to speak to her, said at last in a low tone, and bringing out the words with difficulty,

“Sybella, I have something to say to you, but it must be said as briefly as possible, for the breath is leaving my body. Believe me, had I lived, I would have done all I could to atone for my past neglect and unkindness to you; but it is better as it is, and I leave to another the task of consoling you. I have a request to make—you will not refuse it; there is a miniature case with some hair—you will find it in my writing-desk—let them be buried with me.”

The last words were scarcely intelligible, but Sybella caught their meaning, and the look of the dying man seemed to thank her as she promised to see his wishes attended to. In another hour all was over.

It may be imagined that Sybella's grief for her husband's death was not excessive, still she was very much affected by it, and David himself could hardly have begrudged the tears which fell upon the cold face of the corpse as Sybella bent over the inanimate form.

They buried him beside his father at Wilmington, and Sybella took the opportunity again to visit some of the scenes of her childhood.

How many, many years seemed to have passed as she came upon each well-remembered spot. The life she then, and that which she had since led, seemed like the lives of two different persons.

The thoughts which the place now conjured up were of so painful a nature that it seemed to her as if she should never care to come there again; and she left Wilmington with the feeling that, with her husband—who had been so intimately associated with it—was buried all her former life.



## THE JUGGLER OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

HUMAN nature, which is the same all the world over, and at all times and seasons, has ever been deeply enamoured of the marvellous. Whatever transcends common experience and ordinary powers is sure to command reverence and admiration. A full conviction of its historic truth is, of course, necessary to the entire and unflinching acceptance of a miracle; but even the certain knowledge that a wonderful work or operation is based on some hidden fraud detracts little from the interest with which it is invested. In some cases, indeed, it may be questioned whether the interest may not be said to be enhanced thereby.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
 In being cheated as to cheat;  
 As lookers on feel most delight  
 That least perceive the juggler's sleight.

Accordingly, the taste for the wonderful has been amply gratified in all ages, and the supply has kept pace with the demand. Creeds, and fashions, and even climates have had their share in varying or modifying the forms in which the wonderful has been presented to the human mind; but it is the under-current of the same feeling that has secured its acceptance under all its varieties. At one age necromancy was in the ascendant; at another, alchemy; at another, witchcraft. Animal magnetism has counted its votaries by thousands. Electro-biology, mesmerism, clairvoyance, table-rappings, and (the greatest of all *Home impostures*) spiritualism, have each their professors and their periodicals for promulgating their principles.

The concluding years of the last century witnessed the introduction into this country of another attraction (or rather popularised it among our people), which may be generally described under the title of legerdemain. But an age which will not buy good shaving-soap, except under the euphonious name of Eukeirogeneion, or defend their extremities from mud by anything short of Antigropelos, must needs invest the good old art of juggling with the imposing appellation of prestigation, or thaumaturgy, in the enormous broadsides on the walls, which now so frequently herald the approach of some master-spirit to a country town or village. The art, doubtless, is as old as Proteus, who figures alike in the noblest monuments of Greek and Roman song. Long ages back it reached the *acmé* of perfection among the supple natives of Hindostan and China; but it was not until as recently as the time "when George the Third was king" that it appears to have been followed—here in England, at least—as a profession. Of late years it will be sufficient to name Blitz and Frikell, Herr Dobbler, Robin, and Anderson (the Wizard of the North) among its most successful professors, to judge by the immense popularity which they have enjoyed.

I would fain, however, attempt to rescue from oblivion one who was their forerunner in this ingenious art—a man who was well known, especially in the western counties, and who had enjoyed a large amount of royal patronage in Windsor Castle and at Weymouth, where he

frequently gratified the simple tastes of the good old king and his family. I have not lived years enough in the world to be able to chronicle Mr. Moon's exploits at the zenith of his reputation, or to measure the extent of his popularity, and the pecuniary success which attended his efforts in the beau monde under royal and noble patronage. But some fifty years ago, when his royal patron had bid adieu to all interest in conjurors, and was languishing under the accumulated miseries of blindness and insanity, the courtly juggler (though he could display upon his finger the diamond ring presented to him by the king) had lost his prestige among the upper ten thousand, and condescended to far humbler groups of spectators, like the

Wandering harper, scorned and poor,  
who

Tuned to please a peasant's ear  
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Perhaps it will present no unpleasing picture of times fast fading away if I endeavour to recal the circumstances under which, in my schoolboy days, I formed one of poor Moon's spectators, under what may well be called the eclipse of his fortunes. Whether it was that this hitherto undisputed monarch in the realms of legerdemain "paled his uneffectual fire" before the rising of some brighter planet, or that age and its attendant infirmities had stiffened his sleightful hands and impeded the nimble movement of his fingers (so indispensable to his mysterious calling), this deponent saith not. Certain it is that some fifty years ago, Diocletian-like, he had doffed the imperial purple, and betaken himself to the cultivation of the soil on some little sort of squatting amid the wilds of his native Woodborough. But the fortune which had attended our Moon in his apogee seemed to desert him in his near contact with mother-earth. His occult science failed to stimulate the "occultas vires" of the hungry soil where his lot was cast; and probably, when the periodical visits of the steward or the tax-gatherer were looming in the distance, both prudence and inclination suggested an occasional return to his original and more lucrative craft. He would thereupon commence a campaign through the neighbouring towns and villages, and Clavering St. Mary was among the most favoured scenes of his labours, as being pre-eminently remunerative by reason of the number of the resident gentry, and the several large boarding-schools that flourished there just half a century ago. Moon's method of advertising his forthcoming performance was somewhat remarkable. On a Sunday afternoon a burly personage was to be seen wending his way up the steep street which led to the Collegiate Church, with a band of the broadest gold lace round his hat, and wearing his conjuring coat of the brightest scarlet, with capacious sleeves and pockets, seen and unseen, wherein he was wont, in preparing for a performance, to stow away all his stock-in-trade and mystical appliances. Farmer Cadhay's seat, at the entrance of the chancel, was selected as the most conspicuous place for his devotions; and when its usual occupants, with a fluttering sense of the distinction thereby conferred upon them, opened wide their pew-door to admit him, we little urchins in the opposite gallery may be forgiven if we could not take our eyes from so flaming an advertisement of to-morrow's treat. The service, on the occasion to which I am referring, was inspired by the

marriage anthem, "Oh, well is thee and happy shalt thou be!" performed by a promiscuous choir with all kinds of instruments, in honour of some newly-married couple's first appearance in church. We left the venerable clerk, at the conclusion of the service, drowsily reading aloud from his seat the assessment to the poor's rate (a quarterly operation in those days), in order that we might watch the departure of the conjuror, who shared the attentions of the dispersing congregation with a country bumpkin wearing a shining hat, adorned with a cockade of many colours, to intimate that the article in question was to be wrestled for at some neighbouring revel in the coming week! When I add to this now almost incredible sketch of past times, that the town crier (who also held the high and honourable office of "duck-driver" by appointment of the court leet of the lord of the manor) was in the habit of giving notice from the churchyard wall to the motley crowd which collected in the market-place below, of the "hue and cry" after some delinquent who had modestly withdrawn himself from the public gaze, or of an approaching auction in the neighbourhood, it will be readily admitted that the full value of the Church as an "advertising medium" (to adopt the newspaper slang of modern times) was duly appreciated by the last generation.

The longest suspense will have an end, and Monday came at last, and towards evening we mustered, some fifty strong, in the rear of the other visitors, at the great room of the only hotel in the town. Years have since fled by, but I have a lively recollection of the apartment, built, as tradition affirmed, by contributions of the parents of the pupils of the King's School, for their accommodation when they came to visit their sons. Its embossed ceiling and the deep mouldings of the cornice, from which were suspended shields whereon it had been originally intended to blazon the achievements of the subscribers, are still fresh in my memory, after the lapse of half a century. At the farther end of the room was a table, with a portentous display of the great magician's conjuring machinery spread before our admiring and impatient eyes; and at length he himself emerged from some dark hiding-place, and stood revealed, "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," amid the dazzling blaze of innumerable candles, like the great centre of some celestial system. The expectant juveniles roared out their discordant welcome—the enchanter bowed his graceful acknowledgments, and displayed the ample folds of his voluminous coat, turning up the capacious sleeves with the frankness of gratuitous and guileless honesty to show that it was "all fair and aboveboard"—and our witty usher launched forth his happiest joke from the quiver of his favourite, Flaccus:

Micat inter ignes  
Luna minores.

Time would fail to describe the frying of the pancake in some unhappy wight's Sunday beaver, after the due beating up of eggs and flour in its delicate lining—the affected flutterings of the young bride, who, in defiance of the superstition attached to its removal, had obliged the magician with her wedding-ring, which she saw rammed rudely down the barrel of a pistol to be shot into the air—the silver ticker, mercilessly smashed, to be returned again uninjured—the chattering clodpole selected from the company, "quite promiscuously," to stand forth in apparent complicity with the weird-master, and rewarded for his profane chuckling

with a padlock on his mouth, or a notch cut in the bridge of his nose, amid the ill-suppressed shrieks of the gentler sex as the red currant jelly dripped like crimson gore from his mutilated countenance. Next came the little canary-bird, trained and inured to nightly decapitation, which lay with its head under its wing, in well simulated death, until the magician made sundry passes over the lifeless body with his "long divining-wand," and the feathered victim sprang to life again, and regained its cage, flurried by the acclamations of the young spectators. A propos to this last and crowning miracle, an event is recorded of our sorcerer, which it would be a breach of strict historical accuracy to represent as having taken place on the night in question; nevertheless, it shall be told in all its charming simplicity. Improving on the immolation of the "never-ending, still-beginning" canary, which had now perhaps begun to wax stale, Mr. Moon announced at the foot of his handbill, on one occasion, that he was ready to operate in a similar way, without any collusion, on any barn-door fowl which might be brought to him by its owner. Great excitement thereupon prevailed among the wiseacres of the neighbourhood, and at the next performance Farmer Hodge found his way to the magician's tent with a basket carefully secured, in which he had brought a famous game-cock (whose hackle had long been the envy of many a fisherman on the banks of the famous little trout-stream that skirted his farm), and offered it for the perilous experiment. The owner, however, who thought himself a shrewd fellow in his own way, and strongly suspected some deception in the *modus operandi*, insisted that no one should do the murderous deed but himself. All expostulations were in vain; he was for having the thing done thoroughly, and "no mistake." Poor chanticleer, released from his dark prison, stood for an instant on the outspread table amid the glittering blaze of innumerable lights, and dazzled by the brightness, or perhaps mistaking the Moon for the sun, boldly flapped his wings, and, swan-like, uttered his last crow. Hereupon his ruthless master seized him by the wings, and resting his head against the edge of the table, like another Atropos, severed the thread of life by the vigorous application of a keen knife between the vertebrae of the victim's neck. The fowl-murderer looked round with an appealing air of triumph to the spectators, and dashed the reeking head and trunk to the floor, with this outspoken challenge in the true vernacular of the old Damnonii:

"Thare, Maister Cungerer, put thickee head and boddy tegither agen as quick as thee canst."

But Mr. Moon was not to be done so easily. With a polite shrug of the shoulders (as if fresh from "Paris, the metropolis of France"), he modestly declined the attempt, confessing that it was beyond his art; and when Hodge referred to the handbill in vindication of his claim, and demanded to have his bird restored to life again, Moon meekly pointed out to the enraged rustic that he never undertook to restore any but those which he had himself decapitated. Hodge ground his teeth in bitter disappointment and self-reproach, and hied him homewards a wiser but a sadder man, with the profound conviction impressed alike upon his own mind and the minds of his neighbours, that, whatever Mr. Moon might be, he (Hodge) would never pass for a conjuror.

If no professor of the black art had ever more to reproach himself with

than with thus permitting poetical justice to fall upon the rural sceptic through his own instrumentality, there would be little to complain of; but the jokes of such *artistes* have not always been equally harmless. A conjuring seignor once called to solicit my patronage of his forthcoming entertainment, and I confess that, after a long interval of years, I cannot but still regret that I did not serve him with a summary ejectionment from my house, on his rehearsing what he regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre* of wit and ingenuity in disposing of an adversary. A clergyman, in the simplicity of his heart (thus his story ran), waited upon him in the public room where he was in the act of arranging the paraphernalia for his approaching entertainment. The good man had come to expostulate with him on the sinfulness of his calling, and the injury he was doing to the souls of the ignorant by carrying on what they could not but esteem an intimate communication with the powers of darkness. Thus assailed, the conjuror temporised for a while with his opponent, who followed him up and down the room, while the former affected to be still busied in the work of preparation for the night's performance. At length he boldly faced round upon the clergyman, and denounced him as a snivelling hypocrite and thief, who had come under the guise of religion to see what he could steal. The poor man's indignant repudiation of the charge was met by the assertion that he had pocketed a silver snuff-box from off the table. He insisted upon searching him, and, sure enough, the box was found, where the infamous miscreant had contrived to slip it in, when, in the warmth of his expostulations, the clergyman had unfortunately for a moment turned his back upon the crafty trickster. The issue is shortly told. The poor victim, dumbfounded at the strange verification of the charge, stood defenceless before his merciless accuser, who, with devilish ingenuity, affected to be inclined to deal leniently with the offender (there were no witnesses present), and advised him to take himself off as quickly as possible, to mind his own affairs for the time to come, and, above all, to beware how he meddled again with conjurors. The reader may be quite sure that there was little need of the latter part of the admonition. Should this "over-true tale," after the lapse of so many years, meet the eye of the good man thus basely victimised, or of any others who may have heard the charge repeated to his prejudice, the writer is ready to vouch for the fact of the confession, and thereby vindicate the accused from the slanders of his heartless and unabashed traducer.

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## THE ABBOT OF STRAWBERRY MEAD.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

SIR WYNKYN DE WHYTE  
 Was a choleric knight,  
 Headstrong and quick, that a mere look would prick  
 Into torrents of anger, and oftentimes of danger  
 To those near his stick :  
 His servitors trembled, with fright undissembled,  
 When they heard his loud talking, his stamp, and sleep-walking ;  
 For when the moon rose,  
 He would put on his hose,  
 And, parded and grim, through the corridors dim,  
 Like a ghost that indulged a fantastical whim,  
 He would pace up and down, with a terrible frown,  
 That would of itself knock a prize-fighter down ;  
 But to meet at arm's length  
 With a man of his strength  
 Was not to be thought of a moment, you know,  
 For the Infidel foe  
 Had by scores been laid low  
 By a flourish of his Toledo !

Sir Wynkyn de Whyte  
 Had pass'd a bad night ;  
 He had call'd for his sack, and had hurl'd the flask back  
 In a much quicker way  
 Than good manners would say  
 Should be always the fashion,—but men in a passion  
 Think *light* of the heads they are going to crack !  
 'Twas the way of De Whyte,  
 When he was not quite right,  
 To fling jug or can at the head of his man,  
 And call him a lazy old hack !  
 This show'd he was ailing,  
 His stomach was failing,  
 And at length he cried out, 'twixt a yell and a shout,  
 " Ho ! son of a faggot,  
 Bring hither the Abbot  
 Of Strawberry Mead, and tell him I need  
 His bell and his cross, for I'm quite at a loss  
 To know what perplexes me,  
 Fidgets and vexes me,  
 Unless some old beldane has made me worse."

Sir Wynkyn de Whyte,  
 By the dim taper's light,  
 Saw the Abbot approaching, like somebody poaching,  
 So cautious his tread, as with feelings of dread  
 He crept to the side of the fierce man's bed.  
 Quoth De Whyte, " Don't crouch there,  
 With a snivelling air,  
 With your beads and your mumble, your paters and jumble,

But stand like a man,  
 And declare, if you can,  
 What med'cine is best  
 To give me some rest,  
 For I seem to be under a vampire's ban."  
 The Abbot reflected  
 (No longer dejected):  
 "Perhaps I might bring a very good thing  
 To Strawberry Mead, for it wants help indeed,  
 So the secret I'll tell  
 Of the barleycorn well,  
 That has made us so happy, so nappy, so cosy, so rosy,  
 So sleek, and so fair, and, indeed, *débonnaire*,  
 For our monks are well-favour'd, as all will declare."  
 So he whisper'd *one word*, and the knight was bestirr'd  
 With motions so racy, so hearty, so bracy,  
 That he jump'd from his bed, tore the cap from his head,  
 Pirouetted and danced, like a dervish entranced,  
 And at length, when subdued  
 In his frolicsome mood,  
 Cried, "All right, fiddle-faddle, to boot and to saddle—  
 So ho, varlets, speed! and from Strawberry Mead  
 Bring plenty of stingo!  
 By the bones of Saint Jingo,  
 I'll brook no delay, so, rascals, away!"  
 A measure was brought,  
 Not a pint, nor a quart,  
 But a black-jack was fill'd to o'erflowing.  
 Sir Wynkyn he quaff'd,  
 Sir Wynkyn he laugh'd  
 Till his cheeks were quite puffy and glowing.  
 To the Abbot he cried,  
 "Saintly man, I espied,  
 By your corpulent figure and feature,  
 That you knew of some treasure  
 That care could outmeasure,  
 And tickle the soul and the creature.  
 So I give you my word,  
 By the hilt of my sword,  
 I will leave a bequest that shall put you at rest—  
 Though still I request,  
 That if abbey you raise, it shall be to the praise  
 Of that wonderful saint, Old Jingo,  
 The patron of Strawberry stingo!"

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## "THE FOX AND THE GRAPES."

"So you know my old friend Mary Channing?" said Adelaide to Lord Serle one morning.

"Yes, I have that great pleasure," he replied.

"Of course you admire her greatly? I never knew a man who did not."

"Well, I do not exactly know that," he returned. "She is undoubtedly a very pretty creature, but——"

"But me no buts?" cried Adelaide. "What is this you used to quote, Laura?"

But if, is as some gaoler to bring forth a monstrous malefactor.

*What fault can you find in Mary Channing?"*

"I do not presume to find any fault," he answered, "but I cannot say I very much admire the particular school on which she has modelled herself."

"I thought fast girls were quite the rage now, and Mary is faster than the fastest. Now, tell me truly, is it not the desire to be singular which makes you demur from the prevailing taste?"

"I deny that it prevails, excepting amongst very young men or very old ones. At all events, *I*, who cannot but admire everything that is young, lovely, or in any way attractive, must confess that a fast girl, however charming in other respects, is at the bottom of my list of things to be adored."

"I think that very rude of you. *I* am especially one of the condemned sisterhood."

"You! You don't mean that?"

"Worse and worse! Your first speech was irritating, the last is mortifying. But I know you must have made it only to annoy me. Of course I am 'fast;' I glory in the distinction. Every girl worth a pin is of the same mind now-a-days, and if you pretend that you don't like us, it is because some one of us has snubbed you handsomely."

Lord Serle laughed softly.

"You are mistaken, however," he said. "My opinion is the result of mature consideration, but I am always open to conviction. If you see the error of my ways, why not endeavour to convert me?"

"Not worth the trouble," returned Adelaide, tossing her golden head and shrugging her pretty shoulders. "We have more than enough of spontaneous worshippers, and have no need for prose-lytes."

"Of that I am quite sure, but common charity might make you try what you could do for me."

"I am not sufficiently interested for you, but pray what style of



woman do you admire? Stay! I know the taste of your sort of man exactly. Let me tell you the kind of thing you like; it is one of two varieties, both of which I shall describe."

"Pray go on."

"You have for your ideal either a very tiny girl with weak, fair hair and washed-out eyes, pink and white cheeks, and a decided lisp, a contemptible, affected sugar-and-water doll, who says 'Ah!' and 'Oh!' perpetually, who would faint at a spider, and who is all smiles and graces in company, and as cross as a wasp in private. Sugar and water make capital vinegar, you know. Dear me!" she cried, laughing, "I've quite talked myself out of breath."

"Yes, and very amusing you have been. But your picture is not the least in the world like my ideal of a woman."

"Possibly not, but I have the companion-portrait quite ready: an imperious, haughty woman, who thinks it a mistake of nature that she has not been born a queen. I wonder if you have remarked that all tall women, however hideous, take up the queenly rôle on the strength of having longer backs than their fellows?"

"I never did happen to remark that, but it may be the case all the same. I am a very unobservant man."

"I should not have thought it. But, to go on with my description: your model of perfection has a profound belief in herself, dark eyes, arched brows, and nose to match. To dispassionate eyes this beauty of yours looks rather hawk-like even now, with all the glory of youth about her; in ten years, even to you, should you be miserable enough to marry her, she will be like an old vulture, all beak and claws. I hope you may get her; the fast girls would be well revenged for your contempt of them."

"Don't assume that, please," said Lord Serle, good humouredly. "I spoke only of a not very strong admiration, and you directly call it contempt; but allow me to tell you that your last description is quite as wide of the mark as your first."

"Then you are of the *nil admirari* sort, for there are but three types from which all the varieties spring; the best of all, the 'fast girl,' sometimes developing into the hoyden and the vixen, but even thus better than any of the rest—better than the insipid, petite blonde, whom I think a nuisance, and the party who looks like an empress when young, and like a hag when other women are still blooming."

"You have a very limited acquaintance with your own sex, and my 'bright particular star' is totally distinct from all the species you have enumerated."

"Describe her, then. And I beg you will understand that I consider you extremely provoking."

"And I," put in Emilie from the table where she sat drawing, "consider you extremely vulgar. Who ever before heard a lady describe another as a 'party'? I can't fancy where you heard such a word."

"I have learnt it from the grooms, probably," rejoined Adelaide, laughing. "You know I spend a good deal of time with them, and they always call people 'parties.'"

"Oh! if you prefer to copy *them*, I have no more to say."

"*That* would be so much to be desired, that I beg you will stamp the conviction into your being that I *do* prefer it. Well, Lord Serle, I am waiting for your fancy sketch."

"Fortunately it is not at all a fancy sketch, and I hold it too sacred to unveil it," he answered, with an air half serious, half laughing.

"How very unkind of you! Is she like any one I know?"

"How can I tell whom you know?"

"Do tell me."

"I cannot refuse you. She is a *perfect* woman, graceful as a woman should always be, gentle, low-voiced—a woman to trust, to respect, to love, to *adore*."

And Lord Serle's voice had a *timbre* in it, which struck with an unpleasant conviction the trifling, frivolous mood of his fair cross-examiner. People of Adelaide's class can scarcely understand serious depth of feelings on any subject, or at any time; but when they are themselves in their gayer moods, the intrusion of anything which looks like earnestness has on them the unpleasant effect of a sudden unforeseen plunge into ice-cold water.

Adelaide started slightly, and, looking up, saw Lord Serle's velvety eyes gazing straightforward into vacancy, and his whole countenance transfigured. There certainly was a wonderful charm about him. It was, it is true, merely the charm of perfect beauty, intensified by the strong individuality of the man; but the poor little silly butterfly, as she scanned his face, felt by intuition that her petty wiles and attempts at flirtation were all thrown away here, and thinking, as she thought at the moment, that anything more beautiful than Lord Serle was it would be impossible to see, she also thought that perhaps it was as well that he had no liking for her, for her shallow, heartless nature shrank back, unconsciously frightened by what it almost as unconsciously divined. She was not the only one in the room startled by Lord Serle's suppressed voice and rapt look.

Almost all the guests, as well as the host and hostess, were present; for the morning was so stormy and rainy as to forbid even the most zealous sportsman there to think of sallying forth in quest of prey, and all had adjourned to one of the smaller drawing-rooms to concert some plan for whiling away the tedium of the long dreary day. Piqued by Emilie's taunts regarding the non-effect of her fascinations on Lord Serle, Adelaide had determinedly engaged him in conversation, such as it was, and in the midst of the playful frivolity of the wordy war came his two or three sentences, not meaning much in themselves, it is true, but spoken by his peculiar voice, in that vibrating tone, they made every one look round.

Sir John Markham had made a capital breakfast, and was standing on the hearth-rug before the blazing fire, now presenting his stolid, handsome face, and now his broad back, to the cheering influence of the comfortable warmth. Just at the moment when his brother-in-law's speech had drawn public attention on the speaker, Sir John was looking into the glowing caves of the fire, but at the strange tone and the sudden hush which followed, Sir John turned sharply round, and gazed steadily at his connexion. There were many feelings expressed

in that look; something of terror, warning, and anxiety, with a good deal of affection, for Sir John had a deep attachment for his strange, brilliant, bad brother-in-law; and although, being an eminently respectable man himself, he could not but feel constantly scandalised by the other's proceedings, yet he never once for a moment faltered in his allegiance to a nature which he did not in the least comprehend, but which, perhaps for that very reason, he believed, despite all its faults, to be infinitely superior to his own.

"Serle is a grand fellow, sir," he was wont to say; "he will do something great yet. Hitherto he has run all to seed; too much money too early in his hands, and so good-looking, the women have done their best to spoil him, but he'll tire of all that. Some day he will show what's really in him, and set his mark on the age."

Possibly; but not in any great or good sense. However, in the present instance Sir John's eager, earnest look had the effect which such looks often have, and it drew Lord Serle's wandering thoughts back to the actual realities of the moment. He returned Sir John's bewildered stare by a bright assured smile, and then looking round the room, said quietly, and still smiling:

"What is the matter? Have I said anything to shock anybody?"

"No," said Colonel Home; "nobody is shocked, but I think everybody is enlightened."

"On what subject?"

"Yourself. We all thought you, of all men, fancy-free, and you have betrayed your own secret. There's no mistake about it now."

"Not the smallest," said a certain Captain Thistlewood, looking up, with his keen clear eyes full of sarcastic meaning.

"I am delighted to have given you any information on any subject," returned Lord Serle, "but I can't see that I have said anything very particular."

"Too late," cried Colonel Home. "You did not say much, but no one who heard your voice and saw your face can for a moment doubt that you are hard hit. Come, Serle, give us name, station, and all the rest of it."

"No," he replied, quite gravely; "if you mean that the description I gave is drawn from life, you are perfectly right. It is so; but *she* is as much beyond all praise of mine as——But I'll not say any more about her."

"She does exist, then?" said Adelaide, recovering herself.

"Yes, as much as I do; and if it be any satisfaction to you to know it, you are all welcome to know that of which I am proud."

"And that is?" asked Adelaide.

"That is, that whatever I may be doing or saying—however much I may seem to be engaged or amused—I always see *one* face, hear *one* voice; and if I take pleasure in the society of other women, it is only because *she* is a woman also."

"We are all much gratified by the compliment," said Adelaide, colouring; "but I, at least, want no attention of that kind. I have no fancy for being a proxy, and I think you horridly rude."

"I am sorry to hear you say so. I think you are unjust to me. You forced me to an avowal which I should certainly never have

thought of making of my own will. It is too bad that you should think ill of me for obeying you."

"I think it a shame, at least, that you should tell us so much, and no more. It would be something to know what this wonderful woman is like in the flesh, and to be told whether one knows her."

"You may know some day," returned Lord Serle.

And Adelaide, putting her face close to his, said, suddenly:

"I *do* know *now*. I was a fool not to remember; but I scarcely thought you would have been audacious enough for that. I fancied it *must* be some one else."

Her whispered words were only heard by his own ear, and he turned an amused but very scrutinising glance on her, as he answered:

"I can't at all imagine what *you* mean; but of one thing I am sure, that it is quite impossible you can know, or guess, anything about it."

"Whispering in company!" exclaimed a lively young lady. "I wonder at you, Lord Serle."

"Nay, Miss Blamire, when a lady sets me the example, good manners compel me to keep her in countenance. And now, Miss Lenox, suppose we quit the well-ventilated subject of my secret devotion, and return to affairs more within your comprehension. If I remember rightly, we were discussing the advisability of acted charades, and that led to the mention of Miss Channing, who is so admirable at anything of that sort; and that led to the rest."

"Yes; but I have forgotten the charades long ago, and I hate going back. Everything should have its own reign, and that of my interest in charades finished when my curiosity was aroused. A charade of another kind has been given me to guess, and, for all you say, I fancy I hold the clue."

And with these words Adelaide fluttered away from the window where she had been standing, and began to put together an ivory puzzle which lay on one of the tables.

"Such a day!" she said, presently. "Captain Thistlewood, will you come to the billiard-room? You owe me my revenge. Who will come and look on? Colonel Home, you may mark, if you like."

Off she went, followed by several of the party.

"I do not at all like Lord Serle," she said, by-and-by. "I cannot see why people rave so about him."

"I never saw a more splendid-looking man," said Captain Thistlewood, heartily.

"I don't care what he looks like, I don't admire him; and he can be as rude as a bear. I am sure he is a bad man, with his romantic hidden passion. Such stuff! If it were for any decent woman, not another man's wife, what is to prevent his marrying this piece of perfection? He's as rich as the Grand Turk, and has no one to control him. What a fool he is! I could not be bothered with such a creature."

"Don't provoke yourself about him, then," said Colonel Home, with a well-pleased smile, and a most tender glance at the ruffled face of the young lady.

"I assure you I don't intend it; but I know more than he thinks. People are not all blind."

"What do you know?"

"No matter just now. Come, Captain Thistlewood, why do you keep me waiting?"

During the discussion between Adelaide and Lord Serle, Laura had been busied with many-coloured beads and shades of silk, which were to go to the composition of an ornamental work-basket for Lady Lenox, whose birthday was close at hand. Although the young hostess had heard all that had passed, she had taken no part in the colloquy, nor had she felt any very lively interest in it, although she liked Lord Serle very much indeed, as was but natural, seeing that he was outwardly all that could please a woman's eye—that he was all that was courteous and pleasant to herself, and that he lightened her labours as hostess considerably.

We have read of women who were perfect social detectives for the hidden vices of their male or female associates—women with instincts so superlatively fine that however fair might be the surface, however unsuspected by others the concealed taint, *they* unerringly recoiled from the presence of the unseen evil. Laura was not one of those moral carrion crows; she would have at once drawn back revolted from any avowed breaker of laws human and divine; but utterly unsuspecting of evil, she was never on the watch for it, and she took Lord Serle at his society value, as a very charming, handsome, well-bred man, who was a very great acquisition to her circle.

After the migration of the greater portion of the party to the billiard-room, one after another of those who were left dropped away, until none were left save Laura, who was still hard at work, and Lord Serle, who, standing in the window where Adelaide had left him, was looking silently out at the driving sheets of misty rain. Presently he tired of that, and stole a covert look or two at Laura, who was too busily engaged to take any notice of him. There was an ornamental stand of balsams and choice ferns close beside him, and he took up a pair of embroidery scissors from a little table and began to indent some of the leaves more deeply than nature had intended. The sharp click click of the scissors made Laura look round.

"What are you about, Lord Serle? Ruining my balsams, I fear. I thought it was only women who did petty mischief."

"I really beg your pardon. I was not conscious of what I was doing."

"I am sure you must be disappointed by this miserable weather. I am very sorry it should be such a dreary day."

"Pray do not waste any regrets on my account. Whatever you may think of me, I assure you I by no means place my happiness in the keeping of the weather; and though I do pretty much as others do, I do not consider it the acme of felicity to go on day after day slaughtering birds."

"Perhaps not; but the very feeling that one cannot get out is apt to produce a restless desire to be out."

"I am glad you feel it so. I did not think there was so much of fallen humanity in your nature."

"Did you not? Then you were very much mistaken. I always want to do what I may not do."

"I am enchanted to hear it," he said, brightening up and leaving

the window for the fireplace, where he leant against the angle of the mantelpiece, looking down on Laura at her pretty work.

"Why should you be so glad that any one can be so discontented?" she asked him.

"Because I am glad there is something in common between us; half the miseries and follies of my life have come from my having wished for and achieved forbidden things, often merely because they were forbidden, and difficult of attainment."

"I dare say most men and women could say the same," she answered, with her sweet gravity. "If we all did just what we were permitted to do, and had no yearnings after what we ought not to have, there would be no repentance, and little cause for it."

"I suppose not; but," he said, with a sigh, which seemed to come from his heart, "when a man has never known a mother's care or love, never had a sister to counteract by her influence and sympathy the temptations into which I was so early thrown, unguarded and alone, surely there is some excuse, some palliation, for wrong-doing."

She looked up at him with surprise in her clear soft eyes, for she did not at all understand this confidential and penitential tone of his.

You see she had had no training in the gay world, and had never served her apprenticeship amongst the young matrons who keep private confessionals, where handsome young roués are heard, consoled, and assoiled. What she saw when she looked up was a most beautiful face, with sad pleading eyes, and she felt very sorry for the owner of these belongings.

"You said just now your happiness was not in the keeping of the weather," she said, smiling at him; "but I am sure you are wrong; you look quite dismal."

He winced a little, and felt a momentary anger at her stupidity. Had she been as he wished her, how promising a beginning might not have been made from that speech of his; but to be told he looked dismal! However, that she was *not* like the greater part of the women he had known was the secret of her charm for him, and his annoyance was lost at once in the desire to awake this unconscious innocent creature to a consciousness of which he himself was to be the centre. He answered her smile, therefore, as he said,

"Perhaps you are in some degree right; sad moaning winds and rushing rains may possibly lower one's tone, and dispose one to introspection, but I do not know that I am not happier after such a self-examination than if I had been what people call enjoying myself. In such seasons I at least gather no new store of Dead Sea fruit."

"Everybody is the better for self-examination, I am sure," said blind Laura.

"Please do not class me with *everybody*, Mrs. Home," he answered.

"Why not? I do not suppose you are much better or worse than other men of your station and fortune."

"I am not better—I wish I were: if I be worse, circumstances have been more to blame than inclination."

"A weak plea," she returned, shaking her head. "I can imagine a woman pleading that, but not a man; and a man, moreover, who has

talent, knowledge, and fortune, it seems to me that such a one can mould circumstances."

"You think me a fortunate fellow, then?"

"Really, I scarcely know enough of you to judge; but I have heard you spoken of as such, and I think you ought to be——" Then she paused, for his few words to Adelaide as to his secret love came into her mind, and she thought, perhaps, some unhappy passion was at the root of his present melancholy, and her kind heart softened in an instant. "Yes, she continued, "I *think* you ought to be; but, of course, one's self alone can tell how that is; I dare say every one has his skeleton."

"Exactly so! you will not endorse the vulgar opinion that if a man has good health, is not absolutely deformed, has plenty of money, and is of a certain rank, he can have nothing more to wish for?"

"No; but those things are very important items in the sum of happiness, and *with* these one can have so much more strength to attain the rest."

"But what if the thing we desire is beyond our reach?"

"Then, I suppose, we must only take an example from the sensible fox, and pronounce the grapes sour."

"But if we cannot?—if the grapes be sweet as the fruits of Paradise?—if our whole being be merged into the aching, longing after them, what then?"

"I can't tell," she said, sadly; "but one thing I know, Lord Serle, that there cannot be such a thing as perfect happiness in the world. Some of us get the grapes, and I don't think we are much better off after all."

He looked fixedly at her, but her face was bent over her work, and her thoughts far away from him. She was thinking of a certain bunch—the Colonel Home variety—and how she had pined for it, and got it, and how much good it had done her. Her companion read her thoughts with tolerable clearness, and burned to throw himself at her feet and cry,

"You are thinking of a husband who slights and neglects you; forget him. I love you—I will guard, and cherish, and hold you scathless as long as I live." But he controlled himself, and only said, "If I had had such a woman as you for sister or friend, I might have been far other than I am. I am not all evil. Nay, if you would be my friend even now, it might, it *would* be all changed."

"What makes you think me your enemy?" she asked.

"My enemy; no, Heaven forbid! But there are many degrees between the *not* being my enemy and the being my friend."

"Well, I am your friend."

"Are you indeed?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

He turned away for an instant, but returned at once.

"I do not want you to confound me with the crowd to whom you feel kindly disposed; I do not ask that sort of friendship from you."

"What sort, then?"

He inly anathematised her as being the most stupid woman in affairs of this kind that he had ever met. But he only smiled down on

her, and said he had deeper and higher views of friendship than mere kindness of feeling, that the office of a friend was to warn, to comfort, to sympathise, to confide, and a great deal beside; in the midst of which Laura stood up quietly, and laid her work into her basket.

"It would need a much older and wiser woman than I to be a safe friend for you in that sense," she said.

He caught at the word safe. "In what way safe? Safe for whom?" he asked, eagerly.

"Safe for you," she answered, very calmly. "I have too many faults and failings of my own, and am too conscious of them to be a guide and counsellor such as you need and describe. Mrs. Thistlewood is just the friend you want."

Be it understood that Mrs. Thistlewood was the best of women—the adviser and helper of all who, needing either, came within her reach, and—she was the mother of Captain Thistlewood, and close on seventy years of age.

Mrs. Thistlewood was mentally consigned to safe keeping by Lord Serle. However, he said she was indeed an admirable old lady, but had so long left behind her youth and all its troubles and temptations, that she was not exactly the style of article of which he was in want. Which indeed she was not.

"I am sorry for it. I must go, however," answered Laura. "I have a consultation with Hopper about some new verbenas, and I am sure he is waiting for me in the housekeeper's room."

Lord Serle laid hold of her hand, but in a way which disarmed the act of any offence.

"At least," he said, "let it be a compact that you are my friend even on your own terms."

"Oh! certainly," she answered. "I like you very well indeed. Yes, I am your friend quite sufficiently; but, Lord Serle, for platonic you must go elsewhere."

And she actually laughed even while she blushed, and went hastily out of the room, leaving Lord Serle rather discomfited, and not the less so that Adelaide came in at that moment.

"What have you been saying to Laura, Lord Serle? I met her in the hall with such a colour, and all smiles and animation."

"I have been saying a good deal to her, Miss Lenox."

"So I supposed. Have you told her that secret?"

"What secret?"

"The name of the hidden divinity."

"Remember the fate of Blue Beard's wife," he replied, laughing.

"You are very knowing," she answered, with considerable temper, "but you are playing a losing game."

"I don't understand," he said, with the open eyes of astonishment.

"Ah! did you see my handkerchief? I threw it over that bird-cage."

"No; I have not seen it."

Adelaide made a hurried round of the room, and then went away.

"How I hate those coarse, fast women!" was Lord Serle's commentary. "They know a great deal too much, and have not sense or decency to keep it to themselves. If I could only make Laura know



that I love her! Those last words of hers, and her sudden departure, look as though she had some faint inkling of the truth, sweet, lovely, innocent creature! I never saw a woman like her. I hate Home for neglecting her; yet if he valued her as she deserves, I should hate him still more."

And so, round and round in a circle, went his evil thoughts, and, the better to indulge them, he took a book, and, throwing himself into an easy-chair, sat revolving his hopes and unformed plans. After a time he got up again, looked out into the hopeless weather, and, with a shrug of his shoulders, went into the hall, where he indued himself with a rough coat and soft hat, and went out into the storm, not to return till barely in time to dress for dinner, when he came in (it is to be hoped) the better for a thorough wetting and buffeting from the rough wind.

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## JOURNAL OF AN AIDE-DE-CAMP.

### V.

THE period of continued anarchy in Paris had been brought to a close by the sanguinary days of June—days which French historians admit cost more fearful bloodshed than any similar number of battles of the First Empire, and the iron hand of the republican General Cavagnac had restored order at a cost, a tenth part of which would have preserved the throne of the monarchy of July! But if suppressed in France, murder, outrage, and the worst excesses of revolutionary frenzy raged in Vienna, Prague, on the Rhine, and in other parts of Germany, as if the populations had been inspired by a delirium of sanguinary madness.

We stood by our horses, the men with their lances in hand, at a distance of something less than half a mile from the city, the animals panting at the rate we had latterly ridden, our commander having despatched me in advance in command of my own squadron and another, to act as circumstances might require, but vague rumours having alone as yet reached us of the revolutionary disorders which had broken out at Frankfort (though that they were of a very serious nature was evident from the urgency with which the commander of the forces quartered there desired the advance of every disposable man to reinforce him, the troops under his command, with the same short-sightedness which had everywhere distinguished the German governments, being altogether insufficient to quell the insurrection). Within a quarter of an hour after "Boot and Saddle" had rung from our trumpets, on the somewhat sultry oppressive September morning I am alluding to we were under arms; but as cavalry could be not only of no use, but an absolute encumbrance in narrow barricaded streets, while I was sent forward with my two squadrons, the remainder of the regiment was detained till the infantry and artillery could be brought together.

My orders were to make straight for the city, and to open communi-

cation with the general if possible, and place myself under his orders. If all intercourse was cut off, I was then to remain a short distance in observation, and wait the arrival of the main body of the troops, falling back if attacked. We halted, in consequence of meeting with some infantry soldiers of the garrison, who had been cut off from joining their ranks on the breaking out of the revolt, and who narrowly escaped with their lives on attempting to rejoin their regiments. From their report it appeared the city was bristling with barricades, but that the military were strongly and judiciously posted to resist attack, although too few in number to put down the insurrection till reinforcements, more particularly in artillery, reached them. There was no other resource left, therefore, but to throw out videttes, and direct the men to stand by their horses drawn up in the road in column of half squadron, prepared for any contingency that might arise, not daring even to loosen the saddle-girths to afford a temporary relief to our panting chargers, lest a moment should be lost when the period for action arrived.

Suddenly, from the street in the suburb leading to the road we occupied, there burst forth a band of men, yelling out curses and imprecations like so many demons. I was with the advanced videttes at the time, and could see the mob was following two persons on horseback, who appeared the objects of their wrath and hostility. I spurred back, and shouted out the order to prepare to mount and advance, when suddenly several shots were fired, while the cries we had heard rose to a shout of fiendish triumph and exultation. Quick to the word my troopers were in their saddles, and we galloped forward in time to see the two horsemen fall to the ground, their horses rushing off in wild affright, while the mob, on our appearance, scattered in every direction, and fled across the country. We reined up close beside the fallen riders, and I sprang from my horse to ascertain what had occurred. My God! shall I ever forget the horror of that moment? Stretched before me, with their eyes closed, as I thought, in death, foully and pitilessly murdered, were the bodies of the Prince de L. and the Austrian general, Count Ardesberg, deputies of the empire to the Assembly of the German Confederation. Several of the men and officers followed my example, and for the moment we stood paralysed with horror, gazing upon the hideous scene before us and upon each other. The Prince had been shot in the back in the first instance, and then pierced with several other wounds, the most horrible of which, striking out one of his eyes, and said to have been inflicted by the hand of a woman, could not destroy the contour of his noble and classic features; but the countenance of the General was distorted, and exhibited a ghastly look of agony it was fearful to contemplate. He had been apparently in the act of turning in his saddle when the shots fired by his assassins had first struck him, as two had taken effect in his hip and shoulder, bringing him to the ground, and it was while thus prostrate that a ruffian had plunged a broad double-edged knife into his breast, with the intention of completing his butcherly work. On closer examination, we found both still breathed, but it was too evident all prospect of recovery was hopeless, though they eventually lingered for nearly two days afterwards, when death terminated the fearful tragedy.

The momentary stupor on the part of the soldiers at this fearful spectacle was quickly succeeded by bitter execrations, not loud, but deep,

and vows of revenge which sought their realisation on the instant. For a moment all sense of discipline was lost, as many of the troopers burst from their ranks and started off in the vain effort to overtake the assassins. But all pursuit was vain, and they reluctantly obeyed the trumpet call which sounded for their return, the officers and myself having with difficulty kept the rest of the men together, the glaring eye and muttered curse expressing their determination to exact the fullest retribution when the moment arrived for doing so. We removed the bodies to the roadside, where we resumed our position, and covering them with cloaks, and exerting everything in our power to afford some temporary relief, stood beside them, waiting the arrival of the troops who two hours afterwards reached the spot. On came the streaming columns, pressing forward in hot haste, the artillery, with their guns and caissons, prepared for every description of conflict, as fortunately it proved, since, unaware of the formidable nature of the revolt, a few rounds of grape and canister in the limber of each gun, had at first been deemed all that was requisite. The remainder of my regiment brought up the rear, and having made my report, and informed the general commanding of the tragic event which had occurred, we formed up with the corps, and the order was given to advance, the soldiers of the garrison I have already adverted to acting as guides, our squadrons being directed still to remain outside the city, but to be prepared to follow in support of the infantry as they moved forward to storm or clear the barricades.

The events which followed now belong to history. As it would have been sheer madness to have exposed men and horses to the fire of an unseen foe from the houses and buildings of the streets, our regiment was scarcely called upon to act in the desperate conflict which terminated in the suppression of the revolution and the restoration of order, but wherever the opportunity offered, the troopers were not slow to exhibit their reminiscence of their oath relative to the foul murders they had witnessed. "Spare none" was their motto, and lance-blade and sabre were often dripping with gore, even when open resistance had some time ceased. On tranquillity being re-established, we were ordered permanently into the city, and while the infantry and artillery bivouacked in the streets, we furnished strong patrols, which day and night paraded every quarter throughout.

It was towards the end of October, when law and authority were deemed to be thoroughly re-established, and the troops had been withdrawn from their nightly bivouac in the streets—though detachments both of cavalry and infantry still at uncertain intervals displayed themselves at different points by way of intimation that the military authorities were vigilantly on the alert to guard against any renewed attempt at disorder and revolution—that one clear autumnal morning I was strolling down the Seil, when I encountered an elderly-looking man and a young girl, whose extraordinary beauty at once riveted my attention. She appeared to be Italian, and her features exhibited that classic form and outline which, if not often seen in the Peninsula, is rarely if ever met with out of it. It was not, however, even their rare loveliness that attracted my attention so much as their angelic and melancholy sweetness, which in the mental suffering they displayed approached to absolute wretchedness. They had passed onward, and I know not what impulse prompted me to do so, but more than once I turned back to look at them. They were about a

hundred yards from the spot where I stood, with my attention still directed towards them, and were apparently gazing into the shop-window of a print-seller and stationer's establishment, when suddenly I heard a shriek of such unutterable, such piercing agony, that it seemed scarcely possible to have emanated from a human being, while at the same instant I saw the young girl fall heavily into the arms of her companion.

I sprang forward to offer assistance, but on reaching the spot the old man, unmindful for the moment even of the burden he sustained, could only point to the window and exclaim, in accents of intense anguish, "That portrait! Oh! for God's sake, sir, tell me who—who is that?"

I glanced hastily in the direction he indicated. There were several fine engravings exposed to view, embracing landscapes, animals, and figures, but prominent among them all was one single magnificent mezzotinto half-length portrait, the finest specimen indeed of its kind I have ever seen, the one the old man had evidently alluded to, and under which was written, in distinct and legible characters :

PRINCE CHARLES FERDINAND VON L.,  
Murdered, September, 1848.

I was for the moment so bewildered alike by the question and the scene which had preceded it that I was incapable of answering, but on the frantic repetition of the question, I replied, "The picture before you, my friend, is that of the illustrious nobleman whose name you see inscribed beneath it, who was basely and foully murdered by a band of assassins, as I myself unfortunately witnessed, on the commencement of the late revolutionary troubles." The words had scarcely issued from my lips, before the old man staggered as if struck by a heavy blow, and, together with the young girl he supported in his arms, would inevitably have fallen to the ground, had I not caught and sustained both, while I shouted to some passing soldiers for assistance. They sprang forward to my aid, and we bore them into the interior of the establishment, the people of which crowded around us speechless with amazement.

Our efforts to recover the beautiful being lying in a state of insensibility before us seemed utterly fruitless; she reclined in the large chaise longue brought by the people of the shop, in which we had placed her, cold, motionless, the dark lashes of the eyelids resting upon the marble cheek, as if in the shock she had sustained, whatever was its nature, her spirit had altogether fled. With her companion we were more fortunate. After a few minutes he opened his eyes, and then the first reminiscence that struck him seemed the event of the picture, the remembrance of which appeared to haunt him like the spell of some evil spirit, as he wildly asked again to see it. I whispered one of the shop-people, who brought it from the window and placed it before him. He gazed upon it with wild and frantic eagerness for a second, and then, as if some dreadful conviction he could not hitherto realise had now been too surely and fatally fulfilled, he exclaimed, with a burst of poignant anguish that seemed to crush his very being, "*Mia povera figlia—mia povera figlia tradita!*" (My poor child—my poor betrayed child!)

I strove to rouse him by drawing his attention to the state of the young girl, which I must confess had now created in my mind the strongest degree of apprehension. He started at my words, and gazed

upon the senseless form before us with an agony so piteous, a feeling of misery so utterly intense, that even the rough soldiers turned away and drew their sleeves across their eyes. As if, however, suddenly awakened to the magnitude of the crisis, he exclaimed, "The Hôtel de Russie! Take us there! Oh! for the love of Heaven, sir," addressing me, "do not abandon me, but assist in the restoration of my child." Just then, one of our patrols passing the shop, I called to the non-commissioned officer commanding it, and desired him to detach two of his men, one to the residence of the surgeon-major of our regiment, a gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession whose residence was close to the hotel the stranger had mentioned, and the other to the military hospital, requesting the immediate attendance of any other medical man who might be present. The troopers rode off on the spur, and then, with the aid of the soldiers, placing the still insensible form of the young girl in a fiacre, which had been summoned to the spot, I seated myself beside her, and we drove off to the hotel.

On our arrival we laid her on a couch, and in a few minutes afterwards the surgeon, who was fortunately at home, joined us. In a hurried whisper I informed him of what had occurred, and in the next minute he stood beside his patient. He placed his hand upon her slender wrist, afterwards upon the heart, and then gazed fixedly and steadfastly upon her countenance, the unfortunate parent, still half stupified, regarding him with a wistful eagerness it was painful to witness. After a short time the surgeon beckoned me into a corner of the room, and said, in a low tone, "This is a bad business. Do you know anything relative to it?"

"Nothing," I replied, "excepting what I have already told you; the affair was so instantaneous, and seems so utterly unaccountable, that I am completely bewildered."

Suddenly the incident of the picture flashed across me, which, in the confusion of the moment, I had forgotten, and, indeed, had not had time to communicate. I now briefly related it to my attentive auditor, who shook his head at the recital.

"There is evidently some painful mystery here," he observed, "the sudden elucidation of which has caused a shock to this poor girl's brain and nervous system. I, too, much fear all human aid will prove wholly unavailing in preventing the inevitably fatal issue. Even should her life be spared, of which I have scarcely the remotest hopes in her present state" (I am led to believe he alluded to the near prospect of her becoming a mother), "she would survive only to be bereft of reason for the remainder of her existence. But let us get the wretched father away, and summon the women to take charge of his unfortunate child, till I can order experienced nurses to watch over her, in company with myself or one of my assistants, for a medical man must never for one single moment be absent from her bedside, since our only hope is to watch the faint chance of any favourable turn occurring, which her youth and evidently strong constitution might afford."

His directions were implicitly obeyed; some difficulty being, as might have been anticipated, experienced with the unhappy parent, who could only be dragged from the apartment of his suffering child by the intimation that any prospect of her recovery consisted in his implicit com-

pliance with the medical orders issued. Alas! the good Doctor's forebodings were too swiftly, too fatally verified; and at the expiration of rather less than six-and-thirty hours afterwards, the spirit which had ebbed and flitted at uncertain intervals during this period finally quitted its earthly tenement! She scarcely moved, the surgeon, who never quitted her bedside, informed me, except twice, when her hand was lifted to her left side, while a very slight moan each time escaped her, though, just as the last moment approached, a faint heavenly smile irradiated her features, and he thought he could distinguish in the sound which issued from her lips the word "Carl." She was consigned to the tomb, that young and beautiful being, and within it is also consigned the mystery that led to her early and untimely end, save what inferences the reader may draw from what I have already related, and the subsequent revelations of the bereaved parent before he quitted Frankfort to return to his now desolate home!

He came to take leave of me the day previous to his departure, and had I not witnessed it, I could not have believed the change so short a period had effected in him, though more than once I have heard of similar instances in human life. When I first beheld him in the *Seil*, he was a hale, florid sexagenarian, whose firm tread and upright figure were remarkable for his years. He now appeared before me with tottering step, his figure bent and palsied, and his hair as white as snow. He came to thank and bless me for my kindness to his beloved child, and then revealed to me the following particulars:

She had been married the previous autumn with every formality prescribed by the Prussian laws to a man in the prime of life, Carl Wetzler by name, and, as he described himself, an artist by profession. He was evidently passionately devoted to his young wife, and she, as the fatal history I had witnessed too surely proved, was altogether enwrapt in him. Towards the close of the month of July he had been suddenly called, as he alleged, to Frankfort, on business of the most urgent nature, and, up to the period of the month of September, they had heard from him almost daily. All at once his correspondence ceased, causing the deepest distress and alarm, and then came the intelligence published in the various public journals of the sanguinary scenes of which the city had been the theatre. As days, weeks, rolled on, and still no tidings or letter came, as Wilhelm Arnuff (for that he informed me was his name) witnessed his daughter's daily failing health and sinking spirits, he at length resolved, since order and tranquillity were announced as being once more perfectly restored, to proceed to Frankfort, taking his child with him.

On their arrival they directed their steps to the *Hôtel de Russie*, from whence Carl Wetzler's letters had invariably been dated; but the hearts of both sank with a vague, undefined terror, when, in answer to their inquiries, they found no such person had lived there, or, indeed, had ever been heard of. This unexpected intelligence almost crushed the despairing and broken-hearted girl, and for the moment quite overpowered the horror-stricken father. Sensible, however, of how much depended upon his self-command and exertion, he soothed his agitated child with the assurance that there must be some mistake, which would very quickly be rectified; and having partially succeeded in calming her apprehension, the following morning he took her for a stroll through the city, hoping

to obtain some clue to the mystery he found it so difficult to account for. The fatal, unhappy result the reader is already acquainted with.

The narrative was so concise and succinct, that the only answer I could suggest was the possibility of his being mistaken in the portrait he had seen. But the old man shook his head, as he asked, "You, sir, judging from what you have mentioned, knew the original well. Can *you* be mistaken?" I was silent, for I knew not what to reply, since, if unconvinced, I could not dispute the staggering circumstances with their corroborative proof that appeared so clearly established. He approached to bid me farewell, and wrung my hand as he said, with a broken voice, "God bless and reward you." I never saw him again, and, from what I subsequently heard, am led to believe he did not long survive the loss of his beautiful child.

## VI.

ONCE again I was in that old, renowned, and classic Italian city in which seven years previous I had passed such a joyous and happy period, the remembrance of which ever clung to my mind, more particularly the reminiscence of that brilliant reunion assembled at the palace of the Duchesse de B. But where now were many, alas! how many, of the best and bravest of that proud and brilliant throng, then replete with life and spirit? Their remains rest in the bloody fields that rose so shortly after successively in Italy, Germany, and Hungary. But is their sleep less sound that they repose not in the gorgeous mausoleums of their distinguished ancestry? The question is, perhaps, best answered in the simple yet forcible words of a young girl, quoted by a French poet of the last century :

The brightest tear which Heaven sheds is over the fallen, unburied brave.

I had left the Prussian service, and was now permanently attached to the household of the Hereditary Prince of M., who, in the annual pilgrimage he made to the tomb of his daughter, invariably selected me to accompany him. Though it was the latter end of November when we arrived, the bright clear air of an Italian autumn was as genial and balmy then as at the commencement of the season six weeks previous, and we could not but acknowledge its influence upon the feelings, notwithstanding the depressing and melancholy souvenirs attached to our present visit. The Prince and myself proceeded to the cemetery the following morning after our arrival. As we approached the gate, there issued from it a gentleman leading by the hand a fair-haired child, a beautiful girl about six years old, both dressed in the deepest mourning. As we drew back to let them pass, we gazed upon the stranger, and the recognition was mutual and instantaneous on the part of us all. It was the English officer I have adverted to, at whose gay and joyous bridal we had been present on my first visit to the old city. He was fearfully altered. His bronzed features, darkened by years of exposure alike to sun and snow, had changed to a ghastly paleness, while the careless—I sometimes used to think the somewhat haughty and rather supercilious—bearing and demeanour was broken down under that haggard, weary, heavy misery occasioned by acute

mental anguish when a proud nature seeks to conceal it from the gaze of the world. He raised his hat, and deferentially saluted the Prince, and, for the moment, appeared as if about to speak; but the usually firm lips quivered, the effort appeared to be too much even for one hitherto so resolute and determined, and, bowing profoundly, he turned hastily away.

The Prince and myself gazed upon each other in silence, neither daring to give utterance to the foreboding which both so evidently experienced, and then entered the grounds of the cemetery. Close beside the monument erected to the memory of the Princess Hermengilde was a new-made grave, around which were planted several shrubs and flowers, while a man, attired in mourning, was placing upon the top of a white mural tablet of the finest Carrara marble with a relieve of carved black mouldings, a wreath of immortelles and forget-me-nots. He turned at the sound of our footsteps, and I at once recognised the countenance of Giacomo, the major-domo of the English family I have alluded to. Tears were streaming down his honest countenance, and though when he beheld us he assumed his usually erect military position, and evidently tried to conceal his emotion, the effort was too much for him, and he cried like a child! The Prince was evidently so overpowered alike by the reminiscences of the past and the feelings of deep sympathy he experienced, that he had not the courage to ask for an explanation of the scene before us. He turned to the monument of his daughter, before which he stood uncovered, breathing a silent prayer, while, pressing the old soldier's hand, in a low voice I asked for some information regarding the painful scene we had witnessed.

Giacomo's story was briefly told, and it seemed to afford some relief to his mind in detailing it:

"About six weeks since, the Contessina\* and her husband had returned from an excursion in the Italian Tyrol, where they had been passing the summer and the early autumn. In one of those violent changes of temperature sometimes witnessed on the commencement of the different seasons in Northern Italy, she had caught a violent cold. Medical assistance was promptly summoned, but the experienced physician of the family, which he had attended for years, thought very little of the incident, and intimated it would soon pass away. One fatal morning, however, alarming symptoms suddenly exhibited themselves, and, though the most eminent professional men were immediately in attendance, inflammation of the lungs rapidly ensued, and in eight-and-forty hours *all hope was past*, and she lost to us all for ever! To describe the effect produced by this sudden and deplorable event," continued the veteran, after a pause, for his emotion was too violent for a time to allow him to continue his narrative, "would be utterly impossible. Had a thunder-bolt fallen upon the Palazzo, and crushed every one of its inmates, it could not have been greater, so much was the young Contessina beloved, revered, idolised I may say, by all classes and every one around her, and when the intelligence of her demise was first promulgated, a stranger might almost have been led to believe some great calamity had occurred in the city.

\* In Italy the daughters of the nobility, whether Italian or foreign, are thus distinguished in accordance with the titles of their parents.



"But on her lord—*he* whom she had preferred to all—the one great sole object of her love and devotion in life—on *him* the effect was indeed terrible. Unlike other men stricken with a heavy calamity, he was calm and cold; but there was something so fearful in this calmness, that, with the exception of myself, none of the domestics dare approach him. He seldom uttered a word, and never stirred from her remains, which, previous to the interment, were conveyed to the chapel where their hands and hearts were united, and which, sir, I have no doubt you remember. The doctor had given the strictest orders that, while vigilantly watched, he should not in the least degree be interfered with, as they feared the slightest incident would cause reason, already tottering, to give way altogether; and this continued till the day after the funeral, when nature became finally overpowered, and it was thought he, too, our noble, generous padrone, was destined for the tomb! For some time the struggle was doubtful, but at length the crisis was past, and he recovered, to-day being the first time he has left his apartment since his illness, and his first visit to his lady's last sad resting-place."

"This, then," said the Prince, who had silently joined us, in a voice scarcely audible from emotion, "is the grave of that young angelic being?"

"It is, your highness," replied the soldier, mournfully, "and this monument," pointing to the one upon which he had suspended the circlet of immortelles, "is the record erected to her memory. The signor's positive orders were, that nought should be inserted but the name and age of the Contessina, but the sculptor, with the secret sanction of the English consul, under whose direction it was prepared, deviated so far from his orders as to inscribe the addition you may observe."

We both glanced towards the tablet, and under the name and age of the deceased, as the veteran had mentioned, the Italian sculptor, with the exquisite taste and feeling of his country, had carved the following simple but poetic epitaph:

The sweetest and fairest flower that ever bloomed in Nature's garden.

I felt my arm heavily grasped by the hand of the Prince as he perused the inscription, as he uttered almost inaudibly (the remembrance of his own lost and beautiful child, perhaps, recurring more forcibly to his mind), "They loved each other in life, and are now reunited in death."

As we parted from the honest and faithful soldier, and quitted the ground, my thoughts never ceased reverting to that brilliant reunion of seven years since, and the fate which, in comparatively so short a period had overtaken so many—many of the actors in that gorgeous festive scene; and as I stood alone that evening without the walls of the old city, that simple yet forcible Oriental aphorism of the Persian poet recurred to me which I had so often heard in the East repeated amid the cypress groves of the burial-ground of the Moslems at Scutari, on the shores of the Bosphorus: "I came to the region of tombs, and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' And Echo answered, 'Where.'"

Giacomo's narrative relative to his master forcibly reminded me of how often we are mistaken in reference to the real nature and disposition of those with whom we are even constantly brought into familiar contact.

I had known the Englishman comparatively slightly when we were together in the East, amid scenes simply calculated for the exercise of energy of character and adventurous spirit, but I had often heard him subsequently alluded to as one well known for his wild and reckless career in every capital in Europe, and therefore one whom I could have little imagined possessed the deep and ardent feeling the Italian's history portrayed, though I recalled at this moment what a Russian nobleman of high rank, the late distinguished Prince Alexis S., once mentioned to me regarding him; and no one knew him better, for they had been friends for years, having been thrown together in every clime, East and West, and many were the scenes alike of perilous adventure and joyous excitement in which they had been companions. "That careless and *dégagé* exterior," said the prince, "contains a mind imbued with strong passions and deep feelings, though the first are rarely permitted to exercise their influence, being curbed by powerful self-command, while the latter are often suppressed for the time from the knowledge acquired by having seen too much of human nature in its worst features. Seldom, indeed, in life have such opposite and conflicting characteristics been united in the same person. Naturally fiery—at times even rash and headstrong—in disposition, he yet possessed a subtlety of intellect that even Asiatics have rendered homage to, from its proving more than a match for their intrigues. Generous and high-minded, though it would be unjust to term him vindictive, he is yet implacable and unforgiving to wanton and unprovoked injury or insult, under which, although naturally kind and gentle, alike in manner as in spirit, few would carry retribution (as more than one instance has exemplified) to such un pitying, remorseless, and unrelenting extremes as himself."

There were several of the Englishman's name who fell in the fields of the Crimea and the Indian mutiny, the hereditary doom of their race, but whether *he* was among the number or not I have never ascertained.

One incident connected with this well-remembered period, more than any other, now recurred to my memory while I turned away from the cemetery. It was the recollection of the funeral which had crossed the path of the newly married pair as the bridal party broke up on the day of the marriage. As my thoughts hovered to the sombre grave I had now visited, that event seemed as if it had been one of yesterday; but more than all I recalled the ominous words pronounced by the slaughtered Prince de L., with the expression of mingled pain and gloom which crossed his features as he uttered them, "*C'est une mauvaïse augure!*" What were his secret thoughts or feelings at that moment none now could tell, any more than they could throw light upon the painful mystery which so closely followed his own untimely end. Could it be that at the period his lips gave utterance to the forebodings which apparently seemed to oppress him with their weight, their sinister influence over his mind was not merely exercised in regard to the future of the young and beautiful English girl alone, but for the moment had cast their gloomy spirit of depression even over his own daring, reckless spirit? Were they foreshadowing the fearful and sanguinary fate which had for ever closed alike his career of brilliant military glory and enterprise, and of aspiring political ambition?

TOO STRANGE FOR FICTION, NOT TOO STRANGE TO  
BE TRUE.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

WHEN the merrily malicious conspirators in "Twelfth Night" have succeeded, to the top of their bent, in befooling Malvolio, and making him go all lengths in extravagant conceit, one of them, Sir Toby, almost doubts his own eyes, while another, Fabian, protests that, were the thing produced in a play, it would seem too utterly improbable for acceptance. "Is't possible?" is Sir Toby Belch's incredulous exclamation, his note of admiration and interrogation in one, at the preposterous procedure of my lady's steward. And Fabian's equal amusement and amazement find vent in the assertion,

"If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction."\*

Hermione, in the "Winter's Tale," recounting her wrongs before the king her husband's high court of justice, declares them to be so great, that, in effect, they too, if played upon a stage, might be condemned as a too improbable fiction. Her present unhappiness, she asserts, is

—more  
Than history can pattern, though devised  
And play'd, to take spectators.†

Shakspeare's Duke of Norfolk, again, in his description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and of the presence and prowess there of "the two kings, equal in lustre," works it up to this climax :

—When these suns  
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis was believed.

*Buckingham.* O, you go far.  
*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour honesty, the tract of everything  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to.‡

To apply Horatio's exclamation :

Before my God, I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.§

And, once more, in the honestly indignant remonstrance of Lodovico against what he witnesses, but scarce can credit, of Othello's brutality to the gentle lady married to that Moor :

\* Twelfth Night, Act III. Sc. 4.  
‡ King Henry VIII., Act I. Sc. 1.

† A Winter's Tale, Act III. Sc. 2.  
§ Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 1.

My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,  
Though I should swear I saw it.\*

Ben Jonson, in his "Catiline," introduces Cicero and Fulvia in conference about the conspiracy—and thus the consul is made to address his confidante—informant and informer in one—in his utter amazement at the atrocious designs she is come to reveal :

Sit down, good lady; Cicero is lost  
In this your fable: for, to think it true  
Tempteth my reason, it so far exceeds  
All insolent fictions of the tragic scene.†

Another passage of Jonson's, that runs closely parallel with the Shakspearean sentence touching Malvolio, is that in which Peregrine is made to say, aside, of Sir Politick Would-be,

—O, this knight,  
Were he well known, would be a precious thing  
To fit our English stage: he that should write  
But such a fellow, should be thought to feign  
Extremely, if not maliciously.‡

There is a Mr. B—y who figures in Madame d'Arblay's Diary, of whom this passage serves to remind us—Fanny Burney getting by her own account absolutely ill with laughing at this gentleman: he "half convulses" her: his extreme absurdities "are so much more like some pragmatial old coxcomb represented on the stage, than like anything in real and common life, that I think, were I a man, I should sometimes be betrayed into clapping him for acting so well. As it is, I am sure no character in any comedy I ever saw has made me laugh more extravagantly."§ Maybe, had Madame noticed that the old gentleman's name began and ended with the same letters as her own, she would have found some other patronymic for him (as she did in other instances), lest by any possibility what Artemus Ward would call so "ridiklus an old cuss" should be taken for one of her family.

Little old Lady Lovat, as good a creature as her husband was the other way, used to like to talk to whole tribes of her grand-nephews and grand-nieces about her vicissitudes and trials, and would say to them, "I dare say, bairns, the events of my life would make a good *novelle*; but they have been of so strange a nature, that nobody would believe them."|| There are some lines of Mr. Disraeli's written as if by Byron, in the romance which is designed to paint the characters and careers of him and Shelley :

My tale is truth: imagination's range  
Its bounds exact may touch not: to discern  
Far stranger things than poets ever feign,  
In life's perplexing annals, is the fate  
Of those who act, and musing, penetrate  
The mystery of Fortunc.¶

\* Othello, Act IV. Sc. 1.

† Catiline, Act III. Sc. 2.

‡ Volpone; or, the Fox, Act II. Sc. 1.

§ Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay, part vi., *sub anno* 1779.

|| Meaning, remarks Mr. Robert Chambers, "that they wanted the *vraisemblance* necessary in fiction."—Traditions of Edinburgh, p. 230; edit. 1847.

¶ Venetia, book iv. ch.xii.

Crabbe expresses his wonder at the unlife-like pictures that most books give of life. The authors copy one another, instead of what they might see and hear all around them, had they but the eyes and ears for it :

Life, if they'd search, would show them many a change ;  
The ruin sudden and the misery strange !  
With more of grievous, base, and dreadful things,  
Than novelists relate or poet sings.\*

Adverting to a curious concatenation of curious incidents, historically a fact, La Bruyère affirms that were any one to relate the circumstances to him as they really happened, "je regarderais cet événement comme l'une de ces choses dont l'histoire se charge, et à qui le tems ôte la croyance."† Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters, thus appraises Mr. Carlyle's crowned hero of the eighteenth century : "Let the pedants, whose business it is to believe lies, or the poets, whose trade it is to invent them, match the King of Prussia with a hero in ancient or modern story, if they can. He disgraces history, and makes one give some credit to romance. Calprenede's Juba does not now seem so absurd as formerly."‡ This was penned in 1758. Ten years previously, his lordship had made a similar remark, on the subject of certain eccentricities of personal character. "This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost for the stage ; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by-the-by, that you will often meet with characters in nature so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high colouring."§

Horace Walpole's letters contain numerous comments to the same effect. As where, recording some trifles of fashionable life and manners, this eager snapper-up of all such unconsidered trifles, goes on to say : "There would be features for Comedy, if they would not be thought caricatures, but to-day I am possessed of a genuine paper, that I believe I shall leave to the Museum, and which, though its object will, I suppose, to-morrow become record, cannot be believed authentic an hundred years hence. It would, in such a national satire as Gulliver, be deemed too exaggerated."|| (All this was about Lord Foley and his brother having petitioned the House of Lords to set aside their father's will, as it seems he intended to have raised 100,000*l.* to pay their debts, but died before he could execute the intution.) Then again, in an epistle to the Countess of Ossory, some three years later, Walpole writes : "I had not heard that anecdote of Cunningham. It is one of those traits, that whatever is said of comedy, nay, of the exaggeration of farce, would be too strong for the stage. The bombast passion of a lover in a romance might be carried to such an excess ; but a governor writing on the ruins of a whole island levelled by that most fatal of all hurricanes, that his chief misery was the loss of—what?—his bracelets with the portraits of his idols—who would dare to bring such a revolting hyperbole on the stage?"¶ It

\* The Borough, letter xx.

† Les Caractères de La Bruyère, ch. xiv.

‡ Chesterfield to his Son, Sept. 3, 1758.

§ The same to the same, Oct. 19, 1748.

|| Walpole to Mason, May 12, 1778.

¶ Walpole to Lady Ossory, Jan. 9, 1781.

was twelve years afterwards, and amid the political throes of the French Revolution, that Horace thus addressed another lady-correspondent—in her young days the constant companion of the Garricks, and a sprightly *habituée* of fashionable circles—to wit, Miss Hannah More: “Oh! have not the last five years brought to light such infernal malevolence, such monstrous crimes, as mankind had grown civilised enough to disbelieve when they read anything similar in former ages? if, indeed, anything similar has been recorded.”\*—It was another French Revolution, that of 1848, that the late Samuel Phillips called a *pièce historique*, a play with entirely new scenes and decorations, and performed, it might be truly said, by the whole strength of the company. No work of fiction coming from the pen of the prolific Dumas, the *Times*' essayist asserted—opposed as the brilliant and seductive *roman* may seem to probability and nature—reads half so like a tale of purest fiction as the performance in question. “Incongruous as are the scenes, characters, and incidents which that dashing writer brings into his framework, the incongruity looks perfectly symmetrical, by the side of the desperately conflicting and wonderfully opposite events that crowd into the drama under consideration. Dumas is the prince of inventors, but in the height of his audacity he has stopped short of the daring creation which the pen of simple truth has alone authority to write. In his wildest flights the novelist would never have conceived such a programme, as that which history enables us to place before him.”†—The French Revolution No. I., nevertheless, has commanded, as well it might, first and last, the greatest sum of these notes of admiration. Sir Samuel Romilly, with his exceptionally calm intellect, declares in one of his letters, that “if such facts as have appeared in the course of the French Revolution were to be found in Herodotus, they would be set to the account only of his credulity and his love of the marvellous.”‡ Lord Dudley, in 1815, pronounced the return of Bonaparte, and his uninterrupted triumphal march to the throne, the most romantic and amazing piece of true history to be met with in the annals of the world; “what, I confess, would a month ago have appeared to me too extravagant for a dream.”§ His lordship might have applied to the event the lines of a French classic,

—puisqu'en cet exploit tout paraît incroyable,  
Que la vérité pure y ressemble à la fable,||

*et cætera*; or rather, *cætera desint*,—that what is im-pertinent in Boileau's sequel may give place to a pertinent meditation of Wordsworth's:

—Verily, the world of dreams,  
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,  
Things in their very essences as strife,  
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes  
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,  
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.¶

In one of his letters from Ostend, Thomas Hood (the elder) says, “If

\* Walpole to Miss Hannah More, Oct., 1793.

† Essays from the *Times*.

‡ Romilly to Dumont, Aug. 26, 1796.

§ Letters of the Earl of Dudley to the Bishop of Llandaff, p. 94.

|| Boileau, *épitre* iv.

¶ Wordsworth's *Sonnets*, xvii.

I were but to put into a novel what passes here, what an outrageous work it would seem!"\*—A clever and earnest-minded writer, said Mr. Thackeray of the author of "London Labour and the London Poor," gets a commission from the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, and reports upon the state of our poor; the result being "a picture of life so wonderful, so awful, so piteous and pathetic, so exciting and terrible, that readers of romances own they never read anything like it."† It was with no great stretch of poetical licence that the poet ventured on this averment:

I do declare, upon an affidavit,  
Romances I ne'er read like those I've seen;  
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,  
Would some believe that such a tale had been.‡

M. Frédéric Soulié affects a touch of *vraisemblance* when, describing the success of a certain *habile manœuvre*, he says of the performer of it, "qu'il l'eût trouvée de la dernière sottise s'il l'avait lue le matin dans un feuilleton."§ Henry Mackenzie touches the opposite extreme, when he takes occasion to say, in his story of the decline and fall of that "unfortunate young man," Annesly, that, "if my tale were fiction, it would be thought too simple."|| "I never mix truth and fiction," writes Fanny Burney in a confidential letter: "I never in all my life have been a sayer of the thing that is not, and now I should be not only a knave but a fool also, in so doing, as I have other purposes for imaginary characters than filling letters with them. . . . But, however, the world, and especially the great world, is so filled with absurdity of various sorts . . . that there is no occasion for invention to draw what is striking in every possible species of the ridiculous."¶ "This world," exclaims Cowper, in one of his letters, "is a scene of marvellous events, many of them more marvellous than fiction itself would dare to hazard;"\*\* and he is writing from personal impression at the time, and thanks Heaven—on the strength of it—that these marvels are not all of the distressing kind.

What incident, short of physical impossibility, Hartley Coleridge demands, could a novel or romance-writer devise, which might not be found not only in former novels and romances, but in the annals of real life?††

And the novel and romance-writer in general take quite the same view, and some of them enforce it with a deal of iteration. Theodore Hook, for one, is mightily addicted to "ventilation" of the remark. "I have always thought, and not unfrequently said" (his Maxwell is the speaker), "that the romance of real life is more filled with extraordinary events, than the mind of the poet or the fabulous historian would imagine."‡‡ And this observation is supposed to be made à propos of a combination of circumstances, jumbling him and his friends together, "so far beyond the belief of common-place people, that, if it were written in a book, the reader would call it, if not impossible, at least too improbable to appear

\* Memorials of Thomas Hood, i. 301.

† Sketches and Travels in London: Waiting at the Station.

‡ Byron.

§ Si Jeunesse savait: Le Lion amoureux, ch. vii.

|| The Man of the World, ch. xxi.

¶ Miss Burney to "Daddy" Crisp, Dec., 1779.

\*\* To Lady Hesketh, May 15, 1786.

†† Essays and Marginalia by Hartley Coleridge, vol. i. p. 70.

‡‡ Maxwell, vol. ii. ch. ii.

the least natural." Hook was particularly fond of working up improbabilities of this sort into his stories; and almost as eager to assert his fictions to be founded strictly upon fact, as Mrs. Henry Wood herself. In another tale he proffers the assurance to his readers, that although some of the incidents he relates may appear to matter-of-fact folk "somewhat romantic, they are nevertheless copied from nature, and will be found upon inquiry to be only some of those 'curious coincidences' which daily occur to every one of us, upon which we always exclaim, 'If *this* were put into a novel, it would be called improbable and absurd.'"<sup>\*</sup> So again, in another of his stories, after detailing an absurd *vivâ voce* examination, in which three spoilt children expose their ignorance to a degree of the ridiculous that is sublime, the author interposes the monition, "If this examination were written to meet the public eye, the reader would fancy the absurdities too gross to bear even the semblance of probability; nevertheless, I have put down this portion of it *verbatim* from the lips of the hopeful children,"<sup>†</sup> &c.—Hajji Baba in England takes note of a variety of every-day facts there which he knows will be scouted as preposterous fictions in his own country. No marvel escapes his observant eye; but he agrees with his chief,<sup>‡</sup> at every fresh note-taking, that in vain he writes, in vain they may take oaths, they will find no one in Persia to believe them, no not one. And were the travelled pair to work up their veritable experiences into a romance, Persian critics and Persian public united would agree to condemn it as a clumsy because too improbable fiction.

Cicero's oration in defence of Cluentius, a Roman knight, of high family and large fortune, charged with poisoning his father-in-law, Oppianicus, who, a few years earlier, had been tried and banished for an attempt to poison *him*,—is said by Middleton<sup>§</sup> to lay open a scene of such complicated villany, by poisonings, murderings, incest, the subornation of witnesses, and the corrupting of judges, as the poets themselves have never feigned in any one family.

The historian of the Conquest of Mexico, in the chapter which treats of the seizure of Montezuma by the Spaniards, and of concurrent events "certainly some of the most extraordinary on the page of history," pronounces them in effect too extraordinary for fiction. That a small body of men, like the Spaniards, he says, should have entered the palace of a mighty prince, have seized his person in the midst of his vassals, and have borne him off a captive to their quarters—that they should have put his high officers to an ignominious death before his face, for executing probably his own commands, and have crowned the whole by putting the monarch in irons like a common malefactor—that this should have been done, not to a drivelling dotard in the decay of his fortunes, but to a proud sovereign in the plenitude of his power, in the very heart of his capital, surrounded by thousands and tens of thousands who trembled at his nod, and would have poured out their blood like water in his defence—that all this should have been done by a mere handful of adventurers, is a thing, Mr. Prescott declares, "too extravagant, altogether too im-

<sup>\*</sup> The Friend of the Family.

<sup>†</sup> Gurney Married, ch. ii.

<sup>‡</sup> Hajji Baba in England, vol. ii. ch. xiv., xv.

<sup>§</sup> Life of Cicero, section ii.



probable, for the pages of romance. It is, nevertheless, literally true.\* In another place he quotes the veteran soldier, Diaz, who observes of the hardships encountered by the followers of Cortes, that to recount them all would but exhaust the reader's patience, and make him fancy he was perusing the incredible feats of a knight-errant of romance.† Then again Mr. Prescott himself iterates the comment, on the incursion of the Spaniards, to assail the Aztecs in the very zenith of their prosperity, and blot them out from the map of nations for ever,—“the whole story has the air of fable rather than of history! a legend of romance,—a tale of the genii!”‡ Once again, towards the close of his sixth Book, the historian sums up the marvels of the Conquest, and repeats the comment: “That all this should have been so effected by a mere handful of indigent adventurers, is in fact little short of the miraculous, too startling for the probabilities of fiction, and without a parallel in the pages of history.”§

Churchill takes upon him to declare the reign of James II. to have been

—So glaring an offence,  
In every step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense . . .  
That the relation would mere fiction seem,  
The mock creation of a poet's dream;  
And the poor bards would, in this sceptic age,  
Appear as false as *their*|| historian's page.¶

Some years ago a story went the round of the papers, which, as was remarked at the time, if not originally due to the fancy of a penny-a-liner, had something ghastly and terrible in it. A Frenchman was said to have laid a wager with a companion that he would shoot himself, and the stake was a pot of beer. “The circumstances of the bet made it necessary that the winner should enjoy his winnings before he gained the wager. A pot of beer was called for at the expense of his companion—he drank it, went up-stairs, put a pistol to his head, and expired in an instant.” So ran the story. In real life, reflection prevents suicide, observes an essayist on that subject; and he refers to the hero in Mr. Thurstan's “Passionate Pilgrim,” who is made the vehicle of a discussion on the position of a man on finding every worldly interest entirely, suddenly, and permanently taken away from him. “It is difficult to convey the impression of this in fiction, because it is so improbable that it should exist in fact.” Still Mr. Thurstan manages to inspire a belief in the credibility of his narrative. As regards the pot of French beer story,—the hero of *that* is held to stand a little apart, a rather prominent type of a state of mind which is, however, a common result of all civilisation. The novelists of modern France are shown to have represented in every possible light that phase of human action, due to a decomposing society, when the virtue of women is treated as the dream of boys, and life is valued at twopennyworth of bad beer. So pervading are these thoughts, that French novels, adds the essayist, are apt to be constructed on a

\* Prescott, History of the Conquest of Mexico, book iv. ch. iii.

† Book vi. ch. v.

‡ Ibid., ch. viii.

§ Id., *ibid.*

|| By *their*, italicised in the original, the Stuart sovereigns apparently are meant.

¶ Churchill's *Gotham*, book ii.

pattern monotonously the same. "But truth is often stranger than fiction, and art should gather resources from every quarter. What a *coup* it would be if some writer of romance were to take a hint from this newspaper story, and introduce a love-scene of appropriate passion and violence between the pot of beer and the explosion of the pistol!"\*

In the course of the above essay, the writer had declared that the savages of a Pacific island could scarcely make lighter of chastity and existence than the inhabitants, as painted by the novelists, of the first continental city of civilised and Christian Europe. A fellow-essayist on social subjects, in a chapter on Middle Class Morality in England itself, quoted certain then recent and notorious revelations of the Divorce Court, as presenting a tableau of life in London the reverse of edifying. "Mr. and Mrs. Archer and Balls the cad," "Mr. and Mrs. Allen,"—why, "even in the pages of Mr. Mansel Reynolds's unclean fictions, the notion of an omnibus conductor sporting a diamond ring worth 150*l.*, and getting up a *liaison* with a married 'lady' who keeps her phaeton and pair, is something too preposterous even to read about; but here in a single week are two proved marriages with nymphs of the Haymarket." "All we can say is, that dirty fiction in its wildest extravagance, or in its most Parisian development, never invented a fable half so foul or so improbable as that of a man marrying an unvestal wife, living himself in systematic adultery, and palming off a copper captain, who strongly resembles a waiter in a casino, for the purpose of getting up a collusive adultery as the cheapest approach to the Divorce Court." The history of the diamond ring was said to be told as if nothing out of the common, though poor Marie Antoinette's case of the diamond necklace is ten times less improbable; and our critic added that the free and easy way in which the heroines of the Arabian Nights pick up porters and calenders is not a more startling innovation on one's experience than the adventures of Mrs. Archer.† An ounce of civet from some good apothecary were welcome here, to cleanse one's imagination.

In the autumn of 1862 the "leading" journal "led" off a "leader" on the topic of the Roupell forgeries, by adverting to the production, a few years previously, by one of our popular novelists, of a tale called "Aspen Court; a Story of our own Time;" a good story, too; full of all kinds of plots for the retention and recovery of property, and involving strange vicissitudes of rights and wrongs for the entertainment of the reader. But the fiction was declared to be now beaten outright by reality—the story of Aspen House as told at the Guildford Assizes throwing the story of "Aspen Court" quite into the shade. "When Mr. Shirley Brooks reads the account of what happened at a real Aspen House, in the very noonday of our own time—that is to say, on the 12th of September, 1856‡—he will, we are sure, be one of the first to acknowledge that no writer of fiction could ever have ventured on a narrative so improbable."§ So true as to have become a truism, and that of the tritest, is the satirical poet's stanza beginning,

\* Essay on Suicide, *Sat. Rev.*, vi. 31 sq.

† *Ibid.*, viii. 703.

‡ Just about six years before the trial.

§ "The trial itself, too, is as wonderful as the story in which it originated. We should doubt if any lawyer of any age ever saw a case so supported as that placed in the hands of Mr. Serjeant Shee."—*Times*, Aug. 20, 1862.

'Tis strange,—but true; for Truth is always strange,  
 Stranger than Fiction: if it could be told,  
 How much would novels gain by the exchange!  
 How differently the world would men behold!\*

Racine was writing like his courtly self, when he glorified in his preface to "Athalie" a prince of eight years, of such supereminent gifts and graces that, protests the poet, "si j'avais donné au petit Joas la même vivacité et le même discernement qui brillent dans les reparties de ce jeune prince, on m'aurait accusé avec raison d'avoir péché contre les règles de la vraisemblance."† In his appendix of notes to "Peveril of the Peak," Sir Walter Scott narrates at some length the career of Colonel Blood, and closes his narrative with the remark, "Such were the adventures of an individual, whose real exploits, whether the motive, the danger, or the character of the enterprises be considered, equal, or rather surpass, those fictions of violence and peril which we love to peruse in romance."‡ —Our illustrations are purposely heterogeneous; so to Scott's comment upon Colonel Blood succeeds a remark of John Newton upon experience of his own. That reputedly hard, severe divine was in love once upon a time; and in those days he used to go all the way from London to Shooter's Hill, in order to look towards the part in which the future Mrs. Newton then lived: not that he could see the spot, even after travelling all those miles, for she lived far beyond the range of vision from the hill itself; but it gratified him, he assured a friend in after life, to be able to so much as look towards the spot, and this he did always once, and sometimes twice a week. "Why," said the friend, "this is more like one of the vagaries of romance than real life." "True," replied Mr. Newton, "but real life has extravagancies, that would not be admitted to appear in a well-written romance—they would be said to be out of nature."§

And such non-admission is justified in all provinces of Art|| by duly approved canons of criticism. Mr. Charles Reade, we are reminded, in the preface to one of his stories, asserts that the incidents which his critics have denounced as unnatural, are true, and that those which they commend as probable are mere figments of his own. The statement is,

\* Byron.

† Préface d'Athalie (1791).

‡ History of Colonel Thomas Blood.

§ Cecil's Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton.

|| It would be interesting, but would lead us too far afield, to treat in this place of the painter's particular interest in the general question. Clew Bay was seen by Mr. Thackeray at sunset, and he tells us of Clare Island, as he then saw it, that "the edges were bright cobalt, while the middle was lighted up with a brilliant scarlet tinge, such as I would have laughed at in a picture, never having seen in nature before." (Irish Sketch-book, ch. xx.)

Many have been the laughers—with none of Mr. Thackeray's title to laugh—at colouring of Turner's, which Turner had copied with bold exactness from nature.

When first Wordsworth gazed on "that famous hill, the sacred Engelberg," he saw what inspired him to pen the lines beginning,

"For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes  
 The work of Fancy from her willing hands;  
 And such a beautiful creation makes  
 As renders needless spells and magic wands,  
 And for the boldest tale belief commands."

WORDSWORTH, *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent.*

But the topic is too large to be more than touched in passing, and off at that tangent.

of course, remarks one of these critics, to be received, but it by no means answers the objection to which it is intended as a reply. Fiction, it is contended, should not emulate the "strangeness of truth;"—for Art essentially requires congruity, and should eschew what shocks the feeling of reasonable likelihood. "*Lusus naturæ* are, in a certain sense, natural; but to describe them, however faithfully, would not be to 'hold the mirror up to nature.'" Applying this canon of criticism to a novel of Mr. Lester's,\* a Saturday Reviewer observes, that, putting aside the author's doctrines of the evil eye and magnetic fascination, there is no incident in his story which can be pronounced absolutely impossible—only they are far too improbable and exceptional to enter legitimately into a tale of real life and modern society.†

That is a subtle stroke of La Bruyère's, where, in his portraiture of *Straton*, he stops to correct himself after saying that his life is a romance,—"Sa vie est un roman: non, il lui manque le vraisemblable. . . . Que dis-je? on ne rêve point comme il a vécu."‡

The weak part, some critics allege, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's plots, is that he relies too much upon startling and improbable coincidences. "Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable." The most remarkable coincidences may, it is admitted, be found in real life; but when coincidences happen in shoals, one's faith in the novelist's conceptions becomes somewhat weakened. "There is such a thing as economy in the free use of improbabilities, and though odd things do occur in the world, they do not keep on occurring to the same people every other day." But the story of "Armada" is charged with hinging almost entirely on miraculous combinations, the arithmetical chances against which are infinite.

Gray complains of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*—the six volumes of which he read during a three weeks' confinement to the house, from a severe cold, which left him "nothing better to do"—that although there is no one event in that romance which might not happen any day of the week (separately taken) in any private family; yet are these events so put together that the series of them is more absurd and more improbable than Amadis de Gaul.§ Bishop Hurd, in one of his letters,|| approves the accepted saying, that an ordinary romance is more *probable* than the best history.

Truth beats fiction all the world over, observes Mr. Eagles, in an essay which freely allows that more extraordinary things happen than imagination can well conceive, and happen every day too, in all cities, in all villages, and in most families. But then, as he proceeds to show, they often are the result of progressive action, and intermixed with every-day proceedings, and are not therefore collected at once, and to the immediate point of their oddity, or of their pathos. "The novelist, the tragedian, and the comedian, by the mere power of separation and omission, of all that does not bear upon the chief incident to be enforced, excite in us

\* Struggles in Falling.

† "If he desire to carry his readers with him, he should deal with events, agencies, and influences which they can take for granted without violent straining."—*Sat. Rev.*, 169, p. 105.

‡ *Les Caractères de La Bruyère*, ch. viii.

§ Gray to Mason, Jan. 22, 1761.

|| To Gibbon, Aug. 29, 1772.

most wonderful emotion; but only so long as they keep within the bounds of nature."\* It is no uncommon mistake, as John Sterling has pointed out, to suppose that exaggeration is essential or at least proper to fiction,—the truth being rather the reverse; for a principal use and justification of fiction, he contends, is to reduce and harmonise the seeming exaggerations of real life. "Facts are often extravagant and monstrous, because we do not know the whole system which explains and legitimatises them. But none have any business in fiction which are not intelligible parts of the artificial whole that they appear in."†

When Brockden Brown published the first of his preternatural as well as sensation novels, "Wieland," he thus referred in his preface to the mystery whereby hangs the tale: "It is a sufficient vindication of the writer, if history furnishes one parallel fact." But his fellow-countryman, and one of the most judicious if not most vigorous of American critics,—the historian Prescott,—condemns "this vicious recurrence to extravagant and improbable incident"—and maintains‡ that truth cannot always be pleaded in vindication of the author of a fiction, any more than of a libel. As Boileau, in the wake of Horace, had ruled, long before:

Jamais au spectateur n'offrez rien d'inroyable;  
Le vrai peut quelquefois n'être pas vraisemblable.§

An acute critic has lately argued, with much force, that novelists and poets in highly wrought descriptions seldom paint life as it is, though human life is so multiform that no fictitious incident can be devised which has not some counterpart reality. But, as he contends, although they are careful to give every conception the colour of probability, and although they have a right to say that things as strange as those they invent have happened and do happen, their conceptions as a whole are a reflection, not of life, but of their own morbid and ill-regulated imagination. Moralists, urges this moralist, have a right to object to this unnecessary propagation of vicious or ugly thoughts. "It is bad enough to have sin and frivolity about one in the world, but the principles of literary toleration do not require us to stand by and see novelists and poets peopling the world of imagination, out of mere wantonness and caprice, with a multitude of pernicious ideas. Ugly things have, we may suppose, their own uses in nature. It is different in literature. The end of literature is to create what is beautiful and good, not what is hideous and revolting; and the man who begets murderesses and villains wholesale in a three-volume novel is as completely a literary monster as the man who deliberately created a Frankenstein would be a social pest."|| Granting literature to be an art, what is true in the daily papers and Newgate Calendar may be something else in novel or romance.

\* Essays by the Rev. John Eagles: Letters to Eusebius, p. 33.

† Thoughts and Images, § 48 *sq.*

‡ See Prescott's Critical Essays, p. 27, 3rd edit.

§ L'Art poétique, chant troisième. || Essay on Claptrap Morality.

## THE GERMAN ALMANACKS FOR 1867.

THE German Almanacks for this year are, on the whole, better than those for 1866. The articles are not all so dull as those of the preceding year, and there are more freshness and variety among them. The English reader, however, is struck by the absence of tales relative to the late war in Germany. Stories of the Thirty Years' War and the Seven Years' War are abundant, but what relates to the SEVEN DAYS' WAR is touched on but slightly. Why is this? it may be asked. Briefly, we may answer, because these Almanacks, purporting to come out on the following new year, are arranged in the months of June and July in the current year; consequently, as the editors do not pretend to the far-seeing powers of Zadkiel, they cannot expatiate upon events which have not occurred.

The success of Prussia took even Prussia itself by surprise, and there has hardly been time for the self-congratulating and laudatory outpourings of its press. The war was by no means popular at first; the Germans did not like the idea of fighting Germans; but after the brilliant successes of the Prussian armies, the people became reconciled to the privations and sorrows they had undergone.

Then came the "annexations," which word, when a new edition of Johnson's Dictionary shall be published, should be given, "Robbery on a large scale." The people, generally speaking, did not care for these annexations or robberies. It did not do them any good that the kingdom of Hanover and the ancient Free City of Frankfort were to be taken and incorporated into Prussia. Nor will it do Prussia any good in the long run, though it pleases Count Bismark's vanity at present. He is now reposing on his laurels, and, like a boa-constrictor, digesting the somewhat large meal he has swallowed. What will he swallow next? Time only can reveal that. But when by the mercy of God he is removed from this world, an inscription which was written on the gravestone of a remarkable glutton may be very appropriately placed as an epitaph on *his* tomb:

Reader, tread softly, I entreat you,  
For, if he wake, by Jove! he'll eat you!

But revenons à nos moutons.

In Steffen's "Volks Kalender" there is a somewhat interesting story, entitled "Castle Ahlden: a Historical Mystery," which, as it is not long, we give in full.

In the midst of the heaths of Lüneburg rise the grey walls of a hunting tower; in the utmost solitude this castle is situated, and a stillness profound and gloomy reigns in the castle and for miles around it. Visits are neither received nor are they paid by its inhabitants. By day-time nothing intercepts the painful, death-like repose—nothing but the dull tread and low summons of one guard relieving the other in his monotonous round.

But at night, when the moon arises and casts her pale shadows, and the faint glimmer of the vanishing twilight wraps heaven and earth in a

dim uncertain mist, then the heavy bolts of the castle doors are drawn rattling back, and an open carriage, with four black horses, rolls forth out into the fenny, deserted heath. What a spectral apparition! In the carriage sits a pale, beautiful lady, with long dark tresses, and diamonds sparkling in her hair. She is all alone in the carriage, and it is her own delicate little hand which guides the heavy reins—away, away across the heath! The night breeze lifts the lady's white veil, and discloses features noble still, but worn by the ravages of deep sorrow. The horses feel the cutting slash of the whip, and they dash off at a furious pace; as swift as an arrow the carriage darts over the smooth plain, and the ground shakes beneath the tread of the powerful horses. Before, by the side, and behind the carriage gallop armed horsemen, with bright swords drawn, and cocked pistols loose in the saddle-holster.

A state prisoner enjoys her hour of freedom, the only freedom and the only pleasure which is accorded to her. During the day, she who is, as it were, buried alive dare not quit the chambers allotted to her. In the apartments of the castle she must pine until the day of her death; thus absolute power and cruel fate had decreed.

It is a sad story, the history of this prisoner, and with her name is associated the dark secret of a crime which never will be entirely cleared up.

At the court of a German prince there lived a princess, "young and beautiful as the early morn." She was the only daughter of her father. But beauty and youth are fatal gifts. At the court of the same prince had been educated a page of an illustrious and ancient family, endowed with all the talents which once were bestowed upon the "favourites of the gods." The princess and the page were inseparable. The boy became a valiant knight, and the princess a bride, but not the bride of her youthful friend. Princes' daughters are not permitted the happy privilege of other women—to bestow their hands of their own free will, and according to their own inclinations. Sophie Dorothea, of Celle, was married to the Elector of Hanover, and Count Philip von Königsmarck retired with his sorrows to one of his castles in Sweden. As if travelling were a means of curing one whose mind was in a state of distraction and misery!

The count could not endure to remain any longer in his home; gnawing longing drove him back to Hanover. Few were the hours which blossomed for him here, where, in the immediate neighbourhood of the princess, in the secret peaceful intercourse with his beloved, he ventured to enjoy a happiness pure and unalloyed. Suspicions and treachery were busy; his fate was decided ere he had the slightest idea of what was awaiting him.

Upon the evening of the 1st of July, 1694, Count Königsmarck was seen; after that date he disappeared, and never, to the present day, has a single trace of him been found.

Countess Platen, the mistress of the reigning Elector, worked his ruin, from a similar feeling of revenge which influenced Potiphar's wife towards "the Hebrew servant," who left his mantle in her hands. A letter was written in the name of the princess, inviting the count to a rendezvous on that very night. One of the princess's maids of honour, Agnes von Knesebeck, threatened with death if she refused to comply, was induced

by the countess to write, in the presence of the Elector, the following treacherous words upon a piece of paper :

“Count, my mistress wishes to see you. She cannot write to you herself because she has burned her hand; she has therefore desired me to inform you that you may go to her this evening by the small stairs, as usual. She seems to be uneasy about your silence. For Heaven’s sake soon release from her doubts the most amiable princess in the world!”

The count would have been no lover if he had not fallen into the snare laid for him. In a hall of the castle five appointed assassins attacked the unprepared knight. Celebrated as a perfect master in the use of every weapon, Königsmarck drew his sword, and levelled to the ground three of his assailants. He hoped soon to dispose of the two others, when one of them suddenly flung a mantle over his head, and their victim fell beneath the daggers aimed by superior force. At the moment when the wretches were about to carry away the body of the fainting count the hall door was opened, and the princess entered with a taper in her hand. The noise of the struggle in the neighbourhood of her chamber had roused her, and the anxious barking in her own room of a small dog, which Königsmarck had once given her, had attracted her attention. The sight of horror which presented itself to her view made her very blood freeze. With a wailing cry she sank to the ground.

Early the following morning the princess had an interview with the Elector and the hereditary prince. With that courage which misfortune gives to great souls, Sophie Dorothea rejected every proposition of reconciliation.

“I will not demean myself by trying to convince you that I am innocent. Guilty I am, of course, but only in cowardly obeying my father, and breaking my faith to Count Königsmarck. I loved Königsmarck before the duty to obey you, prince, was laid upon me. I perceive with horror that I have been the cause of his death. It devolves upon me, therefore, to avenge him. Be prepared for anything that vengeance may suggest.”

On the 28th of December, 1694, her marriage with the Elector was dissolved. As soon as that was arranged, she was conveyed, as a state prisoner, to the castle of Ahlden. With her liberty she lost both her name and her rank, and henceforth she was called merely the Duchess of Ahlden.

There have been sundry rumours of the fate of Count Königsmarck since the dark transaction of that July night, though they have been very conflicting. Some say that he was killed by the satellites of the Elector, who were lying in wait for him; or, at any rate, that he was so severely wounded that he soon after expired, when his body was flung into a secret chamber, which was walled up and cemented. Others assert that the wounded man was drowned in an underground vault, and the corpse afterwards buried in an oven. Many again declare that he was strangled or beheaded. But among his contemporaries a very different version was spread, which, it is true, gives a much more romantic colouring, but certainly brings with it authentic proofs, vouched for by Count Moritz of Saxony, a son of the beautiful Aurora von Königsmarck. According to his account, Königsmarck was decidedly severely wounded when suddenly attacked, but he was not mortally wounded. The assassins dragged the



fainting man to a cell underground, named the laboratory, there to await further instructions from the Elector. The Elector commanded that the most profound silence should be observed respecting the whole affair; meanwhile, the count was to be taken care of. Notwithstanding both these orders were punctually carried out, still vague rumours became noised abroad that Königsmarck was kept a prisoner in the castle, and his brother-in-law, Count von Löwenhaupt, who hastened from Dresden to Hanover on receiving intelligence of the disappearance of his relative, succeeded, after much trouble, in coming at the truth, through the assistance of a clever huntsman, who, with that object in view, was forced to form an intimacy with the wife of the castellan of the castle. The huntsman seized a favourable moment to steal from the woman the principal keys of the castle, and, in possession of them, Löwenhaupt determined, on the night of the 15th of February, 1695, to carry off the prisoner secretly from the laboratory, of the exact situation of which he had informed himself. He actually did gain the chamber, but only to convince himself that he had come a few hours too late. He found written in charcoal upon one of the walls, in the handwriting of his brother-in-law :

“Philippe de Königsmarck a rempli sa destinée dans ce lieu le 14 Feb. de l'année 1695.”

The Princess Sophie Dorothea passed full thirty years of her sad and sorrowful existence in the hunting tower of Ahlden. Miss von Knesebeck, who was privy to the injustice which had been committed, was kept in close confinement at the castle Schwarzenfels; she managed to escape, however, after several years, by the aid of a person employed to repair the roof.

Who could have seen into the future! The Duchess of Ahlden, the poor prisoner cut off from the world in the dreary waste of the Lüneburg heath, will live in history to the end of time. This prisoner, deserted by mankind and stripped of all joy, had a grandson, whose fame filled the world. When her marriage was dissolved, she was obliged to leave her daughter, also called Sophie Dorothea, at the court of Hanover. Never in life was the mother permitted to see her daughter again, but this daughter became the Queen of Prussia, and the mother of FREDERICK THE GREAT!

The “*Volks Kalender*,” by Trowitzsch, is the one which contains the most articles bearing on the late war with Austria. It gives a letter, purporting to be from the King of Prussia, addressed to the Queen, and two letters from private soldiers. Also a few “*Scenes and Anecdotes of the War*.” The king's letter is as below:

“The following letter from his Majesty the King to Queen Augusta, written the day on which the battle of Königgrätz had taken place, we have the greater pleasure in presenting in our yearly almanack, because it contains the most animated description of that bloody battle, and shows the part which our hero-king himself took in it. It runs thus :

“Horzitz, the 4th July, 1866.

“Fritz Karl left me on the 2nd at three o'clock in the afternoon after a council of war, in which it was determined to grant the men, exhausted by marches and fighting, one or two days' repose. However, about half-

past eleven o'clock in the evening, General Voigts-Rhetz again presented himself to me to announce the result of the day's reconnoitring, which was to the effect that considerable masses of the enemy had moved, between the hours of eight and three, from Josephstadt towards Königgrätz, on this side of the Elbe. With the exception of prisoners, the army was concentrated between the Elbe, Bistritz, and Königgrätz; it was therefore proposed to me to take advantage of the favourable circumstance of the enemy's army appearing to wish to fight on this side of the Elbe to offer them battle. To that intent the 1st armée, with the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th corps in the centre, were to take up their position, having Sadowa in front of them; General Herwarth, with his 1½ corps, towards Nechanitz, on the left flank; Fritz with the 2nd armée, 1st Guards, 5th and 6th corps, his left wing the left of the Elbe from Königshof, preceding in the right flank of the enemy. It was midnight before I had arranged everything with General Moltke; I had fixed my departure for five o'clock, as the army was to commence marching the same night at two o'clock. I had nearly four (German) miles to ride, and could not be quite certain yet of the correctness of the information about the enemy being on this side of the Elbe. Its correctness, however, was only too soon ascertained. When I got off my horse in a small village named Dub it was raining, and it continued to shower off and on all day. When I rode past the troops I was incessantly received with hurrahs. The battle commenced exactly at eight o'clock by a fire of artillery from the 2nd corps, just as I reached Sadowa, and took up my position on an eminence; the corps stood on the right from here. Horn's division (8th division) passed by Sadowa across the Bistritz, and attacked the woody hill in front, but it was so hotly defended that they only gained little way; the 7th division (Fransecki's) spread itself more to the left, with the same fluctuating result. After being an hour and a half coming from Nechanitz, Herwarth joined in the fight, which thenceforth, for the space of five hours, was kept up principally by the artillery, interspersed by infantry on woody mountainous ground. We looked eagerly for the arrival of the 2nd armée, for, owing to this long engagement, the artillery had already exhausted their reserve ammunition. The fire of the infantry became irregular here and there. At length we discerned the advance of the approaching garde-corps, but we could not see the fighting which was taking place on the other side of the hill; we could only see what was going on at the flank position of the enemy. Notwithstanding they were thus surrounded, and notwithstanding Herwarth pressed forward gradually, though slowly, the enemy still stood firmly in the centre. The 5th brigade (Schimmelmann) and the 48th regiment were now ordered to support the attack upon the centre. I rode through the regiments, and was received with loud shouts of welcome, while the fifes played as they marched along 'Heil dir im Siegerkranz,' and it was an exciting moment. Suddenly the fire of the artillery in the centre slackened, and the cavalry were ordered forward, a sign that the enemy was beginning to waver. Victory appeared to be decisive owing to the flank assault of the 2nd armée; I therefore left my position on the hill, and rode forward with the cavalry. Here I first came upon the tambour-battant of the 2nd division of Guards, in the midst of whom were twelve cannon just taken. The cheering that burst forth when these troops

beheld me cannot be described, while the officers rushed forward to kiss my hand; I was obliged to permit them to do so, and thus, amidst the thunder of cannon, one troop took up the shout after another, until there was no end to the cheering and hurrahs! Moments like these a person must have experienced to understand and appreciate. Thus I came upon the troops of the 1st, the 6th, and the 5th armée-corps, also my infantry regiments; the rest were already far in advance, pursuing the enemy. Our cavalry regiments now dashed forward, and a deadly combat commenced before my very eyes—Wilhelm at the head of his brigade, the 1st Dragoon Guards, the Ziethen Hussars, and the 11th regiment of Ulanen, against Austrian Cuirassiers and Ulanen, who were totally annihilated; the spectacle on the battle-field, which I traversed immediately afterwards, was fearful to behold, strewed as it was with dead and wounded Austrians. Again the infantry were concentrated at the edge of the valley of the Elbe, where, on the farther side of the river, heavy cannonading was kept up; I got in the midst of it, but Bismark exhorted me earnestly to withdraw. I rode about, however, to greet those troops I had not hitherto seen, and I met Mutius, Württemberg, and Bonin. The meeting with these officers cannot be described! Steinmetz and Herwarth I did not find. What a sight the scene of action was! We counted thirty-five cannon—fifty appears, however, to have been taken—and many colours; arms, soldiers' knapsacks, and pouches lay thickly scattered about. We count up to-day twelve thousand prisoners; here there are fifty officers who are prisoners. But now for the reverse of the medal. Our loss has not yet been ascertained; it must be considerable. You will have heard already that General Hillier, of the Guards, is gone; he is a great loss! Anton Hohenzollern has received four shots in the leg! I do not know how he is to-day.\* He was astonishingly brave. Erkert is severely wounded, also Colonel Obernitz in the head. The 1st regiment of Guards has been so cut to pieces, that out of two battalions one has been formed. You can imagine the state of excitement I was in! and of a twofold nature, joy and sorrow! Late, towards eight o'clock, I came upon Fritz and his staff. What a moment after all that had been gone through, and on the evening of such a day! I myself presented him with the order pour le mérite; tears started to his eyes, for he had not received my telegram bestowing it upon him! It was the greater surprise! By-and-by I shall tell you all verbally; I only reached this place at eleven o'clock, without a thing, so that I shall have a sofa for my couch."

Having given the royal despatch, we select one letter from a drummer in his majesty's army:

"My brave old Christel, up to the present you have a husband safe and sound, his Prussian heart is fresh, and his arms and legs still whole; what more would you have? And I believe I have grown a head taller—indeed, we have all grown a head taller since we have conquered. It is a fine thing after all to belong to the Guards of the King of Prussia; and a performer on the drum, as I am, can now-a-days make himself heard everywhere. How can the music of violins and pianos, entrée a thaler, be compared with the music which the drummers of the Guards

\* On the 5th of August, at eleven o'clock, he expired in Königinhof of his wounds.

made at Trautenau? It is true my instrument has gone to the devil; an Austrian shot shattered it in pieces for me; but our good King Wilhelm will give me another, or, rather, I've got it already. I can't tell you much about the battle; I beat my drum, and the other fellows beat the Austrians, so we all did capitally. Our captain told us we fought elegantly. Mark that, Christel, we fought 'elegantly'—the word pleased me uncommonly. I have always had a liking for the elegant, that's the reason I made you my wife, and no one else! Well, I know nothing of the battle, except that we have conquered. I will tell you, however, what I saw, and was close by and heard. On the morning of the 29th of June, when we were marching forth after bivouacking at Trautenau, suddenly a general, with many officers accompanying him, rode up to our battalion of Fusiliers. Hurrah! the general was his Royal Highness the Crown Prince; from the Fusiliers he came to the first battalion, and he spoke to the men so kindly that tears were in many an eye; at length he came to our battalion; he was quite moved, for our brave commander, Lieutenant-Colonel von Gaudy, had fallen, as well as Captain von Witzleben and Lieutenant von Weiher. I cannot repeat to you, Christel, what the Crown Prince said, and yet I shall never forget it all my life. The colonel showed the Crown Prince the point of our colours, and the Crown Prince took it and kissed it. A man must have witnessed such a scene to feel what it is to face death for the king. Do you know that those colours were borne by Ensign von Schenk, quite a young man, who only joined us eight days ago, from the cadet corps of Berlin; the poor young gentleman was wounded in both feet, but he still held fast to his colours. Ah! my Christel, that is Prussian, and elegant! I will not relate to you anything more of what passed; it was not a little, and many were wounded; however, we have conquered, and will conquer more still, that's as sure as fate, for Prussia must have the upper hand to the last. One hearty kiss, my brave Christel, and may God preserve you till I write again. Your faithful husband, artist and drummer Wilhelm F., also co-victor over the Austrians."

A few anecdotes may be added:

#### SIX THOUSAND MAN-DEVILS BILLETED.

The following anecdote is told from Gotha: When the news came that the Manteuffel'sche corps was advancing, and it was announced that a portion of the corps (six thousand men) were to be quartered there, an old woman exclaimed: "Lord have mercy on us! First we have the Coburgers, then the Prussians, then the Hanoverians, and now six thousand man-devils are to come upon us!"

#### A PAINFUL WELCOME.

A poor woman learned that her wounded husband had arrived; she hastened to meet him, and found him at length wrapped up in coverlets, pale and miserable looking. "My poor husband!" she cried, weeping, "shake hands with me at least!" "Dear wife," he replied, smiling painfully, "I never shall be able to do that again, my hands both lie buried in Bohemian sand!"

## HUMOUR ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

The sad and terrible scenes which have been reported to us from the battle of Sadowa are mingled also here and there with gay and amusing touches. Thus repeatedly hares have occasioned many laughable scenes, which remind us, in some respects, of more peaceful times. Terrified at the thunder of cannon, perhaps startled by a shell bursting in the immediate neighbourhood, a hare had bounded in the midst of a company of soldiers, who, thoroughly exhausted from fatigue, had taken advantage of a temporary pause, and had flung themselves down upon the ground, seemingly not inclined to move. Notwithstanding the weariness of the men, however, several of them sprang up and ran to catch master hare; it is true their trouble was in vain, for the animal escaped, but the chase occasioned noisy mirth and laughter, at a moment when death was threatening each one of them in a hundred different ways.

When marching into action, a Fusilier had a goose hanging from his belt, which was half strangled, but still croaking in the last gasp. "What's that goose doing here?" asked his officer. "I have saved the poor animal, sir; it has received a grazing shot from a grenade."

While pursuing the Austrians also, many were the strange and laughable scenes which took place, mixed with much that was heartrending. Innumerable and of various descriptions were the articles which strewed the way, left by the fugitives; almost at every step something valuable might have been picked up, but a feeling of respect restrained the soldiers from putting forth their hands to take anything. Among other things, the carriage of a superior Austrian officer had been abandoned on the road. Some Prussian Fusiliers, impelled by curiosity, opened it, but were greeted by fierce growls. Upon the soft cushions of the principal seat lay a female dog with four small puppies, who took in no good part this intrusion upon her quiet.

More sad was another incident about a dog. The corpse of a Saxon officer lay stretched across the road; a little dog was watching by the body and would not leave it, but followed the bearers, piteously whining, as they lifted the dead man and carried him away to be buried.

Before closing this volume, we cannot pass over a sketch of the life of Herr von Dreyse, the inventor of the needle-gun, a few extracts from which, we hope, will be acceptable to our readers:

"Johann Christian Nicolaus Dreyse was born in the little town of Sömmerda, on the 22nd of November, 1787. His father was a master locksmith, a respectable man, but with no very considerable means, upright and industrious, and not without education for his position of life and the period in which he lived; he was both loving and severe to his children. When Johann had completed his fourteenth year he was put into his father's workshop to learn the business; it was not at all in accordance with the boy's wishes, who would much have preferred devoting himself to study. However, old Dreyse would not hear of such a thing; he was determined that his only son should follow his footsteps, and so Johann became a locksmith."

His term of apprenticeship being at an end in 1805, though his mother wished to keep him at home, his father declared that a journeyman must travel, so he went to Leipzig, Dresden, to the Rhine, and so on to Paris,

where he sought out the best workshop, the gun fabric of Pauli. After gaining much knowledge and improving himself greatly, he returned to his native town in 1814, and associated himself with his father, who was now growing old and weak. In 1821, having married Miss Dorothea Ramann, and got a small fortune with her, he was enabled to extend his business in several branches. In 1824 he took a partner, and the firm became then Dreyse and Collenbusch. - After various other inventions, for which the Prussian government granted him patents, he produced the needle-gun, loading from the muzzle. The then Minister of War perceived the great advantage of this weapon, and on Dreyse, after repeated attempts, succeeding in improving upon the weapon, King Frederick Wilhelm III. ordered a large number of them to be made, and experiments to be tried by military commissioners at Graudenz, Glatz, and Erfurt. The numerous faults which were discovered in this arm during these practical trials, induced Dreyse to reflect whether it would not be better to load the needle-gun from the breech, and in 1836 he presented the Minister of War of Berlin with the first gun of this description. After the rifle had gone through still further changes and improvements, several hundreds were ordered for trial, and underwent strict scrutiny at Spandau and Lübben during 1839 and 1840. The gun having been proved excellent in the course of these experiments, and surpassing all preceding arms in precision, King Frederick Wilhelm IV., in 1840, ordered this breech-loader and needle-gun to be introduced into his army, at the same time desiring that the means for establishing on a large scale a manufactory for guns, &c., should be advanced to Dreyse, and for the first years free of interest.

This was done, and thus arose in the course of the years 1840 and 1841 the noble Dreyse'sche establishment in Sümmerda, which belongs to the most celebrated works for the manufactory of arms, not in Germany alone, but in all Europe.

He was fifty-four years of age when this manufactory commenced working. One would have thought that his energies might have been somewhat dulled at that age, after so much labour as had fallen to his share, but he was different from most other men, and the passages in the Scriptures, "Let us not be weary in well doing," for "the night cometh when no man can work," have been his guiding rule throughout his whole life; so he went on inventing and improving his inventions. It was not Prussia alone which he furnished with these needle-guns, but also the troops of the small neighbouring states.

On the 22nd of November, 1865, Dreyse attained his seventy-eighth year, laden with honours and distinction, which he had well deserved. In appearance he is an old man with grey hair, but his mind is fresh, and still eagerly pursuing investigations on his favourite subjects.

Trewendt's Almanack has some beautiful engravings, to which are attached poems. We give two of them :

HUSH—IT SLEEPS !

How fast spring's evening fades away !  
While with gentle hand it closes  
The weary eyelids of the day,  
And the son of toil reposes.

Accept our greetings, silent eve,  
That calls the busy day to rest !  
And, as yon skies the last rays leave,  
Sends infancy to slumber blest.

Hush—it sleeps !

On its mother's lap it lies,  
Softly nestled near her heart,  
And while she looks on it, she sighs—  
Who can its future fate impart ?  
Brothers and sisters circling round,  
Gaze fondly in the baby's face—  
Tread softly, softly, let no sound  
The infant's gentle slumber chase !

Hush—it sleeps !

The ever-fragrant breath of spring  
Wafts in the linden odours sweet,  
As the refreshing breezes bring—  
While the green shrubs outside they meet—  
Greetings to the beloved child.

Breezes of spring ! your pinions droop,  
And let their flutterings be mild  
As they play amidst this group !

Hush—it sleeps !

Hark ! the evening bells are ringing !  
Speaking to all of holy peace.  
The birds their vesper-songs are singing ;  
Yet now would that these sounds might cease  
Lest they my lovely babe should wake.  
Gay birds, that 'midst the branches dwell,  
Your carols hush till morning break—  
Then long your matin-songs may swell.

Hush—it sleeps !

And ye, dark cares and sorrows blending,  
So often sent by cruel fate,  
That on the human heart descending  
Crush it beneath your heavy weight !  
Ah ! wreak not on my babe your wrath—  
From his career keep ye afar !  
Let joy's bright beams around his path  
Shine ever as his guiding-star !

Hush—it sleeps !

S. MEYER.

#### THE BANDIT'S WIFE.

Echoing from the distant hills, the sound  
Of muffled shots is heard ; the bandits fly  
While their proud leader on the rocky ground  
Has fallen—wounded in the fight—to die.  
Deserted wanders, like a frightened doe,  
She who was once the valley's loveliest rose,  
His wife—a fugitive, in bitter woe ;  
Ah ! friendless, homeless, outlawed, now she goes.  
One star alone can her dark night illumine—  
It is maternal love, whose holy flame  
Endows her heart with courage, chases gloom,  
And gives a hero's strength 'midst grief and shame.

The child that clings so tightly to her arm,  
 Still locked in the sweet sleep of innocence,  
 From him she will avert disgrace and harm,  
 Though to the earth's far bounds she flies from thence.

The wand'rer rests in the deep forest's glades,  
 And from her hands her weapons fall in peace;  
 In gentle sleep her present sorrow fades,  
 And hatred and all evil passions cease.  
 In dreams her wearied spirit takes its flight  
 Away, annihilating time and space,  
 Back to the early days of calm delight,  
 Back to her father's house—her native place.

She sees herself again a happy bride,  
 Young, beautiful, admired, and loved by all;  
 And he, the haughty noble at her side,  
 With joy and pride her husband she could call.  
 But soon the aspect of her life was changed—  
 The serpent crept into her paradise;  
 Her husband, from the paths of peace estranged,  
 Rushes to where sin's downward pathway lies.

For wrongs received his heart with hatred swells,  
 To arms, to arms he flies—his home forsakes—  
 His every thought but upon vengeance dwells,  
 And the worst passions of man's nature wakes.  
 The stone that downwards rolls rest not until  
 It reaches the abyss, and she who sin  
 Abhors—his dark career she follows, still  
 Hoping him back to virtue's paths to win.

She starts up in her sleep, she hears shots fall—  
 'Twas but the rustling of the forest trees—  
 Hark! the wild birds of night with hoarse cries call,  
 Warning her *there* to slumber not at ease;  
 Beyond the boundary, and it is near,  
 There smiles a peaceful land, where safe and free  
 The wretched outcast and her infant dear  
 May dwell unharmed—no longer forced to flee.

May God protect thee, thou poor homeless one!  
 And should the joys of life ne'er bloom for thee,  
 May thou still learn to say, "His will be done!"  
 And through His mercy sinless, calm may be  
 Thy future days! For He can read the heart,  
 And if He sees repentance there, may deign  
 Peace to bestow, all-erring as thou art,  
 And change to happiness thy lot again!

HEDWIG GAEDE.

Auerbach's "Volks Kalender" is very good, as usual, and has some stories entitled Life and Death, The Children of the Emigrants, &c., and a number of short sketches under one heading, two of which are as follows:

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

What a pity it is that we dare not mention the name of the gentleman to whom this story refers, for could we do so none would doubt its truth, and that it really took place in the town—which is neither one of



the largest nor yet one of the smallest capitals, and has in its immediate neighbourhood no river and no mountain; perhaps my readers may now guess which is meant, and may make inquiries himself about what I am going to tell. You may learn the name of the major, and perhaps become acquainted with himself after eleven o'clock at night at the casino-room number seven, which is dubbed "The House-key," because no person is permitted to take part in the carousing and merriment going on within its walls except those who can produce his house-key. I will give another clue to my readers: upon the wall behind the table there is a black patch; for the last ten years there has been the constant seat of the worthy bachelor, the *Regierungs-rath* *Fremdensacher*, and on that identical patch the old gentleman, who is universally beloved, leans his head, covered with its neat sleek wig, when he rocks himself backwards in his chair—a habit he has got into whenever he is delivering himself of some curt observation, or listening to the remarks of the rest of the company.

Now you have hints enough to be convinced that the anecdote is no invention, but the honest truth. In the presence of the major, however, to whom it happened, pray make no allusion to the scene, he is still very sore on that point, notwithstanding he may seem anxious to laugh with you. The major is a martinet of the old school; and it used to enrage him exceedingly whenever he heard of the lenient manner in which people were treated now-a-days. Moreover, he was a zealous advocate for corporal punishment, and one occasion, on its being represented to him that that punishment was decidedly too cruel and severe, he said:

"Bah! It is nothing at all for a healthy man. I would take a dozen without minding it in the least."

The major is one of those individuals who mean what he says, so the process was carried into execution secretly in his own chamber. With great difficulty the sergeant was persuaded to undertake such a performance in regard to his superior officer, but the major issued his commands:

"You must pledge me your word of honour that you will give me my full dozen, not harder, nor yet milder than you would to any other."

The sergeant was obliged to agree to his wishes. The major allowed himself to be strapped to a bench, and the proceeding began. The major bore the first four lashes, and laughed at them, but there was something forced in the laugh; however, at the fifth he roared out:

"I've had enough! I give you back your word; you may stop."

But the sergeant persisted that he dare not stop, consequently the major had to receive his full dozen.

Ever since then he has been completely converted, and whenever corporal punishment is spoken of he has always something to do with his long pipe, and the clouds of smoke are poured forth from his mouth with tremendous rapidity.

Not long ago, the conversation in the parlour at "The House-key" turned, by chance, upon that land of flogging, Mecklenburg, and the *Regierungs-rath* said, in his jesting manner,

"It is rich to think that there is not a Mecklenburg nobleman who does not get his castigation."

"How so?" was asked in chorus.

"A professional friend of mine from thence informs me," replied the *Regierungsath*, "that since corporal punishment has been reinstated in that country, the unsuspecting noblemen have to undergo at night, and in the midst of the woods, the stated floggings with interest, and they are obliged to bear it silently and patiently, though the sound thrashing they receive is not limited."

Every one laughed, and the major laughed more loudly than the rest.

IT HAD EFFECT THE FIRST TIME.

The Jesuit preachers understand how to stir up and make an impression upon the minds of their congregation. One of them was preaching under the open heavens to about a thousand people, and, in the midst of his discourse, he cried out: "We are all unworthy to mention Thy name, Lord, Lord! or to serve Thee; dash us to pieces, annihilate us, cast us down, me above all—me, Thy unworthy servant, a mere worm!" And he gazed upwards, stretched out his arms, sobbed and wept, then, striking his breast, he tore his garment off, and flung himself down, while all present were so awe-struck and agitated, that they followed his example, and cast themselves down also upon the ground.

One silly old peasant alone remained standing upright, and, on an official, who had also fallen upon his knees, rising again, and asking him,

"Tell me, how was it that you remained so calm when all the rest of us felt as if impelled by an unseen power to cast ourselves down?"

"Oh," said the peasant, "when I first saw the father yonder in *Rütlingen* ranting and going on in that wild fashion, I also flung myself down, but his orations have lost their effect now."

"The *Spinnstube*" is principally occupied by one story, called "Some Pages out of the *Chronicles of the Town Bacharach, on the Rhine.*" But we prefer to give an extract from "A Ghost Story which actually happened, therefore a true one."

This story refers to what occurred to a certain Anton Seipel one evening in the autumn of the year 1751, and which not only brought him nearly to death's door, but set all the gossips in the good town of Dietz shaking and shivering as the story was repeated from one person to another, till, at last, the authorities took the matter up, and, after serious investigation, found that there was much ado about nothing; that the ghosts dwelt in wine-casks, and mount with the wine into the brain—hence, the more wine the more spectres!

The worst of it was, that worthy Anton Seipel's mind was so blinded by superstition, that he believed his "wine-dreams," the result of all he had heard talked of in the alehouse, and believed them so firmly, that he tried to bring over people to his opinion by wickedly asserting that he could swear to the truth of what he told. He well merited the severe lecture which he received, and still more so the deep shame that was the consequence! Unfortunately, the same spirit of superstition fills many a mind now-a-days, and has the same effect as the above. I remember a similar story told of a man who resided in a beautiful valley of the Rhine, where I passed my boyhood. I will relate it here, perhaps with benefit and instruction to some. It is true!

Before reaching a village deeply buried in the bosom of a Rhenish mountain, which I will not name, any more than the persons concerned, stands, or rather stood thirty years ago, an old apple-tree, from which a footpath branched off from the carriage-road, that at that period, about the year 1822, was not made for dainty shoes, nor did any traverse it. The footpath led up to the right, along the vine-clad hills, to the spot where once a tower of the middle ages rose, by the then fortified village, and finally gently descended towards the church and hamlet. This pathway was generally dry, which could not conscientiously be said of the road below. During three-quarters of the year it was quite the opposite to dusty.

The place where the apple-tree stood, and the two roads parted, was called the "Crossway," or "the Apple-tree by the Crossway."

Such landmarks and crossways are invariably points on which Superstition seizes; there she stations, or, more properly speaking, permits her spectres to wander, such as white ladies, three-legged hares, large black dogs, or men wrapped in flames, or dark as Erebus.

Such also was the case here. For ages past one grandfather after the other had encountered at this "crossway" a black man, who hung on to his back, and forced him to bear this unwelcome load, until they reached the first cottage of the straggling village in the narrow valley; having gained that point, however, the black rider would spring down and disappear.

Every winter this tale was related over again in the spinning-rooms, and implicitly credited, for, unfortunately, the silly belief in ghosts is firmly rooted in the minds of the inhabitants, even of the lovely valleys of the Rhine, though there may be some exceptions; and when the splendid grapes of these mountains have been ripened by the sun, as was the case in 1822, then apparitions are rife. They haunt notorious places in every direction, and frequently do not confine themselves to their legitimate hour, namely, midnight, but they become bold, and venture forth even between nine and ten o'clock.

Well, there lived in this same village a strong man of the middle height, who was broad-shouldered and thick-set; he now and then went into the town, and usually returned home "double," as it was jestingly said, which meant that he had one with him which was stronger than himself, and which prevented him from walking in a straight line. Well, he brought him home with him, and had squandered his honest money for him.

It was in the autumn of 1822 that, one Wednesday, good Philipps-Peter had betaken himself again to the town. The "Wingerte"—so in that neighbourhood people call the vine mountains—were laden with splendid golden and dark purple grapes. Accompanied by his roguish neighbour, the long field-guard, whom folks called the "Linksen," because he did everything with the left hand which other people did with the right, Philipps-Peter had been through the vines on Sunday afternoon to calculate their probable returns, that they might form some idea of the purchase of the vats. The vintage was approaching, Philipps-Peter had work on Monday and Tuesday; the wine-presses must be put in order and be soaked, the tubs and vats must be dipped in scalding water, or filled with water. All that was laborious work; but on Wednesday it

would be over. He put on his Sunday coat, slung on his pouch, took his umbrella under his arm, stuck his small pipe—his “klübchen”—into his pocket, and descended the valley towards the Rhine, to the town, which was situated about a mile distant.

Here he turned into the tavern “Stadt Heidelberg,” and called for a pint of wine, which, though rather dear, was quite to his taste. There was company at the inn, learned gentlemen from the town; they spoke of the great comet of 1811, of the excellent wine of that year, and went on from that to discuss Napoleon’s Russian campaign and his retreat, Blucher’s passage across the Rhine, and so on, till they came to St. Helena, where Napoleon ended in the middle of the sea upon an island, just as he began his eventful and extraordinary life upon an island in the sea—in Corsica.

Such-like discourse our good friend delighted in hearing, when he was permitted to smoke his “klübchen” to the terror of the poor midges which swarmed in that hot summer of 1822, and drink his pint of “neunzehner.” If, while listening, he sometimes dozed off out of sheer reverence, it was of no consequence, for, in his modest corner by the stove, no one disturbed him except the said midges and flies. At length mine host of the “Stadt Heidelberg” began to suggest that Philipps-Peter had a stiff hour’s walk before him, but it was cool and agreeable in the bright moonlight; respectable people ought to go home by times. Not at all offended at this hint, the good-natured fellow took his departure, managing, happily, to descend the three steps from the house door, and reaching and passing through the wide gate of the town without having occasioned the little street urchins any particular amusement.

Though in his course he described the well-known spiral line, and all was not clear before his eyes, yet our good friend was in a happy mood, and spoke, or rather thought, aloud. The stories which the gentlemen in the “Stadt Heidelberg” had been relating about the grand comet and Napoleon occupied his thoughts to such a degree that he held forth to himself in a loud voice, accompanied by energetic gestures, particularly with the right arm, brandishing his umbrella apparently wildly, though at a nearer view they were most pacific flourishes and semicircles cut in the air, while the words “Comet and Napoleon” were jerked out in the strangest gasping tones.

Towards nine o’clock in the evening the night-work of the field-guards commences. Each one must be at his post, and demonstrate it to his neighbours, both up and down the valley, by giving a long whistle upon his shrill pipe. Whether after this—we merely suggest this remark—he remains there, or goes quietly home, nobody cares, and he may very well do the latter, for theft in these valleys is of very rare occurrence—indeed, almost unknown.

The previous Sunday the good-tempered Philipps-Peter had asked his friend, the cunning long “Linksen,” to go with him to town on Wednesday, and he would pay for a pint of “neunzehner.” But that could not be, as “Linksen” was field-guard. It was now well on to half-past nine that Wednesday evening, the watchmen had answered each other’s whistle long before, but the evening was so bright, so warm, and so beautiful, and exactly opposite the apple-tree on the crossway, on the farther side of the slope of the mountain, from whence you had a full

view of the far-extending hills before you, lay the trunk of a walnut-tree, where in all comfort a person might, as the natives of the Black Forest say, sit and "drink" his pipe instead of smoking it. It was easy to perceive that he was meditating some roguish trick, for every now and then a sly smile would pass over his features as he sat puffing away with indomitable patience. His gaze was not directed towards the vine-clad hills—all was security there—but fixed upon the road from the valley by which he for whom he was waiting must come.

"At last!" he smilingly muttered to himself, and he tapped out his pipe, stowed it away in his waistcoat-pocket, stepped down the slope across the brook with its scanty waters, then up the opposite bank, and posted himself behind the apple-tree on the crossway, so as not to be perceived by him who, with reeling steps, came swinging along. There was no great fear of detection. Philipps-Peter had not seen much as he proceeded homewards; he had often stumbled and ran up against people, always exclaiming, "Halloa!" good-naturedly adding, "No offence!" People laughed and he laughed, for, though intoxicated, he was harmless and merry.

"Comet and Napoleon, Napoleon and Comet!" he cried, as he approached the apple-tree, though a slight shudder ran through his frame. It was here that old Scheider-Peter's grandfather had had the "black man," who haunted the spot "Hanken"—that is to say, he had been obliged to carry him on his back as far as the first house in the village. "The Lord preserve every Christian!" Philipps-Peter exclaimed; then, with the help of his umbrella, he stopped and steadied himself, looked around, listened, and, all being quiet and nothing to be seen, he set off again to accomplish his journey, crying "Comet and Napoleon, Napoleon and Comet!"

But at that identical moment he felt some one with terribly long legs spring upon his back and grasp him with the knees. The black man wound his long dark arms round Philipps-Peter's neck, and clung on to him like a bur in the hair.

It was "the black man of the apple-tree!" There could be no doubt of it!

Intoxication from wine has a wonderful effect. It comes gliding on step by step with each draught, slowly and unperceived, until it is firmly seated in the saddle; then it becomes as unmanageable as a stubborn or skittish horse carrying his rider whichever way he pleases, and only relinquishing the upper hand by slow degrees. Intoxication passes off with the aid of a good constitution, pure air, and a sound sleep; but should the drunken man happen to be violently terrified or otherwise shaken, it instantly evaporates, it is clean gone, and no trace is left. As the black man of the apple-tree on the crossway jumped upon Philipps-Peter's back all intoxication had disappeared with the words "Comet and Napoleon, Napoleon and Comet!" and the good-tempered but unfortunately most superstitious man became instantly perfectly sober and clear-headed, though under the enervating influence of superstition, he became immediately almost as little master of himself as he had been before from the effects of the wine.

He groaned and moaned, writhed and struggled forward with all his might to reach the first house of the village, where, according to the

custom of the apparition, and Schneider-Peter's grandfather's account, the "black man" would leave him.

What a weight he was! Ten hundred-weight could not have been heavier than this ghost!

Presently it occurred to him—Philipps-Peter I mean—that no ordinary spectre could withstand the saying, "All good spirits laud their masters!" and directly leave the individual it has alarmed; that is what they say in the spinning-rooms, at any rate.

"All good spirits laud their masters!" Philipps-Peter fervently muttered, but the black crossway man remained—remained clinging to his back with all his heaviness! It could be no good ghost, therefore!

"Alas! the Lord preserve me. All good spirits laud their masters! Is my misery not over yet? I swear never again to drink a drop of wine! No, never in all my days! Help! help! I am choking! I am fainting! I am dying!" screamed the terrified Peter; still the "black man" hung on to his back with his leaden weight. At length the house was gained, and off his burden sprang. The poor wretch tumbled a few paces forward, then fell upon the ground, but, gathering himself up again, he ran with all his might through the village, and disappeared within the door of his own cottage.

Long "Linksen," after jumping from his victim's back, had placed himself behind a high garden wall which jutted out, then he followed at some distance the poor fellow, who never dared to cast a glance behind. "Linksen" halted at the cottage, and peeped in at the window to see what was going on within.

If he had already feared that the joke had been carried rather too far, and his mind had been filled with misgivings lest some evil consequences should accrue from his rash and foolish trick, he was now seized with dismay and repentance; for, bathed in a cold perspiration, pale as a corpse, and trembling as an aspen-leaf in the breeze, poor Philipps-Peter was scarcely able to stammer forth to his terrified wife what had happened to him. Long Linksen waited until the agitated man had retired to his bed, then he went sighing deeply back to his own house, there to pass a sleepless night, for he now recognised the impropriety of what he had done.

The following morning he learned that Philipps-Peter was dangerously ill. He had a violent nervous fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave. It was long before he recovered—not before the spring.

Unhappily, the Linksen had not been able to keep his secret intact, and his part in that evening's adventure reached the ears of the invalid. That bitter enmity arose between the two men and their families was to be expected. Did this imprudent joke, however, cure any one of superstition? That is a question which I must decline answering. Alas! I cannot tell, and that is sad, very sad, when we boast of the increase of education in our day, when we reflect that during the last thirty years our schools have greatly improved, and in them talented teachers labour, and worthy ministers endeavour to counteract superstition! And yet it is not conquered; it is not rooted out. The people cling to the belief in spectres, and it is propagated from one generation to another. It is lamentable that such should be the case, distressing to behold. When will the time come when more enlightened views will gain ground and obtain the victory over folly?

# OLD COURT.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Fourth.

RAINALD FANSHAW.

### I.

HOW CLARENCE TOOK UP HIS QUARTERS AT THE WHITE HART AT REIGATE.

OWING to its position, and other favourable circumstances, the pleasant old town of Reigate has preserved much of its original character. Built amidst trees, most of its habitations have fine old gardens attached to them, so that in summer the little town has a charming air; while one of its streets, skirted by pollard-elms, and by the towering timber of the Priory Park, offers a delightfully shady walk. What with its luxuriant timber, its cozy old houses, its comfortable hostels, its quaint old town-hall, its castle mound, its fine old church, so situated as to form a picturesque object from every point of view, its gardens, downs, hills, commons, heaths, and ever-varied walks, we do not know in the whole of merry England a pleasanter or prettier place than the good old town of Reigate, nor one wherein a few summer or autumnal months may be spent more agreeably.

Let us proceed thither.

On reaching Edenbridge, Clarence dismissed the groom who had attended him with his slender luggage, and took the first train to Red-hill. As yet he had formed no plans, for the mental distraction he had undergone did not allow him power of calm reflection, and he determined to take no step that might influence his future career without due deliberation.

Thus undecided, he arrived at Red-hill. Should he pursue his journey farther? Should he proceed to London or to Brighton? He wanted a few days' repose. Where could he find it better than at Reigate, which was close at hand?

He did not know the place himself, but Mr. Mainwaring had described it to him, and had spoken in high terms of an old-fashioned inn to be found there. Recollecting this, he drove to Reigate, and established himself at the White Hart—the hostel in

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question—which he found in all respects as comfortable as his old friend had represented it.

A pleasant little room, with French windows opening upon extensive and well-kept gardens, had been assigned him, with a bedroom above it, enjoying the same prospect. In summer, the gardens belonging to this quiet inn, with their smooth-shaven lawns, broad walks, and trim parterres, may vie with those attached to a large country-house; but of course, at the time when Clarence beheld them, they were robbed of their chief attractions. But nowhere could he have found a more agreeable retreat—nowhere could he have enjoyed greater privacy than at the White Hart.

He did not, however, confine himself to the gardens of the inn, but rambled about the adjacent country. In whatever direction he shaped his course, some enchanting prospect was offered him, and ere many days he had explored the whole neighbourhood—had scaled the North Downs and tracked the thickets cresting their summits—had rambled over the picturesque common, still happily unenclosed on the west of the town, and opening upon the vale of Holmdale, and had mounted its pine-crowned knolls and eminences; and, above all, had spent many an hour on the lovely hill forming part of the Priory Park, and which, in addition to its own beauties, commands one of the finest and most extensive views in the south of England.

Ere many days had passed, he had succeeded in getting rid of the painful thoughts that had recently perplexed and troubled him, but he could not, in spite of all his efforts, banish the image of his lovely cousin. Wherever he wandered she seemed to accompany him—on the downs, on the heaths, in the deep lanes, amid the groves. Neither did he succeed in laying down a plan for his future life. After being dazzled by a brilliant prospect, it was difficult to regard things in the same light as heretofore; and he discovered, on careful self-examination, that his sentiments on many points had undergone a remarkable change.

One day, after rambling about for several hours, he returned glowing with health and in greatly improved spirits, when, as he entered the inn, the waiter, who was standing in the hall, informed him that Mr. Mainwaring had arrived.

Clarence was greatly surprised. He did not expect him. How did Mr. Mainwaring know he was staying there?

The civil waiter could not answer that question. Mr. Mainwaring had arrived about two hours ago, and meant to remain for the night, for he had taken a bed. He had had a long chat with Mr. Steed, and had made some little addition to the dinner, with a bottle of the old port to follow. Mr. Mainwaring was very fond of the old port, the waiter added, with a smile.

“I’ll go to him at once,” cried Clarence.

And marching past the large bar-window, graced by the lady



manager of the house, he turned off into a passage on the right, and soon gained his snug little room, which was on the ground floor. Here he found Mainwaring seated in an arm-chair near the fire, reading *Bell's Life*.

"Ah, squire, here you are at last," cried the old gentleman, starting up as Clarence entered, and shaking him cordially by the hand. "I've had a deuced deal of difficulty in finding you out, and began to fear you had sailed for Melbourne, when most unexpectedly and by the merest chance I discovered your retreat from the driver of the fly who brought you. Well, you couldn't have done better than come here—capital house, good beds, good dinners—famous wine—charming gardens—excellent quarters altogether. I've had a talk with Mr. Steed, and have ordered a bottle of his old port—rare wine, I promise you. You haven't tried it, he tells me, but you *shall* try it to-day, my boy," he added, smacking his lips.

"I needn't say I'm delighted to see you, my dear Mr. Mainwaring," rejoined Clarence. "But I suppose you have some business with me, or you wouldn't have taken the trouble to find me out."

"Business! to be sure I have—very important business! But we'll talk about that presently. You went away in such a confounded hurry that I hadn't time to say a word—not even to bid you good-bye."

"My departure was necessarily abrupt," rejoined Clarence, gravely. "Under the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed I could not stay longer at Old Court. I am sure you can understand my motives."

"I don't quite understand them as yet, but perhaps I shall when we've had a little talk," returned the old gentleman. "Sit down. I've a good deal to say to you." And as Clarence complied, he continued: "Of course I am very imperfectly informed as to the cause of the misunderstanding which has arisen between you and your uncle, and all my conjectures on the subject may be very wide of the mark, I dare say; but you will be sorry to learn, I am sure, that the excitement he has undergone has been too much for Sir Hugh. He is seriously ill. As soon as we had recovered from the consternation caused by your sudden flight, our attention was turned to him, and we found he had sunk back in his chair in a sort of fit. Such was his ghastly appearance, that I confess for the moment I was apprehensive that life was extinct, but restoratives were applied, and after a while we succeeded in bringing him round. Amongst those who were most attentive to him was that incomprehensible fellow La Hogue, but he got very little thanks for his assiduity, for the look bestowed upon him by Sir Hugh, when the baronet opened his eyes, was anything but grateful.

"As soon as my poor friend was able to speak, he expressed a desire that the room should be cleared of every one except myself, and his wishes were complied with. When we were alone, I besought him to have medical advice, as I thought his symptoms dangerous; but he would not hear of it, and declared he should soon be better. Aware of his obstinacy, I said no more, but resolved to send for Doctor Bland without delay. Sir Hugh, however, as if guessing my purpose, would not let me leave him, but, grasping my arm, began to talk about you. I don't care to repeat what he said, for his language was incoherent, and it was evident that his mind was somewhat unsettled. He could scarcely believe you were actually gone, and when I convinced him of the fact, he seemed greatly distressed. I am sure, if you had been present, you would have been touched by the deep interest he displayed in you. He prayed me to seek you out, and, if possible, prevail upon you to return."

"If such is your errand, sir," said Clarence, firmly, "I must close the matter at once. I cannot—will not return. Nor will I see Sir Hugh again."

"I am very sorry for it," rejoined Mainwaring. "Such, however, is not my errand. I feared the mission would be unsuccessful, and would not therefore attempt it. I have come to you on my own account—but let me finish my narration. Noticing a change in Sir Hugh's countenance, and fearing he might have another fit, I rang the bell, and with the aid of Jodrell and Mrs. Mansfield, got him to his bedroom. He was worse that night, and Doctor Bland was sent for. Next day he was no better, and the doctor and Mrs. Mansfield were in constant attendance upon him. Very little improvement has since taken place in his condition."

"Have you serious apprehensions about him?" demanded Clarence.

"Undoubtedly he is in a precarious state," returned Mainwaring, "but I think the odds are in favour of his recovery. Doctor Bland was evidently much alarmed about him at first, but the worst symptoms have abated, and if he gains strength all will be well."

"How has Lucetta borne her father's illness?" inquired Clarence, with an anxiety which he could not conceal.

"As you may imagine, it has been a source of the greatest distress to her," replied Mainwaring; "the more so, since Doctor Bland has prohibited her from entering her father's room. As you may imagine, the attack has sadly interfered with the matrimonial arrangements. Very unlucky this, eh?" he remarked, looking hard at Clarence.

The young man made no reply, and Mainwaring went on:

"Captain Fanshaw has returned with Major Trevor to Brighton. The settlement of the important question must therefore await Sir

Hugh's recovery. The delay was a terrible disappointment to the impassioned swain, but the young lady would not consent to a positive engagement without her father's sanction. All the captain's appeals to Lady Danvers were ineffectual. Her ladyship could do nothing. He even begged my intercession, but I declined to interfere in so delicate an affair. I cannot help looking upon the interruption as unlucky—unlucky, I mean, for Fanshaw. Where there is a hitch in a matrimonial engagement, I have generally observed that the business goes off."

"But you do not imagine that any change has taken place in Lucetta's feelings towards her suitor?" said Clarence, quickly.

"I'm not quite sure," replied the old gentleman. "She was not altogether satisfied with his conduct at the interview with Sir Hugh. She expected—so at least Lady Danvers tells me—that he would have taken a higher tone, and shown greater disinterestedness, and she could not help contrasting his conduct with that of another actor in that singular scene, and greatly to the advantage of the latter. Were I to repeat half the praises she lavished upon that noble-hearted young fellow for his unparalleled generosity, I should make him vain—so I shall keep a discreet silence—but I must say his pretty cousin has been greatly impressed by it. And no wonder! for his conduct was calculated to touch a woman's heart. Just in proportion as he has risen in her good opinion, Captain Fanshaw has declined."

"Are you jesting with me, sir?" asked Clarence, anxiously.

"Not in the least," replied Mainwaring. "I am simply telling the result of my own observations, confirmed by what I have heard from Lady Danvers."

"What did you hear from her ladyship?" demanded Clarence, with increased anxiety. "Pray tell me all."

"Well, then, it appears that the captain got tired of hearing the young lady praise her cousin so warmly, and could not help showing he was piqued—a very unwise course, by-the-by, for, instead of desisting, his lady-love teased him the more, until he became angry and began to abuse her cousin, whose defence she took up with great warmth. Fanshaw soon perceived the mistake he had committed, and retracted, and so this little lovers' quarrel was patched up. But I think he lost ground by the indiscretion. Shall I tell you what Lucetta said afterwards to her aunt?" added the old gentleman, with a comical look.

"By all means," rejoined Clarence.

"Of course she never imagined it would come to your ears, but there's no harm in mentioning it. 'I don't think, aunty dear,' she said, 'that Rainald, if he had been placed in the same situation as Clarence, would have acted as magnanimously' There!—what d'ye think of that? Pretty strong, eh?"

Clarence flushed deeply, but did not answer.

"This was not quite all that passed between them," pursued Mainwaring. "For some minutes the young lady remained silent, and looking very pensive, when she exclaimed, 'It is very strange that, although I have only seen my cousin Clarence for a few minutes, I seem to have known him for years. I feel half angry with him for leaving us so abruptly. Oh, I wish he would come back! I think he would, if he knew how unhappy I feel.' And she burst into tears."

The cunning old gentleman watched the effect of his words from the corner of his eye, and perceived that the listener was much moved.

"It is useless to torture me thus," cried Clarence, at length. "I have told you that I cannot go back."

"Why not, in Heaven's name?" demanded Mainwaring.

"Don't ask me," cried Clarence, opening the window, and going out into the garden.

"The fish is hooked, and mustn't escape!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

With this he snatched up his hat, and hastily buttoning up his coat, started in pursuit.

## II.

### SYMPTOMS OF YIELDING.

CLARENCE had crossed the smooth lawn adorned by the ancient mulberry-tree, and had turned into a second garden on the right. Here the old gentleman found him pacing to and fro on a grass-plot planted with rose-trees.

"Ah, my dear boy!" cried Mainwaring, "you shan't get off thus. I must know your motive for absenting yourself from your new-found relatives?"

"I can give you no explanation," replied Clarence, impatiently. "Put what construction you please upon my conduct."

"It has been my fate throughout life to be mixed up with the Chetwynds," muttered Mainwaring, "and I have found them all confoundedly obstinate. But I think this youngster is the most unreasonable and wilful of the whole lot. I am out of all patience with him. Harkee, young sir," he added, sharply, "you must excuse my telling you plainly that you are acting very like a fool."

"Mr. Mainwaring, you presume——"

"Nay, it's useless flying into a passion with me. I say you are acting like a fool, and by-and-by, when you come to your senses—as it is to be hoped you will—you will deeply regret what you are doing. I take a real interest in you, sir—a real interest—or I shouldn't bother myself about you. But I am bound to tell you

that you are throwing away your best chance in life. What do you propose to do next, sir?"

"I haven't made up my mind," rejoined Clarence, sullenly. "Perhaps I may go to Australia."

"Go to the devil! But you shan't go there if I can prevent it. Now listen to me. From what I've seen and heard, I don't think this match between your charming cousin and Captain Fanshaw will come off. It may, but I don't believe it will. I wouldn't raise any idle hopes in your breast, but Lucetta has evidently displayed a marked partiality for you. It will be your own fault, therefore, if you don't improve this feeling into something warmer. Old Court may still be yours, and Lucetta along with it."

"But Lucetta's engagement with Captain Fanshaw still subsists," said Clarence, on whom Mainwaring's words made a decided impression.

"Plague take the lad!" exclaimed Mainwaring, petulantly. "How often must I tell you there is no positive engagement? The affair will rest as it is until Sir Hugh's recovery. But I consider the interruption fatal. Taking this view of the case, I put it to you whether it would not be the height of folly to seek a fortune in Australia when you have one ready made in your own country? Unless I am greatly mistaken," he added, with a knowing look, "you are not wholly indifferent to the charms of your cousin?"

"Indifferent! I love her deeply," replied Clarence.

"Then stay where you are, and you will win her."

"No, no!" cried Clarence, after a struggle with himself. "The temptation is great, but I must resist it. There is stronger reason now than ever why I should leave the country."

"Upon my soul! I can't understand you," said Mainwaring. "You own you are passionately enamoured of your lovely cousin, and when I affirm that you have a very good chance of obtaining her hand, if you will only take advantage of the opportunity, you say that is an additional reason for flying from the country. Bah! Stay where you are. Leave the gold-fields to beggarly diggers. If you toil for a century you'll never pick up such a nugget as you may get for asking at Old Court. Australia, forsooth! Do you suppose you'll meet with another Lucetta at Melbourne? There may be some fine girls there, but not one worthy to hold a candle to your cousin. Besides, there is one consideration, which, if you have any proper feeling, ought to detain you. I mean, your uncle's precarious state of health. Even if he recovers from the present attack, I am persuaded he won't last long. And if he falls, you may be of infinite use to Lucetta. You are her nearest relation—indeed, her sole near relation—and you ought not to desert her at a critical juncture like the present. It is true that she has her aunt, Lady Danvers, to apply to for counsel, but she may want a male

adviser. Before taking any step, wait, at least, till Sir Hugh is out of danger."

"You have convinced me," replied Clarence. "For Lucetta's sake, I will remain."

"You have come to a wise determination," said the old gentleman, secretly laughing at his success. "And now, since the matter is settled, let us take a turn round the garden. Gad! what a charming place this is! You should see it in summer, when the roses are in bloom, and the trees in full leaf. Just the place to spend a honeymoon in—blissful hours in yonder bowers, amorous talk in shady walk, and all that sort of thing. I only wish I could knock off fifty years, I'd get married myself in order to spend my honeymoon at the White Hart. Just look round," he added. "What can be a prettier picture than those woody banks, with the houses peeping from out the trees? And then you have the town, with its quaint old town-hall—and the Priory Park, with its groves—and the lovely hill beyond it, with its groups of trees—and Sunnyside—how delightfully it is situated!—its possessor ought to be a happy man—and then the old church—what a lovely object it is, and how well it comes into the picture! But that it is getting late, and I feel rather tired, I should suggest a walk to the park."

Having taken another long survey around, he re-entered the house, and sat down by the fire.

Just as the town-hall clock struck seven dinner was served. Perfectly aware that he had to do with a very particular guest, Mr. Steed treated him accordingly. During his stay at the White Hart, Clarence had been content with very moderate living, so that by comparison the dinner now set before them appeared sumptuous. However, though giblet-soup and a chicken-turbot, with a couple of light entrées, formed no part of his own order, he made no sort of objection to them. Neither did he disapprove of the mellow old sherry or the well-iced champagne. The triumph of the dinner was an admirably roasted Dorking fowl, and ample justice was done to it, both our friends being good trenchermen. Mainwaring enjoyed the repast amazingly, and the bottle of old port—veritable '24—which was brought in with all due ceremony, and which proved to be in superb condition, made him supremely happy.

After he had enjoyed a glass or two of this fine wine, and induced Clarence to follow his example, he remarked: "Don't be alarmed at the dinner, my dear boy. I am responsible for it in every way. And now let me get another little matter off my mind, which I haven't yet touched upon. You must be in want of cash——"

"I've quite enough, sir," said Clarence, colouring.

"No interruption—I'm sure you must. I know the state of your exchequer. You mustn't be put to inconvenience."

"I'll take good care of that," remarked Clarence.

"No interruption, I say again. You can't object to a gift from your father's old friend. I've five hundred pounds that I don't know what to do with. Here it is," he added, giving him a pocket-book.

"Upon my word I'm greatly obliged by your kindness, sir," rejoined Clarence, "but I can't accept the gift."

"But I say you shall," rejoined Mainwaring, peremptorily, "unless you desire to give me mortal offence. If your pride won't allow you to accept the money as a gift, take it as a loan, and repay me when you please."

"On that understanding I am willing to put myself under this great obligation to you," said Clarence, taking the pocket-book. "But there is no other person from whom I would accept such a favour."

"Pshaw! say no more about it, but help yourself to wine. He little thinks the money comes from his uncle," mentally ejaculated the old gentleman. "A pretty crammer I told him when I said that I had more money than I know what to do with. Magnificent wine this! What flavour!" he added, smacking his lips. "We must have another bottle."

"The wine is admirable, but no more for me," rejoined Clarence, rising from the table as he spoke.

"What! you don't mean to desert the bottle?" cried Mainwaring, aghast.

"Indeed I do," said Clarence. "I must have a mouthful of fresh air."

And, opening the window, he walked out into the garden.

On going forth he noticed a figure standing near the old mulberry-tree.

It was very dark at the time. The figure glided swiftly away towards the farther end of the garden, and was almost instantly lost to view.

### III.

#### AN UNEXPECTED MEETING IN THE PRIORY PARK.

NEXT morning, at a tolerably early hour, Clarence sallied forth for his customary walk before breakfast, having previously ascertained that his old friend was not yet stirring.

It was a fine frosty morning, well adapted for exercise, and he set off at a brisk pace, in order to keep himself warm, in the direction of the lovely hill which we have already described as rising to the south of the Priory Park.

Passing through a grove of lofty pines, he mounted the gorse-covered banks, and halted for a short time near the group of fine trees which adorn the eastern end of the eminence, and as his eye

swept down the deep glen, with its sides studded with old hollies and thorns, and clothed with fern, until it at last rested upon the large mansion in the park, he thought how incomparably more beautiful the scene must have been when on the site of that formal structure stood a noble religious house reared by the piety of the De Warrenes and dedicated to Our Lady and the Holy Cross, and when on the lofty mound behind the monastery towered Holm Castle, built by the same De Warrenes, and utterly demolished during the Civil War. But though the old monastery and the old castle were both gone—though the vast domains of the proud Earls of Surrey have been disparked and turned into commons and waste—and though the mighty forests which erstwhile sheltered the roebuck and the wild boar have been felled—still the view had a charm of another kind.

Despite the ravages made upon it by the axe, the vale was still well wooded, and the outline of the downs shutting it in on the north was exquisite as of old, though their chalky sides had been laid bare in places. Bright and beautiful looked the downs on that lovely morning, and Clarence followed the fair range as it trended to Box-hill and Dorking. Beautiful looked the little town of Reigate, nestling in the valley amidst the trees—beautiful exceedingly looked the old church, situated on the gently rising ground on the east of the town, with its gilt vane glittering in the sun, and its square embattled tower overlooking the whole district. Clarence's meditations, as we have seen, had been directed towards the past, and while gazing at the fine old church he thought of the brave Lord Howard of Effingham—the victor of the Spanish Armada—who rests beneath its chancel.

After contemplating this picture for some minutes he turned in the opposite direction, and allowed his eye to range over the vast panorama exhibited on the south.

The whole Weald of Sussex, intersected by countless hedges, scattered over with innumerable villages, churches, mansions, parks, thickets, and homesteads, and traversed by railways, now made manifest by the white smoke of the locomotives—all this vast plain lay before him. Often as he had gazed upon this splendid panorama, it never failed to delight him, and he now surveyed it with as much rapture as ever, marking the dim line of the South Downs just discernible in the distance, the Kentish heights on the left, and the lofty ridge of Leith-hill on the right.

His thoughts involuntarily strayed towards Old Court, but the beautiful district in the midst of which lay the ancient mansion was concealed by intervening hills.

Satisfied with his survey, he moved along the soft turf, occasionally disturbing a rabbit, which quickly sought shelter amid the furze, until he reached another group of trees at the farther end of the hill. Here he again made a brief pause, and then,



plunging down the declivity, gained a deep lane overhung by hazels, holms, and briars, which led him across part of the valley watered by a small brook, tributary to the Mole, and up another eminence, until it brought him to a heath—once, as we have stated, part of the park, but now almost entirely divested of timber.

Fain would he have extended his walk, and visited the wind-mill so picturesquely situated on a high mound, or some of the many pine-crowned knolls which diversify the waste, but he thought that Mainwaring would be waiting breakfast for him, and therefore turned back, and in a short time regained the foot of the hill over the brow of which he had just passed.

He did not ascend it again, but took the path which skirts the northern escarpment of the hill, and which, being only separated by low palings from the grounds of the priory, leads the wanderer through some of the most charming sylvan scenery imaginable. On the left is to be seen, through the lordly oaks that fling their giant arms over the footway, the large sheet of water which ornaments the park, while on the right rise banks covered with fern, and scooped out into fantastic and charming hollows.

Clarence hurried on his way without lingering a moment to note its beauties, and scarcely perhaps observing them, and he had just gained an ascent, crested by three mighty sister oaks, when he saw a person advancing from the opposite direction.

To his great surprise, and, it may be added, to his great annoyance, he recognised La Hogue. As the free-and-easy gentleman stopped, with the evident design of addressing him, it was impossible to pass him.

"Well met, my dear boy—well met!" exclaimed La Hogue, as Clarence came on. "Enchanted to see you again. I'm at the Swan in this town, where I arrived last night, and should have come to you at once, but I found old Mainwaring was with you, and I don't care to meet him."

"Our acquaintance must cease, sir," rejoined Clarence, haughtily. "I wish you a good morning."

"Stop a minute," rejoined the other. "Don't fancy I'm going to upbraid you for your foolish conduct on a recent occasion. I really wish to be your friend, if you'll let me. Now that you've had time for calm reflection, I feel quite sure you must regret the splendid chance you've thrown away. But it's not too late to recover the ground. I'll tell you what I mean to do. Sir Hugh's serious illness has a little interrupted my plans, but he's getting better now, and will be soon well enough for business," he added, with a meaning smile. "Then I shall tackle him again. If you decline to act with me, I must proceed on my own account. You may be sure I shan't abandon my prey. I have your uncle in my toils, and there I mean to keep him.

First of all, I mean to break off this proposed marriage between your cousin and Captain Fanshaw. You look incredulous, but the thing is easily done. Well, by some means or other the marriage is broken off. Then comes the question who is to have the girl—you or myself?"

"Audacious villain!" exclaimed Clarence, indignantly. "Dare you raise your thoughts towards her?"

"Fair and softly," rejoined La Hogue, wholly unabashed. "The young lady is not so much beyond my reach as you imagine. But I do not desire to rob you of the prize. On the contrary, I offer her to you, and engage to clear the way of all difficulties."

"Your assurance is astounding!" cried Clarence. "Without this proof, I should not have believed that impudence could go so far."

"You flatter me," rejoined La Hogue, smiling; "but I can accomplish a good deal when I set about it. Now, take a little advice from one who has had rather more experience of the world than yourself. Never refuse a good offer. Don't make an enemy when you can make a friend. Don't let silly scruples stand in the way of advancement. You have made one grand mistake—don't make another. Don't fancy you can shake me off—I won't be shaken off. On the day you left Old Court I ascertained that you had come to Reigate, and I have kept watch over you ever since. I knew old Mainwaring was coming to you, and I know more about his errand than you do," he added, with a knowing laugh. "I know where he got the five hundred pounds that he lent you last night. Do you think the old fool has five hundred to throw away? Not he!"

"If I thought Sir Hugh had sent the money, I would force it back upon him," cried Clarence, angrily.

"And make a fool of yourself for your pains," laughed La Hogue. "What matters it where money comes from? You want it. Keep it. I'll find you plenty more by-and-by. And I'll find you a wealthy wife. Now, if you're wise, keep a close tongue with Mainwaring. Don't tell him you've seen me, or you will thwart any plans I may have for your benefit. As I've told you, I'm at the Swan. If you want to see me, you'll find me, a couple of hours hence, at breakfast in the coffee-room. I shall return to Old Court to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Perhaps to-night," rejoined La Hogue; "and I shall be very glad of your company. Au plaisir!"

With this he raised his hat and passed on, leaving Clarence to pursue his way unmolested.

## IV.

DOCTOR BLAND.

A CHANGED place was Old Court.

Always dull, an added gloom was cast over it by Sir Hugh's illness. A catastrophe seemed impending, and the recent strange events furnished the constant theme of discourse in the servants-hall. The inquisitive hirelings were never weary of talking about the singular discovery of Clarence's birth—of the possible motives that could have influenced Sir Hugh's extraordinary conduct towards him—of the young man's noble refusal of the property, which excited universal admiration; but, above all, they were curious to ascertain the real cause of his sudden departure. They were quite sure it originated in some way or other with Mr. La Hogue. No one doubted that he had contrived to sow dissension between the uncle and nephew. No one doubted that Sir Hugh's illness was caused by the shock he had received, but they wanted to know how he had been so terribly shocked. A sort of mystery had always hung over Sir Hugh, and just when there seemed a chance of penetrating it, it had become darker and denser than ever.

It is almost superfluous to say that neither Mrs. Mansfield nor Jodrell took part in these discussions. They were both too much attached to their master, and too discreet to utter a word to his disadvantage, or to allow any such talk in their presence. Nevertheless, they had their own private confabs in the housekeeper's room, and they both agreed that all the mischief that had occurred had been caused by the machinations of La Hogue.

"The malignant rascal has contrived to poison our young gentleman's mind against his uncle," said Jodrell, "and I now begin to fear that Sir Hugh may be carried off before any reconciliation can take place between them."

"That would indeed be sad," sighed Mrs. Mansfield. "But the whole business is so painful and so inexplicable that I can't bear to think of it. Poor Sir Hugh! my heart quite bleeds for him. Unhappy as his life has been, its close, I fear, will be still more melancholy. It has been his misfortune that all his actions have been misapprehended, and that when he has meant to do a kindness he has failed in the object. In this particular instance I feel quite sure he was actuated by the highest and best feelings in his conduct towards Clarence; but what has been the result? Ah, Jodrell!" she added, heaving a deep sigh, "you may rely upon it our poor dear master has an incurable wound, a terrible canker at the heart, that won't be discovered till after his death. He always reminds me of those martyrs we read of who bore their sufferings without a groan. Poor gentleman! I fear we shan't have him long."

"And then we shall lose an excellent master, Mrs. Mansfield."

"Troth shall we," rejoined the old housekeeper. "However, there is still hope, for Doctor Bland doesn't think so badly of the case as I do myself, and feels sure Sir Hugh will get better. I trust he may, with all my heart. I pray daily, almost hourly, for his recovery. What distresses me most is, that he won't see his daughter."

"I can't understand that," said the butler, shaking his head. "I should have thought the sight of her would do him good."

"So anybody would imagine, but Doctor Bland thinks otherwise," returned the housekeeper. "I won't venture to set my opinion against his, though I can't see what harm could ensue, and the interdiction greatly distresses our young lady. The doctor is very decided, and I daren't disobey him; but I will," she added, energetically, "if Sir Hugh should become worse."

"Well, let us hope for the best, Mrs. Mansfield," said Jodrell, rising, and preparing to depart. "Doctor Bland will be here soon, and then I trust he will relax his order."

Doctor Bland resided at Sevenoaks, and being very skilful in his profession, enjoyed an extensive practice throughout the surrounding district. In fact, he had more practice than he could conveniently manage, and was obliged to confide a portion of it to his junior partner, Mr. Hammond. Doctor Bland was Sir Hugh's senior by several years, and had attended the former baronet. Having known Lucetta from infancy, and carried her safely through all the illnesses incident to childhood, and watched over her ever since, Doctor Bland took quite a paternal interest in her; while on her part she felt an equal regard for him, and made him the receptacle of all her little confidences and troubles. It was impossible, indeed, to have a kinder manner than this excellent and able physician possessed, nor one better calculated to soothe and sustain an invalid. His serene aspect on entering a sick-room seemed to assuage the anguish of the sufferer, and communicate hope to the sinking breast.

Doctor Bland was tall, well made, with handsome features, characterised by a most agreeable expression, snow-white locks which he wore rather long, and a fresh complexion. In short, it was a very pleasant kindly face to look upon.

On the morning in question he had ridden over from Sevenoaks, and after remaining for nearly a quarter of an hour in Sir Hugh's chamber, and giving some instructions to Mrs. Mansfield, he repaired to the library, where he found Lucetta and Lady Danvers.

As he entered the room, Lucetta, who was engaged on some feminine occupation, immediately laid her work aside and ran to meet him, anxiously inquiring how he found her father.

Taking her hand kindly, Doctor Bland replied, in his pleasant accents,

"I will relieve your mind at once, my dear, by telling you that I think him decidedly better. His head is clearer, and he is less nervous and excitable, and if he continues to improve, in a couple of days I shall be able to let you see him—perhaps even to-morrow—but I dare not promise."

"Oh, let it be to-morrow, dear doctor," she cried. "You cannot conceive how wretched I feel at being debarred from his presence at a time like the present. I pass hours near his door listening for a sound, and I envy Mansfield, who is privileged to attend upon him. I have tried to induce her to let me take her place, but she won't disobey your orders; and besides, she says papa would be certain to recognise me."

"To be sure he would, my child," said Doctor Bland, kindly, but firmly. "You must not commit such an imprudence. Your father's life hangs on a thread, and the least excitement might prove fatal."

"But why should my presence agitate him?" she cried. "Until now, when there is most need that I should be near him, he never liked me to be out of his sight. Now, when I might prove the affection I feel for him, I am prevented from approaching him—from even entering his room. I would observe the utmost caution—I would not disturb him—I would not speak, save in the lowest whisper. He should not hear the sound of my footsteps. All I desire is to be near him—to watch over him—to do something for him. If you persist in this cruel interdiction you will make me ill."

"You ought to know me better than to tax me with cruelty," rejoined Doctor Bland, gently pressing her hand which he had not yet quitted.

"I don't mean to reproach you," she rejoined, regarding him with tearful eyes. "I know you are kindness itself. You have given me a thousand proofs of your regard. But pray let me have some explanation of this unaccountable proceeding? Have I inadvertently offended my father—and in what way? I tax myself in vain to find out the cause of his displeasure, unless he is angry about Captain Fanshaw. But that need not vex him. I will sacrifice my own feelings. I will give up Rainald at once if he wishes it. He has only to command, and I will obey. I am not a disobedient daughter—indeed I am not."

"You need not give me that assurance, my dear," said Doctor Bland.

"I would sacrifice not only my inclinations, but my life for my father," cried Lucetta. "That something has happened to change his feelings towards me I am convinced. Were I dear to him as before, he would not suffer me to be absent at such a crisis. He would have summoned me instantly, if I had been from home. But now that I am in the same house with him, I might be miles

away. Does he ever inquire after me, dear doctor? Does he ever mention my name? I perceive from your looks that he does not," she continued, in a voice of anguish.

"Since you force me to explain, my dear," said Doctor Bland, "I must state that I act in accordance with your father's injunctions."

"Then it is true that he does not desire to see me!" she cried, in a voice of anguish. "What have I done?—what have I done to deserve it?"

"Don't mistake me, my dear," said the doctor, in the kindest voice imaginable. "I am quite sure there is no abatement in your father's affection for you, and I am equally sure that you have not offended him. How is it possible that you *could* offend him?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Lucetta.

"Dismiss the thought at once," rejoined Doctor Bland. "You are worrying yourself most unnecessarily. I'll tell you exactly what Sir Hugh said to me, when I first saw him, after the attack. 'I have one order to give you, doctor,' he said, 'and I require you to attend to it. My head is so strangely affected, that I am sure delirium is coming on. I may not long be master of myself. Wild fancies possess me. Promise me, that while I am ill—unless there should be no hope of recovery—that Lucetta shall not come near me. In my frenzied state—for my brain, as I tell you, is quite disordered—I might say things she would never forget. I might charge myself with fearful crimes. Do not let her come near me, under any pretence whatever, till I am calmer. Give the order as if from yourself.' He looked so earnestly at me as he spoke that I could not refuse compliance, and he appeared somewhat more composed. But I could see from his looks that his fears of approaching delirium were only too well founded. As you know, my dear, I have strictly obeyed his injunctions. The only persons who have approached him since his attack have been Mrs. Mansfield, Jodrell, and Mr. Mainwaring."

Lady Danvers, who had been listening to what had passed, now came forward.

"I fear Sir Hugh has something on his mind, doctor," she remarked. "I wish he could be prevailed upon to confer with his chaplain. I am sure good Mr. Vereker would afford him consolation, and it was only last night that the worthy man expressed his deep regret to myself and Lucetta that he had not been sent for."

"I quite agree with your ladyship," replied Doctor Bland, "that religious counsel might be profitable to Sir Hugh, were he capable of listening to it, but unfortunately such is not the case. I know that all his worldly affairs are arranged, and that, so

to speak, 'his house is set in order.' I did not, therefore, deem it necessary to make any suggestion to him respecting his lawyer, Mr. Murrell. In fact, I have sought by every means to subdue his nervous excitement and irritation, and I think I have succeeded."

"I am rejoiced to hear you say so, doctor," rejoined Lady Danvers. "In that case, there is some prospect that my detention in this dismal house is drawing to an end. I came down for a day at Lucetta's request—leaving Brighton at the height of the season—and here I have been kept for upwards of a week. It has been a terrible annoyance to me, but I could not leave the dear child in her distress."

"I don't know what I should have done without you, aunty," said Lucetta, gratefully, "and I shall never forget your kindness in remaining with me. I know I have been a wretched companion, for really I have had no spirits at all."

"You have not been very lively, indeed, my love, but that was scarcely to be expected," rejoined her ladyship. "I really think, doctor, I am the most to be commiserated of the two, for if there is one trial to my patience greater than another it is to be condemned to a dull country-house. I wonder I am still alive. As to Lucetta, she is no longer the sprightly girl she used to be. None of her numerous Brighton admirers would recognise in the pale creature she has become the idol of their admiration. She does nothing but mope, and if she talks at all, it is only about poor dear papa, or poor Rainald, or poor cousin Clarence. However, since you assure me that Sir Hugh will be well in two or three days, I will be content to endure the annoyance a little longer, but only on the condition that Lucetta returns with me to Brighton."

"I thought, from what you just said, that your ladyship was tired of her society," said the physician, smiling.

"Her spirits will improve when she changes the atmosphere," rejoined Lady Danvers.

"I can't allow you to delude yourself with this notion, dear aunty," said Lucetta. "I cannot go back with you to Brighton."

"Why not?" cried her ladyship. "Why should you stay here? I am sure Sir Hugh will be rather glad that you should go."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Dr. Bland. "But we shall know better when we can venture to consult him. I must now wish you good day, ladies. I have several other visits to pay. I shall be here to-morrow at the same hour, and trust to find Sir Hugh improved."

So saying, he shook hands with them both, and quitted the room.

## V.

## MR. LA HOGUE PROCEEDS WITH HIS TASK.

ON that night Lucetta was alone in her boudoir.

It was eleven o'clock, or a little later, and all the inmates of the Hall had retired to rest. Lady Danvers, who found the long evenings insupportable, had kissed her niece and bade her good night more than an hour ago, and was probably fast asleep, and, it might be, dreaming of a rout or concert at Brighton. Rather later, Mrs. Mansfield had brought a good report of the invalid, and had likewise wished her young lady good night; while Jodrell, who slept in Sir Hugh's dressing-room, with the door of communication between the chambers partly open, had likewise sought his couch.

Lucetta, therefore, was probably the only person in the Hall still awake.

Seated at a table writing—to whom we shall not inquire—she was so much occupied that she did not hear the door softly opened and as softly closed—neither was she aware that any one had entered the room, until, accidentally raising her eyes, to her infinite terror she beheld a man standing at a short distance from her. In this intruder upon her privacy she at once recognised La Hogue.

Her first impulse was to start to her feet and ring the bell, but before she could reach it La Hogue interposed.

"Pray don't make any disturbance, Miss Chetwynd," he said. "I have an important communication to make to you—a most important communication—and am compelled to adopt this means of approaching you."

The man's respectful attitude, and the tone in which the words were uttered, somewhat reassured her. Nevertheless, she exclaimed with great spirit, and with a determination made manifest by her looks,

"Whatever may be the nature of your communication, you have no right to intrude upon me thus, and at such an hour. You must have stolen into the house, and deserve to be treated like a robber. Do not advance a single step nearer, or nothing shall prevent me from giving the alarm."

"I have no desire to frighten you, Miss Chetwynd," rejoined La Hogue, in the same deferential tone as before. "Circumstances compel me to adopt this otherwise unwarrantable course. But as soon as my errand is discharged I will depart as I came."

"Speak, then, quickly," she cried. "What have you to say to me?"

"I must premise," he replied, assuming a grave manner, "that the communication is of a very painful nature, and I must entreat you to summon all your fortitude to bear it."



"Does it relate to my cousin Clarence?" inquired Lucetta, uneasily.

"In some degree," he replied; "but chiefly to your father."

A cold shiver passed over her frame, and she felt ready to sink. She comprehended that some dreadful disclosure was about to be made.

Noticing her agitation, La Hogue, with affected sympathy, said, "You had better be seated, Miss Chetwynd."

"No, no," she gasped, supporting herself against the table. "It will pass in a moment. Go on!—go on!"

"I will spare your feelings as much as possible in the terrible details I am about to give," said La Hogue; "but, in order to convince you of their truth, I must remind you of the retired and gloomy life led by your father, so unaccountable in one in his position of society; of his ordinarily morose manner, and moody fits. I must mention these things, in order to confirm my statements; and must also advert to Sir Hugh's apparently inexplicable conduct in regard to your cousin Clarence—I mean, in bestowing upon him the whole of his property to your detriment."

"You keep me in an agony of suspense," cried Lucetta. "I know all these things. My father's melancholy is constitutional, and has afflicted him for years, and his conduct towards Clarence, though it may surprise others, does not surprise me, knowing as I do his high sense of honour, and religious observance of his word."

"The sentiments you express prove you to be an excellent daughter, Miss Chetwynd," said La Hogue. "I honour them."

"A truce to this," she cried, with unmitigated scorn. "Go on. Let me know the worst."

"You cannot be aware of a certain portion of your father's history, and that he had formed a deep and unfortunate attachment before he married your mother. I say 'unfortunate,' because the lady's affections were already bestowed upon another—upon his brother, in fact."

"Upon his brother!" exclaimed Lucetta, aghast.

"Upon Clarence's father," rejoined La Hogue. "The brothers, therefore, were rivals. Can you not conceive to what terrible extremities such a rivalry might lead? Your uncle was the successful suitor. He married the lady privately, but did not long enjoy possession of the treasure he had obtained. He had to deal with one who was not likely to forgive the wrong done him, but was determined on vengeance. Sir Hugh discovered the secret, and from that moment his breast became a hell. A fierce thirst of vengeance consumed him, only to be appeased by blood. His brother's fate was decided upon."

"My uncle was murdered—murdered by robbers!" cried Lucetta, trembling violently.

"He was murdered," replied La Hogue, in a low deep voice. "But not by robbers."

"Villain! dare you charge my father with the dreadful deed?" she exclaimed, with a look of such fiery indignation that he quailed before it, and made no direct reply.

At length he spoke:

"You have now a key to the secret grief that has weighed upon your father's soul. You can understand how his breast has been tortured by remorse. You can understand why he has sought to make expiation by bestowing his possessions on Clarence, and why Clarence rejected them. All this must now be plain to you."

"I will not, cannot believe it!" she cried. "Do you mean to insinuate that my father hired assassins to slay his brother?"

"No," replied La Hogue. "He himself was the assassin."

"It is false! it is false!" almost shrieked Lucetta. "My father is the best and kindest of men, and would not injure any one, far less his brother. It is false, I say. The atrocious charge is made with some abominable motive."

"My motive in making the communication to you is to guard you against a danger," said La Hogue. "Your cousin Clarence loves you."

"Loves me!" she exclaimed, in angry surprise. "This, like the rest, is false. But if it were so, is this a moment to introduce the subject?"

"I am obliged to mention it," rejoined La Hogue. "Clarence, I repeat, loves you passionately. Perhaps he is animated by a feeling of jealous rage akin to that which burnt in your father's breast at the time of the tragedy I have described. I know not how this may be. But he is resolved, firmly resolved, to prevent your marriage with Captain Fanshaw."

"Prevent it! How?" cried Lucetta.

"By disclosing all I have just told you to your lover," rejoined La Hogue. "He knows full well that Rainald Fanshaw would never marry the daughter of an assassin."

"Oh, Heavens! that I should be compelled to hear words like these!" almost shrieked Lucetta.

"Jealousy will make men commit acts from which they would otherwise revolt with horror," rejoined La Hogue. "Take my assurance that Clarence will never surrender you to Rainald. He is a true Chetwynd in that respect."

"Answer me one question," said Lucetta, again regarding him with flashing eyes. "Are you my cousin's envoy? Did he send you to make this communication to me?"

"Not exactly," equivocated La Hogue. "But I know his intentions in regard to Captain Fanshaw, and I therefore thought it would be best to warn you. But do not distress yourself. As yet, the dark secret is only known to Clarence and my-

self. My lips will be easily sealed. And your cousin will be effectually silenced if you will only transfer your affections to him."

"Ah! I see it all now!" exclaimed Lucetta, in a voice of anguish.

The strain upon her feelings was too great. She could bear no more, and with a half-stifled cry sank insensible on the floor.

La Hogue contemplated his work with a cynical grin.

"I think I have produced the right effect upon her," he muttered. "The match will inevitably be broken off, and she must take Clarence. Mon Dieu! what a lovely creature she is! No wonder the lad is enamoured of her. He shouldn't have her if I thought I had the slightest chance, but I know she would reject me with scorn. What's here?" he added, glancing at the letter on which Lucetta had been occupied at the time of his entrance. "A letter to Rainald! I'll take it with me—it may be useful." And, folding up the paper, he secured it. Then glancing at the inanimate girl with something like compassion, he continued: "I mustn't leave her in this state—yet I daren't assist her. I'll ring the bell. Before it can be answered, I shall be out of the house."

With this he rang the bell violently, and then hurried out of the room.

Some two or three minutes later, Mrs. Mansfield appeared in her night-dress, and was dreadfully frightened and distressed by finding her young lady lying on the floor. At length she succeeded in restoring her to sensibility.

"Is he gone?" cried Lucetta, gazing round with terror as she opened her eyes.

"Who, my dear?" cried the old housekeeper. "Have you seen any one?"

"Yes, Mr. La Hogue. He was here just now," replied Lucetta.

"Here! Impossible!" cried Mrs. Mansfield. "And yet it might be. Did you ring the bell before you fainted, my dear?"

"No," replied Lucetta, feebly. "I had not strength to move."

"Then he must have been here," cried Mrs. Mansfield. "Perhaps he's in the house still. I'd better call up the servants."

"No, no; I feel sure he's gone," rejoined Lucetta. "Don't talk any more about him. Oh, dear old Goody, I've had a dreadful fright."

"I can see you have, my love," rejoined the housekeeper. "But try to compose yourself."

"Help me to my room," said Lucetta, "and don't leave me on any account. I feel as if I should faint again."

"Don't be afraid, my dear. I won't leave you for a moment," rejoined Mrs. Mansfield.

## VI.

## SHOWING THE EFFECT OF LA HOGUE'S COMMUNICATION.

THROUGHOUT the night Lucetta was attended by the devoted old housekeeper, and when she awoke next morning from a troubled sleep, she felt as if still under the influence of a hideous dream.

Presently the dreadful truth rushed upon her, and she recalled with painful distinctness the appalling details she had listened to. Vainly did she strive to disbelieve the dreadful tale. La Hogue she felt to be unworthy of credit, but his story was evidently true. All that was mysterious and inexplicable in her father's conduct and character—his moodiness and gloom—was accounted for. Now that she was in possession of the dread secret, she understood why she was excluded from his room during his present illness. But the knowledge she had acquired made her more than ever anxious to be near him, and offer him all the consolation in her power.

Fresh terrors assailed her as she thought that his life was in the hands of La Hogue. A word from that man might destroy him. The thought was madness, but she calmed herself by reflecting that it was not the villain's interest to betray him.

That which perplexed her, and pained her acutely, was Clarence's cruel conduct. If La Hogue's representations were correct, her cousin was acting most unworthily. But she rejected this part of the statement as utterly inconsistent with Clarence's character. He could never have acted as magnanimously as he had done, and fall off so lamentably. Jealousy could not entirely change his nature. Love her he might—perhaps did—but he could not resort to such base means to rid himself of a rival, neither could he hope by such a course to win her affections. Such conduct in one like Clarence was improbable—nay, impossible. La Hogue must have a motive for misrepresenting him thus shamefully.

Nevertheless, she felt with a keen pang that, although the dread secret might never be revealed to Rainald, though he might never be made acquainted with her father's crime, all idea of a union with him must be abandoned.

Distracted by all these painful considerations which forced themselves upon her, and would not be dismissed, she arose, attired herself, and went down-stairs to breakfast.

She was later than usual—much later—and her aunt, who had read all her letters, and skimmed the cream of the fashionable intelligence contained in the *Court Journal*, which she had caused

to be sent to her, was about to take her to task, when she noticed her looks, and exclaimed, with unaffected uneasiness:

"Why, my dear child, what is the matter? I never saw you look so ill before. You haven't a particle of colour in your cheeks, and your eyes have sunk in their sockets."

"I don't wonder at it, aunt," she replied. "I had a great fright after you went to bed, and fainted in my room. I have passed a most wretched night. This will account for my being so late, but I am sorry you have waited breakfast for me."

Lady Danvers was curious to know what had frightened her niece, but as Lucetta seemed disinclined to satisfy her, she did not press her inquiries, but talked on general matters, and as cheerfully as she could. But Lucetta took no sort of interest in any topic that was started, and her looks and abstracted manner filled her aunt with uneasiness.

"You must really consult Doctor Bland, my dear," said Lady Danvers. "You have quite lost your appetite as well as your good looks. If you have any trouble on your mind, confide it to me. You were expecting a letter from Rainald. I hope it has brought no bad news. I don't suppose he can have failed to write."

"He has written, aunty," replied Lucetta, becoming paler than ever. "I had a letter from him this morning."

"Well, what does he say?" inquired Lady Danvers.

"I have not yet opened it," rejoined Lucetta, sadly.

"Not opened it!" exclaimed her ladyship. "You amaze me. An extraordinary change indeed must have come over you. Yesterday, you were all impatience for his letters. Now I'm quite sure something must be wrong, though what it is I can't possibly conjecture. Do take your aunt into your confidence, darling. Nobody can feel for you as I do—not even your father—in a case where your affections are concerned. Shall I tell you what I think? Perhaps I am wrong, but you give me the impression that your feelings have changed towards Rainald. If so, pray don't fear to tell me. My experience may be useful. A woman's feelings will change in spite of herself. She believes her heart's affections immutably fixed upon a particular person, when somebody else more attractive appears, and she discovers her mistake. She didn't love the first person quite so well as she imagined. In fact, she prefers the second; consequently the first is jilted. I dislike that word, but no other will express my meaning. I am now speaking from my own experience, my dear. People said I jilted my first love, Captain Curzon, but I had ceased to care about him, and preferred some one else—that was all. My feelings were not under my own control. I fancy you are in the same predicament, and if I am right, there is only one person who can have produced this sudden change in your feelings, and that

person is your cousin Clarence. You will give me credit, I hope, for a little discernment?"

"Dearest aunty, you are entirely mistaken," said Lucetta. "I have not ceased to love Rainald—it would be better for me if I had—but I can never become his wife."

"Oh, I see it now!" cried Lady Danvers, indignantly. "I never could have expected it after his protestations of undying regard, and all such stuff. But men are all alike. Don't take the matter so much to heart, my sweet child. More eligible suitors will appear. I have one in my eye already. As you know, I always preferred young Ripley to Rainald."

"Again you are mistaken, aunty dear," said Lucetta, sorrowfully. "Not the slightest change has taken place in Rainald. I have no doubt that the letter I have just received, and which I have not ventured to open, would prove his unalterable regard. It is this conviction that makes me wretched. When I know he loves me so passionately, how can I crush his hopes?—how can I drive him to despair? Yet there is no help," she continued, half distractedly. "Whatever it may cost me, I must do it—I must do it."

"Now you fairly perplex me, my love," said Lady Danvers, regarding her with profound sympathy, "and I can only infer that some unexpected obstacle has occurred to interfere with the match."

"Now you are right, aunt," cried Lucetta. "There is an unsurmountable obstacle to it. I shall never be united to Rainald—never—never! Better, far better, I had never seen him, or, seeing him, had never listened to his vows. I have indulged in a bright brief dream,—but it is over, and only darkness and despair remain."

Lady Danvers made an effort to console her niece, but failed, being herself nearly overpowered by emotion.

After a pause, Lucetta said, with forced composure,

"How shall I break this matter to Rainald, aunt, so as to give him least pain?"

"If you have quite determined, I will write to him," replied Lady Danvers. "But do not, I entreat, act hastily. This is a step that cannot be recalled."

"I am quite determined, aunt," said Lucetta. "Delay would be useless. Pray write to him to-day."

"I won't oppose your wishes, though I think you should take time for reflection," returned Lady Danvers. "I will write as considerably as possible. Am I to enter into explanations? I cannot say that Sir Hugh refuses his sanction, and I must not, I suppose, intimate that your own feelings are changed?"

"Tell him that I feel I could not make him happy—that all is

over between us—that he must think of me no more, and find some other love——”

Here her utterance was checked by sobs.

“But he will scarcely be satisfied with this, darling,” said Lady Danvers, “and will most likely reply that he can never cease to think of you, and won’t find another love.”

“Then tell him what you please,” cried Lucetta. “Write in a cold freezing tone, calculated to excite his indignation. Make me out fickle, capricious—odious. Make him hate me. Paint me in the darkest colours you can employ. But no—no—I would not incur his scorn.”

“Leave the composition of the letter to me, my love,” said Lady Danvers. “I will try to write as you will approve, and in such terms as will accomplish the object. But you must return Captain Fanshaw’s letters.”

“Must I, aunt?”

“Of course,” rejoined her ladyship. “Give them to me by-and-by, that I may enlose them. This is really a sad business, and I wish from my heart it could be avoided.”

At this moment the door opened, and, to the surprise of both ladies, Mainwaring entered.

“Good morning, ladies—good morning!” cried the old gentleman, stepping up and shaking hands with both. “Just arrived from Reigate. Glad to find I’m in time for breakfast. Allow me to ring the bell,” he added, making himself at home, as he always did at Old Court. “Something hot, Jodrell, if you please,” he said, as the old butler answered the summons.

“Immediately, sir,” replied Jodrell, departing on the errand.

Mainwaring could not fail to remark Lucetta’s haggard looks, but naturally attributing them to anxiety about her father, he merely remarked that he was exceedingly glad to find Sir Hugh so much better.

“We shall have him down-stairs again, I dare say, in a few days,” he said. “But now I must tell you what I’ve been about. I’ve completely succeeded in my errand. Clarence was at Reigate, as I supposed. He talked of going to Australia, but I convinced him the idea was preposterous, and urged him most strongly to come back to Old Court, and I think he will. I shouldn’t be surprised,” continued the old gentleman, “if he were to come to-day.”

“Oh, Heavens! I hope not!” exclaimed Lucetta. “I can’t see him.”

Mainwaring looked quite confounded at this totally unexpected declaration, and glanced at Lady Danvers as if seeking an explanation; but her ladyship only shrugged her shoulders. Just then Jodrell entered, followed by Pigot, with a supplement to the breakfast in the shape of broil and a savoury omelette. After he

had helped Mainwaring with a judgment which the old gentleman perfectly appreciated, he approached Lucetta, and told her in a low voice that Mrs. Mansfield wished to speak with her. On this intimation the young lady surrendered her post at the breakfast-table to her aunt, and quitted the room.

"I hope Sir Hugh is not worse, Jodrell?" said Lady Danvers, with some anxiety.

"Oh no, my lady," replied the old butler. "The fact is, my lady, it's not Mrs. Mansfield——"

"What do you mean, Jodrell?" she inquired.

"I'll tell your ladyship who it is," interposed Mainwaring. "It's Clarence. He's in the housekeeper's room. I hope Miss Chetwynd won't be displeased. But, upon my soul! I thought she would be delighted to see him."

"Young ladies are very whimsical, as you must have found out, Mr. Mainwaring," said her ladyship.

And as soon as the servants had retired, she added: "You must have perceived that Lucetta is greatly upset, and you shall learn the cause. She has determined to decline Captain Fanshaw's offer."

"Zounds! you don't say so?" cried Mainwaring, almost choking himself with a mouthful of broiled turkey. "Very strange?—very sudden, eh?"

"Inexplicable! No motive whatever assigned," rejoined her ladyship. "But I am commissioned to write to the captain, and acquaint him with his fate."

"Bless my stars! this *is* news," said Mainwaring. "Your ladyship may well say that young ladies are whimsical. Clarence has come back at the very nick of time."

"I don't think *he* has occasioned the rupture," rejoined Lady Danvers. "But there's no saying."

"I can tell your ladyship one thing," said Mainwaring; "he's desperately in love with his pretty cousin."

"Then he has now a chance," replied Lady Danvers. "Hearts, like balls, as you know, are easiest caught on the rebound. I shan't be sorry if he wins her."

Mainwaring chuckled, and went on with his breakfast.



## VII.

## CLARENCE OFFERS TO TAKE THE LETTER TO RAINALD.

ON entering the housekeeper's room, Lucetta was greatly surprised, and indeed startled, to find Clarence. Had it been possible, she would have avoided an interview with him at this juncture, but she could not withdraw. Her looks, however, so plainly revealed what was passing in her breast, that Clarence could not fail to perceive that his presence troubled her.

"Forgive me for sending for you thus, Lucetta," he said, gravely. "I shall not remain long. Had it not been absolutely necessary that I should see you, I should not have come at all."

"Now that I look upon your face, cousin," she cried, gazing fixedly at him, "all my suspicions disappear. You cannot be a party to this plot. You can never have sent that infamous wretch La Hogue to me?"

"Sent him!" cried Clarence. "It is to warn you against him that I have come hither."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say so, cousin!" she exclaimed, taking his hand. "You are true and loyal-hearted, as I supposed you. The miscreant was here last night, and forced himself into my presence. You may guess what he told me."

"And you suspected me of being leagued with him, Lucetta?" he cried, in a tone of reproach. "I rejected the villain's propositions with scorn, but I did not treat him as he deserved, because I know him to be dangerous. I came to warn you, as I have said, but I find he has been beforehand with me, and has done all the harm he could. But further mischief must be prevented. How he is to be got rid of I know not; but it must be done. He deserves to be shot down like a wild beast. Lucetta, your father's life is in this man's hands."

"Then you believe my father guilty, Clarence?" she cried, with an agonised look. "He is not!—he is not!"

"Do not ask me what I believe," he rejoined. "The villain with whom we have to deal is capable of any infamous practice. He may arouse Captain Fanshaw's suspicions, and prevent your marriage. This danger must be averted."

"The marriage will never take place, Clarence," she rejoined. "Do you think I could be happy if I had a secret in my breast which I did not dare to divulge to my husband? Do you think I could wed Rainald, when, if he knew the truth, he might shrink from me with horror? The marriage is impossible. My aunt will write to Captain Fanshaw to-day to announce my fixed determination."

"Perhaps it is the best course to pursue, though I am not the person who ought to offer you such counsel," said Clarence. "If you desire it, I will deliver the letter to Captain Fanshaw. It will be an unpleasant task, but I will not shrink from it. You may trust me as you would a brother."

"I am sure I can," she rejoined. "On all accounts it is desirable that the letter should be thus delivered. When will you go? I do not want to have the business delayed, lest I should falter in my resolution."

"I will go at once," said Clarence.

"Captain Fanshaw is at Brighton with his regiment," continued Lucetta. "You will find him at the Preston Barracks, near that town."

"All news always travels quickly," said Clarence. "I shall be there soon—too soon for Rainald. All I need is some conveyance to Edenbridge."

"A horse shall be saddled for you at once," rejoined Lucetta. "I will return presently." And she quitted the room.

Left to himself, Clarence had an opportunity of considering the position in which he was placed. The errand he had undertaken was eminently distasteful to him, but he was bound to fulfil it, and he consoled himself by reflecting that, come what might, he was influenced by no unworthy motive.

At last Lucetta reappeared with a small packet. If possible, she was paler than before.

"Here is the fatal missive which may blight Rainald's whole life!" she cried, giving it him with a trembling hand. "Mine, I feel, is utterly blighted."

"If you think so, why send it?" rejoined Clarence.

"It must go!" she cried. "But I did not imagine the pang would be so sharp. Oh, I hope he may not suffer as I do!"

"Lucetta," said Clarence, in accents half suffocated by emotion, "you love this man dearly."

"Can you doubt it?" she rejoined. "I never knew how well I loved him till now."

"I pity you from my soul," cried Clarence. "And I again beseech you to reflect. Do not act rashly."

"Why do you seek to shake my resolution, Clarence?" she cried. "Go—go! Come back at once, and tell me how he bears it."

"I will do your bidding, Lucetta," he rejoined. "Farewell!"

As he quitted the room the poor girl's firmness quite forsook her, and she sank into a chair, and wept bitterly.

Had Clarence beheld her then his journey to Brighton might have been checked. But he was already galloping through the park on his way to Edenbridge.

## VIII.

## AT THE PRESTON BARRACKS.

IN less than three hours he was at Brighton.

Immediately on his arrival he drove to the cavalry barracks, which, as most persons know, are situated on the Lewes Road, at no great distance from the town. Alighting at the gates, he ordered the driver to wait for him, and entered the broad enclosure in the midst of which stands the large but ugly pile, whose chief merit is its power of accommodating so many troops.

As Clarence passed the sentries, and made his way towards the officers' quarters, the bugle sounded, and drew his attention to a body of men drawn up at the farther end of the green. Among the officers engaged in inspecting these troops was Captain Fanshaw, as he learnt from a servant who showed him into a small room looking upon the yard, where abundant newspapers and magazines, if he had been inclined to read them, might have helped to beguile the tedium of waiting for Rainald.

At last the trampling of horses, and the clatter of bridles and arms, announced that the morning's work was over.

Shortly afterwards, voices and loud laughter were heard in the passage, and Rainald and Major Trevor burst into the room. Both were in the splendid uniform of the 40th Hussars, and both seemed much surprised on beholding Clarence. Major Trevor greeted him with remarkable cordiality, and hoped he would be his guest at the mess dinner.

"It's deuced lucky both Fanshaw and myself happen to be disengaged to-day," cried the cheery major. "I'll take no refusal."

Clarence, however, was obliged to decline, and hastened to explain that his sole object in coming to Brighton was to convey a message to Captain Fanshaw.

On this, the major immediately took the hint and retired.

Rainald then turned to Clarence, and said quickly, and with evident anxiety:

"I hope you bring good news, though your looks rather alarm me. You cannot have been at Old Court, I conclude, yet you say you have a message for me. Pray let me know from whom it comes?"

"I have a letter for you, Captain Fanshaw," rejoined Clarence, gravely. "But I must entreat you to read it in private."

"Is it from Lucetta?" cried Rainald. "For Heaven's sake, say at once if anything has happened!"

"Here is the letter," rejoined Clarence, giving it to him; "but

let me again beg of you not to read it here. I will await your convenience, and offer you any explanation in my power."

"It is not her handwriting," exclaimed Rainald. "It is addressed to me by Lady Danvers. What does it mean? This is no letter, but a packet. A horrible idea crosses me. You know what the packet contains. I see you do. Speak, sir!—speak!"

Clarence made no reply, but moved away to a short distance.

But though he averted his gaze, he knew that Rainald, unable to control his agonising impatience, had torn open the packet. Lightly as they fell, he heard the letters enclosed in it drop to the ground, and he also heard the groan that broke from the young man's breast.

There was an interval of deep silence.

When Clarence looked round again, he beheld Rainald leaning against the mantelpiece in an attitude of despair, with Lady Danvers's letter crushed in his hand.

Aroused by the slight movement, Rainald started from his position, and regarded the other with fierce and haggard looks.

"You know what Lady Danvers has written to me?" he cried.

"I know the purport of her ladyship's letter," rejoined Clarence, "and I can assure you that it pains me deeply to be the bearer of such a communication."

"It is difficult to credit the assertion," cried Rainald, whose excitement and irritation momentarily increased. "If what I have read in this letter be correct," he added, flinging it down, "though I can scarcely believe it, some traitor, from motives which it is easy to conjecture, must have been at work to produce the change in Lucetta's sentiments towards me. I do not think I need look far to discover the person who has acted thus dishonourably."

"If the allusion is levelled at me, sir, as I cannot doubt," rejoined Clarence, haughtily, "I can only say that it is utterly unmerited. Did I not feel for you, I would offer you no explanation. Circumstances compelled me to go back to Old Court. I went there this morning—only this morning, and was then commissioned to take this letter to you."

"What were the circumstances, may I ask, that took you back to Old Court, after your emphatic declaration that you never meant to return there?" cried Rainald. "No doubt you have some satisfactory explanation to give, though none, I confess, occurs to me."

"I owe you no explanation as to the motives that led to my return, and will give none," rejoined Clarence, with haughty firmness. "Understand, sir, once for all, that I did not come here on my own account."

"This shall not serve your purpose, sir," cried Rainald, greatly incensed. "I insist upon an explanation."

"Insist!" exclaimed Clarence, scornfully. "You forget with whom you have to deal."

"No, I do not forget," rejoined Rainald, in a bitterly taunting tone. "I am perfectly aware that I have to deal with one who, little more than a week ago, was an unknown adventurer—whose claims, even now, to a respectable position have not been legally established—whose conduct, judged by any rules, is hardly consistent with the character of a gentleman."

"Enough, sir, quite enough!" cried Clarence, fiercely. "I will tolerate no more such language. Whatever I may be, my conduct, I think, will contrast advantageously with yours. I came here on a friendly errand, anxious—most anxious—to spare your feelings—desirous to afford you any explanation. How have you received me? Without the slightest provocation on my part—without the slightest justification on yours—you have grossly insulted me. I might easily retaliate—I might apply terms to you fully warranted by your conduct; but I will not follow an ill example. It is clear that your object is to force a quarrel upon me."

"I own it," said Rainald, whose fury had not in the least subsided; "I believe that you have robbed me of Lucetta's affections. I believe that you have come here, not from the motive you allege, but to enjoy my disappointment. Will you attempt to deny that you volunteered to bring this cursed packet to me?"

"Certainly not," replied Clarence; "I offered to deliver it to you."

"This admission confirms all the rest," cried Rainald, white with rage. "I see perfectly what you have been about. I understand why you made that vain-glorious speech on your departure. You calculated—and it appears tolerably correctly—upon the effect it was likely to produce on your sensitive cousin. From that moment I date the change in her feelings. And you have lost no time in completing your design—in what way is best known to yourself—but the result is manifest."

These injurious expressions inflamed Clarence to such a degree that he was no longer master of himself, and it is highly probable that a personal collision might have taken place between the two young men, if the opportune entrance of Major Trevor had not prevented it.

"Halloa!" exclaimed the major, "what's the row?"

"I must leave Captain Fanshaw to explain," rejoined Clarence. "I wish you good day. You will hear from me speedily, sir," he added, in a low tone, to Rainald.

"When you please, sir," rejoined the other, with haughty indifference.

"Stop a moment if you please, Mr. Chetwynd," cried Trevor, perceiving that the quarrel was far more serious than he had

apprehended. "I see there has been a misunderstanding between you and Fanshaw. Can't I settle it?"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Quite impossible!" added Rainald.

"Poh! poh! a dispute can always be arranged," cried the major, in a pacific tone. "What's it all about? Well, I won't ask," he added, glancing at the letters scattered on the floor. "But let me try my hand at mediation. Somebody must be in the wrong. Who is it? By Heaven! I begin to think you are both to blame," he added.

"For many reasons I do not desire to quarrel with Captain Fanshaw," said Clarence; "and if he will retract the injurious expressions he has used, I shall be content."

"Are you willing to do this, Fanshaw?" inquired the major.

"No," replied the other, haughtily; "I will neither apologise nor retract."

"Then there is nothing for it but a meeting," said Clarence.

"Exactly my opinion," said Rainald.

"Hang it! it's a thousand pities that a meeting cannot be avoided," exclaimed Major Trevor. "A duel is a most awkward affair now-a-days. And recollect that you can't fight in England, so, if there is to be a meeting, it must take place on the other side of the Channel."

"Be it so," rejoined Clarence. "Three days hence we will meet at Calais."

"I will not fail you," said Rainald. "We can cross together in the first boat, or you will hear of me at the *Hôtel des Bains*."

"Enough," said Clarence. "Till then, farewell, gentlemen!"

And with a formal salutation he quitted the room.

"I can calculate upon you, I conclude, major?" said Rainald, as soon as Clarence was gone.

"Of course," replied the other. "But you may regard my consent as an act of great friendship. Society is against duelling, and seconds in an affair of honour are more rigorously judged than principals. You can't shoot your man quietly as you could do in the good old times. The confounded newspapers are sure to be down upon you. Don't leave these tell-tale letters here," he added, picking them up. "I suppose they are connected with this quarrel? How goes on the love-affair?"

"At an end," replied Rainald.

The major gave utterance to a slight whistle.

"The devil!" he exclaimed. "Now I begin to understand. This spark has cut you out. No wonder reconciliation with him is impossible."

"Lady Danvers has sent me a letter by this insolent booby which has crushed my hopes," cried Rainald. "Lucetta can never be mine, her ladyship says. There is some unforeseen ob-

stacle in the way. You know what that means, major," he added, with a bitter laugh. "There always *is* an unforeseen obstacle when a match has to be broken off. But I won't take her ladyship's dismissal. I *will* see Lucetta. I will hear my doom pronounced by her own lips. I intend to go to Old Court this evening."

"Let me dissuade you from the design, mon cher," said Major Trevor, earnestly. "You will do no good. Miss Chetwynd would never have allowed this letter to be sent to you unless she meant to close the affair. Besides, your own letters have been returned. Perhaps this insolent booby, as you style him, who is altogether unaccustomed to the usages of society, may not have acted with sufficient delicacy, but it is quite evident you are sold."

"I'll shoot him through the head to teach him manners," cried Rainald.

"That won't mend the matter," rejoined the major. "Neither will you improve your position by going to Old Court. The girl has thrown you over. Accept your defeat like a man. Better luck next time."

"You treat the matter lightly, major," said Rainald. "But with me it is an affair of life and death. I love Lucetta to distraction, and won't surrender her without a struggle. By some means or other I *will* see her to-night."

"Well, if you are determined to be a fool, take your own course," rejoined Trevor. "But don't say I didn't try to hinder you. It would serve you right if I enjoined you not to leave the barracks."

"You have never loved, major, or you wouldn't thwart me," said Rainald, preparing to quit the room. "I must now go and get my traps ready. Adieu till to-morrow."

"Take care you're back early, or, by Jove! I'll treat you as absent without leave. What asses men are when they fancy themselves in love!" he muttered, while lighting a cigar. "Thank Heaven! I was never troubled by the tender passion!"

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER XX.

"ENTRE L'ARBRE ET L'ÉCORCE NE METS PAS LE DOIGT."

It occurred to Colonel Home that it would be a good thing to give a great ball. The probability of there being a vacancy in the representation of the county became every day more like certainty, and Adelaide had suggested that a grand ball would be a step in the right direction. Adelaide's strong points were dressing well, looking beautiful, and dancing like a sylph, and as she was not a young woman to hide her candle under a bushel, she thought the ball was the very arena she needed; and as her host found his greatest pleasure in pleasing her, the ball was decided on. But before the invitations were issued, the programme was altered and extended. There were some very plain girls of the party at Thornicroft, and these were for the most part great in private theatricals, tableaux, and charades. Each one had her satellites amongst the gentlemen, and when the question of the ball was mooted, the girls who could act, and who made no distinguished figure in the dance, voted a ball "a stupid affair, only fit for women whose brains were in their feet."

Anxious to please every one, Colonel Home decreed that there was to be a play on one night, and a ball on the second night following. The resolution gave universal satisfaction, and the preparations were commenced with a degree of vigour which turned the house upside down. "The Lady of Lyons" was the play at last decided on, Miss Heathcote taking the part of heroine, very much to the disgust of the other ladies ambitious of histrionic laurels. But Colonel Home was anxious to propitiate Magdalen when he could, and he, moreover, knew her for a capital actress; so he flattered one and soothed another, until he managed to make the representatives of the gardener's widow and Madame Deschappelles believe that their characters were those on which the success of the play depended.

A merry farce, which had had a run of several nights at one of the metropolitan theatres, was to be the afterpiece; and as there were three ladies'-maids and three heroines, each of whom had a good deal to say and do, and as Miss Heathcote altogether declined to condescend to farce, the malcontents were appeased, and there were rehearsals in the library, the billiard-room, the dining-room; wherever, in short, three or four of the embryo performers could find a room tolerably secure from constant interruption. Costumes were had from London; the ball-room made a very tolerable theatre, and men in paper caps pervaded all the approaches to it.

The great day was at hand, and the acting copies of the play were scarcely ever out of the hands of those most concerned. Miss Heathcote, who came some days before the one fixed for the representation to stay at Thornicroft, seemed to possess a power of concentration



which was much envied by her colleagues. She could study her part uninterruptedly, although fifty people might be talking and laughing round her; and, indeed, she said she preferred that mode of learning her rôle. Adelaide was very angry, for Miss Heathcote always treated her with the utmost contempt, overlooking her altogether when that was possible, and when it was not, she behaved towards her with a calm polite scorn, which made Adelaide ready to cry with rage. Magdalen also was sure to spoil Adelaide's *tête-à-têtes* with Colonel Home.

"George!" she would say—she always called him George—with a defiant coolness, which Adelaide, and indeed Laura, too, found excessively provoking—"George! I wish you would come and hear me my part."

"Not now, please, Miss Heathcote," said Adelaide on one of these occasions; "Colonel Home has promised to ride over to Helmley with me, and if we do not start early we shall get wet through; that wonderfully weather-wise Scotch gardener says that it will rain in torrents about three or four o'clock."

"Better you should not venture to Helmley in that case," returned Miss Heathcote. "We all know by experience that you are famous for staying out till dark, particularly when——"

"Particularly when *what*, Miss Heathcote?"

But Miss Heathcote's splendid black eyes had returned to her book, her delicate eyebrows had gone up into a most irritatingly supercilious arch, and her lips were curved into a scarcely perceptible sneer. Adelaide advanced close to her:

"I ask you what you meant just now, Miss Heathcote. I must beg that you will finish your sentence."

"And I must really beg that you will not disturb me, Miss Lenox."

"I never met so insolent a woman!" cried Adelaide, in a passion.

But Magdalen went on murmuring the words of her part, and took no further notice of her angry rival. Colonel Home had quitted the library at the first signal of war. Adelaide had, of course, the worst of it, for she thoroughly lost command of herself, and said many things she had much better have left unsaid. In the midst of her eloquence Miss Heathcote quietly rose and left the room; in passing up the staircase which led to her own apartment, Magdalen met Colonel Home.

"George, will you take a turn with me on the terrace?" she said. "I must speak to you."

"I should be most happy," was his reply, "but that——In fact, I am very sorry, Magdalen, but I have promised to go out with Miss Lenox in a quarter of an hour."

"I do not, of course, presume to urge my claims in opposition to hers, but it will take her much more than a quarter of an hour to make her toilette, and a very short time will suffice for what I have got to say."

"Well, as you please. But why go on the terrace, Magdalen? The wind is bitterly cold; let us walk here instead." And he turned into a long narrow room fitted up with pictures and statuary.

"You think I look angry and excited, George?—and you are quite right—and you are afraid that Miss Lenox may see us, and be displeased with you? But it is of little moment to me; what I have got to say can be said anywhere." And she turned into the gallery, whither he followed her, carefully closing the door as he did so.

"Now, dear Magdalen, I am at your service."

She turned round, and looked him full in the face. His eye would have quailed before hers, for he knew he was playing her false (had there been any real question of truth or falsehood in such a connexion as theirs), had it not been that he knew his own power over her, and felt that, however dignified and self-contained towards the rest of the world, he held a spell which had power to make her pliable as wax; therefore he returned her look with one as tender and melancholy as he could assume on so short a notice.

"Why are you so angry, Magdalen? What have I done?"

"You have allowed me to be insulted," she answered, "and you went away like a coward, lest for very shame you should feel yourself compelled to protect me, and so offend your present object."

"What do you mean?"

"Yes, you always take refuge in that when you have no answer prepared. You know perfectly well what I mean. I have been grossly insulted by that vulgar girl, and I will bear it no longer; yes, I will no longer bear either her insolence or your contemptible time-serving. You may choose between us. After all—after all"—and her bosom heaved, and the fire of her eyes was dimmed—"I must be your enemy or your friend, as *I* understand the word."

"Now, Magdalen dearest, do be reasonable. The girl is a fool and a flirt, and is very amusing without giving me any trouble, and it was much better that I should go away when I saw there was a row coming, for, had I stayed, I *must* have taken your side so decidedly that she would have been furious, and as she has neither reticence nor discretion, every one in the house would have heard all about it within an hour; and with all that has been said about my previous devotion to you, and Laura's former suspicions, and all that, you know, *that* would not have been pleasant."

"Your devotion to me is so much a thing of the past now, that people need not trouble themselves to remember it."

"Ah! Magdalen, how unkind you are! When you know, too, that I have no choice—that appearances must be kept up! You know you were my first, best love—the one real love of my life!"

"Words are but breath," she said. "I believe you did love me once, but you are weak and vacillating, and I sometimes despise myself that I can feel any interest in you or your proceedings."

"You cannot help it," he said, taking both her hands, and kissing them. "However circumstances may have separated us, we have too much in common to be ever wholly sundered."

"But how can I bear to see you perpetually hanging about that girl—such odiously bad style as she is, too?" said Magdalen, considerably softened.

"Now, my sweet one, do not poison the pleasure of being together by jealousy; it was always a fault of yours. You remember, you were even jealous of poor Laura."

"Laura has learned a lesson from you," said Magdalen, with a sneer.

"In what way?"

"Nonsense! You must see it, as every one else does."

"Indeed, I see nothing but that she is looking particularly well for her—has more animation, less insipidity, than usual."

"Oh! you *have* seen that! And the reason for the change?"

"I am sure I don't know, unless that she has gained more sense, and reconciled herself to what Bulwer would call *The Inevitable*."

"She has reconciled herself to good purpose. Can you not see that Lord Serle and she are never apart? The whole country is talking of it. One is perpetually breaking in on their *tête-à-têtes*, and even when surrounded by others they don't seem to mind; *he* takes no pains to conceal his attentions, and she accepts them quite as a matter of course. Oh! when those impeccable good women *do* take to naughty courses, they have an à plomb and coolness which quite distances anything such a poor amateur as I could dare venture on."

"Lord Serle and Laura!" cried Colonel Home, with an air of utter bewilderment. "You are raving, Magdalen. Laura is the last girl in the world to attract Serle's admiration, or any more of his attention than he is bound to pay his hostess."

"Think so if you please, but I had not thought you so stupid."

"If there had been anything to see I could not have failed to notice it; but Serle, of all men! Why, I know Serle's taste so well, that I could tell you exactly the sort of woman who would attract him, and Laura is not at all that."

"Well as you know him, I can tell you I only say the truth; use your eyes and ears, and judge for yourself."

Colonel Home's face flushed.

"Serle may admire my wife if he pleases," he said, coldly; "he will not gain much by it of *her*, I am perfectly sure."

"Are you? Yet men have been as sure as you, and been deceived."

"That may be; but, Magdalen, let me hear no more of this. I have never loved Laura; if I fancied I did for a time, the fancy was soon over; no, I have never loved Laura, but she is as pure as an angel. She will never do me this wrong."

"Of what wrong do you speak?" said Laura's voice. And Laura herself stood beside them. They were seated on one of the velvet sofas in a recess about half way down the gallery, and in that well-ordered establishment, where all the doors opened noiselessly, Laura's entrance had not been heard, nor in the excitement of the moment had they been aware of her approach till she stood fronting them. "Of what wrong am I accused?" she repeated, her face white to the very lips, and her lovely clear eyes full of scorn.

A most contemptible figure the guilty pair presented at the moment. Colonel Home rose to his feet, and tried to laugh, but his face was almost as pale as that of his wife. I think Miss Heathcote was the worst of the two, for, after a minute, her self-command returned.

"There is not the least occasion for tragedy, Mrs. Home," she said, with a calm smile; "we were merely speaking of the forthcoming

play, and I suggested that perhaps, as you were not to take a part in it, you might do as Lady Brassington did last year under similar circumstances. On the day fixed she was taken alarmingly ill, and continued so until all the guests had left the house, when she recovered with wonderful celerity."

Laura said nothing for a little while, but, beyond one glance at Miss Heathcote, her eyes never wandered from her husband's face.

"Come, Laura," he said, coaxingly, "don't look so angry. Surely, an old friend like Magdalen may say a thing like that in jest, and mean no harm."

He attempted to take her hand as he spoke, but with a gesture which was almost a shudder she drew back, saying :

"Adelaide is looking for you everywhere. I promised to tell you so if I saw you."

And she passed out as silently as she had entered. How very mean those whom she thus left felt themselves any one may imagine. Miss Heathcote was trembling from head to foot, and, a rare weakness for her, was on the verge of tears; but her companion did not essay to console her; loving his wife so little as he did—yet, perhaps, more than he knew—Miss Heathcote's accusation against Laura had hurt all that was left of honour in his nature, and the ready falsehood broke the last link which bound them together; so true it is that crime may be pardoned between lovers, or those who call themselves so, but meanness strikes at the very root of the illusion, and, as in this case, destroys it for ever.

In five minutes more Colonel Home was in the saddle and riding along by Adelaide's side, and Miss Heathcote was locked into her room prostrate on the bed in a storm of sobs and tears.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A NICE LITTLE ARRANGEMENT.

COLONEL HOME's feelings were very conflicting, and Adelaide thought him a very unentertaining companion as they rode side by side along the quiet country road, where the red and yellow leaves floated down from the tall wayside trees. Bad as he was—and he *was* very bad—he had not yet reached that lowest depth to which men fall who have no belief in the purity or goodness of humanity, and, above all, of female humanity. Truth to say, the colonel might have been held in some measure excused if he had been rather sceptical on this point, for his acquaintance amongst the weaker sex had chiefly been with those who not only did not resist temptation, but seemed to court it. Nevertheless, he fully and perfectly trusted his wife, and was furiously angry that any one should have dared to hint that she was accessible to temptation. He was at once half dubious of Lord Serle's admiration for Laura, and proud that one so universally understood to be so fastidious and refined should have singled Laura out from so many more striking women as the object of admiration and attention; but it was part of his weak, small, vain nature to feel at the same time displeased and mortified that Lord Serle

should think worthy of his devotion an object which Colonel Home consistently neglected. It was a reproach to him as a man of good taste, and he dreaded above most things the being convicted of bad taste. The more he thought over the doings of the past few weeks, the more he knew that Magdalen was in some measure right. Laura and Lord Serle were certainly very much together. He read to her as she worked, talked to her, sang for her and with her. Yes, he certainly paid her very marked attention, but Colonel Home smiled triumphantly to himself as he thought, "All the world might bow the knee to Laura, and yet, neglect her as I might, she would value one smile, one kind word, from me more than any tribute from others." Quite true, sir, but did it not occur to you to reward so well-tryed a fidelity by a little more liberality in the bestowal of those same kind words and smiles? Not a bit of it; he would have held Laura in far higher estimation had she been less devoted to him; he had a good deal of the fine old English spirit which declares that thrashing is equally good for "a woman, a dog, and a walnut-tree." I do not exactly mean to imply that he would have thought fit to beat his wife; far from it, he was no coarse, brawling ruffian; but there are other stripes than those bodily ones, and I have known women who would have chosen "the outward and visible signs" of punishment rather than the "inward and spiritual" ones. Curiously enough, the relations between Laura and Lord Serle occupied the colonel's mind, almost to the total exclusion of that which might have been supposed to form a prominent subject for perplexed thought—namely, Laura's inopportune entrance into the gallery, and her having overheard his words. The very uncertainty of how much she *had* heard would—one might have thought—have excited some amount of uneasiness; and so perhaps it did, but he was too sure of himself, and of Laura's fealty, to waste much thought on that; he knew he had but to fool her with a sweet word or two, and he could make her believe whatever he pleased. He looked up, and found Adelaide watching him with a piqued kind of curiosity.

"You are excessively preoccupied," she said, as her gaze met his. "A most amusing cavalier you are to-day. I suppose Mamma Heathcote has given the naughty boy a lecture."

"In justice you should have had the greater portion of the lecture," he replied. "You were my 'head and front of offence.'"

"Oh, I thought so. I really wonder you bear that woman's insufferable insolence."

"She complains of yours."

"And what did you say?"

"What do you think?"

"I can't tell; probably you joined in her tirade."

"You know I did not."

"I should be sorry to guarantee what any one might do when once in that griffin's clutch. I could find it in my heart to do anything to bribe her to let me go if I found myself in that awful position."

"I don't think you need fear her; she seems to have a wholesome dread of your eloquence."

"That is delightful. I detest her."

"And she does not love you."

"That is as it should be. I should not like to be ungrateful."

"Are you always grateful for the affection you receive?"

"Oh yes, in certain limits I am."

"How very grateful you have cause to be towards me."

"You do not care a straw about me. I am not grateful to you."

Now, Colonel Home *did* care for Adelaide—that is to say, she excited and amused him, pleased his taste and his vanity, and was his last and most permanent passion; for giddy and silly as she was, the young lady was wary, and had no warm feelings to betray her into being too much interested. It was a precious game of vanity, folly, and trifling with temptation on both sides, but the man, having more earnestness than the woman, was the most likely to suffer whatever penalty might hereafter be demanded. He looked hurt and annoyed for a moment.

"Do you really believe that I do not care for you, Adelaide?"

"Yes, I do. That horrid creature would not dare to brave me if you really cared for me."

"There are many reasons, electioneering reasons, why I should keep her on my hands, but I own she is not a little fatiguing."

"I should say so."

"But, Adelaide, you *must* know that my feeling towards you is not to be compared with what I feel for any other woman on earth. Unfortunately for me, we have met too late; but you have that fine sympathy with me which——"

"My goodness, Colonel Home!" she interrupted, pettishly, "if it *be* too late, it *is* too late; and what's the use of talking about it? You are a married man, and ever so much older than I, and if you are going to make love to me *au sérieux*, I shall go off to-morrow. Why can't you let us go on pleasantly as hitherto?"

"Are you altogether heartless, then?"

"Yes, so far as that goes; I must not fall in love with you, and I won't—so that's enough about it."

"Would you, could you, if you might?"

"Time enough to ask that when I may."

"You are, then, quite indifferent to my happiness or misery? It is well to understand that even now."

"I wish Laura could hear you. Oh, what idiots girls are! They believe everything a man says, and put themselves and their happiness in his keeping, and the first new face that takes my lord's fancy, the poor silly girl is left to cry her eyes out."

"*You* are not of the believing sort, however, nor would you cry very much if you were deserted."

"No, fortunately for myself. Now don't be sulky; it does not improve your appearance, nor add to my enjoyment. You are Laura's husband, and I am her sister in a kind of way, and I like you, yes, I really do, better than any other man I know, but be it understood, that if you transgress proper bounds, and grow sentimental, I have done with you from that moment, and I should be dreadfully sorry for that," she added, with her most bewitching smile, as she bent forward in her saddle and looked into his eyes.

Had she been the most profound female tactician who ever befooled mankind, she could not have managed Colonel Home better. He had been in so much moral hot water, owing to indiscreet women, and even now he had so great a fear of Magdalen's embroiling him, and making an *esclandre* of some kind, that it was unspeakably pleasant to him to have one to turn to who would flirt with him as much as he pleased, but of whom he need have no fear. However much her unqualified acceptance of his vows might have flattered him for the moment, he could at the same time be glad that she was wiser than he. He had never in his life tried to avoid making love to any woman who seemed to him worth the trouble, and who would let him, but he was all the time glad that the woman in the present instance had some command of herself. For not for an instant did he think it was the absence of feeling which caused Adelaide to speak as she did; no, he accredited her with many good qualities to which she had no pretension, and amongst them was this one of sacrificing inclination to prudence and her sense of right. Above his faith in her, there was, moreover, his great faith in himself: his life had been such as to confirm him in his inborn conviction that where he chose to please, he could not fail to do so. The "lightning flash of thought" caused these and many other such ideas to pass rapidly through his mind in much less time than I have taken to write them, and looking up he answered Adelaide's smile: "My sweet girl!" he murmured.

"Call me a sweet girl if you will," she answered, "but no possessive pronouns are allowed. Such a discontented race as you men are! I tell you I am very fond of you; and as there is no one I like better, you have no cause for jealousy. And here I am ready to walk, ride, sing, talk, and flirt with you, and you dare to grumble. Don't let me hear any more of it."

"I ought to be on my knees thanking you," he replied; "and so I should were it not that my heart desires yet more."

"Your heart must make up its mind to be satisfied, then."

"But some day you will marry, and then I shall lose you."

"I do not think it likely," said Adelaide, not willing to discourage her admirer too thoroughly. "I am hard to please, and inconstant. In any case, it will be quite time enough for you to look mournful when there seems a likelihood of that kind."

"Then you are really my chosen friend, if it must be so, and I shall be sure, at least, of sympathy from you in all my troubles?"

"Of course. Do I not brave Marian's solemn lectures and Emilie's waspish spite, Laura's jealous coolness, and, worse than all, Miss Heathcote's tragic fury, and all for your sake?"

Colonel Home's reply began with "darling," and was at some length, and the remainder of the ride to Helmley and back was extremely pleasant and confidential. Indeed, as it was a cold day, and they rode slowly, the unhappy groom, who followed them at a respectful distance, was half frozen, and gave it as his opinion that evening, to a select circle in the servants' hall, that "Miss Lenox was a-wheedlin' of the cor'nel as neat as ever was." It was twilight when they returned, and as Adelaide passed Magdalen's room on her way to her own the demon of mischief prompted her to knock, and when the an-

swering "Come in" was heard, she opened the door, and advanced a few steps towards Magdalen, who, wrapped in a crimson cashmere dressing-gown, was seated before the fire, her splendid black hair being brushed by her maid.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Heathcote; I only thought as I was passing I would just come in for a minute to let you see how very right you were. You see it is almost dark again, just as you said it would; but Colonel Home was so very delightful, that I could not but indulge him and myself. I told him you might not like it, but he *did* laugh so." And Adelaide quickly made her escape at this point, for she saw that Magdalen was rapidly regaining the power of speech, of which amazement had at first deprived her.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## "WHAT A GREEK PROFILE DOES FOR ITS OWNER."

"No!" said Laura; "pray do not insult me by any further explanations. That which your friend gave was quite as plausible as any which more mature consideration can have suggested to you."

"Don't talk such childish nonsense, Laura; do be reasonable. With all these people in the house, we shall be made the laughing-stock of half England if there should be any scene between you and Magdalen, whom, Heaven knows! I wish anywhere but here."

"You need fear no scenes," she said, trying to fasten the clasp of her bracelet, while her little hands trembled so that she could scarcely keep it from falling. "Since I spare *you* a scene, it is not likely that I shall degrade myself by seeking one with Miss Heathcote."

"Spare me a scene! By Jove! your idea of a scene must be something stormy, if you think this is not one."

"It is as little like it as I can manage to make it," she replied. "I had resolved not to mention the odious subject. You have forced it on me."

"Yes, because I do not choose to go down to dinner and sit with you opposite me, looking like a death's head, when, if you would but hear reason, I could explain everything so clearly."

She lost all her calmness in a moment, and, dashing the gold-linked gems on the table, turned sharply, and stood transfigured before him, no longer the gentle girl whose looks and tones seemed to plead for love, protection, and indulgence, the creature whom he could bring with a word to fawn on the hand that had repulsed her—no! a woman stood before him, a haughty, contemptuous, indignant woman, before whose glance *his* wavered uneasily, before whose clear honesty and purity his small weak vanities fell off, leaving him naked and shivering like the miserable ghosts in Charon's ferry-boat when their human belongings have been taken from them.

"Do not say another word about it," she said. "Silence is the only reparation you can make me. I heard more than you think."

"Nay, Laura! And if you did! You are my wife, you know, and a fellow's misdeeds must be very heavy if his wife will not forgive him. After all, I have done nothing worse than other men. Worse! not half so bad as half the nicest men you know."



"That argument is quite in keeping with the new light you are throwing on your character," she answered, bitterly. "First, persistent falsehoods; and they being found untenable, you cast my misery in my face, and remind me that there is no escape for me; as to your other powerful argument, what are all those men to me?—no more than the changing slides in a magic lantern. I have not loved, trusted, clung to them—I have to you, and you have betrayed me."

"Gad! woman, do you think a man has no temper? I own I was in fault; let us kiss, and be friends."

"Please don't touch me," she cried, as he approached her. "Spare me that, at least, for the present."

"Just as you please; but I did not think there was so much bitterness in you."

"It seems to me that I am all bitterness now," she answered, wearily. "I am all changed. I hate my own wild anger and hatred, my new miserable insight into you and your secret soul."

"Well, when you quiet women do go in for hard words, you do your work thoroughly. I assure you I detest Magdalen Heathcote as profoundly as you can do; if she were to break her neck this minute, I should not feel anything but relief."

"And you think that will justify you? Yes, I dare say she, unhappy wretch! has served the purpose of your vanity, and is nothing to you but an incumbrance. Are you true to any one—to anything? Can you be anything but treacherous and false?"

"Come, now, there has been quite enough of this. I have been foolish and incautious, but I can do no more than try to pacify you—that seems impossible, and I see clearly how it will be. Your insane jealousy and violent temper, shown with the beautiful *abandon* which you gentle creatures exhibit, will cause a regular blow up; we shall be the talk of the county, and I shall lose my election."

"Be under no apprehension," she returned, her eyes flashing scorn on him as he leant, anxious, mean, and pale, before her. Strange to say, his very elegance of form and feature seemed only to intensify the contemptible light in which he now appeared. "You shall see how good an actress I can be," she went on. "Everything shall seem just as usual, but when all this is over, and your election gained or lost, Miss Heathcote must never again enter your house while I remain mistress of it."

"That is only fair. I assure you I never had the least feeling but pity for her since I was twenty-one."

"All the more wicked and shameful in you to simulate it."

"Well, I own all that; and, Laura, I will say this for you—that if you carry out what you say, and keep your own counsel thoroughly, I shall never forget it."

She made no reply to this frank generosity, and he continued, as he glanced at his watch:

"It is nearly time we were down-stairs. I see you are dressed. Will you not shake hands before I go?"

She stood irresolute for a moment, and then held out her hand as a seal of the hollow truce which expediency and womanly pride made above the grave of a dead and gone love. Then Colonel Home left the

room. Yes, Laura had had many shocks, but her deep love for her husband, and her own want of experience in falsehood and sin, had kept her blind to much; but to-day she had seen her husband, another woman's head on his shoulder, another woman's hands locked in his, while his lips said that he had never loved *her*, his wife!

Colonel Home's Greek face and head, his long-cut beautiful eyes, and his fine stature and figure had done a good deal for him in his time, but he had now reached a pass where they rather told against him in a quarter where he would have desired to keep things pleasant. Laura regarded his beauty as we regard the fair colours and graceful undulations of a poisonous snake, but all the time she was his wife to her heart's core, and every woman who is a wife knows what a powerful spell there is in that one fact. Had he but shown a little manliness, a little care for what she must be feeling, a little less selfish urgency about his own reputation in the eyes of the county, it is almost sure that Laura could have forgiven, and in time forgotten sufficiently for tolerable peace of mind; but there had been no repentance. He was sorry for having been discovered, and afraid of the consequences, that was all, and he had his fitting reward. His wife utterly despised him. For my own part, I have no faith in Greek beauty and long-cut languishing eyes in a man. I have often remarked that the possessor of such personal advantages is sure to have too many little affairs on hand at once, and is continually involved in perplexities born of a too diffusive amorousness. Certainly Colonel Home's womankind had placed him in an uncomfortable position; he felt it so when he went to dress, and almost—not quite—wished there were no such things as women in the world. Not quite, I say, for he turned with some consolation to the thought of Adelaide. There at least he was on a pleasant footing; she was a safe woman. Oh dear! why had he ever married? As he dressed, he began to think of Magdalen, not in any pitying or tender light—no, his pity and tenderness were all for himself—but as a dreadful bore, and as though she were a moral combustible shell which might explode at any moment and destroy him.

"If she had any sense she would have left the house, made some decent excuse, and gone," he thought; "but she is not to be reckoned on. Perhaps she has left. I have heard or seen nothing of her. Pyne!"

The invaluable servant entered noiselessly from the bedroom.

"Pyne, will you look for my opal studs, and take out those emeralds?"

Pyne addressed himself to his task, and his master continued:

"Any one new come to-day?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. and Miss Carey, just now. I did not hear that any one else was expected."

"Two or three people *may* come any day; let them know below stairs."

"Yes, sir."

"Any one left to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Are the ladies all in their rooms?"

"All, sir, except my mistress. I saw her, just before you called me, going down-stairs ready dressed."

Colonel Home paused a moment, and then, taking an envelope from his writing-table, he rapidly wrote a few words on the inside, and fastened down the gummed edge.

"Go and see if Miss Heathcote is still in her room, and if so, let her have this at once; if not, bring it back to me."

Pyne took the envelope with his usual deference, and refrained from smiling till he was in the corridor, when he not only smiled, but gave a self-satisfied toss to his head, as who should say, "There will be rare sport before long." He knocked at Magdalen's door, and when the saucy Irish maid appeared in answer to the summons he delivered his message, accompanied by a wink of most humorous expression, for Pyne was a wag. The pretty soubrette returned his signal by a violent arching of her dark brows and a pursing of her mouth, and returned to her mistress, who was pretending to read while having her hair dressed.

Magdalen tore open the envelope and read, "I *must* see you for a minute before you go down. When you are dressed go into my study. I shall be there directly.—G. H."

"See if the man is there, Dempsey, and say it is all right."

Dempsey went, but Pyne had returned to his master; and Miss Heathcote, putting away her book, addressed herself seriously to the task of finishing her toilette. Splendid she looked in her maize silk dress, with its long-trained skirt and black lace trimmings. In her beautiful black hair she wore nothing but one large tea-rose, a shade paler than the silvered yellow of her dress. She was as pale as marble, with a restless fire in her large eyes, and her hands shook as Dempsey fastened her gloves and smoothed the folds of her robe.

Colonel Home's study was a little room on the first landing. Here he kept swords and fire-arms; whips and spurs, and here he held long consultations with his steward and head groom. There was an entrance to it, quite independent of the rest of the house, by a stone staircase leading from its French window to a terrace at the back of the house, and no one ever thought of going there save its master, the servant who kept it in order, and any subordinate who might be summoned thither; so that it was a capital place for a conference, attended with a certain flavour of risk.

Thither Magdalen repaired, and she had not waited above a minute when Colonel Home entered. He took the precaution to slip the bolt of the door as he shut it behind him, but he did not think of one thing. Dempsey and Pyne, who maintained a chronic flirtation, were on the steps outside the window, and screened from sight by the long red curtains which fell, but were not closely drawn within; they were enjoying a private view.

Colonel Home, not having seen Magdalen since they parted after Laura's intrusion, scarcely knew how he was to meet her again, but she saved him the trouble of deciding, for she threw herself into his arms.

"George! George! how could you go away? I have passed such a dreadful day!"

"What have you been doing?"

"I kept my room under pretence of headache. I wished to go home at once, but did not dare till I should know what you would choose."

"Quite right, my darling; but Laura, though of course dreadfully angry, is not unreasonable. What a cursed unlucky thing it was!"

She did not reply, but he felt her tremble, and the proud self-possession which had seemed part of her nature was altogether gone for the time being.

"Don't cry, Magdalen, sweetest! You will make those lovely eyes red, and as you will have every one's eye on you, of course every one will see that you have been crying. I wanted to see you, for I was afraid your pride and your temper might be up, and knowing how angry Laura is, I thought it best to see you to beg you would be careful."

"You need not have feared, George. Not much danger from my pride now, when I feel so humbled; but if I were secure of your love I could brave even that—anything. Ah, George! I have given up everything for you. Am I to know myself given up in turn?"

"You are not yourself, my dearest girl, or you would not allow such an idea to remain a moment in your mind. I wish to Heaven I had married you long ago, but you know it was quite as much your fault as mine that I did not."

"Well, it cannot be helped now," she said, with bitterness, for she well remembered how she had held back from him only when she saw that he was determined to ignore the old relations.

Unfortunate woman! if she had only kept to that line of conduct, it had been better for her to have eaten her heart out in silence than have allowed herself to be again drawn within the influence of this man, so far inferior to her in dignity and mental power, yet who was now her master. She might have retained at least *his* respect and her own, but she had listened to passion, and pique, and vanity; and there she was, a woman with many capabilities for good, many high and noble qualities, all perverted and turned into engines of torture for the soul they should have ennobled. She yearned for his assurance that he loved her still as of old, but even while he gave it she knew in her heart that he lied, and her thoughts burst into words.

"I *must* believe you love me, George—believe it even while I have such reason to doubt; if I allowed myself to think you are playing me false, I should go mad, or do something desperate."

"Believe it!—of course you believe it; if I have not given *you* proofs of love, nobody has had them. All this will blow over by-and-by, and all will go smoothly again; but we must be very cautious, dearest."

He kissed her pale beautiful face as he spoke.

"Now I must go, Magdalen; it is quite time. Pray bathe your eyes, and set your hair in order again. You know you need not come down just yet."

And so he left her. She wrung her hands together when she was alone, walking about the room like some wild thing caged, and after an interval of a minute or two, she also left the room and returned to

her own, whence she descended with all her usual grand calmness. No one would have imagined that Lord Serle was conscious of anything unusual in the atmosphere, but, if he did not know quite all that had passed, he had a tolerably clear idea of the state of affairs. Verolles was, indeed, an accomplished servant, and had already established tender relations with Laura's French maid, as well as being on the pleasantest terms with all the servants in the house. Through him, his master had been made aware of certain facts—namely, that Mrs. Home had made a discovery of a too affectionate interview between her husband and Miss Heathcote; that there had been a quarrel between husband and wife, which quarrel, he could see for himself, was patched up for the public eye; and, lastly, that Miss Heathcote and her host had been having a second *séance*, probably with a view to arrange future tactics.

In the name of all that is wonderful, will any one tell me how servants find out everything? Neither Laura, Colonel Home, nor Magdalen had made any confidence to their attendants, yet the two maids of the ladies and the valet of the gentleman had indulged the company at the servants' dinner-table with a graphic account of how Mrs. Home had found the pair in the picture-gallery, and her conduct thereupon, even improvising a spirited dialogue for the occasion, in the course of which Laura was represented to have called Magdalen some very hard names, and ordered her out of the house; and Magdalen had replied, that she had as good a right to be there as Mrs. Home had, in which assertion she was confirmed by Colonel Home.

"I knew how it was about to be," said Victorine, Laura's maid. "Mademoiselle Heathcote, she is folle for de colonel, and he—bah! dey do dose tings better in my country."

"My mistress is a deal too good for him," replied Dempsey. "A nasty, inconstant, false man as he is; not but he is handsome, and very engaging, too."

"Handsome!" said the butler, who was extremely robust. "Well, yes, I s'pose he is for them that likes that style of figger. Many wimmin of taste prefers a bolder outline. I confess, I like full developments myself."

"Lord Serle is far handsomer than the colonel," said Pyne.

"Ah, Milord Serle!" cried Victorine, "dat *is* a man; he ought to be French; and what a prince—guineas are to him as of no worth."

"Ay, I'll wager *you'll* finger many a one of his guineas, ma'm'selle," said Pyne, archly; "love me, love my dog; court the mistress, bribe the maid. Mounseer Verolles, what luck in that quarter? Your friend is very sweet on my friend's wife."

To which Monsieur Verolles replied, that his master loved all pretty ladies, and thought Madame Home loveliest of the lovely, although he, Monsieur Verolles, thought he could astonish his master if he could only see the galaxy of beauty round the table at which they sat. On which the ladies bridled and simpered, and told him to "get along," and the gentlemen cried "Hear, hear!" But, beyond the bare fact of Lord Serle's admiration for Laura, Verolles would admit nothing.

"I think it very much likely that Madame Home will go to her

father again once——” said Victorine. “She has what you call a sensibilité affreuse; she allow me to do what it pleased me with her hair and her dress, when I dress her for her drive with Milord Serle and Madame Tistlewood, and so I did make her charmante, and milord—ah, he looked!—he loves madame. I know of it the signs. I——”

The general opinion coincided with that of Victorine, and it was further observed that it would be a good thing if Mrs. Home were to revenge herself on her faithless husband by accepting the homage offered to her.

“Which she do on the sly, most like,” observed the butler. “It stands to reason, a young lovely gurl like her, treated as of no account; I say she’s right to turn round. I’ll not blame her, and she do seem to take kindly to his lordship. I think we’re going to have some diversion, ladies and gentlemen, and, ’pon my honour, I was half afraid things was going to be dull and decent, which, where there’s fine women and handsome men, is noways to be approved. I am a man of spirit myself——”

“Then, if you be,” interrupted Verolles, “make arrangements for a ball; we can choose some evening not too distant, lest by hazard this charming company be suddenly dispersed.”

“He knows what’s what, that chap does,” whispered Pyne to Dempsey. “Mark me, he has reasons of his own, and his master’s for thinking there will be a hasty break-up here.”

“If every one was as wise as we are, I should say the smash might come to-night,” she answered, for Miss Dempsey and Mr. Pyne had each lived several years in their present situations, and had very little to learn respecting the actual feelings of their respective employers.

When the masters and mistresses dressed for dinner, those of them who chose to gossip with their attendants were favoured with a synopsis of the conversation at the dinner-table of their subordinates; but Lord Serle was the only one who got the real truth, all the others being presented with dishes flavoured exactly to suit each palate. Laura herself, the one most concerned, was probably the only woman in the house who did not know that Lord Serle was in love with her, and that she was half suspected of receiving his attentions as freely as they were offered.

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## THE CASTAWAYS.

## A TALE OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

"LAND, ho! Land, ho!" was shouted one morning, soon after day-break, from the mast-head. I was on my first voyage to the West Indies, in the good ship *Banana*.

"Where away?" asked the captain, whom the sound called out of his berth on deck.

"A little on the starboard bow," was the answer.

The ship was kept away towards the point indicated, while the captain, with his glass slung on his back, went aloft. The passengers, of whom I forgot to say we had several, and all the crew were on the look-out, wondering what land it could be. We found, after the captain came below and had consulted his chart, that it was a little rock or key to the southward of Barbadoes.

"We'll get a nearer look at them, in case any poor fellows may have been cast away there. I have known the survivors of a ship's company remain on them for weeks together, and in some instances they have died of starvation before relief has reached them."

As we approached the rock all the glasses on board were directed towards it, to ascertain if there were signs of human beings there. The spot looked silent and deserted.

"If there are any poor fellows there, how eagerly they will watch our approach—how anxious they will be lest we should sail away without looking for them," I said to myself.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I heard the first mate say that he could make out something white on the shore, which he took for a tent or a boat's sail. As we drew nearer it became evident that there was a tent, but no human being was stirring that we could see. Nearer still a boat was observed, drawn up on the rocks. On further inspection she was discovered to be a complete wreck. Melancholy indeed was the spectacle which told so clearly its own story—how the shipwrecked mariners had been cast on the island in their boat—how they had gone on waiting for relief, and how at length famine had carried them off one by one, till none remained. Still our captain was not a man to quit the spot after so cursory an inspection. The ship having got under the lee of the land was hove to, and a boat was lowered. Charley, another midshipman, or apprentice rather, and I formed part of her crew, while Mr. Merton, our first officer, went in charge of her, accompanied by some of the passengers.

It was a long, low, coral-formed island, with a white beach—a very untempting spot for a habitation in that burning climate. When we landed, Mr. Merton told us to accompany him, leaving two other men in the boat. We followed close after him, with the boat's stretchers in our hands, proceeding along the beach, for the tent we had seen was some little distance from where we had landed. We had got within a hundred yards of it, when suddenly part of it was thrown back, and out there rushed towards us two figures, whose frantic and threatening

gestures made us start back with no little surprise, if not with some slight degree of apprehension. They were both tall, gaunt men, their hair was long and matted, their eyes were starting out of their heads, and their cheeks were hollow and shrivelled. They looked more like skeletons covered with parchment than human beings. Their clothes were in rags, and their large straw hats were in tatters, and, to increase their strange appearance, they had covered themselves with long streamers of dried seaweed, strings of shells, and wreaths of the feathers of wild birds. Each of them flourished in his hand a piece of timber—a rib, apparently, of a boat.

"Who are you, who dare to come and invade our territory?" exclaimed one, advancing before the other. "Away—away—away! We are monarchs and rulers here. This land is ours, won by our trusty swords and battle-axes. Away, I say! or meet the consequences of your temerity."

I was at first puzzled to know who the people could be, but our mate at once comprehended the true state of the case, and with great tact endeavoured to calm the strangers instead of irritating them, as many would have done.

"Don't be afraid that we are come to interfere with you, or to trespass on your territories, most mighty sovereigns, as you undoubtedly are," he answered, stopping short and holding up his hands. "Just hear what I have to say. Lower your weapons, and let us hoist a flag of truce."

"Granted, granted. Spoke like a sensible man, most worthy ambassadors," exclaimed the person who had hitherto not said anything. And both lowering their clubs stood still, gazing inquiringly at us. I had never before seen the effect of a few calm words, and a steady determined look, in tranquillising the fury of madmen. Such were, undoubtedly, these unfortunate occupants of the island.

"Listen, then," continued Mr. Merton. I had never before heard him say so much at a time. "You see yonder ship, she is bound on a far-distant trip, and on her way she called here on the chance of finding any one in distress who might need aid. Should no one require it, she will at once take her departure. Can you tell me if any people are residing on your island who may wish to leave it? At all events, you yourselves may have letters to send home. If you will at once get them ready, I will gladly be the bearer."

The two unfortunate maniacs looked at each other with a bewildered look. The idea of writing home, and not going themselves, seemed to strike them forcibly.

"Home!" cried one, in a deep, hollow voice. "Home! where is that?"

"Old England, I conclude," answered our mate. "You have many friends there who would be glad to see you—father, mother, sisters, wife and children; or perhaps one who has long, long been expecting you, and mourned for you, and wondered and wondered, till the heart grew sick, that you did not come—yet even now faithful, and believing against hope, fondly expects your return."

Mr. Merton had been skilfully watching the effect of his remarks. They were most successful. He had touched a chord which had long ceased to vibrate. Again the two madmen looked inquiringly into each other's faces.



"Is it possible?" said one, touching his forehead. "Has all this been an hallucination?"

"Norton, I do not longer doubt it," answered the other. "We have conjured up many wild fancies, but the sight of that ship and the sound of a countryman's voice have dispelled them. We are ready to go with you, friend."

The person who had last spoken seemed at the first to be less mad than his companion.

"I am glad of your decision, gentlemen, and the sooner we get on board the better. But tell me, did you come here alone? Have you no companions?"

"Companions! Yes, we had. We frightened them away. They fled from us."

"Where are they now?" asked the mate.

"On the other side of the island," answered the least mad of the strangers. "They dare not approach us. Perhaps you may find them. They will gladly go away. While you search for them we will prepare for our departure."

"Very well, gentlemen, we will return for you," answered Mr. Merton, in his usual calm tone. It had a wonderful effect in soothing the irritation of the madmen.

We took our way in the direction they pointed across the island. After walking and climbing some way over the uneven ground, we came in sight of a hut built of driftwood and pieces of wreck, almost hid from view in the sheltered nook of the rock. No one was moving about it. Its appearance was very sad and desolate.

"Perhaps the unfortunate people are all dead," remarked Charley to me. "I think, from what those two strange men down there said, they have not seen them for a long time."

We went on apprehending the worst. As we got nearer, we hallooted to warn anybody who might be there of our coming, so as not to take them by surprise. Again we hallooted, and directly afterwards we saw the head of a man appear at an opening in the hut which served as a window, while he thrust out of it the muzzle of a musket.

"Hillo, mate! don't fire. We come as friends," shouted Mr. Merton.

The musket was speedily withdrawn, and a man appeared at the door of the hut, followed closely by another. There they both stood, closely regarding us with looks of wonder. As they saw us they called to some one inside, and two more men appeared at the door of the hut, stretching out their hands towards us. Their clothes were in rags and tatters, and they had a very wretched starved appearance.

"Are you come to take us from this?" inquired the man we had at first seen, in a hollow cavernous voice.

"I hope so, if you wish to go," answered the mate.

"Go! yes, yes, at once—at once!" shouted the poor wretches, in the same hollow tones. "We thought at first you were two madmen who are living on the opposite side of the island."

Mr. Merton told them that they need be no longer afraid of the madmen, and that as he had no time to remain, they must accompany him at once to the boat.

The first speaker, who said that he was the mate of the vessel to which

the rest belonged, replied that he was afraid none of them would be able to walk across the island, as they had scarcely any strength remaining, and that he believed a few days more would have finished their miseries.

While Mr. Merton and the mate were speaking, the rest beckoned us to come into the hut. Heaps of empty shells and bones of fish showed what had been for long their principal food. Some dried seaweed had served as their beds, and a tin saucepan appeared to have been their only cooking utensil, while a cask contained a very small supply of water.

From their appearance, I do not think that they could have existed many days longer. The only weapon they had was the musket which had been presented at our approach, but the mate confessed that they had not a grain of gunpowder, but that he thought by showing it he might frighten away the madmen, for whom he mistook us. They had, consequently, been unable to shoot any of the birds which frequented the rock, though they had collected some eggs, which had proved a valuable change in their diet. As time pressed, Mr. Merton urged them to prepare for their departure. Having collected a few trifling articles, relics of their long imprisonment, they declared themselves ready to make the attempt to move. Charley and I helped along the mate, who was the strongest, while Mr. Merton and the two seamen who had accompanied us assisted the other two. Even as it was, so weak were they, that without the utmost aid we could afford them they could not have crossed the island. They had frequently to sit down, and almost cried like children with the pain and fatigue they suffered.

Poor fellows! we had not stopped to ask any questions as to the particulars of their disaster, but as we went along the mate gave us some of the details. From the way he spoke, I saw that, though a very quiet, well-disposed young man, he was not one formed to command his fellow-men. He told us that his name was Jabez Brand.

I was second mate of the *North Star*, a fine large brig, bound from Honduras to London. We had a crew of fifteen hands, all told. Several gentlemen also took their passage in the cabin. Among them were two brothers, Messrs. Raymonds, fine, tall, handsome men. They had made their fortunes out in the West Indies, and were returning home, as they thought and said, to enjoy their wealth. How their money had been made I do not know, but it was said they were in no ways particular. Be that as it may, they had very pleasant manners, and were very open and free in their talk. One thing I remarked, that they seemed to think that they were going to be very great people with all their wealth when they got home. Some of the other gentlemen, it seemed to me, fought rather shy of them, perhaps because, as it was said, they had supplied slave-vessels with stores, or had had shares in them, which is not unlikely. The *North Star* was an old vessel, though to look at her you would not have supposed it, for she had been painted up and fitted out so as to look as good as new. She was not the first ship I have seen sent to sea which ought to have been sold for firewood. In our run out we had only had fine weather, so she was in no way tried. On this our return trip, we had not long left port when a heavy squall came suddenly off the land and carried away our mainmast, and, the wind continuing from the same quarter, we were unable to return. We had managed to rig a jury-mast

and to continue our voyage, when another gale sprung up, and blowing with redoubled fury, the ship began to labour very much in the heavy sea which quickly got up. Still, for a couple of days after this gale began, there did not seem to be much cause for apprehension, though the ship was making more water than usual. However, on the evening of the third day, finding the pumps not sucking as they ought to have done, I went down into the hold, and then, to my dismay, I found that the water was already over the ground tier of casks. I went on deck and quietly told the captain. He turned pale, for he knew too well what sort of a craft we were aboard. However, he did not show any further signs of alarm, but told the first mate to call all hands to man the pumps, while he sent me below to tell the passengers that they would be required to lend a hand. We had been driven about, now in one direction, now in another, but were some way to the northward of the equator. The wind was at this time, however, blowing strong from the north-east, and to let both our pumps work we were obliged to put the ship right before it.

All hands worked with a will, for we knew that our lives depended on our exertions. Even the Messrs. Raymonds set to, but while others were calm and collected, they were excited and evidently alarmed. I thought to myself, what good will all their wealth be to them if the ship goes down? More than once I went below with a lantern to see if we were keeping the water under, but I saw too plainly that, in spite of all we were doing, it was gaining on us. We searched about to try and find out where the leak was, but we might as well have tried to stop the holes in a sieve. At midnight the water had risen half way to the second tier of casks. Still all hands worked on, hoping that by sunrise a sail might appear to take us off. I saw too plainly that the ship was sinking, but it was very important to have light, that we might see how best to launch the boats. Day seemed very, very long in coming. The captain tried to cheer the people, but he must have known as well as any on board that perhaps none of us might live to see the sun rise over the waters.

All that night we laboured without a moment's rest. Dawn came, and I went to the mast-head to learn if a sail was in sight. I scarcely expected to see one, yet I hoped against hope. Not a speck could I discover on the clearly defined circle of the horizon. The old ship was now fast settling down, and the sea was making a complete breach over her. To enable the water to run off the decks and to allow us to launch the boats we cut away the stanchions and bulwarks between the fore and main rigging. Such food and water as could be got at was then handed up on deck, ready to be placed in the boats. The crew did not wait the captain's orders to lower them. He seemed unwilling to abandon the ship till the last moment. There was a dingy stowed in the long-boat. While the men were getting it out a sea broke on board, and, dashing it against the spars, drove in the starboard bilge, and at the same time washed two of the poor fellows overboard. We then got the stores into the long-boat. A warp was next passed over the larboard bow of the ship outside the fore-rigging, and then inboard again through the gangway and secured to the bow of the boat, sufficient slack being left to allow her to go astern. However, just as we were launching the boat a sea struck her, and stove in two planks of the larboard bilge. I now thought that it was all up with us, for though there was the jolly-boat,

she could not carry half the number on board; still it was possible that we might get the planks back to their places and stop the leak, so, in spite of the accident to her, we managed by great exertions to launch her, and I, with some of the crew and passengers, jumped into her with buckets, and began to bale her out. Happily, the carpenter was one of the party. Some blankets had been thrown into the boat, which he immediately thrust over the leak and stood on them, while he got ready a plank and some nails which he had brought with him. While he and I were working away the boat was shipping many seas in consequence of the weight of the warp ahead; I sung out that we must have it shifted, and after a light rope had been hove to us and made fast, it was let go. Meantime, the quarter-boat was lowered and several men got into her, but their painter was too short, and before they had got their oars into her she broke adrift and dropped astern. The men in her lifted up their hands for help; the captain, who was still on deck, hove them an oar, and we hove another, but they missed both of them, and before long a sea struck the boat and turned her over. It was very sad, for we could give her no help. We meantime, in the long-boat, were not in a very much better condition, for we were shipping a great deal of water. The captain now ordered us to haul up the boat, that the people might get into her, but while we were so doing, the send of the sea causing a sudden jerk on the rope, it parted, and we dropped astern. Cries of despair rose from many of those on board when they saw what had occurred. We instantly got out our oars and endeavoured to pull up to the ship, but the quantity of water in her made all our efforts unavailing. To prevent the boat going down we were obliged to turn to and bale. Away we drifted, every moment increasing our distance from the ship, and lessening our hope of being able to return. There stood our late companions on the poop of the sinking ship, some waving to us, some shouting and imploring us to return. Summoned by the captain, we saw that they then were endeavouring to form a raft. The thought that the lives of all on board depended mainly on our exertions, stimulated us once more to attempt to pull up to them. We got out the oars, and while the handsmen baled we pulled away till the stout ash-sticks almost broke. By shouts and gestures I encouraged the people; every muscle was stretched to the utmost—no one spared himself—but our strength could not contend with the fearful gale blowing in our teeth. The seas broke over us, and almost swamped the boat; still, if we could but hold our own, a lull might come before the ship went down. But vain were all our hopes; even while our eyes were fixed on the brig her stern for an instant lifted up on a foam-crested sea, and then her bow, plunging downwards, never rose again. Most of those who remained on board were engulfed with the wreck, but a few, springing overboard before she sank, struck out towards us. It would, indeed, have required a strong swimmer to contend with that sea. One after another the heads of those who still floated disappeared beneath the foaming waves, till not one remained; the other boats also had disappeared, and we were left alone on the waste of waters. The instant the brig went down a cry arose from some in our boat, so piercing, so full of despair, that I thought that some relations or dear friend of one of those who had escaped had been lost in her, but on looking again I discovered that it had proceeded from the two brothers I have spoken of.

They had lost what they had set their hearts on—what they valued more than relations and friends—their long-hoarded wealth. There they sat, the picture of blank despair. I knew that it would never do to let the people's minds rest on what had occurred, so I cheered them up as best I could, and told them that I thought we should very likely be able to reach some port or other in four or five days. On examining our stores, I found that with economy they might hold out for nearly two weeks, and before that time I hoped we might reach some civilised place. I was more concerned with the state of our boat. She was originally not a strong one, and what with the injury she received when launched from the sinking ship, and the battering she had since got, she had become very leaky. The crew, severely taxed as their strength had been, behaved very well, but two of our passengers gave signs of becoming very troublesome. I did not suspect at the time that their minds were going. At first they were very much cast down, but then one of them roused up and began to talk very wildly, and at last the other took up the same strain, and off they went together. They insisted on taking command, and having twice as much food served out to them as others got. At one time they wanted the boat to be steered to the northward, declaring that we should have no difficulty in reaching England. I had to hide the compass from them, and at last they were pacified under the belief that we were going there. Each morning when they woke up they asked how much nearer they were to our native land. There were three other passengers—an old man, a lad, and an invalid gentleman. Consumption had already brought him near the grave, still he lasted longer than the other two. The young boy died first; fear had told on his strength; then the old man died. I could not tell exactly where we were. We were always on the look-out for land or a sail to pick us up. One morning at daybreak the man who had taken my place at the helm roused us up with the cry of "Land! land ahead!"

"Old England—old England!" shouted the madmen, springing up and waving their hands.

"My native land—my own loved home!" cried the invalid, sitting up as he awoke, and gazing long and anxiously at the rock which rose out of the blue water before us.

Drawing a deep sigh when he discovered his mistake, he sank back into his place. Soon afterwards, finding that he did not stir, I was about to raise him up. There was no need for my so doing. He had gone to that long home whence there is no return. Those who loved him on earth would see him no more. Some of the people were in a very weak and sad condition. They had been sick on board—scarcely fit for duty. I knew what the land was—the rock we are now on; but, barren as it is, I thought it would be better to recruit our strength on shore than to attempt to continue our course to the mainland in our present condition. I therefore steered for it, and was looking out for a secure spot where I might beach the boat, when the madmen, growing impatient, seized the tiller and ran her on shore, where she now lies. We were nearly swamped, and everything in the boat was wetted. She also was so much injured that she was totally unfit again to launch, and we had no means of repairing her. However, we set to work to make things as comfortable as we could, and the first thing I did was to erect a tent to shelter

the sick men from the rays of the sun. Poor fellows, they did not long require it. Three of them very soon died. We had now only six survivors of those who had escaped from the foundering ship. We were all getting weaker and weaker, except the madmen, who seemed to be endowed with supernatural strength. One day, I, with the three seamen who remained, went out to collect shell-fish and birds' eggs. I carried the only musket we had saved, having dried some gunpowder which I had in a flask. We had come back with a supply, but as we approached the tent, we saw the two madmen standing in front of it flourishing pieces of wood, and swearing that we should not enter it, and that they were the kings of the country. Some of our people wanted me to shoot them, but of course that I would not on any account do. I could not even say that our lives were threatened. I stopped and tried to reason with the poor men. At last they consented to give us up a saucepan and some of the provisions, and we, glad to be rid of their company, resolved to go to the other side of the island, and to build ourselves a hut from the driftwood which we had seen there in abundance. This we did, but we all have been growing weaker and weaker ever since, and, had you not come to our rescue, I do not think we should have held out much longer.

The mate finished his account, on which, from what he afterwards told me, I have somewhat enlarged, just as we got up to the tent. The unhappy madmen stood in front of it waiting for us. Though excited in their looks and wild in their conversation, they seemed perfectly prepared to accompany us. They looked with eyes askance at the mate and his three companions, but said nothing to them.

"Well, gentlemen, are you ready to proceed?" exclaimed Mr. Brand, as we got up to them.

"Certainly, noble mariners—certainly," answered one of them. "But stay, we have some freight to accompany us."

And, going into the tent, they dragged out a sea-chest, which appeared to be very heavy. The mate looked surprised, and when they were not looking, he whispered to me that he did not believe that the chest contained anything of value. He, however, had not an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Merton, who told them that as soon as he had seen the people into the boat, that he would come back and help them along with their chest. This reply satisfied them, and they sat themselves down composedly on the chest, while we helped the other poor men into the boat. As soon as this was done, two of our crew were sent back to bring along the chest. Though strong men, they had no little difficulty in lifting it; but whether or not it was full of gold, no one could have watched over it more jealously than did the two madmen. It was very remarkable how completely they seemed inspired by the same spirit, and any phantasy which might enter the head of one was instantly adopted by the other.

"There's enough gold there to buy the Indies!" cried Ben Brown, a seaman, as he landed in the chest. "Take care we don't let it overboard, mates, or the gentlemen won't forgive us in a hurry."

"It is more than your lives are worth if you do so!" cried the madmen. "Be careful—be careful, now."

The boat was loaded, and we pulled away for the ship. Our captain seemed somewhat astonished at the extraordinary appearance of the people we brought on board. The mate and other men of the lost vessel were carefully handed up. They were not heavier than children, but the Messrs. Raymonds would not leave the boat till they saw their chest hoisted up in safety. Their first care on reaching the deck was about it, and, going aft to the captain, they begged he would be very careful where it was stowed.

"Stay! Before these gentlemen lose sight of it, let it be opened, that there may be no mistake about its contents," said Mr. Merton.

"What, and expose all our hoarded wealth to the eyes of the avaricious crew!" they cried out, vehemently. "We shall be robbed and murdered for the sake of it, and this chest will be sent where many others have gone—to the bottom of the sea."

"You are perfectly safe on board this ship, I trust, gentlemen," remarked our captain. "Is the chest secured with a key?"

"Whether or not, with our consent never shall it be opened!" exclaimed one of the brothers.

"Then remember I can in no way be answerable for what is found in it when it is opened," observed the captain.

What new idea came into the heads of the two brothers I do not know, but they instantly agreed that the chest should be opened.

"Call the carpenter," said our captain, who wanted to bring the matter to a conclusion, and who probably by this time had begun to suspect the sad condition of the two gentlemen.

Mr. Pincott, the carpenter, and one of his mates came aft, and made short work in opening the mysterious chest. Those who claimed it as their property started back with looks of dismay. It was full to the brim of stones, and sand, and shells. Again and again they looked at it; they rubbed their eyes and brows; they clutched it frantically, and examined it with intense eagerness; they plunged their hands deep down among the rubbish; it was long before they appeared able to convince themselves of the reality; over and over again they went through the same action. At last one of them, the most sane of the two, drew himself up, and pointing to the chest, said, in a deep, mournful voice:

"Captain, we have been the victims of a strange hallucination, it seems. We have not lost sight of that chest since we filled it. We thought that we had stored it with gold and precious stones. I know how it was. Hunger, anxiety, hardships, had turned our brains. We had lost all—all for which we had been so long toiling. We conjured up this phantasy as our consolation. Is it not so, Jacob?"

The other brother thus addressed shook his head, and looked incredulous. Once more he applied himself to the examination of the chest. At last he got up, and looked long and fixedly at the other, as if to read the thoughts passing through his head.

"You are right, brother Simon," he said, after some time, in a deep, low, mournful voice; "it's dross—dross—all dross. What is it worse than what we have been working for? That's gone—all gone—let this go too—down—down to the bottom of the sea."

Again influenced by the same impulse, they dragged the chest to the side of the vessel, and with hurried gestures threw the contents with

their hands over into the sea. It appeared as if they were trying which could heave overboard the greatest quantity in the shortest time. When they had emptied it, they lifted up the chest, and before any one could prevent them that also was cast into the sea.

"There perish all memorial of our folly!" exclaimed the one who was called Simon. "We shall have to begin the world anew. Captain, where do you purpose landing us? The sooner we begin the work the better."

The captain told them that must depend on circumstances, but it was finally arranged that they were to be put on shore at Barbadoes, where, after a long conversation together, they expressed a wish to be landed. The scene was a very strange one; the rapid changes of ideas, the quickly succeeding impulses, and the extraordinary understanding between the two. We found, however, that they were twins, and had always lived together, so that they seemed to have but one mind in common. I never met an officer who took so much interest in the apprentices—indeed, in all the men under him. He took occasion to speak to me and Charley of what had occurred.

"How utterly incapable of affording satisfaction is wealth, unless honestly obtained and righteously employed," he remarked. "We have also before us an example of the little reliance which can be placed in wealth. These two poor men have lost theirs and their minds at the same time. Their senses have been mercifully restored to them. It remains to be seen by what means they will attempt to regain their fortunes."

I cannot say that Mr. Merton's remarks made any very deep impression on me or Charley at the time, though I trust they produced their fruit in after years. Every kindness was shown the two poor men on board, and, as far as I could judge, they appeared to have become perfectly sane. The same kindness was also shown the mate and the other rescued seamen of the lost brig. We landed the mate and seamen, as well as the two brothers, at Bridge Town, in the island of Barbadoes, but from that day to this I have never heard a word about them.

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## FOLK-LORE OF THE NORTHERN COUNTIES.

"Now and then," says Dr. Dasent, in his introduction to "Popular Tales from the Norse," "a wave of chance tosses to the surface some waifs of ancient tradition, and all her Majesty's inspectors of schools stand aghast at the wild shapes which still haunt the minds of the great mass of the people."

What, then, must their feelings be on beholding a volume\* filled with what those waves have cast up from the undercurrent of popular belief, and finding that the peasantry in most parts of the kingdom are still (as Archbishop Whately puts it) serving the gods of their heathen ancestors?

A few years ago it was mentioned as a thing sad and startling, that on a trial at the Staffordshire assizes such a host of witnesses were produced who firmly believed in witchcraft, and swore to their belief in spectre-dogs and wizards, as to show that in the midland counties, at least, such traditions are anything but extinct, notwithstanding steam, philosophy, and "The Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." But now a worthy native of the once-privileged "halidom" of St. Cuthbert, a gentleman who tells us that he became a folk-lore student before folk-lore came into vogue as a pursuit, brings forward evidence that such beliefs are widely spread through the great district between the Humber and the Tweed, and in the Border country, notwithstanding the practical tendencies of the northern mind, and the vast works of scientific and mechanical industry and enterprise which have overspread that busy and populous part of the realm. Mr. Henderson attributes the continued existence of heathen beliefs and customs in a country that embraced Christianity so many centuries ago, to "the stern mould of the northern mind, which is strong to retain images once deeply impressed upon it."

Heathen beliefs and customs were, we know, found too stubborn for even those early Christianisers of Britain who achieved such marvels in the Redeemer's might, and many Scandinavian customs still prevailed notwithstanding the public recognition of Christian doctrines, just as, when Charlemagne had overthrown the worship of Odin, and himself supplanted that deity in the imagination of the people, the constellation which had previously been the "Wain of Odin" became the Kaarlwagen, or Charles's Wain. Heathen images might be removed from the pagan temples, and those of the saints and martyrs of Christianity be set up in their room; but old associations sometimes proved too strong for the converts, and the old superstitions lived on with a marvellous vitality. As Dr. Dasent says:

It is easier to change a form of religion than to extirpate a faith. . . . To change the faith of a whole nation in block and bulk on the instant, were a thing contrary to the ordinary working of Providence, and . . . miracles had long ceased when Rome advanced against the North. There, it was more

\* Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders. By William Henderson. Longmans and Co. 1866.

politic to raise a cross in the grove where the sacred tree had once stood, and to point to the Christian emblem . . . when the populace came at certain seasons with songs and dances to perform their heathen rites. Near the cross soon rose a church, and both were girt by a cemetery, the soil of which was doubly sacred as a heathen fane and a Christian sanctuary. . . . But the songs, and dances, and processions in the churchyard continued long after Christianity had become dominant. So also the worship of wells and springs was Christianised when it was found impossible to prevent it. Great churches arose over or near them, as at Walsingham, where an abbey . . . threw its majestic shade over the heathen wishing-well, and the worshippers of Odin and the Nornir were gradually converted into votaries of the Virgin Mary. Such practices form a subject of constant remonstrance and reproof . . . by mediæval divines, yet in some few places and churches even in England such rites are still yearly celebrated.

Now, here we must in passing say a word for the rites that are still celebrated in honour of holy wells, and must join issue with Dr. Dasent if he means to condemn them, for it was one of the customs—originally heathen it may be—which the Church adopted and sanctioned, and it appears to us to be as harmless as it is significant and picturesque. Long may such customs as the rustic festival of gratitude for the health-giving waters of the mineral spring continue to be observed! People who live in a land of gas and factories, of furnaces and steam-engines, have especial reason to be thankful that

—some green spots remain  
Free from the tread and stain of that gross world,  
Whose God is commerce and religion gain.

But when Mr. Henderson set himself to collect, as a labour of love, the stories and superstitions of old Northumbria, he found that there was no time to lose, for, notwithstanding the tenacity of his countrymen of the north—

Old customs were fast dying out, old sayings and household tales lingering only on the lips of grandsires and grand-dames; they had ceased to be the spontaneous expression of the thoughts and feelings of the mass of our peasantry. And this, I believe, from two causes: first, the more generally diffused education of the people and the fresh subjects of thought supplied to them in consequence, and again, the migration of families which has taken place since the working of collieries and the extension of railways.

Enough folk-lore remains, however, to form a very startling collection, and to furnish an additional motive for strengthening the hands of the Church as the rightful educator of the people, inasmuch as Mr. Henderson's pages make known not only the belief in "spectre dogs and wizards," but the prevalence of cruel as well as more silly and unmeaning superstitions that are a disgrace to England. So remote from the actual world of sight and sense, so characteristic of by-gone times and a mysterious past, are some of these stories and beliefs, that many a reader may ask whether he is awake or dreaming when they are thus presented before him as a living power in England at the present day. Yet he may well fall into a waking dream of pleasant retrospect, for they are reflections—fragmentary and distorted, perhaps, but still reflections—of times and kindred long passed away, of traits and features of old belief, nay, of accents spoken in the infancy of our race; waifs of tradition cast on the shores of Time, and

in which, like sea-shells, the deep tone of its great ocean seems to sound. In many of these popular customs and superstitions we have footprints of the races who have passed over our island and left their mark upon our soil and on our speech. From the East, in days of unremembered antiquity, came the Aryan or Indo-European race. As, in their progress through western lands, they adopted foreign elements into their language, so did "the mighty wedge" (as Dr. Dasent terms it) "of Aryan migration, which drove its way through pre-historic races," bring with it traditions, tales, and fables, which evince at the present day the fact of their derivation from a common stock; and thus "a thousand forms of resemblance and affinity gleam and flicker through the whole body of popular tradition in the Aryan race, as the aurora plays and flashes across the northern sky." And many of these tales have carried on to our times fragments of ancient mythology, particularly that of the Scandinavian races.

Still, when we get into the atmosphere of old-world belief that hovers over this collection of folk-lore, we are sometimes tempted to ask whether we are not reading of the twelfth instead of the nineteenth century? Certainly, it is hard to say what will become of most of the superstitions collected in Mr. Henderson's pleasant book when they come more in contact with civilisation in the form of school-inspectors and the press, not to mention that "extension of railways" to which he justly adverts as a potent agency in obliterating ancient landmarks. As we have already said, many of them are silly and degrading—they are things which might be expected in a country (we are sorry to say it is Spain) where four hundred and twenty-two provincial mayors are said to be unable to write; but it is appalling to read of the grisly incantations (for example) against witchcraft which have disgraced the peasantry of the north—crude superstitions that flourished, especially during those times of the Reformation that Mr. Froude admires and which it is the fashion to regard as the era of enlightenment—superstitions which gave memorable employment to the stupid cruelty of the northern Dogberrys in the seventeenth century.

The purely Celtic superstitions have an unmistakably heathen character about them, the vitality of which is certainly very surprising. Many usages of the present day may be traced to ancient British or Celtic beliefs. In the treatment of epilepsy (but this is in the north of Scotland), a distinct sacrifice to a nameless but secretly acknowledged power is practised, by burying alive a black cock with a lock of the patient's hair and some parings of his nails, and a woman who assisted at such a sacrifice minutely described the procedure to Mr. Henderson; *à propos* to which, he remarks, that

The cock, a creature consecrated to Apollo, who, in classic mythology, was in some measure connected with the healing art, was in Egypt sacrificed to Osiris, whom we may regard as the same divinity under another title. This bird has, throughout the East, been sacrificed during the prevalence of infectious diseases, and in Algeria it is still drowned in a sacred well to cure epilepsy and madness.

Who, among the rustic groups that dance in Northumberland before "the Kern-baby" (the image dressed up as harvest-queen at

the end of the reaping), deem that they are treading in the steps of their old British ancestors, as, taught by their Roman conquerors, they danced and bowed before the goddess Ceres? Again, the local custom at funerals, of carrying the dead in the same direction as the course of the sun, is an ancient British or Celtic usage, and seems to be related to the Highland custom of walking three times, in the direction of the sun's course, round a person to whom good fortune is desired. Auguries or divination from the flight and actions of birds, which formed so considerable a feature in pagan mythology, are still practised in the northern parts of Queen Victoria's realm; and the raven, the crow, and the magpie are ominous birds on the Border as they are elsewhere. Again, in the kindling of the "need fire," as a charm against murrain in cattle, we have the remains of an ancient pagan rite.

To each stage of human life some peculiar custom belongs. The nursery, of course, has its folk-lore, and manifest are its relations to Scandinavian superstitions, particularly in the southern shires of Scotland. Very appropriately is the following sentence prefixed as a motto to Mr. Henderson's work:

Our mothers' maids in our childhood have so frayed us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urelins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, Pans, fauns, sylvans, kit-with-the-candlestick (will-o'-the-wisp), tritons (kelpies), centaurs, dwarfs, giants, imps, calcars (assy-pods), conjurors, nymphs, changelings, incubus, Robin Good-fellow (brownies), the spoorey, the man-in-the-oak, the hell-wain, the fire-drake (dead-light), the Puckle, Tom Thumb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Bouclus, and such other bugbears, that we are afraid of our own shadows.

All northern folk-lore bears witness to the power of baptism; and it appears that the northern counties of England have exclusively their own bridal folk-lore. But there are not many instances, we hope, of persons becoming candidates for confirmation more than once from the particular motive which sent the Yorkshire woman, who "had heard that it was good for the rheumatiz."

There is great beauty in many of the popular superstitions connected with the sacred things and persons and festivals of the Christian religion. Who would wish to see abolished the old beliefs that the "simple faith" of other days has connected with the Christmas festival, or the pious superstition which awakens the Devonshire peasant

To see, upon Ascension morn,  
The spotless Lamb through ether borne?

On the English side of the Border, though not, of course, within the blighting influence of Presbyterianism, time-honoured customs still mark the season of Christmas in popular folk-lore, but not to the same extent as in the south of England. We do not know whether they still at Glastonbury watch the blowing of the thorn, or at Ramsgate parade a musical procession through the town; whether they still represent "mysteries" at Whitehaven, or in Nottinghamshire go out to hear the underground bells rung by the fairies. At all events, Mr. Henderson does not make any mention of the benign influences of Christmas-tide described by Shakspeare, nor cite any examples of their being recognised in the northern counties:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate,  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
 And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad ;  
 The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,  
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

In the diocese of Durham palms were still borne on Palm Sunday not many years ago. Good Friday has, in a few parts of the ancient kingdom of Northumbria, distinctive observances ; and we learn from Mr. Henderson that no blacksmith through North Durham would drive a nail on that day—in remembrance, doubtless, of the awful purpose for which hammer and nails were used on the first Good Friday. In regard to Easter, there is some correspondence between the folk-lore of the north and the west of England. In Durham, as well as Devonshire, maidens get up to see the sun rise, and look for the Holy Lamb in the centre of the disc.

Perhaps it is not because of any Christian association that the swallow, the herald of spring, has been held sacred by the Teutonic race. In Yorkshire, punishment is expected to follow any injury to this little bird, sometimes called " God's fowl," the messenger of life. Of the sacred character with which the robin-redbreast, however, is invested throughout Christendom no particular instances are given from north-country folk-lore. In the traditions of Brittany it is held sacred for having come to the Saviour on the Cross and extracted a thorn from His crown, by which it dyed its own breast red.

One or two instances (says Mr. Henderson) in which popular belief glorifies the world around us with light borrowed from the days when our Saviour walked on earth have been given already. One of exceeding beauty has recently come before me. In the town of Malton, in Yorkshire, my friend the Rev. J. B. Dykes . . . while visiting an old woman about ninety years of age during her last illness, observed a spider near her bed, and attempted to destroy it. She at once told him, with much earnestness, that spiders ought not to be killed, for, when our Blessed Lord lay in the manger at Bethlehem, the spider came and spun a beautiful web, which protected the innocent Babe from all the dangers which surrounded Him.

Such beliefs seem echoes from a vanished past, and strangely out of keeping with the hard, sceptical temper of the times, but who would not prefer them to an enlightenment too often allied to infidelity ?

It is not improbable that the great conflict between Christianity and paganism gave rise to some of the stories of " dragon-foe and conquering champion" that we find everywhere so strongly fixed in the popular mind. But the idea is, as Mr. Henderson remarks,

One which meets us again and again in almost every form of belief which has prevailed in the world. Classic mythology tells us of Cadmus and the Dragon, Apollo and Python, Hercules and the Hydra, with many more. Brahminism hands down from its earliest days the wonderful picture of Krishna suffering and Krishna triumphant—a twofold representation, wherein the hero is first bound in the serpent's coils and wounded by it in the heel, and then stands forth its conqueror with his heel set upon its head. And the mythology of our own Teuton forefathers shows us the heroic Sigurd and the fiery dragon Fasuer.

At all events, among the varied folk-lore of the North of England

and the Scottish Lowlands no legends are more numerous and characteristic than those respecting dragons. All lands, however, have their dragon legends, either perpetuated in ballads and family tradition, sculptured in church decorations, or handed down from the lips of the people. Dragon legends may very probably have had their origin in pre-historic monsters of ancient conditions of the globe, saurians which may have lingered in wastes of rock and forest down to the habitation of the earth by man, and they undoubtedly meet us in the earliest records as well as the earliest myths of the human race. The chief dragons north of Tees were the "Worm of Sockburn"—a story interesting from its great age and its connexion with the tenure of land; the "Worm of Lambton," which, from the romantic character of the legend and its connexion with the ancestry and home of the Earl of Durham, has still deep hold on the popular mind; the "Worm of Linton;" and the dragon of Spindlestone; for the stern and rocky scenery near Bamburgh Castle has its dragon legend no less than the green valley of the Wear, and the cave is shown at Spindlestone Heugh which the monster inhabited by day and left by night to wander on the coast. Milk seems to have been a favourite beverage of these northern dragons, and quite needful to their propitiation.

However, it is more interesting to turn from extinct dragons to the legendary beliefs which surround the life and death of man.

Sir Walter Scott tells us\* that no part of Scotland so teemed with superstitious fears and observances as the Border country. Little as the Church was venerated, the belief in spells was universal, as was that in ghosts, which still maintains its ground; and accusations of witchcraft were solemnly tried under commissions from the Privy Council. The Borderers also believed in subordinate spirits to whom employments were assigned, such as the Brownie (conjectured to be the legitimate representative of the *lar familiaris* of the Romans), and in beings the familiar attendants of a clan or family—a belief, we may add, which seems especially Celtic, yet perhaps not always easily distinguishable from that belief in a guardian angel assigned to man which finds warrant in Holy Scripture, and has the sanction of the Church. Sir Walter Scott speaks of the superstitions about fairies as being still more widely spread and firmly held, and there are Border streams notorious for being haunted by them, like the well mentioned by Fletcher, the dramatist and poet,

—about whose flowering banks  
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds  
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes  
Their stolen children, so to make them free  
From dying flesh and dull mortality.

It does not appear why the character of the Scottish fairy is more harsh and "uncanny" than that ascribed to the elves of England.†

Mr. Henderson gives a curious chapter about local sprites, but owns he has little new to tell of the good old Brownie, that faithful ally of the northern household. The Scottish peasant, in the "Ettrick Shepherd's" tale, says:

\* *Introductio ad Minstrelsy of the Border.*

† *Scott's Dissertation on the Fairies of Popular Superstition, in Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

"Ye had need to tak' care how ye dispute the existence of faeries, brownies, and apparitions; ye may as weel dispute the Gospel of St. Matthew. . . . We believe in all the apparitions that warn of death, that save life, and that discover guilt."

If the Scottish homesteads have their attendant sprites, the wild moorlands of the Cheviots are not without their mysterious denizens. The most formidable of these yet encountered is "the Brown Man of the Muirs." Redcap, too, is a spirit cruel and malignant of mood, and resides, unsocially, in ruined Border towers; but this ill-conditioned goblin can be driven away by the sight of the cross, in which respect, we may remark, he seems to resemble some Evangelical Protestants of our own day. The crags of the Cheviot are haunted by a tricky spirit called "the Dunnie;" and the river Tees has its Lorelei, who lures people wandering

On summer eve by haunted stream

to her subaqueous haunt. Then, there is "the Cauld Lad of Hilton," made famous by Surtees, the historian of Durham—a sort of Robin Goodfellow, who haunted Hilton Castle, once the seat of an important family in the valley of the Wear. Mr. Henderson does not mention that in Plot's "Staffordshire" a household spirit apparently identical occurs: indeed, we believe the fact to be that "Jack of Hilton" is really a national tradition, and is founded on an old historical myth. Who does not think of the stories told over "the spicy nut-brown ale?"

—How the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thrash'd the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end;  
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend,  
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop-full out of doors he flings  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.

The bogie called "the Kow," which haunted the village of Hedley, near Ebechester, was a mischievous attendant of another kind, for it imitated the voice of the servant-girl's lovers, overturned the kail-pot, gave the cream to the cats, and put the spinning-wheel out of order. Horbury, near Wakefield, was haunted by a dog, which quite appears to be related to the famous "spectre-hound of Man."

All the grotesque and churlish goblins of the north have attributes in common, and they differ much from the light and frolicsome "pixies" of Devon. Some of them, indeed, suspiciously resemble the evil spirit himself, who can take all forms, it seems, except those of the lamb and the dove. "He can't make hisself look like *they*," said a little girl on the border of Dartmoor, "because of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit."

Of the superstition that evil spirits have power to molest Christians in wild lonely places, we have, it appears, several instances in Border folk-lore. And now we pass to the belief in ghosts, of which several instances are given.

The territory that formed of old the kingdom of Northumbria is not so much the land of ghost-stories as Devonshire; but Mr. Henderson says there is firm faith in ghosts throughout the county of Durham, as might be expected from a part so rich in historic incidents of the wildest kind. He does not give many stories of that class which we own that we deem the most credible if any faith is to be given to testimony, viz. where the form of a person appears at the time of death to a relation or friend often at a great distance from the scene of death. The "portents" mentioned by Mr. Henderson seem to be such as are common to other counties; and he mentions, as a superstition widely spread, the belief in the flying or hovering of birds around a house, and their resting on the window-sill, or tapping against the window of the dying person.

The death of a clergyman in the town of Hull, recently (says Mr. Henderson), was preceded by the flight of a pure-white pigeon around the house, and its resting again and again on his window-sill. The Vicar of Fishlake informs me that one of his parishioners mentioned the same portent to him, telling him of a Methodist preacher . . . who had fallen down dead in the pulpit soon after giving out his text. "And not many hours before," she went on, "I had seen a white pigeon light on a tree hard by, and I'd said to a neighbour I were sure summat were going to happen."

One of the most remarkable apparitions of this kind—the White Bird of the Oxenham family—is not mentioned by Mr. Henderson; but this, probably, is because the scene is laid in Devonshire. "The belief in death-omens peculiar to certain families is," he remarks, "purely Celtic, and does not, therefore, fall within the province of Border folk-lore;" but under the head of Dreams and Second Sight, at least one very striking tale is narrated in his concluding chapter.

As connected with the life of man, a chapter on the Northern Folk-Lore of Plants would have been welcome: some curious beliefs connected as well with Christian saints as with heathen times are bound up with it.

As to the less attractive subject of witchcraft, it appears that the belief in that evil power, which was once universal, took especial hold of the Border land, and of the Scottish portion of it. Mr. Henderson often quotes from a collection of Border customs, legends, and superstitions, made about fifty years since by a young medical student named Wilkie, who seems to have been a favourite and protégé of Sir Walter Scott; and this Mr. Wilkie speaks of witches as if they were to be met any day in the streets. He says, "there is some difficulty in knowing how to act when a witch offers to shake hands with us." Stories of persons who have been transformed (as Michael Scott, the famous wizard, once incautiously allowed himself to be) are common to the Scottish lowlands and the northern nations. On the Borders and in the Yorkshire dales, as in Devonshire, we find hares in the same mysterious relationship with witches, and a hare is the commonest disguise of a witch in the northern parts of Europe. Of the connexion also between cats and witches the north of Yorkshire affords examples, and witches and cats occur together in the folk-lore of the north of Europe. In the north country, too, as elsewhere, the wood of the mountain ash (*rowan*) is the dread of witches. The belief in holed stones also, as charms against witchcraft, seems to have been



widely spread. Perhaps in the high repute which the Irish stones had in the dales of Northumberland as charms against vermin and for healing, we have a trace of the Culdees and those grey old pioneers of Christianity the missionaries of the Celtic Church.

Finally, the more we study the popular superstitions and the popular tales of our country, the more we see that the one stock of the human race which was planted in the East stretched out its boughs and branches "laden," as Dr. Dasent has said, "with the fruit of language, and bright with the bloom of song and story," by successive offshoots to the utmost parts of the earth; and that in the folk-lore of to-day we find as well the early superstitions of our race surviving in a morbid vitality as the fading beliefs that came with the early Christianity of Britain.

W. S. G.

## MY FAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

I HAVE four merry children, light of heart and foot are they,  
Sweetly loving, laughter-moving, full of frolic, fun, and play;  
Little fairies you would call them, if the times were less exact,  
But the dear old fibs of former days must now give way to fact.

There is Oberon, of Elfinland, a bold despotic chief,  
Who order breaks, and often makes his subjects come to grief,  
And, like some monarchs, much too fond of war and martial show,  
He looks a Lilliputian knight, with mimic sword and bow.

Like "kings retired from business" he will lay aside his state,  
And fond of change, his thoughts will range, and varied forms create:  
As Robin Hood, of famed Sherwood, an outlaw, now he struts,  
With baldric, belt, and bugle, and a wallet full of nuts.

He reads about the gallant Cid, the "Campeador" brave,  
With sword and dirk he makes short work of ev'ry Moslem slave;  
His weapons are not dangerous, but valour sharpens wood,  
So his field of operations is confined to solitude.

But of all his "hero-worship," that of Crusoe stands supreme,  
His chief delight by day and night, the idol of his dream;  
His dearest wish would be to have an island all his own,  
And build mud ramparts round his hut, with Friday's help alone.

The next is fair Titania, with her ringing notes of glee,  
 No elfin band in fairyland could match her witchery ;  
 A very sylph in childish grace, with artless, winning look,  
 And face as bright as you will find in Nature's portrait-book.

She does not haunt the moonlit glade, nor sleep within a flow'r,  
 Or live in cell of asphodel, nor make a leaf her bow'r,  
 But takes delight in squeaking dolls, that smile at will, or frown,  
 With wizard eyes, that feign surprise, by moving up and down.

And here is Robin Goodfellow, a trifle rather stout  
 For silky fay, whom poets say through chinks go in and out ;  
 A very Puck, who brings good luck, though mischievous inclined,  
 Who dearly loves forbidden fruit, nor throws away the rind.

No alphabet entices him, though blazon'd every letter,  
 But giants grim have charms for him, more monstrous, all the better ;  
 Or fiddling cats, or singing rats, or talking birds of prey,  
 And Old King Cole, that queer old soul, who drove dull care away.

He paints, but such a mess he makes, his genius is mistrusted,  
 He builds with sticks, or wooden bricks, huge tow'rs, ill-adjusted ;  
 Noah's arks he has in plenty, but the patriarch *would* stare  
 To see such headless animals, of legs and tails quite bare.

His only bent for study is a stud, both large and small,  
 Steeds fierce and meek, or thin or sleek, though wretched objects all ;  
 Hobgoblin horses, such as hags would take delight to ride on,  
 But dear to him, though frail of limb, and scarcely safe to stride on.

Now Mab, sweet Mab, is coming, not in "hazel-nut" I wcen,  
 No fairy mite, or cobweb sprite, though ev'ry inch a queen,  
 But still a tiny creature, with a dimple on each feature,  
 Ever rattling, ever prattling, what a story-book can teach her.

She rules the older fairies in a manner quite her own,  
 And rare Queen Bess, whom old maids bless, had not a firmer throne,  
 And planted in the nursery—*Kindergarten*, I should say—  
 She sleeps, like flow'rs, sound at night, and blooms throughout the day.

Eyes of hazel ever roving, heart of softness ever loving,  
 Sometimes vexing, and perplexing, but a gentle damsel proving ;  
 In short, she *is* a *treasure*, which includes all sung or said,  
 And now you know my Fairies, you will wish them safe—in *bed*!

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## BRIARS AND THORNS.

BY BLANCHE MARRYAT.

## PART II.

## CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

EIGHT months have elapsed since the funeral of Sybella's husband.

The London season is drawing to a close, and the incessant din of the carriages as they whirl rapidly by is very distinctly heard through the large open windows in the drawing-room in Hertford-street.

Mrs. Gervase Pierrepont has not changed in the least since we last saw her; a trifle thinner, a trifle more haggard, perhaps, the result of one more social campaign, but the spirit is the same.

Mrs. Mandeville (whose marriage had followed close upon David's departure) reclines on a couch opposite to her mamma, and in the same languid tones as of old is enlarging upon the worries which she has to encounter in the matrimonial state.

Colonel Mandeville still adores his fascinating Theodosia, but has given proofs that, when the occasion demands a display of it, he knows well how to exercise his marital authority. There is already an offshoot of their union, that delicate-looking baby with the enormous cockade, who possesses not only his father's features, but appears also unfortunately to have inherited the watery eyes and chronic cough with which his ancient sire is afflicted.

He has been brought on a visit to his grandmamma, who, though not particularly proud of the relationship, takes him in her lap as she listens to the dolorous account which his mother pours into her ears respecting her husband's parsimony and other disagreeable qualities, which appear to be developing themselves by degrees.

"Not a cupboard is free from his prying eyes," said poor Dossy, in a lachrymose voice. "The servants declare they cannot stand it, and that he will count the ends of the candles next."

Still the vexations with which (to hear her) one would believe her life abounds appear in no way to have injured the health for which she has been noted since childhood, and the increasing *embonpoint* hardly leaves a doubt but that her various trials and annoyances agree with her constitution.

When the subject of Theodosia's grievances had been thoroughly exhausted, the conversation turned upon the absent David Chetwynde.

A letter from him, dated a month or two back, and bearing the post-mark of the United States, had arrived most unexpectedly by the last mail.

Since he landed at Halifax, now nearly a twelvemonth ago, and had written to apprise Mrs. Pierrepont of his arrival, not another line had been received from him, and the only news that his relations could gather was from one or two chance travellers whom he had encountered during his hunting excursions.

He had told his relations beforehand not to expect any letters, for

that he should not write to them again until he was once more in civilised society.

"There appears no prospect of David's return, poor fellow!" rejoined Mrs. Pierrepont, as she closed the letter, after having read aloud for Theodosia's benefit an abridged account of what her cousin had seen and done in his wanderings.

"Who are these Norrises with whom he is going to stay, I wonder?" said she; and immediately in her imagination her nephew was pictured returning home with a lovely Miss Norris as his bride.

However, Doby was now disposed of, and having no other marriageable daughter, the subject of David's matrimonial prospects was divested of most of its interest, and the conversation was already taking a different turn, when a loud knock, followed by the sound of a well-known voice, suddenly interrupted it, and before either Doby or her mother had time to feel astonished, in walked, with an elastic step and a face beaming with happiness, the man who had left them but ten months ago, sorrow-stricken, and with a soul which refused to be comforted—the last in their mouths, but the very last they expected to see—David Chetwynde.

I must now exercise my privilege of historian, and, crossing the wide Atlantic, land you at St. George's, the largest of the numerous Bermudian islands.

In a low many-windowed room (generally termed the hall) in the abode of the Norrises sat, one evening, alone, in the month of June, the voluntary exile, little conscious of the fact that no obstacle but the mere space between them now separated him from Sybella. The heat of the day had been most oppressive, the sun blazing down upon the inhabitants as if he had tried his utmost to melt them beneath his rays, or bake them into cinders.

The clatter of dishes heard through the open windows of a large mess-room, and the cheerful sound of the band outside, was borne in on the evening breeze.

The sashes were wide open, and the hum which issued from the barracks opposite as the officers rose from mess made him fear that he might have his privacy invaded before he had completed his task.

He was busily employed writing letters for the mail which would leave at seven the following morning, and, unmindful of the hubbub without, was rapidly finishing off his arrears of correspondence when he was interrupted in his occupation by the entrance of his hostess, who had broken into his solitude for the purpose of trying, if possible, to persuade him to change his mind and go with them to a ball that evening, which was to take place at the governor's.

"Then you really are determined to be morose and unsociable," she said to him, in a vexed tone, and with something very like a frown on her pretty face, as he quickly informed her for the twentieth time since his arrival that balls were his aversion, and that he preferred an amusing book and his own or friends' society to all the gaieties the world (of Bermuda) could offer.

"And when I so wanted to have one waltz with you for the sake of 'Auld Lang Syne,' " she reproachfully added.

David rose, and although he made a suitable reply to the flattering speech to which she had just treated him, and gaily assured her that

if anything could have tempted him to break through his resolves it would have been the inducement she now held out to him, Mrs. Norris perceived that his mind was quite made up on the subject, and therefore, like a wise woman, gave up her attempt to persuade him to alter it, and soon afterwards withdrew.

David had visited Bermuda for the purpose (after much entreaty) of making a short stay with the Norrises, and had been there for about a fortnight.

He was undecided at the present moment where to pitch his tent. England he still believed to be forbidden ground, and he had had enough of America for the present, having, after his Canadian expedition (instead of returning to Halifax, as he had at first proposed to do), restlessly sought distraction by passing through the States to New Orleans, whence he had sailed to Bermuda.

The moment the closing door announced that he was once more alone, David went on with his letter-writing, and his face resumed the weary careworn look (which appeared to be now indelibly imprinted on it) as his pen glided rapidly over the paper before him.

He knitted his brow once or twice as the mosquitoes flew around him with their sharp singing cry, and put up his hand occasionally to ward off their attacks. His epistles at last ended, he placed his hands before his face and passed a few moments in deep thought.

His meditations were disturbed by the re-entrance of his hostess, who advanced hastily to the table at which he was sitting, and, holding out a letter to him, said:

"Oh! here is a letter from Mr. Vere, which Edward received by the mail, and which he said I was to be sure and let you see, as he was such a great friend of yours, but your unkind refusal quite drove it out of my head. Do you still persist in it? Well, I've no time to worry you about it now, for I must go and dress." And she hurriedly made her exit.

David took up the letter which Mrs. Norris had left on the table; he had heard that Mr. Vere was going to be married to a daughter of their mutual acquaintance, Lord Aubrey, and not anticipating much amusement from a recital of the raptures suitable to the occasion with which it was probably filled, held it for some time in his hand without opening it. At last, as if mechanically, he drew it from the envelope, and glancing at it carelessly as he did so, his eye caught the name of Travers. Quickly opening it, he read:

"Charley (the writer's brother) is raving about a Mrs. Travers, the widow of poor Travers, who figured in that shocking tragedy I wrote to you about."

Without a word he rose from his seat, and, with the letter in his hand, rushed quickly in the direction of Captain Norris's dressing-room, where he luckily found him. Striving to conceal his agitation from his friend, he managed, with no small exercise of self-control, to say in a passably indifferent tone:

"Thanks for showing me Vere's letter—have you any more from him? If so, and there is nothing in them you would mind my seeing, I should be glad to look over them whilst you are absent; they will amuse me."

"Oh, you are quite welcome," returned Captain Norris, who was

just completing his toilette. "There they are—a whole heap," pointing, as he spoke, to his open writing-case. "Vere was good enough to make me the depository of all his hopes and fears. You will have enough to do to get through them before we are back again."

Thanking his host, David selected the bundle of letters, and retired at once to his own apartment, where he could remain without fear of interruption, and, with a beating heart, proceeded, without a moment's delay, to look them through.

The earliest bore post-marks which showed a date of about two years back. Putting aside all those which had been received prior to his own departure from England, he began steadily to examine the contents of the remainder, until at last he came upon the one he sought. It was a long letter, filling four sides of very closely written paper, giving, amongst other news, a brief but clear account of the suicide and attempt to murder, which had excited the writer's interest the more from its having occurred in his own neighbourhood.

The succeeding letter mentioned in a postscript the death of Captain Travers from his wound. Hastily glancing through the rest of the correspondence, and not finding any further mention of the subject, David paused.

The mosquitoes buzzing around his head are unheeded now, as he tries vainly to clear his brain from the confused whirl into which it had been driven by these extraordinary and unforeseen events.

He reads the account again and again from beginning to end. There it is, sure enough. At length he throws the letter down, rises quickly, and paces the room in rapid uneven steps.

Suddenly he starts, and takes up the last letter which Mrs. Norris had brought to him that evening, and remembers that months have elapsed since that which is news to him is no longer so to the world on the other side of the Atlantic.

What might not have happened during that time? He wondered why he had received no news from the Elliots since Sybella's removal to their house.

Suddenly it flashed across him that, as he had not returned to Halifax, the missive, containing the wonderful intelligence upon which he had stumbled in so singular a manner might still be following him about in his wanderings. What was to be done? What *must* Sybella think of his silence?

Whilst in this state of perplexity he remembered his own letters, which were lying ready directed upon the table in the room where he had been writing. "Why should that one to Aunt Dora go at all?" he said to himself. The mail that took letters also conveyed passengers, and David, without another moment's thought, resolved to leave at once for England.

How could he remain any longer? He was on the rack, and would continue to be until he learnt what had befallen Sybella during and since this shocking event.

Thus it happened that when, on her return, Mrs. Norris, who fully expected that her guest would be peacefully slumbering in his own bed, saw lights shining out brightly from the still open windows, she fancied at first that the house was on fire, or that something serious

was the matter. Her fears were soon dispelled, however; for as they were about to enter, David leaned out of window, his linen jacket looking very white in the light of the lamp, and assured her in cheerful tones that all was right. The child, he said, was asleep, and so were all the servants; and as for himself, he was busily engaged with his own follower packing up his traps, as he found, unfortunately, that he must leave by the steamer next morning.

It seemed to him, in his impatience, as if the mail from Boston would never arrive. He would have wished for the sandals of Mercury, or the wings of an eagle, if, by wishing, he could have obtained them, or any other means of very rapid locomotion; but as it was he had to put up with the more prosaic transit afforded by the steamer, which, in due course, landed him at Liverpool.

Hurrying through the streets, David was just in time to catch the early train to London, and the same evening saw him before the wooden gates of the Elliotts' villa at Twickenham.

Where else could he expect to gain the information he sought? But the hopes which he had so cherished were doomed not to be realised for the present. How, as the train had borne him on, had he pictured to himself the astonishment of the good old couple! Would *she* be there? Fate might, at least, afford him *that* happiness, that she should be the first to greet him, and give the lie to all his foolish doubts and fears.

He might even within the next half-hour see *her* from whom, as he believed, he had been separated for ever!

But had David not been lost to every feeling but one, he would not have indulged in the folly of anticipation, for whoever knew a meeting or an event of any kind take place in accordance with the anticipated when, where, or how?

The wooden gates were closed, but it was late, and David thought that, doubtless, it had been so ordered from motives of security. He hastily rung the bell, and, after a certain interval, an old crone advanced down the drive, looking as if she was suspicious of the designs of this applicant for admission at so late an hour.

Eagerly he entered, and demanded news of the inmates, when, to his great disappointment, she informed him that "the family was away; they had gone to the sea-side," she believed, though she did not know where, and that they might not be home for another month or so.

To his numerous questions, she replied that the master and mistress were accompanied by a lady, who had been staying at the house for some time—that her name was Travers—that both the master and mistress were very well—that Mrs. Travers, although she had been ill last year in that very house, was now also very well—that she was sure the watering-place they had gone to was in England, and not abroad. But as she appeared to be getting impatient at being kept so long waiting in the open air at that late hour answering his questions, he had compassion on her years and infirmities, and, giving her a card with his address upon it, accompanied with a handsome gratuity, he tried to curb his impatience, and—as the old dame (in a happier frame of mind than when she left it) hobbled back to the house—reluctantly left the place.

Sybella was alive and well. What more could he desire? And he turned in thankfulness to procure a bed at an inn near, and to order the first meal which he had thought of sitting down to since he had landed at Liverpool that morning.

On his return to town he was undecided what to do next. It would be useless to write to Sybella or the Elliotts, and he did not wish—just yet, at least, or until his fate was decided—to call upon his aunt, who was perfectly ignorant of his return; so he determined to run down into Suffolk and see about setting his deserted house in order.

He *must* do something, he felt, to occupy his mind during the intervening month; for, although the news which he had received was most favourable to his hopes, and his faith in Sybella unbounded—although had any one whispered to him but a short time before, “You will hear that she is alive, in health, and perfectly free”—his joy would have known no limit; still, now that his greatest hopes seemed about to be realised, his impatience to see her again was beyond all control.

In fact, the happiness which he had just tasted only made him greedy of more, and then his very position placed him amongst those with whom time is well known to “trot hard withal.”

When he left England to expatriate himself, as he deemed, for a lengthened term of years, the house which he had prepared with so much care for his future wife was shut up. No other eyes, no other hands, should profane what had been destined for her alone.

Thus the windows were closed and barred, and the doors locked. The garden was a wilderness; and although the place had been left in charge of a farm-bailiff, who had taken care that no one profaned its sanctity, it had been otherwise left to take care of itself.

The appearance which things presented after he had entered the house, and ordered all the doors and windows to be thrown wide open and let in the light of heaven once more to gladden the deserted rooms, was not so discouraging as he had expected to find it.

The dust was spread thickly over everything, it is true, and the mirrors and some other objects looked blurred and dull from want of cleaning; the webs of numerous spiders, who had found a safe retreat from attentive servants’ brushes, also graced the ceiling, whilst the proprietors let themselves down by their frail ropes, or hurried back into their inmost recesses at his approach.

David’s heart smote him as he looked into a cage and saw the whitened skeleton of a poor little squirrel which he had bought for Sybella. She had said that she remembered petting them at Wilmington, and this was the last thing which he had ordered to be sent down for her. A diminutive heap of bones and fur was all that remained of the unfortunate little animal.

“I forgot it in my despair,” he murmured, regretfully.

The conservatory boasted of a long line of pots containing the stalks of what had once been flowers; and as he passed out and re-locked the doors, David turned his steps in the direction of the spot where (nearly to the day) a year ago he had found Sybella sitting alone. How vividly the recollection of it came across him as he approached the place! It seemed as if but a week had passed instead of a year, and he fancied that he could almost see her before him.



Suddenly he stopped. Was it the force of his imagination that made her form now distinctly visible to him? For there it was, sure enough. He waited as if expecting to see it melt away into thin air. How long he would have stood there transfixed it is impossible to say, had not a slight movement he made caused her to turn her head quickly in that direction. No further doubt remained; it was Sybella herself. With a cry of joy he bounded towards her, and in another moment was holding her almost lifeless in his arms.

Sybella's presence there was easily accounted for, for the part of the coast where she was staying with the Elliotts was situated within a few miles of the place. Happening that day to drive over with these friends to visit some ruins in the neighbourhood, she could not resist the opportunity of making a pilgrimage alone to the spot where she had been so happy. She had suffered too much of late to allow herself now to be killed by joy; but she often wondered afterwards how she could have borne her great happiness so quietly.

Again they sat there together, the same charming view spread out before them, but this time without the shadow of a cloud in their horizon, and they both felt that the intensity of their present happiness exceeded even that of their past misery.

How long they remained there lost to everything but a sense of their own bliss I will not say, but before they quitted the place, David had extracted a promise from Sybella (after overcoming by his eloquence certain scruples which she entertained) that they should be married on his approaching birthday, and it was to announce this important fact, and to ask his relatives to grace his wedding, that he had made that startling call in Hertford-street, when he came so suddenly upon his Aunt Dora and Theodosia.

It was found that Captain Travers had made a will, leaving the whole of his property to his wife, and on the income derived from this she had been living until the arrival of David Chetwynde from Bermuda. A few days before their wedding, Sybella, at David's request, made over (through Mr. Elliott) a large portion of it to the asylum where the unfortunate Marie had been so long an inmate. Mrs. Robson also received an annuity equal to that which she had lost, and a hundred a year was settled upon poor old Sawney, in order to render her latter days a little more comfortable.

Captain Chetwynde's income, although moderate, was large enough for their requirements, and the idea of deriving any pecuniary advantage from Captain Travers's death jarred upon his feelings.

There were not many persons present at the marriage of David and Sybella; their happiness was of too deep a nature, and the storm in which it had so nearly suffered shipwreck had too recently passed away, to allow of a pompous celebration of it being otherwise than distasteful to them; it was, therefore, as private as it well could be.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierrepoint of course were present with Theodosia and her gallant old colonel, but they had to regret the absence of Master Willie, who was at sea. The Elliotts were also invited, and the heartfelt joy which beamed on the faces of the good old couple at the prospect of Sybella's happiness was most gratifying to both David and herself. Sawney, strange to say, contributed smiles instead of tears on this occasion. The frequent calls which had been made upon her

sympathies during the past terrible year had probably exhausted her resources that way, but if there were no grounds for this supposition, and the fountains, on the contrary, were in their usual fine order, and she yet actually denied herself the gratification of making them play, it must be acknowledged that she fully merited the applause afterwards bestowed upon her by the bride for her heroic conduct.

One more scene, and my tale is told.

In the month of September, that same year, two travelling-carriages, both containing English tourists, drew up at the *porte cochère* of one of the principal hotels in the town of Berne.

The postillions, as is the wont of such gentry, cracked their heavy whips, and forced their tired steeds to assume an air of great activity as they drove through the quaint old streets, where the cognisance of the Bear was visible at every turn.

As they came in front of the inn, the smiling, fat-faced landlord, with his German assistants, bowed to the "Milords Anglais," and advanced to receive their commands. The faces of the new arrivals are, I think, not unfamiliar to us. Surely that tall stiff figure, deferentially handing out of the carriage that handsome but shrewish-looking lady, must be our old friend, the important Mr. Bernard Watson. If that is the lady whom he has so recently made his second wife, we can hardly wish him a worse fate than to be continually in the companionship of so uncongenial-looking a partner.

The new Mrs. Bernard Watson's temper does not belie her looks, and she already rules her husband with a rod of iron. The very day after her marriage she had a mortal quarrel with her two sisters-in-law, who are not again likely to disturb their brother's *ménage*.

But what strange fatality led him here, of all the places in the world, on his wedding tour?

Ah! my friend, you will never cease to regret having chosen the Simplon instead of the Splügen Pass on your journey to Italy, for, before another day has passed over your head, your amiable bride will be in possession of the whole of the facts connected with a certain tragical occurrence which happened on this spot not three years ago, and ever afterwards, when you open your mouth in remonstrance to your wife, it will be stopped by a small display of oratory on her part, which, with but slight variations, will inevitably conclude with:

"If you think to goad *me* into doing wrong by your cruelty and unkindness, as you did your first wife, or that you will drive *me* away to die in a foreign land, you are greatly mistaken, Mr. Watson!" until at last you feel that you would only be too thankful if you could.

But as the second carriage is drawing up, let us stand back a little and watch its occupants alight.

The handsome open countenance of the gentleman, which lights up with a tender smile as it is raised to his companion's, who is preparing to descend, and who throws him her cloak from off the seat beside her, betrays an amount of happiness which in the presence of the pair who arrived before him is almost insulting. Its brightness is a little tempered by the "grey which somewhat (prematurely) mingles with the brown" on the temples, showing that the tempest has passed by, leaving him not altogether unscathed, but the look of calm content visible in every feature telling of hopes realised to their full, affords

plain evidence that the storm has served also to clear the atmosphere of all noxious vapours.

Tenderly he receives the lady in his strong arms as she springs from the steps of the carriage. The bloom on the cheek and the sunny look (which, unlike that of her companion, exhibits no trace of past suffering) shows that her happiness equals his own. The reader need scarcely look over the list of visitors in which the gentleman has just written in a clear bold hand the names of *Monsieur et Madame Chetwynde*, to find out who they are.

David and Sybella, in short, are spending their time, whilst their Suffolk home is being put in readiness for their reception, in travelling about at their pleasure.

Neither have any cause to regret the past; on the contrary, the event which at one time seemed so entirely to have wrecked their happiness has been productive of so much consolation to both, that, without it, they agree in thinking their happiness would not have been so complete, and grateful they feel for this additional proof that "There's a divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

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#### THE GAY SCIENCE—THE SCIENCE OF CRITICISM.\*

IN the attempt now first made, and which cannot but be hailed with approbation by all true lovers of literature, to settle the first principles of criticism, and to show how alone it can be raised to the dignity of a science, it would appear as if the dictum of the poet, "*Grammatici certant et adhuc sub judice lis est,*" stood true at the very threshold, and, indeed, trammelled the inquiry throughout. Wherefore, also, if criticism is a science, designate it as the "gay science"? The troubadours gave that name to their art of poetry; Mr. Dallas gives it to the science of criticism for the same reason, that is to say, because the immediate aim of art is the cultivation of pleasure, and the science of criticism must of necessity be the science of the laws of pleasure, "the joy science," "the gay science."

As Mr. Dallas remarks, it so happens that no critical doctrine is in our day more unfashionable than this—that the object of art is pleasure. Those who cleave to the old creed, which has the prescription of about thirty centuries in its favour, are supposed to be shallow and commonplace. Nearly all thinkers now, who pretend to any height or depth of thought, abjure the notion of pleasure as the object of pursuit in the noble moods of art. But what if these highflyers are wrong and the thirty centuries are right? What if not one of those who reject the axiom of the thirty centuries can agree with another as to the terms of a better doctrine? What if theirs be the true common-place which cannot see the grandeur of a doctrine, because it comes to us clothed in unclean

\* The Gay Science. By E. S. Dallas. Chapman and Hall.

and threadbare garments? There is no more common-place thinker than he who fails to see the virtue of the common-place. The contention at the onset for the correctness of a title would scarcely have been worthy of consideration, but that it involves a principle. Mr. Dallas adopts Kant's definition of pleasure as a feeling of the furtherance of life, as pain is a sense of its hindrance. Such a definition, he justly remarks, at once leads us into a larger circle of ideas than is usually supposed to be covered by the name of pleasure. Such a doctrine is, at the same time, anything but shallow; and if it be common-place, it is so only in the sense in which sun, air, earth, water, and all the elements of life are common-place. But we would say, further, whilst not admiring the title because unnecessary, yet still upholding the principle on which it is founded, that there are degrees of pleasure, as there are of powers of observation. Every one can admire, that is to say, feel pleasure in contemplating earth or sun, or a work of literature, art, or science. But in what different degrees? There is pleasure, for example, in the pursuit of the most abstract and recondite science, which can only be known to the initiated. Those who declare the object of art not to be pleasure may have higher ethical, moral, or intellectual aims in view, but they cannot deprive all successful or praiseworthy, literary, artistic, or scientific labour of their inseparable accompaniment—pleasure.

Before we can construct a science of criticism, it is above all things necessary to come to an understanding as to what is meant by criticism. And here we have another stumbling-block—a very rough one too, yet replete with suggestive asperities. In its widest sense, criticism may comprehend almost any stir of thought. It is literally the exercise of judgment, and logicians reduce every act of the mind into an act of judgment. So it comes to pass that there is a criticism of history, of philosophy, of science, of politics and life, as well as of literature and art, which is criticism proper. It is only in this latter and narrower sense that Mr. Dallas attempts to resolve the term into a science. Whereas, as he remarks, the criticism of philosophy, truly speaking, is itself philosophy; and that of science, science; and that of history, history; the criticism of poetry and art is not poetry and art, but is and to the end of time will remain criticism. The distinction is a curious one, for whereas it propounds that, to criticise philosophy, science, and history, the critic must be a philosopher, a man of science, or a historian, and his criticism hence becomes philosophy, science, or history; he need not be a poet or an artist to criticise poetry and art, but—a critic. "*La critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile*," said Destouches; and if the saying were truth, as well as satire, the world ought to insist that none should presume to criticise who are not masters of their subject. One who would venture to criticise science, philosophy, or history, and was himself ignorant, would be scouted; and if criticism is narrowed to literature and art, the opening that is left to empiricism, and the danger that presents itself of baseless pretensions, becomes at once manifest to all, save to a person of purely literary pursuits.

Mr. Dallas himself admits, that not only does criticism (as he would have it) not yet rank as a science, and that, following the wonted methods, it seems to have small chance of becoming one, but, to judge by the names bestowed upon critics, one might infer that it has no chance at all. Sir Henry Wotton used to say, and Bacon deemed the

saying valuable enough to be entered in his book of apophthegms, that critics are but brushers of noblemen's clothes; Ben Jonson spoke of them as tinkers, who make more faults than they mend; others have called them butchers, bandits, asses, dogs, wasps, and drones; and Sir Walter Scott, humorously reflecting the general sentiment, said, "If poets and artists may be described as pillars of the house of fame, critics are the caterpillars." Nor is this merely the judgment of poets and artists upon their tormentors. As Mr. Dallas shows by many an amusing illustration, the critics have passed sentence upon each other with equal severity.

Our author further admits that there are grounds for this adverse judgment. If we put, he says, the meanest and the worst of critics out of sight altogether, and look only to the good, we shall still find that criticism, at its best, is a luxuriant wilderness, and yields nowhere the sure tokens of a science. Editorial criticism, whether it takes the course of revising, reviewing, or of expounding, has, even in the hands of the ablest critics, yielded no large results. In biographical criticism a new element is added; the personality of an author is introduced, and his works are studied in the light of his life. But, however entertaining or however valuable this may be, Mr. Dallas justly remarks, it is not science—it is mere literary composition. So also of historical criticism, of which Mr. Dallas speaks in still more disparaging terms. It exhibits, he says, the fatal weakness of being much too narrow in design. As to "comparative criticism," there is no attempt to produce it, and the very need of it is scarcely acknowledged—yet the influence of German and French literature on our own is very great. Systematic or scientific criticism, as represented by Aristotle in ancient times, is in modern times devoted to questions of language. Mr. Ruskin, indeed, describes modern criticism, as Horace did of yore, as grammar; but grammar, again, is with him the same as first principles. Sir Joshua Reynolds, for example, is spoken of as going to the grammar of Rubens's treatment of "The Taking Down from the Cross," when his first thought is for the white sheet on which the body of Jesus lies.

"Nearly the whole body of criticism," says Mr. Ruskin, "comes from the leaders of the Renaissance, who discovered suddenly that the world for ten centuries had been living in an ungrammatical manner, and they made it forthwith the end of human existence to be grammatical." Almost the only systematic criticism of modern times which is not of the Renaissance, again, according to Mr. Dallas, is that of Germany, but it is infected with a worse disease; for while the criticism of the Renaissance is afflicted with a deficiency of thought, the new epoch of criticism, which the Germans attempted to inaugurate, is charged with a superfecundity of thought tending to overlay the facts that engage it. It is all idea. It begins with hypothesis, and works by deduction down to the facts. To follow the Hegelian system of criticism, for example, you have first to accept the Hegelian philosophy, of which it is a part. In the same manner, Schelling works not from facts to generalisation, but from generalisation to facts. It has become, indeed, almost a proverb, that the German constructs art, as he constructs the camel, out of the depths of his moral consciousness. One day the labour will be recognised at its true value, which is not that of the obole of Belisarius.

“We can only dismiss them,” says Mr. Dallas, “with the assurance that if this be science, then

Thinking is but an idle waste of thought,  
And nought is everything, and everything is nought;

and that between the Renaissance, or grammatical method of criticism, which busied itself too much with forms—the mere etiquette or ceremonial of literature—and the German or philosophical method of criticism, which wilders and flounders in the chaos of aboriginal ideas, there must be a middle path—a method of criticism that may fairly be called scientific, and that will weigh with even balance both the idea out of which art springs and the forms in which it grows.”

This is truly suggestive. It opens the portals to a new era in criticism, which will most assuredly no longer depend one day upon the mere assertion of individuals, but upon facts, and the knowledge brought by individuals to bear upon any given subject. Fiction and poetry will probably always remain fish for the nets of twaddlers, but the progress of science renders it impossible but that the general system of criticism will undergo, as it has in some instances already undergone, a great change, and [what a multitude of small anglers will be then put to the rout! These are the anglers for sticklebacks, of whom La Bruyère speaks when he says “the pleasure of criticism takes from us that of being deeply moved by very beautiful things.”

No one feels this more than the author of the work before us. It is manifest from many passages that he is not himself a critic by profession or by choice so much as a critic by results. His criticism evolves from study, and is eliminated by knowledge. He is neither a mere literary man nor a mere historian or philosopher; he is evidently a man of general and scientific acquirements, as well as of cultivated taste, and it is by this alone that, in our appraisal of what a critic ought to be, he has a right to give an opinion upon the works of others, and by this, and by accumulated experience and deep thought, he is alone qualified to discuss, as he so ably does, what criticism ought to be, and what is necessary to constitute it into a science.

“Recent criticism,” Mr. Dallas remarks, “even when it eschews philosophy, cuts deeper than of yore, both in Germany and out of it, and cannot be content to play with questions of mere images and verses; but it avoids system. It has never been so noble in aim, so conscientious in labour, so large in view, and withal so modest in tone, as now. In point of fact, philosophy, baffled in its aims, has passed into criticism, and minds that a century back might have been lost in searching into the mystery of knowledge and the roots of being, turn their whole gaze on the products of human thought and the history of human endeavour.” But here comes the weak point. Philosophers turning critics are apt, according to the founder of a science of criticism, to carry into the new study somewhat of the despair learnt from the old, and they avoid or eschew, as before insisted upon, system. The deeper, therefore, their criticism delves, the more it becomes a labyrinth of confusion. The elucidation of the fact as here expounded involves the singular anomalies of international criticism; as, for example, in the Englishman’s admiration of Shakspeare for his knowledge of human nature, the German’s

enthusiasm for his ideas, the Frenchman's criticisms upon want of originality in plot. It involves also the question of failure in prize essays, prize poems, prize monuments and designs of every kind. It is in these elucidations of the subject that Mr. Dallas's work bases its best claims to popular acceptance. Whatever attempt we may make, brief and imperfect as it must necessarily be to follow him in his philosophy, nothing can supersede the varied interest of his illustrations, which will be read and taken to heart wherever there is an atom of pure love of English literature.

A hopeful sign of our criticism has, we are further told, shown itself in the fact that it has become ashamed of itself. It is the more pleasing to hear this, as we must admit that we were not previously aware of the fact. Mr. Dallas, however, founds his assumption on the popularity of Mr. Matthew Arnold's writings, that eminent writer having come forward to denounce our criticism as folly, and to call upon critics to mend their ways. Yet at the same time, not having carried out his ideas so far as to embody a new system, our author proclaims him to be a suggestive writer, but not a convincing one. Mr. Arnold, according to the same authority, especially fails in comparative criticism. All criticism as yet is comparative only within narrow limits, and we have to extend the area of comparison before the possibility of science can begin to dawn. "The comparison required is threefold; the first, which most persons would regard as in a particular sense critical, a comparison of all the arts one with another, as they appear together and in succession; the next psychological, a comparison of these in their different phases with the nature of the mind, its intellectual bias, and its ethical needs as revealed in the latest analysis; the third historical, a comparison of the results thus obtained with the facts of history, the influence of race, of religion, of climate—in one word, with the story of human development. There is not one of these lines of comparison which criticism can afford to neglect. It must compare art with art; it must compare art with mind; it must compare art with history; and it must bring together again, and place side by side, the result of these three comparisons."

This is, perhaps, not precisely so clear and simple an enunciation of what the science of criticism consists in as we had in our sanguine anticipations, from the perusal of what criticism was wanting in, been led to anticipate; but it is very suggestive as far as it goes. It certainly does not comprise the whole art or science of criticism, for we hold that it requires as much knowledge to eliminate all that is new, or to condemn all that is erroneous, in a work of science, philosophy, or travel, as in a work of art, although our author would call such criticism science, philosophy, or geography. And even in comparative criticism we are told that, though there is not one of the above-mentioned lines of comparison which it will do to neglect, and there is not one which can be regarded as absolutely of more importance than another, nevertheless it may be at this or that particular time, or for this or that particular purpose, one line of comparison may relatively be of more value than another; and it would seem, Mr. Dallas says, that at the stage which criticism has now reached there is nothing so much wanting to it as a correct psychology. Accordingly, that is the main course of inquiry which is followed out in the present instalment of the work, for while the volumes aim at completeness

in the treatment of this part of the subject, they are, we are informed, to be followed by two more before the whole scope of the science of criticism can be expounded.

Brilliantly, too, is the programme here set down followed out! What, in the present temper of the human mind, can be more profoundly interesting than the antithesis which the author attempts to establish between the works of God and those of man? Not that we for a moment agree with him that God leaves no finger-marks in His material works, and that the only study of mankind is man. We would as soon adopt the theory of the German critics as to the absurdity of natural theology. But still such passages as the following are especially amusing:

“Despair of metaphysics has at length bred in us that state of heart which Mr. John George Phillimore exaggerates, but can scarcely be said to misrepresent, when, pointing out that what he calls the queen of sciences, that is, metaphysics, is utterly ignored among us, he asks what is the substitute for it, and discovers that we give ourselves up to the most intense study of entomology. We believe in insects as fit objects of science; but the mind of man is beyond our science, and we give it up in despair. Mr. Kingsley, who has written one book to show that a science of history is impossible, has written another to show the great and religious advantage at watering-places of studying science in the works of God—that is, in sea-jellies and cockle-shells. The popular science of the day makes an antithesis between God and man.”

Man is unquestionably the noblest work of God, nor does the humble advocate of what Mr. Dallas terms “the cant of finding God in the material and not in the moral world” put forward the inanimate or irrational creation as peculiarly the work and care of the Deity; he only adduces such as examples of the infinite and far-extending providence of God, just as the Saviour himself invited attention to the lilies of the field and to the fowls of the air to aid in exalting the morality of man. Again, we may be permitted to point out if metaphysics have been much ignored in England, our belief has always been that it is owing to the constitution of mind and habits of thought and study having been unfavourable to such studies, as is also the case in France. Mr. Stewart described the object of Moral Philosophy (as the Scotch generally designate Aristotle’s *Meta Physica*) to ascertain the general rules of a wise and virtuous conduct in life, in so far as these rules may be discovered by the unassisted light of nature—that is, by an examination of the principles of the human constitution, and of the circumstances in which man is placed. By following this method of inquiry, Dr. Hutcheson, Dr. Adam Smith, Dr. Reid, Mr. Stewart, and Dr. Thomas Brown have, in succession, produced highly interesting and instructive works on moral science, and we have also an epitome of “*The Constitution of Man*,” which has gone through very many editions, and these great works are not superseded, although they may be much enhanced in value, by the modern school of political economy. There is, at all events, a simplicity about them rarely to be met with in the philosophies of the present day, and the inconsistencies into which a Mill or a Carlyle find themselves occasionally involved were unknown to a Reid and a Brown.

Mr. Dallas, whilst tracing the antithesis between the works of God and the works of man, which, he says, we find in the science of our time, to



the misanthropical vein of thought belonging to a considerable portion of the poetry of the nineteenth century, admits the splendid results to which physical science can point. "What more dazzling in speculation than the discovery of Neptune? What more stimulating to curiosity than the researches of Goethe, Cuvier, and Owen? What more enticing to the adventurer than the geological prediction of the gold-fields of Australia? In chemistry we have well-nigh realised the dream of alchemy, and pierced the mystery of transmutation." And then, after enumerating a long list of similar triumphs, he concludes: "A thousand years hereafter poets and historians may write of our great engineers and scientific discoverers as we now speak of Arthur and his paladins, Faust and the devil, Cortes and Pizarro. Why should not those who figure in the fairy tales of science obtain the renown which is rightfully theirs?" Why indeed? They will obtain it. Mr. Dallas himself admits it. There is no longer a possibility of separating art or literature from the progress of science. Mr. Dallas's attempt to reduce criticism to a science is a proof of the fact. If Pope's maxim holds true, that the proper study of mankind is man, so also are his works. It is the same in this respect with regard to man as it is with regard to the works of his Creator. The works of man tend to the advancement of civilisation—that is to say, to the amelioration of the condition of the greater number; the works of the Creator tend to provide for the wants of ALL creation. There can be no possible antithesis, then, between the works of God and those of man, save in a mental misconception of the relation which the two bear to one another.

It is possible that in the rush of the intellectual current all in one direction it fares ill with mental science—"with all the sciences that may more strictly be called human, including that of criticism"—but can that be wondered at? Mr. Dallas is very caustic upon the rage for science which induces the tailors of London, like their ideals of Laputa, to abjure tape and take altitudes and longitudes with a quadrant, and to baptise their masterpieces Eureka; but when people are engaged in bringing the New World in contact with the Old by an electric cable, can they be expected to give all the attention that is due to Mr. G. H. Lewes's History of Philosophy, in which the author insists that the chief problems of metaphysics are insoluble? Happily, Mr. Dallas's work is saved from the sad neglect with which so many bantlings of the human brain are treated. It is an attempt to bring criticism within the pale of science; it belongs, therefore, to the age we live in; it belongs to the category of things which contribute to the progress of our time, and it cannot, therefore, be passed over in silence any more than photography or the spectrum analysis.

The picture so ably sketched, however, of the various points of view from which is produced the despair of any science of human nature is certainly not encouraging. The jargon of philosophy, we are told, is the curse of criticism, systems are soon forgotten, the forms of current literature are adverse to system, the science of human nature is not itself exact, and yet all this despair, the author hopefully advances, is founded on mistake. It is the neglect of the moral sciences, he argues, which gives a hollowness to our literature; and all criticism which does not either achieve science, or definitely reach towards it, is mere mirage.

“As the apostle declared of himself, that though he could speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and had not charity, he was become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; so we may say of the critic, that though he have all faith, so that he can remove mountains, and have not science, he is nothing. There are men like Iago, who think that they are nothing if not critical, but the critic is nothing if not scientific.” To which sentiment, we, to the fullest extent, and most unreservedly, give our entire adhesion. Only to the study of the moral sciences we should add the study of all sciences—the acquirement of all knowledge. The chapter of Mr. Dallas’s work on the “Corner Stone” evolves the further important principles that a science of criticism implies that there is something common to the arts—an admitted relationship of the arts and a unity of art—that the Aristotelian doctrine that Art has a common method—that of imitation—and which constituted the corner-stone of ancient criticism, is false, as is also the case with the German theory that Art has a common theme; but that Art is the manifestation of the Beautiful, of the True, and of Power, and that the unity of the arts and their common purpose lie in giving pleasure—that feeling which is beyond science, beyond knowledge, to which art reaches, and which it is difficult to express in one word. This is all clear argument: not so the following passage: “If art be the opposite of science, the end of art must be antithetical to the end of science. But the end of science is knowledge. What, then, is its antithesis—the end of art? Shall we say ignorance? We cannot say that it is ignorance, because that is a pure negation. But there is no objection to our saying—life ignorant of itself, unconscious life, pleasure.” Now, pleasure is simply the enjoyment in moderation of all or any of the attributes of man. And whilst the intellectual powers are gratified as they are in art, there cannot be said to be any antithesis between art and science; but there is this advantage of art over science in giving rise to feelings of pleasure, that at the same time that it gratifies the intellect, it awakens the moral feelings and even the passions. Hence its scope is greater than science, in some respects, yet each, while seeking to ameliorate the condition of man in different ways, unite in the one purport of obtaining for him new sources of pleasure.

“If art be the minister,” Mr. Dallas goes on to say, “criticism must be the science of pleasure.” And this he declares to be so obvious a truth, that since, in the history of literature and art, the inference has never been drawn, a doubt may arise in some minds as to the extent to which the production of pleasure has been admitted in criticism as the first principle of art. He therefore feels himself called upon to set the authorities in array, and to show what in every school of criticism is regarded as the relation of art to pleasure. No trifling undertaking, viewed in a merely literary point of view, yet ably and efficiently done. The discussion, however, like most others, leads to a digression on Imagination, which is here held out as a special function. Not “Ideality,” nor yet the active state of the intellectual faculties, but as “the hidden soul.” This is the most amusing if not the most philosophical portion of the whole inquiry, and we find ourselves most unexpectedly carried into all the mysteries of mysticism, somnambulism, biology, the play of thought, and the romance of mind.

Believing that art is the opposite of science, and its field, therefore, the unknown and the unknowable, Mr. Dallas admits, at the same time, that the statement sounds too much like a paradox for ordinary use. People, he says, do not understand how a secret exists which cannot be told; yet there are current phrases which may help us to understand this paradoxical definition of art. If the object of art, he adds, were to make known, it would not be art, but science. It is to the hidden soul, the unknown part of us, that the artist appeals. This definition of art, as of the empire of the unknown, is further explained, first by reference to poetry, then to music, and next to painting and sculpture. Music especially, we are told, is the art which has more direct connexion than any other with the unknown of thought. But it might be asked, if the domain of art is the unknown, how can it ever be the subject of science? This question is answered by reference to biology, which is defined as the science of something the essence of which is unknown.

Three or four chapters devoted to the consideration of Pleasure, remind us that some derive a peculiar pleasure from criticism, especially when harshly dealt. It lowers the author to the level of the mediocrity of the would-be critical reader. Mr. Dallas himself points out that pleasure is sometimes, in a moral sense, odious. The great point, however, is the divergence of the teachings of Sir William Hamilton as the representative of European opinion upon the question, and those of Mill, which are a mere reassertion of Hume's philosophy. The reader will find the whole question fairly discussed and afterwards expounded under the heads of Mixed Pleasure, Pure Pleasure, and Hidden Pleasure. Sir William Hamilton's theory of pleasure, founded on the doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, so severely impugned by Mill and his followers, but adopted by Mr. Dallas, is that it is "a reflex of the spontaneous and unimpeded exertion of a power of whose energy we are conscious: pain a reflex of the overstrained or repressed exertion of such a power." Such a definition, like that of Kant, emanates, as we have before explained, spontaneously, from the theory of the constitution of man considered in relation to external objects.

To the psychological branch of the argument belongs also the inquiry into the ethics of art, and the temper in which the consideration of the delicate subject of the moral bearings of art is discussed is worthy of all praise. The "world of fiction," as it is termed, finds here an able defender, one who justly remarks that when art is accused of mendacity, it is by prosers and by persons unendowed with the gift of imagination—deprived, in fact, of an additional sense. The discussion upon the movement and opinions of our own times—the ethical current—as Mr. Dallas calls it, is also especially replete with interesting matter, with varied information, and with subject for thought. It constitutes a long but worthy conclusion to a work which places its author high in the ranks of the thinking men of the day, and which must be in the hands of all who would pretend to be on a level with the opinions, the intellectual movement, and the progress in literature and art, in their own times.

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## THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY AFTER THE WAR.

DURING the four years that the war between the Northern and Southern States of America lasted, the Shenandoah Valley was the constant scene of cavalry raids, predatory incursions, and sanguinary battles; in consequence of which it suffered more than any other section of the country, as it was laid waste alike by friend and by foe; by the one to prevent their enemies deriving sustenance from its luxuriant crops while in their occupation, by the other to supply themselves with whatever they could take possession of as likely to prove useful to them; the bridges being destroyed by those in retreat to check pursuit; the snake fences and pine-woods burnt up by those in advance to afford fuel for their camp-fires; the dwelling-houses and barns demolished in retaliation for sympathy shown or information afforded by the inhabitants to the Confederates, with whose sentiments nearly all were imbued.

Since the names of the different places, towns, and villages have been made so familiar to all of us, it may not prove uninteresting to give an account of a tour made through the Shenandoah Valley in the month of April of last year, just twelve months after the conclusion of hostilities between the conqueror and the conquered; with some description of the traces still left of its various occupations, the devastation caused to its highly cultivated fields and numerous previously thriving homesteads, and the present poverty of its inhabitants.

I start from Baltimore, after having visited a "monster bazaar" that was being held in that city in aid of the many Southerners left destitute by the war; those proclivities which had been repressed and kept under by force, so long as they were likely to prove dangerous, now finding vent in a form more suitable to the sex of the "fair" yet "Yankee-detestating" Baltimoreans, who are celebrated alike for their beauty and their antipathy to the North. In company with a friend, I take tickets by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway to Harper's Ferry, and enter the "cars," that peculiar American institution so unsuited to the ideas of comfort and exclusiveness of any European nation. The "cars," as they are invariably styled, consist of a series of long boxes, supported at each end by two pairs of wheels, and provided with a double row of uncomfortable seats, that allow just sufficient room for two persons to sit, tightly packed; and leave a passage through the centre which serves to connect the doors at either end, and affords a promenade for the conductor, fidgety passengers, and numerous small boys who are constantly passing through, slamming the doors behind them. These boys throw periodicals, illustrated papers, and cheap pirated novels on each one's lap as they pass, and return after a while to collect, or, should you have got interested in their contents, to receive the value of them. Interspersed with these are apples, cakes, pies, drops, and candies of all flavours, for which there seemed to be a large demand. In the middle stands a large iron stove, the heat of which greatly adds to the already close and stuffy feeling engendered by the crowded state of the car, and which appears to be much appreciated, for it is generally the centre of a select party of expectorating tobacco-chewers, who succeed in making its neighbourhood anything but pleasant to those unused to this very general but disgusting

habit. As it is seldom a window is ever opened to admit fresh air, the only thing to prevent one's getting almost suffocated is the draught through, from the constantly opening and nerve-shaking doors.

We pass through some fine hilly scenery in the neighbourhood of the Patapsco River, and stop at several thriving villages, usually situated on the bank of some stream, the water of which supplies the motive power to a large manufacturing or flour mill, which, in conjunction with the owner's name, gives it its title, such as "Ellicott's Mills," or "Hood's Mills."

At length we arrive at a river about a quarter of a mile in breadth, the bridge over which had been burnt down during the war, and not yet rebuilt. Our mode of crossing this is very ingenious, and surprised me more than any other "Yankee invention" I had yet seen; for instead of—as would have been done in England—having to turn out of the train, be ferried across, and get into another on the opposite side; after a short pause the cars begin to move on again, and we find ourselves transferred bodily, engine and all, to a large square steam-boat, provided on each side with lines of rails, on which, divided into two portions, the cars remain till we are across and anchored fast on the other side, when off we steam on to *terra firma* once more.

Just beyond this was Frederick, near to which we had pointed out to us the scene of the first encounter between General Lee's army and that of General McClellan, when the former, in the autumn of 1862, determined to carry the war into the enemy's territory, and strike a blow at Baltimore, or even at Washington, as he expected on entering Maryland that his army would be largely increased by recruits, who were represented to him as ready to take up arms against the Federal government. General McClellan, however, having got together a large force, proceeded to the relief of Harper's Ferry, which was closely pressed by "Stonewall" Jackson, to whose support General Lee had to fall back. As he slowly retreated with his main body, the cavalry, who were left to protect his rear, came into collision with the Federal advance-guard on the banks of the Monocacy, which was here crossed by a bridge, on the opposite side of which a small body of Confederate cavalry were drawn up, who, as soon as the enemy appeared advancing towards it, charged across, dispersed the leading regiment, captured its colonel and also a piece of artillery, and then retired, setting fire to the bridge, thus effectually checking their further advance. The buttresses of this bridge are still standing, and one of our fellow-travellers, who had been an eye-witness of the encounter, described to us the movements, pointing out the hill, along the road at the base of which the Federals were carelessly advancing when so suddenly attacked. We soon afterwards reach Point of Rocks, as it is appropriately named, from a sharp ridge of hills running down to the edge of the Potomac, through which the river has evidently worn its way, and on whose sloping sides the town is built, one house above another. The extremity of this had been cut away, and just sufficient room left between it and the river for the "track" to curve sharply round.

The line now skirts the banks of the Potomac for about twelve miles, running alongside of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal; the scenery is most picturesque, some of the views being only equalled by the best portions of our Devonshire rivers, but on a larger scale. In the fore-

ground, the river studded with green patches of miniature islands, grey protruding rocks, or collections of brown driftwood, with here and there the water breaking over the stones where the bed was shallow; on the near side the many-tinted foliage of the woods along the edge of the bank, which at one time opened out in the form of a bay, at another projected into the bed of the river, presented a lovely view as we looked along the river's course, promontory succeeding promontory in the distance, till the gleam of the water was lost by its suddenly winding: on the opposite side the spurs of the Blue Ridge rose precipitous from the water's edge, the cold grey or warm purple of the rocks alternating with the rich greens of the trees, which in many places clothed their sides, leaving between them fertile valleys, where the bloom of the peach-trees stood out conspicuous, covering their sloping sides as with a gay carpet.

A sharp bend and the train is crossing a wooden bridge built on piles, which connects Maryland with Virginia. At the extremity of this is our destination—Harper's Ferry. This most picturesque town is situated at the point of junction of the Shenandoah with the Potomac river, which here unite their waters and cut their way through the Blue Ridge, as though the rocky barrier could only be severed by their united strength, having worn for themselves a narrow passage, the rugged sides ascending almost perpendicularly to the height of several thousand feet, with grand and imposing effect. The town is built on the sloping sides of a piece of elevated tongue-shaped ground, lying between the two rivers. The only level site on the banks of the Potomac is occupied by the ruins of the arsenal and small-arms manufactory, established by the United States government some time before the outbreak of the war, and used as the repository for eighty thousand stand of arms. It was burnt by Jackson when he evacuated it after the capture of its garrison of thirty thousand men, together with an enormous amount of stores, at the time of Lee's advance into Maryland, and previous to the battle of Antietam.

Just opposite the station was a small brick building with a solitary guard placed over it. This was where "Old John Brown" made his defence, was killed, and whence his "soul still goes marching on," after his vain attempt at abolitionism, when, with a few others, he endeavoured to free the slaves and incite a servile insurrection in Virginia. What would he now say to see slavery abolished throughout the whole country, and the means by which it has been effected?

We at once ascend the hill at the back of the town, passing on our way many houses and buildings on which the marks of the shot and shell were clearly visible, the bare walls of many being all that was left standing. One that had evidently been originally a chapel was entirely roofless, and seemed to have been turned into a stable; large gaps were in the walls, and in many places it was covered with the splashes of the leaden bullets. At length we reach a pile of huge detached rocks overlooking the Shenandoah, and commanding a fine view of the gorge through which its course lies. These are called, after Mr. Jefferson, "Jefferson's Rocks," and consist of a large flat rock about twelve feet square at the top, diminishing at the base to about five feet wide, where it rests upon a still larger rock jutting out from the side of the hill. Above them lay a ruinous cemetery, the walls and railings in a state of dilapidation, bearing marks of some severe fight carried on around it, tombstones and marble monuments broken in pieces by cannon-shot or defaced by

smaller missiles, branches of trees rent off by shell, and walls torn down by the fierce cannonade from which it had suffered. The most melancholy objects were the long rows of graves without headstone or tablet to record the names of those lying beneath, but merely a mound of earth now covered with a green mantle, roughly thrown up, most of them outside the consecrated precincts, which were not large enough to contain them all.

The climb up the mountain-ridge overlooking the town, on the opposite side of the river Potomac, we find hard work beneath the burning sun. Winding our way along a steep road through purple heather and luxuriant ferns, we at length come upon what had been a strong earth-work, mounting ten or twelve guns, and commanding Harper's Ferry, into which it could pour a plunging fire at about nine hundred yards' range; the interior is strewn with old cartouche-boxes and belts, remains of waterproof sheets, powder-flasks, cap-boxes, tin cans, horse-brushes, and such-like débris, with here and there the fragment of a shell; on each side are the bomb-proofs, still remaining intact, and a few of the huts used by the officers. As we ascend we pass several similar fortifications, often with graves in their midst, and at length reach the summit of the Maryland Heights, a long and lofty range of mountains running at right angles to the celebrated Blue Ridge. A most magnificent view here bursts upon us, to which but few places can bear a parallel. Above us, a sky of that peculiar depth of blue noticeable in America; beneath us, the country spread out like a map; on the south side, the Potomac river, washing the mountain base at our feet, the houses and ruinous buildings of Harper's Ferry on the hill sloping up from the opposite side, beyond the undulating country laid out in many-coloured patches, varying from the brilliant yellow of some of the crops to the sober green of the pasture-lands; ridge rising beyond ridge, till bounded in the far distance by the horizon now coloured by the glow of the setting sun, the waters of the Shenandoah winding their sinuous course glistening like a silver thread, at one time lost to view and again reappearing, as though it were a long chain of lakes, with high and picturesquely wooded banks, till, combined with the waters of the Potomac, it threaded its way through the deep ravine above which we stood, now dark and gloomy-looking with the evening shadows, its wild ruggedness forming a strong contrast to the smiling country beyond.

We seemed, as it were, to be the centre point from which three different rivers branched off, dividing the country into three equal sections, with their windings bearing a striking resemblance to three gigantic "legs of Man," Harper's Ferry being the point of junction. Turning round, a totally different scene is presented to us—the undulating country of the Virginia side being, in Maryland, changed for one cut up into alternate valleys and chains of hills, the spurs and offshoots of the Blue Ridge on the one side and the Alleghany Mountains on the other. It was a spot to linger on, for seldom did we think we had seen so extensive and, at the same time, so diversified a picture, the lights and shadows playing over it in ever-changing variety, bringing out the warm colouring, or again obscuring it; but we must leave, for the sun has set, and it will not do to have to find our way down in the dark, so with this panorama of nature deeply impressed on our memories, and its outlines drawn in our sketch-books, we descend the steep and uneven road.

The next morning a branch line, made by the government for military purposes during the war, and running for some distance alongside of the Shenandoah, takes us within a few miles of Winchester. At the terminus are several companies of soldiers camped out, and numerous waggons, drawn by bullocks and mules, engaged in repairing the damage done to the line, and continuing it on to the town. A stage receives us to convey us over the five miles intervening between here and Winchester. Mounting up alongside of the negro who officiated as driver, I endeavoured to extract what information I could from him. In answer to my first query as to whether he had been fighting during the war, he replied, "Yes, massa, me been fighting all de time, not against de Yankees or de Rebs, but against de great enemy, de enemy of all men; at one time I whipt, at another he did." I found him imbued with a strong religious enthusiasm, which savoured all he said, and by the light of which he seemed to regard everything; he informed me that he attended chapel twice a week, beside Sundays, and sometimes held forth himself, which, I dare say, he could do with great fervour and effect, for he seemed to be decidedly intelligent, and gifted with a certain kind of eloquence. Although the niggers were very badly off since the war, and many of them almost starving, he considered the fact of their being free compensated for any amount of suffering, and that, while generally speaking they were very happy and well cared for as slaves, they always ran the risk of having a bad and tyrannical master, who could ill-treat them as he pleased.

The road we were traversing had been the constant scene of fighting. To our right lay a range of low hills, on the summit of which were plainly distinguishable the remains of earthworks, the names of some testifying by whom they had been erected—as Johnston's and Patterson's Fort, or the Star Fort; two of these were occupied by Milroy when surprised in Winchester by Early. After he had evacuated the town, he here thought himself safe, until Early suddenly opened fire from the top of another hill which commanded both forts, and drove him out, so that with difficulty he managed to make his escape to Harper's Ferry, after losing nearly five thousand of the seven thousand men under his immediate command. To the left, the country for five or six miles was almost level, with here and there a gentle undulation or belt of pines; in and around a wood, close at hand, had been fought the sanguinary battle between Sheridan and Early, in which the latter was defeated after an obstinate resistance—a result chiefly owing to a charge of cavalry made by General Averill, which threw the Confederates into confusion, and drove them through the streets of Winchester. The slaughter was immense, considering the number of men engaged, and amounted to about ten thousand men killed and wounded between the two armies: so thick did they strew the ground, that we were told it was possible to walk for two miles on their bodies without ever having to step off.

"On this piece of rising ground the Confederate artillery were posted, dealing death into the opposing ranks; through that field the Federal cavalry charged and scattered the advancing columns." "Here a house, roof- and window-less, bespattered with bullet marks, perforated with cannon-balls, or shattered with the explosion of a shell, around which the fight had raged the hottest; there a tree, beneath which amputated arms and legs had been piled twelve feet high, and whence ran across



the road a stream of crimson blood ; while the gaps in yonder hedge were made that those surrounding the enclosed outbuildings might crawl through when driving out its defenders." Such were the interesting objects pointed out to us on every side.

Along the roadside were numbers of graves, some showing where each one had been laid, and with a slab of wood at the head to mark his name and regiment; others, a square space enclosed by a fence, into which the bodies had been thrown indiscriminately—Federal alongside of Confederate—no distinction now. Parties of men were at work, exhuming the remains from many for re-burial elsewhere, the decayed clothes lying on the upturned soil, and the skulls and bones in a heap alongside, or being carted away. In all directions the blanched bones of horses strewed the ground.

At Winchester, while waiting for the coach, we had a long talk with the landlord of the hotel and others, in the course of which he told us the town had changed hands seventy-six different times, from which may be formed some idea of the amount of fighting done in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants had sympathised with the South, and the feeling seemed still to be very strong against the North, so much so that a troop of United States cavalry passing in the street were regularly jeered by those around us, without it disturbing their equanimity, though it must have been a severe trial to their temper ; and on our saying we expected to see the President when in Washington, the landlord—evidently a person of great authority and consequence—told us to express to him a hope that he would stand firm in his contest with the republicans on the subject of States' rights, which was then at its height ; should it come to another severance of the Union, which seemed not unlikely, he would undertake, notwithstanding all they had suffered, to raise a company in that town, and a regiment in the county, to support the President—so great was their hate of the radical party. Most of them, though originally averse to the secession of the South, considered that their first allegiance was due to their State, so that when their State of Virginia decided to join South Carolina and the others, they had cast in their lot with it, and had fought and sacrificed in the cause. The majority of the candidates elected to attend the convention to decide upon their course of action, had been chosen for their objections to secession ; but they had nearly all turned round when assembled at Richmond, and voted with the instigators of it.

At length the stage drove up, a great lumbering affair hung on leather straps, and drawn by four mules ; we mount up in the front, alongside of the driver, and proceed at the rate of about six miles an hour. The scenery is not particularly interesting, but this is compensated for by the incidents and anecdotes of the war which we hear from our fellow-passengers, most of whom had fought in the Confederate army, and still wore the uniform, in default of means to purchase other clothes. We pass many other such on the road ; one driving a cart, and who had previously broken stones, had commanded a regiment ; another, with gloves on his hands, putting up his own fence, had not known what manual labour was before the war ; but now all alike were reduced to the greatest straits, their fences gone, land laid waste, barns burnt, and buildings destroyed. In addition to the devastation and misery caused by the raids of Sigel and others, Sheridan officially boasted that during his raid he had

destroyed two thousand barns and seventy mills, filled with hay, farming-implements, meal, and flour; drove before his army four thousand cattle and three thousand sheep; and burnt every dwelling-house within a radius of five miles—because one of his officers had been killed by guerillas. Notwithstanding, all were very hospitable to us, and seemed to regard us with favour when they heard we were Englishmen, though very sore that England had not rendered them some assistance, in which case they affirmed that they would have undoubtedly effected their separation from the North.

We pass through Stephenburg, Newtown, Strasburg, and Woodstock—all familiar names—and close by Fisher's Hill, where Early's command was routed, with a loss of twenty pieces of artillery and many prisoners, after his defeat at Winchester, which was one of the few battles in which the victor followed up his advantage and turned it to further account. We stop the night at Newmarket, and proceed next morning to Harrisonburg, every yard of the road thus far having been fought over, and then on to Staunton, through which town the railroad passes.

About seventeen miles off is Weir's Cave, which we were strongly recommended to visit, as it is considered only second to the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky in point of size. After our two days of staging we are very tired, and it is already late in the afternoon, but after much consultation decide to make an effort to go and see it, so obtain a light covered buggy and pair of horses, with a juvenile driver, to whose tender care we dubiously entrust ourselves. The road proves to be a most execrable one; now with one side forty-five degrees higher than the other, now so steep as to be almost perpendicular, with great ruts and holes, into which the carriage disappears to the axles, and again emerges to mount over huge stones, descending with a jolt that makes our bones rattle; streams there are to ford, and rickety bridges of wooden planks to cross, which tilt up at one end as they receive our weight at the other, while the unprotected sides and gaps that are visible, put our faith in the driver to the test. We pass the site of the battle of Piedmont, a green circular hill rising up like a sugar-loaf and surmounted by trees, and traverse the road along which Sheridan retreated when defeated by Early at the battle of Port Republic. It is marked by a constant succession of soldiers' graves and white-bleached bones of horses; the trees have gashes and limbs torn off, where the round-shot have struck them, and the trunks show where the bullets have entered, as the men dodged behind in their endeavour to shield themselves from the fire of the musketry.

After a long wait the keeper of the cave is found, so that it is quite dark outside when we enter, but ten times more so inside; each is provided with a candle, whose flickering light reveals but indistinctly the sides and roof, fantastic with varied shapes and forms of stalactite and stalagmite, bearing striking resemblance to organ-pipes, weeping willows, waterfalls, huge shells (which reverberate when struck like bass drums), pulpits, fringes, veils, roses, or chrysanthemums, as each one's fancy dictates or imagination embodies. We creep through narrow passages, squeeze in between still narrower rocks, appropriately called "Fat Man's Agony," or "Relief" when passed through, descend and ascend steps, stand in spacious "halis" fifty feet high and a hundred and seventy-five

yards long, admire "Gothic chapels," or wonder at exquisitely ornamented "boudoirs," for Nature has here been prodigal of her beauties and wonders. We are, however, not sorry again to return to the light of night, and exchange its fresh and cool air for the damp closeness of the cave.

After sharing their supper with the farmer and his family, we prepare for our return. On going out into the pitch-dark night, our driver cheerfully informs us that his lamps will not keep lit; we borrow a couple of caudles, by the light of which we start off with the prospect of having to traverse the road in the dark, without even a moon, and the stars few and far between—that road which we had thought ourselves lucky in passing over safely by broad daylight; however, there is nothing for it but to take our chance, so hold on as best we can and arrange ourselves on opposite seats, in case that the buggy should upset, one may not tumble on to the top of the other, and so aggravate the fall. What is to prevent some of the farm-labourers or negroes waylaying us in one of the pine-woods to make us surrender our purses, for they must know that, as travellers, we have a good deal of money about us? We regret having left our revolver in the portmanteau, as it might now be of some use. Suddenly we stop and find one of the candles is blown out; we light it again only for it to go out after a few hundred yards, and be again resuscitated. Our position is an unpleasant one; the driver keeps a sharp and anxious lookout on the one side, and I on the other, for the ruts, holes, and ditches; the clouds look blacker, and every now and again are lit up by vividly brilliant flashes of lightning, which reveal the soldiers' graves and white bones of the horses standing out weird and ghastly, and contrasting strangely with the deep shadows and impenetrable blackness of the pine-forests which skirt the road; now a jolt almost jerks us up to the roof, now a lunge over throws us one against the other, but we hold fast like grim death. At length rain begins to fall, which will probably swell the streams we had forded in the morning so as to make them, if not impassable, at least dangerous, especially with the difficulty we shall have in the dark to find the right place to cross, for our candles are burnt out entirely, and we are left in total darkness, not knowing what to do; after a while we perceive some lights in the distance, so grope our way as best we can along the road in the direction of them, only to find some of them disappear, when the idea strikes us they must be jack-o'-lanterns thus alluring us on; others, however, burn more steadily, and we at last reach a straggling village, endeavour to knock up some of the inhabitants, and persuade them to give or sell us two or three candles. For a long time none will open their doors or reply, as they evidently take us for suspicious characters awaking them at that time of night, until, after roaming about from house to house unsuccessfully, a man puts his head out, and timidly gives us a couple of "dips." With the aid of these we get along and cross the three fords safely, as they last till we come to a part of the road the boy knows well, and ultimately reach our hotel at half-past one in the morning all safe and sound, in which we think ourselves very fortunate.

We are up soon after five the same morning, and leave by rail for Washington, passing on our route Waynesboro', Orange Court House, Rappahannock, Culpepper, Madison, Manasses Gap, Cedar Mountain,

and Bull's Run—all scenes of battles and skirmishes during the war. The field of the twice-repeated battle at Bull's Run was pointed out about four miles off—a long sloping plain fringed with scattered belts of wood—but we are unfortunately unable to stop and visit it, as next day is Sunday, which we want to spend in Washington, where we arrive the same evening, having thus spent four days in going over this now historical and memorable ground, the scene of the exploits of men whose names will be revered as long as history endures and as long as men admire the high and ennobling qualities which were possessed by Generals Lee, Jackson, and Stuart.

A. H. L.

## THE TWO VOYAGES.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

### I.

SWIFTLY, swiftly, we onward glide,  
 Borne by the wind and the fav'ring tide;  
 We pass by hamlet, by park, and hall,  
 And meadows where holiday festival  
 Is kept: and our hearts beat feather light,  
 While the sun o'erhead shines warm and bright.

And such is life through its opening years,  
 Before the burden of grief and tears;  
 Life when the birds of promise sing,  
 And happiness dwells with everything—  
 When the cloud that veils the early morn  
 Is gone ere we scarce can say 'tis born.

### II

Heavily, heavily, now we glide,  
 For we fight with wind and we fight with tide;  
 The day is done, and the shadows fall,  
 Darkness soon will envelop all:  
 Brave strokes are wanting; come, pull away,  
 That we be not lost with the close of day.

So when we are old, and worn, and grey,  
 And friends once with us are pass'd away,  
 When we are left to struggle alone,  
 With many a weary, weary moan,  
 We must not falter nor drop an oar  
 Till we land on yonder eternal shore.

## ABOUT THE SEA-COAST OF BOHEMIA.

A VEXED QUESTION IN SHAKSPEAREAN GEOGRAPHY.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

VOLTAIRE, and critics like Voltaire, have made a mock at Shakspeare's geography in giving Bohemia a sea-coast. Little boys on a very low form indeed can join in the laughing chorus. Even parish and work-house school-children, under an uncertificated master, may no doubt be found to appreciate the jest. Who would ever have supposed the swan of Avon could be such a goose?

Put what construction upon it we please, the stubborn fact holds good that the third scene of the third act of his "Winter's Tale" is, as they say across the Atlantic (and are beginning to say on this side of it), "located" in "Bohemia: a desert Country near the Sea." And that scene opens with Antigonus asking a Mariner who accompanies him,

Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon  
The deserts of Bohemia?

Of which the mariner is perfect, or well-assured: an assurance that will suffice to keep his memory green, among severely-disposed map-masters, as the greenest of green-hands in the plainest of plain-sailing geography. Let the mariner tell that to the marines.

As for Shakspeare himself—did the poor man know no better? Was he so benighted a *barbare* as to really imagine Bohemia a sea-girt region? The answer, whether negative or affirmative, is but of slight interest to those who study, and therefore love, him. They are as little upset by it as by the fact that in the same play Julio Romano is made contemporary with the Delphic oracle. Shakspeare did but follow Robert Greene's novel of "Pandosto," in which we read how Egistus, King of Sicily (the original of Polixenes), who, in his youth, had been brought up with Pandosto, King of Bohemia,\* being desirous of proving that neither lapse of time nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, "provided a navy of ships, and sailed into Bohemia to visit his old friend and companion."† Ben Jonson oracularly pronounced Shakspeare to have been wanting in Art, and referred, in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, to the shipwreck in Bohemia. But it is to the anonymous editor of Cibber's "Lives of the Poets," as Mr. Charles Knight has shown,‡ that we owe the "finishing touches" of the following *ipse dixit* in "Heads of a Conversation" between Jonson and Drummond: "He [Jonson] said, Shakspeare wanted Art, and sometimes Sense; for, in one of his plays, he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100

\* The original of Leontes. Shakspeare reverses the two kingdoms, and therefore the scene of the action.

† From Greene's "Pandosto," with "The History of Dorastus and Fawnia" (=Florizel and Perdita)—reprinted in Part I. of "Shakspeare's Library" by Mr. Collier.

‡ Studies of Shakspeare, book viii. ch. ii.

miles." Mr. Collier is of opinion that Taylor, the water-poet, meant to "ridicule a vulgar error of the kind," when he laughs at an alderman\* who "catches me by the yoll, demanding if Bohemia be a great town, whether there be any meat in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there." Butler is supposed to banter dramatic poets who set aside the unities, when he says,

Some force whole regions, in despite  
Of geography, to change their site.†

The most common-place and prejudicial admirer of Shakspeare, as Hazlitt says in his strictures on the hypercriticisms of Voltaire, knows as well as Voltaire can tell him, that "it is a fault to make a seaport (we will say) in Bohemia." But, objects our essayist, to strut and vapour over a little pettifogging blunder in geography or chronology, which a schoolboy or a village pedagogue would be ashamed to insist upon, is no proof of the utmost perfection of taste, but the contrary. Voltaire is condemned for condemning as void of taste any admirer of Shakspeare, because he can "lay his finger on the map, and show you that there is no seaport for Shakspeare's weather-beaten travellers to land at in Bohemia."‡

M. de Sainte-Beuve, discussing the slips that occur in the Latin tragedies of Garnier, and George Buchanan, and Daniel Heinsius, *inter alios*, avows himself disinclined, for his part, to attach any but a very secondary importance to these violations of *la verité historique*. "Qu'importe que Shakspeare mette des portes de mer en Bohême?" His age asked for nothing better. "L'essentiel, c'est qu'il y ait du génie."§ And that, Shakspeare had, and to spare.

Marlowe, as Leigh Hunt observes, though he was a scholar, cared no more for geography and consistent history. "He took the world as he found it at the theatre, where it was a mixture of golden age innocence, tragical enormity, and a knowledge superior to all petty and transitory facts."||

A Disraelite might add to the Curiosities of Literature a piquant chapter on blunders in geography by all sorts of people. History and biography would supply him with a sufficient variety of instances, and fiction, if need be, would eke out the tale with satirical tail-pieces. There are your professional blunderers, literate persons, and the like; such as Herodian, who makes Severus, after military triumphs in Arabia Felix, embark his whole army, and being driven by a storm on the coast of Parthia, land near the metropolis, Ctesiphon. "Such geography was never heard of."¶ Gibbon, in his foot-notes, magnanimously or contemptuously declines to "animadvert on the geographical errors of Chalcocondylas,"\*\*\* who extended the limits of Germany to the remotest point of Spain. "Had these modern Greeks never read Strabo, or any of the lesser geographers?" A recent editor of Gibbon convicts Strabo

\* Gregory Gandergoose, an Alderman of Gotham.

† Hudibras, part ii. canto i.

‡ Hazlitt's Essay on Taste.

§ Tableau de la Poésie Française au XVI<sup>me</sup> Siècle, p. 217.

|| Imagination and Fancy, p. 143.

¶ Wenck.

\*\* Decline and Fall, ch. lxvi.

himself of repeated inaccuracies; and remarks on the subject in general, that, from first to last, the Greeks and Latins were either so superciliously indifferent, or so imperfectly informed, that few of their geographical and ethnical notices, beyond their own limits, can be implicitly relied on. Gibbon in a subsequent page is all amazed at the ignorance of George of Trebizond, who places Savoy and Avignon far beyond the Pillars of Hercules. "Was Constantinople unprovided with a map?" is the historian's query. Again Gibbon's editor interposes, and submits that few would have studied, and fewer still understood, such an exponent of landmarks, had it been placed in their hands.

A new edition was lately published at Berlin of that very rare but "very worthless" ancient geographer, the "anonymous Ravennese"\*—whose blunders, it is said, may have their value as a record of the condition of geographical science at Ravenna in the sixth century, when he wrote. "According to his system, a straight line drawn from East to West would pass successively through Judæa, Persia, Arabia, and then, after traversing a whole catalogue of Ethiopias, would strike first Spain, then Britain, then Ireland. But about this last point he does not seem quite clear in his mind; for, in the last book of his work, he lays it down that the Pyrenees come immediately to the west of Britain."†

It was by taking advantage of Rodolf of Hapsburg's ignorance of geography, that the Pope persuaded that Emperor to confirm the charters of previous Kaisers in favour of the Church.‡ Mr. Buckle says of Charles II. of Spain, that his ignorance would be incredible, if it were not substantiated by unimpeachable evidence. "He did not know the names of the large towns, or even of the provinces, in his dominions; and during the war with France he was heard to pity England for losing cities which in fact formed part of his own territory."§ Ensenada, the well-known minister of Ferdinand VI., is said to have been appalled by the *Crassa ignorantia* of the nation, which he essayed in vain to remedy. By his account, when at the head of affairs, midway in the eighteenth century, there were no decent maps of Spain, nor was there a soul in the country that knew how to construct them.||

It is of the aforesaid Charles II. that Lord Macaulay says that it may well be doubted whether he was aware that Sicily was an island, that Christopher Columbus had discovered America, or that the English were not Mahometans.¶ Nor so very much better than Surajah Dowlah, as described by the same noble historian, in perhaps the most masterly of his essays. So profoundly ignorant, Lord Macaulay\*\* tells us, was the Nabob of Black Hole infamy of foreign geography, that he used often to say that there were not ten thousand men in all Europe. Hence it had never occurred to him as possible that the English would dare to invade his dominions.

The King of Candia is pictured in Sydney Smith's review of the *Island of Ceylon*, more than sixty years since, as appearing like a great

\* *Ravennatis Anonymi Cosmographia*, etc. Berlin: 1860.

† See notice in the section "German Literature," in *Sat. Rev.*, 264.

‡ Sismondi. *Hist. of the Italian Republics*, sub anno 1272.

§ Buckle, *History of Civilisation*, vol. ii. p. 41.

|| Vide *ibid.*, 98.

¶ Macaulay, *History of England*, vol. v. ch. xxiii.

\*\* *Essay on Lord Clive*.

fool in public audiences, squatting on his hams; "far surpassing gingerbread in splendour; and, after asking some such idiotical question as, whether Europe is in Asia or Africa," retiring with a flourish of trumpets very much out of tune.\* This is the sort of question satirised in Dr. Moore's novel, when Father Mulo (at Naples) and the surgeon get to talking about Muscovy, of which the father says, "Some people tell me it is larger than Naples. What is your opinion?—About what? said the surgeon: I fear I do not quite understand what your reverence means.—I only asked which you believed to be the largest city, Naples or Muscovy?—Why, I should think Naples the most populous, answered the surgeon, though Muscovy stands upon rather more ground.—I had some suspicion of that kind myself, said Father Mulo."†

According to the late Earl Stanhope, Fouché's ignorance of geography, among other things, was highly ludicrous. When he heard that Napoleon was sent to St. Helena, he inquired on which side of the Cape it lay; and when he was told by an Englishman that he was going to Hamburg to embark for England, he asked, "Are you not afraid at this time of year of making a voyage in the Baltic?" The other replied that he did not embark on the Baltic. "No," said Fouché, after some consideration, "you will go by the sea of Denmark."‡

Among the *ana* collected while abroad by Miss Cornelia Knight, there occurs this entry: "Lord Lucan said that the Ambassador from Malta spoke amazingly good French for an African."§

In Thomas Moore's Diary, again, we find a piquant paragraph of the like sort: "The Speaker [at a dinner-party at Lord Blessington's, 1825] said also, that when he asked Lord W., in Paris, whether he meant to go on to Italy, Lord W. said, 'No, no, I have had enough of the sea already.' This is too bad even for Lord W."||

His idea of surrounding Delhi helped to make an ex-Minister's India Office almost too hot to hold him; so pertinacious were his assailants of the press in harping on that string. One of them, in 1858, drew a fancy sketch of Mr. Vernon Smith sitting at a green table, with eight gentlemen nominated by himself [as the new Council of India]. The subject is the Mutiny. The President suggests that Cawnpore is on the Jumna, or that Delhi can be surrounded,"¶ &c. &c. As though the old Premier Duke of Newcastle were redivivus, with his immemorable, "Oh—yes, yes, to be sure—troops must be sent to Annapolis.—Pray where is Annapolis?" and his "Cape Breton an island? wonderful! show it me in the map. So it is, sure enough. My dear sir, you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."\*\* Lord Lyveden's elevation to the peerage, according to one of his unrelenting persecutors in the press, was thus a desirable thing, because his views upon the geography of India "were becoming a very serious affair, and were calculated to cause irreparable confusion at the Indian Office. Nobody under his rule could be sure which was the

\* Critical Essays of Rev. Sydney Smith: Island of Ceylon.

† Zeluco, ch. xlvi.

‡ Note appended to Lord Brougham's historical sketch of Fouché.

§ Autobiography, &c., of Miss Cornelia Knight, ii. 330.

|| Diary of Thos. Moore, Aug. 9, 1825.

¶ *Saturday Review*, v. 177. Art. "The New Circumlocution Office."

\*\* See Walpole's Letters, Macaulay's Essays, &c.



Jumna and which was the Ganges, or whether it was Delphi or Delhi that was the centre of the Indian mutiny."\* So Gibbon, during the fever of the French Revolution, laughed at the "geography of the National Assembly," according to which the castle of Chillon "is washed by the sea."† Some twenty years earlier, Lord Carlisle, writing to George Selwyn, during one of his periodical visits to Paris, had said: "I dare say most of your French acquaintances here wonder you do not go to England by land"‡—and so avoid being splashed and sickened by the sea. Mr. Hayward's comment on the notion of reaching England by land is, that geography and the use of the globes were then rare accomplishments in both countries; and he reminds us,§ that when Whiston foretold the destruction of the world within three years, the Duchess of Bolton avowed an intention of escaping the common fate, by going to China.

In remarking, years ago, upon the bellicose tendencies of a democracy, and so upon one of the chief difficulties a new Reform Bill would entail being that of restraining the passion for war of pothouse politicians, their auditors, and delegates,—a public writer, and that on the Liberal side, observed—it was not Mr. Lowe, and so the observation has not yet been framed and glazed for the million,—that there were many towns in England in which thousands of persons could be easily persuaded to support a resolution calling on Government to order the English navy at once into the centre of Hungary.

Mr. Clark, of Trinity, in his Notes of Travel in Greece,|| discusses the degree of accuracy in Homer's topography; as to which, one of his critics observes, that the Homeric epithets attached to places are so descriptive and appropriate, that we may be sure they could only originate in a personal and intimate familiarity with the towns and districts they depict; but that the geography, the relative position of these towns, is hopelessly wrong. Mr. Clark is held to be quite right in inveighing against the system of keeping up what is called the credit of the poet—of taking all the instances where Homer's geography is right, and glorifying the poet for his accuracy, and then glossing over his insoluble errors by impossible solutions.¶ Gibbon remarks of Claudian's identification of the Cimbric and Gothic fields, that it must be understood, like Virgil's Philippi,\*\* "according to the loose geography of a poet,"††—there being a distance of sixty miles between Vercellæ and

\* *Saturday Review*, vol. xxi. p. 647 (1866).

† Gibbon's Letters, To Miss Holroyd, Nov. 9, 1791.

‡ 1769. "Geo. Selwyn and his Contemporaries."

§ *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1844.

|| Peloponnesus: Notes of Study and Travel. 1858.

¶ "But what, then, is the key to this mixture of accuracy and inaccuracy? Either we must say that the poet saw the characteristic features of a landscape or a city, and condensed them into an epithet, but had no notion, mentally, of mapping out the country, . . . or we may say, what Mr. Clark says, that the epithets were the common and traditional property of numerous bards, and that they are brought into the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* as the 'blue' Mediterranean is brought into the composition of a modern poet who has never left England. This is probable in itself, and gets over the difficulty." But then it is held to raise the whole question of the origin of the Homeric poems—their unity, as inferred from peculiarity of poetical power and homogeneity of parts.—See *Saturday Review*, vi. 39 sq.

\*\* Georg. i. 490.

†† Roman Empire, ch. xxx.

Pollentia. In another of his notes on the same subject, Gibbon adverts to the proposal of the Abbé Dubois to read *Alba* (a nameless rivulet of the Ardennes) instead of *Albis*, as Claudian has it, and to the abbé's expatiating on the danger of the Gallic cattle grazing beyond the *Elbe*. "Foolish enough!" exclaims the historian. "In poetical geography, the Elbe and the Hercynian signify any river, or any wood, in Germany. Claudian is not prepared for the strict examination of our antiquaries."\* That topographical accuracy, again, was considered unnecessary, is shown, a classical scholar reminds us, by the licence with which the great dramatists handled the localities of their tragedies. "If," says Mr. Clark, "the Argive topography of Æschylus is indefinite and negative, that of Sophocles is elaborately wrong,"—as where, in the "Electra," he wants to produce an effect, and produces it, by bringing Argos, Mycenæ, and the Temple of Hera within the compass of a single *coup d'œil*, "and I warrant that not one of the spectators was pedantic enough to quarrel with him for it." Mr. Clark remembers to have read a play of Victor Hugo's, "called, I think, *Marie Tudor*," where the scene opens with the following stage direction: "Palais de Richmond: dans le fond à gauche l'Eglise de Westminster, à droite la Tour de Londres." Not one of the audience—in France, that is to say (for Sophocles himself "would not have taken similar liberties with the neighbourhood of Athens")—would be shocked by this impossible compression, "and therefore the poet was quite justified in annihilating space to make a thousand people happy."†

When did not romance account impertinent such "interpellations" as that of Don Quixote to Dorothea's improvised story of landing at Ossuna: "But, dear madam, how came you to land at Ossuna, since that is not a seaport town?"‡

Meanwhile, Shakspeare's "notion" of a sea-coast of Bohemia serves apparently at all times, and for all time, to give a point to the pens of our ready writers. Heaps of "allusions" to it might be piled together from the periodical press. Take as samples the two that most recently chance to have fallen in our way. The *Times*' military correspondent during the Seven Days' German war of 1866, adverting to the burden that Bohemia had to endure from the hostile presence of the Prussian soldiery, advised every Englishman to "bless the sea and the waves thereof, and be thankful that his coast is more substantial than that which Shakspeare assigned to Bohemia."§ And again, Professor Henry Rogers, in relating the means by which John Huss became spiritually affiliated to Wickliffe, remarks of the latter—whose ashes, in Fuller's quaint allegory, were conveyed from the Avon to the sea-coast of Bohemia,—"But that his doctrine should have been conveyed to Bohemia would have seemed as little likely as that any particle of his dust should reach it, in default of that 'seaport on the coast of Bohemia,' which Shakspeare has created there in spite of geography."||

Some sage critics, as Dr. Maginn points out, have discovered as a great geographical fault in Shakspeare, that he introduces the tropical lion and

\* Gibbon, *ubi supra*, sub anno 407.

† Peloponnesus, by W. G. Clark, M.A.

‡ Don Quixote, ch. xxxi.

§ *Times*, Aug. 23, 1866.

|| The Story of John Huss, by H. Rogers. 1866.

serpent into Arden, which, it appears, they have ascertained to lie in some temperate zone. The doctor wishes them joy of their sagacity. Monsters more wonderful, he submits, are to be found in that forest; for never yet, he contends, since water ran and tall tree bloomed, were there gathered together such a company as those who compose the *dramatis personæ* of "As You Like It." All the prodigies spawned by Africa, "leonum arida nutrix," might well have teemed in a forest, wherever situate, that was inhabited by such creatures as Rosalind, Touchstone, and Jaques.\* Just to the same effect is what Schlegel maintains in respect of "A Winter's Tale"—that the calculation of probabilities has nothing to do with such wonderful and fleeting adventures, when all end at last in universal joy; and that Shakspeare, accordingly, has here taken the greatest licence of anachronisms and geographical errors: "not to mention other incongruities, he opens a free navigation between Sicily and Bohemia, and makes Giulio Romano the contemporary of the Delphic oracle."† The comedy, as Mr. Charles Knight says, is so thoroughly taken out of the region of the literal that it would be worse than idle to talk of its costume; let it therefore suffice the reader of it to know that he is purposely taken out of the empire of the real;—to wander in some poetical sphere where Bohemia is but a name for a wild country upon the sea, and where the "Emperor of Russia" represents some dim conception of a mighty monarch of far-off lands.‡ In short, Mr. Knight is for arguing that a confusion of time and place was considered (whether justly or not is a question he waives) a proper characteristic of the legendary drama, such as "A Winter's Tale."

A dramatic poet of the last generation, who might in Elizabethan times have taken a high rank among Elizabethan dramatists, asserts in one of his letters from Göttingen, that Shakspeare was *not* wrong in letting Antigonus be shipwrecked in Bohemia. "Valdemar the Second of Denmark, called the Victorious, fetched his wife Margaretha, daughter of the King of Bohemia, by water from Prague. We have only to read Elbe, instead of Sea; for I suppose one may be shipwrecked very well in a river: at all events the Elbe is good enough for a stage shipwreck."§

Southey's "Doctor" indulges himself, if not his reader, with a whole chapter of annotations on the nursery lay of the Little Woman and the Pedlar whose name was Stout. Not such a Pedlar as the one in Wordsworth's "Excursion," but such as Autolycus in "A Winter's Tale." And this leads Doctor Dove to surmise and suggest, that if the Little Woman lived in the days of King Leontes, the Pedlar may possibly have been Autolycus himself. "The distance between Bohemia and England makes no difficulty in this supposition. Gipsies used to be called Bohemians; and moreover, as Uncle Toby would have told Trim, Bohemia might have been a maritime country in those days."|| A Saturday Reviewer, treating of Pan Slavism as an injured nationality, has incidentally said, "'The sea-coast of Bohemia' was no fable once, when

\* Shakspeare Papers, by Dr. Maginn, No. II. Jaques.

† A. W. Schlegel, Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, No. xxiv.

‡ Studies of Shakspeare, book viii. ch. ii.

§ Memoirs and Letters of Thos. Lovell Beddoes, p. lxxxii.

|| The Doctor, interchapter xvii.

the Baltic washed the shores of its empire;”\* though even in that case it would not be very straight sailing from Sicily.

Southey's reference to Uncle Toby and Trim bears on that perpetually broken-off and resumed story, in "Tristram Shandy," of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles. The King of Bohemia, by the Corporal's account, happened to have throughout his whole kingdom no seaport whatever. But here Trim's master interposes with a "How the deuce should he, Trim? . . . for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happened no otherwise."—"It might, said Trim, if it had pleased God."—"My Uncle Toby never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God but with fear and hesitation.—"I believe not, replied my Uncle Toby, after some pause;—for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the east; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the west; and Bavaria to the south,—Bohemia could not have been propelled to the sea without ceasing to be Bohemia; nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia without overflowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence against it."—"Scandalous, cried Trim."—"Which would bespeak, said my Uncle Toby, mildly, such a want of compassion in Him who is the father of it,—that I think, Trim,—the thing could have happened no way." Whereupon the Corporal made a bow of unfeigned contrition,† and once again resumed his story, never-ending, still-beginning.

\* *Saturday Review*, No. 173, Art. "Panslavism." One of the most vigorous and effective allies of Dr. Guest rallied the Rector of Sprotburgh, Mr. Scott Surtees, not long since, in the same journal, upon that gentleman's exaltation of his parish; and compassionated him on the inland position of it as fatal to any desirable theory of Cæsar having landed there—instead of at Cromer. "Sprotburgh is unfortunately an inland parish; so, though battles might be fought there, and Kings crowned and Bishops consecrated, it was hardly within the bounds of possibility that the most ingenious invader could land there. We do not doubt that Cæsar would have landed at Sprotburgh if he possibly could; we can believe that it grieved him to the heart that so important an exploit had, by the necessity of the case, to be performed somewhere else and not at Sprotburgh. Still there are limits which unkind physical laws set to the powers even of Saviours of Society; Cæsar did not land at Sprotburgh, solely and simply because, Sprotburgh not being on the sea-coast, he could not land there."—*Ibid.*, No. 576, p. 588, review of "Julius Cæsar; did he cross the Channel? By the Rev. S. F. Surtees. London: J. R. Smith. 1866."

† *Tristram Shandy*, vol. viii. ch. xix.

## THE LAKE DWELLINGS OF SWITZERLAND.

ALTHOUGH public attention had not been drawn to the subject, and still less the researches of learned men directed to the elimination of the facts of the case, still it is very long since the dwellers on the shores of the Swiss lakes have been aware of the existence of sublacustrine constructions. Just as from the remote shores of the Issi Kul, in Mongolia, to those of Lough Neagh, in Ireland, traditions are handed down of submerged cities and palaces, so the losses experienced by the fishermen, when their nets got entangled, left no doubt as to the existence of primitive and ruinous structures in the Swiss lakes. These constructions are mainly rough stone-work, supported by piles—the Germans called them “pfahlbauten,”—“constructions on piles;” and the Italians “palafitta;” and the latter word has been Frenchified into “palafittes.” These constructions never rise above the surface of the water, but they come so near to it, that they have oftentimes, and long ago, been gazed at by boatmen in calm weather, wondering among themselves who had conceived the singular idea of sinking piles at such depths; but as “the oldest inhabitant” knew nought about them, they were dismissed, like the monuments of past races by iconoclast Mussulmans in the East, with the unsatisfactory comment that they belonged to bygone and unknown times. Sundry strange utensils had also been occasionally dragged up, especially from the bottom of Lake Zurich, but still no conclusions had been drawn from these facts, until M. Keller\* established a connexion between the works of art and the lacustrine constructions, and first pointed out that there had existed buildings, of which the piled stones were the foundations, that these had been erected over the waters, and had been dwelt in for a lengthened period of time.

This revelation of an epoch in Swiss history which belonged to prehistoric times, and which indicated the existence of an unknown race of people, with peculiar habits of life, was not lost upon Swiss archaeologists. They set to work dragging for relics wherever there were sublacustrine constructions, and their zeal was rewarded by success. At Meilen nothing, with one exception, but relics of stone and bone were found; but in some of the western lakes a number of utensils in bronze were discovered. It then became manifest that the lacustrine constructions themselves belonged to different epochs.

Discoveries soon multiplied to such an extent, that local museums were formed, among which the most remarkable are those of Colonel Schwab at Biemme, the museum of Neuchâtel, M. Troyon and M. de Pourtales Sandoz at Lance, Dr. Clément at Saint Aubin, M. Rochat at Yverdon, and the museum at Friburg. Numerous works also appeared in illustration of the same subject; among the most important of which are M. Troyon's “Habitations Lacustres des Temps Anciens et Modernes,” Lausanne, 1840; M. Morlot's “Etudes Géologico-Archéologiques en Danemark et en Suisse,” Bulletin de la Société Vaudoise des Sc. Nat., 1860; M. Schaub's “Die Pfahlbauten in den Schweizerseen,” Zurich, 1864; and to which we may add M. Désor's

\* Die Keltischen Pfahlbauten in den Schweizerseen. Mittheilungen der Antiquarischen Gesellschaft. Zurich. 1854.

admirable work, "Les Palafittes, ou Constructions Lacustres du Lac de Neuchâtel." Paris: C. Reinwald.

The Lake of Neuchâtel, thanks to the interest which many of those living on its shores took in the history of their country, could not fail to give interesting results. It was known that lacustrine constructions existed at Biéd, at Cortailod, at Auvèrrier, at Concise, at Corcelettes, at Estavoyer, at Chevroux, and at Port Alban, and each of these places contributed their share of relics.

It was suggested at first that the level of the lakes had altered, that obstructions at their outlets, or in the rivers below, had caused a rise in the waters, and that these basements were not originally laid below the water. But without denying that this might be the case in some instances, as at the outlet of the Thielle, still, as the constructions are met with below the level in almost all the Swiss lakes, it has been justly opined that it is not likely they should have all been raised in level from similar causes. Again, the size of the piles was such that they could only have supported huts or light wooden houses, such as have been represented in Sir Charles Lyell's work, after Keller and Troyon.

It was also signalled at the onset as a strange and absurd thing that men should have built their homes over the water instead of on land; but full consideration of the subject showed that, as at that epoch the land was covered with forests, and the shores of the lakes were marshy, these lacustrine huts presented a safe asylum against the ambuscades of enemies and the attacks of wild beasts. It is supposed that, at a later period, in the epoch of bronze weapons, they became at once habitations and places of refuge, just as Herodotus describes the Pæonians of Thrace as dwelling upon Lake Prasias in huts on planks fitted on lofty piles in the middle of the lake, with a narrow entrance from the mainland by a single bridge. These Megabazus could not subdue (v. 15, 16).

The idea of dividing these lacustrine relics into three epochs, those of the age of stone, those of the age of bronze, and those of the age of iron, all three of which are met with in Lake Neuchâtel alone, was borrowed from the Danes, and correct, probably, with regard to the first two, it is not so much so in the latter case, for it is difficult to conceive a race of people who would, except by the accident of commercial communication, adopt a metallurgical compound prior to a raw or native metal. Livingstone found the Africans on the tributaries to the Zambesi workers in iron, yet this iron age was not preceded by a bronze age. The Bible, as also Homer, recognises a primitive age of iron; and the bronzes of Hallstadt and of the Etruscan necropolises of the Romagna have been shown to belong to the age of iron. This, as Nilsson argues ("Die Ureinwoher Scandinaviens"), may also have been the case with the beautiful bronzes of the north, unless, in some cases, it may have happened, the trafficking nations of antiquity introduced bronze among people still in the infancy of civilisation, and they went at once from the stone to the bronze period—a leap calculated in some instances to mislead archaeologists, and to induce them to suppose that there was no iron epoch, and that so the age of bronze antedated that of iron.

The stations which belong to the stone age are by no means so

numerous in the western lakes of Switzerland as in the eastern; but they are not wanting. At least a dozen are known. They have a peculiar characteristic, inasmuch as they are less extensive than those of the age of bronze; they are at a less depth, and not so far from the shore. The piles are at the same time much larger, being at times whole trunks of trees. Some specimens of the canoes by which the stones were conveyed and deposited between the piles have been discovered, and one is to be seen in the museum of Neuchâtel. Where the bottom of the lake was muddy, the piles were driven into the mud, and not supported by stones in heaps, and which are variously designated as *ténevières*, *pervous*, and *steinbergs*. In the stone age the piles were fashioned by means of kelts, or hatchets of flint. It is supposed that some of these *steinbergs*, or "heaps of stone," were mere islands of refuge, or of religious rites or sacrifices, as in Ireland, the more especially as they often present vast accumulations of bones. The station at Concise alone has furnished more bones of animals than all the stations of the bronze epoch put together. Among these bones, those of the bear, badger, polecat, marten, ermine, otter, wolf, fox, dog, cat, hedgehog, beaver, squirrel, horse, boar, stag, deer, sheep, bison, aurochs, goat, and chamois have been determined, besides numerous remains of domestic oxen, of which there appear to have been two varieties—one large and the other small. Bones of the domestic pig and of a marsh pig (*Sus palustris*) are found mingled with those of the wild boar, according to M. Rütimeyer. This latter species is, with the aurochs, now extinct in Europe. Only one cranium has been obtained from the stone stations, and, according to Rütimeyer and His, in their "Crania Helvetica," it occupies a middle place between the long and the short heads, approximating to the most common type in Switzerland.

To judge by their arms and utensils, the people of the stone age were not more advanced in civilisation than the savages of the Pacific Ocean. Their arms consisted of spears and arrows of silix or flint. The arrow-heads are most carefully fashioned off. Bones were also fashioned into arrow-heads, daggers, spear-heads, and pins, also as handles for knives and scissors of flint. The best-executed tools are hammers of serpentine. The hatchets were of diorite, serpentine, or quartzite, with handles of stag's horn. The hatchets and little kelts of stone have also been sharpened on a grindstone, which is not the case with the hatchets of Abbeville and other more remote ante-historic races.

Besides these arms and tools, which are common to almost all savage people, the Swiss of the stone epoch fabricated rude pottery by the hand alone, and of a grey or black colour. They preserved fruits and cereals in vases by no means of an inelegant shape. Hence it is manifest that they cultivated the land, as they also brought up cattle; and they were not, therefore, utterly savages, like the aborigines of Australia. They had also little hand corn-mills, and they made bread. Some fragments of linen stuffs have also been detected. The flints are supposed to have been obtained from the Jura; the nephrite, or jade, from Haute Maurienne; possibly both may have been obtained from pebbles of transport. It is admitted that the diorite, serpentine, and quartzites were obtained from "galets erratiques."



Why not the flints and the nephrite, the latter of which it has even been argued came from the East? M. de Fellenberg analysed five kinds of jade, or nephritic weapons, and found four out of the five to be identical in composition with the Oriental jade—silicates of magnesia and lime; the fifth was a silicate of alumina and soda. But there is really nothing surprising in the fact that the Swiss jade should be similar in chemical constitution to the Oriental jade, whereas it would be very surprising to find on that similarity the deduction that the Swiss of the stone period had communication with China. As to fragments of white coral found at Concise, and of amber found at Meilen, they are supposed to belong to the bronze age.

However insignificant the arms and tools of the Swiss of the stone epoch, it appears that they did not neglect personal ornaments, as attested by necklaces of teeth and bone, and disks of bone and stag-horn, as also by hair-pins. Disks of stone with a hole through the centre were also used as weights for nets, or for spinning.

The "palafittes" of the age of bronze are much larger, sometimes many acres in extent, more numerous, at a greater distance from the shore, and hence in deeper water. The piles are also slenderer, and by thousands. They are fixed in the mud without the support of stones. The arms, tools, and other relics are found in the intervals between the piles. The vases and pottery are more varied and elegant in form than those of the preceding epoch, and they are sometimes rudely ornamented. The disks, formerly of stone, are now of baked earth. The bronze objects are remarkable for their excellent state of preservation. There are hatchets of various types, of which, as of most of the other characteristic relics, representations are given in M. Désor's work. Knives are numerous; small, but always elegant. Reaping-hooks are also found, as well as scissors, hammers, and fish-hooks, large and small. The arms of the epoch were swords, daggers, spears, and arrows. The relics are, however, by no means numerous. Among ornaments we find bracelets, earrings, hair-pins, and engraved plates, which appear to have served as amulets, or may have been a kind of currency. Fibulæ, so common at later epochs, are not met with. Chemical analysis shows that the proportions of copper and tin vary much in the lacustrine bronzes. This alone would tend to show that the ancient Helvetians obtained their first metallic arms and tools from foreign sources. Had they manufactured them themselves, they would have been alike in constitution, as coming from the same furnaces. A people circumstanced as the Helvetians were would be expected to obtain their first metallic arms from without. When they began to manufacture themselves, they would manufacture in iron. If at this latter epoch there exist fibulæ and other works of art of more elegant finish, it only shows that they were in a more advanced state of civilisation when they began to manufacture in iron, and that the age of bronze antedated that of iron with them from purely adventitious circumstances. The savage left to himself, as in Eastern Africa, manufactures in iron before he works with alloys, especially in expensive and more or less intractable alloys, like tin and copper. The stone age of archæologists represents, according to this view of the subject, the era of kelt; the bronze age, the era of transition, when a people favourably circumstanced obtained bronze weapons from



others more advanced in civilisation; and the iron age, the epoch when they began to manufacture themselves. When people are not favourably placed for exchange, as the Africans and Tierra del Fuegians, there is no transition age. The existence of such is, under all circumstances, adventitious, and cannot be regarded by any means as a step essential to civilisation. On the contrary, it is quite accidental, and depends upon the contact of a semi-savage race with people more highly civilised. A notable fact connected with the bronze epoch of Switzerland is the absence of all other metals, such as lead, iron, or zinc. If the inhabitants had manufactured their own weapons of bronze, they would have worked in other metals, as iron or lead, as well as in copper or tin. Tin is also a rare metal, and was only obtained by the Phœnicians and other ancient navigators from the Cassiterides, in Britain.

Hand stone-mills for grinding corn belong to both ages. Only two skulls have been obtained—one of an adult, small, elongated, and narrow; another of a child, also elongated. They would indicate a small race of men, a fact which is also borne out by the size of the sword handles. Messrs. Rüttimeyer and His class those crania in the same type of those of Sion—the most common of the ante-Roman epoch. The introduction of bronze among such a people tended to increase their security and well-being, and there is reason to believe, from moulds found in the Lake of Geneva, that they learnt to work in bronze themselves, or, what is more likely, that workers in bronze settled among them from the south, in what has always been the centre of civilisation in Helvetia.

M. Désor is inclined to think from the number of bronze objects in good keeping, and the few skeletons found in the lakes, that these lacustrine constructions became at that epoch rather magazines than habitations. The existence of habitations on the mainland at the same time has, indeed, been shown by the discovery of relics similar to those which characterise the lake constructions at Ebersberg in Zurich, at Gorgier in Neuchâtel, at Grange in Soleure, at Vitur-Berg in Lower Austria, and elsewhere. But while there is nothing to surprise us in the fact that there were dwellers on the mainland contemporaneous with the dwellers on the lakes, this does not disprove the existence of the latter, although it is quite possible that such constructions were chiefly used as places of refuge or defence. Skeletons would be exposed to destructive agencies in waters abounding in living things. Such as have been obtained were accidentally preserved, in one instance by a pile partly carbonised. It was the same with the Pœnians before noticed, and who are described by Herodotus as dwelling on the sea-shore, on the mainland and on mountains, as well as on Lake Prasias.

No traces of idols or religious emblems have been found among these pre-historic Swiss relics. The only object which has admitted of some doubts are a kind of crescents of baked earth, designated as *croissants lacustres*, and which, from no possible use being found for them, it has been supposed may have been religious symbols.

That the epoch of the introduction of bronze was marked by commercial communication with other people, is established by a variety of facts. Among others, are the glass and amber beads, and the

graphite used to varnish the pottery, found at Cortailod and Auvernier. If tin were used, M. Désor also admits it must have been obtained from abroad, and it is to be supposed that a long time intervened between the introduction of bronze weapons and tools and the home manufacture of the same. Rings in baked earth used as supports for vases, and small bronze rings with toothed edges, supposed to have been used as currency, characterise the same epoch.

Objects in iron have been discovered associated with others of a more ancient origin on several points of Lake Neuchâtel, but there is only one lacustrine station which is distinctly referred to the iron age, and that is that of Tène, near Marin, on the Lake of Neuchâtel. *Tène*, as also in *ténevière*, is supposed to be from the Latin *tenuis*, in German *dünn*, English *down*, or in Norfolk *dane*. The piles resemble those of the bronze period. The weapons of iron, however, found at this station correspond in the most striking manner with the description given of the arms of the Gauls by Diodorus Siculus, as well as with relics in existence, and hence it has been concluded that Tène was the site of a lacustrine colony of Gauls. This is not so much a question, then, of an iron epoch as of an iron colonisation. The characteristic emblem of the Gauls, the horned horse or unicorn, is also met with on coins and on the scabbards of swords. The number of tools or utensils in iron belonging to the same locality is not great. Among them were reaping-hooks, iron tips to poles for propelling boats, hatchets larger and stouter than those of bronze, and bits for horses as well as horse-shoes. Among the most characteristic relics are the Gaulish fibulæ, which are not met with in the purely Helvetic stations. Bracelets, rings, and buckles are also met with, as well as pincers, and what have been supposed to be used as razors. Objects in bronze have also been met with, but they are in hammered or wrought bronze. Among the pottery, amphoræ and vases are met with baked and of a red colour, as also Roman tiles. The presence of such relics indicate that these latter and Gaulish lacustrine stations existed up to the time of the Romans, for even the Gauls did not know how to manufacture Samian pottery. Only one cranium has been discovered, and it is of a very low type, much elongated, with little or no forehead, but a largely developed occipital region. It is supposed to be Helvetic of the old Sion type. The Gaulish lacustrine station of Tène must have been an exceptional case, as were probably most of the Helvetic lacustrine stations at the epoch of the so-called bronze era.

There is reason to believe, however, from the marked differences between the relics of the two classes of Helvetic lake dwellings and those of the Gauls, that the duration of each of the periods was of considerable length. It is certain, also, that they antedate all historical records, since there is no mention made of them by any of the writers of antiquity who have noticed Helvetia. It is as much as the last phases of this long period of time can, indeed, be brought into contact with historical epochs.

The oldest of the lake-dwellings are, on the other hand, posterior to the first traces of man, as have been recently revealed to us by geologico-archæological researches. Posterior, for example, to the epoch of the kelts of Abbeville and Moulin-Quignon, when man was the

contemporary of the mammoth; posterior to the bony breccia of the Pyrenees, in which Lartet and Christy show us man associated with the reindeer; posterior to the kokkenmødings of Denmark, in which for only domestic animal we find the dog; and, finally, posterior to the peat formations of Iceland and of the mouth of the Somme, which contain remains of the great horned stag (*Cervus megaloceras*). All these epochs only possess the kelt with the natural fracture, whereas the kelt of the lake inhabitants of Switzerland is ground and polished. There have not been wanting persons to theorise upon the antiquity of these lacustrine habitations. M. Nicolot, for example, has, by the study of the depth of successive layers of soil in a railway cutting near Villeneuve, where traces are found of the three epochs, Roman, bronze, and stone, attributed a duration of from twenty-nine to forty-two ages to the bronze epoch, and from forty-seven to seventy ages to that of stone. (Etudes Geologico-Archéologiques, Bull. de la Soc. Vaudoise, tom. vi. p. 325.) M. Gilliéron has arrived at a nearly similar result by the study of the detritus of the Lake of Biemme, and by which he makes the station at the bridge of Thielle date back sixty-seven and a half centuries. The half-century seems to be a nicety in calculations founded upon such elements.

The uncertainty would be almost as great with regard to the era of the palafittes of bronze if we had nothing but the lacustrine remains in Switzerland to guide us. But similar habitations have been found in the lakes and peat-bogs of Italy. Among the most interesting of these is the isoletta of the Littas, on Lake Varèse, which, although larger than the islet on the little lake of Inkwyl, near Soleure, is, like it, artificial, and, no doubt, both have arisen on sites of pre-historic lacustrine stations. The lake dwellings of Italy have been described in several works, as also in the memoirs of learned Italian societies. Similar lake dwellings have been also found in Bavaria as late as in 1864. (V. Siebold, Pfahlbauten in Baiern, Acad. of Munich, 1864.) Most of these belong to the age of stone, but some also to that of bronze—notoriously that on Lake Starnberg, near the Isle of Roses. The island is artificial, like the isoletta of Lake Varèse and the islet of Inkwyl. Prof. Hochstetter has also discovered lacustrine dwellings in the lakes of Carinthia, specially in those of Wörth, of Ossiach, and the little lake of Keutschach, south of Wörth. The lakes of France have not, with the exception of those of Savoy, where similar remains have been found in Lac du Bourget (Habitations Lacustres de la Savoie. Laurent Rabut. Chambéry. 1864), been as yet explored. So also with regard to the English, Scotch, and Irish lakes, from which a rich harvest might be anticipated.

On comparing the bronze antiquities of the palafittes with those from Scandinavia, it is found that the ornamental hatchets, the remarkable knives and razors, the vases of exquisite workmanship, the shields and the war-trumpets, are all wanting in the lake districts. These are attributed by Scandinavian archæologists to the Phœnicians, the great traders with the Cassiterides in antiquity, and, according to Nilsson, the navigator Pythias was a Phœnician of Marseilles. Chemical analysis favours also the idea of the bronzes of the lakes being of similar origin, for that of the Etruscans is said to have been alloyed with lead. But this is not substantiated by the other facts of the case.

The lake inhabitants of the so-called age of iron were, we have seen, of Gaulish extraction. They were of the same race of so-called Helvetians who, under Divicon, repulsed the Romans, and who, at a later epoch, emigrated under Orgetorix. They were not aborigines, since ancient authors tell us that they came from the banks of the Rhine. What relation, then, it might be asked, have these Gaulish tenants of the lacustrine dwellings at Tène with the people of the age of bronze and of stone? If we compare the objects collected from the lacustrine dwellings of the last-mentioned ages with those of the Gauls, we are forced to admit that the one bear the stamp of an active, energetic, conquering race, the other of a more pacific and feeble people, given, however, to luxury and ornament.

These antique and pre-historic races have been designated by some as Celtic in the age of bronze, and Iberian in the age of stone; but positive facts are utterly wanting to authorise any such deductions. All that can be really determined is that the dwellers in the lacustrine habitations of the age of bronze were, to all appearance, different from those of the age of iron, and a smaller race; that they had commercial relations with navigating people, who brought them tin, if not bronze, amber, and glass. That these navigators do not appear to have been Phœnicians or Etruscans, or they would not have failed to have imported also the arms and utensils in iron which they were so familiar with. As to the character of the people of the age of stone, still greater incertitude exists, for they seem to have lived in a state of isolation on the borders of the lakes, and they had little or no communication with any other people, although so far civilised as to have cultivated the land and raised stock.

In fact, to resume, discarding the pedantic distinctions of a stone, a bronze, and an iron age, borrowed by the Swiss, German, and French archæologists from the Danes, there exist remnants of lake dwellings in Switzerland of three different epochs. The first had foundations of piles and stones, and the inhabitants, contemporary of the aurochs and the extinct wild boar of the marshes, had only weapons and tools of stone. At the second epoch, the same race had grown in civilisation, and had adopted the bronze weapons and tools of some more civilised people with whom they had come in contact, and that before they had sufficiently advanced in civilisation to manufacture tools of iron themselves. At the third epoch, a conquering race of Gaulish extraction came into Helvetia possessed of native weapons and tools of iron, and they appear in some rare instances to have adopted the habits of the aborigines and to have constructed lake habitations, or, what is more likely, to have adopted those of the aborigines, probably as places of refuge and safety. The first race was opposed to the incursions of wild beasts, the second to those of Gauls, and the last to those of the Romans. The natural progress of civilisation appears to be a stone age, an iron age, and a bronze age; where the bronze age succeeds to the stone, it would be, as in the case of the lake dwellers of Switzerland, where people obtained such from other people without having advanced so far as to manufacture in iron, and if the iron age succeeded apparently to the bronze, it was because a Gaulish race of conquerors, who had reached the iron age of civilisation, appeared among the lake dwellers after they had adopted bronze weapons, tools, and ornaments from races more advanced in civilisation than the Gauls.

# OLD COURT.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Fourth.

### IX.

THE LAST MEETING BETWEEN LUCETTA AND HER FATHER.

AT last, on the very day on which Clarence took the letter to Rainald, Lucetta was allowed to see her father.

Sir Hugh's room, it will be remembered, was large and sombre, furnished with an ancient tester bed, a few carved oak chairs, and a black ebony cabinet. The curtains of the bed and those of the windows were as dark and gloomy as the furniture. A couch had just been introduced, and on it was extended the emaciated frame of the unhappy baronet. He was wrapped in a black silk dressing-gown, and wore a black velvet skull-cap, which contrasted forcibly with the almost livid hue of his countenance. His features were so sharp, the muscles in his throat so painfully developed, and his hands so thin, that but for the fire that still burnt in his eyes it might have been thought that life was well-nigh extinct. Yet, despite his ghastly appearance, he was so much better on that day that Doctor Bland had caused him to be removed from the bed which he had never quitted since his attack, and had further suggested that he might now with perfect safety indulge in an interview with his daughter.

It was a painful meeting. Overpowered by the conflicting emotions caused by the sight of her father, Lucetta flung herself on her knees beside his couch, and buried her head in his bosom. Nor was Sir Hugh less moved. He made an effort to embrace her, but his strength completely failed him, and he sank back with a groan. Alarmed by this sound, Lucetta looked up, and gazing at him with streaming eyes, said:

"Dear papa, my presence agitates you. I ought to have more command over myself. Shall I retire for a moment?"

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"No, no, my love," replied Sir Hugh, in a feeble voice. "It was a momentary faintness. I am better now. Bring a chair, and sit down beside me."

And as she complied he raised himself on his elbow, and gazing earnestly at her, said:

"You look ill, Lucetta—very ill!"

"I have been anxious about you, dear papa. You know I have not been permitted to see you."

"You could have done me no good, my dear," he rejoined, "and my delirious rambling would have frightened you. But my head is quite clear now. Tell me all that has happened since my attack. Captain Fanshaw, I know, has returned to Brighton. I suppose you hear from him daily?" Then, perceiving from her manner that the question troubled her, he added, "I hope nothing has occurred to interfere with your engagement? Nay, let me know the truth. I am able to bear it."

"Papa," she replied, with forced calmness, "it may surprise you, but I hope it will not displease you, when I say that I have changed my mind—I can never marry Rainald Fanshaw. All is over between us. My aunt has written to him—and the letter has been sent this very day—to say that an unforeseen obstacle has arisen, which will prevent the marriage from taking place. I must try to forget him, papa—but it will be a hard task—a very hard task."

"If you feel it to be so, why did you take this decided step, my love?" he said. "I did not object to the match, and was only prevented by circumstances, as you are aware, from warmly promoting it. I know little of Captain Fanshaw, but I like him. And I really thought you had chosen well."

"Say no more, papa—say no more, I entreat you!" she cried, in a tone of anguish. "You know not what pain you give me. The step I have been compelled to take will be productive of great misery to myself—and, perhaps, of equal misery to Rainald—but I have not hesitated. Can you not comprehend that I must have had some powerful motive for acting as I have done?"

To this appeal he made no reply, but again sank backwards with a shudder.

Lucetta watched him with intense and breathless anxiety, fearing she had gone too far. His eyes were closed, and the pallor of his countenance became almost death-like, while damps gathered thickly upon his brow.

Becoming seriously alarmed, she was about to summon Jodrell, who was in the adjoining room, when Sir Hugh caught her hand and detained her.

"Don't stir," he murmured. "It will pass." Then raising himself, he added, "Lucetta, I must know all. If any secret matter has come to your knowledge, and has influenced your conduct, do

not fear to mention it. Hide nothing from me, my child, and I will hide nothing from you."

Thus enjoined, but without venturing to raise her eyes towards him, Lucetta replied, "A secret has been revealed to me, papa—a terrible secret—"

"By whom?"

"By the person who has intruded himself into this house, and who calls himself La Hogue."

"And you believed the perfidious villain?" said Sir Hugh, in a tone of reproach. "I did not think you could have done so. If there is any breast which should be proof against this deadly poison, it is yours, Lucetta. Hear me, and believe what I tell you. There is just enough truth in the villain's story to make the atrocious accusation probable. I am not able to detail to you all the particulars of the sad affair—nor is it needful; let it suffice to say—and I call upon Heaven to attest the truth of what I utter!—that the lamentable catastrophe was accidental—purely accidental. The pistol, which caused my unfortunate brother's death, was directed against myself; but I turned it aside in the struggle, and its contents were lodged in my assailant's own breast. Would that the bullet had pierced my heart instead!" he added, with a groan.

"Oh! forgive my doubts, dear papa!" cried Lucetta. "I pity you from the bottom of my soul. I now comprehend all the mental anguish you have undergone—all the remorse you have endured for an unintentional crime."

"Truly I may say that I have known no peace since that fatal night, Lucetta," rejoined Sir Hugh. "A cloud has hung over me, which, though occasionally relieved by gleams of brightness, has darkened my life. Even now it seems to be gathering more thickly than ever around me."

"Do not despair, dear papa," said Lucetta. "In my opinion the cloud which has so long overshadowed you is about to disperse. Your trials are well-nigh over, and peace, so long a stranger, will return to your breast."

"Would I could think so!" exclaimed her father, in a desponding voice. "But I cannot shake off the heavy oppression which seems to forebode fresh calamity."

"Ills disappear when resolutely met," said Lucetta; "and I must not disguise from you that you are threatened by an immediate danger, which must be courageously faced. The villain who belied you to me is still in the house, and will not depart till he has seen you. Can you not brave his threats?"

"Alas! my dear, you may be sure that the villain is confident of his power, or he would not venture upon the desperate game he is playing," replied Sir Hugh. "All the circumstances of the case bear so strongly against me that his version of the affair would

infallibly obtain credit, and unfortunately the only witness who could have disproved the statement is dead. The plan is well contrived. There is no escape for me."

"But his silence may be purchased," cried Lucetta. "Money is his only object. He can have no real desire to harm you. Make terms with him, and let him go."

"It may not be possible to make terms with him, but I will try," said Sir Hugh. "At all events, I will endure this persecution no longer. I will see him without delay. Leave, my child. I must nerve myself for the interview."

He then tenderly embraced her, and she was about to quit the room, when, moved by his looks, she ran back and kissed him.

Sir Hugh breathed a blessing upon her head.

Little did she dream as she went forth that she had taken leave of him for ever.

## X.

### MR. PLESSETS CLAIMS ACQUAINTANCE WITH LA HOGUE.

LUCETTA had not been gone long when Jodrell came in, and, while administering a few drops from a phial to the sick man, remarked:

"I think it has done you good to see your daughter, Sir Hugh."

"Yes, yes, I feel my strength returning, Jodrell," replied Sir Hugh, as he took the cordial. "I shall improve rapidly now, and shall soon be able to go down-stairs."

"I'm truly glad to hear it," rejoined the butler. "There can be no harm, then, in my mentioning that Mr. Plessets is here. You'll recollect him, I dare say, Sir Hugh—the landlord of the Bell, at Aylesford. He says you asked him to come over to the Hall, but he has not had a spare day till now."

"Plessets!" exclaimed Sir Hugh. "The very man I want. Bring him to me at once, Jodrell. With this good fellow's assistance I shall be able to frighten the villain," he mentally ejaculated.

Shortly afterwards Plessets was introduced, and at a sign from the baronet he very respectfully took the seat lately occupied by Lucetta.

Thus brought into juxtaposition, a striking contrast was offered between the landlord's stout person and Sir Hugh's wasted frame.

"I hope they have taken good care of you below, Mr. Plessets," said Sir Hugh, as Jodrell disappeared. "Since we last met, I have been well-nigh at death's door, but Doctor Bland gives me hopes of a speedy recovery, and I certainly feel better. However, I have other matters to talk to you about besides my ailments. First and foremost, I succeeded in my search, and obtained undoubted proofs of my nephew's birth. I have recognised him."

"So Mr. Jodrell tells me, Sir Hugh," remarked Plessets. "And



very glad I am to hear it. I am sure your nephew must feel eternally obliged by your kindness."

"I have simply done my duty," rejoined Sir Hugh. "I can assure you, my good friend, I feel deeply indebted to you for the invaluable assistance which you rendered me on that occasion, and for which I have as yet made no return. I am now once more about to ask your aid. There were two men supposed to be concerned in the tragical affair at Kit's Coity House, who were in your employment at the time, and were consequently well known to you."

"Jos Tarrant and Neal Evesham," replied Plesssets. "One was my ostler—t'other his helper. I thought Jos Tarrant an honest man, and certainly incapable of the crime he committed, but I had no great opinion of Neal Evesham, and I suspect he led the other astray. Jos, as you know, Sir Hugh, quickly paid the penalty of his offence, and was drowned in the Medway."

"Poor fellow, his was a sad fate!" exclaimed Sir Hugh.

"Well, I can't say I feel any sorrow for him," remarked Plesssets, rather surprised at the concern manifested by the baronet. "He deserved his death, and at least he escaped the halter, which I trust is reserved for his accomplice. But as I've just remarked, I believe Neal to be the greater villain of the two, and I hope he may meet with his deserts. It's strange he should have contrived to elude justice so long."

"Not so strange as it seems," said Sir Hugh. "Years ago he might have been in danger of detection, but now, were he to reappear, no one would recognise him."

"Allow me very respectfully to dissent from that opinion, Sir Hugh," rejoined Plesssets. "I wouldn't mind laying a tolerably large sum that I could recognise him. Like some great men of whom I have heard, I never forget a face. Besides, there are some points about Neal Evesham which would enable me to detect him, let him be ever so much changed or ever so cleverly disguised."

"You think so—eh?" said the baronet. "I'll put your sagacity to the test. Just step into the next room, and bid Jodrell come to me."

Plesssets immediately complied, and when the butler made his appearance, Sir Hugh said to him:

"Is Mr. La Hogue still here?"

"Yes, Sir Hugh," replied Jodrell, "and very anxious he is to see you, but I told him it is quite impossible."

"Show him in at once, and be careful not to mention that any one is with me."

After the lapse of a few minutes, the butler announced Mr. La Hogue, who stepped lightly into the room. But he was obviously disconcerted on perceiving Plesssets.

"Set a chair for Mr. La Hogue, Jodrell," said Sir Hugh.

"No, thank you," cried that personage, still keeping his eye upon the landlord. "I won't stay now. I fancied you had been alone, Sir Hugh. Delighted to find you so much better. Jodrell will let me know when you are disengaged. I only want a few words with you—only a few words—about that business we spoke of."

"Don't go," rejoined Sir Hugh. "I shall be at liberty in a moment. I have nothing particular to say to Mr. Plesssets."

"Very well, Sir Hugh, if I'm not in the way, I'll remain," said La Hogue, taking out a fine scented cambrie pocket-handkerchief, and applying it to his face.

"Beg pardon, Sir Hugh," remarked Plesssets, as if aside to the baronet. "Did I hear aright? Is that gentleman's name La Hogue?"

"Mr. Vandeleur La Hogue," cried the person alluded to, with a haughty look. "That is my name."

"Excuse my freedom, sir," replied Plesssets. "I think I remember your face. But the name is strange to me."

"Who and what are you, sir?" demanded La Hogue. "I cannot tax my memory with having met you before."

"My name is Samuel Plesssets, and I keep the Bell at Aylesford," replied the other.

"And a very good house it is," remarked Sir Hugh.

"No doubt, since you praise it, Sir Hugh," said La Hogue. "But as I have never stayed there, I can't speak from personal experience."

"That's very odd," observed Plesssets. "I could almost have sworn I had seen you there—some twenty years ago."

"Twenty years ago is a long time," rejoined La Hogue, with a forced smile. "But I was abroad then, Mr. Plesssets, so you couldn't have seen me either at the Bell or elsewhere in England."

"Ah! I see! It's astonishing what strange resemblances there are! You'll excuse me for saying you're wonderfully like a groom who lived with me about the time I've mentioned—one Neal Evesham."

Not even at this trying moment did La Hogue lose his self-command or betray the slightest confusion. His deportment rather staggered the landlord, who, though he had made up his mind at first, began to think he might be mistaken. Especially when La Hogue, turning from him with a disdainful look, said to the baronet,

"Is it by your wish, Sir Hugh, that I am subjected to this fellow's impertinence?"

"The mistake is entirely mine, sir," interposed Plesssets, in a deprecating tone. "I fancied I discerned a resemblance between you and—and—well, I won't mention his name. Pray excuse me, sir—I'm sorry for what I said—very sorry—the more so, because the man whom I thought you like was the murderer of Captain Chetwynd."

"Hold your peace, fellow, or Sir Hugh's presence shall not protect you," cried La Hogue, furiously.

"Perhaps you had better retire, Plesssets," said the baronet. "I am not equal to a scene of this kind."

"Certainly, Sir Hugh—certainly. I'll go at once," returned the landlord, rising. "I should like to have another word with you before I return to Aylesford."

And with this he quitted the room.

No sooner were they alone, than La Hogue, stepping quickly towards the couch, said, in a menacing voice,

"This is your contrivance, Sir Hugh. You have sent for Plesssets to frighten me. But you won't succeed. If I am molested, you won't be long at liberty."

"Plesssets came here by accident, as you may readily ascertain," observed the baronet.

"It may turn out an unlucky accident for both of us, especially for you, Sir Hugh," cried La Hogue, fiercely. "Why did you allow him to see me? You ought to have known there would be the greatest risk in doing so. Though he can't be certain of my identity, he will mention his suspicions to the servants. It won't be safe for me to remain longer in the house."

"Clearly not," replied Sir Hugh. "I would advise you to decamp without delay."

"I see your aim," cried La Hogue. "You think to get rid of me by this wretched device. But you are mistaken. I will stay and confound you. I shan't quit this chair till we have settled matters," he added, coolly taking the seat lately occupied by Plesssets. "Now let us see who will dare disturb me."

"There must be an end to this," cried Sir Hugh, raising himself. "My patience is utterly exhausted. I give you five minutes. If you remain longer, I will keep no terms with you."

"A good deal may be done in five minutes, Sir Hugh. A man may be shot in less than half the time."

"A truce to this!" said the baronet, sternly. "Will you take a sum of money, and go?"

"That depends on the amount," rejoined La Hogue. "Make it worth my while, and I won't trouble you further. I am getting sick of the business. I thought you were going to make a die of it, and so ruin my prospects, for I don't suppose you mean to remember me in your will."

"Take heed you don't exasperate me too far."

"And take heed you don't drive me to extremities. But let us keep to business. Two minutes out of the five have already been wasted. What do you offer?"

"Will you engage to depart at once—for France?" demanded Sir Hugh.

"Readily," replied the other. "I want to go back to Paris. But I must have the means of enjoying myself when I get there."

Again I ask, what do you offer? Be precise. Another minute has flown."

"A thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds is not enough."

"It is all I have by me."

"Very possibly. But I know you have a large balance at your banker's. Write a cheque for two thousand, and I shall be content. Depend upon it, I will fulfil my part of the engagement. You are dealing with a man of honour, Sir Hugh. Can I find your cheque-book for you, or shall I tell Jodrell to bring it?"

"You are an extortionate villain," cried Sir Hugh; "but since there is no other way but this of getting rid of you, I must comply."

"Pardon me, Sir Hugh, my demand is extremely moderate. I had made up my mind to a very much larger amount. Suffer me to remind you that the five minutes has nearly expired."

"Wheel that table towards me," cried Sir Hugh.

"With the greatest pleasure," replied La Hogue, placing a little table, on which a despatch-box as well as writing materials were laid, near the couch as desired.

Unlocking the despatch-box with a small gold key attached to his watch-chain, Sir Hugh took out his cheque-book, and prepared to write the draft. La Hogue stood near him, watching him with eager eyes. Just at this moment voices were heard in the ante-chamber.

"Be quick!" exclaimed La Hogue, impatiently. "We shall be interrupted."

But before Sir Hugh could sign his name the door opened, and Jodrell entered the room, and said,

"Mr. Plessets has come back, Sir Hugh, and has brought Drax with him. Shall I admit them?"

"Not till I am gone, unless you are prepared to take the consequences," whispered La Hogue to the baronet. "Sign the cheque—give me the money, and I'll be off. Luckily, there are two doors."

But Sir Hugh laid down the pen, and said, in a faint voice,

"Another time."

"Another time won't do," muttered La Hogue. "It must be settled now. In the devil's name, write!"

But Sir Hugh's looks showed that further effort on his part was impossible.

"Give me a few drops of the cordial," he said to Jodrell.

While the butler obeyed the behest, La Hogue, seeing it would be dangerous to remain longer, though loth to depart empty-handed, said to the baronet,

"I will come back to-night—towards midnight. Have all ready for me."

So saying, he went out by the door communicating with the corridor. Jodrell did not dare to stop him.

Having taken the restorative, Sir Hugh said,

"Now let Plessets come in."

"I think his business is at an end, Sir Hugh," remarked the butler. But he opened the side-door, and called out, "Please to step in, Mr. Plessets."

On this the landlord, who had been impatiently awaiting the summons, rushed in followed by Drax. Great was his disappointment on finding that La Hogue was gone.

"Why, you told me he was here, Mr. Jodrell."

"So he was a moment ago," replied the butler. "But I couldn't detain him."

"Zounds! man, you should have called me in. I would have made him answer a few more questions," said Plessets. "He ought to be arrested."

"You can't arrest him on mere suspicion, Mr. Plessets," said Drax. "Besides, I'm sure you're wrong. I knew Neal Evesham well enough, and I can't say as I perceives any likeness betwixt him and this gen'l'man."

"Gentleman!" cried Plessets, indignantly. "He's no more a gentleman than you are."

"There I begs to differ wi' you, Mr. Plessets," said Drax. "I think I knows a gen'l'man when I sees him, and I maintain that Mr. La Hogue *is* a gen'l'man; leastways, if judgin' of a 'oss be a criterion."

"And couldn't Neal Evesham judge of a horse, blockhead?—wasn't he a groom?" cried Plessets.

"That makes me sartin this is not him," cried Drax. "He harn't the manners of a groom. Bless you! he can parly-voov like a Frenchman."

"Stuff! that only proves he has been in France," rejoined Plessets. "Strip off his fine togs, shave off his chin-tuft, and put on his old livery, and you'll find him the identical person."

"Bother his livery! there's nothin' of Neal Evesham about him," retorted Drax.

"A little lower, if you please," interposed Jodrell. "You both seem to forget you are in a sick-chamber."

"You must finish this discussion down-stairs, where I dare say you'll find the person in question," said Sir Hugh. "Pray stop all night, Plessets. I shall be better able to talk to you to-morrow."

"You are very good, Sir Hugh. I will accept your hospitality," replied the landlord. "I should like to settle this point before I go."

With this he bowed, and retired with the coachman.

## XI.

## RAINALD HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH LUCETTA.

ABOUT nine o'clock on the same evening, Lucetta and her aunt were in the library.

They were standing near the fire, talking over the occurrences of the day, when Jodrell entered and came towards them. The butler's confused manner showed that he was charged with some message which he found it difficult to deliver, and he could only stammer out, after considerable hesitation, that a gentleman desired to have a personal interview with Miss Chetwynd—a private interview, if possible.

"You'll easily guess who it is, miss," added Jodrell, with a significant look.

"It is Rainald, aunt," said Lucetta, who had turned deathly pale, in a whisper to Lady Danvers. "He has come after all. What shall I do? I can't see him."

"It will certainly be very painful, my dear," replied her ladyship, "but I don't think you can refuse him an interview. You can see him here in my presence. I suppose it is Captain Fanshaw, Jodrell?"

"Yes, my lady," replied the butler. "He has just arrived. I believe he drove over from Tonbridge. But he has left his carriage outside the gates. I didn't exactly know what to do, but he seemed so terribly anxious to see Miss Chetwynd, that I consented at last to deliver his message. Shall I show him in?"

Lady Danvers consulted her niece by a look, and then signified her assent, whereupon the butler disappeared.

"Oh, aunty dear! how shall I get through this meeting?" exclaimed Lucetta. "You must support me."

"Don't doubt it, my love," replied Lady Danvers. "Summon up all your dignity. On no account let him perceive how much you feel. Be cold and distant."

"But I can't be cold and distant with him, aunty," said Lucetta.

"My dear child, you *must*," said her ladyship. "My letter ought to have been sufficient for him, and I am really surprised he has ventured to take this extraordinary step. However, I conclude he has some lingering hope of setting himself right if he can only see you. It is a bold experiment, but such experiments sometimes succeed with girls who have not proper firmness. Convince him by your manner that his case is hopeless, and the interview will be speedily over."

"Oh, here he is!" exclaimed Lucetta, as the door opened, and Rainald made his appearance.

Lady Danvers pressed her niece's hand, and gave her a look of encouragement, and indeed the poor girl required it, for she felt ready to sink. She did not raise her eyes towards Rainald until he was close beside her, and when she encountered his impassioned half-reproachful gaze, her heart well-nigh failed her.

"Jodrell, we are not to be interrupted," said Lady Danvers.

"I understand, my lady," replied the butler, retiring.

No sooner was he gone than Rainald, with great earnestness of manner, said to Lady Danvers,

"May I entreat your ladyship to grant me a few minutes in private with your niece?"

"Impossible, Captain Fanshaw," she replied. "Whatever you have to say to Miss Chetwynd must be said in my presence, and I beg that her feelings may be spared. You cannot fail to perceive that she is far from well."

"I see it," exclaimed Rainald, "and it adds poignancy to my affliction to find how much she suffers. Your ladyship ought to compassionate me. Your letter has made me the most wretched of men; but there is one chance left. Do not deprive me of it, or I shall attribute all my future misery to you."

"You would gain nothing were I to grant a private interview," replied Lady Danvers. "My letter merely conveyed the expression of my niece's sentiments."

"Is this so, Lucetta?" cried Rainald. "Was that letter written with your sanction?"

"With my full sanction," she rejoined, in a tone of indescribable sadness.

"There, sir, you have your answer," said Lady Danvers.

"At least tell me what I have done to forfeit your regard, Lucetta," implored Rainald.

"My niece has given you all needful explanation through me, Captain Fanshaw," interposed Lady Danvers. "An unforeseen obstacle has arisen."

"I hold that to be a mere excuse," he cried, impatiently. "Let me know the truth, Lucetta. Have I been supplanted by a rival?"

"Captain Fanshaw," again interposed Lady Danvers, "you have no right to put such a question to my niece, and if you continue to torture her thus I shall feel it incumbent upon me at once to put an end to the interview."

"Rainald!" exclaimed Lucetta, greatly moved by his looks, "I cannot bear to see you suffer thus. You have no rival. And if it will afford you any consolation, I will not disguise from you that I have not yet succeeded in conquering my love for you."

"Stop! you are saying more than is necessary, my dear," interrupted Lady Danvers.

"No, aunt; it is but right that he should know the truth."

"Oh, you have indeed poured balm upon my wound!" cried Rainald. "You awaken fresh hopes, since you own you love me still. What is the bar to our union? Tell me, I entreat you."

"Seek to learn no more, Rainald," she replied. "I have already told you too much."

"A great deal too much, my love," interposed Lady Danvers. "Captain Fanshaw is bound to be satisfied with your explanation."

"So far from being satisfied, Lady Danvers, I feel that the real reason for my dismissal is withheld," cried Rainald.

"The reason is obvious," replied her ladyship, coldly. "My niece does not choose to marry you."

"I cannot marry him, aunt—I cannot!" cried Lucetta. "Oh, Rainald, be satisfied. Do not press me further."

"One question more, Lucetta, and I have done," cried Rainald.

"I really must interpose, Captain Fanshaw," said Lady Danvers. "I cannot allow you to interrogate my niece further."

"Let him speak, aunt," said Lucetta. "I will answer if I can."

"Is your new-found cousin the obstacle?—direct, or indirect?" he said. "Perhaps I have no right to ask the question."

"Certainly, you have no right to ask it," remarked Lady Danvers. "Do not answer, Lucetta."

"There must be no misunderstanding on the point," said Lucetta, firmly. "I am glad the question has been asked. My cousin Clarence is not the obstacle to our union."

"If he were," remarked Lady Danvers, sharply, "I do not see that Captain Fanshaw would have the slightest reason to complain. I object most decidedly to questions of this kind being put, and a person of Captain Fanshaw's experience must be aware that a lady is never asked for her 'reasons.' I have lived to more than double your age, and was never asked for *my* 'reasons.' If I had been so asked I should never have condescended to give them. However, we have heard quite enough. Captain Fanshaw has had all the explanation possible—a great deal more than he is entitled to, in my opinion—and I trust he will see the propriety of terminating an interview which can lead to no satisfactory result."

So saying, she stepped towards the mantelpiece and rang the bell.

Taking advantage of her ladyship's movement, Rainald drew nearer to Lucetta, and seizing her hand, before she could withdraw it pressed his lips to it, exclaiming, in a low, ardent voice,

"Lucetta—no obstacles shall stay our union. I will never surrender you but with life."

She made no reply, and he relinquished her hand before Lady Danvers could turn.

Then bowing deeply to them, and, with a long meaning look at



Lucetta, he moved towards the door, which was opened for him by Jodrell before he reached it, and went out.

"You haven't yet done with that young gentleman, my love, or I'm very much mistaken," remarked Lady Danvers. "He is one of those persons who won't take 'no.'"

"He loves me better than I thought," sighed Lucetta.

"Men are always thus, my love. Oppose them, and they become frantic. But I'm afraid you let him see you were sorry to lose him."

"Hark! aunt. I hear voices in the hall," cried Lucetta, alarmed. "I hope he hasn't met Clarence."

"If he has, it can't be helped," replied Lady Danvers, calmly.

"I'm sure I hear Clarence's voice!" exclaimed Lucetta, with increasing uneasiness. "I must go out. My presence may prevent a quarrel."

"More likely cause a quarrel than prevent one," said her aunt, detaining her. "I insist upon your staying here. It would be the height of indecorum on your part to go out now. In his present frame of mind, a quarrel will be a relief to Captain Fanshaw, and Clarence is quite able to take care of himself. Stay where you are, I say."

## XII.

### LA HOGUE MAKES A PROPOSITION TO RAINALD.

WHILE the interview just described took place, Clarence and Mainwaring were in the dining-room. Our young friend had only returned from Brighton about an hour before dinner. It would be tedious now to relate what passed between him and Lucetta; but he simply informed her that he had delivered the letter, omitting all mention of his quarrel with Rainald. He was pressed by Mainwaring to join the little dinner-party, and did not refuse. After the ladies had retired, he said to the old gentleman, who had just helped himself to a glass of Roritz port,

"There is a little matter, Mr. Mainwaring, which I must mention to you. I should have done so before, but I could not find an opportunity."

"What is it, my dear boy?" cried the old gentleman, who was admiring the brilliancy of the wine.

"You can do me a favour—a very great favour. And I'm persuaded you won't refuse me."

"Granted before asked," rejoined Mainwaring. "By Jove! what wonderful wine this is!"

"I hold you to your word, sir," said Clarence. "You are aware that I have been to Brighton this morning, and have seen Captain Fanshaw."

"Certainly I am aware of it," rejoined Mainwaring, hastily emptying his glass, and setting it down. "Well!"

"I have quarrelled with him."

"I knew it!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "You have quarrelled with him, eh! Challenged him, I'll be bound. Want me to be your second—but I won't."

"I have your promise, sir."

"I won't, I tell you; and, what's more, I'll take good care you don't fight. I'm glad you've mentioned the matter, though I wish you'd spoken of it before dinner, and not disturbed my digestion. But you shan't fight, sir—you shan't fight. Duels were of constant occurrence in my younger days, and, however trifling the dispute might be, the only way of settling it was by a meeting at Wimbledon or Wormwood Scrubs. I myself have been out twice. On the first occasion I winged my man; on the second occasion my man winged *me*. You won't like the taste of cold lead, I can promise you."

"Like it or not, I must run the risk of a bullet," said Clarence. "And you will have to appear on the field for the third time, though not as principal."

"For the *third* time! You are out in your calculation. Why, I have been your father's second in an affair of honour, and brought him off with flying colours. But I have had enough of duelling. It's gone by. Differences are not settled with sword or pistol now-a-days," he added, with a certain contempt.

"Would you allow yourself to be grossly insulted, Mr. Mainwaring?" asked Clarence. "Would you not require an apology, and if an apology were refused, would you not require satisfaction of a different kind?"

"I don't know what I might do," rejoined the old gentleman, replenishing his glass. "I belong to an age when they *did* fight, and when it would have been an eternal disgrace not to wash out an affront in blood. Not that I was a fire-eater myself—for I never got into a quarrel if I could help it—but if a man insulted me, damme, I would have him out. I would take no apology."

"And yet you say I must not fight. I have been insulted, I tell you—grossly insulted."

"But you belong to the new set," said Mainwaring. "If a man insults you, calls you a coward, and horsewhips you, apply for a criminal information against him—that's the present plan. In my time it was somewhat different. There was then a code of honour by which every gentleman was bound, and he would have lost caste if he had infringed its slightest regulations. That code has disappeared with some other relics of antiquity. You can't fight now. Take the law—take the law."

"Hang the law!" exclaimed Clarence.

"No, sir, the law will hang *you*, if you fight and kill your adversary," rejoined Mainwaring, dryly.

"Enough of this," said Clarence. "I expect you to accompany me to Calais on Friday next. You have been my father's second, you say. You must now do a like service for his son."

"Well, duelling is against my principles," said the old gentleman, with a singular smile; "but I won't disappoint you. I'll go. And you'll be in good hands, my boy. Have you ever practised with the pistol? Are you anything of a shot? Rely upon it, Captain Fanshaw means to shoot you, and as in all probability he is an expert marksman, he will succeed, if you don't shoot him."

Thus they went on talking until Mainwaring, with some slight assistance from his young friend, had finished the bottle of port. As Jodrell did not bring in coffee, Clarence proposed that they should join the ladies. To this Mainwaring assented, and they had just issued forth into the hall, which was lighted by a large lamp, when the library door opened, and Rainald came out.

Astounded at the sight of his rival, Clarence yielded to the sudden impulse of anger, and, marching up to him, exclaimed,

"You here, sir! After the message which I delivered to you this morning, I consider this a most unwarrantable intrusion. In my opinion you would have displayed far better taste, and far better feeling, by keeping away."

"As I do not recognise the position which you assume in this house, sir, your opinion is perfectly immaterial to me," rejoined Rainald, haughtily.

"My position in the house entitles me to order you to quit it instantly, and I do so," cried Clarence, fiercely. "Jodrell, show Captain Fanshaw to the door."

The old butler looked stupidified—not knowing what to do. But Mainwaring, seeing the necessity of immediate interference, threw himself between the disputants, and representing the dreadful impropriety of a disturbance almost within hearing of the ladies, persuaded Clarence to return to the dining-room.

"Permit me to thank you for your interference, Mr. Mainwaring," said Rainald. "But for you, a scene might have occurred which I should have greatly regretted. It is really a pity that this young fellow is so confoundedly hot-headed."

"You mustn't abuse him to me, Captain Fanshaw," replied the old gentleman, smiling. "I shall have the pleasure of meeting you at Calais on Friday," he added, in a lower tone.

"Delighted to hear it! Nothing could be more agreeable to me. My friend Major Trevor will make all arrangements with you."

Here Jodrell advanced with the captain's over-coat, and, while helping him to put it on, received a piece of gold for his attention.

Captain Fanshaw then bade Mainwaring good night, and the hall door being opened for him, went forth into the gloom. Jodrell would fain have accompanied him to the carriage which had brought him from Tonbridge, and which he had left outside the gates, but he declined. The night was very dark, and the obscurity was increased by the trees, but as he walked along he perceived a person advancing towards him, and soon made out that it was La Hogue.

"I have been waiting for you, Captain Fanshaw," said this personage. "I found out from the driver of your carriage that you had come from Tonbridge, and readily guessed what had brought you to Old Court. I hope you have managed to see the young lady?"

"I cannot understand, sir, why you should venture upon this freedom with me," cried Rainald, angrily.

"Stop a minute," said La Hogue, as the other was about to pass on. "Do you know why your engagement with Miss Chetwynd has been so suddenly interrupted?"

"No," exclaimed Rainald, eagerly. "Can you give me any information on that point?"

"I can. But the information must be bought."

"I thought so," rejoined Rainald. "Well, what's the price?"

"At what rate do you value your lady-love, captain?" inquired La Hogue.

"Why do you put such a question, sir?" cried Rainald, with difficulty repressing his anger.

"Because I must be paid in that proportion," said the other.

"Then you would have thousands."

"And thousands I *must* have—if I help you to obtain her," said the other. "I am in possession of an important secret connected with this family, and I mean to use it—for your advantage, if you will. Now, do you begin to take?"

"I must find out what the rascal means," thought Rainald. "He has got some nefarious scheme in which he wishes me to take part. In a word, you want me to buy the secret from you?" he added, aloud.

"I want you to understand that I have a hold upon Sir Hugh, which will compel him to give you his daughter. I shall see him to-night. If you choose to remain here until after midnight you shall know the result. If I satisfy you that the obstacle to your union with Miss Chetwynd is removed, will you give me your word that you will pay me handsomely for the service, and ask no questions?"

"I suspect you are employed by Clarence Chetwynd, and that an infernal plot against me has been hatched between you," cried Rainald.

"Suspect what you please, captain," rejoined the other, coolly.

"You will find that I can make good my word. Will you meet me here a little after midnight?"

"The rascal has some damnable design, which he means to execute to-night," thought Rainald. "I must prevent him—but how? Ah, I have it!" he mentally ejaculated, as an idea occurred to him. "I will try to beat him with his own weapons."

"Well, have you thought better of it, captain?" cried La Hogue. "Shall we meet again after midnight? Perhaps you will give me a lift to Tonbridge?"

"I will have nothing whatever to do with you," replied Rainald.

And without another word he hurried to the carriage, got in, and the coachman drove off.

"Curse him!" exclaimed La Hogue. "It's infernally annoying to lose a flat when you fancy you have landed him. However, he mightn't have paid me, so perhaps it's no great loss after all. I must be content with what I can get from Sir Hugh. But I mustn't stay here, or I may be observed," he added, moving quickly across the lawn. "I'll go to the summer-house and smoke a cigar, and then find my way into the house."

Meantime, Rainald proceeded for nearly half a mile along the road through the park. He then stopped the carriage, got out, and, greatly to the surprise of the driver, paid him and dismissed him. He had left his valise at the hotel at Tonbridge, where he intended to sleep, so that he was wholly unencumbered, and scarcely knowing what he should do when he got there, he made his way back to the hall.

### XIII.

#### A PARTY IN THE BUTLER'S ROOM.

ON that same night a small but select party were assembled in a cozy room, not very far removed from the servants' hall. The party comprised only two strangers—namely, Plessets and Big Tom Rollings, the latter of whom made his appearance in an earlier portion of this story. Big Tom was very much stouter than when we saw him years ago, and was now an immense man, remarkable for breadth of shoulder, bulk, and a prodigious appetite, which latter quality he had just displayed to its full extent at the supper in the servants' hall, where he had astonished the household by his masticatory powers. Big Tom had risen in the world as well as increased in bulk, and was now a substantial farmer. He had driven Plessets over to Old Court in his "shay," in order that he might look at the country, and see whether there was any land likely to suit him; for Tom had money to invest. Of course, as Plessets stayed all night at the hall, Big Tom

stayed too, and nothing loth either, for he found himself in excellent quarters—plenty to eat, and of the best, and plenty of strong ale to drink.

After an abundant supper in the servants' hall, the two guests were taken to the butler's private room, Mr. Hardman, Lady Danvers's servant, and Drax being invited to join them, and the whole party soon began to make acquaintance with some wonderful old brandy, which Plesssets pronounced to be the finest he had ever tasted. Cards were shortly afterwards introduced, and they sat down to a little whist, Jodrell looking on, as he was constantly liable to be called away. We can't pretend to say that any of them played a game that would have pleased the scientific Mr. Clay, but at all events they were exceedingly merry, and whenever Big Tom revoked, and was called to order by his partner, Mr. Hardman, he laughed uproariously.

In the previous part of the evening, and during supper, there had been a good deal of talk among them about La Hogue. Plesssets continued to assert his opinion that that personage was no other than Neal Evesham, but he was opposed by Drax, with whom Big Tom concurred, that there was no likeness whatever between the smart gentleman who had been pointed out to him and the shabby groom who had escaped from his clutches twenty years ago.

"Noa, noa, Mr. Plesssets," he said, "yo be out there. That bean't Neal."

"Not the least like him," observed Drax.

"But I tell you it *is* Neal. I'm so certain of it that I shall give information to the police to-morrow."

"Better hear what Sir Hugh has to say first, Mr. Plesssets," remarked Jodrell.

"Well, I don't wish to do anything disagreeable to Sir Hugh," rejoined the landlord. "But justice is justice, and I own I should like to see the fellow hanged and gibbeted at Kit's Coity House."

"Meantime, he has left the house, and probably won't return," said Jodrell.

"Doesn't that prove I'm right?" rejoined the landlord. "He ought to have been detained. But there's something I can't quite understand in the matter," he mentally ejaculated.

This kind of talk was continued at intervals, while glasses were replenished, or cards dealt. Meanwhile, night waned, but still the gamesters held on, though they had more than once changed places at the table, and were now in the midst of an exciting rubber, when the door suddenly opened, and, to the butler's infinite surprise, Captain Fanshaw stepped in. That he had just arrived was evident, for he had not taken off either his over-coat or hat. The whist-party suspended their play to look at him.

"Bless my stars, captain!" exclaimed Jodrell. "I didn't expect to see you again to-night. Not met with an accident, I hope, sir?"

"I've been obliged to come back," rejoined Rainald. "I must see Sir Hugh without delay."

"Quite impossible, captain," replied Jodrell. "Not for a hundred pounds would I venture to disturb him. His last orders to me were not to come near him again to-night, and I don't mean to do so."

"If you decline to take me to his room, I'll go alone," returned Rainald. "I must and will see him. I have a communication to make to him that cannot be delayed."

"That entirely alters the case, captain," rejoined the butler. "I'll go with you at once."

"Excuse me, captain," said Plessets, laying down his cards; "but does your business relate to the fellow who calls himself La Hogue?"

"It does," replied Rainald, surprised.

"I felt quite sure of it," replied Plessets, rising from the table. "Have you any idea who the man is, captain?"

"Not the least. Who is he?"

"His real name is Neal Evesham," replied Plessets. "Perhaps you have heard it before?"

"Never, that I recollect. Pray go on; you greatly excite my curiosity."

"I must premise that I am landlord of the Bell at Aylesford, captain. Originally this Neal Evesham was groom to Captain Chetwynd—Sir Hugh's brother—then he became my stableman, so that I know him well. You are aware that Captain Chetwynd was murdered at Kit's Coity House. This Neal was one of the parties—the principal party, I'll make bold to say—concerned in that dreadful affair. We caught him—red-handed—but he contrived to escape, and from that time to this he has disappeared."

"You are sure this is the man?" said Rainald, astounded.

"No mistake about it, captain. He's greatly altered, as you may suppose—improved, I may say—but 'tis he, of that I'm certain."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Plessets," said Big Tom, drawing his long legs from under the table, and almost touching the ceiling as he got up, "you're puttin' the gen'l'man on a wrong scent. I was one of those as took Neal, capt'n, but I don't think this be him."

"Neither do I, capt'n," added Drax. "He was a different sort of chap altogether."

"Whether this person is Neal Evesham or not, his conduct warrants the gravest suspicions against him," said Rainald, perplexed by these contradictory remarks. "Is he still in the house?" he added to Jodrell.

"No, captain, he left quite abruptly, after a short interview with Sir Hugh."

"He left because I had detected him," said Plessets. "I wish I had another chance of catching him. I wouldn't throw it away."

"Don't be uneasy," replied Rainald, smiling. "He'll be here again to-night. He means to get into the house. That's what I've discovered."

"Break into the house!" exclaimed Plessets. "Lord bless us! Has he turned burglar? But we'll nab him—won't we, Tom?"

"Ay, that will we," replied the tall man. "He shan't escape this time."

"I don't know how he means to get into the house," said Rainald. "But he won't ring at the door, you may depend upon it—neither will he use violence. There are plenty of you to keep watch."

"And we'll do it," said Plessets.

"Now take me to Sir Hugh," he added to Jodrell. "After what I have just learnt, it is more than ever necessary that I should see him."

He then quitted the room with the butler, who conducted him by the back staircase to the corridor.

On reaching it, to Rainald's great annoyance he perceived Clarence and Mainwaring advancing from the opposite direction. Retreat was impossible, even if he had any such intention, so he went on. But those who beheld him stood still, awaiting his approach, and almost doubting the evidence of their senses.

"What! come back again, captain?" cried Mainwaring. "I thought you were at Tonbridge by this time."

"I can't stop now," said Rainald, hastily. "Jodrell will explain why I have returned."

So saying, he hurried towards Sir Hugh's room, accompanied by the butler.

Unable in any way to account for Rainald's unexpected reappearance, Clarence and Mainwaring awaited Jodrell's return in the gallery. The butler's explanation that the captain's business with Sir Hugh related to La Hogue, while it surprised Mainwaring, was far from satisfactory to Clarence, who felt that some unpleasant consequences must result from Rainald's interference. Full of misgivings, and perplexed how to act, the young man lingered behind the others, and was slowly descending the great staircase when he heard his own name pronounced in well-known accents, and perceived Lucetta on the landing of the gallery, attended by Mrs. Mansfield, bearing a light. In another instant, Clarence had rushed up the stairs and stood beside her.

"Rainald has returned, and is with my father," she cried. "What can have brought him back? I am filled with vague terrors that he has made some discovery."



"I wish I could reassure you," replied Clarence. "But it is impossible to foresee what will be the result of Captain Fanshaw's interview with your father. From what I can learn, he has come to warn Sir Hugh against La Hogue, and to propose the villain's arrest, but you well know how dangerous such a step will be to your father."

"And therefore my father will not allow the arrest," said Lucetta.

"He cannot prevent it," rejoined Clarence. "Unluckily, the captain has alarmed the household. They are now on the watch for the villain, and if he appears he will infallibly be arrested, and then you know what will follow."

"That must be prevented!" she cried, energetically. "You must prevent it, Clarence!"

"How can I prevent it?" he rejoined.

"I know not. The honour of our house is at stake, and must be preserved—at any cost. I rely on you in this emergency, Clarence. I shall not retire to rest, and I trust before the night is past that you will be able to allay my apprehensions. Again I say, that the honour of our house must be preserved."

"It shall," he replied, with an earnestness that convinced her he would make good his word.

With a grateful look at him, she hurried along the gallery, followed by Mrs. Mansfield.

Instead of going down-stairs, Clarence proceeded to Sir Hugh's room. He was without a light, but he readily made his way thither. The dressing-room door was partially open, and he went in; but the inner door was shut. Voices reached his ears—voices which he supposed were those of Sir Hugh and Rainald—though he could not make out what they said; and after hesitating for a moment whether he should make his presence known, he determined to wait till the conference was over. With this view he returned to the corridor.

#### XIV.

##### WHAT PASSED BETWEEN RAINALD AND SIR HUGH.

HAVING ushered Captain Fanshaw into Sir Hugh's dressing-room, Jodrell tapped at the door communicating with the bed-chamber, and was immediately told to come in. On obeying, to his great surprise he found Sir Hugh, who he fancied had been some hours in bed, seated at a table, and writing.

Jodrell could scarcely believe his eyes, especially when he perceived by the light of a couple of candles set on the table that his master was dressed. The despatch-box, previously noticed, was

standing close to Sir Hugh, open, and some papers had apparently been taken from it.

Sir Hugh looked up sharply as the butler entered. Evidently, he had expected some one else, as he showed by his manner, and he called out, impatiently,

"Is it you, Jodrell? I told you not to disturb me."

"Captain Fanshaw wishes to see you, Sir Hugh," said the butler. And, without waiting for permission, he called out, "Pray come in, sir."

And as Rainald appeared the butler vanished, closing the door after him.

As Captain Fanshaw came in, Sir Hugh rose from his seat.

"You may well be surprised at seeing me, Sir Hugh," said Rainald. "But you must be quite sure it is no light matter that brings me here at such an untimely hour. I will not enter into any particulars as to the cause of my appearance at Old Court. They are immaterial now. My object is to warn you against the designs of the person calling himself La Hogue. He told me he is coming to you to-night by appointment. Do you expect him?"

"Yes," replied Sir Hugh. "I expect him every moment," he added, glancing at his watch, which was lying on the table. "I thought it was he when Jodrell entered just now."

"I know not what your relations with him may be," said Rainald—"I will not even pretend to guess at them—but I unhesitatingly declare that you have to do with a villain, who will betray you—who *has* betrayed you—even while paid to hold his tongue. I speak from my own experience of him, Sir Hugh. This very evening I met him, or rather he contrived to throw himself in my way, and, wholly unsolicited, as you may suppose, offered to use in my behalf the influence over you which he affirms that he possesses. He more than hinted that you are in his power. And he had the audacity to assert that a word from him would remove the obstacle which apparently exists to my union with your daughter."

"What!" exclaimed Sir Hugh, who had listened with mingled pain and indignation to Rainald's address, "has he dared to say this? He is a double-dyed traitor and villain."

"Treachery is his least offence," pursued Rainald. "He has a deep crime to answer for. You cannot be aware, Sir Hugh, that this villain, who has artfully contrived to worm himself into your confidence, is no other than Neal Evesham. This can be proved by a person who is now under your own roof."

"I need no proof," replied Sir Hugh, gravely. "I know that he is Neal Evesham. I have known it all along."

"What am I to think of this admission, Sir Hugh?" demanded Rainald, sternly. "You know that this man is your brother's murderer, and yet decline to bring him to justice. You connive

at his escape. You bribe him to silence. I dare not even give utterance to the terrible suspicions which such conduct is calculated to excite."

"There is no time now for explanation," replied Sir Hugh. "I have told you that I expect him each moment. If you desire it, you shall be a witness—an unseen witness of my interview with him. You shall hear all that passes between us, and can then form your judgment of me."

"I gladly embrace the offer," cried Rainald. "Your manner convinces me that my suspicions are unjust, and I fling them aside at once."

"Wait till you have heard what passes, and then decide," said Sir Hugh.

"Will you allow the villain to depart in safety?"

"That depends on circumstances. This is the last interview I will have with him—on that I am determined. If he agrees to my terms, he shall go—not otherwise."

"Probably he will be armed," said Rainald. "But you need be under no apprehension, for I am armed likewise, and shall be close at hand. Where shall I hide?" he added, glancing round the room.

"Behind yon curtains," replied Sir Hugh, pointing to the drapery of the bed. "You can so arrange them that you cannot be seen. Take your post without delay. Hist!" he exclaimed. "I think I hear a noise in the next room. I will give you a signal if I wish you to come forth. Away!"

Rainald needed no second injunction, but stepped quickly towards the bed, and ensconced himself behind the curtains, while Sir Hugh resumed his seat at the table.

The next moment the door was softly opened, and La Hogue stepped in.

## XV.

### HOW LA HOGUE SETTLED HIS ACCOUNT WITH SIR HUGH.

ON his entrance, La Hogue cast a sharp glance around, but there was nothing to excite his suspicions, Rainald being effectually concealed by the curtains of the bed.

In no wise affected by the stern look fixed upon him by the baronet, La Hogue said, in his usual careless way,

"Here I am, Sir Hugh. Punctual to my appointment, as you perceive. By-the-by, I began to think you meant to play me false, and had placed some men outside to prevent me from getting into the house. I caught sight of some fellows lurking about the garden, but luckily for themselves, and for you, they didn't interfere with me."

"If any persons are on the watch, they are acting without my authority," said Sir Hugh.

"I tell you the house is alarmed," pursued La Hogue. "The servants are evidently astir. Old Mainwaring and Jodrell are in the entrance-hall. If mischief happens, look to yourself!" he added, in a menacing voice. "Are you prepared with the money?"

"Before proceeding further, we must come to a clear understanding," said Sir Hugh. "I am willing to give you the sum you require, but on certain conditions only."

"Let me hear them," said La Hogue. "And be brief."

"I have no faith whatever in your promises," rejoined the baronet, "and I will, therefore, bind you in such a way as effectually to prevent you from troubling me further. You well know—for you were present at our meeting—that my unfortunate brother's death was accidental, and that the pistol by which he was slain was in his own hand, and went off in the struggle between us—you well know this, I say, and all the circumstances of the case, yet you have not hesitated to charge me with the murder, and have dared to breathe this false and damnable accusation to my nephew and my daughter. You have done this, villain!" he added, in a voice of thunder. "Confess that you have done so, or I will hold no terms with you."

"Well, since we are alone together, the admission can do no harm," rejoined La Hogue. "I do confess that I have wrongfully charged you with your brother's murder. His death was accidental, as you say. Will this satisfy you?"

"No," replied Sir Hugh. "I have drawn up a declaration to that effect, which you must sign before I pay you the money."

"Let me look at it," rejoined La Hogue.

Sir Hugh gave him a written paper which was lying on the table. Having perused it carefully, he remarked,

"I have nothing to object against the declaration. It simply states the truth. But you have drawn it up in my old name, Neal Evesham. Won't Vandeleur La Hogue do as well?"

"You must sign it by your own name," rejoined Sir Hugh. "But there is another matter which must not be forgotten. You have a small note-book of mine in your possession. Restore it."

"Here it is," replied La Hogue, taking the little volume from his breast-pocket, and tossing it towards him. "I have no further occasion for it. Is this all you require?"

"All—except your signature to that declaration," rejoined Sir Hugh.

"And then I shall touch the money?—three thousand, mind!"

"Sign, without more ado!" cried Sir Hugh, impatiently.

"Give me a pen," rejoined La Hogue. "It annoys me to use my old name again, but since this is not a public document, it

don't signify. Here goes!" And he signed the declaration. "Will that do?" he added, handing the paper to the baronet.

"We only want a witness," cried Sir Hugh, stamping slightly on the floor as he pronounced the words.

"A witness!" exclaimed La Hogue, uneasily.

And he started back, as Rainald flung aside the curtain, and sprang towards them, pistol in hand.

"Betrayed!" exclaimed La Hogue. "But you shan't live to boast. This shall settle my account with you."

Quick as lightning he drew forth a revolver, and levelling it at Sir Hugh, fired with deadly effect.

The unfortunate baronet fell with his face on the table. All his troubles were over.

Taking advantage of the consternation into which Rainald was thrown by this appalling incident, La Hogue grasped a handful of bank-notes which his greedy eye had detected in the despatch-box, and hastily securing them, he contrived to open the door, and gain the corridor.

But here he encountered Clarence, who, alarmed by the report of the revolver, tried to seize him, but the active villain broke from his grasp, threatening to shoot him if he attempted to prevent his escape.

Undeterred by these threats, Clarence followed, and they had both nearly gained the farther end of the corridor when Rainald came forth with a light, and fired at the assassin.

Unluckily, at the precise moment that he did so Clarence bounded forward, and received the shot intended for La Hogue.

When Rainald came up, scarcely knowing what had occurred, he was horrified at finding Clarence stretched on the floor weltering in his blood, and apparently mortally wounded.

La Hogue was gone. He had effected his escape.

End of the Fourth Book.

## A GLANCE AT IRELAND.

It is a common mistake in Britain to suppose that all the Irish are like those of Mullingar and the wilder districts. About the larger towns, too, there is no doubt a good deal of that familiar sprightliness, combined with rude health, which is associated with the idea of vulgarity, but in the counties of Wicklow and Waterford a modern Paris might feel strongly tempted to give the golden apple to Erin, in preference to her more prudent and matronly sisters!

At Rathdrum, for instance, the peasantry, like those of Shilelagh, seem well cared for, and the noble proprietor of a large proportion of the land in both places may well boast of his tenantry. But these beautiful districts, rich also in historical associations, are thinly populated, and one meets but few persons on the road; while even in the best cared-for places there is a stagnation of life very striking to an Englishman, and the people admit it themselves, and own that they are not suited to industrial pursuits, giving the utmost praise, at the same time, to those who are; and it is not a little remarkable that Irishmen are always ready, through complaisance, to disparage their own efforts.

In the conveniences of domestic architecture, the difference between England and Ireland is, perhaps, more strongly exemplified than in any other particular. In provincial towns, the bad lighting and defective water supply, in houses which may be well furnished in other respects, are very irksome to a stranger.

The people are not liberal to each other. Just as in the days of their own native chiefs, when the powerful oppressed the weak, so even now the well-fed servant of a man in authority is prone to exact all he can from his poorer equals. I noticed a very remarkable instance of this spirit on a certain high road in Kildare, where a gentleman's coachman disputed possession of it with a poor man who had just found a coat, which had been dropped by some wayfarer. The same feeling is common in India, and exceedingly prevalent in the West Indies; but is dying out in England and Scotland, as well as France, Germany, and the Scandinavian kingdoms. It is a characteristic of a certain epoch of civilisation.

Where the middle proprietary class are living on the high-pressure principle, in their efforts to be considered gentry, it is to be expected that their poorer neighbours will lack those encouragements to adopt the decencies of life which require for their maintenance steady habits and the desire of knowledge. Some there are who own two or three good houses which have descended to them from some obscure grandfather, whom they suppose to have been an heraldic "generosus," but who, nevertheless, may have made his money behind the counter. From the rent of these a tolerable income is derived; but, as the tenements are never, or, at any rate, imperfectly kept in repair, the owner's income gradually and surely decreases year by year. But such a landlord will do his best to appear at a "meet of the hounds," proud of his own efforts, but quite regardless of the prospects of his children.

We become, no doubt, poorer as our wants increase; but, in Ireland,

the man who looks on a nag as a necessary of life would be content with a steel fork and a sixpenny looking-glass!

There is a remarkable difference between certain small village communities—more especially in the province of Leinster—and this difference is more strikingly apparent in the habits of the people than even in their dwellings; yet, in the latter, the contrasts are sufficiently curious—as, for example, between the well-built, comfortable-looking cottages on Lord Fitzwilliam's estate in Wicklow, and the wretched hovels on some of those of neighbouring proprietors. In certain places, the appearance of a stranger is the signal for the assembling of all the widows, orphans, and rheumatic old men of the village, who clamour for charity, and use the Divine name, seemingly with a meaningless and irreverent fluency, in invoking blessings, for the moderate equivalent of a few pence, or, on the other hand, scattering denunciations, if unsuccessful. In other villages, on the contrary, we see comparatively clean and orderly people, but, in all, the beauty of the children, compared with the hideous appearance of the aged, only shows what Nature *intended*, but man has marred. The former escape the bleary eyes of their smoky cabins, perhaps, from not having grown up into the higher atmospheric stratum, to which the damp floor causes the smoke to ascend.

Wicklow has a world-wide reputation for the beauty of its women; and even the most cynical observer cannot but say that it is deserved. It is not that style known popularly as "Irish," but something that suggests the idea of Norman descent: tall graceful figures—long features—a grave expression—deep, thoughtful eyes—and, almost invariably, the (so to speak) columnar beauty of a long fair neck, and, above all, an aristocratic mouth and chin—not common in England, and so rare in Scotland.

In Kildare we see the same—"finest pisantry in the world"—but with a large proportion of the squalid and destitute; and in the town of the same name, if the visitor of that grand old ruin and round tower ventures into the neighbouring lanes about dusk, he will probably never forget the picture of some old crone squatting in the filth of a pigsty, while her grunting familiars guzzle their offal at a trough beside her.

But Kildare is a miserable town, with a large well in the centre of it, round which feverish and half-starved people struggle all day long for water. The precious fountain is "sealed" every night at sunset!

I asked an intelligent-looking man (he had evidently been in the army) who the municipal authorities were. He stared in wonder!

"Who governs the town?"

"Why, yer honour, *the camp to be sure!*"

The man was right. The sceptre and dove may look well in Dublin, but it is the sword at the Curragh that keeps the discordant elements throughout the country in subjection. The people themselves know this, and their thoughts found vent lately in the revival of a silly story about the "Valley of the Black Pig," said to have been a prediction, by some ancient seer, concerning the present viceroy and the said camp.

These "Nancy stories" delight the gobe-mouches of Dublin, and, at the same time, serve the sinister purpose of keeping up an agitation, in connexion with that, which engages the attention of the unconscious tools

of others who claim rights on the Curragh, never thought of until it was discovered that government could turn that beautiful plain to account.

The recent banquet to Mr. Bright has been curiously contrasted with that to Sir Hugh Cairns. While the one received in a dignified manner the favours of Ulster, the other seems to have created a certain amount of disdain in the capricious heart of Leinster, by his importunate and unexpected wooing!

The assemblage of Christian "denominations" at the latter was also edifying. Extremes seemed to have met as readily as in the days of James II.; but the liberal advances made by the honourable member of Kilkenny were but coldly received by the adverse party, to which a mistaken approach was made. At the same time, one can hardly be justified in laying the blame on this or that church establishment, for Ireland suffered as much, nay, far more, when there was but one "denomination," and therefore it may be assumed that her disease is rather of an ethnological than a political origin, and is, consequently, not to be cured by such philogistic treatment as proposed. Mr. Bright, as might be supposed, has taken quite an opposite view of the case, and his opinion elaims respect; at the same time, it is somewhat unfortunate that his "great lit" should have proved, after all, a misquotation from the celebrated statute of Kilkenny, which latter, at best, was but the expression of party peevishness. How delicately the orator ventures on the ethnological question! We give his own words:

"I shall not be wrong if I assume that the ground of my visit to Dublin is to be found, first in the sympathy which I have always felt and expressed for the condition and for the wrongs and for the rights of the people of Ireland, and probably also because I am to be supposed in some degree, to represent, to some amount, the opinion in England, which is also favourable to the true interests of this island. The Irish question is a question that has often been discussed, and yet it remains at this day as much a question as it has been for centuries past. The parliament of Kilkenny, which is a parliament that sat a very long time ago, and was scarcely a parliament at all—it was a parliament that sat about five hundred years ago, that I believe proposed to inflict a very heavy penalty if any Irishman's horse was found grazing on any Englishman's land, and it was a parliament which left the record in question,\* which it may be worth our while to consider to-night: it gave the king this question, 'How comes it to pass that the king was never the richer for Ireland?' We, five hundred years afterwards, venture to ask this question, 'Why is it that the queen, or the crown, or the united kingdom, or the empire, is never the richer for Ireland?'—and if you will permit me, I will try to give you as strikingly as I can something like an answer to that very old question. What it may be followed by is this, 'How is it that we, the parliament, cannot act so as to bring about in Ireland contentment and tranquillity, and a solid union between Ireland and Great Britain?' And that means further, how can we improve the condition and change the minds of the people of Ireland? Some say—I have heard many who can say it in England, and I am afraid there are Irishmen also who would say it—that there is some radical defect in the

\* No such question occurs in the statute, and originated in England with an Englishman.



Irish character which prevents the condition of Ireland being so satisfactory as we of England or of Scotland. Now, I am inclined to believe that whatever there is that is defective in any portion of the Irish people comes not from their race, but from their history and the conditions to which they have been subjected."

The real truth seems to be, that the ills of Ireland are partly the natural results of an originally imperfect conquest; and had the Plantagenets devoted less attention to their French possessions and more to this, we should not, probably, be now guarding against the dangers of Fenianism.

The secret societies of Ireland have been styled "dread tribunals," when in the "pursuit of what some men thought to be justice. These have committed offences of appalling guilt." Such an accusation cannot be fairly brought against one party more than another. Some races are naturally turbulent, others are pacific and adapted to self-government; when, therefore, a nation, from the remotest antiquity, despite poetic legends, has suffered continuously, we ought to charge on the people themselves their own sufferings, rather than on successive governments, native as well as foreign.

But Mr. Bright was certainly impartial when, after alluding to these "secret societies," he asked his audience to "get rid for a moment of Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Protestantism, Orangeism, on the one hand—Catholicism, Romanism, Ultramontanism, or anything else that friendly or unfriendly tongues may say of any of the parties in Ireland."

One feels almost a delicacy in offering an opinion on the demerits of England's morganatic bride, who rejoices in the gifts of nature, in the pride of life, and despises the duties of the thrifty matron. For ever complaining of the neglect of her royal master, she will yet do nothing to make her fireside attractive to him. Relying on her beauty and the sympathy of poetical admirers, she runs up heavy bills against her lord, and at the same time does not scruple to carry on an intrigue with her Yankee cousin!

Dismissing the apocryphal legends of her ancient kings leading superbly equipped armies to battle, and rising above the power of gravity, as at the battle of Moyrath, we find the same miserable disunion existing immediately before the advent of the first English, under Strongbow.

The occupation of the Pale, and a few important towns like Kilkenny and Waterford, was in truth no more a conquest than our occupation of the "treaty ports," and other places in China, could be termed a conquest of that ancient empire. It was not until Cromwell's invasion that Ireland knew a strong-handed master. The sting of his rude overthrow of a rotten system, which even under native rulers had given the people no better satisfaction, is still kept fresh by those whose personal interest it is to earn a livelihood through the ignorance and passions of their fellow-men, and who do not fail to throw ridicule on the pretentious pedigrees of the wealthier descendants of Roundhead adventurers, forgetting at the same time how many poorer families of cognate origin have, through ignorance, become "more Irish than the Irish themselves."\*

Be their origin whatever it may, a Hamilton is sure to claim kindred

\* Statute of Kilkenny.

with the ducal house, a Stuart with the royal family, while O'Connors and the like are all of royal descent! The unflattering testimony of public records is not much appealed to. If you have the substance, you will readily get credit for the shadow!

Mixed with a few really ancient and aristocratic families are many that have risen on the social calamities which their founders aggravated to serve their own ends. The improvidence of those families that submitted to extinction rather than the "doom of labour" and commercial enterprise, and who lived on the rents of houses which were allowed to fall gradually into ruins, is a beacon to the ignorant, who mistake the functions of aristocracy, and forget that even in the feudal ages the sons of the gentry and cadets of noble houses did not despise trade, but joined in it themselves.

But England, it must be admitted, has been almost too anxious to supply the wants of her poor neighbour; and there are towns in Ireland where equally good native coal is generally disparaged, although about twenty per cent. cheaper than the imported English. The poorer classes purchase the former, while the fictitious superiority of the latter is indulged in by those who believe that *cost* is a criterion of *quality*.

The Irish, as already remarked, although proud of their race, are only too prone to run down each other's industrial efforts, just as, in India, the boxwallahs recommend, in preference to the muslins\* of their own country, the inferior manufactures of Europe. The reverse of this spirit was observable in regiments serving in China, which, at a great increase of expense, sent to England for earthenware teapots for their messes, while the most exquisite porcelain, at half the price, were ready to hand! There is something to be admired even in the errors of patriotism.

Yet Ireland can scarcely complain that her commercial efforts have been paralysed and anticipated by her wealthier neighbour, when it is borne in mind that she has done comparatively little for her own public works; and that, for example, the royal harbours of Kingstown, Howth, Dunmore, and Donaghadee, had, up to a certain point, all been made with public grants. Half the expense of the Shannon navigation was a grant. The ordnance and boundary surveys had been wholly an imperial expenditure. Grants to the amount of 696,790*l.* had been made by the Board of Works. The Queen's Colleges, and the addition to Maynooth College, the general prisons, penitentiaries, and asylums, had also been entirely constructed from imperial funds. Grants had been made to the Royal Canal and other inland navigations. In like manner, the great roads in the western counties, and many others, had been constructed from grants. The above sums, added together, constitute an amount of fraternal assistance to Ireland, up to 1852, of not less than four millions, exclusive of the tithe million.

In their rivalry with the Scotch, the English merchants have not been quite so successful. The blow inflicted by the destruction of the Darien Company exasperated but did not discourage the former, who continued to spread themselves throughout the then new colonies; and by indomitable perseverance they established at home a national commerce now resulting in such cities as Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen.†

\* Dacca, for instance.

† The commerce of Cork, Dublin, Belfast, and Waterford can't be called Irish.

The principal Irish questions have been lately very distinctly set forth by Mr. Bright.\* They are tenant-right, a charter for a Roman Catholic university, and the abolition of the present State Church.

Land is to be dealt with (as proposed not long since by the coloured population of Jamaica) on the basis of the old agrarian law, which the tribunes tried to force on the senate of ancient Rome; but society is now no more liberal than it was then, and will, therefore, probably never, on a large scale, adopt a Socialist programme. But of this more hereafter. In the mean time, we may observe that the Fenians, judged by such doctrines, appear to be hardly dealt with. "It is a country where there has been a general sense of wrong, out of which has grown a state of chronic insurrection; and at this very moment when I speak the general safeguard of constitutional liberty is withdrawn, and we meet in this hall, and I speak here to-night, rather by the forbearance and permission of the Irish executive than from those usual safeguards of the rights and liberties of the people of the United Kingdom. I venture to say that this is a miserable and a humiliating picture to draw of this country. Bear it in mind that I am not speaking of Poland suffering under the conquest of Russia.†"

The views of the O'Donoghue are, now-a-days,

Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

"The O'Donoghue, abandoning the dreams of separate national existence and separate national interest for his country, has really grasped the policy which is ideally the best, and is daily becoming the more practicable one. This, as he impressed it on his hearers, is an alliance between the people of England and the people of Ireland—with the people of England, with no class, no Tories, no Whigs, but with the millions. 'In this alliance rests the only hope of a true union of the two countries, and this union,' said the O'Donoghue, 'we are doing more to bring about in a couple of hours than has been done by the legislation of centuries.' From a just representation of the people, yet unknown to Ireland, he added, could alone be hoped the overthrow of the dominant Church and justice to the *occupier* of the land."

Lord Lifford writes in a different strain, and seems to suggest, for the regeneration of Ireland, a closer alliance with the titled nobility, having seats in the House of Lords, and less likely to become the puppets of vote-brokers. "Can it be that years of freedom, civil and religious, and conciliation verging on pusillanimity, have failed to efface the memory of the penal laws and religious disabilities from the minds of a people who are, according to my experience, the most generous and the most grateful in the world? My belief is that this dangerous and revolutionary feeling has been perpetuated mainly by false expectations held out in order to win elections. Among all her evils, I know of no real abuse," says Lord Lifford, "under which Ireland labours. With lighter taxation than in England, a lower franchise, and equal laws, of what can the Irish people justly complain? And yet Mr. Bright, in his late Dublin speech,

\* *Vide* Lord Dufferin's lucid and admirable letters on the land question, which have appeared since this was written.

† Mr. Bright. Humiliating to Ireland, but surely not so to the government, which is obliged to prevent anarchy by extreme measures.

might have added another 'aspiration of the Irish peasant's heart,' another aim in 'grasping hands with the great Republic of the West;\*' he might have reminded his audience that last year, throughout most of the counties of Ireland, the by far greater part of the population was prepared, if the hand of England had for one week been removed, to take possession of property of all kinds, getting rid of the owners as best might be done. Mr. Bright might also, if he had known Ireland well, have reminded his audience that the by far greater part of the population in most of the counties of Ireland were last year prepared to renounce allegiance to the Crown of the United Kingdom, and their disloyalty was entirely beside and distinct from the land question; that it was shared in by no man possessing property; but that if to-morrow the Church and the landowner were swept away together, the disloyalty would still remain, while its greatest check would be removed."

In contradistinction to the above, we find the following in a popular journal. Its *naïveté* must have struck many readers: "The loud and protracted cheers with which the mention of the Queen's name was received at the dinner recently given to Mr. Bright in Dublin, would seem to indicate that loyalty is a plant which might be advantageously cultivated in Ireland, and that it would amply repay the attempt. Our Irish fellow-subjects hear of their sovereign through the press alone; few of them have ever seen a member of her family, and it is impossible that they can read of the repeated visits of the court to the Highlands, and of her Majesty's marked predilection for the Scotch, without feelings of mortification. Romantic as Scotland's scenery is, pure and bracing as is her air, and loyal as are her sons, there is scenery as romantic, air as pure and bracing, and hearts as loyal to be found amid the hills of Erin, if only her Majesty would vouchsafe to look for them, and there is no saying how beneficial might be the effect of another Balmoral and its influences in the west and north of Ireland. After all, Dublin is no farther from Windsor than Edinburgh, and it is hard to say why the sun of royalty should shine for the English and Scotch alone."†

A writer in the *Patrie*, discussing recent demonstrations, seems to consider that loyalty is on too secure a basis to be disturbed by the wild outbursts of radicalism, of which their authors are half ashamed, and

Back recoil (they) know not why,  
E'en at the sound (themselves have) made.

In his opinion, one of these demagogues is "urged on." He is not "so free and independent as one would suppose at first sight." This kind of radicalism, he goes on to say, is that which was formerly called in France "the democratic aspirations which take no account of constitutional forms or requirements," and believes the English press too powerful and intelligent not to be able to stem the rush that leads to "catastrophes."

"Why," asks Mr. Bright, "should there be any schism between the

\* Let the reader refer to the expenses of a New York election. On an average, the candidate for a seat for only two years in the House of Representatives has to pay about 8000*l*.

† The writer could never have been in Ireland, if an Englishman. Scotland has never been disloyal, and her industrious and orderly population present nothing pitiable, offensive, or repulsive.

Liberal people of Ireland and the Liberal people of Great Britain?" Perhaps no one present could have answered that question more satisfactorily than the orator himself—namely, because the Liberals of Ireland are liberal only as regards themselves, and at the expense of others, and hold religious doctrines as a nation which are almost incompatible with genuine liberalism. Even the Italians feel their new and liberal institutions hampered by the anti-progressive spirit of the papacy.

"I do not ask you to join hands with supremacy and oppression, but I ask you to open your heart of hearts, and join hands for a real cordial thorough working with the great people of Great Britain." But what does Great Britain herself say? This language is addressed to a class blindly reliant on their priests, who believe in the infallibility of a foreign prince, and who in the United States, some years since, were stigmatised as the "know-nothings." Every one, moreover, familiar with Scotch life must have noticed, when any mysterious crime has been committed, how eager the people are to "father it" on one of their Milesian visitors. "It maun be an Irish shearer!"

It is surely still more unwise and inconsiderate to court the applause of a needy audience, by stating it to be of the "first importance that the people of Ireland, by some process or other, should be made, or have the opportunity of being made, the possessors of their own soil." Such sentiments are not to be found in the learned pages of Hallam, or in "The Wealth of Nations," or any of those other social, historical, and political works which indirectly lay the foundations of good governments. On the other hand, they might be taken for the ingenious sophistries of a building or laud society's agent. And the following is still more remarkable, as a specimen of the political knowledge supposed to suit such an audience, and which does not tend to raise one's opinion of the orator's historical accuracy, or, at any rate, of his ingenuousness:

"You will know perfectly well that I am not about to copy the villainous crimes of two hundred years ago by confiscating the lands of the proprietors here or elsewhere. There are, as you know, many large estates in Ireland which belong to rich families in England—families in England not only of the highest rank, mind, but of the highest character. Now, I say this, that if parliament were to appoint a commission, and give it, say, at first, up to the amount of five millions sterling, with a power to negotiate or treat with the great families in England who have great estates in Ireland, it is probable that some of those great estates might be bought at a not very unreasonable price. Now, I am of opinion that it would be the cheapest money that the imperial parliament ever expended, even though they became possessed of those great estates at a price considerably above that which they would fetch if they were put up in the market to-morrow. I propose that it should be worked in this way. I will take a case. I assume this commission has got a large estate into its possession, got from Lord A. B. or Lord C. D. I assume one farm on that estate to be worth 1000*l.* The tenant is paying a rent of 50*l.* a year. He has no lease, he has no security. He makes almost no permanent improvements of any kind, and he is not quite sure that when he saves a little more money he shall not take his family off to the United States. [A Voice—To come back.] Suppose the commissioners said to this farmer, 'You would not have any objection to become

possessed of this farm?' 'No, not the slightest,' he might say. But how is that to be done? In this way. You tell the farmer, 'You now pay 50*l.* a year. That is five per cent. on the 1000*l.* The government can afford to do these transactions at three and a half per cent. If you will pay 60*l.* a year for a given number of years, which any of the actuaries of the insurance offices or any good arithmetician would very soon calculate—if you would pay 60*l.* a year instead of 50*l.* for a given number of years—easily ascertainable by a calculation—at the end of that time the farm would be yours without any further payment.' I want you to understand how this is. If the farmer who had been paying 50*l.* a year rent were asked to pay 10*l.* a year more towards buying the farm he might do it. But the 1000*l.* the government paid for the farm would not cost the government more than 35*l.*, and therefore the difference between 35*l.* and 60*l.*, being 25*l.*, would be the sum which the farmer would be paying to the commission—that is, to the government—for the redemption of his farm. And thus, at the end of a given number of years the man would become the owner of his farm. The farmer, having a perfect security all the time that no one can turn him out if he pays his rent—that no one can touch him for any improvement he makes—what would he do? Why, the very next morning after he made the agreement with the commission he would speak to his wife and to his big boy, who had been idling about; he would explain how the farm was to become his, and how he was secured."

But Mr. Bright reckons without his host. He addresses such farmers as never had the grievances which he proposes to redress. It is not at all likely that the instalments would ever be paid, and, even if so, in the course of a second generation one out of every five of such farmers would absorb the others, and so the political economist would find that he was only, after all, rehearsing a very old story of previous history. Ideal farmers cannot be kept up, to work out so harmonious a scheme, and diversities of human character will continue to have their influence just the same now as they had in the time of the patriarchs.

Now, if the tenant farmers on absentee estates can afford to pay a higher per-centage than is at present exacted from them, their case cannot be one of such extreme hardship. But it is certain that no such liberality would have the desirable result. There would be a change in the laws, but none in the people. The latter would not attend any more to business, but would resist the increase of rent, and, after a few failures of crops, they would, as they always have done, collapse. Then would follow eviction; or if forbearance were exercised, the tenant-right principle, like the negro squatting in Jamaica, would turn the country again into a comparative wilderness. The experiment would prove a failure, because based on the supposition of the equality of races, and that the industrial virtues necessary to success in agricultural as in other peaceable pursuits are common to all British *subjects* alike—at any rate, to those in the sister islands.

No doubt a resident middle proprietary would be desirable, but this should rather be encouraged by the private enterprise of land and building societies, as in England, than by direct governmental interference; yet there are causes at this moment in operation which tend to the same result, through the agency of the Landed Estates Court.

Lord Lifford attributes much of the suffering of Ireland to the "continual tampering by both political parties with laud tenure bills, either futile or not intended to pass through parliament, and by false teaching of what was the history, laws, and social condition of Ireland before English laws were established. Now, this last has gone so far that it is used as a common argument for fixity of tenure of the land by the tenant, that under ancient Irish laws every man possessed his land independent of his chief, and that therefore the forfeiture of these chieftains, even supposing it was just, in no way deprived the occupier of his right in the soil. What was the real state of the case? The cultivator of the soil, so far as it could be cultivated under such a barbarous state of things, it is true, paid no rent, but he paid none because he possessed nothing certain to pay for. Crop and stock, all seem to have been at the mercy of the chief under the old Irish law, the law of tanistry."

If Irishmen would live peaceably with their neighbour, unite in building watering-places along their romantic shores, extend their railways, work their own mines better, and cultivate the virtues of cleanliness and punctuality, the Emerald Isle would (not *again*, but for the first time) begin to flourish.

But, instead of this, commissions sat all last summer discussing the vexed question of "public rights on the Curragh;" not that any one suffered really any loss, but it afforded a pretext for a small agitation, if, in truth, the inquiry were not instigated by those who saw, with a jealous eye, our camp of exercise.

There are, as we have said, many striking points of resemblance between Ireland and Jamaica, and when we enter upon the subject of the land tenure, these increase. The decrease of land under crops and the increase of pasturage; a decrease in the breeding of horses; vast tracts of uncultivated waste lands, and a large per-centage of small holdings under five acres; a rapid decrease of the population, and a consequent rise in wages; the importation of rags, and resistance to the State Church.

The emigration from Ireland, although it may seriously have crippled the resources of government in supplying recruits to the army, will probably be beneficial in the end.

During a portion of last century, when Ireland had sunk to the lowest depth of wretchedness, a change took place. Pasturage was converted into arable land, the price of corn was high, and the population increased steadily up to 1841, after which year it began to decline; first, under the visitation of famine and fever, and afterwards by emigration. "And yet the population is still greater (it is said) than the land can support, and this disproportion of inhabitants to land has always proved a principal bane of the country." Rather than count the four thousand feathers on the moth's wing, we take the statistics of the political entomologist: "But there are not sufficient industrial pursuits in Ireland to absorb her surplus agricultural population. No doubt the land possesses resources with which as yet capital and enterprise have done nothing—resources which would easily sustain double the population the country carries now; but that is no argument in favour of keeping two million persons in misery and idleness, in the expectation that English capitalists are coming over to find them employment." "The whole difficulty of

this land question turns upon this redundant population, who cling to their patch of land like a Hindoo to his tin pannikin, lest the loss of it should defile him. By the last returns there were still 278,357 holders of land under one acre and not exceeding fifteen. These patches of land are all more or less burdened with debt, and on the death of the father are probably subdivided among his children. Whatever is to be said in favour of peasant occupancy—and we will not deny there may be substantial points, under certain circumstances, in its favour—no one can doubt that it has failed in Ireland; and where it has been most extensively tried for the last hundred and fifty years, in France (for it is an error to suppose that the system was first established by the Revolution), it has wrought much misery upon the people.”\*

“The great cause of Ireland’s calamities is that Ireland is idle. I believe it would be found on inquiry that the population of Ireland, as compared with that of England, do not work two days in the week. Ireland is idle, and therefore she starves: Ireland starves, and therefore she rebels. This is the sum of Mr. Bright’s views,” indignantly exclaims a Dublin journalist. Mr. Bright probably did not raise the public opinion of his political ability while in Ireland, but he certainly told the truth in the above instance, and very much to the disgust of all parties, who found the indiscreet intruder committing such a *lâche* as to attribute to the national levity and inaptitude for business those disasters which it has been the habit to charge upon successive governments.

In many of the smaller provincial towns, shopkeepers seem unaware that such contrivances as railways have been introduced for the convenience of traffic, and persist in maintaining the retail prices of their “mail-coach” boyhood, and thus drive away custom from their doors. If a stranger gives an order for an article not procurable in the town, nothing can be more agreeable than the readiness with which it is taken. Twelve hours would suffice anywhere else to finish the transaction, but here it is not so. Week after week elapses. If the customer should ask the cause of the delay, the shopkeeper, with the utmost complacency, declares his inability to explain it; and if the order be, in consequence, cancelled, there is evinced the utmost willingness to do so. The man seems perfectly satisfied, and bears no ill will at the withdrawal of custom, but takes the matter pleasantly.

This is surely a very powerful cause of centralisation, and it is manifestly disingenuous to blame government for the decay of the provinces, where the people themselves are a main cause of the stagnation in trade.

Here the grocer may be seen standing at his shop door, with his hands in his pockets, his hat slightly cocked, and his eye roving up and down the street. Such a figure is never seen in the sister isle. Whether the idea be to attract custom, or to invigorate the lungs, it is quite certain that a dealer is much wiser to trust to his signboard and advertisements than to have recourse to a personal candidature in this manner.

The labourer is willing to work, but he has no taste for his occupation. Naturally well disposed, his wish is to deal fairly and keep on good terms with his employer, and for a few days he works continuously, complicating, however, his simplest movements as if he had practised at a school

\* *Morning Post.*



of musketry; while anxious for companionship, he makes a habit of resting and looking about him. When his task is about two-thirds finished, he will probably demand his wages, at a rate treble that of the local tariff, and if he be paid, he need not be expected again, until his necessities compel him to resume labour. If his task be dependent on the weather or season, the lost days can then only be supplemented by some troublesome and unsatisfactory makeshift. Amongst Roman Catholics, "fasts" and "holidays" are the labourers' chief excuses for absence from work.

As a general rule, these poor men are in other respects unusually honest. Pilfering is comparatively little known amongst the Irish, and one is always sure of receiving a civil and obliging answer to any question or request. Promises, too, are liberally made, but then they must not be relied on, if work be meant.

In the ordinary transactions of business with a large proportion of provincial dealers, nothing surprises a stranger more than the want of method; and though a gross of steel pens may be bought for sixpence, it is not without a good deal of embarrassment that a man in extensive retail business will be able to produce, when required for a "receipt" or memorandum, even a corroded, broken-nibbed instrument, and a small bottle of clotted ink, that might have been procured at the "pit of Erebus."

One of the best provincial towns in Leinster is said to be under the special protection and favour of the only Irish duke. But his grace cannot alter radical defects of character. He may build handsome market-places, and keep houses in excellent repair, but even here he has no power to remove the Egyptian nuisance which infests the whole country. He cannot compel hucksters in donkey-carts to keep on the proper side of the fine public roads; he cannot restore the mansions which belonged to the *still existing gateways* in the neighbourhood, that now "lead to nothing," but perhaps fine cattle grazing in a pleasant park. He cannot prevent the improvidence which gives employment to so many pawn-brokers, whose wretched shops are filled, not with the superfluities, but with the necessaries of life—the blankets of the poor, and such-like. It is in vain for a landlord to attend to drainage, if his tenants throw waste water in front of their doors, and allow it to stagnate and taint the atmosphere with a typhoid stench.

Here are handsome women and fine children, but one must judge of them as they *would* be if cleaner in their persons, better fed, and a little further removed in their domestic arrangements from the family pig. Tourists seem to have been unwittingly mischievous in their descriptions of the poetical beggars that enliven the scenery. One would not now feel satisfied if he visited Killarney, &c., without having seen specimens of that picturesque nakedness which gave such a charm to Nora Creina. But poor Nora should be painted by an artist in November, standing at the door of her cottage, with its broken and mildewed plaster mapped over the walls, patches of raw sienna and Naples yellow lichens and mosses flourishing on the oozy thatch, through the rents in which the heavy peat smoke percolates!

Sometimes—nay, very often—one's charity is entreated in the most pathetic language (perhaps rather a habit than from feeling) by a shivering creature, in the last extremity of squalor and wretchedness, with matted hair and bleared eyes, slugging his shoulders and contorting his

body, under the irritation of vermin or the cold wind—not always “tempered to the shorn lamb”—shoeless, shirtless, with a gossamer patchwork of trousers latched on with bits of twine picked up at some grocer’s door! In many cases there is no necessity for such an appearance; poorer men in England and Scotland manage to hide such extreme indigence and nakedness, and yet one cannot help pitying the poor soul that shivers in such a rickety tenement of skin and bone.

Observing a grim-faced old woman giving some pence to such an object as the above, and who, moreover, seemed a true octogenarian, I asked her why she did so, as she herself was little better off, and remarked that he should apply at the poor-house for relief. She thought me very “unfeeling,” telling me at the same time that the “poor old creature” had been a drunkard all his youth, and that she was sorry for him, as there was no comfort in a poor-house, where the women “can’t get their cup of tea, or the men their smoke, when they want,” and that she would not blame them for “preferring to lie on the streets.” The true cause, however, of this aversion to these institutions is, partly the indolence and filthy habits, which would not be tolerated there, and partly, perhaps, the unwillingness of the priests (who teach the people to avoid such heretical hives) to allow them to withdraw from the labour of collecting “Peter’s pence.” Perhaps, by-the-by, this is one of the reasons why, in defiance of the law, beggars infest every corner of Ireland, defy the police, and are encouraged more or less by all.

Religion in Ireland is, more than almost anywhere else, a political engine, and Christian pastors of various denominations practically refute the doctrine that the “wind is tempered to the shorn lamb”—some feeding their flocks on light tracts, and others on such indigestible matter as “Vitali’s Month of the Souls in Purgatory.” A few more charity schools and “museums of industrial art” would, however, be, in the first instance, highly salutary. A good foundation of “natural philosophy” strengthens the mind for the reception of abstruse theological dogmas, but the question of public education cannot easily be settled where the political ascendancy of “party,” rather than the diffusion of useful knowledge, is the ruling passion of Christian teachers.

“Meet poor honest Paddy,” said a violent partisan\* at the late Tipperary election, “on the quay of Queenstown, as he is bidding farewell to Ireland, and say to him, ‘Come back, and we’ll endeavour to wring from the reluctant minister denominational education!’ what would be his reply? ‘To the d—l with the reluctant minister and your denominational education!’ Or suppose you ask poor Peggy, who is after kissing her old mother, and leaving her, never perhaps to meet her again—tell her to come back, and we’ll disendow the Church Establishment, would she not at once cry out, ‘To the d—l with ye all, and the Church Establishment too!’”

The poor people have been so worried by their various spiritual assailants, that it is no wonder they begin to weary of all. Without venturing to depend upon themselves, they naturally have the strongest leaning to *that* Church which has a greater power of playing upon those fears that few can venture to dismiss.

\* Mr. Gill.

It is the opinion of Mr. Bright, that "the Church may be said to affect the soul and sentiment of the country, and the land question may be said to affect the means of life and the comforts of the people." "Now," said he, "I shall not blame the bishops and clergy of the Established Church. There may be, and I doubt not there are, amongst them many pious and devoted men, who labour to the utmost of their power to do good in the district which is committed to their care; but I venture to say this, that if they were all good and pious, it would not, in a national point of view, compensate for this one fatal error—their existence as the ministers of an Established Protestant Church in Ireland. Every man of them is necessarily, in his district, a symbol of the supremacy of the few over the many of the people; and although the amount of the revenue of the Established Church, as the sum payable by the whole nation, may not be considerable, yet bear in mind that it is often the galling of the chain which is more tormenting than the weight of it. I believe that the removal of the Established Church would create a new political and social atmosphere in Ireland—that it would make the people feel that old things had passed away—that all things had become new—that an Irishman and his faith was no longer to be condemned in his own country."

But the Roman Catholics of Ireland were not very demonstrative in their cordiality towards Mr. Bright, and for the very good reason, perhaps, that the real principle at the bottom of all his schemes was the destruction of the ascendancy of any particular Church, and the inauguration of a voluntary system, as in the United States of America.

The "confusion worse confounded" of the Tipperary and Waterford elections only goes to prove how subservient to party intrigue in Ireland are all other principles, and, in the face of so many ecclesiastical and political paradoxes and anomalies, the following reads rather clumsily: "The people of Scotland have seceded in such large numbers from the Established Church, that I suppose those who have seceded form a considerable majority of the whole people. They are not in favour of maintaining an ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland, in opposition to the view of the great majority of the people." What Scottish community favours the establishment of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in this kingdom? This is at once answered (though equivocally and unintentionally) with reference to the "oath of supremacy:" "The Church in England or the Church in Scotland is not in any sense a foreign Church."

There is a large party, however, of educated Roman Catholics who would probably be the very last to approve, in their hearts, of the complete ascendancy of their own Church, in a country like Ireland, with its excitable lower orders, and priests taken from a class of society likely to generate very undesirable qualities, as well as habits, in a minister of religion. These gentlemen, no doubt, would dread the tyranny of an Ultramontanist worked by selfish agitators, believing, as they do, that "the priests should hold to their proper place, leaving to the laity their civil freedom, and that the general body of the Irish priests themselves would be found in accord with the laity, if the episcopal agents of Ultramontane Rome were not assisted to fetter both priests and people by the traders in politics, who, for their own purposes, join the anti-Irish plot."

Much evil as Ireland undoubtedly has suffered through her attach-

ment to an ambitious religious sect, it does not follow that the Anglican Church can be fully exonerated or held blameless of her *lâches*; yet, as a "moderate" institution, and a useful auxiliary to the State in protecting public morality, it seems to answer its purpose; but the question arises, whether all national ecclesiastical affairs would not be better governed by a secretary of state instead of an archbishop. Moreover, a secretary of state could deal with all "denominations" impartially in matters of patronage (and coerciou, if necessary), leaving to the sectarians themselves the free discussion of little doctrinal points likely to keep them fully occupied and out of mischief. There would then be some hope of the Bible being received by all in its purity, and without those cumbrous explanations which frequently only "darken knowledge," and, like the verbose annotations on recent editions of Bacon's essays, destroy the author's greatest merit—simplicity.

At present, ecclesiastical decisions have shown that the Anglican priest, when cited for heterodoxy, is dealt with less as defective in his Christianity than as guilty of a breach of contract as regards the Thirty-nine Articles. But as the Anglican Church is at present constituted, she is obliged to endure these barbed arrows in her suffering body, for the extraction even of one would cause a theological hemorrhage certain to produce dissolution. This is a state of affairs much to be deplored, but the remedy lies with the people themselves and not with the government, which fails to receive any support from a divided hierarchy.

The Irish Anglican Church has this great blemish, which will always cause it to be unpopular with the poor. By petty irregularities, and too often worldliness, in matters purely spiritual, it is apt to cool its warmest friends, who cannot fail to remember the words of the psalmist: "Thine enemies roar in the midst of thy congregations; they set up their ensigns for signs."

It is very sad to witness the decay of the National Church, when by a slight exercise of judgment, charity, and impartiality, some genuine counterpoise to Romanism might be found; but unfortunately in Ireland the clergy are more remarkable at the hustings than in the pulpit.

The superstition of the Irish Romanist is a curious phase of the same feeling that stimulates the exasperated intolerance of the Scotch seceders. The two apparent extremes meet, and the domination of a fierce Presbyterian would, to the more independent mind of an Englishman, be as intolerable as the mystic mummeries and sensuous spiritualism of Mariolatry thus prominently recommended in the recent "pastoral" of the Cardinal Archbishop (Cullen): "In fine, in our present tribulations, let us put our prayers under the protection of all the saints, whose festival we are about to celebrate, and more particularly of the great Mother of God, the Queen of all saints, the comfortress of the afflicted."

The late Archbishop of Dublin used to deprecate a narrow spirit, and it is remarkable that the strong imperial policy which he advocated has so generally marked the career of the most eminent of British statesmen whom Ireland, with just pride, has claimed as her sons; and it is precisely this narrow-mindedness, in public matters, that has from first to last been so eminently characteristic of her native rulers. Poor Erin has thought more of her harp than of business, and, like "Nicker the soulless thrumming his ghitern," she has spent her time rather unprofitably, and

with much inconvenience to her more practical neighbours. "The chosen leaf of bard and chief" is, after all, a poor substitute for the English and more homely gift of the potato!

Yet, said lately the guest of the citizens of Dublin, "it is a country, too, in which—and it is the only Christian country of which it may be said for some centuries past—it is a country in which a famine of the most desolating character has prevailed even during our own time." As though government were to blame for such calamities. Affecting pictures of starvation have been often drawn, and are, no doubt, suggestive of objects deserving of commiseration, but is there no truth in the assertion that where an Englishman would only be on "short rations," and a French soldier or Chinese almost revelling in Apician dainties, an Irishman would starve, and that, too, not so much from fastidiousness as in consequence of inaptitude to discover food? The poorer Irish would probably hesitate to touch young rooks, and would go without a meal rather than make potage of that excellent substitute for spinach—nettles. Even if cognisant of the wholesome qualities of these things, they might think it "mane and like the bastes" to sustain nature on such a diet, and elect rather to supply their priest with Peter's pence, while receiving extreme unction, and look forward devoutly to that better world where want is unknown! If such a poor creature recovered and got employment, he would probably lay out, regardless of consequences, a large portion of his first earnings on a French print of the "*Mater Dolorosa*."

A certain party in Ireland industriously propagates the story that the Fenian movement was, at its outset, a mere myth until Lord Kimberly suggested its reality, and so, in fact, called into actual existence that which before was nothing. The absurdity of such a statement requires no comment.

The Fenian movement being now, at any rate, a stern reality, must be met as one should meet malcontents who, impelled by no real wrongs, but in the wantonness of their natures seek to overthrow the frame of society in Ireland, and, taking advantage of the inflammable passions of the destitute and idle, to rob those who possess any property.

This incipient rebellion is not excused in any degree by such motives as those of Wat Tyler, the Stuarts, Washington and his countrymen—of those who have thrown off the yoke of Spain, &c.—but rather resembles the vague and unintelligible movement of the Taepings in China, who have left it to others to suggest high motives which never occurred to themselves.

And yet in Ireland, while one class openly sympathises with this invasion of masked assassins, another remains neutral, so as not to be compromised under any "eventualities." Of this latter class are chiefly the small dealers, and those whose personal fears compel them to play a miserable time-serving game, in order that, should the *Jacquerie* of Ireland be tempted into any excesses, their wrath would be diverted to strangers only; and it is precisely at the hands of such people that loyal subjects are exposed to covert affronts and petty incivilities which are not intended to be detected, but which may, nevertheless, be conveniently explained to those whom they fear.

England will probably prevent this national aeurism from bursting,

but she will never succeed in eradicating the disease in the blood until she plants three other colonies like that of Ulster, which at the present crisis seems to be the only part of Ireland to which these remarks do not apply.

As for Irish loyalty, all the world knows what it is worth, and therefore a certain magistrate of Limerick need scarcely trouble to explain to the rest of his countrymen why government will not accept the services of volunteers from his own neighbourhood. "If the government," says he, "only gave the word, in one month there would be in Ireland such a force enrolled as it would be difficult to equal in any country." The government, no doubt, knows the value of auxiliaries like these at the present crisis, and some of the most eminent of our statesmen have, as is well known, studied the tale of Troy no doubt politically as well as poetically.

There are no unredressed wrongs of such a magnitude as to justify the Fenians. It is a mere pretence to say that they have been driven from their country by oppression. The Irish were not more loyal under their native princes, and probably never will be under any regular government. Unlike the Highlander, they have no instinct of loyalty, and if ever the "pork-pie" coronet of Tara were to grace the brows of Fenian Centre Stephens, the same principles would be reversed, and we should soon have an application from Roberts, offering his services, for a consideration, against the new tyranny.

"The gods approve the depth, and not the tumult of the soul," and the short-comings of the Irish character cause a retributive justice to inflict corresponding sufferings, like complementary colours in the science of optics.

Amidst all these dark pictures it is satisfactory to observe the fidelity of that splendid body of men "the constabulary," whose martial appearance and fine bearing are so remarkable, and present such an anomaly to a stranger accustomed to caricatures of the squab-figured Irish (who are never found in their ranks). These men, trained in imperial discipline, merge mere local ideas, and take their shamrock device in its true sense.

Like Poland, Mexico, Jamaica, the evils of Ireland appear to be inherent in her people. They are attributable to natural defects which everywhere, and under all conditions, tend to the decay of civilised politics, and which are only the more painfully evident when contrasted with the many noble and generous qualities with which the Irish are gifted.

There is a law governing the decline of races which cannot always easily or conveniently be explained. It is easy enough to point to the precise causes which tend to the extinction of the savage in presence of the civilised man; to that of the wild boar in France, the lion at the Cape of Good Hope; but in other cases the causes of extinction are invisible and mysterious.

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## RAWSON HOLDSWORTH ;

OR,

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

## I.

My father was a farmer in Hertfordshire, not far from St. Alban's, had been churchwarden and overseer, and was looked upon as a man of note in the parish. I had had the opportunity of obtaining a decent sort of education, but I cannot say that I had taken much advantage of it ; in fact, it must be confessed that I was considered somewhat of a scamp as I advanced towards years of discretion. It was reported even that I was an associate with a gang of poachers who committed considerable havoc in the preserves of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, by whom I was accordingly regarded with no favourable eye. How far the accusations were just or not I will not here say. Nothing, at all events, was ever brought home to me. However, I at length did what most young fellows do one day or other—I fell in love with a very pretty girl, Jane Eastman, the daughter of a respectable tradesman, a friend of my father's. I made my advances cautiously, for I had an idea that my suit would not be received very favourably by the old gentleman ; but, as I intended to reform, I hoped that all would come right at last. I managed to meet Jane frequently. I told her at last that I loved her, and she confessed that she was not indifferent to me. She promised also at my earnest solicitation not to say anything about the matter to her father. I have one thing to say—that is, that I did truly and honestly love her, and that it was very far from my thoughts to do her an injury.

Among my companions was an Irishman, Michael Donovan by name. An Irish gentleman he called himself. He formed my acquaintance at a race-course, and induced me to invite him to visit me at my father's house. He was very plausible and pleasant spoken, and managed to make himself very agreeable to all my family, and to other persons in the neighbourhood to whom he got introduced. He came several times without stopping to be invited. He went out shooting with me very frequently, and was not at all particular as to the property he shot over. My father expostulated with him. He laughed at his remarks.

“Arrah ! now sure no one would venture to speak to an Irish gentleman, who can't be expected to know whose grounds he is walking over. I'll make it all right with them if they do,” was his answer.

Some of the men were inclined to fight shy of him. He got on best with the female part of the community. I was rather annoyed, indeed, when I found that he had made the acquaintance of Mr. Eastman. I discovered soon after this, that whenever I was away he always contrived to be at the house. I watched him the next time I saw him with Jane, and began to suspect that he admired her. The oftener I saw them together, the more sure I became that he hoped, if he could, to make her his wife. At length I was convinced that he had determined to supplant me, by his taking lodgings in the town close to her house. He spent his

evenings regularly at Mr. Eastman's, and, as he was looked on as a gentleman, the family were flattered by the attention he paid them. I knew enough of the world to be sure, after I became better acquainted with him, that he was not a gentleman by birth or education. I resolved to find out what he was, and after some trouble I satisfied myself that he was a member of the blackleg fraternity. I now saw my folly in having brought him to the place. He was aware of my love for Jane, and so I resolved to tax him with his ingratitude, and to insist on his quitting the place. If he would not do so, I intended to inform Mr. Eastman of his character. He refused to go, and laughed at my threats.

I went to Mr. Eastman, as I said I would, and told him all I knew about Donovan. He received me somewhat coldly and suspiciously, I thought, and replied that he would make inquiries, and if my information proved correct, he should feel deeply obliged to me. I told Jane what I had done. She had no liking for Donovan, and, as far as she was concerned, I had no cause for anxiety. She owned that she thought he wished to marry her, and that her father would be pleased if she was willing to become his wife. We agreed, however, to wait the result of Mr. Eastman's inquiries. I was able to put him on the right scent, and he was perfectly satisfied that the information I had given him was correct. Still his opinion of me was in no way changed, and he seemed scarcely willing to thank me for the service I had rendered him.

Donovan quickly found that there was something wrong, and, suspecting me, came and accused me of having informed against him. We had a fierce quarrel, he vowing that he would be amply revenged on me. I, knowing my advantage, threatened to expose his character wherever he might go, and soon afterwards he disappeared from our town. I got a letter soon afterwards from him, reminding me that he never forgot his promises. I laughed at his threats, for I knew well enough that bullies often threaten more than they can perform. Had I after this gone on steadily, I might, I think, have gained the good opinion of Mr. Eastman, and been allowed by him to marry his daughter. I did not, however, and got into fresh scrapes.

Soon after this another rival appeared, in the person of a young man of the name of Abel Barnard. I did not fancy that Jane liked him, but her father patronised him, and did not conceal his wish that he should become his son-in-law. This was a fresh difficulty in my way. However, I hoped that I might get over it. I resolved to reform, and thought that I had made a good commencement. I had to learn that it is not as easy to cast off bad companions as I had imagined. I could not keep away from the race-course, and going there I betted, and got into debt deeper and deeper, till I owed more than my father was willing, or indeed able, to pay. The consequences may easily be conceived. In the mean time, Abel Barnard was of course gaining the advantage of me. He was a quiet, amiable young man, of a station superior to Jane's, for his father was a gentleman, and so was he by birth and education; but then he was poor. He was a clerk in a bank, but I heard that his wish was, if he could save a little money, to go to college and become a clergyman. Old Eastman was rich, and, as he had a spice of ambition about him, he thought that, by Jane's marrying young Barnard, she would



become a lady, while he could furnish the means to enable her to maintain her position as such. He also liked Barnard for himself, and I must own that Barnard was in every way worthy of his regard, and was the sort of man likely to make a good husband. Had Jane, indeed, seen him before me, I have little doubt that she would have given him her affections. I had not generosity or unselfishness sufficient to beg her to transfer them to him from me, even had it been possible, indeed. In personal appearance I was his superior, I flattered myself, though he was good-looking, and, unless my father disinherited me, I was likely to have far more fortune than he could hope for. With regard to his manners, they were more refined than mine, I must confess. He could discourse by the hour of books, and foreign lands, and events in history, and all that sort of thing. I was no bookworm, and could talk of little else than field sports and things that had happened in our county.

How I managed to win Jane Eastman's heart I cannot exactly tell. I thought that I was secure of her. I asked her at length to marry me without her father's consent. To that she would not agree. I told her that he was sure before long to pardon her, and that there could be no great harm in doing what numbers did. All she would do was to promise me that she would marry no one else. She begged that I would let her tell her father, and she was sure that, in time, the prejudice he entertained against me would be overcome. I agreed at last. I was to tell my father at the same time, and we fondly hoped that he would smoothe the way and stand surety for my good behaviour. My father laughed at the notion of old Eastman relenting, and would have nothing to do with the matter; he could not subject himself to the insults he was sure to receive if he made the proposal.

"Besides this, what can I say in your favour?" he asked, turning a frowning glance at me. "You have behaved like a scamp over and over again, as I know to my cost, and I have no security that you will not behave so again."

I could say nothing to this except that he was mistaken, and that I had already turned over a new leaf. As my father would not speak for me, I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and to speak for myself. I got the reply I might have expected, old Eastman adding that he would sooner see his daughter in her grave, where she would be safe from harm, than married to a scamp like me. From something he let drop, I thought that my father had communicated with him on the subject. Whether or not he suspected that Jane cared for me I cannot say, but he told me that he had prohibited her from again speaking to me, and he handed me a note from her to me, in which she briefly told me that she had resolved to obey her father's commands, and was sure that it would be better for me that she should do so. From several circumstances I took it into my head that my own father had been the means of bringing about this unsatisfactory result. Now I knew well that, above all things, he had an especial dislike to the army, or, rather, to any one connected with himself belonging to it. He looked upon all soldiers as ruffians, and fighting as barbarous savage work, in which no civilised men should engage. I, on the contrary, had always had a fancy for a military life. I had some years before thought of asking him to buy me a commission, for I knew that he could afford it. I soon found,

however, on hinting on the subject, that it would be utterly useless to make the request. The thought seized me suddenly that I would go and enlist, and thus revenge myself on my father and Jane, and, at the same time, indulge my own predilections. To have me go as a common soldier would, I knew, vex him more than anything else ; but for that I did not care. In my folly I thought that I had a right to do as I chose. He would not help me, and why should I try to please him ? That was my reasoning. It was not very good, certainly.

I knew something about soldiering, I fancied ; I had often watched soldiers at drill. I once had got an old drill-sergeant to take me in hand for some months, and I had an idea that I would work my own way up to a commission. I laid my plans with a good deal of cunning. I packed up my clothes and all the valuables I possessed, and sent them off to a public-house I knew of in London, to be kept till called for, and then at daybreak one fine morning, without wishing a soul good-bye—my father, mother, brothers, and sisters—I started off on foot for London, having ascertained that either at the Tower or at Westminster I should be sure of meeting with recruiting-sergeants who would be too glad to hand me the Queen's shilling, and very indifferent as to my reasons for wishing to accept it. I, of course, might have found one in our town on the market-day, but I was well known there, and had no fancy to be seen marching through it with a ribbon in my hat. I walked on as fast as I could, hoping to get some conveyance, for I dreaded lest my object should be suspected, and that I should be pursued by my father or one of my brothers and be persuaded to return. I have an idea, though, that even had they suspected my intention, they would not have taken the trouble of following me, but would have considered themselves well rid of my presence. I pushed on as fast as I could go, sometimes running, till I reached an omnibus just about to start. I rushed into the farthest corner to avoid the chance of being seen, should I be overtaken, as I still feared I might. I had now more time for reflection than was pleasant. I knew that I was going to do a very silly thing, and I had a slight sort of feeling that it was worse than silly. Still I had made up my mind to go on. On reaching the City, I hurried off to the Tower. I soon fell in with a sergeant, who seemed well pleased when I told him my business. He took me at once to a place where he measured my height. I was tall enough and to spare, but on the way he told me that he belonged to the Guards, and I knew that they were kept generally in England and in the neighbourhood of London, and I wanted to go abroad, and to India if I could. After some talk with the sergeant, when he found I was firm, he undertook to conduct me to Westminster, where recruiting-officers for several regiments were stationed. On reaching that ancient city, the sergeant of the Guards soon found a sergeant of the line of whom he was in search, and handed me over to him. The latter gentleman at once began to praise his regiment, and everybody and thing connected with it, its deeds past and future.

"When was the regiment last in India ?" I asked, cutting him short.

"Not for nearly twenty years, I should think," was the answer.

"That will do, I'm your man. Hand me the shilling," I exclaimed, eagerly putting out my hand.

"You are a lad of spirit, I see that. We want such in the army,

always provided they don't show it in the wrong place. You haven't a wife, have you?"

"No," I answered, rather annoyed.

"And never had one, eh?" he asked.

"Certainly not," was my reply.

"We always like to know about those points, you see," he observed; "some youngsters come and join for the sake of running away from their wives, and that don't do; and then the wives oftentimes comes after them, and that's still worse. You're in good health and strong, eh?"

"As strong as a horse, and never was better in my life," I answered.

"That will do," he replied, putting the coin into my hand in the name of her Majesty the Queen.

There was I fast bound for a soldier unless the surgeon should pronounce me unfit for duty, which I knew very well he could not do. I sat down in the public room at the rendezvous with a whole lot of soldiers in various uniforms, all engaged in getting men for their respective regiments. Of course each one did his best to praise and glorify his own corps, and the deeds it had done. Some had been in the first Afghan campaign, had been present at the taking of Ghuznee, the defence of Jellalabad, or had been among those who gallantly forced the terrible Khyber Pass. There were two or three who had been among the heroes of Meeanee and Hyderabad at the conquest of Scinde. Several were talking learnedly of Ferozeshah, Aliwal, Sobraon, Chilianwallah, and Goojerat, while others had fought in China and at the Cape. Altogether they raised my enthusiasm and envy of their deeds to such a pitch, that I believe had my father, and mother, and sisters arrived to implore me to return I should have turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and I fancy that a similar effect was produced on many of the other recruits present. When Sergeant Hobson found that I had money in my purse he was doubly civil, and allowed me to pay for a bed for myself and for my supper, of which he also condescended to partake. The next morning, when I got into the public room, I found about twenty young men just enlisted, most of them rather noisy, and more ready to ask questions than to answer them, and there was soon a general shout for breakfast. I am not certain whether the sergeant intended to see whether we were content to go without it. However it came, a small allowance of bread-and-butter for each man, and coffee. Soon afterwards we were marched off to a bath-room to prepare for the surgeon's inspection.

"Now, you youngsters, strip and get in there, and scrub and clean yourselves," cried Sergeant Hobson.

I was inclined to rebel, but I was under military law, and went through the unpleasant ceremony. We waited some time till the surgeon arrived. I was among the first sent in to him. I had to stand on one leg, then on the other, to stretch out my arms, to bend down, to pull at one instrument and to blow at another, all of which performances I executed to the entire satisfaction of the surgeon. He proved my eyesight also, and then dismissed me. The others in succession were then sent in. I had an idea that two or three would not pass, but I was scarcely prepared to find that of the whole twenty who had been enlisted fifteen were rejected, and only five found sound enough in limb and lungs to serve her Majesty.

Another day, while I was at the *depôt*, only two out of thirteen were accepted. In a healthy country district the proportion of those accepted would have been greater. This ceremony over, we five successful and much-envied candidates for military honours were taken before a magistrate, and sworn in to serve her Majesty for a period of ten years. The other fifteen had taken themselves off, leaving us alone in our glory, to eat a wretched dinner of tough bad beef and potatoes. I had to learn that there is a wonderful difference between soldiers' fare and such as I had been accustomed to in a large well-found farm-house. After dinner we strolled about Westminster. I should have liked to have got drunk, just to drown thought, but fortunately for me my four companions were sober lads, and I was not tempted to take even a drop. The next morning we passed the colonel's inspection. I looked at him with some little anxiety. Much of my future prosperity would depend, I fancied, on the sort of man he was. In appearance he was a fine soldier-like looking man, and his manners were quiet and gentlemanly. I wonder if he thought that the raw recruit was scanning him much more attentively, probably, than he was examining the recruit. For the next three days we had to kick our heels, doing nothing, about Westminster, except the task of resisting temptation to get into mischief. Why the authorities did not send us off at once to our regiment I don't know. I was very glad when we were ordered to parade, previous to being marched to the railway station to proceed to the manufacturing town in one of the midland counties where the regiment was stationed. It was ten o'clock when we reached the barracks, and the men had turned in. We were at once ordered to a company's room. I had been accustomed to a room to myself, with neat dimity curtains, a carpet, and so forth. Here was a long room with iron bedsteads arranged along the sides, opposite each other, all exactly alike. We did not venture to speak to any of the men, and none of them took the slightest notice of us. We quickly turned in, for we were tired and hungry. As to going to sleep, that I soon found was not likely to occur. Every half hour, as the sentinel paced up and down—close to our heads it seemed—he sung out the number of his post, with the cry of "All's well!" without intermission throughout the night. Scarcely had I dropped asleep than the bugle sounded, and I sprang to my feet, as did my companions, and in less than five minutes all were dressed, and were busy neatly folding up our beds to an exact size, when the iron bedsteads were turned back over them. A rope was then stretched from one end of the room to the other, to ascertain that all were of the exact height. On the top of each bed was folded in three parts a pair of trousers, a forage-cap, and stock. The orderly sergeant then came into the room to see that all was done properly. One careless fellow had not done his bed up to the prescribed size and form. It was instantly pulled to pieces again, and he had to do it up two or three times before the sergeant was satisfied. I mention these things, trifles though they may appear, to give an idea of the exactness with which everything is done in a well-ordered regiment. It made a great impression on me at the time, but I have since discovered that, important and excellent as routine is, there is something still more important and excellent, and that is to know how to act according to circumstances. This neither the British soldier was taught, nor did those in authority understand, as we learned to our cost.

The orderly sergeant, having taken down the names of the recruits, went out to drill his company. There was drill for the old soldiers for half an hour, and for the recruits for an hour. The bugle sounded at eight for breakfast, when the room orderlies were seen hurrying to the cook-house for their coffee for their respective messes—that and brownish bread forming our chief fare. At the sound of a second bugle we all sat down to breakfast, and after that appointments were cleaned, till general parade in full uniform at eleven.

We new recruits had now to fall in for the first time. I acquitted myself to the best of my power, and as I already had some notion of drilling, I gained the approval of the sergeant, indeed he questioned me pretty closely, thinking that I must have already been in the army. Some of the men seemed not to know their right hands from their left, not but that in the end they made very good soldiers, and, as Sergeant Hitchcock of ours observed, "it wouldn't do by no manner of means if all thought themselves fit for non-commissioned officers."

I had dressed myself in rough working clothes when I enlisted, that too many questions might not be asked, and I now felt rather out of place at dinner among so many fresh bright uniforms. This made me doubly anxious to get into mine as soon as possible. I flattered myself, after I had got the regimental tailor to alter it here and there, and I had polished up my appointments to the utmost, that I was as good a looking soldier as any in the regiment, while few held themselves up better than I did. The day after I joined I underwent the colonel's inspection, when he was pleased to address a few encouraging words to me, which, in my case I may say, had a very beneficial effect. From dinner-time till parade drill at three o'clock we had nothing particular to do when off duty. Then came tea, and after that we amused ourselves either in barracks with athletic sports or at games, such as drafts and chess, or reading, or, in not so satisfactory a manner, wandering about the town, as Hitchcock observed, "doing no manner of good to ourselves nor to any one else." He might have added, in many instances a great deal of harm. Between afternoon drill and tea I got an old soldier to teach me the bugle sounds and the manual drill, and other matters of military duty. I was never tired of learning, and there was no difficulty in finding men ready to teach me. I was determined, as I had gone for a soldier, to become a good one. Thus my time passed away very rapidly, and tolerably pleasantly. I had posted a letter in London saying that I had enlisted for a soldier, and intended to stick to the profession, and get on if I could, that I was very well, and should anything particular happen to me I would take care that they should hear it.

I should have said, when describing the events of each day, that at 8.30 the "tattoo" sounds, when at the first post all the men out of town hurry to barracks. The orderly sergeants note the absentees, and report them to the officer of the day. Should there be many of them, the latter applies to the adjutant, and a picket is sent after them. If found in a drunk and disorderly state, they are punished accordingly. This last work concluded, the non-commissioned officers are dismissed to their rooms, and the day's work is brought to an end.

## II.

FOR upwards of a year the regiment remained in the same place, and I steadily persevered in learning my duty. By the end of the time I was looked upon as a smart, active soldier, and I felt pretty sure that I was marked for promotion. Of one thing soldiers may be very sure, that the commanding-officer and adjutant who care a fig for the discipline of their regiment will always do their best to get the most efficient men selected for non-commissioned officers. Of course an inferior man may by various arts manage to curry favour with the sergeant-major and get recommended for promotion; but even he must be able to drill a squad, and there must be something in him above the ordinary, while modest merit may remained concealed.

At the end of the year we proceeded to Liverpool, and from thence crossed to Dublin, though not to stay there; but, being marched to the railway station, we continued on to Cork, where we took up our quarters. Several of the companies were at once ordered off on detachment duty, my company among them. Two days before we marched for Ballymena, where my company was to be stationed, I had the satisfaction of being made lance-corporal. That was not the height of my ambition, but it was a step towards it. Ireland was not altogether quiet at that time, and there were little disturbances now and then, small rebellions, Riband conspiracies, and election fracas, which gave us ample employment in hunting, capturing, and escorting prisoners. We had not been at Ballymena long when the captain received a requisition from a gentleman whose house was in a somewhat isolated position for a party of men to protect it, as he had received two or three letters, threatening him that unless he allowed some non-paying tenants to remain on their farms, lowered the rents of others, and restored a farm to a notorious character who had been evicted, it would be burned to the ground. An ensign, with Sergeant Hitchcock, myself, and twenty men, was accordingly sent to guard the house and premises. We started some time before day-break, marching over bog and moor, in the hope of reaching the place without being discovered by the outlaws, so that, should they attempt to put their threat into execution, we might catch them in the act. This was not very easy generally; at the same time, we had hopes of success, from the fact that of late the constabulary had been employed in that sort of service, and that the fellows were more likely to watch their movements than ours. The guide who had been sent for us led the way over a little frequented track where not a human being was encountered, and we reached the house, as we believed, without any one observing us.

Mr. Dewar, of Knockbregan Castle, for such was the designation of the threatened mansion, received us with expressions of gratitude at the promptitude with which his request had been attended to, and seemed well disposed to treat both officers and men with that profuse hospitality for which the Irish were at one time celebrated. He had been kept in a state of alarm the whole night, not knowing but that any moment the rebels might put their threat into execution. This there can be no doubt they would have done, had they had an idea that the next day the house would be strongly guarded. While Mr. Dewar entertained our

young commanding-officer in the breakfast-parlour with his family we were marched into a large dining-hall, the windows of which were kept closed that we might not be seen from the outside. Here a capital breakfast was prepared for us, to which, as may be supposed, we did ample justice. Mr. Dewar, who had his wits about him, had sent out scouts to ascertain what the enemy were about. In the afternoon one of them came back with the information that the rebels were collecting, and talked of putting their threat into execution that very evening. After a bountiful dinner we were posted in various parts of the building, in readiness for the attack. As it was considered important to catch some of the ringleaders, I was placed in an outhouse with five men, and directed to wait till they had passed me towards the house, and then to sally out and bar their flight. Not a shot was to be fired, and it was hoped that by thus taking them by surprise they might easily be made prisoners. We somewhat envied our comrades inside the mansion, who were, we doubted not, enjoying a good supper, while we were lying in ambush under the walls of a ruined outhouse. A hole in the wall enabled me to watch the approach to the place. I waited for some time, my ear eager to catch the slightest sound, and my eye constantly on the watch, when just as it was growing dusk I espied some shadowy forms approaching stealthily among the trees. There were several men, apparently armed. They looked cautiously about them, as if doubtful whether it was safe to advance. I suspected that they had heard of our being sent for, but had not ascertained whether or not we were in the house.

After a little time they retired, and I thought that we should miss them altogether. Presently, however, they again stole forward, followed by a considerable number of men. From their manner of advancing, I saw that it would take us disciplined soldiers very little time to put the whole to flight. That, however, we did not wish to do. I gave a sign to my men to be ready to follow me. On the fellows came. As no one appeared, they seemed to think that the day was to be their own. They came on more boldly, uttering dire threats against the owner of the mansion. Six or seven of their leaders were already between us and the house. I gave the sign to my men; we rushed out with fixed bayonets, while at the same moment a party of those in the house, headed by Sergeant Hitchcock, made a sally, and attacked them in front. The surprise was complete. One fellow managed to get himself run through, four were captured unhurt, with torches in their hands and match-boxes in their pockets, while the rest scampered off as hard as they could pelt. I, with ten men, was sent in pursuit, but we could no more catch them than if they had been so many hares, and I soon gave up the chase, seeing its hopelessness, and returned to the house. The prisoners were taken into the large hall. No sooner did I set eyes on them than I recognised in one of them my former ill-doing companion, Michael Donovan. He looked surprised at seeing me, for he knew me immediately, but he said nothing. I was vexed enough at this meeting, but I resolved to act as if I had never known him, and, if possible, not to let him suppose even that I recollected him. The prisoners were searched. All their weapons were taken from them, and Donovan and another man, having had their arms lashed behind them, were locked up in separate rooms, while the rest were kept together, with their legs and arms tied, in the common hall. Sergeant Hitchcock complimented me on the way

I had performed my part of the operations, and the ensign repeated, as was his custom, the sergeant's remarks. While the ensign went to dinner with Mr. Dewar and his family, and the sergeant was making a thorough inspection of the house, the outbuildings, and surrounding country, I was directed to look after the prisoners. When, as I went my rounds, I looked into Donovan's room, he at once spoke to me.

"Arrah! now, Mr. Rawson, you'll not be after forgetting an old friend, sure now," he said, in a low voice, and in as insinuating a manner as he could assume. "It is not for this little matter of to-day that I'd ask you to run any risk for me, but if I am once known—and there's little doubt but that I will be—they'll be after hanging me, as sure as my name is Mick Donovan."

"You must be mistaken, my man," I answered, quietly. "I am a corporal of her Majesty's —th Regiment of Foot, I have a piece of duty given to me to perform, and that is to look after certain persons placed in my charge. If you were to be hung to-morrow, it would make no difference to me. I would do my utmost to keep you prisoner."

"To think now that you should pretend not to remember me, Mr. Rawson! That is good, sure," he whispered, with a low laugh. "Come, come, ye'll let me go. I'll make it worth many a gold guinea to you—more than all the pay you'll get from one end of the year to the other."

"This talk is useless," I answered, going towards the door.

"Mark my words, Rawson Holdsworth!" he exclaimed, with vehemence, "there'll be mourning in the house where you were born, and in another house, too, and she whom you love will be dying of a broken heart. Death is the punishment of those who play false to old comrades in this country, and I can sign the warrant which'll send a couple of slugs through your body as easily here, with my hands behind me, as if I was out of this, and free on the wild heath."

"It's folly you are talking, poor man," I answered, as I shut the door, though I confess that even at the time I thought he might have the means of putting his threat into execution. I did not again speak to him, but I charged the men under me to keep a constant watch on him, and did not fail to do so myself.

The next day another body of men arrived to assist us in escorting the prisoners to prison, as it was feared that a rescue might be attempted. On the way we had to pass through the market-place, which was densely crowded with country people. However, they seemed to take little notice of us or of our prisoners, for whom not a word of sympathy was expressed. This may possibly have thrown us somewhat off our guard. I was with the first file, having three of the prisoners under our charge. Donovan and another man were placed more in the centre for greater security. One of the men who had charge of them was looked upon with justice as the greatest donkey in the regiment, Peter Duck by name. On a sudden the crowd, which had before been so orderly, began to press hard upon us. I kept a tight hold of my prisoners, and my men pressed closely round them; but before the rear rank, which had charge of Donovan, had time to look round, he and his companion had disappeared. How, no one could tell. It was thought that Peter Duck had something to do with it. Whatever was the case, while we were halted, and our commanding-officer was ordering the mob to fall back, Duck exclaimed:



"There he is, looking towards the thickest part of the market."

There, sure enough, a figure was seen threading his way in and out among the people. Scarcely had Duck uttered the words than, raising his musket to his shoulder, he let fly. There was a cry, and the man fell, shot through the head.

"None but a fool could have done that. It was well done, though," observed Hitchcock.

The other prisoners had struggled hard to escape, and an attempt was made to rescue them, but we closed up our files, drove the mob off, and carried them on till we lodged them in the prison. The man fired at by Duck was shot dead, the bullet going in at the back of his head and coming out in front. As to Donovan, nothing more was seen of him. We were hooted as we marched to our quarters, but that, of course, is what soldiers are to expect in Ireland, or any other persons, for that matter, who do their duty in opposition to the will of the people. Two days after this I received a letter, signed "An old Friend, but now a bitter Enemy," informing me that my grave was dug, and that I must prepare to step into it forthwith. This made me not altogether comfortable, as I knew that it came from Donovan, and that he would certainly try to carry out his threats. Yet there is an old saying that "Man proposes, but God disposes;" and I recollected that often good men are unable to execute their intentions, much less villains. I put the letter into the hands of my commanding-officer, and told him that I had formerly known Donovan, who was for some time in my native village, and that he now threatened my life because I had refused to let him escape from Mr. Dewar's house. He looked suspiciously at me, and inquired:

"How came it, then, that he escaped afterwards in the market-place?"

"I had not charge of him then, sir, and do not know," I answered, calmly. "He got away from the men of Sergeant Hitchcock's party."

"Very well, I will inquire more exactly into it," he observed.

He did so, and as he said nothing more to me on the matter, I conclude that he was satisfied. Weeks passed on, and the bullet intended for my body by Michael Donovan had not yet found its billet. I hoped, indeed, that he had found that part of the country too hot for him, and that he had made his escape from it. I did not know at the time how certain a man of Donovan's character was to obtain assistance and protection among the peasantry of Ireland, and how long he would wait patiently for an opportunity of wreaking his vengeance. Indeed, I may say that I had forgotten all about the matter. Soldiers who behave themselves well, especially non-commissioned officers, are sure to form friendships among the warm-hearted Irish people. I had gone one day after parade to visit a Protestant farmer, with whose family I had become acquainted. It was about three miles out of the town, with a wildish bit of country bog and moor intervening. I knew the road, and calculated that I could easily get back by tattoo. We were seated at tea, when one of the farmer's sons, an intelligent lad, came in. He looked as if he had something to communicate, and I saw his eyes constantly turned towards me. At last I asked him, in a joking way, what was the matter?

"A great deal, sure," he answered. "But I mustn't be after telling you, though."

I remember that he made several other mysterious replies to the questions put to him.

"Come, out with it, Peter," said his father, at last. "Good or bad news, there's nothing like the truth."

Peter at last said that he could not tell either his father or me, but that he wouldn't so much mind letting his sister Nora know what he knew, and that she might make what use she thought fit of the information she had obtained. On this he and Nora went out of the room. After some time she came back, looking very serious. Even then, not without some difficulty, did her father draw from her the information obtained (I could not learn how) by Peter that my life was to be taken on my way back to my quarters. I was inclined to laugh at this notion, but my friend questioned me closely as to whether I had offended any one, or had had my life threatened. I mentioned Donovan.

"Then you may depend on it that he is at the bottom of the matter, and probably has come back to put his threat into execution," he remarked. "On no account must you return by the way you came. I'll send you across the country with Peter on horseback. Tim will get the two nags ready and lead them out at the back of the house across the fields. We'll go out and join them, and while the fellows are looking for you in one direction, you can be safely off on the other."

Though I thought that there was very little use taking all this trouble, I accepted my friend's offer, more to please him than myself. Wishing the family good evening, I started with the farmer across the fields, and was soon galloping along by-lanes and then over a wild moor, with Peter as my guide. He seemed, at all events, fully impressed with the importance of making good speed, and, much sooner than I had expected, I found myself in the streets of the town.

"Haste to your quarters, and don't say a word to any one how you got here," whispered Peter. "I wouldn't have that thief of the world, Donovan, know that I had helped you to escape him, or he would be sure to send the bullet intended for you into my body."

Saying this, Peter took the rein from me, and, settling himself in his saddle, galloped off as hard as he could go. I reached my quarters as the tattoo beat. At roll-call one of our men was absent. He had been sent, I heard, by the commanding-officer in the direction where I had been spending the evening. On hearing this, and finding that he did not return, I went to the commanding-officer and reported what had occurred. A patrol was therefore sent out in search of the missing man, but, after being away for some hours, returned unsuccessful. The next morning another patrol was sent out, which I accompanied. We searched the whole length of the road by which the man was to have returned. At length I observed what looked like some drops of blood and marks in the dust, as if a body had been dragged across the road. Such must have been the case, for not far off we found the dead body of our comrade, shot through the heart. His coat was burnt, showing that his murderer must have walked close up to him before firing. I could not help feeling that such would have been my fate had I not been providentially deterred from returning by that road. The circumstance had a great effect on me, and made me a far more thoughtful man than I had ever before been. I could not, however, bring myself to write home. I was afraid, should I do so, that my father would insist on purchasing my dis-

charge. That I did not on any account wish. I had resolved to be a soldier. I liked the profession, and hoped to work my way up in it—how high I could not tell. I had begun of late to entertain the ambition of gaining a commission; but I knew that, while the regiment remained in England, I should have no chance of that, and I therefore became doubly anxious to be sent abroad. Months passed away. My company returned to head-quarters. After remaining at Cork for some time, we went north to Dublin. Garrison duty in that city, field-days in the far-famed Phoenix Park in summer, and the usual marchings out in winter, were our chief employments for a year or more. Once again we returned to England. It was said that we were going to India. I hoped that the report might be true. Then came rumours of war with Russia. A Russian admiral had blown up a Turkish squadron at Sinope. It was a gross outrage on humanity, at all events. Nothing could have made the proposed war more popular with the British public. Any war was sure to be popular with the army.

Now came an exciting time. Should we be among the regiments sent abroad? Despatches from the War Office were eagerly looked for. Every officer and man, from the colonel downward, shared the feeling. At last orders were received that we were to raise our strength to the war complement. Recruiting parties were sent out in all directions, but they did not get men fast enough; besides, we wanted trained soldiers, not raw recruits. Then it was reported that volunteers from other regiments not ordered abroad would be allowed to join us. The report was verified by our seeing a hundred men in different uniforms marching into our barrack-yard. All right; no longer any doubt about the matter. We were kept hard at work at drilling and rifle practice. Among the batch of volunteers of which I have spoken I observed a young man of slight figure and more refined look than the generality of them. I looked several times at his countenance. I was sure that I had seen it before; yes, I had no doubt about it. He was Abel Barnard, Jane Eastman's lover, and, as I had supposed, her husband long ere this. I inquired his name; I was told that it was Arthur Bowman; that still further confirmed my suspicions. He had been in the army some little time, and was already a smart soldier. He came with a very good character from his former commanding-officer, and as his abilities as an accountant were soon discovered, he was quickly made a corporal, and directed to assist in the orderly-room, with a view of raising him still higher, I had no doubt. He did not recognise me; indeed, I do not think that my most intimate friends would have done so, I was so greatly altered since I enlisted. I was especially anxious to learn why Abel had enlisted. Could it have been because Jane had refused him? Was she alive? Though I thought that I had got over my love for her, my heart sank at the thought that possibly she herself might be dead; still I could not make myself known to Abel that I might inquire. I thought the matter over and over again. I had never borne him ill will. Had Jane given him her love the case might have been different. It was evident now that she had not been persuaded to marry him. I do not know how I might have acted at any other time, but just now my thoughts were so completely occupied about the war, and every moment so entirely engaged in hard work, that without much exertion I prevented my mind from dwelling on the subject. We had been sent down

to Plymouth to embark. The transport destined for our conveyance was a first-class Indiaman, well found and well officered, airy and high between decks, just such a craft as a troop-ship should be. A considerable number of such ships were taken up by the government at that time for the conveyance of troops. The band played "The girls we leave behind us," and other gay tunes, as we marched down to the water's edge to embark amid thousands of spectators. There were shouts, and cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs, and farewells were uttered and tears were shed, some, I fear, sad and bitter. The ship was soon under weigh, and with a fair breeze we ran down Channel, and stood across the Bay of Biscay.

The first night at sea was not to be forgotten, as very few of us had ever before been on the ocean; however, at last we got into order, and everything went on smoothly enough. How it would have been had we had bad weather, I cannot say. We merely touched at Malta, and continued our voyage to Scutari, where the British army was already assembling in considerable force. It is opposite Constantinople, between which city and it a constant communication was kept up by means of steamers and boats of all sorts. We felt that we were so far on our way to the scene of action, and there were plenty of objects to amuse us. There were, however, some events of very far from an amusing character. The siege of Silistria had been going on for some time, and considerable numbers of its gallant defenders were brought into the hospital terribly cut about. One poor fellow especially excited our sympathy from having had both his arms and legs shot away. His case formed the subject of conversation in many a tent; still it did not make us less anxious for the expected fight, and we were right glad when we received orders to proceed on the next stage of our voyage to Varna. Outside this place, which is not far from the confines of Russia, the allied forces lay encamped in and about numerous villages which lay scattered about the barren plain. Here we found an enemy to contend with sooner than we had expected, and of a character before which the bravest had to succumb—the cholera. We lost many men, as did every regiment. The Guards alone buried nearly a hundred men and officers. Fever attacked the French, who were exposed to the malaria of the pestilential Dobrudscha. They suffered a fearful loss of men. We were not allowed to be idle, but were kept at constant drill, while sham fights and sham surprises at night prepared us as far as possible for the actual warfare in which we soon expected to be engaged. We were employed also in making gabions and fascines in vast quantities; it is pretty clear, therefore, that the generals must have contemplated the siege of Sebastopol at that time. We were thankful when, towards the end of August, we received orders to embark once more to proceed to the Crimea, hoping that the cholera would disappear. It followed us, however, on board ships, and many of our poor fellows found their graves in the Black Sea. They were fastened up in their blankets with shot to their feet, and lowered overboard. Many were thus buried while the fleet lay at anchor. What was our horror some days afterwards to see several of these monstrous swollen masses rise to the surface of the ocean! It was no easy matter to get them to the bottom again, and some of them had to be towed by boats away from the ships and sunk.

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## LORD SERLE THINKS HE MAY TRY.

DINNER proceeded as usual. Laura's boast of being a good actress was not a vain one. She had much more colour than usual, for a feverish flush, bright and yet delicate, was on either cheek, and her eyes were as brilliant as stars. The animation of her face extended to her manner; her soft white lace dress was calculated to set off her attractions to the best advantage, and to her husband and Magdalen she was a cause of both admiration and wonder. To Lord Serle, who knew much and guessed more of the secret springs which moved those around him, she was the one object which seemed worthy of being looked at—the one theme which filled his thoughts. Most men are spell-bound once in their lives. Lord Serle had hitherto escaped, but his turn had come at last. Every day, every hour, he spent near Laura left him less power and will to resist the current. At first he had marvelled at himself for being still so fresh in heart as to be capable of loving any woman in this way, and still more, a woman of Laura's class. Good, pure women, loving their husbands, and doing or trying to do their duty, had always been abhorrent to him. And here he was fast bound by one of the sisterhood; but he had long ceased to wonder. He had room but for the consciousness that he loved her, and that she must be won to return his love. It is an odious thing to be compelled to apply this same word "love" to such an unhallowed low feeling as this of which I am writing; but what is one to do? Very strong language is unpleasant, and, failing that, the same word must be the exponent of one of the worst and most selfish sins to be found in the calendar, and of the sweetest, purest, holiest blessing left to fallen humanity. Since that conversation between Laura and Lord Serle, which was recorded in a foregoing chapter, his lordship had been exceedingly careful and deferential in his advances, which had, nevertheless, gone steadily on. Laura had been made uneasy—she could scarcely tell why—by the tone of that conversation; and, though it never for a second occurred to her that any man would dare to offer her seriously any vows which her husband might not hear, still she fancied that Lord Serle was inclined to be sentimental, and had better have his inclinations nipped in the bud. She had, therefore, been for some days rather reserved and frigid with him; but as, on two or three occasions, they had been left unavoidably alone, and he had not attempted the least resumption of the offensive tone, Laura had become quite ashamed of her ready alarm.

"I surely am not beginning to fancy that, if a man talks nonsense from mere habit for a moment or two, he must be wanting to flirt with me," she thought. "Poor Lord Serle looks as though he did not know what to think of my dignified airs, and I should be sorry to hurt him, for he is beyond comparison superior to the other men here."

So she intended to relent ; but, before she had an opportunity to do so gracefully, her thoughts became wholly occupied by matters which came nearer to her heart, and Lord Serle was almost forgotten. This day, however, she caught his glance once or twice at dinner; and his look was so respectfully tender, so instantly withdrawn, that Laura felt he *must* know something which made him sorry for her.

“Could the events of the morning be known to anybody but those immediately concerned?” The thought made her look again at Lord Serle, and again their eyes met; Laura blushed over neck and brow, and was troubled, but not grateful. “How dare he presume to pity me!” she thought. “I have asked pity from no one, nor will I accept it.” But the next moment she softened: “*He* means nothing but kindness, I am sure; but what a want of tact!”

She felt degraded in her own eyes that any one should compassionate her for her husband's neglect of her, and preference for another; but her blushes and her air of embarrassment had been wrongly interpreted, and not by Lord Serle alone—who, however, was the one whose construction of it was most important to Laura's comfort just now. Naturally enough, he believed that her confusion was altogether caused by the consciousness of her own feelings towards him, and the right interpretation of his glance. He utterly despised her husband; and, indeed, if there could be any difference between different degrees of the same crime, Lord Serle was justified in despising his host. Whether he was himself quite beyond the reach of contempt is another matter. With people of his school there is so much difference between a sin committed boldly, cleverly, and successfully, and the same sin in the hands of a bungler who seems ashamed of his own exploit; it is one thing to declare oneself a villain, and another to be found out to be one. Judged by the vulgar rules of right and wrong, perhaps, the advantage—if any there were—might be on the side of the more timid culprit; but right and wrong had no place in Lord Serle's code. Several of the county neighbours dined at Thornicroft that evening, and one old gentleman, who had been Mrs. Home's devoted slave from the first moment of his introduction to her, almost altogether engrossed her. It was a real pleasure to Laura to talk to him, both because she very much liked and respected him, and because he was so wholly unconnected with the troubles which were weighing on her; and there was yet another reason for her feeling brighter than she could have hoped to be on the evening of what had been a painfully agitating day. When she had descended to the drawing-room before dinner, she had seen a tall lady seated near the fire, and knowing that Miss Heathcote was the only noticeably tall woman in the house, she had been about to retire quietly until some one else should have come down to break the awkwardness of a tête-à-tête; but the lady had turned quickly, and, starting up with an exclamation of pleasure, had taken Laura in her arms, and kissed her affectionately.

“You see we are back again, my dear. Hans was so unhappy away from his bantling, that we cut our visit to the Canonbys very short, and arrived just as you had gone to dress. I thought I would not go up to you then, but rather give you a surprise.”

“A very pleasant one. I am delighted to see you. I have missed you and Mr. Carey very much. I feel so glad to have you back again.”

"And I am glad to be back. Let me look at you—how well you look!"

"Yes, thank you, I am very well," said Laura. "And I shall feel quite another being to-night with you and Mr. Carey here."

The Careys had left Thornicroft about three weeks before, to meet an old relative at the house of a mutual friend; and, although pledged to return, the time of that return was equally unknown to themselves and Laura, and she felt safer now that they were near her. She knew that, at least, she had friends at hand if she wanted help or advice of any kind. Thus her first meeting with Miss Heathcote, after their very unpleasant morning rencontre, passed off better than she could have anticipated, and, as the ladies defiled from the dining-room, the young hostess had not, indeed, lost her sense of a deep, shameful cause of anxiety and distress; but she had the consciousness that she had played her part bravely, and that she could put her pain away out of sight of others, to be taken out and mourned over, if it so pleased her, when she should be alone. Some of the gentlemen very soon left the dining-room, and amongst the first were Lord Serle and Hans Carey. The latter went up to a table where his sister was turning over some new engravings, and, while seeming to admire them with her, he said:

"There's something wrong, Maud. Laura is not like herself, and that Lord Serle never takes his eyes off her face."

"You dear old goose! I never saw Laura look so well or so bright. Lord Serle is universally known to have good taste; he vindicates it by admiring her—not much harm in that, is there? If there be, *you* are very culpable."

"Yes; but it is altogether different. I am such an old fellow, and certainly safe; you know what he is. But that is not all. I saw their eyes meet, and Laura blushed as I never saw her do in her life. I do not like it."

"Dear Hans, you are jealous: you should know Laura better than to suspect her even of silly flirtation."

"I do not know—consciously, I am sure she would do nothing wrong; but that man leaves her so unguarded, and she is so young. I see *he* is more than ever occupied with Miss Lenox—see! look quietly round now. Do you not see clearly that Laura is overdoing her part? it is not natural to her to be so lively. I say again, I don't like it."

"Yes," said Miss Carey, after a survey of a group where Laura, Lord Serle, and two or three others were talking and laughing—"yes, perhaps you are partly right; but poor Laura may be jealous, and, to prove herself indifferent, may over-play her *rôle*."

Old Mrs. Thistlewood, coming up to them at this moment, interrupted their talk, and Miss Carey presently joined Laura's circle. When all the gentlemen had come in, Miss Heathcote was asked to sing, and as usual, without any hesitation, she rose and walked to the piano.

The song she chose was a simple ballad, hackneyed enough in sentiment—the old theme, with scarcely a variation, of faithful love and trust betrayed; but the words and rhymes were smooth and musical, and the melody to which they were adapted was very plaintive and sweet. Sung by that perfect voice, where art had done so much, and where nature had left so little to be done, the simple song electrified the audience. Lord

Serle was exquisitely susceptible to the influence of music ; he was sitting beside Laura on a couch at the farther end of the room—almost every one else had converged towards the piano ; he had been showing and explaining to her some sketches he had made in the Holy Land, and as the portfolio was a large one, it was held by both. Lord Serle “lost his head,” as a proletarian would express it. He only heard that delicious thrilling voice—he only knew that the woman he loved was close to him, so close that he could hear her light breathing, and feel the soft pressure of her dress. The wisest man will sometimes draw wrong conclusions from premises as erroneous. Lord Serle had had a great deal of experience, but he was not in his normal state just then, and, obeying the longing impulse of the moment, he took Laura’s hand, under cover of the portfolio, and pressed it fondly in his own, his eyes the while seeking hers with an intense burning gaze. For half a second, scarcely more, he was left in doubt as to the result of this bold attack ; scarcely in doubt either, for the soft little hand lying in his conveyed to him the most rapturous conviction. But he was soon undeceived. At first, utter astonishment, and something like alarm, made Laura quiet ; she felt bewildered and frightened, but in much less time than it has taken to write this account of her proceedings on this occasion, she saw her position, and the audacious wicked love of the man beside her glowing in his beautiful eyes ; she made no scene—no one but those two knew of anything unusual, but she rose quietly from her seat, and giving him a look which spoke volumes to him, she walked into the midst of the group round the piano, and, despite the beseeching looks of the discomfited lover, she never once looked towards him that night. The evening drew to a close, the guests not staying in the house departed, and “good nights” and hand-shakings were in requisition. Lord Serle thought, “She *must* give me her hand now—she must look at me.” But he reckoned without his hostess ; in answer to his extended hand, she gave him none in return, but said—for he had taken care to approach her when the others were all engaged :

“I shall not see you again ; you will leave this early to-morrow.”

“Not until you see me alone,” he answered, in the same tone.

She made no reply, but turned away and gave him no further opportunity for speaking to her. As for him, he was not altogether disappointed, when he reviewed everything.

“Of course she could only do as she did,” he said to himself. “I was a fool to venture so suddenly, but I am glad I did it ; she understands me now, and she must see me. Surely she will love me, betrayed and insulted as she is.”

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE INTERVIEW IN THE WOOD.

It might make my story much more exciting and interesting, were I to follow the lead of the majority of the present generation of writers, and detail Laura’s agonies of guilty love for her lover, and her spasmodic attacks of remorse for her faithlessness towards her husband. I could lead her on through an endless maze of struggles and miseries, hold her trembling irresolutely on the brink of the precipice, and finally topple



her over to destruction, or reclaim her, and make her confide all to her husband, and lead a life of chastened happiness, with intervals of such lady-like penances as find favour with delicate sinners, whether actual or only in intention. But as I write not of a fancy sketch but of a real woman, and can only detail facts, I have no such highly-seasoned cates to offer. When Laura retired to her own room on the night of Lord Serle's gallant attempt, if she trembled and were agitated almost beyond control, she was so from anger and shame. Not one soft emotion of pity for the handsome and elegant young lover tempered her feelings. She had an old-fashioned prejudice to the effect that the mere fact of a woman's being married ought to be an invulnerable ægis of protection against the love of other men. Nor was she sensible of any pleading voice in her own heart against which she needed to steel herself; no, she had not even the merit of resisting temptation, for she was not tempted, but she bitterly reproached herself lest her own manner to Lord Serle had been the means of drawing this insult on her. She had liked and been interested in him, as any woman might have been, but she certainly had not shown any marked preference for his society, nor any undue partiality in his favour. She could not, however, exonerate herself altogether, for she held that it must be in a great measure the fault of a wife if she be assailed by protestations of unlawful love. I cannot say that I do not in some sort agree with her, but there are some rarely exceptional cases, and this was one of them. A good, pure woman, faithful and true she was, and although the offering of her love had been placed on an unworthy shrine, and, what was worse—though she knew now that the shrine had been unworthy—she never for one moment dreamed that her husband's propensity for sentimental distractions gave her the right to establish foreign relations of her own. Not she; she was far behind her age in that respect, and clung as closely to the grey ashes of her faith and love as though no shadow had ever darkened their brightness.

"Surely," she thought, as she paced uneasily about her room, "surely, if I have done wrong, I have said enough to show him that it was done in all innocence; he cannot dare to renew his abominable insults; he will make or find some excuse to be gone to-morrow."

She lay long awake, alternately accusing and excusing herself, but never for one instant feeling pity for Lord Serle; and when she did sleep, it was to start up in terror every now and then from painful dreams. She arose unrefreshed and weary, and when she descended to the breakfast-room, she found Lord Serle, her husband, and several other members of the party in the highest spirits, deep in the discussion of a scheme for a grand battue which was to take place in a day or two. Laura's colour rose to her brow, and her agitation was by no means unmarked either by its cause, or by many others. Although the host was bright and fluent, and ably supported by Adelaide and Lord Serle, the constraint of the hostess and her unusual silence made general conversation difficult, and the morning meal was much less pleasant than usual; and when the party dispersed to their different occupations and amusements, Laura put on her hat, and stole out by a back way in order that she might be alone, and have leisure to think out the problem of what it best behoved her to do in her present difficulty, for a very grave difficulty it appeared

to her. She bent her steps to a wood which clothed a hill behind the house, for there she felt tolerably certain of being undisturbed. A fresh autumnal wind was blowing, and rustling the dead leaves which covered the narrow paths, and the huge clumps of branching brambles, thick with "satin-threaded" flowers and glossy ripening clusters of fruit, showed their dark rich green against the russet and yellow foliage of beech and elm.

She had taken but a few turns, when, on rounding a sudden angle of the path, she was met by Lord Serle, who had been apprised of her whereabouts by his invaluable valet. She started involuntarily, and, to her great annoyance, felt the traitorous flush rising in her face. Her first impulse was to turn immediately, but an instantaneous flash of thought determined her not to shrink from a fuller declaration of her feelings than she had been able to give the preceding evening, and looking full at the intruder, she said, as quietly as she could :

"I did not expect to see you in my house to-day, Lord Serle."

"I know that," he answered, sadly, "but I *could* not depart, knowing that I should leave no thoughts of me with you save angry and indignant ones."

"You have unfortunately allowed me to feel nothing else for you," she replied.

"Love is not dependent on our will," he said, in the same low, sorrowful tone. "I did not know my danger until it was too late to escape from it. How was it possible for me to see you day by day, to know you as you really are, and see you slighted for others as inferior to you as is the man who so dares to slight you; how could I be a daily, hourly witness of this, and not feel pity grow into love?"

"I cannot tell how you could," she answered, "but one thing I know, that I have given you no right to speak to me in this way. I do not want your pity, and I will not hear you allude to my husband in such terms."

"You *cannot* love him; utterly vain, little-minded, and ungenerous as he is, wholly regardless of the treasure he has in his keeping, incapable of entering into the higher part of your nature, it is altogether impossible that you can love him."

"The question is one not suited for discussion between you and me," she replied, proudly; "but I shall at least tell you that you are altogether mistaken. I *do* love my husband dearly, fondly, and pray who are you to dare judge him?—a man who, under the guise of friendship, tries to steal the love of his friend's wife. You abuse my husband's confidence and hospitality, Lord Serle; how dare you presume to slander him to me?"

"I have but one excuse to offer, Laura; I have never loved any woman but you. I scarcely know what I say or do; have some pity on me."

"No," she said; "the pity one feels for all wrong-doers—a pity which is only increased by the extent of their sin—you certainly have."

"I do not want that from you," he replied. "I want you to use your clear sense, and judge between Home and me. I love you—I shall love you as long as I live; your life with me shall be one dream of pleasure. With him, now more than indifferent to you, years will only make him

look on you as a burden. A loveless, joyless, hopeless life was never meant for you; how will you bear it?"

"Better that, better any suffering with a clear conscience, than your dream of pleasure," she said, with a flashing eye—"a dream, indeed—a dream from which there is ever a bitter waking. No, I can never be wholly unhappy so long as I do right, and keep my own love free from soil."

"Hard! and cold!" he muttered, between his set teeth.

"Yes, both to you," she replied. "I liked you much, Lord Serle. I saw that you had great powers, great gifts; but so much the greater is your fault in their perversion."

"You *did* like me, then?"

"Yes, very much, once, not now."

"Will you still be my friend?" he asked, trying to take her hand, which she steadily and quietly refused him. "I will school myself so that no look or word of mine shall offend you."

"Stay!" she said; "all this is foreign to the purpose for which I remained here with you, against my inclination. Our interview must end here and now. I hope and trust you may become a better man, Lord Serle. You were made for something higher than this."

"You may make of me what you will," he said, passionately.

"No," she answered. "I am too full of faults to be a safe guide for any one."

"Only try."

"It cannot be, Lord Serle. You must leave my husband's house this day."

"How can that be? We have made arrangements for fully a fortnight."

"All that is not my concern," she answered. "You must settle it as you will."

"And if I will not go?"

"You will go."

"There is one way of doing it," he went on, excitedly. "I shall tell Home that I love his wife, and that she has dismissed me; let him do as he chooses then, for my part I should be obliged to any one who would rid me of my life. And—Laura! Laura! you are driving me mad. Say nothing, only lay your hand in mine. You must love me. I honour you above all women, apart from my miserable love. I honour and respect you more than any creature in all the world; lay your dear hand in mine, and I shall know that there is some little hope for me."

His passion was so intense, that Laura had been more or less than woman had she not been moved. She turned white and sick, and her limbs trembled beneath her. He saw that she was touched.

"Darling!" he said, "you do love me—you do feel for me; I knew it. What is all the world to us if we love each other, Laura?"

She leaned against the tree beneath which they were standing.

"Go," she said, "if you are a gentleman; if you have one spark of a man's generosity, you will go. Do not mistake me. I have no feeling for you which I need blush to own before the world; but I am sorry for you, and—oh, Lord Serle! why do you so try me? Leave me."

She burst into a storm of sobs and tears, which, of course, was an ex-

ceedingly unwise step under the circumstances; but she felt so agitated and so wretched, that she lost all control over her feelings, and, covering her face with her shaking hands, gave free course to the pent-up tempest. An evil delight shone in his troubled eyes, and he would fain have passed his arm round her.

"Do not presume to touch me," she gasped out. "If, indeed, you do love me, you will go at once, and leave me to myself."

"Not now, Laura!—my own! Cast off all early prejudices, they are all that bind you to that man. My every thought and hope is yours; say nothing. Your silence shall be answer enough for me just now—your every wish shall be mine. You shall be loved and honoured above any other woman in the world."

By this time she had somewhat mastered her agitation, and the violence with which it had burst forth had, moreover, relieved her.

"Love and honour!" she said, bitterly—"love and honour! which would drag their object in the mire, and make her a mark at which the vilest might scoff! God forgive you for your evil aims, but they are useless here. You have wholly misconstrued my agitation, and since you are not gentleman enough to leave me, I shall go; but first, I beg you will clearly understand that you must no longer remain my husband's guest."

"Go, then!" he said, his eyes flashing beneath his knitted brows. "The curse you have brought on me shall be repaid yourself a hundred-fold. You shall bitterly repent having cast from you a love as deep as man ever offered to woman."

"Such love is an insult, Lord Serle."

And before he could say another word, or make any endeavour to stop her, she was speeding down the descent to the house. He looked after her for a minute—until she was quite out of sight indeed. And then, contrary to the wont of the baffled lover of traditional type—who used to dash his head against the nearest hard substance, or batter it with his clenched hands, and give vent to his disappointment in a long and eloquent soliloquy—Lord Serle turned on his heel, and, striking into the heart of the wood, strode on as though he were bound to do so many miles in so many minutes. He did not make his appearance at the luncheon-table, nor when all the guests had assembled in the drawing-room before dinner had anything been seen or heard of him.

"It's very odd," said Colonel Home; "but that we live in so unromantically quiet an age, and place, and that Serle is quite able to take care of himself, I should be very uneasy about him."

"Goodness, Colonel Home!" half shrieked pretty little Miss Layton; "you surely do not think that anything can have happened—anything really serious, you know, like murder or suicide?"

"I had scarcely put my thoughts into so strong a form, Miss Layton," answered her host; "and, indeed, if Serle would be a troublesome fellow to kill, he is still more unlikely to think of committing suicide. But for all that, it is very queer that nobody saw him since breakfast, and that if he was gone on one of those pedestrian excursions he is so fond of, that he did not at least mention his purpose to some one of us."

"Perhaps he may have mentioned it, although *we* have not heard of it," said a voice from the recess of one of the windows.

Every one turned in the direction of the speaker. It was Miss Heath-

cote, who advanced into the light, her face white with malice, and her black eyes significantly turned towards Laura, who, during the foregoing conversation, had been vainly endeavouring to carry on a disjointed dialogue with Mrs. Thistlewood, although she had scarcely an idea either of what her companion was saying or what she herself replied, and was conscious of a sick faintness, which was almost too great for concealment. Colonel Home looked in astonishment at Miss Heathcote, who went on :

“ Soon after breakfast to-day I was crossing the wood on the hill behind the house, and below me, in the trees, I saw Lord Serle and a lady. They were standing at some distance from me, and were very much absorbed in their conversation. I did not see the lady’s face, but I am sure it was one of our party. So far as I know, no one has since seen Lord Serle.”

Laura rose from her chair and walked to the fireplace.

“ I was the lady, Miss Heathcote, as I suppose you know, and Lord Serle gave me no reason to suppose that he would give occasion for so much conjecture. George, I do not see any reason why dinner should not be served, and I think it would be well for you to see and question Lord Serle’s man; *he* may know something of his master’s movements.”

Colonel Home cast one half covert, wholly triumphant glance at Magdalen, for desperation and conscious innocence had lent Laura a proud self-possession, before which her enemy’s innuendo fell harmless.

“ I think it would be as well, perhaps,” he said, in reply to his wife ; and he rang the bell. “ Have dinner served,” he continued, as the butler appeared, “ and send Lord Serle’s man up to me.”

Monsieur Verolles made his appearance speedily.

“ Do you know anything of your master?” asked Colonel Home. “ Has he given you any reason to think that he is not coming back to dinner?”

Monsieur Verolles looked as much astonished as a well-bred servant could allow himself to appear.

“ No, monsieur. Milord comes to appear in a few moments.”

“ Oh ! has he returned, then ?”

“ Yes, monsieur, some time since. I was assisting at his toilet when I had the honour to receive monsieur’s message.”

“ That’s all right, then. Will you tell him we are waiting dinner ?”

Monsieur Verolles made a perfect bow and a graceful exit, and Miss Layton exclaimed :

“ How glad I am ! You quite frightened me, Colonel Home.”

“ You frightened yourself, rather,” he replied. “ Ladies have so much imagination ! But I am glad Serle is all right. What would have become of our ‘ Lady of Lyons’ to-morrow night if anything had happened to him ?”

“ What on earth should have happened to me ?” asked Lord Serle, entering at the moment, gay, smiling, and perfectly got up as usual, with no marks of haste or agitation about him. “ What a nervous set of people you must be !” he added, laughing. “ I am sorry to have kept you all waiting, but my watch must have gone wrong somehow or other, and as I had taken a long walk over the hills, I was reading quietly when my man found me, and said it was quite time I were dressed.”

"No matter, since you are safe," answered Colonel Home.

"Safe! my dear fellow. One might fancy we were in the Abruzzi instead of being in the heart of safe and merry England."

Before any one could reply, dinner was announced, and the company paired off. Lord Serle, without allowing any effort on his part to be too apparent, was evidently willing to divert attention from his long and solitary excursion, and such was the charm of his manner and the power he exercised on those about him, that even Miss Heathcote, who seemed at first very much inclined to give trouble, was mollified at last, and desisted from her pertinacious allusions to his morning walk.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### SIR JOHN MARKHAM IS MOVED TO SPEAK.

THAT evening the gentlemen did not remain long in the dining-room after the ladies had left it, for there was to be a rehearsal of the "Lady of Lyons," as well as of the afterpiece, and as many of the male members of the company were anything but well up in their parts, they determined, even at the eleventh hour, to do their best to make the piece go off well. Adelaide, who was to take the rôle of Marian, Pauline's maid, was in a flutter of delight, for her soubrette dress was as pretty as it could be made, and became her admirably; and as she had nothing to do in the way of speaking, her very slender supply of brains had not to bear any undue strain. Lord Serle was Claude Melnotte; Colonel Home, Beauseant; a Mr. Francis Howard took Glavis, and Captain Thistlewood, Damas. An elder sister of the pretty Miss Layton was to personate Madame Deschappelles, and Emilie Lenox the Widow Melnotte, the minor parts being disposed of amongst those who were good natured enough to be content with them. The rehearsal was tolerably successful. Hans Carey was stage-manager, and Miss Carey held the office of prompter; and as they were both most zealous in their endeavours to keep things and people right, and as Miss Heathcote and Lord Serle were well accustomed to theatricals, and had considerable histrionic talent, they sufficed to cover the defects of the subordinate actors, or of all, save Sir John Markham, who, personating the Landlord, was so full of his part, and thought so little of that of any one else, that he was perpetually coming on at the wrong time, and speaking in the wrong place. But the audience was not a very critical one, and applauded everything, even Sir John's mistakes, so that there seemed a reasonable hope that on the following night all might go tolerably well. Lord Serle was writing in his dressing-room that night, when some one knocked at the door, and his brother-in-law came in.

"I thought you would not be in bed yet," he said, drawing an easy-chair to the hearth, and placing himself exactly opposite Lord Serle.

"No, I generally sit up late."

"I knew that, and I came for a little talk with you."

"Very good of you, I'm sure," answered the other, dryly. "Can I do anything for you? But if it be not anything very pressing, I am rather busy just now."

"Yes, I see you are writing; but Serle, my boy, I think what I have got to say is very pressing, and I am afraid you must make up your mind to set aside your writing just for the present."

"If I must, I suppose I must," replied Lord Serle, laughing. "Now for it, Markham."

"Well, I came to say that I think we ought to leave this at once. I have thought it for some days; I am sure of it to-night."

"And why, may I ask?"

"You may ask if you choose, but you know the reason as well as I."

"I am not bound to admit that, you know."

"On the principle of not criminating yourself, eh?"

"No, on the principle of not anticipating what you are about to say."

"Now, Serle, you are fencing with me, and I know I am no match for you at that. I am not a clever fellow, like you, but I am an honest man and an Englishman, and you ought not to stay here."

"I cannot see it in that light. You heard me to-day after dinner say to Home that I thought it possible I might have to leave to-morrow morning, and you heard how strenuously he opposed the idea."

"Home's a fool, if not something worse; but if you want or wish to do right, you will not let his entreaties prevail with you. I do not suppose there is another man of his class in the country who would insult his wife by carrying on at least one affair like that very evident one of his with that black-eyed termagant in the same house with her. A sweet, good little creature she is, too; but no matter what *he* may be, he is her husband, and you are too much after her. You see, women are very weak, the best of them, and pique and idleness do a deal of mischief. I have heard some talk amongst the men, and I should be very sorry if any harm were to come to that poor girl, or if you should be the cause of it."

"Thank you for your solicitude, but I am not a boy in leading-strings, and my fate is in my own hands, for good or ill."

"If you take that tone with me, Serle, I must, of course, acknowledge that I have no right to dictate to you, but I did hope, as poor Mary's husband, I might have been listened to."

"You're a good fellow, Markham," said the other, dropping the offended air he had assumed, "and if it be any comfort to you to know it, I will tell you that Mrs. Home is, I think, safe from me, and that I would leave this to-morrow if I thought I could forget her; but I can't go away, and there's the truth."

Sir John laid his hand on Lord Serle's knee, and looked sadly and foudly into the dark, moody, handsome face.

"All the more reason that you should go. I do not often intrude my opinion on you, Serle, but this promises to be a very nasty business if things go on as they are appearing likely to do just now, and it would be a real grief to me if you were mixed up in it."

"Mrs. Home seems well able to take care of herself."

"I hope so. She has need to be, for, so far as I can see, there is no one else to take care of her; she seems the nicest girl I have seen for many a day."

"You are half in love with her yourself."

"No. God forbid! There is something unsound among us; a Frenchified, Germanised spirit growing up in the minds of our young men and women. I am not a very old fellow, yet I remember when a man's wife was sacred from the evil thoughts of other men, except when she chose to put herself out of the pale of safety."

"You should deliver a series of lectures on the growing vices of the age, Markham."

"No, I don't pretend to any gift as a lecturer, but I have a real love for you, for your own sake and for hers who is gone, and I like this poor girl very warmly—that's about the whole of it."

"And enough too."

They were both silent for some minutes, when Lord Serle spoke.

"Why should you plague yourself about me, Markham? Let me go my own way in my own fashion, as, indeed, I am most likely to do, however you may fidget yourself."

"That may be, Serle, but, my boy, you cannot have forgotten how Mary loved you nor how I loved her, and almost her last words to me were the most urgent prayers that come what might, so long as you and I both lived, I would, to the best of my power, watch over you as though you were my son, which you might almost be in years."

"Oh! it is poor Mary's doing, then? I was often puzzled to know what you meant by your carefulness over me. Well, women are strange creatures. I am sure I never did anything for Mary but worry her."

"She had many an anxious hour on your account."

"Ah! poor Mary!"

"Serle, I do believe you have introduced her name for a purpose, and that you want to distract my attention from our first topic."

"And, if it were so, is it not better thus than that we should quarrel?"

"I cannot see why we should quarrel."

"Nor I; yet it is probable we may, if you be so persistent. The consciousness that he is wilfully pursuing a line of conduct which he cannot defend, and yet will not bear to have condemned, is not apt to make a man very sweet-tempered nor forbearing. I ask you again, Markham, not to interfere here; that miserable wretch Home evidently does not care whether I make love to his wife or not. You heard how he pressed me to stay; he takes no pains to conceal his attentions to other women, and he invites, or makes his wife invite, to the house *one* woman who ought not to be here. I think I should be doing the girl a service in freeing her from such a man, and I am not sure but that he would be very much obliged to me."

"That has nothing to do with it. A woman may be very unhappy with her husband, but if she leaves him and places herself under the protection (as it is called) of another man, she may be sure that she will some time look back to the darkest hours of her married life, as to a state of comparative happiness. Those affairs never end well, Serle. I have watched the progress of a few of them. How *can* they end well? Accursed of both God and man——"

Lord Serle did not speak for a short time, then he sprang up from his chair, and said, hastily:

"Markham, I am talking falsely and meanly, leading you to suppose that it rests with me to make Mrs. Home false to her confounded husband. Whatever I may be, I have never been mean. And you shall have it all. I don't think she is to be tempted. She has repulsed my advances most decidedly."

"I thought she was the woman to do so," cried Sir John, triumphantly. "I am glad she has done it, although sorry that you should have given her the chance."



"I did it, however, and I have got my answer, and I am half tempted to cut all this cursed tomfoolery and go off yachting to the Levant with Wilbraham."

"Do, my boy; go anywhere where you may be safe from temptation."

"I don't know, either," said Lord Serle, perversely. "I have half a mind to stay, and try what perseverance will do."

"A disgraceful perseverance for you; fruitless, I hope, so far as regards her."

"If I had the faintest belief that I should succeed, no sense of the right or wrong of the thing could move me," continued Lord Serle, as if thinking aloud; "but I do believe that if she loved me as I love her, she would still cling to the fetish of respectable misery."

"It cannot be utter misery so long as she is conscious of doing her duty."

"That sounds noble, Markham, and very specious; but it is altogether a fallacy."

"Now you are arguing for argument sake."

"No; argument is not in my line to-night. I say, Markham, off with you to bed like a decent fellow, and leave me to think all this over by myself. I scarcely know what I want, and I should like to find that out. I swear to you I do not want to harm that girl, and I promise you that I will do nothing further without first letting you know."

"Very well. I am satisfied with that for the present."

And Sir John bade his brother-in-law "good night," and retired to his own room.

Lord Serle sat on, looking into the red caverns of the fire, heedless as they crumbled together and sank into grey cold ashes. Fainter and colder grew the light from the embers, and still he sat on motionless, till the creeping shuddering cold of that coldest hour of the twenty-four—the mysterious hour which precedes the dawn—thrilled through him, and the wind came with a faint wild wail, sweeping over the woods and moaning round the house. Then he started up, looked at his watch, and saw that the wax-lights had burned low, so with a deep long-drawn sigh he returned from his visionary wanderings.

Next morning he did not awake until Monsieur Verolles somewhat noisily opened the persiennes of his dressing-room.

"Is that you, Verolles? Is it late?"

"Yes, milord, it is I. I took the liberty of disturbing you."

"I suppose every one is up? It seems a fine morning."

"Yes, milord, a beautiful morning for Madame Home's journey."

"For what?" almost shouted Lord Serle, springing up from his recumbent posture.

"Monsieur, Madame Home's father, has a seizure of the head, milord; the express arrived early this morning, and madame, with the ladies her sisters, is already some miles on her journey, pale and weeping, and in much sadness she went."

Yes, Mr. Charlton had had a sudden and alarming attack of apoplexy, and so there was no "Lady of Lyons" performed that night at Thornicroft, and no ball. And after luncheon on that day the guests departed, and next day Colonel Home followed his wife.

## ABOUT HAVING THE LAW ON ONE'S SIDE.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

SAMPSON and Gregory, armed retainers of Capulet, are intent on provoking to a quarrel Abram and Balthazar, armed retainers of Montague. But, eager as they are for the fray, they would like to have the law on their side, and therefore contrive how to make the others strike the first blow. In the streets of Verona, when and where Montagues and Capulets meet, a very petty gesticulation will suffice to beget knocks. So Gregory will frown, and Sampson will bite his thumb at the others as they pass; and as soon as that spark has fired the train—always laid, always ready—then let him and Gregory at once go in and win; and for all sakes let Gregory remember his swashing blow.

*Greg.* Draw thy tool; here come two of the house of Montague. . . .

*Samp.* Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

*Greg.* I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

*Samp.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

*Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.*

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Samp.* I do bite my thumb, sir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

*Samp.* [to Gregory]. Is the law on our side, if I say Ay?\*

As Gregory answers No to this, and as Sampson is scrupulous to keep on the safe side of the law, and studious to put his antagonists in the wrong, he professes in reply to Abram and Balthazar not to bite his thumb at them, only he insists on the fact of biting his thumb for all that. Of course a fight is speedily got up on other pretences; but Sampson and Gregory exult in so manœuvring as to keep the law on their side.

The common folk of Verona, as Shakspeare pictures them, seem to have been particular on this score in those troublous times. We find Peter, when upbraided by the Nurse, for not taking her part like a man when Mercutio derides her, declare that his weapon should have been out in a trice, had there been occasion for it: "I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side."†

Bolingbroke and his uncle York affect a punctilious scrupulosity as to the law, when they take measures against the king. "What would you have me do?" exclaims the former:

—I am a subject,  
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me;  
And therefore personally I lay my claim, &c.

\* *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. .

† *Ibid.*, Act II. Sc. 4.

And hesitating York is talked over by his ambitious nephew to acquiesce in his procedure :

It may be, I will go with you ;—but yet I'll pause ;  
For I am loath to break our country's laws.\*

Another banished man, an antique Roman, with less of Bolingbroke's plausibility of manner, affected more of submission to the law, under similar circumstances. When Cinna and Marius were invited by the senate to enter Rome, Cinna—who had received the message with courtesy—made his way into the city with a strong guard ; while Marius—whose manner of acknowledging the invitation, with gloomy aspect and menacing looks, betokened, says Plutarch, "that he would soon fill the city with blood,"—stopped at the gates, with a dissimulation dictated by his resentment. He said, he was a banished man, and the laws prohibited his return. If his country wanted his service, she must repeal the law which drove him into exile. "As if," is Plutarch's comment, "he had a real regard for the laws," or were entering a city still in possession of its liberty.†

Of Pisistratus it has been remarked, that, raised above the law, that subtle genius governed only by the law ; and even affected to consider its authority greater than his own.‡ The history of Rome is rife in pretensions to this effect. Reformers, innovators, revolutionists, all more or less claimed to have the law on their side. The year of Cæsar's Ædileship—which was that of the appearance of Catiline—was marked by proceedings on the popular Ædile's part, at the boldness of which the Marian party, all those opposed to Sylla and the Senate, took heart, as Dean Liddell says, and recognised their chief ; while the Senate on their part took up the matter, and gave audience to Catulus accusing Cæsar of openly assaulting the Constitution. "But nothing was done, or could be done, to check his movements. In all things he kept cautiously within the Law."§ This for the time being ; but it would hardly do for his opponents to rely upon his always adhering with equal scrupulosity to the legal side. When Pompey procured a Decree of the Senate by which he calculated on keeping his own army on foot after Cæsar should be required to disband his,—it is strange, the historian remarks, that Pompey should not have foreseen that a man of Cæsar's character, so resolute and so ambitious, "would break through the cobwebs of law with the strong hand."|| Ben Jonson, in one of his Roman tragedies, makes Cato and one of the Catilinarian conspirators interchange sharp sentences on the province of law :

*Cato.* Impudent head !  
Stick it¶ into his throat ; were I the consul,  
I'd make thee eat the mischief thou hast vented.  
*Gab.* Is there a law for't, Cato ?  
*Cato.* Dost thou ask  
After a law, that would'st have broke all laws  
Of nature, manhood, conscience, and religion ?

\* King Richard II., Act II. Sc. 3. † Plut., Life of Caius Marius.

‡ Lord Lytton, Athens, its Rise and Fall, i. 374.

§ Liddell, History of Rome, ii. 435. || Id. *ibid.*, p. 387.

¶ Meaning the paper that implicates Gaius Cimber, who refuses to incriminate himself by owning to any knowledge of it.

- Gab.* Yes, I may ask for't.  
*Cato.* No, pernicious Cimber.  
 The inquiring after good does not belong  
 Unto a wicked person.  
*Gab.* Ay, but Cato  
 Does nothing but by law.\*

Michelet introduces Pope Innocent III., in his contest with imperial power, with the words: "A great legist, and accustomed on all questions to consult the law, he sat down to his own self-examination, and rose fully satisfied that the law was with him."† Innocent was himself a Roman, and in some respects, and they respect-worthy ones, no degenerate type of the antique sort. As regards their distinctive reverence for law, we English are apt to plume ourselves on best representing the Romans, though of course beating them hollow. What we know of the doings of North Britons, during the Porteous riots, is characteristic of both sides of the Tweed. Men seem, it has been remarked, to have been habitually under an impression in those days that the law was at once an imperfect and a partial power: they seem to have felt themselves constantly liable to be called upon to supplement its energy, or control or compensate its errors.‡

Discussing the real nature, as he apprehends it, of Spanish civilisation—and arguing that a blind spirit of reverence, in the form of an unworthy and ignominious submission to the Crown and the Church, is the capital and essential vice of the Spanish people,—Mr. Buckle observes that, in the most civilised countries, the tendency always is to obey even unjust laws, but, while obeying them, to insist on their repeal. This, he says, is because we perceive that it is better to remove grievances than to resist them: while we submit to the particular hardship, we assail the system from which the hardship flows.§ England stands forth pre-eminent in the tactics which have thus ensured her having the law on her side. The sturdy Briton, as the poet depicts him, is

Patient of constitutional control,  
 He bears it with meek manliness of soul;  
 But if authority grow wanton, woe  
 To him that treads upon his free-born toe!  
 One step beyond the boundary of the laws  
 Fires him at once in Freedom's glorious cause.||

"L'Anglais," said Chamfort, "respecte la loi et repousse ou méprise l'autorité. Le Français, au contraire, respecte l'autorité et méprise la loi. Il faut lui enseigner à faire le contraire."¶ So of our transatlantic stock, M. de Tocqueville wrote, that what he chiefly admired was "the extraordinary respect entertained for law: standing alone, and unsupported by an armed force, it commands irresistibly. I believe, in fact, that the principal reason is, that they make it themselves, and are able to repeal it. We see thieves who have violated all public laws obey those

\* *Catiline*, Act V., Se. 4.

† Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. ii. l. iv. ch. vi.

‡ Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*: *Edinburgh Mobs*.

§ *History of Civilisation in Spain*, p. 151.

|| Cowper, *Table Talk*.

¶ Chamfort, *Maximes et Pensées*.

that they have made for themselves. I think that there is a similar feeling among nations.\* Our cousins-german are perhaps betwixt and between us and the French in regard for the law as such. Mrs. Trench, during her stay in Vienna, was struck with the implicit submission there paid, sixty or seventy years since, to any and every prohibitory injunction of a paternal despotism. "*C'est défendu* acts in this country with the force the most violent penal laws do not possess in England. At the play a lady said to me, '*On ne siffle plus au spectacle; c'est défendu.*'"† Everywhere and on every side, observed an English reviewer of the struggle between Austria's Emperor and Hungary's Diet in 1861, *the law* was put forward as the unfailing support of Hungary, and as the antagonist of military despotism; and as M. Deak said, in the eloquent address which closed the session, it is impossible to overrate the strength which the firm persuasion that it has the law on its side, and is abiding only by its legal rights, gives to a nation in the hour of trial and adversity. "Vague revolutionary aspirations may excite a nation, but [they differ according to the colouring of each individual mind. The law is an external standard, by adhering to which men comfort and sustain their consciences, and which assures each man that his neighbour thinks and feels as he does."‡

John Bull, as portrayed in "The Heads of the People"—which is said to have suggested *Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*—is declared, if the truth must be told, to like a bit of petty larceny as well as anybody in the world; but to like it with this difference—the iniquity must be made legal. "Only solemnise a wrong by an act of parliament, and John Bull will stickle lustily for the abuse; will trade upon it, will turn the market penny with it, cocker it, fondle it, love it, say pretty words to it; yea, hug it to his bosom, and cry out 'rape and robbery' if sought to be deprived of it."§ This may serve to remind us of what Mr. J. S. Mill observes, in his chapter on the Ordinary Functions of Government,—that the law everywhere ostensibly favours at least pecuniary honesty and the faith of contracts; but that if it affords facilities for evading those obligations, by trick and chicanery—if there are ways and means by which persons may attain the ends of roguery, under the apparent sanction of the law—to that extent the law is demoralising. "And such cases are, unfortunately, frequent under the English system."|| *Id facere laus est quod decet, non quod licet*, as Seneca has it; or as another Latin poet of the decadence paraphrases that monition,

Nec tibi quod liceat, sed quid fecisse decebit  
Occurrat.¶

It was a favourite saying of a great English lawyer, *Perimus licitis*;\*\* things legalised are the ruin of us. That is to say, the most fatal of vices are those of which the law takes no direct cognisance.

To recur, however, to the subject of English respect for law, as a national characteristic. Mr. Walker, the "Original," in his narrative

\* M. de Tocqueville to M. de Kergorlay, June 30, 1831.

† Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench, p. 91.

‡ *Saturday Review*, No. 305.

§ Introduction to "Heads of the People," vol. i.

|| Mill's Political Economy, vol. ii. book v. ch. viii. § 3.

¶ Claudian.

\*\* Sir Matthew Hale.

essay on a Prize Fight, expatiates with almost enthusiasm on the scene at which he "assisted"—himself a London police-magistrate—when the ring was entered by two magistrates, attended only by a couple of constables, and a conference ensued with the managers of the "mill," during which there was entire peace, though a manifestation of great anxiety. The conference ended, we are told, in the magistrates and their officers retiring; and the manager then gave a signal for dispersion, which was at once obeyed. Whatever disgrace, our essayist goes on to say, boxing-matches in the prize-ring may be thought to reflect on our national character, he thought this movement a proud testimonial the other way, as being a stronger instance than he could have conceived, of prompt obedience to the laws, and of respect to authority; "and I do not believe," he adds, "the like would have been exhibited in any other country in the world." For, as he shows in detail, there was every motive to excite resistance: all had paid, and rather dearly, for admission into the field; they had had the trouble of finding themselves situations, for which some had paid a further sum; there was great force on one side, and comparatively none on the other; there were some men who might think themselves almost above control on such occasions, and others at all times most ready to throw it off; the illegality of such assemblages was by no means universally admitted; their object had many defenders, and interference at that critical moment—it was just "when everything was arranged, and the combatants were preparing"—had somewhat the appearance of being vexatious. "Yet, notwithstanding this combination of reasons, the motley multitude departed as passively as if before an overwhelming force, and, indeed, more so; for there was even no expression of disapprobation." If the worthy magistrate who describes and moralises on the scene attributes this "curious result" partly to the "great personal respectability and singular propriety of behaviour of the chief manager," he also partly ascribes it to "that inborn habit of obedience to authority, which is one of the most beneficial and admirable effects of our free institutions."\*

Leigh Hunt, in his autobiography, has a story of an encounter he and his brothers had, while boating up the Thames, with some fishermen, whose line across the river they cut their way through, on the refusal of the men to lower it. A quarrel ensued, and the two parties came to blows—before a full interchange of which, however, "beautiful evidence was furnished of the magical effects of the word 'law.' . . . I had gathered from some words which fell from them [the fishermen] in their rage, that what they had been about with their fishing-net was in all probability illegal. I assumed it to be so. I mentioned the dreaded word 'law;' my black coat corroborated its impression; and, to our equal relief and surprise, we found them on the sudden converting their rage and extortion into an assumption that we meant to settle with their master, and quietly permitting us to go back to our friends."† The author of "The Gentle Life" quotes Montesquieu's affirmation, that "if a man in England had as many enemies as he had hairs on his head, no harm could happen to him;" adding, nor can it, if he keep on the right

\* The Original, by Thomas Walker, M.A., p. 242.

† Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, ch. viii.

side of the law, as many rascals know. But if you touch his rights, John Bull will cry out and fight to the death. "He has a great respect for law; when hurt or insulted, he turns to his law-gods and consults them; and yet law is a network of fictions, and his lawyers are no better than they should be: but John grumbles, and bears the inconvenience; he hates innovations, and thinks that changes do not work well. 'Marry, is that the law? Ay, that it is; crowner's quest law!' say the clowns in *Hamlet*, and the questioner is satisfied."\* Coleridge narrates with earnest eloquence the story of a mutiny in Sir Alexander Ball's ship, in the course of which he says: "An invisible power it was that quelled them; a power which was therefore irresistible, because it took away the will of resisting. It was the awful power of law, acting on natures pre-figured to its influences."†

At the time of the discontents caused in the ranks by the fusion of the Indian army with our own, it was justly contended by thoughtful observers, in opposition to those who pronounced the disaffection a mutiny, that the men in this case had not only a grievance, but a real legal grievance—a peculiarity which at once distinguished their case from that of the sailors who mutinied at the Nore. For in this case the question that presented itself to the men was, whether they were soldiers at all. We are assured that those who knew these troops best were confident that they might have been put on quarter-rations, and drilled to exhaustion, without a thought of resistance crossing their brain: "but they were overcome by the persuasion that they had the law on their side. It always is so with Englishmen; and we don't believe for an instant that any amount of discipline, though it involve an infinity of stiff cravats and an eternity of position-drill, will ever make a born Englishman amenable to his superior when he takes his stand on a point of law."‡

Mr. de Quincey, in his critical essay on Modern Greece, having to treat of the nuisance of dogs in that country, and their combined assaults on inoffensive travellers, refers to his own experiences in the Lake districts, the many fierce contests in which he had been compelled to engage, when passing perhaps some farm-house lying aside from the road—into which, the high-road, the "murderous savages," however, would sometimes pursue him. But the result in that case was that he uniformly recovered a sense of his rights. "Come," he would then and there—i.e. on the high road—say to himself, "this is too much; here at least is the king's highway, and things are come to a pretty pass indeed, if I, who partake of a common nature with the king, and write good Latin, whereas all the world knows what sort of Latin is found among dogs, may not have as good a right to standing-room as a low-bred quadruped with a tail like you." And he professes to remember no instance which ever so powerfully illustrated the courage given by the consciousness of right. So long as he felt that he was trespassing on the grounds of a stranger—off the road—he certainly "sneaked," and seeks not to deny it. But once landed on the high-road, where he knew his sure title to

\* About in the World: "John Bull."

† See the second Essay in Section 1 of "The Friend."

‡ *Saturday Review*, x. 3.

be as good as the dog's, not all the world, he protests, should have persuaded him to budge one foot.\*

When Punch, in his Letters to his Son, counsels him to enjoy life by every strictly legal means in his power, he cautions him, "In all your pleasures, however, respect the laws of your country. Remember that an act of parliament is like a rock; it matters not how nearly you approach, so you do not bump against it."† Cortez knew what was in human nature when he devised a legal fiction to justify a certain illegal act: the device, indeed, as Mr. Prescott says of it, was too palpable to impose on any but those who chose to be blinded; but most of the army were of this number, and to them it seemed to give additional confidence, "in the same manner as a strip of painted canvas, when substituted, as it has sometimes been, for a real parapet of stone, has been found not merely to impose on the enemy, but to give a sort of artificial courage to the defenders concealed behind it."‡ To have even the colour of having the law on one's side is such a comfort even to the lawless. Archdeacon Coxe, the historian of the House of Austria, after describing the act of the Bohemian malcontents in throwing Slavata and Fabricius from the council-chamber window (A.D. 1619), says that the part of their letter of apology to the Emperor deserves to be cited, which justifies the outrage by its "conformity with an ancient custom prevalent throughout all Bohemia."§ In the like spirit do the insurgents in Scott's novel discuss the "lawful mode of following a fray across the Border." "Hout," exclaims one of these discordant counsellors, "just put a lighted peat on the end of a spear, or hayfork, or sic-like, and blaw a horn, and cry the gathering-word, and then it's lawful to follow gear into England, and recover it by the strong hand, or to take gear frae some other Englishman, providing ye lift nae mair than's been lifted frae you. That's the auld Border law, made at Dundernann, in the days o' the Black Douglas."|| On that wild night at Bourne, described in Professor Kingsley's so-called (and critics say miscalled) "Last of the English," Hereward the Outlaw harangues his tumultuous followers with appeals to law: "For the law we fight, if we do fight; and by the law we must work, fight or not. Where is the lawman of the town?" "I was lawman last night, to see such law done as there is left," says one; "but you are our lawman now. Do as you will. We will obey you." "You shall be our lawman," shout many voices.—"I! Who am I? Out-of-law, and a wolf's head." "We will put you back into your law,—we will give you your lands in full husting."¶ When the Clockmaker of Slickville hears of a Yankee being on trial for theft, he repudiates the fellow's claim to be a Yankee,—a race which "manages beautiful" in a "slight-of-hand, a loan, a failin', a spekilatin', swap, thimble-rig, or somehow or other in the rigular way withiu the law; but as for stealin'—never—I don't believe he's a Yankee . . . We are too enlightened for that, by a

\* Modern Greece: a review of Colonel Mure's Journal of a Tour, &c., 1842.

† Punch's Letters to his Son, No. xxii.

‡ History of the Conquest of Mexico, book iv. ch. vii.

§ History of the House of Austria, ch. xlvi.

|| The Black Dwarf, ch. vii.

¶ Hereward, the Last of the English, ch. xx.



long chalk. We have a great respect for the laws, squire; we've been bred to that, and always uphold the dignity of the law."\* And Mr. Slick has an interview with, and severely upbraids, the culprit in question: "You hadn't ought to have stolen that watch. That was wrong, very wrong indeed. You might have traded with the man, and got it for half nothin'; or bought it and failed, as some of our importin' merchants sew up the soft-horned British; or swapped it and forgot to give the exchange; or bought it and give your note, and cut stick before the note became due. There's a thousand ways of doin' it honestly and legally, without resortin', as foreigners do, to stealin'." Much more to Sam Slick's mind is such a make of man as the Hon. Lucifer Wolfe, who avows for himself, "I am no great hand at making laws; but one thing I *do* pride myself on: I never seed the law yet that could tie my hands, for I am a regular scroudger: I can slip them through any clauses you please. Build up four square walls of laws round me, and I'll whip thro' the keyhole."† The Vicar, in Mr. Savage's novel of the Coming Man, dislikes evading the law, when the deputation discuss his son's property-qualification; but one of them suggests that a successful evasion of the law can never be a wrong proceeding, for it could only succeed by being beyond impeachment; and if unimpeachable by law, it is permissible by law, and therefore legal in the strictest sense of the word.‡ Our grandfathers, it has been admiringly observed,§ descried in the phrase of "a man who squares his conscience by the law," a common paraphrase or synonyme of a wretch without any conscience at all.

If it was the privilege of an emperor, Sigismund, to be *super gram-maticam*, well may all sorts of stronger-minded and strong-willed authorities have claimed, and enforced their claim, to be *super leges*. Whether the law be on their side is to them a question beside the mark. They hold and assert themselves above the law; and, after that, it matters little which side of them it may happen to be, or they of it. The weaker goes to the wall; and in all such cases, by hypothesis, the law is the weaker. Alexander typified the class, when he chose to consult the oracle at Delphi on a prohibited day, upon which the law allowed no man to question the prophetess. She, with the law on her side, refused compliance with his summons, and alleged the law in her excuse. Whereupon Alexander arose straightway, and drew her by force into the temple; a proceeding which wrung from her, as if conquered by his irresistible prowess, the exclamation, "My son, thou art invincible!" an utterance at which Alexander caught, saying he wanted no other answer, for that was the very oracle he desired.|| But in after days he seems to have required a lesson on the subject of a sovereign's relation to law, when he lay on the earth bemoaning himself for the murder of Clitus, and was rebuked to his heart's content by Anaxarchus the Abderite, who professed amazement at seeing the world's conqueror thus prostrate, "like a slave, in fear of the law and the tongues of men, to whom he should himself be a law, and the measure of right and wrong." Why else, demanded the sophist, was Jupiter represented with Themis and Justice by his side—

\* The Clockmaker, ch. x.

† Ibid., vol. iii. ch. xi.

‡ Reuben Medlicott, book iii. ch. ii.

§ By Coleridge in his thirteenth Essay in the "Friend."

|| Plutarch, Life of Alexander.

and therefore the law on his side—but to show that whatever is done by supreme power is right.

So when Metellus the tribune opposed Cæsar's taking money out of the public treasury, and alleged some laws against it, the answer he got was, "Arms and laws do not flourish together;"\* and as the keys were not forthcoming, Cæsar had in a body of smiths to force the treasury then and there.

The same with Cæsar's rival. Comparing Pompey with Agesilaus, Plutarch stigmatises the former as one who thought himself exempted from observing the laws he had made, and that his transgressing them was, in fact, an eligible evidence of superior power.—When the Mamerines refused to appear before his tribunal, and to acknowledge his jurisdiction, declaring themselves to stand excused by an ancient privilege granted them by the Romans, superb was the contempt of Pompey's answer: "Will you never have done with citing laws and privileges to men who wear swords?"† The *rationale* of all such ruling powers is pretty much that of Suffolk in the play:

'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;  
And never yet could frame my will to it;  
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.‡

We are told of that very amusing Scotch judge, Lord Hermand, that whereas Bacon advises judges to draw their law "out of your books, or out of your brains," *he* generally did neither; he being very apt to say, "My Laards, I *feel* my law—*here*, my Laards," striking his heart. Hence, according to Lord Cockburn, he sometimes made little ceremony in disdaining the authority of an act of parliament, when he and it happened to differ. He once got rid of one which Lord Meadowbank (the first), whom he did not particularly like, was for enforcing because the legislature had made it law, by saying, in his snorting, contemptuous way, and with an emphasis on every syllable—"But then we're told that there's a statute against all this. A statute! What's a statute? Words. Mere words! And am *I* to be tied down by words? No, my Laards; I go by the law of right reason."§ A milder ornament of the bench, the Lord President Forbes, was snubbed without ceremony by the Duke of Cumberland, when making bold, in his gentle way, to remonstrate with H.R.H. on the barbarities committed by his troops after Culloden: to the gracious Duncan's representation that the Duke's soldiers were breaking the laws of the land, that royal commander roughly replied, "The laws, my lord! By —, I'll make a brigade give laws!"||

If honest Hector McIntyre, the choleric young Scotch captain, in Scott's "Antiquary," typifies the contemners of law when he confronts the bailiff who would make a seizure of Miss Wardour's carriage and horses, so on the other hand is that legal officer a type of those to whom, *ex officio*, law is the most magnificent and supreme of abstract powers. Producing his silver-tipped bâton, the man of office warns Captain

\* Plutarch, Life of Cæsar.

† Ibid., Life of Pompey.

‡ First part of King Henry VI., Act II. Sc. 4.

§ "Lord Holland noticed this in the House of Peers as a strange speech for a judge."—Memorials of his Time, by Henry Cockburn, p. 137.

|| History of the Rebellion of 1745-6, ch. xxv.

McIntyre against interference: "Sir, I have no quarrel with you,—but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself deforced." And who cares—in stronger phrase exclaims Hector—whether the officer declares himself "divorced" or married? "As to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones if you prevent the lad from harnessing the horses to obey his mistress's orders." "I take all who stand here to witness," said the messenger, "that I showed him my blazon and explained my character"—and down he sits to write out an execution of deforcement, to the utter unconcern of "honest Hector," who is better accustomed to the artillery of the field than to that of the law.\* M. Michelet cannot refrain, in one portion of his History, from expressing his admiration of the intrepidity of the men who undertook the office of *huissier* in the middle ages—of men who, unarmed, in their black jacket, not enjoying, like the herald, the protection of the tabard and arms of their master, would present the haughtiest prince in the world, an Armagnac, a Retz, in his frowning keep, with the slip of parchment which dashed castled towers to pieces. The *tariff* will not explain, he thinks, their daring devotion: "We must take into account, if I mistake not, the fanaticism with which the law inspires its followers,"† rightly to understand the heroism of *huissiers*.

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## HELP YOURSELF!

BY WILLIAM JONES.

WHEN troubles assail, let this maxim prevail,  
 No need you will have for another:  
 HELP YOURSELF when you falter, you will not receive  
 Such support from a friend or a brother.  
 In the battle of life we encounter a strife,  
 That we all, more or less, are but sharing;  
 The weak topple down at a word or a frown,  
 But the bold one is trustful and daring.  
 HELP YOURSELF! 'tis a saying as old as the world,  
 And will last throughout time and its changes;  
 No crutch ever borrow, 'twill bring you but sorrow,  
 For a loan, as we know, oft estranges.  
 But grasp your own staff, and at care you may laugh,  
 On the strength of a firm will relying,  
 Those go to the wall who for other aid call,  
 Is a truism none will be denying.

\* The Antiquary.  
 VOL. LXI.

† Michelet, Histoire de France, xli. 4.

## THE CASE OF THE WIDOW LEROUGE.\*

ON Thursday, March 6, 1862, the murder of a widowed woman, who lived by herself in a cottage of humble appearance, in the village of La Jonchère, situated on the slopes which overlook the Seine between Malmaison and Bougival, was reported to the police. Such are the simple data out of which a modern French novelist—in this instance M. Emile Gaboriau—undertakes to weave a whole drama—a drama of the most moving and complex interest. The well-known and wondrous perspicacity of the French police, the working out from the merest trifles the history not only of a catastrophe, but of a whole life, and the elucidation of all the collateral circumstances by which a crime is surrounded, constitute, indeed, in their complexity and mysterious bearings, more than enough to rivet the attention of the reader, and that in such a manner that open the first page and he must inevitably go on to the last.

In this instance we have a whole group of persons at work. First the commissary of police and his brigadiers, who report the discovery of the body of the widow Lerouge—that was her name—lying on the hearth, she having been struck between the shoulders whilst in the act of stooping, and that the only two rooms in the cottage had been ransacked, drawers and bureaux having been broken open. Then there is Monsieur Daburon, judge of instruction, a kind of inspector-general; Monsieur Gévrol, chief of the police of safety, or detector-general; several other subordinates in the great system which envelops Paris as if in a spider's web; and, more than all, there is what is particularly French, an amateur detector, one Monsieur Tabaret, well to do in the world, yet who having nothing wherewithal to amuse himself, and urged on by the vanity inseparable from all human success, even down to the detection of crime, devotes both his cash and his spare hours to an active collaboration with the paid agents of police. So successful was he, indeed, in his amateur labours, that he was known by the name of "Tiraclair," expressive of his faculty of bringing hidden things to light.

It was ascertained by this collective wisdom that the widow Lerouge was a woman of some fifty-four or fifty-five years of age, that she did not belong to the neighbourhood, that she had dwelt in the cottage in which she was found murdered for the last twelve years, that she appeared to be well off, dressed well, was not miserly in her habits—on the contrary, lived well, and was even given to the abuse of potatoes. She was talkative, spoke a good deal of the sea and of seafaring life, but never of her relations. Strangers had been seen to visit her, but at very rare intervals. Among these were a lady and a young gentleman, an old gentleman of rank and a young one, a tall, dark man in a blouse, of very sinister aspect, and a little old man, corpulent, bald, with a red face, a sailor, who wore great rings in his ears, and had come up the Seine in a boat. This man had been seen at the widow's hut as late as on the Sunday previous to the murder, and Monsieur Gévrol felt so convinced of his complicity in the crime, that he resolved to go forth upon the river in pursuit of the bloodthirsty mariner—even had he to follow him to Rouen or Havre.

\* L'Affaire Lerouge. Par Emile Gaboriau. Paris: E. Dentu.

Old Père Tabaret, who had been carrying on his independent researches, had, however, at the same time, collected a whole arsenal of small indications, which, put together, led to quite a different conviction, and which, as is often the case in circumstantial evidence, correct in part, were yet calculated by their very minuteness to lead the most ingenious astray. Père Tabaret, who was some sixty years of age, and had set to work with the excitement of a pointer on the scent, and not unlike a pointer, with his nose in the air, although his body was no longer erect, and his spindle-shanks moved unsteadily in their gaiters, looked indeed some twenty years younger when he had completed his investigations.

The assassin, he said, had arrived at the cottage about nine in the evening of Shrove-Tuesday; he was not expected, the widow was about to undress herself and wind up her cuckoo-clock before going to bed, when she was disturbed by a knock at the door. In her haste she had thrown a shawl over her shoulders; the person she gave admission to was young, tall, well dressed, wearing a high hat, carrying an umbrella, and smoking a trabucos with a porte-cigare. He was well known to the widow, who immediately busied herself in preparing some refreshment for him; his heart failing him, he drank several small glasses of brandy, and then, just as the ham and eggs were cooked, he struck her twice in the back. She rose up, but after a brief struggle he cast her down where she was found. The wounds were inflicted by a broken foil sharpened at the point, and the assassin wore grey gloves at the time. He did not murder the woman for money, but for her papers. Having obtained possession of these, he burnt them; but in order to mislead subsequent inquirers he carried away the valuables in a napkin, blew out the candle, locked the door, threw the key into a ditch, and, not to be loaded with a parcel on reaching the railway station, he had cast the napkin and its contents into the Seine.

Accustomed as Messieurs Daburon, Gévrol, their assistants, and the numerous gendarmes present were to working up details upon trifling indications, they were positively astounded at the marvellous sagacity exhibited in this instance by the old man, who thus related the story of a most mysterious crime as if he had actually been present at its commission. To their hurried inquiries as to how he had arrived at his conclusions, he explained that it rained that Tuesday evening at half-past nine; there were no marks of mud, therefore the assassin had arrived before that hour; that the widow Lerouge was winding up her clock, and had hastily put on a shawl, was shown by the time at which the clock had stopped and by the state of her dress. As to the assassin, his steps in the garden attested youth and well-made boots, marks in the bureaux showed that he was tall and wore a high-crowned hat, his umbrella had left a print in the soil, and the extremity of a trabucos picked up in the same neighbourhood as the key had never touched the lips, so he used a porte-cigare. The ham and eggs were not for the widow, she had supped previously on fish—the remains were in the cupboard; that her guest was respected was proved by her providing a clean cloth and her best glass. There was only one glass and one knife on the table. The assassin partook of a glass of wine, and his courage failing him he asked for brandy. The contents of the bottle showed that he drank five petits verres. He still continued undecided for ten minutes, for

the ham and eggs were cooked before he struck. The widow struggled, for there were particles of grey gloves in her nails, and that she was struck by a foil sharpened was proved by the marks on her dress, upon which the weapon had been wiped. That documents were what the assassin sought was shown by his having burnt them, the ashes being in the grate; and the other indications sufficed to show that he carried away the valuables in a napkin, but that only for the purposes of mystification.

The subsequent discovery of the said valuables in the Seine, precisely at the point which was nearest to the widow Lerouge's cottage, and the autopsy of the dead body confirmed the old amateur's indications, to the great satisfaction of M. Daburon, and to the infinite delight of all present, who exhausted themselves in terms of admiration. It was colossal, said one; it was pyramidal, declared another. As to Monsieur Daburon, he was so pleased at the method shown in the inquiry, and the promising manner in which the first details had been evolved, that he took M. Tabaret back to town in his carriage, and on parting stated that he would always be visible to him, at any hour or time that he had anything further to communicate, and that he would give the most positive orders to that effect.

Père Tabaret lived in the Rue Saint Lazare, not far from the railway station. The house in which he dwelt was his own—his own under very peculiar circumstances, for Père Tabaret had his private history, one which had driven him to take refuge from bitter thoughts in hunting down criminals. He had been in early life an assistant at the Mont de Piété; his father, albeit wealthy, pretended to extreme poverty, and had been so heavy a charge upon him, that, although he had loved, he had never married; he had, indeed, lived for twenty years a life of the utmost privation, without a friend, without a pleasure—even to that of smoking a cigar—and yet, when his father had died, he was found to be positively wealthy! Instead of being grateful at the change in his fortune, Tabaret reviled his parent's memory; he was too old to marry, too old to enjoy life, and so to give himself an object—a passion—he became an amateur detective—he who had been deceived by his dearest friend during a long lifetime! But Père Tabaret had lodgers in his house. It was far too large for his modest wants, and he had only an old woman to attend to these, and his great anxiety was that none of his tenants, not even the lynx-eyed concierge, nor his aged attendant, should know the secret of his occupations. It can be readily understood how his vagrant uncertain habits, the late hours he sometimes kept—often not returning home all night—and the strange company he was at times seen in, gave rise to much talk and scandal; but the old man noticed it not. If he was asked out to dinner even by those who did not believe that he was as bad as he was represented to be, he always declined.

There was only one party in his house whose society he cultivated. Indeed, he was as much with them as in his own rooms. These were the widow Gerdy and her son Noël, whom the widow positively doted upon, and who had been fifteen years tenants of his. Notwithstanding her fifty summers, Père Tabaret had often thought of asking the fair widow to unite their fortunes, but he had hesitated, for fear of a refusal. As to Noël, he was a handsome tall young man, of some thirty-three years of age, so studious and apparently so steady, that he had already obtained considerable reputation as a rising young barrister, and so pleased was

the old man with his assumed rigidity of principles and austerity of manners, that he had duly constituted him the sole heir to his wealth.

The evening of the inquisition Père Tabaret was so excited, that he could scarcely afford himself time to take any refreshment. Not only his attendant Manette, but even the concierge and his wife remarked that something had happened; nor were their surmises at all favourable to the old man's reputation. No sooner a slight repast concluded, than he put on his hat and proceeded to the apartments of Madame Gerdy, where he hoped a little conversation with intimate friends would help to dissipate his anxiety. What was his surprise, on walking in, as was his custom, from long intimacy, without being announced, to find, with a family so excessively precise, no one in the room, everything out of order, only one light, Madame Gerdy's arm-chair empty near the window, and a newspaper lying on the carpet close by it.

The eye of the amateur detective took in all these little facts at a glance.

"Has anything happened?" he remarked, as if quite casually, to the domestic.

"Sir, you know that madame has not been very well for a month past," was the reply. "To-day, after dinner, madame came into the salon as usual. She took a seat and the newspaper. But she had not scanned its contents long, ere she uttered a fearful shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. M. Noël took her in his arms and carried her into her own room, where she has remained ever since."

"Well, then, you can go; you need not disturb Noël, I will wait here till he comes, and I shall then know what to do."

So saying, Père Tabaret picked up the newspaper, which he had not looked at a minute before to his infinite surprise he discovered in it a paragraph relating the circumstance of the murder at La Jonchère. There was nothing else in the paper that could explain away the slightest emotion. An amateur detective is incorrigible. His dearest and most intimate friends were concerned—and what possible connexion could there be between those he loved and respected so much and the widow Lerouge? He repelled the idea with indignation and horror, and yet, somehow or other, it would come back. It was very strange and very horrible; but had he not spent years in tracing great results from small indications, and could he be expected to throw off the habit in a moment?

His reveries were interrupted by the entrance of Noël.

"Ah, mon cher Noël!" exclaimed the old man, "what is the matter with your mother?"

Noël was very pale, and evidently annoyed at the intrusion of Père Tabaret. Collecting himself, however, he replied:

"Madame Gerdy has been much shocked by reading in the newspaper that a woman, whom she was much attached to, had been murdered."

"Bah!" said Tabaret, constraining himself with the utmost difficulty, taken aback as he was by the unexpected revelation, and horror-struck at hearing Noël call his mother Madame Gerdy. But, of all his secrets, that of being an amateur detective was to him the most precious, so he contented himself with remarking:

"Your mother was acquainted with the widow Lerouge?—why, then, you also, I suppose, knew the poor woman?"

"I have not seen her for a long time," Noël replied, "but I knew her and loved her well, for she was my nurse."

This time Père Tabaret was almost stupified. All the details of the precedents of the murdered woman, which an hour ago he despaired to obtain, were at his command. To his inquiries cautiously conducted, and with an air of indifference with difficulty assumed, he drew from Noël a long family history, in which the young man declared that he had been shamefully deceived, and deprived of his rights by the most abominable conspiracy. As to his mother's affection, it was, he averred, all a pretence—a sham—the most detestable hypocrisy. Three weeks ago he had accidentally stumbled upon some papers of Madame Gerdy's—the correspondence of his father with that lady. It appeared that Madame Gerdy was not married, but that she had a son by Count Rhéteau de Commarin. This at or about the time that the countess herself was also delivered of a son and heir. The count's marriage had been one of "convenience;" his real affection lay with Valérie, as he called Madame Gerdy in his letters. To gratify this affection, he resolved upon a plot by which the two children being put out to nurse, the one should be made to take the place of the other, and, whilst Valérie's son should be inducted into the title and estates of the Commarins, the countess's son should be brought up by Madame de Gerdy. Noël became, he said, on reading this correspondence, furious at the deception practised upon him. The mother, who had so tenderly nurtured him, who had oft declared that she lived only for her son, became in his eyes an infamous impostor. There was only one person who knew the secret. Noël had acquired moral proofs of the complicity of the count and Madame Gerdy in the change of children; but the change itself had been effected mainly through the instrumentality of the widow Lerouge.

"One word from her," exclaimed Noël, in his passionate excitement, "would have rendered these proofs decisive. That word she can no longer utter, since they have killed her. To me alone had she confided the secret; but now Madame Gerdy will deny it—I know her well, she would deny it with her head on the block; my father will naturally disavow me; I have my proofs, but this murder prevents their realisation, and leaves me where I was."

"What a misfortune!" muttered Père Tabaret. "She perished, taking her secret to the grave with her."

"There is still one hope," interposed Noël; "the widow Lerouge possessed papers which threw light upon the transaction. They may, perchance, still be found."

Père Tabaret knew well that there was no chance of that. It was to obtain possession of these very papers and to destroy them that the murder had been committed, and he began to have an inkling as to the person who would be most interested in their destruction. Keeping his thoughts to himself, he contented himself with observing:

"It seems to me that the count has not carried out the brilliant promises which he held out to Madame Gerdy, in order to obtain her consent to the exchange of children."

"Not in the slightest. His affection for Madame Gerdy lasted for a long time; but finding out at last that his mistress deceived him, he broke with her abruptly, and for ever. Ten lines written in his own hand testify to the final rupture. Madame Gerdy endeavoured to justify herself; she wrote to the count, but he returned her letters unopened. She tried to see him, but in vain; he would not grant her an interview. She



knew that all was over when the count's steward brought her a legal settlement of fifteen thousand francs a year. Her son had taken my place, and his mother was ruining me!"

"Did you speak of these matters to Madame Gerdy?" inquired Père Tabaret.

"I began with that. She attempted to make me believe that the exchange had never taken place. She heaped up absurdities and falsehoods. The fact is, that she adores her son, and, rather than I should hurt a hair of his head, she would see me in the bottomless pit."

"Did you take any steps towards establishing your claims?"

"Do you think that I am the man to be robbed, spoiled, and betrayed with impunity? No—I had rights, and I was determined to make them good. But I wished to do so without publicity, without scandal. I waited a fortnight to calm myself before presenting myself at the Hôtel Commarin. When I went there I was told that the count was in the country, but that the viscount, his son, was at home. The viscount's name is Albert. My name, you understand. He is a handsome youth, and wears nobly a name which does not belong to him. The viscount received me, and I proceeded at once to inform him as to the nature of my visit. I showed him the correspondence which proved that the children had been changed, and that I was the legitimate son and he the illegitimate. At first he turned white as a sheet, then he walked up and down the room several times. At length he said: 'These letters are unquestionably my father's, and seem to show that I am not the son of the Countess of Commarin; but do you possess any other proofs?' I told him I had none, but that the widow Lerouge was alive. It would be easy to interrogate her, and I told him that she lived at La Jonchère. 'I know it,' he said; 'I have been there with my father to take money to her.' And then, reflecting a moment, he said: 'Brother, I bear you no grudge for the steps you have taken. All I ask of you is, to wait eight or ten days, when my father will return. I will explain everything to him, and I promise you that justice shall be done. I on my side lose everything—name, position, fortune, and, worse than all, I shall probably also lose my intended, who is dearer to me than life. I was on the point of being married to Mademoiselle d'Arlange. In exchange I shall find a mother, and I will do my best to make myself worthy of succeeding you in her love and in her affection.'"

"The hypocrite!" muttered Père Tabaret between his teeth; and then aloud, "It is frightful what you have had to undergo; and what do you propose to do next?"

"I am waiting for the count's return. But, in the mean time, the illness of Madame Gerdy, and the murder of the widow Lerouge, have disarranged my plans, I shall want money to establish my claims, which may be disputed."

"And you shall have it!" exclaimed Père Tabaret. "I have fifteen thousand francs in my safe. You shall have them this very evening." And so saying the old man rushed out and soon returned with fifteen notes of a thousand francs each. "If that does not suffice," he said, "I have others. But I have an appointment to keep, and must leave you now. Farewell, Noël; have patience; who knows but that at this very moment Providence may be working for you."

It does not appear that the morality of the young man so beloved by

the amateur detective was so pure as he supposed. No sooner had Père Tabaret disappeared, than, pocketing the bank-notes, Noël let himself out by a back door, and jumping into a cab was driven to a house in the Rue de Provence, where, in an apartment most luxuriously and extravagantly furnished, dwelt a young lady of exceeding beauty—Madame Juliette Chaffour by name—a Parisienne in every sense of the word—mercenary, heartless, sensual, and depraved, yet beloved, to his utter ruin, by this young barrister—the exemplar son—the young man without a blemish and with rising prospects!

In the mean time, Père Tabaret had hurried away to Monsieur Daburon's private house. It was late at night, and the worthy magistrate had retired to his bedroom. But the amateur detective was far too much excited by the wondrous intelligence he had received, throwing, as he conceived, a definite and clear light upon the motives of the murder, and the person of the criminal, to permit of delay. He detailed all that he had learnt from Noël with almost marvellous lucidity and precision; but when he came to denounce Viscount Albert de Commarin as the assassin of the widow Lerouge, the effect produced upon the magistrate was different from what he expected. Monsieur Daburon appeared to be not so much surprised as confused, perplexed, nay, almost overwhelmed by the intelligence.

To understand the feelings of the respected official, it is necessary to go back a few years in the life of Monsieur Daburon, for he had been young like other men, and like other men, although an austere magistrate by profession, he too had had his little romance. Monsieur Gaboriau, the intelligent historian of this extraordinary case, gives the details of this little romance at length; but it must suffice for our purposes to know that, about the years 1860 and 1861, Monsieur Daburon used to spend his evenings with the old Marquise d'Arlange, celebrated for her eccentric attachment to the manners and habits of the "ancien régime"—"la vieille roche," as About would call it. But it was not merely to play at piquet with the old dowager, or to listen to her interminable stories which dated before the year '89, for everything that had happened since that epoch—empire, restoration, monarchy of July—were all ignored by the old marquise, that M. Daburon frequented the Hôtel d'Arlange. There was also a granddaughter, Claire d'Arlange, just entering her seventeenth year, as innocent-minded as she was fair, and the magistrate had resolved, if he could overcome the old lady's scruples regarding discrepancy of rank, by certain monetary considerations which he knew well how to avail himself of, and if he could also win the fair damsel's consent, to make her his wife. He was, indeed, devotedly attached to her—attached by a depth of passion which, in a man of concentrated energies such as had made him what he was, could only be extinguished with his life. The despair of such a man, when, having at length risked his future by an avowal of his affection, he learnt that she had already given away her young heart—that she loved Albert de Commarin—can be appreciated in all its intensity. For six long weeks he lay delirious, struggling for very existence. Saved by a naturally good constitution, he had endeavoured ever since to drown his sorrows in toil—he had devoted himself, heart and soul, to his judicial functions, seeking in them alone a solace for his disappointment. It can be imagined, then, how Père Tabaret's sudden communication as to having

traced the murder of the widow Lerouge to his rival, Albert de Commarin, came to re-open a wound which he hoped had long since been closed for ever.

His first impulse was to have nothing further to do with the matter. How could he, a judge, bound by all the ties of honour to act with fairness and discretion, conduct such a case without either passion or feeling? He would hand it over to some other magistrate. But then, again, he asked himself, was he a man possessed of so little courage, so little control over himself, that he could not make an abstraction of the past? Could he not, when he put on his robe of justice, divest himself of his personality? Was it not his most imperious duty to carry out the investigation? Would not Claire d'Arlange herself insist upon his doing so? If Albert was guilty, she could not wed a criminal; if he was innocent, it was his duty to rescue him from suspicion. So, after a long mental conflict, the bearing of which was lost upon the impatient Tabaret, it was decided, to the infinite delight of the latter, whose vanity was concerned in the justice of his surmises, that an edict for the arrest of Viscount Albert de Commarin should at once go forth.

Count Commarin returned to Paris the very day of the discovery of the murder. His son had gone to meet him at the station, but it was not until after dinner, when coffee had been brought in, and the servants had all withdrawn, that Albert ventured to broach the subject which lay most at heart, and which had given a pallidity and an expression of anxiety to his features which had not escaped the parental eye. And when the young viscount informed his father of the visit which he had received, and of the correspondence which had been laid before him, after a moment's passionate irritation, the count avowed that when he first saw him at the station he felt a presentiment that he knew something of the history which he was disclosing. The fact was, that for twenty long years the count had always been in dread that the secret would somehow or other ooze out. His only hope lay in the fact that although he had discarded Madame Gerdy, it was not her interest to let the truth be known, because her son was enjoying the fruits of the odious compromise. Now that his son was there to tell him that he had awaited his return in order to know if the substitution of children had really taken place, in order that he might regulate his future conduct by the intelligence, the reply that he got was:

"Certainly; yes, unfortunately, it is too true. You must be aware of it, since you have read what I wrote to Madame Gerdy."

The viscount had expected the reply, and yet it for a moment overcame him. There are some misfortunes so overwhelming, that we require to repeat them several times even to our own selves before we can admit the reality. But when the count declared that come what would things should remain as they were, and Albert should continue to be Viscount de Commarin, the latter respectfully but firmly declared his resolution to withdraw all pretensions in favour of the legitimate son. It was in vain that the count exposed to him the scandal that would arise, the fair name of Commarin sullied, all that he had himself suffered whilst condemning his legitimate son to obscurity for Albert's sake, that the authorities would have to take cognisance of the facts, and that publicity and disgrace would ensue; Albert remained firm in his resolution. As a last resource, the count asked him how he intended to live, and if, when he

renounced him, he also renounced Mademoiselle d'Arlange? Albert replied that he did not think that his father would make him expiate faults that were not his, he would make him an allowance; and as to Claire, he had sought an interview with her, he had explained to her the sad position in which he was placed; she had agreed with him as to the line of conduct which he should pursue under the circumstances, but whatever happened it would not affect her feelings towards him, she had sworn that she would be his wife.

Father and son parted, but not in anger. The count, grieved as he was, could not help admiring the honesty of purpose of the young man, and all he requested was to be allowed some time to reflect upon the sad reverse with which he was threatened. Albert himself had scarcely got into his own rooms when a servant rushed in, in a state of intense excitement, announcing the advent of the commissary of police, who, in fact, as usual with that order of officials, followed upon the valet's footsteps, attended by a whole host of subordinates, including the sagacious Père Tabaret himself.

"Monsieur de Commarin," proclaimed the commissary, holding forth his hand to impart dignity to his words, "I come to arrest you in the name of the law."

"Me!—sir, me——"

"Yes; here is the order," said the commissary, as he held forth a slip of paper.

Albert cast his eye upon it mechanically.

"Claudine assassinated!" he exclaimed; and then, in a lower tone, he added, "then all is lost."

Whilst the necessary forms of interrogation were being gone through, a search of the apartments was carried out under the superintendence of the old amateur. Among the discoveries effected were a broken foil, a pair of black trousers still wet, muddy, and with traces of green moss, as if a wall had been climbed over, a pair of grey gloves which had been rubbed or scratched, boots still damp, an umbrella the point of which was covered with mud, a box of cigars known as trabucos, and porte-cigars in amber and meerschaum.

"I have all that could be wished for," whispered the amateur detective in the ear of the commissary.

"Poor boy!" remarked the latter; "he betrayed his guilt in the first words he uttered."

Albert was hurried away to the Palais de Justice in a hackney-carriage, and consigned to solitary confinement. Monsieur Daburon was in his official cabinet at an early hour the next morning. Having once made up his mind to conduct the preliminary inquiry, he felt, with Père Tabaret, the necessity of proceeding with promptitude and decision. His agents had been expedited in every direction. All the parties concerned had been summoned, and Monsieur Noël Gerdy was the first to make his appearance. In his replies to a long judicial inquiry, Noël admitted that he was acquainted with the widow Lerouge, who had been his nurse; that he had visited her but at rare intervals; that his mother, on seeing in the newspapers the crime that had been committed, had been taken ill, exclaiming, not "la malheureuse," but "le malheureux;" that she had been suffering from brain fever ever since; that the death of the widow was an irreparable loss to him; and then he concluded by relating the

story of the substitution of children, with which Monsieur Daburon had already been made acquainted from the lips of Père Tabaret. He had depended, he said, upon the testimony of the old woman to establish his claims; the count and Madame Gerdy would, he knew, be opposed to their validity, and, now she had been put out of the way, nothing but a heap of useless papers remained in his hands. He added, what he had not done to Père Tabaret, that his mother had at first admitted the substitution, but had afterwards said that she retracted and denied it, and that she was prepared to make any sacrifice to ensure her son's keeping his position in the world.

"It must be admitted," observed the magistrate, "that this crime has happened very conveniently for the purposes of the Viscount de Commarin. No one else was interested in the death of the widow Lerouge."

"Oh, monsieur!" exclaimed Noël, and he protested energetically against admitting such a supposition for a moment, "what reasons could he have for such an act? I did not threaten him. On the contrary, we parted amicably."

"And he asked for time?"

"Yes. I proposed that we should go together to see the widow Lerouge, but he wished to see his father first, and I consented. I wished to arrange matters, and, above all, to avoid public scandal. It was my firm resolve not to have recourse to law to establish my rights. At the worst, I would have left Albert his title, but I should have insisted upon an allowance being made to Madame Gerdy and to myself."

The next who found his way into the magistrate's office was Père Tabaret, who detailed all the circumstances of the viscount's arrest, and, above all, the damning proofs which he had discovered in his rooms. But even more than with all these was Monsieur Daburon struck with the convicting words, "All is lost!" The amateur detective was followed by Count Commarin, who came in supported by two valets. He had been seized with a severe illness on hearing that the viscount had been arrested under so terrible a charge, and he had aged twenty years in a single night. The count, at the same time that he deplored the humiliation of his name and house, had made up his mind to drink of the cup of bitterness even to the dregs. He made no secret of his history before the magistrate—avowed that he had loved Valérie better than his wife, who had died of grief, and he admitted the substitution of the children, carried out, he said, through the instrumentality of a valet and the widow Lerouge. But the justice of God was upon him. He found in after times that Valérie was in the habit of secretly receiving the visits of a military man. From that time forth he never saw her again, and he was left in horrible doubts as to whether the son whom he had adopted was even his own. It was his intention, he said, to take Noël to his bosom, to grant him his rights, but at the same time he must say it was with the entire concurrence of Albert, who had from the first expressed his resolve to withdraw in favour of the legitimate heir to the title.

"The feelings expressed by the viscount are infinitely creditable to him," observed the magistrate; "but did he not say anything respecting the widow Lerouge?"

"Yes," replied the count; "he based his refusal to accede to my wishes

upon the fact that that woman's testimony rendered litigation with Noël useless and impossible."

The interrogation was interrupted at this point by the appearance of Noël himself, who came in with the letters which the magistrate had requested should be deposited in his hands. M. Daburon rose from his chair, and, taking the young barrister by the hand, presented him to the count. Father and son stood face to face for some moments, contemplating one another with mixed curiosity and mistrust.

"I am not strong," at length said the old man, rising. "You must, *my son*"—and he laid emphasis upon the words—"see me to my carriage."

The young barrister hastened to his assistance. His face beamed as he placed the old man's arm within his own. When they got to the carriage, "Get in," said the old man, laconically; and, driving away together to the count's hotel, Noël found himself in the lapse of a few minutes at home, and installed in the late viscount's place, whilst Albert was immured in a dungeon! He completed his conquest of the old man's affections by declaring that his first duty as a barrister would be to undertake the defence of his brother. And this done, he asked permission to return for the time being to Madame Gerdy, whom he had left in a condition wavering between life and death; and the count was so much affected by the incidents of the day that he would have accompanied his long-lost son to the bedside of the sick lady, but that the latter dissuaded him under the plea that his unexpected presence might entail fatal results in her present precarious condition.

Albert's examination by the judge of instruction was not productive of much that was satisfactory. That he had exclaimed, "All was lost!" when arrested, he attributed to the feeling he had that he would be convicted, because he alone had an interest in the woman's death. As to his smoking trabucos with a porte-cigare, the broken foil, the damaged trousers, the grey gloves, the fitting of his shoes, he argued that they were mere coincidences. But the most startling result of the interrogatory lay in the fact that he would not prove an *alibi*. He had been out the evening of the murder, it had rained, and he had an umbrella, but he would not say where he had been; he had walked along the streets, along the quays, but further he would not say. This extraordinary reticence, where a man's life and reputation depended upon his accounting for where he had been during the time the crime was committed, puzzled both M. Daburon and Père Tabaret. But the effect upon each was different. M. Daburon felt convinced of the guilt of the accused; Père Tabaret, on the contrary, declared at once that he must be innocent. The system adopted by the amateur detective was of that nature that, if a link was wanting in the chain, the whole circumstantial evidence broke to the ground. He proceeded by induction from the known to the unknown. He judged of the workman by the work. The murder had been committed by a cool, determined, clever man; such a man was not the person to omit the precaution of providing himself with so simple a resource as an *alibi* in case of detection. Albert could not therefore be the murderer, and so assured was Père Tabaret of his innocence, that he resolved upon at once throwing as much energy in his disculpation as he had before, unfortunately, exhibited in incriminating him.

Assistance to the cause came unexpectedly from a quarter where it

would never have been looked for. Mademoiselle d'Arlange made her appearance with her governess in the study of M. Daburon. The perturbation of the worthy magistrate at such an unanticipated visit may be imagined. It was no longer a bashful, timid girl that stood in the presence of her ancient admirer, but a courageous woman, animated in the defence of the man she loved. The chapter devoted by M. Gaboriau to the description of the scene that ensued between the magistrate endeavouring to convince Claire d'Arlange of the culpability of her intended, and her noble confiding reliance on his innocence is by far the best in the book. It was not, however, until M. Daburon began to detail one by one the circumstantial proofs of his convictions, and that he had arrived at the fact that Albert had gone out on the evening of Shrove-Tuesday—the evening of the murder—had wandered about, and would not say where, and had returned home, his trousers wet and dirty, and his gloves torn, that a gleam of glad surprise burst across that beautiful face, upon which doubt, defiance, and the agony of suspense had hitherto been alone depicted.

"Shrove-Tuesday!" she exclaimed; and she joined her hands in a prayer of thanks. "I told you he was not guilty. Why, Albert was with me all that evening!"

The explanation was clear. Albert had sought an interview that very evening with Claire to inform her of the possible change that might occur in his circumstances. But, owing to the opposition of the dowager-marchioness, the meeting had been a clandestine one. Albert had to get over the wet garden-wall, in doing which he had soiled his trousers and torn his gloves. That he had not avowed where he had spent the evening, became equally plain. It was to save the reputation of his intended. For a moment M. Daburon thought that Claire was prepared to save Albert at the expense not only of her reputation, but of her truthfulness. Claire rejected the insinuation with indignation and contempt. She told M. Daburon that he was not fit to be the judge of one who was his rival. Agents were despatched to the Hôtel d'Arlange to examine the walls. They deposed to the fact that there had been an escalade effected both before and after the rain. M. Daburon was reduced at last to the conviction that he had been hasty, that Père Tabaret might be in the right, and that, if an *alibi* could be proved, Albert de Commarin might, after all, be innocent.

But Claire d'Arlange did not content herself with the effect produced upon the magistrate; when she saw how much depended upon her testimony as to where Albert had spent the evening of Shrove-Tuesday, she went direct from the palace to the Hôtel Commarin, where she was not long in satisfying the old count, who was inwardly deeply attached to Albert, notwithstanding his supposed guilt and his recognition of the claims of Noël, of the possibility of his innocence. So excited did the old count become by the information which Claire conveyed to him of a clear *alibi*, that he determined to proceed at once with that young lady to the house of Madame Gerdy, where they should find Noël, and who, he said, would at once obtain Albert's release from prison. A carriage was ordered, and the two were driven to the Rue St. Lazare. Noël was absent, but the count insisted upon being shown up into Madame Gerdy's room. There were four persons in the apartment of the dying lady—the doctor, a priest, a sister of charity who acted as nurse, and a military



man. The latter seemed to be much annoyed at the intrusion of the count. To the inquiries made by the count as to the state of the patient, the doctor replied that it was not likely that she would survive the day. The count seemed for a moment as if weighed down by grief. To a subsequent question as to whether she enjoyed the use of her senses even at intervals, an equally unsatisfactory response was given. But when the count, impelled by the memory of the past, and by sympathy for one he had so long and so deeply loved, although he had so basely and so grievously wronged her, approached the bedside and took her by the hand, it seemed as if she were roused by a galvanic shock; she rose up in her bed, and exclaimed,

“Guy! it is Guy!”

An almost celestial joy seemed to lighten up her features, and her senses once more returned to her for a moment, like the flickering of a dying lamp. She had time, however, to express the pleasure she felt at seeing the count before she died. He had never given her a chance of an explanation, now she could give it. The military man who visited her was her own brother—the same who was now present by her bedside. She had never been unfaithful to him. At this moment Noël made his appearance in the room. The moribund looked sternly at him for a moment, and then apostrophising him with terrible emphasis as an assassin, she fell back in the bed and expired. The grief of the count was as deep as it was unfeigned. He would have given worlds that she had lived only another hour that he might have obtained forgiveness for his unjust suspicions, but it was not destined to be so. He had killed his wife by his neglect; he had now killed his mistress by his injustice. The hour of expiation had come.

The detective, Gévrol, had, in the mean time, succeeded in finding the mariner with the large earrings at Rouen. The personage in question turned out to be Marie Pierre Lerouge, the husband of the supposed widow. Brought up to Paris and subjected to close examination by M. Daburon, it appeared that he had been separated from his wife on account of her bad habits, but that he visited her occasionally. He was perfectly acquainted with the history of the substitution of the children of Count Commarin, but the most extraordinary point eliminated from his cross-examination was that the supposed substitution had, in reality, never taken place. Madame Gerdy had bribed Madame Lerouge more extensively than even the count had done to carry out a double subterfuge—to, in fact, induce the count to believe that Albert was his natural son, while he was, in reality, his legitimate offspring, and to allow her to retain her own son, Noël Gerdy.

When M. Daburon and Père Tabaret became aware of this state of things, it at once struck them both that Madame Gerdy would have informed Noël, upon his discovering the count's letters, that they had no reference to him, that the substitution had never taken place, and that he was really her son. It was equally clear, then, that it was Noël who had assassinated the supposed widow in order that she might not confess that the substitution had not taken place, and he had burnt the letters and papers which would have borne evidence against his claims. Père Tabaret exclaimed, in agony:

“It must be him, my son, my heir—it is Noël.”

M. Daburon acquiesced that it must be so, and added, that the young



barrister must be at once arrested. But the count had been present at the examination of the mariner Lerouge, and he hastened off to his hotel, where the pretender was installed. Confronting him at once, he ejaculated :

“ Miserable man ! you knew that you were the son of Madame Gerdy ; you have killed her, you have killed Madame Lerouge, and you have sought to make the guilt fall upon the innocent. Before your mother died she proclaimed you to be an assassin ! You will be arrested ; but you are still my son, and I will give you a chance—here is a pistol.”

But criminals are mostly cowards : Noël refused the alternative. He admitted his guilt—there was no possibility of disavowing it—but he would not destroy himself, he said, until all chances of escape were lost. So saying, and having obtained money from the count to facilitate his escape, the wretched man took his departure. It can be easily imagined the direction that his steps took. It was to the head-quarters of all his crimes, to the fountain-head whence, one after another, all his difficulties had arisen, all his misfortunes had emanated—the house of the heartless siren, Juliette. But the mercenary creature did not show herself so utterly heartless on the occasion as might have been expected. Her unprincipled and ill-regulated mind was rather tickled by the fancy that her lover had committed murder for her sake than hurt or dismayed, and she actually consented to fly the country with him. The project was, however, dispelled almost as soon as it was entertained by the entrance of the police. They, at least, were not unacquainted with the irregular habits of the supposed spotless young barrister, and they knew where to lay their hands upon him when the necessities of the case should render such a proceeding necessary. When Noël found that further escape was impossible, and that he had been tracked to his last lair, then alone he took out a revolver, and leaning against the mantelpiece, he discharged the contents into his breast. At the head of the officers who made their appearance in the room at the same moment was Père Tabaret. The dying man lifted his head for a moment, and apostrophised him :

“ Well, old father,” he said, “ so you play the part of an amateur detective, do you ? There is great fun in detecting oneself one’s own friends. I wish you joy of it. I have had a fine game to play, but with three women in it one always loses.”

A few moments more and the criminal was beyond the reach of human justice. Albert was set at liberty the same day, and a few months afterwards the dowager-marchioness was heard relating to her friends how her granddaughter Claire had wedded the Viscount de Commarin, down in Normandy, without either drums or trumpets. The noise of the sad error of which he had been the victim rendered it desirable that all should be conducted in as quiet a manner as possible. As to Monsieur Daburon, he resigned his position as judge of instruction, and withdrew into Poitou. Père Tabaret also gave up the vain pursuit of criminals. He had believed in the infallibility of human justice, and his belief had not merely undergone a severe shock ; nothing remained to him but the sense of the possibility of judicial errors in all matters.

## HAMPDEN AND CHALGROVE FIELD.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

FULL gaily rode the Cavaliers on that disastrous day,  
 With bounding blood and joyous hearts all eager for the fray;  
 For sweet success had crown'd their arms, with an unwonted tide,  
 E'er since Prince Rupert, son of fire, became their welcome guide—  
 And well they loved that daring youth, proud scion of their king,  
 Whose soul was bold and fearless as a bird upon the wing.

Now as they came to Chalgrove Field, brave Rupert made a stand,  
 The trumpets sounded and the troops flock'd towards him in a band:  
 Then stretch'd he forth his mail'd hand and lifted high his voice,  
 And cried, "' My father and my country' be each gallant soldier's choice!"  
 So every warrior drew his sword, and shook the blade on high,  
 And gave the word by which he fought, and was prepared to die!

In grim array before them lay the foe upon the field,  
 With looks that told of giant hearts that knew not how to yield—  
 And in old England's palmiest days, what patriots could eclipse  
 The grand, the simple Puritans, with guileless hearts and lips?  
 With Hampden for their leader, then, or vict'ry or the grave,  
 They stood a rock to break the roll of tyranny's wild wave.

"God and our country!" was the oath that bound their valiant souls;  
 "And if I fall," the leader cried, "'tis only one that falls;  
 Stay not to mourn for me, I pray, nor lose the combat's prime,  
 But give to England liberty, or win a death sublime!"  
 With that he spurr'd his horse, and charged the thickest of the foe,  
 And with his comrades by his side dealt many a sturdy blow.

The fight wax'd fierce; the Roundhead pray'd, the Cavalier rush'd on,  
 Impetuous and liou-like, amidst the battle-dun;  
 But oh! a thousand sorrows be upon that dreadful day,  
 That saw the first of English hearts sink downward in the clay—  
 The great and glorious captain from the cruel bullet reel'd,  
 And bending o'er his horse's neck drave listless round the field.

And as they bore him from the scene he turn'd aside his face,  
 For hard, hard by he saw the dear, the well-nigh worshipp'd place  
 Where lovers' tears had oft been shed, and by affection dried—  
 Where, full of youthful love and pride, he went to claim his bride—  
 And bursting yet again the flood pent up within his breast,  
 He wept till ev'ry man was moved, and ev'ry heart distress'd.

The crown-men saw him led away, and raised a joyful cry,  
 Whilst like a mountain avalanche, that darkens earth and sky,

Right down upon the cheerless band they bore with thund'ring haste,  
 And, breaking up their wav'ring line, laid all their pow'rs in waste;  
 Then each man hew'd and hack'd, and cut his adversary down,  
 And madly goading on his horse, escaped to Oxford town.

All fainting from the loss of blood, the patriot came to Thame,  
 Weak as a babe from suff'ring, but his manly heart the same;  
 And on a couch reclining, all his wounds were quickly dress'd,  
 Then, like the sun at eventide, he calmly sank to rest;  
 But round him a right trusty few their faithful vigils kept,  
 Who mark'd each change with sorrowing gaze, and for their hero wept.

Anon the bands of sleep were loosed—the sleeper roused his soul,  
 And soon a heav'n-caught smile beam'd forth upon the watchers all;  
 O well he loved them, and their cause was dear to him as life,  
 For he it was who threw the brand that first provoked the strife!—  
 He turn'd him to the lattice, and beheld the meadows fair,  
 The glorious homes of Britain, too, and thus brake out in prayer:

“O God, who art the Father of this fatherland of ours,  
 Whose might can scatter armies, and whose breath dissolve their tow'rs—  
 Thou who canst crush the crowns of kings, and bring to naught the strong,  
 Who wilt not from Thine awful throne behold and suffer wrong—  
 To Thee we cry, ‘Come forth! come forth! avenge Thine own elect,  
 Let not the Stuart on our shores bear his proud head erect!’

“My country, O my country, the goodliest land to me,  
 That blooms beneath the sunny blue, from sea to utmost sea;  
 I loved thee as a youth doth love the maiden at his side,  
 And in my heart have cherish'd thee as fondly as a bride:—  
 But now I leave thee, for I see and grasp a hand divine!  
 Lord Jesus, from this land I come, that thou mayst give me Thine!”

And thus he died, that godly man, who fear'd no earthly ill,  
 And God took up his loving soul—it reigneth with Him still;  
 He felt him nothing with his Christ, but equal with his king,  
 He fought to death for righteousness, and spurn'd the unjust thing;  
 And when he fell, though Britain reel'd and shudder'd at his loss,  
 A patriot's noble death speaks louder than his living voice.

O Hampden! round thy memory our pure affections twine,  
 We feel our lives ennobled when we hap to think of thine;  
 May Heav'n preserve a race like thee, that shall nor fail nor faint,  
 Each man a patriot in his soul, and in his life a saint,—  
 Then with such mighty bulwarks blest, our England long shall be  
 The sovereign boast of all the world, the glory of the free!

## THROUGH DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL TO THE SCILLY ISLES.

### PART I.

“THE absolute resignation of one’s person to the luxury of a carriage forbodes a very short interval between that and the vehicle which is to convey us to our last stage.” So wrote, scarcely a century ago, that learned naturalist, antiquary, and traveller, Thomas Pennant, who, whether from a dread of hastening the arrival of that last vehicle or from a taste for riding, performed all his various journeys on horseback, instead of availing himself of the coaches, which in his day carried their passengers by slow and easy stages to their destinations. Whether, had he lived in our times, his superstitious fears would have made him refuse the comfort and speed of a railway carriage may be questioned. Doubtless the old traveller, as he plodded on, turning ever and anon from the straight road, and wandering along lanes that carried him pleasantly between their flowery hedges to the village inn, where he and his tired steed would find a resting-place for the night, or climbing in the early morning the hill-side to catch the sun’s first rays before they shone on the valleys beneath, would see many a view and discover many a beauty lost to those who now rush from station to station without diverging from the iron line that guides them on their journey; but still, when the time to be spent in travelling is limited, it is matter for rejoicing that distances which in Pennant’s time and by his mode of journeying would have taken some weeks, and which at the same period kept travellers by the coach four days on the road, may now be accomplished in little more than as many hours. The express train from Paddington starts at a quarter before twelve, and reaches Exeter at a quarter past four; in 1720, the coach from London to Exeter started at three in the morning, stopped at ten to dine, and at three in the afternoon was drawn into an inn-yard to rest for the night. It travelled at the rate of four miles and a half an hour, and, “Providence permitting,” reached Exeter on the afternoon of the fourth day!

Bound for Devonshire, Cornwall, and the Scilly Isles, we made Taunton our first resting-place, and arrived there in time to establish ourselves in the pretty and comfortable railway inn, which is close to the station, before the clock struck four, and the tuneful bells of the church of St. Mary Magdalene rang out their responsive chimes. Against the northern wall of this church

stands the figure of a man attired as a citizen of Elizabeth's reign, and beneath him is the following epitaph:

Consecrated to the blessed Memory of ROBERT GRAYE, Esquire and Founder.

Taunton bore him,	London bred him;
Piety trained him,	Virtue led him;
Earth enriched him,	Heaven caressed him;
Taunton loved him,	London blessed him.
This thankful town,	That mindful city,
Share his piety	And his pity;
What he gave,	And how he gave it,
Ask the poor,	And you shall have it.
Gentle reader,	Heaven may strike
Thy tender heart	To do the like.
Now thine eyes	Have read the story,
Give him praise,	And Heaven the glory.

Ætatis suæ 63. A.D. 1655.

He to whom these words of praise are awarded was a poor boy, who, early in the seventeenth century, left Taunton with fourpence in his pocket, journeyed to London on foot, got work there among the Spitalfields weavers, gradually amassed wealth, became Lord Mayor, bestowed much money in charity in London, but returned towards the close of his life to his native town, and spent the remainder of his fortune in building and endowing almshouses, and otherwise aiding the poor of Taunton. Graye's example of building almshouses appears to have been followed by many; for Taunton is full of old-fashioned buildings dedicated to the reception of the aged poor, bearing over their gateways the arms and inscriptions of their noble founders, who probably in the early days of the Reformation, when the prestige attached to the masses for the dead had scarcely passed away, changed their former mode of purchasing forgiveness and salvation, and, instead of hoping to condone their punishment by filling the coffers of the popish priests, devoted their wealth to a posthumous provision for the sick and needy.

From Taunton the line runs beneath the heights of the Black Downs into Devonshire; on the top of the downs stands the Wellington monument, an ugly stone pillar erected to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo; at their base flows, "with a slow and still current," the river Culme, fertilising the land, and giving names to many towns and villages that have risen on its banks. The whole drive to Exeter is through a rich and fertile country; valleys lie in green tranquillity beneath the grand mountain ridges that overshadow them, pretty thatched cottages nestle in the deep coombs, and around them sparkle tiny rivulets singing their quiet tunes as they run towards the river Culme, she, receiving them into her cold bosom, carries them along with her to mingle with the Exe, which, aided by these tributaries,

has at Exeter grown important enough to be worthy to wash the feet of the beautiful city, built upon "a hill among hills" at its western side.

To describe Exeter—to speak of the cathedral, its Norman towers, its western entrance guarded by a rich assemblage of kings and saints, warriors and angels, now, alas! crumbling into confusion—to tell of the old font within its walls, in which the first infant christened is said to have been the fair, gay Princess Henrietta, who was born at Exeter in 1644, while her kingly father regained for a short period the city from the hands of the parliament—to describe the far older clock in the north transept, and to draw attention to the monuments, the brasses, and the unadorned slabs that lie beneath the graceful roof of the nave—to counsel a walk from the cathedral to the richly wooded hill on which stand the ruins of old Rougemont Castle, or a stop in the High-street for a passing glance at the old Guildhall, or to advise an inspection of the handsome shops and well-filled market, would, in these days of railroad and of Murray, be but a useless task. We will leave the fair Queen of the West to other chroniclers, and start at once by train for Teignmouth, following for more than ten miles the course of the Exe, which, now joined by the Clyst and other tributaries, has grown into a fine wide river. Its shores, save where the railways have thrust their useful but unpicturesque works, are richly wooded to the water's edge, and several pretty villages and country-houses are passed on the road. One of the most striking objects is Powderham Castle, with its high prospect tower and its woods of fine old oaks stretching down to the very brink of the estuary; the merry waves of the rising tide run up the broad bright sands and almost play amid the roots of the ancient trees, while the high ridge of the Haldon Hills forms a background to this beautiful picture. Nearly opposite to Powderham is Exmouth, standing on a high cliff which rises abruptly from the sandy estuary of the Exe; passing this, the line crosses a sandy track called the Warren, and runs along a cutting in the Langstone Cliff to the sea-shore, upon which it continues all the way to Teignmouth, piercing by several tunnels the headlands, and keeping close beneath the curiously abraded walls of red sandstone, which rise sometimes to a height of two hundred feet along the coast. Passing Dawlish, which is built in a pretty cove between the projecting rocks of Langstone on the east and those called the Parson and Clerk on the west, the line runs another three miles to Teignmouth; a low wall protects it from the wash of the tide, but does not intercept the fine wide view of the sea.

Stopping but two days in Teignmouth to enjoy a bath on its soft sandy beach, and to take a walk along the Den and thence by

the railway terrace to the picturesque Smuggler's-lane, we start again by train for Torquay. Passing near the long bridge which connects Teignmouth with the village of Shaldon, a view of the bold red promontory of the Ness is gained; the line then leaves the sea, and runs along the bank of the river Teign, through a fertile and romantic country, to Newton. At Newton begin the series of anecdotes relating to the arrival of William of Orange in England, which, giving an historic interest to so many spots in the neighbourhood of Torbay, culminate on the pier at Brixham. On a stone still preserved in one of the streets of Newton he, whose banner bore the noble inscription of "God and the Protestant Religion," stood while he read his first declaration, and announced his determination, "God helping him," to defend with his life's blood and maintain in England that pure form of religion about to be wrested from us by the popish James. A little way from the station at Newton is an ancient house, built in the reign of James I., called Ford House; here William slept in a room which, though the house has been much altered and repaired, is yet shown as the king's lodging, on his road to Exeter. In less than half an hour from Newton the steep cliffs of Torquay come into view, and soon the whole lovely panorama of the town and bay is seen. Napoleon, whose vessel as it bore him a captive from England was anchored for a while in Torbay, is said to have likened it to a beautiful port in the Island of Elba; to us it brought back some of the exquisite views on the Bosphorus, but it requires no comparison with other scenes to prove its own great beauty. From its soft blue waters rise, on its northern and southern sides, the limestone cliffs, which terminate in the promontories of Hope's Nose and Berry Head. Beneath the cliffs are rounded hills, sloping down close to the beach, and dotted over with houses and trees. Torquay is built at its northern angle in a bay between two valleys, and rises in beautiful terraces up the side of the cliff.

About two miles from Torquay is the pretty village of Cockington; its manor-house, called Cockington Court, is approached by a most picturesque ivy-grown gateway. The house, part of which dates back to the sixteenth century, possesses no great architectural beauty. It is situated in a park full of magnificent trees, and close to it stands the little village church, bearing the same early date as the court, and containing a curious old font and pulpit. But the principal reason for going to Cockington is that in its neighbourhood may be found in perfection some of the far-famed lanes of Devonshire. In no part of the county did we find reason better to appreciate the well-known lines of Marriott than here. His description of these narrow, unbroken, flower-entangled passes is so good, that we are tempted to quote him rather than

attempt a picture less true, perhaps, and certainly less poetic, than his :

In the first place 'tis long, and when once you are in it,  
 It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;  
 For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,  
 Drive forward you must, there's no turning round.  
 But though 'tis so long, it's not very wide,  
 For two are the most that together can ride;  
 And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,  
 And jostle and cross and run foul of each other.  
 Then the banks are so high to the left hand and right,  
 That they shut out the beauties around them from sight;  
 These banks, though within which we closely are pent,  
 With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;  
 In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,  
 And ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose.

A short railway journey conveyed us from Torquay to Brixham, and a walk through two or three streets of low, ancient-looking houses brought us to the pier. We arrived at a fortunate moment, for a fleet of trawlers had just entered the harbour, and the quay was already strewed with the produce of their nets. Women were acting as auctioneers, holding in their hands a stone to drop when satisfied with the offer of the highest bidder for the heaps of fish that lay around them; others were assisting their husbands, the "lords of the quay," in packing huge baskets for the different markets to which they were to be forwarded. All was bustle and activity, and all seemed happy, except the fish, which lay flapping their moist tails and languidly opening their gills in the last efforts of expiring life. A few steps from the fish sale took us to the pillar erected on the pier to commemorate the landing of William. It stands on the stone on which he is said to have set his foot as he stepped from the boat, after his tempestuous voyage from Helvoetsluys, on the 5th of November, 1688.

From Lower to Higher Brixham is a walk of about a mile and a half along a gradually ascending valley, between ranges of hills, through the openings of which on one side many a view of the blue waters of Torbay is gained. The church, which stands quite on the top of the ascent, has a fine square tower upwards of a hundred feet high, and a large churchyard full of curiously worded epitaphs; this churchyard was enlarged at the time that the cholera—about ten years ago—raged in Brixham. The old sexton, who met us at the gate, spoke with great satisfaction of the extra room that was then given to the dead. "They've all got their own places now," said the old man, as he tottered about among the graves. "I've been thirty-eight years sexton here, and I've seen the place so full I didn't know what corner the next was to go to; but they've all got their own places, and room enough now."



Passing, without paying them a visit, the caverns said to contain fossil remains of tigers and other wild animals, we continued our walk, till three miles and a half more brought us to the old town of Kingswear, whence the ferry-boat conveyed us to the steamer, about to start from Dartmouth to Totnes. The harbour, with its view of the old churches and castles of Kingswear and Dartmouth, the latter situated at the extreme point of a promontory jutting into the water, and washed by the waves of the British Channel at high tide, its surrounding hills rising steeply to a great height, and enclosing it into the semblance of an inland lake, forms the first of a series of lovely views that are passed as the steamer glides gently along the river Dart to the quaint old town of Totnes.

There is much to be seen in Totnes. It has the ruined keep of a castle said to have been built in the time of the Conqueror, a fine old red sandstone church, with a handsome stone rood-screen; several ancient slate-fronted houses with picturesque gables and piazzas, in the High-street; and it possesses a most comfortable old-fashioned hotel, with a large garden full of sweet flowers, and commanding charming views of the river that runs close beneath it. Fishing may be enjoyed by those who like it in the river Dart, and there are pretty walks in all directions; one of these is to the ruins of Berry Pomeroy Castle, about three miles from Totnes.

Under the pleasant guidance of an intelligent Sunday-school maiden, I turned off the high road into lanes leading to the pretty village of Berry Pomeroy. At a cottage near the church we stopped for the key. The sexton was not at home, but his hazel-eyed wife, with a fat baby in her arms, and a little toddling girl holding on to her skirts, accompanied us to the churchyard, which is curiously entered at each end by a flight of steps, ending in a stile, over which rises a high ivy-covered archway. The church has a picturesque porch at its south end, and contains one of the painted rood-screens generally found in this part of Devonshire. It has also a curious monument to Sir Edward Seymour, the grandson of the "Protector" Somerset, with his wife and eleven children. One of them, represented as a baby in its cradle, seemed an object of much interest to the pretty sexton's wife; she looked first at the poor little stone effigy and then at her own sweet child, which cooed its baby song as it nestled closer to her bosom. "Bless his heart, he's not much like that poor thing, is he, ma'am?" she said.

Passing on through the village, we saw signs, in fragments of ivy-covered walls stretching across the fields, of the extent of the ancient manor of Pomeroy, on which the first castle is said to have been built by a certain Ralph de Pomeroy, in the time of William

the Conqueror. About half a mile more brought us to a lodge at the entrance of a wood; the key to open its gate was easily obtained, and a winding path beneath magnificent trees, inhabited by innumerable and most noisy rooks, led us to the great gateway of the ruined castle. Like most others of these ruins, Berry Pomeroy has its grass-grown courts, its mossy walls, and broken steps leading to the top of crumbling towers; it has, too, its legends. A view of a shelving precipice on one side brings forth the story of two young brothers of the Pomeroy family, who, when their old castle was taken from them in the time of our sixth Edward, and given to the Seymour family, rather than see it pass into the hands of strangers, mounted their chargers, rode them to the edge of the precipice, leaped into the valley below, and perished in the fall. A circular tower, rising above some broken steps that lead into a dismal vault, is called Margaret's Tower, and the tale still runs that on certain evenings in the year of Pomeroy, appears clad in white on these steps, and beckoning to the passers-by, lures them to destruction by a fall into the dungeon ruin beneath them.

But to me the prettiest superstition of the place was that of the "wishing-tree." My little guide had chatted merrily during all our walk, and had especially amused me with her lively account of a school treat that had taken place amid these ruins in the previous summer. Tea and cakes had been taken, and the water, obtained at the lodge, had been made to boil over a fire of wood collected by the happy children; "and then," continued little Annie, "we all went to wish at the 'wishing-tree.' And here it is, ma'am," she added, laughing, as she stopped at the foot of a lofty wide-spreading beech; "your wish will be sure to come true if you whisper it softly against the tree."

"What did you wish, Annie?" I inquired.

"Please, ma'am, I wished we might be as happy next treat-day," was her simple answer to my question.

Onward again from Totnes to Plymouth the rail carried us beneath the high castle keep, past cottages with their thatched roofs thickly whitewashed to preserve them from the fiery showers of the flying train, to the Brent station in the Dartmoor region. Here for many miles the view on each side was of bleak heights and rocky tors; then the scene changed as we entered the Kingsbridge-road station; a lofty viaduct bore us over the valley of the Erme; the western Beacon rose on our right, and beneath it lay a wide-spreading landscape of deep broad vales, with distant glimpses of the sea beyond; then a moment's pause ere we passed the wondrous viaduct at Ivy Bridge gave us a view of this marvellous roadway; the white granite pillars that support it are of such slender

proportions and of such a height, rising a hundred and fifteen feet from the valley, that the whole structure looks more like the "fabrie of a dream," to be puffed away before the wind, than a solid piece of masonry over which train after train can daily pass in perfect safety. The valley it spans is amongst the most lovely in Devonshire; the river Erme, which had been running with us since we left Kingsbridge, here becomes quite a ruffled splashing stream as it makes its way through great boulders of granite, and leaps impetuously over all that obstructs its course to the sea. We could trace it from our airy height, winding through the richly wooded glen in which is found the old bridge mantled with ivy that has given its name to the district. From Ivy Bridge, through several tunnels and over more viaducts, we were carried to the pretty station of Plympton St. Mary; thence, in time to gain a sunset view of its beautiful waters, we reached the *Laira*, or estuary of the Plym, bounded by the dark rich woods of Saltram Park, and crossing the head of the estuary, we entered by a deep cutting and through a tunnel the suburbs, in the midst of which the line runs to its terminus in the town of Plymouth.

Evening had closed in before we started from the station to the hotel. We drove through streets of handsome, brightly lighted shops, amid a bustling, noisy population, to our destination; and, having passed a night in sad contrast to the quiet we had enjoyed at Totnes, we started the next morning to explore this, the eldest of the three sister-towns of Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport. From Leland, who in the seventeenth century described Plymouth as having existed in the time of Henry II., "but only as a mere thing, an inhabitation of fishers," down to Murray, who tells of all the present glories of its dockyard, its public buildings, its citadel, and ramparts, Plymouth has been the scene of so many of the great events in the history of our country, that there is scarcely a portion of it which has not the interest of tradition and association added to its other claims upon the attention. But, like Exeter, Plymouth, with its beautiful Hoe, its wonderful barrier against the ocean storms in Rennie's breakwater, its fine roadstead of the Sound, where, an old writer tells us, "the land shrinketh back to give way for the ocean's entertainment of Tamar, which cometh galloping to meet her, almost from the Severn Sea"—its reservoirs, into which run the leets from Dartmoor with which Sir Francis Drake provided the townspeople with water, the stream, according to the old story, "following his horse's heels into the town," must be left with but a passing mention, while we turn a little way from our journey into Cornwall to cross the smooth waters of the Sound, and, passing Drake's Island, land on the beautiful grounds of Mount Edgeumbe. A long avenue of fine trees gradually ascends to the

summit of the park, whence the views of Plymouth town and harbour are really exquisite; creeping down from this by what are called the "zig-zag walks," the breakwater appears to lie almost close beneath one's feet, while beyond it spreads the unbounded expanse of ocean; turning from these wilder portions of the park, a gate leads into a succession of charming gardens, Italian, French, and English, each bearing in high perfection the distinguishing marks of the different styles they are intended to represent; above the gardens stands the house, looking over their bright colours on the landscape beyond, a castellated building of Queen Mary's time, fit to receive the royal visitors who have so lately graced its halls, for, as says old Fuller, "they yield a stately sound as one entereth."

And now the rail running by the estuary of the Tamar, and giving fine views of its wooded banks, and of the old "wooden walls" of England anchored in numbers on its waters, and laid up in ordinary, crosses into Cornwall by that great marvel of engineering skill, the suspension-bridge at Saltash. Two thousand one hundred and ninety feet long, and of a height sufficient at high water to allow a line-of-battle ship to pass beneath it, this mighty viaduct is, indeed, a grand entrance to the last of England's western counties. A curve in the railroad gave us an excellent view of the bridge after we had crossed it, and showed us also the curious old town of Saltash, climbing up the cliffs that rise abruptly from the side of the Tamar, and looking gay and bright as the sun shone on the windows of its variously coloured houses. It is inhabited almost entirely by fishermen and fisherwomen, the latter being the more celebrated of the two; they are most skilful rowers, and often contend for and win the prizes at the different regattas in the neighbourhood. Crossing the Lynher, or St. Germans river, by a viaduct, and gaining a view as we passed of the ruins of Trematon Castle, we reached just before dusk the St. German station. Here we left the train, and having with some difficulty obtained the services of a lame man with a donkey-cart to convey our luggage, we started on foot for the inn. Though nearly dark by this time, we could not well lose our way, for the village consisted of but one long street, the houses raised on high banks above the roadway. Passing the lifeless remains of a gigantic tree encircled by the seat

For talking age and whispering lovers made,

we reached the door of the pretty village inn, expecting to find that the lame carrier of our luggage had arrived there before us; but not a sign was there of the donkey-cart or its driver. We waited a while, endeavouring to discover the reason of the non-arrival of our luggage. "Could the man have taken a wrong

road? No, for there was no other road to take." All doubts of his honesty were soothed by the assurance that "Lame Jim" was as honest as the day, but no one seemed able to solve the difficulty, until at last one of those who had gathered round us exclaimed, "You may trust him; it's he as always takes the luggage up for the gentry to Port Eliot when they comes to visit my lord." This was clue enough; the missing Jim was speedily sought for and found within the gates of Port Eliot, on his road to the house in which he had paid us the compliment of believing we were about to become guests. The next morning, a kind and courteous invitation from Lord St. Germans to lunch with him and see the pictures and curiosities of Port Eliot was gladly accepted, and two pleasant hours were spent within the beautiful house that has risen on the site, and still retains portions, of the old priory. Among the pictures are some of the earliest of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and of these perhaps the most interesting is that of a daughter of Secretary Scraggs, who married her first husband at the age of thirteen, became a widow and remained one for one-and-twenty years, then married into the Eliot family, and was the mother of the gallant General Eliot, the first Lord of St. Germans.

Here, too, are two portraits of the celebrated Sir John Eliot, one painted when a very young man, the other but a few days before he died in the Tower. His friend Hampden has his portrait near him, and several others whose names are known in those sad times of England's history. Within the grounds of Port Eliot stands the fine old church of St. Germans, with its two ivy-covered towers, dating back to the time of Athelstane, and having been the cathedral of the see as long as Cornwall boasted a bishop of her own. Leaving St. Germans, we drove about nine miles along a road with varied views of upland and valley, river and lake, towing-path and tramway, to the old and picturesque town of Looe, or rather to the towns of East and West Looe, for the river divides them; and a modern bridge, which has replaced an ancient one of quaint and singular structure, is the means of communication between them. Kind friends made a most pleasant home for us during a week at Looe, and we had, therefore, plenty of opportunity of becoming acquainted with this curious and primitive place. The first view of it is charming; the houses are a mixture of Swiss, Italian, and English cottages, with overhanging roofs and staircases outside, not built in streets of straight lines, but jutting in and out, some raised by a sharp ascent many feet above the others in a confused but picturesque jumble; above the cottages, built on slopes, and surrounded by gardens in which grow, fearless of frost, myrtles, fuchsias, and other flowers, are the better class of houses; and above them,

again, rise soft green hills; through the midst runs the river, now crossed by a handsome stone bridge, and bordered by substantial quays; beyond this jut out two high rocky ridges, between which the river speeds until she loses herself in the bright blue waters of the British Channel. We will walk across the bridge from West to East Looe, passing on our way to it the little church of St. Nicholas, but lately rescued from the desecration of being used as a town-hall and even as a theatre for strolling players, and now restored to its own holy use, and neatly fitted up for divine service; passing, too, the circular stone building dignified by the name of "market," and filled once a week with joints of meat, dealt out by garrulous women and watched over by hungry-looking dogs whose honesty must often be sorely tried by the tempting morsels around them, and so on to the quay, which on the western side is thronged with sailors and fishermen, whose boats are moored along its walls. On the eastern side the scene is different; here, piled up in grey sandy-looking heaps, lie tons of lead and copper ore brought by tramways from the Caradon and other mines, and ready to be shipped on board the boats that lie waiting to receive them. From the quay, through narrow streets, with steps up and steps down to reach their constantly varying level, we go to see another source of Cornish wealth, and, entering a square wooden building with a large hole in the middle of the floor, find ourselves enclosed by walls of fish: in banks of five feet high, packed closely between layers of rough dark salt, lie thousands of pilchards; oozing from these piles are streams of dunnish-yellow oil and salt, which find their way into the hole in the floor, and form no mean portion of the gains derived from the pilchards; these, after lying "in bulk," as it is called, about six weeks, are drawn from their beds of salt, carefully washed in salt water, and packed in hogsheads for exportation; the salt is then gathered together and used as manure. If we would see more of the pilchard than the nose or tail, which alone peeps from the salt-bank in which they lie, we have but to pay a visit to any of the Looe cottages; in them the tidy, good-natured housewife is sure to have a dish of pilchards ready to be boiled, or broiled, or baked, as "the case may be," and she is equally certain to be pleased by a request to taste the little herring-like fish which forms so large an item of her daily fare.

Leaving the streets and following the line of the quay, we find ourselves in an open space on the beach, from one side of which rises a pile of high jagged rocks. Up these, along a rugged pathway, we reach in time a coast-guard station, and from thence obtain a distant misty view of Eddystone Lighthouse, and a nearer one of Looe Island, a green eminence about a mile out at sea, to which many a pie-nic party in calm summer weather is directed,

but which we were unable to reach; for, during all our stay at Looe, there was, to use the words of the careful sailor whose boat we would have engaged, "a raishing round the Ramee," which rendered a visit to the island dangerous. The Ramee, a headland to the east of Looe, seems to act as a kind of storm barometer to the people here. If the white sand at its foot is frothed over by the still whiter foam of the waves, the Loocites seem little inclined to venture beyond the protection of their own headlands; if the Ramee sands are dry, the Looe boatmen are quite ready for an excursion to the island or elsewhere. One more trip from Looe before we quit the quaint old place. We will take boat with no rowers save the young son and daughter of our host, and, propelled by oars in childish hands, glide softly past the pretty cottage and grounds of Polvellon, along the western river, between lofty shelving banks, clothed in richest verdure to the water's edge, whence dart in their wild flight innumerable kingfishers, and, landing on its right bank, pay a visit to the old house of Trelawne, said to have been originally built in the time of Henry VI., and containing a chapel and sundry rooms of early date, with finely carved ceilings. In the gallery are several pictures by Sir Godfrey Kneller. Among them a portrait of Queen Elizabeth when a girl, and one of the Bishop Trelawney, who, with his six episcopal brethren, suffered incarceration and gained a glorious verdict in the time of James II.

From Looe a carriage drive through lanes, whose high banks and rutty roads have a very sisterly likeness to those of Devonshire, took us to another fishing town, called Polperro, known to and mentioned by Leland as a "fishar townc with a peere"—a description that its present aspect need but slightly alter; for, although it boasts a few houses of higher grade, almost the whole village is composed of fishermen's huts, built on the ledges of a rocky inlet from the sea. The men all look like sailors or fishermen, and their wives, though doubtless mindful also of their household cares, appear to spend the greater portion of their time outside their cottage doors, knitting blue "jerseys" for their lords. Scarcely a woman did we meet who had not a garment of this kind in various stages of progress hanging on her knitting-pins. Passing through the narrow dirty streets on our way to the cliff, we reached quite a novel kind of barrier; something very like a huge stone gridiron lay before us. Stepping over the bars of granite of which it was formed, we crossed for the first time a Cornish stile, truly a great improvement upon the stiles of other parts of England, stopping effectually the passage of quadrupeds, but exhibiting no ankles, squeezing no crinolines, nor throwing any impediment in the way of human pedestrians.

As we stopped to look at the stile, a man with bare head, and

in the blue jersey of a fisherman, ran fleetly past us. In a few moments others, whom he had in his eager haste outstripped, followed in his track. From them we learned that a little boy, the nephew of the first man, had fallen over the cliff, a height of a hundred and fifty feet. Gradually, and while we stood, the news of the accident spread through the little town in quick succession; another and another followed, till the whole population, man, woman, and child, came up the hill-side and crowded the cliff, beneath which the waves threw up their wild white spray. "My boy, my boy! and his father out at sea!" We could not but follow, as the poor mother, crying thus, passed towards the place whence her child had fallen. She could not reach it. Ere she had gone many yards she stopped, clinging to a rock, her eyes straining after those who still ran on, but unable from her overwhelming feelings to follow them. Presently the cry, "Not dead!" was heard; then the mother started onward. The man who had first passed us was seen returning, bearing gently in his arms a little motionless figure, whose face was covered with a cloth. "Not dead, but with broken limbs," was the reply to our questions. Little Jimmy had gone blackberry-gathering, had overbalanced himself, and had fallen over the cliff, but had been stopped ere he reached the bottom by the bushes that grew from the ledges on its sides. We heard a few days after that his arm and leg were broken, but he was doing well; so that the accident, which threatened to make the memory of our visit to Polperro a melancholy one, ended far less sadly than we feared it would.

From Looe, again, we started one morning to see the Cheese-wring and Hurler stones. Driving for nine miles along the high-banked Cornish lanes, we reached the dull deserted streets of Liskeard; thence, without stopping, to visit the two wells, rich in poetic tradition, of St. Cleer and St. Keyne, we continued our way, shut in for the most part by hedges rich and luxuriant in ferns and brightly coloured wild flowers, but every now and then gaining a peep of fields bordered by small thickly-leaved trees, amid which stood sturdy little granite cottages, until a sudden turn in the road opened a new view, and showed us in all its bareness the wide-spreading prospect of a Cornish moor. Save that huge boulders of rock, with delicate lilac heath creeping up among them, lay scattered on every side, and that many tall chimneys and engine-houses were visible, the great expanse of barren moorland stretched out uninterruptedly as far as we could see. We had now reached the mining region, and these chimneys gave evidence that, though on the surface there was nothing to repay man's industry, there were riches enough beneath it to draw forth all his ingenuity and skill.

Leaving the carriage, we followed a zig-zag path across the



moor, until we reached a wide and detached cluster of rough perpendicular stones, and stopped to listen to the two histories attached to them. One of these simply describes the stones as the ruins of a Druid temple; the other, with a warning moral, tells that these grey stones were once Sabbath-breaking Cornishmen, who, joining one Sunday morning in the national sport of hurling the ball, were suddenly, and in judgment, transformed into these pillars of stone; but as Hals, an old writer on Cornish antiquities, quaintly says, "I can scarcely help thinking but the present stones were always stones, and will to the world's end continue so, unless man will be at the pains to pulverise them." The great mass of stones called the Cheesewring, standing on a high rock, had been visible for some time, and we soon found ourselves picking our way amid the masses of granite that lay in scattered confusion along the path, till at last we stood beneath this marvellous and fantastic pile. It consists of seven huge blocks of granite, piled one above the other, the large on the top of the smaller, and looks as if a touch would upset the irregular top-heavy mass, which rises to a height of nearly thirty feet; but Nature, that great architect, has bid it stand as she raised it, and the hurricanes and storms of centuries have neither shaken nor loosed one of its layers from their original position.

Picking our way carefully as we descended from the hill, after gaining from it distant, faint views of the sea, we walked through scattered masses of granite until we reached a spot in which these masses appeared to have been heaped together with more of method than the rest. On one slab that lay here the date 1735 was still plainly scratched, and the history which this date drew forth was interesting enough to be repeated. Some hundred and fifty years ago a poor Cornish boy, named Daniel Gumb, was apprenticed to a stonecutter in a village near the moor, on which the Cheesewring stands. He worked at his trade and did his master good service, but he was no favourite with boys of his own age; for silent and gloomy, as they thought, he refused to join them in play, and devoted all his leisure hours to books. Mathematics and astronomy were his passion, and every broken slate, every scrap of paper he could collect, was soon covered either with drawings from Euclid or dotted over with stars grouped into constellations; nay, even the hard granite slabs on which he worked soon bore traces of his mathematical tastes, and were scratched over with the problems he delighted to solve. Gradually the industry he had shown in his vocation disappeared. He sought for little, and therefore obtained but little, employment; the greater portion of his days was devoted to his favourite studies. But Gumb had married, and he soon found that much study and little work were but a bad provision for an increasing

family. For awhile he struggled on, trying by labour to support them, without giving up altogether his precious books; but poverty and want came on apace, and Gumb was obliged to devise some means to keep away the starvation that threatened him. He formed at last the extraordinary resolution to save house-rent and taxes, and the other expenses incidental to the comforts of civilised life, by quitting the cottage in which he lived and passing the rest of his existence amid the granite masses of the Cheesewring Hill. He found there some rocks so placed as to form a large rude cavern; he levelled the ground within, and piled up stones to form partitions, dragged to it one large slab, which he propped up at the entrance of the cave so as to shield the interior from the wind; and then, having prepared their lonely home, he fetched to it his wife and children.

Truly Mrs. Gumb must have been a model wife if, without opposition, she followed her learned husband to this exposed and desolate abode; but of her feelings tradition says nothing. All that is known is that for the rest of his life Gumb lived in the cavern; children were born to him, and children died on this bleak height. At intervals he returned to the village and worked at his trade; at rarer intervals Mrs. Gumb was permitted to mix with her fellow-creatures, and to purchase some of the necessaries of life; but for how many years the Cheesewring moor was the abode of the stonemason and his family no one now seems to know. No one knows either when poor Daniel died, or what after his death became of his wife and children; but the stones called Gumb's Rocks, on which he might be seen seated, absorbed with some mathematical book, and on which many a line and circle are scratched, remain yet as memorials of this extraordinary man, who loved and pursued knowledge truly for its own sake, abandoning for her all the comforts of life, and following where she led, through trials and extremities which few with far greater encouragement than he had would have ventured to brave.

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# OLD COURT.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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## Book the Fifth.

IDA FANSHAW.

### I.

AFTER THE MURDER.

No rest on that fatal night for any inmate of Old Court. Terror prevailed throughout the mansion. Men hurried to and fro, searching the various rooms for the assassin, whom they were firmly persuaded was concealed somewhere in the house. Scared women gathered together in the servants' hall or the housekeeper's room, and talked over the dreadful events during the long, long night.

In the chamber of death all was silent as the grave. Tapers placed on the high-carved mantelpiece revealed a fearful picture. Still in his chair, still with his face on the table, still with his right arm outstretched, sat the murdered man. Nothing had been disturbed. There were the writing materials he had used, the open despatch-box, the handkerchief beneath which the pistol had been hidden. All blood-stained. Even his watch was lying beside him, and its slight ticking was the only sound that broke the death-like silence. No one was with the dead, but in the adjoining room, and with the communication-door left open, Jodrell kept watch. Ever and anon he looked in. As he gazed upon the dread object, scared yet fascinated, superstitious fears assailed him, and he almost fancied that the rigid figure raised its head and glared upon him.

The autopsy demonstrated that the unfortunate baronet had been shot through the heart. Consequently his death must have been instantaneous.

Poor Lucetta! Frightful was the effect of the catastrophe upon her. The gallery rang with her heart-piercing cries, and it was only by main force that Mrs. Mansfield and another female servant could prevent her from rushing to her father's room. At last she sank from excess of emotion, and was carried in a state of insensibility to her own chamber.

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A messenger, mounted on the fleetest horse in the stables, had been despatched to Sevenoaks. The man galloped all the way. Doctor Bland and his assistant used equal expedition, and soon appeared at Old Court.

Meanwhile, Clarence's wound had been bound up as well as circumstances permitted, and he had been carefully transported to his own room, and laid upon the bed. On examining him, the medical men pronounced that the hurt, though severe, was not dangerous. The ball had traversed the breast, but had not touched a vital part. The announcement was an immense relief to Rainald, who was present during the examination. The bullet having been extracted, and the wound carefully dressed, the medical men left the sufferer to repose, and Rainald quitted the room with them.

They found Mrs. Mansfield in the corridor.

"How is she?—how is your young lady?" asked Doctor Bland.

"Dreadfully excited," replied Mrs. Mansfield. "She insists on seeing her poor father. I have vainly tried to dissuade her. Perhaps you may succeed better, sir."

"It must not be. I will go to her at once," said the doctor.

"Merciful Heaven! she is coming here," cried Rainald, as Lucetta, pale as death, and her beautiful tresses in disorder, was seen at the farther end of the corridor. She carried a light in her hand, and moved forward as if walking in a dream.

"My dear," said the doctor, hastening towards her, "let me prevail upon you to return to your room."

"I must see my father," she replied. "If I do not see him now, I shall never behold him again on earth."

"I cannot permit it," said Doctor Bland, taking her hand, which chilled him as he touched it. "You are not in a state to bear the shock. Be persuaded by me, and return."

"Nay, let me go," she entreated, in accents that wrung the hearts of the listeners. "All I desire is to kneel beside him—to pray for his soul."

"Pray for him in your own room, my dear, it will be best," rejoined the doctor. "It is not a sight for you to see. You could not pray beside him."

"Perhaps not," she replied, after a pause. "I will follow your counsel."

And she turned as if about to proceed to her own chamber, but had not taken many steps, when she suddenly flew back to the doctor, and asked, with startling eagerness,

"What of Clarence? Is he, too, killed?"

"No, he is wounded, but the hurt is nothing—not dangerous, I mean," replied the doctor. "I will answer for his recovery."

"Heaven be praised there is not a second victim!" she cried. "Had he perished, I should ever have reproached myself with being the cause of his death."

"I will not attempt to console you, Lucetta," said Rainald, advancing towards her. "I feel how sharp must be your affliction. Yet I must speak, lest you should deem me indifferent to your distress. Would I could share your grief, and, by sharing it, afford you some relief! Oh, how it pains me to see you suffer thus!"

"I am sure you feel for me, Rainald—I know you do," she rejoined. "But even *you* cannot comprehend the depth of my affliction—you cannot comprehend how dearly I loved my father. Oh! to lose him thus!"

And she gave vent to an outbreak of anguish.

"Take comfort, my dear child—take comfort!" said Doctor Bland. "Save for the dreadful manner of it, your father's death is not so much to be deplored. Rather may it be regarded as a release from suffering. His days have been shortened by violence, but they were nearly run out. Nor though thus suddenly—thus terribly summoned, was he unprepared. Let that thought console you. At this moment I can enter into no details, nor could you bear to listen to them, while your heart is so sore, but I have that to tell you respecting him which I am sure will give you comfort."

"Your words *do* give me comfort—great comfort," she rejoined.

"In one respect, my dear," pursued Doctor Bland, solemnly, "you may rejoice that your father is at rest. No one but myself can tell the anguish he has for years endured. No one but myself knew how his breast was racked by unavailing remorse—remorse for imaginary guilt. That he did not sink under the woes which have latterly beset him is a marvel even to *me*. But as I have intimated, his energies were well-nigh exhausted, and the almost superhuman efforts which he made just before the fatal blow was struck, must inevitably have prostrated him. There was something heroic in the resolution with which he went through his self-imposed task. I told him the effort might cost him his life, but he heeded me not. What was life to him, that he should care to preserve it? In my view, therefore, he has been removed from a world of trouble—from a world of which he had long been weary—to a place of rest. Thus regarded, the stroke that set him free, though sharp, was merciful."

"I cannot look upon it in that light," said Lucetta, shuddering. "I had far rather that he had breathed his last peacefully, but as Heaven decreed it otherwise, I must not repine. I have long felt that my poor father was weary of life, and his sudden removal may be a cessation of sorrow. But to me it is terrible."

"Time, the healer of all griefs, will heal yours, my dear," said Doctor Bland. "Let me conduct you to your room. There is much to be done to-night—much that you had better not witness."

"I understand," she replied, sadly. "Farewell, Rainald!" she

added to him. "Perhaps we may meet again in happier times. Stay no longer than is necessary in this abode of grief. Once more, farewell!"

And, without waiting any reply, she moved away, attended by Doctor Bland and Mrs. Mansfield, leaving Rainald standing in the corridor like a statue of despair.

## II.

### SHOWING HOW SIR HUGH'S WILL WAS LOST.

SOON after this the officers arrived, and at once commenced a most careful search for the assassin. But though the search was prosecuted throughout the night, and continued with fresh activity when day broke, no discovery was made. The officers were satisfied that La Hogue could not be hidden in the house, but failed to ascertain how he had effected his retreat. No window was left open in the part of the mansion where he had disappeared. It is true that few of the windows of the old house were securely fastened, while there were many other outlets, of which the villain's knowledge of the premises would enable him to avail himself, but no traces of his entrance or departure were to be met with. No tell-tale prints of footsteps were on the flower-borders—no indications of any kind to point out the manner of his flight, or the direction in which he had fled. The police were completely puzzled.

All subsequent search proved unavailing. A very large reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer, but though some of the ablest of the detective police were employed, they were all completely at fault. Several foreigners who seemed to bear a resemblance to La Hogue, and who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves, were detained at Folkestone and Dover, and put to considerable inconvenience, but of course were eventually liberated. As it was thought probable that the murderer, notwithstanding the precautions taken to prevent his embarkation, had contrived to pass over to the Continent, certain of the detective officers proceeded to Paris, Brussels, and other cities, but could hear nothing of the individual they sought. Some of the bank-notes, however, which the audacious villain had contrived to carry off, were paid away at Amsterdam and the Hague, and these were traced to two money-changers, both of whom declared upon oath that they had received them from a well-dressed Englishwoman, whom they took to be a lady of rank. The conclusion arrived at was that the notes, which had been stopped in England, had been sent over to Holland.

All the dismal business necessarily connected with the tragic event was over—the inquest had been held. Sir Hugh was interred in the family vault, with all the solemnities befitting his position.

As long as he remained above-ground an inexpressible horror pervaded the household, and it was a relief to all when he was consigned to the tomb.

Sleep for years had shunned him, but he now slept soundly enough—not to awake till the crack of Doom. Nevermore was that tall dark figure to be seen either in the gloomy halls of Old Court, in its gardens, or in its park. Nevermore was that stern glance to be encountered. The moody recluse, whose unsociable habits and morose manner had made him generally disliked, was gone. His death, sudden, violent, terrible, seemed a fitting termination to his mysterious career. Few lamented him, for few had loved him. Scarcely did he find refuge in the tomb, for the relentless fate which had pursued his existence tracked him to that dark retreat. Despite proofs to the contrary, the world believed him guilty of his brother's death, and thought that the punishment that had fallen upon him was merited. The pistol of the assassin had saved him from an ignominious end. Neal Evesham's declaration was discredited. What was the worth of such a confession? Its truth could never be substantiated. Retribution, long delayed, had at last overtaken the *fatricide*. Such was the verdict of the world. Unhappy in death as in life, unpitied save by a few, Sir Hugh was laid in the family vault of the Chetwynds by the side of his unfortunate brother.

Before the funeral, Lucetta had quitted Old Court with her aunt. Doctor Bland counselled her immediate departure, so she left, as soon as it was possible to do so, with Lady Danvers.

Sir Clarence Chetwynd—for we must now give him the title to which he had so unexpectedly succeeded—was still confined to his room, and even to his bed; but he was in a fair way of recovery. His wound, which was attended with more unfavourable symptoms than had been at first anticipated, produced fever, which lasted upwards of a week. When the crisis was past, and he began to improve, he was made acquainted by degrees with all that had occurred.

One day, when he was able to sit up, Mrs. Mansfield, who had tended him during his illness, brought him a letter, bearing a very broad black border.

"My young lady left this with me on her departure for Brighton, Sir Clarence," said the housekeeper, "but charged me not to give it to you till you should be quite well enough to read it. I think the proper time has now arrived."

With this she discreetly retired, while Sir Clarence opened the letter, and read as follows:

"You will easily understand, cousin, why I am obliged to leave this house. I cannot stay here longer. Everything reminds me of *him*, and awakens recollections too painful for endurance.

Doctor Bland tells me I *must* go, or he will not answer for the consequences, and my aunt insists on taking me away. I wish I could have seen you before my departure, as I have much to say; but that being impossible, I must write, though at this moment I am scarcely equal to the effort. What I have to say chiefly concerns yourself, but before entering into particulars, I must give you to understand that my own decision is made. On the very day on which my unfortunate father met his death, it appears that he made a fresh will. It was written out by himself, on a single sheet of paper, and signed by him in the presence of Doctor Bland, Mr. Mainwaring, and Jodrell. Previously to signing the will, which, though brief, was exceedingly clear, he read it over to the witnesses, so that they became acquainted with its contents. By it, he left Old Court, and the property attached to it, to you, cousin."

"To me!" ejaculated Sir Clarence, pausing in astonishment.

"My dear father thought the estates should go with the title, and I think so too. But he has charged the property with the payment of a large income to me—as much as 5000*l.* a year—and with a marriage portion of 20,000*l.* But even with these deductions you will be well off, as I learn. Let me add, that my father could not have made a will more in accordance with my own feelings. The executors whom he has appointed are Doctor Bland and Mr. Mainwaring, and two better men could not have been chosen."

"Generous girl!" exclaimed Sir Clarence, again pausing. "But there is more." And he resumed the letter.

"But I have now a strange and most vexatious circumstance to relate. The will—such as I have described it, and such as the three witnesses describe it—has been stolen—stolen by the assassin. It was folded up, and deposited for security in a despatch-box which my poor father had in his room. Mr. Mainwaring and the others saw it so deposited, and will vouch to the fact. On the commission of the dreadful deed, Rainald was for the moment transfixed with horror, but he saw the assassin plunge his hand into the open despatch-box and take out a bundle of bank-notes. At the same time, it is supposed he must have carried off the will."

"Strange and vexatious indeed!" exclaimed Clarence, thoughtfully. "It would seem that my unfortunate uncle's designs are ever to be frustrated."

But he had not quite concluded the letter.

"Perhaps the will may be recovered, but it matters not, since its substance is known, and, besides, there is a draft of the document prepared by my father, though wanting his signature. I can write no more. Mr. Mainwaring has promised to talk over the matter to you, and fully explain my views. But remember! my father's intentions are sacred.

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE LUCETTA."



Sir Clarence read the letter again, and was still pondering over it, when Mrs. Mansfield came back, and informed him that Mr. Mainwaring had just arrived from Brighton.

"Where is he?" inquired Sir Clarence.

"In the dining-room, taking a little luncheon after his journey. As soon as he has done, he will come up to you."

"No, I will go to him. I feel so much stronger to-day, that I am sure I can manage to get down-stairs. At all events, I will make the attempt," he added, rising from his chair.

Mrs. Mansfield offered him her arm, and they quitted the room together. As they passed slowly along the corridor, halting for a moment near Sir Hugh's chamber, the door of which was shut, the young baronet paused. All the occurrences of the dreadful night, so far as he himself had been concerned in them, rushed vividly upon him. He remembered that he had been stationed on the very spot where he was now standing with Mrs. Mansfield. Again the loud report of the revolver startled him. Again the assassin came forth, broke from him, and dashed along the corridor. Again he started in pursuit, resolved at all hazards to capture the miscreant, when he was suddenly stricken down as if by a sharp blow, and his senses deserted him. All the rest seemed a hideous and confused dream.

"Ever since the funeral, that room has been shut up and the door locked, Sir Clarence," remarked Mrs. Mansfield. "Nobody is allowed to enter it but myself and Jodrell—though, for the matter of that, the servants are too frightened to come near it. I have the key with me, if you choose to go in."

He declined with a shudder. "To tell you the truth, Mansfield," he said, "I don't like this part of the house, and now that I have left my chamber, I will not return to it."

"A room shall be immediately prepared for you in the other wing, Sir Clarence," she rejoined. "I was about to propose the change. I don't wonder at your disliking this corridor after what has happened in it. I can assure you I never pass that door without a fit of the horrors."

Presently they reached the picture-gallery, and as they slowly tracked it, it was not without a sentiment of pride that the young baronet regarded the long line of his ancestors.

"I hope your portrait will soon be added to the collection, Sir Clarence," said Mrs. Mansfield, guessing what was passing in his breast. "Unfortunately, there is no portrait of Sir Hugh. But that might do for him," she added, pointing to a sombre figure of the time of Mary Tudor.

"There is nothing but inflexibility and severity written in that dark countenance," said Sir Clarence—"none of the kindness discernible in my unfortunate uncle's features."

"I am glad to hear you speak of him in such terms, Sir

Clarence," she rejoined. "Indeed, you only do him justice. Cold and stern as Sir Hugh appeared, he had a truly kind heart, and when he *did* smile, it was the sweetest smile I ever beheld. Pity he could not have been taken at such a moment."

"I would rather he had been taken as he usually looked, Mansfield. The gallery is incomplete without him. But his place can never be filled up now. Though, were I an artist, I am sure I could paint him, for his remarkable features and peculiar look are fixed in my memory."

"So they are in mine, Sir Clarence. Ah, if you had seen him as I saw him last, you would ever have a striking picture before you! I saw him before he was placed in the coffin, and you would never have judged from his countenance that his death had been violent. He seemed in a calm sleep, and his features wore a happy smile. It did me good to look at him, for I felt he was at rest."

Though the good housekeeper averred that this recollection was consolatory to her, her tears flowed fast.

Jodrell happened to be in the hall as they descended the grand staircase. Hastily summoning the whole of the household, he drew them up in two lines to welcome their young master. They were all arrayed in deep mourning, and bowed and curtsied as Sir Clarence, still supported by Mrs. Mansfield, passed slowly on to the library, where he found Mainwaring, who, it appeared, had just finished a tolerably substantial luncheon.

"Bless my life, Sir Clarence! is it you?" cried the old gentleman, starting up from the table. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Delighted to find you are able to leave your room. I was just going up-stairs to you. Why, Mansfield, you didn't acquaint me with this wonderful improvement in your master. Haven't you set him on his legs rather too soon?"

"I hope Sir Clarence may not suffer for the imprudence, sir," rejoined the housekeeper. "He would come down to see you."

"Well, I'm rejoiced to see him about again. I'm sure, Sir Clarence, it will afford you great satisfaction to learn that your cousin is much better. I saw her at breakfast this morning at Brighton, and the roses are beginning to return to her cheeks. Her spirits, also, have greatly improved; and though she is not so lively as she used to be—nor could it be expected—she is cheerful."

"Poor dear young lady," cried Mrs. Mansfield. "At one time I never thought she would get over the shock."

"There is no cause for uneasiness now," said Mainwaring. "Change of scene has done wonders, but a great deal is due to her aunt's judicious management. I see you don't agree with me, Mansfield," he added, noticing that the old housekeeper gave a shrug of dissent. "You don't think her ladyship clever, or judicious—eh?"

"I have not presumed to say so, sir," she rejoined.

"But you seem to think so. Well, one thing is quite clear, Lady Danvers has succeeded in bringing her niece round, and far more quickly than could have been expected. And how has she done this? By interesting her in various occupations—by employing her mind—by preventing her from brooding over her griefs. I call that judicious treatment. How say you, Sir Clarence?"

"I agree with you," he replied. "But though glad, I am rather surprised to learn that Lucetta has so soon shaken off her grief."

"I don't say she has shaken it off entirely," replied Mainwaring, "but she doesn't give way to it. We can't be always grieving, Mansfield."

"Ah! we're soon forgotten when we're gone," sighed the old housekeeper.

"It's very well you're not with your young lady, or you would make her as melancholy as yourself. We've had gloom enough in this house in all conscience. Henceforward let us try a little cheerfulness. Nobody regrets your late master more than I do. Nobody valued him more while living. Nobody is less likely to forget him. But I shan't be for ever moaning and groaning because he's gone. I've something else to do. My own turn will come quite soon enough, and I shan't much care if I am speedily forgotten. Meantime, I mean to make myself as happy and comfortable as I can. That's my rule of life. And now, my good creature, go and attend to your own affairs. I've some business to settle with Sir Clarence."

Thereupon the housekeeper left the room.

### III.

#### MORE ABOUT THE WILL.

"BEFORE we proceed to business, Sir Clarence," said Mainwaring, as soon as they were alone, "let me offer you my sincere congratulations on the wonderful good fortune that has befallen you. Only a few months ago you were absolutely unknown, almost penniless, about to quit your own country in search of fortune, and now you are distinguished by a title, and possessed of large estates. The manner in which you have acquired the title and property is equally surprising. The miscreant who deprived your poor uncle of life has actually cleared the way for you to wealth and distinction. For all that, I hope to see him hanged. I presume you have received a letter from Lucetta, informing you that her father's will, made on the very day of his untimely death, has been carried off by the assassin La Hogue. The will may or may not be recovered, but the draft of the document exists, written out by Sir Hugh himself."

"But the draft is unsigned and unwitnessed, as I understand, and consequently valueless," remarked Sir Clarence.

"Very true," replied Mainwaring. "But I have something further to tell you. On the very day on which he was so unhappily taken from us, my lamented friend, your uncle, sent for me to his room. To my surprise, I found he had left his bed, and was seated at a table. It would almost seem he had a foreboding that his end was at hand, and that his worldly affairs must be settled without delay. He told me he had just made his will, and wanted me to witness it. I replied that I was quite ready to do so, but I thought he had made his will long ago. 'So I did,' he answered. 'Here is my former will,' showing me a document which was lying upon the table; 'and now you shall see it destroyed.' On this, he threw it into the fire, and when it was quite consumed, again addressed me. 'You will understand from what I have just done that I have altered my mind. Something tells me I shall not last long, and therefore the task I have appointed to myself must not be put off. I should not die in peace if I left it unfulfilled.' He then entered into certain painful details, which I need not repeat, since you are fully acquainted with them. But he added in conclusion—and I must call your particular attention to his words, which made a great impression on me—'If I did not fulfil my solemn promise to Amice I could not die in peace. Clarence has rejected the gift I made him of my possessions, because he believed the false charge brought against me by the villain La Hogue. But when I am gone, he will know the truth. He will know that his father's death was accidental. He will know that I have striven to make every atonement for an involuntary offence. And he will find that I have performed my promise to his ill-fated mother. I have just written out my will, by which I have bequeathed all my property to him—this old family mansion with the domains attached to it—all my estates, in short—but I have charged them with the payment of a considerable income to my daughter, and with a marriage portion.' He then read me the will, which was short and precise. I recollect every word of it, and it was an exact transcript of the draft which we possess. I suggested to him that he had better delay the execution of the instrument, and consult his lawyer, but he declined. 'I cannot rest till the matter is completed,' he said. 'I may be summoned suddenly to my account, and must be prepared.' Shortly afterwards, Doctor Bland made his appearance, and the will being read to him, and explanations respecting it given by Sir Hugh, Jodrell was summoned, and the instrument duly signed and witnessed. Subsequently, but while we were all three still present, the will was placed by Sir Hugh himself in the despatch-box, whence it was abstracted by the assassin. Luckily, we can do without it."

"I do not see how," remarked Sir Clarence, gravely.

"I hope you won't allow any fantastic—I was about to say nonsensical—scruples to interfere with the course you ought to pursue. Lucetta is determined that her father's intentions shall be carried out, so it will be idle—worse than idle—in you to oppose her. We know perfectly well that there *was* a will. We know it has been stolen. Why, the devil! should you allow a miscreant, an assassin, like La Hogue to defeat your uncle's designs? Have I not just told you how solemnly Sir Hugh spoke to me on the subject, and how he declared that he could not die in peace if he had not fulfilled his vow? I believe he won't rest in his grave if his last wishes are neglected."

"If Lucetta is determined that the draft shall be acted upon, I shall offer no opposition," said Sir Clarence, "but I do not consider myself legally entitled to the property, and shall only hold the estates in trust for her, and shall be ready to surrender them whenever called upon."

"All that shall be carefully explained to her," rejoined the old gentleman. "It certainly is a very hard thing to have a fine estate and a large mansion forced upon one, and you are greatly to be commiserated. However, I am glad you will yield to circumstances, and I must again congratulate you upon what I look upon as a piece of remarkable good fortune. If you wait till Lucetta calls upon you to surrender the property, I fancy you will have to wait a long time—but I don't expect it will be quite so long before you will have to provide the marriage portion. Captain Fanshaw is in Brighton, and as attentive as ever."

"So I supposed," replied Sir Clarence, the blood rushing to his pale cheeks.

"A propos of Captain Fanshaw," continued Mainwaring, "I am bound to say that he has behaved remarkably well, so far as you are concerned, Sir Clarence. At the time of the accident, when he was unlucky enough to hit you instead of the assassin, he exhibited the greatest concern, and since then he has displayed undoubted anxiety for your recovery. Indeed, throughout the affair he has manifested very good feeling. I think it right to mention this, though I understand he has written to you. Of course, you entirely acquit him of any intention of harming you?"

"Most certainly. I could not for a moment suppose him capable of such an act. I have received a communication from him, which I have not yet been able to acknowledge, couched in the handsomest terms, in which he expresses the deepest regret at the accident, and offers me the most ample apologies for the affront shown me at the barracks. If this is not sufficient, he is willing to afford me satisfaction; but of course a hostile meeting between us now is altogether out of the question."

"Necessarily so," replied the old gentleman. "Both he and Major Trevor have conferred with me, and all offensive expressions used on the occasion by the captain have been withdrawn. I trust, therefore, that the matter may be considered as amicably arranged, and that you will allow me to write to Captain Fanshaw to say so."

"Pray do so. I would not have Captain Fanshaw misinterpret my silence, or imagine that I reject his friendly overtures."

Proceeding to a table, on which writing materials were placed, the old gentleman commenced his task, and having completed the letter, he read it aloud to Sir Clarence, who entirely approved of it.

"This is the right thing to do, and very glad I am it has been done," remarked Mainwaring, as he directed the black-bordered envelope, and sealed it with black wax. "He is not half a bad fellow this same Rainald Fanshaw, and Major Trevor is a man after my own heart. I dined with them at the Preston barracks yesterday, and a capital dinner we had—plenty of good claret, but no port that I could drink. Decidedly military port—what we used to call 'black strap'—strong enough to blow your head off. Talking of wine, Sir Clarence—and of port wine in particular—I may congratulate you on the wonderful cellar you have acquired. Not a better in the county. You have to thank your granddad for it. As soon as you are well enough, we'll look it over and take stock."

"As you like the wine, I hope you will drink many a bottle of it," said Sir Clarence. "And this leads me to make a proposition which I trust you will accept in the spirit in which it is offered. Henceforth make Old Court your home."

"A thousand thanks, Sir Clarence," replied the old gentleman. "I fully appreciate your kindness, but I can't give up my cottage. I have always been an independent gentleman—latterly a very poor gentleman, as you know, but still independent. Obligated to you all the same. But I must have some place that I can call my home, where I can hang up my hat and great-coat, and sulk when I'm out of temper."

"Which I am sure is very rarely the case," remarked Sir Clarence.

"Ah, you don't know me. Ask my housekeeper, Mrs. Lightfoot, and she'll tell you a different tale. But I'll come as often as you choose to ask me—stay as long as you please—and, moreover, I won't offer any decided objection to an occasional bottle of Roritz port."

"I agree to the conditions," said Sir Clarence. "I quite understand your feeling. Come when you please and go when you please. You will always have your room. My purse as well as my cellar will be always at your command. And as I know you

are not overburdened with wealth, I trust you will apply as freely to one as to the other. I am already under the greatest obligations to you, and feel sure that my debt will be increased. From circumstances, my knowledge of the world, and indeed of the usages of society in which I must henceforward move, is extremely limited, and your experience and judgment will be of incalculable advantage to me. I hope you will permit me to profit by them. I have really no other friend to whom I can apply for advice."

"My dear Sir Clarence, you will have plenty of friends," replied the old gentleman, with a smile; "but I will venture to say you will find no one who will give you more disinterested counsel than myself. I have been so long and intimately connected with your family that I almost seem to be a member of it, and regarding myself in that light, I will presume to give you a little advice on the very onset of your new career. Unquestionably your father was extravagant—very extravagant—and I firmly believe if he had come into the fine fortune which has fallen into your hands, he would have dissipated it. Your uncle had no expensive tastes. Prudent and careful, he might and would have obtained a very distinguished position if he had not been a prey to morbid sensibility, which drove him into retirement, and at last totally unfitted him for intercourse with the world. Avoid both these dangers. Your grandsire was a good, quiet, easy-going country gentleman, fond of hunting, fond of good cheer, liberal, hospitable—altogether an excellent man. But you must be something more. Either I am very much mistaken, or you have talents which will enable you to play an important part in the world. It is reserved for you, I firmly believe, to revive the lustre of your family name, which for the last two generations has been somewhat obscured."

"I hope I may do so," cried Sir Clarence, earnestly.

"And now," pursued the old gentleman, "I must touch upon another matter—a matter of considerable delicacy, but on which it is necessary that I should speak. I know you are attached to your cousin Lucetta, and I cannot conceive anything more calculated to conduce to your happiness than a union with her. Moreover, by the marriage all difficulties in regard to the property would be obviated. I once encouraged your hopes, and persuaded you that you could obtain this prize. I was wrong. Since I have been in Brighton, I have seen enough to convince me that you have not a chance. As well make up your mind at once."

"You think, then, that Captain Fanshaw has regained his place in Lucetta's affections?" said Sir Clarence.

"I have no doubt whatever about it," replied Mainwaring.

"You must no longer indulge any hopes."

For a few minutes there was a profound silence. The young

baronet's looks proclaimed the struggle going on within. His cheeks flushed deeply, and then grew perfectly white.

"Lucetta is not the only lovely girl in England," said Mainwaring, trying to cheer him. "A rich young baronet has only to look around and choose."

"No, I shall never marry," said Sir Clarence, sadly.

"Nonsense! You think so now, but wait till you have got over your love-sickness, and you'll think very differently. But till you are perfectly cured, don't expose yourself to the chance of a relapse. Lady Danvers has invited you to Brighton, through me, but don't go. Don't see Lucetta for a time. Don't think of her, if you can help it."

"You preach impossibilities. I can think of nothing else. But I won't go to Brighton. I could not bear to witness my rival's happiness."

"I am glad you have come to that determination. You have plenty to do here, and there is no fear that Lucetta will come back, for she has now quite as great a horror of the old house as her aunt."

Very little more passed between them on this occasion. The unwonted excitement made Sir Clarence feel faint, and Mrs. Mansfield being summoned, he again availed himself of her arm, and proceeded to a chamber which had been prepared for him in a different part of the house.

#### IV.

##### A PAINFUL LETTER.

SIR CLARENCE rapidly regained his strength. He enjoyed the quiet life he was leading at Old Court, and showed no disposition to quit the place.

To say that he was perfectly happy would be incorrect. He was still heart-sick. The presence of the one being who would have made the place a paradise was wanting. Do all he could, he could not conquer his love for Lucetta. The long separation which had occurred between them—for he had not seen her since she left Old Court—had not worked the expected cure. Several letters had passed between them, written in terms as affectionate as those employed by brother and sister, and Lady Danvers had repeatedly urged him to come to Brighton, saying how delighted they would be to see him; but, true to his resolution, he declined.

One day he received a letter calculated to extinguish any vestige of hope which might have still lingered in his breast.

"I cannot disguise from myself, my dear cousin," wrote Lucetta,



“that the announcement which I have to make will give you some pain. I sincerely hope not, but my mind misgives me. I have long felt what has been the real motive of your constant refusal to visit us at Brighton. You do not like to see me because feelings which are only perhaps partially overcome may be reawakened. If I judge correctly, and this has been your motive, I think you have acted wisely. I would not for the world give you pain, and I might be compelled to assume a coldness towards you which I am far from feeling, for indeed, my dear cousin, I love you dearly, as a sister, and shall always continue to love you. On another account, also, it is perhaps better that you have not come to Brighton, though I almost feel ashamed of alluding to anything so silly. Rainald, as you may have observed, is of a singularly jealous nature, and, in spite of all that has occurred, will persist in regarding you as a rival. From this cause, and perhaps from a similar feeling on your own part, I have always been apprehensive lest some fresh misunderstanding should arise between you. In mentioning this, do not let me give you any erroneous idea of Rainald. He always speaks of you in the very highest terms, and never ceases to regret having accidentally wounded you. Still, he is jealous, and that makes me afraid you should meet. Hereafter, I hope you will be the best friends possible.

“And now, though reluctant to approach it, I must come to the main object of my letter. For some time my engagement with Rainald has been interrupted. Notwithstanding his entreaties, I would not agree to renew it till I had quite recovered from the shock of the late terrible event. I am now so much better that I have no reasonable excuse for further delay. The engagement has been renewed. Poor papa had given his sanction to the marriage, and at the last interview I had with him, on the very day of his death, he seemed anxious that it should take place. My aunt also quite approves of it, and I hope you, dear cousin, will not disapprove. But the marriage, though decided upon, will not take place for some months, for I would not show such disrespect to my beloved father’s memory as would be implied by abridging the proper term of mourning.

“I hope and trust that I shall not give you pain in making this communication. Henceforward you must think of me only as Rainald’s wife, for such I shall be. It will delight me beyond expression to learn that you have found some one worthy of you, and I hope there will soon be a new and charming mistress of Old Court.

“I am enchanted to find you like the old place so much. I once used to think it delightful, and it would be delightful still if I could divest myself of the painful associations connected with it. In time these feelings will be subdued, and then I shall be able to re-visit the scenes where I have been so happy. Even as I write I cannot help picturing to myself the gardens of which I used to be

so fond, and the flowers that I used to tend. I wonder whether the trees in the park look as magnificent as they did last spring. But I must not think of them. Write me a few lines in reply, and believe me,

“YOUR AFFECTIONATE LUCETTA.

“P.S. I know somebody who would exactly suit you.”

This letter gave Sir Clarence exquisite pain. Though he was fully prepared for it, the announcement came upon him with crushing effect, and produced a sickness of the heart such as he had never before experienced. He tried to re-read the letter, which he had laid down, but a mist came over his eyes, and prevented him from proceeding beyond a few lines. Tears relieved his overladen breast, and then he became easier. So calm, indeed, did he feel, so completely master of himself, that he sat down at once to answer the letter, and succeeded so well in his task, that Lucetta herself was surprised by the warmth of his congratulations and by the cordiality of his expressions in regard to Rainald.

## V.

### ON THE PANTILES.

ONE morning, about a week after this event, Sir Clarence was at breakfast with Mainwaring, when another letter arrived from Lucetta, in which she spoke of Lady Fanshaw and her daughter. “Ask Mr. Mainwaring about Ida Fanshaw,” she said, in conclusion. “He has seen her.”

On being appealed to, the old gentleman acknowledged that he had seen both mother and daughter when he was in Brighton, and added, that he thought Ida remarkably pretty.

“How comes it you have never mentioned her before?” remarked Sir Clarence.

“Simply because I know Captain Fanshaw is not an agreeable subject with you.”

“I have got over all that,” said Sir Clarence, with affected indifference. “Tell me what his sister is like.”

“Ah! now you puzzle me,” cried Mainwaring. “It is a difficult thing to describe a pretty girl. But she is not in the least like Lucetta—quite a different style—neither is she at all like her brother. A blonde, with delicately formed features, azure eyes, and wavy golden tresses. Rather tall than otherwise, slender and graceful. Age, I should say, about nineteen. There, will that do?”

“I should think so,” replied Sir Clarence, smiling. “You are rather enthusiastic in your description, my good friend. I dare say Ida Fanshaw is pretty, but I don’t admire golden hair.”

"Pshaw!" cried the old gentleman. "Wait till you see her. When you do, I'll be bound you'll fall in love with her. I tell you she's a bewitching creature—irresistible. Eyes, that poets might write sonnets about—golden locks, that beat those of Queen Bess—and teeth, that would put to shame a carcanet of pearls."

"She seems to have bewitched you, for you have grown poetical on the sudden. I never knew you in such raptures before."

"See her, and you'll be in raptures too," rejoined the old gentleman. "If I were lord of Old Court," pursued Mainwaring, "I would offer my hand to Ida Fanshaw."

"No more on that subject, if you please," said Sir Clarence, gravely. "I have no thoughts whatever of marrying. Ida Fanshaw may be all you represent her, but she has no attraction whatever for me. Possibly I may meet her on some occasion, but I have not the slightest curiosity to behold her."

"Humph! Like Benedick, you mean to die a bachelor, eh? I rather fancy Benedick's fate is reserved for you, and that I shall live to see a lady in this house."

"A truce to this jesting. When I have quite forgotten Lucetta I will act on your suggestion—not till then."

Perhaps to hide his annoyance, the old gentleman took up the *Kentish Gazette*, which was lying on the breakfast-table, and, after glancing over its columns for a few minutes, remarked:

"I see there's a promenade concert at Tunbridge Wells to-day. Suppose we drive over, and have a look at it. The day is remarkably fine, and it will be a good opportunity for trying the new mail-phaeton and the horses. Shall we do it—eh?"

"By all means," replied Sir Clarence. "I was about to propose a drive to Knowle, but Tunbridge Wells will be better."

"Knowle will do for another day. The concert at the Wells will be amusing. It will bring together all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood, and who knows——"

"I care nothing either for the concert or the pretty girls," interrupted Sir Clarence, "but I shall enjoy the drive. The country is charming, and I want to try the new horses."

"You'll be delighted with them. The prettiest pair of chesnuts you ever clapped eyes on. At what time shall we start? I'll go round to the stables presently, and give orders to Drax."

"Tell him to be ready at noon—that will be quite early enough," said the young baronet, rising, and quitting the room.

"I think I have him now," chuckled Mainwaring. "But I must take care he don't see this paper," he added, folding it up and putting it in his pocket.

At noon, a very handsome mail-phaeton, spick and span new, to which a pair of splendid chesnuts were harnessed, was driven round

to the hall door by Drax, and excited the admiration of Jodrell and Pigot, who were standing on the steps watching the coachman's performance.

"Nice turn-out, ain't it?" said Drax, looking down at them proudly.

"Couldn't be handsomer," responded Jodrell. "Does Mr. Mainwaring great credit."

"I've had summut to say to it myself," said Drax, with a wink, "but Mr. Mainwaring is quite welcome to the credit. He wouldn't have got these 'osses if it hadn't a been for me, and there ain't their match to be seen in Hyde Park."

"I hope we shall show 'em there one of these days," remarked Pigot. "What's the use of a drag like that and blood 'osses, with nobody to look at 'em?"

"Never you fear, Dick," cried Drax, with another expressive wink. "We shall have th' opportunity afore long, or I'm greatly mistaken. We're a goin' to Tunbridge Wells to-day."

"That's not on the road to Lunnon," rejoined Pigot.

"Not the shortest road, I grant," returned the coachman, "but it may take us there in the end."

"What d'ye mean, Drax?" asked Jodrell, looking up at him curiously.

"Nothing more than I says," replied the coachman, putting on a demure look.

"Well, I wish I was going to the Wells with you," said Pigot. "There's some life there—summut to see."

"Why, what on earth d'ye want to see that you can't find here?" cried Jodrell, testily. "I'm sure you've every comfort."

"I wants amusement," returned Dick. "I'm dying of enwee. I can't stand it much longer."

A stop was here put to the discourse by the appearance of Sir Clarence and Mainwaring, and the servants moved aside respectfully while the two gentlemen remained on the steps examining the well-appointed equipage and magnificent horses. The old gentleman's looks denoted great internal satisfaction.

"That will do, I think, Sir Clarence—eh?"

The young baronet thought it would.

While they are lighting cigars preparatory to taking their seats in the phaeton, a fitting opportunity seems to offer for glancing at our young friend's personal appearance, especially as he is about to make his debut in society.

By this time he had quite recovered his good looks, and indeed appeared handsomer than when we first beheld him. His manner and bearing had materially improved, and a certain gravity heightened the effect of his features. His dark habiliments suited him extremely well, and displayed to advantage his tall, slight, but well-proportioned figure. Mainwaring, who scrutinised him carefully from head to foot, muttered to himself, "He'll do."

Drax having surrendered the reins to his young master, and the two gentlemen having seated themselves in the phaeton, the spirited animals started off at a word, and were soon speeding through the park, making the deer fly off to their coverts. The day was delightful—one of those days in which Nature seems to put forth all her beauty. Impossible to be dull when all around seemed so bright and smiling. The park was enchanting, and lovely landscapes opened upon them as they pursued their course.

Mile after mile they went on, passing through a varied and most beautiful district, richly cultivated, well wooded, watered by numerous streamlets, embellished by noble parks and stately mansions, and rendered yet more picturesque by numerous hop-gardens, until they reached the extensive and pleasant heath at the foot of which lies Tunbridge Wells.

Arrived at this point, which commands magnificent views on all sides, Sir Clarence pulled up for a moment to look around, and while he surveyed the woody hills, or allowed his eyes to stray along the devious valleys in search of some striking point, Mainwaring contented himself with watching objects nearer at hand—notably, numerous donkey-drivers making their way amid the furze-bushes, groups of young folks collected beside the huge rocks jutting out upon the heath, and vehicles of many kinds tracking the roads cut through the turf.

While they were thus occupied, a very stylish-looking barouche was seen approaching, and naturally attracted attention towards it. In this carriage three persons were seated, a middle-aged lady who had by no means lost her beauty; a very graceful-looking girl, evidently the lady's daughter; and an elderly gentleman, most probably the lady's husband, who sat with his back to the horses. Both ladies were charmingly dressed in light spring attire. As the carriage came on they descried Mainwaring, and bent graciously to him, and of course he returned the salutation.

At the same time, it was quite evident that both ladies were attracted by Sir Clarence, and the old gentleman with them raised his head—and a very fine head it was—and fixed a pair of keen dark eyes upon him. At one moment it seemed as if the middle-aged dame was about to stop the carriage, and if Sir Clarence had looked at his friend just then, he would have perceived that he appeared uneasy; but the lady changed her mind, and, to Mainwaring's relief, the carriage went on.

"Who are those people?" inquired Sir Clarence.

"Who are they?" cried the old gentleman, a little embarrassed. "Bless my life, how stupid I am! I shall forget my own name next. They are the Buckhursts—Sir Robert and Lady Buckhurst. Very nice people. I dare say we shall meet them on the Parade by-and-by, and I'll introduce you."

"Do they live in this neighbourhood?" inquired Sir Clarence.

"No, their place is in one of the eastern counties—Norfolk

or Suffolk, I forget which," replied Mainwaring; "but they have a house in Grosvenor-square, and live chiefly in town. Miss Buckhurst is pretty, don't you think so?" he added, with a comical look.

"I scarcely remarked her," replied Sir Clarence. "But Lady Buckhurst seems a fine woman."

"An extremely fine woman," said Mainwaring. "I'm uncommonly glad they happen to be here."

The barouche, which was making its way rather slowly along a winding road across the heath, was still in sight, with its polished panels reflecting the sunbeams, and as Sir Clarence, who was likewise driving towards the town, though by a different route, kept his eye upon it, he thought—perhaps it was mere fancy, for how could he be sure at such a distance—that the ladies occasionally turned their gaze in his direction.

On reaching the town, which looked lively and bustling, being full of private carriages and hired vehicles of one kind or another, they alighted near the entrance to the Pantiles, and sent on Drax with the phaeton to the Sussex Hotel.

On ascending the steps near which gushes forth the now neglected spring from which the place originally derived its celebrity, a very gay scene was presented to their view. Lively airs proceeded from a band placed in an orchestra reared amid the trees shading the Pantiles, as this agreeable promenade is designated, and a well-dressed throng, chiefly, however, consisting of the fairer portion of creation, paced to and fro, making it quite evident that they came there to see and be seen, to chatter, laugh, and flirt, rather than to listen to the music. This pleasant place of rendezvous retains an air of past times, and seems exactly adapted to the laced, powdered, red-heeled fops and patched and painted belles of the last century, when a certain Sir Lionel Chetwynd, whose portrait may be seen at Old Court, and who was killed in a duel on the heath, was a conspicuous actor there. Mainwaring could not go back quite so far as this, but he told his companion that he recollected the Pantiles more than fifty years ago, and spoke of a great number of important personages of both sexes whom he had beheld there

In his hot youth, when George the Third was king.

Our young baronet was too strikingly handsome not to attract attention, and he had not taken many turns, when it was bruited about that he was no other than Sir Clarence Chetwynd, who had recently come into his property in so singular a manner. No sooner was this known than he became the general mark of observation, and the rather impertinent curiosity of the assemblage annoyed him so much that he would have withdrawn, if Mainwaring, who had just caught sight of Lady Buckhurst and her daughter amid the throng, had not persuaded him to remain.

"Do allow me to introduce you," he urged. "You will find them most agreeable acquaintances. Take a seat for a moment on that bench while I tell them who you are, and then I'll present you in due form."

Sir Clarence complied, and, seating himself beneath a tree, watched his old friend approach the ladies, who received him with smiles. Lady Buckhurst had still a very elegant figure, and there was an unmistakable air of high breeding about both her ladyship and her daughter. The latter appeared to have inherited all her mother's grace and refinement of manner, with her mother's delicacy of feature, symmetry of person, and incomparable beauty of hands and feet. Large blue eyes, finely pencilled brows, golden tresses, and a ravishingly fair complexion, constituted the sum of her attractions. Both ladies were charmingly dressed, and their toilettes formed the admiration of all those collected on the Pantiles.

After a few minutes' conversation with the ladies, both of whom seemed very much amused by what he had to say—especially the younger lady, who laughed heartily—Mainwaring left them, and, rejoining Sir Clarence, told him, with a well-pleased look, that Lady Buckhurst would be enchanted to make his acquaintance.

Accordingly, the presentation took place.

Sir Clarence fancied Miss Buckhurst's charming countenance wore a very arch expression as he bowed to her, and she seemed to have some difficulty in restraining her merriment, but a look from her mother checked her. Both ladies were very lively, and possessed the art of light conversation to perfection, gliding imperceptibly from one topic to another, and their manner was so agreeable, that they soon set the somewhat bashful young baronet quite at his ease. Without knowing how, he found himself engaged in a very animated conversation. To his great surprise, they both appeared perfectly well acquainted with his history, talked so much about Old Court, and seemed to take so much interest in the place, that in common civility he could not help expressing a hope that they would honour him with a visit while they were in the neighbourhood.

"Do you hear what Sir Clarence proposes, mamma?" cried Miss Buckhurst. "He is good enough to ask us to come and see Old Court. I should like it of all things."

"Nothing would please me more than to see a place of so much interest, and of which I've heard so much," replied her ladyship; "but I fear your papa is not equal to so long a drive."

"Oh, papa will spare us for one morning, I'm sure. He can amuse himself very well here. I'll undertake to obtain his consent."

"If you choose to exert your powers of persuasion, Miss Buckhurst, there can be very little doubt that you will succeed," said Sir Clarence, with a gallantry that almost surprised himself. "I

shall be delighted to see Sir Robert, of course, but if he should be unable to accompany you, I hope that circumstance may not deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you."

A half smile crossed Miss Buckhurst's countenance as she threw a glance at her mother.

"Well, Sir Clarence, we will accept your very obliging invitation," said her ladyship. "But you must not expect Sir Robert."

"Pray fix a day when I may hope to see you. I shouldn't like to be out of the way."

"Why not come to-morrow?" cried Mainwaring.

"We have nothing particular to do," urged Miss Buckhurst.

"To-morrow be it, then," said her ladyship. "But really this is taking you too completely at your word, Sir Clarence."

"Not in the least," he rejoined. "I shall be delighted to see you."

"Pray come in time for luncheon," said Mainwaring, who seemed enchanted with the arrangement.

Agreed to by the ladies, who thought luncheon a good idea.

A few more turns up and down. More lively talk. At last, her ladyship, averring that she had some purchases to make, took leave of Sir Clarence, and stepped with her daughter into one of the shops lining the Pantiles.

Feeling no longer any interest in the promenade, Sir Clarence descended the steps leading to the Sussex Hotel.

While Mainwaring was refreshing himself with a biscuit and a glass of sherry, the phaeton was brought out, and soon afterwards conveyed its occupants across the heath. Our friends had a very pleasant drive home. Their conversation turned chiefly upon the Buckhursts, and Mainwaring perceived with satisfaction that the desired impression had been produced. A nice little dinner closed a very agreeable day, and the Roritz seemed to have more than its usual flavour.

"I wonder what Lucetta will say when she hears of my new acquaintance?" remarked Sir Clarence. "She'll expect me to ask the Fanshaws next—but I won't."

"Oh no. She'll be perfectly content with what you've done," replied the old gentleman, with a laugh.

## VI.

### BEFORE LUNCHEON.

ORDINARILY, Sir Clarence never troubled himself about morning callers, and rarely was at home to them. Mr. Mainwaring did the honours of the house. What was the meaning of this singular exception to the rule? Neither Mrs. Mansfield nor Jodrell could tell. But both remarked that their young master



was in unusually good spirits, and found out from Pigot that he had been somewhat longer than usual over his toilette, and had twice or thrice changed his coat. As the time approached when the visitors might be expected, he and Mainwaring might be seen pacing to and fro upon the lawn, in expectation of the arrival.

At last, from one of the upper windows of the hall, at which the old housekeeper was stationed, an elegant barouche could be descried ascending the rising ground of the park, anon concealed by the trees, then reappearing, until it eventually passed through the gates and drove up to the door. Mrs. Mansfield was perfectly astonished to find how very charming were its occupants. She had never dreamed that Lady Buckhurst could be so handsome—and as to the younger lady, she was quite a beauty—almost as pretty as her own dear Lucetta, though in a different style. Altogether, she was surprised and pleased. She beheld Sir Clarence hurry towards the carriage, looking handsomer, she thought, than he had ever looked before—she saw the smiles interchanged with the ladies—she saw him assist them to alight—she heard pleasant voices and light laughter as the party entered the house—she saw the carriage drive off towards the stables—and then, having so far satisfied her curiosity, she withdrew from the window.

The two ladies appeared enchanted with the old house—noted everything, admired everything. No changes whatever having been made since poor Sir Hugh's time, it is needless to accompany them to the picture-gallery and the library, with which the amiable reader is familiarised, or to linger with them on the grand staircase.

When the party were quitting the gallery, Mainwaring drew Lady Buckhurst's attention to a sombre corridor, and said, in a low voice,

“There the tragic event occurred.”

Lady Buckhurst imparted this piece of information to her daughter in a whisper, and the latter paused and cast a timorous glance down the passage.

“Was it there that Sir Clarence was wounded?” she inquired of Mainwaring.

“At the farther extremity of the corridor,” replied the old gentleman.

Comprehending what was passing, Sir Clarence asked Miss Buckhurst if she would like to see Sir Hugh's chamber. She hesitated, but her mother manifesting great curiosity on the subject, Mrs. Mansfield was sent for, and presently appearing with the key, the party proceeded to the room.

The door was unlocked, and a creeping horror came over the ladies as they entered the gloomy apartment, which was in no respect altered since the fatal night.

Mrs. Mansfield explained the circumstances to them.

"Here stood the table," she said, "at which poor Sir Hugh was seated; and behind yon curtains Captain Fanshaw was hidden."

Both ladies looked curiously in the direction indicated.

"You know what subsequently occurred," pursued Mrs. Mansfield.

"Oh yes," cried Miss Buckhurst. "Don't describe it, please. I can't stay here a moment longer. Come with me, mamma," she cried, hurrying out of the room, followed by Lady Buckhurst and Mainwaring.

"Excuse me for saying so, Sir Clarence, but I think you did wrong to bring the ladies here," remarked Mrs. Mansfield.

"They came at Mr. Mainwaring's suggestion, not mine," said Sir Clarence.

Just then the fragment of a newspaper which was lying underneath the table caught his attention, and he picked it up.

"How came this paper here?" he cried, glancing at it. "I thought no one entered this room but yourself, Mansfield?"

"No one does, Sir Clarence, except Jodrell, and he never comes in without me. I keep the keys both of this room and the dressing-room."

"When were you here last?" inquired Sir Clarence, still looking curiously at the paper.

"Bless me, how particular you are. About a week ago, as near as I can guess."

"Not yesterday?"

"Certainly not yesterday."

"But this is a portion of the supplement to yesterday's *Times*. Look at the date."

"Save us, so it is!" she exclaimed, staring at the paper in astonishment. "Who can have dropped it here?"

"That we must find out," he said. "Some one, it is evident, has access to this room besides yourself and Jodrell."

"It may be the ghost," rejoined the old dame, with a shudder.

"What ghost?"

"Don't ask me, Sir Clarence. You know whose ghost it must be that sits nightly at that table."

"Sits here?"

"On the very chair on which he was shot. All the servants believe this room to be haunted. Several of them have heard the ghost. Some have seen him."

"I didn't think you had been so weak and credulous as to share their superstitious fears, Mansfield. Ghosts don't read newspapers. Some living person has been here, and it must be your business to find out who that person is. Lock up the room, and take good care of the key."

And putting the piece of newspaper in his pocket, he went out.

The ladies were in the picture-gallery with Mainwaring, and gladly agreed to adjourn to the gardens.

There everything was fresh, fragrant, sunny, delightful. Miss Buckhurst was quite enthusiastic in her admiration of the beauty of the parterres.

"No credit is due to me for their arrangement," said Sir Clarence; "they were planned by my cousin Lucetta. These flower-beds were her delight, and I have kept them up just as she left them."

"I am sure it would charm her to see them," said the young lady. "She has often spoken to me of these gardens."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Clarence. "I was not aware you knew her."

"I know her intimately," replied Miss Buckhurst. "We are the dearest friends possible, though our friendship is of very recent date. I fondly persuade myself she likes me as much as I like her. I don't think we have a secret from each other. I met her at Brighton only a few weeks ago, and it was her vivid description of your charming old house that made me long to see it. I am sure she will be pleased to learn that my curiosity has been gratified. I shall not fail to tell her how enchanted I am with the gardens."

"You surprise me greatly, Miss Buckhurst," he replied. "I did not imagine I was meeting one of Lucetta's friends, but the circumstance adds to my gratification in seeing you. Of course you know that Lucetta is engaged—and perhaps you know Captain Fanshaw?"

"Oh yes, I know him tolerably well."

"And like him?"

"Very much."

"Do you happen to know his sister?"

"I fancy so," she replied, with a smile. "But pray don't ask me what I think of her. I might prejudice you against her."

"Nay, let me hear the truth. Mr. Mainwaring quite raves about her."

"The dear old gentleman is very silly," laughed the young lady. "Don't believe what he says."

"I don't. I suspect he has a motive for praising her to me."

"A motive!" she exclaimed, quickly. "What possible motive can he have? I have just called him silly, but I ought to have called him meddling. I shall scold him presently."

"Meantime, favour me with your own opinion of the young lady. Your description is sure to be accurate."

"There you are quite mistaken, Sir Clarence. I am the very last person to whom you should apply for a correct description of Ida Fanshaw."

"At least you can tell whether she is pretty?"

"Lucetta thinks so."

"Is she amiable?"

"Lucetta thinks her amiable."

"But what do *you* think?"

"I don't think about her at all," she rejoined, with a laugh.

"So pray don't ask me any more questions."

For a moment Sir Clarence looked quite puzzled. Suddenly a light flashed upon him.

"You must think me very stupid," he said, "for not recognising you from the first."

"Recognising me, Sir Clarence!" she cried, with affected surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I now understand that I have been conversing all this time with Miss Fanshaw," he rejoined. "I richly deserve to be laughed at."

"But I won't venture to laugh till you pronounce our pardon for the little trick we have played you. You are quite right in your surmise. I am no other than the *Ida Fanshaw* whom you heard so ridiculously praised by *Mr. Mainwaring*."

"Upon my honour, I don't think his praises ridiculous at all," interrupted Sir Clarence.

"But then he had a motive for them, you know," she observed, with an arch look.

"Spare me, I entreat," he said.

"Well, since you are penitent, I must be merciful. This little plot was contrived by Lucetta and myself, and *mamma* and *Mr. Mainwaring* were persuaded to join in it. We were obliged to have recourse to stratagem, because we knew very well that you would decline to be introduced to *Lady Fanshaw* and her daughter."

"Entirely a misapprehension, I assure you."

"Not on our part," she rejoined, shaking her charming little head. "We were too well informed. Recollect that *Mr. Mainwaring* was with us. Women will have their own way. Directly I learnt that you would not invite us to *Old Court*, I was resolved that you should. And here we are."

"And enchanted I am to see you," rejoined Sir Clarence, gallantly.

"It was our intention to mystify you to the end, and to go away without letting you know the real names of your guests. But I played my part so badly, that you detected me. I ought to tell you that *papa* did not at all approve of the scheme, and would take no part in it. Otherwise, he would have been delighted to accompany us. But some day, I hope, you will condescend to receive him in his true character."

Sir Clarence made a suitable reply.

While this conversation was taking place, *Mainwaring* and *Lady*

Fanshaw (as we must henceforth designate her) had entered one of the hothouses, but they now reappeared, and as they drew near the young pair, Ida exclaimed,

"We are found out, mamma. Sir Clarence's ingenuity has penetrated our device, but he is good-natured enough to forgive it, in consideration of the motive."

"The motive is too complimentary to myself not merely to command my forgiveness, but my gratitude," he said, bowing to her ladyship. "I need scarcely say that I am more gratified to see Lady Fanshaw at Old Court even than Lady Buckhurst."

"Lady Buckhurst is my sister," said Lady Fanshaw, "so I have made free with her name for the occasion, or rather, I adopted it at Mr. Mainwaring's suggestion."

"Yes, yes," cried the old gentleman, who looked perfectly enchanted, "I am the real culprit! I take all the blame upon myself. But, in my opinion, Sir Clarence ought to be infinitely obliged to me for the trouble I have taken for him."

"So I am, my good friend—so I am—more obliged than I can readily express," rejoined the young baronet. "But let us go in to luncheon," he added, offering his arm to Lady Fanshaw.

So they proceeded to the house, Mainwaring chuckling incessantly all the way.

## VII.

### AFTER LUNCHEON.

AN elegant collation awaited them in the dining-room, and the drive having given the ladies an appetite, they appeared to enjoy the good things set before them. Somehow, ladies *do* enjoy luncheon more than any other meal. The champagne gave life to the conversation, and the harmless pleasantries of the old gentleman, who would keep recurring to the little plot and claiming the entire merit of its conception, caused a great deal of merriment. It seemed that the secret had already transpired, for Jodrell, when spoken to on the subject, said he was quite aware that he had the honour of waiting upon Lady Fanshaw and her daughter. Her ladyship's servants, of course, had told him all about it. Whether Sir Clarence thought it incumbent upon him to pay more attention to his guests now that he knew who they really were, or whether he was better pleased with them, we cannot pretend to say. Certainly he did his best to make himself agreeable, and succeeded.

While thus conversing with Ida, and experiencing the full force of her witchery of manner and the power of her soft blue eyes, the young baronet first admitted to himself the possibility that Lucetta might be superseded in his regard. And so rapidly did the spell of the golden-haired enchantress operate, that ere luncheon was over he began to think that he could love again—

may, he was not quite sure that he was not in love already. It may be that Ida came resolved on conquest. It may be that this was the aim and object of the plan arranged between herself and Lucetta. On these points we have no precise information. But if conquest were her aim, she could not doubt that she had attained it. Sir Clarence could not conceal—in fact, did not attempt to conceal—the effect produced upon him by the beautiful girl. He was now effectually cured of the disease under which he had so long laboured, but he was threatened with another attack quite as formidable as the first.

While chatting and laughing with Lady Fanshaw, Mainwaring noted all that was passing between the young pair, and soon comprehended how matters stood. Perhaps the satisfaction which he felt made him drink a little more champagne than he otherwise would have done, and his spirits rose in proportion.

Another walk in the garden took place after luncheon, and as Mainwaring had still a great deal to show to Lady Fanshaw, it chanced that the young pair were occasionally left together for a few minutes, and the old gentleman, who watched them from a distance, thought all was going on prosperously.

They were standing beneath a tree on a little green mound, which commanded charming views of the mansion and park.

“And you are really pleased with the old house, Miss Fanshaw?” said Sir Clarence.

“Delighted with it. Don’t make any changes, I beg of you. Improvements, as they are called, will only spoil it.”

“Could you make up your mind to live in such an old-fashioned place?”

“I dare say I could. I like the country, and am fond of a garden. With such a garden as this I could always feel happy.”

A rejoinder rose to Sir Clarence’s lips, but he repressed it, and remained silent. His looks, however, betrayed him.

“You seem to like the place greatly, and no wonder,” she remarked.

“Sometimes I find it rather solitary.”

“That is your own fault. You can soon make it as gay as you please. Fill the house with company. Have croquet parties on the lawns, and all sorts of out-of-doors and in-doors amusements, and you won’t complain of solitude.”

“I have not felt equal to society until quite lately. Consequently, I have refused all the invitations offered me, but henceforward I mean to adopt a very different course, and mix with the world. Lucetta is very anxious that I should marry.”

“Don’t mind what she says,” rejoined Ida. “You acknowledge you have seen very little of the world, and can know nothing of

our sex. You don't even know your own tastes. Make no hasty choice. Look about you."

"I think you are laughing at me."

"I am speaking seriously. Giving you sound advice."

"I won't promise to follow it. I prefer Lucetta's counsel."

"Well, you are the best judge of what will contribute to your happiness. But were I in your place, I should never think of marrying for ten or twenty years to come."

"Ten or twenty years! I can't wait quite so long, even to please you. I hope to be married before many months are over."

"Then I suppose you have already made your choice?"

"Have I not explained that I have hitherto led a solitary life? I have seen no one."

"Then don't be captivated by the first fair face you meet. Choose somebody as nearly as possible resembling Lucetta, and you will choose well."

"Lucetta herself shall choose for me."

"Not a bad plan, perhaps, since you have so little reliance upon your own judgment. No one should choose for *me*."

"I have every confidence in Lucetta. I can pretty well guess on whom her choice will fall—and so, I think, can you."

In spite of herself, Ida could not conceal the confusion which this remark occasioned, and seeing Lady Fanshaw and Mainwaring advancing, she instantly proposed to rejoin them.

"One moment, Miss Fanshaw," implored Sir Clarence, with a look impossible to misunderstand.

Ida, however, was deaf to the appeal, and walked on quickly, and Sir Clarence was obliged to follow.

The time for departure having now nearly arrived, the ladies returned to the house, and found the carriage waiting for them at the door.

At this juncture, Sir Clarence made a last effort to have another word with Ida, but failed as before. While he was assisting Lady Fanshaw to the carriage, she followed quickly—far too quickly—with Mainwaring. In another instant she was by her mother's side, and the carriage door was shut by the footman. He could only press her hand.

"Adieu! Sir Clarence," said her ladyship. "Come over soon to Tunbridge Wells."

And the carriage dashed through the gates.

"Sir Clarence is very handsome. Don't you think so?" remarked Lady Fanshaw, as they drove through the noble park, and admired its long sweeping glades. "He seemed particularly attentive to you, I thought."

"Attentive!" replied the younger lady. "He has half proposed to me already."

## VIII.

## AGAIN AT THE OLD SHIP.

ABOUT a month after the event last described, which, trifling as it may seem, exercised an important influence on the young baronet's future career, Sir Clarence and Mainwaring arrived one evening at Brighton. Of course they put up at the Old Ship, and of course dined well. Mr. Bacon expected them. He did not require to be reminded of the old port, but brought up a special bottle after dinner.

"I knew you would not forget me, Mr. Bacon," said the old gentleman, with a smile, as the urbane host filled his glass.

"From the same bin as the last, Mr. Mainwaring," replied Mr. Bacon. "I hope you will find the wine in good condition."

"Perfect!" cried Mainwaring, smacking his lips. "If anything, better than the last."

"Allow me to assist you, Sir Clarence?"

"I rarely drink port wine, Mr. Bacon," replied the young baronet.

"My young friend does not understand what is good," cried Mainwaring. "Give him some claret, Mr. Bacon."

"I think I can please you, Sir Clarence," said the host.

So a bottle of Lafitte was brought, and highly approved, though the old gentleman stoutly declined to give an opinion upon it, declaring that he wouldn't insult the port.

"Pray, Mr. Bacon," said Mainwaring, as the host was about to retire, "can you tell me where Sir Nevil and Lady Fanshaw are staying?"

"At the Bedford. They arrived there yesterday. My information is accurate, as I had it from Captain Fanshaw, who called to let me know that I should have the honour of seeing you and Sir Clarence here to-day. Of course it would be almost superfluous to mention that Miss Fanshaw is staying with Lady Danvers in Adelaide-crescent, as you must be aware of the circumstance."

"You think Sir Clarence must know that—eh, Mr. Bacon?" cried Mainwaring, chuckling as he filled his glass.

"I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Fanshaw and Miss Chetwynd as they rode out towards the Dyke this morning, accompanied by Captain Fanshaw and Major Trevor," pursued Mr. Bacon, "and two more graceful figures on horseback I never beheld. Quite a picture. I watched them till they were nearly out of sight."

"Of course you are aware that Captain Fanshaw is engaged to Miss Chetwynd?" remarked Mainwaring.



"I am quite aware of the circumstance, sir," rejoined the host. "And I have heard—upon what I consider tolerably good authority—that Miss Fanshaw is likewise engaged."

"Not to Major Trevor," laughed the old gentleman.

"No, the major is not so fortunate," said the host. "It does not become me to make any remark, but I cannot help saying that whoever obtains Miss Fanshaw's hand may be accounted a very enviable person."

And with a bow he withdrew.

"I am entirely of our worthy host's opinion," remarked Mainwaring, as soon as they were alone. "I didn't suppose he had been so well informed. But Brighton is a terribly gossiping place, and a lovely girl like Ida must be given away to somebody. Besides, there was no occasion for secrecy."

"But the affair is not quite settled yet," rejoined Sir Clarence. "To-morrow will decide my fate. Till I have seen Sir Nevil I cannot consider myself secure; for though I am possessed of Ida's heart, though I flatter myself I am a favourite with her mother, still Sir Nevil's consent to the match is wanting, and till that is obtained the matter cannot be considered as decided. It is strange that Sir Nevil and I should not have met, so that I know nothing of him personally. I am told he is rather obstinate and disagreeable."

"He is pompous and haughty, but quite a gentleman," rejoined Mainwaring. "In the conversation which I had with him on the subject of the proposed marriage, the only objection that he raised was in regard to your title to the property, and the impossibility, as it seemed to him, of your making an adequate settlement upon his daughter."

"I hope you explained all to him, and told him exactly how I am circumstanced?" said Sir Clarence.

"I kept nothing back whatever," replied the old gentleman. "We got on remarkably well to a certain point, and he seemed perfectly satisfied with your proposals; but when I was obliged to inform him that Sir Hugh's will was lost, he quite started, and seemed to think that an awkward matter. I told him that the directions of the will would be strictly carried out, but he did not seem satisfied. However, there is no real difficulty, so I make no doubt the affair will be settled to-morrow. It cannot be denied that the loss of the will is a most vexatious circumstance. There seems no chance whatever of recovering it, any more than of bringing the assassin to justice."

"I don't despair of either," rejoined Sir Clarence. "You remember that I found a fragment of a newspaper in Sir Hugh's chamber. On examining it, I noticed an advertisement which ran thus:

THE LOST WILL MAY BE RECOVERED.

It would almost seem to apply to the will we have lost."

"There are other lost wills besides Sir Hugh's," said Mainwaring. "But the advertisement may have been concocted by La Hogue. It sounds like it. Perhaps we may learn something at the newspaper-office."

"I cannot help thinking that the fragment of newspaper was designedly left in my uncle's room," said Sir Clarence. "If so, La Hogue must have been there."

"Upon my soul! it looks like it," said the old gentleman, after some reflection, which he assisted by a glass of wine. "We must set a trap for him. But we shan't easily catch such a cunning fox. Meantime, we have another matter to attend to, to which this is secondary."

"The recovery of the will appears to me to be of primary importance."

"Let us see what to-morrow brings forth, and act accordingly," said Mainwaring.

They were still sitting over their wine, when the door opened, and Captain Fanshaw came in. From the cordial way in which the young men met, it was quite clear that the most friendly feelings now subsisted between them. Rainald also appeared very glad to see Mainwaring, and shook hands heartily with him.

"I have just left the girls, Sir Clarence," he said. "All the party are dining at the Bedford, so there will be no use in your going to Adelaide-crescent to see them this evening. I don't want to alarm you, my dear fellow, but I've rather bad news for you."

"Bad news!" exclaimed Sir Clarence, uneasily, while Mainwaring's looks betokened anxiety. "What sort of bad news?"

"Not to make a long tale about it, the governor don't half like the loss of Sir Hugh's will, and makes all sorts of difficulties and objections—you understand."

"I was sadly afraid he would," said Sir Clarence.

"All we can say to him is of no use," pursued Rainald. "He's so confoundedly obstinate, that when once he gets a thing into his head there's no turning him. I've tried my hand pretty hard, but with little effect. There's no use in repeating what he says. You'll hear it all to-morrow, with some additions, I'll be bound. But don't be down-hearted. We shall get over him. Lucetta is confident she can manage him."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Sir Clarence.

"We shall recover the will yet, you'll see, captain," said Mainwaring, confidently.

"You think so!" rejoined Rainald. "Convince the governor of that, and you'll settle all difficulties. But I must be off."

"Take a glass of claret," said the young baronet.

"No—thanks! I've had claret enough at the Bedford. My

brougham's at the door. I must go back to the barracks. I only just called to prepare you for to-morrow. Good night!"

And he quitted the room, leaving the two gentlemen in no very pleasant frame of mind.

## IX.

SIR NEVIL FANSHAW.

NEXT morning, immediately after breakfast, Sir Clarence betook himself to Adelaide-crescent. He was shown into the drawing-room, where he expected to find Lucetta alone; but to his great surprise, and, we may add, to his annoyance, he found Sir Nevil and Lady Fanshaw. They were seated together, evidently engaged in earnest conversation, but when the young baronet came in, her ladyship arose, and, after greeting him very warmly, presented him to her husband.

Sir Nevil was a portly old gentleman, about seventy, or perhaps a little more, but tolerably well preserved, though he had suffered a good deal from gout, as the chalk-stone swellings on his finger-joints betrayed. The old baronet had marked features, an aquiline nose, black bushy brows overhanging keen black eyes, and iron-grey hair. Ordinarily, his manner was rather haughty and repelling, but he was exceedingly courteous to Sir Clarence, as might naturally be expected.

After a little general conversation, which, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, soon became constrained, Sir Nevil glanced significantly at her ladyship, and she at once took the hint, and, making some slight excuse, quitted the room.

Sir Clarence then felt that the dreaded moment was come. Nor was he long kept in suspense.

"What I have to say to you, Sir Clarence, would have been infinitely better stated by my lawyer," began the old baronet; "but I adopt this course, because, though it is disagreeable to talk over business matters in connexion with a proposed matrimonial alliance, there is a singularity in your case which renders private discussion indispensable. Let me premise that your offer to my daughter appeared on the first blush entirely agreeable both to myself and Lady Fanshaw. We are fully sensible to your personal merits; and, indeed, a variety of circumstances conspired to make the match satisfactory to us. At that time, I need scarcely say, I was totally unaware how you are situated in regard to Old Court. I had been given to understand by my son that you inherited the estates from your late uncle, Sir Hugh Chetwynd. But I now find that the will is lost. Consequently, the whole property goes to Lucetta, and the bare title remains to you."

"That is so, Sir Nevil," remarked the young baronet.

"I am informed that Lucetta desires to be guided by the draft of the will prepared by her father, but left unsigned," pursued Sir Nevil; "but I do not think, in justice to himself, that my son, Captain Fanshaw, should accede to such an arrangement. Most undoubtedly, I am opposed to it—strongly opposed—and you must excuse my freedom in telling you so. Sir Hugh had a perfect right to bequeath his property to whomsoever he might think fit, the estates not being entailed. He chose to pass over his daughter in your favour. But his design having been frustrated by the abstraction of the will, the estates go to the daughter, and I think she ought to keep them."

"I have always entertained this view, Sir Nevil, as Mr. Mainwaring will inform you," replied Sir Clarence. "I have no claim whatever to my uncle's property, and am willing to resign it at once to Lucetta."

"Permit me to say that you are acting nobly, Sir Clarence, and quite consistently with the high character I had heard of you," said the old baronet. "It would give me unfeigned satisfaction to have you for a son-in-law. Lady Fanshaw has a warm regard for you. Ida, I believe—nay, I am sure—is sincerely attached to you. Rainald likes you, and I myself could not fail to like you. But, under the circumstances, you will feel that the marriage cannot possibly take place. I assure you I am sincerely sorry for it."

Sir Clarence was saved from the necessity of making any reply to this speech, which cut him to the heart, by the entrance of Lucetta. She was attired in deep mourning, which in no wise detracted from the grace and beauty of her figure, while it set off the clearness of her complexion. By this time she had quite recovered her beauty, though there was still a shade of melancholy in her countenance.

A very affectionate greeting took place between the cousins. Lucetta then went up to the old baronet and kissed his brow.

"You have just come in time, my love," he said, regarding her fondly. "I have had some conversation with Sir Clarence, and nothing can be nobler than his conduct. He declines altogether to take the property."

"The property is rightfully yours, Lucetta, and I cannot take it," said Sir Clarence.

"Exactly. That is what I told you, my dear," remarked Sir Nevil. "The property is yours. You are Sir Hugh's only child, and heiress."

"Of course all my hopes of a union with Ida are over," pursued Sir Clarence, sadly.

"Of course," remarked Sir Nevil. "I'm very—very sorry for it, but it can't be helped. I cannot give my daughter to a man who has nothing, however highly I may esteem him."

"But Sir Clarence Chetwynd is not precisely in that predicament," said Lucetta, with a spirit that rather confounded the old baronet. "He has Old Court, and all the domains belonging to it, and those, I think, may count for something."

"Your father's property is yours, my dear, not your cousin's," rejoined Sir Nevil, quietly. "Sir Clarence acquiesces in that opinion, as he could not help doing, since there is no will."

"This is perfectly true, Lucetta," said Sir Clarence.

"I don't consider it mine," she cried, firmly, "and not all the lawyers in Westminster Hall shall force me to take it. I know how my poor father intended to leave it, and I will take care his intentions are not frustrated. If the property is mine, as you assert, Sir Nevil, I can do what I please with it, and I shall give it to my cousin."

"You will wrong Rainald if you do," said Sir Nevil, somewhat angrily. "But I don't think, on reflection, that you will act so foolishly."

"Cousin," said Lucetta, turning to Sir Clarence, "you need not be under the slightest apprehension that you will be disturbed in the enjoyment of the property. I will take care that it shall be made over to you."

"Lucetta, this must not be," he rejoined.

"But I say it *shall* be," she cried. "Luckily, you can't prevent me."

"We shall hear what Rainald has to say to this!" exclaimed Sir Nevil, who had now worked himself up into a passion. "If he is of my mind, I know what he will do."

Fortunately, the old gentleman was prevented from giving utterance to all the suggestions of his anger. The door opened, and a numerous party flocked in, comprising Lady Danvers and Lady Fanshaw, Ida and her brother, and lastly Mr. Mainwaring.

As Sir Nevil's looks proclaimed his anger, Rainald ran forward towards Lucetta. Sir Clarence did not attempt to advance to Ida, but held himself aloof from the company.

"You look excited, sir—pray calm yourself," said Rainald to his father.

"I may well be excited," rejoined the old baronet. "Lucetta won't listen to reason."

"I have simply told Sir Nevil what I mean to do," she rejoined. "You are aware of my intentions, Rainald."

"Certainly," he replied, "and I think it is the right thing to do. Is Sir Clarence to be deprived of the property because the will can't be found?"

"He has no more right to the property than you have," cried Sir Nevil. "I don't like to express the strong opinion I entertain of Lucetta's conduct, but I think it——"

"Hold, sir," interrupted his son. "You may say what you will be sorry for hereafter."

"There must be no further misunderstanding on this point," said Lucetta. "I take all present to witness, that unless the will be found, I shall make over the property to Sir Clarence."

"Quite right!" cried Rainald, approvingly. "Quite right!"

"Quite wrong, I say!" roared Sir Nevil. "You are a fool to talk thus, and can't see your own interest. Why should you give away Old Court?"

"You forget yourself, sir. I have nothing to do with the place."

"But your intended wife has. What have you to say to that?"

"That she has a perfect right to deal with her own."

"I deny it. She has no right to throw the estates away for a mere question of feeling."

"But the estates will remain in the family. If they don't benefit me, they will benefit Ida," said Rainald.

"No, they won't," cried Sir Nevil. "I'll take care of that. Everything shan't be carried against me. By this arrangement you fancy you can make sure of my consent to Sir Clarence's union with Ida. But you are mistaken. I refuse it—peremptorily refuse it."

"Recal those words, father," said Rainald.

"He may have the property, but he shan't have her," cried Sir Nevil.

"For Heaven's sake, hear me, sir!"

"Not another word. Don't provoke me, or I'll retract my consent to your own marriage."

And, despite all efforts to stop him, the infuriated old baronet rushed out of the room, followed by Lady Fanshaw and his daughter.

End of the Fifth Book.

## THE INSURRECTION IN CANDIA.

THE opinions of statesmen appear to be undergoing a great change in regard to Eastern affairs. The statement made by the Emperor Napoleon upon the opening of the French Chambers, to the effect that Russia is disposed to act with France in the Eastern question, was avowedly more than the public were prepared to hear. The disasters of the Crimea are to be repaired by a mutual regard for the interests of Christianity in the East. The French "yellow book" expresses regret that the Sublime Porte did not follow the counsels of France, and send promptly a commissioner to Crete to settle the difficulties which existed, and it continues thus: "The population, over-excited, demands now incorporation with Greece, instead of the reforms which it at first demanded. The extension of the insurrection produced agitation in the Hellenic provinces of Turkey, and excited public opinion in the kingdom of Greece. The shock was felt throughout the East. The Servians also claimed the evacuation of the fortresses in Servia occupied by Turkey. We advised the Porte to adopt resolutions in a sense favourable to the Christian populations. We should be happy if the Porte were to accede to our advice. The Cretan question still exists in its entirety. In presence of the commotion which has been created in the East, and the sympathies which have been awakened in all Europe, will the combinations which were at first deemed sufficient be found to be so still? The Ottoman government should form no fallacious illusions. It must realise the seriousness of the existing state of things, and must not hesitate before such sacrifices as may preserve it from the periodical return of similar crises." This is a prodigious step in advance, from the days when France, England, and Sardinia rushed in arms to bolster up a falling power for a few more years by the wanton sacrifice of blood on the Crimean plains.

Although political opinion is not so far advanced in England, and the Eastern question is still always discussed simply in its relations to British interests, and to jealous apprehensions of Russian preponderance, still quite enough appeared when the subject of insurrection in Candia came to be discussed (February 15, 1867), to show that the words addressed by the Muscovite patriarch to an English prince had found an echo in St. Stephen's, and that no civilised power can any longer afford to ignore the wrongs of the Christians of the East. Mr. Gregory, the mover of the address, for example, although no advocate for the dismemberment of the Turkish empire, argued that something should be done to give the Christian dependencies of the Porte the power of self-government, with which was identified the happiness of many millions of people, and security for the peace of Europe. We have argued as much for these twenty years and more, and it is pleasant to think that, all the European powers having arrived at the same conclusion, so auspicious an event is now likely to come to pass. The policy of Russia, it was remarked at the same time, was one of aggrandisement, and her object was to keep up a state of discontent. Remove that, and her object failed. If they imagined that these Eastern peoples were blind to the policy of Russia, they were mistaken; it was well understood, not only by the people of

Servia, but even better by the Greeks. "The policy this country," the worthy member went on to say, "had hitherto pursued had been to preserve the integrity of Turkey at all hazards; not that England was indifferent to the oppression and misgovernment of Turkey and the sufferings of these people, but the latter had been as nothing in comparison with the preservation of this crumbling edifice."

For the last six months a cruel and devastating war had been laying waste the island of Crete; pillage, murder, and violation had been rife throughout the country. The Turks protested that the civil war had not been caused by its misgovernment, but from a desire to change the political condition of the island; on the other hand, they had positive evidence, Mr. Gregory contended, that it was the integrity of the Turkish government brought all this about, and if the grievances of the Cretans had been redressed it would never have occurred. The Christians complained of excessive taxation, of an utter want of justice, and of proper laws; the Turks replied by pouring troops into the island, and hunting down and arresting every one who had taken part in promoting these complaints. The Cretans naturally flew to arms, and a cruel and vindictive war was the result. The horrors and outrages the Cretans have endured during this long war have left wounds which never can be healed. In 1830, Crete almost achieved her independence. The whole island, with the exception of three or four fortresses, was in their possession. But diplomacy stepped in, and handed her first to Egypt, and afterwards to Turkey. But the objection then urged against detaching Crete from Turkey, that the population was chiefly Muhammadan, no longer applied. The Muhammadans have dwindled down in the presence of the Christians, as in other places. (If the officials, tax-gatherers, soldiers, and police were deducted, there would, indeed, be scarcely any Mussulmans remaining.) The promises made by the Porte in the *Hat-humayūn* in 1856 have never been fulfilled, and the stipulations of the Porte in 1858 to the Christians have never been carried out, the Cretans were therefore entitled, as an act of justice, to self-government. Further, the Turks had wrongfully preserved possession of Candia, when the political existence of Greece depended upon holding that island, and yet it was contended that they should be allowed to profit by that wrong. Besides, let Candia remain in the hands of the Turks, what probability is there that the Greeks in that island, peopling it and holding the land, would remain patient under that yoke which their brethren had shaken off? Such a state of things was impossible. If King George was compelled to neutrality by the protecting powers, the Greeks themselves will be always ready to succour their brethren, and Crete under Ottoman rule will for ever remain a source of trouble and anxiety.

Mr. Gladstone expressed in a similar spirit his hope that the time had now come—even in this present year—when we shall be able to take a step in advance. He hoped to see the conduct and policy of the Ottoman Porte in the Danubian Provinces made the basis of the conduct and policy of the Ottoman government in all its European provinces. He was not able to say, after a careful reading of the papers, that the provisions of the *Hat-humayūn* had been fulfilled. The claims of Turkey against Crete had, in fact, been stated by the member for Southwark better than they are stated by the Turks themselves. But he did not hesitate to admit



that it is not alone the grievances which arise from the non-execution of the Hat-humayūn, but that there is mingled along with these a deeper question—the recollections of a strong Hellenic feeling among the Cretan population, and the determination of the people to avail themselves of every opportunity to give effect to those feelings of nationality.

Lord Stanley likewise admitted that a change had come over our policy in the East. Every age, every generation, he said, has its own policy, suited to its own wants. The Porte had been advised to make such concessions in Servia as appeared to be natural and reasonable, but it could not be advised to cede this disaffected island, as the precedent would be almost fatal to the empire, because if an insurrection were to be the signal of a recommendation on the part of the European powers to cede a province, in the course of time there would be further disaffection, and dismemberment of the Turkish empire. The noble lord admitted that local grievances had to some extent induced insurrection, but it had also been a movement of a religious and national character in favour of total separation from Turkish control. It was not desirable to see things continue as they are at present; but it was not in our power, nor had we the right to do more than had been done—that is to say, to insist, as empowered by treaty, upon the toleration by the Porte of its Christian subjects. But the noble lord further admitted, at the same time, that the Turkish empire is in a state of transition, and the advice which is good now may not be good five or six years hence.

It is, then, admittedly mere temporising advice, the shallowness of which is acknowledged at the very time that it is given. But it is quite certain that the British government could not do more—not because the advice to cede one disaffected province might entail the loss of every disaffected province, that will follow as a matter of course, but because we have no more right to ask the Porte to cede its possessions than they have to ask us to give up Ireland to the few ignorant and fanatic Celts who call themselves Phœnicians. The only possible suggestion that we could make would be, that as we have given up the Ionian Islands to strengthen a national sovereignty, they might also give up Crete to save the effusion of blood and those outrages which all foresee must inevitably arise from the hostility in race and religion of the greater number—in fact, of the original inhabitants of the island—to their rulers and oppressors, aliens in religion, race, manners, and language, and obnoxious as rulers not even by right of conquest, but by the wrongful verdict of a mistaken diplomacy.

But, after all, this is merely the expression of the attitude of the British government towards the Turks and the Hellenes of Crete. It has little or nothing to do with the actual question itself. It may delay the natural course of events, it cannot put them off for ever. As the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs admitted, “the advice which is good now may not be good five or six years hence.” It was, however, gratifying to find that with one exception—that of the member for Southwark—a far more liberal and enlightened view of the interests of the Christians in regard to their Muhammadan rulers was taken than has hitherto been usual with British politicians, and as it is now unquestionable that the same feeling has extended from Russia to France, and is ardently upheld by all the great powers of Europe, the coyness of Great Britain

in admitting the claims of the Christian aborigines of Turkey must soon give way before that force of circumstances which it is not in the power of any policy to permanently resist.

To thoroughly understand and appreciate the actual position of the Cretans in regard to the Turks, it is necessary to go back, not to the times of Minos and of the Dorian invaders, the heroic ages of the beautiful island, nor yet to those of the Venetians, the era of its commercial prosperity—epochs we have before glanced at—but to the earlier periods of Muhammadan dominion, passing down to the present day. These comprise neither the Russian, the French, nor the English views of Cretan or Candian policy, but that of the Cretans themselves, the original possessors of the land.

Nowhere throughout the whole Turkish empire has the oppressive rule of the Muhammadans, ever in conflict with the vitality and resistance so peculiar to the Greek race, produced results more curious to study and contemplate. Muhammad II. and his successors aimed after the fall of Constantinople at adding to their continental possessions in Asia and Europe all the islands in the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Rhodes was taken from the Knights of St. John in 1522, and Candia capitulated in 1669. The Ionian Islands alone remained to the Venetians by the end of the seventeenth century. Still the population in almost all the Greek islands remained exclusively Christian. The Turk, a lover of horses and open plains, neither liked, nor did he feel himself safe in these remote and rocky islets. In many not a Turk was to be met with. In a few only an aga, with a group of Albanian soldiers, was supposed to represent the Sultan, but every year when the Capitan Pasha sailed through the archipelago with his fleet the Greek primates assembled at Paros to pay tribute. Gradually a few Mussulman families established themselves in the strong places of the larger islands, as Cyprus, Rhodes, Mytilene, and Chio, but the whole of the agricultural population scattered in the villages, and of the industrial population of the towns, remained Christian. The Turks, seduced from the towns by the beautiful, shady, and well-watered valleys of Eubœa or Negropont and of Crete or Candia, first began to dwell in villages in those islands. So close to the mainland, indeed, was the first-named largest island of the Ægean Sea, that no sooner had the Venetians been expelled in 1470 than it was parcelled out into timars or military fiefs.

Crete was very differently circumstanced. It was the most distant and isolated of the Greek islands, and might have been supposed to be the last to which an essentially non-maritime people would have emigrated. But the Cretans, ever turbulent and independent, were foolish enough to hail the Osmanli yoke as a relief to that of the Venetians. The condition of Candia under the Venetians, as gathered from the works of Cornelius (Cornaro),\* Tafel and Thomas,† and Pashley, the latter of whom consulted the manuscripts in the library of St. Mark,‡ was certainly not an enviable one. The peasants were reduced to the condition of serfs,

\* *Creta Sacra* Flaminii Cornelius. 2 vols. in 4to. Venice: 1755.

† *Urkunden zur altern Handels- und Staatsgeschichte der Republik Venedig, mit besonderer Beziehung auf Bizanz und die Levante.* Von Dr. Tafel und Dr. Thomas. 2 vols. Vienna: 1855-56.

‡ *Travels in Crete.*

and when oppression brought about a revolt, as in 1283 and in 1363, they were punished with the utmost rigour. Venice did not content itself with putting the chiefs to death; whole districts were depopulated, and doomed to sterility. The peasants were not allowed to plough or to sow under pain of death. The Mussulmans themselves have never treated the Greeks with greater harshness, contumely, and contempt than did the Latins. The orthodox clergy, to whom nine-tenths of the population looked up to, were deprived of their benefices for the advantage of the Latin priesthood.

The Turks were accordingly hailed as friends and liberators by a large portion of the Candian population. They divided the island into three sandjaks or pashaliks, the chief towns being Khania, or Canea, Retymo, and Candia, or Megalo-Kastro, as it is still called in Crete. These again were subdivided into great or lesser fiefs, called ziamets and timars. These fiefs had belonged chiefly to the Venetian nobles or the Latin clergy, and they were held as a military tenure on the condition of supplying so many soldiers in case of need. The district of Sphakia alone, Finlay tells us, which was inhabited only by Christians, was governed by its own primates.\* Mercenary beys from Anatolia and Rumelia, and janisseries and sipahis—soldiers of fortune—hastened to a land where they could enjoy a home amid olive-gardens and vineyards, and they could stock their harems with beautiful young Candians. Gradually they spread from the plains and valleys up into the mountains, seizing the land and houses as well as the women, and reducing the men into servitude.

When the Cretans found themselves thus treated by their new rulers they were plunged into the very depths of despair. A curious phenomenon, which had presented itself in the middle ages, once more occurred. Christianity had almost entirely disappeared from the island under the dominion of the Saracens in the ninth and tenth centuries. Restored by Nicephoras Phocas, whole districts upon this second occasion apostatised as they had done before, and hence it was that old travellers, as Chevalier, Tournefort, and Pococke, found that most of the so-called Mussulmans were renegades, or sons of renegades. The habits, manners, language, and aspect of the so-called Turks of Crete at once reveals their origin to an attentive observer. They have the name of Turks, but in their physiognomy, manners, and language, they have remained Greeks. The Greeks cannot master the ever-recurring *ch* and *j* of the Turks, and, excepting a few words of prayer, the Mussulmans of Crete know no other language but their own. The Turks themselves are obliged to use the Greek language, in which all public and private business can alone be transacted. The Cretans further, when embracing Islamism, would not forego their love of wine. They disregarded the precepts of the Koran in that respect, and drank, and danced, and sung, superadding the vices of the Christians to those of the Mulammadans—drunkenness to polygamy—to the great scandal of the Osmanli Turks, who always look upon their Cretan co-religionaries as doubtful Mussulmans.

Nor did the Osmanli Turks dominate over the Cretan Christians with half the cruelty and insolence as did these vicious renegades and apos-

\* History of the Greek Revolution. By George Finlay, LL.D. Vol. i. p. 5.

tates. Enrolled in four regiments of janissaries, who constituted the armed force of the island, they trod justice and humanity under foot—no Christian was safe in the possession of his land, house, or family—the caprice of a renegade could rob him of all that was dear in life—and the same turbulent apostates rebelled against any pasha nominated by the Porte, who attempted to restrain their lust and violence, and they appointed creatures of their own. It is difficult to conceive the excesses to which this abominable tyranny was carried previous to the war of independence. There was no safety for life, property, or honour to a Christian, save in the remotest mountain fastnesses, where frequent ambuscades and nocturnal vendettas avenged the wrongs of a down-trodden people. Honourable members of the British House of Commons expressed their belief that there had been faults and cruelties on both sides. But had the said honourable members been wounded in the same tender points as the Christians of Crete, they, too, would have been ready to avenge their wrongs. Pashley explained long ago why the Christian women of Crete had to go veiled; Perrot, the author of a more recent work,\* exposes the system of brutal violation, accompanied or preceded by the murder of a father, husband, brother, lover, or affianced, which has been hitherto rather the rule than the exception in this island, which has almost ever been a kind of crater of vice—an active volcano of human passions.

It was through the instrumentality of an Osmanli pasha—Haji Osman—that the Cretan Mussulmans were first brought to reason. Encouraged by impunity, their cruelties and exactions had exceeded all bounds; they had successively deposed four pashas sent by the Sultan, and the fertile island of Candia no longer contributed to the public revenue. It was under these circumstances that Osman, well known for his firmness of character, was sent in 1813. But Osman had no troops, so he had recourse to the Christians, whom he armed in secret. He then summoned the Cretan beys to Khania, under the pretext of the public reading of a firman from the Sultan. No sooner were they assembled, than they were pounced upon, bound with cords, and led out to execution. A gun was fired for every head that was cut off, and the Christians, delighted at this summary method of disposing of their enemies and oppressors, spent the evening in drinking and dancing. The pashas of Candia and Retymo made prisoners at the same time of the most turbulent and extortionate beys in their own towns and districts, confiscating their wealth to their own purposes, and forwarding the men to Khania. The consequence was, that the executions at the latter place are said to have lasted for two months. Every evening at sunset the booming of great guns announced the fall of more heads of tyrannous and despotic beys. There were, however, some among these Cretan Mussulman chiefs who had powerful friends in Constantinople. It was represented to the Sultan that the pasha was in reality only acting in his own interests, and not in those of the Porte. It was still the epoch of the bowstring, and one was sent to Haji Osman, who made his ablutions, said his prayers, and then held out his neck to the noose with the resignation of a Japanese performing the rites of the Hari Kari. With his death all former abuses reappeared,

\* L'Île de Crète. Souvenirs de Voyage. Par George Perrot, Ancien Membre de l'École Française d'Athènes. P. 164 *et seq.*

and the island was once more delivered up to the power of a venal, corrupt, and sanguinary aristocracy.

There can be no question that, had it not been for the peculiar configuration of Candia, Christianity must long ago have been extirpated from the island. The people, exposed to incessant exactions and oppressions, must have either taken flight, perished, or apostatised. But, luckily, the White Mountains, more lofty than the Dicte, and more extensive and complicated than Ida, afforded a comparatively safe retreat to the Rhiziots, the Seliniots, and the Sphakiots—the chief tribes into which the remnants of the Greek Christians grouped themselves at the worst epoch of their trials. These tribes, removed from the towns and plains, were placed beyond the reach of the exactions and persecutions of the Cretan beys, and, although they had to suffer from the privations inseparable from a forced residence amid rocks and snows, where cultivation was rare and limited, and even game was scarce, still they had the satisfaction of preserving their lives and liberties intact, and the honour of their wives and daughters unsullied. It was thus that the traditions and hopes of the Hellenic race were alone preserved from utter annihilation in this most unfortunate island.

The war of independence presented in Crete the same alternatives of successes and of reverses as in continental Greece. Acts of dashing bravery were ever rendered sterile by the insufficiency of means to attack the enemy in its strongholds. Nevertheless, after many years' struggles, in 1823 the Turks no longer held a foot in the open country. Kisamo-Kasteli, one of their strong places, had been forced to capitulate from famine, and Candia itself, it was well known, could not hold out much longer. The Porte, driven to extremity in Greece, was threatened by the Russians on the Danube, and Crete would soon have passed into the hands of its native population. But at this crisis the Sultan invoked the aid of his powerful vassal, Muhammad Ali of Egypt. Several Egyptian regiments disembarked with their European instructors, raised the blockade of the strong places, and drove the Cretans back to their mountain fastnesses. Ill-regulated attempts to rouse the national spirit in 1825 and 1826, when Ibrahim Pasha's best troops were in the Morea, also met with a similar want of well-defined success. Tranquillity had been restored, when, notwithstanding the efforts and sacrifices of the Christians, and the superiority which they had ever shown in the open field over the Turks when left to their own resources, the protocol of London of the 2nd of February, 1830, and the treaties that sprang from it, left the island without the new kingdom which they constituted, and handed it over to the tender mercies of the Ottomans.

Nowhere had so much blood been shed, nowhere had the struggle been more resolute or more inveterate than in Candia. There was no quarter given on either side to man, woman, or child. The same fearful massacres were enacted which sullied the capture of the island from the Saracens by the Byzantines. It was a holy war on both sides, the one party encouraged by ignorant and fanatic dervishes, the other by an implacable priesthood.

*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

There are no wars so sanguinary as those which have their origin in

religious animosities. Yet amid all the horrors of this sanguinary warfare the Cretans, in honourable contrast to the Turks, never violated female captives. They held with the Klepthes of Epirus and Thessaly, that whoever committed an act of violence upon a woman would fall in the first engagement. But, on the other hand, that passionate vanity and uncontrollable jealousy which is a part of the Hellenic nature, led to acts of cruel rivalry most pernicious to the cause. Such, for example, was the murder of Melidoni of Mount Ida by the Sphakiot Roussos on account of his popularity. Many of the Cretans who had apostatised returned to the Christian faith during the war of independence. The history of the family of Kurmulis is a remarkable case in point. They were Archontes, or of the old nobility of the country, and, although nominally Mussulmans, they had long secretly protected the Christians. One of the family, known to the Turks as Hussain Aga, fought on the breaking out of the war of independence under his christian name of Michali Kurmulis. He became the archegos or chief of the province of Megalo Kastro (Candia), and died at Hydra in 1824. His son, Riswan Aga, fell as Captain Demetrios at Athens. His brother, Mustapha Aga, fought as Captain Manolis in Crete, and was slain at Mokho. Of sixty-four men who belonged to this family in 1821, only two survived the sanguinary struggle for independence. In 1824, three Kurmulides were decapitated at Retymo, refusing to purchase their lives by a fresh apostasy. It was declared that a lambent flame had been seen to play over their exposed remains, and the very fragments of their dress were preserved as relics of martyrs.

This nine years' war left the country in ruins and depopulated. Pashley found at the village of Vlithias, near Selino, in 1834, only one man. All the other houses were inhabited by widows. Another village in Lassithi was tenanted only by widows. Whatever might be their faults and errors, men who, after years of oppression and misery, allowed themselves to be exterminated rather than abandon faith in the future of their race, were surely deserving of some sympathy among more civilised nations. As in the present day, the Turks, not content with burning houses, furniture, and crops, also destroyed the olive-trees and the chesnuts—the chief resources of the islanders. In 1795, Olivier estimated the population at 240,000, nearly one-half Christians and one-half Islamites. In 1834, Pashley only found 129,000 inhabitants, and of these 40,000 at the most were Mussulmans. This superiority of the Christian over the Muhammadan population after all they had endured is to be attributed to several causes. The Turks, shut up in fortresses, had suffered more severely than the Christians from hunger and disease. The Christians, of more active, sober, and chaste habits, were also better fitted to fill the gaps entailed in their population by this disastrous warfare. They had also confidence in themselves. Left alone had to hand with the Turks, they had always beaten them. It had been necessary to call in the aid of the Pasha of Egypt, whose disciplined troops were at that epoch irresistible, to turn the issue of the struggle. Europe had abandoned its fellow-Christians in Candia, and had handed them over to the Turks, but they had also stipulated conditions which they believed they—the European powers—would insist upon being honourably carried out. These feelings filled the Cretans with hope and confidence. They eagerly pur-

chased the devastated and untilled lands of the Cretan Turks, who, profoundly discouraged, parted with them often for a small consideration.

The Egyptian troops continued to garrison the island until 1830, when a firman of the Porte ceded Candia to Muhammad Ali. The vicious sway of the Turk was succeeded, as in Syria, by a firm and impartial rule, which consolidated peace for the sake of the benefits to be derived from it. Many Turks of the old school did not hesitate to manifest openly their hatred of a quasi Muhammadan rule, which deprived them of the gratifications to which they, as the elect, had been hitherto entitled. Some, having recommenced the abuses of old, were decapitated or thrown into prison. The Greeks, finding themselves thus protected by the strong arm of the law, returned in crowds to the island. Courts of appeal were established at Candia and at Khania, composed of one-half Christians and one-half Mussulmans. An irregular gendarmerie, composed chiefly of Albanians, did duty as a police, and Candia enjoyed for some years a degree of tranquillity which had been long unknown.

Mustafa Pasha, who first came to the island with the Egyptian troops in 1824, laboured for twenty-two years—from 1830 to 1852—at the re-organisation of the island. Like Muhammad Ali himself, he was an Albanian from the neighbourhood of Cavala. He is said by French writers to have been much influenced in his generous policy towards the Christians by a certain Doctor Caporal, who stood high in his favour. On withdrawing to Constantinople, where he has been several times grand vizier, he still retained vast possessions in the island, and when, last year, Ismail Pasha found himself involved in an insurrection which he himself had conjured up by his maladministration, the task of pacifying the island was entrusted to the old man, who is now, indeed, over eighty years of age. When Muhammad Ali was compelled by the triple alliance, and the events in Syria in 1840, to renounce Syria, Candia, it is to be observed, was also restored to the Sultan, but Mustafa Pasha was continued in the government, which he held up to 1852. His system was not to permit any Cretan Turk to take part in the rule of the country. All the mudirs, or mayors, were Albanians, and so also of the zaptiahs, or irregular gendarmerie, who were distributed ten or twelve together, in miserable huts encumbered with vermin—themselves in rags and their arms badly kept—in the chief villages. There were few insurrections during the long rule of Mustafa, and these, caused by the extortionate rapacity of the head government, were appeased without bloodshed. Mustafa was succeeded by Muhammad Emin Pasha, who ruled at the epoch of the Crimean war with justice and moderation. Emin was succeeded again in 1855 by Wali, or Véli Pasha, son of Mustafa, who had been brought up in the island, and to whom Greek was the language of childhood. Wali Pasha had been to Paris. Heaped what is absurdly called "European civilisation," and instead of repairing the old Venetian jetties falling to pieces, and opening roads to the interior, he projected a boulevard from Candia to Khania, although he was possessor of the only carriage in the island. In fact, in the words of Monsieur Perrot—himself a Frenchman—he was lost by his anxiety to gain the praise and applause of the Parisians. Two hundred Greeks assembled at Perivolta, near Khania, in 1858 to protest against the pretended reforms introduced into the country. The consuls were petitioned to forward their protests



to Constantinople. Wali Pasha having attempted to disperse the meeting by force, it soon increased in numbers to some 7000 or 8000 men. The Turks withdrew then into the strong places, till a commission, headed by Admiral Achmet Pasha, arrived from Constantinople. The commission decided against the proceedings of Wali Pasha, and Sami Pasha was elected to take his place. The Cretans thus obtained upon this occasion all that they sought for without firing a musket. The island remained tranquil under Sami Pasha, as also under his successor, Ismail Pasha, up to the month of May, 1866, with the exception of a small military expedition sent in 1863 against the Sphakiots for acts of piracy—practices to which they are unfortunately rendered too prone by the excessive poverty of the country which they inhabit, and yet to which they cling, rather than fall under the yoke of the Turks. Latterly, however, they had begun to establish themselves on the plains around Selino, Kissamo, Apocorona, and Mylopotamo, where they cultivated the land, or grew olives. Thus, whatever increase in population there has been in Candia has always been in favour of the Christians. In 1847, Hitier, consul of France at Khania, estimated the population at 160,000 souls, of whom 40,000 alone were Mussulmans—not more than in the time of Pashley (1834), when the whole population was only 129,000. Monsieur Raulin\* estimated the population in 1858 as 123,000 Christians to 49,000 Mussulmans, from which it would appear that while the Christian population had increased by one-third, the Mussulman population had not increased by one-fourth. Property in the soil has passed even in a still more marked proportion out of the hands of the Cretan and Osmanli Turks into those of the Christians.

Here—as in all other parts of the empire where the rayahs are numerous—the Turks are always selling, never buying. Since 1829, the greater portion of the lands, formerly held by the Turks in the most fertile plains, have passed into the hands of the Christians. The complete dispossession of the Islamites by this pacific revolution is then a mere matter of time. The agas and beys have long since been driven into the towns, where they obtain a scanty livelihood from such small sinecures as the Turkish administration has to dispose of for the benefit of its secretaries. Were the Osmanli rule to depart from the island, the last fragment of Islamism would have to go with it, or to starve; the Cretan Turks would, however, in greater part return back again to the religion of their forefathers. On the publication of the *Hat-humayün* in 1856, which assured toleration to the Christians, six hundred renegades re-apostatised in the district of Candia alone. In the eparchy of Pediada, a whole village called Piscopi seceded from Muhammadanism. But the Osmanlis, upon witnessing this unexpected result of the *Hat* or ukase, soon took secret measures to thwart its action, and these were so efficacious, that it is not too much to say that, excepting when the Christians are in a state of semi-independence, or are protected by an independent and energetic consul, that notwithstanding the doubts expressed by certain members of parliament, the much talked-of *Hat* is, throughout the empire, a mere dead letter. The Cretan Turks have little of the Mussulman in their constitution. They dress like the

\* Description Physique de l'Île de Crète. Bordeaux : 1858.



Christians; their women are not veiled; and they are as partial to Malmsey as a caloyer or monk of Mount Athos. Before the war of independence, what between abductions and marriages, which it was not prudent to oppose, many Christian women passed into the seraglios of the Turkish beys and agas; but since the reign of violence passed away, such unions have not only become rare, but have almost entirely ceased. The Turks would still be only too glad to wed the beautiful Greek girls that abound in the villages, but these reject their suit with contempt. "I would sooner see my blood redden the earth than to feel my eyes kissed by a Turk," is the burthen of a song ever on their lips. Both men and women are essentially handsome in Candia, and the beauty of the latter has given origin to a species of amorous poetry known as *madina-does*, or couplets sang to the accompaniment of a dance, and which are almost peculiar to the island.\*

The Cretan Greeks speak the same language as their brethren of the archipelago and of the continent, with the exception of a few local expressions; but the Sphakiots retain many words of the old Doric dialect. Like their brethren of Rumelia and Anatolia, they are cunning, deceitful, greedy, and given as of old to falsehood, when it serves their interests; but they are far more independent, of more frank, noble, and manly bearing in the presence of their Turkish masters, than any other Greek rayahs. This is owing to their condition being quite different. They have their church bells; the mixed councils called *Medjilis*, which are a mere constitutional fiction in other parts of the empire, are here a reality; and the Cretan insists upon the administrative privileges assured to him by the law. In Candia, the Turk is spoken to with the fez cocked on one side of the head.

The Christians, by rushing into insurrection in 1866, have jeopardised all the material progress made during the past half century. An armed struggle against such powers as Turkey and Egypt combined, by a few gallant mountaineers, however brave and enterprising they might be, can only end in disaster. The sovereign of Greece cannot afford them help without the consent of the protecting powers, and this could never be granted, from that mutual distrust of one another which is happily fast disappearing. The people of continental Greece, however, sympathised with them, as shown with characteristic Greek excitability, by their onslaught upon the poor half-starved volunteers, who had been but too glad to regain their own country. The Cretans ought to have known, or to have been taught by the consuls, that in the present state of the Eastern question, no Turkish province can be restored to its native population without the consent or connivance of the European powers. It is an open question, indeed, if Candia would be better off under the Hellenic government than that of the Turks; witness the demoralisation which has followed upon the secession of the Ionian Islands. There is not probably a tradesman in the seven islands who does not regret the departure of their British customers.

The Cretans themselves, however, persevere in the face of the implacable obstinacy of European diplomacy in laying their grievances before their fellow-Christians, and clamouring for sympathy and for aid.

\* Fauriel, "*Chants populaires de la Grèce Moderne*," t. i. p. 138.

Ross, "*Inselreise*," iii. 184. Pashley also gives specimens of Candian poetry.

As if the greater their claims for sympathy, the very essence of European diplomacy, did not render the chances for aid more remote! There have been, they say, no crops nor sowings through the whole of Crete on account of the war. They are dying of hunger.\* The assistance of free Greece is of little use. There are no roads to carry things from the coast into the interior of the island. They are without shoes and without clothes. The enemy has burnt down houses, furniture, and the crops of the last year that were in them. And in the view of ruining the land for a long time, they are burning the fruit-trees, the olive-tree, and chesnut-tree. Even the old men, women, and children have had to be removed from the few villages that stand up to the mountains, because the Turks ruthlessly destroy these innocent victims!

This is unquestionably a very painful state of things, but it is one which the Cretans have, to a certain extent, brought upon themselves, and for which they have solely themselves to blame. Those who most interest themselves in the progress of the Christian races in the East, and who believe that the future belongs to them, have most reason to regret so ill-timed and immature an insurrection. The Cretans had undoubtedly vexatious impositions and oppressive acts to complain of, but to read their own statements communicated to the Porte and to the consuls, there was not sufficient to warrant their engaging in so desperate an undertaking as a revolt, nor was it a time, when Greece is at a lower ebb than it has been for many years, and when Europe was especially disinclined to hasten the solution of the Eastern question, to declare the annexation of Candia to the Hellenic kingdom. The Athenians would not demand less tribute than the Turks, and as to roads and harbours, there are not ten miles of road in all Eubœa, and the highways are not safe between Athens and Thebes, between Nauplia and Tripolitza.

All the progress accomplished, all the guarantees obtained, have thus been risked in this ill-considered revolt. A capital slowly collected, conquests dearly purchased, have all been jeopardised, and the island cast back, perchance, some thirty years. It is not with arms in hand that the Cretans, or the other populations of the Turkish empire who are placed in an analogous and unquestionably an unnatural and repugnant position, should continue the hereditary struggle against the Ottoman power. Its army is precisely its strongest point; it is the only institution which has not been disorganised, but, on the contrary, has been strengthened by European influences. It is the last bond that holds a bundle of states and nationalities, ready to break to pieces, together, and it is the last power against which an unequal struggle should be waged.

What remains to the Cretans to do, if they fail in obtaining their independence by this disastrous insurrection, is to obtain the best conditions possible by the dignity of their attitude, and then to recommence the work began thirty years ago. If they really possess any political instinct, and if they are worthy of a better future, as we believe them to be, they will not be led astray by foolish counsels from without and vain notions entertained by some within, but they must set to work to reconquer gradually the excellent position which they have now jeopardised, which they gained by their sufferings and their victories, and which they

\* The people of Crete to M. Jules Favre, Deputy of the Corps Legislatif of France, Jan. 8, 1867.

cemented by their personal energy and their industrial activity. Let them labour at augmenting the produce of their lands, in developing the commercial relations of their ports; let them get wealthier and wealthier, and then, purse in hand, let them year by year add acre to acre till the soil of the whole island is theirs. When they are sole masters of their own soil, should they still have to send to Constantinople instead of to Athens the tithe of their fields and of their orchards, they will be equally masters at home, masters by means of the Medjilis, in which they were before obtaining a preponderance in the administration of justice. Nor would they experience much difficulty in obtaining under such circumstances, by seizing a favourable opportunity, privileges analogous to those granted to Samos, which governs itself under the control of a Greek prince named by the Sultan, who has his own constitution and his own flag waving over the island.\*

So also with regard to the continental Greeks: before seeking to raise Epirus and Thessaly in disastrous insurrection, let them give value to the soil in the Hellenic kingdom, and make of Greece and its islands a civilised, a European, territory. They are never weary of alluding to the astounding good fortune of the House of Savoy; they never cease repeating at Athens that they are called upon to do for their brethren dispersed over the Turkish empire what Turin did for Italy, and to create a national unity. They forget, or they omit to notice, that Piedmont, to arrive at this result, imposed a prodigious task upon itself, that from 1848 to 1859 it was the best-governed country in Italy, the one in which the citizens, seeing their rights better guaranteed and their interests better protected than elsewhere, were all the more prepared to accept heavy burdens, and to discharge them without a demur. It was by the superiority of its economical and political system, by its progress in well-being and in liberty, that Piedmont disgusted the other Italian populations with their incapable and tyrannical administrations, and that it accustomed cabinets and people to the idea of the future that lay in store for them.

But while Greece proclaims similar ambitious designs, has it the same virtues? Even those who now land in the Piræus, who are most disposed by their education and previous associations to look favourably on things, to make excuses, and to hope for better days, quit it, after a residence of a few months or years, disappointed, and doubting in that future which their hopeful aspirations had conjured up for the old Christian kingdoms of Greece and of Byzantium.

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\* Since the above was written, France, Austria, and Russia have united in recommending the cession of Crete to Greece. The altertative, as presented to Samos, will probably be the result of this well-meant and timely interference.

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"I HAVE BUT YOU IN ALL THE WIDE WORLD."

MR. CHARLTON had been restored to consciousness and to the power of speech, but the power of action was gone from him for evermore, and life in this world was for him but an affair of weeks, or it might be of days. Death brooded over the house at Charlwood, and the inmates crept about awed and hushed by the unseen but clearly felt approach of the awful visitant—all the inmates except Adelaide and Colonel Home, I should have said. The former had a carelessness and indifference of character, an utter heartlessness, which was to her a sevenfold shield against deep or serious impressions; she was wearied to death by the gloom and quiet of the house, and repeatedly urged Marian to induce her husband to take them away to London, or to his father's place in Warwickshire; but if Marian had not much more feeling than her young sister, she had at least more sense of what was due to appearances, and angrily negatived the proposal. As to the sick man's son-in-law, he anathematised the compulsory dulness of their daily life quite as much as did Adelaide, yet what with tête-à-tête walks and talks with the young lady herself, and what with anxiety as to the final disposition of the bulk of Mr. Charlton's large property, time did not hang unbearably heavy on his hands. He was very anxious that the end, whatever it might be, should arrive speedily, for a letter from his solicitor had informed him that the death of Sir Francis Lyneham, the member for his own county, was now hourly looked for, and he knew it was important that he should take the field early. As for Laura, all her love, hope, and fear were now bounded by the four walls of the chamber where her father lay dying. She noted nothing of the proceedings of the rest of the household, and as Mrs. Charlton proclaimed herself much too excited and wretched to be a judicious nurse, the duty of almost unremitting attendance in the sick-room devolved on Laura.

Nearly a fortnight had thus passed, when, as she sat one evening by the bedside while her father slept, a gentle knock was heard at the door, and her husband entered softly. The only light in the room came from the low clear fire, and the pale beams of a young moon which hung opposite the window in a grey and misty November sky.

"Is he asleep?" whispered Colonel Home.

"Yes, he has been so for quite two hours."

"Had you any conversation with the doctors to-day?"

"Nothing but the usual questions and answers about food, drink, and medicine; it struck me that they thought him better—at least, they ordered no change."

"That would bear another construction, Laura. I had some talk with them."

"Had you? What did they say?"

"Not much; nothing that I did not expect."

"And what was it?" asked Laura, with a quick catching of the breath. In her inmost heart she knew that her father's hours were numbered, but she had resolutely beaten back the unwelcome certainty, and no one had wished to be the first to dispel any hope of amendment which she might have formed. Colonel Home was silent for a moment. "Tell me what they said," she repeated.

"Well, I had rather not be the one to do it; but you certainly ought to know, and no one else is willing to tell you, so Mrs. Charlton and they all thought I should come and speak to you about it; but, my dear Laura, you are no mere child now, and these things must be borne."

"Speak plainly, I will bear it," she replied.

"They say that the end is very near, probably within a few hours of us, and that this quiet and freedom from suffering is but produced by utter exhaustion. But there is one comfort they give us; there will be no pain, no struggle, he will pass away gently, probably in his sleep."

Laura spoke no word, uttered no cry, but she wrung her hands together and leaned against the side of the window for support. She had followed her husband to the window. Colonel Home continued:

"I should leave for Thornicroft to-night by the 10.20 train, but as things are here I cannot go. I had a letter from Sommers by the evening mail. Lyneham is gone at last."

"Who is Lyneham?" asked Laura, talking like one in a dream.

"Who is Lyneham?" repeated her husband, peevishly. "Who should he be but the member for Thornborough, for whose death we have been looking so long?"

"I did not think at the moment," she answered.

"Well, no matter. Of course it is a great inconvenience to me the having to stay here just now, but I must only trust that Sommers will do all that is necessary in the business. Laura——"

He hesitated and paused; his wife looked up inquiringly, and even in that faint light he could see that her face was white and set, and a deep-seated anguish in her eyes.

"What is it?" she said.

"You have been a great deal with your father since he has recovered his senses," said Colonel Home, abruptly. "Has he spoken about his affairs to you? I mean, has he given you reason to think that he has arranged everything?"

"He has said nothing to me on the subject," answered Laura.

"Then you ought to lose no time in ascertaining the truth," replied her husband. "Of course it is more your affair than that of any one else, but equally, of course, we are all anxious to know whether or not he has settled things finally."

"If you want to know, you must discover it for yourself," returned Laura. "I care nothing whatever about the matter, and you may readily believe that I prize too much the few hours which——which——"

Here her voice broke for an instant, but she overcame the inclination to burst forth into tears and sobs, and went on:

"I shall make some other use of the few precious hours I may have him than in wasting them on talking of business."

"Yes, you know that, if he has made no will, *you* are all right," he answered; "but Mrs. Charlton demands some consideration at your hands. She ought to be provided for."

"George, I wish your consideration for others did not so often cause you to have none for me. If, as you say, my dear father leaves Mrs. Charlton in my hands, she shall not suffer by it; but I am sure he has done all that is right. Please say nothing more about it."

She turned towards the bed again, and her husband left the room. Scarcely had the door closed after him, when she heard a faint call from her father.

"Laura," he said, "what is amiss between you and your husband?"

"Amiss!" she repeated.

"Yes, grievously amiss. You have never told me a falsehood; you will not begin now."

"I thought you were asleep, papa."

"No, I have been awake since he entered. But you do not answer me."

"Why do you think there is anything wrong?" she asked, evasively.

"I have many reasons. All the time I have been lying here the conviction has been growing on me. When we are laid aside from taking any part in the daily events of life, we often become clear observers of what goes on, and I can see that there is no cordiality between you. You are not what I once hoped to see you. My own only child, I hoped you would have been happy, and I can see that you are not. Whose fault is it?"

"Oh, papa! do not let us poison this time, so dear to me, with any talk of him or of me. Talk to me of yourself."

"Nay, my darling, my last thoughts shall be of you and your future. Through God's infinite mercy, I trust that mine is safe."

"Oh, papa! I wish you could take me with you. I wish I, too, were safe."

And she sobbed unrestrainedly. He soothed her as he had been used to do when she was a little child, and when she had regained in some measure her calmness, she found that he was not to be diverted from his inquiries.

"What has gone wrong with you, darling?"

"Everything—everything!" she moaned. "Oh, papa! life is so cold, and hard, and false—so unlike what I thought it would have been!"

"Our lives are generally what we make them ourselves, my child."

"Yes, yes, I know that. I was blind, infatuated, obstinate. I am only reaping my reward."

"Laura, darling! you surely do not regret not having married Arthur Errol?"

"No, no, papa. How can you think so? Not for a moment. If *that* were to do again, I should still do it."

"I think I need scarcely ask my daughter, then, if she has allowed any other man to interest her more than she ought to be interested in any other than her husband?"

"You need *not* ask it, dear, dear papa; it is not possible with me. Do not make yourself uneasy about me; I shall do very well. It is only that life is not what I thought it, and I wish—oh! *how* I wish—that I had

never married. I missed my way then, papa, and I shall never find it again in this world."

"Nay, my child, that is a hard saying for so young a wife, and one, too, who married for love. Will you not tell me, then? Is your husband unkind or neglectful?"

Laura actually writhed with agony. This persistent probing of the still bleeding wound nearly drove her frantic, but she was one of those women who cannot be untruthful, and yet she shrank from telling the truth to her father. He waited for a minute or two for an answer; then he said:

"My love, I will not distress you further, but I heard your husband ask if I had arranged my affairs. Go down and send him up to me, and when he leaves me, do you come back to me. I must have some serious talk with you."

Laura kissed him, and he clung about her neck, feebly holding her to him. She was struck by the coldness of his lips and hands.

"You are cold, papa."

"Yes, darling."

"The fire has burned low, and I never thought of it," she said, with keen self-reproach.

"It does not matter, love. The fire has burned low, indeed," he muttered. "Quick! send Home to me, and be at hand when he goes."

She kissed him again, quickly and noiselessly made up the fire, and went to find her husband. He was philandering with Adelaide on the terrace, leaning over the balustrade, in the cold moonlight, and reaching down for some late crimson roses, which he meant to add to those he had already twined in his companion's gleaming golden hair.

"George, papa wants you directly," said Laura's grave, sad voice.

"Oh! Laura, you come stealing along there looking like a ghost," half screamed Adelaide. "I declare you startled me."

"Did I?" asked Laura, absently.

"Indeed you did thoroughly. How is Mr. Charlton?"

"I do not think there is any change."

"This suspense is a dreadful thing," pursued Adelaide, watching the receding form of Colonel Home, and smoothing her hair with her hands.

"Do you find it so?" asked Laura, wearily.

"Of course I do."

"I am sorry to say there is no longer any room for suspense," said Laura.

"And a very good thing for us all. The worst that could happen is better than fearing and hoping from hour to hour."

"Please, Adelaide, don't say any more about it."

"Nonsense, Laura! You are not the first girl who had a dying father. It is natural that the old should die."

"Oh! please, please, say no more," cried Laura. "You cannot understand me, or what I feel."

"Oh, ridiculous!" exclaimed Adelaide. "Thank Heaven, I *cannot* understand such superfine absurdity. If every woman whose father dies were to howl and lament as you do, we should have a cheerful world of it."

But Laura was gone, and Adelaide's amiable speech was lost. Laura,

when she left Adelaide, sought the gallery which led to the room where her father lay, and there walked to and fro, waiting for the end of the conference. In about ten minutes after her husband's entrance, she heard a sudden hasty movement within the room, a bell rang long and loud, and Colonel Home rushed to the door.

"Here! call some one. Oh! is that you, Laura? Call the nurse; your father is not well."

Laura rushed past him, and the terrified household came hurrying up at the repeated summons from the bell; but Laura knew that human aid could never more avail to restore one throb of life to the heart which beat no more. Mr. Charlton was dead, and his daughter cast herself down, sobbing and moaning, on the bed, pressing her wild kisses on the motionless hands and face of the dead. Colonel Home endeavoured to withdraw her from the room, and at first she resisted passionately; but as he persevered, she flung herself in a sudden revulsion of feeling into his arms.

"Oh! George—George, he is gone from me. Be kind to me, for now I have but you in all the wide world."

"Of course I shall be kind to you, my dearest," he said, raising her tenderly in his arms and bearing her off to her own chamber, where he tried to soothe the perpetually recurring bursts of bitter grief, which at length left her prostrate and exhausted.

When he delivered her into the hands of her maid, he descended to the drawing-room, where he found no one but Adelaide. Mrs. Charlton was too ill from the sudden shock to appear, and Emilie was also keeping her room.

"I am very sorry for him, poor man!" said Adelaide. "He was always very kind to us, but the best thing he could do was to die; he has been ailing so very long, and could never have had tolerable health again."

"Yes," he answered; "but we can scarcely expect Laura to see the matter in that philosophical light just now."

"Oh, Laura! Of course she will be sorry; that is only natural and proper. How is she now?"

"Quieter when I left her. But she was deeply attached to her father, and I fear she will not recover from this shock for a long time."

"How was it? You were still with him, were you not?"

"Yes, poor man! He began in a wandering way to put some strange questions to me, and thinking him delirious—as I suppose he was, indeed—I endeavoured to change the subject; he insisted, however, on pursuing it, and suddenly becoming excited, started up into a sitting posture, stretched out his hands towards me, and then fell back—quite dead, as it afterwards appeared."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Adelaide. "And what had he been talking about?"

"Oh! the merest light-headed nonsense," replied Colonel Home.

And that was all that Adelaide, his wife, or any one else could ever learn from him of his father-in-law's last moments.



## ABOUT A LITTLE CANDLE'S FAR-THROWN BEAMS.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

BRIGHT, to this hour, as when Portia saw it at a distance, on her return to Belmont, shines that little candle in her hall, which suggested to her the moral simile, So shines a good deed in a naughty world. Bright it shines on, still; for Shakspeare lighted it from the perennial fire of his own genius—a light that never was on sea or shore. And in so doing, he did, in his way, what the martyr bishops of the previous generation had done in theirs,—lighted a candle that should never be put out. For when will Shakspeare cease to be read? And while he is read, every one will be familiar with the soft sheen of that taper which attracts Portia's eye, as she nears stately Belmont on her return from Venice:

That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams!  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.\*

General literature would supply a milky way of such reflected lustres, cared any inquirer to bring them within focus. Sometimes the light would be perdurable, like Portia's candle; but sometimes evanescent as a will-o'-the-wisp, dim as from the poorest of "dips," or the feeblest of rushlights. Let us, however, glance at a few here and there, of the little candles that throw their beams in story more or less afar.

There is Hero's, for instance—though no taper, but a torch—to light Leander through the dark waters to his love:

The boy beheld,—beheld it from the sea,  
And parted his wet locks, and breath'd with glee,  
And rose, in swimming, more triumphantly.

Nightly it thus served for his guiding-star. At times, when winds blew fresh and strong, the "struggling flare seemed out;" but Leander trusted not to seeming, and knew that his watchful Hero was but shielding it with her cloak; and sure enough, in another minute the light would beam forth again all the brighter for that interval of eclipse.

The people round the country, who from far  
Used to behold the light, thought it a star,  
Set there perhaps by Venus as a wonder,  
To mark the favourite maiden who slept under.  
Therefore they trod about the grounds by day  
Gently; and fishermen at night, they say,  
With reverence kept aloof, cutting their silent way.†

How that light went out at last, and with it the light of Hero's life,—is it not written in poems and stories by the score, classical and romantic, old and new?

\* The Merchant of Venice, Act V. Sc. 1.

† Leigh Hunt, Hero and Leander.

Who, as Chateaubriand asks, can tell what were the feelings of Columbus, when, after crossing the Atlantic, seemingly in vain—and in the midst of disaffection and revolt—and just about to return to Europe without having gained the object of his voyage,—he perceived afar off a little light on some unknown shore invisible in the darkness of night (*lorsqu'il aperçut une petite lumière sur une terre inconnue que la nuit lui cachait*)?\*

It was about ten o'clock at night that Columbus, says the best of his biographers, stationed on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch, thought he saw a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to a companion, asking whether he saw such a light; and was answered, yes. Still dubious whether it might not be some delusion of fancy, Columbus called to another comrade, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house, the light had disappeared. "They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited." They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from their consort, the *Pinta*, gave the joyful signal of land. And Chateaubriand's conjectures as to the state of mind of Columbus, naturally occur also to Washington Irving, who concludes that the heroic adventurer's thoughts and feelings in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

"It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving LIGHT he had beheld proved it the residence of man."†

The difficulty of conception in every such case may be said to vary with the greatness of the man in question. Peter Bell, to whom a primrose is a primrose, and nothing more, is not lavish of reflections of his own upon any sort of reflected light, whether on sea or shore. But Mr. Carlyle's Philosopher of Clothes is.

As Professor Teufelsdröckh rode through the Schwarzwald, he said to himself: "That little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing (*nachtende*) moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hast to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a detached, separated speck, cut-off from the whole Universe; or indissolubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithy-fire was (primarily) kindled at the Sun; is fed by air that circulates from before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the far stronger

\* Chateaubriand, *Voyage en Amérique*: Préface.

† Irving's *Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*, book iii. ch. iv.

Force of Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force brought about; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the great vital system of Immensity.\* Not every wayfarer over lonely moors, whose eye catches a distant gleam—be it from smithy or cottage casement—is qualified or inclined to philosophise over it, as does Mr. Carlyle's transcendental Teuton to whom we owe the Philosophy of Clothes.

When Bunyan's Christian, in the very first stage of his pilgrim-progress, receives from Evangelist the parchment which bids him flee away, his troubled query at once is, "Whither must I fly?" Then says Evangelist (pointing with his finger over a very wide field), "Do you see yonder wicket-gate?" But Christian sees it not. "Then said the other, 'Do you see yonder shining light?' He said, 'I think I do.' Then said Evangelist, 'Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate.'"† And to Christian that little light thus dimly seen afar off, may be said to have been indeed a shining light, shining more and more into the perfect day.

Light may mark the *terminus ad quem* as well as the *terminus à quo* of a pilgrim's progress. It is usual, we are told, in the southern parts of France, to erect in the churchyard a lofty pillar, bearing a large lamp, which throws its light upon the cemetery during the night: a custom which appears to have been commenced in the twelfth or thirteenth century; the *lanterne des morts* being sometimes a highly ornamented chapel, built in a circular form, like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, in which the dead lay exposed to view in the days which preceded their interment; sometimes merely a hollow column, ascended by winding stairs inside, or by projections left for the purpose within. It must have been a striking sight, as Mr. Boyd remarks, "when the traveller, through the dark night, saw far away the lonely flame that marked the spot where so many of his fellow-men had completed their journey."‡

The fairy tales that delighted our childhood reflect many a light from afar, for which a place is lit up in the memory while memory shall last. There is the wayfaring merchant, Beauty's father,—benighted and belated and benumbed in the savage forest,—when first he catches a glimpse, through the gloom, of the mansion of the Beast. "All at once, he now cast his eyes towards a long row of trees, and saw a light at the end of them, but it seemed a great way off. He made the best of his way towards it, and found that it came from a fine palace lighted all over."§ Then again we have Hop-o'-my-thumb and his brothers lost in the wood—wet to the skin with night rains, slipping in the mire at every step, and frightened at the wind among the trees, that sounds like the howling of wolves. Anon Hop-o'-my-thumb manages to climb a tree, and look round about for any possible help. "He saw a small light, like that of a candle, but it was a very great way off, and beyond the forest." The little band of brothers wend their weary way towards the spot—and at last reaching the end of the forest, get a glimpse of the light again. "They now walked faster; and after being much tired and vexed (for every time they got into a bottom they lost sight of the light), they came to the house it was in"||—which house the reader of course

\* Sartor Resartus, book i. ch. xi.

† The Pilgrim's Progress.

‡ A. K. H. B., Concerning Churchyards.

§ Beauty and the Beast.

|| Hop-o'-my-thumb.

remembers as that of an Ogre who eats up little boys and girls.—Then, too, there is the Prince, without a name, destined bridegroom of a white cat, who, wandering he knows not whither, finds himself in a forest—and night comes on suddenly, and with it a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. “To add to this perplexity, he lost his path, and could find no way out of the forest. After he had groped about for a long while, he perceived a light, which made him suppose that he was not far from some house; he accordingly pursued his way towards it, and in a short time found himself at the gates of the most magnificent palace he had ever beheld.”\* And thereby hangs *the* tale.

The messenger, in Tasso, who tells sage Godfrey of the Prince of Denmark's “valour, death, and end,”—has to relate his own adventure after the battle: how he was left on the field for dead, and by what means he recovered:

But when I open'd first mine eyes again,  
Night's curtain black upon the earth was spread,  
And through the darkness to my feeble sight  
Appear'd the twinkling of a slender light.

Of our own poets, Wordsworth is noteworthy for frequent and varied illustration—not to say it punningly—of our taper text. There is the light that gladdens his Waggoner in the night-storm,—shining from the window of that roadside inn, the Cherry Tree.† There is that picturesque sonnet which may and shall, for the subject's sake, be quoted whole and entire:

Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress  
Of a bedimming sleep, or as a lamp  
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,  
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess  
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless:  
The lake below reflects it not; the sky  
Muffled in clouds, affords no company  
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness!  
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing  
Which sends so far its melancholy light,  
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
A gay society with faces bright,  
Conversing, reading, laughing;—or they sing,  
While hearts and voices in the song unite.‡

The wanderer in this poet's tale of Guilt and Sorrow, has this to make more dreary his night wanderings over Salisbury Plain, that no taper from afar serves to cheer or guide his weary steps. All to him was dark and void as ocean's watery realm roaring with storms beneath night's cheerless gloom:

No gipsy cower'd o'er fire of furze or broom;  
No labourer watch'd his red kiln glaring bright,  
Nor taper glimmer'd dim from sick man's room;  
Along the waste no line of mournful light  
From lamp of lonely toll-gate stream'd athwart the night.§

\* The White Cat. † See the opening of canto ii. of “The Waggoner.”

‡ Wordsworth, Miscellaneous Sonnets, No. xxiv.

§ Guilt and Sorrow, st. xvi.

But the most impressive passage in Wordsworth bearing on our theme, is that which describes, in one of his very finest poems, the lamp that was kept burning—"early at evening did it burn—and late," in the shepherd's cot of old Michael, upon the forest-side in Grasmere Vale.

This light was famous in its neighbourhood,  
 And was a public symbol of the life  
 That thrifty Pair had led. For, as it chanced,  
 Their cottage on a plot of rising ground  
 Stood single, with large prospect, north and south,  
 High into Easedale, up to Dunmail-Raise,  
 And westward to the village near the lake;  
 And from this constant light, so regular  
 And so far seen, the House itself, by all  
 Who dwelt within the limits of the vale,  
 Both old and young was named THE EVENING STAR.\*

Dipping into Longfellow for an illustration, we light on John Alden, when,

Leaving behind him the shore, he hurried along in the twilight,  
 Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,  
 Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,  
 Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.†

Mr. Hawthorne humanely remarked, in one of his earliest papers, desultory and digressive, but delightful—those rolling stones that yet gathered Moss (from an old Manse)—that we lose much of the enjoyment of fireside heat (he is treating of a lone house) when we miss an opportunity of marking its effect on those who have been or are exposed to inclement weather. "Afar, the wayfarer discerns the flickering flame, as it dances upon the windows, and hails it as a beacon-light of humanity, reminding him, in his cold and lonely path, that the world is not all snow, and solitude, and desolation."‡ If the wayfarer sees in it the light of home, it is to him as the light of life. Who but sympathises with such a passage as that in the memoirs of Patrick Fraser Tytler, which tells how, when his father, Lord Woodhouselee, was detained in Edinburgh till late in the evening, his children always used to place a candle in his library window, which commanded a most extensive view of the distant country; and how often the loving father remarked that he never gained sight of this twinkling light through the trees of the avenue, without "feeling his heart raised in gratitude to Heaven for the many blessings by which he was surrounded, and the happy home to which he was returning."§

Perhaps there is scarcely a novel of all the many Sir Walter wrote, from "Waverley" to "Castle Dangerous" (what a fall was there!), but contains some sort of illustration to the purpose. The reader will remember Roland Graeme gazing from the Queen's chamber in the Castle of Lochleven, at the several lights that glimmer palely through the grey of the evening from the village of Kinross,—and noting one solitary

\* Wordsworth's Michael: a Pastoral Poem.

† The Courtship of Miles Standish, § iv.

‡ Mosses from an Old Manse: Fire-Worship.

§ Memoir of F. F. Tytler, p. 27.

spark apart from the rest, and nearer the verge of the water. "It is no brighter at this distance," says the royal prisoner, "than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and yet . . . that light is more dear to Mary Stewart, than every star that twinkles in the blue vault of heaven." For by that signal the captive queen knows that more true hearts than one are plotting her deliverance; and without that consciousness, and the hope of freedom it gives her, she had long since stooped to her fate, and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan, she tells Roland, has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers; and while it glimmers, her hope lives.—"O! how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal; when it has suddenly kindled, and, like the lights of Saint Elmo in a tempest, brought hope and consolation, where there was only dejection and despair!"\* The stern old Lady of Lochleven has hitherto been led to suppose these lights across the loch to be corpse-candles; but she is beginning now to suspect them to come, not from the churchyard, but from the hut of that churl, Bliukhoolie,—and wonders accordingly what thrift the old gardener drives, that he ever has light in his house till the night grows deep. This must be looked after to-morrow, she resolves. But, thanks to Bliukhoolie's signal, the queen escapes to-night.

Then again, glance at that highest turret among the towers of Woodstock, from which there gleams a light as of a candle within the building—to the affright of the Mayor, who deems a light from Rosamond's Tower a something preternatural, and is assured that it burns with no earthly fuel—neither from whale nor olive oil, nor beeswax, nor mutton suets, either: his worship's trading experience in these commodities enabling and entitling him to speak with confidence in the matter; for he is persuaded he can distinguish the sort of light they give, one from another, at a greater distance than yonder turret.† It is a long way further on in the story when Holdenough whispers to Everard, as they walk together by night in the Chase,—“See ye not—yonder flutters the mysterious light in the turret of the incontinent Rosamond?”‡ And with this light the future of another Stewart is concerned—for it is a life-and-death matter to Charles, the grandson of Mary's son.

Once more, there is the light that so perplexes Francis Osbaldistone§ when it gleams of a night from Diana Vernon's room, and betrays a second shadow present there, beside her own:

Yon lamp its line of quivering light  
Shoots from my lady's bower;  
But why should Beauty's lamp be bright  
At midnight's lonely hour?

Among the *Crimes Célèbres* there is a story based on fact, with the appropriate French embellishment, of a fisherman's daughter who is scrupulous ever to keep a lamp burning before the Madonna in her chamber. Her brother, Gabriel, keeps an anxious eye on this light, as his boat is beaten about by the waves, on a dark and stormy night at sea. He explains to a companion the history of "that lamp gleaming yonder in the distance." It was lit before the Virgin, on the day of his sister's

\* The Abbot.

† Ibid., ch. xxxiii.

‡ Woodstock, ch. x.

§ Cf. Rob Roy, ch. xiv. and xvii.

birth; and for eighteen years, up to the night of this oral narrative, had been kept burning night and day. "My poor mother summoned me to her death-bed, and told me a fearful story, a horrible mystery, which weighs upon my soul like lead, and from which I can never ease myself by confiding it to a friend. When her dreadful tale was finished, she demanded to see and embrace my new-born sister, and then attempted with her own trembling hand to light the lamp we speak of. 'Remember,'—these were her last words,—'remember, Gabriel, that your sister is devoted to the Madonna. So long as this lamp shall continue burning before the sacred image, your sister will remain secure from all dangers.' You can now understand why, whenever we two are out upon the bay, my eyes are always fixed upon that lamp." For Gabriel has a conviction that, as no evil will befall her while it is kept burning, so, on the day it is extinguished, will Nisida's light of life be extinguished too.—Scarcely has he ended his story, all the while keeping his eye on the light, attracted by a fascination irresistible in its force,—when suddenly he utters a terrible cry, which is heard above the din of the tempest. "The light had disappeared; the lamp was extinguished. 'My sister is dead!' cried Gabriel, and plunging into the sea, he fought his way through the billows with"—so M. Dumas at least describes it—"the rapidity of a thunderbolt."\*

The reader may be reminded of Mr. Hawthorne's Hilda, in her tower at Rome, with the Virgin for her household friend, as Kenyon the sculptor tells her: "You know not how far it throws its light, that lamp, which you keep burning at her shrine. I passed beneath the tower last night, and the ray cheered me—because you lighted it."† Towards the sombre close of the tale, when a presentiment of some calamity to Hilda oppressed the sculptor's mind, we see him hasten by night towards the tower, and eagerly gaze on the Virgin's lamp that twinkles on the summit. Feeble as it is, in the broad, surrounding gloom, that little ray makes no inconsiderable illumination in Kenyon's gloomy thoughts, for a fantasy had seized him that he should find the sacred lamp extinguished. "And even while he stood gazing, as a mariner at the star in which he puts his trust, the light quivered, sank, gleamed up again, and finally went out, leaving the battlements of Hilda's tower in utter darkness. For the first time in centuries, the consecrated and legendary flame before the loftiest shrine in Rome had ceased to burn."‡

Any mention of light in tower-top at once recalls Milton's aspiration of the melancholy man:

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
Be seen in some high lonely tower.§

And amid the many illustrative examples that literature suggests, a notable one is M. Victor Hugo's instance of the archdeacon's cell, close to the belfry, in the cathedral of Notre-Dame,—of which cell, and the midnight studies of its occupant, nothing is known to outsiders, though a good deal is guessed by them, as they sometimes watch a strange, red, intermitting light, seen through a small window at the back of the

\* Crimes Célèbres: Nisida.

† Ibid., ch. xliii.

‡ Transformation, ch. xii.

§ Il Penseroso.

tower.\* Note again Claude Frollo's despairing ascent to Quasimodo's tower, taking the lamp of the breviary to light him: ("this was a sacrilege; but he no longer regarded such a trifle as that.") Slowly he ascends the staircase of the tower, filled with a secret dread, which is communicated to the passengers who now and then cross the Parvis, on seeing the mysterious light of his lamp mounting so late from loophole to loophole to the top of the tower.† Or again, Quasimodo on the tower-top, surveying Paris one very dark night,—Paris being then scarcely lighted at all, and so presenting to the eye a confused aggregate of black masses, intersected here and there by the whitish curve of the Seine: "Quasimodo could discern no light but in the window of a distant building, the vague and sombre outline of which was visible above the roofs in the direction of the gate of St. Antoine. There, too, was some one who watched."‡ As in Mr. Barham's night-picture of Tappington Hall,

All is darksome in earth and sky,  
Save from yonder casement, narrow and high,  
A quivering beam  
On the tiny stream  
Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam  
By one that is watching wearily.§

The single light which Quasimodo discovered, in his survey of Paris from the top of his tower, illumined a window in the uppermost floor of a lofty and gloomy building by the gate of St. Antoine. This building was the Bastille. The light was the candle of Lewis XI.|| A bit of information which ushers in the critical chapter wherein M. Hugo describes in characteristic detail the retreat where Monsieur Louis of France said his prayers.

On the night that Margaret, in Mr. Charles Reade's "Cloister and Hearth," lures her husband, Gerard that was, Father Clement that is, from the hermitage in all its desolation, to the manse at Gouda in all its comfort, a candle is seen burning in the vicar's parlour as they draw near. "Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaims Clement, and stops to look at it. What is beautiful? asks Margaret. And his answer is: "That little candle, seen through the window at night. Look an it be not like some fair star of size prodigious: it delighteth the eyes and warmeth the heart of those outside."¶ The night, as we read elsewhere, was an eventful one to both, on which these true and tempest-tossed lovers went hand in hand beneath the stars from Gouda hermitage to Gouda manse.

In Mr. Dickens's story, "The Battle of Life," there is a high-wrought description of the night of Alfred's return: how the Doctor, all impatience for his coming, bids them, at twelve o'clock, stir up the fire and throw more logs upon it, that Alfred may see his welcome blazing out upon the night, as he comes along. And "he saw it—Yes! From the chaise he caught the light, as he turned the corner by the old church. He knew the room from which it shone. He saw the wintry branches of the old trees between the light and him. . . . Again the light! Distinct and ruddy; kindled, he knew, to give him welcome, and to speed

\* Notre-Dame, l. iv. ch. iv.

† Ibid., l. viii. ch. i.

‡ Ibid., l. ix. ch. iv.

§ Ingoldsby Legends: The Hand of Glory.

|| Notre-Dame, l. ix. ch. v.

¶ The Cloister and the Hearth, vol. iv. ch. xxviii.



him home." And then we read how the eager wayfarer beckoned with his hand, and waved his hat, and cheered out, loud, as if the light were they, and they could see and hear him, as he dashed towards them through the mud and mire, triumphantly.\*

John Galt drenches his Andrew Wylie to the skin, and appals him with a thunderstorm, and overwhelms him with despair, all in one page, ere he suffers the downcast wight to "discover a light at some distance. It was low, dim, and red; but it was to him like the hospitable eye of a friend, and he rose and walked cautiously towards it. In a short time he found himself again in the forest, but still the light was beaming and alluring him forward"†—and the pawky carle took care rather to force his way through brambles and all kinds of unkindly underwood, than, by deviating from his rugged path, to lose sight of that friendly gleam.

Lord Lytton in like manner drenches Philip and Sidney Morton in a midnight storm—the younger brother sinking, tired and worn-out, on the roadside. Darkness is above them, and all around them,—darkness that may be felt. But suddenly in the distance there "gleamed a red, steady light, like that in some solitary window; it was no will-o'-the-wisp, it was too stationary"—human shelter was then nearer than Philip had dared think for;‡ and with hope revived, he bade Sidney look up, and hope too.

Janet Dempster, in "George Eliot's" story, is made to tread slowly with her naked feet on the rough pavement, the night her husband has turned her out of doors into "the stony street, the bitter north-east wind and darkness"—supporting herself by the wall, as the gusts of wind (for the very wind is cruel that night) drive right against her. The glimmer of a rushlight from a room where a friend is lying, is like a ray of mercy to Janet, after that long, long time of darkness and loneliness.§

A living divine—of note for a successful head-mastership at Harrow, and for the rare fact that really and truly he *voluit Episcopari*—has moralised on the thought how great a difference there is between a little light and none, when you have lost your way, even on almost familiar ground. You go round and round, and grope for this object or that, but all is darkness, and you begin to fear you must spend the long hours of night shelterless. "At last a feeble glimmering becomes perceptible in a distant quarter: a rushlight in a cottage window, a lantern in a farmhouse shed, it is enough for hope in that perplexity: you make for it, and you are safe."|| And of course the deeper you are in a quite unknown *lucus* (*a non lucendo*), the more precious any the tiniest *lux* becomes, however distant and however dim.

Follow Mr. Charles Reade's hero, Gerard Eliassoen, into the German forest, a benighted stranger, groping his way in what seemed to him an interminable and inky cave with a rugged floor, on which he stumbled and stumbled as he went: on, and on, and on, with shivering limbs, and empty stomach, and fainting heart, till the wolves roar from their lairs and bayed all round the wood; and Gerard's excited ear heard light feet

\* The Battle of Life, part ii.

† Sir Andrew Wylie, ch. xlvi.

‡ Night and Morning, book ii. ch. x.

§ Scenes of Clerical Life: Janet's Repentance, ch. xv.

|| Dr. C. J. Vaughan: The Light of the World, ch. iv.

patter at times over the newly fallen leaves, and low branches rustle with creatures gliding swiftly past them. "Presently in the sea of ink there was a great fiery star close to the ground. He hailed it as he would a patron saint. 'CANDLE! a CANDLE!'"\* he shouted, and tried to run; but the dark and rugged way soon stopped that. The light was more distant than he had thought; but at last in the very heart of the forest he found a house with lighted candles and loud voices inside it."†

Dr. Croly's Salathiel, benighted and stumbling on the dark mountains, with a torrent bellowing before him, and a wall of rock on the opposite side,—chafing the while at ruinous delay,—strains his aching gaze in vain for some little candle's far-thrown beams. "After long climbings and descents, I found that I had descended too deep to return. Oh, how I longed for the trace of man, for the feeblest light that ever twinkled from cottage window!"‡ One recalls Thomson's autumnal night picture:

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewildered, wanders through the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.§

In another poem Thomson pictures Selvaggio pricking through the forest, before daybreak:

Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,  
With wood wild fringed, he marked a taper's ray,  
That from the beating rain, and wintry fray,  
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy.||

Always rememberable by readers of "Jane Eyre" is the scene of the fugitive girl's night wanderings on the moors—wet through—hungry, faint, cold, and desolate. In vain her glazed eye is strained over the dim and misty landscape. It remains at last only to find a hollow where she can lie down; but all the surface of the waste seems level. Her eye is still roving over the drenched ground, and along the moor-edge, that vanishes amid wildest scenery, when at one dim point, far in among the marshes and the ridges, a light springs up. "That is an *ignis fatuus*," is Jane's first thought; and she expects it will soon vanish. It burns on, however, quite steadily, neither receding nor advancing. "It may be a candle in a house," she then conjectures; "but if so, I can never reach it." And she sinks down where she stood, and hides her face against the ground,—and lies still awhile; the night-wind sweeps over her, and dies moaning in the distance. Anon she rises: the light is yet there; shining dim, but constant, through the rain. She tries to walk again, and drags her exhausted limbs slowly towards it. "It led me aslant over the hill, through a wide bog; which would have been impassable in winter, and was plashy and shaking even now, in the height of summer. Here I fell twice; but as often I rose and rallied my faculties. This light was my forlorn hope: I must gain it."¶ As gain it at last she does.

\* The capitals are of course Mr. Reade's own peculiar. He is given to *all* sorts of tricks in typography.

† The Cloister and the Hearth, ch. xxiv.

‡ Salathiel the Immortal, ch. xxviii.

§ Castle of Indolence, canto ii. 6.

¶ The Seasons: Autumn.

¶ Jane Eyre, ch. xxxviii.

In one of the fictions published by Miss Braddon before "Lady Audley's Secret," and probably more audaciously and systematically sensational than any of its successors, how many or how sensational soever they be, there is a wild scene on a dreary heath, in a midnight storm—a dying man in a hovel, to which a girl is hastening, dripping wet with the pelting rain. "The feeble glimmer of the candle with the drooping wick, sputtering in a pool of grease, is the only light which illumines that cheerless neighbourhood. The girl's heart beats with a terrible flutter as she approaches that light, for an agonising doubt is in her soul about that *other light*; which she left so feebly burning, and which may be now extinct."\*

A lady-novelist of quite another school—almost as fertile a writer as Miss Braddon, and perhaps not so very much a less popular one (for it argues a prominent popularity to be selected to write the story in *Good Words*)—makes much in her latest fiction of a certain light in the mansion, as watched by a certain young lady in the cottage. Winnie is again and again depicted in wistful scrutiny of the light at Sir Edward's—betokening the presence of one who is provokingly absent from her. "The light in Sir Edward's window shone afar off on the tree-tops, shedding an irritating influence upon Winnie when she looked up." And again: "Sir Edward's window still threw its distant light over the tree-tops, and the sight of it made her smouldering passion blaze." And later: "From the moment when she had seen Sir Edward's window suddenly gleam into the twilight, matters had changed."—"And when Sir Edward's windows were lighted once more, and the certainty that he [Captain Percival] was not coming penetrated her mind, Winnie clenched her pretty hands, and went crazy for the moment with despite and vexation."†

Chateaubriand's René reclines at nightfall on a rock, and listens to the murmur of the waves, as he fixes his gaze on the sombre walls of the monastery within which his Amelia is immured. "Une petite lumière paraissait à la fenêtre grillée. *Était-ce toi, o mon Amélie, qui, prosternée au pied du crucifix, priais le Dieu des orages d'épargner ton malheureux frère?*"‡

Mr. Thackeray's last hero, Denis Duval—the narrative of whose career, with its lamented author's, was cut short too soon, so much too soon—being wisely counselled by good old Doctor Bernard against continuing the smuggling practices into which his innocent boyhood had been inveigled, makes a vow, the same night, after drinking tea with his dear doctor, that he will strive henceforth to lead an honest life—that his tongue shall speak the truth, and his hand be sullied by no secret crime. "And as I spoke," he writes, in the tender retrospect of some threescore years, "I saw my dearest little maiden's light glimmering in her chamber, and the stars shining overhead, and felt—who could feel more bold and happy than I?"

"That walk schoolwards by West-street [where dwelt Agnes, the little maiden of his regards] certainly was a *détour*. I might have gone a

\* The Trial of the Serpent, ch. v.

† Madonna Mary, by Mrs. Oliphant, ch. xiv., xv., xvi. *passim*.

‡ René.

straighter road, but then I should not have seen *a certain window*; a little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock."\*

Mrs. Inchbald, who was one of Dr. Warren's patients, was secretly in love with that most engaging of physicians, and used to pace Sackville-street after dark, purely to have the pleasure of seeing the light in his window.† That is a town picture. But the heart of man (and woman) is alike, in town and country; and here is a country one: (what though the one be fact, and the other fiction? *c'est égal*, where the heart is concerned:)

And oft in ramblings on the wold,  
When April nights began to blow,  
And April's crescent glittered cold,  
I saw the village lights below;  
I knew your taper far away,  
And full at heart of trembling hope,  
From off the wold I came, and lay  
Upon the freshly-flower'd slope.‡

Here again we are in the streets:

The sunset wanes  
From twinkling panes.  
Dim, misty myriads move  
Down glimmering streets. One light I see—  
One happy light, that shines for me,  
And lights me to my love.§

\* "T'other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a post-chaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the schoolboy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy."—Denis Duval, ch. vi.

† See Leigh Hunt's *Old Court Suburb*, ch. ix.

‡ Tennyson, *The Miller's Daughter*.

§ Owen Meredith's *Poems*, p. 352.

## CLEMENT'S TROUBLE.

STRANGERS who came into the little village of M—— were much surprised to find there a large community of Roman Catholics ; large in comparison with the rest of the population, who, members of the Church of England and of various Protestant sects, did not number more than one third of the whole. The Roman Catholic chapel was a much better kept and much prettier building than the barn-like English church, and the congregation which gathered around Father Dolan was more numerous than that which sat at the feet of the Rev. John Fulword. This preponderance of members of a foreign Church was due to the neighbourhood of a large and influential family who had been Roman Catholics from the first moment when England separated from the rest of the Catholic world, and who lived on from generation to generation surrounded by servants and retainers of their own faith. And connected by marriage and other ties with the great family were several gentlemen's families who, living on their own property and keeping up old traditions, made a little circle and society of their own. Among these families was one, the wealthiest of them, of the name of Cavanagh.

The Cavanaghs were of course originally Irish people, but they had lived in England during more than two hundred years, and were now thoroughly English. At the time of which I am about to write the family consisted of Mr. Cavanagh, his wife, his unmarried sister, and his nine children, of whom the eldest, Dora, was just eighteen. There were other Cavanaghs dispersed about the world, but Mr. Charles Fitzgerald Cavanagh was the head of the family, and drew his income of 4000*l.* a year from his beautiful estate of High Oakfield. His eldest boy was at Eton, and his seven younger children were still in the hands of their nurses and their nursery governess ; so Dora only was much known in the village, and led a rather lonely and rather wild life among her flowers and her poor people, her dogs and her priests. Mrs. Cavanagh was somewhat of an invalid, and left Dora very much to her own resources and to Clement's care.

Attached to the Cavanaghs had always been the family from which Clement sprang ; his uncle had been chaplain to the late Mr. Cavanagh, and Father Dolan was his mother's cousin, while Canon Foley was his father's uncle. So that Clement came of a family of priests, and had been always educated in the idea and intention of himself entering into holy orders. He was an orphan, and resided in Mr. Cavanagh's house, and the only reason why he was not already in the priesthood was that his health had been [delicate, and he was recommended perfect quiet before devoting himself to the final studies preparatory to his ordination.

Mr. Cavanagh's house was a very pleasant one, everything went so smoothly and pleasantly in it ; they were a good-tempered set of people, perhaps rather too easy-going, but money was plentiful, and no one ever thought it right or necessary to be disagreeable. There were all the ingredients necessary for a happy household, and I doubt if any sighs were ever heard in the green arbours and mossy walks of High Oakfield. Cer-

tainly Dora had nothing to sigh for; she was as bright and cheerful as the sun, which always seemed to shine on her. Mr. Cavanagh was one of those hale, hearty, high-spirited men who are satisfied with themselves and with every one else. Even Mrs. Cavanagh's delicacy of health only gave her something to think of. As for Clement, except that he looked forward to another world, he never cared to think of any change from High Oakfield. He would soon be a priest, with a trodden road to walk in, and guarded on all sides from the pollution of worldly temptations which assail laymen; he would have his chapel, and his poor, and his books, and his music; he would baptise, and confess, and absolve, and marry, and bury the family of the Cavanaghs as long as he lived, and at his death no doubt some cousin or nephew of his would be fitted to supply his place, and act as spiritual adviser to an ever-lengthening line of Cavanaghs.

It was a very simple pastoral life that they led at High Oakfield; a round of daily meals and sound sleep, of services in the chapel and visits to the poor. Occasionally, there was some friendly intercourse with the residents in the vicinity, and perhaps a croquet party or a musical evening was got up as a rarity. But Dora's time was not much taken up by country gaieties; she studied with Clement, she read the Fathers, and, with his help, understood the real beauties of Homer and Virgil. He led her through a great deal of the best English prose, and hand in hand they went through the gardens of English verse. For Clement was an intellectual man; and, moreover, a man whose intellect was so ruled and governed by a heart which had put away all love of the world, that only the very purest and best of literature and art could find favour in his eyes. He was a man of singular earnestness and singleness of purpose; he was a man who would not scruple to cut off his right hand or pluck out his right eye if it offended him. He had decided views of right and wrong; and to his mind, if anything were not absolutely right, it was absolutely wrong. His purposes were as strong as his opinions, and, once determined on, nothing would move him from executing them; and, if necessary, he would trample on himself or his friends without hesitation or compunction. He was made of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and Father Dolan sometimes said that Clement was born seventeen hundred years too late.

But the latter half of the nineteenth century has seen as much suffering for faith as need be. There is no period in the history of the world when right-minded men have not had to tread in pathways of endurance and trouble, and though Clement had hitherto found life as soft and easy as the long green lawn of High Oakfield, still he expected that the time would come when his faith would be tested; a burden might be laid upon him even in that quiet happy household of which he expected all his life to be a member. And one little trial came to him on a soft warm April morning. Mr. Cavanagh and his sister were pacing up and down the long lawn which lay between the low red-brick house and the terrace wall at the end of the garden; Clement was in the library studying and humming scraps of Mozart, and seeing Mr. and Miss Cavanagh walking up and down in earnest conversation, he at last felt impelled to spring through the open French easement and join them, for there were no secrets at High Oakfield, no hidden plans or concealed arrangements.

"I could not stand it any longer," said Clement. "I was obliged to come out and join you."

"I am glad you have come," replied Miss Cavanagh, "that you may add your opinion to ours."

"Back up her own opinion, is what she means," said Mr. Cavanagh.

"Or contradict it, if you think it right to do so."

"I have not the least idea of the subject of your discussion," said Clement.

"We are considering a proposal of Mrs. Cavanagh about going to London this spring, which," Mr. Cavanagh added, "I don't half like."

"Indeed, indeed, Charles," said his sister, eagerly, "it is right and necessary that you should go to town. Dora ought to see some society, and go about the world like other girls of her age."

"She is so happy here it seems a pity to take her away."

"I don't regard it merely as a matter of happiness," returned Miss Cavanagh, "but the girl's intellect would be improved by a visit to London. She would see pictures, and hear music, and meet intellectual people, which cannot be the case in a little quiet spot like this."

Clement had hitherto said nothing in the matter. When he found that they were canvassing a visit to town, he felt as if a shot had gone through his heart. They would go to London, perhaps remain there for years, and he would be left alone at High Oakfield! No sadder vision had ever entered his mind than that of himself without the Cavanaghs.

"Clement looks very grave," remarked the lady. "Don't you think the plan would be advantageous for Dora?"

Crushing his own grief at the prospect, Clement instantly replied, "There can be no doubt that it would be the best thing possible for Dora, and it would give her immense pleasure, I am certain."

"There, you see, Charles, Clement agrees with me!"

"To tell you the truth, my dear Bridget, I don't like the idea as regards myself. What would an old farmerly fellow like me do among London swells?"

"Don't pretend to be selfish," said Miss Cavanagh. "Think of the advantage to Dora; and as for your wife, why Dorothea would be brightened up into quite a different person."

"And what about yourself?" asked Mr. Cavanagh.

"I shall be very glad to meet the archbishop and hear him preach," replied Miss Bridget.

"Of course I must give in!" laughed Mr. Cavanagh. "You are all against me, and I must succumb to the brute force of the majority."

"Then we go?"

"Yes; the sooner the better, if it must needs be. Pack up and be off on Monday."

Miss Bridget looked triumphant, and said to Clement, "If you can find Dora, you may tell her about our plans, for as yet she has heard nothing about them."

Then the brother and sister went into the house, and Clement wandered down the lawn towards the terrace. In all their plans they had given no thought to him! They had not mentioned whether he was to stay at High Oakfield or go to London with them; but he knew he would have to stay; he was in a measure dependent on them, and they

would not care to have him with them in a little hired town-house. Yet he, too, would like to hear the archbishop and see pictures! It did seem very hard on him!

Hard! hard! What, could anything be hard on him who was sworn to seek the lowest place, and to wear troubles and crosses as the highest of honours? and he who is to be an apostle of meekness and humility, can he dare for one moment to repine that a pleasure-trip, a mere worldly amusement, is denied to him? Oh, rebellious heart—oh, unmortified soul—oh, worse than St. Benedict when he turned lovingly towards Rome—oh, what penance, what prayers, can efface this sinful repining!

To Clement's heart, trained to keep every wish and every thought in subjection to duty, this involuntary wish for what he was denied, and his unkind reflections on the little care accorded to his own private interests in the proposed plan, were, in truth, sources of very deep sorrow; for he made a high profession of devotion to the faith and precepts of the Church and her divine authority, and now he had failed in a very light trial, in a temptation which it would have scarcely required an effort to withstand. Clement's conscience could not pass over even a thought which was not in accordance with the principles of his life; he was very sad at having yielded to a wrong thought, and as he went along the lawn the confession and the penance which his fault entailed were strongly in his mind.

At the bottom of the lawn was a low wall, in which was a gate, and from the gate a flight of steps led to the bank of a little stream, which wandered away into meadows and woods. When Clement came to the gate he stopped still, and his thoughts went on into the next week, when he would be alone in the dear old house, without any of his kind friends. Mr. Cavanagh's cheery voice, Mrs. Cavanagh's gentle interest in all his doings, Miss Bridget's brusque, honest observations, Dora's bright, pleasant companionship, and the children's merry voices and riotous hilarity would all be gone; and as Clement thought of the approaching change he carefully held himself in check. So that, without any pang of discontent, he quietly murmured, "Amen." Then, looking down the steps, he became aware that Dora was sitting beside the water, with her eyes on a book, and he remembered his commission to tell her of the trip to London. He went down the steps, and said, softly, "Dora."

She started, and looked up at him.

"Oh, Clement! is that you? How lovely this is!" And she held up a volume of "Modern Painters."

"Exquisitely beautiful!" said Clement, "both in the substance of the thoughts and in the glowing language in which they are expressed. And Dora, you will soon be able to judge of what he says about Turner."

"I shall be able. How so?"

"You will be sure to see the pictures at South Kensington."

"That is in London. What do you mean, Clement?"

She clasped her hands round her knees, and stared straight up at him.

"I mean what I say—in London."

"Am I going to London?"

She sprang up and laid a hand on each of Clement's arms, her face flushing with delight.

"I believe you are going to London on Monday." There was a touch of sadness in his tone, but Dora was too joyful to notice it. "You will



have a fine time there, with music, and pictures, and books, and, I dare say, operas, concerts, dinners, and balls, as much as you like."

"How delightful!" cried Dora, clapping her hands. "I shall like to have lots of amusement and dancing. It will be so charming."

"Very likely," said Clement, rather coldly; "but it will be dangerous. I fear your mind will be drawn off from better things, and perhaps your amusements will interfere with your real lasting interests."

"Oh no," she exclaimed, hastily, "never. I promise that I will neglect nothing of my usual meditations and duties."

She went up the steps, followed by Clement, and they walked side by side up the lawn, on each side of which were little shady recesses formed between the stretching branches of the shrubs and young trees, which were now bursting into the tender luxuriance of a warm sunny spring. Clement sat down on a garden-seat in one of these recesses, and Dora sat down beside him.

"I hardly like to trust you," he said, as he took her hand and held it earnestly. "You will be among all sorts of people and all sorts of temptations; you, as a Catholic, will often be quite alone among thousands of Protestants. But you won't give up the old faith, will you, little Dora?" And he dropped her hand and looked away dreamily, as if he were gazing up the vista of the past to a time when in all England there was but one faith. Whatever I or my readers may think of the errors of Rome, and all the vast consequences of the English Reformation, it is certain that both Clement and Dora—ay, and all the Cavanagh family—held their own Church to be the one, the true.

"I shall always be a Catholic!" said Dora, proudly. "And I wonder what I shall think of London?"

"You will find it very large and very noisy. I have only been in town twice in my life, but I found it much larger and more bewildering even than Birmingham."

"And I wonder what the London people will think of me?"

"I will tell you exactly what they will think of you. In the first place, they will notice your personal appearance, and they will think that you are a very pretty countrified little girl, with a bright complexion, and blue eyes, and golden hair. They will think you very unpolished, and they will say that though you have been educated, still it is only a savage kind of education; and they will suppose that Mr. Cavanagh will give you a good fortune, and they will end by saying that it is a great pity you are a Catholic, as otherwise very likely you would make a good match."

"Upon my word, Clement," said Dora, colouring, "you are talking like a worldly-minded old lady, not like a man who is to be a priest and chaplain to the Cavanaghs of High Oakfield."

"You wanted to know what the Londoners would think of you, so I have told you just what will be said by the ordinary people with whom you will be in contact."

"I shall enjoy it so much," said Dora; "and I will write to you every week and tell you what I have been doing."

Again Clement's heart grew sick as he saw how Dora, like her father and her aunt, took it for granted that he would remain alone at Oakfield while they went away to amuse themselves; and not all his rectitude of

heart and repression of unsanctified thoughts could prevent his feeling a little sore at their indifference to his affairs.

"I shall feel very lonely," said he.

"Poor Clement! Well, you know there will be Canon Foley and Father Dolan all the same; and there is Mr. Fulword when you want a change, and I hear he has got a new curate, a very clever man."

"All very well in their way," replied Clement, "but still they are none of them Cavanaghs."

Dora laughed.

"You must come up to town and see us; and then, I dare say, we shall soon come back again. Are you going to sit here, Clement?" she added, abruptly, "because I am going to talk to mamma about this delightful plan—this delicious trip to London town!"

And Dora danced up the lawn, and went to her mother's sofa to discuss the preparations for the journey. Clement remained, with "Modern Painters" on the seat beside him. He was very sad, less at the prospect of his loneliness than at the seemingly small estimation in which he was held by the Cavanaghs; and most of all he was sad at the discovery of how easily he was moved by a trivial change, and how his heart seemed to cling to worldly things quite unworthy of his care and attention. He was still very melancholy in the after-part of the day, when he went down the village to see some of the poor people, and to talk to Father Dolan. As he passed the vicarage, Mr. Fulword came out, accompanied by a very clerical-looking young man; the vicar was on excellent terms with the Roman Catholic clergy of Oakfield, and came forward to talk to Clement, and to introduce Mr. Singleton, the new curate.

"Not that I want a curate for the work," said Mr. Fulword. "You have my parish nearly all to yourselves; but I am growing old, and I am engaged in literary work, and I am going to be a member of convocation, and I wish to travel in Italy, and Mr. Singleton; was so highly recommended to me, that you see I really could not help myself."

"But I hope to find work, or to make it," said Mr. Singleton; "as you say I may go my own way, I shall profit by the permission."

"How will you *make* work?" asked Clement.

"Easily enough; I shall conduct a daily service; I shall train a small choir; I shall have a night school, and institute a branch of some brotherhood, and I hope to get down a sister from some nursing sisterhood."

"By all of which remarks," said Mr. Fulword, "you will perceive that Mr. Singleton is a Puseyite, a ritualist."

"He pays the best possible compliment to us," said Clement; "imitation is the sincerest form of admiration."

"Imitation!" cried Singleton; and he went off into arguments about the English Church and her differences with Rome, into which we need not follow him. And though Clement and Henry Singleton debated the subject perpetually during many succeeding months, they never arrived at any definite conclusion of the matter, nor did they ever cease to be on the most cordial terms; and this was a very good thing for Clement, as it supplied some matters of interest and something really to think about during his lonely residence at High Oakfield.

On the Sunday evening before they set off for London, Mrs. Cavanagh

explained to Clement the arrangements she had made for his comfort during their absence.

"You will be master while Charles is away; you can have your friends to dinner; you can have them to stay in the house; in a word, Clement, you may do exactly as you like until we return."

"You are most kind, Mrs. Cavanagh, and I will try and console myself for your absence the best I can. I must work hard for my ordination, and get up all sorts of knowledge."

"We shall soon be home again."

"How soon do you suppose?"

"Probably by the end of July, the end of the season. I hope we shall come back the same as we go away."

"I should think there is no doubt about that; how could anything change you?"

"I was thinking about Dora; I hope she will not make any hasty marriage while we are in town."

"I trust not," said Clement, fervently. "I have always hoped that I should have the pleasure of marrying her when the time comes. Whoever she marries, she must come home for the ceremony, and then, if I am in orders, I must perform it. Don't you agree with me?"

"Certainly I agree with you; and it shall be so if I have any voice in the matter. I dare say Dora will be engaged during our stay in town."

"I think it very likely," said Clement, "and I only pray that it may be to some one worthy of her. She is a darling."

No more was said about Dora's probable destiny; and the next morning about eleven o'clock the Cavanagh family drove off to the station on their way to London. The station was twelve miles distant, so Clement did not offer to go with them to see them off, for the carriage and horses were going to town, and he would have had to walk back to Oakfield. His last words to Dora were:

"Be very wise, and drink sparingly of the sweet cup, and come back as good a girl as you are now."

"Yes, yes," nodded Dora from the carriage window; and then the horses moved, and away they rolled, and Clement was left alone. No words could express the feeling of loneliness which came over him; the empty rooms, the quiet garden, the neglected books, the unnoticed flowers, all combined to impress on him the dispiriting fact that he was alone. True, he was the temporary master of High Oakfield; but that did not suit him; he preferred the presence of its real master. Soon after they were gone it began to rain, and everything got to look dreary: the gravel walks and the grass became oozy, and the trees dripped, the wind whistled in the chimneys, and doors slammed. Clement grew nervous, and thought he heard people walking about the house, but, knowing that this was only a foolish fancy, he said, "Hang it! I'll go for a walk, and work off this nonsense." During his walk he met Mr. Fulword, who took him back to the vicarage to dinner, where he met Mr. Singleton, and spent the evening in fruitless arguments on the new curate's favourite topic of discussion. Clement was in better spirits when he went home at night, and laid out some plans of study for the next three months; and as the days went over he became more reconciled to his solitude, and learnt to endure it patiently.

Dora wrote to him from London, with descriptions of much that she saw. She wrote about picture-galleries and operas, high masses and oratorios, horticultural fêtes and her Majesty's courts, and Clement, in one of the green recesses on the lawn, used to have before him quite a kaleidoscope of London sights and sounds. He feared very much that Dora would not return the simple little girl she went away; but he knew the matter was not in his hands, and all he could do to curb her worldly tendencies was to write now and then a little gentle sermon. She did not reply to these, so he could not tell what effect they had on her. Gradually it dawned on him that the name of a certain Mr. Edgar Mulleyns was very frequently mentioned in Dora's letters. It seemed that Mr. Mulleyns went everywhere with the Cavanaghs; he drove Dora to Richmond in his phaeton when a large party went down to the Star and Garter; he procured Dora a ticket for a wonderful fête given somewhere out of town; he gave her a 5*l.*-note for a fancy fair charity; and he took care of her the whole night at the Caledonian ball. Clement took the liberty of asking who and what Mr. Edgar Mulleyns might be, and Dora wrote in reply that he was a young barrister who did not work because he had lots of money, and Mrs. Cavanagh also mentioned him, saying that she had only one fault to find with him, that is to say, he was a Protestant. So Clement felt persuaded that Dora would come home engaged to Mr. Mulleyns, and for a Cavanagh to marry a Protestant would be the heaviest affliction that he, Clement, could be called on to endure. He did not like to talk about this to any one, even to Father Dolan; but Canon Foley heard something of it, and said to Clement that at all hazards it must be prevented.

"We cannot allow such a marriage," he said.

"I don't know how we can prevent it," said Clement.

"It must be prevented. Such a thing was never done yet by any Cavanagh."

"But if her father consents to it?"

"Her spiritual father must dissent."

"At all events," said Clement, "we must wait and see if such a marriage is really thought of; at present, we are only guessing in the dark."

"True," said the canon; "we must wait."

And Clement waited very patiently. Hot weather came, and he studied out on the grass; wet weather came, and he studied in the library; and windy weather came, and he took long walks over the breezy hills. He was growing strong in health, and more settled and satisfied in mind, and, notwithstanding Mr. Singleton's ritualistic tendencies, he and Clement became great friends. They were both earnest young men, both devoted to the same work, and they found more points of agreement than of opposition; still Clement was very lonely in the great house, and many an evening he spent in silent meditation which ended in a sob and a sigh, and sometimes a tear which he could not repress. The time was so long, and his absent friends were so dear to him, and his thoughts were continually with his dear little pupil, Dora; he talked so much about her, that at last Mr. Singleton said,

"I declare I am half in love with Miss Dora without ever seeing her; your account of her is so fascinating!"

"Ah!" sighed Clement, "you English clergymen are allowed to fall in love like laymen. I don't wonder that Luther's conscience followed his heart; both must have been very soft and pliable."

"And your exalted heads can't admit a thought of human affection," rejoined Singleton. "However, it won't do for me to fix my heart on Miss Cavanagh, for if I did I should be set down instantly as a convert to Rome."

Clement's head was an exalted one undoubtedly, and he certainly supposed that he had crushed all human affection out of his heart; he expected so soon to be in the position of a spiritual father, that he already looked on the whole Cavanagh family as his pupils and children. And yet, had he been a little more acquainted with those worldly matters which he endeavoured to trample under foot, he would have been aware that it was not merely as a director or a spiritual adviser that his thoughts turned so constantly to Dora. The pain which it gave him to hear of Mr. Mulleyns's constant attentions was not merely caused by anxiety for Dora's spiritual welfare; a much more mundane sentiment mixed in his feelings, but he was unaware of it himself; he had no more idea that he at all resembled Lutlier than he had that he resembled Don Quixote; most of his feelings he analysed and tortured until his brain seemed giddy under the process, but this feeling of deep solicitude for Dora he did not analyse; he took it for granted that he felt exactly the same anxiety for her that he did for her brother, or her aunt, or any of the family. Poor Clement was living in a dream, and must soon have a most unpleasant awakening.

It was well on in July when Dora announced their speedy return to High Oakfield. "I shall be so glad," she wrote; "I am so weary of London and its racket. I have some nice photos for you, and a new mass by Gounod." So Clement put his books away, and made the servants clean the house from top to bottom, and the gardeners sweep, and rake, and hoe every bit of pleasure-ground; and I believe, had it been practicable, he would have had triumphal arches erected along the road from the station.

"Is it all for the young lady that you are so joyful?" said Henry Singleton.

"For them all," said Clement, "for them all. I love them all."

"I shall take an early opportunity of being introduced," Mr. Singleton remarked; "for if they are as delightful as you seem to think them, I am sure their acquaintance will add greatly to my happiness."

"They are the best and kindest people in the world," Clement answered.

And in his limited sphere of friends he truly knew none kinder or better than the Cavanaghs. So now they came back from London, and Clement was again in his element. Mr. Cavanagh was a little more polished, but none the less genial than when he left High Oakfield; his wife seemed much stronger in health, London doctors and London ideas had brightened her up wonderfully; Miss Bridget seemed not one whit altered in any way; while the children, after their semi-imprisonment in town, danced and yelled with delight about the garden like little savages turned out to grass. And Dora, she was changed; she was not the simple little country girl who left Oakfield three months before. Then her plain

muslin gowns were comfortably short, her bonnets and hats sensibly large, her hair was drawn straight from her face, and confined in a net at the back; then her manner was frank and honest, sometimes a little rough. Now she came home a fashionable young lady; she wore silk dresses that trailed half a yard on the ground, and were frequent causes of physical stumbling to Clement; now, her bonnets and hats were of the most minute dimensions, tiny heaps of lace, flowers, beads, and feathers; now, her manners had attained a polished ease, which yet did not conceal her natural frankness. Clement saw a great difference in her, for a London season must cause a change in an impressionable girl of eighteen; he thought her improved, her beauty more refined, her manners elegant, her mind cultivated; any changes in her inner nature he did not for some time discover. Mrs. Cavanagh said to him that Dora was much improved, and had been much admired in town.

"She had two or three serious admirers, and one of them we quite thought would propose."

"Was that Mr. Mulleyns?" said Clement.

"Yes; how do you know anything about him?"

"You mentioned him in one of your letters, and Dora was constantly writing about him."

"Indeed; well, he is a very good sort of young man."

"A Protestant," said Clement.

"But not a bigoted one," Mrs. Cavanagh said, apologetically.

"So much the worse," sighed Clement.

"The worse, Clement, how so? I thought that so much in his favour."

"I think it a bad point, because it shows that he is not earnest even in what little he professes to believe."

"I see what you mean. However, he is a very good fellow, and very well off. He is coming down next week to stay with us, so you will be able to judge of him a little."

"That looks serious, his coming to stay."

"Oh yes, he is quite serious," said Mrs. Cavanagh; adding, with a sigh, "our trip to London has cost a lot of money, and I am afraid Charles's railway speculation will not turn out well."

"Then, if Dora married well——"

"It would be the best thing in the world."

Clement's heart ached at the thought of his pet Dora being the wife of Mr. Mulleyns, for whom he had conceived a strong dislike; he guessed him to be an easy-going, irreligious, unintellectual young man, with nothing to recommend him but his money. And Clement's heart seemed to cling more and more to Dora when the thought of her marrying and going away came home to him. He never for one moment deemed it possible, it never entered his head with even the faintest scintillation, that he, soon to be a priest, could have one sentiment in the smallest degree akin to what is commonly called love: he thought himself far more likely to commit a murder than to fall in love. Yet, if he could have compared his own heart with that of any other man to whom such things as wives and marriage were free and open, he would have found that the impossible and forbidden affection was already deeply implanted in his soul; the lurking devil was taking possession of him under the

guise of an angel of light. Even conversations with Dora did not open his eyes.

"You must have been very lonely," she said.

"At first, it was frightful," he replied; "I thought I was going mad. And when I read your letters about your London doings it made me quite savage. Dora, I am afraid you are changed."

"How changed?"

"I am afraid you are not so—so good as when you left."

"I kept my promise to you. I neglected nothing. Oh, Clement, Farm-street is such a beautiful church, and the music at Spanish-place is enchanting."

"Those are but outward signs and forms; I was thinking of inner and deeper things. I should be deeply grieved if I thought your moral and religious life had suffered by your visit to town."

"And I," said Dora, looking down, "should be most deeply grieved if I found that you thought less well of me than you used to do."

Clement knew there was no fear of that; he admired and loved her more than ever, for he had felt the weariness of life in her absence. He now stood up, for they had been sitting in one of the lawn recesses, and presently he began to pace up and down the grass. Dora watched him, and said to herself over and over again, "How handsome he is! how noble! how distinguished! So very different to Mr. Mulleyns. Dear Clement, if he were not going to be a priest——"

Then she checked herself, and wondered if Mr. Mulleyns would really come down next week, and how he and Clement would get on together. Clement's tall figure went up and down the lawn two or three times; he gathered some roses and some heliotrope, and presently he came and stood in front of Dora, and threw the flowers one by one into her lap.

"I should like to hear," he began to say, as he dropped a great round full-blown rose into her hands—"I should like to hear something about that Mr. Mulleyns."

He was watching Dora's face and saw her colour as she replied, with affected carelessness,

"Oh, he is rather a nice sort of man!"

"That is poor praise for a favoured lover. Can you say nothing better of him?"

"He is very good and very nice, and papa and mamma like him particularly."

"So I understand; and you, Dora?"

"I like him very well. But I don't quite see"—with a little drawing up and assumption of dignity—"why you question me in this way, and what right you have to do it."

"Dora, I am a very old friend, soon to be something more, and you must know how truly and warmly I love you, and how dear your welfare is to me. My child, it would break my heart to see you make an unworthy or an unhappy marriage."

Clement spoke very earnestly, with tears in his dark eyes, and again the thought crossed Dora's mind, that if he had not been vowed to celibacy, but had been an ordinary layman, he would have been far more worthy of her love than Mr. Mulleyns or any of her London acquaintances. But the thought died away as soon as it was formed, for she knew that such an idea was both foolish and wrong.

"Mr. Mulleyns is coming down to stay with us," she said, as she began to walk away; "I hope you will like him."

She went into the house with her hands full of Clement's flowers, and he, poor fellow, put his hand up to his forehead and pressed it tight, for his brain seemed throbbing with many mingled emotions. Mr. Cavanagh was getting into difficulties; Mrs. Cavanagh wished Dora to marry Mr. Mulleyns; Mr. Mulleyns was about to come to High Oakfield on a visit; Dora did not wish to marry him—did not apparently wish to marry any one; did she wish to marry at all? Why need she marry? Why should she not always remain Clement's dear little pupil and friend, his more than sister? In all his perturbation and conflicting feelings, it never once entered Clement's head to think that if he gave up his intention of entering into holy orders, and remained a layman, he would be able to marry. He had been brought up in the certain prospect of being a priest; his sister, from her French convent, often wrote to him of the duties he was about to enter on; his brother wrote from Ste. Croix halting letters to Clement as a Reverend Father; every aspiration of his young life was towards that glorious time when the powers and privileges of the priesthood would be his. Clement introduced Mr. Singleton to the Cavanaghs; and Mr. Cavanagh, in his usual hearty way, immediately invited Mr. Singleton to dine with them on the following Thursday. The curate accepted the invitation with pleasure. Mr. Mulleyns was expected on the Tuesday; and as Mrs. Cavanagh invited two or three of the neighbouring families, Dora saw that they were in for a dinner-party.

"From which I do not anticipate much pleasure," she said.

"Oh, Dora!" said Miss Bridget, "Mr. Mulleyns will be here."

"Well?" said Dora.

"Well, my dear, you will have one devoted admirer, at all events."

"I wonder what I shall think of him?" said Clement.

"Not much," replied Miss Cavanagh. "I don't think much of him."

Miss Bridget was right; Clement did not think much of Mr. Edgar Mulleyns. One of the London gentleman's first remarks was, that he supposed Clement was another "worshipper of Mary."

"Honour, not worship," said Clement.

But Mr. Mulleyns seemed to think perpetual allusions to the differences between the two Churches a very fitting exercise of wit and repartee, and it was sometimes with difficulty that poor Clement kept his temper.

"He's a deuced good-tempered fellow," said Mr. Mulleyns; "it's a pity he's going to be a long-coated Jesuit."

"He will not be a Jesuit," said Dora.

"It's all the same," said Mulleyns; "he'll go up into a pulpit and preach away for two mortal hours about abstinence and fasting, and then he'll come down and have thirty sorts of fish for dinner, with eighty-nine sauces to them."

"Nothing of the kind," said Dora, half amused and half angry. "Clement is genuine in everything, and I hope one day you will know and appreciate him better."

It was certain that Mr. Singleton appreciated Clement; had the church congregation of Oakfield been more critical, they might have found fault with the great intimacy between the two young men. This intimacy did not cease when the Cavanaghs returned home; on the con-



trary, it seemed to grow stronger. At last people began to think that Dora must be Mr. Singleton's great attraction. The two elderly Miss Trevors, who were at Mrs. Cavanagh's dinner-party, observed that Mr. Singleton devoted himself very much to the young girl.

The curate was chatty and musical, and flitted between the tea-tray and the piano all the evening. When the servant brought in tea, Mr. Singleton prepared it and carried it about to the various ladies, and then he hastened back to Dora to beg her to play a sonata of Beethoven's or a *lied* of Mendelssohn's. Clement stood in the folding-doors hidden among the curtains, and looking on sadly and somewhat disdainfully. He thought to himself what a low standard of sanctity Singleton must have, and how it seemed below the dignity of the clergy even of a heretic communion to be dancing attendance on these frivolous women; and then it came into Clement's head that probably if he himself were an English clergyman he would do as Singleton did. "Why should he not admire these women? Why should he not admire Dora? Why should he not marry her, if he likes and she likes? What a fool I am!" And he grew angry with himself. "What right have I to wish to restrict Dora in any way? It can never be of any import to me what Dora does. Of course I know she will marry and go away, and I shall lose my little sister, but then I know it will come. I look forward to it. I shall be a priest, and yet I cannot bear to think of it. Oh, what a fool I am!" He turned away with a groan, and went to the window of the back drawing-room, looking out over the quiet garden. He had stood here a few minutes in that dreary frame of mind when all the future looks dark, until we carry our hearts across the mysterious valley of the shadow of death into the Shining Land. As the words "Jerusalem the golden" began to ring in Clement's ears, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and Singleton's pleasant voice said:

"Is anything the matter? You look sad."

"Nothing is the matter; but sometimes I think my look-out for the future is gloomy."

"How so? You have before you the grandest career that any man can have, with a certain and exceeding weight of glory at the end of it."

"Yes, yes. And yet I am sad. It seems a constant round of repining and repenting, repining and repenting."

"This is all nonsense, my dear fellow. What you want is plenty of work. Get appointed to a miserable poor hole in London or Liverpool, and then you will be all right."

Mr. Cavanagh now came into the back room, and asked what the two gentlemen meant by absenting themselves from the ladies, and as neither Singleton nor Clement could give any good account of themselves, they had to return to the tea and the piano. Clement talked to Miss Trevor on agricultural subjects, and Singleton joined Mulleyns in a chaffing conversation with Dora. Indeed, it was evident to every one that Mr. Singleton admired Dora greatly; but then, as every one remarked, nothing could come of it, for an English clergyman could not marry a Romanist. Clement saw all this with anxious eyes, and told himself that Singleton would be an excellent partner for Dora, if the one difficulty could be got over.

"Only," he still said, "I would infinitely prefer that she should not marry any one. Selfish brute that I am!"

The carriages at last came to the door, and all the guests went away, Singleton whispering to Clement as they shook hands:

"Miss Dora is indeed a charming girl."

Clement fully expected that Singleton would do something foolish about Dora, and, to guard her from this, he took every occasion of denouncing the English Church, and denouncing all persons who left the Roman communion, which was not at all courteous on Clement's part, considering that Edgar Mulleyns was still a guest in the house. But Clement's anxiety to guard Dora from the insidious snares of Mr. Singleton made him oblivious of his usual well-bred avoidance of offensive topics. He and Mulleyns had various little skirmishes, but through them all Clement kept his temper, and Mulleyns always ended by saying that the "Reverend Father" was sincere, although mistaken. Singleton's attentions to Dora continued for some little time, and then suddenly relaxed, and soon ceased altogether; for about this time High Oakfield broke up into a fearful state of anarchy.

Miss Trevor said that they were living on a volcano, which must be expected to overwhelm them very shortly. The volcano was this: Singleton, left in sole charge, began to indulge his propensities for church decoration, and at length, one Sunday morning, the altar was vested in green, flowers were set up on each side of a large cross, and there were two lighted candles. These gave great offence to a large portion of the congregation, especially to the more influential members of it, the elderly ladies, the old gentlemen, and the farmers who held much land. And Mr. Singleton became immediately involved in deputations, letters, reprimands from the archdeacon, and appeals to the bishop. All this occupied his time so much that he could not go to the Cavanaghs, and before many weeks were over Mr. Fulword returned home in a hurry, and it was announced that as the parishioners could not fall into Mr. Singleton's views, Mr. Singleton must go. He went to London, to a poor parish in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff-highway, it was said, and he came no more to High Oakfield. Clement was very sorry to lose his pleasant friend, but he was also relieved to find that the curate had not drawn Dora into any foolish entanglement.

As to Mr. Mulleyns, he went back to town, and again, after a few weeks, came back to Oakfield.

"Why does Mr. Mulleyns keep on coming here?" said Clement, querulously.

"Why should he not?" said Dora. "Our house is free to him as to any one else."

"He is a stupid sort of animal," Clement grunted.

"How disagreeable you are, Clement!" exclaimed Dora. "You are not like yourself at all. Why don't you go to Dr. Ullathorne and get ordained, and become a rational person again?"

"The time is drawing near," he said, growing sad and quiet in a moment; "it will be in September."

Then they both became very grave, until Mulleyns came in and asked Dora to go with him to fish in the little stream. He had prepared two rods, and they went off laughing at the idea of fishing for sticklebacks, of which, and of which only, the stream was full.

"Are you coming?" said Mulleyns to Clement.

"No, I am not."

"What's to-day? The octave of St. Antony, I suppose, so of course the reverend father won't go fishing."

Clement had no reply ready, and Mulleyns went out laughing and admiring his own wit.

"You really will not come with us?" And Dora, as she spoke, looked very earnestly at Clement's clouded face.

"I cannot, Dora—I cannot."

He turned away impatiently, and the others went down the lawn, through the gate, to the little river. Clement would have gone up to his own room to read, but as he passed the drawing-room, Mrs. Cavanagh saw him through the open door, and called out,

"Clement, come here."

He went in and stood beside her.

"Sit down, please. I want to talk to you."

Then Clement sat down and prepared to listen.

"You see, Clement, we like Mr. Mulleyns very much."

"I presume so, from your having him here again."

"Mr. Cavanagh likes him. He is very well off."

"A great point."

Clement spoke sharply and shortly.

"It is, as you say, a great point," Mrs. Cavanagh replied, simply, "and I am very sorry to find that Charles's railway is not going on satisfactorily. I am sure he will lose a lot of money by it. He was most foolish to enter into the scheme. I always told him so. And then, the children are growing more expensive every day. Charley's Eton expenses are immense, and Ellen must go to school after Christmas, and Fitz must go to Eton also, I suppose," Mrs. Cavanagh sighed.

"Yes, expenses multiply," said Clement.

"And cares and troubles too."

"To all of us."

"Except yourself, Clement. I often think how wonderfully you are preserved from any sort of trouble. Everything seems smooth and straight for you; your career marked out, and nothing to hinder your progress in it."

"Except my own sinful nature." And Clement's brow knitted, and his mouth grew compressed.

"Dear Clement, if you are sinful, I wonder what the rest of us are!"

Clement stood up.

"Do you think, then, that Dora really likes Mr. Mulleyns?"

"Yes, I do, indeed. I think she intends to accept him when he proposes."

"As, of course, he will do."

"Oh, no doubt. Do you know where they are?"

"I saw them going down by the water."

"I don't quite like their rambling off in that manner; Miss Trevor said the other day that she was surprised to meet Dora up on the hills alone with Edgar Mulleyns."

"You think she wants a chaperone?" And Clement smiled.

"Yes. I wish you would look after them a little."

"I!" exclaimed Clement. "How could I venture to interfere with the exquisite Mr. Mulleyns? He is not so polite and friendly to me that I should wish to incur his just displeasure."

"But, for Dora's sake, you would not like people to talk about her?"

"For Dora's sake. Well, I will go and look after them, and meet them by accident, as it were."

"Thank you, dear Clement! You are always most kind!"

He went down the lawn, through the gate, very gravely, and walked along the banks of the stream. His mind was full of the impending troubles of the Cavanaghs, and he saw plainly that as Mr. Cavanagh had, during his visit to town, been induced to invest in a railway which did not pay, it was more than probable that he would soon be in some pecuniary difficulties; and Clement also saw that Dora was to marry Mr. Mulleyns, so as to be out of these money troubles when they came upon her father and mother. Truly Clement had sufficient reason for feeling sad and careful as he went through the meadows that warm soft August day.

He had walked on engrossed in his own thoughts until he came to a place where the little stream was dammed up, so that the greater portion of the water poured in a foamy noisy stream over one part of the wood-work, and down below, at a distance of about ten feet, was a bright-green mossy little island, round which the water, still bubbling and eddying, flowed in two shallow streams. A plank was laid from one bank to this little emerald isle to form a rustic bridge, and it was like a fairy bower shut in by the horse-chestnut-trees on each bank. As Clement came along the banks by the upper part of the stream he saw two figures seated on the island; their fishing-rods were laid on the grass, the lines carried down by the current, unheeded by the anglers. Clement stood still awhile, hardly liking to interrupt them, and partly wishing to see on what terms they were when alone together. He was not long in much doubt; Mr. Mulleyns took Dora's hand and kissed it, and took off her hat and smoothed her hair, and then after a time Dora stood up, and Mr. Mulleyns put his arm round her, and they talked and laughed. Clement could hear nothing that was said, for the rush of the water made a great noise, but from what he saw he knew that an offer of marriage had been made and accepted. He felt faint and giddy, and leaned against a tree. It seemed a horrible thing that his lovely pupil, the gentle, elegant, intellectual Dora, should be the wife of that animal-like, coarse, uncultivated fellow; that she, a good Catholic, one of the old Cavanaghs, should be linked to a man who, nominally of the Church of England, was, in reality, of no religion at all. If Clement's heart was heavy before, it now seemed like lead; and now, for the first time, it dawned on his apprehension that the affection he felt towards Dora was something more than was necessary—was something stronger than it need have been. The spectacle of Dora and Mulleyns standing side by side as affianced lovers forced upon Clement's consciousness the knowledge that he would have resigned everything, almost his hopes of heaven, if he could have been in that man's place. Thick darkness came over his miserable heart; everything was wrong, everything was out of its place. The priesthood was no fitting office for him; he was unworthy of the priesthood, he was unworthy of Dora, Mulleyns was unworthy of Dora.

Clement could never marry at all, and why should Dora ever marry? Why does everything mix up in this inexplicable confusion? Why do the trees dance about in the water, and why does the water run wildly up the swaying banks?

Clement relaxed his hold on the tree which he had been grasping, and reeled and fell headlong among the long grass. All his self-control had ended in this, that he found himself to be madly and wickedly in love with Dora, and there was nothing for him but blank blackness in both the present and the future; and his delicately organised nature gave way under the intense pressure, and he fell to the ground in a sort of stupor. He did not know how long he lay there; but at length his own stifled groans aroused him, and he stood up like one who awakes out of a trance. Up and down the stream was no one; Mulleyns and Dora were gone, and Clement was alone.

As his thoughts settled into quieter channels he realised his position; he saw the heinousness of his self-deception, how he had been priding himself on his abstraction from earthly affections, how he had thought himself superior to any of the ordinary weaknesses of mankind, and now he suddenly found himself a feeble, sinful, rebellious, worldly-minded hypocrite; ay, worse than a hypocrite, for he had deceived himself. Looking back on the past, he saw all his inconceivable folly, and he began to understand how it had grown on him, and how on him as on any ordinary man of the careless world, Dora's beauty had exercised its bewitching, fascinating influence. He had thought himself wiser and stronger than other men, and now he found himself weaker and more foolish than any. He felt humbled, crushed. And then when he looked on into the future he saw a very gloomy prospect; years of strict self-denial would hardly restore his heart to the spiritual purity which he knew to be needful for it; and how could he in his present wild, unholy state of mind go up to take holy orders? Then again, after what he had found in his own heart, how could he ever meet Dora with any peace and placidness, either while she was still Miss Cavanagh or after she should be Mrs. Mulleyns? He could not answer any of these questions, though he asked them on his knees. He seemed to find no good or comfort by questions and replies from his poor tortured heart, and he feared that a little more mental perplexity and pain would make him really ill in body as well as in mind.

"I am in a frightful state," he said to himself, as he began to crawl towards the house; "I don't know what will become of me; I dare say I shall go mad. If she were only going to marry some one worthy of her, I should not feel it so much; if it were Singleton, who is a capital fellow, but this Mulleyns is a brute, not fit to stand behind her chair. If Singleton had not gone away in such a hurry—however, perhaps it is all right, if I could only see it from the right point of view. I shall go to Birmingham at once. What comfort shall I obtain anywhere? How will my director receive this confession? I am sure he will think I am mad. I believe I am going to be ill. I shall send for Dr. Smith to-morrow morning. And I don't think I shall be admitted into holy orders these next Ember days. But I will go away; I will not be here at the time of the wedding."

The poor fellow talked in this sad rambling way to himself until he

came to the house. The butler met him in the hall, and asked him if he would come in to dinner, which was on the table. But Clement said, "No, no, he was not well," and went up-stairs to his own room. The servant took this remark to Mrs. Cavanagh, who looked uneasy. Dora said, "Poor dear Clement, I wonder what is the matter;" while Mr. Cavanagh and Mulleyns said, "Not much the matter, I dare say."

As soon as Mrs. Cavanagh and Dora left the dining-room, the former said:

"I wonder if Clement is really ill."

"Oh no," said Dora; "he has grown quite sulky and ridiculous the last few weeks."

"I never knew Clement to be capricious or fanciful."

"I shall go and look after him, at all events," said Dora.

And while her mother took a doze on the sofa, Dora went up to see Clement. She knocked at the door of his little room, and he called out:

"Who is there?"

"I am here," said Dora. "May I come in?"

Clement opened the door, and closed it again when she was inside.

"Are you not well?" she said, tenderly.

"Not quite well. At least, I don't know, I think I am ill."

"You have had no dinner."

"I could not eat."

"Then I will send you up some nice tea. I will make it myself. Clement, you must not be ill."

He caught her hands in his, and said, suddenly:

"Dora, you were out with Mr. Mulleyns."

"Yes, I was."

"You are engaged to him?"

"I am," and she bowed her head.

It was growing dusk, so that Clement did not see if her colour rose, but her tone was very calm.

"Child, how can you, how can you endure to engage yourself to him? You cannot expect to be happy with him."

"I see no reason why I should not be happy with him. My father and mother are contented with my prospects, and so am I."

"Then I can have no reason to find fault," said Clement.

"I suppose," Dora said, deliberately, "that you will be soon going to Birmingham, because in that case——"

"I shall not be at the wedding," Clement hastily added.

"No, I conclude that you will not be at it."

"When will it take place?"

"In about a month."

"And just at the same time that you take upon you your marriage vows, I shall take the vows which will bind me to the life of a priest. I shall not often see you after that."

"No," said Dora, "probably not."

"And you are quite happy in your prospects, my child?"

"I am satisfied with them."

"Thank God for that. I cannot preach to you now, but by-and-by, when I have the Church's authority, if you are in any difficulty, I can write, or come——"

He broke off abruptly, and put his hands across his forehead.

"Clement, you are not well. Lie down on the sofa and keep quiet. You have had no food for ever so long; lie down"—and he obeyed her—"and I will send Fuller up with some coffee and toast for you."

She ran away down-stairs, and Clement, with hands across his eyes, as if to shut out haunting sorrowful thoughts, lay still in the twilight, hearing the loud beating of his own unruly heart. Mrs. Fuller brought up coffee and toast and eggs for Clement, but he could not eat much; he was very glad when on the firm mattress and the soft pillow he stretched himself wearily, and closed his eyes in welcome sleep.

He wrote to Birmingham next day, and on the morning following received a reply urging him to go there at once without loss of time. He had been packing his books and clothes, and everything was prepared for a start; so that he had only to bid farewell to the Cavanaghs and go off in the dog-cart.

He found Mr. Cavanagh in the library, and when he said, "I am now ready to start," his kind old friend shook him heartily by the hand, saying, "Good-bye, my dear boy, God bless you and keep you, and keep us all until we meet again."

"Amen," said Clement.

"And when do you think you will return to High Oakfield?"

"I can't tell," Clement answered, with a sigh. "Not within a year, I dare say. I may be sent to the Continent."

"Well, well, wherever you go, you will always be the same good, right-minded, pure-hearted Clement."

Clement smiled sadly, and with another warm grasp of Mr. Cavanagh's hand he went away to seek Mrs. Cavanagh, and to say farewell to her.

"So you are really going, dear Clement?" she said.

"Yes, actually, at last."

"And you will not come back for Dora's wedding?"

"I could not do that; I shall have no time. I cannot hope to return here in less than a year, unless I should just run over for a day or two at Christmas."

"It will be so strange to lose both you and Dora. You have all my best wishes. I shall always think of you and pray for you, and when Charley is a little older you must read with him for Oxford. You will always belong to the Cavanaghs."

"Yes, always." And then Clement bade her farewell.

The next he saw was Miss Bridget, who was in the conservatory with thick gloves on, superintending the arrangement of the flowers.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said. "I think it's just as well you are going. I'm sure trouble is coming. You know about my brother's railway disappointment, and then Dora's marriage; and so, after all, it is well for you to be out of it. And so, good-bye!"

He had now only to see Dora, and then go. He did not know where to find her, and while wondering where she could be, he thought he would take one last look at the dear little chapel. As he opened the door he saw Dora and Mulleyns standing in front of the picture of the Virgin. Clement knelt a few moments before the altar, signing the cross, and asking for strength to go through this last interview. Dora was watching him, and when he rose from his knees she came up to him.

"I am going now. Good-bye."

"Going?" said Mulleyns; and even the careless, happy lover noticed the sadness, the ill health, the mental care in poor Clement's heavy eyes and quivering mouth. "Good-bye; I am sorry you are going; and if ever I have said or done anything to annoy you, you must try and forgive a man who is inferior to you in everything."

The two young men shook hands cordially for the first time, for they were mutually touched.

Clement took Dora's two hands in his two hands, and pressed them, and, without one word of farewell, they parted. At that moment some sort of consciousness was on them, and they could not speak, because they both felt what they could not express in words. Clement went softly out of the chapel; and Dora knelt before the altar a long time, while Edgar Mulleyns stood beside her, wondering if life was all smooth to Clement, or if it was all smooth to any one whatever, or if every living thinking creature found it to be a troublesome world.

A troublesome world it is in very truth; and Clement was now leaving some of his troubles behind him, but the troubles of his own heart went with him. In Birmingham new people and new ideas were constantly round him, and the preparations for his ordination occupied his mind; so that when he actually heard of Dora's marriage being an accomplished fact, he received the news calmly, and turned towards that eventful day which was so near to him. He did not see any of the Cavanaghs again until he was in priest's orders; he had many letters from them, and heard of Mr. Cavanagh losing some money in his railway, and then of his making large profits in the same matter; and when at length he began to plan a visit to High Oakfield, he knew he should find everything much the same as when he left, except that Dora was not there.

Dora was in town with her husband; they lived in town. In writing to Clement she never said if she was happy, but she wrote cheerfully, and Clement thought that, at all events, she was not unhappy. So as fresh duties opened to him, he put aside all his old fancies and follies, and was prepared to take the position of chaplain to the Cavanaghs, with the equable temper, the steady earnestness, and the deep interest in their spiritual welfare, which were qualities altogether requisite for the holy office which he was to fill.

## THE ARCHBISHOP'S LAST HUNT.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

THE Lord Primate is busy, not over his books,  
 For his eyes are not sleepy, nor careworn his looks,  
 His gait is too brisk and too mettlesome now  
 For a student who plods through the "Fathers," I trow.  
 He is bound to the shrine of Saint Hubert, no doubt,  
 For cross-bows, and arrows, and bolts lie about,  
 And Richard the forester waits on his grace,  
 To know when it suits him to start for the chase.



My Lord Zouch has invited some friends to the "meet,"  
 For the Primate himself there is no greater treat;  
 A good man and pious he was to the core,  
 But he dearly loved hunting the hart and the boar—  
 'Twas the custom, and had been for ages before;  
 Monk, abbot, and bishop could make a shaft whistle  
 More true to the mark than a learned epistle,  
     And many knew better  
     The text and the letter  
 Of "y<sup>e</sup> Boke of St. Alban's" than sermon or missal.

Dan Chaucer will tell you how monks in his time  
 Would scarcely wait "matins," and much less for "prime,"  
 Before they were off for small game on the brake,  
 Or coursed on the bracken for deer half awake.  
 But Nimrods with tonsure and frock we allow  
 Were a different race to the clerks we have now,  
     Though fancies *will* revel,  
     For good or for evil,  
 In times that are modern, as those mediæval.

But Richard is waiting, and so is his lord,  
 Both long for a prance on the dew-sprinkled sward,  
 To leave cloudy Lambeth, and breathe the fresh air,  
 To track the dun deer, or the fox in his lair;  
 So the quarils are pack'd, and the quivers are fill'd  
 With arrows keen-pointed as ever buck kill'd,  
 Then to boot and to saddle while stars lend their light,  
 The Primate and Richard ride forth through the night.

\* \* \* \*

Right pleasant, in sooth, is the birth of the morn,  
 When the pale light of summer breaks forth into dawn;  
 When the lark and the nightingale, robin and thrush,  
 Greet Heav'n with their matins from field and from bush;  
 When the air is caress'd by the sweet scent from bow'rs,  
 While the kiss of the dew lingers still midst the flow'rs,  
 And the humming-bee heralds the sun on his way  
 To bless with his presence the glories of day!

Such thoughts cross'd the Primate as onward he rode  
 Through the woodlands at daybreak, no cares to corrode;  
 His spirits were blithe as the scenes he beheld,  
 No forecast of evil his destiny knell'd.  
 He gives a loose rein to his courser at length,  
 And away flies the steed in the pride of its strength,  
 Till the Primate arrives in "good time" at the "meet,"  
 Lord Zouch and his jovial companions to greet.  
     The bugles sound merrily,  
     Hounds "tune up" cheerily,  
 As horsemen and footmen prepare for the "start,"  
     Anon they are wending,  
     Their heavy bows bending,  
 And threading the bracken in search of the hart.

The master takes Hawkins, his huntsman, aside:  
 "With the Primate, I prithee, good fellow, abide;  
 Place the best of the herd in his way, that at Court,  
 Forsooth, he may say, none can show better sport."

The forester speeds, and the deer are soon found—  
 Full fifty—the bowmen draw silently round;  
 In a copse that is shaded the Archbishop stands,  
 The cross-bow poised in his well-practised hands.

At this moment bold Hawkins a huge stag espies,  
 The noblest, and one that a monarch would prize.  
 He has dash'd 'midst the herd, and he drives it apart,  
 A bolt cleaves the air, *but it strikes not the hart!*—

Lo! bleeding and dying

The huntsman is lying,

The Primate, aghast, to his succour is flying!

\* \* \* \*

Blood, blood everywhere,  
 Nothing is worse than a dead man's stare!  
 Blood, blood on all around,  
 Writ on the heavens, and traced on the ground!  
 Dream'd of at night, and haunting by day,  
 Spots no tears can efface away!  
 Hands red-stain'd, and hearts that bleed,  
 Curses that follow a homicide's deed,  
 Horror on horror, the guilt and pain  
 Of those who carry the brand of Cain!

\* \* \* \*

In his palace at Lambeth, dejected and wan,  
 The Primate, sore-stricken, sits weary and lone;  
 Amidst all the splendour around him he feels  
 A blight in his heart that his sorrow reveals.  
 A tap at the door, trusty Richard is near,  
 And, glowing with smiles, his broad features appear.  
 He cries in hot haste, "Goodly tidings I bring—  
 All London with shouts for your grace doth now ring—  
 Proclaim'd is the pardon, confirm'd by the king!"  
 "No mercy from man," said the Primate, "I need;  
 No prince of the earth can absolve from this deed;  
 All hope has now left me this side of the grave;  
 From the King of all monarchs forgiveness I crave;  
 Thou alone, *in extremis*, sweet Jesu, can save!  
 The angel of wrath is avenging the dead—  
 Would the bolt had been lodged in my own heart instead!  
 Heav'n aid the atonement of penance and dole,  
 And give peace at last to my guilt-laden soul!"

\* \* \* \*

In the town of quaint old gables,  
 In Guildford, on the Wey,  
 Where the cruel Godwin basely  
 His Norman guests did slay,  
 Rose a large and noble building  
 For the aged poor and weak,  
 The gift of one sore-stricken,  
 With heart well-nigh to break,  
 One who himself craved pity  
 For the blessed Jesu's sake!

## FAMILY COLOURS.

WHEN I was a boy—in the preamble, so to speak, of the charter of human life—an incident occurred, trivial, indeed, in itself, and yet quite sufficient, like many other trivial things, to colour the thoughts of after years, and even to form a fulcrum on which were raised ideas above those of the “natural man.”

On entering our schoolroom one day, I observed a new pupil, who seemed in no wise embarrassed by his position amongst strangers, but sat with all the gravity of a pigmy senator, and evidently proudly conscious of a large bow, or rosette, of orange and green sarcenet ribbons, pinned conspicuously on his breast.

My attention was, of course, riveted on this strange ornament. I had, however, sufficient experience of the world, even then, to know that this could be no bridal favour (although I have never heard any really justifiable pretext alleged against other bridal colours, than *that* which science tells us is *no* colour).

I was not naturally, or, as some would say, *constitutionally* a vulgar little boy, and therefore it was some time before I could overcome my decorous habits sufficiently to ask this little fellow what his gay ribbons meant. His brief reply chilled me.

“The noble character,” says Goethe, “at certain moments may resign himself to his emotions; the well-bred, never.”

But I was not sufficiently advanced in my studies at that time to seek consolation among German philosophers, and, therefore, when the little stranger replied, with infantine hauteur, “These are *our* colours,” I felt disconcerted—what *could* I say? Here was something, indeed, quite out of the common for my unsophisticated mind to ponder. I had no parents to whom I could refer, for I was an orphan, and my kind old grandmother had often told me that it was disrespectful to ask questions of our elders about the new-fangled notions of the present day. “Ours,” too, was a word that did not fit my ear, for there was nothing that I had ever heard called “ours” at home, and that this awful urchin should be able so confidently to appropriate, as his family’s peculiar property, those glorious colours which are common to the enjoyment of all, in bright pastures, leafy woods, and golden sunsets, *did* seem to me passing strange. Not that I questioned the mystic right of the owner; on the contrary, owing, no doubt, to a remarkable phrenological or cranial development, I was inspired with considerable awe and veneration by my schoolfellow.

Even after that school had become a thing of the past, the green and gold rosette haunted my thoughts; but I asked an explanation of no one, lest I should, after all, be only exposing the Cimmerian obscurity within, and be laughed at for attaching so much importance to a sixpenny rosette! This was my fear, but I had deeper thoughts than these.

Years passed onwards, and gradually, as the realities of life grew upon me, I made many rough, and sometimes shrewd, guesses at the true solution of this mystic problem of my youth. I began to observe that certain families clothed certain domestics, somewhat irreverently styled

"flunkeys," in peculiar colours, to distinguish them from the more intellectual sort, that insist on dressing like the bulk of the respectable and independent community. I also noticed that carriages were painted sometimes in harmony with liveries, and that many heads of families, who used to call on my grandmother once a year, had different devices on the panels of their carriages. For instance, Mr. Macow, the retired Hong-Kong merchant, was very proud of a yellow shield covered with fleur-de-lys and lions, &c., and could show an authority for the same, which had been supplied from an "heraldic studio." He also had an Australian gold ring, on which was his crest—a crescent—that I heard him say his ancestor had won on the battlements of Acre.\* This, to me, was truly surprising, and seemed evidently akin to my youthful schoolfellow's bunch of ribbons; but, I confess, it puzzled me why the heraldic authorities had allowed Mr. Macow to "sport" lions and such-like creatures, instead rather of giving him a green and black shield, with silver tea-blossoms, which would have looked quite as well, and have been far more appropriate.

In the course of time I entered the army, through the interest of a kinsman—a full colonel, who was then in the receipt of "off reckonings," which latter he evidently thought a great feather in his cap, although, for my own part, they seemed *primâ facie* to savour of "the commercial" rather than of "arms;" but I was not of an age to give an opinion. The old gentleman, to make matters worse, while my thoughts were set on ribbons and badges of honours, advised me, as an old stager, to take these gewgaws (he had none himself) if they came in the course of service, but rather to look forward to securing a good bonus on retirement.

He explained to me that it was difficult to give advice to one to whose circumstances he had himself never been reduced, and concluded by promising me some payjamas and other useful articles, which he had brought with him on his return home, after Lord Lake's campaign, in which, however, he had not himself actually served.

My grandmother told me that I was very fortunate in having so kind a friend as her relative, "the general," as she called him, and strongly advised me to leave a card for him at *his club* in London.

On performing this necessary obligation of gratitude, I was at once made aware that the general had rightly estimated my respect for himself and etiquette, and, in anticipation of my visit, had left with the porter a bale of Welsh flannel, for some old friend in the Mofussil, with this unmistakable superscription: "Kindly favoured by Ensign N.," &c.

I had not provided for this honorary commission, but had sufficient intelligence to perceive that I might take the liberty of using it, as a species of bulky "letter of introduction," and was therefore in some measure reconciled to my burden, as I fondly imagined that when I cast my load in the far East, the recipient—a general too, although at the time I was not aware that he had retired, and was living at Fuzzypore, in the Neilgherries—would undoubtedly make me on the spot his aide-de-camp; but, as the result proved, I had over-estimated, like my kinsman, the real value of Welsh flannel, even although it be labelled with the manufacturer's "coat of arms."

\* He might have adopted the full moon, as Richard did, with the motto, "Ple-nior resurgo."

And this, at that time, was to me (and indeed still is) an anomaly, for it is hard for the unsophisticated mind to understand, how, what, we are told, is a symbol of gentility, or, as some will have it, the English "noblesse," can also be the distinguishing family—not trade-mark—of a manufacturer of flannel or reels of cotton! I had a confused doubt also as to whether innkeepers and cabmen were not genuine *armigeri*, and I have even ventured to argue the point whether, very often, if not strictly legally, arms are not superior to their bearers. In ancient times, this is more than probable, and the strongest confirmation of the fact is to be found in the words of the Latin poet, who clearly considers his hero as the accessory—"Arma, *virumque*." But these are questions for the learned.

There are, no doubt, peculiar influences that attach to individuals, like spiritualistic parasites, and are constantly budding in curious coincidences. Strange to say, the farther I went from England, the more numerous became persons of high birth. The converse of this I had expected, but I satisfied myself with the reflection that the silent revolution in England had been more successful than people were generally aware. Thus, when I joined the *dépôt* of my regiment in Ireland, preparatory to embarkation for India, I found the gentry and even professional men to be of the highest rank; but, owing to the power of the radical party and other causes, they were denied the honours of their ancestors, as recorded in the Dormant and *quasi* Extinct Peerage and Baronetage, and were obliged to associate with the like of myself. I felt my position very keenly. Of a sociable nature, I could not live without society, and yet I longed for the sympathy of those who had only old grandmothers and retired generals for kinsfolk, and felt rather too much constraint in the presence of the descendants of ancient kings, and of the glorious chivalry of "Strongbow." Very few ever alluded to the "Cromwellian settlement," and perceiving that it was considered vulgar, I was too discreet to mention it in company.

I ought not to overlook a remarkable coincidence—namely, that I used often to notice our friend Mr. Macow's arms on various other persons' carriages.

On arrival in India, my experience was of the same kind. I rarely met a man who had not been on the turf in England, on the moors in Scotland, or who had not *hunted* Ireland from the Giant's Causeway to Barley Cove. Most were "cousins" to peers and baronets, and used the arms of their kinsmen on signet-rings and horse-blinkers. Amongst such aristocrats, I felt afraid to mention my own kinsman the general. The tone of morals was not then so high as now, and any allusion to my grandmother caused any expression but that of respect.

It did, I confess, seem strange to me that I should be comparatively such a low fellow; and as the climate began to tell on me, sometimes a feeling of irritation, and sometimes of humiliation, used to prompt ill-natured suspicions or taciturnity.

One day, the quartermaster's son, a mere lad, who had just been appointed to an ensigny in our regiment, and whose mother, as I discovered by an odd coincidence, had been my grandmother's chambermaid, showed me the fly-leaf of his Prayer-book, on which was richly emblazoned a golden lion standing on its hind legs, with a duke's coronet on its head. But it was not exactly standing, for there was nothing actually to stand

on ; it was rather pinned to the azure vault of heaven, and looked angular and uneasy, but, to use a convenient expression, "all right."

"What is this?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," was the complacent reply. "Only *our* coat of arms."

"The deuce it is!" I ejaculated, thoroughly provoked; and, from that day forward, I suspected every coat I saw, and determined never to lose an opportunity of picking holes in them. "Ah!" said I to myself, "perhaps I am not such a low fellow after all—peradventure *I*, too, may have a coat as good as any :

Ka bolega, nussib ke bat—  
Moorghec oo-t-khee, maré lat!\*"

Still, I was not yet sufficiently emboldened to express decided opinions. I was neither rich nor poor enough to do so. This prudence I had learnt under my grandmother's tutelage. How surprised I used to be at the covert disrespect of even her own servants!—as for butchers, green-grocers, and the like, their contempt was expressed by an air of bland indifference. I have often seen the lynx-eyed grocer stretch his crane-like neck over the poor old lady, and leave her waiting, while he rushed to a carriage at the door to receive an order, perhaps for a nutmeg, or even to take a rebuke, from the more aristocratic customer!

By the way, I ought not to pass unnoticed a peculiarity about the said grocer. Over his shop-door was an inscription which would have led the stranger to believe that *within* was contained the stock of "Jamboys," grocers; but these brothers had ceased to have any connexion with the trade seventy years before; however, as a man's good name lives after him, it had been found useful, ever since, to continue the same trade designation, with the small addition of "and Co." Being naturally an ingenuous child, this mystery seemed inexplicable, unless I should adopt the uncharitable inference that "custom" was invited under false pretences. But enough of this; grocers looked down on me in those days, and my remarks might therefore be attributed to wounded vanity.

We had a "man of business," who settled my grandmother's accounts at Christmas; but, I am quite sure, the latter never thoroughly understood by what alchemical process he obtained the money, and, indeed, she appeared as grateful for a cheque as if it had been given in charity.

But to resume the thread of my own career in life, I returned home, in due course, with my regiment, and was, ere long, one of the garrison of that gay metropolis, Dublin, where I became acquainted with a very kind and high-born lady. I cannot say that I won her affections; for seeing my natural diffidence, and being, as she said, of "good family," she could afford to offer her hand to me, with the use of her jointure into the bargain. I felt highly honoured and flattered at being selected by the reputed granddaughter of a brigadier-general—that is, as it was explained to me afterwards, of an army surgeon, who held that "relative rank." But my wife, as this good lady shortly became, always spoke of her grandfather as the "brigadier."

\* Hindoo proverb: Ka bolega, &c.; literally,  
What shall I say of my hard fate,  
When even my own chickens presume to kick me!

In the course of time, a family sprung up around us, and my good partner, who was always urging me to "maintain my position," being a very kind mother, never lost sight of the fact that her children could count one maternal ancestor more than herself, even though she was "a Johnston." And now came an era in my life when the mystery of the green and yellow ribbons was unfolded within the precincts of my own home. On Christmas Day, 18—, when assembling to proceed in a body to church, I was startled by the singular appearance made by my little boys and girls. They looked to me like magnified mice or poor work-house children.

"My dear!" said I, "how have you dressed the children?"

"Perhaps," replied my wife, with a chilling sarcastic air—"perhaps you have never heard of the Johnston grey!"

I frankly admit that this rebuke brought me to my senses. I had not become aristocratic "*jure uxoris*," and even my own progeny recognised the fact; for, in discussions with their mamma on family traditions, they used often to say innocently to me: "Don't listen to these nice stories, papa. You don't know about mamma's kind of cousins and uncles!" The poor children were carefully taught to cherish Border feuds, and to regard as desperate enemies all persons named Maxwell; but my wife was, at the same time, very fond of affecting indifference to such matters, as though greatness had been unwillingly thrust upon her.

"Dear me," she has often said, "I am so ignorant of heraldry, and can't tell what our crest is, although grandpapa had it on his carriages. Ah! the poor brigadier might, indeed, have been Marquis of Annandale long ago, but he was so kind and careless an old gentleman. He lent the "family papers" to a friend, and never saw them afterwards. It is supposed they were burnt—not, however, without a suspicion that the friend got a quiet baronetcy for himself out of them!"

Under the careful direction of my wife, I had now lost much of that artless simplicity which, in earlier life, distinguished me amongst my acquaintance—the ornament of my moral nature, but, as I afterwards found, a serious blot on my social credit; and gradually I came into the more polite management of a faithful partner, who, with all her faults, had never once, strange to say, hurt my feelings by any reference whatever to the first "partner of her joys." I saw the necessity of being like my neighbours, and uniting a little wholesome art with the purer instincts of nature. I ceased to look upon myself as an exceedingly small man. I had now my Johnston connexion to give in return for any boasted claim to a baronetcy, and, in my children's Scotch caps, I always had before me the *winged spurs* to prick the sides of my intent in asserting my right to consideration.

I had retired from the active duties of my profession while still a young man, but, through my wife's interest, I became a major of militia, and in our small county town was considered the chief authority on "army estimates," and the like. Many of my worthy friends at the reading-room evidently believed that I was duly informed by government on all projected military changes. If by chance I were seen with a large official envelope, perhaps containing simply a demand for payment of assessed taxes, some of these worthy friends would remark, with a knowing look, "Well, Major —, what are they going to do now about

small arms?" By the way, I did not now altogether like the sound of the words small "arms." These clashings of ideas are painful to a sensitive man, who is doing the best he can for the credit of his family.

My eldest daughter, about this period, was given away in marriage. My wife had bestowed on her a very aristocratic name, and the announcement in the papers read very creditably to our position:

"At —, on the 1st April, 186—, by the Rev. Michael Byrne, of Castle Caffy, county Mayo, cousin to the bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. Horace Kelly, B.D. and F.G.H.L.S., Chaplain to the Right Honourable James, Earl of Ballylandens, and kinsman of the bride, Barry Fitz-Japers, Esquire, of the Royal Munster Fusiliers (Militia), and grand-nephew of the Right Rev. Ignatius McCarthy, P.P., to Hawise Dervorguil Maud, eldest daughter of Major N., of "The Grove," and formerly of the —th, or —shire Regiment of Light Infantry (the Blowhards), and great-granddaughter of the late Brigadier-General —, President of the Provisional M. Board at Bombay, and one of the claimants of the Marquisate of Annandale and Baronetcy of Saffronhall," &c.

My wife assured me that the above had very sensibly called forth a proper appreciation of our position amongst the tradespeople and professional men of the neighbourhood, and would be, no doubt, of the greatest service, indirectly, in providing for our other children. This was the bright side of the picture, and we never alluded to the chaise and postilion, for which we had to pay twenty pounds, for the marriage jaunt, my son-in-law's expectations having, by one of those circumstances over which we have no control, at the last moment found that his patrimonial estate had been transferred to the grand limbo of lost inheritances in Ireland. We used, however, to tell our neighbours of the sad loss of "that valuable estate," but that the residue would amount to perhaps "a thousand or so per ann." I did not myself approve of the latter observation, but my wife insisted on it. How could I resist her powerful appeals and reproaches?

Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it.

I was, in short, constrained to shut my eyes whenever afterwards we chanced to notice at railway bookstalls that suggestive little volume, "Our Farm of Four Acres."

This is truly a "renaissance" age. Not only do we discover the fact in ecclesiastical and domestic architecture, but likewise even to a greater extent in that symbolical house-building which we see in popular genealogies, fair indeed in "elevation," but, like the majority of "edifices" hastily "run up" to meet the exigencies of the occasion, not calculated to stand very long.

There are some peculiar minds that will only burn brightly, like the Rosicrucian lamps, in the narrow obscurity of their own vaults, and which are extinguished at once by the influx of purer rays. It is really quite surprising to read the vigorous writings of some of these annotators on pedigrees not less marvellous than those in the romances of chivalry, and how, with monopolistic scorn, they meet the pretensions of a Tudor, while expatiating on their own descent from the Pharaoh Thothmes III.\*

\* *Vide* extract at the end.



The "cold shade of aristocracy" is certainly preferable to the humid atmosphere that seems to surround those who, leaving simple genealogy far behind, have to grope for their ancestors in the obscure realms of ethnology.\* To one of my retiring, conciliatory nature, the self-control and exclusiveness of recognised rank have been always preferable to the indiscreet vehemence of the new man, be he Papist or Quaker, with his visions of intellectual grandeur enthroned alike on the ruins of stock exchanges and palaces, and pinning his elephantine ideas, like butterflies on cards, to the tea-tables of admiring middle-class ladies.

Such now became the cast of my thoughts. Embittered to a certain extent by the well-meant goading of my wife, I saw my neighbours' suburban villas, with armorial devices on the gable ends, with mingled intolerance and self-reproach. These petty rivalries "that mock the air with idle state" found no response in my inner nature. I abhorred the golden calves that an ambitious partner tempted me to worship, although I never lost my respect for the scion herself, "in a female line," of the Johnstons.

Some digression may be excused when we approach an unpleasant subject. Besiegers advance by parallels. At the instigation of my children, abetted by their mother, I had been induced to take out a patent of arms (although possibly I may have inherited older ones, but we were pressed for time, and could not afford to consult registers), and accordingly, like a prudent man, and the father of a large family, I looked out for the cheapest market. We did not on this occasion patronise the establishments on "Bennet's Hill," "the Castle," or "the Register House," but having sent the name of "our county" to a more liberal and modern heraldic office, we were equally well served, at exactly a hundred and fiftieth the cost of similar blazonries from the former.

One would have thought this enough. Not so, however. We were, as my friends assured me, a rising family (although my wife, nettled at the inference, protested that she had fallen very low indeed), and I was again forced to appear before the world as an advertiser of myself under a new surname. We now styled ourselves "Major and Mrs. N. Johnston;" and a legacy from my grandmother, who just then died at the advanced age of ninety-eight, enabled us to set up an equipage, with the arms of N. and Johnston quartered with Johnston (for I had imbibed by this time a slight knowledge of heraldry), and on an escutcheon of pretence Johnston again, quartering "Kelly," Ballylanders, Byrne, Barry, and (but my wife insisted on it, for she required a field gules to set off the other coats, which were rather dingy—chiefly sable and argent) even "FitzJapers." Surmounting the arms were a helmet and crest richly damasked in gold, with the motto, "No do ill, quoth Noodle," which was suggested to us by that of the D'Oyley family.† I frankly admit that it was a very vulgar plagiarism on a very noble original; but it does not answer to stand still. We must move with the times.

As our children were now entering on the race of life, deaths became frequent amongst our elder relations, and the family was constantly in mourning.

Hearing of our distress, a very pious neighbour, who had never pre-

\* *Vide* note attached at the end.

† "Do no ill, quoth D'Oyley."

viously called on us, now made our acquaintance. She was very young and very beautiful, but had retired from fashionable life, and was supposed to have a leaning to ritualism. Her example was followed by many others of the same class.

One day, the Honourable Miss — (daughter of the Bishop of Kilbrittain) remarked to my wife :

“My dear friend, has it not occurred to you that the biographies of pious persons can never be better written than by their own relatives?”

Mrs. N. Johnston raised a handkerchief to her eyes. The hint was not lost on her. Already had the death of her kinsman, the chaplain, been announced in the local paper, but there was still time to overtake the fortnightly, monthly, and some weekly periodicals. Accordingly, in due course, appeared obituary notices of the late reverend chaplain, whose “large charities,” “genial spirit,” “advanced philanthropy,” “profound scholarship,” and “childlike simplicity,” had “endeared him” to a large circle of friends, while his “far-searching eye” had made him, “in a political sphere, the beacon of tempest-tossed statesmen.” His “doctrine was sound,” and the public knew him chiefly through his anonymous and highly popular work, “Dewdrops : a Collection of Good Things for Children.”

Shortly afterwards, the family, combining, obtained the services of a clever writer, who soon brought out a very good biography of our deceased relative, which not only made his Christian virtues and example patent to the thoughtless, but it gave us an opportunity of recording our own pedigree, and of dedicating the work to the pious Duchess of Dimsdale, whose mediæval book-markers were so much admired at the K— Industrial Exhibition. She was so good ! She did not give in to the follies of the day, but generally appeared in public in a black merino dress, with plain white collar, much like a Sister of Charity—as indeed she was at heart. It was refreshing to see her !

The story of my life draws to a close. We were now fairly adopted by county families. The life of a pious relative was in print. We were recognised (to use the vulgar expression of another writer) as an “institution” in our own neighbourhood. I was made a J.P. and honorary curator of the museum of our county capital, and, after a stoutly contested election for our Irish borough, through the interest of the successful candidate, my wife applied for a commission for our eldest boy, Fitzmaldred, in her pet regiment “the Greys.”\*

“Stand by your colours to the last,” is a noble sentiment ; and now that we have a sort of colour of our own, we are determined to show our neighbours that it is quite as good as their gaudy green and gold, red, blue, or any other which they may use with meretricious effect to astonish the vulgar. Now that our position is fully recognised, we prefer *subdued* colours.

\* “Scots,” in allusion to Johnston Grey.

## THROUGH DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL TO THE SCILLY ISLES.

### PART II.

TAKING the rail again at the Menheniot station, we passed over many a graceful wooden viaduct through the richly wooded valleys between Liskeard and Bodmin, thence on by St. Austell, with its china clay-works and the fine old tower of its church, then across wide and dreary moors, dotted here and there with the sheds and water-wheels of mines, till at length we reached the station at Penzance in time to see the sun go down behind St. Michael's Mount, making the waters of the lovely bay from which it rises look like a golden sea at its feet. Walking the next day along the pleasant esplanade and by the pier, we reached the fish-market, which we found wholly tenanted by women. Their husbands had lately brought in a haul of fish, but their right over what they had caught seemed to have vanished as soon as they touched land; for the women, with huge baskets, which they call cowels, on their backs, kept steady by bands across their foreheads, were bringing the fish from the beach to the market and arranging it, with great rapidity and no little chattering, on their stalls for sale. Another direction took us to the Serpentine Marble Works, full of beautiful specimens of the richly coloured marble brought from Kynance Cove and other parts of Cornwall; and then, following the turn of the bay, we walked along its margin to Newlyn, a pretty village, or rather suburb, of Penzance, on the road to Mousehole and Lamorna Cove.

From Penzance, another day found us starting on a long expedition, for our journey was to carry us to the Land's End! and to give us also a view of the Logan Stone and of the Botallack Mines. We started on the Alverton-road, and, passing through avenues of fine old trees, reached an eminence called Paul Hill, whence we obtained a beautiful view of Penzance and the bay, with its chapel-crowned St. Michael's Mount. A drive of about five miles farther brought us to the little village of St. Buryan, dating back for its foundation to the Saxon times of Athelstane, and possessing now, amid a group of cottages, a church with an ancient tower. Here we left the carriage, and engaged the services of an intelligent old man to take us to the Logan Rock. The villagers came round us while we waited for our guide. We remarked that all "were drest in their Sunday's best," and thought at first that we had reached St. Buryan on a gala day; but our

guide's story, as he walked with us, told us the holiday dress had been assumed, not for a festive occasion, but for one which had caused much grief and sympathy in the little village. All were waiting for the funeral, to take place some two hours later, of a young farmer who had died that week among them, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." Death had carried him off early, for he was but twenty-five, and quickly after a fever that had lasted but a week. "I've known him from a lad," said the old man; "he was free and open-hearted. He's gone afore me. I hope when my day comes I may be ready to mit 'un, but it's sad to see the young cut down and the old left to bury them."

Leaving St. Buryan, we passed by paths higher than the hedges on each side of them, through many fields, till we reached the rude village of Treryn, with cottages on which but little labour has been bestowed. The architecture reminds one of the card-built houses of one's childhood, save that the cards at Treryn are enormous slabs of stone, requiring the strength of a Cyclops to have piled them into houses, and to have hewn in them the little squares tightly fitted with thick glass, which admit light but not air into these primitive dwellings. Another field or two, planted with turnips, which our guide described as looking "very whey-faced for want of rain," brought us to a pile of granite rocks, which we had to descend and then ascend to reach the Logan Stone. This pile juts out into the sea—a grand rugged headland, called Castle Treryn, from the remains of some old intrenchment having once been traced amid its scattered stones. It was a rough seramble, with a very narrow footpath, by which we reached the stone, and when we saw it and looked, as our guide bent his back against it, in as far as we could see a vain endeavour to make it rock, we decided that the Logan Stone, whatever it might have been before Lieutenant Goldsmith overthrow it, was now very much like a fixture, and scarcely worth the trouble of a visit. But of course this want of "logging" in the far-famed stone is not allowed by the people in its neighbourhood; for, as a writer of the present day remarks, "People won't come here if they know the stone won't log."

Returning to St. Buryan just as the villagers were forming into a procession for the funeral, we left them to "bury their dead" while we drove over wild, desolate moors towards the Land's End. About three miles on our driver pointed out a towering promontory, which he told us was the "Tol-peden-Penwith." Beyond it we saw the sea lying calm and still, with a soft summer mist on its surface. Catching continually these sea views as we drove on, we perceived at last an indication of our having nearly reached the limits of our journey. A square stone, marked I, stood before us; a little beyond, a small white house

showed on the side next us the inscription : " This is the *last* Inn in England." Beyond this we drove half a mile to find another " last" and very superior inn, and from it we walked over short crisp grass till we could walk no farther, and we stood at the very edge of a cliff, beneath which, in long, regular order, broke the great waves of the Atlantic Ocean. It must be this grand ocean which gives the peculiar prestige to the Western Land's End of England. The channels in the south and east are so narrow when compared with the wide wild roll of the ocean, which comes with scarcely an interruption from America to the Cornish shores of England, that those who have stood and seen it break beneath their granite cliffs have no difficulty in yielding to the somewhat exclusive notion that England not only ends, but begins at the high lichen-covered rocks of the " Land's End." After wandering from one point to another, looking almost with awe on the grand extent and solidity of the granite walls that protect our western shores, admiring the bright dress of purple and golden furze with which their sides and summits are covered, endeavouring to see with the eyes of our guide resemblances to all sorts of things in the jagged outlines which they presented, we turned at length from the Land's End on our backward way to the Botallock Mine. Passing again through Sennen village, in which is the " first and last" inn, we stopped to look at a large stone near the church, on which, early in the seventh century, tradition tells that seven Saxon kings, bound on an excursion to the Land's End, spread their dinner. However rude their table, there can be little doubt the Heptarchy enjoyed their pic-nic fare, for the fresh breezes blowing across the moors and sea, added to the fatigues of even kingly travelling in those days, must have produced appetites willing to be satisfied, though the repast provided for them boasted no dainties in its menu. Gaining a view of Cape Cornwall as we drove through a wild open country towards St. Just, we reached this village just as the children of the schools were coming forth, with banners and music, on their way to a tea-treat in the fields beyond. We crossed the Cornish gridiron stile by which its church is entered, and looked within at the old windows and slabs, and then, travelling on another mile over a rough and rugged road, we came in view of the sharp, precipitous, sea-girt crags on which are perched the steam-engines and other machinery necessary for the working of the Botallock Mine.

Driving to the door of the counting-house, we were received by the agent, who willingly consented to show us all we cared to see of the mine and its machinery. He even offered us a seat in a waggon which was about to descend the shaft to the interior, and dresses to fit us for our downward journey ; but when we peeped into what looked like " fathomless darkness," and heard that we

should see and learn little if we made the descent, we declined doing so, and contented ourselves with watching from a wooden platform, consisting of a narrow plank and slight handrail thrown across a deep chasm, the great engines and pumps doing their ceaseless work. From the crags beneath us spurted out a continued stream of ore-discoloured red water, which mingled with the white foam of the sea as the waves rose and lashed, even on this summer's evening, in breakers against the rocky sides of the cliff. In stormy winter weather the noise within the mine produced by the heavy dashing of the sea against its side, and the roll of the stones as the waves advance and recede, is said to be terrific, and to frighten at times the hardy miners who, in some of the galleries, have but three feet of rock between them and the water. The engines were constantly bringing up lines of "kibbles," or pails, of ore; this, thrown out in heaps as the kibbles reached the surface, was gathered and wheeled away by men, picked over and separated into smaller heaps by boys and girls, and then carried in wheelbarrows to large open sheds, through which ran streams of water, to be washed and again sorted by the "bal-girls," who work in clean white aprons and stockings amid tanks, troughs, and pails dyed by a slight mixture of iron with the copper ore to a deep red. We talked to some of these young workers; they seemed lively, happy girls, and well contented with their lot, though, for their ten hours' work in wet and dirt, they earned only eightpence a day.

Having thus explored the extreme west of Cornwall, our next trip was to its southern point, by Helstone to the Lizard Head; our drive from Penzance carried us by Marazion; thence through a district of mines to the town of Helstone, remarkable for nothing save the tradition which gives the origin of its name; and for the rude festival still held annually in it in commemoration of the old legend, which runs thus: "Till the year 1783, a huge block of granite lay in the yard of the Angel Inn, at Helstone. This, the devil once, in a frolic, carried from the gates of hell, as he issued thence on one of his excursions into Cornwall. He went through the county, rolling before him his *pebble*, till he reached the neighbourhood of Helstone; here the devil was met by the guardian saint of the county, St. Michael; a combat between them ensued, in which the saint was victorious, and the devil being worsted, dropped the stone in his flight." The inhabitants of Helstone, who witnessed the combat, instituted the "Furry-day" to commemorate it, and this festival is still held on the 8th of May by all the people, both high and low, of Helstone. A universal holiday prevails, the woods and lanes are pillaged to procure garlands of leaves and flowers for the whole population, who run about the streets hand in hand, entering the houses and

collecting contributions to defray the expenses of the fête, and who wind up the festival by a ball, which the élite of Helstone and its neighbourhood keep up till a late hour of the night.

From Helstone to Lizard Town the road is through an agricultural district, in pleasant contrast to the barren moors we had passed before. The hedges were gay with flowers, and the delicate *Erica vagans*, or Cornish heath, hung out its pearly bells in rich profusion. Lizard Town is little more than a scattered village, with a small inn, at which we stopped to lunch, and to engage a guide for our walk to the point. Already we could see the tops of the lighthouses on the cliff, and, as we walked on over the soft grass, we quickly gained views of the grand rocky coast, and of the sea that plays and surges at its feet. We stood at last at the edge of the cliff, three hundred feet above the waves; on every side rose mighty precipices, indented with huge caverns, whence issued many a reef of jagged black rocks, over which the sea now tossed its white foam with a wild but harmless beauty, though many a tale is told, and many a spot shown, where, in cruel winter nights, vessels bound for English havens have been blown on to these rocky shores and broken to pieces, in sight of the land they were doomed never to reach alive. Passing through a field full of gay wild flowers near the Lizard Head, we learned that this was "Pistol Meadow," and listened while our guide told us of the wreck of a transport ship off one of the reefs below, some hundred years ago, when the corpses of upwards of two hundred men were found upon the beach, and were buried by tens and twenties in pits dug in this field; their fire-arms, among which were a very large number of pistols, were also picked up at low tide by the peasantry, who gave the name of Pistol Meadow to the sailors' burial-place. From Pistol Meadow we went on by the lighthouses to "The Lion's Den"—a yawning chasm in the cliff, caused by a sudden landslip which occurred in the early part of the century; and then, after watching for a few moments the blue sea rippling beneath us amid archways and reefs, and playing on the sand by the caverns in the cliff, we hastened away to reach, ere the tide rose, the crowning wonder of the Cornish coast, the bold insulated rocks and brightly coloured caverns of Kynance Cove.

After a walk of about two miles along the edge of the cliff, we saw, nearly three hundred feet beneath us, sparkling in the sunlight, the white sand of the cove. A rough descending road brought us to its entrance; a graceful archway of reddish stone admitted us to this marvellous and beautiful assemblage of rocks, some rising in solitary grandeur, others grouped together and pierced into deep caverns, all painted with Nature's bright hues—red, brown, silver grey and malachite green, golden yellow and

darkest purple, in wavy lines on a ground of olive green—contrasting with the dazzling white sand and bright blue sea amidst which they stood. We wandered from one cavern to another, looked up at the pyramidal rock called Asparagus Island, whence issue at high tide water from two apertures, one called the Devil's Bellows, the other his Post-office—peeped into a minute basin of fresh water, protected by rocky sides from the salting of the sea, in which swam, amid brilliant green weed, some shy little fish—picked up a few of the striped stones that lay around us, until our guide, pointing to the nearer approach of the rippling tide, warned us that ere long the sea would cover all on which we now loitered, and that the time had come for us to leave the cove and elimb again.

Obeying him, we began the ascent, and went on our road towards the headland called the Rill. We gained, as we mounted, fine views of the coast as far as the Lizard Head, and saw continually beneath us the clustered rocks of Kynance Cove, amid which the sea was now rapidly entering. The moon had risen, and was shining on St. Michael's Chapel as we drove along the bay, on our way back to Penzance. After our long excursion, which had lasted eleven hours, the good fare provided for us, and the kindly greeting we received on our return to the Queen's Hotel, were in no small degree acceptable.

A very fresh breeze, with occasional scuds of rain, the next morning, made us almost wish, as we stood on the deck of the *Little Western*, the steamer for Scilly, that the old story of dry land between "the main" and "the islettes" were still true; that the Lyonesse, rich in legendary tales of villages and churches, of battle-fields, with deeds of prowess sung by minstrels long after the heroes who performed them had fallen, were still in existence, and that, instead of the dark waters of the Atlantic rolling without interruption from the shores of America, we could have crossed on foot the fair region which, tradition says, formerly filled the space between the Land's End and the islands of Scilly. Nothing now remains to tell of land but the tops of rocks, raising their black heads above the waves, and bearing names of warning to vessels bound for England's southern shores. First the Long Ships, with its lighthouse rising from a cluster of rocks; then the cruel Wolf Rock, which raises its sharp slated sides just in the track of those who come from northern shores to the Irish Channel; and not far off the cluster of the "Seven Stones," a dangerous reef, sometimes called the "City," near which a light-ship is anchored, as a guide to the mariners who approach it. The waves were beating over all these rocks as we passed, but there was no danger now, and our good little steamer carried us merrily on towards what had at first looked like a mass of clouds in the horizon, but which, as we



neared them, grew gradually into distinct and separate islands, till at the end of four hours we found ourselves beneath the heights of St. Martin's, and, passing between two rocks called the "Cow and Calf," we entered the Pool, and anchored off the good stone pier of Hugh Town, the capital of St. Mary's Island.

A pretty yacht, full of ladies and children, was lying off, and the question, "Any letters or parcels for Tresco?" brought forth sundry baskets and boxes, and a goodly packet of letters, which were lowered into the yacht for Mr. Smith, the proprietor, or, as he is generally called, the "governor" of the Scilly Isles, who resides on this the second in size of the group.

School-day recollections had given one a sort of indistinct idea that the Scilly Islands were some rocky excrescences large enough to wreck a vessel, but too unimportant to be treated with room enough for their proper position in the map of England. Great, therefore, was our surprise, as we followed the porter, who soon shouldered our luggage and led the way to the hotel, to find that we were walking through streets as well built, and were surrounded by people as highly civilised, as any we had met with on our way from London, with far less of provincial dialect than we had heard in Devonshire and Cornwall, and with a "well-to-do" respectable look that was very attractive. We were surprised, too, to find that other tourists had preceded us, and had filled the principal hotel in St. Mary's, leaving us, however, the choice of two others. In one of these we soon established ourselves, and having settled the important matter of dinner, to be laid in a pretty room with windows opening on a garden full of myrtles and geraniums, and beneath the wall of which the sea lay calm and blue, we started for our walk to Star Castle, a fortress built in the time of Elizabeth, but now principally used as a home for old and infirm soldiers, who ring a large bell at stated intervals during the day and night, and perform other easy duties. This bell was the only public indicator of time we could discover in St. Mary's, for not a single clock is to be seen through the island. The fort is approached by the sandy isthmus on which Hugh Town is built, and stands at the end of a peninsula thus connected with the larger part of St. Mary's Island. The path to it runs amid sweet-smelling bushes of heather and yellow gorse; rabbits skipped, frightened, beneath our feet; and a herd of deer came shyly towards us, to scamper off in haste ere we reached them, as we made our way to the castle, which stands on a shelving rock rising one hundred and ten feet from the sea, and assuming at its summit the semblance of a lion couchant guarding these "off" possessions of the English crown. St. Agnes, with its sloping shores, its slender lighthouse, its church and scattered cottages, was but a mile from us. Beyond it, gleaming in the rich light of the setting sun, were groups of

islets of every shape and size, and in and out, and amid all, the blue sea rippled as calmly as the waters of the lake.

The next day found us crossing these waters on our way to Tresco. The wind blew against the tide and made our boat dance a little as we sped along. We reached in about an hour the shores of the island, and, picking our way through boulders of rock thickly set with limpet shells, we passed by pastures literally covered with mushrooms to the gates of the abbey. Here we were met by a motley collection of birds: ostriches stretched their slender necks and looked at us with their soft round eyes; snow-white swans flapped their wide-spreading wings; rooks black and grey ran about like chickens; and a splendid peacock revealed its thousand eyes as it stood in the pride of its outspread tail before us; past these, we went through a greenhouse, filled with exotics, to gardens in which were the same exotics of a larger growth, for Tresco knows no frost nor east wind to blight the tender plants that flourish there in all the safety of a southern clime; thickets of fuchsia; hedges of red geranium, nine feet high, that have not been trimmed for thirty years; aloes and palm-trees, raising their graceful fan-like heads above the ruined arches of the old abbey, while rarer flowers creep in rich luxuriance over the ground, make, indeed, a splendid approach to the modern abbey, which stands on a terrace above. We were kindly welcomed to the interior by its owner, and spent a pleasant hour in looking at its various rooms, which, with low ceilings and windows on most sides, are fitted up after the manner of ships' cabins, and command views of all the surrounding islands. Embarking once more, we passed on the western side of the island the abrupt masses of rock and cliff, on the top of which stand the ruins of Charles's Castle; beneath them a round tower, with a parapet wall, from which peep some rusty old guns; this is called Oliver's Castle, and is said to have been the stronghold of Admiral Blake and Sir George Ayscue, when in Cromwell's time they were sent to rout out the Cavaliers who, under the Royalist Sir John Greville, had taken footing in the Scilly Isles.

Leaving Tresco, we reached ere long a group of islets, from which, at our approach, rose a large flight of gulls; one of the group, a rugged rock divided by a chasm into two parts, was the real Scilly Island, whence the whole archipelago takes its name. We passed these islets on their eastern side, and stopped at St. Samson's, an island bordered by peculiarly white and dazzling sand, sprinkled thickly over with bright-coloured shells, and inhabited by innumerable blue rabbits. The higher portions of the island were really covered with these little creatures; they seemed quite fearless, and, until startled by the approach of my terrier,

took no notice of our presence; as soon, however, as they saw the little dog, they scampered off with such tempting rapidity that nothing could restrain him from joining in the race. Away flew the grey cloud of bunnies—away after them flew “Bogie,” far out of our sight. Calling was vain, and for nearly half an hour all search after him was vain too, when, just as in despair we were making up our minds to leave him on St. Samson’s Island, and wondering whether some future visitor might find him there, a lonely monarch o’er a tribe of conies, we descried a little black speck making its way towards us from the extreme point of the island. He came at last, looking very penitent and frightened, and we gladly took him back to the boat with us after his escapade.

Our next day was devoted to a ramble through St. Mary’s Island. Starting from our hotel, we first ascended Buzza Hill, at the opposite end of the town, to Star Castle; we passed the neat modern church and its dissenting sister the Wesleyan chapel, pausing for a few minutes to enter the open door of the school-house, where we found an intelligent master surrounded by numerous scholars, whose bright merry faces and rapid replies to his questions gave a very pleasing impression as to the state and progress of education among the rising generation of the Scillonians. From the school, by a steep slaty path, we reached the Buzza Windmill, with its curious triangular sails, and stood awhile to admire the fine wild view of sea and rock around us. Then, on to Peninnis Head, a headland formed of granite rocks of such massive proportions, that even those we had so lately seen in Cornwall grew smaller in our recollection as we looked at these. And not only wondrous in size, but in shape, are the huge blocks piled up at this extremity of St. Mary’s Isle. It requires but little imagination to trace out the resemblance to bastions and gateways, to pyramids and pulpits, which have given names to various projections worn and fashioned by the tempests of centuries; and while the “Cowled Monk” and the “Lady” in her suppliant attitude opposite might be accepted as petrified representations of a giant race, to whom the virtues of the confessional were not unknown, the enormous rock basin, called the “Kettle and Pans,” a little farther on, carries one in fancy to an earlier period, for it is said to have been used by the Druids to hold the blood of the beasts slain in sacrifice, although, the great hole being at the side and not at the top of the rock, it is difficult to fancy how the blood could have remained in it! The scene was wild and grand, and as we stood looking down on the deep dark ocean beneath, the whole was gradually enveloped in one of the sea fogs that come and go so rapidly among the Scilly Isles. It was as if a soft grey curtain was slowly drawn before our eyes, shutting out the distant objects, and giving those nearer a

mysterious, ghost-like look, which added to their grandeur, while the solemn sound of the sea and the moaning of the wind in the deep caverns accorded well with the gloomy scene. Turning from the fog-covered coast, we passed an old Martello tower, now used as a granary; and crossing Carn Lea, reached what was formerly the capital of the island, the Old Town, now reduced to a few cottages, the ruins of an old castle, a portion of the old parish church and its burial-ground; the latter, still used for interment, is full of gravestones to the memory of sailors and fishermen who have perished in the boisterous seas they have braved. It was an old saying in the Scilly Isles, that "for *one* who dies a natural death *nine* are drowned," and the Old Town graveyard bears testimony to the truth of the assertion; but, happily now, science has come to the aid of the poor Scillonians, and skilful pilots have taught them how to avoid some of the dangers of their island coast, and to manage better the fishing-boats by which so many of them obtain a livelihood. Some of the epitaphs were very curious: one, to the memory of a woman who died at the birth of her eleventh child, we thought worth copying; it consisted of only two lines, and ran thus:

For want of help in this unhappy isle  
We lost the mother and the child.

Leaving the churchyard, we got into conversation with a man who, for want of something else to do apparently, volunteered to show us all that remained to be seen in the island. From him and from others I learned a good deal that was interesting about these far-west possessions of the English crown, and as to others like myself the information may be new, I am tempted to repeat here something of what I heard during my short stay in them.

An area of nearly thirty miles is covered with three hundred islands, islets, and rocks. Of these but five are inhabited, and St. Mary's contains more than half of the whole population, which amounts to about three thousand. In this island only can the rites of baptism and of marriage be performed, and here principally children must be sent for education. The people are fishers or pilots generally, though much farming and also ship-building are carried on. Mr. Smith, the present proprietor, has worked great and beneficial changes during his government of the isles. Borlase, who wrote towards the end of the last century, says: "The inhabitants of St. Mary's generally live on salt victuals, which they have from England or Ireland; and if they kill a bullock here, it is so seldom, that in the best houses of the island they keep part of a bullock killed in September to roast for their Christmas feast. Perhaps you may be curious to know how this beef is kept for so long a time as three months fresh enough to roast. The way is

this: they bury it in salt till the day they choose to use it, and then it is taken out of the salt untainted (as two gentlemen who have eaten part of it assured me), and roasted out of compliment to Christmas-day."

Fifty years ago the islands are described as having been the abode of smugglers and wreckers. Farming was almost unknown, the houses were like the worst of Irish cabins, food scarce and dear, and education almost wholly neglected. Now meat, principally beef, is plentiful and cheap; butter, milk, and eggs are in abundance; and not only is the island supplied sufficiently with vegetables and fruit for its own consumption, but it derives a large income from its sale of early potatoes. Many thousand baskets are shipped off in the early spring from Hugh Town to Southampton, each containing a hundred-weight of potatoes, which sell in the London markets, on an average, at a shilling a pound, though, as the season advances, the price lowers, until towards midsummer "all that a man gets in return for a dozen baskets is a dozen postage stamps in a letter." This potato, which ripens so early, is said to have been brought from Spain and introduced into the island by a pilot, to whom some roots of it were given by the captain of a Spanish vessel. It is grown in rich black loam raised far above the level of the ground, and is carefully protected from the boisterous winds by walls and fences. Evidence of the care necessary for protection against the wind is seen in the way in which all the thatching is kept on the roofs of the cottages and out-buildings. These roofs have no eaves; they rise straight from the walls, and the thatch is kept close by twisted bands of straw fastened down at short intervals with strong wooden pegs. It is said that six or eight really calm days are all that are generally known in the islands during the year, and that they have far more rain than sunshine; still they are rich in pasture lands and corn, and most of our English fruits, currants, gooseberries, and raspberries ripen well upon them. The inhabitants are now almost universally a temperate, industrious, and intelligent people, courteous in their manners, and tidy, almost gay, in their attire. Most of the houses are built by the islanders themselves, and are held by a moderate ground-rent of the proprietor, Mr. Smith, for a term of forty years. The interiors of these houses are clean, and for the most part well furnished, and in many of the little sitting-rooms we found books of a higher standard than those usually seen in cottage libraries. The poor-house serves as a home for the old and infirm, but all who can work do so, and keep out of it. Not a beggar is to be seen, nor did we meet a single tipsy man during our stay at St. Mary's, though the fact of two annual club dinners taking place at our hotel, the one for the "Old Men's," the other the "Young Men's," Provident Society, made

us fear that we might have reason to alter our opinion as to the general sobriety of the islanders. However, we were quite mistaken; the dinner, which began each day at one o'clock, was over by three, and although we heard many a cheerful sound of talk and laughter, and the clatter of knives and plates proved that ample justice was done to the substantial fare provided for them by our host, not a guest was seen to leave the house "the worse for liquor." I fear there are not many club dinners "on the main" from which the diners would retire so wisely as did the Seillioties.

But to return to our tour of St. Mary's. From the Old Town we ascended the cliff again, and passing Blue Carn, the most southern point of the island, we reached some massive blocks of granite, supposed by some to have been raised by the Danes, and called the Giant's Castle. Near them is a real "Logan Stone," not so large as the one at the Land's End, but weighing forty-five tons, and rocking perceptibly with a very slight push. Then over a dreary stony tract called Sallakee Down to the still drearier cove called Porthellick, where, in 1707, Sir Cloudesley Shovel was wrecked, and with him the crews of four ships, in all two thousand men, the vessels striking at eight o'clock in the evening of the 22nd of October on the Gilstone Rock. The body of the admiral was discovered by a soldier and his wife the next day, and lying close by him his little dog, also dead. Both were buried in the sand; and although Sir Cloudesley's remains were afterwards carried to Westminster Abbey, the spot where he lay is still said to be known by the fact of no grass or weed ever having sprung up on its surface since he was buried there!

They buried him in the greensward there,  
This day the place is seen,  
For the grass has ne'er grown o'er the grave  
Upon Porth Hellick Green.

But brighter views awaited us ere we had ended our walk through St. Mary's. Turning inland, we soon reached the Maypole Hill, whence we looked down upon the only spot in the island sufficiently sheltered from the wind and sea to admit of the growth of trees. It is called Holy Vale, and looks soft and green, with its cottages surrounded by groups of elms and sycamores. From Maypole Hill we went still higher to the Telegraph Hill, rising two hundred and forty feet from the sea, and giving us from its tower a panoramic view of the whole group of the Scilly Isles. There are many opinions as to the derivation of the name given to these islands, but to those who have looked on them as we did this evening in the rich mellow light of the setting sun, the white foam of the restless waves gilded as they threw

their crests over the countless rocks which stood out bright and clear against the gold and purple sky, the old British word "Sullêh," which is said to mean "rocks consecrated to the sun," would seem the most appropriate name that could be given to them. In the farthest distance lay the eastern group, islets of every shape and size; nearer, St. Martin's and Treseo, the gaily coloured "Day-mark" on the former, and on the latter the glass of the houses and conservatories illuminated by the sun's rays. Then came St. Samson's, its two hills joined and surrounded by its shore of pure white sand; then Annet, near which run the fearful tides that are called the "Dogs of Scilly." They surge and eddy among innumerable rocks, and throw up their white foam in cataracts of raging water, howling and roaring with a fearful noise, and wrecking many a hapless vessel driven by adverse winds within their dreadful power. Gilstone, so fatal to Sir Cloudesley Shovel and his companions, is one of the rocks visited by these tides; but the most dangerous is the Bishop's Rock, a shelving mass of granite, which stands about seven miles from Hugh Town, at the extreme western end of the group. As we looked at this rock from the Telegraph Hill, we could see the lantern by which its lighthouse is now surmounted shining in the sun. Many attempts were made, and many disappointments suffered, before this lighthouse was erected. So great and boisterous is the wash of the tide here, that the works could only be carried on for a month or two during the calmest part of the year. An iron lighthouse was first placed on the rock, but this could not resist the power of the waves, and was completely washed away. Now the building is of stone, and has hitherto withstood their attacks, though often all that is seen of it is the lantern that burns bright and clear through the night to warn and cheer the sailor as he comes from the great ocean to these island shores, for the tongues of the "Dogs" throw their white foam high above the lighthouse, and bury in their restless rage the whole edifice beneath the waves.

Our next trip was to have been to St. Agnes, but the morning we had fixed for our excursion was not one of the six calm days of the year. The sun shone bright and the sky was blue, but the wind blew in such gusts, and the boats in St. Mary's Sound rocked so violently, that we deemed it better to content ourselves with what we had already seen of St. Agnes, and not risk the passage across. We walked again to Peninnis Head, and had reason to congratulate ourselves that we had not ventured across the sea, for we saw on our way, coming from St. Agnes, one of the omnibus-boats, which constantly bring over large parties to St. Mary's, sometimes to a christening, not seldom to a wedding, and still oftener on a shopping expedition. Whatever may have

been the motive for the voyage of to-day, the travellers must have been good sailors if they were fit for anything when they reached St. Mary's, for their boat rose and fell, and turned and twisted as it made its passage over the rolling waves and through the gusty winds of the channel, in a way that made us tremble for its safety.

The next morning found us at an early breakfast, for the *Little Western* was to start for Penzance at half-past seven. The wind of yesterday had happily moderated, and the sun still shone bright upon his island votaries; and as we steamed quietly out of the Pool, and between the Cow and Calf rocks, we saw the lines of the rocky shores and the sharp forms of the islets waking up to brightness in his rising beams, while the shallow water of the Sound was so clear, that we could plainly see the white sand, with its stones and light green weeds, beneath. On we went, the water deepening, and the view of the isles becoming less and less distinct, till in a couple of hours we were again on the broad Atlantic, nearing once more the high grand cliffs of Cornwall. Passing beneath their giant walls, we entered at length the soft blue bay, from the shores of which rise at one end the white houses and thickly foliaged woods of Penzance, while at the other stands, guarded, as it were, by the protecting cliffs of the Lizard, the "island gem" of St. Michael's Mount.

And thus our pleasant trip through Devonshire and Cornwall to the Scilly Isles was nearly at an end, for though on our homeward way we diverged from the straight line of rail to pay a visit to kind friends amid the wildness of the Dartmoor Tors, and thus saw the beauties of the new line between Plymouth and Tavistock; and although we learnt a little more of the neighbourhood of Taunton by spending a few days not far from it with other friends; our travels were considered over, and we gradually neared our home by the smooth and even route of the Great Western Railway, well pleased with our seven weeks' wanderings, which had shown us beauties in our own country different, perhaps, but quite as much to be admired, as those we had often seen in foreign lands.

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# OLD COURT.

A NOVEL.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

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Book the Sixth.

SIR HUGH'S WILL.

I.

GOING TO THE STATION.

THERE were visitors at Old Court.

Among them was one person who could scarcely have been looked for there, after the stormy scene we have just described as taking place in Adelaide-crescent. This was Sir Nevil Fanshaw. When the irascible old baronet's anger subsided he listened to the representations of his wife and daughter. He would not, indeed, consent to an immediate marriage between Sir Clarence and Ida, but he allowed the engagement to continue, in the hope that the missing will might be found. Thus the difficulty was got over, and all went on smoothly as before.

The arrangement, however, had the effect of postponing Rainald's happiness, for Lucetta positively declared that he should not lead her to the altar till Sir Clarence and Ida could accompany them. Both weddings must take place on the same day, and at the same church. Naturally, Rainald thought this stipulation rather hard, but he submitted with the best grace he could—probably believing that there would be no great delay after all.

Acting upon Mainwaring's suggestion, Sir Clarence invited the whole party to Old Court. Sir Nevil readily accepted the invitation, as he wanted to see the place, and took his wife and daughter with him. Every preparation had been made by Sir Clarence for his guests, and special instructions were given to the house-keeper and butler, which were carefully carried out. Rainald and Major Trevor arrived on the same day in time for dinner. All passed off satisfactorily. Sir Clarence was assiduous in his attentions to the old baronet, and Mainwaring and the major kept him in perfect good humour throughout the evening, and sent him to bed extraordinarily cheerful.

Next day, there was to be a further accession to the party. Lucetta and her aunt were expected from Brighton. Lucetta had not been at the old house since the period of the dire catas-

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trophe, and even now shrank from revisiting the place; but she could not resist her cousin's earnest solicitations, and promised to come.

After luncheon, as the day was exceedingly fine, Sir Clarence and all his guests set out for Edenbridge to meet the new comers—some in one way, some in another. Captain Fanshaw, who was a capital whip, drove the mail-phaeton, intending to bring Lucetta back with him; her place, in the interim, being occupied by Mainwaring. Sir Clarence rode with Ida, and Major Trevor set out with them, but soon finding himself *de trop*, he trotted after the mail-phaeton. Sir Nevil and Lady Fanshaw were in their own barouche. The old baronet had got a slight headache, —perhaps he had drunk rather too much wine overnight—and was rather irritable in consequence.

As we have said, it was a brilliant summer's day—a trifle too hot, perhaps—but the park was magnificent, and the road, generally speaking, shady, so the heat did not much signify.

It certainly did not incommode Ida and Sir Clarence as they rode side by side, and very close together, beneath the trees. Even at a distance, you would have known they were lovers. The steeds seemed to sympathise with their riders, and went on quite quietly.

Knowing better than to intrude upon the pair, we shall rejoin Captain Fanshaw and Mainwaring, who were bowling along the shady road, enjoying their cigars. Major Trevor had dropped behind, so they had the talk to themselves.

"Did Sir Clarence tell you about a letter which he got this morning, relating, as we suppose, to the will?" remarked the old gentleman.

"No, he didn't mention it," replied the other, surprised. "What of it?"

"Your sister's bright eyes put the matter out of his head, no doubt," said Mainwaring. "He can think and talk of nothing but her."

"Yes, he's awfully spooney. Worse than I am—and I'm bad enough. But what about the letter?"

"I have it by me. Sir Clarence gave it me. I'll read it."

"Do so," replied the captain.

And the old gentleman, putting on his spectacles, took a letter from his breast-pocket, and read as follows:

"TO SIR CLARENCE CHETWYND, BART.

"HONOURED SIR,—Some circumstances have come to my knowledge respecting a certain missing document, which I shall be happy to impart to you, provided you will grant me a private interview. I will take an early opportunity of waiting upon you for the purpose.

"Very respectfully yours,  
"THOMAS WALKER."

"Tom Walker writes a good clerk-like hand," observed the old gentleman, "but his letter lacks both date and address. What do you think of it?"

"That it means business," rejoined the captain. "I'm surprised Sir Clarence didn't mention it to me; but, as you just observed, his head's too full of other matters. I hope Mr. Walker may soon put in an appearance, and bring the will with him. It would be worth while to give a good sum for the document. Once ours, we could turn the tables on the governor, who wouldn't have another word to say for himself."

Thus chatting, they reached the station, where a waggonette was already drawn up, destined for the servants and the luggage.

The two gentlemen at once alighted and repaired to the platform, to await the train which was shortly expected. Meanwhile, the barouche came up, quickly followed by Major Trevor, but Sir Clarence and Ida found the shady road so agreeable that they still lagged behind. However, they now cauntered on, and reached the station just as the train came up.

Hastily dismounting, Sir Clarence consigned his horse to a groom, and ran in to meet the ladies. He was just in time to see them assisted out of a coupé by Captain Fanshaw and Mainwaring.

Lucetta, of course, was attired in deep mourning, and her graceful figure and remarkable beauty excited the admiration of all such passengers in the train as were fortunate enough to obtain a glimpse of her. The captain's manifestation of delight was not to be mistaken, and the meeting of the lovers offered an agreeable divertissement to the spectators, and furnished them with a topic of conversation afterwards.

Meanwhile, Lady Danvers's servants had got out of a second-class carriage, and at the same time two other persons alighted from the same compartment, on whom a moment's attention must be bestowed. Not that there was anything particularly noticeable in their appearance, but it was evident, from a few remarks that passed between them in an under tone, that they were interested by the pretty little scene being enacted on the platform, and that they were watching the parties very keenly, though furtively.

One of these persons was a middle-sized, middle-aged man, of muscular make, but not stout, and wore a shabby blue coat, which had once been braided, buttoned tightly across his broad chest. No traces of linen were apparent, but a stiff black cravat of a bygone fashion propped up his chin, and, combined with the cut of his jet-black whiskers, gave him somewhat of a military air. His features were hard, and by no means agreeable in expression, but his firmly-set mouth and square chin showed great determination. A shiny silk hat, which had undergone some crushing, crowned his head. He might be a railway inspector, or a member

of the detective police. Shabby as he looked, his manner was such as to command the attention of the porters.

His companion, who seemed to act under his orders, was a great deal shabbier in appearance than himself. An old man—for such his long ragged grey beard proclaimed him—and a cripple. Though his right leg seemed almost disabled, he managed to hobble about briskly enough by the aid of a crutch-handled stick. His shoulders were rounded almost to deformity, and materially diminished his height. His features were partially concealed by a broad-leaved hat. He wore an old tattered brown paletot, which would have been accounted dear at five shillings, and all the rest of his apparel—patched boots included—appeared of corresponding value. His accents as well as his features seemed to betray a Hebrew origin, and if you had met him in a back street, or seen him peering down an area, you would infallibly have set him down as an old Jew clothesman.

This individual, who was addressed by his companion as Nathan, seemed to be well acquainted with all our friends on the platform, and pointed out each of them to his principal; but none of them knew him, for they passed close beside him on their way out, and scarcely noticed him.

The two men gave up their tickets to the collector, and went out of the station, hanging about till our friends had departed. They saw Lucetta take the seat which Mainwaring had lately occupied in the mail-phaeton, and noticed the captain's well-pleased looks as he drove off. They saw Lady Danvers and Mainwaring enter the barouche, they saw Major Trevor trot off by himself, and they saw Sir Clarence and Ida follow. They saw the luggage placed in the waggonette, and Mr. Hammond and the lady's-maid enter the vehicle, and then they quitted the station and proceeded to the inn.

Here they procured some refreshment, and, having partaken of it, engaged a light chaise to convey them to Old Court.

It chanced that our old acquaintances, Mr. Plessets, of Aylesford, and Mr. Thomas Rollings, of the same place, were in the bar of the inn taking a glass of ale with the landlord when the two men came in. Struck by their appearance, Plessets questioned the landlord about them, and obtained some rather curious information respecting the individual in the shabby blue frock-coat. The landlord knew nothing whatever about the little lame Israelite. When the chaise was ordered for Old Court, certain suspicions, which the shrewd Mr. Plessets had begun to entertain, were confirmed. However, he took no steps at the time, but allowed the two men to depart in the chaise unmolested, and then, giving a hint to Big Tom, the gig belonging to the latter was quickly brought out, and soon afterwards rattling off in the direction of Old Court.

## II.

## COMING BACK.

WHILE this was going on, the party from the station were pursuing their way to the Hall. The occupants of the barouche were very merry. Lady Danvers had a great deal to say to Lady Fanshaw, and a great deal to hear in return, so they talked away incessantly, while an equally animated conversation was kept up between Mainwaring and Sir Nevil; the old baronet being so much interested by the discourse that he quite forgot his headache. Major Trevor followed his own devices, and having nobody to talk to emptied his cigar-case.

Sir Clarence and Ida rode on very leisurely, rarely putting their horses beyond a walk, and halting occasionally to look at some charming prospect, so that they were soon left behind, and did not reach the Hall till long after the rest of the party.

Rainald had started first, as we have shown, with Lucetta by his side, in the mail-phaeton, and, having the fleetest horses, soon got considerably ahead. Much the same sort of conversation passed between him and his fair companion as took place between the enamoured equestrians, and their discourse would have proved equally uninteresting to a third party.

Rainald tried to be as gay as he could, and talked in his lightest vein, in order to keep up Lucetta's spirits, being well aware how extremely nervous she felt at returning to the old house. Not till they entered the park did she manifest much emotion. From that moment her agitation increased, and it was rather in a melancholy state that they drew up at the Hall door.

Here, however, some improvement took place, for Jodrell's expressions of delight on beholding her could not fail to call a smile to her countenance, and in another minute she was affectionately embraced by her old nurse, who, having watched the approach of the mail-phaeton from an upper window, hurried down to the entrance hall to meet her.

With a heart full almost to bursting, she then proceeded to her own room with Mrs. Mansfield, and gave vent to her tears. No one was better able to console her than the good old dame, and when Ida entered her room to see how her friend was going on, she found her looking quite cheerful.

"I am so glad to find you better, dear," said Ida, kissing her affectionately. "Rainald quite alarmed me about you."

"It was very wrong in him to do so, for there was nothing really the matter with me," replied Lucetta. "I was far less

affected by the sight of the old place than I expected to be, and now I have completely conquered my emotion."

"Ah, it does my old heart good to see you here again, my dear," said Mrs. Mansfield. "Now that you have come back, the house will look like itself again."

"It can never look as it used to do to me, Mansfield," replied Lucetta, sorrowfully. "I shall be almost afraid to walk about, lest I should find it changed."

"Bless you, dear, you needn't be afraid of that. There hasn't been a single piece of furniture disturbed since—since you left. Sir Clarence is most particular. He won't allow anything to be moved."

"The place can never be the same to me as heretofore. It is no longer my father's house. It is my cousin's. You have got a new master, Mansfield, and you will soon have a new mistress," said Lucetta, glancing at Ida as she spoke.

"Very true, my dear," replied the old housekeeper, with difficulty repressing her tears, "and I couldn't desire a kinder or better master than Sir Clarence, or a nicer mistress than this young lady is sure to prove, but I'm a foolish old woman, and can't help clinging to those I've loved. You know I nursed you, dear."

"You are a dear good old creature, and I shall never cease to love you," replied Lucetta; "but you must transfer your affection to your new mistress, unless you choose to come and live with me."

"I don't think I can part with her, Loo," said Ida; "and I'm sure Sir Clarence can't."

"Fond as I am of you, dear, and you know I love you like a mother," said Mrs. Mansfield to Lucetta, "I can't make up my mind to leave the old house. I was born here, and have lived here all my days, and if it shall please Sir Clarence and the lady he has chosen for a wife, to retain me, I hope to die here."

"Be sure you shall never leave Old Court, save by your own free will, Mansfield," said Ida. "If ever I am mistress here, as I may be one of these days——"

"Dear heart a day, miss, there's no doubt about it," interrupted the housekeeper.

"Well, whenever I am mistress here, I shall treat you just as Lucetta would have treated you."

"There, Mansfield, you see what I have done for you," said Lucetta. "Since I can't stay with you myself, I have found some one else who will take equal care of you. It will be your own fault if you're not happy."

"I feel I don't deserve so much kindness," said the old dame.

"Yes you do, for you're the best creature living," said Lucetta, "and luckily you'll meet with your deserts. So now, don't cry, or you'll set me off again, and I want to get quite composed before dinner."

No sooner was this magic word pronounced, than Mrs. Mansfield declared she must go down-stairs instanter, and look after the flowers for the table and the dessert, and see that all was getting on properly.

"That's a dear faithful old creature, and you'll find her invaluable," remarked Lucetta, as the housekeeper left them. "She and old Jodrell belong to the place."

"And neither shall quit it, as I have just said," rejoined Ida. "But there's the dinner-bell. I must go and dress."

"I have not much spirits, and still less appetite, but I suppose I must go through the form of dinner," said Lucetta. "Everybody would think it odd if I didn't appear."

"Certainly. They would fancy all sorts of things. Out of consideration for Rainald, if for no other reason, you must sit down with us."

"I have something to do, and shan't feel easy till it is done," said Lucetta, gravely. "Come to this room to-night before you retire to rest. I want to speak to you."

Ida regarded her friend earnestly and inquiringly, but Lucetta did not seem inclined to say more than, so she withdrew to her own room, where she found her lady's-maid waiting for her.

### III.

#### A MOONLIGHT STROLL IN THE GARDEN.

NOTHING worthy of note occurred at dinner. Finding that three of his guests, whom it is needless to particularise, were inclined to sit over their wine, Sir Clarence excused himself in the best way he could, and repaired with Rainald to the garden, whither the ladies had gone to enjoy a stroll upon the lawn.

The night was enehanting. Nearly at the full, the moon flooded the roof and gables of the ancient mansion with its beams, glittered on the window-panes, and cast gigantic shadows on the ground. It was one of those nights that seem made for lovers, and it will not seem surprising, therefore, that two amorous couples should have strayed away from the lawn, each in a different direction, with the avowed design of listening to the nightingales, that were answering each other from the trees, but really to indulge in their own converse unrestrained.

They found the walks so charming, and thought each object they beheld, bathed in moonlight, so exquisitely beautiful, that they would willingly have strolled on till Dian herself had sunk. But they were not allowed the opportunity, for the elder and more discreet dames, now reinforced by the gentlemen from the dining-room, who, being a little elevated by the Roritz they had imbibed, disturbed the stillness of the night by their laughter, came in search of them, and brought them back to the house.

"Really, Sir Nevil," said Mainwaring, as they slowly followed the others, "you must make these young folks happy."

"Happy!" exclaimed Sir Nevil. "They are happier now than they will be when their dreams are realised. Do you suppose Lady Fanshaw and I ever take moonlight rambles together? Not we. They ought to feel obliged to me for not giving way too soon."

"Well, since you mean to give way in the end," said Mainwaring, thinking he saw symptoms of yielding, "we must be content."

"Find Sir Hugh's will, and I'll offer no further opposition," said the old baronet, pausing as he spoke near the entrance of a dark yew-tree alley. "Find the will, I say, and both marriages shall take place with my full and free consent."

"I hold you to your promise, Sir Nevil. I hold you to your promise!" cried Mainwaring.

"I never made a promise in my life, sir, that I didn't keep it," cried the old baronet, proudly. "Sir Clarence Chetwynd is a very fine young fellow, and has excellent qualities both of heart and head. The more I see of him, the better I like him. But he ought not to accept this place from Lucetta, and she ought not to give it away. Though I cannot hinder the arrangement, I will be no party to it, and will oppose it stoutly as long as I'm able. If the will should be recovered, all my objections will vanish, and I will give him my daughter at once."

"Then possibly the two marriages may take place within a week," said Mainwaring. "I'm quite sure there will be no delay on the part of the young folks."

"Find the will, and there shall be none on mine," rejoined the old baronet. "But I don't fancy you will find it in a week."

"We may find it to-morrow. Sir Clarence has received a communication which seems likely to lead to the desired result."

"Ah, indeed! A communication, eh? Of what nature?"

"A letter from a person styling himself Tom Walker. We expected him here to-day, but he has not turned up. No doubt we shall see him to-morrow."

Sir Nevil did not appear to attach much importance to Mr. Walker's communication, and they went on towards the house. No sooner were they out of sight, than the two individuals who had left the inn at Edenbridge in a fly emerged from the yew-tree alley.

On the return of the party, tea and coffee were served in the drawing-room, and music and singing, in which Rainald, as well as his sister and Lucetta, took part, beguiled the rest of the evening.



## IV.

## LUCETTA'S STRANGE DESIGN.

HAVING dismissed her lady's-maid, Ida proceeded to Lucetta's room, where she found that young lady and Mrs. Mansfield.

"Mansfield is endeavouring to dissuade me from a design I have formed, Ida," remarked Lucetta as the other came in.

"I'm quite sure you'll agree with me, miss," observed the housekeeper. "It's the strangest and silliest notion that ever entered a young lady's head. What do you think she proposes to do?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Ida, surprised.

"You'll never guess. She wishes to visit her father's room to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed Ida. "Why, it's close upon midnight. On no account, darling Loo. You're certain to get a terrible fright. I have been in that chamber in the daytime, and dismal enough I found it, but at night it must be dreadful."

"I have made up my mind to go," said Lucetta, resolutely. "I don't ask you to accompany me, because I see how timid you are, but I myself have not the slightest fear."

"Since nothing else will turn you from your purpose," said Mrs. Mansfield, "I must speak out, and tell you that the room is haunted—haunted by the ghost of your poor murdered father. He has been seen by more than one person seated in his chair, as he used to sit in life. Suppose you were to see him, dear—and it's likely enough he might appear to you—you would never recover from the shock."

"I am not superstitious, Loo," said Ida, "but there was something in the sombre appearance of that chamber that powerfully affected my imagination, and it does not in the least surprise me to learn that it is haunted."

"It *is* haunted, miss," persisted Mrs. Mansfield. "Question Jodrell. Question the rest of the servants. They'll all tell you the same story."

Just at this moment the pendule on the chimney-piece struck twelve.

"There! the witching hour has arrived," cried Ida. "You can't go now. Go to bed, like a dear good child, and sleep soundly. To-morrow we'll visit this dreadful chamber together."

"No, I shall visit it to-night," rejoined Lucetta. "An irresistible impulse draws me thither."

"Well, you shan't go alone," said the old housekeeper. "Since you are bent upon it, I'll go with you. If anything happens, you mustn't blame me. I've done my best to prevent you."

"I suppose I must screw up my courage and go too," said Ida. "How surprised they will all be at breakfast to-morrow, when they learn we have been in the haunted room at midnight."

"I hope you will have nothing dreadful to relate," said Mrs. Mansfield.

They were just setting out, when the housekeeper discovered that she had left the key in her own room. She went for it at once, and remained away so long that Lucetta began to think she did not mean to return. At last, however, she reappeared.

"I hope you have found the key?" said Lucetta, quickly.

"Oh yes, here it is," replied the old dame, showing it to her. "I should have been back sooner—but there is something strange going on down-stairs."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ida, astonished. "Are not the gentlemen gone to bed?"

"No, miss," replied the old housekeeper. "Jodrell told me in a very hurried manner that they were all in the library, engaged on some very important business, but he gave me no further information, and I waited a few minutes, thinking he would come back; and that's what detained me."

"It must be something very important to keep papa up so late," said Ida. "He is ordered to keep early hours, and always goes to bed at eleven o'clock. My curiosity is strongly excited. Let us go down-stairs and ascertain what it is all about."

"Go down if you like, and take Mansfield with you," rejoined Lucetta. "I shall fulfil my self-appointed task."

"Don't suppose I mean to desert you," cried Ida. "Come along."

And they quitted the room, and proceeded towards the picture-gallery, beyond which lay the corridor, wherein the haunted chamber was situated.

## V.

MR. THOMAS WALKER.

LEAVING them on their way to the haunted room, we will now go down-stairs and ascertain what was taking place in the library.

But in order to explain matters fully, it will be necessary to go back to an earlier period of the evening. Shortly after the return of the party from their moonlight walk in the garden, and while tea was being served, Jodrell took Sir Clarence aside, and informed him that a person calling himself Mr. Thomas Walker desired to speak with him.

"I told Mr. Walker to come again in the morning," remarked the butler, "but he says he must see you to-night. He states that, having written to you to explain his business, he feels quite certain you will grant him an interview. He has the appearance of a detective officer."

"Shabby blue frock-coat tightly buttoned up, black whiskers, high cheek bones, large chin——"

"The identical man!" cried Jodrell.

"I saw him at the station; but there was an odd-looking little Jew with him then."

"No one is with him now, Sir Clarence. What shall I say to him?"

"I can't see him till the ladies retire. Give him some refreshment in your own room, and make him comfortable. But if he offers to depart, detain him. Keep a strict watch over his movements."

"It shall be done, Sir Clarence," returned Jodrell. "I was about to mention that Mr. Plesssets and Mr. Rollings are here. They are in my room, and I'll give them a hint to look after Mr. Walker."

On being made acquainted with this circumstance by Sir Clarence, Mainwaring immediately left the room, and managed to obtain a peep at Mr. Walker as he sat with Plesssets and Rollings in the butler's room, discussing a glass of brandy-and-water, and was so struck by his appearance that he gave some special directions concerning him to Jodrell.

Subsequently, the old gentleman had a little private conversation with Plesssets, which induced him to make some further arrangements, as will appear hereafter.

When the ladies retired, a consultation took place among the gentlemen, at which Jodrell assisted. Certain preparatory arrangements were made, and when these were completed, Mr. Walker was informed by the butler that Sir Clarence would see him in the library. On being introduced, Mr. Walker cast a sharp glance round the room, but seemed reassured on finding the young baronet alone.

Sir Clarence was seated at a table, on which a moderator lamp was placed, and signed to Walker to take a seat. The latter, who maintained his self-possession perfectly, complied; but not a word passed between them till Jodrell had withdrawn.

"Now, Mr. Walker," said Sir Clarence, "state your business, if you please."

"Before stating it, Sir Clarence," rejoined the other, with a singular and rather disagreeable smile, "I must take the liberty to inform you that I am a detective officer, and was employed in the search after La Hogue. Had I not been interfered with, I should have captured him, for I was on the right scent."

"Is it too late to capture him now, Mr. Walker?"

"Much too late, Sir Clarence. He's no longer in the country, and won't be fool enough to return and jeopardise his safety. But if I can't catch La Hogue for you, and give you the gratification of hanging him, I can do something which may be equally satisfactory to you—I can enable you to recover your uncle's will."

"You are certain the document is in existence?"

"Not only is it in existence, but it shall be restored to you, provided——"

"I am willing to pay for it."

"Exactly, Sir Clarence—exactly. But understand me. I am not seeking to make a bargain with you on my own account. The will is not in my possession, but in the hands of another party, who puts his own price upon the restoration. Between you and me the affair might be quickly concluded, for I'm very moderate in my expectations; but with the party in question the case is different."

"If I mistake not, Mr. Walker, I saw you at the Edenbridge station this morning?"

"Proud to think I attracted your attention, Sir Clarence. Yes, I was there. But I didn't presume to make myself known to you then."

"A little Jewish-looking man was with you—the person, I suppose, who has got the will?"

"You've hit it, Sir Clarence. He was the very man. And an arrant Jew he is."

"How came the will into his possession?"

"He bought it from La Hogue, and unless he lies confoundedly, paid a long price for it. He wants two thousand for his bargain."

"Two thousand, eh?"

"That's his figure. I told you he is an unconscionable Jew. But there's no use in attempting to bate him down. He'd rather burn the will than not get what he wants for it. So he says, at least."

"Is he here?"

"No, Sir Clarence. I am employed to negotiate the affair for him. If you agree to his terms, I will take care that the arrangement shall be faithfully carried out."

"I must consult my friends before accepting the proposition," said Sir Clarence, stepping towards the side-door, which was left slightly ajar. "Come in, gentlemen."

And, at the words, Rainald and the major, followed by Mainwaring and the old baronet, rushed into the room.

"You have played me an unhandsome trick, Sir Clarence," said Walker, who looked disconcerted for a moment, but quickly regained his composure, "but you yourself will be the loser by it. You won't get the will. I have the honour to wish you good night."

And bowing to the company, he prepared to leave the room.

"Stop, sir!" cried Mainwaring, in a loud authoritative voice.

"We don't mean to part with you thus. We have heard all that you have said to Sir Clarence, and don't believe a word about your Hebrew associate. We are certain that you have got the will. Produce it!"

"My statement to Sir Clarence was perfectly correct," rejoined Walker. "The document is in the hands of another party, who will now infallibly destroy it. Attempt to detain me at your peril!"

And he made towards the door, but had not reached it, when it flew suddenly open, and he found himself in the clutches of Big Tom Rollings and Plessets.

"Let me go, or you'll repent it," he roared.

"This bounce won't do with us," said Plessets. "We know who you are well enough."

"Who am I, then?" demanded Walker, haughtily.

"Sam Sharkey, a ticket-of-leave man," rejoined Plessets. "We learnt all about you from the landlord of the inn at Edenbridge."

Sharkey appeared confounded.

"Give up the will, and you shall go," said Mainwaring, stepping towards him.

"Pon honour I haven't got it," rejoined Sharkey. "Search me, and convince yourself."

"Where is your Jewish associate?" continued Mainwaring. "You must find him for us."

"Put it more civilly, old gent. Promise to let me off, and I'll tell you where to find him, and who he is."

"I know who he is," cried Sir Clarence. "He is the assassin, La Hogue."

"Not far wrong, Sir Clarence," replied Sharkey.

"Where is he?"

"Concealed in a chamber in the disused wing of the house," returned Sharkey. "If you secure him, you'll find the will upon him. Now let me go."

"Release him!" said Sir Clarence. "I know where to find the assassin. Come with me," he added to Rainald and the major.

All three rushed forth, and hurried up the grand staircase, but when they gained the corridor a dense volume of smoke stopped them.

"Great Heaven! the house is on fire!" exclaimed Sir Clarence. "This is the villain's work."

## VI.

### WHO WAS FOUND IN THE HAUNTED ROOM.

THE corridor in which Sir Hugh's room was situated, though containing some of the largest and best-furnished bed-chambers in the mansion, was now entirely disused. Sir Clarence, as we know, had long since removed from it, and none of his guests were lodged in this part of the house. The main approach to the corridor was from the gallery, but a back staircase, closed by a spring door, communicated with the lower rooms. Needless

to say that the household shunned the sombre passage, and never visited it at night.

Lucetta, who was a little in advance of the others, was the first to enter the corridor. Her taper only illuminated the nearer portion of the gloomy passage. Lower down, it was buried in obscurity. Could it be fancy, or did she really behold a dark figure standing close to the wall, not far from the door of the haunted room? Without stopping to satisfy herself on the point, she hurried back to the others, who were still in the gallery.

"Good gracious, Loo! what's the matter?" cried Ida, startled by her looks. "Have you seen something frightful?"

Lucetta explained the cause of her alarm, and Ida then thought they ought to go back, but Lucetta, who by this time had begun to be ashamed of her terror, was averse to the proposition, and Mrs. Mansfield volunteered to go on first, and ascertain whether there really was any one in the corridor.

Accordingly she went on, but presently returned, and, signing to them to advance, they complied, but it was not without a shudder that the two young persons followed her down the passage.

There was nothing to justify Lucetta's fears. Only a few old high-backed carved chairs were to be seen. Only the sound of their own footsteps could be heard.

They soon reached the door, and Lucetta strove to collect all her energies while Mrs. Mansfield applied the key to the lock. But she was spared the trial for the moment, for, after a few ineffectual attempts, the old housekeeper was obliged to confess that she could not unfasten the door.

"I can't make out what ails it," she said, "but it seems as if the door were locked inside."

"That's impossible!" cried Lucetta.

"Well, it's quite clear we can't get in, and I'm not sorry for it," observed Ida.

"Have you the key of the dressing-room?" asked Lucetta.

Mrs. Mansfield said she had, and that door being unlocked without difficulty, they went into the room.

An inner door, as the reader is aware, communicated with the adjoining chamber, and summoning up all her resolution, Lucetta entered it, and stepped into her father's room.

Her companions were preparing to follow, when a piercing scream broke upon their ears, and, though greatly terrified, they both rushed in.

Several strange objects were lying about on the table and on the chairs—an old tattered brown paletot, a broad-leaved soft black hat, and a false grey beard—and there was also a candle, which had evidently just been extinguished.

But their attention was chiefly directed to Lucetta, who had sunk on a chair almost overcome by terror.

"Oh, Mansfield!" she cried, clasping the old housekeeper convulsively round the neck. "Save me from him—save me!"

"Calm yourself, my love. No one shall harm you while I am able to defend you," replied the good old dame, trying to soothe her.

"I have seen him, I tell you, Mansfield," cried Lucetta. "Take me hence!—take me hence! Support me! My strength is quite gone."

"Have you seen the ghost, dear?" asked Ida, in a whisper, and looking blanched with terror.

"No, the assassin, La Hogue," replied Lucetta. "I saw him distinctly. He is here still."

"Here!" almost shrieked Ida. "Great Heavens! what will become of us? We shall all be murdered to a certainty."

"No, ladies," said La Hogue, stepping from behind the bed, whither he had retreated. "No, ladies," he continued, bowing as he advanced. "You need not be under the slightest apprehension. You may rely upon it I won't harm you, provided you don't make a disturbance. Excuse me," he added, intercepting Ida, who was about to fly into the dressing-room. "I can't permit you to depart."

He then went into the dressing-room, deliberately locked the outer door, put the key in his pocket, and came back. Meanwhile, Ida, almost desperate with fright, vainly tried to open the door of the chamber in which they were left.

"You won't get out without my permission, Miss Fanshaw," he said. "And I trust you won't force me to put you to inconvenience. I promise to relieve you of my presence very shortly."

"What brings you here, villain!" cried Lucetta, who by this time had in some degree recovered her courage. "How dare you set foot within this chamber, which you have stained with my dear father's blood? Does not the thought of your guilt shake your soul? Have you no fear of the dead?"

"I am not troubled with many qualms of conscience," replied La Hogue, indifferently. "I am more afraid of the living than of the dead, but am not much afraid of either. I suppose you have heard that this room is haunted?"

"The ghost has been seen, you profane and unbelieving wretch!" cried Mrs. Mansfield. "Take care it doesn't appear now to blast you."

"The ghost is here already, madam, and stands before you," rejoined La Hogue. "Having an object in occasionally visiting this room, it suited my purpose to frighten the servants, and yourself and Jodrell in particular. And I succeeded almost better than I expected," he added, with a slight laugh.

"Your audacity is unparalleled, villain!" cried Mrs. Mansfield. "No one but the most hardened wretch would personate the ghost of his victim, and sit in his victim's chair."

"Well, it was rather a novel idea, and I give myself credit for

it," returned La Hogue. "But I hope you won't believe in ghosts for the future, Mrs. Mansfield, now you have heard my explanation."

"Don't address me so familiarly, monster!" cried the housekeeper, indignantly. "I abhor the sight of you."

"I have a few words to say to Miss Chetwynd, and then I won't trouble you longer," said La Hogue. "Depend upon it, the ghost won't be seen again in this room. This is my last appearance in the character."

"I now understand how that piece of newspaper came here," cried Mrs. Mansfield. "You left it."

"To be sure I did. I left it here on purpose to call attention to the advertisement about the will. I wonder Sir Clarence did not take the hint."

"Have you got my father's will?" cried Lucetta, starting up. "If so, make some slight atonement for the dreadful crime you have committed, and restore it."

"I came here for the express purpose of restoring it, Miss Chetwynd," he replied. "My intention was to place it upon that table, where it might be found to-morrow by Sir Clarence. But since you have come here so unexpectedly, I shall adopt another course. I must tell you fairly that I do not mean to restore the will without payment."

"It would be unreasonable to expect you to do so," cried Lucetta, scornfully.

"Extremely unreasonable," said La Hogue. "My terms have by this time been made known to Sir Clarence, and I feel sure will be accepted by him."

"You feel sure of that?" exclaimed Lucetta.

"Quite sure," he rejoined. "And I feel equally sure that you will see them fulfilled. Entertaining that conviction, I shall have no hesitation in leaving the will with you, if you will give me your promise——"

"I will give you no promise. I will make no compact with my father's assassin," cried Lucetta.

"As you please," rejoined La Hogue, with affected indifference. "Good night, ladies."

"Do not imagine I will allow you to depart," said Lucetta, with a resolution that astonished all her hearers. "I have my father's murder to avenge. Help me to arrest the assassin!" she added to the others. "He must not escape."

"Don't compel me to have recourse to violence," said La Hogue. "Whatever you may think, it is foreign to my nature."

"You shall kill us all before we will let you go, villain!" cried Mrs. Mansfield. "Our shrieks will bring assistance."

"Shriek away as hard as you can, woman. You forget there is no one in this part of the house."



"I will find a means of bringing assistance," cried the old housekeeper.

And before La Hogue could prevent her, she rushed to the windows and set fire to the curtains, which instantly flamed up.

"Devil take you, you crazy old beldame!" cried La Hogue. "Do you want to burn the house down?"

"I want to prevent your escape. I want to have you hanged—that's what I want," replied Mrs. Mansfield, planting herself before the door, determined to oppose his exit, while Lucetta and Ida, though greatly terrified, guarded the outlet to the dressing-room.

"Don't be afraid of the wretch, my dears—don't be afraid. He daren't harm you. We shall have assistance in a minute," cried the old housekeeper, encouragingly.

"He shan't pass this way, except over my dead body," said Lucetta.

Meanwhile, the flames of the curtains had communicated with the dry old woodwork above the windows. The hangings of the bed also caught fire, and burnt with astonishing rapidity.

"You had better let me out quietly, ladies," said La Hogue. "You'll soon find this place too hot for you."

"Don't think it, villain," cried Mrs. Mansfield. "You shan't come near the door."

"Out of my way you stupid old fool!" cried La Hogue. "I don't want to harm you. I merely want to let you out."

"You shan't do it, I tell you," rejoined the housekeeper, firmly. "But these poor girls will be burnt to death," said La Hogue.

"Don't you see how the flames are spreading?"

"We are not afraid," exclaimed the two damsels together.

Their resolution was, indeed, taxed to the utmost; but neither of them gave way. The fire was momently increasing, and the room fast filling with smoke.

"You fancy you have secured me," cried La Hogue; "but I can easily get out."

"Not unless you leap through the window and break your neck, and so save the hangman a labour," retorted Mrs. Mansfield.

"I'm not quite driven to that yet," he said. "I'm better acquainted with the ins and outs of this room than you are, old lady, though you've lived in the house all your life."

"What d'ye mean, villain?" cried Mrs. Mansfield.

"I happen to have found out a sliding panel which will secure my retreat," he said, "so I can get away at any moment without asking your leave."

"I don't believe you," said Mrs. Mansfield.

"Well, you'll see—that is, if this cursed smoke will allow you,"

he rejoined. "I wonder how you can stand it, ladies," he added. "I'm half suffocated."

No reply was made to the address. The two girls maintained their position at the door.

"Here, old woman, take the key," cried La Hogue, throwing it on the floor. "Let them out. I don't wish them to be burnt to death, and they will be if you remain here many minutes longer."

As he spoke, he turned round and disappeared in the dense volume of smoke.

Almost instantly afterwards loud and fierce execrations proclaimed that he could not find the sliding panel.

Resolved at any hazard to prevent his escape, Mrs. Mansfield rushed towards the side of the room from which his vociferations arose. But she was driven back by the flames and smoke.

The fire was now spreading with most alarming rapidity. Part of the old oak wainscoting near the windows had caught fire, and had already communicated with the floor, a portion of which was ignited. As we have mentioned, the bed was in flames, and the dry old timbers of the ceiling above it were crackling and blazing.

Mrs. Mansfield tried to find the key which the assassin had thrown down, but, blinded by the smoke, failed to discover it.

All this time La Hogue's furious execrations showed that he was still in the room—still unable to find the sliding panel. But, though driven almost desperate, he would not desist from the quest.

Lucetta and Ida, almost frenzied with terror, had retreated to the dressing-room, and as soon as Mrs. Mansfield joined them, the door of communication was closed and bolted.

Here they were safe for the moment, but, as the outer door was locked, if help did not quickly arrive they must inevitably perish by the most dreadful of all deaths. As yet their cries and shrieks were unanswered.

They had not been more than a minute in the dressing-room when La Hogue was heard beating against the door of communication, and imploring, in hoarse accents, to be let out.

His dreadful cries moved Lucetta to compassion, and though Mrs. Mansfield besought her not to do so, she opened the door.

Horrifying was the spectacle presented to her. There stood the assassin, wrapped in flames, his habiliments burning, his hair on fire, his features blackened and writhing with agony. By a last effort he threw a small black leather case towards her, exclaiming in a voice that scarce sounded human, "'Tis the will!—take it!"

He then reeled backwards, and fell. The vengeful flames rioted over their prey.

## VII.

## THE PROGRESS OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

EVEN at that terrible juncture, Lucetta could not help examining the little leather case. It was shrivelled and scorched. But the dying man had not deceived her. The will was there, and uninjured.

She then flew towards the window, whither her companions had already retreated. By opening the door, she had given admittance to the flames, and the dressing-room was now on fire. Half stifled by the vapour, too much terrified even to pray, the poor damsels gave themselves up for lost. Each saw her own terror depicted in the death-like looks of the other. Though dreadfully frightened, as she might well be, and apprehending the worst, Mrs. Mansfield, even at that fearful extremity, retained something like self-possession, and throwing open the window, shrieked loudly for assistance.

Just then hopes were awakened in the breasts of the terrified girls—hopes, however, destined to be speedily crushed. Voices were heard in the corridor, and ineffectual attempts were made to burst open the door. With what intense anxiety did they listen to the efforts made for their deliverance, and how fearfully was their anguish increased when these efforts failed!

“Help us, or we are lost!” shrieked Ida. “The room is on fire.”

“Go round to the front—to the window!” cried Lucetta. “That is our only chance of escape. But, for Heaven’s sake, be quick!”

What was said in reply by those in the corridor could not be distinguished, but the battering at the door continued, though the strong lock and bolt showed no symptoms of yielding. It was a moment fraught with anguish indescribable to the poor damsels.

“Oh, Ida!” exclaimed Lucetta. “Nothing is left us but resignation to a dreadful death. But for me you would not be here. Forgive me, dearest!—forgive me!”

“I do forgive you from the bottom of my heart, sweet girl,” rejoined the other, kissing her. “I fancied we had many years of happiness before us, but I was deceived. It is terrible to die thus—but it will soon be over. Let us try to pray while there is yet time.”

“Yes, let us turn our thoughts to Heaven,” rejoined Lucetta. “In a few minutes all will be over.”

And they knelt down together. It was a touching sight to see those two young beautiful creatures trying to prepare themselves for the dreadful fate that apparently awaited them.

Just then the alarm-bell began to ring violently, and other sounds proclaimed that the fire was discovered.

Once more hope revived.

Again Mrs. Mansfield looked out of the window, and her heart leaped with joy as she descried several persons hurrying towards this part of the house. She called out loudly to them for help, and her cries were immediately answered by a shout.

"We are coming! we are coming!" vociferated the men.

"Your prayers are answered, my dears," said Mrs. Mansfield to the still kneeling damsels. "Deliverance is at hand. They are coming to save us. Look out, and you will see them!"

But neither of them could rise. Their strength was utterly gone.

"I can see them quite plainly now," continued Mrs. Mansfield. "The men are bringing a ladder. Sir Clarence and Captain Fanshaw are with them."

"Yes, yes, I hear their voices," cried Ida. "We are saved!— we are saved!"

The revulsion of feeling was too much for her, and she fell back insensible.

Lifting Lucetta in her arms, Mrs. Mansfield placed her at the open window. The light of the conflagration rendered the space below as bright as day, and she beheld several men preparing to rear a long ladder against the window. With them were Sir Clarence and Rainald, and as soon as she herself became visible they both called out that they would be with her in a moment.

Assistance had only just come in time. A few minutes later, and all would have been over. The flames had gained the corridor, and had driven away those who had brought implements to burst open the door. No help, therefore, could have been obtained from that quarter. Indeed, an impassable barrier was now offered by the blazing boards.

Externally, likewise, appearances were almost equally alarming. Some minutes before the arrival of the men, flames had burst forth from the windows of Sir Hugh's chamber, and now shone ruddily on the upturned and anxious visages of the throng beneath. The crackling of the timbers and the roaring of the flames showed how rapidly the conflagration was spreading, while showers of sparks burst from a hole in the roof. Luckily the night was perfectly calm, so that for the present the fire was confined to this particular portion of the building, and some hopes were entertained that the rest might be saved. The immediate business, however, was to rescue those who were exposed to the fury of the flames.

The foregoing details have occupied some time, but such was the expedition used, that almost immediately after Lucetta's appearance at the window, the ladder was placed against the stone sill, and Sir Clarence and Rainald mounted to her rescue. As Rainald sprang into the room she sank into his arms in a state of complete insensibility. By the united exertions of their preservers

both damsels were landed in safety, and were at once conveyed to another part of the house, under Rainald's charge.

Poor Mrs. Mansfield, who would not stir till they had been carried down, managed to descend the ladder without assistance, and then the anxious spectators evinced their heartfelt delight by a lusty cheer, while Plessets and Rollings, who were among them, rushed up to congratulate her on her narrow escape.

"It has been a narrow escape indeed," said the old housekeeper, "and I can never feel sufficiently grateful to the merciful Providence that has spared our lives. For myself, it could matter little, but what a shocking death it would have been for those two dear young ladies!"

"Too shocking to think of, Mansfield," cried Sir Clarence, who overheard the remark; "but don't imagine that your own life is of no consequence. I would rather the house were burnt down than any harm had befallen you."

"And the house will be burnt down, I fear, Sir Clarence," said Maiuaring, "unless the engine from Sevenoaks arrive soon. Our own wretched fire-engine won't act, and the hose is out of order. But that's always the case."

Just then flames burst forth from the window, showing how imminent had been the peril of those who had been brought down. So sensibly was this felt on all hands, that an involuntary groan arose from the throng.

"The Lord be thanked for our signal deliverance!—the Lord be thanked!" ejaculated Mrs. Mansfield.

"Are you aware how the fire originated, Mansfield?" inquired Sir Clarence.

"I myself was the cause of it," she replied. "I won't attempt to deny it. I've much to answer for, but I acted from the best of motives. I set fire to the window-curtains in Sir Hugh's bedroom to prevent the escape of the assassin La Hogue."

"Ah! I felt sure he was there," cried Sir Clarence. "What has become of him?"

"Give yourself no further trouble about the wretch, Sir Clarence," she rejoined. "He has met with the punishment he merited. He has been burnt to death—burnt to death, I say, in the very room where his foul crime was committed."

Exclamations of astonishment and horror burst from all around.

"Justice, then, is satisfied!" exclaimed Sir Clarence.

"But I have something more to tell you," pursued the old housekeeper—"something that cannot fail to yield you satisfaction. Sir Hugh's will has been recovered. The last and best act of the villain's guilty life was to give it up."

"Amazement!" exclaimed Sir Clarence. "Where is the will?"

"It is here," replied Rainald, who had just returned. "It is here," he added, giving him the little leather case containing the

document. "Lucetta has sent it to you. You are now indisputably master of Old Court."

"Provided the fire will spare it to him," said Mainwaring. "Heavens, how fiercely it burns!"

"This part of the house is doomed, undoubtedly," said Sir Clarence; "but I still hope we shall be able to preserve the main part of the building."

"All depends on the speedy arrival of the engine from Sevenoaks," said Mainwaring. "The conflagration has now got such head that no efforts on our part will suffice to extinguish it."

"It will never be extinguished if we stand looking on thus inertly. We must all lend a hand to the work. Don't stay here, Mansfield. You will be far better in-doors, as long as you can find shelter there."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" she cried, clasping her hands in agony. "Little did I think that I should ever be the cause of burning the old house down. Do say you forgive me, Sir Clarence?"

"Forgive you—of course I do. But the house is not yet burnt down, Mansfield. And if it should be, it can be rebuilt. So don't distress yourself, and be quite sure, come what may, that I shan't blame you."

Thus comforted, the faithful old creature proceeded to the principal entrance of the mansion. The hall-door was standing wide open, and half-distracted servants, men and women, were hurrying out with pieces of furniture, pictures, and valuables, and piling them on the lawn.

It was a scene of wild confusion, and, quite unable to bear it, Mrs. Mansfield passed through the bustling throng as quickly as she could, and made her way to the library, where she found the two young ladies, each lying on a sofa, attended by Lady Fanshaw and Lady Danvers.

## VIII.

### HOW THE FIRE WAS EXTINGUISHED.

THOUGH barely an hour had elapsed since the outbreak of the fire, it had already made such progress as to render certain the destruction of the portion of the building in which it raged. All efforts, therefore, were directed to the preservation of the main body of the structure; and such energetic measures were used by Sir Clarence and Rainald, aided by Major Trevor and Mainwaring—Sir Nevil, owing to his infirmities, was unable to render any personal assistance—that the fire, though it could not be checked, was prevented from extending in this direction until the arrival of the engine from Sevenoaks. A portion of the gallery was injured, but the portraits were all removed in time, and deposited on the lawn.

Viewed from this point, the burning mansion presented a most magnificent spectacle. Flames were bursting from all the windows,

upper and lower; the roof was on fire, partially consumed, and threatening each moment to fall in—an event which soon afterwards occurred. All the rest of the building was lighted up by the conflagration, and never was the old pile seen to such advantage—never did it look so picturesque and beautiful as at that awful juncture, when threatened by immediate destruction.

Sir Nevil, who had stationed himself on the lawn, gazed at the ancient structure with profound regret, fully persuaded it would soon be numbered among the things that are past. Happily, such was not its destiny.

Not only was the old mansion illuminated, but the beautiful little church adjoining it was lighted up so vividly by the fire, that the minutest details of the architecture were discernible.

In other respects the picture was very striking. Figures could be seen in various parts of the building, and Sir Clarence and Rainald occupied a perilous position on the roof. Plessets and Rollings exerted themselves wonderfully, and received the hearty thanks of Sir Clarence for their services. Numerous farmers and rustics, summoned by the alarm-bell, which never ceased ringing, helped to carry buckets of water for the supply of the little engine belonging to the house, and which, being got into working order at last, poured its ineffectual streams into the blazing pile, rather heightening than quenching the fire.

The lawn, as we have intimated, was covered with pieces of furniture, and various other articles. All the old family portraits from the picture-gallery had been brought there. As the night was perfectly fine and dry, these objects were not likely to sustain any damage, except from the sparks and fiery flakes which occasionally fell near them. The shouts of the servants and of the farmers mingled with the ceaseless din of the alarm-bell and the clamour of the rooks. The latter, scared by the fire and by the various noises, were flying around, cawing loudly and piteously. Overhead hung a canopy of smoke, blotting out the stars.

If things had remained long in this state, the destruction of the entire fabric would have been inevitable, for the scanty appliances of the place were insufficient to check the progress of the fire. But just when Sir Clarence and those with him began to despair of saving the building, a powerful fire-engine, accompanied by several active men, arrived from Sevenoaks. These men set to work at once with a will, and being subsequently reinforced by a second engine and another body of firemen from Edenbridge, they succeeded in mastering the conflagration.

By daybreak all danger was over. The blackened walls and frameless windows looked very ghastly, and smoke still rose from some smouldering timbers, but the bulk of the house was safe.

The wing in which the fire originated was totally destroyed.

Nothing remained to point out the fatal chamber save bare walls and the blackened mantelpiece. Search was made for the re-

mains of the assassin, but only the skull and a few charred bones were found lying amidst other rubbish in the vault beneath.

Accompanied by Rainald and the others, who had worked energetically with him throughout the night, Sir Clarence went to communicate the satisfactory intelligence to the ladies. He found them in the library, still very much alarmed, but quite recovered. With them was Sir Nevil, fast asleep in an easy-chair. Rousing himself, the old baronet stared at their smoke-begrimed faces and disordered apparel.

"You bring bad news, I fear," he cried. "Are we no longer safe here?"

"On the contrary, Sir Nevil," replied Sir Clarence, "we bring good news. The fire is completely extinguished. The house is saved!"

Joyful exclamations arose, and it will not, we hope, appear very surprising that, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, each young lady should so far lose sight of propriety as to throw herself unhesitatingly into the arms of her lover and kiss his blackened cheek.

"And now, Sir Nevil," cried Sir Clarence—"now that the will is found—now that I am, in truth, master of Old Court, I claim fulfilment of your promise. I claim my bride."

"You shall have her," replied the old baronet. "I am a man of my word. The marriage shall take place as soon as you please. Not yours alone, but Rainald's."

## IX.

### RECORDS TWO MARRIAGES AT SAINT GEORGE'S, HANOVER-SQUARE.

THE pleasantest part of our task has now to be performed. We have nothing but happy events to chronicle.

Though all parties were now united in one common aim—though Sir Clarence and Rainald were both indisposed to brook further delay, and Sir Nevil had become just as impatient as he had heretofore been obstinate—a good deal of tedious and common-place business had to be transacted. Lawyers had to be consulted, and though they used, or pretended to use, all possible despatch, unavoidable delays occurred. Sir Hugh's will had to be proved, large sums of money had to be raised, deeds to be prepared, settlements to be made—all which matters necessarily occupied some time.

Rather more than a month was spent in these tiresome preliminary arrangements, and during that interval Sir Nevil had returned with his wife and daughter to Grosvenor-square. Sir Clarence likewise came up to town, leaving Mainwaring at Old Court to superintend the reconstruction of the portion of the building destroyed by the fire.

At length the day was fixed on which the two couples were to be



united. The milliners had performed their work to admiration. The trousseaux of the brides were ready. Everything was ready.

The marriages were celebrated at St. George's, Hanover-square, and a number of distinguished personages, relatives and friends of the Fanshaws, were present on the auspicious occasion. Charming girls were the bridesmaids, and charmingly attired, but not one of them could compare with our brides, than whom two lovelier creatures never knelt at that altar. As a matter of course, Major Trevor was Rainald's best man, and Captain Dashwood, of the same regiment, performed the like office for Sir Clarence.

A sumptuous *déjeuner* awaited them at the mansion in Grosvenor-square, and after partaking of all sorts of delicacies, and quaffing iced Cliquot and Roederer—after listening to a good many appropriate speeches, some of which drew tears from the elderly folks—the happy couples took their departure, setting out in different directions, Captain Fanshaw and his bride shaping their course towards the family seat in Suffolk, and Sir Clarence and Lady Chetwynd proceeding to Old Court.

Beautiful, very beautiful, looked the ancient mansion as they drove towards it in an open barouche drawn by four horses on that fine summer evening. Beautiful, very beautiful, looked the deer park, with its magnificent groves, now in their fullest beauty, and its long sweeping glades. Ere long they passed through the great gates. Already the work of reconstruction had made considerable progress, and the old mansion had begun to resume its wonted aspect. A number of the tenantry, who had heard of their expected arrival, were congregated on the lawn to greet them, dressed in their holiday attire, and these shouted loud and long as the carriage containing the happy pair drove up.

On either side of the steps, which were strewn with flowers, the household were arranged, the mourning which they had hitherto worn for the late baronet being now laid aside.

At the entrance stood Jodrell, his countenance lighted with smiles of welcome, and just inside the door might be discerned the kindly countenance of Mrs. Mansfield. Like the rest of the household, both these worthy persons had discontinued their mourning.

Amid joyous shouts, amid kindly greetings and blessings, Sir Clarence and his lovely bride alighted from the carriage and entered the house. While Sir Clarence was warmly thanking Jodrell and all those around for their congratulations, Lady Chetwynd ran up to the old housekeeper and kissed her affectionately.

And now, having brought them back to the ancient mansion in the heyday of happiness, and with every prospect of continued felicity, we shall leave them there; merely mentioning that within a few days after their return our excellent friend Mr. Mainwaring re-appeared, and, unless we are misinformed, is still a guest at OLD COURT.

THE END.

## A RUSSIAN FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE *Wospitatelnoi Dom*, or Imperial Foundling and Orphan Asylum, at Moscow, is a magnificent institution that lodges under its roof more than twenty-five thousand children, and a retinue of more than two thousand wardens, male and female, nurses, teachers, and other officers, that expends annually above seven million roubles, and receives from year to year more than seven thousand infants and young children, ought deservedly to be reckoned among the wonders of the world. In Russia everything; but freedom assumes gigantic proportions, therefore I approached this mighty institution with reverential expectation.

We drove up to the building through a long straight avenue of lime-trees, and in half an hour stopped before the broad stone steps of the pillared entrance. In the great hall, a military-looking personage, in a blue uniform, and having a sword at his side, saluted us with a formal bow, motioned my faithful and rigorous cicerone to remain behind, and, by a sign, gave me to understand that there was not a minute to lose if I desired to see the ceremony. The man had so reserved and respectable an appearance, that I took him for the director of the establishment, and I accordingly bowed low, as in duty bound; but I soon learnt that he was only the chief police-master, neither more nor less than a martial beadle, the terror and bugbear of twenty thousand poor children, and possessing the power of inflicting great and important punishments. Notwithstanding this, he appeared to me to be good natured; I saw it in the kind smile with which he nodded to the children whom we met upon our way to church, and in the attention with which he listened to the numberless petitions of a string of nurses, of whom, in one room alone, there were collected upwards of five hundred. Indeed, throughout the whole extent of this immense establishment, I observed no looks betraying sorrow or unhappiness—all betokened contentment, peaceful innocence, and quiet happiness; and this circumstance explained to me more fully than a thousand statistical notices, and all the blue or green books in the world could have done, how the asylum was organised and conducted.

Such of my readers as have, during an anxious dream, walked the whole night through endless galleries, through room after room, through court after court, will have some notion of my feelings as I followed my friendly police-officer through the labyrinths of this colossal building. At length, after a journey of half an hour, the perfume of incense, the song of a thousand sweet voices, and the deep bass of the priest intoning the prayers, announced that we had reached the outer court of the church. Upon tiptoe we moved past an army of kneeling women, the nurses and overseers of the children, until we stood under the cupola.

The church was closely lined; head to head sat thousands of children, but, to my astonishment, almost entirely girls. Boys I only saw by individuals. Later on I discovered the cause of this singularity. The

children in bright yellow dresses in the gallery of the church were being educated as nurses, those in green, who filled the side-aisles, were preparing for domestic service; so my companion informed me. The elder classes sat in rows opposite the altar. They wore dark blue dresses, and in their devotion did not allow an eye to leave the priest, brilliant in red and gold, who was just visible, with his long, light, falling hair in a grey cloud of incense, behind the carved door of the shrine of the altar.

I looked from row to row at the bright but rarely pretty faces, and deep pity seized me as I thought that all these thousands of children were without homes, the greater part of them never having known a father or mother, and never the care or love of a relation, and that but few would ever know them.

"Poor children!" said I to the police-officer.

"Poor, it is true," he replied, "but still of good family. Note all those girls upon the foremost benches, sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen years of age. They are orphans, but all of noble descent. Do you not perceive a certain grace, a certain ease, in their manner and deportment? They are educated here in full accordanc with their rank. We have more than five hundred masters and mistresses for all branches of women's education; and the instruction is at least as good as that in the best boarding schools of St. Petersburg, if not superior."

All at once a murmuring, like the rustling of a forest agitated by the wind, arose, beginning at either extremity of the church, then passing us to the centre of the chancel. Divine service was over, and the children were preparing for departure. Each class marched along, under the guidance of masters and governesses, in divisions, regiments, battalions, companies, and corps. First the yellow, then the green, afterwards the blue, and last of all the foremost rows, these being the grown-up girls. They approached with the mechanical regularity of well-drilled troops, their eyes directed in front, no smile, no banter, no pushing, no tricks, no display of merriment, such as one finds even upon this occasion in other children. All had a remarkable tranquillity and composure.

The governor of such an establishment as *Wospitatelnoi Dom*, with a population exceeding that of many a considerable town, stands high in the scale of the comprehensive kingdom of Russian officers, ranking with the generals. I therefore anticipated a military abruptness and sternness, but was most agreeably surprised to find in the richly accoutred personage before whom I had to appear, in order to effect a visit to the house proper, a gentleman of most winning friendliness. Rising with the greatest affability from his writing-desk, where he was busied among papers and deeds, he came towards me on my entrance into his study, and offered, after having glanced at the introduction I handed to him, to conduct me himself round the establishment.

He took me, in the first place, to the infants' department, a long suite of light, cheerful rooms. In each stood from forty to fifty cradles, which, with their pretty gauze hangings, might have served for royal babes. From eight hundred to a thousand infants is the average number held by the institution at one time. At the door of each room we were met by the matrons of the chamber, curtsying, well-dressed, pleasant-looking old women; the nurses stood each by the side of their

especial cradle, shouldering their charge in order to show it me. Here, too, everything was conducted with military order and precision.

The position of nurse in the *Wospitatelnoi Dom* is considered a fortune, and eagerly sought by the Russian peasant girls. Beauty certainly I did not discover among the hundreds of nurses who presented themselves to us. Many were short, ill-developed figures, with yellow, broad, inexpressive features, but all looked perfectly neat and clean in their red and yellow cotton dresses and the bright national head-dress. Before one cradle the governor stood still, and bent over the babe lying in it. It was a lovely little girl, full of mirth and life, who appeared to know the governor well, for she danced about with joy when he approached, and clapped her little hands.

"That is my god-child. I have taken from the font some two hundred thousand children," he remarked, as we walked on; "many of them certainly are dead, but I could still bring an army, of my namesakes alone, into the field considerable enough to terrify a small state. But come, the great moment of our day, the dinner-hour, draws near; I must not fail in attendance, and to you it will, no doubt, be an interesting sight; at least, it is not an ordinary lot to assist at a table d'hôte in which the covers are counted not by hundreds but by thousands, and the guests represented by all ages from six to sixteen."

Again through gallery upon gallery, corridor upon corridor, until we reached the door of the dining-hall. A sonorous bell had just given notice of the approaching meal, and with the last peal a throng of human beings issued forth from the innumerable rooms and cells to the right and left, like a migration of nations in movement. But what order in all the commotion! The scholars came out in pairs, and formed themselves, without a moment's hesitation or confusion, into long columns, marching just as sedately and quietly towards the most important period of the day's business as they did in emerging from the church. On some of the younger faces might be read the excitement of expectation, but in none did the pleasure break forth in noisy expression.

It took a quarter of an hour before we succeeded in making our way through a section of the children and into the dining-room, and behind us the stream still flowed unceasingly. Dining-room, did I say? Dining-hall, rather, as vast as the largest church, but unfortunately so low roofed, that, upon entering, I felt as if oppressed by an Alpine mountain. Here were ranged interminable tables, the space between the single rows being no broader than absolute necessity demanded, yet here even everything went systematically. Of pressure and disorder there was no trace—everywhere complete discipline reigned. In a few minutes they had found a place at their appointed table.

In the centre of this ocean of tables arose a platform, whence the whole broad hall, with its multitude of children, might be seen. To this spot the governor led me.

"Here is my place," he said, after having procured me a chair from one of the active wardens continually passing to and fro. "I dine every day in the midst of my children upon nothing more than is offered them. May I ask you to test our kitchen?"

The food left nothing to be desired. Naturally it was plain, but

nourishing, and so excellently prepared, served with such propriety, that the sight produced appetite. Only the death-like silence during the whole time of the meal had something painful. Discipline was carried rather too far. "Poor, poor children!" I involuntarily thought. "Where is your real youthful joy? Where your wild sporting and activity, which ought to be seen without these chains of education and culture?"

"Where is the dining-hall for the boys?" I asked the governor, as he took me from table to table, directing my attention to his most promising pupils. "In the church, too, I saw scarcely any but girls."

"The larger number of our boys," I received for answer, "are not at present in the establishment. You must know that we have several large branch institutions and farms, and in these we house the boys, the elder ones being principally occupied in agricultural employment. We have, besides, in all the villages in the environs of Moscow and farther inland, nurses and foster-mothers for our youngest children, of whom more than five thousand are maintained in this manner. It is understood we only entrust the children to perfectly trustworthy persons, and that we watch these closely. You must not think either that this is the only table d'hôte in the house. We have six other eating-rooms, though none so large as the one over which I preside."

I had again an opportunity of admiring the extraordinarily good understanding manifested in the intercourse of the governor and the children, and the love which they seemed to have for him. How the children's eyes sparkled when he smiled on them with a paternal affection, here and there bestowing a word of praise, and gently patting one or other of the little girls on the cheek. For myself, the elder pupils, the young ladies of the first class, interested me most highly; their elegant appearance, the self-respect apparent in their ways and manners, were really surprising. Not one coloured or showed the least embarrassment when addressed. Natural and unconstrained, they answered my questions with complete ease and quietude; of bashfulness or affectation there was no sign. Ladies of the first rank in London or Paris, in Berlin or Vienna, could not have surpassed these little Russian orphan girls in refinement of expression and innate good breeding.

"We Russians," remarked the governor, as we continued our inspection of the room, "have a peculiar talent for foreign languages. Even among my children here I have excellent linguists. Many write and speak German and French easily, besides their mother tongue. Others carry on music and drawing; many are actual artistes. We leave them in the pursuit of these higher studies free option, to choose after their own talent and inclination."

Meanwhile, the children had cleared the dishes; a pious hymn ended as it had commenced the meal, and, with the same order as that with which they entered, they defiled past us towards the door. Not one went without saying, with a sweet curtsy, "Good day, papa!" to the governor.

"All our children," observed my conductor, as we left the hall, "feel very happy here. Whoever has once been in Wospitatelnoi Dom, whoever has once crossed the threshold of the house under the great stone

pelican over the portals, has a right to call upon us in poverty or sickness, in care or sorrow, and to seek our help."

"Upon what funds is your institution supported, and by what means are they received?" I asked. "The St. Petersburg Foundling Hospital draws, as far as I know, its income from the duty on playing-cards and from the tax on the revenue of the Lombard money-lenders."

"The Empress Maria Theodorowna, wife of Paul, is the benefactress of our asylum," answered the governor. "We also appropriate the income of the Lombard Institution, and have, moreover, been endowed by the rich family of Demidoff with considerable property and capital. Lastly, all public amusements, theatres, balls, concerts, &c., must devote ten per cent. of their profit to us, which, among the pleasure-loving Russians, yields a large sum of money. But here is our garden," he remarked, proceeding to a window in the corridor.

I looked out and beheld an enormous green lawn, and upon it a course like that at a fair. The children were enjoying their Sabbath liberty, walking, playing, delighting in the fresh air, under the protection of a band of governesses and masters. The place lacked all positive garden adornment; it had few shrubs or flowers, but it boasted an extent upon which an army could manoeuvre. I was struck, too, with hundreds of small wooden summer-houses, placed close one to another around this enormous grass-plot.

"In these cottages," said the governor, who read the inquiry in my look, "we quarter, during the fine period of the year, those of our little pupils for whom uninterrupted fresh air seems advisable. They are air balloons in miniature, and the children are so fond of this tent or bivouac life, that there are always more candidates for it than can be gratified. I will not take you into the schoolrooms," he continued. "To-day being a holiday, they are vacant, and almost deserted. But you must take a peep into this room." And he opened another door, disclosing a large square apartment, the four walls fitted up with huge glass cupboard, filled from the top to bottom with dolls of all kinds and sizes—a collection of dolls more numerous than could be found in the largest toy-shop at Nuremberg.

"In this room," explained the governor, "we preserve the toys of the more juvenile of our twenty-five thousand children. And here," he drew out a sliding partition of one of the cupboards, "you will find models of every variety of tool and implement. Upon that table you have our common animals, birds, and fishes, in accurate plastic moulding; our children learn better from them than from books, and always exult when they come into this room with their class, and are allowed to choose their favourite plaything. And now come and drink tea with me in the Russian fashion; you must also be introduced to our mother—the mother of our children—the first matron, as we denominate her officially. We can chat an hour longer, and you can note down whatever you think deserving of remembrance. Put any questions you please, we are only too happy to talk of our *Wospitatelnoi Dom*."

I gladly acceded to this pleasing invitation. The apartment of the mother was a very elegantly furnished room, and "the mother" herself was a stately old lady of finished manner, who did the honours with the most amiable politeness.

"Strictly speaking," she began, after I had seated myself in a comfortable arm-chair, whilst a liveried waiter brought tea, "we cannot call our Wospitatelnoi Dom an orphan asylum, for we accept, without inquiry, all children brought to us, provided they do not exceed a specified age. Summer and winter, day and night, the doors of the little lodge under the hall stand open. There we receive the children. Upon an average thirty are brought daily, for whom shelter and care are required. No one is obliged to inform us of the name of the mother, or of the father, likewise no one need pay a kopek for the maintenance and education of the child delivered to us. But whoever chooses to pay annually thirty roubles, can assure himself that his child will not be given to country nurses, but be cared for entirely in the establishment. Also, if the sum of two hundred and fifty roubles is assigned to us with a boy, he will be qualified for an officer, or an engineer. Those wholly unprovided for become, without exception, private soldiers. Our best scholars we prepare for a later university education; for example, many of the most renowned physicians of Moscow have gone forth from our establishment. Immediately after reception every child is numbered, registered, and baptised; then a ticket with a name and number is hung round its neck, and a duplicate of the number handed to the person who has brought the child to us, by means of which it can eventually be reclaimed at the age of one-and-twenty. We have children in the house from the most remote parts of Siberia, from Bessarabia, the Caucasus, and the Crimea. Unhappily, a fourth part die within the first six weeks, and more than one-half in the first six years. In the St. Petersburg Findelhaus, founded by Catharine II., 1770, and yielding to ours only in small matters, the proportion is still more unfavourable. Among the indigent peasant population in that vicinity there is a scarcity of strong healthy nurses, of whom we, in general, have no want."

It had now become late, and although I had only been able to make a very hasty inspection of the establishment and its arrangements, yet five hours had elapsed. With sincere thanks I parted from the governor and the "mother," impressed with the conviction the Wospitatelnoi Dom is one of the best organised and best administered philanthropical institutions to be found.

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ABOUT THE WHITE HAIRS THAT COME OF CARE OR  
TERROR.

A CUE FROM SHAKSPEARE.

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

THERE was villanous news abroad, Falstaff had one day to tell Prince Hal—who ought not, being his father's son, and the kingdom's heir, to have first heard it from such a quarter—news had reached the court of an alliance in rebellion between "that mad fellow of the north, Percy," and Owen Glendower, and "that sprightly Scot of Scots, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular," and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester, adds Sir John, in his exciting narrative, "is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news."\*

If the hyperbolical knight, in his rhetorical way, said the thing that was not, he yet said nothing but what might have been. Such sudden changes of colour in hair and beard are a common-place in world-wide biography; while the more gradual but still premature conversion of black and brown to white or grey, is of course a greatly more common experience:

Danger, long travel, want, or woe,  
Soon change the form that best we know—  
For deadly fear can time outgo,  
And blanch at once the hair.†

Care does its bleaching work at comparative leisure, by a chronic process: it anticipates time, but it takes its own time in doing so. Whereas terror attacks in the acute, not chronic, form; effecting its wicked will by one midnight frost, at one fell swoop. In citing variegated illustrations and exemplifications of either process, let us take the milder and slower one first.

Chaucer writes, in a rather obscure passage, that

—who that getteth of love a little blisse,  
But if he be alway therewith ywis,  
He may ful soone of age have his haire.‡

Which the commentators take to mean, "He may full soon have the hair which belongs to age," *scil.* grey hair, the proverbial product of anxiety, and of what Wordsworth finely calls those "shocks of passion"—

That kill the bloom before its time;  
And blanch, without the owner's crime,  
The most resplendent hair.§

Still more effective is, or should be, the blanching process, when *not*

\* First Part of King Henry IV., Act II. Sc. 4.

† Marmion, canto i. § xxviii.

‡ The Cuckow and the Nightingale.

§ Wordsworth's Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.



without the owner's crime; as in the case, for instance, of Southey's Roderick—the Royal Goth, sunk was whose eye of sovereignty, and on whose emaciate cheek had penitence and anguish deeply drawn their furrows premature,

—forestalling time,  
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows  
Than threescore winters in their natural course  
Might else have sprinkled there.\*

Didactic Doctor Armstrong, physician as well as poet—or, at any rate, physician if not poet—warns in blank verse against the penalties of wild debauch, one result of which is to bring about “that incurable disease, old age, in youthful bodies more severely felt.” For know, he says, what-er beyond its natural fervour hurries on the sanguine tide,

—spurs to its last stage tired life,  
And sows the temples with untimely snow.†

Another didactic doctor of the same generation, James Beattie, commemorates for no such reason the premature winter that crowned his own brow,

Where cares long since have shed untimely snow.‡

The cause, in his instance, was of the kind suggested in a poem of Mr. Matthew Arnold's, referring to loss of wife or child,

And grievous is the grief for these:  
This pain alone, which *must* be borne,  
Makes the head white, and bows the knees.§

Many a younger poet than Dr. Beattie has left the like personal memorial of untimely grey hairs. Shelley seems to have pictured himself under more than one semblance:

There was a youth, who as with toil and travel,  
Had grown quite weak and grey before his time.||

In another of his poems he speaks of “a killing air, which pierced like honey-dew into the core of my green heart, and lay upon its leaves;

—until, as hair grown grey  
O'er a young brow, they hid its unblown prime  
With ruins of unseasonable time.¶

Hartley Coleridge, as we read in his brother's memoir of him, acquired in early life the gait and general appearance of advanced age: “his once dark, lustrous hair was prematurely silvered, and became latterly quite white.”\*\* It is no uncommon thing, writes an old friend and neighbour of Hartley's, to see an old man with hair as white as snow; “but never saw I but one—and that was poor Hartley—whose head was mid-winter,

\* Roderick, the Last of the Goths, § iv.

† Armstrong, Art of Preserving Health, book ii.

‡ The Minstrel, book ii.

§ The Sick King in Bokhara: Poems by Matthew Arnold, Second Series, p. 84.

|| Prince Athanase: a Fragment.

¶ Epipsychidion.

\*\* Memoir of Hartley Coleridge, p. cxxxvi.

while his heart was as green as May."\* The miscellaneous poems—the exquisite sonnets especially—of this remarkable man afford frequent references to his grey hairs, and very touching is the sadness they beget in his self-communing spirit :

—Nor child, nor man,  
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is grey,  
For I have lost the race I never ran :  
A rathe December blights my lagging May.†

Another sonnet, commencing "Youth, thou art fled," and ending with "I thank my God because my hairs are grey," is followed by one that repeats and italicises that pregnant line :

*I thank my God because my hairs are grey !  
But have grey hairs brought wisdom ?‡*

A mournful note of interrogation in close and qualifying sequence upon the note of admiration that went before. In yet another of his sonnets, Hartley designates himself, in graphic phrase,

Untimely old, irreverently grey.§

Byron ended one of some presentation stanzas to Lady Blessington with the avowal, at thirty-five, "And my heart is as grey as my head."|| And five years or so before that, he had written of himself,

But now, at thirty years, my hair is grey  
(I wonder what it will be like at forty?  
I thought of a peruke the other day),  
My heart is not much greener ; and, in short, I  
Have squander'd my whole summer while 'twas May.¶

How mournfully different in the process, though like in one, and only one, part of the result, to Mr. Tennyson's picture of a life-progress which

—all the train of bounteous hours  
Conduct by paths of growing powers,  
To reverence and the silver hair.\*\*

D'Artagnan, at his first introduction to Richelieu's presence, and ours, in *Vingt Ans Après*, has this descriptive touch given him by French fiction's Alexander the Great : "His hair was beginning to be grey, as always happens when life has been too good or too bad, particularly when the complexion is dark."†† Wordsworth moralises on the history of one whose

—temples, prematurely forced  
To mix the manly brown with silver grey,  
Gave obvious instance of the sad effect  
Produced, when thoughtless Folly hath usurped  
The natural crown that sage Experience wears.‡‡

\* Letter of Mr. Richardson, Nov. 11, 1850.

† Poems, vol. i., Sonnets, No. ix.

‡ Sonnets xxii. and xxiii.

§ Poems, vol. ii., sonnet ix.

|| See Moore's Life of Byron, *sub anno* 1823.

¶ Don Juan, canto i.

\*\* In Memoriam, § lxxxiii.

†† *Vingt Ans Après*, ch. i.

‡‡ The Excursion, book vi., "The Churchyard among the Mountains."

Mrs. Browning, in her vehement invective, from the Casa Guidi windows, against "false Duke Leopold," spares not a side-blow at what was delusive in his premature grey hairs; for

—men had patience with thy quiet mood,  
And women, pity, as they saw thee pace  
Their festive streets with premature grey hairs:  
We turned the mild dejection of thy face  
To princely meanings, took thy wrinkling cares  
For ruffling hopes, and called thee weak, not base.\*

Fouché, we are told by the late Earl Stanhope, accounted for the snow-white state of his hair, by saying that he had "slept upon the guillotine for twenty-five years."† One can fancy there were in France many heads untimely white, that might have been better off had his slept *under* the guillotine, early in the first year of those five-and-twenty.

They who had not seen the king in a year's time, writes Clarendon of Charles I. in 1648,—dating from the time of his leaving Hampton Court—found his countenance extremely altered: from the time that his own servants had been taken from him, he would never suffer his hair to be cut: "His hair was all grey, which, making all others very sad, made it thought that he had sorrow in his countenance, which appeared only by that shadow."‡ When the woe-worn Mariana, in John Webster's sensation-tragedy, upbraidingly asks Bosola, "Am I not thy Duchess?" that subtle schemer replies, in his outspoken way, "Thou art some great woman, sure; for riot begins to sit on thy forehead, clad in grey hairs, twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's."§—The Duke of Guise is *triste*, wrote home an envoy from Florence to Paris in 1588: "he has lost his wonted gaiety. Scarcely thirty-five years old, he already has white hairs on his temples."|| And then the Italian envoy sets himself to speculate whether this blanching process is due to disappointment at the frustration of past designs, or to solicitude in the formation of new projects. "Je ne m'étonne pas s'il blanchit," says Michelet, in reviewing past and present causes for the duke's disquiet.

Columbus, in his youthful days, had hair of a light colour; but care and trouble, according to Las Casas, soon turned it grey, and by the time he was thirty years of age, it was quite white.¶ Of all the conditions to which the heart is subject, as Lord Lytton observes in one of his early writings, suspense is the one which most gnaws and cankers into the frame. One little month of that suspense, we are told,\*\* "is sufficient to plough fixed lines and furrows in the face of a convict of five-and-twenty—sufficient to dash the brown hair with grey, and to bleach the grey to white."†† And, indeed, there needs no convict come from the cells to tell us that. Fair lady shall tell us the same from her boudoir, in tuneful verse: if we read month for year, the verse might be none the less true:

\* E. Barrett Browning, *Casa Guidi Windows*, part ii. st. iv.

† Memoir of Fouché in Lord Brougham's *Historical Sketches*.

‡ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, book xi.

§ The *Duchess of Malß*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

|| Alberi, cited by Michelet, *La Ligue*, ch. xiv.

¶ Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, book i. ch. iv.

\*\* See Mr. Wakefield's work "On the Punishment of Death."

†† Eugene Aram, book v. ch. iii.

Pass thy hand through my hair, love ;  
 One little year ago,  
 In a curtain bright and rare, love,  
 It fell golden o'er my brow.  
 But the gold has passed away, love,  
 And the drooping curls are thin,  
 And cold threads of wintry grey, love,  
 Glitter their folds within :  
 How should this be in one short year ?  
 It is not age—can it be care ?\*

When Mr. Lockhart rode out to Abbotsford with John Ballantyne in the spring vacation of 1819, his companion warned him of a sad change in Scott's appearance; but the reality was far beyond anticipation. "His hair, which a few weeks before had been but slightly sprinkled with grey, was now almost literally snow-white."† Walter Savage Landor breathes a sigh in regard of Southey's discoloured locks :

Alas! that snows are shed  
 Upon thy laurel'd head,  
 Hurltled by many cares and many wrongs ‡

The most *gracieux* compliments may be, and have been, made to heads (particularly if crowned heads) untimely bleached. One of Voltaire's impromptus (*faits à loisir*?) is addressed to Mauvertuis on the occasion of their "assisting" together at the toilette of Frederick the Great, when Old Fritz that should be was yet in the flower of his age, and their attention was drawn by him to the fact of his having *des cheveux blancs* on his head :

Ami, vois-tu ces cheveux blancs  
 Sur une tête que j'adore ?  
 Ils ressemblent à ses talents ;  
 Ils sont venus avant le temps,  
 Et comme eux ils croîtront encore.§

We have seen that Byron more than once adverts in rhyme, and with reason, to his precociously grey head. In another of his poems he refers to what we have called the acute form, as well as the chronic, of those mental agitations which result in white hairs. The prisoner of Chillon commences the story of his life with these words :

My hair is grey, but not with years.  
 Nor grew it white  
 In a single night,  
 As men's have grown from sudden fears.||

Sir Henry Holland, in one of his medical essays, cites the remarkable case of a robust young German who suffered under various symptoms of cerebral disorder, and who was so severely affected by the continuance of spectral illusions, of a very painful kind, and the associations attending them, "that his hair, in the course of about ten weeks, changed its colour

\* Poems by Frances Anne Butler.  
 † Lockhart's Life of Scott, ch. xlv.  
 ‡ Landor's Works, i. 670.  
 § Voltaire, *Poésies Mêlées*, cxxxiv.  
 || The Prisoner of Chillon.

from being nearly black to a greyish white; of which latter colour it grew again, after being shaved."\* But suppose the agony involved in the spectral illusion to be acutely intensified, or suppose the robust young German patient to be less robust, and then one night might amply suffice to do what was thought so hurriedly done in ten times seven. Considerably more miraculous, and not a little ludicrous, is what Colman the Younger tells us of his father's friend, George Keate, the editor of Prince Lee-Boo's memoirs. He had been at a play, in a side-box of one of the London theatres, when there was a cry of "Fire!" "I was excessively frightened," said Mr. Keate; "so much so, indeed, that when I had got home, and, thanks to Providence, had escaped, though the alarm was a false one, I found that my eyebrows and eyelashes had dropped off, through apprehension; and they never, as you may perceive, sir, have grown again." George Colman professes to have heard much of the effects of fear, such as the hair standing on end, and even turning grey on the sudden; but of its causing eyebrows and eyelashes instantly to vanish, in the side-box of a theatre, unless they were false ones, and shaken off in a squeeze to get out, he owns to having never before or since met with an example.† There is almost as much of the preternatural about this story, as in that of Ænobarbus, or Yellow-beard, in Plutarch—the man, namely, whom Castor and Pollux met with in the market-place, fresh from victory in battle, and whose beard they stroked as he listened with surprise to their recital—which said beard incontinently and *ex ipso facto* turned from deep black to flagrant yellow.‡ The credibility of which legend would, to popular logic—the logic of Smith the Weaver—be amply guaranteed by the existence in Rome, ages later, of a family of Ænobarbi: how else could they have come by such a name?

Montesquieu, in the Persian Letters, introduces the story of Mahomet summoning Japhet from the grave, to convince an inquiring Jew upon certain vexed questions. "Il fit sur sa main, avec de la boue, la figure d'un homme; il la jeta à terre, et lui cria: Levez-vous. Sur le champ, un homme se leva, et dit: Je suis Japhet, fils de Noë. Avais-tu les cheveux blancs quand tu es mort? lui dit le saint prophète. Non, répondit-il; mais, quand tu m'as reveillé, j'ai cru que le jour du jugement était venu; et j'ai en une si grande frayeur, que mes cheveux ont blanchi tout-à-coup."§ Not more instantaneous the transformation of Odysseus, as operated upon by Pallas, when, soon as she touched him with her powerful wand, not only a swift old age o'er all his members spread, but

A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head.||

Physical exhaustion has been known to result in the same issue as mental excitement. When Robert Story, the well-known minister of Roseneath, was in his sixteenth year, he one day walked to Edinburgh from Kelso, with his fast friend and companion, Thomas Pringle,—an author still of repute in Scottish literature. Story was "nearly blind with

\* Medical Notes and Reflections, by Sir H. Holland, M.D., p. 218.

† Memoirs of the Colman Family, by R. B. Peake, vol. ii. p. 326.

‡ See Plutarch's Life of Paulus Æmilius.

§ Montesquieu, Lettres Persanes, xviii.

|| Odyssey, b. xiii.

fatigue," by the time they reached the capital, and "next morning his hair was here and there streaked with grey." His biographer adds that, "by the time he reached the meridian of life, his 'locks, divinely spreading,' were 'white as snow in Salmon.'"\*

But let us pass on to some noteworthy samples of the white hairs that come of overwhelming terror and affright.

Describing the course of events in France during the year which witnessed the treaty of Nemours (1585), M. Michelet tells us, repeating the *on dit* of the time—a troublesome time—that when the poor King of Navarre heard of that treaty, the effect of which was to put Henry III. into the hands of the *Ligue*, his moustache turned white before next morning, and all because of that bit of bad news. "On dit que sa moustache en blanchit en une nuit. Il se croyait perdu."†—Montaigne records of his intimate friend D'Andelot, Governor of Saint Quentin, that one part of his beard was white, and one of his eyebrows—the change having come upon him all in an instant, "one day that he was sitting at home full of grief at the death of a brother of his, whom the Duke of Alva had put to death as an accomplice of the Counts Egmont and Horn: he had been leaning his head on his hand, at the place where the hair was now white, and when he rose, those who were with him thought the changed colour was flour, which by some chance had fallen upon those parts. It had remained so ever since."‡

When the Duke of Nemours was seized, by order of Lewis XI., in 1477, he was "first thrown into a tower of Pierre-Seise; so horrid a dungeon that his hair turned white in a few days."§

Perils by water would supply many a parallel passage. Captain Marryat is almost unduly moderate when he makes his veteran from the whale-fishery say of one voyage, which furious gales and crushing icebergs made exceptionally dangerous, "That was a dreadful voyage, Jacob, and turned one-third of my hair grey."|| Had the captain had any notion of being or becoming a sensation novelist, the preservation of two-thirds of the old salt's hair in its original colour would never have been possible.—But, fiction apart, take an example from stern fact, of what the agony of endurance, in perils of adventure, has been known to effect.—Madame Godin's attempt, in 1769, to descend the Amazon to its mouth in an open boat—which Mr. Prescott justly pronounces "an expedition more remarkable than that of Orellana"—involved, in its disastrous sequel, an incidental illustration of our subject. The boat was wrecked, and the crew, eight in number, including Madame and her two brothers, endeavoured to "foot it" the rest of the way; but it was her fate to see her companions perish, one by one, till she was left alone in that desolate region. "Though a young woman, it will not be surprising that the hardships and terrors she endured turned her hair perfectly white."¶

Leigh Hunt, in the journal he kept of his stormy and perilous voyage

\* Memoir of the Rev. Robert Story, p. 75, note.

† Michelet, Histoire de France, tome x. (La Ligue), p. 160.

‡ Montaigne's Journey into Italy.

§ Michelet, Histoire de France, tome vi. l. xviii. ch. iv.

|| Jacob Faithful, ch. xxxi.

¶ History of the Conquest of Peru, book iv. ch. iv., notes.

to Italy in the winter of 1821, makes this entry (Dec. 15): "The captain told us to-day how his hair turned white in a shipwreck."\*

It was on the day after the *Fox* had been slowly boring out under steam, for eighteen hours, and twenty-two miles, against a heavy sea of close-packed rolling ice—which more than once stopped the engines by choking the screw—that Captain McClintock wrote in his Arctic journal, "After yesterday's experience I can understand how men's hair have turned grey in a few hours."† He could understand that such an incident may be something more than a poetical licence when signalised in verse, as in some lines by the late Alexander Smith :

Ye winds! when like a curse ye drove us on,  
 Frothing the waters, and along our way,  
 Nor cape, nor headland, through red mornings shone,  
 One wept aloud, one shuddered down to pray,  
 One howled, "Upon the Deep we are astray,"  
 On our wild hearts his words fell like a blight :  
 In one short hour my hair was stricken grey,  
 For all the crew sank ghastly in my sight  
 As we went driving on through the cold starry night.‡

Sceptics will, perhaps, never be wanting to hint a fault in the narrative, and hesitate dislike to the marvel ; applying a line of Racine's,

Croirai-je *qu'une nuit* a pu vous ébranler §

to such an extent as *that*?—There is an essay of Addison's in which the propriety of overshooting long-bowmen with their own bow is discussed ; and the essayist illustrates his argument by telling how a company of talkers were discoursing on the effects of fear ; and how upon one of them asserting that it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a shipwreck encompassed him, "another, taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his instances of the like nature to such a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them." Indeed, if they were true, it seemed hard how any one who ever felt the passion of fear, could, on this gentleman's showing, escape so common an effect of it. The company at length grew tired of his long-bow practice, and some of them showed an inclination to question his accuracy ; "but one rebuked the rest, with an appearance of severity, and, with the known old story in his head, assured them that they need not scruple to believe that the fear of anything can make a man's hair grey, since he knew one whose periwig had suffered so by it."||

But the *reductio ad absurdum* in this particular case is only meant by way of *argumentum ad hominem*—that particular *homo*, namely, who brought it upon himself. The truthfulness of some stories of suddenly blanched hair is not discredited by the palpably fictitious make-up of others. And so, though fiction delights in examples of the kind, it is generally allowed to be fiction founded upon fact.

\* Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, ch. xvii.

† Quoted from Mr. Franklin Lushington's review of Arctic Enterprise and its Results from 1815. (Macmillan, 1860.)

‡ Lady Barbara.

|| *The Spectator*, No. 538.

§ *Iphigénie*, Acte I. Sc. 3.

The hero in one of Gerald Griffin's novels opens a critical chapter of his autobiography with these words: "Sitting down before the mirror . . . I started back in a transport of sudden fear and astonishment. Not more lively was the amazement of the young prince in Hawkesworth's tale, who discovered upon his own shoulders the head and features of his rival, than was mine at the alteration which had taken place in my own appearance. My hair, a cluster of jet-black close-fitting curls, of which I was once not a little proud . . . was now a grey and grizzled mass, well suited in expression to the fierce and violent lineaments which it overshadowed."\* In the agitating experiences of previous pages is to be found the clue to this portentous revolution.

Of Captain Dodd, the middle-aged maniac in Mr. Charles Reade's *de lunatico* romance, we are told, that "with his recovered reason came his first grey hair, and in one fortnight it was all as white as snow."† Agolanti, the tyrant-husband, in Leigh Hunt's Italian play, suffers an all but mortal stroke of mortification to his pride; and in after days he is pictured to us,

His haughty neck yet stooping with that night,  
Which smote his hairs half grey.‡

To her sister Theo, says Mr. Thackeray's Hetty, pining for her absent George who is fighting for his king across the seas, "Haven't you heard of people, Theo, whose hair has grown grey in a single night? I shouldn't wonder if mine did—shouldn't wonder in the least." And she looks in the glass to ascertain that phenomenon.§

Chantefleurie, the desolate mother in Victor Hugo's romance of *Notre-Dame*, is convinced of having reason to believe her lost child—all that she loved upon earth—to have been stolen by the gypsies, and feasted upon by those accursed Egyptians, in company with Beelzebub their master, on a heath near Reims, where the remains of a large fire are discovered, and bits of ribands which belonged to the child's dress, and several drops of blood. "When Chantefleurie heard these horrid particulars, she did not weep; she moved her lips as if to speak, but could not. The day after, her hair was quite grey."|| From a much later and equally remarkable work by the same author, take the appearance in court of *Monsieur le Maire*—alias (and alas) Jean Valjean—after that escaped and reformed convict had determined to denounce himself to justice, and save an innocent man. "He was very pale and trembled slightly; and his hair, which had been grey when he arrived at Arras [the same evening], was now perfectly white—it had turned so during the hour he had passed in the court."¶ The following chapter of M. Hugo's great romance has this significant heading: "M. Madeleine looks at his hair." The inspection occurs in the infirmary where Fantine, nursed by Sister Simplice, lies a-dying. The good sister utters an exclamation as she raises her eyes to the visitor's face: what can have happened to him? his hair, she tells him, is quite white. "'What!' he said.—Sister Simplice had no mirror, but she took from a drawer a small looking-glass which the

\* Tracy's *Ambition*, ch. xviii.

† Hard Cash, vol. iii. p. 325.

‡ A Legend of Florence, Act V. Sc. 2.

§ The Virginians, ch. lxiv.

|| Victor Hugo, *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*, b. v. ch. iii.

¶ Les Misérables, c. lix.



infirmary doctor employed to make sure that a patient was dead. M. Madeleine took this glass, looked at his hair, and said, 'So it is.' He said it carelessly and as if thinking of something else, and the sister felt chilled by some unknown terror of which she caught a glimpse in all this."\*

Mr. Wilkie Collins elaborates his description of the aspect of Sarah Leeson, with especial reference to the unnatural change that had passed over the colour of her hair: thick and soft and growing as gracefully as the hair of a young girl, it was as grey as the hair of an old woman—seeming to contradict, in the most startling manner, every personal assertion of youth that still existed in her face. "What shock had stricken her hair, in the very maturity of its luxuriance, with the hue of an unnatural old age? Was it a serious illness, or a dreadful grief, that had turned her grey in the prime of her womanhood?"† That is a question put in the first chapter of the story; and of course the answer is not forthcoming then and there. Not until the antepenultimate chapter, or thereabouts, is it explicitly explained, that the shock caused by her lover's violent death is the cause of Sarah Leeson's young grey head; that when she got up from her sick-bed, all her youth was gone, all her hair was grey, and in her eyes the "fright-look" was fixed that never left them since.

And as with loss by death, so with loss by lapsed affection—once real, or never more than assumed. Witness the stanza in one of Hood's poems:

Last night unbound my raven locks,  
The morning saw them turn'd to grey,  
Once they were black and well-beloved,  
But thou art changed—and so are they!‡

Or again take an instance of a curiously more partial effect, in some narrative verses by Wordsworth's son-in-law: they relate to the abrupt communication to a deceived girl of her deceiver's perfidy:

—The rose  
Was stricken out for ever from her cheek,  
For ever and at once; and in a night,  
Strange freak of suffering and yet true, one look  
Of her rich hair, and one alone, was blanched,  
And gleam'd among her auburn tresses dark  
In signal contrast, like the first snow-flake  
That nestles on a copper beech-tree's bough.§

Being among the Lake Poets, or near them,—for if Mr. Quillinan *n'est pas la rose, il a vécu près d'elle*; and if there is a school of Lake Poets, he belongs at any rate to one of the forms—a pertinent stanza of Southey's must not be forgotten in his story about Eleëmon's transaction with the Evil One and what came of it—and how he looked in the morning when good Bishop Basil found him:

Well might the Bishop see what he  
Had undergone that night;  
Remorse and agony of mind  
Had made his dark hair white.||

\* *Les Misérables*, ch. lx.

† *The Dead Secret*, ch. i.

‡ *Thomas Hood's Poems: The Forsaken*.

§ Poems by Edward Quillinan: *Wild-flowers of Westmoreland*, p. 12.

|| *Southey's All For Love, or A Sinner Well Saved*, § viii.

But to the lady who became Southey's second wife we owe the most noteworthy contribution to the literature of this general subject. Her poem of "The Young Grey Head" relates the progress to school, in a storm, across a wild waste of country, of two little peasant girls, Lizzie and Jenny, the one five, and the other seven. They are lost in the storm; and day blackens into night before traces of them are discoverable. At last, "one little voice" answers the father's agonised cry: 'tis Lizzy's, as she crouches, white as death, beside a swollen stream within which her sister lies dead: the eyes of the poor survivor fixed like stone on that "dark object underneath, washed by the turbid water"—"one arm and hand stretched out, and rigid grown, grasping as in the death-gripe, Jenny's frock." Conveyed home, and put to bed, the child deliriously dwells on the horrors of the bygone day:

All night long from side to side she turned,  
Piteously plaining like a wounded dove,  
With now and then the murmur, "She won't move."  
And lo! when morning, as in mockery, bright  
Shone on that pillow—passing strange the sight—  
The young head's raven hair was streaked with white!\*

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## RAWSON HOLDSWORTH ;

OR,

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

### III.

I HAVE not mentioned my former acquaintance, Abel Barnard. I frequently spoke to him, and felt sure that he did not recognise me. We had never been very intimate, it must be remembered. At length the British fleet, with our gallant but already weakened army, arrived off Old Fort, in the Crimea, on the 14th of September, when the order to disembark was joyfully received. A company of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers was the first on shore. As the other troops landed and formed on the sandy beach, they advanced as skirmishers, and put to flight a small body of Cossacks, who, flourishing their long lances, appeared on some cliffs at a little distance. Towards evening the weather changed, and it came on to rain very hard. We had no tents, no shelter of any sort. Thus, on the exposed plain, we prepared as best we could to spend the night. Orders were received from the general in command of our brigade to keep our arms and, above all things, our powder dry, and to be ready at any moment for the enemy. The excitement for the time kept us warm, and although many a man among us made the damp earth his bed for the

\* Caroline Bowles's Poems: The Young Grey Head.

first time in his life, I do not believe that any one caught cold. About eleven at night the sound of a shot was heard, and a bullet whistled close to our ears. It was promptly replied to by our sentries along our whole line.

"Stand to your arms! The Russians are on us!" was the cry.

We leaped to our feet and fell in, hoping that the hour of battle had at length arrived. We waited eagerly for the enemy, but nothing occurred. It was at last ascertained that the alarm had been caused by the approach of a body of Cossacks, who had come unexpectedly on our outposts. It had the effect of keeping the whole of the two armies of England and France on the alert for a couple of hours or more. I had remarked Abel Barnard not far from me. No one sprang to his arms with greater alacrity than he did. Instead, however, of lying down again, as the rest did, he continued walking backwards and forwards, or standing still, gazing up into the sky as if praying. I felt almost sure that he was doing so, or perhaps thinking of one far away. I felt an uncontrollable desire to gain tidings of Jane Eastman as well as of my own family. Abel was the only person who could give them. To-morrow it might be too late. Either he or I might be laid in a soldier's grave. I was loth to interrupt him in his meditations, and yet no better opportunity could be found. I went up to him.

"Abel Barnard, you do not remember me," I said, in a calm tone. "I am Rawson Holdsworth, whom you once knew. I come to ask you about my family and all dear to me."

"You Rawson Holdsworth!" he exclaimed, starting. "You have been sought for in all directions, and I would have given much to have found you. I know of whom you would first ask. Jane is faithful to you, and for your sake discarded me. Your eldest brother is dead, and your father has forgiven you your desertion, and would obtain your assistance on the farm. Mr. Eastman has also, I feel sure, softened towards you. If you were at home, happiness might be your lot. I say this, for although I have ever looked on you as my rival, the happiness of another is so locked up in you that I would gladly labour as far as I have the power to promote it."

"You are acting a very noble and generous part, Barnard," I exclaimed, putting out my hand and grasping his. "It is too late now to take advantage of it. Even if I had the power, I would not quit my regiment in the face of an enemy. You deserve Jane more than I do. Should I fall in any of the battles in which we are to be engaged, and should you live to return home, tell her what I have said, and that I entreat her to marry you instead of me. She will believe you, for she will know that you are incapable of falsehood."

Much more I said to the same effect. I also undertook to write home the next day if I could find the means and time. One letter I was to give to him; one to send by the usual post. After talking for some time, we parted. We had every reason to expect that in a day or two at the furthest we should be both engaged with the enemy. Men on the eve of battle act very differently to what they generally do under other circumstances—far more romantically and enthusiastically. The next day, after we had landed our tents and some of our baggage, I was able to write two hurried notes; the one I sent by the post, bidding those at

home farewell should I fall, and telling my father that I was thankful to hear through that noble fellow, Abel Barnard, that he had forgiven me. The enemy, however, did not venture to attack us, but allowed us to march on towards Sebastopol till the afternoon of the 19th, when our van was attacked by a mounted battery of artillery. Our own artillery and cavalry were called to the front, and after a few men had been wounded on our side, the enemy withdrew, with the loss of thirty or more killed. We remained where we halted for the night. Each man unrolled his blanket and great-coat to pass it as he best could on the bare ground. It was the last rest many a fine fellow was to take on earth. We were tired, hungry, and thirsty, but our ration rum was served out, and bullocks were killed, each company getting half a one to be divided into messes and cooked, it being generally understood that we should have a long march the next day, and, if we could come up with the enemy, a battle.

At three A.M. of the 20th, the order "Stand to your arms!" was given. Every two comrades as they rose wrung out their blankets, which were dripping wet from the dew, and placed them on their knapsacks. We stood to our arms till daylight, when we piled arms, but were ordered not to go more than a hundred yards from our regiment, to be ready to march at a moment's notice at seven o'clock. It was not, however, till past nine o'clock that the army was put in motion. The Turks were next to the sea on the right—then the French—then the English, with the artillery on the left of each division, and the cavalry on the extreme left of the whole. About noon we came in sight of a line of heights stretching from the sea inland. They were almost precipitous on the right, but to the left and in front of us they sloped more gradually, with valleys and hollows up their sides. Directly below us ran the river Alma, with farm-houses and cottages on its banks, and fordable along its whole length. On the summit of those heights was a level plain, on which and on their sides was posted the Russian army. The light infantry and Rifles were thrown forward as skirmishers, while the French, advancing rapidly on the right, took the Russians almost by surprise. The Russian general, therefore, moved a strong force to oppose his nimble foe. It now was time for us to advance in force to prevent our friends being overwhelmed. The hill-side was intrenched, but that did not stop us. Up the hill we dashed, firing as we advanced; our numbers greatly thinned by round-shot and bullets. Right at the Russian column we went. They wavered, gave way, and fled. But their reserve advanced, and, broken as we were, we had in turn to fall back. Not far, however; the Guards and Highland Brigade were advancing with irresistible force up the heights. Nothing could withstand their tremendous charge. The Russians gave way and fled in disorder. The artillery dashed to the front and fired hotly at their retreating columns. Then was raised the shout of victory, and hands were shaken right heartily as we congratulated each other on the victory we had gained. Little thought we at the moment of the dead and dying who thickly strewed the hill-side up which we had climbed. Many gallant deeds were done that day. More than once I had seen Barnard in the thickest of the fight as we were struggling upwards. On one occasion, as the Russians had advanced against us in overwhelming force, three had set upon him. Unwilling

to retreat, as many were doing, he held his ground with a few other men, for the Guards and Highlanders were coming up the hill. I ran back to his assistance. Before I reached him he fell. A Russian was on the point of bayoneting him, when I made a dash at the fellow and drove him back, and allowed Barnard, who was unwounded, to rise to his feet. The Russian made a plunge at me while I was engaged with some of his comrades; but the blow was parried by Barnard. I got a clear view of the Russian's countenance, which was curiously like that of Donovan. The Russians had quickly again to yield their temporary advantage. Barnard was aware of the assistance I had rendered him, and when the battle was over thanked me warmly. His bravery had been also observed, for he had been seen directly afterwards charging in the front rank of the Highlanders, and driving the enemy before them.

For two days the army halted, employed in carrying the wounded on board ship and in burying the dead. A large number of Russians had also been left wounded on the field of battle, who had to be cared for. Then was performed that celebrated flank movement when we marched round Sebastopol and took up our quarters at Balaclava. The Russians were so thoroughly beaten and disorganised, that they offered us no opposition; indeed, we came suddenly on the rear-guard of a large force and captured a considerable amount of baggage and provisions. Why we did not at once march into Sebastopol I do not know. I fancy it was because we were not then in a position to hold the place if we had got into it.

Balaclava, a curious little old town on the sides of a deep land-locked bay, did not cost us much trouble to take, as its castle walls were toppling down, and had no guns to guard them. The garrison, after firing a few rounds from a mortar, yielded themselves, to the number of seventy, with their old commandant, prisoners of war. We found it a far more difficult job to take Sebastopol.

#### IV.

WHILE we were landing our guns and materials for the attack of Sebastopol, the Russians were as busy in improving its fortifications. Till we were ready not a shot was fired from our batteries. It must have puzzled the Russians to know what we were about. On we worked, however, silently and surely, throwing up our batteries. All being prepared, at daylight on the 17th of October we commenced the bombardment with a peal of artillery—a hundred and twenty-nine pieces—such as had never before been heard in any battle or siege, the Russians replying with a still greater number. At one o'clock the English and French fleets stood in and joined the combat, engaging the forts at the mouth of the harbour. Magazines exploded, guns were upset, and men were killed; but there was no other result that I know of, as the Russians repaired their damages as fast as we did ours. The Russian generals, however, were not idle. On the 25th of October they made an attack on our lines at Balaclava, and drove in a body of Turks who were posted in some outworks. It was on this day that from the heights where the infantry were stationed I witnessed that celebrated charge of the light brigade, in which so many fine fellows lost their lives. Still it was a grand thing to see the way the brave

fellows went at the enemy's cavalry, and then rode on right up to the muzzles of their guns. It was fearful, however, to watch them as they rode back again, with the enemy's guns playing on them from either flank, and knocking them one after the other from their saddles.

That was fierce fighting, but not so fierce as that which took place a few days later, on the 5th of November. More gunpowder was expended that day than in all England to keep up the memory of Guy Fawkes's plot. We were posted on heights, which were known as the Heights of Inkerman, with a valley below us. It was on a thick foggy morning when the cry was raised that the enemy were on us. The instant regiments could fall in we hurried to the front, where fierce fighting was going on. The Russians had climbed the hill-side unobserved, and were attacking us in force. As to any description of the battle, few men could give it. There was a great deal of hand-to-hand fighting, and the Russians fought bravely and fiercely. They were admirably led by some of their best officers. British pluck and French valour beat them, however, and sent them back with the loss of some thousand men.

While my regiment was defending the heights, hotly engaged with the Russians, I saw among the Russians, and in a Russian uniform, my old foe, Mick Donovan. "If there's a villain in the world there's the fellow!" I exclaimed, pointing out Donovan to some of my comrades. "He's a deserter, or a renegade, at all events. Down with him!" The cry was quite sufficient to urge forward all about me. Nothing a true soldier so much hates as a deserter, and such I believed Donovan to be. We rushed on in the hopes of taking him prisoner. He with the Russians in our front were already retreating, though their officers endeavoured to lead them on. No men could have fought better than the Russian officers. Everybody knows that the battle of Inkerman was unlike all battles of modern days; more like such as our ancestors used to fight—hand-to-hand affairs—the men following any officers who chose to lead them, and driving back the enemy as best they could wherever he appeared, and oftentimes fighting without officers. This was our case. We pushed on, thinking that we should capture not only Donovan, but a number of Russians into the bargain. Suddenly we found ourselves exposed to a hot fire in flank, and it was very evident that unless we could instantly retreat we should be cut off. Those we had before been driving back saw their advantage, and charging us again, our men fell rapidly on every side. We fought on, endeavouring to retrace our steps, but in two minutes not half a dozen of us remained on our feet, and three or four of those were wounded. I called to those around me. We made another desperate attempt to escape, but a volley laid all of us low, I alone remaining alive. Donovan had resolved to make me a prisoner, and rushing forward he lifted me up and carried me to the rear. In vain I struggled. I was weak from loss of blood, and he was possessed of great strength. "Arrah, now I've got you, and I'll pay you off, my boy!" he whispered in my ear as he dragged me along. Faint with loss of blood and vexation at having been made prisoner, I scarcely knew what happened to me, till I found myself with a number of other wounded men on the ground in a large ward of a hospital, I concluded. All the beds were occupied, and the men lay so closely together on the ground that it was no easy matter for the surgeons to step between us.

The men around me, from the words I heard them utter, were Russians, and on looking down I found that I also was wrapped in a Russian cloak, and that my own uniform had disappeared. That Donovan had played me some trick I had no doubt, but what his object was I could not tell. I will not say that I thought this very clearly. I was too sick, and full of pain and suffering, to think of anything beyond the fact that I was a prisoner among people who could not comprehend a word I said. I felt also that I was going to die, and many of the things I had done in my life came up before me, and showed me how unfit I was to go into another world. After a little time I closed my eyes and dosed off into forgetfulness, and when I opened them again I saw two or three surgeons and attendants holding instruments and basins and bandages, coming round to the different beds.

Then began a series of cries, and shrieks, and groans such as I never before heard as the hard-pressed surgeons probed wounds or cut off limbs. They made quick work of all they had to do. Some I saw lifted up and carried out with their arms hanging down; they were silent enough, past feeling, happily for themselves. Others were immediately placed on the beds they had left vacant. I was in hopes that I might have got a bed, but there were many to enjoy that advantage before me; whoever had put me where I was had taken good care of that. The surgeons at last had a look at me. They put me to horrible torture in extracting a couple of bullets from my body. I suppose that I should have died if they had not. They spoke about me as they knelt over me operating. I thought that they regarded me with no friendly looks, but why this was I could not tell. Three or more days passed, and I saw Donovan walk into the place, looking round as if in search of some one. I tried to hide my head, but his evil eye fell on me. He walked up to where I lay. He looked at me for some time without speaking. "I told you that I should pay you off, and I intend doing so," he said, between his teeth. "I have waited long for this time, but it has come at last in a way neither you nor I expected." I entreated him to kill me at once, but he laughed at my sufferings, and said that that was the very thing he had no intention of doing. He came several days in succession, each time mocking and taunting me, and asking me if I thought that Jane Eastman would acknowledge me if we were again to meet after my desertion to the enemy. This was a refinement of malice I had not expected. He wished to make it appear that I was a deserter, and, should I recover, to prevent me from ever returning home. I could only groan and cry out, "Fiend—demon—leave me!" At length I was relieved from his visits. I concluded that he was called off by duty. I cannot describe the horrors of that hospital. Hundreds of wounded men were brought there, the greater number of whom died, for the Russian surgeons were often unable to attend to them for hours after they came in. I at last got placed on a bed in a corner, from which I could survey the whole scene. Day after day passed by; I could not move, and there was no change in my horrible condition. At length I knew that something more important than usual was going on. The firing became incessant and hot—the allies were storming the town. The guns thundered in our ears, mines and magazines exploded, the bright glare of flames came in at all the windows. The numbers of wounded brought in

increased fearfully. Flames were around us on every side—the whole city was on fire. I expected the hospital itself to be enveloped every instant. More wounded men were brought in. The bed next to mine had a fresh occupant; the former had just died. The new comer groaned fearfully, and I heard him utter some expressions which made me anxious to ascertain who he was. I raised myself on my elbow, and looked at his countenance; though distorted with agony, I at once recognised the features of Michael Donovan. He knew me, I fancy, for he glared at me horribly. After uttering two or three terrible cries, he lay silent and quiet. Those cries went through my heart. I would gladly have forgiven him all he had made me suffer if I could have saved him from the terrible anguish he was undergoing. I looked again after some time; his eyes were fixed in death, though they still seemed to wear the horrible expression I had before observed. I sank back overcome by the fearful scene I had witnessed. Now came a time worse than any. For two whole days we were deserted. No one came near the hospital to bring us food or drink; surgeons, attendants, all had gone. The Russians, after setting fire to the town, had abandoned it, and left fully two thousand wounded men to a most terrible and hideous fate, officers and men, with a few prisoners among them. It is surprising that any should have survived those two days of suffering. The allies had entered the town, but no one suspected what the walls of our charnel-house contained. At last the Russians sent over to ask for their wounded, and the hospital was entered. I cried out that I was English and a prisoner, but no one understood me, and as I had on a Russian uniform, I was removed with the rest. I fortunately fell into the hands of a surgeon who spoke English, and explained to him how I had been taken prisoner, and had found myself when I returned to consciousness in the uniform of a Russian. He took much pains in my behalf, and, after infinite trouble, discovered a soldier who had seen me captured by Donovan, whom he knew. I was treated as kindly as I could have expected, and, when the war was over, was returned with other prisoners. I had perfectly recovered from my wounds, and rejoined my regiment. Soon afterwards I obtained a furlough to visit my friends. I had long been supposed dead, and I do not fancy that any one was particularly well pleased to see me alive. My first inquiries were for Jane Eastman. She had not exhibited any great emotion on hearing of my death, and had been married a month or more to Abel Barnard.

I rejoined my regiment, and have served with it in India and China, and intend to stick to the service till I am superannuated.

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## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"VERTUEUSE COMME UNE OURSE."

NEARLY a year had elapsed since Mr. Charlton's death, the full glory of summer had not yet departed, and yet the autumn was stealing on apace, touching the woods here and there with his "fiery finger," and mellowing to a deeper russet the rustling corn-fields. Mrs. Charlton had been found to be amply provided for, and had left Charlwood, and gone abroad with Emilie. Adelaide refused to accompany them, and remained with her sister, Mrs. Heytesbury. Laura had wished her husband to live at Charlwood, which was now hers, but this he refused to do, and he was now one of the members for his own county. Matters between himself and Laura had been a little better for a short time after her father's death, but, at the best, it was on his side but a hollow, patched-up truce. As to Laura, it being the first year of her mourning for her father, she had stipulated for living quietly, and they had had few guests, and Laura, at least, went out nowhere; she had begun to realise the fact that the idealised love of which she had dreamed was never now to be a possibility in her life, and, although she at first struggled hard against the growing conviction that if she would seek and find any interest in life she must find it apart from her husband, yet she began to see dimly that "to suffer and be strong" was her duty. Poor girl! she was still so young; and the young look for happiness as a right. It is only in after years, when misery has made us wiser, that we learn that bearing and forbearing, and not enjoyment, is the rule of life. In one respect Laura was wise—or rather, her delicate womanly instinct led her to adopt a line of conduct to which true wisdom would equally have pointed. From the one stormy interview with her husband, in which he had forced the discussion of the hateful subject on her, she had never by look, word, or action reminded him of his offences. She did her utmost to be not only a good but a pleasant wife, but at every turn she was reminded that she and her husband had nothing in common.

The colonel was fond of music, but although his wife's voice was of rare compass and quality, true as a bell, and improved by matured taste and judicious training, he never seemed to care to hear her sing. It was necessary to Colonel Home to have novelty, so Laura went her own way, and he went his. Her way was simple and quiet enough, and peaceful too, now; for if her husband saw Miss Heathcote, she never heard or knew anything of it, and Magdalen came no longer to Thornicroft. Adelaide, too, had been in London with her brother-in-law and sister, and although Colonel Home was almost constantly in London also, Laura knew well that while Adelaide was under Marian's guardianship she would not be allowed much of her own way. Thus, while the colonel was attending to his parliamentary duties or amusing himself—probably something of both—Laura, whose health gave him an excuse for keeping her in the country, busied herself with her flowers and pets, human and

otherwise. She was trying to do good, poor little thing! She had a vague idea that she ought to have schools, and exercise a personal supervision over her husband's and her own dependents; but as her interference with the schools resulted in frequent holidays and the distribution of vast quantities of currant buns and toys, and as the old people got anything they pleased to ask for, and as Laura was always sweet and gracious and gentle to young and old, and never by any chance lectured slatternly mothers or lazy wives, but talked kindly and softly to them, all, even to the veriest viragoes of the neighbourhood, loved her; but I fear she would not have found favour in the eyes of the utilitarians. She liked to see those about her looking happy and healthy, and, strange to say, she spent as much tact and politeness on her intercourse with the poor and ignorant families, to whom her presence was like sunshine, as she would have done on duchesses with "all the noble blood of all the Howards" flowing in their august veins.

The August afternoon was very hot and sultry as she issued from the last of a row of cottages about a quarter of a mile from the gates of Thornicroft, and walked slowly in the direction of home. She was busied with thoughts of anything but a pleasant nature, for she had been expecting her husband home that evening, and the morning mail had brought her a curt note from him to say that he should not be able to come, as urgent business had arisen to detain him in town for another week. She still wore deep mourning for her father, and her slight figure and pale girlish face looked slighter and paler from the blackness of her garments, which, although of thin materials, felt as intolerably hot and heavy as black alone can feel. Laura walked slowly along, all unconscious that a man, screened from view by the thick hedge, was pacing cautiously within a few steps of her, and sedulously watching her every movement. He watched her enter her own gates, and when she turned from the wide gravelled drive, and strayed on over the hot grass to the deep shadow of the trees, he left his post, and, concealing himself behind one of the massive gate-pillars, ascertained that, instead of going on to the house, she had gone in the direction of a perfect wilderness of roses, amongst which were placed several seats.

When I say that this man was Monsieur Verolles, and that he at once departed with all speed, bending his steps towards a rustic inn which graced the roadside, a short distance from the cottages, where his report of the observations he had made was received with great interest, no one will be surprised to hear that as Laura sat on amid her flowers, absorbed in thought, Lord Serle suddenly stood before her. Even in the first astonished glance which Laura cast on him, she could not fail to note that he looked pale and worn, and she started to her feet, her face flushing crimson as, without speaking, he stood gazing fixedly at her.

"Forgive me, and give me a few minutes," he said, pleadingly. "I have come far to see you, and I have waited two days for this opportunity."

"If you were what I once thought you, Lord Serle," she answered, "you could have come openly to visit me at my husband's house, and there are few acquaintances whom I should have been so glad to have seen. As it is"—and she paused a moment—"as it is, I cannot imagine either why you have come, or what claim you can have on my attention."

"The only claim I can or will urge," he said, "is, that I am a miserable man, and my suffering is more than I can bear."

"I am sorry for it," she said, sadly; "but I had hoped that long ere this you would have repented of, if not forgotten, all that insanity."

"I swear to you," he replied, "that I resolved never to offend you more. Your sweet purity had in so far conquered me, and I resolved to give up a pursuit which I felt to be discouraged by you, but I had not even the advantage in your eyes of voluntarily relinquishing you; for, before I saw you again, I heard of your sudden journey and its sad cause."

"I am glad that at least you had formed so right a purpose," answered Laura; "and if you have come to tell me this, I am indeed thankful to hear it, and I wish you all that is good and happy in your future life."

"Thanks!" he said. "I *did* come to tell you that, but there is yet more behind. I have tried to stay away. I thought that a return to my old life, and the absence of all which could remind me of you, would be my best cure; but, Laura, I *cannot* forget you, and I have given up the attempt."

"Stay!" she exclaimed, in great agitation. "I will hear no more on that point, Lord Serle."

"You *must*. Oh, pardon me! I have but one chance, and I cannot lose it," he replied, holding her hand firmly in his. "You must hear me, Laura."

"If you can bring yourself so far to forget your character of gentleman as to *force* me to hear you, I have no choice," she said, her eyes flashing, and her lip curved with scorn, "but you can scarcely hope to gain anything by such a course."

He released her hand as she spoke, and Laura turned away from him; but with another impulse she rapidly retraced her steps, and went up to him.

"Lord Serle! I had once a strong feeling of regard for you. I still believe you to be capable of great things, but you cannot look for the blessing of God on your life, if it be spent in folly and sin."

He was about to speak, but she continued:

"Let me finish what I was about to say. It is this. *If* I loved you, I should still do as I am doing now. Do not for one moment imagine that I can fancy it possible that I could; but if I did, it would make no difference."

"And you resolve to pass your life with a man who notoriously neglects you. I would not endeavour to sway you in my favour by revealing to you all that I *could* say, but I know that you have more than sufficient reason to know how little you are to *him*."

"Nothing you could say would have any effect," she returned, proudly. "My husband is my husband, and I certainly should not listen to accusations against him from the lips of one who would fain play the tempter to as black a crime as any in the wide range of human sin."

"I would not have you unless I have your love as well. Take time to decide; my whole life is at your command; reflect on what *yours* will be——"

"Mine is in God's hands," she interrupted. "What He sees fit to send, I may well find strength to bear. Lord Serle, you must see how utterly fruitless all such pursuit is, in so far as I am concerned; let me urge you, waste no more time or thought on it. I ask you entirely for

your own sake; for my part, I shall take measures to protect myself against further interviews such as this."

"And can you bid me go from you for ever?"

"Can I! I can, and do: you have done away with the possibility that I could ever see you with pleasure."

"Will you not think awhile ere you decide?"

"Not an hour—not a moment; the matter neither deserves nor needs consideration."

"Laura, you must be acting a part; it cannot be that a woman of your nature can be so insensible; you cannot live without love, still less can you feel love towards one whose daily life is a slight to you."

"I cannot permit any allusions of that kind," she answered. "I have never confided my troubles to you, therefore your sympathy is quite un-called for, and were there nothing else in your conduct to call for censure, the fact that you have been acting as a spy in the house where you were welcomed as a friend would alone give me but a mean opinion of your honour."

"I can hear anything *you* say, but, believe me, there has been no need for 'spying.' It seemed to every one as if there had been a desire to obtrude the——"

"Be silent, Lord Serle," she said, as, flushed and trembling, she raised her clear honest eyes to his face. "Have you no remnant of delicacy or common human feeling left? If you had any idea that, by wounding me in my nearest and closest feelings, you would advance your own low aims, you are miserably deceived. And now I shall say good-bye to you for ever."

"Not for ever; if I school myself to meet without offending you——"

"That is a matter for the future to decide," she replied; "for the present, I can feel nothing but pain and humiliation in your presence."

Lord Serle's face grew dark with a momentary feeling of anger; but, miserable as it is to write it, his love for Laura was the purest feeling of the kind he had ever known, and he could not retain any resentment towards her; the man's better nature, dormant though it lay, and smothered by the evil weeds of long and unchecked self-indulgence, told him that she had but acted as a true wife should act, and he felt only all the more intensely the desire to call her his. He cast himself before her, his burning words and agitated face bearing witness to his earnestness; but before he could collect himself sufficiently to detain her, Laura was gone. He could see her through the overhanging boughs walking quickly up the main avenue, and he did not dare to follow.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Victorine and Monsieur Verolles were enjoying each other's society in the wood at the back of the house, and they were not so absorbed in their conversation as not to keep a vigilant watch on the paths leading from the rosery. *Their* little affair was proceeding smoothly; the pretty clever Frenchwoman had saved some money, and the valet had proposed and been accepted.

"Ah bah! there she comes!" cried Verolles, as Laura appeared in the avenue. "You have won your bet, mademoiselle; they had not parted so quickly, had all been as milord wishes."

"I knew it well," answered the waiting-maid. "I have not lived with madame since her marriage for nothing. Have I not eyes? Have I not the understanding?"

Monsieur Verolles here interrupted her by a very animated assent to both those questions.

"Then," continued mademoiselle, "I have of a long time known that milord had no share in madame's thoughts; she thinks, she dreams, of only her husband. And he, oh he is not to compare with milord! A man who ought to be a king is milord."

Monsieur Verolles gently reproached his fair friend with not having sooner imparted to him her convictions of the inutility of his master's pursuit.

"Ah!" she answered, with a shrug and an arch smile. "In that case milord would not have come to this part of the world, and then I should not have seen you."

"But," said the lover, when he had returned appropriate thanks for the compliment—"but what a woman, to prefer her husband to milord!"

"Anglaise!" answered mademoiselle, with another shrug and a most expressive arching of her black brows.

"Ah! e'est ça! elle est vertueuse comme une ours," replied Verolles.

Which reply I prefer to give in the original, as in the British dominions she-bears do not enjoy any peculiar reputation for virtue, and the simile might, therefore, suffer by translation.

Discomfited, and now at last fully persuaded that his views with regard to Laura were utterly useless, Lord Serle regained his country inn, and when Monsieur Verolles, impassible and submissive as usual, presented himself before his master, it was to receive orders to get everything in readiness for their departure for town by the next train. And Laura, ill bodily and mentally, was getting rid of some of her superfluous excitement by means of those blessed floods of tears which save many a woman's reason.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### MISS HEATHCOTE HAS IT OUT WITH LAURA.

SEVERAL days passed quietly enough with Laura. Since her meeting with Lord Serle she had never ventured out without being closely attended by Victorine, which damsel, understanding perfectly the reason for the precaution, laughed to herself at the idea of her mistress living in fear of a man who was by this time many a mile away from England. One morning Laura received an unusually affectionate note from her husband, intimating that he meant to be at Thornicroft that evening, and desiring that she would give orders for a carriage to meet him at the train at a certain hour. However worthless she knew him to be, he was still her husband, and a glad sense of protection sprang up in her troubled heart. The morning was bright and lovely, and as Laura stood leaning by the breakfast-room window, her husband's letter in her hand, her glance took in the almost overpowering richness of light and colour which spread before her. The flower-beds of her private garden were gorgeous with blossoms, which stood out in high relief from the close-shaven sward, and in the midst a fountain threw up its showers of spray, which fell back into a deep basin bordered by delicate ferns and other water-loving plants. This garden was sheltered from the north and east by a thick belt of fine evergreens, which were backed by giant lime-trees. This

little spot was Laura's kingdom ; here she ordered all as she pleased ; and just then it looked so lovely, so luxuriant, and so shut in from the world, that its mistress thought, " Ah, if George would but come back, and be as he used to be, how happy we might be here ! In all the world I do not think there is a sweeter place than Thornicroft, *if* only all were as it should be with ourselves ! " And then her thoughts went on to ask why was it that with youth, health, fortune, and position, and, above all, a husband whom she had married because she loved him more than all the world, she should at twenty-two resign herself to a life of misery. She took herself severely to task, cast blame on her own conduct where she could by so doing find a shadow of excuse for Colonel Home. She had given way to pique and depression ; she had allowed him to find too strong a contrast between her quietude and the vivacity of other women. She would win him back ; he had loved her once !

Poor girl, her hopeful mood was merely the result of the animal excitement produced by the balmy, sunny atmosphere, and her glowing garden redolent with dew and odour. It did not need much to make and keep her happy, but even as she indulged in more hopeful visions, there lay at the bottom of her heart, heavy and cold as a stone, the remembrance of Magdalen Heatheote, and all that had transpired during the last few months. " No matter," she thought ; " it can do me no good to dwell on that. I am his wife, and I will do my duty. Who can tell what may be in store for us ? " Who indeed ! She turned to the bell, and said to the servant who answered it :

" Your master is coming by the 5.43 train this afternoon : order the carriage round for four o'clock. I shall go and meet him at the station ; and tell them not to serve dinner until the hour at which we always dine when Colonel Home is here."

For Laura had kept most irregular hours since her husband's absence, and had frequently dined in the middle of the day to leave herself a long unfettered afternoon, which she had employed in taking one of those long rambling excursions in which she delighted. To-day she was restless and excited ; work, music, reading, all failed in their power to quiet and occupy her. She knew a reason why she ought to feel a hope that all might yet be well between herself and her husband ; she was impatient to see him, and she could settle to nothing ; she wandered from room to room, and rifled the gardens and greenhouses of their choicest blossoms to adorn her vases. She was dressed, and waiting for the carriage long before the hour at which she had ordered it, and as she sat, flushed and tremulous, she heard the sound of wheels in rapid motion, and the trampling of horses coming along the hard smooth gravel of the avenue. Could her husband have come by an earlier train ? She darted to the window, and saw a somewhat old-fashioned and heavily laden travelling-carriage dash up to the front of the house, and the kindly brown face of Lady Lenox looking from the open window. In another minute she was folded in the old lady's arms, flattering her immensely by the half-hysterical excitement of her pleasure at seeing her.

" And so you are glad to see us, Laura ? " said Sir Thomas, when they were seated together in the drawing-room.

" Glad ! " she said ; " oh, so very glad ! "

" Colonel Home is in London still ? " said her ladyship.

"Yes, but he comes home this evening."

"Does he? I am glad. Oh! you were going to meet him?"

"Yes," said truthful Laura. "I had meant to do so, but it does not at all matter; I am happy to have such a reason for staying."

"But it matters a very great deal, my dear. You shall go, just as if we were not here. I shall take a siesta before I dress for dinner, and Sir Thomas shall read the papers and moon about the grounds. No, not a word; you know I always take my own way, and, if you are obstinate, I shall tell them to put the things on the carriage again, and we shall set off. We are going to Yorkshire to see an old Indian friend of Sir Thomas, who is staying there with his son, and we made a *détour* to see you on our way. My old man said that surprises were most unadvisable things, but I knew I might do as I pleased with you, and the result has proved that I was right, as, of course, I always am."

"You never could come when I should not be glad to see you," answered Laura, "and I have been alone so long, that it is now a still greater pleasure."

"Yes, your husband has been working for his country," said Sir Thomas, with a certain stiffness. "You should have been with him."

"I was not strong, and he did not like me to be shut up in London."

At this moment Laura's maid entered to say that the rooms her mistress had ordered to be prepared for her guests were ready, and Laura, having first installed Sir Thomas in an easy-chair in the library, led the way to the cheerful, bright rooms she had allotted to her friends.

"You must be a queen of housekeepers, my dear!" said the old lady, looking round with pleased eyes.

"Indeed I am a very bad one, but no inexperienced mistress of a household ever had a more zealous and clever vice-queen. Mrs. Marsh prides herself on having her establishment in such order that, she says, ten minutes is quite enough warning for her; and it is well it is so, for Colonel Home is fond of inviting impromptu guests. I wish you would let me stay with you."

"No, you wish nothing of the kind. Off with you! Don't trouble yourself about me. I shall order what I please, and do just as if I were at home."

"Do so. And if I *am* to go, I shall bid you good-bye now, for I hear the carriage."

"Good-bye, my dear! A pleasant drive to you!"

Laura stooped to kiss her, and Lady Lenox whispered a question, holding the fair young face between her little hands the while. Laura's colour rose in a flood to the brow, and her bashful smile was answer enough.

"God bless you, my child!" said the elder woman, gravely. "Go now."

And Laura left the room. She had scarcely left the house when Lady Lenox, who from the window had watched her departure, went to find Sir Thomas.

"Laura is gone," she said, as he looked up from his newspaper on her entrance.

"Yes, I thought I heard her go. She looks happy enough."

"Yes, poor child! But I fear some of those things we heard must be true."

"My dear, it was a woman's letter, and women *always* exaggerate.

I dare say there has been *some* grain of truth, but, if there had been more, she would not look so well."

"Perhaps. But you must ask him about it. Oh! if she were miserable, I should never forgive myself."

"You would have just cause for self-reproach, my dear! I never liked any meddling in people's love affairs."

"If you refuse to speak to Colonel Home, I shall do it myself, and that would not be pleasant."

"I have no idea of putting it on your shoulders, I assure you. What brought me here but the resolution to see and question him?"

Luncheon was announced at this juncture, and the old pair proceeded to the dining-room. Meanwhile, Laura's carriage was bowling over the sunny road, and Laura's self, in her deep mourning, looked as lovely and happy a young wife as one could desire to see. As she passed the gates of Heathcote Park, Miss Heathcote, attended by a groom, was just issuing from them. Laura had never seen her since the sudden disruption of the party at Thornicroft. Mrs. Heathcote and her younger daughter had called occasionally, but Magdalen had never done so, and now the sight of her gave Laura a sudden shock and chill. Miss Heathcote affected not to see her, which was a great relief to Laura, and, after a drive of rather more than an hour, the station was reached. It still wanted fully fifteen minutes to the time at which the train was due, and as the horses were very restive and impatient, objecting to stand waiting, Laura told the coachman to drive a short way on, and returned a minute or two before the arrival of the train. One of the servants went through to the platform, and Laura, her cheeks burning with excitement, waited in the carriage. Presently the shrill whistle was heard, and the thundering rush of the engine, with its long train of carriages. Laura's eyes were fixed on the door leading from the station, and her heart was beating painfully. Many persons, singly and in groups, came out, and at length, when comparative quiet and silence had taken the place of the late bustle and noise, Laura began to think that her husband was unnecessarily long in pointing out his luggage to the servant; but just then the man appeared at the door, and approached the carriage.

"My master has not come, ma'am," he said. "I waited till every one had left the train, and I even asked if his luggage had come, but it has not."

"Not come!" exclaimed Laura.

"No, ma'am."

"Go and ask when the next train from town is due."

"I have asked, ma'am; not till 10.30, and that is a luggage train. My master would never think of coming by it."

"I suppose not. You had better get on towards home at once, then," said Laura, the light gone out of her eyes and the colour from her cheeks.

"Mrs. Home, will you kindly take pity on me, and give me a seat in your carriage? My horse has cast a shoe."

Laura started, and turned her head to the other side of the carriage, where she saw Magdalen Heathcote and her groom. For a second or two she stared blankly in Magdalen's face, so taken by surprise that she really had no power to reply; but Magdalen's evil black eyes looked back steadily at her, and a studied smile, redolent of determined sweetness, was on Magdalen's very red lips.



"Certainly, if you desire it," said Laura, at last. "Griffin, open the door for Miss Heathcote."

"Oh, thank you! I was sure you would be so good," said Magdalen, "and I was so enchanted when I saw your carriage, for, otherwise, I should have been late for dinner, and papa likes us to be quite punctual. Take that horse away at once, and have his hoof looked to," she added to her servant, as she took her place beside Laura.

Laura felt as though some fiend had possession of her. Miss Heathcote's gaze was fixed on her, and the young wife read there a wantonness of malice scarcely repressed. The door was shut, and the carriage—an open one—was turned towards Thornicroft.

"You came to meet Colonel Home; what a pity you were disappointed! I heard your man tell you he had not come."

Laura made no reply.

"I could have told you he was not coming, however," continued Miss Heathcote. "You see I know more of his movements than you do, though you *are* his wife."

"Surely, you might choose some other subject, Miss Heathcote," said Laura, her very lips white with agitation. "Colonel Home is the last person I should have thought it likely you would voluntarily speak of to me."

"And, pray, why is it so strange?" asked Magdalen, opening the eyes of astonishment.

Laura was silent.

"Pray tell me why, Mrs. Home?"

"I must decline to answer a question the solution of which you must know much better than I."

"I assure you I know of no reason why I should not speak of Colonel Home as much as I please. You know he and I were friends, and something more, long before he saw your white face."

There was such concentrated bitterness in the tone of these last words, that Laura, with an exclamation of terror, looked up, scared and pale, into her companion's face. Magdalen bent her head to Laura's.

"Yes," she said, "you took him from me. Your money served you that once. I always hated you, and you hated me; so far we owe each other nothing."

"For God's sake stop, Miss Heathcote! You have surely lost your senses."

"Not at all; it is nearly a year since I have been burning to speak the truth, if only for once, to you. How dare you look at me in that way? I loved—I love your husband, and he loved me with such love as he never gave to you. You would not have understood it, poor, puny, passionless thing that you are. Your accursed money came between us, but only for a little; he was mine as I was his, wholly, entirely." And she squeezed her hands together, while her eyes gleamed with a fierce exultation. "Did you dream *you* could keep him?" she went on; "but we can mourn together now. Your so-called sister, Miss Adelaide Lenox, is his present passion. It is you, again, whom I may thank for that; he had never known her had he never met you."

"For the sake of womanly shame, be silent!" cried Laura, shaking, and almost fainting.

"Silent! I have been silent too long, oh, too long! I followed you

to-day, determined to speak to you. I have news for you. I, too, had a letter from *him*, saying he should be home to-day; but I got it last night, and this morning brings me a note from Lina, who is staying with my aunt, and constantly meets the Heytesburys and *George*. There is her letter; read it for yourself."

Laura pushed the offered letter from her.

"Oh, are you a woman," she said, "that you can thus torture me? I never did you any harm."

"You did; you did; he is fickle, vain. I know all his faults, but I love him only all the more for them. He might—he would have come back to me but for you. So you will not take the letter? It is all the same; you cannot escape hearing what is in it. Lina tells me that *George* gives the last dinner of the season at Richmond to-day; it is quite an impromptu affair, given at *Adelaide's* request. And what does it matter to *him* that you should be disappointed, so long as his new fancy is pleased?"

"If you will not be silent, I shall stop the carriage and leave it; it can take you home, and come back for me. I shall wait in one of those cottages."

"Do, and see how pleased *George* will be at such an exhibition. Do you think the world has been taken in by your downcast eyes and nun-like placidity? Not a bit of it. Your platonic friendship with Lord Serle has been well ventilated. Do you think that no one is aware of Lord Serle's having been down here within the last few weeks? The whole country knows it."

"Your words and gestures are those of an insane woman," said Laura. "You may say what you please, I shall not answer a word."

"You cannot—you know you are in my power."

Laura bent back, white and still, her breath coming in gasps, her eyes closed; and *Magdalen*, who was still more enraged by the passive endurance of her companion, lost the last remnant of womanly reticence which clung to her, and, with a wild light in her flushed face, she seized *Laura's* wrist, crushing it painfully in her strong grasp, and bent over her. It was only a few words she said, but when that hissing whisper reached *Laura's* ear, she sprang up, and, with the cry of a creature tortured beyond endurance, pulled the check-string as if she would have broken it. The coachman pulled in his high-mettled horses so suddenly that the carriage went backwards several yards.

"Stop! stop!" cried Laura; "let me out. I shall walk back to those cottages we passed some minutes since. When you have left *Miss Heathcote* at her house you can come back for me." *Magdalen* caught at her dress, but with a movement of utter loathing *Laura*, now quite transported out of herself, shook her garments free from the other's grasp. The men looked in doubt and astonishment from the ladies to each other, but *Laura* went on: "Let me out. Do you not hear me? Oh, let me out at once!"

In another moment the footman had the carriage door open, and his mistress, placing her shaking hand on his shoulder, put her foot on the first step, when the impatient horses started and swerved. *Laura*, dizzy with excitement, swayed for a second, and the next she was lying on her face on the hard road, where she had been thrown with frightful violence. *Miss Heathcote* leaped down as lightly as a bird, and assisted to raise the

prostrate girl. The coachman could not leave his horses, and the footman was so terrified that he was almost useless.

"Don't stand staring and shivering there, man!" exclaimed Magdalen. "Do you think I can raise her without help? What are you shaking for? She will do well enough, there is no fear."

"Ma'am, I am afraid she is dead. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Do! hold her in your arms while I settle those cushions and shawls. There now, lay her gently down—so. Get home as slowly as you can make the horses go, so as not to shake her more than can be avoided. I will go back to those cottages, and send some one for a surgeon."

"But, ma'am, my mistress is dead."

"She is *not* dead, idiot! Are you so frightened for a little blood?"

"She lies so still."

"Get home, I order you. Stay, sit in the carriage, and hold her so as to prevent her being shaken out of that position."

"I dare not while she lies like that," answered the man, doggedly. "I will run to the cottages for water."

And away he went. Miss Heathcote found a smelling-bottle in the pocket of the carriage, and opening Laura's bonnet-strings so as to give more air, applied the strong essence to the poor young creature's nostrils, and finding that of no avail, poured some on her own fingers, and rubbed the temples and hands of her hated rival, but nothing had any power to restore animation to the rigid and motionless form. The footman came back, attended by a gaping crowd of women and girls, all alive with excitement. The water they brought was dashed on Laura's face and hands, but still she lay with no sign of life save the slow welling of the blood from her mouth.

"Home at once! We are only losing time," rang out Magdalen's voice.

"Please, ma'am, would it not be better if you went in the carriage with my mistress, and I will see about the surgeon?"

"No, I shall not go; do as you are bid." And the footman entered the carriage, while Magdalen turned to send some of the people to the village, where they could easily get a conveyance which would soon take them to the town where the surgeon lived, and which was about two miles off. "I have no money with me. You can call at Heathcote Park, and you shall be well paid," she said, as she gathered her habit over her arm, and went off down a by-lane which would cut off at least a mile from the distance between her and home.

The horses were tolerably quieted now, and as they went along, the footman said:

"This here's a bad day's work for us, Mason. There's been some awful row, and that one" (pointing backwards with his thumb) "is mad, if ever I see a mad one."

"What d'ye mean, Griffin?"

"I mean this, that she" (again pointing back) "talked and talked to my mistress, and *she*" (indicating Laura) "seemed not to want to hear, and at last she cried out to be let away. Mark me, there's something bad at the bottom of it."

Still without sense or visible life, Laura was brought home and carried to her own chamber, and the house was filled with a terror behind which gloomed the shadow of death.

## THE MERCHANT OF ODENSE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

## I.

OLAF BAGER had plenty of cash,  
 Was leader on 'Change—not over-rash—  
 So traded and prosper'd as merchant prince  
 Never has done before or since.  
 He had plenty of houses, plenty of land,  
 Everything wealth could wish or command,  
 And Denmark was proud, as well she might be,  
 Of the worthy merchant of Odense.

The good man had no notion of self,  
 But look'd upon money as so much pelf,  
 Except to sow it broadcast around,  
 When weeds of sorrow had curs'd the ground.  
 The poor man worn, his altar shatter'd,  
 Blest the gold manna thus timely scatter'd,  
 And Olaf the Pitiful felt elate  
 As he open'd his heart, his purse, and his gate.

Olaf Bager was loyal—his coffers wide  
 Good grist to the royal mills supplied ;  
 'Twas the readiest way to raise the wind,  
 For the sails moved slow, with arrears behind.  
 But Olaf was always a friend in deed,  
 To grease the wheels of the State at need ;  
 'Twas a rickety coach must be confess'd,  
 And royal roads are not always the best.

The King was a spendthrift, as most kings are,  
 And ventured on loans too oft by far,  
 While I O U's, at renewable dates—  
 Meant to be paid from taxes and rates—  
 Were always a long time overdue,  
 Till scarcely a Christian, much less a Jew,  
 Would trust the monarch throughout the land,  
 And Olaf alone gave a helping hand.

The King was grateful in some degree,  
 For whenever he came to Odense,  
 He supp'd with Olaf, and courtly words  
 Can charm a creditor's deepest chords.  
 A banquet worthy a millionaire,  
 A cordial greeting, and sumptuous fare,  
 Were always ready whenever he came,  
 And added lustre to Olaf's fame.

At one of these feasts King Frederick sat,  
 In the merchant's hall, on a chair of state,  
 Before him the tables in long array  
 Were garnish'd with dainties, a rich display :  
 Spices and meats, rare flow'rs and fruits,  
 Unseen before by the Danes or Jutes,  
 Were heap'd in profusion, many unknown,  
 Brought at great cost from a distant zone.

"Heavens, what a dish!" the King exclaim'd;  
 "Why Eden the Blest, for marvels famed,  
 Sure never had peaches so luscious, so fine,  
 And the perfume is something, I vow, divine!"  
 "My liege, say you so?" the host replied,  
 As he rose with a look of gratified pride;  
 "I have something to show more fragrant yet,  
 That your majesty will not so soon forget!"

A golden censer to Olaf was brought,  
 Of wondrous beauty and gem inwrought;  
 With scented woods from the East 'twas crown'd,  
 Exhaling a thousand sweets around.  
 Then Olaf approach'd with a smiling face,  
 To the king he said, with a reverent grace,  
 "Will your majesty deign this pile to light,  
 And cancel the royal bonds to-night?"

A pause, for the king felt somewhat queer,  
 His conscience was pricking like pins, 'twas clear;  
 Such a gift as this had never been known;  
 Why, half his kingdom was pledged alone,  
 And how to redeem it as debtors ought  
 Was, to say the least, a troublesome thought;  
 But royal scruples can soon agree—  
 The pile is burnt, and the bondsman free!

## II.

Years roll'd apace, still the merchant throve;  
 A well-fill'd quiver had bless'd his love;  
 Each daughter received a splendid dow'r,  
 His sons, ennobled, arose to pow'r,  
 When—such is the changeful lot of man—  
 A turn in the prosperous tide began;  
 His riches and fame were failing fast,  
 The grand old tree was shatter'd at last.

Sudden and unforeseen was the fall,  
 Friends had betray'd him, not few, but *all*;  
 Those, too, enrich'd by his generous aid  
 Were foremost now to defame and upbraid;  
 "His means," they said, "had been lavishly spent  
 On schemes of pride and ambition bent,  
 Else why had he aided a thriftless king,  
 Except for the honours such court would bring?"

Ingratitude cuts like a keen-edged sword,  
 And Olaf shudder'd at every word;  
 But worse than this was the bitter smart  
 That chill'd the blood in his deepest heart.  
 His children, for whom he had toil'd long years,  
 Derided the old man, mock'd his tears,  
 Refused him a pittance, though few his wants,  
 And drove him away with jeers and taunts.

Sorrowing, like Lear, o'er his graceless brood,  
 Poor Olaf pined in his solitude;  
 But after a while he veils his grief,  
 And seeks his children, but not for relief:

## THE MERCHANT OF ODENSE.

"Fortune," he says, with a tranquil smile,  
 "Like the cast of the dice our minds beguile—  
 One throw and we rise, at another we fall,  
 But still there is hope in the world for all.

"Beyond the sea I have debtors still,  
 Who are ready to pay with right good will,  
 If I prove to them that my claims are just;  
 In such good faith I may surely trust."  
 So Olaf departed, and soon return'd  
 To those who his love had rudely spurn'd;  
 A chest, large and massive, the old man brought,  
 With bolts by a skilful locksmith wrought.

"You see, my children," the merchant said,  
 "That fate befriends me—the debts are paid;  
 A few brief years I may linger yet,  
 But the sun of my life is well-nigh set.  
 I need no wealth, 'tis a home I seek,  
 For my heart is weary, my limbs are weak;  
 The child that my closing life sustains  
 Shall have for reward what this chest contains."

What transports fell on the father's ears!  
 What bursts of affection and gushing tears!  
 By sons and daughters alike caress'd,  
 Each struggle to have the honour'd guest.  
 Olaf seem'd moved by their fervent zeal  
 (Though his secret scorn he could scarce conceal).  
 "No choice is left where such ardours burn,  
 I will visit each one," he said, "in turn."

## III.

The merchant his "short lease" long survived,  
 Of no comfort or want in his age deprived;  
 His children vied in the tenderest care,  
 Officious, and eager his wealth to share.  
 At length came the Summoner: Olaf said  
 To his children around him, "My will is made,  
 Where all are alike, no choice I make,  
 The coffer is fill'd, so let all partake."

"Dear, good old man, how kind to the last!"  
 Were the words that between the heirs now pass'd.  
 In state he is borne to his resting-place,  
 The *cortège* follows with measured pace:  
 A hurried return from the home of death,  
 The chest is open'd, with eager breath  
 They gaze, and with looks of blank surprise,  
*For a heap of rubbish before them lies!*

A parchment scroll to the lid is bound,  
 And, 'midst the silence of all around,  
 These lines inscribed by Olaf are read—  
 A just reproach from the voiceless dead:  
*These for my thankless offspring—stone for stone—  
 Gold should be worthy sterling hearts alone;  
 For love which feeds on wealth no warmth sustains—  
 Stone may be varnish'd, but the chill remains!"*

## ESMÉ'S VISIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLEMENT'S TROUBLE."

THE Misses Trevor lived in a large square house which looked out on the high road from the village of M—— to the railway station, twelve miles distant. A great many carts and carriages, equestrians and pedestrians, men, women, and children, constantly went along this road. The Roman Catholic Church was about half a mile from the village, and thither many of the villagers were constantly going; indeed, Miss Trevor thought they were always going there. The high road also went through a larger village, almost a town, where the women of M—— liked much to go for shopping. Altogether, the Misses Trevor considered the situation of their house the most cheerful in M——. Unfortunately, the inmates of The Laurels were not so cheerful as their house and grounds. Miss Trevor was given to finding fault with everybody and everything, and to making unpleasant remarks on the doings of her neighbours. Miss Arabella Trevor was subject to severe colds accompanied by great fretfulness; and she and her sister were in a constant state of bickering, except at such times as some object incurred their unanimous disapprobation. Yet they were tolerably willing to go together in matters of real consequence, Miss Arabella first objecting to her sister's views and then gradually coming round to them. It happened thus on the subject of Esmé's visit to them.

"I really should like to see Esmé," Miss Trevor said, with her feet on the fender and her spectacles on her nose.

Miss Arabella finished the round of her knitting, and then remarked:

"I suppose that means that you want to go to York to see those people. It certainly is a very pleasant time of year to take a long journey northwards."

"I should not think anything of the journey," Miss Trevor said, briskly, "and the weather is not yet very cold. But I was not thinking at all of going to York. On the contrary, I was wishing to invite Esmé down here."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Miss Arabella, dropping a stitch, "invite Esmé here! Why, what should we do with her?"

"She would be sure to like the change, and then it is warmer here than it is in the north."

Miss Arabella laid down her knitting, and prepared to debate the subject.

"I don't suppose she would like it at all. York is much more amusing than M——; and the winter there is the gayest time. I don't believe she would come."

"You know very well that the Gears do not go into much society, and Esmé does not like what little they do join in."

"I don't believe in Esmé's dislike to society. Perhaps she does not like the regiments quartered at York. No, Matilda, we had better leave Esmé alone; if she is at all like her mother, she will not suit us."

"Even if she is like her mother," returned Miss Trevor, "still she is

our niece, and the only daughter of our poor dear brother. I think we ought to know something of the girl; I fancy she is a little dark gipsy, like her mother."

Miss Arabella gave a sort of cough, and said,

"I do not know how she would amuse herself, or what we should do with her."

"She would amuse herself well enough, I have no doubt; we have not seen her since she was about six years old; she must be twenty now. Do you know, Bella, I quite look forward to having her here."

"One stipulation I must make," said Miss Bella, "which is, that I am not called on to amuse her."

"Certainly not," said Miss Trevor, quite amiable now that she had gained her point; "I shall send her to High Oakfield whenever she wants society."

"Ah! Father Clement will make a Romanist of her, if you do that."

"Not he; I should not be at all afraid of that."

"He is just the man to do it."

"Just the man not to attempt it!"

And here the ladies began one of their interminable arguments, in which neither would give way; and this style of conversation was kept up until the little maid-servant brought in the tea. But Miss Trevor was triumphant, as usual, and the invitation to Esmé was sent off that evening to York. And Esmé accepted it by return of post, and arrived on the following Thursday. Miss Trevor sent the pony-carriage to the station to meet her, and Esmé came into her aunt's drawing-room just as the winter evening was closing in.

"How tall you are grown!" said Miss Bella, kissing her niece.

"Not so tall as I expected," said Miss Trevor; "your poor father was a very tall man."

"Yes," said Esmé, "but mamma is short."

"Are you all well at home?" asked Miss Bella.

"All except Maud. She is the next girl to me," Esmé added.

"Well, my dear," Miss Bella said, kindly, "it is very good of you to come down here to stay with two old people like us."

"We are not so old as all that," said Miss Trevor.

"As all what?" snapped Miss Bella.

"As you seem to infer."

"I infer nothing, I assure you."

"I always think," Esmé struck in, "that people are not old till they are seventy, and I am sure you are not seventy, Aunt Tilly, or at least you neither of you look like it."

The ladies seemed mollified by this remark, and Miss Trevor graciously lighted a candle, and in very good humour conducted Esmé up-stairs to the room prepared for her. It was a large square room with a deep bay-window looking over the high road. The curtains were now drawn, and a large fire was burning in the old-fashioned grate, so that Esmé thought the room looked very cheerful.

"We expect you to pay us a long visit, Esmé," Miss Trevor said, after pointing out the advantages of the room. "We have not much gaiety here, but we have some very nice pleasant neighbours."

"Thank you, aunt. I am sure I shall be very happy with you." And



Esmé proceeded to take off her bonnet, and prepare for the meal which was approaching.

When she returned to the dining-room, Miss Bella said, "You can make tea, Esmé, and save us that trouble."

"That is rather hard on Esmé to give her the work the moment she comes into the house."

"She is younger than we are, Tilly."

"At all events," said Miss Trevor, "you might ask her if she likes to do it."

"I do like it," said Esmé, brightly. "I always make tea at home, and I should like to feel at home while I am here. And of all things in this world, I most enjoy being useful."

Her aunts looked approval of this sentiment, and the three ladies sat down peaceably to tea and muffins.

"Father Clement went past this afternoon," said Miss Bella. "He was striding along at a tremendous rate."

"He is always busy."

"I don't know what you call busy," said Miss Bella, with a cough, "he is always dangling about with one or other of the Cavanaghs."

"He is always going amongst the poor people with advice and assistance."

"And, pray, who and what is Father Clement?" Esmé inquired, growing interested at once in the discussion.

"He is the Chaplain of the Cavanaghs, one of the principal families in High Oakfield."

"Wealthy people," said Miss Bella.

"Not exactly wealthy. They are well enough off since Mr. Cavanagh made so much money in that railway."

"At first he lost money in the railway; it is only latterly that he has been drawing an income from it."

"Are they nice people?" asked Esmé.

"Delightful people! The eldest girl is married; she is Mrs. Mulleyns, and lives in town. The next girl, Ellen, is very quiet, a dreamy, sleepy sort of girl, I think."

"Very clever," said Miss Trevor.

"Very odd," said Miss Bella.

"And are there any other children?" said Esmé.

"Six others. The eldest son, Charley, is just gone to Oxford, and the next boy, Fitzgerald, is studying for the army, and then there are five little ones."

"I suppose I shall see them on Sunday?" said Esmé.

"Not unless you go to the Catholic chapel."

"Catholic!" repeated Esmé. "Roman Catholic! Are the Cavanaghs Roman Catholics?"

"Yes," said Miss Trevor, "bigoted Romanists."

"How can you say so, Tilly?" cried Miss Bella. "They are most liberal in all their ideas."

Esmé came to the rescue. "Is Father Clement, then, a Roman Catholic Priest?"

"Yes, he is. Mind he does not pervert you."

"No fear of that," said Esmé, laughing. "I am too good an Anglican to be drawn towards Rome."

"We have an excellent Rector," said Miss Bella, gravely, "but he is not living here at present."

"The curate is a very amiable young man," added Miss Trevor.

"Oh, Aunt Tilly, what faint praise! I don't like to hear of a man being amiable; it seems as if you had nothing better to say of him."

"Mr. Sutton is a clever, industrious man," Miss Bella said, severely, "and I am sure you will like him."

Esmé did like Mr. Sutton very much when she saw him next day. He was fair and slight, and looked younger than he was, and his manner was so gentle, especially when compared with that of the Misses Trevor, that Esmé felt sure that he was indeed amiable, though not without the power and strength of higher qualities. He called on Miss Trevor to tell her of a poor family in the outlying part of his parish who were suffering from cold and want, the mother having been recently confined, and the father out of work for some time.

"If you could send them any relief, Miss Trevor, I should be so thankful. They want a couple of blankets very badly."

"They shall have them," said Miss Trevor, decisively.

"And some arrowroot and some sherry," added Miss Bella.

"I will go and see her," said Miss Trevor.

"The eldest girl might come and stay here for a while," said Miss Bella.

Mr. Sutton put his hands to his ears. "You overwhelm me with kind offers."

"They are not for you," said Miss Trevor, gruffly.

"A kindness done to my poor people is also done to me, and done, moreover, to a Greater than I."

"I do not see that we do much kindness in giving of our abundance," Miss Bella said, with a sort of groan.

"No!" burst in Esmé. "I do not like to offer unto the Lord of that which has cost me nothing."

Mr. Sutton turned round and looked at her, and thought what a pretty, strange, peculiar girl she was.

"You are usurping Mr. Sutton's office, Esmé," said Miss Trevor; "you are coming out as a preacher."

"It is not necessary for any one to preach to us," said Miss Bella, with a sniff.

"Bella, you can't mean that," her sister interposed. "We are always edified by Mr. Sutton's sermons."

"Oh, of course! I mean that Esmé need not preach to us. Mr. Sutton's sermons always do me good."

"I am very much flattered," said Mr. Sutton, rising and smiling. "And now I am afraid I must be off; I have to go to the School, and then to the Church for Evening Prayer."

"How can you manage a daily service?"

"I do manage it, Miss Trevor. Sometimes a friend comes and helps me. Well, then, I may count on your sending some creature-comforts to poor Mrs. Blunt? Dr. Smith sees her every day, but Mrs. Smith cannot afford to do a great deal for her. Parish doctors are paid in the most inadequate manner. They are not much better off than Parsons."

So, with a pleasant laugh, Sutton went away, and Esmé watched him

striding towards the village as fast as he could go; for, having the sole charge of M—— in the Rector's absence, Mr. Sutton had plenty of work, and he did it thoroughly, in a straightforward manner, without much æsthetic debating or spiritual discussion.

"He's a nice fellow!" said Miss Trevor.

"Very," said Esmé.

The blankets, arrowroot, and sherry were sent to poor Mrs. Blunt, and then Miss Trevor drove Esmé in the pony-chaise to see these poor people. Mrs. Blunt was profuse in her thanks, and showed the great accession of comforts from the kind gifts of the Misses Trevor.

"It is a great pleasure to be able to help the deserving poor," was Miss Trevor's remark when she and Esmé were again in the little basket pony-chaise.

"Yes, aunty. I think that is the only reason why I should wish to be rich. I should like to help all the poor people that I know."

"Then, my dear Esmé, you ought to marry a clergyman, and then it would be your duty as well as your pleasure to look after the poor."

"I should like that very much. And what a pleasure it must be to you to be able to help these people! You must enjoy spending your money in this way, Aunt Tilly!"

"So I do; and I should enjoy it much more if your Aunt Bella were not so tiresome."

"She does not seem strong in health," said Esmé.

"She is well enough if only she would control herself, and not be so horribly fretful and contradictory. She contradicts me about everything. And now, as we shall pass the door of High Oakfield, I think we may as well call there."

Mrs. Cavanagh was at home, and so, leaving the pony and carriage in charge with the young groom, Miss Trevor and Esmé Gear went into the house of the Cavanaghs. They were shown to the drawing-room, which looked out on the lawn—a long straight reach of lawn bounded by a sort of terrace and a low wall. The grass was very green, but the shrubs and trees were quite bare. Yet it was pretty, as pretty as a landscape can be when the leaves and colour, which give it its beauty in summer, are all destroyed by the cruel winter. As Esmé stood looking out of the window of the back drawing-room, she fancied she heard distant music. It sounded like an organ, and she was just going to remark on it to her aunt when Mrs. and Miss Cavanagh entered. The elder lady was still a pretty woman, though with rather the look and manner of ill health; Miss Cavanagh, or rather Miss Ellen Cavanagh, was a small slight girl with fair hair and dark eyes, which were long and narrow, and seldom opened wide. Her forehead was low, but broad, and her head classical, and beautifully covered with wavy golden hair. As Miss Trevor had said, she was a dreamy sort of girl; she seemed to carry an atmosphere of haze around her; one felt that if one could penetrate the mist, one would find strange things, perhaps beautiful things, which were now veiled in vague uncertainty.

Mrs. Cavanagh began to talk to Miss Trevor, and Ellen sat down beside Esmé, looking at her with an inquiring glance, as if she were in doubt as to what kind of creature this might be.

"You are staying with Miss Trevor, I suppose?" said Ellen.

"Yes, I am on a visit to my aunts. I live at York, and this is a very pleasant change for me."

"It is very pleasant here; it is so quiet; we have so few interruptions."

"Only I should think," said Esmé, "that there can be very little to do here."

"How do you mean?" Ellen asked.

"It seems such a quiet rural place, that I should think there can be very few poor people or wicked people to look after."

Ellen seemed to be considering the point for a few moments, and then she said, "The poor people are very well cared for; there are plenty of clergy to look after them, and I think that is all that is required."

"Do you think so?" cried Esmé, eagerly. "I think that every one who has money, or influence, or talent, or even time, is bound to look after the poor and ignorant."

"Perhaps so, if they are competent to do it; but while one's own mind is distracted with doubts, and one's own heart filled with bitterness, one is hardly in a position to give help to others."

Ellen, as she spoke in a soft, monotonous tone, let her eyes wander away through the window towards a little grey building, of which Esmé caught an indistinct glimpse through the thick but leafless trees.

Esmé, so full of energy and love of real work, could scarcely appreciate the strange languor and quietude of Ellen Cavanagh. If Esmé had doubts and difficulties, as we all have, and if she had sometimes to go through the fire of spiritual trials, still she never allowed such inward struggles to interfere with her active work. Esmé had, like so many ardent young people, passed on from the moderate settled views of her parents to the more attractive and more obtrusive tenets of the High Church party. It was quite possible that later in life she might return to the placid doctrines of our immediate forefathers, but at present she was one of the Puseyite party, and not at all ashamed of it. To hear Ellen asserting that intellectual struggles and spiritual difficulties must be over before she could enter on works of practical religion, was to Esmé a sort of paradox, and her favourite text was running in her head, "These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."

Emerging from her reverie, Esmé suddenly said:

"I see a little building among the trees, Miss Cavanagh, it seems to be very picturesque."

"Yes," replied Ellen, "it is our Chapel."

"A Chapel of your own, attached to the house?"

"Yes, it is Father Clement's own Chapel."

"How delightful!" cried Esmé; "if I were you, I should spend half my time there."

"I do spend a good deal of my time there; it is like consulting an oracle: one gets almost audible answers."

"Audible to one's heart," said Esmé.

"Yes. Would you like to see the chapel?" said Ellen, rising.

"I should, very much indeed."

"Then I will take you to it."

A shawl was lying on a chair, and Ellen, putting it over her head, led Esmé out by a back door into the garden. They went through a shrubbery,

then through a swing gate, then through a little wood, and so to the door of the Chapel, which was ajar. The two girls entered quietly, and both knelt a moment before the Altar. A soft tremulous note was vibrating through the Chapel; some one was playing an *Agnus Dei* of Mozart, in the most sweet manner possible. It was so beseeching, so anxious, so sorrowful, and withal so hopeful, that it went to Esmé's heart and drew tears from her eyes.

"Who is it?" she whispered to Ellen.

"Father Clement is playing the organ."

They stood until the music was ended, and then Father Clement came down from the organ and spoke to them. Esmé was not prepared to find him a very handsome young man; tall, slight, dark, with a countenance wonderfully interesting. Esmé's first thought was, "He ought to be a splendid preacher." Father Clement showed her the little Chapel, the Lamp burning before the picture of the Virgin, the frescoes of the stations of the Holy Cross, and then shutting the manual of the organ, he went out, followed by the two girls.

"Are you staying in this neighbourhood?" he asked Esmé.

She explained who she was, and why she was at M——, and Clement said, smiling:

"I hope you and Ellen will be great friends. I think she wants a companion; she lives too much alone, too much within herself. It is generally supposed that she is composing a mathematical treatise."

Esmé laughed.

"I am sure we shall be very good friends. It must be very dull for Miss Cavanagh if she has no friends in M——."

"I have friends," said Ellen; "at least, acquaintances, but they do not suit me very well, they seem to think of nothing but croquet and croquet."

"Dora will be here very shortly," said Father Clement.

"Yes," said Ellen.

"Is that your sister?" Esmé asked.

"My married sister, Mrs. Mulleyns. She is coming to us for Christmas. I don't know whether Mr. Mulleyns will come; I suppose he will."

"Of course he will come with his wife," Clement observed, severely; "there will be a family party at Christmas."

Clement was interrupted by the approach of an elderly lady wrapped up in a crimson hood, a purple shawl, and one or two silk handkerchiefs; her dress tied up short, large india-rubber goloshes on her feet, and very old gloves on her hands.

"How can you, Ellen, how can you be so wicked!" cried this strange figure; "how can you come out this cold day with only that thin shawl over your head? I wonder your mother can allow you to do such things. You will catch your death of cold, and it is not a fit day for you to be rambling about the grounds."

"It will not hurt me, Aunt Bridget," said Ellen, quietly. "I am used to it."

"I insist on your coming in, at all events; Miss—Miss——"

"Miss Gear," said Esmé.

"—had better come in too."

"I think so," said Esmé, "for my aunt will be going home, I am afraid. She would not like to be out after dark, I know."

So they all went back to the drawing-room, and Miss Trevor and Esmé drove home, having promised to dine at High Oakfield one day in the following week.

As Esmé was now acquainted with the road to poor Mrs. Blunt's cottage, Miss Trevor commissioned her to walk there occasionally to see how the poor family got through their difficulties, and to give relief if necessary. At one of these visits Esmé found Mrs. Blunt's sister taking charge of the children. She was a very pretty young woman, and had been in service, but was now out of place. Esmé noticed the girl's large gilt earrings and tawdry brooch, and administered a slight reproof in these words:

"If I can, I will recommend you to a situation, but then you will have to put away those showy earrings and brooch." The girl said, by way of apology, that they were given to her. "That is no reason why you should wear them; they are most unsuitable to your station in life."

This girl, Lucy Fox, remained with her sister some time, and Esmé tried in vain to find a situation for her. Esmé also met another person at Mrs. Blunt's; this was Mr. Sutton. He was finishing his visit when Esmé came in, but he waited for her, and said:

"I must see you safely home."

"Oh, thank you," said Esmé; "I am beginning to know my way about the country."

But he took her home, and as they went they talked on various subjects interesting to both of them, such as the management of a district, the difficulty of helping the poor without destroying their spirit of independence, and the very hard question, what to do with people who are both old and poor, and who entirely refuse to go into the workhouse. From these matters Mr. Sutton and Esmé wandered to the arrangements of the Church, the training of the choir, and the gradual growth in M—— of a liking for decorations which a few years before were denounced as Popish absurdities. Mr. Sutton said that his predecessor, Mr. Singleton, was a curious hot-headed fellow, who wanted to rush into extremes, and whom, consequently, the quiet, steady-going people of M—— could not get on with at all. Mr. Sutton said that in things in themselves indifferent he would be very sorry to do anything contrary to the wishes of his congregation. Moreover, he was quite satisfied with everything done in his Church. Esmé would have gone a little beyond Mr. Sutton, but as she was preparing for argument, she saw Father Clement's tall figure emerge from a by-road, and come straight towards them. These two young men were on excellent terms; indeed, the whole of M—— seemed to be on such terms of cordiality as quite astonished Esmé. Clement had been seen making inquiries at the door of the Dissenting Minister's house when the pastor of Ebenezer was ill. Dr. Smith and Mr. Halling were the most intimate friends possible, although they were the two medical men resident in M——. Of gossip there was more than enough in this little village, but it was all of a kindly, friendly nature, and nobody was spiteful, except, perhaps, the Misses Trevor, whom people laughed at and liked, notwithstanding.

"How do you do, Miss Gear?" said Father Clement; "and you,

Sutton?" And then they chatted a little while, and Clement asked Esmé if she were going to dine at High Oakfield next day. Esmé said yes, she and both her aunts were going.

"And I am going too," said Sutton.

"There will be a large party," Clement said.

Esmé asked if Mr. and Mrs. Mulleyns had arrived.

"Mrs. Mulleyns arrived yesterday," said Clement, "but Mr. Mulleyns is not expected until the week before Christmas."

"Why is that?" asked Sutton.

"I do not know," Clement replied, with a clouded face.

"Are they not on good terms?" said Esmé.

"Oh yes, I believe so; but Mr. Mulleyns is an odd sort of man. I believe he is very fond of horses—a taste that does not improve a man in his domestic relations."

"I want to see Mrs. Mulleyns," Esmé said. "I hear she is so very pretty and charming."

"She is lovely," said Clement, looking dreamily away.

"I think Miss Ellen very pretty too," Mr. Sutton observed.

"Yes, she is pretty, but so strange. I do not profess to understand her. I am sure there will be work for me with her one of these days. If ever she awakens from her dreams, I fear the realities of life will seem very hard to her."

"I don't think the realities are half so hard as the imaginary troubles which we prepare and work up for ourselves." And Esmé spoke so rapidly and decisively that the two young men made no reply, and after a pause Father Clement said good-bye, and Sutton and Esmé went on again towards the Laurels.

"Do you know," said Sutton, who had been reflecting in silence for some minutes, "I am not quite sure which are the realities of life. Facts and feelings are so mixed up every day, that I hardly know where one begins and the other ends."

"I think I understand you," replied Esmé; "and I notice this very much, that external circumstances do not seem to matter to me so much as they used. I mean that whether I live at York or here, or anywhere else, seems of hardly any consequence, and I cannot think that I should feel much difference if I became very rich or very poor. So many things remain unchanged wherever we go. Sunday comes every week, and the seasons of the Church's year, and there are sick people to be tended, poor people to be relieved, and unhappy, ignorant people to be taught and cheered; so that, wherever one goes, one's usual occupations may be followed, only that they are exercised on different subjects."

"Just so; and our deepest interests and brightest hopes never change; so that our lives need never lose their consistency and permanency of duties and joys."

Thus, with sweet talk on the things dearest to their hearts, these young people passed the time and beguiled the way till Esmé was at her aunts' door, and Mr. Sutton said good-bye hurriedly, and would not go in.

"Did Mr. Sutton walk home with you, Esmé?" Miss Trevor inquired, stiffly.

"Yes, aunt, he did."

"Ah!" said Miss Bella, "I am glad to hear it."

"I do not know that I altogether approve of it," Miss Trevor mumbled, with a shake of her head.

"It would be an excellent thing," Miss Bella said.

But Miss Trevor was not sure of that. Esmé might do better. Better than what? Esmé wished to know.

"Why, my dear," Miss Bella began, "if Mr. Sutton takes to walking home with you——"

"He is an excellent young man," Miss Trevor interrupted, "but of course not well off."

Esmé by this time had grown quite red, and rather angry, and cried out, hastily:

"Upon my word I hardly understand what this means! Do you think Mr. Sutton could not walk home with me without having some ulterior motive? I cannot endure the way in which people seem to think that every man who speaks civilly to a young lady is 'paying her attentions.' It is one of the most ignoble vulgar ideas that any one can take up. With such a man as Mr. Sutton, I can only speak on serious and grave matters, and the kind of conversation one has with a clergyman is totally opposed to anything in the style of a flirtation."

Esmé spoke with much energy, and with flashing eyes and twitching hands, betokening her intense disgust at the very worldly view her aunts took of her doings. They evidently did not comprehend the pleasure of talking of the serious things of life, and she was enraged at the thought of being accused of flirting with a man whom she had only known about a week. Her indignation was so genuine that her aunts saw they had better not continue the subject, and they agreed that night, after Esmé had gone up to her room, that they must wait and see if Mr. Sutton really showed a liking for Esmé before mentioning the subject again to her.

There were about twenty people at Mrs. Cavanagh's dinner-party; the Cavanaghs, with Father Clement were five, the Misses Trevor and Esmé made eight, Mr. Sutton was the ninth, Mrs. Mulleyns, who had just arrived, was the tenth; Dr. and Mrs. Smith were also there, and some people of the name of Edmonds, who were said to be immensely rich, and lived near M——. There were also one or two men whom Esmé did not notice particularly. It fell to her lot to be escorted to dinner by Father Clement, and this gave her great pleasure, for his conversation was always pleasant and intellectual. Mrs. Mulleyns sat nearly opposite them, and Esmé was struck by her elegant beauty and by her pensive countenance. She said to Clement:

"How very lovely Mrs. Mulleyns is, but how sad she looks."

"Ah!" he said, as if pained, "you also notice that."

"It struck me the moment I saw her."

"She is so much prettier than she used to be," said Clement; "as she has grown older she has improved in beauty. But that sorrowful look is very painful to see."

"Do you think she is happy?" Esmé asked.

"I cannot say. I should not dare to hazard an opinion."

"Mr. Mulleyns is not here."

"No, he is not coming down for a few days."



"Is he a nice man?" said Esmé. "Do you like him?"

"Not particularly," Clement answered. "He is rather coarse; fond of eating and of horses."

Esmé looked shocked.

"They have no children?"

"None. How do you think Ellen looking to-night?"

"She is looking very well," Esmé replied, glancing up the table to where Ellen was talking to Mr. Sutton. "She seems more lively to-night than usual."

"I think Ellen very pretty and nice," Clement said, presently; "but she cannot compare in any way to Dora." And his eyes went across the table again to Mrs. Mulleyns. "They all belong to me, and I belong to them. I would gladly lay down my life for any one of them."

The contrast between Father Clement's words, which indicated such warmth of disinterested affection, and his singularly calm unimpassioned manner, struck Esmé very forcibly. This family of the Cavanaghs seemed to her so strange, so out of the world, so different to the busy bustling people she was acquainted with; and she began to wonder if any troubles ever ruffled their calm, or any passions ever convulsed their hearts. Esmé knew little of what was then going on around her, even in those very hearts which she thought so placid; for later in the evening, while she was engaged chatting with Mr. Sutton, and Canon Foley was amusing a circle of ladies with his account of Holy Week in Rome, Father Clement sat down beside Mrs. Mulleyns on a sofa in a quiet corner, and looking at her with sorrowful, sympathising eyes, said:

"Dora, I am sure you are not happy. If you have any trouble, you must tell it to me."

"Trouble," repeated Dora, doggedly; "how should I have any trouble?"

"I cannot tell how, or why," he answered; "but I see plainly that you are changed—that some cloud hangs over you."

"Nobody is happy," said Dora, vaguely.

"No, thank God!" said Clement; "but in your case I am sure there is some special trouble."

"Suppose there were," Dora answered. "Do you imagine I should talk about it?"

"To me, certainly."

"To you, Father?"

"Yes. Am I not the Priest, the Confessor, of all the Cavanaghs?"

Dora gave a little, sharp, unpleasant laugh.

"I am no longer a Cavanagh, you forget that."

"You can never cease to be a Cavanagh!" Clement cried out, energetically. "The old blood still flows, the old faith still flourishes; you will always be one of my flock, one of my childreu, and, remember, that in confession you can hide nothing from me."

Dora coloured a little, and said, quietly, "There is really very little either to conceal or to tell."

"What there is to tell I should like to know. I can give you some advice and comfort, at all events."

"Well, then, the fact is," said Mrs. Mulleyns, pulling at her gloves and speaking fast, "I am not happy."

"My poor child!"

Clement took a turn into the back room, where it was rather dark, and came again to his seat; there was a time before Dora was married when Father Clement would almost have given up his intention to enter Holy Orders—would almost have resigned the favour of the Church, if he could, without sin, have been as other men, not bound by a vow of celibacy, but free to win Dora for his wife. Now, after a long probation, and being altogether urged into other spheres of feeling, he no longer allowed one such of his olden wishes to enter his mind; indeed, in his present state, it was an utter impossibility for such a thought even to cross the clear, pure ether of his spiritual atmosphere; but the former warmth of more than brotherly affection for Dora left a soft, tender place in his heart for the weak and troubled young wife. Of all the people in the whole world, even of all the Cavanaghs, Dora was the one for whom he would with most joy and most alacrity devote himself to any pain, any self-denial.

"Poor child!" he said again, coming back to her. "Your marriage has not brought unmixed happiness!"

"No, how could it? I did not really wish it. Papa thought he was going to lose money, and mamma wished me to be settled; it all seemed nice enough. I thought it was rather a fine thing to be married."

"I hardly see how you have been disappointed," Clement said, thoughtfully. "You knew Mr. Mulleyns was not an intellectual or a refined man."

"I knew that very well, but I did not expect he would treat me as he does."

Clement sprang up. "The brute! does he dare to ill-treat you?"

Dora laughed.

"He does not ill-treat me, poor Edgar! But he seems to look on me as part of his goods and chattels. I believe he places me in the same category with his horses and carriages. He likes me to look well, because then I do him credit; for the same reason he makes me dress handsomely. If I am unwell or seedy, he orders me a bran-mash or a fresh coat of varnish, and then he thinks I am bound to be all right again. As to my wanting any mental or spiritual support, he never thinks of it."

"I see how it is," said Clement, "there is a want of sympathy between you. I suppose he loves you in his way; but it is not quite the kind of love, or the way, in which you require it."

"That is it," said Dora, standing up and closing her eyes as if weary; "he will be down here in a few days, and then you will see it all with your own eyes."

She walked away, not caring to continue the conversation, and Clement thought again, as he had so often thought, that Dora's marriage had been a great mistake.

The same thought crossed Esmé's mind at sight of Dora's sad weary manner, and Esmé went on to think how many marriages are mistakes, and yet how few marriages are altogether unhappy; and then she wondered what her own lot in life would be, and if it could be possible that Mr. Sutton did really like her; and the moment she found this thought in her heart, she instantly chased it away, as it could do her no good, and

might do great harm both to mind and soul if she allowed herself to dwell on it. But, after this evening, the Misses Trevor agreed that there could be no doubt in the matter; and they hoped Esmé would stay with them long enough to allow of its being brought to a happy termination.

Ellen had been very quiet at the dinner-party; she had talked very little to any one, but Clement's quick eye noticed that those whom she did talk to were Dr. Smith, Miss Trevor, and Mr. Sutton. When Canon Foley spoke to her, she answered him with such an absent look and manner, that the good old man first stared at her, and then went away to talk to Mrs. Smith, who appreciated his conversational powers more highly than Ellen did. Clement was puzzled by Ellen; he was far more anxious and worried about Dora, yet still there was some kind of mystery about Ellen which baffled even his educated eyes. There was no trace of insanity in the Cavanagh family, so he could not attribute her strangeness of manner to any mental derangement. And yet the day after the dinner an incident occurred which completely confused him, and left him in a state of bewilderment with regard to Ellen.

Father Clement went out in the afternoon towards the little private chapel, intending to practise on the organ until dusk; but, as he came near the porch, he saw Ellen sitting in it quite alone, with books on her knees, her eyes fixed on them, and her hands stopping her ears. It was not a cold day, but it was not sufficiently warm for sitting out of doors; and Clement could only suppose that some very strong inducement kept Ellen sitting out there. She was so entirely occupied with her books that she did not notice his approach, and, looking over her shoulder, he saw that the books she held were a Bible and a Roman Catholic manual of devotions, principally addressed to the Blessed Virgin.

"Ellen," he said, "what are you doing here?"

She started. "Oh, Father Clement, I am only reading."

"In the first place, you will certainly take cold; and in the second place, what are your books?" He took them from her, and looked at them. "I dare say you are puzzling yourself with the Bible," he said.

"No, I am not puzzled by that Book."

"You may thank the Holy Church who has made things so easy for you."

"I find," said Ellen, looking down, "that the parts unexplained by other books are easier to understand than those that are explained."

Clement stared. "I don't understand you."

"Probably not," replied Ellen. "I do not expect to be understood; but one day, before long, every one will understand me; I shall give no uncertain sound, but the note I shall strike will raise a tumult in High Oakfield."

Then, with these mystical words, she swept away among the leafless trees, leaving her books in Clement's hands, and many fears and doubts in his heart. He watched her going away through the wood; the red sun was low, and long bluish shadows passed over Ellen's fluttering grey dress as she walked swiftly towards the house. Clement stood still, completely bewildered. What all this might mean, he could not even guess; his first and only idea was that Ellen was not in her senses, and, indeed, her sitting out in the wood and floating away among the trunks of the trees had a very wild, weird effect. Clement felt himself baffled by this

young girl; Dora was easy to understand, but Ellen he could not fathom, and he was vexed by the failure which he encountered: the power which he, like most Priests, was anxious to obtain and to keep seemed to fail him in this instance. And another puzzle was in store for him, for when he met Dora at dinner he was astonished to see her in excellent spirits, bright and laughing, and dressed gaily. This sudden change in Dora he could not at all understand; he could find out no cause for it. He was told incidentally that there was a telegram from Mr. Mulleyns that he was coming down next day, and it was also mentioned that a friend of Mr. Mulleyns, a Captain Pratt, had called, and had said that he was staying at the Inn in the village. But in these two incidents Clement saw no reason for Dora's accession of good spirits. A message also came that a poor man in the village wanted to see Father Clement, and to this humble death-bed the young Priest immediately went on his way, to administer the last consolations of religion. He remained with the old man until all was over, and then he returned to High Oakfield. He went to the drawing-room to tell the Cavanaghs the history of what he had been doing, and to his surprise he there found a stranger, a tall, handsome, military-looking man, who was introduced as Captain Pratt. This gentleman had not dined at High Oakfield, but had dropped in after dinner. Dora was full of life and gaiety as Captain Pratt talked and laughed, and told London stories. Clement, with his heart full of the solemn scene he had just come from, and the Holy Sacraments he had just celebrated, felt struck and pained by the frivolous contrast; it made his heart ache to see Dora in her pink skirts and lace shawl, flirting, absolutely flirting, with Captain Pratt. Dora, the pure childish girl, the young married woman, in her husband's absence flirting with this handsome stranger! Clement could not bear it many minutes; he took a cup of tea and went away, very sorrowful, and wondering what troubles were gathering round the Cavanaghs. He saw that he must expostulate with Dora, but he had no opportunity of doing so for some time, for Mr. Mulleyns arrived next day, and Captain Pratt was continually at the house, and Dora took care not to be anywhere alone with Father Clement. Mr. Mulleyns was very civil to his wife, very civil to everybody, seemed to think a great deal of his dinner, and talked a great deal about his horses. He did not seem to notice how intimate his wife was with Captain Pratt, and though Miss Bridget shook her head at Dora, no one else interfered with her.

"How much better and brighter Dora seems," said Mrs. Cavanagh.

"Yes, I am very glad," replied Mr. Cavanagh.

But Clement became more and more sorry every day, and was on the watch for a possibility of speaking to Dora. He found it at last one morning when the gentlemen were out, and Mrs. Mulleyns was writing letters. Clement went up to her, and said, "I am sorry to see you on such friendly terms with Captain Pratt."

"Indeed!" said Dora. "Do you wish me to quarrel with him?"

"No; but you need not be quite so friendly with him."

"It is my duty to be friendly with my husband's friend."

"Does Mr. Mulleyns approve of Captain Pratt being on such intimate terms with you?"

"Of course he does," said Dora, petulantly. "I should think you could see that without my telling you."

"Still," Clement urged, "these friendships are sometimes dangerous."

"Dangerous to him or to me?"

"To both, perhaps; but the woman always fares worst in such encounters."

"Really, Clement," exclaimed Dora, angrily, "you seem to keep an extraordinary watch on me and my actions. If it were not for your position in this house, I would not allow you to cross-examine me and scold me as you do. You seem to be taking it for granted that I am about to plunge into various degradations, and do all sorts of dreadful things; but I assure you I do not need your kind care. I can take care of myself, and if I want any more care I can call on Edgar."

Clement sighed.

"You know—you must know—it is only my deep interest in you that makes me so careful for you. Dora, if I ever speak harshly to you, forgive me. I am very weak and easily moved, and so prone to fall into sin, you must bear a little with me."

His tone was so humble, so penitent—for what?—for nothing—that Dora held out her hands to him, saying:

"Dear Clement, kind, good Clement, you must forgive me, and believe me to be a little better woman than you seem to think. I assure you I am all right."

Father Clement would have given a little more good advice, but Miss Bridget entered hurriedly, and he went away, not yet satisfied about Dora.

During these few days Esmé and Mr. Sutton met constantly; the preparations for Christmas were beginning, and Esmé was very useful to the Curate in many ways. Nor did she neglect her visits to poor Mrs. Blunt. On one occasion, as Esmé came near Mrs. Blunt's Cottage, she met a tall, good-looking man, whom she supposed to be the Captain Pratt she had heard of. She did not much notice this incident, but on another occasion she found Lucy Fox standing by the gate with Captain Pratt in earnest conversation. Esmé thought this looked badly, especially as he left Lucy as soon as he saw Miss Gear approaching.

"How is this, Lucy?" asked Esmé; "how do you know Captain Pratt?"

"He comes here sometimes."

"What does he come for?"

Lucy tossed her head.

"To see me, I suppose."

"This ought not to be, Lucy," said Esmé, seriously.

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Lucy, "I should think I might see my friends as well as other people!"

"A gentleman like Captain Pratt cannot be a true friend to a girl in your position."

"He says he has a great friendship for me."

"Oh, nonsense; how long have you known him?"

"I don't know," answered Lucy, sulkily.

"Come, Lucy, please tell me, how long?"

"Oh, a week—there!"

"And do you think that real friends are made in a week?"

"He's such a pleasant man," Lucy burst out; "he talks so kindly, and says such nice things."

"Now, Lucy, I do not want to preach, or to plague you with advice, but you must know as well as I do, that this gentleman cannot do you any good by paying you these visits. I am sure, if Mrs. Blunt were up and about, and saw it, she would tell you the same that I do. I hope and trust that you will make him understand that you cannot receive his visits. I have heard to-day of a situation at York that I think will just suit you; but if I find that Captain Pratt continues to visit you, I cannot possibly recommend you as a servant."

Lucy looked serious at this, and gave a sort of half promise that she would decline Captain Pratt's attentions, and with this Esmé was obliged to be content for the present. She spent that evening with the Cavanaghs, and there she met Captain Pratt, who, when introduced to her, did not allude to having met her near the Blunts' Cottage. Neither, of course, did Esmé, but when she found an opportunity she said to Ellen,

"I do not like Captain Pratt."

"Nor do I," said Ellen.

"I have seen him before," said Esmé.

"Indeed!—where?"

"I met him just by Mrs. Blunt's Cottage this afternoon."

"There was no harm in that: I suppose he may take a walk where he likes."

"But," said Esmé, "he had just come from Mrs. Blunt's, where he had been to see Lucy Fox, her sister."

"How strange!" said Ellen; "why should he go to see Lucy Fox?"

"She is a very pretty girl, and very foolish. It seems strange to me that your sister should allow him to pay her these attentions. I am sure, if she knew that he was doing the same by Lucy, Mrs. Mulleyns would not wish him to be at this house."

Ellen told Father Clement what had been said by Esmé, and he again expostulated with Dora on her folly.

"Surely," said Dora, "I may amuse myself sometimes. I have not much amusement, or many people that I care for, and Captain Pratt does very much amuse me."

And then she would hear no more of what Clement had to say, but went away looking vexed, and spent the rest of the evening with Captain Pratt.

It was now within one week of Christmas; the Misses Trevor persuaded Esmé to remain with them over the new year, and she was not unwilling to do so. Her time was fully occupied; Mr. Sutton employed her and two or three other young ladies to decorate the Church for Christmas with all the evergreens and holly-berries they could find. And when that was done there were plenty of old and poor people to visit and to present with Christmas gifts. Among others, Mrs. Blunt came in for her share of good things, and Esmé and Ellen went there together. Dora and Clement had already gone for a walk, and were returning homewards, when near Mrs. Blunt's Cottage they met the two girls.

"We are going to see Mrs. Blunt," said Esmé.

"We may as well go in too," said Clement.

Ellen asked where Captain Pratt was, but neither Clement nor Dora knew. However, they very soon found out the gallant officer's occupa-

tion, for he was seated in Mrs. Blunt's little front room, with a cigar in his mouth, and Lucy was standing, dressed very smartly, and trying a scarlet feather to see how it would suit a velvet hat. She looked frightened when the ladies with Clement came in. She threw down the hat and the feather, and exclaimed to Captain Pratt:

"There, now, I told you so!"

Captain Pratt stood up deliberately, threw his cigar out of the window, and twisted the ends of his moustache. For a few moments no one spoke. At length, Dora said:

"I am surprised to see you here, Captain Pratt."

"Ah," he said, with an affected drawl, "I was just paying a farewell visit to my friend Miss Fox."

"I am very glad it is your farewell visit," cried Esmé; "I don't know what I shall do about Lucy."

"Are you going back to town?" Ellen asked, quietly.

Captain Pratt seemed rather bewildered by so many female voices, and only answered the last speaker, and said:

"I was not intending to do so, but Miss Lucy has been telling me that I must not pay her any more visits." And he laughed a little.

"Lucy is quite right; I am very glad." And Esmé's face brightened.

"I think, Captain Pratt," Dora began, very stiffly and severely, "that you must have been amusing yourself very greatly at High Oakfield. I flattered myself that your friendship in this part of the country had been more for myself than for others, but I now find that you can take amusement—and—and——"

Dora broke down, ashamed of showing so much mortified vanity, and at the same time her vanity was so deeply mortified that she could not conceal it. But Captain Pratt took it all very quietly, and, standing in the doorway, only said:

"I am a man of simple tastes, and easily amused. I admire beauty wherever I find it, and I am the humble servant of all the fair sex."

Then he put on his hat, and, taking out another cigar, walked away.

Clement had said nothing, but all his feelings were aroused by the cool impertinence of Captain Pratt: his profession forbade him to be violent even in words, but the eloquent language which came to Clement's lips in moments of excitement was now ready to pour itself out on the reckless, unprincipled soldier. He restrained himself by an effort, and waited till some one else should speak.

"What a wretch!" said Esmé.

"What does he mean by it?" cried Dora. "Why did he come here? He came by my invitation——"

"I told him to go about his business," Lucy said, rather proudly. "I told him I could see through his tricks and his speeches."

"Tricks! Speeches!" Clement said at last; "temptations from the author of evil. In such pleasant disguises and apparently innocent amusements, sin and vice gain admittance to our hearts. An idle hour brings vain talking, a vacant mind courts foolish jesting, and then by these avenues comes up the evil spirit; the lock is picked, the bolts are forced, the door is opened, and the whole citadel is in the hands of the enemy, unless, indeed, unless 'stronger is He that is for us than he that is against us.'"

Father Clement crossed himself as he spoke, and Dora lowered her eyes, humiliated by the whole scene, which showed her to herself and to others in such true but unfavourable colours. She was very quiet until she was alone with Mr. Mulleyns in the evening, and then a sort of quarrel took place between them.

Esmé went up to see Mrs. Blunt; the poor woman was better, but still confined to her room, though sitting in an arm-chair. She had heard all that passed down-stairs, and assured Esmé that Lucy had really told Captain Pratt that she would see him no more.

"In that case," said Esmé, "I can send her to a very nice situation at York. She had better go on the 28th."

Lucy consented to this arrangement, and Esmé impressed on her the absolute necessity of very careful, guarded conduct. And then they all left Mrs. Blunt's Cottage, a very silent party. Esmé went back to the Laurels alone; Mr. Sutton dined there that day.

The quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Mulleyns was about Captain Pratt. Mr. Mulleyns had met him after the scene in the cottage, and Captain Pratt said, laughing, that he had just been catching it from the ladies all round; and then he told some of the points of the story, from which Edgar Mulleyns gathered that Pratt had been playing the double game of bestowing his attentions on Dora and on Lucy at the same time.

"My wife, sir!" he said—"my wife, you admire my wife!"

"Any man with eyes must do that, Mulleyns."

"She does not want your infernal admiration! What right have you to bore her with your admiration?"

"Come, come," said Pratt, still quite cool, "Mrs. Mulleyns seemed to like admiration; it was she who recommended me to come to High Oak-field for change of air."

"Then," cried Edgar, with an oath, "I recommend you for change of air to take yourself off anywhere you like; but don't remain here, I advise you."

"My arrangements have long been made to return to town to-morrow," was Pratt's answer. "I am engaged to dine on Christmas-day with a very virtuous, very tiresome, and very wealthy old maiden aunt."

Mulleyns gave a growl.

"So, good-bye, Mulleyns," said Captain Pratt.

Edgar turned away, saying, "Go to the ——." And they parted.

Then, when Dora was alone with her husband, he told her what Pratt had been saying, accusing her of being indifferent to her own good name, to the honour of the whole family, and to her position in society. Dora retorted by complaints of Edgar's want of care, want of sympathy, of her loneliness, and of metaphysical troubles of which Mulleyns had never before had an idea. The husband and wife assuredly did not understand one another; and now, when there was an open quarrel between them, Dora thought that all light had died out of her life, and that the rest of it was going to be very dark. She forgot how long life is, and how short and transitory even our strongest feelings. She rose next morning very sad and weary, and went before breakfast to the little chapel to seek some help and consolation there. Clement's biretta was lying on a seat,



and presently she saw him standing by the organ in a fit of deep abstraction: he had been an earlier riser even than herself.

As soon as he saw her he came down to her, and said:

"I have been thinking of you, and praying for you, Dora."

"Thank you," she said. "I need your prayers. I have been very wrong, I know."

"You have been wrong," said Clement.

Then Dora told him of her quarrel with her husband, at which Clement was greatly grieved.

"Can you not see," he said, "that you must make great allowances for him, just as he must make allowances for you? You are intellectual, and he is not; you are cultivated, and he is not; you are religious"—Dora sighed—"and he is not; you are a Catholic, and he is not. These are great differences between you. Still, if you look at the matter dispassionately, you will see that his moral nature, though rough and coarse, is honest. You know Mr. Mulleyns would never behave as that man Captain Pratt has behaved, falsely, dishonestly, amusing himself to the injury of those whom he pretended to esteem. Mulleyns would never do that. Have you ever had cause of real complaint against him?"

"No, not real complaint."

"He has cause of real complaint against you, in this last affair; is it not so?"

Dora confessed he had.

"So you see," Clement continued, "that on higher grounds you are more culpable than he. You say he is not in tune with you; true, I know it, no one better knows it. But you might as well complain that he has not black eyes or flaxen hair. He is your husband, you are joined to him, no man can put you asunder, you must make the best of it. Beware, beware, lest in the day of reckoning, his account with you stands better than yours with him."

During this conversation in the chapel Clement wore a solemn look, and spoke in those heartfelt tones which went always to the very souls of his hearers, and the dignity of his ministerial office seemed to lift him above his usual position, and place him in authority, so that Dora received his words very meekly and dutifully.

"Ah! what am I to do?" she said, with a mournful cry.

"Return to your husband immediately, ask his pardon for what has passed, and beg him to forgive you, and then be careful, very careful, never to err again."

"It will be so humiliating," objected Dora, faintly.

"And what is so fit for us as humility?" cried he. "Every true follower of the Cross should rejoice in humiliation, and if he glory at all, glory in his weakness. I believe, help Thou mine unbelief! I am weak, help Thou my weakness!"

Clement broke off, with his eyes fixed on the Altar as if in prayer, as much for himself as for her.

Dora followed his direction. Mr. Mulleyns was astonished at the change in his wife, and in his easy way received her penitence, and agreed to think no more about the matter.

"The thing is of no consequence, we shall forget all about it. It will not do for us to quarrel often, it is so deuced uncomfortable."

Then he kissed his wife, and so that episode in Dora's life ended; but the lasting effects of it were a stricter watchfulness and a truer humility on her part.

Captain Pratt went back to town, and as very soon afterwards his regiment was ordered to India, neither Lucy nor Dora ever saw him again.

Mr. Sutton announced that there would be a midnight service in the Church on Christmas Eve, and he urged on all his parishioners to come to it, and watch for the first moment of the happy day on which we celebrate the glorious Festival. Canon Foley also announced a similar service at the Roman Catholic Chapel in the village, but Ellen said that she intended to go to the English Church.

"How is this?" asked her mother.

"What on earth is this new freak!" shrieked Miss Bridget.

"It is nothing new," said Ellen; "for a long time past I have determined on my course of action: on Christmas Eve and on Christmas Day I go to the English Church, and ever after."

When Ellen, quiet dreamy Ellen, made this astounding proclamation, all present were dumb with sheer amazement. Father Clement was more than ever certain that Ellen was mad, but her own family did not believe her words.

"Who has put you up to this?" said Miss Cavanagh.

"No one, aunty; it has come to me naturally."

"Mr. Sutton must be at the bottom of it all," said her father, decisively; "he has been working on her ignorance."

"No," she replied, "Mr. Sutton does not even know of my intention to join the English Church."

"I see how it is," cried Dora; "Esmé Gear has had a hand in it."

"No. Esmé has refused to argue with me; she has only lent me devotional books, which I have found to be more in consonance with Scripture than the Roman books."

"By Jove!" said Mulleyns.

Ellen had evidently prepared herself for this conflict, and answered calmly and steadily everything said to her. They went into the questions on which we are at variance with Rome, and Ellen's answers to Clement's arguments were so much to the point, that her brother Charles, who was at home for the winter vacation, exclaimed at last that "Ellen had a great deal to say for herself!" After bearing the brunt of their united displeasure for about an hour, poor Ellen became hysterical, and was carried off to bed by Mrs. Fuller, the old housekeeper.

"What is to be done?" said Mr. Cavanagh.

"Turn her out into the road," Miss Bridget replied, "and see if that will bring her to her senses."

"It is a terrible blow to the Cavanaghs," said Clement.

Dora sighed: "Poor girl!"

"We cannot help it," said Clement; "it has not been our fault, though it is a terrible blow. My dear friends, let me beg you to do nothing unkind to Ellen. Let us treat her with Christian charity and forbearance, by which we shall be much more likely to win her back again than by opposition. And let us not forget that, though the Church

of England is a schismatic body, still she is not altogether outside the fold ; we cannot dare to say that all her members are hopelessly wrong. Let us hope the best for poor misguided Ellen, and pray for her."

And then he did pray for her in loud and burning words, which carried all his hearers with him, even Edgar Mulleyns. But Ellen showed no change of sentiment, and from that day became a staunch member of the Church of England. Outwardly, there was but little change in her; she still kept fasts and feasts, though she attended Divine Service in another building than the accustomed one. And though the trial to the Cavanaghs was great and heavy, yet they could make no difference in their treatment of the girl whom they considered to be erring so widely, and Clement sometimes felt a kind of wonder that his fervent prayers on her behalf did not restore her to his mother Church. But he knew that prayers are seldom visibly answered.

Ellen lived among the Cavanaghs hardly as one of them ; and her life for some years was anything but happy ; she felt as an alien, and had hard work to keep herself in subjection to her parents and on good terms with her brothers and sisters, who were beginning to grow up and to understand the family affairs.

Ellen went to the Christmas Eve service, and, as she came out, Esmé said to her, " This has been a thanksgiving service to me ; do you know what has happened to me ?"

" I can guess."

" Guess then, dear Ellen."

" You are engaged to Mr. Sutton. I knew it was coming, and I am sure you will be happy."

" Girls always expect to be happy," said Miss Trevor.

" So they are sometimes," said Miss Bella.

" Esmé will be happy, I am sure," Miss Trevor said.

" I do not know that," was Miss Bella's reply.

" It will be her own fault if she is not happy," said Miss Trevor, to end the subject.

" On the contrary," rejoined Miss Bella, " if they are not happy it will certainly be Mr. Sutton's fault."

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## THE LUXEMBURG QUESTION.

THE Luxemburg question is one of such a delicate and complicated character, and one in which so many interests are involved, that common sense at once decides that it never could have been mooted but for a motive—for some object which lay beneath the surface, and which, in as far as the question itself was concerned, was not allowed to stand prominent. The position of Luxemburg has partaken, from remote times, of the same uncertainty as belongs to it in the present day. Count Sigefroi, who was possessed in the middle ages of a large portion of the Ardennes, was Lord of Lutzelburg, also written Luzelinburhut, the Luciliburghum of the Romans, and the modern Luxemburg. Conrad II., Count of Luxemburg, dying without issue in 1136, Henry I., Count of Namur, inherited the county as nearest of kin, and his daughter Harmesinde conferred it on her first husband, Theobald, Count of Bar, and at his death to her second husband, Waleran, Duke of Limburg, and the elder son of the latter founded the second branch of the Counts of Luxemburg, from whom sprang emperors, kings, and dukes. His grandson, Henry IV., became Emperor of Germany, under the title of Henry VIII. John, his son, was King of Bohemia, and Wenceslas I., son of John, was created first Duke of Luxemburg by his brother, the Emperor Charles IV. Wenceslas dying without issue, he bequeathed the duchy to his nephew, Wenceslas, King of Bohemia and King of the Romans (elect), who conferred the duchy on the Princess Elisabeth, daughter of John of Luxemburg, Duke of Görlitz, his brother, in lieu of a dowry of 120,000 florins, which he had promised her. This princess, who wedded Antony, Duke of Burgundy, and afterwards John of Bavaria, ceded the duchy in 1444 to Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, with reserve as to the claims of Uladislav, King of Hungary, and his descendants. For some time the Duchy of Luxemburg experienced the same vicissitudes as the Netherlands; but the French took the fortress four times—in 1541, 1543, 1684, and again in 1702. The French also captured the stronghold of Thionville from the Spaniards in 1558, restoring it subsequently to the duchy; but having reoccupied it after the battle of Rocroy, in 1645, it was ceded to France by the treaty of the Pyrenees, with a large portion of the adjoining country, comprising the provostships of Thionville, Danvilliers, Marville, and Arancey, and Montmedy and Chauvancy. This region, which is designated as "Luxemburg-Français," was the scene of conflict between the Austro-Prussian division and the French republicans in 1792, when two detachments were sent from Longwy to invest Montmedy and Thionville, whilst the main body advanced on Verdun. This campaign gives some idea of the strategic importance of the region in question, whether invaded from the Meuse, the Moselle, or the Sarre. "The defiles of the Argonne," Dumouriez said on that occasion, "are the Thermopylæ of France." The other portions of Luxemburg, which are now incorporated with Belgium, were not ceded till long afterwards, and constituted a subject of dispute between Belgium and Holland up to 1839, when the King of the Netherlands became Grand-Duke of Luxemburg, and as such a member of the Germanic

Confederation, Luxemburg belonging to the Germanic Confederation; in virtue of the treaties made at the Congress of Vienna in 1814. Holland and Prussia further concluded in 1816 and 1819 particular treaties or covenants, stipulating that the federal fortress of Luxemburg should be occupied in common, Prussia furnishing three parts of the garrison, and Holland the fourth part. Subsequently also to the appointment of the King of Holland as Grand-Duke of Luxemburg, the king ceded to the King of Prussia the right of appointing the military governor of the fortress, which right had been especially given by congress to the King of Holland.

When Prussia broke off her relations with the Diet of Frankfort, the cabinet of Holland is said to have inquired at Berlin if Prussia intended maintaining her troops in the fortress. Count Perponcher, minister of Prussia to the Hague, answered that henceforth the Prussian troops would garrison Luxemburg, not in a federal quality, but in virtue of the international treaties of 1816 and 1819. Prussia virtually maintained and kept the fortress in repair from 1816 to 1820, after which it was maintained by the Germanic Confederation until 1866, when the Diet having been absolved, and the old Germanic Confederation transferred from Frankfort to Berlin, the interests of Prussia and of the Confederation became identical, and their policy the same. Nassau, Hesse-Cassel, and Hesse-Darmstadt no longer belong to the old Germanic Confederation, but they are not the less, under their own princes, a part of the new North Prusso-Germanic Confederation. Luxemburg stands unquestionably in a somewhat different position, as it belongs to an independent monarchy; but the King of Holland was a member of the Germanic Confederation in virtue of his holding the Duchy of Luxemburg, and although it may have appeared at the first blush to the cabinet at the Hague that the position of the king was altered by the extinction of the old Germanic Confederation, it could scarcely appear so after the fragments constituting that confederation were gathered together under the folds of the Prussian eagle. It is questionable then if Prussia, instead of relying upon the treaties of 1816 and 1819, had simply replied that the question of Luxemburg remained one of the Germanic Confederation, whose interests they were bound to maintain as much as ever, whether they would not have been perfectly in the right. The interests of Nassau by family connexion, and those of Bavaria politically and geographically, and in the latter sense those of Oldenburg and Saxe-Coburg, are indeed almost as much concerned in the question of Luxemburg as those of Prussia, France, Holland, or Belgium. Prussia, however, so totally overlooked the interests of the old Germanic Confederation in the Holstein-Schleswig affair—proceeding to the extremities of war rather than concede her right to interfere—that it is probable that it had some similar policy in view when it preferred relying upon the treaties of '16 and '19 for garrisoning Luxemburg, than upon the claims of the North German Confederation. Many have surmised, not without a certain show of probability, that an understanding was arrived at in the interview between the Emperor Napoleon and Count Bismarck, which took place at Biarritz before the Austro-Prussian war; that circumstances being favourable, Luxemburg would be ceded to France in return for her neutrality, or as a placebo for the aggrandisement of Prussia. If so, we must presume that the united

voice of all Germany—and we have shown that other German states have an interest in the question besides Prussia—baffled this little diplomatic compromise.

There is nothing in the extent or resources of modern Luxemburg that renders it of any importance to the great and compact territory of France. The old duchy has been so far shorn of its mediæval proportions—by Belgium on the one side, and by France on the other—that in extent it is rivalled by the smallest department in the latter country. It is, at the same time, so far removed from Holland, occupied by Prussian troops, and held as a fief or duchy constituting part of a confederation, that there is no wonder, no matter from whom the suggestion may have originated—albeit even that is a matter of diplomatic controversy—that Holland should have been happy to part with the coveted fortress for an equivalent in money. The tenure of Luxemburg is of no strategic importance to the Netherlands, which will have enough to do to arrange the vexed questions connected with Limburg should they also be brought within the sphere of the diplomacy of aggrandisement. While France covets the possession of Luxemburg for strategic reasons, Prussia equally covets that of Maestricht and of the right bank of the Meuse, as a protection to the lowlands of the Rhine.

But, in an economical point of view, the old *Arduennæ Silvæ* of Cæsar and Tacitus are sterile and little productive. There are vast heaths and extensive marshes, which can only be approached in the three driest months of the year. These heaths are called “Fagnes,” and the most elevated part of the region on the south-east is called “les Hautes Fagnes.” There are also extensive forests—the well-known hunting-grounds of the middle and even of later ages—of oak and beech, more rarely of alder, ash, and birch. Pines and firs occur but seldom. The people of Belgium call the country *Neur Pai*—that is, *Noir Pays*, or “Black Country”—because of its bogs, its containing no limestone, and its growing only rye, potatoes, and dwarf oats. In the best part of the Ardennes, which now constitutes the French department of Ardennes, there is only about a third of the land in cultivation. The rearing of cattle, sheep, and horses—the latter of a small and valuable breed—is, however, carried on to a great extent, and the mutton is celebrated for its excellence. There is also scarcely a family by whom swine are not bred and reared. In Luxemburg Proper, not only do the lower lands yield abundant crops of flax, hemp, wheat, *mangel-wurzel*, and all kinds of legumes, but the vine is also cultivated on the banks of the Moselle and of the Sarre, and 1,661,066 gallons of wine of an inferior quality have been produced in the year. The branches of industry, not agricultural, pursued in Luxemburg, besides distilling, are those of iron-works, slate-quarries, potteries, tanneries, cloth-mills, and paper-mills. The number of inhabitants is estimated at about 400,000, chiefly Roman Catholics, who were formerly as varied in their ecclesiastical allegiance as they still are in their political relations, some being under the archiepiscopacy of Trèves, others of the bishops of Rheims, Liège, Toul, Verdun, Metz, and Namur. Even the abbey of Saint Maximin, primate of the states, is in the episcopacy of Trèves. The renowned old Benedictine abbey and place of pilgrimage, St. Hubert, is in Belgium. Old writers used to divide the duchy into three parts, according as the

German, Wallon, and French languages were spoken. Luxemburg Proper belonged to the first category, Belgian Luxemburg to the second, and French Luxemburg to the third.

The town or city of Luxemburg is situated at the junction of the Elze and the Petreuse. It is divided into an upper and lower town. The first is septangular, and is built in greater part on a plain, but in part on a rock; the second is built in the ravines, and comprises what is called the Gründ and the Pfaffenthal. The town, though small, is well built, has four churches, barracks, a military hospital, and a commodious market-place. There was formerly a college of Jesuits, to which were attached the priories of Chiny, Ayvaille, Vau les Moines, and Useldange, and other convents, among which Münster, a Benedictine abbey founded in 1083. The population is estimated at about 12,000. Luxemburg, ancient Luciliburgum, was fortified by Count Sigefroi, and was so strengthened at various epochs—more especially in the time of Louis XIV., who levelled the fortifications of Arlon, and other strong places in the neighbourhood—that it has become renowned as one of the strongest places in that part of Europe. It is surrounded on every side by strong walls and deep ditches and ravines, the approaches to which are defended at every point by nature as well as by art, and the upper town has a double line of outworks in the form of a heptagon. How far these ancient fortifications are calculated to resist modern artillery is of little importance, for in case of war the fate of Luxemburg would not be decided within or without its own walls, but it would stay, or at all events control to a certain extent, the march of an army on either side; and while Prussia and France cannot, by the terms of the treaty of 1814, assemble an army on the frontiers of Rhenish Prussia, or of Champagne and Lorraine, the governor of Luxemburg can summon a division for the protection of the place without being challenged for an explanation by any rival political power. It is this which gives to the appointment of General Goben, who distinguished himself so much in the war on the Maine against the Bavarians and the 7th federal corps, a peculiar significance.

It is true that in modern times we have seen three Prussian army corps march through Saxony and Bohemia, and advance, as the result of successful engagements, to the neighbourhood of Vienna and Prestburg without regard to the strong places, and yet achieve the objects for which war was undertaken; but, on the other hand, when the King of Italy tried to play the same game, and to pass through the Quadrilateral to join Cialdini's army corps on the Adige, the battle of Custoza, proved that such a proceeding is, as has been hitherto generally admitted in military tactics, not always a safe one.

It is to be observed that Luxemburg stands, in a geographical and strategical point of view, in a different position in regard to France than it does to Rhenish Prussia. With France it is a position essentially of offence—a point of departure for aggressive movements; with Prussia it partakes more of a defensive character. France has many strongholds on the frontier, as Charleville, Mezières, Montmedy, Longwy, Thionville, Metz, Verdun, and others; whilst Prussia has very few. The valley of the Sarre is well defended, but not so the valley of the Moselle. France in possession of Luxemburg would meet with few obstacles, ex-

cept an army were in the field, all the way to Coblenz, for even Trèves, as shown by our own Marlborough, and with far more disastrous results in the wars of the great revolution, can present but a poor resistance to an invading force. Luxemburg is, therefore, an important fortress to any power holding the Lower Rhine—the old electorate of Trèves and the old duchy of Juliers—presenting a flat country with few defensive positions, and it is as essential to the keeping of Rhenish Prussia as Sarre-louis and the other strong places on the Sarre are to Rhenish Bavaria—including the old duchy of Deux Ponts, Sponheim, and the Palatine. The Rhine itself is well supplied with defences, but the country intervening between it and Belgium, Champagne, and Lorraine, is not so. It is scarcely correct, then, under any circumstances, or under any new systems of operations, to say that Luxemburg is of no strategic importance, that it is on the extreme left of an invading army, and, without the domain of field operations carried on for the subjugation of the left bank of the Rhine; it is one of the gates—probably the most important of all—to the whole territory, and it is precisely of the same importance to Prussia to hold it; as it is in the actual disposition of frontiers, to France, to win it. Should Holland cede the duchy to France, all pre-existing treaties, it has been argued, come to an end. But this is not the case, for, as we have pointed out, the King of Holland holds the duchy as a member of the old Germanic Confederation, and consequently now as an ex officio member of the North Germanic Confederation. The King of Holland might open negotiations for the sale or cession of Luxemburg, in the hopes that Prussia would countenance the same; but he could not carry them into effect without the consent of all Germany, as also of the powers who were parties to the treaties. The aggrandisement of Prussia has strengthened, not weakened, the claims of the Germans to existing territorial boundaries; and the former power is by annexations, as also by the military command conferred upon it of all German contingents, twice as strong on the Rhine as she was before the war of 1866.

France feels this, and the whole force of the Luxemburg question lies not so much in its reasonableness or unreasonableness, as in the irritation felt, that Prussia is not prepared to make some concession to so powerful a neighbour for its neutrality during the late war. This was made quite manifest by the tone assumed by the French press upon the occasion of Herr von Bennigsen's interpellation of Count Bismarck, when he asked what was to be thought of the negotiations announced on the subject of the cession of Luxemburg to France, and in case of that event being accomplished, what Prussia and the "other governments of the Confederation" intended doing. The orator declared that all political dissension should be forgotten in presence of patriotic inspiration, and he recalled the declaration of the King of Prussia, that not one German village ought to be sacrificed. He also urged that the king should appeal to the German people, and even proposed to the Chamber to summarily vote the constitution in order to repel any foreign intervention. Such a determination on the part of a German senator to hold by what is possessed was looked upon by the French almost unanimously as warlike. That is to say, that France is so susceptible on the point of Prussia acceding to the negotiations entered into between the French and Dutch governments, that any opposition on the part of Germany is looked upon



as an offence conducive to war! The language of Herr von Bunnigsen is pronounced not to be the language of diplomacy; it may be so, but it expresses the feelings of a large portion of the German people upon the subject. Diplomacy may temper expressions, but it would appear better for all parties concerned in the negotiations that the truth should be known. Count Bismarck, of whom the *Parole Luxembourgeois* said, and the *Gazette de Trèves* (both papers published almost on the spot) repeated it: "Let the Germans be undeceived; the Prussian premier seems to have consented a long time ago to the cession of Luxemburg to France," adopted, as might have been expected; more purely "diplomatic" language. He replied, that "nothing was known as to the reality of the negotiations, but that the Prussian government and its brethren of the confederation hoped to make the German territory respected without resorting to other than pacific means. As to what those governments should think fit to do, were the cession accomplished, he declined to say anything, because the Prussian government; as the Emperor of the French had acknowledged, endeavoured not to arouse the susceptibilities of France." This was the reserved, mystic language of diplomacy, which, it appears, is preferred by susceptible nations to candour and straightforwardness—when they are disagreeable. Yet much that is favourable to a peaceful solution of the question cannot be made out of such a categorical reply, and one of the very French papers which found fault with Herr von Bunnigsen's language as undiplomatic, discourteous, and warlike, asked, quaintly enough, "Are we then to infer that, if M. de Bismarck had revealed the disposition of his government, he would have wounded our susceptibility?"

There is no doubt about it; and the position of Prussia in possession, and of France insisting upon a cession, can only lead to war if the latter persists in its demands, or unless a diplomatic compromise is arrived at by which French susceptibilities shall be soothed by the fortress being razed—a solution to which France, in view of future eventualities, would be probably persistently opposed, or, what is more likely, Prussia ceasing to garrison the fortress, which shall not be handed over to France, but have its neutrality guaranteed—at all events for the time being. For to suppose that any such compromise will procure a lasting peace between France, jealous of Prussian aggrandisement, and coveting the left bank of the Rhine, and Germany, mindful that Alsatia—now the departments of the Upper and Lower Rhine—is a conquered German province, is to have more confidence in the prolonged maintenance of peace than is warranted by the long-standing susceptibilities of the nations concerned. Much, however, depends upon the wisdom of the respective governing powers. The emperor has shown so constant and so persistent a desire to maintain a peaceful attitude amidst great difficulties, that there can be no question but he will do all in his power to allay national susceptibilities in case of a disappointment or a compromise; and if Prussia will do as much, and it is decidedly her interest to do so, for war carried on by a nation which admits of no substitutes is the most serious disaster that can befall a people, and a war with France would be a very different thing to a war with Austria, with one-half its army engaged in Italy, or with Hanover and Bavaria, unprepared, helpless, and estranged, or, at all events, slow to tender a mutual support. The King of Prussia and his

minister know full well that the recent aggrandisement of their country, whether justly or not, has profoundly irritated France, and they must, for the sake of peace, be forbearing and conciliatory; France on its side, although its ruler has declared his antipathy to the treaties of 1814, must remember that it is one of the most compact, prosperous, and powerful kingdoms in Europe, and that the possession of the left bank of the Lower Rhine—a kind of territorial wedge between Belgium, Holland, and Prussia—would in no way add to its compactness or strength. Belgium feels this keenly, and that if the Lower Rhine becomes French, she would be sacrificed to render the latter position tenable; a European war, in which, unfortunately, Great Britain would become inevitably compromised, would ensue, and suppose it to end in the triumph of France, Germany would repay its losses by the subjugation of Holland, in order to ensure its place as a great commercial and maritime nation, and the balance of power would remain the same. Each nation would be inordinately aggrandised, and yet each would remain as powerful as the other, and, if that is to be always a ground of jealousy and hostility, as jealous and as hostile as ever. The sufferers would be the dead men left on the ever-repeated fields of battle, and those who would be left to mourn them. Neither the cause of humanity nor that of a general civilisation would gain an atom by Belgium and the Lower Rhine becoming French, or Holland becoming Prussian, whilst a grievous wrong would have been perpetrated against unoffending peoples and governments.

In the mean time, so far has this question exasperated both parties, that there are not wanting those who doubt whether even such a compromise as the neutralisation of the duchy, involving also the destruction of the fortress, would now avert the conflict. England, Russia, and Austria might appropriately propose that solution, but the chances of its acceptance by either France or Prussia are but poor. True, it would save the honour of both, and if there were a real desire to maintain peace, it would be welcomed by both. But so much passion has now been excited, so intense a conviction that there must be a war, and so strong a desire for it is said to have grown up in both countries, that a compromise would, it is argued, be probably acceptable to neither. Let us to the last hope that such may not be the case, and that the horrors of a war between two such great powers as France and Germany may yet be averted.

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## QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER TIMES.

## PART I.

FROM the stern portals of the Tower of London a brilliant cavalcade swept forth on that Saturday in January, 1559, when the youthful queen, who was looked upon by many as "the morning star of England's hope," made her first appearance in sovereign state among her subjects on her way to be crowned on the following day at Westminster, while the church bells rang merrily through the dull wintry air, and hands were uplifted among the shouting ranks to invoke the blessing of Heaven upon her as a deliverer, and even the aldermen of London wept for joy as she, with gracious dignity, received their salutations.

The world had altered greatly since the bright autumn day, some five-and-twenty years before,\* when the infant daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn was borne for her baptism to the church of the Grey Friars, then standing adjacent to the royal palace of Greenwich, and was there solemnly received into the Church of Christ with all the pomp of the Romish ritual, and in a picturesque company of nobles, mitred abbots, and bishops, prominent amongst whom stood Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, as her godfather. Portentous changes had passed over the family of the Princess Elizabeth and over her country since that baptismal ceremony. Her mother had been beheaded; her father had been married a third, a fourth, a fifth, and a sixth time; his infant son Edward had reigned in his stead, and, after a few stormy years, followed him to the tomb; and her half-sister Mary had succeeded, had married Philip, King of Spain, and had now followed her short-lived brother. During Elizabeth's infancy, England had finally severed herself from the Church of Rome; the monasteries had been dissolved, and their wealth had been seized by Henry's greedy courtiers; Fisher and More had suffered martyrdom rather than own the supremacy of that monster of sacrilege, and some of England's noblest blood had been shed upon the scaffold. The English Prayer-book, which, in her brother Edward's reign, had been established as the Reformers left it, and subsequently deformed by Genevan Protestantism, had been, in her sister's reign, utterly proscribed; Rome had again become supreme, Cranmer had suffered in the flames at Oxford, and a cardinal archbishop filled the see of Canterbury at her accession.

While these momentous events were transforming England, the life of the youthful princess, as she grew to womanhood, resembled that of some heroine of romance. But to understand aright her position in those early years, we must recal to mind the circumstances connected with the marriage of her parents, which placed her in "the cold shadow" of doubtful legitimacy. Her father had ventured to marry Anne Boleyn before his divorce from Catherine, pretending that his own conscience was enlightened and directed by the Spirit of God, and justified him in treating his marriage to Catherine as a nullity. Cranmer was afterwards induced to declare their marriage invalid, and Henry and Anne are said to have been thereupon married again with his sanction. But the

\* Sept. 10, 1533.

question, whether Henry and Catherine were not at that time lawfully man and wife was still pending before the Pope, and he soon afterwards annulled Cranmer's sentence, and in council condemned Henry's proceedings of divorce against Catherine, and ordered him to take her back as his lawful wife. But the die was cast; and even before the judgment reached the king, the act of parliament separating England from the jurisdiction of Rome was passed. The king's supremacy was no sooner established than parliament was obliging enough to do what the Pope had refused, and Henry's marriage with Catherine was annulled and his marriage with Anne Boleyn declared valid. But soon the capricious tyrant sent her to the Tower; and desiring to degrade and humiliate her even while she lay a prisoner in the shadow of death, required Cranmer to dissolve their marriage, whereupon the pliant archbishop now solemnly declared it null and void, though he had previously confirmed it both as metropolitan and judge. And as if a Nemesis had decreed that the successful rival of the divorced queen should speedily follow her to the grave, the ill-fated Anne Boleyn—her gilded hour of splendour past—died upon the scaffold within four months from the time when the meek and injured Catherine, enfeebled by mental suffering, passed to an incorruptible crown.

Overclouded by these dismal events, the childhood of Elizabeth passed on. While living in the antique episcopal palace at Hatfield, she shared the studies of her brother Edward, but did not neglect the maidenly accomplishments of the day. She seems to have been gifted with remarkable facility in acquiring knowledge: she became proficient in several languages—her handwriting was elegant—and the queenly study of history was her favourite reading. In her religious education, Protestant doctrines seem to have been confused with Catholic teaching and inculcated privately, while conformity to the Roman rites was practised outwardly—at least during the reign of Queen Mary. As to morals and manners, there can be no doubt that she was brought up without due circumspection and government, and that the lady who had the charge of her was not a suitable guardian.

The youthful Elizabeth was disturbed very early in life by that question of marriage which was destined to give such endless trouble and vexation to her subjects, to the courts of Europe, and to her deluded suitors in after years. Immediately on her father's death, and when she was only fourteen, Seymour, the lord admiral, wanted to marry her, and the terms of unbecoming familiarity on which they continued even while she resided with Queen Katherine Parr, her step-mother, subjected the princess to serious scandal. Seymour, the handsomest courtier of the time, was certainly regarded by her with an enduring passion, and one of her earliest sorrows was his arrest by the council of King Edward, her brother, and his subsequent execution on a charge of treason and upon accusations one of which was founded on his addresses to herself.

She seems to have found consolation in the studies which her learned tutor directed, and to have cultivated a taste for classic literature and languages, but to these somewhat masculine acquirements she added the art of pleasing and the feminine accomplishments which gave her in after life so much power over men. To us, familiar with the furrowed, care-worn countenance of Elizabeth when she had been for more than forty

years a queen, it was curious and refreshing to come—in the recent exhibition of historical portraits at South Kensington—upon the same face in youth,\* in days that, if not free from trouble, were unworn by statecraft and unstained by crime. As to her costume, there can hardly be a more striking contrast than between the unadorned simplicity of her attire when in the bloom of “sweet seventeen” and the fantastic extravagance of her toilettes at a later period of life, when she rejoiced in two thousand gowns and in adornments of the head innumerable.

An act of her father's servile parliament had declared both her and her sister illegitimate, but by a later statute they were made capable of succeeding to the throne, and Henry had been empowered to prescribe the succession by will. On her brother's death she was in a position of great danger, particularly from Dudley, the father-in-law of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey, who had been appointed by Edward to be his successor. But Elizabeth escaped that peril only to be involved in more serious danger after the accession of her sister. The act, moreover, which had been passed soon after Mary's accession to declare the marriage of *her* parents valid, and repeal the act by which Henry's parliament had presumed to dissolve it, was a severe blow to the young princess, for it was equivalent to a declaration of her illegitimacy, but she was nevertheless recognised as the destined successor after Mary to the throne. When the royal sisters entered London after Mary's accession they rode side by side, and Elizabeth's youthful grace attracted every eye and formed a contrast very disadvantageous to the queen, her elder sister, who was faded prematurely by anxiety and early sorrow.

From the time when the Protestant party devised a plot against Mary, and sought to unite the young Princess Elizabeth to Courtenay, Earl of Devon, a jealous watch was kept upon her actions. She was now to exchange her secluded country home at Ashridge for her sister's court at Westminster, and she began her ominous journey on the very day on which the fair and ill-fated Lady Jane Grey was executed. Many bystanders on Elizabeth's arrival in London who remembered the execution of Anne Boleyn her mother, hardly looked for a better fate for the young princess herself, who was now virtually a guarded captive on her way to her sister's court. Sir Thomas Wyatt's conspiracy, unluckily for her, happened at this time; Elizabeth was wholly innocent of participation in it, but it afforded colour for her being denounced to the queen and sent to the Tower. She entered the dark fortress by the river, under “the Traitors' Gate”—that dismal entrance which might well make the stoutest hearts leave all hope behind—and from which her mother, and more recently Lady Jane, her own fair and gifted cousin, had found but one step to the scaffold. The ill-omened fortress was crowded with prisoners of state, one of whom was Robert Dudley, her former play-fellow and afterwards her too-famous favourite, who was destined to be the evil genius of her maturer years. Her imprisonment at the Tower was so rigorous as to endanger her health, and at length she was removed, under the charge of Sir Henry Bedingfield, to Woodstock, that old sylvan abode of royalty which so many English kings had loved since the days when the great Alfred studied there by the rippling Isis. At

\* In the portrait of the Princess Elizabeth at Sixteen. From the collection of her Majesty.

Woodstock, as in the Tower, her early love of study solaced her captivity, and it is pleasant to see how she, who became afterwards the most popular heroine of the British throne and the terror of the world, contrived to beguile the pensive hours of solitude. But her liberty was so much restricted, that she is said to have envied the humbler lot of the milkmaid whom she heard singing in the park, and to have wished that she was gaily wandering with heart as free from care. When at Woodstock she worked in embroidery, and an interesting relic of this period of her life remains at the Bodleian Library. It is a translation of St. Paul's epistles, bound in black silk, and the covers are curiously worked by Elizabeth's hand with devices in gold twist, and on a blank leaf is a sentence in her handwriting, in which she has expressed the satisfaction yielded to her by what she calls the pleasant fields of Holy Scripture.

At length, owing, as it would seem, to the good offices of her royal brother-in-law, Philip of Spain, which she requited very ungratefully in her years of power, she was reconciled to Mary, at whose side, at Hampton Court, she once more publicly appeared in the brilliant scenes of the Christmas festival. She was afterwards permitted to reside again with a royal establishment at Hatfield; and so, under the mild *surveillance* of Sir Thomas Pope (the founder of Trinity College at Oxford), she returned to the favourite home of her childhood upon the gently-flowing Lea. Hers was, indeed, a chequered youth—

A palace and a prison on each hand—

one year lighted up by the golden sunshine of royalty, the next by the fires of Smithfield; now roaming in Hatfield's leafy shade, and then imured among the shadows of the Tower and the dark scenery of the scaffold. She was now in her twenty-third year, accomplished in music and dancing, fond of hawking and archery, of riding and hunting. She had not laid aside the bow when she was fifty-eight years of age, for, when she visited Lord Montacute\* in Sussex, "her highness," we are told, "took horse and rode into the park at eight in the morning, where a delicate bower was prepared under which her highness's musicians were placed, and a cross-bow was, by a nymph with a sweet song, delivered into her hands to shoot at the deer."

Elizabeth in her twenty-third year is described by the Venetian ambassador as a young lady of great elegance both in mind and body, though her features (he says) may be called pleasing rather than beautiful. She is tall and well made; her complexion is fine, though rather allow; her eyes, but especially her hands—which she takes care not to conceal—are of superior beauty. Her wit and understanding (he adds) are admirable, and her manners are proud and dignified. She appears to have been fond of talking in Latin, but the ambassador does not say anything about her style in letter-writing, and strange indeed it is that her classical studies should have failed to influence her style of composition in English, in which her sentences were obscure, pedantic, and involved. Perhaps, however, an obscure and lengthy style became useful in the crafty diplomacy of later years.

It is not surprising that she was at this time again the object of more than one matrimonial suit, but she had the prudence to reject them, and

\* At Cowdray, August 17, 1591.

professed that, "if left to her own free will, she would always prefer a maiden life." So

—when asked if she would wed,  
 She would toss her dainty head,  
 Saying, laughingly, instead—  
 "Sirs, we would be free;  
 Time enough, I trow," quoth she,  
 "When we're tired of liberty—  
 For the present, we would be  
 The Lady of the Lea!"

Such was Elizabeth when, on the death of her sister,\* she succeeded to the throne of England. Her position was one of singular loneliness. The mortality in the Tudor race which had made her queen had left her with scarcely a relation in the world. Mary Stuart, her nearest kinswoman, was the rightful successor to the crown as the nearest legitimate descendant of Henry VII.; and Elizabeth, as she appeared among diplomatists and statesmen—a young woman not yet six-and-twenty years of age—must have felt that in her high estate she had but herself, her own resolution, prudence, and energy, to depend on. It was in the hard school of affliction and persecution that her character was formed and her firmness and vigour acquired. Her early insight into character, her courage and her caution, no less than the craft, dissimulation, and parsimony which characterised her later years, were first nurtured by the cruelty and suspicion she had undergone.

On Mary's death, it was at Hatfield that Elizabeth received intelligence of the great change in her fortunes, and she returned as sovereign to the scene of her former danger and captivity—the Tower. Remembering how fervently, when entering the gloomy fortress as a prisoner some years before, she had called God to witness to her loyalty and truth, well might she now, when setting out as described at the beginning of this article on her triumphant procession through the City to be crowned at Westminster, give thanks for her deliverance, and ascribe to Him alone the glory and the praise!

Between Elizabeth's birth and her accession a kind of *tornado* had swept over the social condition of England. A new race of men had risen on the ruins of the abbeys—men whose eyes (it has been truly said) were fixed more on earth than heaven; old thought on all subjects divine or human had been uprooted. England formerly could boast

A bold peasantry, their country's pride,

but now the population of the shires was oppressed and scattered, while in the London streets highwaymen robbed in broad daylight. In the changes in religion, too, men beheld what a revolution had shaken England, and Elizabeth came to the throne at a critical juncture in ecclesiastical affairs. The interval of change under Edward VI. had not shaken the traditionary attachment of what may be called the country party to the faith and the rites of their ancestors, and two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of the population were opposed to Protestantism, which, indeed, had found its adherents chiefly in the towns and seaports. Of the twenty statesmen whom she selected for her council, thirteen were Romanists,

\* November, 1558.

and a large number of the lay peers were opposed to the doctrine of the Reformers. The absence of half the peers and of all the bishops save one at Elizabeth's coronation (for the Bishop of Carlisle was the only prelate who consented to officiate) implied but a cold welcome to the young queen. She was, of course, crowned according to the Roman ritual, and took the oath in the ancient form, but was understood to be favourable to the Reformation and to desire the restoration of the English service-book, which had been forbidden during the reign of Mary.

It is not surprising that so large a proportion of the nation had no sympathy with the new doctrines. The people were surrounded by silent preachers of the ancient faith; the recurring festivals of the Church's seasons, that had so long graced English rural life; the stately grandeur and unforgotten charities of the deserted abbeys; the thousand monuments of ancient piety that rose on every hand; the church bells that sounded sweetly over hill and dale—all were eloquent remembrances of the happy days that England knew before religious disputation cursed the land. Edward's parliament had endeavoured to take from the people the faith of their fathers, but a large proportion of them remained true to it, for in those days it was as natural for Englishmen to love their Church as it is to us to love our country.

Such was the religious feeling of the better part of England when Elizabeth, nevertheless, determined to carry on the work of the Reformers, but she espoused the Reformation rather as a matter of state policy than of religious conviction. In the success of the Reformation lay the future of her crown. In her first parliament a Supremacy Bill, by which it was proposed to give her the title of Supreme Head of the Church, as originally assumed by her father, was debated, and it differed little from his statute in the oaths required from every subject, or in the penalties of non-conformity. The bishops, knowing they were supported by the majority of the nation, settled down into resolute opposition, and the clergy in convocation signified by the famous "Five Articles" their adherence to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist and to the papal authority so far as regarded matters of faith and discipline. Scott, Bishop of Chester, in opposing the Supremacy Bill, dwelt on the distractions of Christendom since the introduction of the new opinions, and asked what security there would be for preservation of the faith in a Church cut off from the body of Christ; and he pointed to the ominous fact that there were already in Europe thirty-four Protestant communions all differing from one another, yet each claiming the warrant of Scripture for its own particular heresy. As a defence against papal assumptions the Supremacy Bill was not needed, for the old *præmunire* statutes would have sufficiently secured that national independence so justly dear to the "free, proud spirit of an Englishman," but the dread of a foreign jurisdiction prevailed, and the bill was passed. It was the same essentially, though with the penalties relaxed, which had in Henry's reign severed England from communion with Rome, only the queen preferred the title of Supreme *Governor* of the Church.

The bishops and clergy were required to renounce allegiance to the Pope—not under pain of high treason, but as a condition of holding benefices, and prosecutions by them for heretical opinions were restrained. Meantime, a commission for revising Edward's *second* Prayer-book had



been at work—a Liturgy and book of offices which had much less claim than Edward's first book to acceptance by Catholics, which had never, like the first book, been sanctioned by the Church, and which was a cowardly concession to the foreign Protestants who had clamoured for a new reformation. So long as the central doctrine of the Eucharist remained unimpugned, the Church of England, though renouncing the jurisdiction of the Pope, could claim communion with Catholic Christendom; but the revision at Elizabeth's accession seemed studiously framed to conciliate the Calvinists; and perhaps the best that can be said for it is that it did not satisfy the Genevan refugees. However, the new Act of Uniformity, ordaining this Book of Common Prayer, was hurried through parliament; and so a Liturgy reformed for the third time, but now without assent or sanction by the Church, became the law of the land. Elizabeth hastened to obliterate the acts of Mary: again the monks and nuns were scattered, again the rood-lofts were defaced, and amidst bull-baitings and bear-baitings, and other savage rejoicings, the Londoners were indulged with the privilege of again abjuring the Pope. Yet the queen, nevertheless, jealously adhered to the Sacramentarian theology and rites of Edward's time; she cared for the Reformation only as promising political greatness to England, and she disliked and discountenanced the doctrines of the advanced Reformers; so that while she personally held the religious tenets of her ancestors, she maintained the Reformed doctrines as a matter of state policy, and complacently styled herself "Defender of the Faith," while her measures were directed only to compelling conformity to the Church of which she claimed to be Supreme Governor.

But the benefited clergy for the most part refused to conform, and such of the bishops consecrated in Mary's reign as were still living and governing their sees were called before the queen's council and required to take the oath of supremacy, but, excepting in the case of the Bishop of Llandaff, neither menace nor entreaty would prevail, and they were deposed from their sees and committed to the Tower. A new hierarchy was then to be provided, and provided through the accustomed channel of consecration, if they were to inherit apostolic powers; and accordingly three of the deprived bishops of Edward's time (five of whom still survived) were summoned to Lambeth to consecrate a new Archbishop of Canterbury, and Matthew Parker, who had been one of Anne Boleyn's chaplains, and in Mary's reign had managed to escape the stake, was appointed the new primate. The Church of England owes much to Archbishop Parker, for whereas Cranmer and his allies, the first Reformers, abetted an arbitrary tyrant for his own selfish ends in measures designed for the overthrow of the ancient ecclesiastical authority in England and the severance of our branch of Christ's Holy Catholic Church from the rest of Christendom, Parker, the minister of a prudent sovereign who knew her own crown to be bound up with the fate of the Reformation, endeavoured to build up the Church of England in strength and symmetry from the ruins in which he found the venerable edifice of the ancient faith. The remaining sees were soon filled up, and a new order of English bishops surrounded Elizabeth's throne. That they were uncanonical usurpers of the sees of other bishops and creations of the state

was matter of no concern to the royal Defender of the Faith, since it was for her supremacy that they had been created, and for her supremacy it was that the deposed prelates were destined to languish in lifelong imprisonment, thenceforward to be denounced by reforming zealots as "the caged wolves in the Tower." It was a less easy matter to find qualified clergymen to fill vacant benefices. Divinity had become a perilous profession since the Reformation began; the studies which had formerly led to dignities and honour too often ended after that revolution in imprisonment or exile, and the robbery of collegiate property sent half-educated men over the country in search of livings—men who were incompetent to teach the people, and whose lives were as little edifying as their doctrines. The foundation was thus laid for the disorders and the desecration of sacred things that afterwards disgraced the reign of Elizabeth. The new dignitaries openly scandalised religion, and plundered the dedicated ornaments of the Church to minister to their own luxury. A third of the parishes were left without a clergyman, and with closed churches and silent bells it seemed as if the sentence of Interdict, so dreaded in mediæval times, had fallen on many a parish of England. Oh, what a contrast under Elizabeth's worthless dignitaries—nominees and creatures of the state ever ready to do its bidding—the Church of England presented to what it had been in those old ages of devotedness and faith in which the monks and the early apostles of Christianity in our land brought the Gospel to soften a rude, unpolished age;—in which the noblest sacrifices of self-interest, the truest courage, the loftiest devotion, recommended the religion of those who preached;—in which Churchmen grafted on the robust and manly nature of our Saxon forefathers the graces of Christian fervour, and gained from royal conquerors the beginnings of English liberty!

Elizabeth might have seen sad first-fruits of her measures of Church reform when, a few years after her accession, she visited the University of Cambridge, for there, under the false covering of decent order suddenly thrown over the devastations of Puritan irreverence, the altars had given place to bare boards resting on tressels in the middle of the buildings, and the sacred beauty of church ornaments had been defaced; she might have seen at many places in her "progress" how the parish churches were falling into ruin, the stained glass torn from their windows, the wind and rain sweeping through their aisles, the whitewash (with which the destroyers of paintings and images in Edward's reign had tried to efface the pictured stories of the saints) crumbling from the damp walls, the seemly vestments of Edward's second year exchanged for the Genevan gown or even for secular attire. All this Puritan irreverence was highly distasteful to the queen. She was jealous for the Catholic character of the Liturgy that had been established by law, and she had more sympathy with the Catholics than the Calvinists; indeed, she hated Puritans and all their works. But she loved dominion, and gave proof of it by presuming to issue no fewer than fifty-three "Injunctions," as they were called, in which from time to time she prescribed the usages that were to be observed under the reformed Service-book of the Church. Such was the ecclesiastical policy which was Elizabeth's first care on her accession, and such were its results. At a later period of her life, the state of the English Church will again occupy our attention.

Let us now return to the first year of her reign, when the question of her marriage was again pressed on her consideration. The royal widower, Philip of Spain, who had interfered for her liberation in the perilous times of her sister's reign, now proposed to bind her in the silken bonds of matrimony, and, sacrificing his personal inclination, offered himself in marriage to Elizabeth. Personally, the king was hardly an attractive suitor. He was of small stature, but symmetrical form; in exterior a Fleming, but in haughty deportment a Spaniard. His features have been perpetuated by More's portrait, but his temperament (if we may trust the Venetian ambassador's account) was saturnine and melancholy, his body weak, and his mind timorous, and he was not accustomed to speak much at any time. The queen, however, seems to have liked the proposal, only she pretended to fear that he would prove a bad husband, that he would come to England to marry her, but would then desert her and go home; still she hesitated, and could not be brought to give an answer. Her first parliament had not sat many days when the Speaker, with several members and privy councillors, had an audience, and, in the name of the nation, requested Elizabeth to take to herself a husband; but to them also she gave a vague answer, and told them that, even when her life was in danger in her sister's reign, she had refused to marry, and that she intended to dedicate herself solely to the good of her people. How gracefully our Shakspeare commemorates her apparent insensibility in love affairs when he makes Oberon say:

That very time I saw, . . . .  
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,  
 Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took  
 At a fair vestal, thronèd by the west,  
 And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow  
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;  
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft  
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,  
 And the imperial votaress pass'd on  
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.\*

Not long after the "fair vestal" had received the request of her own parliament, other proposals for marriage came from a quarter with which Cupid certainly had nothing to do. The Scottish Reformers (who hated the religion of the royal heiress of Scotland, then Queen of France, and wanted Elizabeth to aid them against the French allies of Mary Stuart) wished Elizabeth to marry "that half-crazy simpleton" the Earl of Arran, for by that marriage they hoped the realms of England and Scotland might be united, and their country be severed from France, its ancient ally. But neither political considerations nor personal affection inclined the English queen to the Spanish or the Scottish proposals; indeed, at this time Elizabeth was anything but "fancy-free," and the relations between her and her favourite, Lord Robert Dudley—which would have fatally compromised the honour of any lady in a less exalted position—were such that the circumstance of his being already married was regarded as the only impediment to his pretensions for her hand; and certain it is that within a day of the time when her minister Cecil

\* *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II. Sc. 2.

mentioned, in conversation with the Spanish ambassador, the rumour that there was a plot to kill Lady Dudley, that unhappy victim came to a violent and mysterious death—sacrificed, if not with Dudley's complicity, at all events to his ambition—by persons who hoped to profit by his marriage to the queen. But Elizabeth well knew that she could not marry Dudley without risking the loss of her popularity and of her only foreign ally, and the dangers which were even now gathering around her rendered prudence absolutely necessary. The favourite was not yet Earl of Leicester. She wished to make him a peer, but when the document was brought for her signature she cut it in pieces, as if she suddenly remembered his infamous grandfather, his more infamous father, the "false, fleeting," short-lived Duke of Northumberland, and the hatred which the nobility of England felt for all the Dudley race.

And now came her privy council, warning her to seek the honour of God, not (as they said) by encouraging the reforming preachers, but by re-establishing the state ecclesiastical as it had been in the time of all her progenitors; and they advised her to make an honourable marriage, and to send an embassy to Philip to conciliate his good will. But none of these things was the self-willed queen inclined to do. "This woman" (the Spanish ambassador wrote to Philip) "is possessed with a hundred thousand devils, and yet she pretends to me that she would like to be a nun, and live in a cell, and tell her beads from morning until night!" "It has become too plain," he writes, a few months afterwards, "that neither can menace terrify her nor kindness win her confidence. . . . Her words are not in accordance with her thoughts. . . . I am astonished" (he adds) "at the effrontery with which she will say on the gravest subjects whatever is convenient for the moment; but after all, however, she is a woman, and therefore inconstant." A cloistered life would certainly have been the last thing in Elizabeth's "maiden meditation," even had she been free from the cares of royalty. She was at this time surrounding herself with a web of artifice, and was playing a double part at once to France, to Scotland, and to Spain. It would be uninteresting here to enter into involved and tortuous politics, but the state of affairs will be understood by glancing very briefly at the revolutionary storm which the Scottish Reformers had contrived to raise.

In Scotland the Reformation meant the fierce struggle of Calvinism for supremacy, whereas in England the Reformation was political rather than doctrinal, and aimed at the overthrow of a foreign jurisdiction which encroached on freedom. John Knox, who had on Mary's accession unfortunately escaped with his life, again appeared in Scotland, and, when Elizabeth began her reign, had headed the army of Calvinists as puritan and prophet. A fierce and brutal mob was still destroying the abbeys of Scotland, felon hands were defacing church ornaments, and the entire fabric of the Catholic Church was shaken. The gaunt and hungry nobles of Scotland—"careless, most of them, of God or devil"—were eyeing the sleek clergy, says Mr. Froude, "like famished wolves;" but their war-cry was (of course) the Gospel, only their gospel was the Calvinist, and proclaimed no Christian love to any who differed from them, and no toleration to the adherents of the ancient faith. The fair and gifted Mary Stuart, who then graced the royalty of France, was the lawful heiress of Scotland, and they not only hated her for adhering to the religion of her

fathers, but were taught by Knox to believe the rule of a female sovereign forbidden by the laws of God.

The English queen had no sympathies with Knox, or the despotism of preachers; and she supported the Reformation party—the lords of the congregation—not from any sympathy with their Protestantism, but as her bulwark against France, for she had every reason to dread a combination of the French with the Catholic party in Scotland in support of the pretensions of Mary Stuart to the *English* throne.

“Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,” Elizabeth, in the hope of dividing the Scots and the French, had secretly supplied money to aid Mary’s subjects in rebellion, while she was at the same time writing to France to disclaim any connexion with the rebels. But the hesitating support given by the English government did not satisfy the fiery impatience of Knox and the Protestant covenanters who called themselves the congregation. It was now Elizabeth’s policy to conciliate the great Catholic party of her own country, and Philip her ally. To humour the Spaniards, she held out hopes she never meant to fulfil, and pretended now to entertain the project of marriage to Philip’s cousin, the Archduke of Austria, professing that she found the peril of her lonely situation too heavy to endure. To cajole the Spanish ambassador and seem to recede from the Protestant party, the crucifix, with altar and priests duly vested, reappeared in her Chapel Royal. At this time the ambassadors of about a dozen princes of Europe, one of whom was the King of Sweden, were competing for the queen’s hand, and her difficulty amidst her suitors might be compared to that of Penelope, if the Grecian princess had not already had a husband; but the web on which Elizabeth was employed was quite as well calculated as Penelope’s to baffle their eager expectations. But the archduke did not come; and probably, if he had come, he would have heard (as the queen herself told the Spanish ambassador she feared he would) the scandal about herself and Dudley. She apologised to Philip for having sent a fleet to Scotland without first obtaining his consent, and wanted him to be arbiter between her and France; but to this the French—who had found out what her professions of amity were worth—objected, urging that she had encouraged the rebels in Scotland only for the overthrow of the Church. Meantime, the queen was arming, and in England all the world was mustering and drilling, much as we were doing after the volunteer movement began, and Elizabeth in person went daily to the exercise of the trained bands in St. James’s Park. Soon the time for indecision was at an end, and she sent a force to aid the rebels in driving the French out of Scotland. Diplomacy intervened and failed, and “cold, doubting, and suspicious,” her Scotch allies stood by, until the red glare that lighted up the heights of Edinburgh in the conflagration of Leith (then defended by the French) signalised Elizabeth’s intention to prosecute the war. Mary of Lorraine, the queen-regent of Scotland, was carried from her death-bed to the walls of the castle that she might watch the siege of Leith; and as the sun rose out of the Firth, “she saw the English columns surge like sea-waves against the granite ramparts, and, like the sea-waves, fall shattered into spray.” Elizabeth’s forces\* must now have retreated if the Duke of

\* Those of the English force who had been wounded were left by their Scotch allies with cowardly inhumanity to die in the streets of Edinburgh.

Norfolk had not despatched two thousand men from the reserve at New-castle; but before Cecil and a much nobler envoy, the gallant Percy, Earl of Northumberland, reached the Border on their way to treat for the surrender of Leith, Mary of Lorraine, once the wittiest, brightest, fairest ornament of the court of Francis I., closed her nineteen years of widowhood and exile in the land of the stranger, fighting the Reformation (to use the words of Mr. Froude), cool and dauntless to the last, and as queen-regent holding together in Scotland the friends of Mary Stuart and of France. A general amnesty followed; the French withdrew, and the Protestant party were left to prosecute the Reformation with their own resources and usurp the government of the realm.

And now, Mary Stuart is herself to appear upon the scene—that brilliant, gifted, and most ill-fated heroine of a tale that has no parallel in history, and can never be thought of without sad and profound emotion; Mary Stuart, in whose life the tragic interest of personal story mingles with the enduring concerns of a nation; Mary Stuart, the descendant and representative of a long and patriotic line of Scottish kings, and in whom their blood was united to that of the heroic line of Lorraine, “with whose deeds Europe was ringing;” Mary Stuart, who was truly, not only Queen of Scotland, but “Queen of Hearts.” The death of the young King of France now left her a widow in her nineteenth year, graceful alike in person and intellect—a bright and winsome creature, whose mind and body had matured among the courtly scenes and frank gaiety of the court of France in which her girlhood had been passed, and whose accomplishments seemed rather to be part of her cultivated nature than ornaments of art. And now, by a perverse destiny, she, who was Scottish only by birth and lineage, was called to rule a people then the most uncultivated and turbulent in Europe, and she, a sincere Catholic, was to govern the self-willed little kingdom that had shortly before declared for the Reformation and was then bullied by a Protestant Convention and John Knox. So she bade a farewell that was to be for ever to her pleasant France,\* and embarked upon the summer seas to come among her Scottish subjects, the rightful monarch of their loyalty and love.

The English queen refused to let her pass through England on her way to her Scottish realm, for Elizabeth dreaded lest her Catholic subjects should rally round the legitimate heiress of England; and Elizabeth’s danger was at this time undoubtedly great. The Spanish ambassador wrote to Philip that Elizabeth and her council were abhorred, and it was, or was pretended to be, necessary to surround her with precautions against assassination. She had raised Protestant fury by her leanings to Catholic ritual, and by having even countenanced the belief that negotiations were in progress which might lead to the reconciliation of England with Rome. The Roman Catholics found they had been deceived with hopes which she had no intention to fulfil, and had been cajoled when she was afraid of them, and arrested when she could dare to defy them. Nearly all the bishops whom she had found at her accession in their Eng-

\* The death of Mary Stuart’s first husband had changed the aspect of affairs. What Scotland would do, and what Elizabeth would do, depended on the effect that the king’s death would have in France, for a despotic party was suddenly deposed from power, and the Huguenots—men who had been thought worthy only of fire and sword—seemed likely to gain more than toleration.

lish sees had been sent to the Tower, and such of them as survived were languishing in captivity. Her Roman Catholic subjects were denied liberty to use their own service; and Philip's advice, that in the common interests of Christianity England should be represented in the council which had been called by the new Pope (Cardinal de Medici), and should not reject his offer of reconciliation, had been refused, and it was only by Philip's interference that the sentence, which was to declare Elizabeth excommunicate, and to release her subjects from their allegiance, was for the time averted.\*

Such was Elizabeth's situation when her rival landed in Scotland, and we cannot wonder that she should have looked on Mary Stuart's pretensions with as much dread as Macbeth looks, in Shakspeare's verse, upon the life of Banquo. Mr. Burton says, with truth, that no sovereign ever entered upon rule with so many attributes of popularity as Mary Stuart. She, by her beauty, her accomplishments, and her wit; brought a lustre to the royal pageants of her court, to which sombre Scotland had been unaccustomed. Her splendour was not drawn from the taxation of the people, but from the dowry of the Queen Dowager of France. Though a delicate woman, she had more power than many a hero to stir the old warlike and chivalrous feeling of the people; and the Border peasantry, when she swept by on her white steed at the hawking or the stag-hunt, followed by the chivalry of her court, saw in her a kind of fairy queen. Though luxurious in her habits, she could share with cheerfulness the life of the huntsman or the soldier, and she possessed a wondrous energy, tenacity of purpose, courage, and self-possession. She was promptly doing while Elizabeth was considering what to do; and while our English heroine forgot the woman in the queen, Mary Stuart, alas! could forget the queen in the woman, and in the presence of an absorbing passion "could fling her crown in the dust and be the woman all." Unlike Elizabeth, she was incapable of cruelty and dissimulation, and even her enemies admit that she never betrayed a friend.

The English queen, who could not make up her own mind to marry, had a new trouble on her hands when she found that the young widow was resolved on marrying again; and, what was worse, on marrying her cousin Darnley, whom Elizabeth called "the pale long lad," who was the son of the Earl and Countess of Lennox, was a Catholic, and had, after Mary, the best hereditary claim to the English throne.† Elizabeth wished that, if Mary must marry, she should accept Lord Robert Dudley, her own favourite, whom she dared not marry herself for fear of the resentment of her subjects, and whose presence near the queen was felt by her ministers to damage her reputation in Europe, and obstruct their own policy. It was to qualify him for this higher destiny that he was created Earl of Leicester in the presence of Mary's envoy and of Darnley, who bore the sword of state at the ceremony. He would have been accept-

\* When, ultimately, the Pope's Bull was published in London (February 25, 1570), Elizabeth told the French ambassador the world looked so wild she thought the last day must be near, and began to think herself the object of a European crusade.

† His mother, Margaret Douglas, was a daughter of Henry VIII.'s sister Margaret, the widow of James IV., by her marriage with Angus; and as the child of Margaret's son, Mary Stuart was, in lineal descent, at that time heir to the crown of England.



able to the Protestant party in Scotland, for he pretended to be an ardent Reformer, and to them Protestant ascendancy meant the possession of Church lands and the power to persecute Roman Catholics. But Mary received the proposal to marry the upstart favourite of her rival with an angry disdain, and, trusting to the support of Philip and the Catholic party, had the courage to defy Elizabeth and John Knox, and to take the fatal step of marrying Darnley. Elizabeth could only retaliate by giving her secret aid to the lords of congregation in raising a rebellion against their queen, and compelling her to abandon the rites of her faith for the new Protestant régime which the fanatical preachers were forcing upon Scotland with relentless bigotry.

But Elizabeth was continually chalking up "No Popery!" and then running away; and after encouraging the confederated lords of congregation to rebel, she deserted them, and resolved to interfere no further in favour of the Scottish Reformation, lest she should provoke an outbreak among her own Catholic subjects. The army which the courageous young Queen of Scots led in person against the revolted Protestants had dispersed them, and compelled their leader, Murray—who had taken up arms against the queen, his sister—to fly for refuge into England. When, however, Mary's enemies found they could not stand before her in the field, treason and conspiracy surrounded her throne. Her innocent amusements among her fair and gallant little household were the subject of dark suspicion, and the sour bigots of the Kirk who prowled round Holyrood saw only criminal attachment in the favour she showed to the friends of her youth. The plot, of which Rizzio's murder was the most striking event, showed Darnley's weakness to be such as to make him a mere tool in the hands of conspirators and cut-throats; and when the murderers of Rizzio were pardoned, Darnley, who was no less hated than the poor Italian by the Scottish nobility, saw that there was a conspiracy for his own destruction. No doubt the Queen of Scots, now an outraged and insulted wife, visited on her miserable and faithless husband her resentment for the murder of her favourite, and had grown to hate as well as despise him. At this juncture it was that her evil genius, the Earl of Bothwell—the boldest, the most reckless, and the most unprincipled of all the nobles in Scotland—conspired with Morton, Maitland, and others to contrive the murder of Darnley. And then came the tragedy of Kirk-of-Field, when the house in which Mary had just left her sick husband was blown into blackened ruin, and Darnley lay in his last sleep under the midnight stars. The enemies of Mary did not scruple to accuse her of a guilty knowledge of the murder, and the terrible suspicion acquired a fatal force that perplexed and paralysed her friends when she soon afterwards married Bothwell, the object of her fatal passion. It is but justice to Mary to remember what her position was: deserted by her brother, Murray, and destitute of natural protectors, she needed defence against the rugged nobles, the fanatical preachers, and "the insulting rebel powers" by whom she was surrounded, and Bothwell had proved himself invaluable where daring and promptitude were required. But his influence over Mary and his usurpations, soon drove the confederated lords to take up arms against the infatuated queen and against the man who had been the occasion of so much misery and confusion. Bothwell was driven from the realm, and the unhappy Mary became a



prisoner in the hands of the confederated lords. Looking in vain for rescue, but with spirit unsubdued, she was brought into Edinburgh in no queenly attire, her face covered with dust and tears, and was received by the rebels with yells and curses, for they had been stirred up by religious fanaticism to fix on her the guilt of Darnley's murder. The armed faction who dethroned her now immured her in the water-girt castle of Lochleven, and drew up a manifesto in defence of their violence, in which they charged her with no worse crime than infatuated love for her former husband's murderer; and although Knox and the zealots of the Assembly insolently demanded that she should be put to death, the confederated lords were content with extorting her abdication in favour of her infant son, and proclaiming Murray Regent of Scotland. The interference of Elizabeth was worse than useless, though she held high language to the rebels, and told them that subjects had no right to take upon themselves to reform the faults of princes, and that Mary must be restored to her sovereign state. But she continued to be held in close confinement and in danger of being secretly murdered, and Bothwell was a fugitive at the court of Denmark, where he was destined to live and die a prisoner by the margin of the broad sea that divided him from her for ever. At length came her romantic escape from Lochleven. Mary no sooner regained her liberty than the loyalty of Scotland sprang to life. The gathering gloom of Puritanism already dimmed the setting sun of chivalry, but the Scotland of feudalism and faith and devotion had not yet lost all her gallant sons. While the Catholics of the English northern counties were lighting bonfires to celebrate the escape of Mary, her friends had fought and lost the battle of Langside, and the queen, with the faithful followers who had stood by her on that fatal hill, was now a fugitive through moor and forest to Lord Herries's country on the Solway—no star of hope to cheer her through the night of peril. But the danger of capture and death was still not over, and she resolved to trust Elizabeth's professions of friendship, and fly to England for protection.

We cannot here follow her story through all the romantic incidents of her escape from Scotland in an open fishing-boat, her landing at Workington among the warm-hearted 'squires "of rocky Cumberland," and the holding of her little court in the Castle of Carlisle. The course of history might have been changed if the loyal Percy, Earl of Northumberland (a descendant of the great earl who had given the throne to the house of Lancaster), had been allowed to take her to Alnwick Castle, as he wished to do. But her freedom was inconsistent with Elizabeth's safety, and the English queen quickly resolved on securing Mary as her prisoner, and making the accusations of the Scottish rebels a pretext for refusing to receive her at court. Elizabeth's captive kinswoman, Lady Catherine Grey, was at this time dying in the Tower, a victim to her cruel and vindictive jealousy. With a duplicity highly characteristic of her, she seems to have resolved on a treatment of her new captive, Mary Stuart, equally calculated to break *her* heart, while Elizabeth was making to the world the fair show of friendship and protection:—of course, she did not yet contemplate the dark tragedy of Fotheringhay.

In the State Papers of Sir Ralph Sadleir we have a sad picture of the unhappy Queen of Scots hurried from place to place, her small requests

slighted, her few comforts abridged, the enjoyment even of God's sweet air and open sky denied to the royal daughter of Scotland, who had been nurtured by "the mountain and the flood." Sadleir, who alone seems to have possessed an honest and a feeling heart, when no longer a dupe to his loyalty and his confidence in the honour of a queen who possessed none, was removed by her from the office of Mary's custodian, and Elizabeth, whose cruelties and whose fears reacted upon and aggravated each other, degraded the office of gaoler into that of spy. The apologists of Elizabeth have attempted to justify her in those dark passages of history which relate to Mary Stuart, and would have us believe that she was obliged to adopt them in her own defence against a pretender to her crown and for the peace and security of her realm; but all that can be admitted in her justification is that the country was undoubtedly on the brink of insurrection and danger, for soon came the famous "Rising of the North."

It is difficult for us in these days, when English Roman Catholics justly enjoy full toleration and liberty of worship, to form an adequate idea of the cruel injustice which they suffered under Elizabeth; and it was natural that their whole party should look to Mary Stuart for deliverance from their persecutions. The Calvinistic allies of the Reformation were an abomination to the old nobility; the princely houses of Howard, and Talbot, and Fitzalan, of Stanley, and Neville, and Percy, looked with disdain upon the upstart owners of property of which the Church had been robbed, and were alarmed by the spiritual disorders and the decay of old reverence for sacred things which everywhere followed the doctrines of the Reformers; and in the northern counties especially the majority of the people hated Protestantism, and were galled by the Act of Uniformity. Several members of Elizabeth's council were at this time desirous that Mary Stuart should marry the Duke of Norfolk, who, although head of the house of Howard and the most popular nobleman in England, was ostensibly a Protestant, and was plotting for her restoration and liberty. The duke is said to have been a lion in council, but to have become as a hare before Queen Elizabeth; and when at an audience he wished to see how the proposal of that alliance would be received by the royal virago, he "fell into an ague, and was fain to go without his dinner and get to his bed." The Earl of Westmoreland (Norfolk's brother-in-law) and the Earls of Northumberland and Cumberland were at this time the leaders of a great Catholic party, who had agreed to raise the north, and, by a sudden movement, set Mary Stuart at liberty, and proclaim her queen. In the face of insurrection and danger, Elizabeth—usually so irresolute—was roused to vigorous action. She secured Mary in the Castle of Tutbury, and placed the Earl of Arundel and several noblemen under arrest. Norfolk, who had meantime withdrawn from the court, and might have been safe amongst his own people, now—with blind infatuation—rode back to London only to be likewise arrested and sent to the Tower, leaving the northern earls furious at his timidity and desertion; for, had he been true to himself at this juncture, and boldly joined the champions of the imprisoned queen, Elizabeth would have had to encounter a rebellious in which she would probably have been herself consigned to the Tower. There were no proofs against the duke, but he had so incensed her, that she vowed, in

the intervals of hysterics, that, "law or no law, she would have his head." The cold and crafty Cecil appears to have suggested at this time to Elizabeth that she might take away the life of Mary Stuart, or, at all events, keep her in such "strait prison as would cause her health to fail;" but Elizabeth said she dreaded the slander which this would bring upon her. Such was the state of affairs when, on the morning of the 10th of November, 1569, bodies of armed men were moving from all points upon the road to Raby, for the northern earls had boldly taken the field; there the noble head of the old historic house of Neville met Percy, the lately restored Earl of Northumberland—the princely Percy, who, after the execution of his father for the rebellion called "The Pilgrimage of Grace" in Henry's reign, had been welcomed back to his inheritance by the enthusiasm of a people who hardly owned another sovereign than the Percy. Four days afterwards, in the darkening twilight of the November day, the earls and many of their followers entered Durham Cathedral, overthrew "the communion board," dear to puritans, and solemnly raised the high altar to its ancient place, and once more the tapers blazed and the mass was sung, as if to consecrate their enterprise. Proceeding southward on their route, the leaders were joined at every town-cross and on every village green by hundreds of people ready to shed their blood for the faith of their fathers; one of the finest passages of Wordsworth's poetry has made familiar to us how Richard Norton, the venerable squire of Norton Conyers, accompanied by his five sons, raised the banner of the Cross; and gaining strength as they advanced, the northern host came within fifty miles of Tutbury, when they found that the alarm had been given, and Mary Stuart had been removed. Elizabeth had no force that could meet them in the field, but they halted in their career at a time when to hesitate was to fail, and all was lost. Hotspur's blood had cooled in his successor, and in Percy's weakness the hopes of the northern rising ended. The queen's troops followed swiftly on the footsteps of the dispersing army as they retreated, beaten by the wintry storms, over the moors towards Scotland; and the Earl of Westmoreland himself and the Countess of Northumberland were glad to take refuge among Border outlaws, while the Earl of Northumberland fled to the tower of Lochleven, where he succeeded Mary Stuart in her island prison.

After the dispersion of the forces of the earls, and notwithstanding that the rebellion had been suppressed, innumerable executions by martial law—that is, by an assumption of prerogative contrary to the law of England—drove the people to madness, and the ministers of Elizabeth's vengeance took care that only those who had nothing but their lives to lose should be executed without legal trial; all who had lands and property were reserved to be tried by law, so that their possessions might be forfeited to the crown. The prisons of York and Durham were crowded with the gentry of the northern counties, who had struggled back to their homes only to be denounced and arrested. In the towns and on the village greens of Durham, Sir George Bowes leisurely hung upon the trees the unfortunate victims of their fidelity to their natural leaders. The rest were hung over all Yorkshire, and, by the queen's own orders, "the bodies were to remain till they fell to pieces where they hung." During all this tragic series of events, Elizabeth's temper seemed that of

the panther thirsting for blood. Her revengeful cruelty was such that it alienated her truest friends, and even Mr. Froude, her apologist, admits that anger and avarice had for a time overclouded her character.

Thus had the rising of the north collapsed, and thus had it been cruelly avenged, but the captive queen remained a serious difficulty on the hands of Elizabeth. She could not be longer detained without an accusation, and it was arranged that the Regent Murray and his party on the one side should meet the representatives of Mary on the other, first before a commission at York, and afterwards before Elizabeth herself. This conference had not the constitution of a court of law empowered to try a criminal accusation, but was in effect assembled for the purpose of enabling Mary's subjects to bring forward their accusations against her. Murray now accused the dethroned queen, his sister, of complicity in Darnley's murder, while she, by her commissioner, protested that the conference could not entertain a criminal accusation against her, and demanded the arrest of the conspirators themselves. It was at this conference that Murray relied on the famous letters purporting to have been written by Mary to Bothwell, and said to have been discovered in the casket at Holyrood—those impassioned letters, the genuineness of which can never now be proved, yet cannot be conclusively denied, and which, while they force upon the mind, assuming them to be authentic, a conviction that she did consent to Darnley's murder, move to pity and compassion by presenting in all their tragic force her wedded misery and her fatal love for Bothwell. That she was surrounded by enemies who were capable of resorting to forgery is unquestionable; and that the letters were forgeries is believed by some historians; but no one has been pointed out who had the genius to accomplish such a feat, nor do they seem attributable to Buchanan, who was the first to draw attention to them. The question of their authenticity is one which cannot be entered into here; but let any readers who may not have studied the question be warned that they must not mistake the passionate invectives of a recent and hostile biographer (Mr. Froude) for historical proofs. As the majority of the commissioners at the conference repudiated any right to sit in judgment on Mary Stuart, the question was not settled in one way or the other, and the inquiry had no other result than to create an impression in England that she was the victim of a conspiracy, and had been falsely accused by those who were depriving her of her queenly right, and that Elizabeth, who of course had nothing to do with the question of Mary's guilt or innocence, was herself guilty of broken faith, and was actuated by motives which she dared not avow. No satisfactory reason has yet been advanced by her apologists for her refusal to allow Mary to be confronted with her accusers, and to see the originals of the letters which formed the principal if not the sole ground of accusation, and upon which, whether genuine or not, the ruffianly and unscrupulous men who ruled Scotland founded their justification for treating her as a murderess. The great Catholic party might well be indignant when they saw a princess who was gifted with wondrous graces of mind and person, who had been unlawfully dethroned by rebels, who owed no allegiance to the English queen, and was not her subject, detained in rigorous imprisonment, mocked by promises which were never meant to be performed, and treated as a culprit, although neither found guilty nor legally tried.

It was represented to Philip that Cecil had urged Elizabeth to put her captive secretly to death, that her life was in danger, and that a revolution in her favour would still succeed if he would but raise a finger. He was willing to interfere if assured that the English peers would act together; and the Duke of Norfolk—who had been liberated from imprisonment, but was still under *surveillance* on account of Mary Stuart—was induced to consent that he would place himself at their head. Elizabeth had no right to complain if Mary availed herself of the aid of the King of Spain to restore her to freedom and her realm; but it is impossible to justify legally the conduct of the duke in entering into a conspiracy for the invasion of his country. His chivalrous devotion to the captive queen, and his wish to secure to his countrymen the rightful succession of the crown, cannot, however, be doubted; and there was no treason in his readiness to sacrifice a Protestantism that was certainly not hereditary and clung very loosely to him. Mary had thrown over him a sort of *glamour*, in which conspiracy came to him in the disguise of chivalry; and so the plot was formed, and the noble allies of Norfolk, had they been counselled wisely, would have struck the first blow by seizing Elizabeth, as they might have done at the opening of the parliament, which she was obliged, by her want of money, to assemble in April, 1571.

The plot, however, came to Cecil's knowledge, and the unlucky suspicions of a country carrier, who was conveying a bag of gold sent by the Duke of Norfolk for the aid of Mary's cause, betrayed to the government that he was corresponding with her friends in Scotland, and he was sent from his palace to the Tower. When Mary—then a prisoner at Chatsworth, and treated by Shrewsbury, her stern gaoler, with unmanly rigour—was told that her concurrence in the plot was known, she forcibly replied that she had come to England in reliance upon the queen's promises of friendship and hospitality, but, instead of it, had found a prison; that it was true she had, therefore, sought the aid of the King of Spain to replace her on the throne, and that those who said she had done more spoke falsely; that the duke was the Queen of England's subject; but that, for herself, she was a free princess, the equal of the queen, and not answerable to her or any other person for her conduct. One discovery now fast succeeded to another. The Bishop of Ross, who had been allowed to remain as Mary's representative at Elizabeth's court, was found to have been the arch-contriver of the conspiracy, but he had not the constancy to be a martyr, and, in fear of torture, confessed to all he knew; and thenceforth, during many weeks, wretched prisoners were yielding their secrets to the rack. At length the Duke of Norfolk—head of "an ancient house to which the Tudors were but a mushroom growth"—was arraigned for treason. The court was constituted exclusively of peers on whose loyalty Elizabeth could depend, with the Earl of Shrewsbury for high steward. Significantly coincident with this precaution for securing the condemnation of Norfolk, was the cowardly act of hiring Buchanan to compose for circulation a narrative of the events which had led to the dethronement of Mary Stuart, with versions of the casket-letters, and a vehement denunciation of the queen. The charges on which Norfolk was arraigned were, that he had conspired for the death of Elizabeth, had endeavoured to bring in a foreign

army to change the established government, and had sought to marry the Queen of Scots, knowing her to lay claim to the English crown. The only witness produced in person on the trial spoke to the knowledge which the duke had beforehand of the intended rising of the north; the rest of the so-called evidence consisted of the confessions that had been extorted from his secretaries as to the more recent plot, and of the Bishop of Ross; but none of them were confronted with him. The duke, of course, was not allowed counsel, and could but controvert his accusers on the complicated details of those confessions. It was late in the wintry evening when the murky torchlight, which hardly revealed the roof or pierced the gloom of Westminster Hall, shone upon the peers as they rose one by one to pronounce the fatal verdict, and gleamed upon the axe that was borne before the noble prisoner as he went forth into the darkness "face to face with death." Elizabeth's habitual indecision delayed the execution of his sentence, and it was not until five months had elapsed that she signed the fatal warrant.

Another noble victim for the cause of Mary Stuart was soon to follow. When the Earl of Northumberland had taken refuge in Lochleven, Elizabeth demanded his surrender; but the Regent Murray—the only adherent of the Scottish lords of congregation who seems to have been capable of honourable or chivalrous feeling—refused to comply. When Elizabeth found that it would be cheaper to employ treachery than force, she engaged Sir Robert Constable to betray the noble Percy (much as her father had employed Rich to betray Sir Thomas More); but before the meditated treachery could be successful, "a darker treason struck a more powerful victim." In January, 1570, at Linlithgow, by a strange fatality the birthplace of his dethroned sister and sovereign, Murray was assassinated as he rode up the long street; and in his death Elizabeth thought she saw the beginning of her own ruin. In the anarchy which followed Murray's assassination the English fugitives were undisturbed, and Percy continued at Lochleven until June, 1572, when Douglas infamously sold his noble prisoner to Elizabeth for 2000*l*. His previous attainder rendered it needless to bring him to trial, and Elizabeth ordered him to be executed at York. He had been given up at Coldingham, and was brought by what had been the route of the fatal northern rising, to die when his broad woodlands lay in their summer glory, and the harvest of the new-mown hay was fragrant; and so, in the old royal and metropolitan city, where his ancestors had swayed parliaments, represented kings, and headed armies, the Percy crescent again set in blood.

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## MODERN SPECULATION;

OR, WHO BIDS?

### A TALE OF THE DAY.

#### CHAPTER I.

DESCRIBES A MODERN MILLIONNAIRE AND HIS FAMILY.

"You see, Monsieur Ariel, dat you have two très-charmantes daughters—yes, very charmantes; they are fit for the highest rank in the beau monde, and if you give them some part, some small part, of the grande fortune you possess, they will be sure, with the advantage of the beauty, the manners, the virtues, the accomplishments, the education perfect, which I have been the humble instrument in bestowing on them, to make matches every way desirable, and such as will afford you unlimited gratification; but pardonnez-moi, monsieur, if I declare that they yet want something—that je ne sais quoi, that little polish, which—again I demand your pardon—this country, this metropolis, cannot bestow, and which, in my humble opinion, can only be found in perfection in Paris. A year's residence there will work wonders. You will consent, monsieur—I know you will. You love your charmantes daughters too much to deny them this moderate, this important advantage."

Madame Dupont ran on for some time much in the same strain. She was a Frenchwoman, engaged at a high salary by old Ariel for the purpose of finishing the education of his two very attractive young daughters, Sophy and Julia Ariel. They would have been attractive under any circumstances, even had they not possessed a millionaire for a father, without any obnoxious brothers to interfere with their prospects.

Old Ariel had made his money by the very same speculations which had ruined hundreds—simply by buying and selling at the right time. He was fond of money, and he delighted in making it, though he was not destitute of human feelings and sympathies. He was ready to give advice on money matters at all times. If his interest did not stand in the way, the person who asked it discovered that the advice was sound. If, however, he thought that any advantage might accrue to himself by the advice he might give, he gave it accordingly. One day an old friend came to him.

"Ariel, do you advise me to purchase that stock now in the market? I have just ten thousand pounds to invest."

"It is a business transaction—a purely business transaction, you understand," answered Mr. Ariel. "You ask me whether I advise you to purchase that stock. By all means—by all means do so. I shall be very glad if you do."

The friend purchased the stock; but what was his vexation and

anger to find, a few days afterwards, that it had become greatly depreciated in the market. He hurried to Ariel to complain.

"You asked me if I advised you to purchase that stock. I told you that it was a purely business transaction. I had the stock to sell," answered old Ariel, buttoning up his pockets and turning on his heel with a chuckle.

Such was John Ariel when he was in the world making money. Money was his god, and seldom has there been a more devout and humble worshipper. No trouble, no perseverance, no cringing, no daring, no meanness, was too great for him in the service of his divinity.

"I'll make money—honestly if I can; but I'll make money," had been his motto from his earliest days. Not that there was anything of the money usurer in John Ariel's manners or appearance. He was a gentleman by birth and education; he looked one, and his manners were polished in the extreme—rather too soft, and what is generally called insinuating. Strangers accustomed to straightforward dealing might have mistaken him for a Jesuit in disguise, or a modern High Churchman out of uniform. His dress had a somewhat clerical cut about it. He had been in the army in his youth, and had seen service. His money transactions, however, with his brother-officers were such that he became somewhat unpopular. While others became poor, he grew rich; and at length, when once more the regiment was ordered on foreign service, he was induced to sell out. He had, in the mean time, won the heart of a beautiful girl, Sophy Manners. He really loved her; he loved her money also, for she was an heiress—her father's only child. Mr. Manners did not altogether like Captain Ariel. He had heard something about him from his brother-officers. Sophy, however, with many charming qualities, was a spoilt child, and insisted on having her own way, and pouted and fretted, and declared that she should die if she did not marry Captain Ariel. At length her father yielded, with a foreboding heart, resolving to settle all her property on herself and children. Sophy was, however, more happy than might have been expected. Captain Ariel sold out, and took a house in London. The domestic expenditure was more limited than she had been accustomed to, and she would have liked to have had more amusements than he declared he could afford. She now and then ventured to expostulate on that subject. He answered her always in his blandest manner:

"You see, my dearest Sophy, how much better off you are than if I was a spendthrift. You have everything that you require for comfort. You have a good house, attentive servants, the tradesmen's bills are paid punctually. I get the discount off by so doing, and they give you the best of everything. Such a thing as a dun never approaches our doors, and you have not a moment's anxiety about pecuniary matters. Look at the Lorrimers there, our next-door neighbours. They are continually in trouble—outstanding debts in all directions—duns constantly at their doors—have to pay nearly double what we do for everything they buy, and get inferior things into the bargain. When our income increases, we will increase our expenditure; wait till then, dearest, to complain——"



There was so much truth in what John Ariel said, that his wife could not reply. The only part of his remarks not true was, that he might have spent twice as much as he did and yet have kept within his income. The once-joyous, petted Sophy had a somewhat dull life of it till a daughter was born, and then her maternal cares occupied her time, and she was supremely happy. John Ariel was contented also. He had no wish to have a son. The sons of so many of his acquaintance had turned out ill. Sons would prove a great trouble, anxiety, and expense. Their mother would look after the girls. She was sufficiently accomplished to bring them on till they required finishing-masters. Within two years another daughter was born, to John Ariel's infinite satisfaction. He considered himself in the enjoyment of perfect domestic bliss. It was, however, brought to a speedy end. Sophy never recovered the little Julia's birth. She died, thanking her husband for his kindness and attention to herself, and entreating him carefully to watch over the education of their infant daughters. John Ariel promised faithfully to attend to his wife's dying request; and, as far as he was able, he fulfilled his promise. He found a good nurse, who watched over them in their infancy; and then a really excellent governess, who brought them up with exemplary care for several years, and did much to the formation of their characters.

What John Ariel might have become had his wife lived, it is difficult to say. She might have weaned him from his eager search for wealth. He now gave himself up to it with more avidity than ever. Yet at home he was ever the indulgent and affectionate father. He was not extravagant, but he was almost liberal in everything regarding his daughters. He now and then grumbled by himself at the expense to which they put him, but the sight of them, so like their mother, generally softened his heart, and he willingly gave what they required from his hoards. His great regret was that he was unable to touch a sixpence of his wife's property. It was settled on his children, to be enjoyed, however, only by them on their coming of age; a small portion only was set aside for the education of the girls. The arrangement made him feel very bitter against Mr. Manners. He dared not show his feelings, however, lest he should choose to leave the rest of his property away from his grandchildren. Their engaging manners had, however, won the old man's heart, and there was not much chance of his doing that. A serious misfortune overtook the girls when Julia was about seventeen, and they required more than ever a judicious adviser and faithful friend. Mrs. Osborn, who had brought them up, died, to their great grief, and it became necessary for John Ariel to supply her place. How to do so he was greatly puzzled. It was an article to which his City acquaintance could not help him. Some advised him to look out for a German, others a Swiss or a French lady. At last one of them suggested that he should advertise. He little dreamed, when he actually followed the advice, the herculean task he was bringing on himself. Letters poured in on him from ladies of every European nation, possessed of every conceivable qualification for the education of youth. Several sagaciously found out his address, and called. Among them came Madame Dupont; her references

were unexceptionable, her manners were good; she was evidently a woman of the world—had seen a great deal of society—was voluble, if not agreeable; in fact, she overwhelmed him—took him by assault. Salary was a secondary consideration with her, she declared. She had seen his daughters; she already felt a truly maternal affection, &c. In despair, he engaged her on trial for six months.

## CHAPTER II.

## HOW THE FRENCH GOVERNESS WATCHED OVER HER CHARGES.

"WHAT do you think of our new governess?" asked Julia of her elder sister, as they were seated together at their work in their father's unpretending residence in Wimpole-street. "I dare say that I shall like her amazingly. She is evidently very good natured, and has a great deal to talk about. She made me laugh with some of her stories last night, though of course I could not understand more than half she said—she rattled out her words so rapidly."

"I have not made up my mind on the subject," answered the more sedate Sophy. "She wishes to please papa, that is evident."

"I hope that she will not succeed. He seems to think her a very talented, agreeable person," said Julia. "I wonder whether she really is a countess, as she boasts of being. It would be a fine thing to have a countess for a governess. Papa says that there were many refugees at the time of the French Revolution—ladies of the highest rank, who became governesses, and noblemen, who gave lessons in music and dancing, and fencing and drawing, and, if they were not accomplished, made all sorts of things; some made watches and models of various descriptions, and others turned into pastrycooks. Papa says that it was very praiseworthy in them to try and get an honest livelihood, but I should have thought that it would have been more romantic and dignified had they joined the army, and fought to recover their rights."

"I think that they were very sensible men," observed Sophy. "I wonder how our young nobility would contrive to live if they were turned adrift in a foreign country without any pecuniary means? I am afraid that they would not do half as well as the Frenchmen did here. However, that is not much to the point. I do not much mind whether Madame Dupont is the daughter of a count or a cobbler, provided papa does not allow her to gain an influence over him, as she clearly wishes to do."

Possibly Sophy, who, without being a very clever girl, had her wits about her, might have succeeded in counteracting the influence she dreaded had not Madame Dupont discovered her intentions. That lady had her hand on the lock of the door, about to enter the room, when she heard her own name mentioned. She gently withdrew it, and listened. She heard a few not very complimentary remarks about herself, but she learned enough of the young ladies, over whom she was placed, amply to recompense her.

"Ah, ah, mes pittittes demoiselles, I shall know how to manage you, I shall," she said to herself. She stood listening till she heard a

knock and ring at the hall door. "A visitor. I may hear more," she thought to herself; so she retired quietly to her room.

She watched, and saw Nancy, the Miss Ariels' own maid, ushering up a young gentleman, who rattled away to her as he sprang upstairs.

"Mr. Charles Ellwood," said Nancy, opening the drawing-room door.

"Oh, cousin Charles, we are so glad that you are come! How good of you! So happy to see you!"

Nancy closed the door. Mr. Charles was a favourite of hers. He would probably have a chat with her in the hall before he left the house. Madame Dupont crept to the door of the drawing-room. The cousins talked away frankly. She herself was soon brought on the tapis.

"I should like to see the old lady; I would turn her inside out, and soon learn all about her," said Charles, who was a young barrister, and not a little vain of his qualifications for his profession. "Ah, ah, ah! she will not deceive me, provided I can understand what she says."

Charles Ellwood had some reason for being vain, for his talents were of a high order, and he had already achieved considerable success.

"Ah, ah, ah! Monsieur Charles Ellwood, you think yourself a very clever young gentleman," thought Madame Dupont, as she listened at the door. "We will see which is the most clever of the two, you or me."

"However, do not let us talk of the woman any more," continued Charles. "I came to ask if you would like to pay a visit to the Exhibition. It is not often that I can escort you; and you, Sophy, have a taste for paintings which you should cultivate."

"Oh, delightful!" exclaimed Sophy. She blushed as she spoke at the warmth of her manner. "We shall like it very much," she added. And Julia echoed her words. "I suppose that Madame Dupont will not throw any difficulties in our way."

"Why should she? Let that be settled," said Charles. "And tomorrow, Sophy, I shall place myself at your disposal to go with you to church, and then to take a walk in the Park. Where do you generally go to church?"

"Since Madame Dupont came we have been to Mr. M'Squeekie's," answered Sophy. "The service is beautifully performed, with good music, and the church is handsomely ornamented, and all sorts of ceremonies go forward, so that it is very interesting and exciting, and we have got rather to like it. Madame Dupont says that she could not go to a humdrum church, and, though she declares that she is a Protestant, she is always praising the Catholic ceremonies and system, and says that she is not at all surprised so many of the nobility have gone over. There is something very attractive in it."

"For empty-headed, empty-hearted people, perhaps; the weak, the ignorant, and those with minds twisted and warped, though looked upon as clever," answered Charles, scornfully. "These follies are fashionable, and that leads many fools who consider themselves as be-

longing to the upper ten thousand. Don't you be led by them, girls, whatever you do."

The young ladies promised to be very wise and discreet, and agreed to accompany their cousin the next day wherever he liked, if he could arrange the matter with Madame Dupont. That lady soon afterwards made her appearance in the drawing-room, looking as amiable and innocent as if she had not heard every word that was said. She received Charles with great cordiality and emprossement, and, without hesitation, agreed at once to set off for the Exhibition on foot. Charles took care of Sophy, and had the opportunity on their way of saying a great deal of what was interesting to her, and to which she listened with no small amount of satisfaction. It was the height of the London season, and the rooms of the Royal Academy were crowded. Charles took care to keep Sophy close to him. While resting for a short time before one of the large pictures, they saw a stout, moustached, foreign-looking man come up and familiarly address Madame Dupont, who was not aware that she was observed, as Julia's back was turned to her. She and the stranger exchanged a few sentences, both speaking eagerly. Suddenly she became aware that Sophy and Charles were watching her. Instantly she put on an indignant air, as if the man had insulted her, and, taking Julia's arm, came up to them.

"Dreadful man! How dare he speak to a lady! He took me for some one else, I suppose. Where can de police be?" she exclaimed, appearing to be in a great state of excitement.

She rather overacted her part as far as Charles Ellwood was concerned. His confidence in the lady was shaken, still there was nothing tangible of which he could lay hold to report to Mr. Ariel. Although their new governess was not a favourite with the young ladies, their suspicions of her had not been aroused. They thought her somewhat inclined to boast, but otherwise they had no reason to suppose her otherwise than a very respectable Frenchwoman.

Charles enjoyed his visit to the Royal Academy, and walked home with his cousins. The next week he was going into the country on legal business, which would detain him for several weeks, and after that he was going abroad for the long vacation, so that he should not see them for some time. Madame Dupont heartily hoped that he might get smashed in a train, or catch a fever, or go out of the world in some other way, provided he did not come and interfere with her. She did not like interference. She hated with a cordial deadly hatred those who interfered with her plans. Charles spent most of the Sunday with his cousins. They did not go to Mr. M'Squeekie's church, so madame observed that, as they had made their arrangements, she would go by herself. Mr. Ariel seldom made his appearance on a Sunday morning. He generally spent it in his study among his account-books and papers. That was his place of worship.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE MILLIONNAIRE'S FAMILY ESTABLISHED IN PARIS.

SEVERAL months passed by. Madame Dupont had done her utmost to ingratiate herself with her pupils and their father. It was at this time that the conversation took place with which our story commences. She had succeeded tolerably well, but not to the extent of her ambition with respect to Mr. Ariel. She was too wary, however, to let her game be discovered. It is difficult to say whether he fathomed her. Some men are vain, and he might have had that weakness, and, feeling himself perfectly secure, might have been willing to humour her. At all events, the lady had now discovered that the fortress was impregnable, and had made up her mind to play out another game. After much manœuvring, Madame Dupont succeeded in persuading Mr. Ariel to allow his daughters to go over to Paris to finish their education. He was to go over to see them occasionally. That would be charming. She knew well enough that he would never keep long away from his money-bags, or from whatever represented them, and that she should have his daughters as much as was necessary to herself. Active preparations were now made for the proposed visit to Paris. Of course the girls were very well pleased at the project. Still they were not without annoyances. Madame Dupont wished to leave their maid, Nancy Higgs, behind, asserting that it was most important for them to have a Parisian attendant. They, however, had made up their minds that Nancy should accompany them, and Nancy had made up her mind to go. Nancy wished to be with her young mistresses; she had also other reasons just then for wishing to go to Paris, which she wisely kept to herself. Madame Dupont was in this instance defeated; but she did not consider it a matter of consequence, and she let Nancy understand that she would have a very uncomfortable time of it—a piece of information to which Nancy turned a deaf ear; perhaps she knew better. Mr. Ariel expressed his intention of escorting his daughters to Paris, and seeing them settled, at which Madame Dupont expressed unbounded delight.

At length they were on board the steamer. The weather was fine, the water smooth, and they had every prospect of a pleasant passage. The vessel was crowded. Old Ariel found seats for his daughters and himself. Madame Dupont got one some way off, and Nancy was left to dispose of herself as she could. She had no great difficulty about the matter; indeed, she was not left very long alone, for a young man, in a groom's dress, soon came up to her.

"Why, Nancy, I did not think to see you here after all," he exclaimed, shaking hands; "I'm so glad that I be."

"So am I, Tom, to see you," answered Nancy, frankly. "To say truth, I was very much afraid that the foreign lady would have beaten us. However, the young misses were staunch, and wouldn't give up the point. Madam, as they call her, is dreadfully put out, and tells me I shan't enjoy my visit."

"We'll see about that, Nancy," said Tom, looking a thousand

tender things into the maid's really pretty eyes. "My master, Lord Snowdon, is going to spend the winter in Paris, and as he isn't fond of moving, you and I won't be far apart, I hope. Just let madam play you any tricks, and I'll be down on her. I've no notion of standing any nonsense from these foreigners—that I haven't, and won't."

"No fear, Tom ; I'll let you know what happens, good or bad," answered Nancy ; "it's not likely that I'd allow myself to be ill treated by madam or any other furrener, he or she, when you was near, Tom."

Nancy gave Tom Nops a glance which made him more than ever her slave. Fortunately for him, she was not a person likely to use her power badly.

Madame Dupont had not long been seated, when a person approached and addressed her in the most deferential manner, but he spoke in so low a tone, and so rapidly, that had the people on either side, who were evidently English, understood French, they would not have comprehended what he said. Sophy at this moment looked up, and, after watching him, it struck her that he was like the foreigner she had seen at the Royal Academy, with whom her governess had been so much offended. She was not so at present, for she was carrying on what was evidently an interesting conversation with him. Perhaps she might explain the cause of the change. However, Sophy determined to make no remark unless Madame Dupont said anything to her on the subject. They talked on for an hour or more. Then the man went away, and took some turns on deck, and then came back again. Sophy and Julia were left for some time to amuse each other, as their father was not much addicted to talking to them. They had no subjects in common. In the world, he was fond of talking politics ; not that he cared how nations fared, whether they were striving to enjoy the blessings of peace or about to plunge into sanguinary wars and spread ruin and misery around. No ; but he was interested in the matter as far as the fate of nations might affect the funds. After a time, he found an acquaintance for whom he made room near himself. They were soon immersed in politics. The stranger spoke with the pleasant, easy way of a man of the world. At length, for an instant, conversation flagged. He turned to the young ladies :

"Your daughters, Mr. Ariel?" he said, with a pleasant smile on his countenance and a graceful bow.

Their father nodded, and murmured "Yes." He did not like having the conversation interrupted. There was more information which he wished to draw from his companion. The stranger, however, seemed to prefer talking to the young ladies. Perhaps what Mr. Ariel wished to obtain was exactly what he was anxious to avoid giving. In vain John Ariel tried to confine the stranger's attention to himself. He would talk to the young ladies, and very pleasantly he talked, too. He told them of a great deal they would like to see in Paris, and then he rambled through France and over a large part of Europe, giving them, however, plenty of time to ask questions. A remark from their father was sure to set him off again. Julia thought him the most delightful person she had ever met. Sophy agreed that he was very entertain-

ing. John Ariel had not been in Paris for some years. His friend offered to escort him in finding apartments.

"Thank you," he said; "my daughters' governess is a Frenchwoman, and knows Paris thoroughly. She will save us all trouble on that score."

"Is that the lady who came on board with you?" asked the gentleman, looking at Madame Dupont.

"Yes," answered John Ariel. And he highly praised the lady.

"Oh, then I conclude that I must be mistaken," said the stranger to himself, still looking keenly at Madame Dupont. "I purpose visiting some of the towns in the north of France before going to Paris. There is, however, my address, and I shall be much obliged if you will let me know where you take up your residence," said the gentleman, giving his card to Mr. Ariel.

The latter smiled as much as he ever did at anything, and put the card in his pocket without showing it to his daughters.

The party, on arriving in Paris, of course drove to an hotel, when Madame Dupont at once made herself wonderfully active in searching for suitable apartments. She wished, she observed, to relieve Monsieur Ariel from all trouble and anxiety on that score. She soon returned with a long list of rooms to be obtained in the most fashionable localities.

"Would Monsieur Ariel like to visit them and select for himself, or would he wish to leave the choice to her? He might trust to her discretion." He did what she thought he would, begged her to select, merely marking off those he preferred on account of the more moderate price, not that any of them were particularly so. "Will monsieur permit me to add one more? It is at a higher rent than those marked, but I may persuade the landlady to let it at the price of the rest. It has many advantages—a charmant abode."

Mr. Ariel made no objections. Madame drove off. She was joined at the corner of the street by the stout foreigner she had met on board the steamer. In about two hours she returned, saying that she had secured the apartments. They were superb, delightful, and that she had delayed to give directions as to the arrangement of the rooms, which she thought might be improved. The next day Mr. Ariel and his party took possession of their apartments in the Rue —.

The girls were eager to go out and see the sights of Paris, and Madame Dupont was equally ready to allow them to go with their father, excusing herself when she could on the plea of illness, knowing full well that the oftener Mr. Ariel went, the sooner he would get tired of the matter, and wish to return to England. Besides, if they were seeing sights all day, they could not attend to masters, and she was in no hurry to introduce them. She preferred selecting them after Mr. Ariel had taken his departure. To describe all the places they visited would be to give a catalogue of all the sights of Paris ordinarily inspected by the English. Mr. Ariel was soon heartily sick of the work. The great advantage was, that it did not cost much—not a quarter of the sum it would have cost to do London. As the sagacious Madame Dupont had expected, he now became anxious to go home. She immediately recovered her health and strength, and expressed herself fully able to take charge of her pupils.

She had persuaded Mr. Ariel that it would be absolutely necessary for them to see some society, and, assuring him that she had many acquaintances of high rank and position, had induced him to allow her a sum with which she could give small and select entertainments, as she described them. The girls were sorry to part with their father. They were the only beings he cared for on earth. His love for them might not have been very deep; they did not strive to fathom it. Such as it was, they valued it, and returned it fourfold. Now he had gone away, and they were left with Nancy to the tender mercies of Madame Dupont, Nancy told the young ladies that madame had been trying it on with her, but she had given her a bit of her mind, and that she did not think that she'd ever play the same tricks again.

"I hope that you were not uncivil, Nancy," observed Sophy. "Remember that papa has placed her over us, and that we are bound to treat her with respect."

"Lord bless ye, no, miss! I only told her to keep her own place, and that I'd keep mine, and that if she didn't behave herself, I'd tell a friend of mine who would tell his master, who would precious soon bring the house about her ears."

"I am afraid that Madame Dupont could not have considered that a very respectful way of speaking to her," observed Sophy, scarcely repressing a smile.

"Maybe not, miss; but it made her hold her tongue, and that's all I wanted," answered Nancy.

The young ladies, fearing that Nancy would have a very dull time of it if left to herself, took her with them whenever they could, even when their father escorted them. She followed close in their footsteps whenever they walked, and kept so bright a look-out that there was no fear of her losing them. Sometimes, indeed, she took charge of Julia when only two could walk together, and amused her greatly by her remarks on all she saw. Some time after their father had gone, Nancy frequently excused herself, and said that she preferred remaining at home.

On one of these occasions, when they had accompanied Madame Dupont to the Champs Elysées, they were somewhat startled by seeing Nancy, as they supposed, walking with a young man in the dress of an English groom. She did not see them, but went on her way rejoicing.

On their return home, Sophy taxed her with having been out.

"Yes, miss, I was going to tell you all about it," she said, frankly. "Who should come and knock at the door just as you were gone but Tom Nops. Tom and I have been keeping company, off and on, since we was well-nigh children. I knew that he was in France, because he came over with his master, Lord Snowdon. He's a very respectable young man, is Tom Nops—that he is, miss. Says he to me, 'Nancy, will you come and fetch a walk with me in the Chams Elisee?' 'Of course,' says I, 'I will; for though the young misses is out, I'm sure they'll not say anything against it, and I don't care a fig for madame.' So Tom and I set off, and a pleasant walk we had; and we went into a beautiful room full of little marble tables, and they brought us such beautiful coffee, which is called just like the English. I wish all



French words was as like and as easy to be got by heart, and I'd talk French in no time. Tom talks it already, quite easy-like. Then you see, miss, he is in no way particular ; he never stops at anything. If he doesn't know a word, he makes it, and that does just as well. Now and then the people laughed when he talked, but he went on, and didn't mind them."

Thus Nancy ran on. It would have been rather difficult for Sophy to have found fault with her, even had she been so inclined. Fortunately madame had not seen her, or she would have taken good care to have done so.

Madame was very busy in making preparations for her first party, or rather for the Miss Ariels' first party. It was to be very select, she told them. She proposed asking only some few of the élite of Paris society ; no English, of course. Their object was to become acquainted with French people, and French manners and ways, and it would be, therefore, absurd if English people were invited.

The Miss Ariels had nothing to say against this. They knew no one in Paris, and they would therefore have to treat no friend with neglect. They looked forward with no small amount of pleasure and curiosity to the affair. At all events, there would be some fun, and as Madame Dupont had undertaken to do the honours, they would have no trouble about it.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### MADAME GIVES A PARTY IN PARIS FOR THE ADVANTAGE OF HER PUPILS.

THE eventful evening arrived ; the rooms were brilliantly lighted, and Madame Dupont was as brilliantly dressed. The young ladies were far more modestly attired ; they looked what they were—quiet, unpretending English girls. There was nothing fast about them, though they could not be justly called slow, whatever might have been said about them.

"Lor, miss, isn't she splendiferous just?" said Nancy, who had caught a glimpse of madame as she sailed into the drawing-room. Nancy had just returned to the chamber of her young mistress. "She looks more like the Queen of Sheba, or some duchess or other, at least, than your governess. For my part, I'd rather see you as you are than figged out in that style, which don't become her situation, to my mind."

"Remember, Nancy, she has to do the honours of the house, and I suppose that it is the fashion in Paris," said Sophy. "And you really must not make these remarks on our governess."

Nancy screwed up her lips and gave a look at Julia, which signified clearly, "Won't I, though?"

The young ladies, their hair having been dressed an hour before by one of the first artistes in Paris, and their costume, though simple, being excessively becoming, at the same time perfectly fashionable, entered the drawing-room. Preparations had been made for dancing, and card-tables had been placed in all convenient corners. There were several musicians at one end of the room, and a piano open for amateur performers, and several obsequious waiters, lithe and active

as eels, and a small side-room with tea and coffee in the English fashion, and small glasses of liquor, and cakes—indeed, nothing was wanting, according to Madame Dupont's notion, to make the entertainment perfect. The guests began to arrive. There were several stout elderly gentlemen, with stars and ribbons, and other decorations, and several still stouter elderly ladies, who might have belonged to the fashionables of Paris, but they did not look it. They all seemed, however, to be on very cordial terms with Madame Dupont, and appeared to be highly gratified at seeing her. Sophy and Julia had not caught their names, nor were they introduced to them. They seemed to have come to fill up the rooms before the arrival of the more important guests. These now began to make their appearance. The first announced was the Duke of Beaumarchais, a thin active little man, with a huge pair of moustaches, on which he evidently much prided himself. He was perfectly dressed, also, in every point. Madame welcomed him with profound respect, as if she held him in great esteem, and introduced him in due form to the Miss Ariels. He approached them with so many bows and flourishes, that Julia could scarcely resist laughing in his face. Then standing humbly before them, he began a series of remarks, delivered at so rapid a pace, that even Sophy could scarcely understand a word he said. She answered, therefore, somewhat vaguely, in the best French she could command; but this seemed a matter of indifference to him, as he still went on, perfectly contented with himself on the effect he believed he was producing. Shortly after his arrival, the Baron de Choux was announced, a slight, tallish, round-faced, German-looking man, with light hair and a thin moustache. He was as stiff in all his movements as his predecessor was active. His hands were constantly pressed together before him clutching his opera hat, while his eyes were turned upwards, and a smile, somewhat forced, perhaps, played over his lips. As the duke was still addressing Sophy, he began to pay his devoirs to Julia. As he spoke slowly, she easily understood him. Encouraged by the attention which the young girl paid him, he redoubled his efforts to please her. Several other people came in. A few of them were young ladies, and other men, young and active enough, at all events, to dance. Madame Dupont was busy doing the honours, and she seemed not to think it necessary to introduce them to her charges. Before long, however, another titled man was announced, as the Count de Bellune; and she managed before long to draw off the duke from Sophy, and to introduce the count in his stead. Though older than the duke, and rather stout, he had far more pretensions to good looks, while his manners were quiet and polished. He took pains, also, to make Sophy understand what he said. He inquired particularly how long she had been in Paris—what she had seen—what she proposed seeing—how she liked Paris, and France, and the French. Then he told her a number of amusing anecdotes, and altogether made himself very agreeable. Two or three other gentlemen were soon afterwards introduced to the young ladies—a Monsieur Philipon and a Monsieur Chenevix. The first was young, good-looking, and agreeable; the latter wished to be thought so, and was not a bad imitation of what he desired to appear; but an

acute discerner would have discovered that he was made up, though with considerable art. The room was, meantime, rapidly filling. When Sophy looked round, however, she was struck by the peculiar expression in the countenances of the majority of the guests. She could not tell exactly what it was, but it was something she did not altogether like, though she would not even mention her ideas to Julia. The music now struck up. The stout ladies and gentlemen who were incapacitated by their figures sat down to cards. The duke claimed the honour of leading out Sophy. She had some difficulty at first in keeping her countenance as he commenced operations, and figured away before her—every limb and muscle in his little body being put into active and incessant motion. The Baron de Choux, who danced with Julia, formed a strong contrast to him. The baron was as sedate and stiff as the duke was active. He contented himself with moving like an automaton through the figure of the dance, with an occasional stop, as if some of the machinery wanted greasing—looking unutterable things, and talking of his castle, his retainers, and broad lands in the south of France. The Count de Bellune succeeded the duke. He had an oldish, got-up, somewhat rakish appearance, such as certain habits seldom fail to stamp indelibly on a man's countenance. Still he was very agreeable, and refined, and deferential, and Sophy was inclined to like him far more than the duke. The other gentlemen who have been mentioned took their turns in dancing, and did their best to make themselves agreeable to the two English young ladies. The rest of the man kind present did not even attempt to engage their hands, but walked sedately about, danced with the rest of the dancing ladies, old and young—there were not many very young ones—and behaved themselves most respectably. Altogether the party seemed to be going off in a very satisfactory manner, and Madame Dupont was highly pleased. Sophy did not altogether like the look of some of the guests; neither the duke nor the count seemed to be acquainted with any of them. One stout gentleman she thought that she had seen before, and she suddenly recollected that he was the very man who had spoken to Madame Dupont at the Royal Academy, and who appeared on board the steamer.

He was now elaborately got up and considerably improved in general appearance. He seemed to be acting the part of master of the ceremonies to some of the guests, and engaged in executing the orders which Madame Dupont every now and then gave him. Most of the younger men and also the younger ladies evidently regarded him as a person of consequence, and treated him with great respect. Sophy, though remarkably quiet, and somewhat slow in acquiring accomplishments, had a good deal more observation and sense than Madame Dupont gave her credit for. This was fortunate, as it assisted in preventing her from so easily falling a victim to the designs of that lady. At a late hour the guests took their departure, the duke and the count being the last. The baron lingered, that he might sigh an affectionate adieu into Julia's ears, but, at a sign from madame, he was at last obliged to retreat. He was immediately attacked by the two other noblemen, who declared that he was not in their set, that they had never met him in good society, and that in

their opinion he was an impertinent impostor. Madame defended him—inquired if they thought she would ask any but persons of character to her house. They smiled at the question, and observed that time would show.

## CHAPTER V.

## A VISIT TO A PARIS MATRIMONIAL OFFICE.

AMONG the lookers-on at the party given by the Miss Ariels, or rather by Madame Dupont, were Tom Nops and Nancy. They discovered that she had taken the house, and also issued cards in her own name.

“Now I must be off, Nancy, or the hosses will be crying out,” said Tom, giving the demure damsel a parting salute. “Well, they are a queer lot, to my mind, some of these Frenchmen. I should like master to see them. I wonder what he’d think.”

The next morning Tom made his usual appearance before his master, Lord Snowdon, at breakfast-time to receive orders. For some time his lordship did not look up. He was absorbed in a paper before him.

“No, I shall not ride this morning,” he said, at length. “Stay at home, though; I may want you.”

Tom pulled his hair, and retired. Lord Snowdon was a young man of a romantic and chivalric turn of mind, but he had seen a good deal of the world, and, discovering how little such qualities are generally appreciated, he on general occasions wisely concealed his sentiments.

“This is a very odd paragraph,” he said to himself, glancing at a newspaper. “A French lady of rank, who has charge of two English young relatives possessed of large fortunes, wishes to see them well established in marriage. She will assist any gentleman of equal rank and position who will sign an agreement to pay her over one-third of their property on their marriage, her own limited means, which will be still further decreased by the loss of her young relatives, compelling her to make this demand. Apply, for particulars, to M. de Noalle, 15, Rue St. —.” “I should like to find out who these young ladies of fortune can be,” thought Lord Snowdon. “It is either a trap of some adventuress to catch unwary young men of rank, or it is what it pretends to be—some mercenary old lady who wishes to make money out of her young charges. Luckily, Charlie Ellwood will be over to-morrow, and his wits will soon help me to find out the state of the case. I am too well known in Paris, and, if I took a personal part in the affair, should very likely be recognised, while he is little known, though he speaks French, as he does everything else, thoroughly well. I, however, will break ground by paying a visit to M. de Noalle, and hearing what he has to say for himself. If Tom Nops spoke better French, I would send him. But no, he might bungle; I must go myself.”

During the morning the young nobleman found his way to the Rue St. —. He had considerable difficulty, however, in discovering the bureau of M. de Noalle. It did not look like a place where much reputable business was likely to be transacted. He had three pairs of

stairs to climb, and in a small apartment on the top of the third he found a stout gentleman in green spectacles with a large moustache, wearing a somewhat military air. Lord Snowdon scanned his countenance before speaking. M. de Noalle looked at him very hard in return, and demanded his pleasure.

"Before I state my business, I must ask if monsieur has charge of a delicate business regarding a certain matrimonial arrangement," said Lord Snowdon.

"I have charge not only of one, but of numerous matrimonial arrangements of the most delicate nature," answered M. de Noalle, with a smile. "Is it to find husbands for ladies, or wives for gentlemen? Or, in some instances, I do not refuse to make less permanent arrangements, provided they are all en règle. Can I be in any way of service to monsieur?"

Lord Snowdon referred to the paragraph.

"Ah, that is an important matter—very important!" observed M. de Noalle, again eyeing the young lord. "It is so important, that I must take time for consideration. Monsieur must give me references and full particulars of himself. Then it will be necessary for me to consult others. I am but an agent—an humble agent—in the matter. Monsieur will, therefore, perceive that it is necessary for me to be extremely particular."

Monsieur de Noalle thereon gave a nod, and demanded if monsieur had anything more to say. Lord Snowdon felt that he was defeated—that he was not likely to get anything more out of Monsieur de Noalle.

Charles Ellwood arrived on the day expected. He did not know his cousins' address, and therefore fortunately came on at once to Lord Snowdon's. They had been schoolfellows and college friends; they had few concealments from each other. Lord Snowdon showed him the advertisement which had excited his curiosity and suspicions. Charles thought over the matter in silence for a few minutes. "It may be them; and if so, that Frenchwoman must believe that she has a very firm hold of them to venture so far. Neither she nor they are aware that I intended coming to Paris. The man, De Noalle, as he calls himself, may possibly have known you. I will take good care that he does not discover me. I shall have no difficulty in so disguising myself that neither he nor any one else will know me, and I shall thus be able to discover who the lady is who is putting up her young relatives to auction. If they are mere adventuresses looking out for titled husbands, the affair may be amusing, and if the girls are victims to some unprincipled woman, as is most likely, I may save them from the fate to which they are destined by her."

## CHAPTER VI.

AFFORDS A SPECIMEN OF THE EDUCATION MADAME BESTOWED ON HER PUPILS.

THE Miss Ariels found their life in Paris very pleasant. Madame Dupont certainly did not weary them with instruction. They had a variety of masters, but none of them gave very long lessons or came very often. They suspected, too, that they were not especially first rate, as madame hinted to them that, for young ladies with the fortunes they would possess, it was surely not necessary to tax their patience in acquiring arts which could render them no real service. Very well for poor girls who might have to attract a husband by their accomplishments. They might have their choice among any number without any trouble of the sort. In truth, they found that they soon had but little time for study. They had visitors morning and evening, who talked a great deal. The duke, the count, and the baron were very constant in their attendance from the day of their first party.

The next morning another gentleman called, a most agreeable middle-aged man, with the softest and most insinuating manners. He did not come as a lover, that was certain, for he was introduced as the Abbé la Motte. He talked of affairs in general, and was far too well-bred a man to touch on religious matters even to young ladies. He, however, contrived to make a few satirical remarks on evangelical Protestants in so light a way that they were not likely to give offence to his hearers. The next day when he called, madame herself introduced the subject in a low tone, so that the young ladies need not of necessity have heard what was said. She professed to have had her own faith in Protestantism somewhat shaken, and begged him to repeat the arguments which he had to offer in favour of that of Rome. He professed unwillingness at first to say anything which might show that he was anxious to win over those who belonged to another communion.

He remarked that the principle held formerly by the priests of the Catholic Church, that it was their duty to try and convert their fellow-men on all occasions, was entirely exploded. Each person had a right to follow his own notions, though, alas! he for one could not deny that there was no safety—in fact, no prospect of salvation—out of the pale of the Catholic Church. He seemed to warm with his subject, and, forgetting all he had before said, went through a series of the strongest arguments which can be advanced in favour of Romanism.

Madame Dupont bowed her head, clasped her hands, and sighed deeply when he had finished.

"Ah! I see. I feel that they are unanswerable," she exclaimed, weeping gently.

The abbé seemed much moved. He addressed himself to the young ladies, expressing deep regret at having disturbed the feelings of so estimable a lady as Madame Dupont. Yet it might prove to be for her soul's welfare, and how inestimable was the value of that. Then, as if in spite of his own intentions, he repeated many of the leading

and most telling arguments he had just used, and then concluded, saying:

"Ah! what a tender loving parent is this Mother Church, to which I have the happiness of belonging; with what joy and satisfaction does she receive back into her bosom those who have strayed from the fold; how does she delight in leading back her erring sheep!"

Julia thought all this very powerful, and proposed to Sophy that they should at once return to the bosom of the true Church, as the good abbé had indirectly invited them.

"I know that we should be received. It would be so charming!" she exclaimed, "and hundreds of Catholics who have gone over would welcome us."

"We should be made a great fuss with, I have no doubt," said the more phlegmatic Sophy. "I own, in fact, I was not able completely to follow him. He said that his is the true Church, and that, therefore, all who desire to be true Christians must belong to it; but he omitted to prove that it is the true Church. Suppose that his first assertion is false, then all his other arguments are utterly valueless. If, however, he is right in the first instance, then all else he says is of great weight."

After this the abbé came every morning, and when they were at home in the evening. Even Sophy began to waver. Madame Dupont acknowledged that the charming abbé had so convinced her that she only waited a favourable opportunity of entering the Church of Rome, though she exacted a vow from her pupils that they would keep this an inviolable secret.

"And you, ma petite," she whispered to Julia, when Sophy was not within hearing, "shall profess at the same time."

The abbé had brought some books for madame's use, but she allowed her pupils, as a great favour, to peruse them. Matters soon got to such a pass, that Julia was eager to go over to the Romish Church, and Sophy's faith was shaken. Madame, however, urged them to take no irrevocable step. It would be time enough if they married Catholic husbands, which it would be wise if they did, as they were always the best. They allowed their wives far more liberty than did Protestants, and did not ask them disagreeable questions. Madame's chief theme had for some time past, however, been marriage, its advantages, and the happiness it affords. She was not, even for a Frenchwoman, over-refined in her descriptions.

Madame Dupont had arranged that they should devote certain evenings to the reception of visitors, when the Duke de Beaumarchais, the Count de Bellune, and the Baron de Choux, with other gentlemen, seldom failed to attend, madame, of course, being the estimable hostess. They were seated one evening in expectation of their guests, when a card was brought in, which madame handed to them. It was of exquisite satin paper, with two rosebuds engraved on it; and on it, in the most delicate type, was written *Le Marquis de Marplot*.

"He is not a friend of mine, but he has been introduced to me with most unexceptional references, and I hear that he is very rich and very charming." Madame had just time to say hurriedly in French, when the marquis entered the room.

He was a somewhat stout, well-grown gentleman ; not bad-looking apparently, but it was difficult to make out his features from the profusion of hair with which they were covered, for it could scarcely be said that they were adorned by it. His eyes were sparkling, and his lips appeared to be smiling. He was fashionably dressed, with rather a larger amount of chains and rings than is perhaps usual. He bowed profoundly to madame, and then sidling along, performed the same ceremony with a number of flourishes before the young ladies, when Julia discovered that, at all events, he was not bald, and that though he was stout that he was still probably a young man. He spoke in a peculiarly low voice, with somewhat of a lisp, and was remarkably chary of his words as long as madame was within hearing. When, however, she had gone forward to receive some more guests, he launched forth freely enough. He beat the Baron de Choux hollow with his descriptions of his châteaux and estates, his beautiful gardens, his vineyards, and his carriages and horses. He described in glowing terms the lovely villages he owned, and their unsophisticated and simple-minded population—a perfect Acadia. It was a pleasure to live among such people. Then he had faithful retainers, whose fathers had followed his ancestors to battle, and had never deserted their standard. He had one object in life: it was to find an amiable wife who would assist him in his paternal rule over all these people. He made good play till the arrival of the usual guests, who would no longer allow him to monopolise the young ladies.

Madame Dupont was evidently greatly taken with him, and paid him the greatest attention, as did Monsieur Grosport, the stout gentleman, who had from the first acted the part of the master of the ceremonies. This excited the jealousy of the other gentlemen ; and when the marquis stood up at length to dance with Sophy, the duke stood in one corner eyeing them askance, and looking as if he was trying to pull out his moustaches by the furious way he tugged at them. The marquis, however, did not seem to mind him a bit, but rattled on in his low dulcet tones as fast as before. Sophy was very much pleased with him, and thought him more agreeable than anybody else in the room. At length he was obliged, he said, to take his departure. He begged to speak to madame before going. It was to arrange to return to have a conversation with her on the following evening. He was so deeply engaged in diplomatic matters of importance that he could not come during the day. As soon as he was gone, the duke and the baron breathed more freely, and the baron redoubled his efforts to please. He wound up by placing his heart and hand, and castle and estates, at Sophy's disposal. She replied that she could not make up her mind to commit so rash an act as that of marrying, and begged him to look on her, as heretofore, in the light of a friend. The baron threw himself into an attitude of despair, and his smiles vanished in a moment, declaring that he should commit some terrible act if she did not yield. She was firm ; and at last he rushed frantically from the room. The little duke had, in the mean time, made an offer to Julia, who, highly delighted at the thoughts of being a duchess, had accepted him. Madame was very well pleased with Julia. It was a great thing to be a duchess. She was rather young, to be sure, to marry ;



but the duke would be sure to make her a good, kind husband. He was young in disposition, if not in age, and gentle and amiable. Sophy would have done well to have accepted the baron. She was inclined to be angry with her. His rank was not so great, but his property was far greater than that of the duke. However, there was the count. She was sure Monsieur Ariel would be very angry if she refused him. Perhaps her father would disinherit her, and give all his property to the duchess. So madame ran on, till Sophy began to think that she must have done something very wrong. Had the baron come back that instant, she might possibly have accepted him.

## CHAPTER VII.

DESCRIBES A FRESH APPLICANT FOR THE HAND OF ONE OF THE HEIRESES.

THE next morning a fiacre drove up to the door of M. de Noalle, and out of it stepped Madame Dupont. She ascended the stairs to his bureau, and cautiously looked in. De Noalle was there alone. He received madame affectionately. She seemed in no way surprised. He had satisfactory information to give.

"Matters have gone on well," he said. "The last, the marquis, is a decided catch. He was ready to pay the entrance fee, and even to advance money to you, provided you give him a receipt in your own handwriting that there may be no mistake about the matter afterwards. That shows that he is of a suspicious disposition. Still, in all other respects, he was very liberal—far more so even than the duke. The count was somewhat the contrary; but the baron was worse than all. He declined to pay even an entrance fee; but then he made extensive promises. I have written to ascertain more about him, because, to own the truth, I am not quite satisfied with the account he gives of himself."

"Ah, méchant! take care that you do not make a mistake," said the lady, shaking her parasol at him. "I do not save more than eight or ten thousand francs a year at present out of Monsieur Ariel's money, and that will never do. We must make a grand coup if we can. It will require great management and delicacy. Even if we secure complaisant husbands for the young ladies, it will be difficult to secure for ourselves our share of the property. Mere promises are not to be trusted to. We must bind them as strongly as they can be bound; but an advance is the right thing. They have seen enough of the girls to have discovered that there is no pretence about them—that they are what they seem. You must obtain that from them, my friend, without fail."

De Noalle promised to follow implicitly the lady's wishes.

That evening the Marquis de Marplot arrived at the apartments of Madame Dupont. She received him with the greatest cordiality. He, as usual, spoke but little to her; but what he did say was to the point, as far as she was concerned. He promised, provided there was no mistake about money matters, even more largely than the baron had done. How could she make a mistake, considering that she was part guardian of her young relatives?

"Ah, exactly so; I see it all. You are a very estimable person," he observed.

The lady seemed rather surprised at the sudden exclamation. Soon after this, the duke arrived, and began to treat poor little Julia as his affianced. He brought a present for her—a large bracelet. It glittered a good deal, and she thought it very fine. The marquis begged Sophy to look at it. It came up wonderfully light in her hand.

"The intrinsic value is under twelve francs," he whispered.

After madame had examined it, she took the duke aside, and began to scold him. It was not only mean but foolish to bring a present of such a value.

"Ah, ma chère Madame Dupont, I acknowledge the truth of what you say," he answered. "But pray accept this from me for yourself."

He handed the lady a case, which she opened and examined minutely.

"You are a sensible man, monsieur," she replied. "Yes, I see you understand how things should be managed."

During the course of the evening the marquis whispered in his gentle, lisping voice that he should especially like to marry the eldest of the young ladies, and that he had strong hopes of success, but that as she was probably a Protestant, and his family were staunch Catholics, there might be some difficulty on that score. Madame instantly assured him that there would be none whatever; that she herself had always been a Catholic, and that she had taken good care to place the advantages of the Catholic faith so clearly before them, that both sisters were ready forthwith to turn to it.

"Is that indeed possible? You are truly a clever, far-seeing woman; wise, very wise," observed the marquis.

Madame had to sit down to the card-table. The marquis declined doing so. He observed that the play was somewhat high. While she and the other guests were absorbed in it, and the duke was standing near Julia, who was playing, or rather pretending to play at the piano, he took the opportunity of having some quiet conversation with Sophy. On taking his leave, he said that he should be compelled to be absent for a few days, and he whispered to madame that he hoped on his return to be in a position to make final arrangements with her. She seemed greatly pleased.

"Ah, ah, Marquis de Marplot is charmant—très-charmant!" she observed, as soon as he was gone; "you are truly a fortunate fille to have won him, Mademoiselle Sophy. You are, that you are."

Sophy replied quietly that she was of the same opinion.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## MADAME DUPONT BRINGS HER SCHEMES TO A CONCLUSION.

"GOOD-BYE, Snowdon, I am off by this evening's mail," said Charles Ellwood, coming into his friend's apartments; "I have written to old Ariel, but he will not believe the facts I state to be possible. He was always notorious for his obstinacy. He has some important transactions in hand which engage all his attention, and he is, besides, unwell. Unless I can see him myself I can have no chance of persuading him."

"I will do my best to watch over the young ladies in your absence, with the assistance of Tom Nops and his sweetheart Nancy. They have for long seen through the character of Madame Dupont," answered Lord Snowdon. "She must be clever indeed if she manages to succeed; at the same time, if we delay, mischief may be done. It is impossible to say what evil influence an unprincipled, cunning woman may not exert over two innocent young girls like your fair cousins."

"I fear none that she has gained over Sophy, at all events," thought Charles Ellwood, as he left the room.

Immediately on his arrival in town he hastened to the residence of Mr. Ariel. He was not only at home, but ill in bed. He sent up his name, but Mr. Ariel could see no one. What was to be done? At that moment the doctor arrived. Charles was well acquainted with him. He told him the state of the case.

"If I can convince him that your account is correct, it may rouse him up to exertion," answered Doctor Bollam. "He has gone sick in consequence of losing three or four hundred pounds. I am certain that it is not more, and he has thousands he does not spend. I'll try the experiment at once. Wait in the dining-room till I come down."

The doctor knew his man. In an hour he returned, saying that Mr. Ariel had undertaken to accompany Charles to Paris as soon as he was strong enough.

"I have promised him that I would set him up in a couple of days at furthest," added Doctor Bollam. Indeed I told him that he might possibly be able to start to-morrow—though, to say the truth, he is fit to go immediately, if he could be brought to think so. Half the illnesses of our upper-class patients are on the nerves. When we discover the real cause, which they are generally loth to reveal, we can generally cure them."

The next day Mr. Ariel was up and dressed. The doctor called, administered a cordial, and he announced that he felt himself better than ever. They were soon on their way to Paris. It was important that Madame Dupont should not hear of their arrival by any chance. They went to Lord Snowdon's apartments. They then heard through Tom, who got his information from Nancy, that all things were going

on smoothly, and that there was no immediate necessity for bringing things to a climax.

"Then, sir, I should like to show you the sort of persons Madame Dupont has selected for your sons-in-law," said Charles. "You will then understand that they are not likely to have scruples about entering into any arrangement which she may venture to offer."

"As to rascality, I am ready to believe in the existence of it to any amount in any human being," answered Mr. Ariel. "I am ready to accompany you."

"I have my reasons for selecting the evening. I shall be then at your service," said Charles.

Lord Snowdon had insisted on Mr. Ariel's dining with him. Charles was engaged. In the evening, a good-looking, stout, but somewhat hairy foreigner unceremoniously entered the room, and it was not till Lord Snowdon gave a hearty laugh, and addressed him as Charles Ellwood, that Mr. Ariel knew who stood before him.

"You will not object to a little alteration in your costume and appearance," said Charles to Mr. Ariel. "It may not be necessary, but as a matter of precaution I should advise it. I have brought with me a person I have employed on two or three occasions, and he is thoroughly trustworthy."

A small wiry-looking man, with an ever-present smile on his countenance, was now brought into the room, bearing a large bundle. After several hops and skips round Mr. Ariel, he declared that he could prepare him speedily for his adventure. He must consent to be—he begged pardon—an old roué; he must walk with a stick, and ogle the jolies femmes. Mr. Ariel winced, but finally gave in, and in a quarter of an hour came hobbling out of Lord Snowdon's dressing-room a debauched-looking old rake of seventy or more—if old rakes live so long, which is to be doubted. Snowdon and Charles complimented him on his appearance, and the glance he had had of himself in the glass made him enter into the spirit of the thing.

"I shall be ready to accompany you to see my own daughters. I don't think that even they will discover me," he exclaimed, laughing.

Who would have supposed that he was the gentleman who three days before was too ill in bed in London to get up?

M. Gabot, the perruquier, had undertaken to act as Charles's guide on this occasion. A fiacre was at the door. He mounted the box as Charles and Mr. Ariel entered, and it drove off. The carriage stopped at two or three different places, but those they sought were not there. At last the indefatigable Gabot opened the carriage door.

"They are up there," he said, pointing to a passage.

Charles, taking Mr. Ariel's arm, ascended the staircase, led by Gabot. They had no difficulty in gaining admittance to the hell within. A number of persons were assembled of both sexes, young and old, most of them round gambling-tables.

"We have all the principal birds caught in one net," whispered Charles to his companion. He pointed out the Duke de Beaumarchais acting as croupier at one table, and the Count de Bellune at another. "Mark them well," said Charles. "You will see them by-and-by at

Madame Dupont's." He pointed out several other guests who would be seen there, not all of one sex either.

The Baron de Choux was not there. Mr. Ariel asked for him.

"No, he dare not show his face here. He was discovered cheating at cards here a short time ago, and had to decamp."

Mr. Ariel confessed that he had seen quite enough, and had only to find the same persons assembled in his daughters' rooms to turn Madame Dupont out of them.

"You will have to restrain your impatience till to-morrow evening, when there is to be a grand assemblage, and Nancy will keep very good watch over them in the mean time."

"I must go and see the fun," exclaimed Lord Snowdon, when he heard the plan proposed. "I may venture *in propria persona* without employing the services of Monsieur Gabot."

The following evening Madame Dupont's rooms wore a more festive appearance than ever. She was in good spirits. The duke and the count had both won money, and she had benefited. In other ways she had been successful. The Marquis de Marplot also, she felt sure, would finally settle matters, and her fortune would be made. The guests were assembled. At last the marquis appeared, and introduced his old friend Monsieur de Rohan. The duke stood up to dance with poor little Julia; the count obtained the hand of Sophy.

"Now, ma chère Madame Dupont, I wish to settle affairs with you. We will retreat into this recess, where we can do so without interruption," said the marquis, in his softest manner. "From my venerable friend De Rohan I have no concealments."

The lady seated herself in the place proposed.

"As I told you, I am willing to pay you the one-quarter of the lady's property on our marriage; but the difficulty I expected has occurred. Those from whom I have expectations will not hear of my marrying a Protestant."

"They need have no fears on that score. The young ladies are ready to profess themselves Catholics to-morrow," answered Madame Dupont. "I have always myself been a faithful daughter of our Holy Mother Church, and took good care from the first to imbue them with right principles. But, mon cher marquis, there is one little thing with regard to Sophy's fortune. Her father, I must let you know, is a mean, stingy old miser. It is possible that he may give his daughters very little till his death. Suppose you settle fifty thousand francs on me. It is but a small sum for you, and it will make me at my ease."

"I must take time to consider that matter," answered the marquis. "You hear all that the good lady says," he remarked, turning to M. de Rohan. "Are you satisfied now?"

"Indeed I am," exclaimed the old gentleman, starting up. "I have been deceived, but I will be deceived no longer. Madame Dupont, I order you to quit these apartments. They belong to me and to my daughters."

Madame started with a thoroughly genuine look of astonishment as she peered into the countenance of her venerable guest, and turned a similar glance at the marquis.

"Horreur! who are you, and whence do you come?" she exclaimed.

The hitherto bland old gentleman merely said, in reply, "Quit these apartments!"

"Ah, I see it all. Some vile wretches have been calumniating me. I know you now, Monsieur Ariel; but pardon me, monsieur, they belong to me. They were taken in my name," answered madame, regaining her composure. "I will not allow any one to come here and insult me in my own house."

"If the apartments are yours, you will be answerable for the rent," exclaimed one of the lady guests, who had overheard the latter part of the conversation, and now introduced herself to Mr. Ariel as the landlady. "Is madame prepared to pay that?"

This was, indeed, a cruel cut from one whom she called her friend, the sharer of her confidence. She saw clearly that the game was up. The rest of the guests now drew round to ascertain what the disturbance was about. Soon ascertaining how the wind blew, the most respectable began to sneak out—others beat a still more rapid retreat, among whom was the chain-bedecked master of the ceremonies. Some stopped a moment in the tea-room to cram a few cakes and lumps of sugar into their pockets. The noble duke was seen hunting about in all directions, when, evidently to his satisfaction, he found and pocketed the last presents he had brought for Julia, and then, followed by the count, he hurried after the rest of the party. The cause of the sudden movement was the appearance of three or four gendarmes outside the door. They had accompanied Lord Snowdon and an officer of police. The latter, stepping forward, informed madame that he arrested her on the charge of being implicated in an extensive case of swindling which had taken place in Paris a few years back, and advised her to accompany him without resistance. She did not deny the gentle insinuation, but begged to retire to her room to put on her walking-dress. The officers, believing that she had merely gone to secure her jewels and money, from which they were likely to benefit, allowed her to do so. She was longer than was expected, when a cry from Nancy made several people rush into the room. Madame lay prostrate on the floor, having swallowed the contents of a large bottle of laudanum.

Mr. Ariel was glad enough to get out of Paris with his daughters, and made no objections shortly afterwards to the marriage of Sophy with Charles Ellwood. Julia married a little later a stout dignitary of the Church, who held a prebendary stall in — Cathedral, who, it was whispered, had been attracted, if not by her sense, at all events by her money.

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## THE SHADOWS OF A SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CLEMENT'S TROUBLE."

## PART I.

MR. CAVANAGH, of High Oakfield, was not on very cordial terms with Mr. Edmonds, of Burlands; in the first place, Mr. Cavanagh was a man of old family, of undoubted lineage, which could be traced up to a King of Ulster, and of handsome private fortune; while Mr. Edmonds was known to be the son of an ironmonger, and had himself made his fortune in Sheffield, where his name still appeared as head partner in a great cutlery firm. Again, it was the boast of the Cavanaghs that they were Roman Catholics, and had never given in to the tenets of the English Church; while the Edmonds family had only recently emerged from the Wesleyan connexion, and were even now rather unsteady in their theological views. Mr. Cavanagh's Catholicism had been deeply wounded by the secession of his second daughter, Ellen, to the Church of England; and in like manner the remnants of Mr. Edmonds's old Dissenting principles had been sorely distressed by the fact of his son Matthew, now at Oxford, drifting into Tractarianism. These two fathers had each a renegade child, which might have been a bond of union between them; and they also had the tie of a common interest in the University of Oxford, as each had a son under her maternal care. But Mr. Cavanagh did not look on this fact as at all a reason why he should like Mr. Edmonds: indeed, he considered it rather an act of presumption on the part of Matthew Edmonds to go to the same university with Charles Brabazon Cavanagh.

Although Mr. Cavanagh showed no particular cordiality for Mr. Edmonds, still he was far too well-bred and too good-tempered to evince any unneighbourly feeling. He did not object to seeing Mr. Edmonds as an occasional guest at his table, or to meeting him at parish gatherings, nor were they anything but friendly when they met; yet, there were points in the characters of these two men which rubbed together, and sometimes very unpleasantly. For instance, Mr. Cavanagh could not endure to tell his neighbours any painful facts; while Mr. Edmonds made no scruple of mentioning such stories as he heard, however much they might hurt the feelings of his hearers. Meeting in the hot village street one day early in June, Mr. Edmonds inquired how Mrs. Cavanagh and all the family were. Mr. Cavanagh replied that they were all quite well.

"And the young heretic," said Mr. Edmonds, "does she still continue in her new ideas?"

"I assure you, we Cavanaghs"—and Mr. Cavanagh spoke rather haughtily—"if we once see a thing to be right, do not easily give it up again."

"Ah!" said Mr. Edmonds, "and yet I hear that your Father Clement is such a splendid preacher; don't you think he might have applied his talents to keeping your daughter in her original faith?"

"No," said Mr. Cavanagh, still more stiffly; "my daughter Ellen and Father Clement both act conscientiously."

"Just so," rejoined the imperturbable Mr. Edmonds; "of course Miss Cavanagh is a great gain to us; I hear that our worthy curate, Mr. Sutton, is very proud of the convert. And then, your son, do you hear from him?"

"From Charley, yes."

"Ha! of course; my boy, Mat, writes a good deal about your Charley."

"I do not think they see much of one another, being at different colleges."

"But they hear, my dear sir, they hear. I am sorry to say, Mat hears—I am afraid he hears a good deal."

"Do you mean that he hears of my son?" asked Mr. Cavanagh.

"That's just it, he hears of your son; I dare say we hear more of your son than you do yourself."

Mr. Edmonds's peculiar smile alarmed Mr. Cavanagh, who instantly exclaimed,

"I am sure you can hear no harm of my boy!"

"To be sure, boys will be boys, young men will be young men. It is not every young man who is like my Mat."

"No, thank Heaven!" thought Mr. Cavanagh; and then he said aloud, "What have you heard about Charley?"

"Oh, nothing definite; only I suppose the young fellow is not immaculate."

Mr. Cavanagh looked very grave, for he felt sure that there was more indicated by Mr. Edmonds's words than quite met the ear. Seeing that his neighbour was not inclined for more conversation, Mr. Edmonds held out his hand, saying:

"I must be off, for I am going to call on the Miss Trevors; and how is your eldest daughter, Mrs. Mulleyns?"

"She has just made me a grandfather."

"I am very glad to hear it," cried Mr. Edmonds, as he began to move off; "I dare say it will be a comfort to her, poor thing!"

Mr. Cavanagh ground his teeth as the other gentleman went away.

"Vulgar, impertinent brute! If I thought he intended all the biting things he says, I would never speak to him again. Cannot he leave Ellen's conscience alone? And what does he know of Dora's domestic troubles? And then this about Charley, what can it mean? I know Edmonds is an old gossip and talks at random, still I think he must know something about Charley. The boy does not often exceed his allowance, and I never hear of his being in a boat, or in an Eleven. I fancy he leads a very quiet life. Still, I feel a little uneasy. Why should that stupid fool, Edmonds, be able to upset me like this? I must talk it over with Clement."

And when he talked it over with Clement, he watched the young Priest's face and saw the clouds gather on it; instead of Clement laughing it off as Mr. Cavanagh had expected he would do, he seemed to take it more seriously than even the anxious father had done.

"Do you think badly of this?" asked Mr. Cavanagh. "Do you think Charley has got into anything serious?"



"I cannot tell; I do not know what to think."

"He can't have done anything very bad; I am sure he would not rush into wilful sin."

"God forbid!" said Clement.

"Follies and debts, and little things, I would not mind. I must find out what it really is."

"Yes," said Father Clement, "we must find out the whole truth."

"I had better go off to Oxford at once and see Charley."

Clement laughed.

"My dear Mr. Cavanagh, that would be a very foolish method of proceeding. We do not know yet whether there is any real cause for anxiety. We must make Mr. Edmonds tell us plainly what he has heard."

"He would not tell me anything plainly."

"Perhaps he will tell me," said Clement.

"Perhaps he will. You will go and see him, Clement, and bring me home good news, I trust."

"I hope so. I trust I shall find that there is no cause for anxiety on Charley's account."

But Father Clement's anxiety rose much higher after his visit to Mr. Edmonds. He stated the reason of his visit, that Mr. Edmonds had hinted at irregularities in Charley's life at Oxford, and Mr. Cavanagh wished to know the precise facts.

"I will tell you all I know," said Mr. Edmonds, "and welcome; that is to say, all that Mat has written to me. You can see his last letter, if you like."

"Thank you; I should like it," said Clement.

Mr. Edmonds brought the letter from his desk, and showed Clement the concluding paragraph.

"I hear pretty stories of Charley Cavanagh: he will never do any good here. He does no reading, no rowing, no cricket. All his time is spent on a horrible kicking horse, or at the Blue Bear, just out of Oxford. The lady is very pretty, certainly, but totally ignorant, and her character did not stand very high even before Cavanagh became acquainted with her. I expect he is going headlong to the bad. I attribute all this to his being a Romanist. I am thankful to say that I am mercifully preserved from all sins and vices such as this poor fellow is plunging into. He will surely come to grief. I expect a double first."

The vulgarity and bigotry at the conclusion of the letter made no impression on Clement, whose mind was solely taken up by the sad story about Charley. The young Priest cared little for attacks on the Faith which he firmly believed to be the only and the true one; but he cared very much for this horrible attack on the eldest son of that family for whom he was willing, next to his Faith, to live and die. It seemed to him incredible that a Cavanagh should fall into wilful sin of the lowest and most degraded kind.

"It cannot be!" he exclaimed, fiercely.

"I am quite sure it is," replied Mr. Edmonds. "My boy would not write it if it were not so. You do not know Mat; the most upright, pure-minded, truthful fellow in the world."

"And so kind and charitable!" Clement burst out, irritably.

"Yes, very much so," Mr. Edmonds said, taking Clement's words in their natural meaning.

"It cannot be so bad as it appears. The Blue Bear is, I suppose, a public-house? I wonder is 'the lady' the keeper of it, or the landlord's daughter, or the barmaid? But then if she was of indifferent character before Charley met her, she may have led him into temptation, and not he her."

With this slender hope that there might be a loophole for Charley to creep out by, Father Clement went back again to High Oakfield to talk it all over with Mr. Cavanagh. They felt that it was a very serious matter, and that some steps must be taken to ascertain what Charley really was doing. Mr. Cavanagh again suggested that he should go to Oxford and break in upon Charley with accusations and reproaches. Again Clement represented that such a course would defeat its own end. Probably Charley would decline to tell his father anything, and then an unhappy quarrel must ensue; and Mr. Cavanagh would expose himself and his son to the ridicule of the whole University if he went there, and, after a "row" with Charley, were to find that there was nothing, or but little, to complain of in the young man's conduct.

"But I cannot sit down and do nothing," said Mr. Cavanagh, piteously, "while these dreadful stories are afloat."

"Certainly not," replied Clement; "and, after consideration, this is my advice to you. Write to Charley, and say that you would be much interested and pleased if he would send you a detailed account of how his time is spent, as you conclude that Oxford is not what it was in former times. Ask him if he rows, or walks, or rides; if he goes into much society; if he is acquainted with many ladies; if those with whom he is acquainted are such as are pleasant friends, intellectual, literary, musical, &c. I think by his answers to such questions as these we shall be able to judge how Charley really occupies and amuses himself; and on his answers will depend our next step."

Mr. Cavanagh approved of Clement's plan, saying:

"I will write to the boy at once; I will show you the letter when it is written."

"Stop one moment," said Clement, as Mr. Cavanagh was leaving the room. "Does his mother know what has been said of Charley?"

"I have not told her," answered Mr. Cavanagh. "I do not like to vex her with such reports, which after all may be false; it will be time enough to grieve her with them if they prove to be true. She is not strong, and I cannot bear to give her unnecessary pain."

"I think you exercise a wise reticence," said Clement.

Yet, though he felt this reticence to be very wise, it seemed strange that Mrs. Cavanagh should know nothing of what lay so heavy at the hearts of the father and the Priest. It rather jarred on Clement's sensitive feelings that the ladies of the family should be occupied in their usual trivial pursuits, while the future of the eldest son seemed to be so overhung with clouds. They did not notice any particular seriousness in Father Clement's manner, for he always wore an air of sweet and serious gravity, like one whose life was enveloped in another life of prayer, and self-control, and self-denial. Mr. Cavanagh, with his usual warm geniality

and hopeful temperament, did not, on his part, trouble his family with the anxiety he felt. During the four days which intervened between the despatch of Mr. Cavanagh's letter to Charley and the receipt of Charley's answer to his father, all went on at High Oakfield in much the usual manner. Mrs. Edmonds called on Mrs. Cavanagh, but made no allusion to Charley's misdemeanours; indeed, it is a question if Mrs. Edmonds had seen that letter of her son's which her husband had shown to Clement. And before Mrs. Edmonds had finished her visit, Mr. and Mrs. Sutton were shown in.

Mr. Sutton was the Clergyman of M——; the Rector had been absent a long time, but the spiritual affairs of the village were admirably attended to by the Curate, Mr. Sutton, whose pretty young wife was a great friend of Ellen Cavanagh's. Mrs. Edmonds did not go away when Mr. and Mrs. Sutton came in, but sat on awhile to hear if they had any news or gossip to tell.

News was rare at M——; it was a quiet little place, and its calm was seldom disturbed by any excitement. The two little pieces of news which Mrs. Sutton did tell them were, therefore, highly interesting to Mrs. Cavanagh and Mrs. Edmonds.

"I have just got a new servant," Mrs. Sutton began. "Ellen will remember her, Lucy Fox, who has been living with some friends of mine at York."

"I remember her," said Mrs. Edmonds. "She was a good-looking girl, but too fond of finery."

"That is true," said Mrs. Sutton, "but I am teaching her to care more for serious things than for ribbons and flowers."

Mr. Sutton, who had been talking to Ellen, now turned towards Mrs. Cavanagh, and said:

"We have also another new inhabitant of M——, one whom I am sure you will like."

"Who is it?" Mrs. Cavanagh asked.

"It is a gentleman. Our clever surgeon, Mr. Halling, has found it advisable to take a partner, and our new friend, Mr. Scott, is now living with him as an assistant, intending, if they suit one another, to become a partner with Halling."

"Is he a young man?" said Mrs. Edmonds.

"About eight-and-twenty."

"I have seen him," said Ellen.

"Have you? Where?" said her mother, rather sharply.

"I met him at a cottage yesterday. He was attending the man professionally when I went in to read."

"And what did you think of him, Miss Ellen?" inquired Mrs. Edmonds, full of curiosity.

"I thought him very nice," replied Ellen, in her quiet voice. "He was very kind to the poor man."

"He is an uncommonly good fellow," cried Mr. Sutton; "I am quite sure of that. And he is a capital German scholar."

Ellen's face brightened.

"How glorious to be a good German scholar! I suppose he can read Goethe and Schiller without any trouble?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Sutton, laughing; "and Upland, and Klopstock, and Wieland, and everybody else."

"I only hope," Mrs. Edmonds said, rising to go, "that he understands surgery as well as he does German."

When Mrs. Edmonds was gone the conversation fell upon local topics, the cricket club and the increase of wages being subjects of common interest. Ellen sat silent while these matters were talked of, probably envying the man to whom the German authors offered no difficulties.

"You are very quiet to-day," said Mrs. Sutton.

Ellen smiled.

"I was thinking."

"My dear Ellen," Mrs. Sutton exclaimed, "I wish you would come and spend a week with me; it would be such a pleasure to me."

"I should like it," said Ellen.

"Mrs. Cavanagh"—and Mrs. Sutton turned to the mother—"will you spare Ellen to me for a few days? It will be doing me a great kindness."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Cavanagh. "I am sure it will give Ellen great pleasure."

"Come to the Rectory to-morrow, dear Ellen, as early as you like. I am rather lonely sometimes when Mr. Sutton is out so much, and it will be a great treat to have you with me for a week or so."

Ellen promised to go next day to the Rectory, and she was very glad to do so, for her home was rather a cold one. She had given up the creed of her forefathers, and had joined the English Church: such an act could never be quite forgiven by the Roman Catholic Cavanaghs, nor could Father Clement ever be quite cordial with a girl who had despised his arguments and withdrawn from his care. In a great degree Ellen was like a stranger in her father's house, and seemed to carry about with her an atmosphere of cold and distrust. But at the Rectory she knew that all would be light and warmth; Mr. Sutton and his wife Esmé agreed with her in all her views, and that reversion from the Church of Rome, which was Ellen's horrible crime in the eyes of her own family, was her great and crowning deed in the eyes of her friends at the Rectory.

"Your home must be cold to you," said Mrs. Sutton.

"Yes, it is cold," said Ellen, "but I have plenty of books, and my life among them is my real life, while everything else is a sort of dream."

"It will not do to spend all your time dreaming. You will be awakened some day."

"Perhaps so; but, Esmé, I do not wish to waken yet. I live in my books, and my translations from the German are my pets, my beauties, my darlings!"

When Ellen brightened and warmed she grew very pretty, and Esmé looked wonderingly at her while she showed such unwonted enthusiasm.

"Will you read me some of your translations?"

"Willingly." And Ellen brought down a portfolio of papers, and read some passages from her favourite authors. Esmé, though not a German scholar or a lady of literary capabilities, was struck by the

beautiful and forcible language of these translations. "If they are as faithful as they are beautiful," she said, "they must be valuable. Mr. Scott ought to see them."

And Mr. Scott did see them, for when Mr. Sutton came in to dinner on that first day of Ellen's visit to the Rectory, he brought Mr. Scott with him. And after dinner Ellen asked Mr. Scott how he had become so good a German scholar, and he answered, with rather an annoyed manner, that he had lived for some time in Germany. Ellen wondered why her very natural question should vex him, and many times afterwards she noticed that he avoided speaking of his visit to Germany, and avoided altogether talking of his past. From this she concluded that there had been some great trouble in his past life which made any retrospect painful to him, and which had thrown over him like a filmy cloak an air of sadness and melancholy. But although Mortimer Scott was often subdued, sometimes sorrowful, in manner, he was yet a most pleasant companion, very cultivated in mind and gentlemanly in his bearing. He was most assiduous at his profession, and equally assiduous in assisting Ellen with her studies, and it became a matter of course that he should come to the Rectory at least once during each day to read German with Miss Ellen. These young people learnt to know one another very intimately through the medium of the glorious books which they both loved so well; they believed the base and the apex of their friendship to be entirely intellectual, they knew that they read Schiller together, but they did not understand that they also read each other's hearts. Mrs. Sutton, looking on, saw more of the game, but was wise enough for the present to say nothing.

Sometimes Mortimer Scott and Ellen would wander from the books before them to themselves, talking occasionally, not often, on personal matters. Ellen spoke of her peculiar position in her father's household, and Scott said he thought it must be a hard, cold, cheerless sort of life.

"No, not a hard life," said Ellen, "only a difficult life; a very difficult life to get through without giving offence to my family, and without falling into sins of ill humour and fretfulness on my own part."

"Difficult, no doubt," answered Mortimer, thoughtfully, looking over the little lawn, beyond the wall, up to the hills which rose behind the Rectory, "yet I can say this in truth that my life is beyond all comparison more difficult than yours, difficult to live honestly, difficult to live respectably, difficult to live usefully, impossible to live happily, very difficult to live at all."

Ellen felt by his tone and manner that he must have suffered terribly, or he would not have allowed these desponding words to fall from his lips even in an unguarded moment. "Can no one comfort him?" was the thought in her heart. Then suddenly, without giving her time to speak, he returned to the poem open on the table before them, and by special volubility he seemed endeavouring to make Ellen forget the sad words he had spoken. She could not forget them; his pale, clear-cut features were ever before her eyes, and his voice with its suppressed pain, its under tone of minor harmony, was ever in her ears. She did not confess to herself that she was growing to take an interest in Mr. Scott that she had never before felt for any one, and as Mrs. Sutton made no

allusion to that which was becoming evident to her affectionate eyes, the acquaintance and friendship between Ellen and Mortimer went on steadily in its own natural channel.

Meantime, Mr. Cavanagh and Clement were anxiously awaiting Charley's answer; it came at length and disappointed them. It was short and tersely expressed; he said that his time went over without much to show for it; that he neither rowed nor played cricket, nor was he at all musical; he kept a horse, which he often rode about the country; he attended lectures, and did what was necessary in the way of studying; he supposed he should take his degree in due season, but he did not aspire to high honours; he knew no ladies at Oxford, and did not wish to know any; but he would be much obliged if his father would send him an extra cheque for twenty pounds, as everything was very expensive at Oxford.

"Well, now," said Mr. Cavanagh, "I think that looks well. There is not a word in this letter to indicate anything wrong."

"He would hardly tell you if he were doing wrong," said Clement.

"There is no allusion," said the father, again looking through his son's letter, "no allusion to anything wrong; it seems to me quite straightforward; he evidently does not do much with his time in any way."

"There lies the fault: I can scarcely think that a young man of one-and-twenty can do nothing. As far as I know of human nature, if a man does not follow good pursuits he will be sure to follow bad ones."

"That is a very harsh thing to say, Clement. I do not think that the absence of good implies the presence of evil."

"There is an old proverb," Clement answered, with a smile, "that nature abhors a vacuum. I cannot help fearing that Charley gives no account of himself because he knows that he cannot give a good one."

Mr. Cavanagh began to get angry.

"You seem determined to look on Charley as a scoundrel. Look here, Father Clement, I will believe no evil of Charley until I know it."

"Very well, Mr. Cavanagh, that is quite fair. And now what steps do you purpose taking?"

"I think I shall go to Oxford."

"Will not that be a very strong measure?"

"I should see how matters really stand."

"Are you sure of that? Do you not think that Charley would, as a matter of course, as a matter of filial duty, try to make things pleasant for you? I do not myself see how you can go to your son and say, 'I hear you have some disreputable acquaintances, and you must take me to see them.'"

"I could not say such a thing as that to Charley."

"You certainly could not. Neither could you, a man of middle age and high standing, go knocking about Oxford to find out Charley's haunts and acquaintances."

"No," said Mr. Cavanagh.

"It seems to me," continued Clement, "that your own character, and the peace of Mrs. Cavanagh, and consideration for your daughters, compel you to be very cautious in your mode of proceeding. If you should go to Oxford, and there have high words with Charley, you would bring

open scandal on yourself and your family, and perhaps by the exposure drive the boy into just the pitfalls you want to drag him from."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say," Mr. Cavanagh conceded. "But what is to be done? Some one must go to Oxford and look into the affair."

"I have been thinking that you might employ your solicitor in London to do so."

"No, no," said Mr. Cavanagh, firmly, "I will employ no stranger in the matter."

He and Clement were standing by the open French casement of the drawing-room, hearing the birds chirruping in the trees, and the bees humming busily among the flowers.

"Clement," exclaimed Mr. Cavanagh, "will you go to Oxford?"

"I!" And Father Clement drew back a little. He looked along the level lawn, so hot and yellow in the June sunshine, and then he glanced at the shady recesses on each side, so green and so cool, and then he thought of the little stream at the end of the grounds dancing along to its own monotonous song. It would be very hard to go away from High Oakfield just when it was in all its greatest beauty; still, it would only be for a very little while, and if the sacrifice was made for duty's sake, O, what a blessed thing to be able to make this sacrifice!

"If you think it advisable I will go."

"Thank you, Clement, I do not know what I should do without you. Go off to-morrow morning by the first train. You have often said you would like to see Oxford. You can go there by way of paying a visit to the University, and so, without telling Charley your real object, you will be able to find out all his movements. And you must promise to write me every evening and tell me the events of the day. Will you promise me that?"

"Yes," said Clement, "I promise."

"Take the dog-cart to the station to-morrow morning, go by the 10.20 train to Swindon, and go on by the first train to Oxford. I will give you a fifty-pound note."

"I shall not want such an enormous sum as that!" cried Clement; "how do you expect me to spend it?"

"There will be your lodgings and your living; and I dare say you will like to buy some photographs, or prints, or music; and perhaps if you find poor Charley in a scrape, it may require some money to pull him out of it. You will do all you can, won't you, Clement? And so God bless you, and prosper your undertaking."

And Mr. Cavanagh turned away with tears in his eyes, and a deep anxiety in his heart as to the welfare of his eldest son.

Clement went down the lawn, wondering how his journey would turn out, and what the result of it would be; and as he wondered, he asked for help to guide him in the serious affair which had devolved on him. He felt himself a very young man to be entrusted with such weighty matters, but he knew that it was his office and not himself which brought these cases on his hands, and he doubted not but that having been called to the holy office he would be enabled to fulfil its duties and requirements.

In this trustful frame of mind he went to Oxford; he had to wait two

hours at Swindon, and when his train arrived at Oxford it was seven o'clock. He had dined at Swindon, so he was not hungry, and without any delay he asked his way to Charley's college. Clement's heart warmed as he walked through the grand old city, where every building was in some way historical, and where every college brought a thousand associations with its name. The setting sun shone in long straight rays, laying them like the separate threads of a golden veil over hall, and chapel, and library, until the city seemed like a fairy town steeped in the rich warmth of enchantments. The sensitive poetical nature of the young Priest was lifted up by so much glory, and for a time he forgot the unfortunate errand which had brought him to noble, beautiful Oxford.

He walked lightly to Charley's rooms, and making inquiries, was told that Mr. Cavanagh was out. Clement asked when Mr. Cavanagh was expected back. It was very uncertain; Mr. Cavanagh was sometimes out very late. So Clement left a card, and with his little black bag in his hand he now went to look for lodgings. He found a neat clean house in the town with "Apartments" in the window, and the neat clean widow who opened the door soon came to terms with him, and he engaged a nice airy room for one week. His landlady prepared tea for him, and after that pleasant though solitary meal he again went out, this time under the light of a million glittering stars, which shone down upon the flowing Isis, and upon Clement's grateful heart, full of thanks for the great pleasure given him in this visit to the grand old city.

And on that same night Mortimer Scott and Ellen were wandering up and down the little lawn of the Rectory, vaguely speculating on the stars above them, whether they were worlds full of fallen creatures, or full of unfallen, unsullied creatures, or whether they might be reserved as homes hereafter for such souls as shall be redeemed and purified from the pollution of this earth of ours. Such questionings which can have no answers, such problems which can receive no solution, have no practical utility, can add no information to the hoards of science, but to faithful hearts that thus speculate they bring much comfort, forcing us to feel by our own showing how infinite is God's universe, how inscrutable His ways, and how wonderful His love, which holding all those unexplored continents of light in their appointed spheres, can yet give special care to every individual which He has made, ay, to every sparrow which His Providence permits to fall.

All these speculations, and even deeper ones, were suggested and understood intuitively by Mortimer and Ellen. They paced the little grass-plot again and again, absorbed in their mystical metaphysics, and it was only when the church clock struck eleven that they bethought themselves that they must go in-doors. Ellen knew that to be with Mortimer, and to talk to him, was very pleasant; more than that she had not yet thought of. But Esmé Sutton had thought for her; and Lucy Fox, the new housemaid, had also exercised her intellects on Miss Ellen's doings. Lucy attended her mistress to her bedroom, and before leaving the room, said:

"I suppose, ma'am, there will be a wedding soon?"

"Indeed, Lucy, I was not aware of it. Whose do you think it will be?"



"Well, ma'am, of course it is not for me to say; but I should think Miss Cavanagh and Mr. Scott——"

"Hush, hush!" said Mrs. Sutton, interrupting her; "you must not talk at random in this way. I am not aware that Miss Ellen has any idea of the kind."

"Law, ma'am, why there was Miss Ellen and Mr. Scott walking and talking to-night for hours together."

"That proves nothing, Lucy; they were talking about the stars, and heaven, and about the happy souls that will one day get to heaven."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Lucy, as she went away; "there's a many ways of making love!"

Mrs. Sutton thought that really matters must be progressing very fast when Lucy could perceive Mr. Scott's attentions; and though Esmé was only a wife six months, she already began to become like most married women—a match-maker. With the object of throwing Ellen more and more into Mr. Scott's society, she arranged a little pic-nic into some woods about three miles distant from M——. These beautiful Bellingdon Woods belonged to the Earl of Clairville, who, with the liberality of a large-hearted Englishman, gave up the whole of his woods to the amusement of the public, with the exception of about fifteen acres, which lay immediately round his house. And in the warm summer weather few things were pleasanter than a day in Bellingdon Woods. Mrs. Sutton arranged that Ellen's sister Elizabeth and her brother Roger should join the pic-nic; and so a little party was formed to act as supernumeraries to Esmé's young friends, who were to be the hero and heroine.

Mr. Cavanagh heard of the proposed day in the Woods, and at first he thought he would go with the young people, but as his uneasiness about Charley continued to increase, he could not endure to join in his children's innocent gaiety. The daily letters which he received from Clement gave him great trouble; the Priest entered into every possible explanation, and wrote most fully, so that Mr. Cavanagh felt that his son was in wise and tender hands, and that he himself had best stand aside until Clement should say he was wanted.

On the morning after his arrival at Oxford, Clement went again to Charley's rooms, and this time he was told that Mr. Cavanagh was at home.

"Come in, Clement, old fellow," said Charley's voice; and then out of a cloud of tobacco-smoke emerged Charley's hand and face.

"I dare say you are surprised to see me at Oxford?" Clement said, presently.

"Not at all; you often said you should come up and see me. How do you like the old place?"

"It is very beautiful."

"I thought you would think so; and I wonder what the people here think of your priestly attire."

"I am a good deal stared at," Clement replied, laughing; "but I am used to that, whenever I leave High Oakfield. Charley, do you not want to hear about your father and mother, and all of them?"

"I suppose they are all right," said Charley, refilling his pipe.

"They are all well. Ellen is staying with the Suttons."

Charley continued puffing, but said nothing; Clement looked about the room and noticed the prints, and china, and various decorations, all which, to Clement's fastidious eye, were in very bad taste. Then he remarked an immense quantity of clothes lying about the room and hanging on pegs; a dozen of lavender kid gloves lay on the top of a chest of drawers, and beside them a pile of fine handkerchiefs, various bottles of scent, pots of pommades, studs, rings, and an ivory-handled fan.

Coming back from his rapid scrutiny, Clement turned to Charley and said:

"How do you get through your time? What are your favourite occupations?"

"I don't know, really," replied Charley. "I don't go in for occupations, you know; sometimes I go down to the river and see the men pulling about."

"Do you not pull yourself?"

"No, it is very hard work, and the rowing men have such dreadful great red hands."

Charley looked at his own white effeminate hands, and Clement burst out laughing.

"You need not laugh," said Charley, "it is a fact."

At which Clement laughed all the more.

"But, my dear boy, surely you spend your time in some manner?"

"A good deal goes in tobacco; and a good deal of money, too, I can tell you."

"I quite believe that. But, Charley, you keep a horse, I believe?"

"Yes, a vicious old screw. I take him out every day, and I do not mean to give him up until I conquer him, or he me. It is very likely that he will throw me and kill me one of these fine days."

Clement felt that he was making no way—that so far he had not penetrated one inch into Charley's inner life; so he started a fresh subject.

"Do you know any nice families in Oxford?"

"Not I; I can't stand the wives and daughters of the Dons."

"Why not?" inquired Clement.

"Stupid, stuck-up idiots. I do not pretend to understand such mysterious creatures as women, but of all hateful things it is an 'educated young lady.'"

"That is a strange theory, Charley; your own sisters are 'educated young ladies.'"

"So they are, and see what it means. Dora marries a man she does not care a pin for, and they can hardly keep from quarrelling outright; and as for Ellen, as if the Catholic faith was not idiotic enough to please her, she must needs take up with the Protestant religion, which is still more so."

"Charley," said Clement, seriously, "you must not speak of our faith in that irreverent manner—our faith, for which so many of our forefathers suffered and died in the reigns of Henry and Elizabeth."

"That is just what the Protestants say about their people who were burnt by Mary. By Jove! it is just as it happens, the weakest go to

the bad, and the strong ones are always in the right. I don't pretend to understand theology, but I suspect it is all a muddle from beginning to end, and nobody understands what they talk about."

Something very like this had often overpowered Clement with doubts and difficulties; but the coarse way in which Charley expressed his opinions on sacred subjects was painful to Clement: whatever spiritual troubles might assail him, he never failed in the matter of reverence.

Charley came out of his arm-chair and stretched himself like a dog after sleep; he wore a showy dressing-gown and embroidered slippers.

"Rather warm weather," he said, lazily, as he slowly went across the little room to the chest of drawers and took the fan, and used it languidly. Then he leant out of the window, and presently drew his head in, saying, "This sort of weather burns one's face as black as your hat. One ought never to stir out till the cool of the evening."

"If you prefer your complexion to your health——"

"I consider," said Charley, interrupting, "that ugly people are more objectionable than even stupid people; and when one is blessed with a fair delicate skin, surely one ought to take care of it—it is a talent entrusted to one's keeping. There, Clement, that is a sentiment rather in your line: make the most of it."

This sort of absurd desultory talking was very distasteful to Clement, who yet did not know what to do. Charley evidently would tell nothing about himself, and at this first interview it was hopeless to think of extorting anything from him. Clement saw that the son and heir of the Cavanaghs was an idle, selfish, effeminate boy, but that was all he did see at present. Perhaps during his visit to Oxford he might discover something more, but certainly not to-day.

"I suppose you will look about you a bit?" said Charley. "If you like to look in here from time to time, I will go about with you if I am not otherwise engaged. I suppose you would not like to go to a wine-party or a dog-fight?"

"It would not quite accord with my calling," said Clement.

"Then what will you do? Will you come in again to-morrow and take a walk with me?"

"Yes," said Clement, "I will gladly. About what time?"

"Say four o'clock."

"Very well; and now I must return to my lodgings. I am to dine at one o'clock."

"To dine!" cried Charley. "Why, I have only just finished my breakfast."

"You keep different hours to what I keep," said Clement. "And so, good-bye for the present."

And Clement went out again very far from pleased with Charley, or his manners, or style of conversation. Clement felt that young Cavanagh could only have caught such manners from very vulgar people, and he feared that the boy had been associating with companions very unsuited to his birth and position. The beauty of the day and the clear warm haze of the atmosphere were lost on Clement as he went back to his lodging; he knew that one human soul, the soul of that little fair-haired, white-handed Charles Brabazon Cavanagh, was infinitely, beyond all calculation, more valuable than beautiful sights or sweet breezes, or even the in-

tellectual stores of the Radcliffe. And being very anxious to save Charley from danger, the young Priest was not sufficiently at ease to enjoy anything thoroughly. His kind landlady was vexed that he made so poor a dinner, and expostulated with him.

"I have not much appetite," he said, apoloising.

"Yes, sir, but a young man should have a good appetite; he ought to, unless he takes to drinking."

"I have not taken to drinking," said Clement, smiling.

"No, sir, I don't suspect you of that, and you a Priest, though that rule does not always hold good; and I have known Clergymen, and one of them a Dean—I mean, a countrified Dean—what do you call it?—a rustic Dean—that's it, I believe—and he a rustic Dean, and used to go to half a dozen public-houses every day, such as the Red Lion, and the Chequers, and the Bell, and the Blue Bear, and the King's Head, all one after another as fast as he could go."

Clement was exceedingly amused with his landlady's volubility, and took the opportunity of asking where all these various inns were situated. The landlady gave him full explanations, but Clement fixed his attention entirely on her directions respecting the Blue Bear, which he remembered was named in Matthew Edmonds's letter to his father.‡

"You go straight along here," said the talkative landlady, as she pointed down the road, "and then you'll see Mr. Page's shop, though, to be sure, you don't know Mr. Page, and you a stranger in Oxford, it's not likely; he keeps a artis' shop, with picturs and prints, and them lay figures standing about, and then on you go to the first turn on your right, which leads to Mrs. Pigot's house, but you don't go as far as that; you go over a stile and along a lane, and if you like honeysuckles you may pull them to your heart's content; and after the stile at the end there's a railway bridge and a little bit of green, and on the edge of the green is the Blue Bear a-staring at you."

"Your directions are most lucid," said Clement, when she stopped to take breath. "I must apply to you when I want to go to any new places."

"I am sure you're heartily welcome, sir," she said, with a curtsey; "and many's the gent I've directed half over Oxford, though not often a Romanist like yourself, though I'll be bound there's more than one way of going to Heaven, whether it's the Pope's way, or the Queen's highway, or the milky way, whatever that may be!" And, with a loud laugh at her closing witticism, the old lady retired.

Clement wandered about Oxford during the afternoon, and then in the evening he followed his landlady's graphic directions, and went over the stile and along the lane towards the green on which stood the Blue Bear. The hedges were full of honeysuckle, very sweet, and reminding Clement forcibly of the lanes about High Oakfield; so forcibly, that all the way to the Blue Bear he was thinking about all the Cavanaghs, except the very one on whose behalf he was now taking this walk. He was so occupied in thoughts of that pleasant home of his at M——, that he found himself at the door of the inn before he was aware of it. He then paused to think of an excuse for entering the public-house, and, stepping into the bar, he asked for some biscuits and a glass of sherry.

The young woman who stood behind the counter of the bar stared a

few moments at Clement's unusual clerical garb before serving him with what he had asked for. She was a young woman of about six-and-twenty, a very fine specimen of female humanity. She was tall and stout, with a very well-developed bust, a large but well-shaped hand; her features were good but coarse, her complexion very brilliant, and her hair plentiful and jet-black. As Clement stood at the bar munching his biscuits, this young woman, having decided that he was a Catholic Priest, and, therefore, not available for amusing gossip, turned to an old woman who sat in a corner mending stockings, and began to talk as freely as if no stranger was present.

"I suppose Charley will be here presently, if that old brute of his does not break his neck by the way."

"He'll be here sure enough," said the old woman.

"My eyes, Aunty!" exclaimed the other, "I never did see him so screwed as he was last night."

"He's got a soft head," said Aunty.

"Uncommon soft. I get very tired of him sometimes, only it would not do to break with him, and he's very fond of me."

"He's equally fond of the grog," said Aunty.

"That's true; but one must put up with something. I only wonder how long he'll last. He coughs dreadful sometimes."

"It's my belief," said Aunty, comfortably, "that he'll die one of these days quite permiscuous; he's got no more strength than a cat. And it will be a bad look out for you when his money and him is both gone."

"Don't trouble yourself, Aunty. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"That's true, Polly," replied the old woman. "You're quite right there."

Clement had now finished his biscuits and sherry, both of which were very bad, and he had heard the conversation, which, though carried on in an under tone, had been perfectly audible to his anxious ears. And he had heard quite enough; that it was Charley who was spoken of there could be no doubt, and it was also evident that this was the "lady" of whom Mat had written to Mr. Edmonds. There was nothing more to be done here, so Clement paid his reckoning to the woman whom he acknowledged to be a very splendid animal, but of such a coarse type as inspired him with disgust. How was it possible that Charley, whose sisters were so gentle and so refined, could find anything to admire in this vulgar woman? Then, again, Clement could not at all understand how Charley had fallen into habits of drinking; that one of the Cavanaghs, that grand old family descended from a King of Ulster, should degrade himself by the very lowest and most sensual vices, was inconceivable, incredible. Yet it was a fact, and a fact that sent Clement home very sorrowful; and a very sorrowful letter he wrote that night to Mr. Cavanagh at High Oakfield. He felt in his heart that matters were very bad indeed, and he could not conceal his opinion from the father of the unhappy young man; but with his fears he mingled hopes that there might still be time and means for rescuing Charley from worse than had yet happened to him.

At breakfast next morning Clement told his landlady that he had followed her directions, and had had a beautiful walk to the Blue Bear.

"And," he added, "at the Blue Bear I had some wine and biscuits served me by a very handsome young woman."

The widow grunted, "Handsome is as handsome does, says I, which there's nothing handsome can be said of Polly Smithers, a bad girl as ever lived, and would ruin any man and pick his pocket outright, and laugh in his face all the time."

"Is she a woman of bad character?" asked Clement.

"There ain't a worse in or about Oxford, sir, nor a bolder, nor a more owdacious, with that gent a-going there every night, drinking and playing cards and singing them low songs, and Polly making a fool of him, and spending his money on her finery and ribbons and finger-rings, and such-like, and not a cap, or a shirt, or a little blanket, or so much as a pin-cushion getting ready for the poor little innocent that's coming into a world of trouble, with never a father to speak of, and such a mother, Lord have mercy on us!"

Clement's heart stood still, his blood grew cold in his veins, cold drops started out on his forehead, and groaning out also, "Lord have mercy on us!" he dropped his head on his hands, and gave a sharp, short cry. The good widow was frightened when she saw the effect of her story; thinking Clement was going to faint, she threw wide open the window, and began to rub the back of his coat, which rubbing of course tickled him, and so speedily recalled him to calmness.

"Don't take on so!" cried the landlady; "it's a very common story, very common, sir, and I dare say the young gent is no worse than many other young gents, and not half so bad as she is, the vile thing, which has led him on as she has led others on before him; and it's five or six years since the first bad stories was told of her, and was hushed up somehow, and I suppose that there first young gent has to send her money to keep her tongue quiet, as she's always got plenty for her whims and fancies, which it's more than honest wives and widows has got, as I can answer for."

"Then this is not Polly Smithers's first sin?" Clement said, huskily.

"No, the first time she was talked about, as I tell you, was some five or six years ago, and folks did say there was a private marriage and then a separation; but that I don't believe, not a word of it, only she gets money from some one or other, which can't be denied. I wish you wasn't so cut up; I suppose you don't often hear of such wicked doings, which no doubt Priests is not often told about such things, and leads good lives in convents most generally."

"I don't often hear such dreadful histories," Clement replied, "and I am greatly shocked. Wretched boy! wretched woman! I think I will lie down, if you will keep the house quiet. I am quite knocked up by what you have told me."

He lay down on the horsehair sofa, and the landlady covered him with an old shawl, bestowing many ejaculations of pity on the young Priest. When he was alone he began to think over the whole matter. It was more than probable that this woman had led Charley on from mere idle talking and jesting to sins of the most deadly kind; but though that might account for his crimes, it would not exonerate him from them; and how was he to be extricated from the results of them? What could be

done with the poor infant which was to come into the world branded by infamy, the child of Charles Brabazon Cavanagh, the grandchild of Mr. and Mrs. Cavanagh, of High Oakfield? Charley would no doubt be expelled from Oxford the moment his conduct became known, but that would complicate the difficulty all the more; he must be sent to Australia or New Zealand, to drink himself to death, or to perish in some other miserable way. And the child—what could its life be? And who should provide for it? And by what penance could Charley ever atone for his wilful sins, the disgrace and misery brought on his parents, the horrible stain on the hitherto honourable name?

It was easy for Clement to ask himself these questions, but it was impossible to answer them. He jumped up from the sofa, and said:

"I will ask them of Charley."

On his way to Charley's rooms he met Matthew Edmonds, with a Prayer-book under his arm, and a large volume of music in his hand.

"I heard you were here," said Matthew. "How is our friend Cavanagh? I never see him now."

"I don't think he is very well," said Clement.

"No, I believe he never is very well; they say he has some disease of the lungs. And then he leads such a life! I am told that he spends all his evenings at the Blue Bear, and rushes into College just as the gates are closing, sometimes so drunk he can hardly walk."

"It is very sad!" said Clement.

"It is horrible," said Mat. "He never goes inside a Church or Chapel when he can help it; he spends nearly all his money, most of it borrowed, on that horrid woman, Polly Smithers, and I expect every day to hear of his being expelled."

"But last Christmas," said Clement, "when he came home, I thought he seemed all right."

"He has gone on from bad to worse," said Mat, "and if you have the spiritual care of him, if you are his Director and Confessor, I can tell you you will have a heavy hand of him. Good-bye." And Mat went on his way.

"It is all true, then!" murmured Clement. "May God have mercy on this wretched boy, and help me in the difficult task that lies before me!"

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## CURIOSITIES OF THE FRENCH POSTAL SERVICE.\*

"LA POSTE," as the French call the post-office system, has also been designated "the accepted expression of the degree of civilisation of peoples," and it has been compared to an artery in the economy of the social body. We who are old enough to remember the "messageries" and the "malles-postes," and have heard the "postillon de Longjumeau," are delighted to feel that the word itself, expressive of the relays of horses kept at particular stations or "posts," for facilitating the conveyance of the mail or despatches, or for travelling with speed, (?) and hence transferred to the conveyer—

I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,  
Receiving them by such a worthless post—

to the letter or thing conveyed, to the paper, the office, and to all that is connected with "La Poste," may be dispensed with in our own times. There are no post-chaises now-a-days, no malles-postes, no relays of horses: railway expresses and telegraph wires have taken their places—the latter alone retaining their "posts"—and all that really remains are "post"-offices and "post"-men.

The change wrought in France by the introduction of steam was more astounding than in England, for the mail conveyances had not attained the same degree of perfection up to the last moment of the existence of the malles-postes; and what is more remarkable is, that from the first institution of postal communication progress had always been excessively slow, until steam wrought its wondrous and effective revolution. There was always some mode of communication among persons, often, however, of a mere personal or occasional character, as by a traveller or friend; but the first privileged post was that founded by the university, for the benefit of the pupils and their relatives. This was effected by means of couriers or messengers, who were allowed to convey other letters, and the privilege continued in force up to the era of Louis XI., who established a system of mounted couriers, the foundation of "la poste aux chevaux." The morality of the times must have been very low, or these couriers were very harshly dealt with, for we are told that the moon rising over the towers of Plessis-les-tours too often cast its beams on the body of some unfortunate "maître-courier" who had been hung the same evening.

The successors of Louis XI., like himself, ever engaged in wars, and absorbed in those ideas of conquest which seem to be a part and portion of the French nature, did nothing towards improving the system—the university alone, tenacious of its privileges, increased the number of its messengers, until an edict of Henri III. gave birth to the "royal messengers," the institution of which naturally gave birth to violent recriminations on the part of the university. If there is ever opposition to be found to progressive ameliorations, it may always be traced to some old-standing monopolies or privileges.

"La Poste" received a new impulse in the sixteenth century from the

\* La Poste: Anecdotique et Pittoresque. Par Pierre Zaccane. Paris: Achille Faure.



Brothers d'Almeras, to whom the general concession of the postal relays had been made. They are said to have farmed the post for the annual payment of one hundred thousand crowns. But the improvements effected were also in main part due to the ameliorations wrought in the highways by Henri IV., and by Sully, who first planted them with trees, and, to a certain extent, cleared them of bandits by incessant patrols. It was not, however, until the time of Louis XIII. that the germs of the modern postal system were developed. A tariff for letters was then adopted, and the first conventions for postal intercommunication concluded with foreign states. The tariff imposed at that time was not high, two sous only from Paris to Lyons, but it soon increased. The postmasters-general were at that epoch the De Nouveaus; but the disputes with the rector of the University continued until the latter end of the reign of Louis XIII. and the beginning of that of Louis XIV.; nor did they cease until the Minister de Louvois took the reins of the postal service in his own hands, and so profitable did he find them to the royal treasury, that he did not give them up until his death. To Louvois succeeded M. de Torcy, and to the latter Cardinal Fleury. This was still an epoch when there were few profitable undertakings in which the clergy had not a part. The University had been granted, from a fellow-feeling of commiseration on the part of the cardinal, a charge of forty thousand francs in return for the loss of their privileges. To meet these charges and losses on the high roads from waylaying, robbery, and murders of the couriers—events at that epoch still of ordinary occurrence—the prices for the transmission of letters was so enormously raised, as to give rise to much public discontent.

This state of things continued up to the time of the Revolution, after which the "postes" were no longer farmed out, but administered at the risks and perils of the treasury. The "malles-postes" underwent great improvements under Charles X. and Louis XVIII., but they still remained heavy lumbering vehicles; and it was not till 1830 that a rural service was organised. As to packets, if their inauguration goes back to the time of Louis XVI., they remained in a similar state of imperfect development up to modern times, when the introduction of steam effected a real revolution in postal communications by land and by sea all over the world.

In 1692 there were six letter-boxes in Paris, and two collections were made per diem; but it was not until 1757 that the central post-office was founded at the Hôtel Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The history of this hotel is curious. It was first erected by Charles VII. on the ruins of the Hôtel de Flandres, which belonged in the twelfth century to the counts of that name, and he gave it, in 1487, to Guillaume de la Trémouille. It was next conferred on Jean de Nogaret, first Duke of Epéron, favourite of Henri III., from whom it passed into the hands of the controller-general of finances, Barthélemy d'Hervart, who had it reconstructed and embellished. The apartments were decorated by Mignard. Lastly, the hôtel became the property of Fleurian d'Armenonville, secretary of state, and it still bore his name when it was purchased in 1757 from the heirs of the Count Morville, son of the secretary, in order to convert it into a general post-office. As business increased, two houses were added in 1786, and five more in 1815, so that the building now consists of an aggregate of eight houses, connected by seven yards, by narrow stair-

cases, and by a labyrinth of corridors and passages, of which it is said only one person—the concierge of the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau—knows all the details.

At the epoch when this central post-office was founded there was no postal service for Paris proper. The administration refused letters addressed in town, having no means for distributing them, and hence a concession was made to M. de Chamousset, in 1758, to found what was called a "petite poste." Paris was then divided into nine quarters, each having its office designated by a letter of the alphabet, and some two hundred men were engaged in the delivery of letters. The undertaking proved so profitable, that Louis XV. arbitrarily assigned the profits to the treasury, making an indemnification to M. de Chamousset. During the first years of the Restoration the "petite poste" received annually four millions and a half of francs, equal to a sixth of the general proceeds of the post-office. The boxes in the capital received daily from twenty-five to thirty thousand letters, of which eight or ten thousand were for the "petite poste." How times have changed in the space of less than half a century! Paris circulates now-a-days some eight hundred thousand packets per diem, or about two hundred and eighty millions in the year. There are actually in Paris fifty-one post-offices and six hundred receiving-boxes. There are in all France forty-three thousand receiving-boxes. The letters are collected seven times a day in light spring carts, and then delivered by postmen despatched in omnibuses. Sixty-two vehicles of different descriptions, omnibuses, carts, and waggons, are employed in the outer correspondence, and they accomplish altogether some six hundred journeys in a day. The "facteurs," as the postmen are called in Paris, are so intelligent and sympathetic, that we are gravely told they often enter one-half into the joys and griefs of which they are the innocent and, we should imagine, the unconscious, bearers. Paris is now divided into twelve postal districts; each district has three brigades of fifteen postmen each—in all, four hundred and ninety-five postmen. They are dressed in green, and distinguished by red, white, or blue scutcheons. They have to work from eight to nine hours for two days, and from seven to eight the third day, without holidays of any description. A brigade of veterans is employed throughout the whole of December distributing almanacks and collecting new year's box contributions. Two hundred thousand of these post-office almanacks, printed by Oberthier, of Rennes, are distributed in Paris alone. But this is nothing compared with the number of visiting-cards which are transmitted by post at the new year. The number for Paris alone is estimated at 3,446,252. These are the times of "epistolary epilepsy" in Paris, and they are compared to Valentine's-day in England, when we are told that those severe guardians of the law and of public safety—the policemen—condescend to send to their favourite cooks a design of two doves caressing one another, with the inscription, "I love you, my pigeon"—"pie" being, we suppose, accidentally or designedly omitted. The French postman receives from nine hundred to fifteen hundred francs a year (36*l.* to 60*l.*); and the contributions on New Year's-day vary from five hundred to eight hundred francs (20*l.* to 32*l.*). He can retire on a pension after twenty-five years' service.

France, as is well known, was slow in adopting railroads and locomotives. The line from Darlington to Stockton was opened in 1825; the

first line in France—that from Paris to Saint-Germain—was opened in 1837, or twelve years after the English line. It was not, indeed, until 1845 that the new system really took ground and began to assume its modern development. What are called “wagon-postes,” but are more generally and officially designated as “bureaux ambulants”—that is to say, compartments for letters and for letter-assorters—were introduced the same year. Letters and packages had, however, been forwarded before that time in “fourgons à bagages,” or baggage-waggon. The letters were put into wooden boxes, which were received and disposed of at the different stations. The French have, it must be said to their credit, weightily considered the many inconveniences which arise from sorting letters on the journey. It is not every person who in his hurry and anxiety to be quickly served takes into consideration the pains and penalties which he may inflict upon others. It was felt that a work of this kind executed in haste, under circumstances of confined space, trepidation, and a stifling atmosphere, was less sure than sedentary labour, that it was more costly, and that it materially affected the health of those employed—the trepidation acting more especially in a grievous manner on the nervous system.

Certain modifications were accordingly gradually introduced. The greater amount of work presents itself soon after the departure from Paris, the letters having to be distributed the first, second, and third hours; a large number of hands are consequently employed in this part of the journey; but as the train proceeds the labour of sorting diminishes, until at length the packages for the extremities of the road are all ready, and a portion of those whose services were wanted on starting from Paris can lay down and sleep, leaving it in turn to others to deliver the sorted bags. Another system—that of reliefs—has also been adopted. The “bureau ambulant,” for example, leaves Paris for Lyons at eight o’clock in the evening with six agents; it arrives at Tonnerre at midnight; at that point three agents get down; three continue their way, and are employed to the end of the journey. On the return, the travelling-offices leave Lyons with three agents; the train arrives at Tonnerre at one o’clock in the morning; there it takes up the three agents who got down at midnight, and returns with them to Paris. The reason why more hands are wanted on approaching Paris is, that the central office expects the first distribution for Paris to be sorted in the travelling-offices, and that for the eleven different districts—a labour which cannot be concluded until the train is almost in Paris itself, for despatch boxes continue to pour in to the last moment.

The system adopted in England and Belgium of picking up the bags of despatches without stopping the train—in England by nets, and in Belgium by fixing them on a post and carrying them off with a pole, as a boy does a ring in a roundabout tournament—has not been adopted in France on account of failures and accidents, while, on the other hand, additional labour has been imposed on what are called the “courriers-convoyeurs,” who have to abstract the letters from the boxes forwarded to each station and to sort them on the journey, instead of as formerly receiving and depositing bags. Many of these agents not only lose their health, but also their lives, in these arduous labours.

As it is with the postal service by land, so it is also by sea. Previous to 1836, letters destined for countries beyond the sea were confided to

sailing merchant ships, but in that year steam-packets were first introduced on the Mediterranean. Three departures were organised for the month, and the packets touched at certain ports in Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt. These packets conveyed passengers as well as letters, and even Turkish pashas, with their numerous suites, availed themselves of this novel and expeditious mode of transport. A circumstance is, however, said to have occurred at the very onset which put a stop to this civilising practice.

A pasha had taken his place on board one of the new French packets with his servants and three or four wives, among whom the officers remarked that one was a girl scarcely sixteen years of age. It would appear that some of the officers must have spoken to her, or, at all events, it appears that she could speak a language that was understood by the captain, for the remainder of the story is narrated in French. At the end of the fourth day of the journey, the young girl asked to speak to the captain, and as soon as she was introduced to him,

"Monsieur," she said, with a voice tremulous with apprehension and emotion, "I am here, is it not so, on board of a French ship?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the commander.

"In that case, I wish to ask you a question."

"Speak!" was the more abrupt than gallant rejoinder.

"I have been told that a person who is a slave, placing her foot on a ship over which floats the French flag, can resume possession of herself; and claim her liberty and independence."

"You have been correctly informed."

The girl breathed more freely; she lifted up her head, threw aside her veil, and disclosed her beautiful features.

"Monsieur," she continued, but in a voice which was no longer tremulous, "I was born in Sicily, and I attained my sixteenth year yesterday. Two years ago I was carried away by Greek pirates, and taken, notwithstanding my prayers and entreaties, to Constantinople, where I was cruelly sold. Since that time I have been constantly kept in close confinement, and unable to extricate myself from the odious violence of which I have been the victim. But since chance has now placed me under the flag of a powerful and generous nation, I claim its protection, and I hope that it will not be refused to me."

The incident was novel; its solution in the way that was desired might entail very disagreeable complications, but there was no possibility of refusing a protection thus claimed. Since that time, Turkish and Egyptian pashas have taken good care, we are told, to abstain from travelling—at least with their wives—on French packets. It is certain that this does not apply to packets with English commanders, for the transit of hareems from Trebizond and Smyrna to Constantinople, or *vice versa*, is no uncommon thing.

In the interval between 1836 and 1848, packet communication was established with Corsica, and ever since 1842 steam-boats leave Marseilles every Tuesday and Friday for Ajaccio and Bastia. One of these packets is propelled by screw, and when first launched at Havre, an enthusiast, Sauvage by name, who had spent all his means in projected mechanical improvements, which, as is too often the case, had only ended in a prison, begged so hard to be allowed to see his favourite scheme carried out, that he was gratified with a window overlooking the quay, and when *The*

*Napoleon*, as the first screw launched in France was designated, passed by the prison, leaving behind it that line of foam which marks the progress of a screw steamer, two eyes, moistened with tears, watched it, we are told, with deepest interest from behind the bars of a cell, nor did they move from off the beloved object until it had disappeared in the horizon.

In 1849-1850, the postal service of the Mediterranean passed from the hands of government into those of the "Compagnie des Messageries," and the French became, at all events for the time being, aroused to a sense of the fact, so long practically applied in this country, that the commercial spirit may at times usefully supplant the administrative spirit. A greater scope was given to the operations of the service, and new and more extended communications were established. The Black Sea was brought within the sphere of the packets, and at a later period the Atlantic was for "the first time crossed by French steamers," whilst France, Portugal, Senegal, Brazil, and La Plata were brought into relations with one another by regular communication. "The year 1862 witnessed the inauguration of the lines of Indo-China, and China and Japan became as familiar with the flag of France as with its produce; modern civilisation invaded the defences of the Old World, and the extreme East was opened to the commerce and to the genius of the West. It was at once a national and a Christian work." The West, including Great Britain and America, cannot but be too grateful to France for having thus opened India and China to their commerce. A monument commemorative of the event ought to be raised on the Peak of Teneriffe, Ascension, Table Mountain, or some other isolated prominent and remarkable point on the earth's surface. There are two columns already in existence, which are said not exactly to record the truth, one on Fish-street-hill, the other at Boulogne: this might be made to constitute a worthy third. "At the moment we are writing," adds our patriotic chronicler, "there are few countries that are not visited by our postal agents, and the French packets effect a regular transport of correspondences to almost every point of the globe!"

The French packets, although constructed and supported by associations, are under the control of the state, and it is provided, among other things, that in case of war the state may take possession of the boats of any company, as also of its *materiel*—that is to say, of its equipage, and even of its commissariat. "Tout est là!" exclaims Monsieur Pierre Zaccane, with charming naïveté. The packet service is called the "Fleet of Peace," but it is that kind of peace which is always ready for war. Let us see, however, what are the actual lines of communication which touch almost all the countries of the earth and—"sillonner les mers dans tous les sens"—"furrow the seas in every direction." They are nine: 1st, Algeria and Corsica; 2nd, Calais and Dover; 3rd, the Mediterranean and the Black Sea; 4th, Brazil and La Plata; 5th, the Antilles and Mexico; 6th, Havre and New York, touching at Brest; 7th, Indo-China; 8th, La Réunion and the Mauritius. These services are in the hands of three companies—first, the Compagnie Valéry, for Corsica; secondly, the Compagnie des Messageries Impériales, for the Mediterranean, Indo-China, and Brazil; and thirdly, the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, for the lines of Mexico and New York. These

companies are subsidised by the state to the amount of twenty-four millions of francs per annum.

The last-mentioned company has not been in existence for more than four years. It began with monthly packets from Saint Nazaire to Vera Cruz and Aspinwall, like the packets from Havre to New York, but the service in both is now fortnightly. With only four or five steamers in 1863, the company now reckons twenty, among which *Le Napoléon III.*, of 1200 horse-power, *L'Impératrice Eugénie*, of 1000 horse-power, and the *Washington*, of 900. It is to be feared that the service to Vera Cruz will receive a check with the departure of the French troops from Mexico. The Cochín-Chinese packets leave Marseilles on the 19th of each month, at two in the evening. After touching at Messina, they are due at Alexandria on the 26th. The packets on the Red Sea average a power of 500 horses; they are 100 French yards in length by 12 in breadth, and can accommodate 138 passengers in 51 first-class cabins, and 46 in second-class berths. Part of the equipage is made up of Malays and negroes. The service on board these packets is said to be admirable. We find 1500 plates and 5000 napkins, as also a piano, among the objects enumerated. These packets touch at Aden, then at Point de Galles, then at Singapore, whence they steam on to Saïgon, "a young colony, already prosperous and powerful. A freer air is breathed there, the foot treads on a generous soil, you hear a sharp clear language, your eyes are riveted by lively colours, and you salute the flag of France!" As Saïgon, however, albeit so prosperous, does not pay, the packets extend their journey to Hong-Kong before returning to Suez. The postal agent on board these packets is, we are told, "the missionary of European industry and commerce to benighted lands." "The institution of packet service," we are further told, "does not date more than thirty years back (in France), and already our fleet equals in number those of our predecessors, and there is not a country visited by our allies where the flag of France does not also show itself." This, although hardly correct, is a praiseworthy rivalry far more advantageous to France than the old-fashioned struggles for military glory and other bubble "ideas," and it is one which, while it benefits the home country, also carries the blessings of commerce and civilisation to the remotest parts of the earth. It is to be hoped that the progress made by France in modern times in thus so greatly extending its commercial relations will detach the people more and more from their misplaced affection for military supremacy; there is, no doubt, already a great change operating in the feelings of the thinking portion of the community in this respect, and there can be no question but that the present ruler is as anxious to curb the bellicose ardour of his subjects as he is to turn their zeal in a new channel, and to enhance the material prosperity of the country. "The time has gone by," said M. Vaudal, in his address at the inauguration of the line from Havre to New York, "when nations, in obedience to a spirit of narrow egotism, laboured at confining their relations to their own country, and blindly repelled everything that came from without. These barbarous prejudices have disappeared, frontiers are being wiped out, and the age which has seen two railways, one of which crosses the Pyrenees, while the other pierces Mount Cenis, is called upon to favour many other manifestations in the order of general interests."

The postal conventions of France with other countries go back to

1630, at which epoch a kind of congress was held at the hôtel of the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau. But so slow was progress in these matters, that not thirty years ago these conventions existed only in respect to eight of the adjacent countries. It is, we are told, "to the glory of the empire" that within 1860 and 1866 eighteen diplomatic conventions have been brought about with foreign governments on the subject of postal communication. The progress of liberal ideas is unquestionably manifested in such developments. They are also advantageous to all parties concerned, in a financial as well as in a progressive point of view. The revenue derived from foreign correspondence in France, for example, which did not amount to fourteen millions of francs in 1860, attained to fifteen millions in 1865. The countries with which the greatest amount of interchange takes place are England, Prussia, Switzerland, and Italy. The correspondence between France and the United States is the only one which has fallen off, attributable mainly to the long civil war by which that country has been afflicted. In some countries, where the local government does nothing itself, post-offices are, it is well known, founded by foreign states. France has offices of this description in the Levant, at Alexandria, at Smyrna, at Constantinople, at Vera Cruz, and at Shanghai. The origin of these international offices is attributed to Rome, where in olden times different countries had their especial postal offices.

The system of franking letters still obtains in France to a very great and, we should imagine, a very prejudicial extent. Now that postages are so much reduced, it would be much wiser to do away with a system so liable to abuse altogether. But in France all correspondence which is entitled "de service" goes free. All the functionaries of the empire correspond with their superiors and with their subordinates by franks, and so numerous are they that there exists a "Manuel des Franchises," an enormous volume, which contains the names of some 120,000 functionaries who enjoy postal immunities. Nor is this all; the postmaster-general is besieged with demands for immunity. Learned societies, charitable institutions, agricultural societies, all claim the same privileges, and this fallacious movement goes on increasing every day, not only in the number of letters, but in the size of the packets, circulars, plans, drawings, pamphlets, and books. It was ascertained that in 1862 the post-office delivered 46,590,936 franked letters and 25,461,991 franked parcels—altogether, over 72 millions. In 1865 the franks exceeded 100 millions, equal in money to 56 millions of francs. An attempt was once made to do away with the abuse altogether, as in England, but the project met with so decided an opposition on the part of those in authority, that it had to be abandoned. In Prussia—the land of despotism—where the system of franks also obtains, every functionary availing himself of his privilege has to appear personally at the post-office, and make a declaration, when posting his letter, that it contains nothing but matters having reference to the public service. Imagine some thousands of persons rushing, at the busiest moment of St. Martin's-le-Grand, to make their declarations of immunity to save a penny or two-pence!

The missing-letter office in France is called the "Bureau des Rebut," and amusing stories are told of letters and even moneys recovered there, after being missing for years. One, for example, of a soldier serving in



Algeria, who, hearing that his mother and brother were in distress at his native village, obtained fifteen hundred francs by re-enlisting for seven years in order to help them. But they never received the money; a soldier friend had put on it an illegible address, and it was not till the seven years' additional service imposed to obtain the money had expired that it was recovered. What between errors, thoughtlessness, carelessness, and ignorance, change of residences, deaths, refusals, and other causes, the number of letters sent to the "bureau des rebuts" amounted, in 1849, to 4,351,000; but this number diminished in 1862 to 2,175,206. Of this latter number, 100,176 had imperfect addresses, 638,257 were addressed to persons not discoverable, 1086 had been posted hurriedly without any superscription, and 1,435,687 had been refused! It has been proposed, to remedy this state of things, that pupil teachers should be obliged to teach children to write the address of letters clearly and distinctly. We are all creatures of habit, and what is enforced upon us in early life is seldom forgotten afterwards. The "rebuts," as the French call them, are at times provokingly amusing. Thus a letter was posted at Paris: "A. M. Bernard, Sultan Crète—Méditerranée." Decidedly the revolution in Crete had ended in raising M. Bernard to the throne. But the letter was delivered "à M. Bernard, sur le Tancredi, en station sur la Méditerranée." Another addressed a letter to "M. M., living in the house near which there is a heap of snow." The "bureau des rebuts" is designated, in the picturesque language of the Parisians, as the "catacombs of the post" and the "grave of secrets." We should fancy it was the reverse—the place where secrets are most liable to be exposed, if not properly addressed. It is not an uncommon thing for persons to send a letter to a postmaster, enclosing another, which, for reasons, it is desirable to post in some distant town. The postmaster is under orders to send such enclosed letter to the "bureau des rebuts," and thus the deceit is exploded. Commercial travellers have, for example, thus endeavoured to forward their letters from the town where they ought to have been; but sending them to the missing office has betrayed them to their masters. A special agent is employed at the "bureau des rebuts" in charge of letters and packages, and this is neither more nor less than a cat. Rats and mice sometimes contribute seriously to the already too numerous difficulties presented in deciphering illegible superscriptions.

The French and the Chinese, as is well known, anticipated long ago all supposed modern discoveries and applications. It appears that the postage-stamp, or "timbre poste" as they call it, was used in 1653, under the name of "billets de port payé." The most curious thing in connexion with the instructions given with these little "billets" was one to the effect that "lequel billet sera attaché à la dite lettre, ou mis autour de la lettre, ou passé dans la lettre"—that is to say, enclosed in the letter itself! And, further, not only were the letters of those using the "billets" to be diligently carried to their destination, but "ils en auront promptement réponse"—an immediate answer was also promised! It appears that when the adoption of the modern postage-stamp was resolved upon in France, "un ingénieur Anglais, Sir Perkins," was applied to, but he wanted a franc for every sheet of 240 stamps. Under these circumstances the concession was given to M. Hulot, of the French Mint. The gumming on of the French stamps has, we are informed, nothing so



unwholesome or so repulsive in it as that of the English stamps. The number sold in 1850, 21,523,175, increased in 1864 to 382,655,450; and ever since the annual augmentation has been equal to a sum of from three to four millions of francs. About four hundred millions of stamps are issued annually, at the rate of 90 centimes, or 9d. the thousand. Prepayment is not essential in France, as in England; and yet the number of dead letters averages many millions, which are hence so much loss (when not stamped) to the post-office. Nor are stamps available as currency in France, as they are to a certain extent in England, and generally in the United States, where there are stamps of the value of five dollars.

The general adoption of postage-stamps, and of which there are said to be now some two thousand varieties, gave rise to what the French call "timbromanie"—a very unobjectionable mania, for it leads young people to the study of geography and even of modern history. Many amusing tricks have been played in order to procure foreign stamps. One of the most objectionable has been to advertise a lucrative business, to be applied for by franked letters. Many come, but none get an answer. The French, it is to be observed, who adopted postage-stamps nine years after they had been in use in this country, have not yet adopted stamped envelopes—an elegant contrivance, which it appears has long been in vogue in China. The Chinese have long had three orders of envelopes. The first green with red characters, which announce that such envelopes will carry the contents beyond the seas and the loftiest mountains. The second white with rose-coloured characters, which announce that it only goes to the borders of the sea. The third rose-coloured with red characters. This is the official envelope, and on it is inscribed, "May Heaven grant nobility and riches to all generations."

What is called the rural service is more perfect in France and in Belgium than in England, where, in country places, the letters have mostly to be sent for at the nearest office. In France, 16,406 postmen in blouses, with letter-bags on their backs and sticks in their hands, start daily from the 4200 post-offices to carry letters to the most isolated cottages and the most distant hamlets, and that in all weathers and seasons. Nothing surprised the inhabitants of the provinces of Savoy and of the Maritime Alps, as, when annexed to France, their letters were brought to their doors. Corsica alone contains three hundred villages, where the postman only makes his appearance every other day. It has been questioned, with some show of reason, whether the fatigue, wear and tear, and expenses of such a system are compensated for by the delivery of letters in remote mountain fastnesses, difficult of access, and at certain seasons almost impracticable, and where commercial interests are almost *nil*. But the French are a sentimental nation, and they say that the mother who lives up in the mountains may have a son "sous les drapeaux," and her feelings are as much to be considered as those of the mother who lives in a town. Speaking of sons "sous les drapeaux"—and France numbers them by hundreds of thousands—a system of postal service, which was perfected at the time of the Crimean war, is now in vogue, which is deserving of all praise. The post-office in a French camp occupies a central place, the place of honour, close by the staff; it is protected by its own especial gendarmerie, and it follows the regiment wherever it goes.

## FULL HEART, FEW WORDS.

A CUE FROM "PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE."

BY FRANCIS JACOX.

PARTING with his beautiful Elena, the hero of Mr. Henry Taylor's finest play—call it either poetical drama or dramatic poem—gets nothing from her, in response to his flow of impassioned leave-taking, but, few and far between, the words, "Farewell, my lord." And is it thus they part? But why complain of her stinted speech? It betokens depth of emotion; and surely he would rather have that, than a shallow facility of copious verbiage. So,

—Enough, enough;  
Full heart, few words,\*

is the reflection that consoles him; and *pauca verba* constitute your highest order of eloquence unless mere artificial rhetoric be the order of the day.

When Eurylochus, in the *Odyssey*, returns from the mission on which Ulysses had despatched him and his "sad companions,"—"with pensive steps and slow, aghast returns, the messenger of woe, and bitter fate," we read that

—To speak he made essay,  
In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey.  
His swelling heart denied the words their way:  
But speaking tears the want of words supply,  
And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.†

So, when Ulysses stands once more within his own halls, but disguised and despised,—and discovers himself to two attached adherents,

Tears followed tears; no word was in their power;  
In solemn silence fell the kindly shower.  
The king too weeps, the king too grasps their hands,  
And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.‡

When sentence of banishment has gone forth against Shakspeare's Bolingbroke, and old John of Gaunt—the time come for parting—asks upbraidingly to what purpose does he hoard his words, that he returns no greeting to his friends,—the exile's answer is:

I have too few to take my leave of you,  
When the tongue's office should be prodigal  
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.§

But out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, not in ornate periods, rather in broken monosyllables, when deeply moved. Cousin Aumerle—the king's cousin, and Bolingbroke's, and true to neither—recognises the doctrine of *full heart, few words*, when he pretends to be too deeply moved for utterance at parting with the Duke:

\* Philip van Artevelde, Act V. Sc. 5.

† *Odyssey* (Pope's), book x.

‡ Book xxi.

§ King Richard II., Act I. Sc. 3.

*King Rich.* What said our cousin when you parted with him ?

*Aum.* Farewell :

And for my heart disdainèd that my tongue  
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft  
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,  
That words seem buried in my sorrow's grave.\*

At the death of King John, the nobles rally round Prince Henry, to assure him of their loyal support ; and the gentle stripling makes answer :

I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,  
And knows not how to do it but with tears.†

Take, again, the parting scene between Sir Proteus and Julia :

Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?  
Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;  
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter *Panthino*.

*Pan.* Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

*Pro.* Go ; I come, I come :—

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.‡

So, when Capulet discovers the apparent death of Juliet :

Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,  
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.§

And as with sorrow, so with joy. Claudio is bidden speak by Beatrice, when Hero is made over to him by her father ; and his answer is : " Silence is the perfectest herald of joy : I were but little happy, if I could say how much."|| Just as Juliet, at her wedding in the Friar's cell, replies to an appeal of Romeo's with the pretty conceit :

They are but beggars that can count their worth ;  
But my true love is grown to such excess,  
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.¶

Mr. Pepys is not overmuch given to sentimentalism or sensibility ; the more noteworthy, therefore, is that entry in his *Diary* which records the welcome " our girl " Deb. got, at her native place :—" where comes in another poor woman, who, hearing that Deb. was here,\*\* did come running hither, and with her eyes so full of tears, and heart so full of joy, that she could not speak when she came in, that it made me weep too : I protest that I was not able to speak to her, which I would have done to have diverted her tears."†† Crying for joy, dumb for joy,—*c'est égal*, sometimes.—The lovers in *Molière* excuse themselves one to the other for lack of compliment by pleading excess of delight : *Clitandre* protests, " *Tant que je ne vous ai parlé que des yeux, j'avais, ce me semblait, cent choses à vous dire ; et maintenant que j'ai la liberté de vous parler de la façon que je souhaitais, je demeure interdit, et la grand joie où je suis*

\* King Richard II., Act I. Sc. 4.

† King John, Act V. Sc. 7.

‡ The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II. Sc. 2.

§ Romeo and Juliet, Act IV. Sc. 5.

|| Much Ado about Nothing, Act II. Sc. 1.

¶ Romeo and Juliet, Act II. Sc. 6.

\*\* " But, Lord ! the joy that was among the old poor people of the place, to see Mrs. Willet's daughter, it seems her mother being a brave woman and mightily beloved !"—*Diary of Samuel Pepys*, June 13, 1668.

†† Ibid.

étouffe toutes mes paroles." While Lucinde, on her part, refers the same effect to the self-same cause: "Je puis vous dire la même chose; et je sens, comme vous, des mouvements de joie qui m'empêchent de pouvoir parler."\* The same is Helen's excuse to Henry Macdonald, in Talfourd's tragedy:

*Helen.* [approaching Helen] . . . Is this  
My sometime playmate Helen? You are silent,  
You do not bid me welcome.  
*Helen.* Welcome, Henry?  
It is because my heart's too full of welcome  
To breathe its joy in words.†

When David Copperfield is finally restored to his Agnes, for a little while they are both silent, as he folds her to his heart. She was so true, he tells us, so beautiful, so good,—he owed her so much gratitude, she was so dear to him, that he could find no utterance for what he felt. "I tried to bless her, tried to thank her, tried to tell her (as I had often done in letters) what an influence she had upon me; but all my efforts were in vain. My love and joy were dumb."‡ More absolutely so than in the poet's picture of an enraptured pair, one of whom records that, at any rate,

—at intervals, our words did flow  
From richest silence and our full hearts springing,  
As coy as violets are under their leaves  
When Spring about the world her mist of beauty weaves.§

Or again in a subsequent stanza, discoursing of the same companionship:

Which was most full? Our silence or our speech?  
Ah, sure our silence! Though we talk'd high things. . . .  
. . . . And we have sat beside the lake's calm beach  
Wordless and still, a long and summer day,  
As if we only watch'd the insect-play,|| &c.

But perhaps this author's most emphatic couplet to the purpose is the following:

Wordless as Seraphs are in the Above,  
When they are telling God how much they love.¶

Master Walter, in the play, congratulating Julia on a signal access of good fortune, comments on her silence at the news:

Thou dost not speak; but 'tis the way with joy.  
The richest heart, it has the poorest tongue.\*\*

Sir Charles Grandison is notorious for bowing upon the Honourable Miss Byron's hand, and uttering polite speeches in that attitude. But there is one occasion in his History when he bows upon that hand without speaking. And that is when the lady has given it up to him for good. "He bowed upon her hand. He spoke not. He seemed as if he could not speak."†† The more to his credit. Miss Byron had of course played the same part of expressive silence long before. As when at a certain leave-taking between them, she was "afraid to speak, for fear of

\* L'Amour Médecin, Acte III. Sc. 6.

† Glencoe; or, the Fate of the Macdonalds, Act II. Sc. 1.

‡ David Copperfield, ch. lx.

§ Chauncy Hare Townshend: The Three Gates, p. 175. || Ibid., p. 179.

¶ Ibid., p. 157.

\*\* The Hunchback, Act III. Sc. 2.

†† History of Sir Charles Grandison, vol. vi. letter li.

bursting into a fit of tenderness; yet was conscious," she adds, "that my very silence was more expressive of tenderness than speech could have been."\* When, on the last page of Lord Lytton's sequel to "Ernest Maltravers," that mature hero ceases perorating to Alice, "overpowered with the rush of his own thoughts," we read that Alice, on her part, was too blessed for words, and was more than content to have Nature speak for her instead, in the murmur of the sunlit leaves, and the breath of the summer air, and the song of the exulting birds, and the deep and distant music of the heaven-surrounded seas.† When the same author's Harold is called upon to face the prospect of parting with his Edith, we are told that all the eloquence on which thousands had lunged, thrilled and spell-bound, deserted him in that hour of need, and left to him only broken exclamations,—fragments, in each of which his heart itself seemed shivered.‡ Even so, to compare great folks with small, Mr. Shirley Brooks's Angela Livingstone is at an utter loss for words when she rises to return thanks, after Mylne's toasting address, at the farewell supper thronged by her admiring friends. "Many a more eloquent speech has called up far less feeling in reply. Angy rose hastily after each guest had greeted her, and she thought she could answer them. But she looked right and left, and the full heart ran over. She could only cry—and they had their answer."§

Colonel Whyte Melville tells us he has watched the progress and development of some few flirtations that have been thrust upon his notice, and that he thinks the talking ones are the safest. "A full heart does not discharge itself through the organs of speech; and a very imperceptible tremor, or a very common-place remark, may tell a tale that three volumes octavo would fail to convey."|| What says Mrs. Browning—or Aurora Leigh for her?—

I've known the pregnant thinkers of this time,  
 And stood by breathless, hanging on their lips,  
 When some chromatic sequence of fine thought  
 In learned modulation phrased itself  
 To an un conjectured harmony of truth.  
 And yet I've been more moved, more raised, I say,  
 By a simple word . . . a broken easy thing,  
 A three-years infant might say after you,—  
 A look, a sigh, a touch upon the palm,  
 Which meant less than "I love you" . . . than by all  
 The full-voiced rhetoric of those master-mouths.¶

There is the like import in what Shakspeare's Theseus says, by way of apology for the uncouth performance of the Athenian mechanicals. Where he has come, he tells Hippolyta, great clerks have purposed to greet him with premeditated welcomes; where he has seen them shiver and look pale, make periods in the midst of sentences (the very thing Quince is just going to do in the Prologue), throttle their practised accent in their fears, and, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off, not paying him a welcome. Yet, "trust me, sweet," he assures the imperious dame,

Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome;  
 And in the modesty of fearful duty

\* Letter xxxii.

† Harold, book x. ch. x.

‡ Good for Nothing, ch. xii.

† Alice, book xi. ch. viii.

§ Aspen Court, ch. xxxvii.

¶ Aurora Leigh, book iv.

I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.\*

At that crisis in the history of Romola, when at length she is persuaded into accepting Savonarola's guidance, and consents to go back to her unworthy husband, we read that as, almost unconsciously, she sank on her knees, Savonarola stretched out his hands over her; "but feeling would no longer pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent."†

Bidden farewell by Diana Vernon, emphatically for ever, "Heaven knows," exclaims Francis Osbaldistone, in narrating the scene, "it was not apathy which loaded my frame and my tongue so much, that I could neither return Miss Vernon's half-embrace, nor even answer her farewell. The word, though it rose to my tongue, seemed to choke in my throat like the fatal *guilty* which the delinquent who makes it his plea knows must be followed by the doom of death."‡

Pelayo stands confused at sight of Count Julian's daughter, so altered from the time he had beheld her in Roderick's court, glittering in beauty and in innocence: this altered face of deadly sorrow comes to him like a ghost, which in the grave can find no rest:

—He, taking her cold hand,  
Raised her, and would have spoken; but his tongue  
Fail'd in its office, and could only speak  
In under tones compassionate her name.§

Mr. Herbert Spencer notices extreme brevity as one of the characteristics of passionate language. The sentences, he remarks, are generally incomplete, the particles omitted, and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context. "Great admiration does not vent itself in a precise proposition, as 'It is beautiful;' but in the simple exclamation,—'Beautiful!' He who, when reading a lawyer's letter, should say, 'Vile rascal!' would be thought angry; while, 'He is a vile rascal,' would imply comparative coolness."|| In this sense we may apply to some purpose the celebrated Tom Thumb paradox, and say, that a man's emotion is so great because in expression it is so small, and therefore that the former is still greater when the latter is none at all. In this sense occur the lines in one of Dryden's adaptations from Chaucer:

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;  
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;  
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;  
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.¶

• Corneille's Chimène, bringing word to the king of her father's death, prays him,

—Excusez ma douleur,  
Sire, la voix me manque à ce récit funeste;  
Mes pleurs et mes soupirs vous diront mieux le reste.\*\*

Agreed. But one of the faults of Corneille's heroines and heroes is just this, that their *pleurs* and their *soupirs* are, not the dumb-eloquent substitute for, but the mere garnishing of, their long-winded rhetoric. In the very speech ending with the above lines, Voltaire complains of a redundancy of *hyperboles poétiques*, which very decidedly weaken the

\* A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act V. Sc. 1.

† Romola, vol. ii. ch. xx.

‡ Rob Roy, vol. ii. ch. xvi.

§ Roderick, the Last of the Goths, § ix.

|| The Philosophy of Style.

¶ Palamon and Arcite.

\*\* Le Cid, Acte II. Sc. 8.

paths of it—*affaiblissent le pathétique de ce discours*. So again the same critic objects, for instance, to some of the flourishes of Sévère in another Cornelian tragedy: "Ces quatre vers refroidissent. C'est l'auteur qui parle, et non le personnage. On ne débite pas des lieux communs quand on est profondément affligé."\*

By those that deepest feel, is ill exprest  
The indistinctness of the suffering breast ;  
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,  
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none ;  
No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.†

Pope gently upbraids Swift in one of his letters with not quite understanding the reason of his late silence: "I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it."‡ Swift himself, dwelling on the greatness of that obligation which words cannot express, remarks: that gratitude, like grief, dwells only in the mind, and can best be guessed at when it is too great to be told, and most certainly lessens when we are capable of declaring it.§ So in a passage of our Laureate's latest poem,—where Annie can indeed catch at her benefactor Philip's hand, and wring it passionately; but, as he goes on accumulating kindnesses upon her, and her little ones, cannot, for the life of her, find the words that shall convey her thanks:

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :  
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,  
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
Light on a broken word to thank him with.¶

A different phase of the subject is seen in the same poet's *Enid*, when Geraint, self-communing, with a full heart, during that strange ride with his lady through the wilds, is said to have

—broken the sentence in his heart  
Abruptly, as a man upon his tongue  
May break it, when his passion masters him.¶

With which may be compared a couplet of Dryden's, about old Tancred, in the translation from Boccace:

The gloomy sire, too sensible of wrong  
To vent his rage in words, restrain'd his tongue.\*\*

Not by the noble monitions of nature, Mr. Carlyle idiomatically contends, but by the ignoble, is a man much tempted to publish the secret of his soul in words. "Words, if he have a secret, will be forever inadequate to it."†† Owen Feltham professes that wherever he has found a flood in the tongue, he has found the heart empty. "It is the hollow instrument that always sounds the loudest; and where the heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal."‡‡ The full soul is silent, writes Mr. Longfellow; only the rising and falling tides rush murmuring through their

\* Notes sur Polyeucte.

† Byron, *The Corsair*.

‡ Pope to Swift, Sept. 15, 1734.

§ Dean Swift to Mr. Richardson, April 17, 1739.

¶ Enoch Arden.

¶ Idylls of the King: *Enid*.

\*\* Sigismonda and Guiscardo.

†† *Latter-day Pamphlets*, No. v.

‡‡ Feltham's *Resolves: Of Ostentation*.

channels.\* The reconciliation scene between Sebastian and Dorax, in Dryden's tragedy, ends, on the part of the latter, with the choking exclamation :

Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak;  
And if I could,  
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.†

The moments when the spirit within us is most deeply stirred, are almost invariably, says Mr. Wilkie Collins, the moments also when its outward manifestations are hardest to detect. How seldom, he exclaims, words can help us, when their help is most wanted! "Was there ever a strong emotion in this world that could adequately express its own strength? . . . How many moments there are in this mortal life, when, with all our boasted powers of speech, the words of our vocabulary treacherously fade out, and the page presents nothing to us but the sight of a perfect blank!"‡ Douglas, in the tragedy, after Percy's death, watching the effect of that calamity upon the mind of Elwina, exclaims,

She sheds no tears, her grief's too highly-wrought;  
'Tis speechless agony.

And Elwina herself (by the stage direction, "in a low broken voice") presently utters an assenting

—No.

The sorrow's weak that wastes itself in words,  
Mine is substantial anguish—deep, not loud;  
I do not rave. . . .  
Rage is for little wrongs—Despair is dumb.§

Gerard Eliassoen, in Mr. Charles Reade's fine story of *Cloister and Hearth*, saves from shipwreck a Roman matron and her child, at the risk of his own life. Himself safe ashore, he is greeted by her with dumb eloquence of womanly gratitude. Laying her hand lightly on his shoulder, Teresa then, with face all beaming and moist eyes, holds her child up and makes him kiss his preserver. And this is what ensued. "Gerard kissed the child: more than once. He was fond of children. But he said nothing. He was much moved; for she did not speak at all, except with her eyes, and glowing cheeks, and noble antique gesture, so large and stately. Perhaps she was right. Gratitude is not a thing of words. It was an ancient Roman matron thanking a modern from her heart of hearts."|| As Ethel says to *Violenzia*, in Mr. Roscoe's tragedy,

It is my love that will not let me speak,  
And passion puts a silence on my tongue.  
I have no gift of speech; and when I strive  
To model that which beats so deeply here,  
The dull air gives no echo, but deceives  
With faintest semblance.¶

Take, again, the parting of Nymph and Shepherd in one of our old Caroline poets:

Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes  
Grief interrupted speech with tears' supplics.\*\*

\* "So sat the lovers [Kavanagh and Cecilia], hand in hand; but for a long time neither spake, neither had need of speech."—Kavanagh, ch. xxvi.

† Dryden's *Don Sebastian*.

‡ Percy, Act V. Sc. 1.

¶ *Violenzia*, Act I. Sc. 1.

§ *The Dead Secret*, book iv. ch. ii.

|| *The Cloister and the Hearth*, vol. iii. ch. vi.

\*\* Thos. Carew, *A Pastoral Dialoguc*.



And the parting of Leonard from the priest, in one of Wordsworth's idylls—to adopt a phrase now in vogue :

—The Priest here ended—  
The Stranger would have thanked him, but he felt  
A gushing from his heart, that took away  
The power of speech.\*

Or, in burlesque strain, take the ecclesiastical dignitary in Boileau's satire,—

A force de douleur, il demeura tranquille,—

although, after a while, “sa voix s'échappant au travers des sanglots, dans sa bouche à la fin fit passage à ces mots,”† which, however, are nothing to the purpose.

Lord Cockburn describes the effect upon the Scottish bar of the news of President Blair's death as “overwhelming.” Next day the Court was silent, and adjourned. The Faculty of Advocates, hastily called together, resolved to attend him to his grave. Henry Erskine, we are then told, “tried to say something, and because he could only try it, it was as good a speech as he ever made. The emotion, and the few and broken sentences, made this artless tribute, by the greatest surviving member of the profession to the greatest dead one, striking and beautiful.”‡

Eloquently Mr. Carlyle speaks of brave old Malesherbes (in 1793) pleading, with Louis's other two advocates, for Delay in execution of the sentence,—“pleads for it with eloquent want of eloquence, in broken sentences, in embarrassment and sobs; that brave time-honoured face, with its grey strength, its broad sagacity and honesty, is mastered with emotion, melts into dumb tears.”§

Turner's biographer relates of that great painter that, on the day of Chantrey's very sudden death, he called at the sculptor's house, expecting to find a brother artist and R.A. in the room where the dead man lay. “He did so; but he [Turner] could not speak; he wrung his hand only with affectionate and almost passionate vehemence, and rushed out of the house without uttering a word.”|| Grief of the Homeric stamp—as exemplified in the “youthful warrior” who

—heard with silent woe,  
From whose fair eyes the tears began to flow;  
Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say  
What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.¶

For, as Mr. Pope has remarked in his annotations, Homer ever represents an excess of grief by a deep horror, silence, weeping, and not inquiring into the manner of the friend's death. Nor could Antilochus, he asserts—in reference to the above lines—have expressed his sorrow in any manner so moving as silence.

\* The Brothers.

† Le Lutrin, chant quatrième.

‡ Memorials of his Time, by Henry Cockburn, p. 256.

§ History of the French Revolution, part iii. book ii. ch. vii.

|| A special reason on his biographer's part for relating the anecdote is, evidently, to counteract a prevailing impression as to Turner's selfishly sordid disposition; and to give point to the query: “Was this a man without heart and without affections, the mere money-grubber and sordid Harpagon?”—Life of J. M. W. Turner, ii. 258.

¶ Iliad, bk. xvii.

## LULE—LAPPMARK.—A SKETCH OF LAPLAND TRAVEL.

## PART I.

I HAVEN'T much of a tale to tell, but it is, at all events, of scenes and places new—of lakes wild and solitary, traversed by few keels—of rivers wide and rapid, where fly was never before thrown—of trackless gloomy forests, the home of the capercaillie and tree-grouse—of skies strange and beautiful—of a people curious and primitive—and of a life, in fact, so fresh, vigorous, and health-giving, that I doubt not to find some readers, and probably a few followers, on the track I chose in the autumn of 1865.

A voyage from Hull to Gothenburg in a screw specimen of a rather seedy line of steamery, with a pompous captain, a surly steward, and extremely bad cookery, does not present for the reader many features of interest, or give much to describe. The usual resources adopted by the unhappy passengers under such circumstances, such as looking for shoals of porpoises, who never appear; playing pitch and toss on the deck (for pursuing which impious recreation on a Sunday, in that oblivion of days which travelling begets, we were very promptly pulled up by the captain); or endeavouring to pot sea-anemones with a saloon pistol; though available for the great purpose of killing the common enemy, Time, can scarcely be said to present the necessary elements for example of life or instruction of manners. So the passage in question may be very fitly dismissed as an unmitigated and continuous nuisance. I found, however, some pleasant fellows on board, as I believe one always may in any mixed company of Englishmen, if a man will only take the trouble to draw them out. Two young fellows going on a visit in Sweden—a tourist about to join some friends previously gone to do the south of the country, the Gotha Canal, Upsala, and that sort of thing—a business-man from Newcastle, who turned out a first-rate fellow—a trader in horse and cattle-flesh from Yorkshire—a Scotch gentleman with his mother and sister, going over to a wedding of some relation on the Norway coast, and some lady-friends of the captain's, made up the list. The first meal on board broke down the inevitable Anglo-Saxon stiffness, and by the time we reached Gothenburg we were all great friends.

The quantity of the aforesaid anemones in the North Sea was the only thing worth noticing on the whole passage. As we neared Gothenburg they swarmed in the shallow waters. Floating lazily along, cup-shaped, with long fibrous streamers, orange-yellow, crimson, and the intensest mazarine-blue, unheeding and unconscious, they seemed to realise that absolutism of mere existence desired of the Brahmins, and which poets have endeavoured to describe; but which one of us more prosaically put in the words, "Look at those happy devils! What a life! They don't know whether they are alive or dead, those fellows!"

On entering the harbour of Gothenburg, which in the native tongue

is pronounced "Jitteborg," one of the party, who had evinced much dissatisfaction during the latter part of the passage at not meeting with "porpoises, and seals, and whales, and things," which he declared had been promised him in the North Sea, appeared to derive much content from seeing women pulling the hay or timber laden boats while the men steered; he being of opinion that they had "a precious deal too easy a time of it in England"—a remark which, it is needless to say, brought a storm of invective about his ears from which he was glad to take refuge in the saloon and some bitter beer. Soon we slackened speed; and, after some shunting and a great din of tongues, sidled up about one P.M. on Monday, August 14th, to the steam-boat pier of the fair seaport of Gothenburg.

Here began the separations, which even to so brief a mutual acquaintance as a two days' sea-passage have their touch of regret. The two young Englishmen departed, after severe hand-shaking and exchange of addresses, with their friend who met them on the quay, and each man went his way; I clinging to my Newcastle friend, who, like a good fellow, undertook to steer me through the custom-house, and launch me on my way to Stockholm. And at the said douane I had a curious experience of the ingenuity of customs' officials in exacting the pence due to Cæsar. In a great long box I had stowed away my gun, salmon and other rods, pots of preserved meats, and no end of cartridges, some loaded and some unloaded. Having duly charged me for the loaded "*patrons*," as they call them, the imposing swell who presided over the operation appeared to be in some difficulty as to the empty ones; but he at length got over it, much to his satisfaction and the advantage of King Carl's revenue, by mulcting their entry into Sweden as "*manufactured paper*" at more than double the rate of the full ones! However, the whole thing only amounted to about 1s. 5d., and the joke was worth that.

From the custom-house we went to the Göthe-Källäre (*pron.* Chellary) Hotel, the most satisfactory one in Gothenburg; where presently some of our fellow-passengers turned up, and there was a great fight for beds. This being adjusted, we turned out for a walk, and ordered dinner at the swell restaurant of the place, the Phœnix.

Gothenburg is undoubtedly a good town, and will be a very fine place. The streets are spacious and straight, with wide canals traversing the principal ones, the houses large, and the pavement even and clean. There is a pretty little park, which is uncommonly well kept in the floricultural department, and I never saw such splendid tree-fuchsias in my life. Just outside the park is the theatre, a big building, which stands conceitedly by itself on an eminence over one of the canals. The wording of one of the playbills, which I got my friend to translate for me, was very funny; and I subjoin an extract of the tit-bit for the night, which will show the taste of the natives:

In the Strand  
(I wish I wa's with Nancy)  
Amerikansk schåaresång med dans  
Uföres af  
Hr. Ullberg samt hela personalen.

The Swedes, I may say here, are decidedly a musical nation. They pride themselves upon their bands, and are immense admirers of their own and the German schools. Part-singing is a very favourite amusement of theirs; and the young men form themselves into clubs with this object, and patrol the streets at night, singing "the plaintive airs of their native land;" and a much better amusement for them than frequenting casinos and drinking-shops, it must be admitted.

Having ended our stroll, we adjourned to the Phœnix to feed; and as this was my first Swedish dinner, I must be allowed to describe one peculiarity of it. Every correctly conducted Swedish meal is preceded by what is called a *smörgös* (or butter goose, the origin of which nonsensical title I never could learn). This addition to the regular *menu* consists of a number of small plates or saucers of sardines, caviar, anchovies, olives, slices of German sausage, slices of reindeer meat, of smoked salmon, of smoked herring, of powerful cheese, of cucumber and beetroot, a tray of bread and cakes, and a plate of butter, and is spread upon a side-table. It is, in fact, the *hors d'œuvre* of the dinner, only given beforehand, and *en masse*. You eat this standing invariably, and moisten it with a glass of raw spirits—one of two or three kinds of *vodki* (they are all pretty much alike, the difference consisting in more or less aniseed or caraway in them)—and this it is the correct thing to toss off at a gulp, and put the glass down empty. I can only say that one very soon begins to think the *smörgös* a highly desirable institution; and the stimulating effect of the glass of raw spirits on the digestive organs for the time quite eclipses the memory of sherry-and-bitters at home. But I am bound to confess that, like many similar institutions, it wants the association of the general habits of the country. I should not relish it a bit here, and I don't believe even a Swede would. This custom of drinking raw spirits at every meal is supposed to be a necessity of the climate, and so it may be in the winter and the cold damp weather of autumn and spring; but of course it is no less religiously observed in the summer, when it is, to say the least of it, needless in that light. The great drink of the Swedes is, however, a kind of essence of punch, made of arrack, and extremely sweet and luscious, which is drunk neat. Uncommonly seductive stuff it is, but it serves one out horribly in head and stomach afterwards; and the confiding way in which the untutored stranger laps it is always a source of amusement to the case-hardened natives, who invariably make him drink as much as possible of it. In fact, I should advise every fellow to shun *svenska ponsch* entirely, and call for brandy-and-water instead when challenged; only he must do it with a duly apologetic oration on behalf of his liver and digestion, as the Swedes, excessively good fellows, are, as a rule, rather sensitive on national points; and, if you decline the proffered courtesy of a drink, are apt to ascribe your refusal to pride or dislike. Our dinner was simple, but good—the usual soup, fish, entrées, solids, and sweets, only served up in an odd kind of order, stewed chicken after the sweets, and that kind of thing; and the cheese one has had with the *smörgös* before dinner, so it does not usually appear again. The soups are, as a rule, distinctly flavoured and good; what they call "green bouillon," a veal broth with herbs and great flaps of cabbage

in it, being the commonest. Is it of Stockholm or of some town in Germany that that odd practice of the soup-shops is related; where the poor customers sit down at a long table before hollows scooped in the solid wood, with an iron spoon chained by the side of each, and the man comes round with a pail and a huge tin syringe holding the exact portion sold for twopence, discharges it into the bowl, and holds out his hand for the money; and then, if the poor devil cannot muster the exact number of *öre*, down goes the pitiless nozzle of the syringe, and, with an agonising noise, the whole of the precious mess is sucked up again before his very eyes? At all events, soup is a great favourite with the natives, and a very important element of every dinner. By the way, I may mention that a slice of a very fine salmon of forty-two pounds weight, which had been caught the day before at a place called Lilla-Edet, up the neighbouring river, with a line, and which we inspected when we went to order dinner, formed part of that meal; but I can't say much for him in point of flavour.

Before we went to bed that night I had, yielding to the advice of everybody, agreed to go with my Newcastle friend (who most kindly offered to accompany me) up the river to see the Falls of Trollhattan; and try and catch a salmon there, or at the aforesaid Lilla-Edet, which was on the way, instead of leaving direct for Stockholm. Swedish beds are curious structures. A wooden trough on four legs, seldom six feet long, and about two feet wide, looking something between a couch and a child's crib, stands against the wall. The side away from the wall, with the bottom of the trough, draws out like an expanding table to the width of three or four feet, and the bed is then made, with a wonderful arrangement of sloping pillows at the head and laying over of blankets and quilt at the sides quite beyond description. The bother I used to have to get the whole ingenious construction into comfortable sleeping order for five feet eleven English! However, I am bound to say, that I used to slumber very snugly in them, and that I never but once found a trace of insect life in one in all my tour.

I and my friend E. were accordingly up by times next morning to start by the good little boat *Wester Göthland*, for Trollhattan, at eight o'clock. We slipped away from moorings very punctually, and were soon screwing away diligently up the (here sluggish) river, which forms the first part of the lovely chain of canals and lakes lying between Gothenburg and Stockholm, and called the Gotha Canal. The scenery, from being flat and marshy, soon, however, changed to the richest meadow and arable land, bordering the river, and backed by low rocky hills, partly heather-covered, and reminding one rather of the west coast of Scotland; except for the farm-houses and home-steads invariably built of wood, and coloured mostly of a dark red, that dotted the landscape picturesquely in rapid succession. The day turned out lovely; and, after a capital breakfast on board, we lounged about on the captain's particular deck, smoking and enjoying the panorama with great content. The boat herself, a fair type of the class running on this line, was about the size of an above-bridge steamer on the Thames, only broader in beam. An awning covered the after-deck. Descending to the saloon, a narrow passage led be-

tween two rows of cabins—the cosiest little cribs imaginable. Instead of having four or six berths crammed into them one over the other, as in our horrid English second-rate boats, each little apartment contained but two comfortable little velvet-covered couches at right angles to the side of the boat, with a passage between them, and a neat shut-up washhand-stand at the end under the porthole. Curtains, shelves, hooks, match-boxes, and all kinds of dodgy conveniences were fixed about; and over the foot of each couch, in a rack in the corner, stood the invariable large decanter of fair water and glasses, which is never wanting in any public room in Sweden. The eating-room, or “matsaal,” as it is called, is in the fore-part of the boat (it is, in fact, the second-class saloon); so that the after-saloon is always free from the odour of cookery, and, in fact, from any other. The comfort of these little cabins is extreme; and the way the rattle of the little toy-screw, as it pelts away at its work, lulls you off to sleep when you lie reading on your couch, is worth experiencing. As for the captain of the *Wester Göthland*, old Gustav Dahlander, of all the jovial, genial old Swedes that ever cracked a bottle, he was the jolliest I met on my whole tour. Speaking English capitally, and French toø, and having seen a good deal of the world, he was most entertaining company; and being an old acquaintance of E.'s besides, we were all fast friends at once, chattering and chaffing as if we had known each other for years.

At Lilla-Edet, which I shall describe by-and-by, we came to the first rapid, or “fors,” on the river. This, like all the others, is avoided by a side canal, with a succession of locks, cut through the solid rock. So we stepped ashore and walked to the river to have a look at the fors, while the steamer got through her difficulties. A very grand sight it is, in places. I am not sure whether one of these tremendous water-breaks is after all not finer than a real fall. There is an impression of terrific power conveyed by a sheet of deep water sweeping over some huge rounded rock in a solid green wave that scarcely breaks its crest, and leaping sullenly down by long strides, as it were, the unexpected slope in the river-bed, that the flashing broken water of a cataract fails to give. Like all the “forses,” however, that of Lilla-Edet is half hidden by great red saw-mills that straddle across the river from rock to rock, and will, I suppose, hide all the glorious old rapid in time, and turn the whole of its immense power to the practical uses of the day. On the bank between the river and canal lay a couple of splendid bright salmon, from seventeen to twenty pounds apiece, but lately caught, for their mouths were still bleeding. I believe the purveyor of the *Wester Göthland* became the purchaser of one of them, but I was not long enough on board to feed off him. Another short canal avoids a second rapid on the river, presenting no features of interest, but said to be an uncommonly good stream for salmon.

And now, as we approached Trollhattan, the scenery grew grander and more beautiful, and there is a house on the left bank belonging to some swell or other, surrounded by lovely hanging woods, the view from which, up towards the falls, must be glorious in the extreme. The canal, constructed on the right-hand side of the river, going up,

to avoid the falls, is no joke of a work. If I recollect right, it is about five English miles long, cut through the hard rock, and contains some thirty locks. In fact, there is a complete staircase of them; and during the time that the steamer is passing through, the passengers follow a pretty road through the woods and see the falls. As we were, however, going on shore at the hotel, and the captain had seen it all before, we three dined quietly on board in the interval; but we had to light the lamps and close the portboles tight to keep the rushing water out in the deep narrow locks.

At length, the last of her troubles over, the little *Wester Götthland* floated quietly out of the mouth of the canal, opposite the hotel that, with the village of Trollhattan, stands on the right-hand bank overlooking the famous falls. "Good-bye," and we stepped ashore in the midst of the rain, that had now begun to fall thickly. Our baggage taken up to the barn-looking wooden building that did duty for an hotel, we followed to secure beds. As usual in these country caravanserais, we got a couple of spacious apartments opening into one another, void of carpet and nearly so of furniture, but specklessly clean; and, having duly established ourselves, made inquiries as to the existence of some one who could act as guide to me in my salmon-fishing aspirations. In due course of time an individual of about twenty-two years of age, in a suit of damp leather, knocked at our door, and announced himself as "der Herr Fiskare," the Mr. Fisherman. After some discussion, which was considerably prolonged by my inability to speak Swedish, and E.'s total ignorance of all the terms and uses of fishing both in Swedish and English too, we unscrewed my huge box—"den störe loda," as everybody that had had to handle it had not failed to call it—and got tackle in order. The rain, however, was now coming down as if it meant it, and no mistake; and the falls and the mills, and the river and the grass, looked so thoroughly wretched and uncomfortable, that we agreed to lie down and have a pipe, and send for Mr. Fisherman when it cleared up. Before he went down-stairs, however, leather-breeches did not omit to remind us that he had brought our luggage up from the boat; so we gave him half a rixdollar, an act of the most verdant character, as will presently appear. Getting tired at last of smoking and looking at nothing, and finding the rain had a little abated, we concluded to don our water-proofs, and go and have a look at the falls. So we did; and I must say they answered our fullest expectations.

Trollhattan, however, is, after all, rather a stupendous forss than a fall. The bed of the river is here broken into a number of islands and huge crags, between which the water leaps and roars down with fearful impetuosity. In fact, the grand element in Trollhattan is its tremendous volume and power, and the beautiful element its broken and extremely varied character. Here, as at Lilla-Edet, there is an immense establishment of saw-mills, built from island to island; and through and round these you have to pass to see the great fall, which is between an island, approached by a light bridge over another fall scarcely less important, and the opposite shore. Here an attendant imp from the saw-yards throws in great timbers, which are sucked over the treacherous smooth crown of the forss, and sweep down it

till they plunge madly into the abyss of foam and broken water at the foot; to come up torn and jagged, and often rent into fragments, and be tossed high in air from the top of one white wave to another for a quarter of a mile down the long furious rapid. There are several points from which to view the falls both above and below, and there is some new beauty to catch at each. Perhaps the most picturesque is one below the falls, which is also the most comprehensive; taking in nearly all the shoots and islands, the town of quaint red saw-mills that reaches half across the stream, and the lovely wooded bank on the left hand (looking up), with its pretty plank-built villas. I don't know what the width of the river here may be, but it is certainly half as wide again as the Thames at Richmond.

Having quite satiated ourselves, and being half-deafened and dizzy with the roar and rush of water, we returned to the hotel, as it had cleared up a lovely evening for a cast, to seek our leather-coated guide. On inquiry, however, Herr Fiskare was found to be immovably drunk, the result of our mistimed generosity; so I shouldered my rod, and we set off to try some of the likely-looking pools under the smaller forsses. I could make nothing of it, however, and got into conversation with a pleasant old fellow whom we found fishing on one of the islands, a Colonel F., living at Trollhattan. A very artful old angler he was, too, and was dodging with a long running-line and worm for some of the many kinds of fish to be found in these Swedish rivers. From him I learnt that there were not many salmon to be got at Trollhattau—in fact, very few of the best places looked at all accessible—and that I should have a better chance at the little rapid below, whose name I have forgotten, or at Lilla-Edet. (Of course salmon cannot get above these falls. They pass Lilla-Edet, but Trollhattan stumps them.) So we returned to our quarters to feed; and, after a very satisfactory solid tea and an indolent pipe, we thought we had better make inquiries as to a return-boat to Lilla-Edet on the morrow.

Adjourning to the kitchen for this purpose, we encountered in the passage a forlorn "Tysk," or German (whom we had noticed on the steamer coming up), vainly endeavouring to make his wants known to the chambermaid in his native tongue, while she was only accessible in Swedish. Instantly on seeing us, he attacked us volubly in German; but as neither I nor E. knew more than a few words, he was not much better off till he tried French upon us, in which I was able to answer him. And now a most amusing scene occurred. What he said to me in French I had to explain in English to E., and E. to translate into Swedish to the girl, a squat blubber-faced "piga,"\* who seemed to think the whole affair the greatest joke she ever encountered. However, poor "Tysk" got what he wanted—some food and a bed, and a promise to be wakened for the first boat back, which was to call at one o'clock next morning. I need hardly say that *we* declined to turn out at that unholy hour, and decided to take our chance of a steamer at some more convenient time in the day, though they could not give us the

\* All servants in the south are called "pigas," and wear the kerchief over the head in sign.



slightest idea when one was to be expected. The fact is, so many boats, both cargo and passenger, come down from trading and other places on the lakes above, and are so irregular, that one must always be on the look-out at these by-stations. Sometimes six will call in a day, and sometimes two days pass without one turning up.

We got pulled across the river in the morning above the falls to have a prospect down them from a saw-mill on the far side; but just as we were getting sentimental over the view, we heard the whistle and saw the smoke of a steamer turning the bend of the river above; so we hastened back, and, having previously packed up our traps, soon got them loaded on a truck to be wheeled down to the foot of the locks, while we walked through the woods. And on our way we saw one of the not uncommou curiosities of the south of Sweden. In the side of a hill, hollowed out of the grey rock, was a large funnel-shaped basin, I should think about four feet in diameter at the top; with very smooth sides, not very deep, and with a vent at the bottom from three to four inches in diameter, which apparently led down to the inward parts of the earth, but was choked up with all sorts of rubbish. It does not seem to be exactly known what these hollows are. Some suppose them to be the gulfs of extinct little geysers. By others it is thought that they are due to the action of water flowing from above into a natural cavity in the rock, with an outlet at bottom too small to carry off the water fast enough, which thus formed a perpetual whirl-pool, and by carrying round with it any stones which might happen to fall into the basin, framed and polished the sides to their present perfect shape; till the stones, as they waxed smaller by the attrition, slipped down the tube from time to time, and in the course of ages gradually and effectually choked it up, leaving the no longer vexed waters to run over the sides of the basin, or round it, or above it, or below it, at their own sweet will. I saw one smaller one afterwards, but I believe there are lots about the country.

An hour saw us back at Lilla-Edet, where we got our luggage and ourselves boated across the stream to the village on the other side, and took up our quarters at the house of one Prodiljus, a baker. Impatient to begin, as it was now three o'clock in the afternoon, we chartered the same boat and rower, who appeared to know as much about the fishing as anybody, and proceeded to try as glorious a set of streams and eddies as ever gladdened the eye of an angler. Alas! I am bound to confess it was no go. I tried fly, kill devil, live bleak, all fruitlessly, to my extreme chagrin, and that, I believe, of our old Charon. Such a picture as he was! A red knotted visage, little eyes shadowed with shaggy meeting brows, a squab nose with more nostril than bridge visible, and a great bushy brown beard all over the lower part of his face, made him look the most complete ideal of the jolly stage ruffian imaginable; and his jovial "Yo, bevarsh!"\* (Ay, to be sure!), in answer to a question, was a thing to hear. He had an incurable thirst and a carnal appetite for tobacco, and I fear the six-dollars he got from us did him no good that night; for, like our

\* "Yo bevarsh"—"Ju bevars," properly spelt. "Bevars" is an elliptical expression, and is about equivalent to "God forbid the contrary!" "Ju" is merely a corruption of "Ja," and, of course, means "Yes."

leather-coated friend above, he was not forthcoming next morning. We had to feed at the Källäre here, and a rough place it was. I here began to comprehend what I had some inkling of before—the very important place that “lax” (the salmon) plays in Sweden. “Kokad lax” (cooked salmon), “graf lax” (salt smoked salmon), “lax” in all sorts of shapes, is, during the season, the staple food of the natives. Salt lax was here the *pièce de résistance*. However, we eked out our meal with potatoes and stewed veal, and the many kinds of bread, biscuit, and cake always presented at a Swedish table; and did pretty well. But, with regard to this same Swedish bread, I must say that there is nothing one gets so absolutely sick of as the eternal flavouring of caraways, or aniseed, or treacle, with which they spoil every kind and description of it. I don't believe it is possible to get ordinary pure white bread in Sweden. As for a loaf, you never see such a thing; the breads are always sent up in slices, mixed with the oat and rye biscuit-cakes. The latter are not bad, and, with a sort of cracknel that they serve you with your coffee, are about the best of the numerous breadstuffs of the country.

Next morning we went to see the great salmon-catcher and most successful fisherman of the place, a bulky but intelligent Swede, who kept the grocer's shop and general store. He showed us his tackle, and, shade of Scrope and Davy! I beheld about sixty or eighty yards of ordinary deep-sea line, wound on a flat board, weighted with at least one pound of lead, and ending in three or four feet of strong twisted horsehair, with a huge swivel and a flight of jack-hooks, on which was ready baited a large-sized bleak. This ugly apparatus he used from a boat in the deep swift water above the falls—the mode of employment being simply to drop his bait overboard, let out some forty or fifty yards of line, and row about till he got a fish. Yet, in this way, he succeeded in catching the largest salmon—the one of forty-five pounds, of which we had eaten at Gothenburg, having been landed by him, besides one of the two we saw on the bank here going up, and one of nearly forty pounds, the evening of the same day. Of course we immediately went forth in a boat again to try the spinning dodge. We were piloted this time by this man's brother, a very extraordinary looking person, for he had not a vestige of hair upon his countenance of any kind—no, not even eyelashes or eyebrows, and I don't believe he had any on his head. His skin had a strained, scorched look about it, and he had evidently gone through some awful convulsion of nature; but whether disease or fire we could not conjecture. We went above the falls, and I tried my best; but our guide was continually at me to put more lead on, which was absolutely necessary in such desperately heavy water, for the bait would not sink a bit, but kicked about on the top like a cork; till at last I did not see the fun of straining my pet salmon-rod any longer, and gave it up in despair. I tried the fly, too, but with equal ill success, though I did see one fish rise. All this time it was raining, till the river smoked again. So we voted we had enough of it, and repaired to Mr. Prodigious's (as we called him) to change and pack up. Still it rained, and still no boat appeared; so we adjourned to the pothouse again for our dinner, which consisted of salt salmon and potatoes.

During our meal there was an irruption of holiday-makers by an up boat from Gothenburg—about ten ladies and gentlemen of the middle class, all one party—who, poor creatures, had come up that dripping day to visit Lilla-Edet and eat “lax.” They looked profoundly depressed by rain and disappointment as they came in; but one or two of them were clearly of the temperament that makes the best of everything, and as they had brought lots of songs with them, and cornets, and flutes, and dulcimers, and other kinds of music, let us hope they enjoyed themselves, even at Lilla-Edet. As for us, ere we had well got back to Herr Prodiljus’s and settled down on our respective beds to a quiet weed, a steam-scream from above the falls and a column of black smoke flattened by the rain, visible at the turn of the river, warned us that our chance for Gothenburg was at hand; and in less than ten minutes we were stowed on board a labouring little cargo boat, glad to get shelter in a narrow frouzy cabin from the pitiless rain.

As we neared Gothenburg between nine and ten at night it cleared up, and I stood on a pile of deals on deck and watched our difficult way through the crowds of shipping at the lower part of the river. Silently the heavy-laden barges, with their broad sails set (generally a fleet of six or eight together), came rippling before the light western night breeze against the lazy current of the river as we threaded our course at half speed between them. Not a word passed between us and them, neither compliment nor curse, as we brushed past their shadowy forms in the quiet moonlight; not a sound broke the silence, except our captain’s hoarse order to the steersman, the rumble of our little screw, and the occasional barking of a dog or rattle of a rope on some craft that we neared. Simple as it may seem, the scene was curiously impressive, and I was sorry when we turned into the harbour and it was all over. That night I bade good-bye to my friend E., who had his business to attend to in other parts of Sweden; while I was bound for Stockholm, and turned in early, as I had to be called at five next morning for the train that left at six.

And now that I looked back on the past three days, I am bound to say that I regretted having lost them. I had had no sport, and might just as well have gone straight on by the *Wester Göthland* to Stockholm, *viâ* the Gotha Canal; a trip which I shall ever regret having missed till I get another chance of doing it. Of course I can only speak from what I heard from those who had been the voyage; but, according to all accounts, it is charming. In places the canal is so narrow that the trees meet rustlingly across the deck of the steamer, while again on Lake Wenern—the Wenern See, as it is properly called—you are often out of sight of land. And the beauty of some of these southern Swedish lakes on a fine day! High on either side rise the wooded hills; sometimes with steep cliffs dropping straight to the water’s edge; sometimes with a stretch of sweet green pasture sloping gradually to a level, edged with a shore of soft white sand, on which the blue water lies calm and clear, or ripples lovingly before the light breeze in the sunshine. On Lake Wenern, too, the *mirage* is frequently visible. One

man, who had seen it twice, described the effect as most curious and beautiful. So distinct, he said, was the presentation of landscape and "towered city," that he could count the windows plainly in the buildings, and could swear, without hesitation, to the realities of which he saw the refracted images, if he should ever meet with them.

I duly departed for Stockholm next morning at six by the so-called express, which ran leisurely by the side of lakes, great and small, and round the corners of them, and through the endless pine-forests of the country, till I got rather tired of the lot. Any deficiency in speed is, however, made up by the extreme attention paid to the victualling department on the Swedish railways. A notice, posted up in every carriage, informs passengers by the "snäll tag," or fast train, where they will breakfast and dine, and the number of minutes allowed, which is twelve for breakfast, and I forget whether fifteen or twenty for dinner. Very good meals both are, and very cheap. Of course, as you pay a fixed sum, however much or little you eat, you have to look after yourself and help yourself, and the greedier you are the better. Besides these stoppages, there are several of five, and four, and three minutes, as a convenience for liquoring, duly announced by the guard at each station; and as each carriage has a smoking-compartment, with neat little ash-trays on the side window-ledge, it will be seen that one's bodily wants are carefully looked after by the administration of the line.

I arrived at Stockholm at six, and, taking a droschky, drove to the Rydberg Hotel—by very much the best in the city. Here I found a telegram three days old, from my friend T., from Luleå, on the Gulf of Bothnia, in reply to one I had sent from Gothenburg; telling me to wait his arrival at Stockholm by the steamer, which was leaving when he wrote. Coming down from my bedroom after toilet, I found him standing in the hall, just arrived; so we combined for dinner immediately, and a very good one we got, and capital wine with it, too. T. had just returned from a visit to the great Gellivara iron-mines in the heart of Lapland, and was on his way back to England. As he had been obliged to leave before my arrival, he had left everything needful said and done for me at Luleå to aid me on my intended trip; and ensured me the companionship of his resident representative, J., whom I found to be a first-rate fellow.

After coffee in bed—the correct thing—and a solid eleven o'clock breakfast, we went forth to make some calls and see what I could of Stockholm; but it rained so persistently that we soon had to give it up, and return to the Rydberg, where we idled and chatted, and liquored and smoked, till it was time to dress for dinner at the house of a Swedish gentleman who had invited us in the morning. And what hour does the London reader suppose that was? Four o'clock, and late at that for Stockholm! But let no man accuse the Swede of any feeble-minded habits of temperance. If he begins early, he ends late. We sat till midnight over undeniable wine and brandy of fabulous age and mellowness; and then repaired to the Stockholm Club, a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor of the Rydberg, and of which any stranger introduced by a member is made free on a small payment.

I found the club very useful, for I had to wait at Stockholm till the Tuesday night following for the steamer to Luleå, and T. left me next day for England. I saw as much of Stockholm as I could in the interval left me, and it certainly is worth devoting some time to. The situation of the city, scattered about upon its rocky islands, is picturesque in the extreme; and the park (the Djurgården, as it is called) and environs on the mainland are full of beauties. There is not much to say in favour of the town itself, however. The streets are abominably paved, the shops mean, and the public buildings, except the king's palace, which is a stately pile, nothing to speak of. Drainage there is none; and the condition of things in respect of certain domestic necessities, to which we pay so much attention in England, is something not to be described—at least, as far as the hotels and public places are concerned. I cannot speak as to private houses. France and Germany even are far ahead of Sweden in this point of cleanliness. No doubt the site of the city, built as it is unavoidably on solid rock, offers great difficulties to the establishment of a regular system of sewers; but much might be done in the way of trapping, deodorisation, and removal, towards which not the faintest attempt is made. Built in detached quarters, as Stockholm is, upon its many islands, the natural mode of communication across the channels and canals that intersect the city in every direction is by boat; and this is afforded by lots of little steamers that ply in every direction. Like light Thames barges, with an awning over the stern, and a little coffee-pot of a high-pressure engine amidships, they go at a most amazing and amusing pace. Those running to the park and other environs are the pleasantest things for a smoke and an airing in when one wants to kill an hour or two that can be imagined. You pay according to distance, of course, but the fares are absurdly low.

I do not know that there is much more to say about Stockholm. There is a rather fine Opera-house and several theatres. One, the Rappo Theatre, in the park, was open while I was there—most of them are closed until winter—and I saw an exhibition there, the like of which I certainly never beheld on the boards before; and which, in the hands of the enterprising manager of Cremorne or the Alhambra, ought to be a great hit in England.

This was "Amazonernas Priståflan," a series of wrestling-matches between girls. They were apparently of the class called extras at theatres, and were dressed in long-sleeved shirts fastening round the throat; the short, loose trousers of the *débardeur*, tights, of course, and boots. They had been instructed in certain rules for the strife (which defied the space of the adversary's body for the gripe, and forbade pinching and kicking), all duly set forth in the playbills; and with a pay of a rixdollar\* a night apiece, and a prize of four rixdollars for the winner, were left to fight it out on the stage. The principal dancer picked out the couples one after the other, and as the fate of each pair was decided, the vanquished girl retired to the back of the stage; while the winner stood on one side to wrestle again with the others equally fortunate as herself. It was a thoroughly genuine thing, and really well worth seeing. The girls dodged, and

\* The Swedish rixdollar is equal to 1s. 1d. English.

gripped, and struggled in good earnest, and many were the mishaps to hair and garment, and many the strong white limb exposed; while the ever-changing attitudes of their lissom forms, so unconsciously significant and graceful, deserved the lens of the photographer or the sculptor's chisel to confer undying immortality on Herr Rappo, the manager. As the ties were worked off the excitement grew very severe; and when the last couple, blown, dishevelled, and flushed, stood up for the four rix, the backing of green breeches or red breeches was like the clatter of a betting-ring when the odds are rising on the favourite, and the "professionals" find themselves on the gridiron.

This extremely æsthetic exhibition, with tableaux vivants, pantomimic ballet, performances on the trapeze, and a presentation of the immortal fight of Sayers and Heenan between a couple of wretched Whitechapel acrobats, was all to be seen for the highest price of two rixdollars,—and no smoking allowed!

The eating in Stockholm is decidedly good—at least, at such restaurants as the Rydberg Hotel, and the best places in the Djürgården. The following *menu* of a dinner three of us had at the first-named place at a quarter of an hour's notice, will show that Sweden is by no means steeped in barbarism to the extent supposed. We had

Skelpada soppa  
(Bisque à l'écrevisses),  
Oströn (oysters),  
Gös sotto aux champignons  
(Stewed gös, a fish common in Swedish rivers),  
Filet d'élan (elk) aux truffes,  
Mayonnaise de homard,  
Gelinothe roti,  
Salade,  
Artichaux,  
Pouding,  
Glaces, Desserts.

All was well cooked, well served, and hot. Wine, as a rule, is capital, and cheaper than in England; cigars ditto. One can, of course, get all the Russian and Turkish tobaccos here; but except the finest kinds, which do to mix with goldleaf, they are miserable rubbish, and the commonest sorts atrociously nasty.

In fine, one eats well, drinks well, sleeps well, and smokes well in Stockholm, and for those who like town-life during their vacation it is decidedly a pleasant place. For myself, finding London quite large enough and comfortable enough for all practical purposes, I am glad to put civilisation behind me; and was well pleased when at one o'clock on the night of the 22nd, or rather morning of the 23rd August, I stepped from the wharf near the hotel on board the *Volontaire*, to start at daylight for Luleå, at the top of the Gulf of Bothnia.

Before coming away I telegraphed to those at Luleå who were expecting me, to announce my departure, in accordance with the custom of the country. The use made of the electric wire in Sweden is something extraordinary. It is carried to all the principal places, and right up to Haparanda, the northernmost port of the gulf; and, as the

rate is one rixdollar everywhere, its value in the absence of railways, and the consequent tedious travel of the post, cannot be over-estimated. In fact, some people call it the nuisance of the country; for they say if a remote friend only wants to know how you are, he fires off a telegram at you immediately if the subject happens to cross his mind, and the politeness of the Swedish character obliges you to reply. However, one is bound to admit that this is a decided improvement on the state of things in our metropolis; where a man had better send a messenger or take a cab at once if he wants to save time.

Some friends accompanied me on board and negotiated a berth for me with the stewardess, in which I snored profoundly till breakfast-time next morning, when I found myself thrown for the first time upon my own resources in the article of language. I had picked up a few words of Swedish, but only a few, and was rather on my beam ends. Not that the Swedish is a difficult language to learn, especially when you once comprehend the structure of the words, which, as in German, are nearly all compound. The accent is sing-song and peculiar, and the tune rather difficult to catch. They seem to pronounce the syllables very distinctly, and lay great stress on the consonants; and there is one remarkable word which the stranger cannot be in Sweden for an hour without hearing a dozen times in every inflection of voice. That word is "jasò," and it seems to mean nearly everything. It expresses interrogative surprise, acquiescent surprise, polite incredulity, or simple encouragement to proceed; and is, in fact, an interjectional element, without which no Swedish conversation could be sustained for a moment. You hardly ever hear it pronounced twice alike, and one dear old Swedish pastor on board the *Volontaire* used to give it with a long-drawn hiss of at least eighteen s's in the middle—most amusing to hear.

On the captain's appearance in the saloon to preside at the breakfast-table and the antecedent smörgös, however, he invited me to "schnaps" in English, so I began to feel better, and afterwards got on pretty well. Captain Ankererona, like many others in command of these packet-boats, is an officer in the Swedish navy, and a well-educated gentleman. He spoke some French as well as a little English, so that we could converse with tolerable facility, and his extreme kindness, attention, and *bonhomie* on all occasions deserve recording. No one else on board, except one fore-mast deck-passenger, a Dane, could speak two words of English. All were Swedes, and mostly northern merchants returning from a trade in Stockholm, or southern ditto, bent on business up gulf; and there was nothing remarkable about any of them, except they all ate with their knives, every man, woman, and child of them. There was one doctor, who had an English pointer-bitch with him, going on a shooting expedition, and the aforementioned old pastor returning to his cure at Piteå. He was a fat, pleasant, good old man, but he sold me shamefully one day in his innocence. I think it was at my first dinner on board, when he, sitting opposite to me, suddenly made me an awful proposal in Latin, apparently to the effect that he loved me very much, and it was unfortunate that we could not exchange ideas with one another, and that we could probably do so conveniently in the Latin tongue. The eyes of

the table were upon me, and silence prevailed. Now, though I had had the usual dose of dead languages drubbed into me in my youth, and though enjoying dearly still Horace, his odes and satires, I had never spoken a sentence of conversational Latin in my life; and this appeal, delivered with the utmost fluency, and in an accent strange to our stupidly educated English ears, completely dried me up. I tried to reply, floundered helplessly about among my conjunctions, could not find my verbs, and utterly broke down. Then he tried French, and here I was more at home, and rattled away regardless of genders and idiom, while he answered me with the strictest grammar and gravity. He was a dear old fellow, though he did eat with his knife; and when he stepped ashore at his destination he took off his hat, and wished me "*Deus vobiscum*," to which I replied, "*Atque opem ferat precibus tuis, pater reverendissime*" (which I believe to be abominable Latin all the same), and we parted immense friends.

There is nothing much to record about the voyage. As we got into higher latitudes, the air grew keener and more bracing, the atmosphere intensely clear, and the tints of the evening skies more sweet and strange. Sometimes we were pretty close to the low rocky shore, with its invariable green fringe of pine and birch; sometimes far out of sight of land. One evening, when about three miles from shore, we passed a fleet of canoes out fishing; and the sight of the rocking yellow barks on the darkening water against the clear bright twilight of the northern sky was singularly picturesque. We called at three places before reaching Luleå, which we did at mid-day on Friday, having been two days and a half and two nights and a half on the bosom of the deep. This was quick for the distance, which is over six hundred English miles, but we had fine weather and fair winds all the time.

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### MOZART IN LONDON.

OF all the eminent composers and great practical musicians, Mozart may be said to have received the least instruction. Whilst Haydn was practising sixteen or eighteen hours a day, and other great musicians were almost equally industrious, Wolfgang Mozart was compelled to lead a migratory life, and pass his time in travelling, to gratify the vain and sordid views of his father, Leopold Mozart, himself the son of the sub-director of music in the Prince's Chapel at Salzburg. Leopold's wife was Anna Maria Pertl, a lady of some literary pretension, who published an interesting memoir of her illustrious son.

Wolfgang Mozart was taken before the Archbishop of Salzburg, and the Elector of Bavaria, when he was only five years old, and his performance was deemed so extraordinary as to lead to an official identification of the time of his birth. In 1762, the family left their native city for the second time, and repaired to Vienna, then the centre of musical attraction; and in July, 1763, when Wolfgang was only seven years and a



half old, his father set out for the purpose of exhibiting the infant prodigy in the different capitals of Europe. To this visit to London Herr Polil has devoted the pleasant little work now lying before us.\*

At Munich, Wolfgang surpassed his previous efforts by an elaborate concerto on the violin and several preludes on the piano. At Augsburg, Mannheim, Frankfort, Coblenz, and Brussels we find the most laudatory accounts of his labours. In Paris, the young Orpheus exhibited his powers on the organ before Louis XV. and his superb court at Versailles; after which he gave two public concerts. In the following year he published two sets of sonatas, one dedicated to the Princess Victoire, daughter of the king, the other to the Countess de Tessé.

Leopold Mozart left Paris early in the spring of 1764 with his family. At Calais they dined with the Procureur du Roi et de l'Amirauté. The difficulties they experienced in crossing the Channel may now appear ludicrous. Fourteen persons were already booked for the ordinary packet, which contained ten or twelve berths, so Leopold was forced to hire a private bark, for which he paid five louis-d'or; but by taking four passengers, each of whom contributed half a louis, he managed to lighten the expense. Arrived at Dover, they landed in a small boat, and Leopold had to disburse six dollars, which he mentions with marked annoyance in a letter to his friend Hagenauer.

In Cecil-court, a narrow alley running out of St. Martin's-lane, then the favourite abode of art, did Leopold and the pride of his family choose a lodging, above a hairdresser named Cousin. "It seems to me as if it were a perpetual masquerade in London," writes Leopold to Hagenauer. "If you could but see my wife and my little girl in English hats, and myself and the great Wolfgang in English costume!"

On the 27th of April both children played before the king and queen, from six to nine o'clock in the evening. "The favour shown us by both of the royal personages," writes the father on the 28th, "is indescribable. Their friendly manner made it impossible to imagine them the king and queen of England. We have met with extreme politeness in every court, but our experience here exceeds all."

Eight days afterwards, when the family were walking in St. James's Park, they had an opportunity of testing the favourable impression they had made at court. "The king," writes Leopold, "was driving out with the queen, and although our attire was different from that in which they had seen us, they recognised us at once, and the king not only bowed, but opened the window, put his head out, and waved his hand, particularly to Wolfgang."

Wolfgang was to have been heard alone first, and his appearance was announced in the *Public Advertiser* in a concert of the violoncellist, Sig. Graziani, as follows: "Concerto on the harpsichord by Master Mozart—a real prodigy of nature. He is only seven years old, plays anything at first sight, and composes amazingly well. He has had the honour of exhibiting before their majesties, greatly to their satisfaction."

This concert took place without Wolfgang, who was reported to be indisposed; but the illness must have been slight, since upon the evening of the 19th he played with his sister a second time at court, and his father

\* Mozart und Haydn in London. Von C. F. Pohl. Wien: Gerold's Sohn; London: Williams and Norgate.

does not in his letters mention either the sickness or the proposed *début*. "It will be all right if, by Heaven's help, we remain well, and if God keeps our invincible Wolfgang in health. This time Wolfgang charmed still more. The king placed pieces from Wagenseil, Bach, Abel, and Handel before him, and all these he played *prima vista*. He played upon the king's organ in such a manner, that every one now rates his organ-playing higher than his performance upon the harpsichord. He then accompanied the queen in an aria which she sang, and a solo upon the flute by Weidemann. Lastly, he took away the violin parts in a collection of Handel's airs which happened luckily to be at hand, and added such beautiful melodies to the simple bass, that all were electrified. In a word, all that he knew when he left Salzburg is a shadow to what he now knows." For each soirée he received twenty-four guineas.

A preliminary flourish was given by Leopold on the 31st of May: "An opportunity will be taken to introduce to the public the greatest wonder of which Europe and mankind can boast—a boy only seven years old who plays the harpsichord with great accomplishment and dexterity. It is difficult to say whether his quickness upon the harpsichord, his easy reading of the notes, or his own composition, is most to be admired. His father has brought him to England, not doubting the result in the country where his compatriot, Handel, enjoyed such especial protection during his life."

Leopold Mozart knew what course to pursue in a city where art requires a trumpeter.

All the ambassadors, and the first families in England, were present at the concert, and Leopold writes on the 8th: "I have undergone another alarm, namely, to receive a hundred guineas during the space of three hours." His dread of the attendant expense was needless, for it amounted only to twenty guineas, and most of the musicians declined to accept payment.

The proud father thus continues: "It is enough that my little girl should at twelve years of age be the most skilful player in Europe, and that the high and mighty Wolfgang knows in his eighth year as much as a man of forty. In short, he who has not seen nor heard it could not believe it; you in Salzburg have no idea of it, for it is now a totally different affair."

The pecuniary circumstances of the family were at this time most flourishing, and the father permitted Wolfgang to assist in a concert held in the rotunda of Ranelagh Gardens in aid of the projected Lying-in Hospital on the Surrey side of Westminster-bridge. The concert was announced upon the 27th of June, but adjourned to the 29th, as a packet of eight hundred admission cards had been lost. At this concert two choruses of Handel and the Coronation Anthem were produced.

On the 28th, Leopold writes that the family intend to visit Tunbridge Wells, then, perhaps, even more than now, the favourite resort of the upper classes. By the end of July they had returned, and days of great trial were approaching. Thus writes Leopold: "Heaven has visited me with a sudden and severe sickness, which I drew upon myself by a cold that I caught in going out to a concert given by my Lord Thanet."

This illness had so enfeebled him that he was obliged to leave town for change of air, and on the 6th of August he went with his children

to Chelsea, which the Doctors Arbuthnot, Sloane, Mede, Cadogan, and Farquhar successively selected as a residence on account of its salubrity. Thither did Leopold and his two treasures retire from the bustle of the City to the house of Dr. Randal, in Fivefields-row, opposite Lower Ebury-street; and here it was that Wolfgang Mozart wrote his first symphony. Nos. 16—18 in Köchel's Catalogue is the work with which little Wolfgang passed the period of rural tranquillity during his father's illness, and when no piano might be touched, his sister sitting beside him helping him to copy out, and recommending him "to give the mountain-horn plenty to do."

Mozart's early symphonies have only three parts, those composed in Vienna in 1767-68 being the first to make use of the menuett. Otto Jahn says of them: "The symphony of the year 1764 shows little melodious invention, the themes have no distinct character, and there is no idea of carrying them out; but the sense in which the general form is watched and observed, so that nothing unsuitable be permitted, renders the symphony, if not significant, at least fixed and finished. In the andante we find some harmonious turns, which betray more than a boyish feeling. The progress discovered in the next attempt is also remarkable. In children or grown-up persons of some talent we often perceive promising sallies, catches, and trials, but a great difficulty to complete a work of even moderate latitude and conception, and it is the evidence of an extraordinary artistic genius if from the beginning, as with Mozart, the power is displayed of bringing a whole to perfection."

The family were in Chelsea when Leopold formed so close an acquaintance with the violoncellist Sipurini, the son of a Dutch Jew. While Wolfgang was penning his first symphony, his father was zealously endeavouring to awaken an interest for his church in Sipurini, and, as it appears, hoped to convert him. "I shall make another attack next time," he writes home, "for we must move gently. Patience! Perhaps I may become a missionary in London."

By the end of September Leopold was so far recovered that the family could move into town. This time they took the house of a Mr. Williamson, in Thrift-street, Soho. Leopold and his children were again invited to court, and this time on an important day, the fourth anniversary of the king's accession to the throne. The ensuing months were not favourable to the Mozart family, as at this time the nobility and wealthier classes had left town. Leopold writes, November 7th: "I am a hundred and seventy guineas poorer since July. I have a large outlay in engraving and printing six sonatas by Herr Wolfgang, dedicated, by her majesty's desire, to the queen."

Dr. Franz Lorenz says, speaking of these sonatas: "While considering the early age at which they were composed, no one will seek the employment of positive art; but every one who delights to trace the path of genius from the first raising of its wings will find, to his astonishment, that even here in these childish sonatas there comes forth, from much that is common-place and immature, original thoughts, a novel, bold modulation. In other parts certain pet ideas of Mozart's portrayed, as in a delicate germ."

On the 24th of November, 1764, the Italian Opera was opened under the management of Signor Giardini and Signora Mingotti, Manzuoli

being the principal singer. Manzuoli became soon intimate with the Mozart family, and won the attachment of Wolfgang, whose soft expressive voice he took pains to cultivate.

The year 1764 was drawing to a close. Leopold had been eight months in the great metropolis. Three times had his son and daughter played at court, and had held a public concert with brilliant success. Wolfgang had also excited surprise by his power on the organ. But in so large a city, where so many objects claim attention, all interest will be speedily lost if not sustained by artificial means. Leopold was to discover this only too soon.

On the 26th of January, Bach's opera seria, "Adriano in Siria," was first produced. Bach was much pleased with the little Wolfgang, and the latter acquired an affection for him which he retained to the close of his life. "I have also," he wrote from Mannheim in 1778, "set the aria, 'Non so d'onde viene,' so beautifully composed by Bach, to an exercise, and because I know that of Bach so thoroughly because it pleases me, and is always sounding in my ears. I wished to try if I could make an aria which should bear no resemblance to that of Bach." It is that which composed for Aloyzia Weber, his wife, with the German text, "Sie schwanden mir." Mozart composed the same words a second time for the great bass, Fischer. It was a pleasing event to Mozart to meet his friend Bach a second time in 1778. Mozart hated the vocal and instrumental music of the French, but his gentle and irresolute nature yielded to his father's persuasions to settle in Paris, and thither he was accompanied by his mother. His mother died in that capital in the following year, and the melancholy and affectionate Mozart was cheered by his friend, who had been invited to Paris to write the opera "Amadis." He writes from the seat of the Duc de Noailles of another friend made in London: "I must make haste; I have to write a scena before Sunday for Tenucci for the piano, oboe, horn, and bassoon."

We again find a notice of a concert of the Mozart children, and Leopold anticipates the receipt of a hundred and fifty guineas, but he complains of the time as unpropitious. "The king has done great injury to art and commerce by the adjournment of parliament. No one makes any profit this year but Manzuoli and a few others at the Opera." He writes, later, that the concert was not so well attended as he had hoped, "on account of the variety of amusements."

On the 11th of March an advertisement appeared of a concert of the two prodigies, to be held towards the end of the month, inviting those persons who came to procure tickets of Mr. Mozart to visit them, and test the wonderful talent of the young musician and his sister privately. A whole month elapsed before Leopold was able to fix the date of this concert. His purse was lightening. He writes on the 18th of April: "During the last year we have expended three hundred pounds." The queen sent forty guineas for the dedication, yet he writes, "We shall not have gained as much as it had at first appeared." No doubt it was in this concert that Wolfgang played upon a harpsichord with two pedals built for the King of Prussia by Burkhard Shudi. There was at this time a great stir in the workshops of the piano-makers in London. A whole troop of young machinists, dubbed the twelve apostles, came over from the Continent seeking work. John Joseph Merlin was

a celebrated French mechanic. He took out a patent of an improved harpsichord in 1774, played upon in public by Christian Bach. Before him came, in 1755, Rutgerus Plenius, and Le Sieur Virbes, an organist of Paris, in 1767. Jacob Kirkman, the founder of the existing firm of Kirkman and Sons, was a German, who married the widow Tabel. His double harpsichord had two rows of keys and triple strings, two in accord, one in octave. He died in 1778, leaving a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds. Tabel was a Fleming, and the first important piano-maker in London. He worked at Antwerp with the successors of Rucker, and lived in England between 1680-1720. Kirkman and Shudi went out from his workshops. Johann Zumpe was a German, whose instruments were the first in the square form, and provided with hammers, cloth damper, and stops for buffing the notes. He became very wealthy, and retired to Germany. Pohlmann, who built a piano-forte for Glück in 1772, worked under him. Americus Backers was a Dutchman, residing in Jermyn-street, St. James's. In 1771 he placed an "original forte-piano," invented by him, in Thatched House. Robert Stodart served as a volunteer in the Royal Horse Guards, and occupied his idle hours only at Broadwood's. He afterwards established a house, and in 1777 took out a patent of a grand pianoforte (with an octave swell), and in 1795 one of an upright grand pianoforte. Burkhard Shudi, the second renowned workman from Tabel, was a Swiss of a noble family, who came to England as a penniless joiner's journeyman. He entered, as Kirkman had done, into Tabel's establishment, and after the death of the latter, in 1732, opened a house in Great Pulteney-street, Golden-square. Kirkman surpassed him for a long time, but Shudi was getting slowly onwards. Shudi died in 1773, bequeathing his business to John Broadwood, a Scotchman, who had married his eldest daughter. Broadwood was the first of our countrymen who had undertaken the manufacture of pianos. The business previously had been entirely in the hands of Germans and Flemings. The importance which the house of Broadwood has attained is shown in the returns for the year 1865:—"Squares," 64,156; "cottages," 28,977; "cabinets," 8964; "semi-grands," 7579; "grands," 20,829: total, 130,504 instruments.

Week by week Leopold's cares multiplied. The incentive of curiosity gone, the interest in the productions of the two marvels visibly decreased. The seeds of internal dissension were continually giving rise to excessive animosity in political opinions, and violent party disputes threatened the public peace. Art consequently suffered. It was in this year, too, that the terrible illness that darkened the mind of the king was first felt. It is surprising that Leopold, whose sharp sight seldom deceived him, did not leave London, as at this advanced period of the year no improvement could be anticipated. The enthusiasm of the public was already chilled, and could not be won back.

The family now left the West-end, and turned to the City, to perform to the reduced charge of half-a-crown in the Swan and Hoop Tavern, Cornhill. Without success. On the 11th of July, three days later, a more enticing notice appeared in the *Public Advertiser*: "The two children will play together with four hands upon the same harpsichord, and put upon it a handkerchief, without seeing the notes."

In this Wolfgang opened a new path to composers, but Burney did

not let such an opportunity escape him of at least being the first who should publish and engrave the new kind of composition.

The time approached for departure. Leopold had been warned from Salzburg to return. "You call me home," he writes, on the 9th of July. "I pray that I may be allowed, with the help of God, to complete that which I have begun with His aid."

In the last days of their sojourn the family visited the British Museum, which had been opened to the public the year before. On this occasion Wolfgang was requested to present a written composition to the institution, as a memento of this residence in London. He accordingly sent his first and only chorus adapted to English words: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." A fac-simile of this is annexed to Herr Pohl's work.

Apparently, a gold ring, with the words "I love you" graven upon it, and worn by Wolfgang constantly, dates from this trip to London. To this tinket the audience at the Conservatorio della Pieta, at Naples, attributed the astonishing effect of a succession of brilliant passages on the piano. Although the performance lost none of its brilliancy when, at their request, he took off the ring, their fanaticism was not convinced, and they still imagined the feat originated in a charm. Carl Mozart, the younger son of Wolfgang, dedicated this ring to the chapel-master of Salzburg—Alois Faux.

The family left England on the 1st of August for the Hague, the Princess of Weiberg, sister to the Prince of Orange, having expressed a great wish to hear the wonderful children. England saw Mozart no more. Discontented with his position in Vienna, he thought of travelling to Paris and London, but his father dissuaded him by promising to do his best to improve matters in the imperial city. The young married man had much partiality for England. On the 19th of October, he writes that the English had driven the Spaniards from Gibraltar. "Yes, I have heard of England's victory, and with the greatest joy, for you know that I am myself half English." In the year 1786, influenced by his pupil, Thomas Attwood, and his English friends, Michael Kelly and Nancy and Stephen Storace, a visit to England was again projected. This time also paternal authority prevailed. Once more the temptation assailed him, when his friends left to return to England. Attwood was to prepare a secure position for him in London by opening a subscription for a concert, or by procuring a commission for an opera. In this case he hoped his father would take charge of his children until he could determine whether he would remain for any length of time. The report of his intended journey induced the Emperor Joseph II., the philosophic king, selfishly fearful of losing the source of his private pleasure and the ornament of his court, to relieve his miseries by an annual salary, the amount of which was fixed at the paltry sum of about one hundred pounds.

A few years later, Salomon, the violin virtuoso and director of concerts, almost succeeded in accomplishing Mozart's wish. In December, 1790, Salomon arranged with Haydn, in Vienna, for the London concerts, and during their last friendly dinner with Mozart, it was agreed that after Haydn's return the former should proceed under the same stipulations to London. At parting, Mozart was moved to tears. A presentiment of

death smote him. Seizing Haydn's hands, he said, deeply agitated, "We are bidding each other a last farewell upon earth." Scarcely a year had elapsed, and Mozart was no more.

Mozart's works had a tardy introduction to England. At intervals, single sonatas, symphonies, and quartets appeared dedicated to Haydn. An occasional representation of symphonies, then called overtures, took place at Salomon's concerts in the Pantheon and at the professional concerts. Haessler and Hummel played two of his concerted pieces in 1792, and the Misses Greatorex played a piano-duet in 1798. Morelli sang the aria in "Figaro," "Non piu andrai," in 1792. Viganoni, Cimador, and Madame Dussek sang several of his duets in 1799. Mozart's operas had gone the round of all the great theatres in Europe before they crossed the Channel, and yet Storace, Kelly, and Attwood, bore testimony to the success they had achieved. Da Ponte, the author of "Don Giovanni," in vain endeavoured to procure the admission of that opera during his residence in London, 1794. The Requiem, the offspring of Mozart's dying hours, was the first of his great works represented in England. This opens by the dismal notes of the Corni di Bassetto mingling with the orchestra in mournful pathos. The Dies Iræ and the Tuba Mirum are full of terror, and never before were the tromboni so effectively introduced. The Rex Tremendæ Majestatis, the Recordare, and the Lux Æterna, carry music's power to its sublimest height. Yet that it was not appreciated justly is proved by its being stigmatised by Clarke, thirty years later, as a composition of "infinite science and dulness."

Mrs. Billington (Miss Weichsel) made choice of "La Clemenza de Tito," in 1806, for her benefit, and accompanied the whole opera upon the piano at the great rehearsal, at the same time taking her own part of Vitellia. In 1811, twenty years after Mozart's death, the second opera of "Cosi fan Tutte" was given by Madame Bertinotti Radicati on the 9th of May, Tramezzani, Naldi, and Collini assisting. The success was so great as to induce Naldi to choose the "Il Flauto Magico" for his benefit. "Le Mariage de Figaro" was brought out at the King's Theatre in 1812, in aid of the Scotch Hospital, founded by Charles II. Among the vocalists were Madame Catalani, Bianchi, Pucitta, Luigia, and Mrs. Dickons; Naldi, Righi, Miarteni, Di Giovanni, and Fischer.

The crown of Mozart's operas, "Don Giovanni," appeared at the Haymarket, April 12, 1817. The arrangements were as follows: Don Giovanni, Ambrogetti; Donna Anna, Madame Camporese; Donna Elvira, Miss Hughes; Zerlina, Madame Fodor; Leporello, Naldi; Pedro, Angrisani; Masetto, Crivelli. The effect now created by Mozart's music was wonderful. The tide so long suppressed had broken through the dam, and carried everything away in its progress. The opera might have been given every night; and if the house had been twice its size, it would not have contained the numbers who thronged to it to rejoice in the melody so long withheld.

## THROWN AWAY.

BY MRS. ALFRED M. MÜNSTER.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## "TOO LATE."

"COME home without delay. L. has met with a serious accident. She is still alive, but speechless and senseless."

Such was the telegram from Sir Thomas Lenox to Colonel Home, which was put into the hands of the latter as he entered his hotel late in the evening of the day which he had spent at Greenwich with Adelaide and her friends. It had been an uncomfortable day; all his plans for his own perfect enjoyment had failed in completeness. He had arranged to drive Adelaide down from town in his own phaeton, but Mrs. Heytesbury had most decidedly negatived the proposal, and Adelaide was conveyed to the festive scene under much more decorous, if less amusing, auspices. Once arrived, however, Colonel Home certainly determined to claim his privileges both as host and relative, and to enjoy Adelaide's society unmolested. But here again Mrs. Heytesbury interposed with manœuvres, not the less efficacious that they were only observed by the two persons she desired to keep separate. If Adelaide had appeared to sympathise in his chagrin, he would have borne it better, but the young lady seemed rather amused at the perpetual thwarting of his schemes, and most unfeelingly enjoyed the attentions and conversation of an offensively good-looking and amusing man, who devoted himself to the belle of the party, and who, being in every respect "eligible," was encouraged by Marian to escort her troublesome charge.

The same system was carried out on their return. Colonel Home was permitted to drive a very clever and very plain lady and her husband, and had the satisfaction of seeing Adelaide and the obnoxious Sir James Thornton seated side by side in Marian's carriage.

Altogether the day had been a very vexatious one, and as a crowning blow, came the telegraphic despatch. He read it standing under the hall-lamp, and at the first reading his brain refused to comprehend the sense of that which was before his eyes. What had Sir Thomas Lenox to do with it? What could have happened to Laura? The address of the sender, at the top of the missive, soon answered the first question. Sir Thomas was certainly at Thornicroft, however he had come there. He read and re-read the narrow slip of paper, a hot flush mounting to his brow, and his heart beginning to beat thickly. Something dreadful must have happened. He turned abruptly to the waiter.

"When did this come?"

"About two hours since, sir."

"Why did you not send it after me to Greenwich?"

"It would not have found you there, sir, I feared. I expected you home," said the man, reading in the perturbed face of his questioner that he had sustained some sudden shock.

"A quarter-past ten," continued the colonel, looking at his watch;



"and the last train starts at 10.50. Tell my man to pack a few things instantly, and get me a cab at once."

Pyne here came forward to receive his master's commands in person.

"Pyne, your mistress has met with a serious accident. I must leave at once. You can stay behind till to-morrow, and arrange everything. Lose no time in putting up what I may want. I have not a moment to spare."

All this time he was walking rapidly up and down the hall, and when the cab came he sprang into it, shut the door on Pyne's explanations of where such and such things were to be found, and was whirled off through the bright, noisy London streets to the railway station.

He was soon the only passenger in the carriage. One by one his companions left at the various stations, and he was at liberty to stretch himself at full length on the cushions, and be as miserable as he pleased, without fear of observation. He *was* miserable enough; the rattle of the train irritated him almost beyond endurance, every stoppage seemed to him an interminable delay; but, in truth, the train was a fast one, and stopped at very few stations. The night and the journey seemed endless. At one moment he tried to cheat himself into the belief that he was terrified without sufficient cause, and grew indignant with Sir Thomas for making so much out of some trifling injury. Then he would draw out the telegram and read it again, but when he did that his forced confidence died away. There was something so pitiless in its brevity and absence of detail, that he felt it must be a matter of life or death; and so hour after hour wore on, the moon went down, and then came a period of coldness and darkness so intense as not to be understood by any one who has not travelled all night, and, still travelling, has not thus encountered the depressing influences of that most miserable hour of the twenty-four, familiarly called "the turn of the night."

Thornborough was reached at last, and the colonel, preternaturally awake, leaped out on a platform dark and drenched with the drenching dews of an August night. A sleepy official or two were awaiting the arrival of the train. To one of these the solitary passenger addressed himself.

"I want a carriage to get on to Thornieroft at once. Is there one to be had near at hand?"

The man knew Colonel Home well, and had heard of the accident to Laura from the servant who had driven Sir Thomas over to send the telegram; there was, therefore, sympathy as well as respect in the look with which he regarded his questioner.

"It's only half-past three o'clock, sir, and no carriages scarcely ever come for this train, unless by orders. You see, few people care to come so late; but if you like, I can rouse them up in a little at the Railway Hotel, and they can send you on."

"Do so, then."

The porter took the colonel's bag and went on down the slippery stone steps into the dark, quiet town, followed by the colonel, who was now shivering from head to foot, partly from excitement, and partly from the sudden transition from the close, stuffy carriage to the chill, raw atmosphere. A faint grey streak was in the east, and below it a still fainter line of the palest yellow, but over all the rest of the sky were masses of curdled shifting clouds, and a dreary sighing wind moaned along the deserted streets.

It was but a short distance to the Railway Hotel, and they found signs of life there; at least there was a light in the hall, and the porter's loud knock was soon answered by a drowsy "boots," who had been sitting up to admit any possible guest who might come by the night train. With all possible haste, it was half an hour before Colonel Home was on his way to Thornicroft, and there were fourteen miles of road to be got over before his miserable suspense could be allayed. What a drive it was! The sky was rapidly clearing before the dawn, and the clouds were all red and gold with the sunrise; but the man who was being whirled over the quiet country roads saw nothing of the beauty of sky or clouds, his thoughts were in one wild tumult, vain regrets, memories of old tenderness, consciousness of his neglect of one who had loved him only too well, thoughts of her as she had been when he had first known her, her beauty, her truth—all her claims on his affection smote him with sharp and sudden pangs; then came bitter self-condemnation, and resolutions to change his life if—oh that dreadful "if!" He tried to battle with doubt, but he could not, and letting down one of the chaise windows he noticed, for the first time, that he must be getting quickly over the road, for the landmarks on either side were the familiar objects he had been accustomed to see in his daily rides.

The sun was now fully up, and the light glittered diamond bright on the dew-laden hedgerows; the chill of dawn had given place to the delicious invigorating freshness of a lovely August morning; but there are many frames of mind in which the calm loveliness of nature seems but an aggravation of our misery. Poor atoms as we are! we can scarcely realise that "In nature's heart there beats no pulse for man." Nor can we always so fully feel our own littleness as to understand how it is that sun, moon, and star can go on their bright way with the same regularity; how the flowers can bud and bloom, and the earth don her glad summer vesture, apparelling herself as a bride, while, perchance, the sky of *our* life is darkened for ever, and sun, moon, nor star may never shine for us any more, when *our* flowers have faded in that decay which knows no resurrection on earth, and *our* world lies lone and desolate for evermore around us.

Colonel Home felt all this, and more beside, for he had so much cause for self-reproach; and to his weak impressionable nature anxiety, suspense, and self-condemnation were keen tortures. It was little wonder that he did not notice the beauty of the garlands of red and white wild roses festooning the hedgerows, nor the trailing wreaths of woodbine which filled the early morning with such delicate perfume. The pink and opal islets of cloud sailed across the blue heavens, and birds and insects were flitting about in the warm sunlight; but Colonel Home looked at the distant line of woods which on this side bounded his own estate, and could only think of what might lie behind that screen of thick-leaved trees.

It was somewhat past five o'clock when the steaming horses pulled up at the open gates of Thornicroft. That was an evil sign, for the colonel was a martinet in disciplining his dependents; and one of the most stringent of his rules was, that those gates should never be opened before six in the morning. Another bad omen was that the rheumatic old dame who kept the lodge, and her fourteen-years-old granddaughter, were both up, and standing in the little porch outside their home. The old woman was crying bitterly, and the girl's face was stained and swollen with tears.

Colonel Home shouted to the driver to stop, and the lodge-keeper held up her hands with a gesture of dismay when she saw her master's head leaning from the chaise window. He signed her to come near.

"How is your mistress?"

"Well now, sir; for she is safe in heaven."

"None of your — cant, woman! You don't mean to say she is——"

"Dead, sir. John the coachman drove to meet the ten o'clock train for your honour, and as you did not come then they did not look for you till noon to-day; but my dear lady did not live more than a quarter of an hour after he returned from Thornborough."

"Go on to the house," said the colonel to the driver; and his voice was hoarse and altered as he spoke.

When he reached the house he leaped from the chaise: the front door stood open, and several servants were in the hall; but he passed through them all without noticing any, and went straight to Laura's chamber. Those who were listening heard the door of the room locked from within when he had entered, and others said, with blanched faces, that they had afterwards heard sobs and moans and smothered cries echoing through the silence of the death-chamber; but let him sob, rave, and moan as he may, it is all too late for Laura.

A pure white waxen face, with smooth bands of waving hair, and quiet hands folded as if in prayer, above a heart which he could never more wound or heal—that was all that was left on earth of the poor, loving, impulsive girl.

#### CHAPTER XXX., AND LAST.

"COME LIKE SHADOWS—SO DEPART."

COLONEL HOME came out from that chamber of death looking as though ten years had been added to his life, haggard and pale, with dark rings round his eyes, and his shoulders bent. Lady Lenox, who had sat in the gallery awaiting his appearance, and who had repeatedly entreated him to open the door to her, was shocked by the change in him, and felt much of her old affection for him revive as she took his hand, and entreated that he would be comforted. She led him away, as if he had been a child, to the room which had been poor Laura's morning-room, and while he sat, with his bowed face hidden in his hands, she told him all there was to tell. Laura had been brought home senseless, and had never again shown any sign of consciousness; the surgeon from the village had been sent for at once, and two others of higher repute had been had from Thornborough, but nothing they could do had had any effect, and each one had said, on first seeing her, that she was beyond the reach of human aid; she had breathed but some six or seven hours after having been brought home, and her life during those hours had been so much like death that they scarcely could tell the exact moment when she ceased to live.

"My dear girl!" sobbed the old lady, "she looked so bright and happy as she set out to meet you."

"To meet me!" said the wretched man, raising his ghastly face.

"Yes, she expected you yesterday evening. We arrived just as she was going to the station to meet you."

A dark-red flush rose to his brow.

"I had meant to come, but was prevented; however, I wrote at once,

telling her of the delay. She should have had that letter by the same post as the first one—yes, it was written more than two hours before the mail which must have brought my first letter left town.”

That was quite true, but when Colonel Home sent Pyne to post the letter for Laura he had also given him a note which was to be delivered into Adelaide's own hand, and Pyne, feeling the need of a little cheerful society, which he was sure to find in Mrs. Heytesbury's housekeeper's room—judging, also, that a note to Miss Lenox was a much more important thing in his master's eyes than one to Mrs. Home—had delivered the former first, and had then waited for a glass or two of wine and a comfortable chat with his peers, and when he posted the letter to his mistress it was too late for that day's mail by a full hour. Colonel Home spoke again after a short silence.

“I cannot conceive how the accident could have happened.”

“It is a most extraordinary affair,” answered Lady Lenox. “Sir Thomas has cross-questioned the men about it, but their several accounts, although they agree exactly, do not serve to throw much light on the business. It appears that some Miss Heathcote rode up to the carriage when poor Laura was turning away disappointed from the station, and begged a seat home, as something was the matter with her horse. Laura took her in, and something unpleasant must have occurred between them, for the footman says that his mistress was dreadfully agitated, and Miss Heathcote very much excited, and talking energetically. Suddenly Laura ordered the carriage to stop; the men say they had never seen her look or heard her speak as she did then—she seemed half wild, they said. She somehow lost her balance, the horses swerved aside, and she fell; that is all we know.”

The colonel answered not a word, but, with his face once more hidden in his hands, heard this account in silence, and with such feelings as may be imagined. By-and-by he rose.

“I must see these men for myself,” he said. Then, pressing the old lady's hand, “Thank God, *you* were with her,” he half whispered. “So long as I live, I shall never forgive myself that *I* was not; but it is some small comfort to think that she did not die quite alone.”

And then he broke down into a piteous fit of hysterical weeping such as is most painful to witness in a man. In seeing him thus the kind heart of Lady Lenox was quite melted; she forgot that she had accused him of neglect and indifference towards his young wife, and she tried to soothe him as she best could. It was long before he became tolerably calm, but at last he was able to see the two men who had been with Laura. They had nothing to add to that which he had already heard from Lady Lenox, but knowing Magdalen as he did, and knowing, too, what she *could* have told Laura, his own imagination could supply what was wanting. One thing he could not understand—why had Magdalen suddenly so forgotten herself. He would have a fearful reckoning with her some day. But another was before him. Before sunset that day he knew that Magdalen was lying a raving maniac, in imminent danger of her life; she had complained of being ill on reaching home after her long walk the evening before, and had talked and acted so strangely as to alarm her family. Before night it was evident that she was seriously ill, and without her knowledge a physician was sent for; when he came, she was beyond all ordinary control; he had pronounced her disease to

be brain fever, and, as she could scarcely be kept from doing herself an injury, the unfortunate creature was tied down, and watched by a professional nurse.

Laura was buried. Her father, the only being on earth whose heart her death would have broken, had gone before her, and loud and unrestrained as were the lamentations of her widowed husband, there was little danger that, even taking into consideration all the miserable circumstances which had led to her untimely death, his remorseful grief would very long prevent his seeking and finding in his life all the enjoyment he was capable of feeling. There was one person on whom Laura's death made an impression that was never effaced—never even weakened. Lord Serle was in Paris, and about to start for the East, when he saw the account of the accident and its fatal termination in the English papers. Without explanation or apology he cancelled the engagement he had made, and got rid of his proposed companions; even Monsieur Verolles was left behind, greatly to his own content, for he married poor Laura's former maid, and when they were last heard of they were joint proprietors of a flourishing establishment for the sale of perfumery and fancy articles in Paris.

As for Lord Serle, for some three years his former haunts and friends knew him not, nor could any one in Europe save his bankers have made more than a random conjecture as to his whereabouts. His only companion was his new servant, an old French soldier, who had served in many a campaign in many a clime. And when they returned to civilised life again, nothing but the vaguest generalities could be got from either; but wherever they had been, or however those three years had been passed, Lord Serle was a changed man; had he been susceptible of the stimulus of ambition, he might have achieved almost any distinction within the reach of a man of no ordinary talent, but such stimulus he was never more to feel, the master-spring of his mind seemed broken; in so far as he could he tried to repair the evil he had formerly done, and his large fortune was almost altogether devoted to works of private benevolence; he was as acute in discovering where his assistance was really needed as he was in detecting imposture, and, above all, he shunned publicity for his deeds of charity. Many a young beauty would have looked kindly on him, and many a one of his old loves strove to win him back, but all in vain.

#### The gay dalliance of the life in Egypt

was at an end for ever. No woman ever again could boast of having attracted his attention or admiration; Laura had been his ideal of womankind, and the ideal was still further idealised by her early and melancholy death. He died rather suddenly, and still a young man. Sir John Markham was the only friend with him at the last, and never had man a truer mourner than he who had hoped the best for Serle's future, when hope seemed fatuity, and evil-doing the resolute product of a settled system, and not the result of weakness or temptation. Arthur Errol, too, never forgot Laura, but his meek, pliable temperament made of her memory a theme on which to hang his sweet, placid lamentations. Under the name of "Amoret" he celebrated his love and disappointment, and Laura's death, in a volume of poems, which were regarded by his mother as masterpieces of genius. He eventually made that fond

mother happy by marrying a girl as amiable, and gentle, and poetic as himself, and to her he poured forth his love and grief for his lost Laura. I have heard that Mrs. Arthur Errol in time grew rather impatient of the theme, but she never showed her impatience, and by degrees her husband became more like other men, and the poetic mausoleum he had reared was consigned to partial oblivion on the library shelves.

Colonel Home was universally pitied. He looked so interesting in mourning, and wore it so very deep. I must do him the justice to say that he really felt bitterly his wife's death and his own share in it. And his poignant grief lasted for—some six months! At the end of that time some friends, who took an interest in him, persuaded him that it would do him good to mingle a little more with his kind. He did so, and found that it *did* do him good, and by the time that Laura had been a year in her grave, her husband might have been considered as consoled for her loss. Magdalen never troubled him again; for weeks her life and reason trembled in the balance, and there was not a shadow of hope that both could be spared; but she had a splendid constitution, and she fought through at last, although in such sort that the few who loved her could have chosen to see her dead rather than what she was, a sullen, malicious maniac, subject to sudden fits of frenzy, in which she was alike dangerous to herself and others. For a short time, her family tried to manage her, but as that was found impossible she was sent to a private asylum, where she still lives.

Laura was quite two years dead when Colonel Home married for the second time. I think I need scarcely add that Adelaide Lenox was the bride; that clever young lady knew her man well, and although he was extremely reluctant to encumber himself with a second wife, she so befooled him that she persuaded him that he had great difficulty in prevailing on her to consent to his proposals. They were married, and I can add that they are thoroughly miserable. Adelaide has a stronger will and much less feeling than her husband, and Laura is amply avenged. Very soon after her marriage, Adelaide took into her service Magdalen's former maid, Dempsey, and as the latter was communicative and the former receptive, a good deal of Magdalen's private history was laid open to the young wife, who, having neither delicacy nor shame, made of it a whip of scorpions wherewith to lash her husband to fury. It was a miserable story of guilt and sin, and the less explanation I give of it the better; but Adelaide learned what Magdalen had probably whispered into poor Laura's ear. Mrs. Charlton and Emilie—or Clara, for she was known by either name—still live abroad, perpetually quarrelling, and condemned to live together, for Emilie has lost her youth, and with it her good looks, and is, besides, totally dependent on her mother, who is likely to marry a third husband, a very dirty German baron (so called), who will help her to get rid of her jointure.

Sir Thomas and Lady Lenox never forgave Colonel Home his marriage with Adelaide. He will never be one penny the richer for their demise. He does not care much for anything now; if he had a little more energy, he would separate from his wife, but he hates exposure and trouble, and lives on as he best may, a wretched man. A great comfort is, that Adelaide has grown sharp-nosed and sharp-voiced, has lost all traces of beauty, and is quite as wretched as he.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER TIMES.

## PART II.

THE rising of the North had been avenged, but Elizabeth was not relieved from her perplexity. The wrongs of Mary Stuart roused the indignation of Europe, and the French ambassador demanded her release, while in Scotland the fierce and defiant rebels of the Kirk denounced all who should attempt to restore her. Edinburgh Castle, alone of all the fortresses of Scotland, remained in possession of her friends, and still held out for Mary in hopes of aid from France. But France and Spain neutralised each other's influence by their mutual jealousies, and the captive Queen of Scots was the sufferer, as the Catholics, but for the influence of Catherine of Medici, would have found an active champion and ally in Spain. In the parliament assembled by Elizabeth in May, 1572, after the discovery of the plot which led to Norfolk's trial, the Commons agitated against the Queen of Scots; and the Anglican prelates assembled in convocation, at the secret instigation of Cecil, their master, denounced her as one who by God's word deserved to die. Elizabeth, to her honour, resented their interference, and nobly replied that she could not put to death the bird that had flown to her for succour from the hawk. But while Elizabeth was returning evasive answers to the addresses of the zealots in her parliament who sought Queen Mary's blood, she resolved to interfere once more with force of arms in Mary's realm, either because she thought her own throne in danger while Mary's friends in Scotland retained any power to aid her, or because Cecil saw that peril to the Reformation would follow from their success. Elizabeth therefore sent a force to besiege the castle of Edinburgh, the old royal stronghold from which Mary's banner still floated above the rock, and after a short attack the castle fell into the hands of Morton, then regent, and the cause of Mary Stuart was extinguished in Scotland for ever. This was in 1573; at the beginning of that year, Elizabeth had thought of giving up Mary to her enemies in Scotland if they would execute her, but she afterwards resolved that she would not relinquish her prisoner, and in captivity Mary remained for thirteen long years afterwards.

At length a plot for drawing her into a conspiracy seems to have been concocted by the crafty Walsingham, who cared not whose blood was shed if only he could sacrifice Mary Stuart. Cecil fomented a popular cry that a plot had been discovered to murder Elizabeth and bring in a foreign army. The council broke open Mary's cabinets and seized her papers—an outrage, on discovering which, the unhappy queen, with spirit still unbroken, turned to Paulet, her austere and fanatical gaoler, and said, "There still remain two things, sir, which you cannot take from me: the royal blood which gives me a right to the succession, and the attachment which binds me to the faith of my fathers!" After the butchery of Babington and his companions for complicity in the plot (whose sufferings under the executioner were by Elizabeth's orders "to be protracted to the extremity of pain"), the council insisted that her safety depended on

Mary's death. Leicester recommended that she should be poisoned ; but it was decided that she should undergo a form of trial, and be removed to Fotheringhay Castle. The letters written by Cecil previously to the adoption of these measures against Mary give a picture of the agitated mind of Elizabeth, which Shakspeare could not have portrayed more forcibly. A Commission Court was constituted, although Mary protested that she was not amenable to its jurisdiction. "She was placed," it has been truly said, "in a situation in which, though she might assert, it was impossible that she could prove, her innocence. A single and friendless woman, the inmate of a prison for the last nineteen years, ignorant of law, unpractised in judicial forms, without papers, witnesses, or counsel, and with no other knowledge of the case intended to be made against her than the reports collected from her female servants, she could be no match for the array of lawyers, judges, and statesmen who sat marshalled against her." The proofs offered by the prosecution set at defiance all rules of evidence. Mary did not deny the charge of conspiring to procure the invasion of the realm, but pleaded that she was not the subject of Elizabeth, and was justified in seeking her deliverance from unjust captivity ; she, however, appealed to God to witness her innocence of the charge that she had conspired to procure the death of the queen, and she demanded to be heard in full parliament, or before the queen in council ; whereupon the court was adjourned, to reassemble in the Star Chamber at Westminster. The conduct of Walsingham and Elizabeth's ministers who conducted the prosecution cannot be thought of without indignation : they took care not to produce the secretaries of Mary, whose alleged disclosures led to the accusation, and confront them with her ; and they were subsequently guilty of an outrage on all judicial procedure, inasmuch as, in her absence, immured in the castle of Fotheringhay, a judgment was given at Westminster which placed her life at the mercy of the queen.

When Elizabeth received the petition of her parliament for Mary's speedy execution, she professed her wish to find an expedient by which, without endangering her own life, she might be spared the necessity for taking that of Mary. It seems very probable that it was fear for her own safety which ultimately determined Elizabeth to sacrifice her prisoner ; for Mary's death would take away from the Catholics all immediate motive for destroying the English queen. In the House of Commons, one Sir James Croft (who must have been a master in religious cant) moved that prayer to God be used daily to incline the queen's heart to execute her prisoner, whose escape, the House had previously represented, would be a blow to what they called the cause of Christ.

To Mary herself, Lord Buckhurst was sent to announce the sentence, and bid her not to expect mercy, inasmuch as her attachment to the Roman Catholic communion rendered her life incompatible with the security of the Reformed worship—a reason which can hardly have reconciled Mary Stuart to her fate. She made her last simple requests to Elizabeth in a noble letter worthy a queen and martyr, and it seems to have drawn tears from Elizabeth, but nothing more. She knew that the execution of Mary would make her appear to foreign nations as a usurper, who, to secure herself upon the throne, had shed the blood of the true heir ; and she would have adopted a darker and secret mode of taking the life of her prisoner if she could have found trusty agents. A com-



mission, however, for Mary's execution, addressed to the Earl of Shrewsbury as earl marshal, and to other peers, was approved by the queen, and, after the lapse of some weeks of irresolution, was signed and entrusted to Davison, her secretary, who at the same time wrote to Paulet, Mary's gaoler, charging him with lack of care for Elizabeth's service in having allowed his prisoner to live so long. But Paulet, though a bigoted Puritan, refused to shed blood without lawful warrant. Davison did not then suspect that the queen was playing falsely to him, and meant to screen herself, after the execution, by accusing him of having despatched the warrant without her final authority, and sending him to the Tower, when it should suit her purpose to assure the French king that her ministers had by their precipitancy, and without her knowledge, put "her good sister" to death. Fourteen weeks had elapsed since her condemnation, when, on the 7th of February, the arrival of the earl marshal at Fotheringhay announced that the fatal hour had come. Mary, after having languished for so many years in captivity, welcomed the ministers of death, and was sustained by knowing that she, who had ever fought and suffered for the cause of legitimacy, for the divine right of sovereigns, and for the Catholic religion, was now to shed her blood for her faith. Denied the presence of her confessor, and with difficulty obtaining leave for her two maids to attend her on the scaffold, the Scottish queen, attired in the richest of her dresses, and moving with all the grace and majesty that belonged to her happier days, advanced through the crowded hall, unappalled by the sight of the scaffold and the executioner, all vested in black, on which the grey light of that wintry morning fell. In an audible voice she protested that she was brought there to suffer by injustice and violence, and that she had never compassed or consented to any scheme for the death of the English queen. Even her last moments were to be disturbed by unfeeling zealots, for Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, was there, exhorting her to abandon her faith; but, occupied in her own devotions, she turned a deaf ear to him, and, commending her spirit to her Saviour, the wearied captive passed to immortality.

Treason had done his worst: nor steel nor poison,  
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing  
Could touch her further!

The news of his mother's execution occasioned to James the only tears he is known to have shed, but his indignation yielded to a present of 4000*l.*, which the English government was enabled to raise by the produce of Spanish treasure plundered by Elizabeth's buccaneers. The body of Mary Stuart was embalmed, and, by Elizabeth's order, was interred with royal pomp in the Abbey Church of Peterborough, opposite to the tomb of Queen Katherine. One of her last requests to Elizabeth was, that her remains might be conveyed to France and deposited near those of her mother; but in the calm domain of silence and peace at Peterborough her body remained for five-and-twenty years. When brought to Westminster Abbey by James I., and borne to Henry VII.'s chapel, the leaden chest containing the remains of Mary Stuart was placed, by a singular coincidence, in a vault on the coffin of her young kinswoman, Lady Arabella Stuart, like herself a fair and ill-fated victim of royal jealousy; and there, in the hallowed resting-place of her English ancestors,

—where the fretted aisles prolong  
The distant note of holy song,

a sumptuous monument, that more than rivals in sepulchral state the adjacent monument of Elizabeth, was raised, with tardy affection, by King James, in memory of her who, beyond any of the Stuart race, was the heiress of their "hereditary gift of beauty, their dowry of sadness, and their fate of violent deaths, and ruined friends, and broken hearts."

The threatened invasion by Spain, although an episode so interesting and memorable, need not occupy much of our space. Spain had put forth a wondrous energy, and entered upon a new and vigorous life as a nation, after the expulsion of the Moors and the union of the crowns. Spanish discoveries had made a new hemisphere known to Europe, and founded empires in lands beyond the western sea. Shortly before the accession of Elizabeth, "the shadow of Spain" (to use the words of Mr. Froude) "stretched beyond the Andes; from the mines of Peru and the custom-houses of Antwerp a golden stream flowed into her imperial treasury; the crowns of Castile and Aragon, of Burgundy, Milan, Naples, and Sicily clustered on the brow of her sovereigns, and the Spaniards were beyond comparison the noblest, grandest, and most enlightened people in the world." Philip II. had borne a long series of provocations from the English queen before the privateers and desperadoes, from whose adventures she was deriving profit, plundered the coasts of Spain and destroyed their commerce. Cecil had sent Sir John Hawkins—a very chief of buccanniers, the slave-dealer and plunderer of churches—to dupe Philip by a false pretence. Long before the Spanish Armada was thought of, Elizabeth, who knew that for safety against invasion she must keep a force in the Channel and foster a maritime spirit, found that it was cheaper to protect the privateers than to keep her own fleet; and their depredations, moreover, enabled her to gratify her animosity against her long-forbearing brother-in-law without incurring responsibility. Forty or fifty sail of pirate vessels held the coasts of the English Channel, and committed murderous outrages on Spanish sailors. The English government connived at gigantic acts of piracy; ships built and armed in England, and manned by Englishmen, plundered Spanish commerce, and sold their plunder openly in English ports; and in Dover—as in a second Algiers—Spanish gentlemen, set in irons, were put up to auction in public slave-market and sold for 100*l.* apiece. From Sir John Hawkins's infamous trade in slaves Elizabeth derived large profits, and of the Spanish treasure seized by English rovers a considerable part was appropriated by the crown. Not content with outrages upon the seas, the government entered the house of a great Spanish merchant in London, and carried off the ornaments of his chapel, and burnt them in Cheapside. When Philip was driven to arrest English ships in Spanish harbours, and the Spanish ambassador presented a demand for injuries to Spanish commerce, some attempt was made to root out the nests of pirates on the southern coasts; but the bold rovers of Devon and other counties were as inveterate robbers on the seas as the Borderers were on the English debatable land, and it was therefore only natural that England and Spain should have been drifting for some time into a state in which peace existed only in name. Perhaps a sense of Elizabeth's ingratitude to Philip personally, sharpened his resentment; and when she beheaded the Queen of Scots longer forbearance was not to be expected. Elizabeth

had long been under sentence of excommunication, and denounced in the famous Bull as the servant of iniquity; and now that Philip was roused against her, she had to fear that her Roman Catholic subjects would take the part of Spain: their numbers were formidable, for they were still one half at least of the population, and their provocations were great, for they were the victims of a relentless persecution. Her ministers suggested that the leading Catholics of England should be charged with treason and put to death, but Elizabeth, to her honour, rejected that advice. As might be expected of Englishmen, her loyal Catholic subjects, though looking still to Rome in matters spiritual, were not behind their favoured countrymen in patriotism when the safety of their country was menaced from abroad. A patriotic enthusiasm animated the nation, and the note of preparation ran along the coasts and in the ports of England when the Armada put to sea. The chief command of the English fleet was taken by Lord Howard of Effingham, Admiral of England. The command of the Armada devolved upon a leader unacquainted with the naval service, and hastily substituted for the veteran admiral who had won many a victory for Spain. Forming in the shape of a crescent, and with a favourable breeze, it advanced proudly up the Channel. Its aspect was magnificent and imposing, and the size of the ships, their height, and slow majestic motion, struck beholders with awe. When the English first obtained sight of this formidable armament, "the Spanish fleet was discovered" (we are told) "with lofty turrets like castles, the ships forming front like a half moon, the wings spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, with full sails." On the 19th of July, the Duke of Parma had embarked from the Netherlands a division numbering fourteen thousand men, and from the harbour of Dunkirk as many more were ready to embark for the English coast. But suddenly, the darkness of that boisterous night was illumined by lurid flames: eight fire-ships were seen drifting towards the Spanish fleet then at anchor in the vicinity of Calais. The ships immediately ran out to sea, but they were overtaken by a gale, and the dawn discovered the Armada dispersed along the coast. The tempest had reduced their number to eighty sail: some fled towards Scotland before the English pursuers, but their wrecks were strewn upon the shores, and Spain lost thirty ships of the larger class and ten thousand men. Elizabeth, meantime, was at Havering, in Essex, and a fortnight afterwards proceeded to Tilbury, upon the Thames, but she had then no occasion to exhort the soldiers to fight, for the enemy was gone, and the remains of the Armada were struggling with adverse winds on the return to Spain. Rejoicings were heard on all sides; and mounted on a white palfrey and bearing a marshal's truncheon in her hand, the English queen rode along the shouting ranks, whose acclamations told that England still was free.\*

One of her first acts after her deliverance from the Armada† was to

\* Elizabeth knew how desirable it was that great actions should be preserved in the memory of the people; and by such art as the age afforded she sought to commemorate the defeat of the Armada by hanging tapestry, in which it was depicted, in the House of Lords.

† At the thanksgiving for defeat of the Armada, the queen went to St. Paul's seated in a kind of triumphal chariot, with four pillars supporting a canopy and an imperial crown. In front, two others supported a lion and a dragon, with the arms of England. The Bishop of London, the dean, and fifty clergymen habited

arrest the Earl of Arundel for the second time. This unfortunate nobleman—the elder brother of Lord William Howard, famed as “Belted Will” in Border story—seems to have been the object of an unaccountable hatred and rancour on the part of the queen. His reconciliation to the Roman Church drove him from his country shortly before the time of his first arrest, but he was pursued and imprisoned in the Tower. He escaped the fate of the Duke of Norfolk, his father, Elizabeth’s recent victim, and of his grandfather, for his innocence baffled his enemies; but after remaining a year in the Tower, and without being brought to any trial, he was sentenced in the Star Chamber to a fine of 10,000*l.*, and imprisonment during the queen’s pleasure. He had not long been set at liberty, when, in the year after the defeat of the Armada, this atrocious persecution was renewed, and he was brought to trial on a charge of treason, and condemned to die. Perhaps Elizabeth, when she thought of the noble blood already shed, hesitated to charge her soul with his; at all events, she extended what was called her clemency towards him by determining to leave him a prisoner for life in the Tower; but she was careful to conceal her intentions from him, and he never rose in the morning without the dread that the axe might fall that day upon his head. And so he languished, an almost forgotten prisoner, worn out with sorrow, until released by death in the fortieth year of his age.\*

From the defeat of the Armada, and during the rest of Elizabeth’s reign, her government was chiefly occupied in securing Protestant ascendancy and persecuting Roman Catholics. To receive the offices of the Church, to harbour a priest, or to reject the supremacy of the queen, was to be consigned to the death of a traitor, with all its hideous butchery; and the penal laws seemed to have brought back the times when, under Roman emperors, the Christians were driven to worship in the Catacombs. Under the title of “The High Commission Court,” Elizabeth set up a tribunal which does not seem to have differed from the Spanish Inquisition save in this, that torture was employed to force answers from Roman Catholics suspected of having heard mass! The lesser penalties of recusancy were, liability to be sent to the county prison whenever there was a rumour of invasion, and having to purchase, by heavy fines, the liberty to enjoy their own property. Too often stripped of their lands and revenues, the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church trembled for very life. After the defeat of the Armada, and when Elizabeth had as it were flung down the gauntlet to Catholic Europe, the noblemen and country gentlemen who had conformed so far as to attend the parish churches, no longer appeared there. The apostolical form of government retained in the Church of England, and the fidelity with which her ancient formularies and the essentials of her sacramental teaching had been followed by the compilers of her first Book of Common Prayer, permitted those who conformed to the Church of England to believe that they were still members of Christ’s Universal Church and in the fellowship of Christendom; and the Spanish ambassador, earlier in Elizabeth’s

in superb copes, received her at the door, and conducted her to her seat under a canopy in the choir.

\* A touching memorial of his imprisonment in the “Beauchamp Tower” remains inscribed by his hand, in a fine bold character, on the wall of that dreary prison.

reign, had even sought to obtain permission for Roman Catholics to attend the services of the Church of England. But gradually, as Calvinism became more rampant, and its narrow and intolerant Protestantism more defiant, cathedral dignitaries—as if to widen the breach—degraded the service and ceremonial, defaced and dishonoured the stately churches, and did all they could to give them the semblance of a Genevan conventicle. The bishops would not wear the vestments which the Reformers had retained in the Church of England, and several of the clergy refused to conform to the Book of Common Prayer. The growth of Puritan irreverence and irreligion scandalised the queen, and she took her bishops to task for not checking these coarser growths of Protestantism. She allowed Roman Catholics to be persecuted, but when Nonconformist fanaticism led to aggressions on her Prayer-book, and disregard of her Act of Uniformity, she prohibited their new forms of service, and her government tried, by executing several offenders, to subdue the obstinacy of the Puritan Separatists. Although the bishops were slow to enforce, or even to obey, the Act of Uniformity, they sought for power to enforce their "Articles of Religion" by temporal penalties; but when they brought a bill into parliament for the purpose, they were well scolded and checkmated by the imperious queen. She hated mere doctrinal Protestantism, and now warned the clergy who wanted a new Reformation on Genevan principles, that they were not to criticise Catholic doctrines in their sermons. The great body of the nation had no sympathy with revolutionary Protestantism, but several of the City churches became scenes of scandal and riot, or were left without any service at all; several clergymen were under suspension, and the Bishop of London was besieged in his house by mobs of raging women. The extent of Elizabeth's attachment to "the principles of the Reformation" is said, perhaps truly enough, to receive a significant illustration from her having told the French ambassador, soon after the collapse of the northern rising, that "there was nothing for which she was more anxious than the reunion of Christendom, and that she would sooner have heard the mass a thousand times than have seen one of the villanies which had been committed on account of it." Perhaps this declaration was equally sincere with her open adoption of Catholic ceremonial in her Chapel Royal, at the time when, in the hope of escaping a threatened danger from abroad, she pretended to encourage the proposal for her marriage to a Catholic prince, and made the Archduke of Austria the toy of her caprice. Her conduct on that occasion drew upon her the insolent clamour of the Scottish Calvinists, who held the mass to be "worse than the mickle deil," and the reproof of Sandys, Bishop of London, a sour Puritan, who ventured to advise that her "taste" for what he called idle church ceremonies should be restrained. It is only justice to Elizabeth to say that, although jealous of her supremacy as governor of all her subjects as well ecclesiastical as temporal, she was careful to disclaim authority to change anything that had been theretofore received and observed in the Church of Christ.

While the massacre of St. Bartholomew was heaping the streets of Paris with carnage, Elizabeth (who had been "on progress" to Woburn and Gorhambury) was diverting herself at Kenilworth and Warwick, but was soon disturbed by the spreading belief that there was a Catholic plot for the general massacre of Protestants. The panic seems to have been

kindled by the infamous Earl of Leicester, for some purpose of his own ; at all events, the Anglican bishops, who seem to have caught the panic early, showed their unworthiness to be members of a Christian hierarchy, and their subserviency to Cecil, their master, by calling on the queen to put to death immediately such Catholic priests and lay gentlemen as were in prison for refusing the oath of supremacy. Their conduct is mentioned here as showing what a formidable task she had upon her hands in restraining the fanaticism which surrounded her ; and from this outline of the state of the English Church during the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, we may now pass to some circumstances affecting the intellectual condition and the political liberties of England.

The extension of trade and navigation by the use of the compass and the discovery of the Indies brought a flood of wealth to the merchants and middle class of England :

From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,

the productions of many distant lands enriched our country. Opulent citizens could rival the splendour of the nobles and become the founders of powerful families, or like Gresham, the princely merchant of London, could raise up noble institutions of charity and colleges of learning. Meantime, the nobility and clergy, formerly the bulwarks of the people against encroachments by the crown, had become impoverished and weakened since the time when Henry VIII. and his favourites had plundered the wealth of the Church and scattered the people's old protectors.

It was a principle with the Tudors to break down the old nobility, and the history—not only of the great historic houses of Howard and Percy, but of all the chief families during the Tudor dynasty—is a tale of sadness and suffering. The Commons of England had not yet become sensible of their strength. Elizabeth kept her parliaments at a great distance—grave statesmen actually trembled at her presence—and in many particulars she carried the royal prerogative as high as the most arbitrary of her predecessors. The crown had the same powers in her reign as in that of Henry VIII., and Elizabeth sometimes exerted them quite as roughly ; but her critical situation with regard to her own right to the crown, her religion, and her dread of the Queen of Scotland and of the Catholic party, made Elizabeth more cautious in exercising what may be called the odious part of her prerogative. But the increased power of that arbitrary tribunal “The Star Chamber,” and the erection of “The High Commission Court” in matters ecclesiastical, were a very characteristic work of her reign, so that England was not by any means a land of liberty in her times.

By the suppression of monastic foundations and the overthrow of the schools and hospitals which shared their fate, the lower classes of Elizabeth's subjects had fallen, at her accession, into deplorable ignorance. It was not until her reign that much was done towards mitigation of the evil, but some schools were then founded. Many merchants who had accumulated fortunes by commercial enterprise retired to their native towns, and gratefully endowed a school. Other grammar schools were

founded out of the estates of suppressed abbeys and hospitals, for Elizabeth, though she seldom aided the foundation with money, knew the importance of education, and willingly granted a charter of privilege and incorporation; and hence—to the immortal honour of her reign—many of our noble foundation-schools date from her early years.

While provision was thus made for the education of the young in future times, the intellectual vigour of the age was conspicuous. The temper of the times seemed to be favourable to every kind of energy, whether political or literary; there were many learned men and even women amongst the nobility of the time, and a taste for classical studies was very general. Most scholars were acquainted with Hebrew, and even ladies of noble families were to be found who had attainments in that language. Hebrew literature prospered in Elizabeth's reign, and under her authority the last translation of the Bible that was made previously to the new version under King James, appeared. We are accustomed to look back upon her reign as "the Augustan age" of English poetry: whether it deserved that epithet or not, there can be no doubt that English composition acquired a force that had been hitherto unknown when the old classic learning was brought to chasten the fantastic luxuriance of the Italian school. A literature in the English language may be said to have begun in the reign of Elizabeth, and in 1586 the first English grammar appeared. Before the close of the century, the writings of the eminent contemporaries who reflect so much splendour on her reign had "mightily enriched the English tongue;" and could any court be adorned by a brighter constellation of genius than was formed by Sidney, and Spenser, and Shakspeare, and Raleigh? Sidney, "the English Petrarch," became the admiration and delight of her court, and has been called the jewel of her times. Elizabeth called him "*her Philip*," for she "was accustomed to gratify with such ambiguous coquetry at once her political sagacity and her feminine vanity, and all her favourites had some endearing nickname, or shared in some tender caress of royal courtesy." Sidney made his gratitude picturesque in a masque in her honour, which was called "The Lady of the May;" and when, at a later period, he was nominated for the kingdom of Poland, he said he would rather remain a subject to Queen Elizabeth than be a sovereign beyond the seas. The queen's choice of Sidney for the embassy to Vienna, when he was only twenty-two, evidences not only his distinguished character but her penetration and discernment, and was highly characteristic of her habit of regarding not only the talents, but even the figure and person of those whom she commissioned to represent her abroad. This was in 1576, and in 1585 began the campaign in the Netherlands in which Sidney behaved with such memorable gallantry, and in which he died from a wound in the thirty-second year of his age. It has been said with truth that in him mildness was associated with courage, learning softened by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth; and his lot was rare, for "it is given to few to tread among flowers and incense and to die in a dream of glory."

And next, in the courtly firmament of which Elizabeth loved to be complimented as the Cynthia, we have

—the gentle bard

Chosen by the Muses for their page of state,



Sweet Spenser, moving through his clouded heaven  
With the moon's beauty and the moon's soft pace.

Spenser, who was a year older than Sir Philip Sidney, was fortunate in having him and Raleigh and the noble-minded Essex for his friends. Much of the foreign and domestic history of the time is represented in the latter cantos of "The Faery Queen," and the dreamy enchantment with which many of his descriptions are tinged is characteristic of his own poetical cast of feeling. It is only by a poet's tendency to clothe the objects of his admiration in hues of fancy that we can account for the servility of adulation with which he addressed Queen Elizabeth when all the contrivances of art could not hide the ravages of years.

In arms no less than in arts and song the manly spirit of an expiring chivalry lent a romantic grace to the pursuits of men, and the perilous situation of the kingdom during a great part of Elizabeth's reign stimulated the military temper of the times. Her care to foster not only a martial spirit, but a love for maritime discovery, led

Some to the wars, to try their fortune there,  
Some to discover islands far away;

and Raleigh's name is conspicuous in the annals of chivalrous enterprise. Four years before he served against the Armada, he had sailed under the Queen's letters patent to discover and colonise lands beyond the western sea, and in the following year he took possession of the large tract of "western woods and waters" which, in honour of the maiden queen, received the name of Virginia. On his return, the gallant Raleigh, in an evil hour for him, fell in love with one of Elizabeth's maids of honour, and of course forfeited the queen's favour, for in an offence of this kind the capricious vestal forgot *any* services, but in this case her displeasure had not a fatal ending.

It is no small glory of Elizabeth's reign that in it the gallant but less polished Drake—another of England's adventurous sons—made the first voyage round the globe, and that the attempt to discover a north-west passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific was undertaken by Englishmen with her encouragement. The first English embassy to Persia, too, was in her reign. It is to be regretted that the modern custom of writing Travels had scarcely begun in the time of Elizabeth, and few of the early travellers visited England; but Hentzler gives our countrymen of the age of Drake and Cavendish a somewhat ambiguous character, for he says "they are good sailors and famous pirates, and are cunning, thievish, and deceitful." It has been suggested that the cunning men of whom he speaks were the astute advisers of the queen.

The campaigns of her noble-minded and unfortunate favourite, the gallant and aspiring Essex, had a sad and tragical termination. The attempt of the young earl to recover Ireland for the queen (he had been appointed lord-deputy in 1573) was a Quixotic and hopeless enterprise, but, although he had no success against the revolted chieftains of that unlucky island, he was enabled to inflict a severe blow upon Spain eight years after the defeat of the Armada, for an expedition in which Essex commanded the land forces, and Howard, the lord admiral, commanded the navy, destroyed the defences of Cudiz, the strongest fortified port in Spain, and returned to Plymouth laden with Spanish plunder. The



Cecil during his absence endeavoured to undermine his influence with the queen, but she gave him another command against Spain. In this, however, he did not achieve success, and on his return he was received with frowns and reproaches. At length, in a dispute which divided the council, the queen struck him, and the earl rushed from her presence indignant at an insult from "a king in petticoats," which, he said, he would not have borne even from her father. He no sooner returned home than Elizabeth placed him under arrest; then followed his rash rebellion in the City, his forced surrender, his trial on the always ready charge of compassing the queen's death, and his condemnation. The once gay and voluptuous Essex was at this time only in his thirty-third year; his affability and profusion, his spirit of adventure and love of glory, had endeared him to the people, and nobody believed that he was a traitor, or anything but a victim to jealousy\* and the malice of the queen's crafty and cold-blooded advisers. It was expected that her old affection for her favourite would master her resentment, and perhaps had he sued for mercy she would have listened to the solicitations of his friends. The queen, however, signed the fatal warrant, but with her usual indecision sent first to forbid and then to hasten his execution; and she found when it was too late that her popularity, which had long been waning, was buried in his early grave.

Such were the chief ornaments of Elizabeth's court in poetry, in letters, and in chivalry. A few words only need be said as to the less distinguished of the nobility in her reign. Her unwillingness to increase the number of peers was remarkable. Even men as eminent as Sir Robert Sidney and Raleigh aspired in vain to this rank: she deemed knighthood a sufficient distinction except in the case of Dudley, whom her favour rendered for a time the most powerful subject in the world. During her long reign of forty-five years she created only seven peers, and at her death the peerage consisted of nineteen earls, one viscount, and forty barons. Of these noblemen, all were of historic descent excepting Cecil, who had been created Lord Burleigh. In her reign several noble families represented in the female line different branches of the Plantagenets, and of most of them the queen had a cruel jealousy.

The mention of her nobles naturally calls to mind her "progresses" (so memorably illustrated by the late Mr. Nichols), which were an ingenious method of maintaining her court at the expense of the persons on whom she inflicted the costly honour of her visits. These progresses, however, brought the queen into contact with her subjects in many parts of the realm; and it is pleasant to the historian to turn from the politics, the intrigues, and the treachery of the time, to such a scene (for instance) as that which Cambridge presented when Elizabeth, "in her dress of black velvet, pinked, her head-covering set with pearls and precious stones, and surmounted by a hat that was spangled with gold, and had a bush of feathers," moved about among the grave authorities of the university, exchanging courtesies in Latin with heads of houses, who, in the choirs of their college chapels, in rich copes of needlework, bowing received the queen, and then conducted her over the colleges that commemorated the piety of her predecessors, and were led by her Latin

\* It is the blot on Raleigh's memory that he leagued himself with Robert Cecil for the destruction of Essex.

oration in the senate to indulge the pleasing illusion that she meditated some new royal foundation that might vie with those of the middle ages. One of the hosts whom she knighted on her progress was Henry, son and heir of that plebeian adventurer Thomas Cromwell, who was one of the visitors of monasteries under her father, and was so enormously enriched by their spoils, that this new Sir Henry was called the Golden Knight; and him she honoured by resting at his seat, which was once the nunnery at Hinchinbrook. It was a very usual compliment to the queen for the nobility and the collegiate bodies whom she visited to get up a masque in her honour, and to her visit to one of the Inns of Court Sir Christopher Hatton owed his amazing promotion. Among the students who performed in the masque at the Inner Temple, her eye distinguished one who in figure and bearing excelled his companions. The dancer was Hatton, a young Northamptonshire scapegrace of slender fortune but handsome person, then twenty-five years of age. He was called to court by the susceptible queen, who was still further pleased by his accomplishments, and, after appointing him to various offices, ultimately raised him to the high dignity of her chancellor, which seems to have been the reward of his anxiety to procure the condemnation of the Queen of Scots. Erudition and acquirements were attributed to him when he became powerful (except by lawyers); but we are more familiar with Hatton as a well-graced royal favourite than as a judge:

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,  
 His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,  
 Mov'd the stout heart of England's queen,  
 Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

The queen (of course) kept him unmarried, and with such tender sentiments did she regard him, that the tears she shed for the worthless Leicester flowed afresh on the death of Hatton.

Many of the events and actions which we have now passed in review throw considerable light upon the character of Queen Elizabeth. She is herself the central figure and chief actor in her reign, and stands revealed in its policy and events. We see her in its organisations of complex treachery, as much as in its deeds of patriotic wisdom—in its meannesses and cruelties, no less than in its heroism and success. Daughter of the most cruel and capricious monarch of his time, Elizabeth was little less cruel and capricious than her father, and almost as unprincipled. She had violent passions, and they were all of the unamiable order; and no one who studies the history of her life can fail to agree with Lodge, that she would have been profligate but for her pride, and as cruel a tyrant as her father but for her timidity. Much of her early popularity was attributable to the cessation of the fiery martyrdoms of Mary Tudor's reign, and of those executions for treason which had made Tower-hill hideous; yet a time came (later in her reign) when three hundred wretches were executed annually in London—so frightful was the state of the lower classes; and in 1598 more than thirty heads were exposed on London-bridge. We seek in vain throughout her life for instances of generosity, benevolence, or gratitude. Historians have denied that she had even remarkable talents; those she did possess were certainly neither solid nor brilliant. Although she governed as well as reigned, she was

indebted to wise counsellors, and she gave a proof of her insight into character by retaining in office those whom her father and brother had chosen; but her most distinguished favourite, Dudley, was a murderer, and a man who seems to have been destitute of a single virtue. That England passed in her reign through terrible dangers, and that she left it prosperous and "secure from foreign purposes," cannot be denied; but it is to be remembered that she ruled by the dexterous opposition of parties, and was more indebted to the mutual jealousies of her enemies than to her own power or right.

She was brave when timidity would have been proper, and quick to decide when she would have done better to hesitate; and in the face of pressing danger she thought rather of money than of the interests she imperilled by her parsimony and vacillation, or the devoted servants she alienated by her injustice. She was not only impatient, headstrong, and unjust, but she could betray those who trusted her, and she never hesitated to break a promise when its fulfilment became inconvenient. When her jealousy was roused she was cruel and revengeful, and she was notoriously one of the vainest of womankind. It was, perhaps, a harmless weakness that she had accumulated, at the time of her death, two thousand dresses of the fashion of all countries and times—nothing could be too fantastic or extravagant for her attire. The lion-hearted lady had not courage to look herself in the face for the last twenty years of her life, and preferred to trust the adulation of the sycophants around her. She is said to have required in her portraits that they should be drawn without shadows; and even soon after her accession she made Cecil put forth a proclamation that no one should presume to paint her portrait until she should have approved a pattern-portrait which the artists might follow—one, it is to be presumed, in which the high nose that was an unpleasing feature in her face, was represented conventionally and not as it actually was. She may have been spared the pain of seeing the strange portrait shown last year at South Kensington, in which she is represented with face worn and dejected and Death leaning over her chair.\* But her personal vanity was—at least in these respects—a harmless weakness. She was capable, as we have seen, of duplicity and hypocrisy; and few incidents are more illustrative of her character than the horror which she—whose hands were red with the blood of her own subjects—professed to the French ambassadors after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, when, at Woodstock, queen, ministers, and court in solemn mourning received the gaily-attired envoys of France. Even her address of thanksgiving, when setting out from the Tower for her coronation, has something unpleasantly theatrical about it. If she did not herself share the superstition of the age with regard to prophecies and omens, she was not insensible to their effect on weaker minds, and revived the law against what was called fanatical or false prophecy. A propos to omens, we must not forget the noble-minded answer which she is said to have made when her courtiers—remembering, perhaps, that the abdication of Charles V. had been attributed to terror at the comet of 1556—wished to dissuade her from looking out at a comet, † which was thought to bode evil to her. "The die," she said, "is cast; my hope and confidence are

\* A portrait on panel lent by Lord Methuen.

† Probably the comet of 1577.

too firmly planted in the providence of God to be affrighted by those beams!"

Elizabeth had surprised Europe by the splendour of her course: it was destined to close in gloom and sorrow.

The brow in furrowed lines had fix'd at last,  
And spake of passions, but of passions past.

The bodily infirmities she suffered may have been the effects of age, but her mental affliction shortly before her death is generally attributed to remorse for the execution of Essex. She learned, too, the unwelcome truth that she had survived her popularity and lived too long, and that the men on whose loyalty she had most relied had already proved unfaithful to her. She became pensive and taciturn: every rumour brought her new terrors. Within seven months from the execution of Essex she was altered in features and shrunk almost to a skeleton. Even her taste for dress was gone; nothing could please her, and she swore violently at the objects of her anger. When the year 1603 began she was near her end. Her imagination seems to have conjured up frightful phantoms, and at length she refused to return to her bed, and sat, dressed, day and night upon the floor, and sometimes refused to eat or speak. When the lord admiral urged her to return to her bed, she replied that if he had seen what she saw there he would never make the request. We can never know whether in saying this she referred to her having seen one night, as she is stated to have done, her own shrunken form wrapped in a light of fire as she lay upon her bed. But we may be sure that upon her memory rose the pale spectres of a dreadful Past: they came "in dim procession led," the fair, the chivalrous, the noble of other years, languishing in her prisons or bleeding upon her scaffolds; she saw dungeons filled and churches desolate, and the servants of Christ hunted like outlaws through the land. Her sceptre was falling to "an unlineal hand"—the son of her murdered rival; and the remembrance of Mary Stuart's dying summons to Elizabeth to answer for her conduct at the judgment-seat of God, must have added new terrors to that hour. Who can stand, in imagination, by the death-bed of the great English queen—once so free, proud, and independent—of her before whom parliaments trembled, and at whose "name the world grew pale," without recalling to mind the weighty words in which Raleigh concludes his great History?

It is death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant. He takes account of the rich, and proves him a beggar. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their rottenness and deformity. O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with those two narrow words—*HIC JACET!*

So now, around the couch on which the once-powerful queen was dying in her seventieth year, miserable and forlorn, unloving and unloved, without the peace that should attend old age and accompany the retrospect of power,

—draw the curtains close,  
And let us all to meditation.

W. S. G.

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